

Flat Black

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What is a painting that seeks to get out of that vicious cycle of layer to layer that messes up and stirs everything? And in that attempt solidifies into a mass of flat color, in spaces not clean, not dirty, compact, opaque and homogeneous. Is that a thing the sterilization of the pathology of painting? Clogging the alchemical process that allows dirt? In exchange for what economy, what science or superstition?

The greatest obstruction lies in the flatness of black, beneath its appearance or discourse, not in an already subjugated, assimilated experience, normalized by codes of art and of the predictable urban. Instead of the apprehended and accepted discourse, painting can be constructed as a dilemma of its own structure, to obstruct, neglect itself and null the nature in which it has been assigned as a body relative to light.

Light, the contrast, is not then a formal but an ontological resource? Capable of returning to mass which is rigid. What are its laws if in it an apparently smooth color, simple emptiness, becomes in reality the gray of the cloaca. What does a painter do when his color becomes dirty, to what do those decisions, these attitudes, respond? There are painters who clean, others who get dirty, who do one and then the other at different times and others who find structures, orders

in the ambiguity of dirty light. The genealogy of a painter is more than an arbitrary or chosen historical link, it is a constant conversation that reformulates and breaks the traditional conceptions of linear, progressive time. The genealogy of the flat plane begins at Motherwell and ends in silicone or asphalt? Is Malevich a painter of the flat black? And Mondrian, was he able to paint a black that did not produce sound? What is the difference between the black of silence and the black of obstruction that appears when the television signal transmits nothing but noise?

What will the colors think, dying under the black of the cloak that covers them? Will they miss the light or they would be finally in peace? Far from the eyes of men, Away from the judgment of the viewer who looks at them as dirty, insufficient, lacking the blunt virtue of pure and flat black? Is it about neutralizing darkness in a block that does not reflect but does not devour light? What type of space, of state, does flat black occupy? The pictorial space could be thought of as an accumulation of rejected and residual spaces that become effective, but of what type and for what? And the neon light, exclusive of other types of light, hostile to idle games of colored layers, games of light and atmospheres, curtailed, blind. It does not illuminate, it obstructs the gaze with the affirmation of a space without hierarchies, for that reason it lacks depth. In the neon light, light is more like a wall than a color, de-lumbra, that is, it removes light, neutralizes the luminous ecosystem in a quasi-surgical operation that neutralizes light that builds, licks, secretes or caresses, or rather, dazzles. Dazzling light is the operation of neon light that is not a light, which is on the side of obstruction of the gaze, on the side of the wall and not on the side of darkness, which penetrates and reveals. Because light is not the opposite of darkness.

Is flat black then a state of matter capable of softening the wall when it appears as an irregular shape? Of melting the cement and returning it to liquid mass from its solid state? The mental form whose conclusion is the plain, after its confusion, or the accumulation of an invisible process of layers that became stupid? Is this the end of hierarchies? The color justice by way of its obstruction? Of the light? How does the layer become the flatness, the wall painting? Is that operation possible or is it simply the visibility of a still incomplete question?

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(Summer 2016)

Translated by Kate Saunders