

melissa fontini

pattern in feeling in pattern

18.09.21 - 19.09.21



pattern in feeling in pattern is an exploration of memory and the flux of emotions experienced in these moments. With a keen eye for colour, Melissa expresses freely, channelling her inner, often intimate conversations onto the canvas allowing the viewer to sculpt their own perspective in time and place.

"Melissa Fontini's dynamic painted worlds are pulsating surfaces where colour and rhythm are the main narrators. Fontini's work imagines a synaesthetic world where one can see in sound and feel in colour. The works are raw, hidden with sneaky and sexual innuendo and simultaneously joyful."

- Marlene Steyn, Artist

Melissa Fontini (32) is an independent artist living and working between Cape Town and Johannesburg. With a firm foot in the creative world from spending years in performing arts, she found her voice on paper when she took to living on the road for a year. Travelling through South Africa allowed her to explore various mediums and styles, and after she settled in her home studio - she developed her unique language in oil, colour and pattern.



Melissa Fontini by Sune van Tonder



Maybe never, forever. My catch 20/20.

2020
Oil on canvas
73.5cm x 95.5cm

R 14 950-00

A turquoise stool on the edge of an orgasm

2021
Oil on canvas
72.5cm x 86.5cm

R 14 950-00







*and as I stepped closer she asked me to kneel
to rest my hands on her muscular back
to be generous in every stroke, to feel and
reflect with gentle fingers over her sun-lined cheeks, choirs of pebbled flesh,
dotted river carvings
climax cravings and sayings
expressions voicing a well of observation mounting in breathless murmurs
never-a-man-made-reservoir she sprouts a waterbody of marble
her mountainous folds bring a standstill a moment of clarity
that even in the shadow of her light
she is seen, as am I*

2021
Oil on canvas
99.5cm x 74.5cm

R 16 950-00



Ok, now I am drawing your rock face and heart

2021
Oil on canvas
58cm x 79.5cm

R 14 950-00





My mushroom garden is your mushroom garden I

2020
Oil on canvas
53.5cm x 41cm

R 9 950-00



My mushroom garden is your mushroom garden II

2020
Oil on canvas
53.5cm x 41cm

R 9 950-00

Nightfall took you from my arms and our loving bed

2020
Oil on canvas
91.5cm x 74cm

R 16 950-00





Detail and texture of *Nightfall took you from my arms and our loving bed*





Love is a dream world

2021

Oil on canvas

111.5cm x 150.5cm

R 33 950-00



Detail of *Love is a dream world*





A body hosting a funeral for a broken heart

2021
Oil on canvas
87.5cm x 61.5cm

R 11 950-00



I play with myself

2020
Oil on canvas
37cm x 53cm

R 8 950-00

*The neighbours pretended to stare at the Jacarandas
while she was skinny dipping*

2020
Oil on canvas
41cm x 30.5cm

R 7 950-00





Waterdraer, The Water Carrier, Aquarius

2020
Oil on canvas
90cm x 60cm

R 12 950-00

*He wanted to play in her garden and then
had the cheek to call her flowers loose*

2020
Oil on canvas
84cm x 74cm

R 14 950-00





Cityscape escapes

2021
Oil on canvas
95.5cm x 73cm

R 14 950-00



Not-so-camouflaged love scene

2020
Oil on canvas
73cm x 95.5cm

R 11 950-00

Take me to places as rich in culture as this painting is in colour

2020
Oil on canvas
64cm x 77cm

R 11 950-00





Swimming in Camps Bay's drinking water

2021
Oil on canvas
51cm x 29cm

R 7 950-00

When coconut oil reminds you of a sex scene

2020
Oil on canvas
41cm x 45cm

R 8 450-00



"It's a lemon tree." Echoes the answer to a ridiculous short sighted question that had me shiver in my shiny shoes. Perched on a balcony with a moral standing that has reached its quota. The day said, "out- out" the gate. Step into a dreamliner of hazy purples and shaping blues breathing over the stark black lines of snoring blocks, timely taxi's, stray cats and perhaps you. And I, now, want to be close to the mountain. The mountain alone. And shit, maybe you. Later, glitter down the drain, disrobed and draped over someone else's hay. I tow a perspective that I saw when our eyes said, "ey, it screws in - to the left". Drowsy and at ease, with no act or intention, thoughts of you weaved sleepless silhouettes getting down in semi-loud, yet homely corners. Stating; "No time for Patti Smith, we are feeling the beat." Until noon reminded me of coffee. And finally it was too bright for the baby-blues to remind me of your golden necklace, slipping forward. Dangling between your lips folding over mine. Eish, you see what I am saying. And so it begins again.

Echoes dangling between your lips folding over mine

2020
Oil on canvas
37cm x 53cm

R 8 950-00



The Bush Wonder

2021
Oil on canvas
89cm x 81cm

R 16 950-00





Details and texture for *The Bush Wonder*



The mountain tried to tell you he is a square

2021
Oil on canvas
131cm x 160cm

R 36 950-00





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