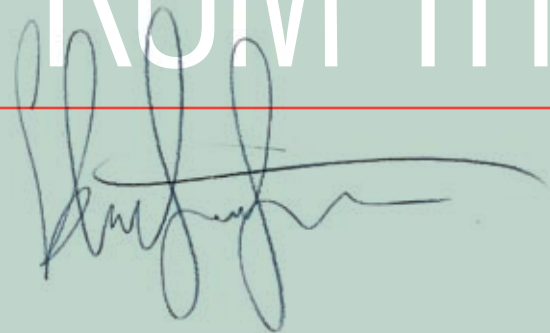


FROM THE ARTIST



For reasons I'm still trying to decipher, the design, illustration and fine art worlds don't seem to get along that well. . . nor do they want to. Can commercial design ever be considered fine art? Can an illustrator have a more fruitful career as a fine artist? Answering these questions--and breaking the boundaries between these so-called opposed realms--has long been a passion of mine.

This interest in multiple vehicles of visual expression has manifested in nearly every aspect of my work. I have always enjoyed jumping out of the creative nest and taking the risk of first flight. This is undoubtedly a double-edged sword. It has its consequences, both positive and negative, but they are ones that I fully embrace. I am happiest and at my best creatively when I am constantly challenging myself.

And so, AMALGAMATE is not a standard retrospective. Instead, the pages of the book reflect my ambitions to harmonize my design, fine art and woodworking. As the title implies, my body of work blends multiple sources and styles to create a singular vision; a visual language forged from my diverse influences. My design and woodwork have become extensions of my creative vision, just as much as my fine art is. In fact, the numerous design jobs I took from 2002 - 2005 enabled me to pursue a career as a fine artist in the first place. And now, these numerous years of design experience have found a cozy home in my current work.

I've delved into the deepest corners of my hard drive and personal files to uncover sketches and photos illustrating my creative evolution. Out of order, but harmonized, the projects stand alone and combine to form one medium, so to speak. Included are my paintings, created over the past four years that moved beyond my prior work that mined childhood narratives, fantasy, myths, and surrealism; my graphic design work, that directly communicates and manifests itself within my paintings; and my latest sculptural work with wood, a love affair that began in the solitude of the Bainbridge Island, Washington forest where I grew up. It was this infatuation with wood that replaced my desire to make paintings - a skill I have continued to refine by working with furniture, but especially my sculptural and installation work. When I first became interested with wood, my entire being shifted. I appreciated my surroundings as they were, embraced the natural state of things, and exercised restraint, working with materials to preserve their original essence. These ideals are at the core of manipulating wood; and are now major processes within my paintings and design.

Both this book and my recent journey as an artist has taught me some potent lessons, such as how much I deeply appreciate my friends, family, fans, followers, and collectors who have supported my exploration. It was a rocky ride at times - receiving hate mail, gaining and losing followers, watching friendships be destroyed, galleries fold or cancelled shows. But all of this has undeniably shaped

the man and artist that I am today. Without all of you, it would have been a true journey into the dark side of doubt. So thanks to you, my loyal supporters. I would also like to take this last opportunity to sincerely thank my publisher, Kirk Pedersen. His commitment, passion and belief in this project has been a thrilling ride that has filled my heart with intense pride and accomplishment.

This book symbolizes the peace I finally made with myself to share what I have learned and explored over the last ten years. There is nothing I care more for, or take more seriously than my work. It is my life; and now I share all of it with you.



THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO MY NEPHEW NOLAN,
MAY IMAGINATION ALWAYS BE THE WIND IN YOUR
SAILS & TO MY WIFE EUGENIE, BECAUSE BEHIND
EVERY GOOD MAN, IS A BETTER WOMAN.

