



The present dossier  
contains documentation  
of the following exhibitions:

**The swamp of forever. Chapter 1: Love.** Alfredo Rodríguez solo show featuring one piece of Juliana Cerqueira-Leite, curated by Carlos Fernández-Pello for Nogueras Blanchard gallery, Barcelona, Spain. 2019, Images courtesy of Nogueras Blanchard gallery. [Text by Carlos Fernández-Pello.](#)

**Querer parecer noche.** Group show curated by Beatriz Alonso and Carlos Fernández-Pello at CA2M. Madrid, Spain. 2018-2019.

**BODYBUILDING.** Alfredo Rodríguez solo show at Espacio Valverde gallery Madrid, Spain. 2018. Images courtesy of Espacio Valverde gallery. [Text by Tiago de Abreu Pinto.](#)

**ISLAND.** Group show curated by Montecrist Project in a deserted island off the Sardinian coast. Sardinia, Italy. 2018. Images courtesy of Montecristo Project.

**LIMBO.** Alfredo Rodríguez solo show at Espacio Valverde gallery Madrid, Spain. 2016. Images courtesy of Espacio Valverde gallery. [Text by Carlos Fernández-Pello.](#)

**LIMBO.** Alfredo Rodríguez solo show at Galería Alegría gallery Madrid, Spain. 2016. Images courtesy of Galería Alegría gallery.

**TSP ( The stagnant pool).** Solo show inside the group show "Feedback" curated by Tiago de Abreu Pinto and Francesco Giaveri in Sala de Arte Joven Comunidad de Madrid, Madrid, Spain. 2014.

## BIO

Alfredo Rodríguez (Madrid, 1976) works around the photographic image subjecting it to experimental processes of variable complexity in his studio and laboratory. His practice almost always starts from images that refer to the body and ends up being transformed into an equivocal presence, moving away from the singularity of the physiognomy and approaching an idea of expanded flesh. The time of chemistry, photosensitive materials, light, his partner's body and the material imprint of the photographic go through all the phases of his process, giving rise to a desire to erase or to a fading of the time of the image. In this way, his research pursues a maddened conservation of the ephemeral, by (or 'while') trying to provide the whole set of events and materials with a stable permanence, as if it were a crystallization. Rodríguez is represented by Espacio Valverde in Madrid and has recently exhibited at the Centro de Arte 2 de Mayo (CA2M) in Madrid, Montecristo Project Cerdeña, Matadero Madrid, Sala Arte Joven, and the Istituto Europeo di Design, among others.

He started in photography at Art School 10 and specialized in the history of photographic processes at ESCRBC in Madrid.

Alfredo Rodríguez works and lives in Madrid, Spain.

## SOLO SHOWS

2020: - CHASIS. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid, Spain.

2019: - The Swamp of Forever. Chapter 1: Love. Nogueras Blanchard gallery. Barcelona, Spain. Curated by Carlos Fernández-Pello.

2018: - BODYBUILDING. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid, Spain.

2016: - LIMBO. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid, Spain.

- LIMBO. Casa Leibniz. Madrid, Spain.

2013: - SOLVE / COAGULA. Espacio Valverde gallery, Madrid, Spain.

2010: - Joyas nocturnas. Espacio28004, Madrid, Spain.

2009: - ¿No perderse jamás?. Espacio Valverde gallery, Madrid, Spain.

2008: - Exposición secreta nº1. Fast Gallery, Madrid, Spain.

## GROUP SHOWS

2019: - Kantaros. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid.

- Prostipia. Dojiday Gallery. Kioto. Japón.

- Summer Show. Galería Alegría gallery. Madrid, Spain.

2018: - Querer parecer noche. Centro de Arte 2 de Mayo. Curated by Beatriz Alonso and Carlos Fernández-Pello.

- ISLAND. Montecristo Project. Sardinia. Italy.

- Martillo y laudano. Javier Silva gallery. Valladolid, Spain. Curated by Julián Cruz.

2016: - LIMBO. Galería Alegría gallery. Madrid, Spain.

2014: - Tangentes. IED. Madrid, Spain. Curated by Cristina Anglada.

2014: - Espejismos/ Mirages. Mr. Pink gallery. Valencia, Spain.

2014: - Retroalimentación. Centro de Arte Joven Comunidad de Madrid, Madrid, Spain. Curated by Francesco Giaveri and Tiago Abreu.

2014: - Principio de incertidumbre. The Goma gallery, Madrid, Spain. Curated by Bernardo Sopelana.  
2014: - Sapientia ubi invenitur. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid, España.  
2013: - Presente continuo. Centro Conde Duque. Madrid, Spain. Curated by Cristina Anglada and Abraham Rivera.  
2012: - Timewave Zero. Espacio Valverde. Madrid.  
- ICEBERG. Matadero Madrid. Madrid, Spain.  
2011: - Just Madrid, Feria de Arte Contemporáneo. Espacio Valverde gallery, Madrid, Spain.  
2010: - Miscelánea. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid, Spain.  
2010: - Banderas, estandartes y gallardetes. Fast Gallery, Centro de Arte 2 de Mayo (CA2M ), Madrid, Spain.  
2010: - Vídeo Cocktail. Fast Gallery, 10º Aniversario Becas AlRaso. Granada, Spain.  
2010: - ANATHEMA OF PAPER. The Bad Star Galeria, Berlín, Germany.  
2009: - Los niños terribles. Fast Gallery nº2, Madrid, Spain.  
2008: - Uno mas uno multitud. DOMESTICO 2008, Madrid, Spain.  
: - FEM 08. Casa de Vacas, Madrid, Spain.  
2007: - The Creative Act. Eyebeam Gallery, New York, USA.  
2004: - Estampa ´04. Stand Escuela de Arte nº 10, Madrid, Spain.  
2001: - Generaciones 2001 Cajamadrid, Madrid, Spain.  
1999: - VI Certamen Nacional de Grabado Cajamadrid, Madrid, Spain.

