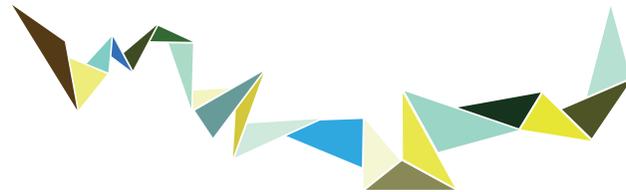


G E R M A N R O D R I G U E Z 1 9 9 7 2 0 1 0 L I N E A G E



Let us consider two important factors, the two poles of the creation of art: the artist on the one hand, and on the other the spectator who later becomes the posterity.

To all appearances, the artist acts like a mediumistic being who, from the labyrinth beyond time and space, seeks his way out to a clearing. If we give the attributes of a medium to the artist, we must then deny him the state of consciousness on the aesthetic plane about what he is doing or why he is doing it. All his decisions in the artistic execution of the work rest with pure intuition and cannot be translated into a self-analysis, spoken or written, or even thought out.

MARCEL DUCHAMP - The Creative Act

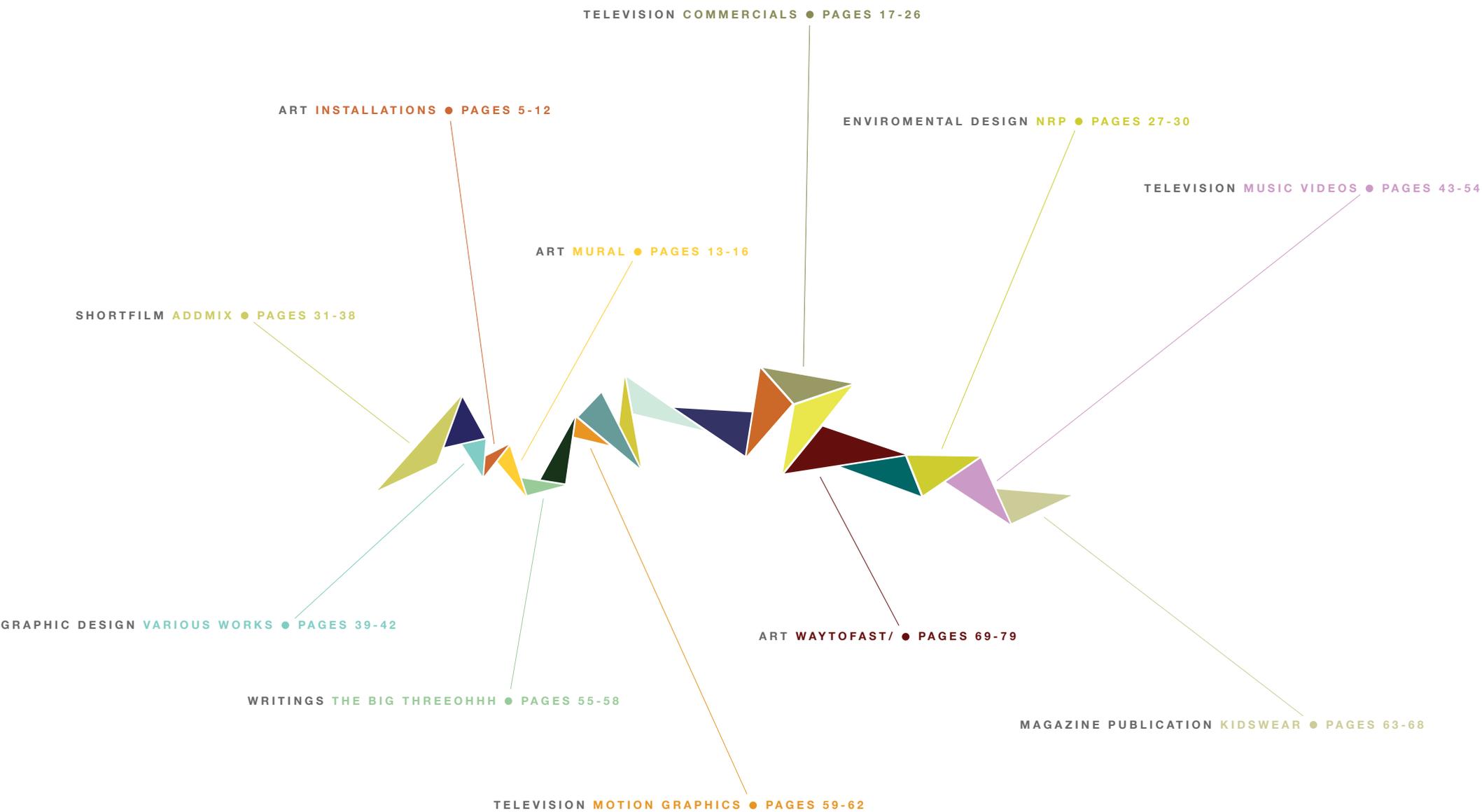
New York, October 19, 1961

LINEAGE is an exploration of independent and commercial works of art, film & television production, design and writings executed during an exceptional period of growth in my life.

The work changes gears in medium through the course of time, but maintains an aesthetic characteristic and style that are unique to who I am.

These characteristics and ideas were sparked by people, places, and random things I've experienced and encountered on a daily basis in the course of thirteen years. Everything has a potential to become or the possibility to be infused into a creative process. Yet finding "the spark" is still a mystery to me and its manifestation in my consciousness.

Age plus time plus execution of a multitude of ideas has led me to a better understanding and fine tuning of the creative act via the range of mediums found in contemporary society.



ART INSTALLATIONS

