

Pau Baya Grass



Barcelona, 1974.

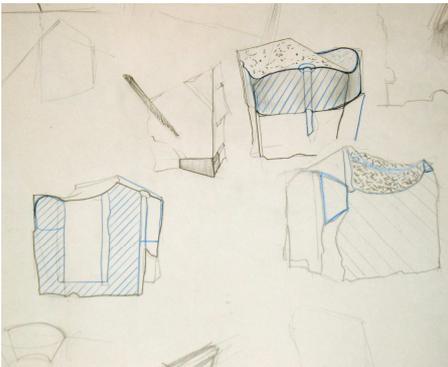
He studied at the University of Barcelona, specialising in sculpture, finishing his degree in arts in 2000. He is an art teacher in a private secondary school in Barcelona.

He has won prizes for his work and has worked with Italian architects as well as exhibiting his work in Catalunya.

Carving and living

Everything starts with a falling in love. In the stone quarry, you step on many stones, blocks of different shapes and sizes. And in that stony place, a shape and a colour seduce you. You

approach it, touch it, walk around it and you say: this is the one!



At the studio, at home, there is a new discovery. The stone outside of its own context stands out with renewed personality and glow. There is not a dialogue yet.

Silence and space are my allies in the new and pleasurable fight which is about to begin. The attentive, reflective and concentrated look are my weapons in front of an apparently silent, hermetic and barren block.

Hours go by and the dusty and chaotic emptiness of the studio overwhelm me. The enemy appears: the doubt and the fear. I ask myself: what if I chose the wrong block? Is this my job? But experience tells me that time is another ally, and that you have to make it yours.

Finally, among the foggy screens of the studio, a beam of light appears, which penetrates the space and makes a constellation of particles dance in the air. I follow the trajectory of the beam and I observe, surprised, the slow awakening of the block, from a long winter lethargy. We start to talk.

It talks to me about textures, caverns, heads, edges, plans, folds and tensed surfaces. I answer to it and explain to it things about architects, landscapes, contrasts, empty and full spaces, proportions, lights and shadows, memories and myths. It is a fluid dialogue, we are getting along well.

As if stricken by an intoxicating and lucid madness, my gesture is drawing, nervous and loquacious, filling virgin surfaces. Everything is stain and lines. The graphite comes on stage and fills it with its peculiar elegant and dirty character. Activity becomes compulsive and my head an incandescent pot.

I am tired, but immensely happy. We have finally talked to each other and we are starting to know each other. I go home quiet. Tomorrow I will start to carve.