## FAIRS

2020: - ARCO. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid. Spain.  
2019: - ARCO. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid. Spain.  
2019: - PARIS PHOTO. Espacio Valverde gallery. París, France.  
2019: - BUENOS AIRES FOTO. Espacio Valverde gallery. Buenos Aires. Argentina.  
2018: - ART LIMA. Espacio Valverde gallery. Lima.Perú.  
2018: - ARCO. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid. Spain.  
2017: - ARTBO. Espacio Valverde gallery. Bogotá. Colombia.  
2017: - ART LIMA. Espacio Valverde gallery. Lima.Perú.  
2015: - LIMBO. Espacio Valverde gallery booth at Artesantander 2015. Santander. Spain.  
2014: - YIA. Sobering gallery. Paris. France.  
2013: - PINTA NY. Espacio Valverde gallery. New York, USA.  
2013: - SUMMA art fair. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid, Spain.  
2011: - Just Madrid, Contemporary art fair. Madrid, Spain.

## RESIDENCIES

2019: - URRRA. Buenos Aires. Argentina.  
2017: - Port Tonic Art Centre. France.

## GRANTS

2009: - IX Photography grant El Cultural (finalist)

2001: - Generación 2001 Cajamadrid.

1999: - VI National Contest of Engraving Cajamadrid.

1998: - V National Contest of Engraving Cajamadrid.

## COLECCTIONS

Comunidad de Madrid collection.

DKV collection.

Montemadrid Foundation collection.

<http://alfredorodriguez.es>

contact:

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Reembody. Silver gelatin paper, glass fabric and resins. 160x50x50 cm. 2020,





**The swamp of forever. Chapter 1: Love.** Alfredo Rodríguez solo show featuring one piece of Juliana Cerqueira-Leite, curated by Carlos Fenández-Pello for Nogueras Blanchard gallery, Barcelona, Spain. 2019, Images courtesy of Nogueras Blanchard gallery.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, lacquered aluminium, resin, brass. 100x70 cm. 2019.







Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, lacquered aluminium, resin, brass. 100x70 cm. 2019.





Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, lacquered aluminium, resin, brass. 100x70 cm. 2019.





Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, lacquered aluminium, resin, brass. 100x70 cm. 2019.





## LOVE

by Carlos Fernández-Pello

Derrida said he could not talk about love without utmost precision, without being asked something specific. Then he ended up responding in very general terms that all philosophy is inseparable from love. That love, in general, is always narcissistic.

For deconstruction, to love would consist in accepting the existence of this internal contradiction. To think, for example, that generosity or affection is not the immaculate fruit of a harmonious understanding with the beloved but the result of a selfish desire: to love ourselves in the reflection of the other. That only from that narcissistic place can a true "affirmative desire of the other" occur; a desire "to respect it, to pay attention to it, not to destroy the otherness that makes the other be another." Thus we do not take care of the other for their own sake, but because our subjectivity depends on it.

Fifteen years have passed since the death of Derrida and it is sustained by many that theories such as deconstruction are loaded with the original sins of white Europeans, or that they are simply outdated. But of course, philosophy, like love, always has been. Always is. Loaded with sins and outdated.

Alfredo Rodríguez (Madrid, 1976) has also been in love with the photographic image for almost fifteen years, while living in sin with it. During this time Alfredo has subjected photography to different processes of varying complexity, some of which are also outdated. From cyanotype to holography, to interference patterns of silver gelatin or using sophisticated devices such as coherent radiation emitters, Rodríguez has lived in science fiction for years, long before official art became interested in it.

The latest direction taken by the artist's investigations shows a vision of a dark, indecipherable, ambiguous body. A boiling figure that inhabits a muscular hole rather than a promise of a better horizon. Rodríguez's point of departure is not part of an idealized body, loaded with critical intentions, called to dismantle class privilege or to deactivate the split between masculine or feminine. On the contrary, his purpose is rather vulgar, mundane. When he projects María's body on to María herself, he is moved by the healthy curiosity of seeing them both transformed in the darkness of their home in Vallecas; in a Madrid afternoon. Talking about himself, about herself, about each other. They don't solve the world, they complicate it. And they turn that love into a question as useless as it is inexhaustible.

For this last iteration, produced especially for the first chapter, Rodríguez has decided to turn this binomial into a bizarre love triangle, by introducing the Hasbro Transformers into the equation; the object of his most puerile and polymorphic love.

Having reached this point, it is worth mentioning that transformers are a biological species, despite their mechanical appearance. This is not only interesting in relation to the debate surrounding the dissymmetry between sex and gender (turning them, de facto, into a molecularly queer species) but it also brings into question the separation between the artificial and the natural, as maintained by the so-called dark ecology.

In line with this, we could even argue that their most iconic ability, which allows them to take the form of a vehicle or a weapon, is, from the deconstructivist standpoint, a declaration of unconditional and catastrophic love. They reaffirm us where we most question ourselves: emulating the shape of our vehicles, our speed, our weapons of war. The transformers would be saying yes to our most fatal otherness, that of our creators and destroyers, for it is there, in the form of our contradictions, where they might be able to love their own existential ambiguity, as beings that become machines.

In the midst of this plot Rodríguez would still make use of one last feature, that is so absurd and so obvious, most of us would miss altogether. And that is that every transformer, as its name indicates, has a time of body suspension in which it is neither vehicle nor humanoid but a porous amalgam without a path, capable of connecting with everything it finds in its same formal limbo. Thus, a transformer in transformation can create hypertrophies that are neither a vehicle, nor a robot, they are beyond definition. Perhaps it is because of this, because of its nameless character, because of the mystery of its definition, that the result of these sculptural assemblies made with toys in his studio, only become accessible in the exhibition through the hologram ghost; a three-dimensional fantasy trapped in the infinitesimal space of the flat medium.