After leaving painting I began to investigate the idea of site specific installations. The idea of incorporating a concept or idea into a three dimensional space. Although all the installations I have worked in have had specific looks and direction, they all shared the incorporation of sound, drawing and sculpture from different angles.

ART SPACE BRADLEY ART GALLERY

NAME EXPLORATION OF HUMAN RITUAL TENDENCY VIA LIGHT SCULPTURES AND WALL DRAWING

YEAR 1997

Diving into my first exploration into the medium of concept installation, I transformed the art space by first utilizing all the walls with site specific drawings. The floor was covered completely with black dirt, and in the middle of the space I hung a sculpture that was made of wire, hand woven rope and cloth. I installed black light onto the light fixtures and brought in my own light clamps to give the hanging sculpture a more dramatic effect.

pgs 7-8

ART SPACE ROBENSON ART GALLERY / RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

NAME PINSTRIPE GAB MOUNTED & VARIOUS LIGHT SCULPTURES

YEAR 1998

I constructed these monolith sculptures using found metal, wood, neon lights and small television sets. The television sets displayed the film Pinstripe Gab (the first short film shot), which I had just finished a year prior to this installation.

The room was also filled with other light sculptures created from found material which was then put together in key sections of the space with some on the ground and some on the walls.

pgs 9-10

ART SPACE SILK FACTORY ART SPACE

NAME LIGHT SCULPTURE SOUND SENSATION MIX

YEAR 1999

I had just found a dumpster full of used buckets in all different sizes when this space was given to me and decided to explore the idea of creating light sculptures from all materials.

