

LUCAS ARRUDA | ADRIANO COSTA | PALOMA BOSQUÊ
DESERTO-MODELO | S TÍTULO C AMOR FROM ME TO U | A STEP UNDERAPRIL 5 - MAY 3 / MAY 24, 2014
OPENING: SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 6PM - 11PM**3 artists at Mendes Wood DM**

...besides the exponential appearance of new galleries in São Paulo, with varied exhibitions, a new institutional and more autonomous scenario generated by a young generation of art lovers is trying to be consolidated by means of spaces for artist-in-residencies, theoretical discussion and art exhibitions. We are probably facing a phenomenon that alters the "scenario" – or the theater" – of arts in the city, which also impacts its geography, possibly more intensively, or at least less organically, than the construction of the great and heavy institutions in the center of São Paulo in the 1990s and the 2000s. I do not mean to discuss this matter here, but I could not forget to indicate it for future reflections, and maybe because this is the reason why we are living a time of great creative richness, in which spaces and contexts for all sorts of artistic experimentation in São Paulo are dilating. Exciting indeed!

The Mendes Wood DM gallery is a symptomatic example of the artistic and institutional effervescence of São Paulo. In this context, I believe that individual exhibitions in the same gallery, specifically of the artists Adriano Costa, Lucas Arruda and Paloma Bosquê – all of whom were born between 1975 and 1983 – is an opportunity to observe the production of this new generation, which begins to be consolidated in the Brazilian and international scenarios. It is true that the simultaneity of the three exhibitions does not intend to comprehend all of the artistic production of a whole generation, not to mention the rich and diverse national production. However, by being gathered at the Mendes Wood DM gallery, the exhibitions confirm, for now, the direction of the program of a relatively new gallery in São Paulo.

The nature of the three artists consists of creative obsession, be it by the quantity and diversity of pieces, as is the case of Adriano Costa, be it by the obsessive, rich and subtle narrowing of aesthetic operations of Lucas Arruda, or be it by the obsession of making and remaking the sculpture until the object becomes a reference of itself, as is the case of Paloma Bosquê. Even though these artists are fully aware of the means and strategies – to use the faded jargon of the 1990s – of previous generations, they treat these strategies as an incorporated thing, and only as something incidental to work, unless when they superpose to the clear will to ironize this supposed tradition. They are not romantic or revolutionary; instead, they are simply lyrical and, for that, their pieces are prone to poetry.

Lucas Arruda

Lucas Arruda is an urban hermit. Like an architect who sees himself facing the detail and the construction. The wall reflects the light. The neighboring painting emphasizes one color. The ampers, the ampers of lamps. And so much was considered about painting. And the window that separates the living room from the scene is on canvas. A skin, or, as we like to say in our constructivist tradition: topology. Oh, sweet topology!

In the middle of the night, a color transition, or a light that he reproduces, may let him all night long concentrated on the experimentation of what goes on canvas, in the painting itself, in the route – more jargon – to create a specific aesthetic effect. Beyond the landscapes, the skyline, the woods, this contention of iconographic options actually has a thematic exuberance that requires the artist to constantly search for new solutions and alternatives to problems that are presented in the canvas itself: how to use the paint? What are the ideal chromatic combinations?; the expression of placing the brush or the spatula, after scraping the paint; the white on canvas in relation to the landscape to reach the adequate light that covers the landscape or inverts the direction and emanates from the background. These operations are the several themes of his work.

They range from the color of the wall that reflects the light on the environment, like the “ideal white” of the living room walls, to the intensity and technical aspects of the light. These aspects, which are external to the canvases he paints, but that are always present inside and outside the atelier, suggest the search for the absolute control over the painting.

In the search for control, Lucas also organizes the disposal of canvases in the exhibition area so that specific themes emphasize each other. Because it is not the marine (iconography) close to another marine, necessarily, but the group of specific colors on a canvas that is associated with or emphasizes specific colors on the canvas beside it, or the obliterations of the spatula, and so on and so forth.

