

Another kind of beauty

By Mariella Casile

José Molina is an artist, an artist of great intellect and with a great soul capable of seeing beyond appearances. Behind the apparent coldness of his impeccably precise trait, a deep passion and a richness of feelings fuel his patient care and support his thoughtful, persisting path towards his idea of a perfect work of art. A work of art is, to José, a creative continuum. He complements most of his works with texts he himself writes, bringing to light the rich and vast culture of a person who knows history, literature and the ancient myths. He also crafts the frames, granting each of his works a harmonious system of compositions parading an elegant correspondence of smooth curves. His inspiration matches feelings and passions with formal balance, devoid of any rhetoric, and with an innovative drive endowing his works with tactile, visual and emotional tridimensionality.

The, so to say, superficial aspects of his painting, the easiest to notice at a first glance, are not always such as to seduce the beholder, above all the beholder who seeks the immediate joys of a pleasant painting or the emotions of a realism that merely paves the way for a certain mannerism. In José's paintings, the "superficial aspects" can also turn out to be unpleasant on account of the apparent hardness of traits, the harsh dissonance of the shapes of some faces.

Only a closer, more careful look allows grasping the greatness of soul underlying his figures, the human depth of his mind, translated into images through a slow, patient and thoughtful path. I sometimes had to justify the strength of some of his works, the harshness of some face features, but if somebody thinks that the world we inhabit is gentler and more graceful than the primordial and fierce passions some of his works ensue from, there are only two options: either they have no awareness of reality or they do not want to see it in art.

To a superficial eye, José may appear to be a difficult painter, owing to his great subtleness, his delicate rigour, his way of overlapping the well-measured filters of chosen cultural models to a sublimated reality, as a living thing, consisting of flesh and blood.

The fundamental stages of José's evolution are all his "Collections", which should be contemplated and examined with an unbiased mind, in order to better understand his thoughts and feelings and discover the deepest and most essential values underlying the values, which have already been learnt from his works. His greatness disregards the fictitious artifices dividing the different stages of his life. Through the fury of his youth, his ardent love for anthropology was nothing but the univocal path of a man, a great artist, whose mind reflects the glare of the feelings ensuing from his heart, and the stirrings of the heart are always lit by light of the intellect. It is however necessary to realize that what he is offering us has nothing to do with the pleasures offered by what was once called "painting for painting's sake", the joys of pleasant paintings, the glowing miracle of the colours touching the right, blissful chords. It has nothing to do with the mere call of the senses, the instinctive choices, the mere pleasures of the retina, rather it has to do with a pleasure, a love that, like any emotion arising from true art and true poetry, cannot limit itself to the senses, but finds its indispensable extension in the mind, the intellect. And when I write this I am not hinting at the possible interpretations behind the image, but at his relationship with nature and with the world, which is something deeper ... something that Manzoni – Alessandro, the real one – called "voice of the spirit", namely voice of the creating spirit, which meant giving oneself up to a new feeling of discovery of the world, and, above all, grasping the noble bond connecting reality with life. José has found the medium to capture with immediacy the movements of life, to transform the feelings, to seize what is apparent: the swift and passing physical reflection of the inner movements.

In his works everything turns to life and stays alive, forever.