

## BURGOS, THE PAINTER

Gilmar de Carvalho, January 2014

Burgos, Brazilian painter, citizen of the world, refuses the clichés of tropical exuberance and dismantles stereotypes.

His "brazilianness" manifests itself in the strength with which he faces painting, the colours he uses, his baroque way of seeing the world, with excesses of paint and emotion, and by the contrasts of light and shade, joy and sorrow, struggle and resignation.

Born in Crateús, Ceará (1954) - a land in process of desertification -, son of a physician from Ceará and a mother from Bahia, Burgos' first contact with multiculturalism happened through the food on the family table, where delicacies of African origin vied for primacy with backcountry cookery.

He learned to see the world with eyes wide open and found out that the *sertão*, the backcountry, is a land that cannot be defined - remoteness, wilderness, solitude shared with the Sun and nature that burns in the white bushes (*caatinga*) - which he would forever carry within himself.

The father has perhaps been frustrated by the son's choice. The College of Architecture gathered part of a generation that wanted to break off paradigms and build a better world. Burgos experienced his graduation, in 1978, amazed, but life would bring new challenges and he would be able to reply to them.

In the United States, he pursued English fluency; in Europe, he did his postgraduate studies in Barcelona (*Forum Humanum* Group, Club of Rome) with a grant from the Spanish government. In the Catalan city, Burgos studied drawing and painting (*Estudi Chelsea*) and took part of a group exhibition. That way he forged his own repertoire, expanding his worldview and laying the foundations of future projects.

Cathedrals, monuments, traces of the past in the present and the anticipation of the future led him to the most ancestral roots. Driven by these searches, he went to Turkey (Cappadocia), in the trail of handlooms, a reminiscence of the importance of cotton for the economy and culture of Ceará, comprising in its use colours, shapes and textures.

Approved in a test to work for the Brazilian Central Bank, Burgos moved to Rio de Janeiro, but shortly after he resigned and went back to working in Architecture.

Up to then, his approach to the visual arts was tenuous, far from being the visceral relationship he would later develop with canvasses, paint and brushes.

## THE BEGINNING

The choice for art was strengthened in 1999, when he spent a period in Icaraí de Amontada, 200 km west of Fortaleza, Brazil.

The beach was a haven. The access, extremely difficult, over the dunes, could not be done by any car. This "paradise" imposed another pace to view and confront life, a relationship that promised to be more harmonious with nature, without the charges and the agony of the big cities.

Burgos started to paint what he saw. His first paintings already had, in a kind of latency, the content that his work has been showing over the years. The artist has always looked for good frames, canvasses and paint, but his first paintings didn't have yet the excellence of cedar frames and Irish linen, as the ones he orders nowadays from a craftsman in Rio. The paint wasn't yet Dutch, which he uses without parsimony. With an overflow that is part of his aesthetics, he doses the containment of sentimentality to the excess of "matter" seeking a dialogue between delicacy and power, cry and silence.

These first canvasses portrayed what was around: flamboyants, a hammock and vases, which still decorate the porch of the house facing the sea that was converted into the artist's extraordinary studio.

He always knew painting would not be a weekend avocation or mere entertainment. In fact, this option was being built. The watchful eye was accumulating references, the voracious visitor of galleries and museums, in Brazil and abroad, was examining solutions, resources, details, and doing so he did an Art History course in his own way, equating it with the technical knowledge he accumulated throughout life being an architect.

Burgos knew his choice for painting would be definitive. But the chorus of the incredulous about his new activity was big. Many believed the babel of the market would lead him to a quick withdrawal from the art scene. They were all wrong.

## EXHIBITIONS

Painting has become essential in Burgos' life and Architecture became a complementary activity, which enables him to travel abroad, to acquire the material for his works and to follow updating courses.