But this exhibition – the model desert – has something special, since the new work composed of 81 hand-painted slides and presented by a projector in a small dark room suddenly represents the dual temper in the artist's work. It is not possible to dissociate the canvases, which are luminary in a style that mixes Courbet and Caspar David Friedrich, from the work on slides, in which the temper seems to reside in Goya and Munch. By maintaining the iconography that made him famous, the theme of the canvases, with controlled and measured strokes, is confronted by the expressiveness and urgency of images on slide. The time of contemplating the landscape is amputated every ten seconds by the projector in the small dark room. From the bright and white of the painting room to the dark and covered slide room, it seems to me that the unit of Lucas Arruda's work lies exactly on his duality, which had not been shown until now.

Adriano Costa

Adriano Costa is multiple. There are many Adrianos Costas inside Adriano Costa. I mean how the work of Adriano appears in the world. I feel like saying it is anarchic, but that would be imprecise. The anarchy lies on appearance. This is the wrong impression I get from Adriano's work. The piece is framed by architecture. There is a clear and pragmatic limit. Adriano is external to it. This is the constructivist Adriano. Oh! Sweet constructivists, we love you. Fingers up!

Adriano is external to himself, since the form of the flannel suggests the place where it(he) is: architecture, the gallery, the expert and curious visitors, and, of course, being there only as the draft of a branch on the wall. The form of the flannel itself suggests the color. It is orange! The internal Adriano, in this intimate conversation with his objects, like a relationship discussion, forms the plastic and the humor. Like a punk band that rebels against everything but is actually only having fun, the pieces of Adrianos Costas are filled with irony and pleasure. The platonic and the physical love are exposed in the title of the exhibition: *s título c amor from me to u.*

Contrary to specific media, the pieces of Adriano can appear in several forms and configurations, and they can specially be materialized from anything that exists. Adriano's apparently anarchic freedom sucks the objects and the aesthetic footprints that Adrianos find out there. Instead of being pre-conceived, the work is defined in the present. It is the catch of the happy game with the facts that are presented. As if Adriano asked, OK, I can do it, but what are the limitations? As the movie maker Claudio Assis would say – take it and receive it. The erotic of Adriano's work is in this friendly exchange.

That is the reason for the lines on the wall. They are fingers drawing small children's paintings of love. With heart, temple, floors and many fingers on the wall. No more comments.

Paloma Bosquê

By taking back the urban hermits, Paloma Bosquê presents, in her first solo exhibition – *One point earlier* –, pieces she has been developing in the basement of her building throughout the years. Not so restrained in her iconography, like Lucas Arruda, she also seems to establish a dialogue with her own work, as if it, as well as the artist, were sufficient in themselves. Two loners in search for expression. It is during the act of work, for instance, while rolling a wire around a piece of wood, that questions such as gravity, scale, color etc. arouse. Paying attention to the relationship between her body and the sculpture she looks for in the found objects, she tries to plastically re-signify it by putting pieces that were loose in the world, ready for a possible discard, together. In this process, imagination tries to misrepresent values, shuffling what seems rare with what is excessive, as is the case of “copper” ribbons, which are only made of lurex, that can be found in popular stores. It is also possible to use rosin, which is a disposable resin, and suddenly it reappears in the sculptures as something overrated.

The tension of the wires and between what is visible and invisible, depending on the point of view of the spectator, also suggests the latency of pieces. Therefore, time is inbuilt in the piece, since the sculpture itself carries the small interval between the stimulus of a pulse and its consequence in time and space. It is a paradox, in a way, since these are kinetic but inert pieces, at the same time. The work by Paloma Bosquê expresses a magical phantasy, the alchemy of the fusion of objects that are found in the artist’s basement-atelier-laboratory.

Considering the unexpected encounter of these three artists of the same generation, but who are deep down absolutely independent in their creative and productive styles, we can see how the mediation of a gallery that proposes to articulate a program is all about. In this place, it is possible to measure the success of one of the most difficult journeys. Three artists and three vocabularies that are completely different, but somehow complementary, prove the diversity of aesthetic experiences in the generation that developed its aesthetic vocabulary throughout the 1990s and the 2000s. It does not take much to see the beauty in the appearance of a new generation. And for that, it all seems like celebration to me. Zeitgeist. This is what gives me pleasure.