

THE PICTORIAL

MAGIC OF GUY

ROUSILLE

Guy Roussille was born in the south of France where he began to paint at an early age. Later, he moved to Paris where he developed as a painter. He is a member of various European painting movements, including the Cobra group which he founded.

Fascinated by the light, color, panorama and climate of Tepoztlán, Morelos, Roussille set up a studio there. The magic of Tepoztlán—a place of artists, poets and witches—inspired Roussille to create a volcanic work which took years to complete. This year he moved his studio to Valle de Bravo in the state of Mexico, where he is currently working on new projects.

Guy Roussille's world lies in a magical and bright medium. Galactic constellations, phosphorescences, meteoric storms and energy sources are in circulation among an extraordinary vibrant and euphoric space. Air and fire, such are the constitutive elements of Roussille's cosmos. From these dancing molecules, he embroiders his universe into a system of complementary oppositions which is not far from the cosmogony and bipolarity of the great primitive civilizations. Sky and earth, Yin and Yang, vulva and phallus embroid their differences and their connections into a huge planetary ballet.

Roussille translates this very primary unity and drama with a singular symbolic vocabulary. The masculine and the feminine are expressed through divided and geometric mysterious objects where black and white amorously fit together. Geometry of perfect pyramids floating like ghosts in great



auras of light. And structures again of these kind of wasps' nests, of curved, striated shells pretending to hide a golden architecture.

Rousselle's fire's effervescence, his waves, his electric charges, the turbulence of a billion photons cannot hide the universe's deep order. Pure labyrinths imbricate their galleries like an underground arrangement, the secret intelligence of matter. Some centers refract light harrows in every possible direction. A fascinating figure resumes the very intelligence of the whole, of cosmos and of life.

You find it again like the demiurge seal in each painting. You are in front of a growing double evoking all together a bivalvular shell and a female sex.

Fantasy is dreaming between the fruit, the mollusc and the root. A red and black flesh is swelling out, both labiate and pneumatic.

Polished and distended, this is the perfect hem of enjoyment. This crowd of precise signs may remind us of hieroglyphics, numbers of the occult scences or the mysteries of alchemy.

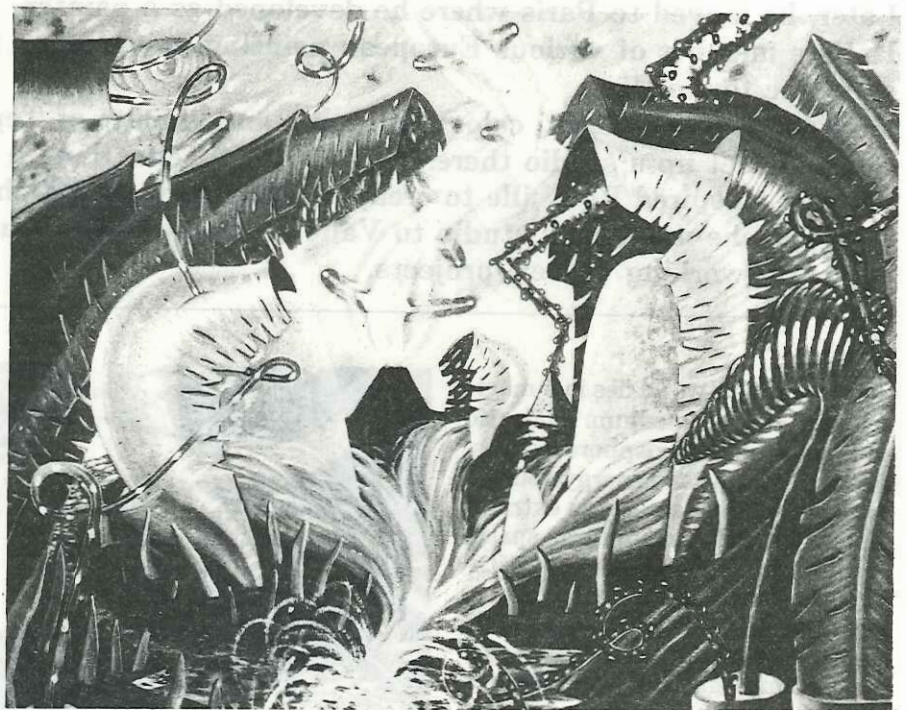
Roussille restores the algebra of desire as well as the alphabet of the gods.

Is he not trying, inside his painting's crucible, to obtain this cosmogonic egg, this primitive hermaphrodite who would reconcile the masculine and feminine principles into one sole body?

Sulphur and Mercury may be right in the center of this colored magic which directly dazzles in each picture. There is, in this sign tapestry, a connection with the analogic system of a Paracelse or of a Jeronimus Bosch free from hell and purely paradisiac.

The Renaissance and its armories, its mirror games, its lyrical inventories, its system of analogies and occult marks are given back to us. Roussille's art is directed by the great intuition according to which microcosm and macrocosm answer one another. Sometimes, big flows are bathing the outlines, the matter is dimmed, opened by the transparencies making it float in a dreamy uncertainty. And it is as if the world spiral was emerging from these supernatural rivers.

Pistils, drops, gametes and germs are springing up from the earth and proliferating in the form



of bunches. Rockets like long phosphorescences and giant glow-worms are interlacing enchanted rainbows.

Because Roussille is always bringing us back to the light and world iridescence, his colors are extraordinary and almost mythical. They proceed from a mixture of science and sorcery. They are born from a kind of Epiphany. Roussille,

it's like matter's Pentecost!

Our look is caught all together in four different directions which overlap the two female and male axes of the world.

The light diffused through space like its main substrate is flowing towards magical and focal places. Just as if a great radiation, coming from the confines of the cosmos,



was suddenly concentrating under the skin of colors to radiate them.

Incandescences, golden moons and *auroras borealis* are exploding into a supernatural quadrature. The circle, the triangle, the square.

From the Aztec to Buddhist In-

dia, Roussille is taking in most of the main figures of mankind's creation and dreams. It reminds you of the tantric mandalas, of Indus and Ganges' stupas and of the Babylonian ziggurats. Amazing contours of footsteps are opening initiatory

roads. Buddha's seven footsteps seem to be crossing the worlds. The mediating foot between earth and sky, leader of telluric magnetisms, such is the soul of the passing one. It is just as if a great wizard had been tracing his print among the lemon colors. The earth is fecundated by the very steps of the gods.

A presence at each pace is relighting the focus and vitalizing the sources. And germs are blooming at each stride of this divine runner.

Buddha, the holy walker and Siva, the dance, the creative and destroying fire. Winged fire with Roussille, flight of igneous molecules, feast of volatile elements, planetary fairyhood of matter's luminous Icarus, joy of flashing Chimerae erected with rays. And Siva leads the dance of contraries, connects the extremes, uncoils her cosmic bracelets in the perpetual restarting of origins and twilight, of chaos and of dawns. Siva haloed with billions of ions. With Roussille, you are drinking at the sources of the Light.