He started timidly, integrating the two activities, showing his paintings in interior design fairs (*Family Album*, Casa Cor Fortaleza, 2001 and *A Caminho de Arananaú*, Casa Cor Fortaleza, 2002), before featuring on a group exhibition at the Brazilian Central Bank (Rio de Janeiro, 2001/2002), and also on the group exhibition *Humanidades* at Tina Zappoli Gallery, in Porto Alegre (2003).

His first solo exhibition, *Lands and Skies*, was also at Tina Zappoli's gallery (2004) and this beginning was already quite promising.

Restless and unpredictable, in the following year (2005) Burgos shared with Polish-born painter Maciej Babinski the walls of the prestigious Art Museum of the Federal University of Ceará (Mauc) in the exhibition *Epifanias - Babinski / Burgos*.

In 2005, he was prize winner in the category painting at the XIII Unifor Plástica, promoted by University of Fortaleza, with the work *Paisagem Urbana*. On the same year he also participated on the group exhibitions *Destaques*, at Oboé Cultural Center in Fortaleza, and *A Reunião*, at Tina Zappoli Gallery in Porto Alegre.

Vicente Leite Gallery, from FA7 in Fortaleza, opened its doors to the artist twice in 2006: during the group exhibition *Copa com Arte*, in which he showed a painting of a football game in the sands of Icaraí, and the solo exhibition *Stênio Burgos em Quatro Atos*.

In that same year, the Museum of Ceará, in Fortaleza, hosted *Florações - Os Jardins da Nice*, in tribute to the painter Nice Firmeza.

Another group exhibition, *Terra Adentro*, took his works to Tina Zappoli Gallery, in Porto Alegre (2007), the same year that his paintings were shown at the solo exhibition *Stênio Burgos - Schildereijen en Aquarellen*, at Galerie The Doors in Alkmaar, the Netherlands.

He also showed *Burgos e Jardins* at La Bohème, art gallery and bistro in Fortaleza, in 2008. In this same year, he had another solo exhibition at the Centre for Latin American Studies-CEDLA, in Amsterdam, the Netherlands, and participated in the *V Exposição de Férias Oboé*, at the eponymous cultural centre in Fortaleza.

In 2009, he celebrated ten years of activities in the arts with the exhibition *Stênio Burgos Pinturas* at Mauc. In the same year he featured in the group exhibition *Estrelas do Norte*, at Sobrado

Dr. José Lourenço (Fortaleza) and participated in the show *France / Brazil - in the style of French painters*, promoted by Alliance Française Fortaleza, which happened at Unifor.

In 2010, there was a new edition of *Copa com Arte* at Vicente Leite Gallery, at the FA7, in which Burgos, as a guest artist, showed football mediated by new media and technologies.

The Museum of Ceará opened once again its doors in 2013 to *Os Riscos do Bordado*, a dialogue with the works of painter Nice Firmeza (1921/2013), an exhibition from which the income would go to the museum that the late artist shared with her husband, painter and art historian Estrigas, in the outskirts of Fortaleza.

## PLACES

In his comings and goings, Burgos created a range of possibilities of expression, going from self-portraits to portraits; still lifes to landscapes, both from the coast and the backcountry of Ceará as from Zeeland, Dutch region to where he retreats to escape the tribulations of the daily world.

Burgos doesn't paint in just one way, but has developed a technique in which he draws with the tube of paint and uses layers so thick that the canvas almost becomes three-dimensional from the accumulation of paint, which is part of his way of expression.

Burgos' works are unique and unmistakable. The level in which he dialogues with the great masters of painting is so sophisticated that his painting will never be parodical. The so called intertextuality gives us clues to perceive the artist's preference for the Flemish school over the Italian Renaissance,

which does not mean in any way a rejection, but a choice grounded in his knowledge of Art History and an affinity that comes from subjectivity. After all, the Flemish invented oil painting, which would already be a reason for their provenance in relation to the Italians.

This option, made according to aesthetic criteria, is also showed in the choice of paint. After testing several British, French and Belgian brands, he settled with Old Holland, brand of which he is a loyal and frequent customer.