This contradictory vision is echoed in Juliana Cerqueira Leite's guest piece, *Contraction 1*, which suggests the facial expression of a classic Phantasmagoria through a montage of sculptural emptyings of different parts of the artist's body. Thus, just as the transformer is neither one thing nor the other, neither object nor image, or when the crevices in a living body play at being the volume of a figure from the past, is when we realize that time does not pass or run as we have been told, but it is assembled.

Rodríguez is somehow inviting us to think about the transformer as the eternal return of a continuity in the fragment; the transformer as an analogy of the collage technique itself, by means of which the erotic fantasy of objects becomes imaginable. An operation that is further unleashed in the two monumental *Bodybuilding* collages, where the artist employs the premise of accidental grafting to produce a decentralized corporality, the result of immoral and impure copulation between his love for María and his love for transformers. A fight of giants that, like in the swamp, turns the air into natural gas.

A masculine that is feminine thus appears, a flesh that is machine, a photograph that is painting, a hollowess that is body, or a laser clarity that contains all the darkness of time. Any hint of political transformation, of critical questioning, is due to the radical nature of something constant, atavistic, inherent to the folds of the flesh rather than a product of intellectual progress. It seems curious that without citing any author, without setting himself up as an example of any trend and without further claim than that of the affirmation of his love, Rodríguez's work seems to me like one of those dark and throbbing pieces of flesh that the world needs to be a better place.

Alfredo knows, as we all do, that each photographic image is the inexorable proof of our end. In the firm desire to embrace that fear, to love the silence in which his images will be lost, in which all images are lost, a sense of the contemporary emerges that is no longer synonymous with the present.



The swamp of forever. Chapter 1: Love. Nogueras Blanchard gallery, Barcelona, Spain. 2019.



The swamp of forever. Chapter 1: Love. Nogueras Blanchard gallery, Barcelona, Spain. 2019.



The swamp of forever. Chapter 1: Love. Nogueras Blanchard gallery, Barcelona, Spain. 2019.



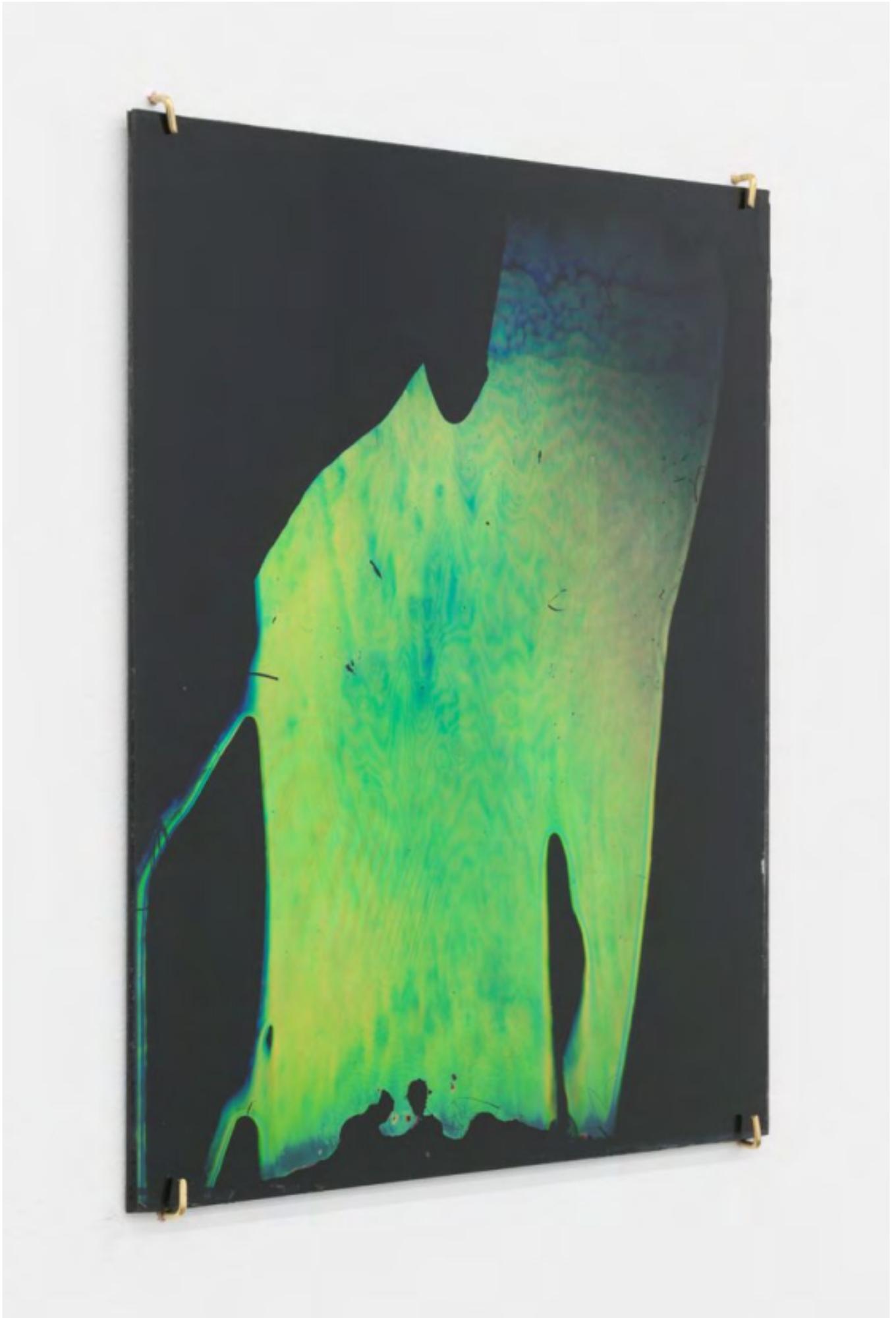
The swamp of forever. Chapter 1: Love. Nogueras Blanchard gallery, Barcelona, Spain. 2019.