(previous)
I DREAM OF "ANALOG"
MIXED MEDIA ON PAPER
30 X 22"
2010
*collection of Justin & Tatiana Willis



(following)
INCOMPLETE OCULAR ODDITIES
ACRYLIC ON BOARD
48 X 84"
2010
*collection of the artist



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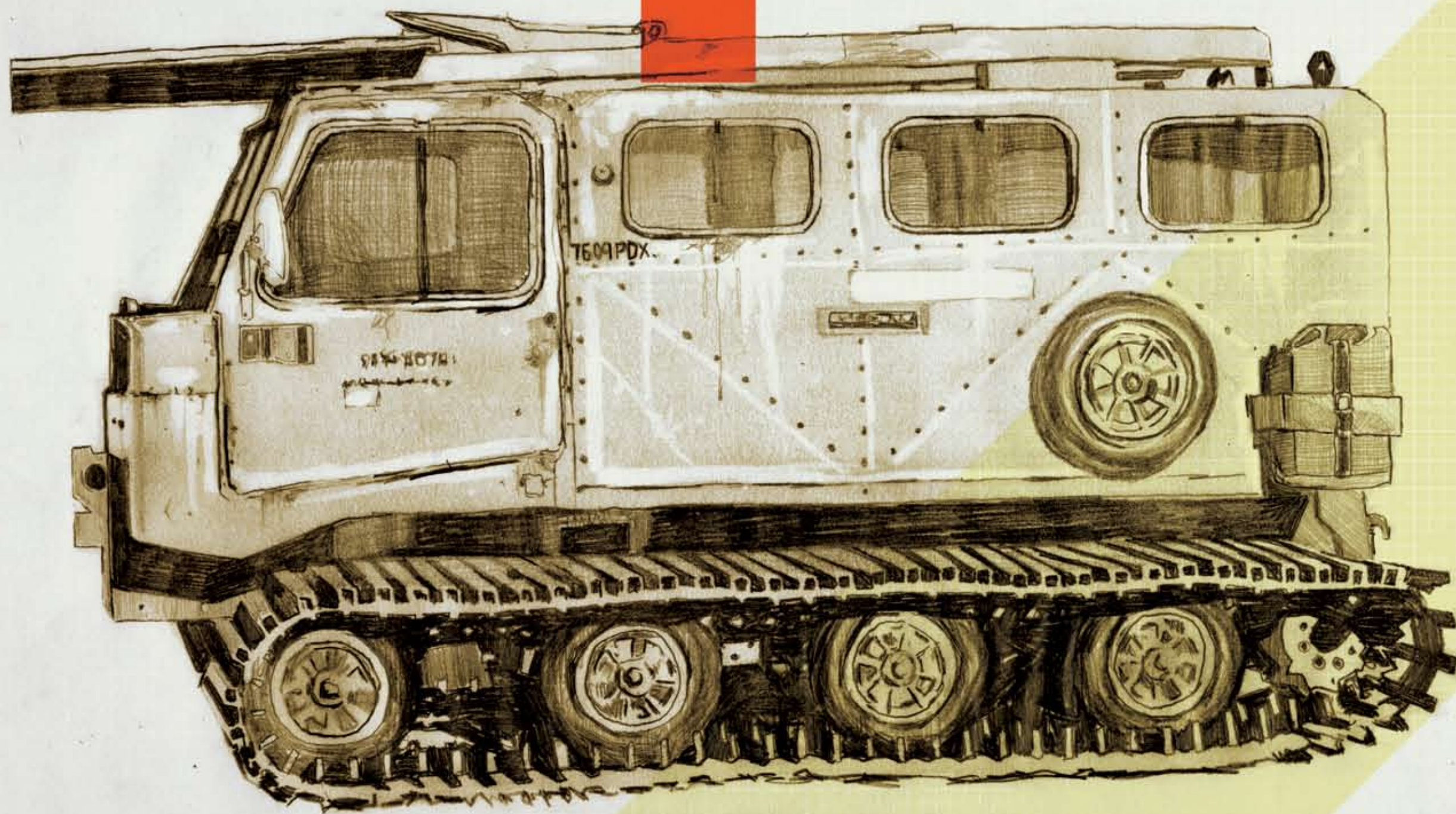
AMALGAMATE

THE ART, DESIGN & EXPLORATION OF **BLAINE FONTANA**



STEREO

ZERO+ PUBLISHING



WWW.THEFONTANASTUDIOS.COM

I N S T R U C T I O N S

This book is best played at a slow pace, surrendering to inspiration. All images you witness here have been created with the utmost concern for originality. These visual acoustics strive to exceed and enhance your life and mind. It is the aim of the artist to inspire whatever you choose to do, but to amplify it. This book presents many pieces never published, many images were created solely for this book, and others are the daily soundtrack of this artist. The key below illustrates the process and/or materials required to render each image. You will find these icons neighboring each image.

