



GAGA presents:

Pol Bassegoda / Cesar Macías

¿Y que pasó con el niño aquél?

From April 24 to May 23, 2014

Let's call it celestial greed. Like the siege of the sun over a rock that is about to break. Or the strength of an infant who falls and rises while learning to walk. When he splits his forehead with a table and his protectors have not realized his accident, he keeps turning the crank of a strange box sprouting sensuality and redemptive fantasy, cure and incentive*. Say it as you wish. There lies the resistance of these two stubborn examples of the origin of art making. With their energies set to get hold of paintbrushes and droppers blending with their conviction and then again embracing the plans of the cave's end, to stand over white surfaces, or black ones, swallowed with mythologies, with uncertain mundanity, with wild flowers and critters, with erotism, with acid snow scattered over reproductions of masterworks... Tenacious crawlings of uncertainty projecting unto the sky with unmeasured value, or the same, welding almost without fire. Their exoteric breath is enough (both of them chain-smokers). The pleasure of the colorfield. The pleasure of painting. The right to call oneself a Painter. The self-imposed obligation of buying time. Their paintings are providence in devotion as well as in contempt. For high up here in the worlds of Pol Bassegoda and César Macías everything prosaic and vulgar does not count, but rather flows in peace without a care for someone else's creativity being swallowed by marketing or the blood and soul of fantasy or the unmistakably singular barely surviving in other places to the twist and turns of room design striped over the neo-liberal mirror or the bites and mistreatment of the chile-counting fingers... Here then, a transparent adjustment to something worn out in common thought, including their fashionable esthetics. An impulse towards eminent keys for those who eventually question the true sense of art but above all a tribute to those who rightfully deserve it.

Guillermo Santamarina

* But what happened to that kid? Well, though his guardians preferred to ignore him, he continued to turn the handle of the bizarre box until his fingers bled. Without shaving. Smelling of night, sex and alcohol, or to tacos from the stand in the corner. As a wet stereotyped dog. Of sweat after the most exciting and loudest rave. As wood from a coffin. As cigarette butts, altar candle and incense.

Pol Bassegoda (Mexico City, 1962)

Though studying in San Carlos with Virgilio Ruiz, he considers himself a self-taught artist. He has been part of over a dozen group and solo shows in and out of Mexico. The last two being at the Sala Diego Rivera in The Borda Garden in Cuernavaca (The Barbie Living Room) and the Hanson Galleries in Houston (Cars without frontiers / limitless art).

His work, paintings, interventions to signs and posters or kinetic sculptures, connect with avant-garde discourses of the last century, particularly with pop sensibility (at one point discussed distinctly with Adolfo Patiño) or even with the surrealism that characterized the affronts of his friend Alberto Gironella, but also splattered with the organic irritation of Yayoi Kusama. In spite of these similarities, Pol's works are spurred on from their very particular vision of the fragmented world exploding in the postmodern turbulence, inserting paradoxical gaps or seizures in the surrounding certitude, such as it happens in today's panorama.

Cesar Macías (Colima, Mexico, 1967)

Self-taught artist who after an early approach to fashion, exhibition and interior design, film and publicity, was bred with a well-integrated formation. Collaborator in important collective experiences such as PR'00 y PR'02 (Art Biennale in Puerto Rico) or Ventanas (expositive dynamic in Madrid 2003). His latest exhibition was in the Sala Mont of the Museo Experimental del Eco in 2009.

Grouped in five subjects, the male nude, the sentences, the night, the landscape, the flora and the protagonists, his paintings are lavish eruptions of pictorial matter, plastered oil paint that settles on the expressionist tradition of modern art with the mystery and spell that vibrate in a feverish shamanic experience.