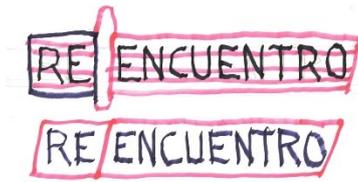


LUIS GORDILLO



10.03 – 22.04.2022

Opening Thursday 10th of March, at 5 pm

We are glad to present **Luis Gordillo's** sixth exhibition at Galeria Joan Prats, entitled *Re/Encuentro*, where we will show recent works by the artist, such as paintings, drawings and large polyptychs of digital prints.

For this exhibition, **Ignasi Aballí** has written a text titled *Subinsconciente*, in an effort to pay tribute to the work of **Luis Gordillo**:

Scattered ruins same grey as the sand ash grey true refuge. Four square all light sheer white blank planes all gone from mind. Never was but grey air timeless no sound figment the passing light. No sound no stir ash grey sky mirrored earth mirrored sky. Never but this changelessness dream the passing hour. (Samuel Beckett. Sin/Sineidad. Árdora Ediciones, Madrid 2021)

it's the titles that attract me in the first place. The written or literary reference that accompanies the painter's work. Titles that in their own way explain the pictorial production and frame it in a certain context. That of the subconscious, that of the unconscious, that of word games, games with language, humour, irony, double meanings, the absurd, automatic writing, the destruction of language. The written painting, the painted word. Try to record what is seen, what is heard and what is perceived around us

Superyo congelado, Dúplex vertical, Pregordillo, Gordillo Dúplex, Espejos/Miroirs, Iceberg Tropical, Iceberg Total, Imágenes una voz, Post-coitum, Organic Logotypes, policentro centrífugo vulnerable, Pintura interrogada, Contraespejo-S, Tocata y fuga, Oxigenando, Horizontalia, Aproximación-Aproximándose, Tancercatanlejos, Implantación de sueños, Confesión general, Sesión continua, Mix-Mixing, Luis Gordillo-Cemento nervioso, Gordillo insiste (aún), Fotoalimentación, Triplex, Carmenmásetcéteras, Genetic Islands... (Titles of Luis Gordillo's exhibitions)

the titles built with paint, with fragments of images, remnants, torn pieces, cut out and put together with no apparent logic. Mental painting, not made with the eyes, but with the mind, with the brain in free fall, on an endless slope that exponentially accelerates ideas, visions, colour, shapes, matter, the intangible, what is inside the viscera, the flows and the fluids, the closed circuits of the body and the nervous system through which the painting circulates

overlaid voices that do not stop muttering incessantly. The mind and the hand fighting to contain the impulse, or to release it. Art is a matter of containment, not expression. Would Luis Gordillo agree with this? impossibility of panoramic vision, everything is looked at closely from a short distance. At most one meter from things. Close pan, at arm's length at most

add, remove, put in, put out, paint, erase, cut, paste, tear, think, doubt, do, sit down, get up, walk, stop, paint, write, paint, draw, paint listen, paint eat, paint doubt, paint smell, paint touch, paint talk, paint paint...

Ruins true refuge long last towards which so many false time out of mind. Never but imagined the blue in a wild imagining the blue celeste of poetry. Light white touch close head through calm eye light of reason all gone from mind. (Samuel Beckett. Sin/Sineidad. Árdora Ediciones, Madrid 2021)

double photographs. Double images, taken from slightly different angles. With each of the eyes independently, first with the left and then with the right. Never with both at the same time, that's impossible. Real images from the unreal. Unreal images of

reality, distorted. So close, but yet so far. Autonomous eyes than look around on their own but perceive the same, or nearly the same but slightly different. The camera is not the brush, but it looks a lot like it. The brush and the camera need the hands, as well as the eyes and the whole body, even the brain

painting, which is never something static, we perceive it with the whole body, we see it with the whole body. Painting requires intense physical activity to be fully absorbed and fully understood. Painting is a physical exercise also for the viewer, especially for him. Painting is not only seen with the eyes you also must look at it with your arms, legs, feet, hands, stomach, intestines, lungs... travel it, walk through it from right to left and from top to bottom. And vice versa. If thinking is to use all five senses, there is no doubt that Luis Gordillo's paintings are really thought through. Maybe not thought through if we are using the common definition, but surely thought from a perspective of turning images into thought. Images that are constructed in the mind with all five senses and are executed by hand, either with a brush, a knife, scissors or a digital tool

and I find an image from Gordillo's workspace. I see some works in progress, on different supports and made with different materials. Sheets on the floor, some wrinkled. Others seem abandoned. They're cut-outs, art in the making that have been left on the floor and on the walls. Formless shapes that seem randomly associated and that surely chance will break them again until a new chance definitively places them next to each other. Like the coloured stains on paintings yet to be finished. And I say this because you can still see the white background and when you see white, something's not finished. That's what we've been told. You must fill the entire surface until you no longer see any white. Colours against white, painting against white. Pale greyish green and intense, bright, fluorescent colours. But there's always that pale greyish green as a backdrop. Like an amalgam that unifies and fixates everything in its place. It can also be a pale greyish blue, or a pale greyish pink. Tables and chairs without windows with papers and many other things, sometimes empty, sometimes full. Thoughts and shapes under an infinite process of construction and destruction with brief moments of lucidity, if there is such a thing

I slowly walk away from the paintings leaving pieces of my body in them. They have looked at me bewildered, as if they did not know that someone would look at them, as if they did not know that they were going to be exposed. I go outside after being tancercatanlejos [so close but yet so far] and I am no longer the same person after oxygenating myself in front a *Naufragio* [Shipwreck], the ascension of Marilyn and the *Transmigración de almas* [Transmigration of souls]

Face to calm eye touch close all calm all white all gone from mind. Never but imagined the blue in a wild imagining the blue celeste of poesy. Little void mighty light four square all white blank planes all gone from mind. Never was but grey air timeless no stir not a breath. Heart beating little body only upright grey face features overrun two pale blue. Light white touch close head through calm eye light of reason all gone from mind. (Samuel Beckett. *Sin/Sineidad*. Árdora Ediciones, Madrid 2021)

Luis Gordillo (Sevilla, 1934). Lives and Works in Madrid. He has received numerous awards during his career such as: Premio Comunidad de Madrid (2009), Premio Velázquez a las Artes Plásticas (2007), Premio Tomás Francisco Prieto de la Casa de la Moneda (1999), Medalla de oro al mérito en las Bellas Artes (1996), and Premio Nacional de Artes Plásticas (1981). Among his last expositions we highlight, *Memorándum* at Museo de la Universidad de Navarra, Pamplona (2021), *...carmenmásetcéterAs...*, Espacio Santa Clara, Sevilla (2019); *Fotoalimentación*, Museo de Arte Contemporáneo d'Alacant and Centre del Carme, València (2018); *Confesión general*, Koldo Mitxelena Kulturenea, San Sebastián; CGAC, Santiago de Compostela; Centro José Guerrero and Patronato de la Alhambra y Generalife, Granada; CAAC, Sevilla (2016-2017); *Luis Gordillo XXL/XXI*, Artium, Vitoria (2014); *Horizontalia*, CAC Málaga (2012); *Sin título (Provisional)*, Fundació Suñol, Barcelona (2010); *Luis Gordillo - Iceberg total*, Kunstmuseum Bonn (2008); *Iceberg Tropical, Luis Gordillo. Antològica 1959-2007*, MNCARS, Madrid (2007). He is currently presenting the exposition *Manicromático* a Espacio Santa Clara de Sevilla.

* For more information and images, please contact galeria@galeriajoanprats.com