

VISIONES DE UN NUEVO MUNDO / PRIMERAS FLORES Y OTRAS HIERBAS / EL FRÍO, LAS ESTRELLAS



MIGUEL GÓMEZ LOSADA

Opening 12.02.2010 > 20h

Exhibition 12.02.2010– 12.04.2010

ABA Art Contemporani invites you to visit a forest of dreams in a perfect place free of modern life pains. Visiones de un nuevo mundo / primeras flores y otras hierbas / el frío, las estrellas (Visions of a new world / first flowers and others herbs / the cold, the stars) proposes a return to the primeval, to the initial truth that only lies in nature.

In his first solo exhibition at ABA Art MIGUEL GÓMEZ LOSADA (Córdoba, 1967), amazes us with his works painted with the delicacy of the Ancient Masters by using a technique almost forgotten in contemporary art: oil paint, prepared by the artist, composed of oil (“the blood of trees”) and pigments (“the essence of the earth”). The painter expresses, in this way, his longing – that is everyone’s – for the origins, for the lost paradise.

The message the artist wants to transmit through his works is that by looking at them, the spectator can penetrate into the depth of the forest where the gate is hidden which leads to that paradise from long ago.

In the artist’s words: “I know that there exists something infinite, pure and good. I dare to call it the tenderness of the universe or the promised land. It is a dreamed geography where the rivers don’t forget their first mountains, with trees that guard the secrets of the horizon (the lands the sun illuminates when it hides or the place where the stars are born...). It also reveals itself as an obscurity in the marsh where the aquatic plants, the wind and the birds liven up a scene of supreme love by the shore. It is an ideal, a tale that doesn’t distinguish between goodness and beauty and that turns into reality by painting it.”

GÓMEZ LOSADA, with a degree in Fine Arts from the University of Sevilla, has found in painting the language of his sentiments. Thanks to his father, the painter Marcial Gómez, the vegetal nature was one of the first lessons in his life. Since very little, he introduced him to this medium that from then on became the ideal way for him to communicate his emotions, to express things he couldn’t say with words. Painting is for Miguel a way of being with others: “Painting helps me to express my soul and the other way round. I can find my pictorial truth in my own life, in memories and daydreams.”

ABA Art has the privilege to accompany the exhibition with a TRAVEL DIARY prepared for this occasion by the independent commissioner Fernando Gomez de la Cuesta. A journey in stages: return to the utopia, the good savage, the tree in the island’s wood, the green ray we longed for. As follows, we offer the entire text.

Thank you for your attention.

VISIONS OF A NEW WORLD

-travel diary-
Gómezdelacuesta.

// DAY 2: RETURN TO THE UTOPIA.

Thus, the utopia doesn't focus on the perverted reality in order to change it, but on the perverted humans who don't want to or who cannot change, and who, therefore, make themselves responsible for a reality whose perversion they don't even try to improve.

(Arnhem Neusüss, Utopía, Barral Editores, Barcelona, 1971, p. 34.)

In times and places, definitely rough and often times corrupt, we are the only ones who can make the change towards other, happier, realities by taking a path that can simply be the return to the original and unspoiled, to that initial truth exempt of all deformations that the complexity of our own evolution has caused. As the technique enhances the range and possibilities of modern telescopes, we gradually lose contact with the things close to us, the simple, the natural, the things we are surrounded by, while our eye and our mind are stunning in view of the dazzling offer, almost always without direction nor content, which we all have to endure. What is right next to us can contain the most sublime beauty, the simple is always marvellous and, in one of these strange contradictions in which our contemporary times tangle us up, the new utopia is not a place that maybe doesn't exist and towards which we should strive, but a place where we were and which a great number of us didn't know how to enjoy. They say that the way back always seems to be shorter and those of us, who set out for utopia, a real place, natural and essential to which we should always return, want to witness that.



// DAY 8: THE GOOD SAVAGE.

Robinson Crusoe, the extraordinary castaway, is actually a modern transfiguration of the savage man. He has to live a savage melancholic existence because he has to prove, in the innermost of the uneasiness he wants to fight, that it is possible to turn necessity into virtue.

(Roger Bartra y Pilar Pedraza, El salvatge europeo, CCCB, Barcelona, 2004, p. 116.)

Yet, the contemporary Robinson suffers a melancholic urban existence in which he endures the city, with all its vast possibilities, and longs for, needs, sometimes, without being completely aware of it, the virtues of that salvage state, of the pure, the elemental, the contact with - his own - nature. The new good salvage is an ideal traveller, the one who doesn't believe that he has seen, heard, made or known everything; the one who searches for new landscapes, who keeps intact his capacity of fascination, of marvelling; the one who doesn't think he is omnipotent, who has sufficient innocence in order to be amazed and who doesn't know shame and taboos that impede showing his amazement. Some children, less and less, and some adults, conserve this very singular quality, this spirit to search with almost no prejudices and to live what has been found without the contaminations which imposes this degenerating pseudo-culture that restricts more than it helps, while these privileged keep the intuition alive to comprehend that our true essence develops better in the basic, the natural, the original.

// DAY 11: THE TREE IN THE ISLAND'S WOOD.

Lord, you do not see anything but life everywhere! Wherever you direct your look, you can see shivery branches, strong trunks, lushness; wherever you set your foot, you crush herbs that afterwards try to erect themselves with the mousy painful effort of little exhausted men; wherever you go, you will cause a sudden shock, more or less perceivable, among beings that flee between the foliage, among beast that hide in the broom-field, among insects that creep between your shoes (...) The earth's heart feels that fervour and that shelter above itself and is delighted.
(Wenceslao Fernández Flórez, *El bosque animado*, Anaya, Madrid, 1986, p. 7.)

And there, where we arrived, we saw a multitude of trees, trees that give shelter, that hide, unite and separate; lost by everyone and found by us. We started to search for such a simple Eden that, at first, it was hard for us to realize that we were already in it. The tree in the wood and the wood on an island, island with isthmus that makes it a singular peninsula. The roots, sometimes strongly stuck, and the branches in all directions; herbs and first flowers sprout from the soil. Flowers that emerge in the semi-darkness after the coldness and that form little constellations illuminated by the crepuscular light, punctual, delicate, that makes them look attractive and somehow disturbing. Plants grow towards the sky, but they are never completely equal. The mind ready to be fascinated has all the wood ahead, every grass fibre, curved petal or twisted bough becomes part of the marvel

// DAY 17: THE GREEN RAY WE LONGED FOR.



That event caused a great deal of admiration and discussions, given that while some affirmed that it was a natural effect marvellously reproduced, others insisted that it was purely fantastic, and that nature never produces these kind of effects.
(Julio Verne, *El rayo verde*, Ediciones Orbis, Barcelona, 1986, p. 188.)

The green ray, that last beam right before the sunset, conferred happiness to the lucky ones who looked at it, that green ray is an ingenious marvel of nature that moves the true minds that see it, that see it because they look for it, that see it because they trust and that experience happiness because they believe in it. A miracle that takes us back to the essential, to the innocence of the elemental and yet indispensable. For those who haven't seen it, Miguel Gómez Losada, the visionary painter – since he did see it – tries to show it to us, to give us the key, to illuminate us in order to open a path towards his visions of a new world, first flowers and other herbs, the cold, the stars, so that we find, in one way or another, real or imagined, our paradise, our own green rays, which, without doubt, will fill us with happiness.