

ALAN FONTES: THE PAINTING OUT OF ITSELF.

Marcelo Campos, 2012.

The artist Alan Fontes presents us paintings that are interested in at least two conceptual strands. On the one hand, we have the painting treated in its own terms, grids, planarity, rhythms, and repetitions. On the other hand, the reality that is not content to display itself as an image, calling upon installations, exercising illusions, aggregations, summoning scenic objects, gaining space out of itself. The painting is beside itself, this is the phrase we could utter in the face of Alan's proposals.

In two series of pronounced "Laws of Pragnanz" (laws of good form), "The City", has begun in 2004 and "The House", has begun in 2005, Alan Fontes observes, from different points of view, what makes our homes something so different, paraphrasing the question of the precursor of pop art, Richard Hamilton. In "The City," Alan accentuates the aerial view of places, towns, blocks, leaving more specific, more identifiable information to succumb to the way of treating paints, colors and gestures. Thereby the blues and grays gain from any possibility of specific recognition of place. Unlike Malevich, by reducing bird's eye views to very narrow geometries, while broadening and narrowing the possibilities of modernist painting, Alan accepts the expressive character and somewhat more documentary vestiges of these blocks. He approaches the photographic palette of Gerhard Richter, another running aerial views over the cities. Thus, in the city of Alan, we see urban traces where the sports courts, the roofs of two-storied houses, in the colonial style, or straight as in modern traces used as a grid and information at the same time. But above all, we see the pools.

The color which resembles blue pool in the history of painting in the twentieth century is a separate chapter, promoting solitude in David Hockney, the narcissistic eroticism in Eric Fischl and continues to exert intense fascination in current painters. Not only the pool as a delight, enjoyment, but the imaginary condition that is triggered by so many deformations of the body in the effects of light reflections, in the complexity of the mirror. In the mystery of being reflected, the diving is of a deeper blue.

In New York City, Mondrian had devoted to relate geometry and city, rhythmic overlays and primary colors. A consideration is fundamental to understanding such a process of abolishing geometry as an image. When asked about the reason why he repainted the white parts of the painting over and over again, Mondrian had replied that he had to overcome color so that it would produce force and not create a mere hierarchy. When we observe Alan attentively to put a minimum of information on roofs, without taking them away from the painting, leaving them expressive and geometric, we know that the lessons between presence, strength and information re-made this possibility of using geometry.

From the series "The house", we notice the inside of the dwellings. In La Foule painting, which is titled from a homonym song performed by Edith Piaf, we see a house outside chronological time. There are elements from different periods, furniture with stick feet, mirrors such as the Folie Bergere dressing rooms, photographs of modernist lines and a poster of Hiroshima Mon Amour, a 1959 film directed by Alain Resnais.

In the movie, war serves as a metaphor for the characters to activate polarities, winners and losers, while love tries to join opposite sides. Although the world was morally shattered, eroded, most of the film is between four walls, in the bond of a forbidden couple. In an attempt to create the installation, black and white cinema invades the showroom with wallpaper in the same duotone that fades the color to undo the painting, enlarging it. Thus, the violaceous love of the dressing room walls of invention of the studio only happens in the nucleus in which the painting is the emission of heat, of embrace, of involvement. What makes our homes so different, we could respond to Hamilton, more than home appliances, posters, TV, is the invisible of the affections we give to the things and people we decide to share.