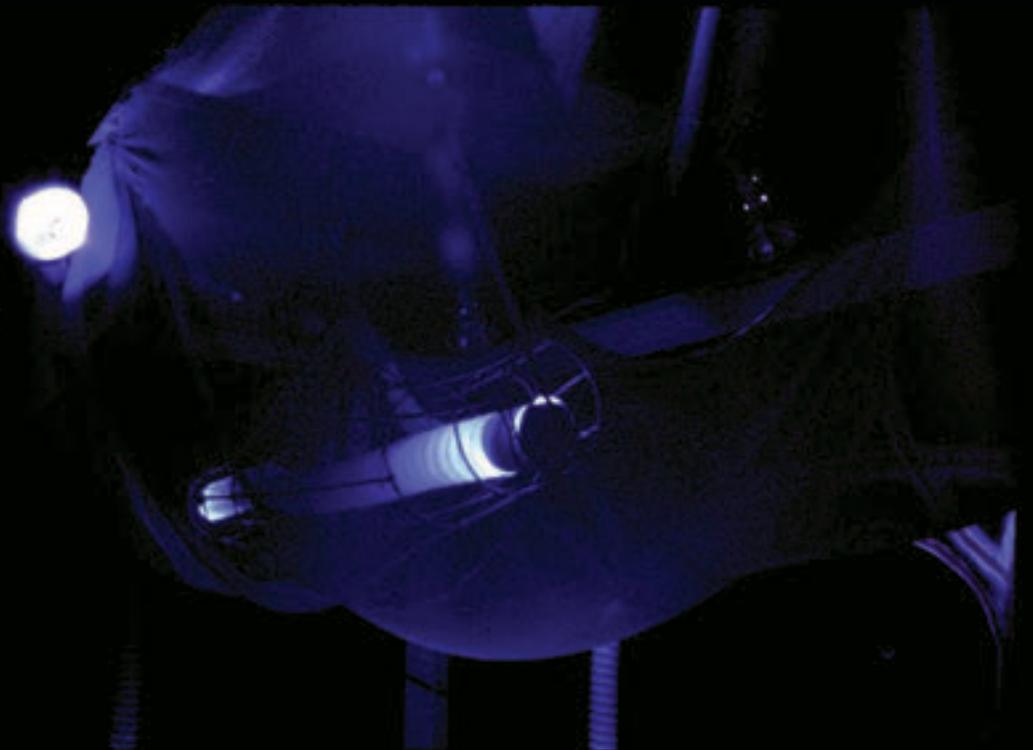
I painted the space entirely white, then sketched a series of interconnected silver drawings with spray paint that stretched out through the space. I hung the finished light sculptures according to the drawing and the sketches.