The swamp of forever. Chapter 1: Love. Nogueras Blanchard gallery, Barcelona, Spain. 2019.



Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass. 30x20 cm. 2019.



Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass. 30x20 cm. 2019.



Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass. 30x20 cm. 2019.

**Querer parecer noche.** Group show curated by Beatriz Alonso and Carlos Fernández-Pello at CA2M. Madrid, Spain. 2018-2019.



BODYBUILDING. CA2M. Madrid, Spain. 2018. ( Installation view at "Querer parecer noche" exhibition).



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, panel, resin. 260x140 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, panel, resin. 260x140 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, panel, resin. 260x140 cm. 2018.

**BODYBUILDING.** Alfredo Rodríguez solo show at Espacio Valverde gallery Madrid, Spain. 2018. Images courtesy of Espacio Valverde gallery.

**Art Forum** wanted to know about my work in 2019, they published a little review written by **Joaquin Jesús Sánchez**, art critic and curator. So they sent some questions:

1. How does Rodríguez make his photographic collages? What materials does he use? Does the production process involve coating them with a matte resin?

thanks to the combined use of a camera that collects the image of the body, and a projector that returns it to the body and illuminates it, the image of the body is projected on the body itself in an infinite loop. It is at that moment when Rodríguez starts to take pictures of what happens to the body in these specific conditions.

These images are what he works with in the dark room, enlarging them on silver gelatin paper in different sizes, but instead the use of the light from conventional enlargers, he uses the light of digital image projectors. He is interested in all parts of the process leaving a mark on his work, so he works with the chemists during the development leaving traces of color and random reactions on the paper fixing permanently everything at the end of the development process.

At this point is when the composition of collage starts, first as a temporary sketch. Then the composition is mounted onto the final surface and permanently stuck on it.

The final step is a layer of a high-tech resin, matt, water-proof, UV-resistant and extremely hard, that is apply by hand, using rods leaving subtle traces in the resin when it cures.

2. Were crystals somehow involved in the production of Rodríguez's previous photographic works (works from before his current show at Espacio Valverde)?

Yes, Alfredo Rodríguez started working with glass years ago, trying holography and alternative photographic processes on it. For example, the exhibition before the current one, it was made entirely on glass but only flat pieces were shown, you can check it following this link:

3. Did Rodríguez print photographs onto the surface of his vases? Were the photographs subjected to overexposure, enlargement, and other photographic processes of distortion?

He prepared the vases in the dark room in which they photographed liquid emulsion (silver gelatin) so they can be exposed as "photographic paper" and developed. At the end the image is inside of vases and is covered and protected (encapsulated) with epoxy resin. During the exposure in the darkroom distortion and some unpredictable issues happens due to the fact that every vase should have been exposed several times to cover its entire area. As in the collage every step on the process contribute to the final result.

## BODYBUILDING.

By [Tiago de Abreu Pinto](#)

"It is a unique device," said the scientist over an electronic amplifier, embedded in his neck, to the visitor, who had been tasked with auscultating the nature of the device. The scientist had asked him to attend the training of something never seen before and generated great interest among those submissive assistants who were present in the laboratory.

The visitor lit a cigar and, as he wrapped himself in a cloud of smoke, ran his hand over his chin, looking hurriedly at the somber expressions of those monsters who at times hid behind the smoke rising in the small room. The assistants did not move and the scientist did not seem to mind. It seemed like a job done exclusively by him, either for the complexity of handling the device, or for a hidden reason that was about to reveal itself through the now smoke-laden atmosphere. What was clear was that the scientist did not entrust that work to anyone else.

As he finished the procedures he prayed in and out of various cables in a small wooden room, or gazed fervently around in case something was missing to get his wits going, he was quick to relish words spoken. "What I'm creating is a fiction for the first time. Something that doesn't really exist."

His smile of enthusiasm had not waned, although he breathed longingly. "I call it Body Building." He was moving, carrying a device attached to a camera with which he aimed at the vases that surrounded them. "With the vases this idea is very well understood, since it is a three-dimensional and hollow body. Do you know the vision of the Japanese about the vase?" The visitor shook his head negatively. "A vase, for them, is not only the ceramic that builds it, but also the hollow that constitutes it. It is what gives it meaning. When the vase breaks, the hollow also breaks. A container and a content. A emptiness that gives meaning to everything. " One of these vases approached him and the visitor saw, in the middle of this emptiness, how his gaze mixed with that of the analyzed object. Suddenly panic struck him, and his voice took on a peculiar hue. "There is something on the skin of this vase." Pleased, he dragged the visitor to his side, striding the distance between them and the camera obscura.

The visitor made gestures of assent to the enthusiastic words of the scientist and brought the hand of the cigar closer to an ashtray, full of discolored butts, in the middle of so many other ashes. He sat down in front of the dark room and rested his cigar in the ashtray, bending over with the excuse of looking in his bag for a notebook and a pen. He took advantage at this time, while the scientist looked over his shoulders in search of notes, to turn on his portable recorder tuning it to the appropriate frequency for the immediate sending of the information, which the scientist was providing him, to nearby bases. of government control.

The muffled and enthusiastic voice of that host came from the loudspeaker of a nearby base. "Deconstruction. Rebuilding it on another object, which is the same meaning as photography. You know that I have been a lover of photography in all its aspects since it was born, right? No? Well, yes. I always have been, although I dedicate myself to science. I see in it a metaphor close to what I do. Classical photography is actually a misrepresentation of things. The moment something is photographed and revealed, what is perpetuated is the deprivation of the spectator of the origin of this image. That is, its context. You are actually undergoing a reconstruction. "

At the nearby military base, one of the officers on duty put on headphones. He pressed them against his ears to better hear the missing signal at times. He increased the volume on the control panel by amplifying the scientist's voice through the headphones. "With a very simple act, which is to work on it, a simple modification, I eliminate the possibility of using this vase, do you understand? Because I simply destroy this possibility. I impose other rules on it," said the scientist, narrowing his distance to the visitor, who felt the weight of the arm on his back. "Let's see how that works!"