Icaraí de Amontada changed a lot after the arrival of asphalt and of the foreigners who turned the beach into a paradise of sports such as windsurfing. Luxury lodges appeared to attend a high-class tourism. Pizzas and sushis share space with the typical fish stew from Ceará in restaurants, Internet cafes link the community to the world and the wave of social networking came to stay.

Burgos is still there, having his house as his studio, avoiding being contaminated by what is going on around him. He was able to register in a poetic way, in a series of small canvasses, the arrival and deployment of the windmills that marked a part of the coastal landscape with their monumental propellers.

It is also there that he has been developing, with no haste and great patience, the *Odyssey* series, in which 24 books (or chants) of the epic poem by Homer will be the theme for 36 canvasses, with the heroic strength of Ulysses and the delicacy of Penelope's embroidery.

PATHS

Burgos' landscape is internal. Even when he opens up to the dunes or to the sea, he paints what is inside of him. But no one should seek in his works the literal translation of the paradise from tourism advertisement appeals. His painting suggests, stirs emotions, but it is intentionally incomplete and accomplishes itself as an "open work", with information from the spectator, who is transformed, in fact, in co-author of the canvas or set of canvasses.

Burgos is an obsessed artist. To paint is like breathing, eating or sleeping for him. It's what gives pleasure and meaning to life itself.

It is curious the way he inserts in his paintings objects from traditional handcrafts (folkloric bands) Brazilian popular religiosity (Yemanjá, St. George), which seem to integrate the canvas even before its genesis.

He has a passion for the blooming period of cashew trees, flamboyants, bougainvilleas, jasmines and mulungus. He is able to register multiple nuances of yellow, pink, white and purple lapachos and has a very personal theory to explain the four equatorial seasons. As an artist and sensitive man, he is able to see and hear cactuses, wildflowers and bushes, which seem to be in feast only to be registered by the brushes, fingers and spatulas of this master of colours.

He paints with power and voracity, flamboyants, bougainvilleas, sunflowers, as well as the flower bouquets that he buys at the street markets in the Netherlands. A field of tulips and the Cashew War become abstract in Burgos' drawings. The houses, bicycles and canals of Amsterdam - one of his cities - contrast with the sails of Icaraí de Amontada or the dryness of the Jatobá Ranch, family property in Crateús, which is closer to the earth tones of Morandi than to the fauve explosion of other canvasses.

Ascetic, Burgos has the discipline of a Zen monk. Painting is for him work and rapture. He doesn't know beforehand what he will paint; he deduces by intuition and never anticipates the final outcome. He doesn't have formulas or recipes, he dismisses the tricks, but observes what he does, deduces, draws conclusions, and is able to theorize about his craft. But he doesn't do that as a painter avid for audience, enunciating an encrypted speech.

He calls ones attention by the quality of what he makes. This is one of his singularities.

## PORTRAITS

Burgos likes to paint portraits. He started by painting the people from Icaraí: service providers, neighbours, people in the community, people who could pose, unhurried, sitting on the porch of his beach house.

The portrait resumes a tradition of painting. Kings and nobles let themselves be registered by the palettes of artists long before photography established gradually its monopoly on the registration of images.

In the last decades of the nineteenth century, some questioned the possibility of the end of painting, with the advent of "light writing". Techniques and media coexist, overlap each other and seek new ways of expression.

Burgos does an internal dive and tries to find out what is particular in each model. It has been like that with friends and with those who posed for him so far.

The experience is unique and challenging. What can the artist see beyond the technical means? What can suddenly come up?

Burgos' portraits reject photogenic, a set of techniques that make a face "palatable", diluting tensions, and obeying a lexicon of attitudes, gestures and tics, making a picture sometimes sensual, sometimes energetic, with an air of mystery or a romantic "footprint", within a range of conventions and possibilities.