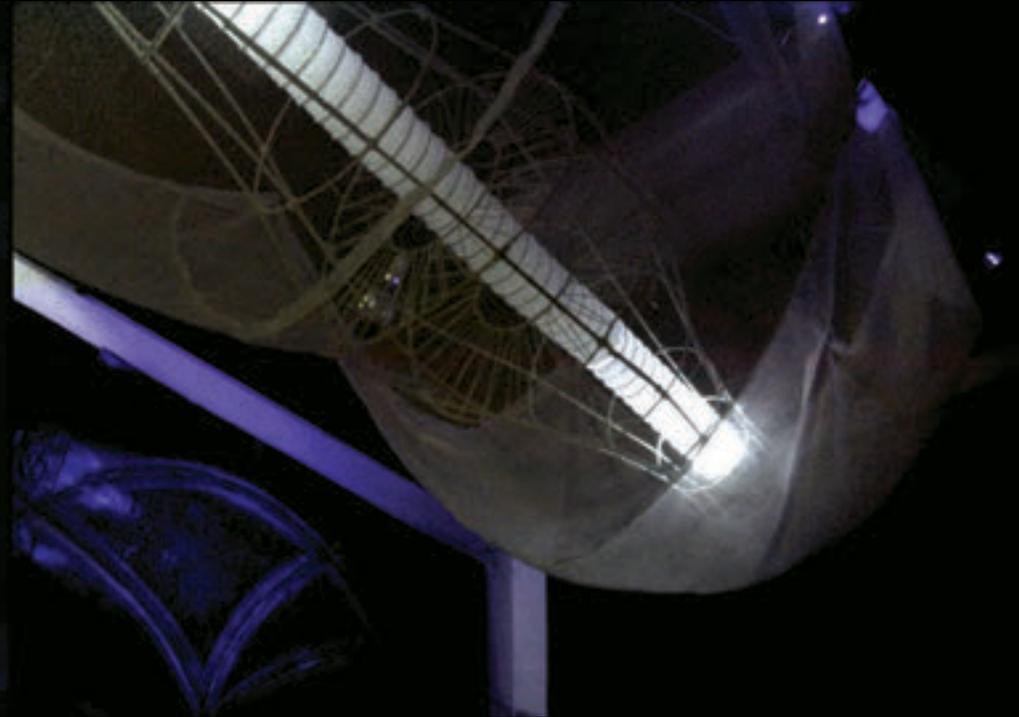
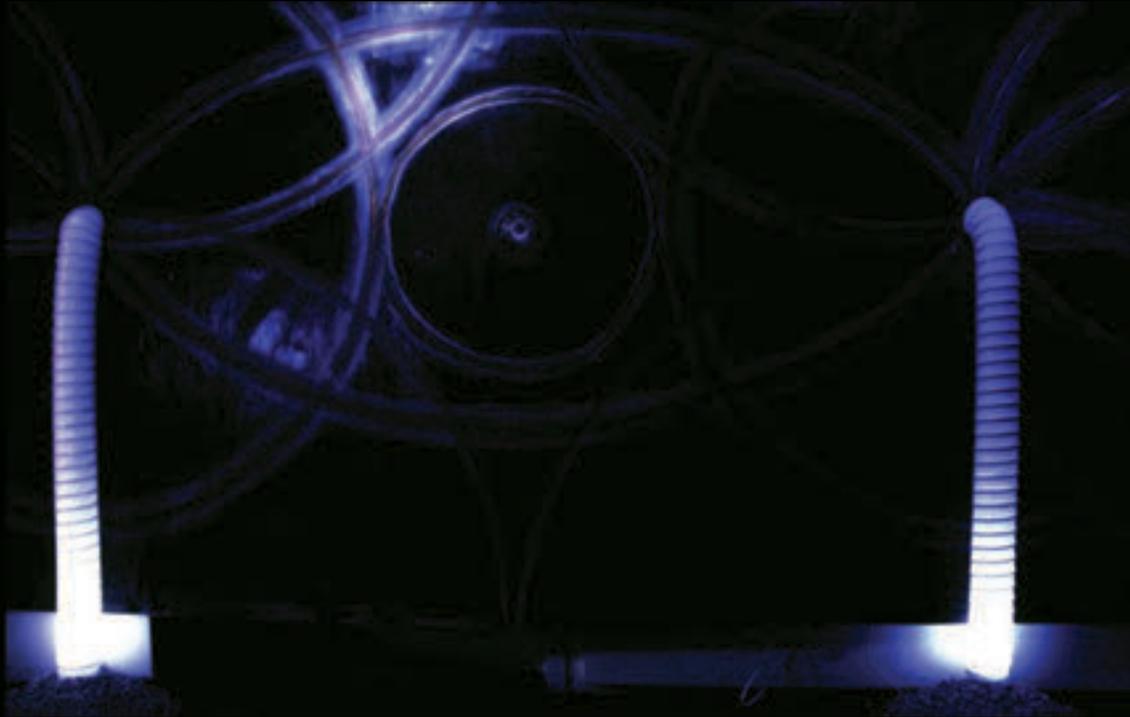
Once all of the sculptures and drawings had been set, I wired all of them to sound sensors which were controlled in a designated booth that was built just for the installation.

The space was only open when I was there performing sound mixing which would interact with the light sculptures.

