

Energy that advances: mystery revealed

Antonio Colinas

Towards where does this man look? Where is he going? Is it a man or a woman? We simply know that it is a being that moves, that advances. There is no other option: continue, enter into what we lack, advance towards what we don't know, to follow mystery.

This being advances in the white of the night, corroded by the quality of the signs and signals of the hand of the artist; he traces us to illuminate us. The hand of the painter - through these signs and signals that he traces- also illuminates the eye of the observer of these engravings. This is the great don of true art: there is an anonymous being that investigates through the self same work, but in truth we are the painter and we - those who investigate, those that contemplate - the dispossessed, those that advance in the white of night, those that dialogue with mystery. Or we seek this.

And, now ever, in these symbols or fertile lines wrenched from the hand of the artist it appears that this being does not advance but sits. He sits and meditates. Meditate? Is it not simply that this being asks questions and awaits answers. In this work the painter, asks questions and comes up with the answers. And is also ourselves - those who contemplate- those who ask these questions. Our thirst to know more, to know better. Once again, true art is this painter offering us solutions. And there are colours, the three or four colours that are enough to allow the work to speak. The colours are also symbols. Sometimes they diffuse, or the blend, or they dilute. Painting as an open door to something. Everything flows in the paintings of Agusti Puig. It flows to a that final circle-the symbol par excellence-that in truth is not at all final, just a beginning. Of what? There is something that opens for he who paints and those who contemplate within this circle, both open and closed at the same time. Perhaps the steps of this man who walks, the thought of this man who meditates sitting, go towards this center of centers that is the mandala: the point where all the lights and colours of the painter close together to explode.

In truth, the final message gives us the figure of the heart. Or something like a heart. It is as if the figure-sign, the figure-mandala of the heart exploded or expanded within the mind of the man. Only the heart can go beyond thought.