

# BUSTLE AT THE STUDIO

## Keys and tics at Botubol's paints

I endeavor in the painting  
- Alejandro Botubol –

There are at least three non evident keys behind the recently work of Alejandro Botubol, and which I would like to comment at the beginning, because being aware of its existence maybe will allow us to make a more accurate, tense, or even more acute disposition, on the prowl of changes in the paintings that, right now, are not even pointed. As the perceptive phenomenology sensibility of Bachelard, so subtle and vibrant versus the logic criticism of consummated facts and the obvious of what has been given, threatening the art comment, "as week is the indication more sense it have because it indicates an origin".

The first 'hidden' key in which I want to highlight drift of his recently change of the direction of his studio. Even keeping some of his past partners, procedures, materials and strategies of work after the moving, that light constantly invoked, even in an obsessive way, has been changed of its source. From that ancient studio of a printing house, constantly in twilight, industrial style and street flush, where every light was mostly, by need, electric, Alejandro had passed to an equal diaphanous space but in a top floor, open to the exterior through big windows; recently renewed, with design airs, white flat walls which reflects with generosity the sun light, while a door separates him from the others, the world, at his will.

The color, in his paraphrase of the light, does not make anymore that tortuous and contrasted path to tell us the game of shines, iridescences, reboots and reflections which often occupy the abstraction of the artist. The very concentration of the focus, which now has been replaced in favor of a big screen, by definition much more intense, but also variable – in constant change relaying in the position of the sun along the year and the climate of the day – has not done if a peek in his last works. Naked eye they look the same, I know, you can barely notice the change, and no one would speak about of a new stage or style, of readjustments or notable changes; but the experiments of which to works depart, the continuous hustle of Alejandro Botubol with cellophane papers, acetates with lacquer of light bulb, colorful cardboards or metal boards, mirrors, lenses and prisms which decompose the light in its own rainbow, crystals or burnished irons, and a long etcetera, make us become aware of the climate and the atmosphere are very different, although the artist still offer in several of his works, by inertia, repeating some formulas he had mastered along the years with which we can identify him immediately. To see what he does not know is difficult, especially for the creator. But there is no doubt about that if there is an artist who looks with attention what the light is sorting out is Alejandro, and I am sure that something as radical as the naturalness of the light which is surrounding him along all the hours he works at his studio are affecting to his painting.

Second key: as the moving of his studio, his recently change of gallery is inside of the mental backroom and the technique of some paintings of his most recently works. As expected, certain teleology imposes in the production of the art materials, whom inevitably foresee also, sometimes even without knowing, the fate of their work in expressive, expositive, commercial, historic, contextual, critics terms. The architectural conditions of the old gallery are quite different to the space of the new one. In a handful of weeks the dimensions have increased quickly and spontaneously, as if it was a necessity. The dynamics of Botubol's studio have not required even a transition time, the same happened when he incorporated in

the show some installations or pieces less conventional in Alejandro's and the registry's terms, which until now were not usual in his individual shows.

With this meaning we have to speak about of evolution in all terms. The work of the artist, who recognizes how pleasant and attractive has been the treat with the small format and the canvas understood as a privileged acting camp along the years, finally opens to bigger scales and brave goals that by all accounts were pushing him from behind, fighting to make an spot in his production. More movement, less formulations, new codes and iconographies, which maybe you cannot already see but have made its appearance. It looked clear, to all of us who knew of his transcendence, his experiments and plays behind closed doors, that all of that material needed to be organized in a most efficient and definitive way, in the way of a canvas, as it has happened in the scarce times an installation has been shown to the public. The painting itself, as complex as it is in his works, does not surrender to new attempts, innovations or records of any kind which Botubol obtains by the broad of variations and transformations, as a *modus operandi*, to those materials at his studio are submitted, I would say even his own aesthetics premises are submitted to transformation. For it you just have to peek to the digital files he has been accumulating: from there you can check with clarity the clever work – literally the bustle – of that studio, where more as in a training field, like in a laboratory, it is carried and brought, it decomposes, displace, combine, cut, paste, bring close, unfolds every piece of which later will be part of his paintings or works in paper. In between, those sketches, let's call them that, have traveled a complete multi-disciplinary game, where the collage, the installation, the photography, the drawing, the sculpture, analogical or digital, each one of them are overlapped or fused, partially or completely, always in a fluent way, whit the rest of the works.

Increase the scale, well: Alejandro is back to his origins, to beginnings in which ruled the biggest scale as a painter of curtains and decorations. By now the things obviously are not the same, allowing us to imagine a parietal dimension, the expansion of the image through the room: wall paintings, projections, installations, light games, shadows...

We arrive to the third key. Of discreet is practically ungraspable: the woman body. Alejandro had treated this concreted subject since always, not in his actual papers and canvas he is doing now, obviously, but as an hobby, as an affection (etymologically: to put in a certain condition). The relationship, obviously, is in the erotic line of the painting, the passion for the classics, the desire of his own body, his own taste... In each visit I have made to his studio, the artist have shown me, almost secretly, a painting of a naked body, a copy where the skin and the flesh and the grease of the woman body are the absolute protagonist. Copies of great masters, scraps of an academic education and certain virtuosity which are not seen in the so summarized paintings he offers to the public. But the truth is that that persistence, that not knowing how to get rid of the image which recreates some shapes, his falling in the temptation over and over again, maybe is warning about the unrenounceable of the joy and the sensuality, or, beyond, of how the painter understands that the look is nothing but an abstract organization of its characteristics: shadows, reflections, superposed flats, ambiguities, volumes, light, etc.

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