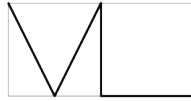


Javier M. Rodríguez



GALERIE
VIRGINIE
LOUVET



G A L E R I E
V I R G I N I E
L O U V E T

Comme Francesco Casetti le suggère, la question bazinienne ne doit pas seulement être "Qu'est-ce que le cinéma" ? mais plutôt celle radicalement anti-essentialiste "Où est le cinéma ?"

Erika Balsom

(Maître de conférence en études cinématographiques au King's College, Londres)

La pratique artistique de Javier M. Rodríguez s'articule autour de la compréhension de l'image-mouvement comme langage. Elle questionne la manifestation de cette expression, à travers l'emprunt et la conversion d'un contenu cinématographique par l'artiste. Il met en lumière la souplesse d'un scénario de film. Pour sa première exposition personnelle à la galerie "*I Prefer to Look Back*" Javier M. Rodríguez présente un ensemble de travaux construits sur les mêmes principes qu'un montage de film, tels que les enchaînements de scènes, les raccords, ou les mouvements de caméra.

Dans *I'll Be There* (2019) Javier M. Rodríguez reproduit une image du film de Yasujiro Ozu, *Early Summer* (1951) à l'aide d'une technique qu'il utilise régulièrement : une photo est imprimée à l'aide d'une laque translucide comme un négatif sur un verre recouvert d'argent. Tandis qu'une partie du métal est recouverte de laque, l'autre partie reste intacte, l'ensemble est finalement comparable à un miroir. Grâce aux propriétés naturelles de l'argent, et avec les effets du temps, les parties non retouchées finissent par s'oxyder et s'assombrir, laissant apparaître une image monochrome.

Également présenté dans l'exposition, *Penny for your Thought* (2019) est un diptyque présentant deux scènes de film d'Ozu. Pour cette pièce, l'artiste a utilisé des plaques de cuivre, et non d'argent. Quand l'une des images est à peine perceptible, l'autre nous apparaît de manière très nette. La première image se développe complètement au bout de cinq ans, tandis que la seconde voit son image disparaître à travers un procédé d'oxydation.

A travers l'exposition, l'artiste dévoile des pièces dont le mouvement est créé à partir d'images empruntées à la filmographie de réalisateurs du XX^{ème} siècle. Le mouvement ne résulte pas du mécanisme cinématographique, mais bien d'un procédé chimique.

Cette exploration formelle à travers les propriétés chimiques du cuivre ou l'argent permet à Javier M. Rodríguez de reconstruire des récits à partir d'éléments puisés dans le répertoire du grand cinéma, "pour recréer des histoires brèves". D'un point A à un point B, une trajectoire temporelle réside dans chaque œuvre et une intrigue simple en découle. À l'instar des montages classiques d'Ozu où les personnages quittent la scène, le champ n'est pas pour autant dépourvu de valeur. Le spectateur quitte le schéma narratif pour la contemplation. À travers ces différentes explorations plastiques autour du temps, Javier M. Rodríguez nous rappelle qu'une nouvelle matérialité pour un média est envisageable.

Né en 1980, Javier M. Rodríguez vit et travaille à Guadalajara, au Mexique.



Javier M. Rodríguez

His face was right next to mine, 2019

Impression jet d'encre sur polycarbonate, film adhésif transparent et impression cachée d'archives
sur papier de coton

50 x 35 cm

Ed. 1/3 + EA



Javier M. Rodríguez
Penny for your thoughts, 2019
Sérigraphie époxy sur plaque de cuivre, Valchromat et bois
80 x 58,5 cm x 2 / 80 x 125 cm
Ed. 1/2 + EA



Javier M. Rodríguez
The stream flows, 2018
Sérigraphie époxy sur argent, verre, Valchromat et bois
80 x 58,5 cm
Ed. 1/3 + EA

88. "Have you ever told your children about your wife? About what you call love? With whom do you find it easier to talk about this? With women or with strangers?"
89. "Do you know how to forgive?"

She is sleeping on a rickety bed; the trimming reaches down as far as the floor. Her face is covered with freckles and her light brown hair strewn out on one side. She sighs often, and trembles in her sleep. Her arms are outstretched and held fast in the dark in the hut, but I have been awake for a long time, and my eyes are used to it.

