

## ABOUT METAPHORES AND MIRRORS

I do not care about abstract art.

I do not care about abstract art, when we abstractly talk about art without specific objectives, about art which is not connected with the real world, about art for art's sake. Nothing more vain, nothing more empty, nothing more tasteless than art for art's sake, dead art, art for critics and for university professors who do not know anything about art. They make mistakes, they lie, when they say that German Rodriguez's paintings only talk about a world that does not exist but plastically. No. That is not true. His paintings talk to me in a concrete tangible way, they talk about feelings and emotions, they describe landscapes and civilizations, they tell about his world vision. His paintings are a metaphor of the surrounding reality and about the sensations that we get from them.

A metaphor related to the history of painting, since in his pictures, I do not only see the influence of his teacher Armando Villegas who transmitted him, besides his knowledge about techniques and aesthetics, his artistic philosophy, but also Picasso, Bacon, Turner, Miro, and Kandinsky. Little references about forms, small signals in the corners of each one of the pictures, little acknowledgements in the textures, small unconscious absences. His background.

A metaphor, but I am not referring to a close process, for me his paintings are just the contrary. In front of them I do not feel myself abandoned, since this has happened to me in other expositions of contemporary art, for me his metaphor is clean and clear. By a chance I watch this canvases while I hear *Bitches Brew* de Miles, an irresistible attraction take me through them like music, German invites me, it is Miles's echo telling me to come, go ahead, yeah, like that, he takes my hand, and I see his paintings, discover altars and pre-columbian sacrifices in *Symbols*, Aztec souls within smoke they get to Gods and Goddesses, severes and unhappy that the deads do not satisfy them, or finding hidden demons in *Abime*, tormented ghosts that scare me, that also tell me that beyond there is not paradise, that the abyss is deep and dark. And I ask Germán, Is abyss like this? And he answers that he does not know. What he does not know, what his art does not want to explain, that his paintings have to differ by themselves. I know that he knows, I know that he knows what the abyss is, I know that he walked through the loneliness and hopelessness, I know that he has devoted himself to sacrifice, but, as he is humble, he decided not to explain anything to me, he does not want to explain why he does not want to show off, the show is in front of us, in his canvases, and he does not want to explain to me why he wants me to play his game, devoting myself to his paintings.

In this way I interpret myself the metaphor and I make up stories; stories maybe silly, maybe crazy, but with sense, like any other story. Like the one he tells himself when he paints, like the one any spectator tells himself when he watches. This is the game in his work, open his senses and tell stories, following the attraction of colors and shapes, trembling as I did when I discovered that arch, that yellow ochre and grey triangle, that aborted shape that for me is inherent in *Fusion* and without knowing what was happening, it talked to me and made me cry, I do not know if I was happy or sad, but I shed tears anyway, confirmed by the way I felt and I asked myself what was happening and I realized that the painting was crying too, since it was running down in a very strange way and then I understood the picture was talking to me, it was crying and without realizing what was happening it told me about his sufferings and happiness and told me feel me, and when I feel it I wanted to cry. Feel me, this is what German's paintings tell you.

German, I say, and not Mr. Rodriguez, for seeing his paintings there is no distance, there is no respect; there is friendship, an admiring but deep friendship which allows me to call him by his first name, as I would do with Miles, because there is communication with him and, when I am in front of his canvas, we speak one another with our own names.

And even though we tell different stories, we have felt the same, we have felt that reality is chaos and we have tried to organize in descriptions which may seem abstract or senseless, but from which come all those sensations that we all have experienced, that anxiety of seeing dawn rising, that soothing haze when we remember a dream or that mystic revelation when we find ourselves in the middle of a dark forest. If German's paintings move me it is because in them I recall those emotions I have already lived, and because they describe such emotions in a much better way than I myself could do. These pictures are like a scent that catches me suddenly and sink me into emotional reminiscings; just as some perfumes sent me back to the sweetness of my mother's arms, the beholding of *Structure* awakes that eager incomprehension that assaults me when I walk within large cities, facing those huge structures of our times, senseless freeways, tangled railways, astonishing skyscrapers; magnificent and beautiful buildings which make me think man is great, but chaotic buildings with clay feet which scare me and scream that maybe it is all too much, that we will end up falling. With German works I do not only feel and dream: I think about my own world. For me, that is art.

I imagine German working in his small studio at Paray-Vieille-Poste in the suburbs of Paris, painting each and every day with discipline, with great passionate strokes, scratching the paint with his ungry spatula, spreading sweet textures with a cloth, drawing lines with his fingers, and I say to myself that we may not feel the same in front of his pictures, nor we tell each other the same stories because his paintings are indeed mirrors, they are reflections of what we have inside. Mirrors. For me, that is art.

But, at the same time, I can not help feeling that sweetness of his white textures, those soothing fumes which somehow counteract that anger, that anxiety and that strength I feel in his compositions, and then I see above my shoulder, the reflection of German. German, that creator who was there since the beginning of my confrontation with a canvas; German, that guide who is by my side during the analysis of myself in front of the mirror.

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Paris 2007