More than that: Burgos' portraits go beyond what the face is able to show, plunges into the abysses and isn't always comfortable for those who pose. He works towards the removal of the mask, the public "persona" that everyone assumes, towards life and towards others. He registers and tries to remove this mask affixed by social convention, convenience, neuroses and lets the model exhausted because of this struggle between sincerity versus affectation, between what one is and what one aspires to be or lets transpire.

He also makes self-portraits; in some of them he is naked; in others he puts himself on the canvas as a picture on a frame or as someone who incidentally interferes on the scene. This is not a narcissistic doing, but a being at ease, completely. To keep up with Burgos' self-portraits is to follow his maturation as a man and as an artist.

What he does has nothing to do with the "aura" of classical painting. It's also very distant of the parody of Warhol's portraits of Olympians and it is light years away of hyperrealism. Maybe it could be somehow approximate to the portraits of Lucien Freud, for the apparent neglect, for the rejection of any glamour, the wrinkles, the marks, the traces of time, the hunger, the hardness of life, always in search of an aesthetic that speaks to what the model carries within him/herself.

## WATERCOLOURS

At first glance, the watercolour is the reverse of Burgos' painting. Starting from the surface, the water helps to dilute the pigments that are spread with the brush on the appropriate paper. Some artists make a drawing beforehand. Others prefer to work with colours. It is a work of subtlety, the height of colour poetics.

The serene hand doses. Water must be used carefully. Watercolours reveals tints, suggest more than they show, evoking landscapes, places, scenes, people. It is imprecise and it will always need the participation of the spectator to be complete and have a meaning (or several meanings). It may seem blurred, fluid, smudged. It will be richer as the artist has total control of the hand, of the dilution and a solid notion of how to use pigments.

A watercolour will always be hostage of the appropriate paper and of the use of medium or thinner or thicker brush. This is a work that does not allow many touch-ups, hence the difficulty it entails. And the hand needs to be secure enough to allow the containment of colours and shapes, and at the same time generous to let it all blur and develop gradations, pigments suggesting what the artist wanted to say and wants to show with this virtuous exercise of art.

Burgos got into watercolour. For an artist who works with strong brushstrokes, spatulas and the paint tube squeezed directly on the canvas, this was a challenge. Paint for him is more than colour, it is matter, and the three-dimensionality he gets in most of his works seemed to indicate that the containment of watercolour, its apparent avarice or sterility, would not match Burgos' excessive and generous style.

What a mistake. In the Netherlands, with pieces of special paper and brushes made of marten fur, Burgos started painting watercolours. He kept the notion of elegance and poetry of master Estrigas - the wizard of Mondubim -, the remembrance

of long talks under the mango tree at the ranch. It was time for Burgos to show he was up to the adventure, that he would know how to deal with the excess oil and the watercolour dilution. And that's what he did. The first series shows houses of Amsterdam and scenes that go without subtitles.

Watercolour is communication at first sight. Burgos knows that. The impact must be dosed as well as the water, the colours, the lightness or the strength of the hand. He regularly goes back to this technique. He has already painted in Icaraí and Fortaleza. Despite all the ritual that surrounds the making of watercolours, they have a portable characteristic. The paper is small, even though it needs a support - more a table than an easel. The important thing is that Burgos has shown that excess and shortages can coexist with the hallmark of the same artist. What counts is the ability to make poetry with colours.

## BEAUX-ARTS

Academicism had strict rules, which had a long tenure in the history of the arts. This picture began to be questioned more vigorously by Impressionism in the last decades of the nineteenth century. That was the break.

In Brazil, Art Education began tied in to the model implemented since 1816 by the French Artistic Mission and the establishment of the Academy of Fine Arts.

Everything was very strict and regulated. Of course, these questions seem anachronistic nowadays. The idea of fine arts has been itself replaced by plastic arts or visual arts.

Burgos wondered how did this gear that moved art history for so long worked and went to Paris, where one of these

"temples" still exist, the École Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts.