pgs 11-12

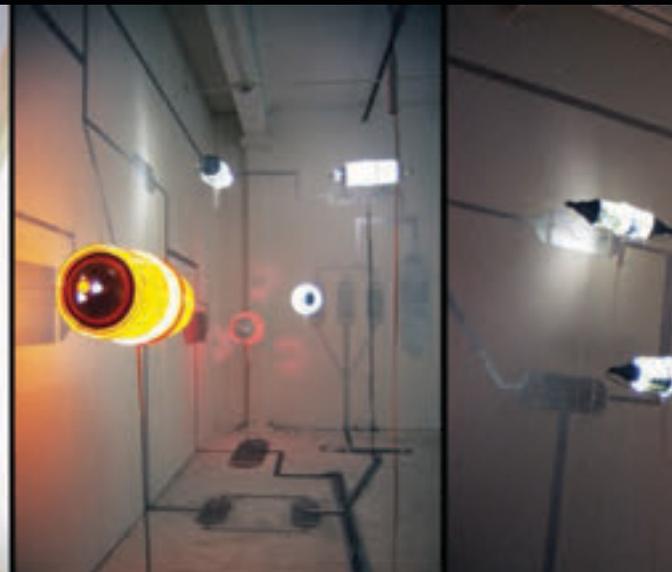
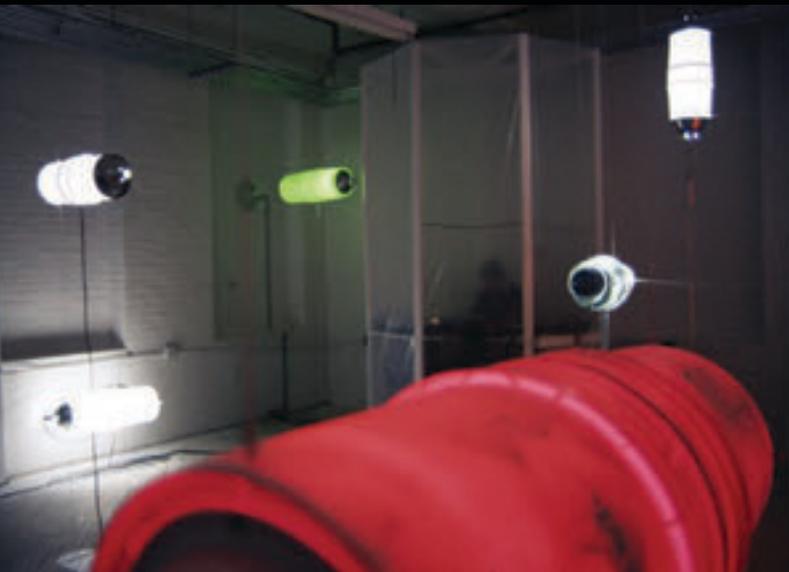


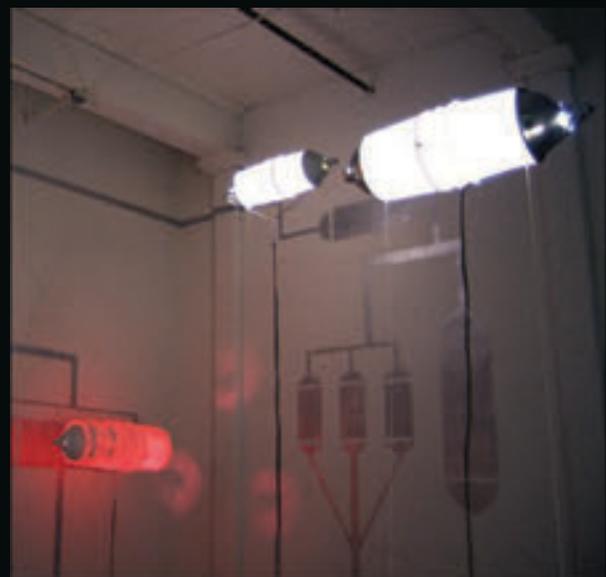












ART MURAL

CLIENT BNC BANK OF NEWARK

TITLE SEEDY TO BLOOMY

PAINTER GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

ASSISTANT PAINTER ERIK BRINDLESTON

In 1996, BNC bank of Newark was involved with the revitalization project for the downtown district of Newark. In a collaborative effort with the newly built New Jersey Performing Arts Center (NJPAC), BNC Bank of Newark underwrote various projects taking place in Newark to create an arts district in its downtown section with the goal of bringing back to life this once booming city.

My proposal was to transform a 240 ft by 40 ft parking lot wall located in the back of the BNC bank's main branch office.

The wall was initially unpainted and unkept, much in parallel to its surrounding area of grays, dark browns, and black tonality.

The idea was to transform the wall into a white canvas and from there divide the walls into sections. Each of the sections was to depict a stage or process in the growth cycle of a seed. The seed eventually reached its climax with its final stage as a blossoming flower with color elements shining out from it. The concept was a metaphor for the city of Newark. With time and human effort, Newark could once again become the enlightened city it was before the burning of the city during the 1967 race riots.

Other than the praise received by BNC bank, my biggest satisfaction came from the feedback from the surrounding community itself. During the last days of the completion process, I was often stopped by locals who complimented the piece and the environmental transformation it had provided for the once indifferent section of their neighborhood.