A narrow little stream loops round the village where we are staying. The stream is overgrown with reeds, and the water flows over stones with the pale mold of blackness beyond the depression and side of **the stream flows.**

There is not a soul to be seen outside, and the silence evokes a quiet and joyful sense of calm. **Her thin, careworn face is pale;** her eyes beneath her eyes make her look **defenseless and painfully dear to me.** Her hair is strewn on her face, and it seems that even in her sleep she keeps an ear open to the terrible silence of a strange house, remembering her hardships and thoughtless fear of keeping me from the danger that she imagines drop every step.

I can hear voices. The penniless girl and the guttersnipe have to be surprised that is love in deal with them, you really didn't know? You must surprise her into abjection into a deep sense of shame that even a man could fall in love with so lowly a creature. The words were measured **slow, sometimes spoken in an unnatural drawl** and sometimes they were distinct and impressive.

It is truly marvellous that there always are, and always will be, swine as well as masters in the world; that there will always be a maid to wash floors, and there will always be a master; and that is precisely what happiness in life depends on.

Memory is not good at distinguishing actual experiences from imagination, or even from passages read in books, so that when I suddenly hear old man Karenazov's hoarse and ghostly voice, I cannot say whether I have dreamed it up, read it, or overheard it.

She suddenly begins to cry in her sleep, as if she can hear what I hear. At first it is silent, then sobs come, the whole body shaking; jumping upright, she wails bitterly and despairingly, holding now her cheeks, now her throat, to ease her breathing. Then she wakes up.

"What a dream I've had! Oh, what a dream!" I calm her, then I eventually fall asleep and have a dream myself. It is as though I am sitting in front of a large mirror, whose frame has dissolved in the darkness, melted into the log walls. I cannot see my face in it. **But my heart is full of anguish and fear** before the irreparable disaster that unfolds.

Why did I do it, what for, how could I have so wantonly and with such little talent destroyed what I had lived for, and without the least grief, or any pangs of conscience? Who demanded this of me, who abetted me? Why? Why this disaster?

The area reflected in the mirror is lit with candles. **I raise** my head, and see in the warm, golden darkness someone else's face. **Young, beautiful** of radiant and direct stupidity, its

Javier M. Rodríguez
The stream flows, 2018

Sérigraphie époxy sur plaque de cuivre, Valchromat et bois
39 x 30,5 cm
Ed. 1/3 + EA

What does not invite them to you?
Who when you gather, say it
In my silence, somewhat?
Speak: that shall be my memorial,
That where I live in the world.

A.S. Pushkin

And so the winter came. The first snow had fallen.

In the center of town, ploughs began to clear it away before dawn and street-sweepers began their daily struggle, which would go on for several months – almost until the very start of April.

Here, nearer the customs, **this light snow is still fresh** and more cheerful. It reminds you of the New Year and seems to mark the beginning of the holiday. They break late in November, and as they leave their houses, **people find themselves thinking:** "Well, it's winter, another year gone by, and how fatal, even so, all when you slump through the low clouds, the long street, with the tall white building among the scattered offices, old houses and sheds at the back of the courtyard, it appears inappropriately elegant, as though in the wrong place."

But now there is a new, wintry silence in the street, and the sound seems light, open and remote. And for some reason, you feel it's time to visit a new life.

There are women selling artificial flowers and branches of fir at the entrance to the streets. It is not the first time the policeman on his beat has seen them, and he tries to ignore them. He glances from the frosty window of the flower shop looking at the lady, who, behind the pane,

There are people going in through the wide open gates of the warehouse, **with spades and trowels wrapped in straps.** The living come here on their days off to visit the dead.

"Hi! Is that you, Asya?"

"Yes, yes, of course, it is I, Asya! Why are you calling? Has something happened?"

"I'm not shouting, that's all!"

'Has anything changed? Are you doing anything at all?'

"No, I'm getting my things together."

"And what's wrong with your eyes? Are you ill?"

"My tonsils, I expect. Nothing serious. **A few days ago, I couldn't say a single word.** Dumb. Besides, words can't say everything that's on your mind! They're too weak. You know, I dreamed about you last night. I was really young... When did Father leave us?"

"What? Why do you want to know all that?"

"And the fire? When did the barn or the arm burn down?"