In the beautiful building between pier Malaquais and Rue Bonaparte, the École des Beaux Arts offers Summer courses annually. Burgos was there for two years in a row. He registered, bought materials and became one of the most dedicated students. He wanted to see how the gear worked to dismantle it from the inside out.

In 2010, he followed for four weeks (June 28th / July 23rd) courses in drawing and painting. Drawing was one of the factors that led him to the College of Architecture, although he doesn't consider to have advanced in that institution as much as he would have liked. His vocation to draw was not encouraged as it was expected. Painting resulted in a series of unfinished canvasses, most of them mainly functioning as witnesses of his passage through university.

In 2011, Burgos enrolled in the painting course, which lasted two weeks (11 to 22 July). The École des Beaux-Arts was closing part of its building for renovation. Moreover, as the school failed and lost the importance it had before, its halls began to be rented for receptions and high fashion shows.

On these two occasions, regarding both drawing and painting, Burgos had a chance of working with live models. They posed as others did for many masterpieces.

It was another impression of time. The bodies had to be registered quickly. Some moments of display and soon the robes would cover the naked bodies of those who offered themselves to the eyes of the "students" for the exercise.

Burgos must have taken all of this very much into account for the future portraits he would do, and mainly for the self-portraits, these far more uninhibited than those of neighbours and friends who visit him in Icaraí de Amontada.

The École des Beaux-Arts is an important chapter in the formation and recycling of the artist. It showed that tradition, even the most archaic, can be overcome and serve as fuel for a more contemporary creation. That is what Burgos does, reinventing painting in each canvas.

## CALLIGRAPHY AND PAINTING

Mature, conscious, lucid and well informed, Burgos was "hooked" by the title of a book by Portuguese writer José Saramago (1922/2010), Nobel Prize for Literature (1988), *Manual of Painting and Calligraphy*. Saramago's title is provocative and enigmatic. He doesn't intend to give painting classes, much less writing. Burgos took the liberty of reversing the order of the words on the title of the book (published in 1977). Calligraphy came to the foreground. That is where he can make a personal contribution in what he does.

The observation that Burgos' paintings resorted to a graphism led him to tabulate these "calligraphic" units.

He came up to two sets, one of 12 and one of 15 canvasses. It is hardly a "program", but they constitute evidences, footprints, hallmarks of what he does, reduced to atoms, condensed matter, tracks, phonemes, ideograms, the DNA of his art.

Burgos' *Manual of Calligraphy and Painting* is an apollonian attempt to organize and discipline the "Dionysos" of painting itself, seemingly peaceful, in some pictures, but fraught with tension in others. That is what makes him an artist.

With this *Manual of Calligraphy and Painting*, he retraces a journey through philosophy (structuralism), through graphite (Basquiat), through prehistory (petroglyphs), through graphic scores, through the maze of electronic technologies, through the

symmetry of the sanctuary of Stonehenge and Gutenberg galaxies revisited by McLuhan.

Burgos gives us generously the tables of his law, and, from there, you can follow, assemble and evaluate his works, an intricate puzzle that only the author is able to solve. It's not cheating, it is "ludus", a composition that despite solid foundations is sustained by chance. Each canvas requires, prompts, insinuates and leads the artist to do what we want to see, feel, experience and/or live. It may seem a program, a "functional" control of the painting, but it's not quite like that. In fact, these possibilities are disassembled by the poetic framework, by the possibility of transgression and by the decision to create other programs and subvert what seemed logical.

Burgos working hours are long, hence the dedication, the determination and the results he achieves.

He is never mild, superficial or peripheral. Burgos painting is visceral, made to appeal to the ones who are not satisfied with the shell but search the core. It is forever.

In the second set of the *Manual of Calligraphy and Painting* the importance of colour is reinforced. The canvasses incorporate the predominant tones in their titles, which becomes at the same time a poetic and documentary procedure. Burgos provides new information on how the canvasses require vigorous and expressive layers of paint.