-  DIGITAL
-  WOOD
-  LETRASET
-  SPRAY PAINT / STENCIL
-  SILK SCREEN
-  ACRYLIC
-  GRAPHITE / DRAFTING TOOLS
-  TRANSFERS / COLLAGE
-  COMMERCIAL WORK

FOREWORD	12
PLATES	16 - 105
BIOGRAPHY	107

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LE MONDE DU SILENCE © 2011 DERRICK BROWN

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(previous)
Le ARTDEVANSACHOKE
ACRYLIC ON BOARD
34 X 24"
2009
*collection of VANS
commission

THE POETRY OF DERRICK BROWN
ACRYLIC ON BOARD
24 X 18"
2008
*collection of the artist



THE PROS AND CONS OF DREAMING AFTER READING

I fell asleep in the midst of writing the intro to Blaine's book. Not because his art is boring, but rather because the pasta and wine was cheap. Fontana's art is a kind of a meal. It is lowbrow. It is as satisfying to the rich as it is the poor. It is the striking colors of a small Japanese comic shop and the sound of an empty pool being grinded. Here comes all the nature-esque inspirado you could have ever asked for. It is a horny bizarro dreamscape that wrecks you and makes you want to try. I awoke after writing some of that and the first phrase I thought of was 'Nice Leash.' I will let you tell you what that means.

Your whole life up to right now has led you this book.
I hope you're not eating with your mouth open. I hope it's full of birds and dead singers.
I hope you don't feel fat, summer bear fat and have to padlock the utensils.
I hope you are wearing your big boy clothes, ladies.
I hope you aren't the black-cloaked judge or sleepy jury.
I hope the elephant in the room isn't drunk or trained.
I hope that you are the walrus and that Paul McCartney wishes he could love like you.
I hope you're too old for kick flips, and too young for prunes.
I hope you smooch on a tombstone with a bad joke engraved into it.
I hope the perfect American family is delicious.
I hope the Dalai Lama goes diving at sea and finds horror in his sinking peace.
I hope a tree grows right in the ass-spine of your back so you can noose your sorrow.
I hope the park rangers and helicopters cannot put you out.

The tomb slab with the joke says: Are we there yet?

First, who is this Blaine Fontana weirdo?

Fontana was born on a tree trunk in Seattle and raised on Bainbridge Island. His umbilical cord was cut with a hand-axe. There are many trees in his paintings due to his forage-a-phobia. He excels at graphic design, photography, dream karate, sculpture and life drawing. He graduated High School in 1994; the year Nancy Kerrigan got her shin murred by Tonya Harding's magic wand. Blaine was an accomplished, sneaky, jail free graffiti artist in the Northwest. He graduated from OTIS in 1998, the year smoking was banned in California and Google was born. He was the first person to boggle google by googling a goggled gaggle of geese. He funded his painting career while working part time as an art director and a graphic designer at various firms but now he is committed to full time love making and painting. He has a baby face and man arms. They are open.

Is this another coffee table book some boutique hotel is going to put out to dazzle the heart-less?

Nope.

This is a collection that celebrates the victory of an unknown artist who has become known. There is poetry in his subtext. It is populist without the hype. It is "lowbrow" in relation to the movement that started in the 70's that unplugged the hoidy toidy from the art world and plugged in beautiful... here comes a doozy... conceptual, cartoon-tainted abstract surrealism.

All I know is I can't do it. If I tried I'd be like the LA based "Mr. Brainwash." A marketing machine of constant shadowing, foot-stepping late among those whom are boundary breaking. A genius of selling. A charlatan of craft.

If you've ever held a paintbrush, you know how your hand can shake. Not a 16 beer, sex permed-hangover-futon-shame kind of shaking. It is that blood pumping and nerves tingling tiny caution shake-shake.

That little bastard of a tremor will beg your body to make the most imperfect of lines while holding said brush. I know you must deal with the tremors or pound and pound and work at the craft to make it die. You fight to make distinction and serenity appear in your stroke.

I have tried and once again I could not win that fight. So, I write and marvel at those who can make lasting, creative paintings.

I was always haunted by that feeling of, 'Oh my God, I went to far, and I think I just ruined it.'