"Wait... I recall... I wish you'd stop jumping about! By the way, Liza's dead."

"What Liza?"

"You know, Elizaveta Pavlovna! Liza! She and I worked together at the printing press on Valovaya Street!"

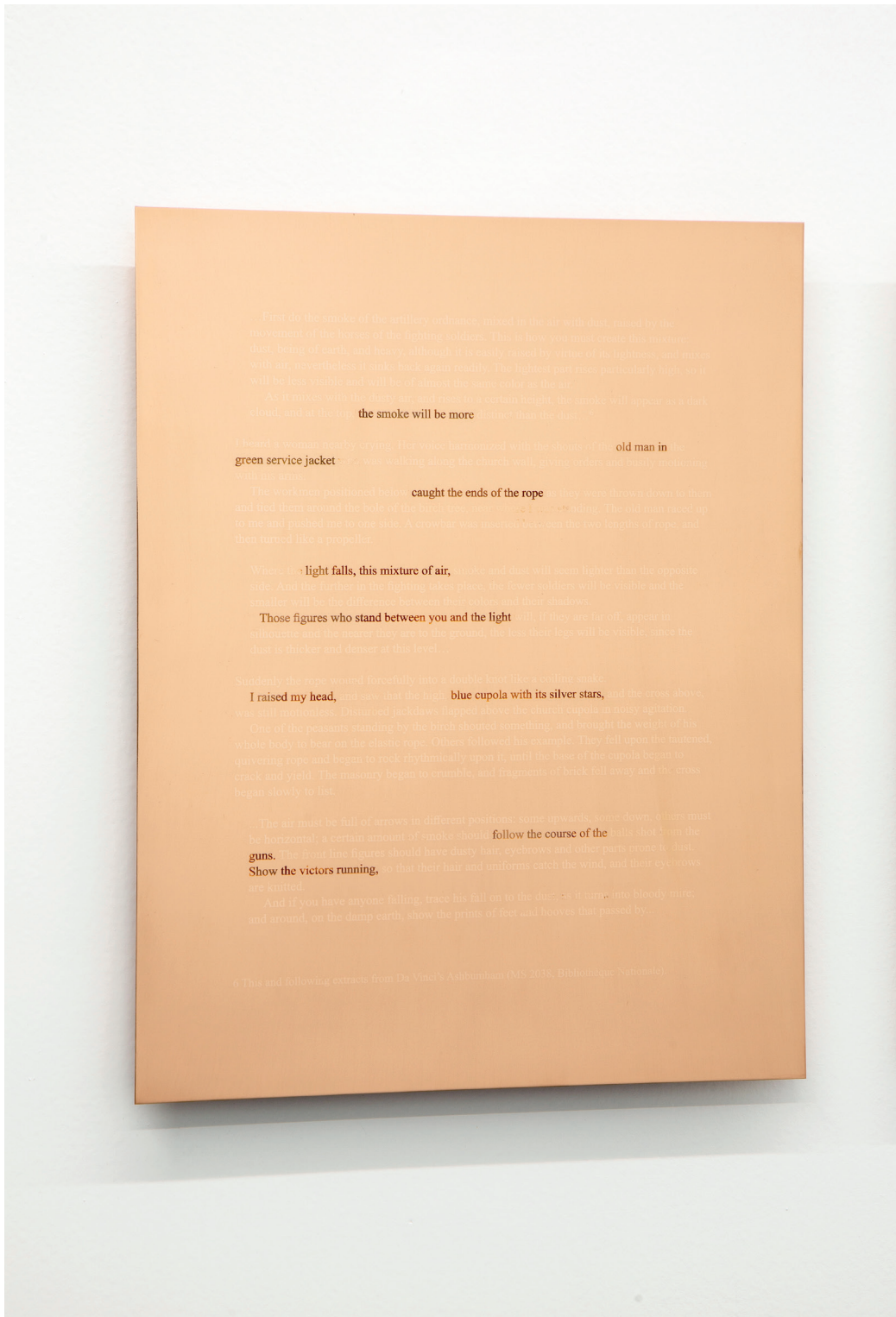
Javier M. Rodríguez

Light falls, the mixture of air, 2018

Sérigraphie époxy sur plaque de cuivre, Valchromat et bois

39 x 30,5 cm

Ed. 1/3 + EA



First do the smoke of the artillery ordnance, mixed in the air with dust, raised by the movement of the horses of the fighting soldiers. This is how you must create this mixture: dust, being of earth, and heavy, although it is easily raised by virtue of its lightness, and mixes with air, nevertheless it sinks back again readily. The highest part rises particularly high, so it will be less visible and will be of almost the same color as the air.
As it mixes with the dusty air, and rises to a certain height, the smoke will appear as a dark cloud, and at the top **the smoke will be more** lighter than the dust.