As much as art reinvents itself, incorporating technologies, media and experiments, painting is never out of fashion because it has never been fashionable. Painting is life manifesting life, it is the power to express, the holder of the truest joy and of the most intense pain. It is chromaticism and also light/dark, "trompe l'oeil", escape, hallucination, delusion, dream, epiphany.

Burgos can be difficult, but he never loses lyricism. He charges himself to permanent dynamic of his own "calligraphy and painting", which are always in motion. To put it better: his painting is movement.

What he suggests and points out as an alternative is not a random program. It is something very unique, a jewel that he allows us to glimpse inside a drawer, that sparkles and dazzles us - but doesn't make us lose our senses. Painting has never been so much in service of lucidity and madness.

## MANUAL OF COLOUR

To enable the application of the *Manual of Calligraphy and Painting*, he also proposed a *Manual of Colour* or *Kleurenstaal*, in Dutch.

The simple idea proves to be odd: using the empty boxes of Old Holland paint, the artist departs from the colour chart in the catalogues, and from what each tube that comes in boxes contains, and sets up his own "puzzle".

He painted the interior of each box with the colours he buys and uses, and as he travels often to the Netherlands, he will be able to buy boxes and tubes of all colours and make a complete chromatic scale. On this background, he arranged elements of the *Manual of Calligraphy and Painting*. The idea is to make these two manuals embrace nearly all of his work.

The *Manual of Colour* forms a set of coloured bricks that incorporate visual elements and graphics of the *Manual of Calligraphy and Painting*, as if this were a reduction or miniature of that.

It seems like a joke because the artist's work cannot be reduced so easily.

It's a game because the manuals overlap themselves, and the author himself, when mixing pigments, also interferes to bewilder the spectator and to show to the Dutch industry, which manufactures the same paints since 1664, with the same quality and the same technical principles, that the importance of paint is in its imprecision. That is where the poetic of colours settles.

The imprecision comes from the fact that the paints can be mixed randomly, controlled by the artist, who is the lord of all colours, and we will never be able to predict all possible dosages and combinations, because the arrangements are endless.

Burgos plays with the audience, with himself and with chance, not as a performative painter, splashing paint on the canvas, but as one who bets on the balance of reason and emotion.

All boxes assembled form what he calls "Tabuleiro da Baiana", a tribute to the capital of Bahia, a city marked by the African heritage, referring to the big trays of food from the street vendors, which are also the food from the orishas, the deities or forces of nature that came in the luggage of the ones who crossed the Atlantic to be enslaved in the New World.

The *Manual of Colour* surprises by its result. This is not a "setup", even though it incorporates humour in the organization of this "assemblage" of boxes that lose their utilitarian function of packaging to become holders of artworks.

He would like them to be seen as portable studios, which he can work anywhere in the world and bring it to enlarge the whole or call upon the details in Icaraí de Amontada.

MEMORIES OF CANVASSES

Burgos invites us into the heart of his creative process, opens the cracks for curious and intruders and gives the false impression that we could break the magic of creation.

It is as if he opened the doors that he keeps closed at the studio, so carefully, not wanting to become a tourist attraction of the beach, but to be the painter who chose Icaraí de Amontada to be his place of creation and work.

He makes us go behind the scenes of painting, makes us see everything from other angles, which can make us dizzy, seasick, faced with so much information.

And it doesn't stop there. He also goes deep and leaves us another legacy, as information in his working process, which increases the "aura" and the burden of what he does.

He gives us a series of *Memories of Canvasses*, in which each picture gets a kind of "shroud", the dirtiness of paintbrushes, marks of the pain to express oneself, which can become glamorous, but it is, in essence, proportional to the suffering.

These memories are printed on the fabrics he uses, cotton, sacks of flour, which many use as tea-cloths.

He is able to reconstruct each canvas through the corresponding "memory". It is not something random, like a mere cleaning tool. These fabrics are retaken and gain layers of paints, of other colours and of the same colours, and can be displayed together with each canvas, as part of the creating and making process.