Craft is half of the painting. Concepts and knowing what will ruin it comes from making a lot of work. Blaine cannot stop painting.

Some painters gain love and immortality from their work, even though only the work itself is immortal. Blaine Fontana will be dead as checkered sneakers soon. He knows that the work is its' own. What a snafu to know that the thing you made will outlast you, will gain more admiration than you ever could gather in your short time on the glob. Yes glob.

I think Blaine is great. I know that is plain to say, but I'm glad folks who won't be able to see one of his sweet gallery expos, will get to find him in libraries and strange gift shops. I know it will make them feel something beyond 'that looks hard to do.'

He is a great painter.

A great painter listens to what the work wants to do and shuts down the steady damned logic of safety. No one can achieve what Blaine's work achieves. These are large beautiful poems that only serve to capture a scene that pushed its' way to the forefront of his skull. Blaine's work captures a mix, a sense of poetic symbolism and photographic symmetry within each painting. You don't think so asshole? Let me rev it up for you.

Monkey.

Tank.

Rainbow.



PHOENIX HILL
ACRYLIC ON CANVAS
30 x 84"



2009
*collection of Scott & Laura Hill
commission



I DREAM OF "A NEST"
MIXED MEDIA ON PAPER
30 x 22"
2010
*collection of John Berlin



I DREAM OF "TRANSFORMATION"
MIXED MEDIA ON PAPER
30 x 22"
2010
*collection of John Berlin



Y

onder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon my people for centuries untold, and which to us appears changeless and eternal, may change. Today is fair. Tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Seattle says, the great chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun or the seasons. The white chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass

that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. The great, and I presume – good, White Chief sends us word that he wishes to buy our land but is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably. This indeed appears just, even generous, for the Red Man no longer has rights that he need respect, and the offer may be wise, also, as we are no longer in need of an extensive country.

There was a time when our people covered the land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell-paved floor, but that time long since passed away with the greatness of tribes that are now but a mournful memory. I will not dwell on, nor mourn over, our untimely decay, nor reproach my paleface brothers with hastening it, as we too may have been somewhat to blame.

Youth is impulsive. When our young men grow angry at some real or imaginary wrong, and disfigure their faces with black paint, it denotes that their hearts are black, and that they are often cruel and relentless, and our old men and old women are unable to restrain them. Thus it has ever been. Thus it was when the white man began to push our forefathers ever westward. But let us hope that the hostilities between us may never return. We would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Revenge by young men is considered gain, even at the cost of their own lives, but old men who stay at home in times of war, and mothers who have sons to lose, know better.

Our good father in Washington – for I presume he is now our father as well as yours, since King George has moved his boundaries further north – our great and good father, I say, sends us word that if we do as he desires he will protect us. His brave warriors will be to us a bristling wall of strength, and his wonderful ships of war will fill our harbors, so that our ancient enemies far to the northward – the Haidas and Tsimshians – will cease to frighten our women, children, and old men. Then in reality he will be our father and we his children. But can that ever be? Your God is not our God! Your God loves your people and hates mine! He folds his strong protecting arms lovingly about the paleface and leads him by the hand as a father leads an infant son. But, He has forsaken His Red children, if they really are His. Our God, the Great Spirit, seems also to have forsaken us. Your God makes your people wax stronger every day. Soon they will fill all the land. Our people are ebbing away like a rapidly receding tide that will never return. The white man's God cannot love our people or He would protect them. They seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for help. How then can we be brothers? How can your God become our God and renew our prosperity and awaken in us dreams of returning greatness? If we have a common Heavenly Father He must be partial, for He came to His paleface children. We never saw Him. He gave you laws but had no word for His red children whose teeming multitudes once filled this vast continent as stars fill the firmament. No; we are two distinct races with separate origins and separate destinies. There is little in common between us.

To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written upon tablets of stone by the iron finger of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend or remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors – the dreams of our old men, given them in solemn hours of the night by the Great Spirit; and the visions of our sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander away beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget this beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its verdant valleys, its murmuring rivers, its magnificent mountains, sequestered vales and verdant lined lakes and bays, and ever yearn in tender fond affection over the lonely hearted living, and often return from the happy hunting ground to visit, guide, console, and comfort them.