I heard a woman nearby crying. Her voice harmonized with the shouts of the **old man in the green service jacket** who was walking along the church wall, giving orders and clearly muttering to himself.

The workmen positioned below **caught the ends of the rope** as they were thrown down to them and tied them around the bole of the birch tree, their bodies pressed against it. The old man raced up to me and pushed me to one side. A crowbar was inserted between the two lengths of rope, and then turned like a propeller.

Where the **light falls, this mixture of air,** smoke and dust will seem lighter than the opposite side. And the further the fighting takes place, the fewer soldiers will be visible and the greater will be the difference between their colors and their shadows.

Those figures who stand between you and the light will, if they are far off, appear in silhouette and the nearer they are to the ground, the less their legs will be visible, since the dust is thicker and denser at this level.

Suddenly the rope wound forcefully into a double knot like a coiling snake.

I raised my head, and saw that the high **blue cupola with its silver stars,** and the cross above, was still in place. Disturbed jacksaws flapped above the church cupola in noisy agitation.

One of the peasants standing by the birch shouted something, and brought the weight of his whole body to bear on the elusive rope. Others followed his example. They fell upon the fastened, quivering rope and began to rock rhythmically upon it, until the base of the cupola began to crack and yield. The masonry began to crumble, and fragments of brick fell away and the cross began slowly to list.

The air must be full of arrows in different positions: some upwards, some down, others must be horizontal; a certain amount of smoke should **follow the course of the** balls shot from the **guns.** The front line figures should have dusty hair, eyebrows and other parts prone to dust. **Show the victors running,** so that their hair and uniforms catch the wind, and their eyebrows are knitted.

And if you have anyone falling, trace his fall on to the dust: is it from the bloody mire, and around, on the damp earth, show the prints of feet and hooves that passed by.

6 This and following extracts from Du Vime's *Arbumban* (MS 2038, Bibliothèque Nationale).

Javier M. Rodríguez
Light falls, the mixture of air, 2018
Sérigraphie époxy sur plaque de cuivre, Valchromat et bois
39 x 30,5 cm
Ed. 1/3 + EA



Javier M. Rodríguez
God help me and save me, 2017
Sérigraphie époxy sur plaque de cuivre, Valchromat et bois
29 x 21,5 cm
Ed. + EA



Javier M. Rodríguez
An element of suspense, 2015
Impression jet d'encre sur polycarbonate, film adhésif transparent et impression cachée d'archives sur
papier de coton
21 x 37 cm x 9 / 189 x 37 cm
Ed. 1/3 + EA

Javier M. RODRIGUEZ

Né en 1980, il vit et travaille à Guadalajara au Mexique.



EXPOSITIONS PERSONNELLES

- 2019 I prefer to look back, Galerie Virginie Louvet, Paris, France
Darkness at noon, Proxycy Gallery, New York, États-Unis
- 2018 INT. VITRINA - DÍA, Arredondo/Arozarena, Mexico, Mexique
- 2018 The double meaning of orange, Guadalajara 90210, Guadalajara, Mexique
- 2017 Show, Don't Tell, Artere-a, Guadalajara, Mexique
- 2017 Plot Points and the Inciting Incident, Salon Acme No.5, Mexico City, Mexique
- 2016 Wide (Characters leave the scene) , Musée Taller Jose Clemente Orozco, Guadalajara, Mexique
- 2015 La terquedad de las cosas, Musée Experimental El Eco, Mexico, Mexique
- 2013 Nada mas que las horas, MAZ Musée d'art de Zapopan, Zapopan, Mexique
- 2013 [AGOSTO,10.2013 - OCTUBRE,04.2013], Galeria Curro, Guadalajara, Mexique
- 2012 Correspondencias, Haus der Kunst Proyectos, Puerto Vallarta, Mexique
- 2009 « CHAOS / ORDER », Galeria Curro, Guadalajara, Mexique