Moving into the dark room the scientist muttered as he adjusted the Body Builder. Frowning with evident concern, she muttered, "What is happening in the dark room is somewhat manipulated. I am ..." She stared at the visitor for a moment, eyes wide, blood had risen to her face, and unable to suppress her joy, she leaned towards him saying, "I am creating mutated bodies."

The silence that reigned for a few seconds made the visitor think that it was all over, but he had been wrong. He could not contain himself and asked who those around them were. "They are beings that have mutated in the camera obscura. They were born from the projection that I was submitting to their own image, as mathematical permutations. During the process what happens is a misrepresentation of a body. The Body Builder is the creator of bodies " Words whose excess left the visitor incredulous.

"Well, don't be like that," exclaimed the scientist. "I am going to show you the whole process. I have built it alone, without the help of anyone. What you see there is the space in which I submit the body outside the process, okay? Think that all these devices that I use are digital, of other times. And, in addition, there is the mini projector that I have here. See? This is another projector, additional, with which I take photographs of anomalous bodies. I think you're full of curiosity to know how I do it. I'll teach. " She closed the door to the room and darkness covered everything.

"Sorry, don't despair. Now is when I do the exposition", everything was inflamed. Ceiling and walls were licked by white flames and the cave was burned to the ground. Suddenly the visitor saw a shape. Thighs slightly closed out. He approached what looked like an image and saw a subtle shift between the groins. Threads of purplish-pinkish-ruby rose slipped down his limbs. Motionless, the abnormality seemed to be mistaken for other parts of the body: bellies attached to the mounds of the arms covered in purple spots on the shoulders that did not clear up at first sight. There were no words that could describe all of this. A breathless body, made up solely of gear-like masses of meat. Sinuous thighs ruled between rounded buttocks superimposed on a spine that supported an amorphous trunk.

The visitor looked scared at all parts: the chest on the sides along the spine and the drawing of the clavicles on a concave hip. The vertebrae in the neck and shoulder blade were disjointed. The firm creature had multiple parts that escaped its analysis so that they suddenly jumped to its attention. The muscles of the black legs superimposed on the knees, the toes, the heel, the kneecaps seemed to open like the corners of the lips. Blackened freckles multiplied on the arched bridge of his trunk. Muscles of the shadows, enclosures of the plot of the projectors. When he walked away, everything created like a syncopated and monstrous unit.

The visitor made a note in the notebook, took out the page and calmly slid it across the table to the scientist. With a voice full of sighs he read to himself the content of the message. He was undaunted, oozing satisfaction from every pore, even though he had little time until the arrival of government officials.

The visitor, once again with the cigar in his fingers, swallowed silently. He had a taste of smoke in his mouth. It was the only way to appropriate the beauty of those beings before the laboratory was invaded by officers. With each aspiration, the smoke was continuously destroyed, passing through the cells of his lungs. In a mutual osmosis, the fumes, from the burning laboratory and his cigar, hunched their backs in a cloud of grayish colors that floated before his eyes, reminding him of the fascinating transformation into smoke of the consumed solids. In the meantime, the visitor lowered his eyes to admire for a moment a fragment of one of the bodies he had kept in his bag. He stubbornly kept his eyes fixed on that monster that tried to detach the words that inhabited that plot.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, plywood, resin. 100x70 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, plywood, resin. 100x70 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, plywood, resin. 100x70 cm. 2018.





Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin on RC paper, plywood, resin. 180x110 cm. 2018.



BODYBUILDING. Espacio Valverde gallery. Madrid, Spain. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 70x28x28 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 70x28x28 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 70x28x28 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 90x32x32 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 90x32x32 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 90x32x32 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 70x28x28 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 70x28x28 cm. 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 70x28x28 cm. 2018.







**ISLAND.** Group show curated by Montecrist Project in a deserted island off the Sardinian coast. Sardinia, Italy. 2018. Images courtesy of Montecristo Project.



Installation view of "ISLAND" at Montecristo Project, Sardinia, Italy, 2018.



Bodybuilding. Silver gelatin, glass, resin. 40x28x28 cm. 2018.

**LIMBO.** Alfredo Rodríguez solo show at Espacio Valverde gallery Madrid, Spain. 2016.  
Images courtesy of Espacio Valverde gallery.

## LIMBO

by Carlos Fernández-Pello

For all those who have thought about the hyphen, they agree with the idea that is never neutral or natural. Join or divide, the hyphen always is appropriation of time. A vector that migrates, appears and disappears. As the Azot, "the something" of the Alchemy, it has to be separated to be assembled and turned to separate again, in an infinite curl. The idea of the limbo can be in the center of a vegetable leaf, in the world that separates the alive ones of the dead men or in the wastebasket of recycling of the computer. It treats itself in end of the backbone of the ghosts: of what lives in spite of the body or what exists in spite of the soul. As the zombies, the limbo is the chink for which the shy things, this is, the real things, those that resist their definition.

But also it is the crack by which these unmentionable things are left to see: the thin line for which they seduce to the intellect and snatch to the spirit, with the whole slobber of the desire. Alfredo Rodríguez knows this place probably better than anybody. He is really such a coherent being and so liminar as the light of the laser. So legendary. Floating in the emptiness but anchored at the back of all the memories. To come to his limbo, to visit him, one has to travel the bridge that exists between the desert plains of "the scientific thing" and the squally summits of "the nostalgia". Only then there is developed, between the impeccable and crystalline fogs of the glass, that these, since it happens to him to the illustrated reason, are really a product of the most night mire, of the thickest whirlpool. The dream of "a magician of the north".