TELEVISION COMMERCIALS

Upon my arrival from the west I found myself looking for gigs in New York City. I was called in by Executive Producer Ric DiLanni over at House Films, to do a simple edit on a corporate video. Soon after that, I was doing all the commercial edits, graphic design work and just about any creative gig that went through the company. It took a while, but I then got more involved with the production aspect of commercials, first as Assistant Producer until finally directing my own spots. During my time at House Films I also used the facility to create my own works, including ADDmix and other lower budget commercials and independent video projects.

CLIENT
LOS ANGELES ZOO
TITLE
REINDEER ROMP
2008/REGIONAL
AGENCY
RLR ADVERTISING
CREATIVE DIRECTOR
HANS CASTRO GALLO
PRODUCTION COMPANY
INSIDE FILMS LLC
PRODUCER
GERMAN RODRIGUEZ
ANIMATION
THE MOLECULE
MUSIC
MIXOLOGY LAB

The Los Angeles Zoo needed to advertise the arrival of reindeer to the zoo during the holiday season. Marketing both to kids and adults, the spot was made with an adventure/action cartoon feel. This was done to give a subtle transition from program to commercial transmission, thus keeping the viewers attention till the last slide.
pgs 12-13



CLIENT
CONVERSE
TITLE
FREE TO WALK WHERE I PLEASE
WEB/2006
PRODUCTION COMPANY
INSIDE FILMS LLC
PRODUCER
GERMAN RODRIGUEZ
DIRECTOR
GERMAN RODRIGUEZ
EDITION & MOTION GRAPHICS
GERMAN RODRIGUEZ
MUSIC
RAZORHEAD

A young man walks in and around the streets of New York City. The spot is juxtaposed with multiple images of street signs that are encountered by the protagonist throughout his stroll in the big city.
pgs 12-13

CLIENT
SEAGRAMS
TITLE
GET YOUR SMOOTH ON
2005/REGIONAL
PRODUCTION COMPANY
HOUSE FILMS NYC
PRODUCER
RIC DILANNI
DIRECTOR
GERMAN RODRIGUEZ
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHER
ROBERT LEARNER
EDITOR & MOTION GRAPHICS
GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

Filmed at a Seagram's event at a club in New York City. This was intended to look as a semi-organized mayhem. The cast and crew were placed in the middle of the club, and the cameras rolled.
pgs 12-13

CLIENT
GROLSH
TITLE

SWING TOP BOTTLE
2004/REGIONAL
PRODUCTION COMPANY
HOUSE FILMS NYC
PRODUCER
RIC DILANNI
DIRECTOR
BEN DOLPHIN
EDITOR & MOTION GRAPHICS
GERMAN RODRIGUEZ
MUSIC
GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

It's all about the beer. A simple series of table top images shot in high speed. Simple yet elegant like the beer itself and a swing top bottle.
pgs 12-13

CLIENT
MOHEGAN SUN
TITLE
THE RETURN OF KO CHUN
2003/REGIONAL
PRODUCTION COMPANY
HOUSE FILMS NYC & A1 PRODUCTIONS
PRODUCER
RIC DILANNI
DIRECTOR
JOHN WOO
EDITOR
GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

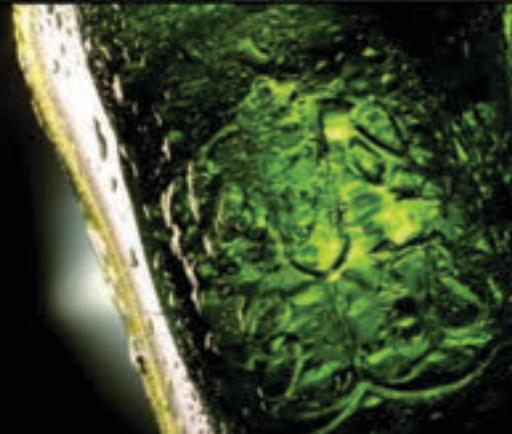
This spot was a contemporary twist on the Ko Chun films of the 1970s. The master gambler is shown here playing cards in the Mohegan Sun casino. He is masterfully executing his card skills at the black jack tables and winning big. We later see him just lounging at the dinner table with his big family.
pgs 12-13



