

Mental Colors. A text of Óscar Alonso Molina for the catalogue *Campo de color*. Ángeles Baños Gallery. Badajoz. 2013

«There is a certain inopticity, a certain cold consideration, these colorings affecting only imaginary eyes»

M. Duchamp

«A colourist makes his presence known even in a simple charcoal drawing» Matisse frankly, looking at Juan Carlos Bracho's projects, an artist deeply focused on drawing's processes in its more reductionist and repetitive expressions, no one would have expected to find such pulsion, a rigorous and severe chromatic passion mixed with such powerful conviction. We are used to his radical drawings just black and white, once in a while he opens to a brief treble of primary colours. This specific letter which is being unfurled is not a simple concession to a childish pleasure towards a rainbow or vivid tones, bright and contrasting. These «Campos de color» are, in theory, regular patterns according to its conceptual planning. After all, they seem to offer us a window to an experience based on the landscape and the void in an inscrutable and surprisingly austere way.

Actually, we must understand the concept of multipaging. We can explain it with this image, a map where the landscape unfurls forming a monochromatic territory or field (a landscape). The plain and neutral surface of the representation becomes a kind of paper orography with minimum reliefs and strias, highlights and plains, peaks and valleys. In previous projects, the artist has got consciously closer with its well known metalinguistic touches around the zero degree of representation, to similar reflections about the mental construction of the landscape from a radical abstraction. In the end, the emotional attachment we establish with colour depends on what we are using to project, just like it happens with a landscape that we remember.

But I was talking about order, the internal rigour that provides the backbone of the series. Matisse argued that «colour is never a question of quantity, but of choice... Colour attains its full expression only when it is organised, when it corresponds to the emotional intensity of the artist». In fact, under this succession so rigorously analysed and regulated, these big monochromatic foldings where the artist develops a new animation in his repertoire. However, this is by no means linked to any expressionist feature. Are there anything farthest from the psychological effusiveness, from our inner self fuss than this coloured letter maniacally programmed and produced? This chromatic circle unfolded piece by piece ends engulfing us, leaving us in the center of a cold perimeter, in spite of its sensuality and pleasantness.

This time Bracho presents himself in the edge between drawing and painting. His printer and industrial inks loom a monotonous pattern through hundreds of pieces of paper which in turn, compose his project. These varied and irregular shaped pieces, that range from unframes to impression errors, humanises the project breaking the perfect plan contained in the idea. Thus, waving alternative paths. The conceptual nature of this project is, so to speak, of florentine origin. However, these unforeseen events move the spotlight from the colour itself to the riots of the venetian drawing with its lack of definition and clarity, its mad and vertiginous uncertainty. But is as convincing as its rival school of art.

Paradoxically, our sight fails us because the more coloured parts are not fully coloured. So, we are not going to be able to focus our sights on it like we initially supposed. Like Fromentin said «colour

itself doesn't exist, because, like we know, each colour changes under the influence of the colours around it». I am speaking to you from the center of this coloured circle that it seems is not ceasing to move. Simply put, like Octavio Paz said, it is a subtle vertigo caused by «these verbal colours which we see with our eyes closed» which is described by Duchamp in the White Box notes, where by the way, he also writes about the creation of a pictoric nominalism. I mention these because you should take a look to it... That is all.

Óscar Alonso Molina [Madrid, April 2013]