There, in the limit of the frame, it takes root in the embryo of a few invisible beings, born of the soup of emulsions, crystal, extremities and amputations, remnants and discarded cards. What we see really is the fruit of an eternal love; the flavor of an exquisite broth that us returns to the existential diatribes of the cyberpunk, since it returns the ghost of the sea to the interior of its shell. For this it is that I think that Rodríguez is probably the only contemporary magician who has understood indeed the legacy of the science - fiction. Now then, the hyphen is never still: for against, always it plans an eccentric, transitive arch, capable of migrating between the sense and his suspension. This way also Rodríguez defines himself as a photographer, in opposition to whom trying to attach his practice to painting because they understand wrongly that is related by the plasticity of the material, and not by the space and with the text, which is the time.

Personally, I incline for describing Alfredo as the last one of a legendary race of holographers, and not already for the process he uses, but because - as the "social total fact" of the shaman Mauss - that tries to realize of the recollection in all his ritual complexity. It is in his more bastard pieces, those that they incorporate the photographic paper between two glass souls, where I perceive this totality of what - is-in-the-middle; where the ectoplasm appears and where the photography turns solid eroticism, as a white snot that goes out of the folds and the wrinkles of the body. In these cases, as Bhabha was saying, it is in that "the foreign thing turns into a 'unstable element of entail', creating the conditions which the innovation enters the world" 1; destroying the original structures without denying them.

Translating since only it is possible to translate, wrongly, and making coincide, in his parallax, to that one that it might not find community otherwise.

I let myself, under this influence, to test a brief digression. The photonovel in paper magazine was appearing in Italy and in France before the Second World War, in the beginning of the 40's decade, finding his echo in Spain slightly later. The subject matter of these feuilletons it was habitually that of the history of love, the adventure or the affair, with subplots that they were helping to reinforce, both in the original countries and in his colonies, the logic of the consumer society.

Its more habitual and necessary resource was a non-synchrony, while the language, which is understood as temporary and successive, could not marry faithfully the photographic image, which represents the only instant in the action of the characters. For Sempere the photonovel not only was solving this "semiotic conflict" but " it was assuming it " as part of his nature and of his identity as genre. A senseless issue that allowed him to approach the composition of the historical painting, in which we see different times in the same picture: " asynchronous representations " in which " every character freezes his gesture or movement in the most significant moment of his respective speech, despite of creating images that turn out to be illegible themselves " 1. Probably yes it is there, in the succession of synchronized emblems, in the umpteenth decomposition of the time in points of view, where it is possible to plan a path that meets holography with painting.

And by this way we return to be a time, to being a story. And I do not say it metaphorically not driven by the habitual obsession of prise the artist to the spectator: Rodríguez's images answer and move indeed: even they become invisible and hide in the wall when we look at them in certain angles of view. Still when the spectator is not any more than inert matter, the reflection of the work on him will be different depending on his position - not metaphorically but physically speaking. This time, this text, already is neither bidirectional nor spatial but projective: three-dimensional in the holographic plane, mutant but stable and functional: coherent for asynchronous: not fragmented but aligned: total for impure. It can result in any site, connect any time with any action with any sense, but only of precise and accidental form, with a bow of infinite beauty. Like it happens with the big histories of love, which the contemporary art has forgotten completely.

The photonovel, as the holography, they are average that stayed in the limbo of our time, in the margin of the progress, as witnesses of the infinity of all these worlds who are in this one. The hologram, as love, is not but a beautiful accident; a residual effect arisen from the works of improvement of the electronic microscopy started by Dennis Gabor at the end of the 40's, whose technological promise has been relegated to decorative element in tickets and credit cards.

Exchange your holograms with Alfredo's ones. Do not be late. It is always too late to get along with magic.



Limbo. Exhibition view at Espacio Valverde gallery. 2016



Limbo. Exhibition view at Espacio Valverde gallery. 2016



HELEM, HELEM, HELEM. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass, lacquered aluminium. 30x30x40 cm. 2016.



HELEM, HELEM, HELEM. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass, lacquered aluminium. 30x30x40 cm. 2016.



Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass, lacquered aluminium. 105x70 cm. 2016.



Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass, lacquered aluminium. 40x30 cm. 2016.