Day and night cannot dwell together. The Red Man has ever fled the approach of the White Man, as the morning mist flees before the morning sun. However, your proposition seems fair and I think that my people will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell apart in peace, for the words of the Great White Chief seem to be the words of nature speaking to my people out of dense darkness.

It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be many. The Indian's night promises to be dark. Not a single star of hope hovers above his horizon. Sad-voiced winds moan in the distance. Grim fate seems to be on the Red Man's trail, and wherever he will hear the approaching footsteps of his fell destroyer and prepare stolidly to meet his doom, as does the wounded doe that hears the approaching footsteps of the hunter.

A few more moons, a few more winters, and not one of the descendants of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people once more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We will see.

We will ponder your proposition and when we decide we will let you know. But should we accept it, I here and now make this condition that we will not be denied the privilege without molestation of visiting at any time the tombs of our ancestors, friends, and children. Every part of this soil is sacred in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished. Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as the swelter in the sun along the silent shore, thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people, and the very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors, and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch. Our departed braves, fond mothers, glad, happy hearted maidens, and even the little children who lived here and rejoiced here for a brief season, will love these somber solitudes and at eventide they greet shadowy returning spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the White Men, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place dedicated to solitude. At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The White Man will never be alone.

Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead, did I say? There is no death, only a change of worlds.

CHIEF SEATTLE'S 1854 ORATION" - version . 1

*In memory of my stepfather, Walks With Bear



THE FRAGRANCE OF MORTALITY
ACRYLIC ON BOARD
24 x 24"
2009
*collection of the artist



VACATING ALL NESTS
MIXED MEDIA ON BOARD
24 x 24"
2010
*collection of the artist

S O U N D W A V E S





THE TOTEM ALIAS
MIXED MEDIA
24 x 24"
2009

*artwork for Society 6 / SIMS 10 year anniversary

THE MENTAL DILEMMA DINNER PARTY
ACRYLIC ON BOARD
5 X 12"
(60) 12 X 12" PANELS
2010
*private collection





TINNEY'S HERITAGE
ACRYLIC ON BOARD
24 x 18"
2010
*collection of Bill Tinney
commission



PRAYER TELEGRAMS
ACRYLIC ON BOARD
48 x 24"
2007
*private collection



FROM PORTLAND, TO TOKYO WITH LOVE
MIXED MEDIA
50 x 8"
2010
*collection of the artist

