

## INTERIOR GEOGRAPHIES

"To get out of my ruins, Klee said, I had to fly." To enter them, to recognize them and caress their broken profiles, their painful deficiencies, to sink and recite the echoes of his nostalgia, Pamen Pereira proposes a painting that, unlike Klee, no longer flies with cheerful lyricism, a painting that hardly wants to be painting. From the heartbreaking and subtle intimacy of small formats, there is as a denial of the very essence of painting and an appropriation of its appearance to mark the cardinal points of the disoriented search, of the perplexed solitude of an internal journey that wants to confront and confront the natural world, its paradigm and also its convention.

Beyond that foolish and Darwinian old optimism that in art advocated continuous and accelerated progress in this, moreover, indisciplined and vehement century; broken already the naive and redeeming mirage, Pamen Pereira seems to realize how our own inner sense is vulnerable, that one is always prone to the perplexed search that what is in us is painful ruin and only sometimes is painter, sculptor, writer...

This change of values – after a decade that seemed to have discovered, in his Italian accent, above all, that painting is also the mere fact of painting on a canvas, without more stories and without more depths – seems to want to combine the reflective approach of neo-appearance - conceptual with the painful and turbulent inner storm, intuited for others and barely open to understanding; storm made of twisted signs, magical and endearing symbology and cryptic passwords that mark the trail of a painful and vitalistic journey.

Pamen Pereira, with these works, they teach us a lesson, I will not say of painting, it could also be, but rather of a painful life, in which

painting is but a mere binder of broken passwords, containing itself and remaining in its just expression, in its disciplinary role as a modest opening, without condescending to the vain aspaviento, to the rhetoric of an art that at this end of the millennium seems to have lost to the conscience of its emptiness , of his lack of soul.

**Pablo Jimenez**