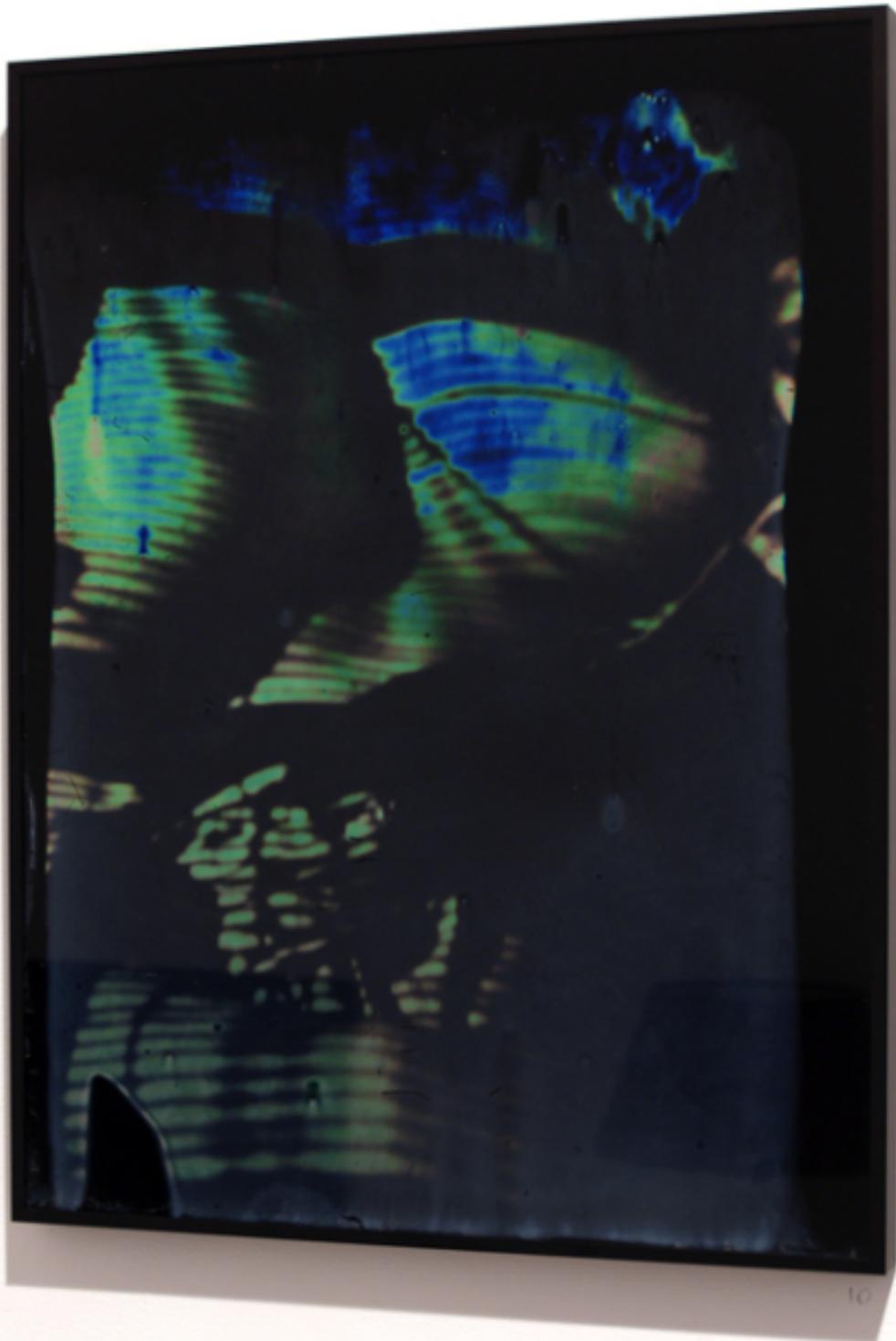
Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass, lacquered aluminium. 50x40 cm. 2016.



Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass, lacquered aluminium. 50x40 cm. 2016.



Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass, lacquered aluminium. 50x40 cm. 2016.



Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass, lacquered aluminium. 40x30 cm. 2016.

**LIMBO.** Alfredo Rodríguez solo show at Galería Alegría gallery Madrid, Spain. 2016.  
Images courtesy of Galería Alegría gallery.





Limbo. Exhibition view at Galería Alegría gallery. 2016.



Limbo. Exhibition view at Galería Alegría gallery. 2016.



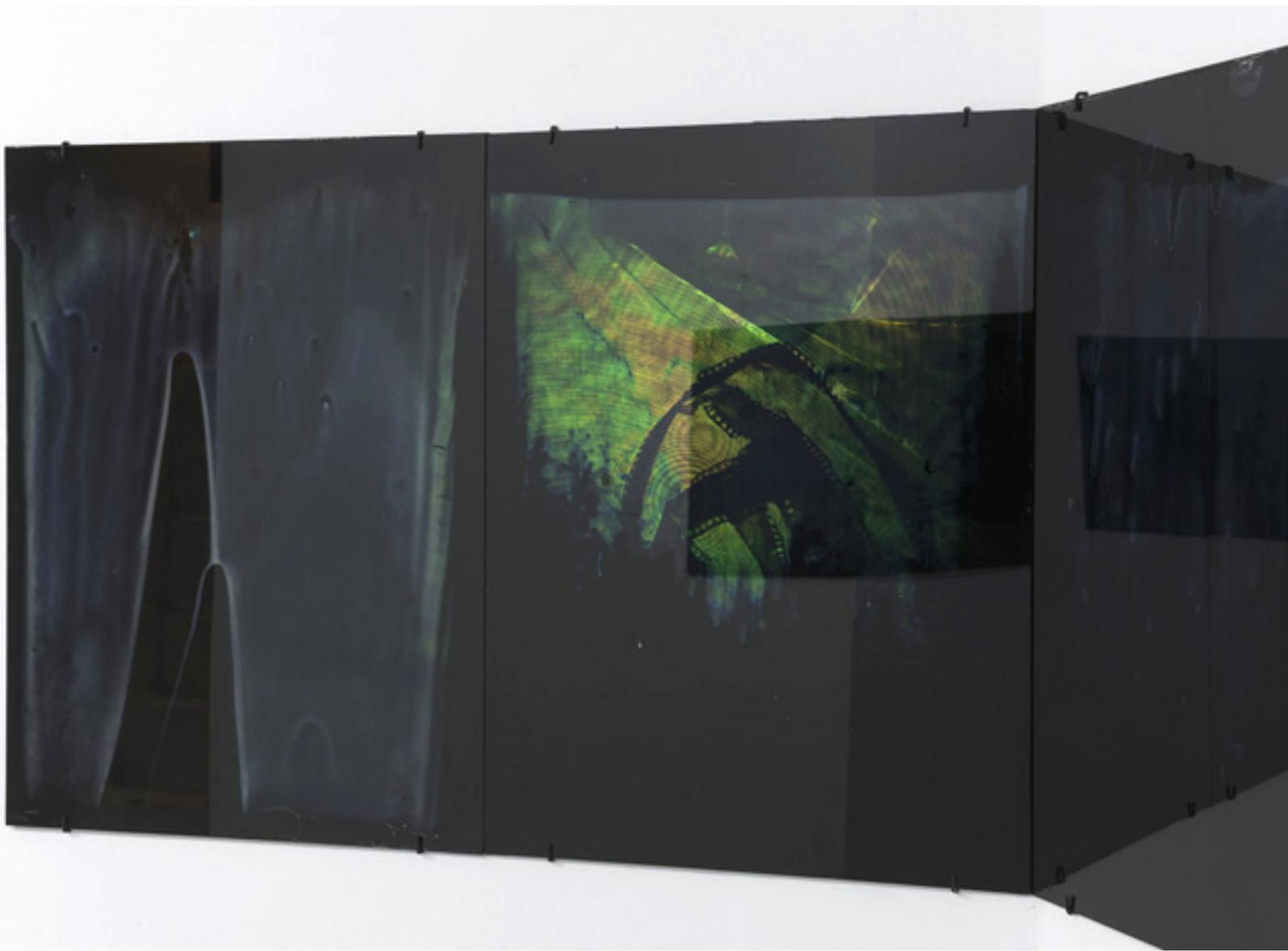
Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass. 7x12 cm. 2016.