Burgos has many of these fabrics. They were going to the trash, initially, then gained status of works, lesser works, to some extent, and autonomy - they were given titles and records in his collection.

INSIDE OUT

Burgos has accumulated excellent reviews from critics over the years. The fragments reproduced here appear in catalogues of individual or collective exhibitions of the artist.

Nilo de Brito Firmeza (Estrigas), artist and art historian, wrote in the presentation of Burgos' first solo exhibition: "In his brushstrokes, spatula, or even when working directly with the tip of the tube, the expression of his feelings about the theme is well marked, with art in its aesthetic message, with life in general, and the hot cry of our Sun. Warm colours burn, the paint exasperates and explodes, becomes rough and desperate, peacefully violent in its mismatched placement in the order of the space it occupies."

Martine Kunz, Ph.D. in Literature at Sorbonne, professor at UFC, wrote about the exhibition *Florações - The gardens of Nice*: "Stênio Burgos does not subdue what he sees, he gives himself to the ground; does not explore the garden, he gets lost in it. He goes around. Around the house and the museum. Puts the easel outdoors. Stênio paints. The canvas is small but the vibrant colours widen the window size. The brushstrokes are large spots and node spots, the thick line of paint confers relief. Hand and eye go together, as in an embroidery, the arts become syntonized."

For that same exhibition, Albio Sales, PhD in Art History (UFPE) and professor at the State University of Ceará, wrote: "The force of the images created by Burgos lies in the way he frames elements of vegetation with the architectural details around the flowerbeds, revealing landscapes that the artist has passed through, experienced and incorporated into his formal repertoire of architect and painter."

Ms. Ines Fiuza, gallerist and important name of the art market in Ceará, wrote in the catalogue of the exhibition at *La Bohème*: "Stênio is an obsessive, compulsive painter and nothing sates

him. He paints, fiercely, using tubes of paint, brushes, spatulas and his own fingers as working tools."

Pedro Eymar Barbosa Costa, architect and director of the Museum of the Federal University of Ceará (Mauc), wrote about Burgos in the catalogue of the artist's solo exhibition at the museum he runs: "Stênio Burgos belongs to a generation of artists who cradled the aesthetic reveries at the plural crib of the modern movements, the vanguards of struggle with the classical figuration. It's possible to see in his creations his enthusiasm for Impressionism, the exaltation of Fauvism, the fascination for the landscape and the portrait and his fidelity to the greater exercise of composition."

Olga Paiva, philosopher, writes in the same catalogue: "From your window, he captures with his brush scenes, moments, decisive changes in the city that is losing its natural lifeblood to receive concrete seeds, from which towers will flourish, devoid of transcendence, although heading to the sky."

## EPILOGUE

What can we say: Burgos condenses to be able to expand. He works with the core and the fragments.

The *Manual of Calligraphy and Painting* is an alibi for him to relate to his spectators and to painting. It's an excuse for reverie. It can be followed or disobeyed, it can be expanded infinitely, as form and spark, as limit and aura.

All his work fits here, in this "program", as it may be reduced to the *Manual of Colour*, which is to be explored in countless possible combinations and contrasts, in the nuances of flowering, in the ravings of an artist. Burgos gives us here a guide/map of his concerns and his findings. It is up to us to decipher what he proposes.

The *Memory of Canvasses* condenses the evidence from the scene of creation, it is witness and alibi, "smoking gun", accessory of a major work that cannot prescind those relics.

Each canvas is the sum of so many references and so much work, manual and intellectual, which means blood and sweat.

Burgos lives a permanent confrontation where the whole body is involved. He paints with reason and emotion and the whole body expresses what he needs to say, urgently, beyond words.

Blood and sweat, never tears, because the artist is able to cause in many people this pleasure of discoveries, that twinkle, that single and indecipherable moment of a personal experience, an unique experience that can be called epiphany.