

Felicidad Moreno, on the target

by José Luis Clemente
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Once suppressed the vegetal motifs that adorned the work of Felicidad Moreno (Lagartera, Toledo, 1959) until the end of the 90s, based on acrylic, oil, enamel, spray paint and emulsions, her later paintings offered the prolongation of that painting in a new dimension, in which formats came into play. Those paintings brought out, as targets, a color that sought the tonal disconformity and was applied to the backgrounds. By making painting take part in all kinds of fortuitous encounters, Felicidad Moreno established a strange synthesis between background and surface. In this way, she managed to create an unusual miscegenation in which various genetic crosses were involved, derived from a chaotic cosmic conjunction.

The current work, which is nothing more than an expansion of it, is situated in a trapezoid in which the painter tries to

zigzag the dangers of a formalism that could fall into the nets of decorative art. The dynamics of abstraction after the achievement of the pure form, has given much to paint in the last century, until it took painting to the limits of an abyss, in which the steps backwards or the search for its own reflections starting from all kinds of mirages, have lately been regarded as possible exits so as not to jump over the cliff. The fact that Felicidad Moreno has decided to stay on the trapeze and suspend her painting in a weightless game of formal fantasies could keep her safe from the nets. Her jumps now in the empty space of experimentation by the hand of infographic gestures, which have also been used by famous painters such as Albert Oehlen - to name an authority in the field -, would justify the possible pictorial movements that recover the op from another technological time, taking it to the center of the perceptual whirlwind in



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our contemporary visual epidermis.

Thus, the mandalas, targets and cosmic visions that Felicidad Moreno resorts to in her latest works, located in that complex universe of lights and colors, in which she acts, as Guillermo Solana pointed out in these same pages, without solemnity and sublimity, carried by a sprightly sense in which she seems to feel safe, while enjoying the exercise of painting itself: let's see.

"Translated from the original Spanish"