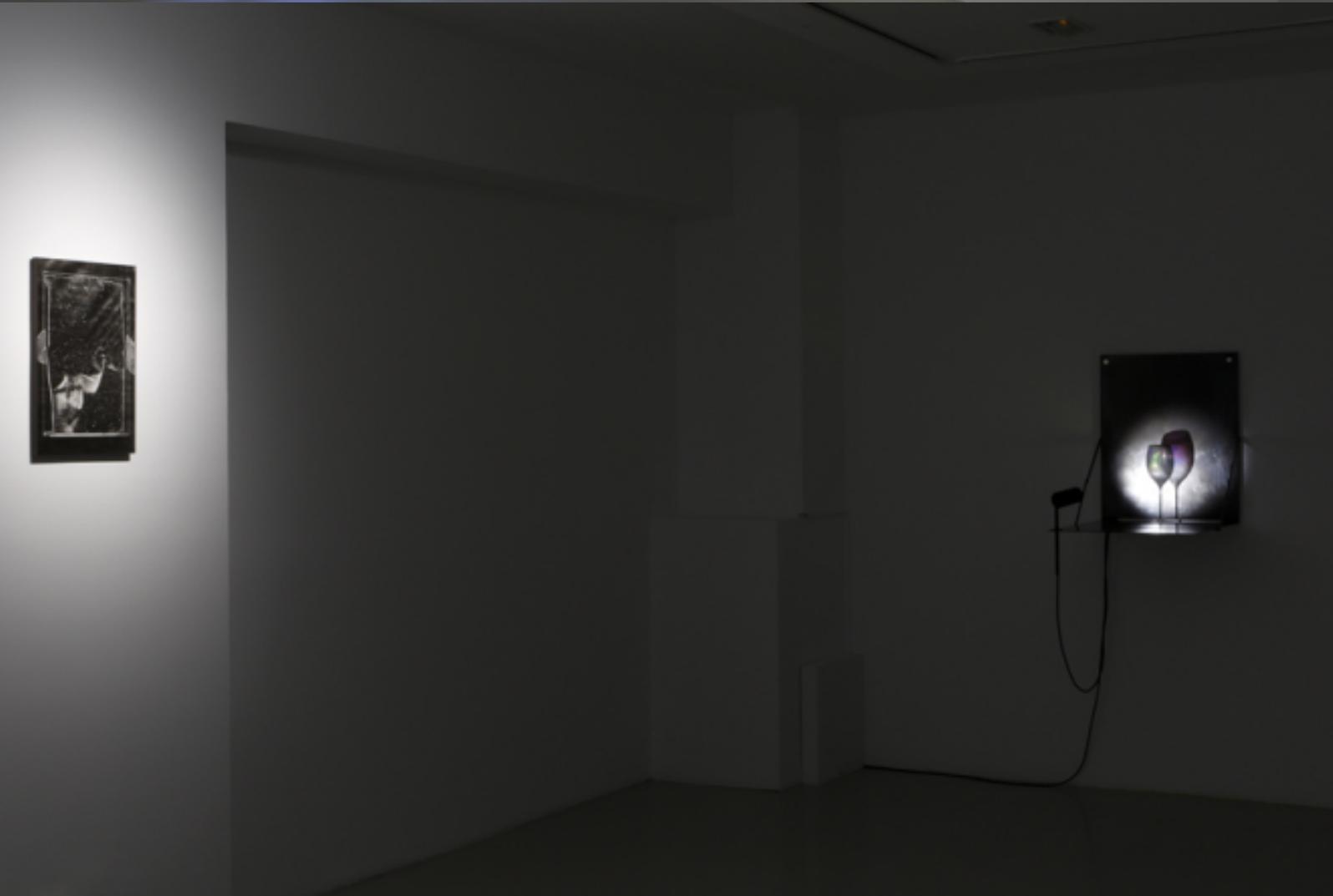
Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass. 40x60 cm. 2016.



Limbo. Holographic emulsion, resin, glass. 40x210 cm. 2016.



**TSP ( The stagnant pool).** Show inside the group show "Feedback" curated by Tiago de Abreu Pinto and Francesco Giaveri in Sala de Arte Joven Comunidad de Madrid, Madrid, Spain. 2014.





Limbo. Silver gelatin RC paper, panel, steel. 40x26 cm. 2014.



Limbo. Silver gelatin RC paper, panel, steel. 40x26 cm. 2014.



Limbo. Silver gelatin RC paper, panel, steel. 40x26 cm. 2014.



Limbo. Silver gelatin RC paper, panel, steel. 40x26 cm. 2014.



TSp. Hplographic DCH emulsion, glass, steel. 40x26 cm. 2014.



TSP. Hplographic DCH emulsion, glass, steel. 70x40x70 cm. 2014.



TSP. Hplographic DCH emulsion, glass, steel. 70x40x70 cm. 2014.



TSP. Holographic DCH emulsion, glass, steel. 70x40x70 cm. 2014.

Alfredo Rodríguez

2020