EXPOSITIONS COLLECTIVES

- 2019 Los otros libros, Centro de la Imagen, Mexico, Mexique
- 2018 Antropología Moderna, UDEM & Guadalajara90210, Monterrey, Mexique
- Almost Solid Light, Paul Kasmin Gallery, New York, États-Unis
- Geometría Primitiva, Guadalajara 90210 y Mercado Negro, Puebla, Mexique
- La imagen perdida, MURA Museo de Arte Raul Anguiano, Guadalajara, Mexique
- 2017 Impresiones del tiempo, ESPAC, Mexico, Mexique
- You Are Here, Peana Projects, Monterrey, Mexique
- The Kitchen Debate, Regina Rex / Rawson Projects, New York, États-Unis
- 2016 ATLAS sobre papel, PARAMO Galeria, Guadalajara, Mexique
- Reconstrucción, MAZ Museo de Arte de Zapopan, Mexique
- 2015 Hijos, LAMB Arts, Londres, Angleterre
- Delay, Intervención en Hotel Condesa, Mexico, Mexique
- 2014 Continually revealing multiple routes of entry and exit, Fifi Projects, Monterrey, Mexique
- Leviatan, Museo de Arte Raúl Anguiano, Guadalajara, Mexique
- 2013 Tinnitus y Fosfenos, De lo sonoro a lo visual, MAZ Museo de Arte de Zapopan, Zapopan, Mexique
- Proyecto Basurto, Steve Turner Contemporary, Mexico, Mexique
- 2011 Fuerzas Básicas, Formas del dibujo reciente en Jalisco, Museo de la ciudad, Guadalajara, Mexique
- Ahora o Nunca/Now or Never, Puerto Vallarta, Mexique

- 2010 Chewbacca to Zapata: Revisiting the Myth of the Mexican Revolution, Morono Kiang Gallery, Los Angeles, États-Unis
Bing-bang y otras historias de la Evolución, Centro Cultural Border, Mexico, Mexique
Tenemos tanto tiempo y tan poco que hacer, CAM Contemporáneo, Guadalajara, Mexique
- 2009 One Shot! Football et art contemporain, B.P.S.22, Province de Hainaut, Belgique
Döberitzer Heide : Free Air for Free Thinking, Ensemble of traces of art thought, WiE Kultur Gallery, Berlin, Allemagne
- 2008 Firulais, Fragmentos Selectos de la Historia Reciente de Guadalajara, Museo de la Ciudad, Guadalajara, Mexique
Extended Borders / Shifting Cartographies, Puerto Vallarta Arte Contemporáneo 2008, Puerto Vallarta, Mexique

COMMANDES SPECIALES

- 2016 Layers of Deception, Zona Maco Sur, Solo projects, Mexico, Mexique
2011 White Boxes, Solo project with Steve Turner Contemporary, Mexico, Mexique

BOURSES

- 2019-2021 Membre du National System of Creators, FONCA
2012-2013 FONCA, Mexican National Found for the Arts
2009-2010 FONCA, Mexican National Found for the Arts

RÉSIDENCES

- 2018 Residency Unlimited, New York, États-Unis
2017 ASU Art Museum Residency Program, Phoenix, États-Unis
2016 PAOS, Museo Taller Casa Jose Clemente Orozco, Guadalajara, Mexique
2015 Billingsbear Residency Program, Billingsbear, Royaume-Uni

PUBLICATIONS

- 2018 Impresiones del tiempo, Éditeur : Esteban King
2017 Reconstrucción: Un proyecto de Abraham Cruzvillegas, Éditeur : Claudia Reyes
2011 Peepingtom 2 - An exploration of the Mexican contemporary art scene, Éditeur : Caroline Niémant
FONCA Jóvenes Creadores 2009-2010, Fondo Nacional para la Cultura y las Artes
2010 One Shot ! Football et art contemporain B.P.S.22, Éditeur : Pierre-Olivier Rollin
2008 "Firulais, Fragmentos Selectos de la Historia Reciente de Guadalajara", Éditeur : Cristian Silva



GALERIE
VIRGINIE
LOUVET

+33 1 42 71 97 48 | virginielouvet.com
48, rue Chapon, 75003 Paris
contact@virginielouvet.com