

Winter in Paris Gardens

Praça Paris

Sandra Nunes

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Autumn Colors

There are in Rio de Janeiro special places where passersby must stop or at least slow down their pace and enjoy the show mother nature performs. This week I went to paint in “Praça Paris”, one of the most beautiful gardens in the city.

At this time of the year colors blow up, it is a finished work of art in rich tones of ochre, oranges and reds. I went there with my painting equipment to face the challenge of translating my emotion to the canvas, for some time I stood still immersed in that profusion of colors as if I were in one of Akira Kurosawa’s movies. It was hard to decide if I should just sit and enjoy the wonderful atmosphere or if I should stick to my plan of painting.

I took a deep breath and my senses, dazzled by that scenario, refused to squeeze paint on the palette. A short time elapsed until the process started up. I was led by the falling leaves blown by the wind, landing on the easel as well as on the palette as if suggesting what to do next. I launched quickly the composition, the drawing flowing from my hand, I didn’t have time to spare. There was no shade in the place where I decided to work. The glare of the white linen in the sun reached my eyes and the colors started to take their place from the brush to canvas mixing ones to the others composing the images, abstract washes becoming leaves, sky, soil....



I was immersed in that profusion of colors, the brushstrokes coming one after the other, I kept observing the cool blues and grays far away involving the church (Outeiro da Gloria) and the warmer ones inside of the garden, shinning under the light of our winter sun. The morning haze disappeared slowly giving way to the beams through the leaves of the mutant trees.

People jogging, exercising, students in their blue and white uniforms, lovers exchanging caresses, homeless people lying in the shade of the trees....and I was pleased to be there in communion with nature...I entered in the flux...

Sometime later, I really don't know exactly how much. I started hearing some comments from the passersby; at these moments I generally stop to evaluate my work, and give way to the left brain. I would like to have stopped earlier to take pictures for my records. I like to do this as when the painting leaves my studio to meet its owner I keep a bit of that moment. Of course a lot of it remains in the memory, each painting has its own history and that remains impressed inside of me...

Winter in Paris Gardens –oil on linen – 40x90cm –Sandra Nunes