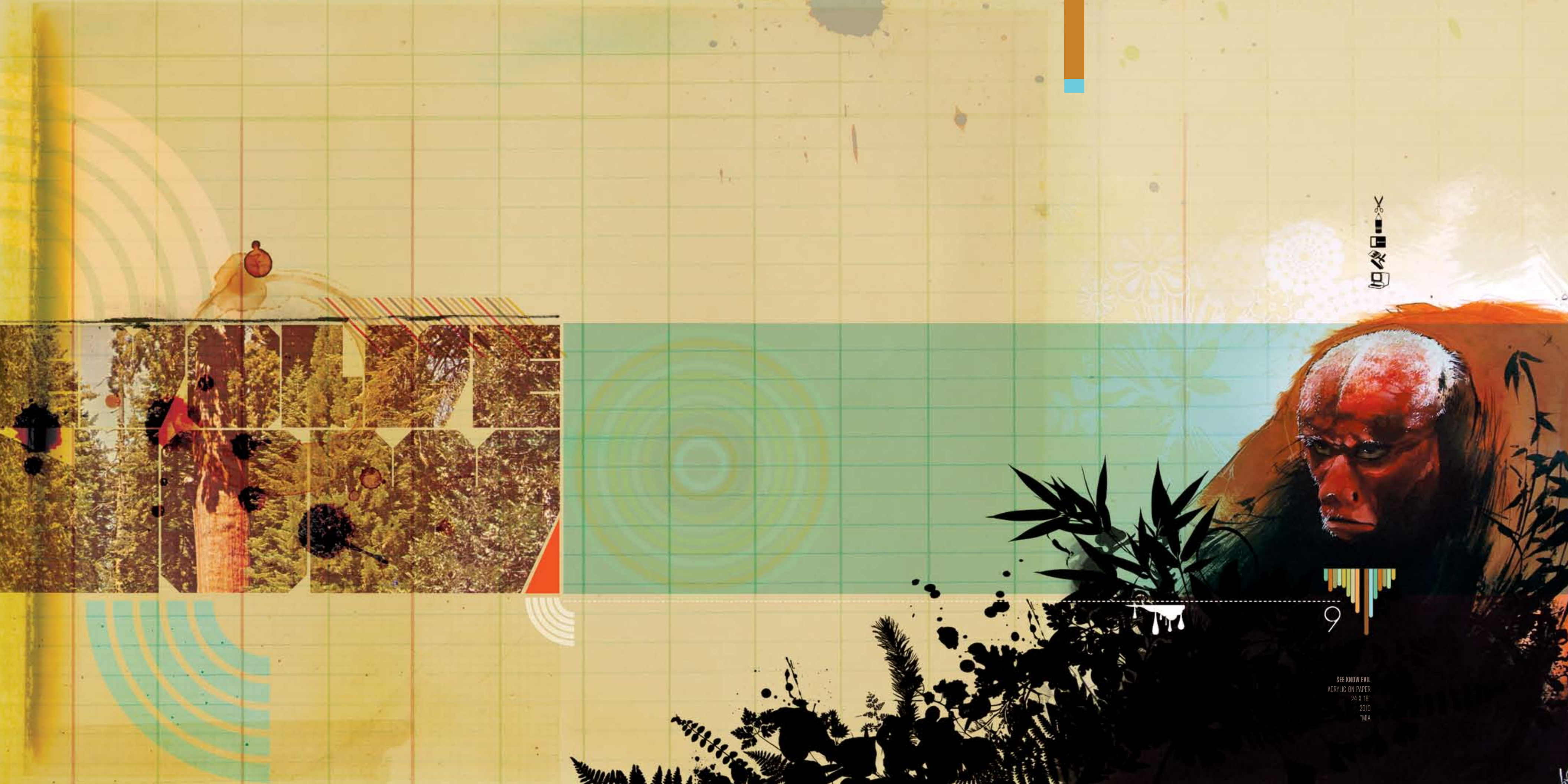




THE HONEY BARRACKS
ACRYLIC ON BOARD
24 x 24"
2007
*collection of the artist



CATCH AND RELEASE
ACRYLIC ON BOARD
24 x 24"
2010
*collection of Tray Satterfield
commission



SEE KNOW EVIL
ACRYLIC ON PAPER
24 X 18"
2010
"MIA"



VOICES OF PHLOEM
 ACRYLIC ON BOARD
 32 x 96"
 2010
 *collection of the artist



Blaine Fontana currently lives and works in Portland, Oregon. Imbuing his vision with the divine symbolism of religious myths, worldly folklore and current social dynamics, his works contain a kind of shamanic exploration of meaning that recognizes the totemic quality and power of the image. With extensive experience within the design world, including working as a designer for Felt Bicycles and acting art director for Zero+ Publishing, Fontana's work displays a virtuosic understanding of sign & simulacra and their role within our contemporary visual culture. Straddling the physical and metaphysical, organic and architectural, painterly and graphic sensibilities, Fontana fuses multiple visual strategies to forge an aesthetic language entirely of his own making.

His works have been published in a variety of publications, including *iDN/Society 6*, *My Name Is*, *Sycamore Review*, *Soul Pancake*, *Mod Art*, *Hi-Fructose*, and *Juxtapoz*. He has exhibited nationally in Seattle, Portland, San Diego, Las Vegas, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Denver, Austin, Miami, and New York, and internationally in Germany, Canada and Japan.

With his wife and creative partner, he currently runs Fontana Studios, a multi-media art and design studio in Portland, Oregon. He has designed and licensed work for a number of companies including SCION Installation Art Tour, Patagonia, Nike, Quicksilver, Toyota, Kid Robot, Upper Playground, Quicksilver, Ocean Pacific, KFC International, and Arbor Snowboards.

Blaine Fontana received his BFA in Communication Art/Design from Otis College of Art and Design in Los Angeles, CA in 2002. He was awarded "Best in Show" for his senior thesis project, and is one of only seven distinguished alumni from 2000-2010. He is currently an Advisory Board member for the Northwest College of Art.

WWW.THEFONTANASTUDIOS.COM

Photo: Tatiana Wills
www.tatianawills.com