

The fall

Light from stars dead millions of years ago still reaches us. Looking at the sky is looking at the past, they say. The infancy of the universe. A remnant of galactic ghosts settles shimmering, with the appearance of the living. It even guides our future travel intentions by establishing an orientation system. The light from the star Deneb that we receive today began its journey when Rome was just a hamlet and the empire was not even an intuition. Light from the Sun, our star king, takes eight minutes to reach Earth. This past condition of light is both a scientific and emotional quality. The trajectory of a life on a human scale, much more modest, with the same aspirations to universal transcendence, is corroborated in the counting of the successive cyclical changes of light; stations.

This is how the colloquial way of expressing age appears with the story of the springs lived. Each state of light is then presented as a reiteration of the past or, in terms of the myth, as a re-updating. The autumn light and its way of outlining itself in ocher and gold inks, is always the same and always different. The feeling of *déjà vu* is intense. An autumn brings with it the memories of autumns already lived. And if spring smells of renewal, in that transit there is a past that is unhidden and pushed back; the rattles of departure tinge every beginning with melancholy. Sometimes the passages are convulsive, violent. Winners and losers: the fall of an empire exposes the uniqueness of phagocytosed cells. Often contradictory, not united but unified by a centralized, totalitarian power, these cells are determined to survive, even in their version of ruins. They agree, forge alliances, disguise themselves, or allow themselves to die slowly. The strategies are different, the need is the same: the past is not a burden, but a useful platform to project into the future. Architecture, in its most emblematic manifestations (monuments, squares, public buildings) is in charge of carrying the flag.

In Pablo Sinaí's paintings, architecture is the excuse to explore the possibility of a past that finds its way of survival in a parallel time, a time safe from avatars (something like movie stars who manage to escape death - and to old age - by inhabiting the screen of eternal youth). The shadows become corporeal without abandoning their luminous porosity. But at the same time, the physical material to which he alludes (concrete, metal, sand) becomes light, not in the atmospheric sense, that romantic blurring of contours, but in the manner of masonry and scenery. Suspicion arises: can this structure really be solid in its lightness? The appearance of solidity is then preserved as a mask. Decrepitude, failure, are the dead stars behind the scenes. The frozen light takes us back to a golden age that will remain motionless in its eternal decline. If the futurists longed to capture light in its speed, in its faceted and sequential onslaught, Pablo Sinaí, on the contrary, in the tenacious and melancholic immobility of his paintings, exerts a kind of disenchanted futurism.

Verónica Gómez