SWINGTOP



BREWED SLOWLY



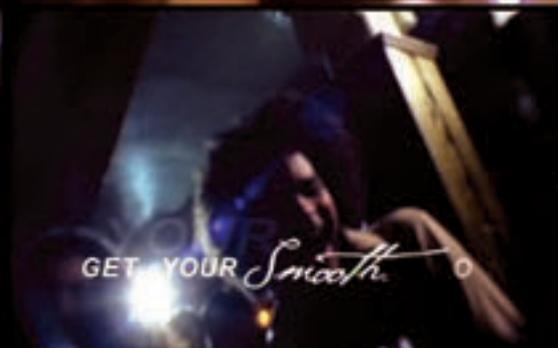
OUR SWINGTOP BOTTLE



ENJOY RESPONSIBLY

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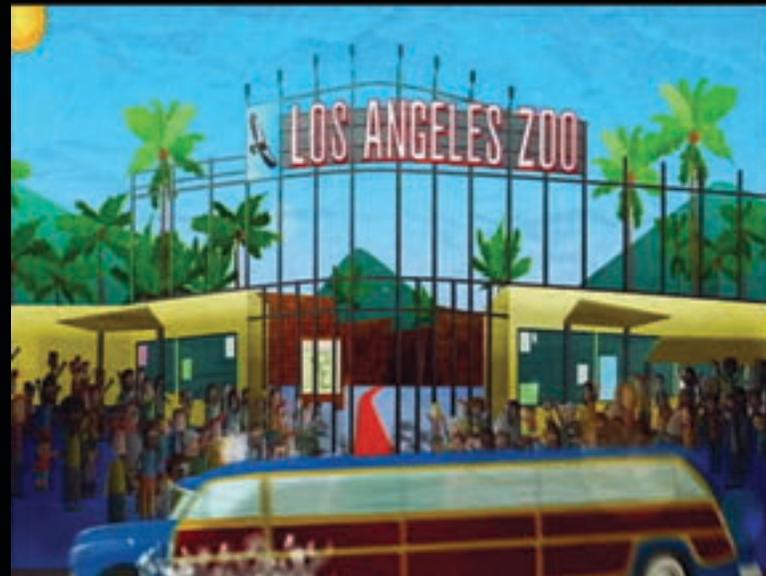
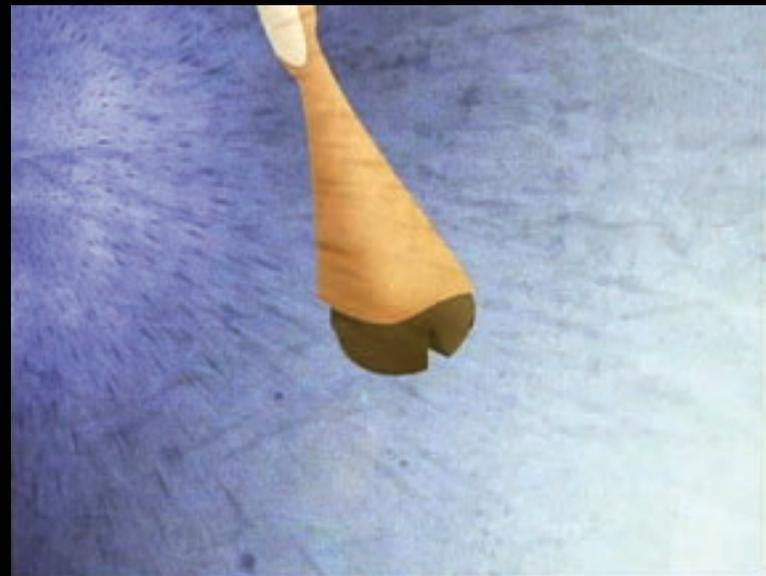












Reindeer Romp
LOS ANGELES ZOO

KIDS FREE
with each paid
adult admission
(limited to one free child per adult)

November 27th
to January 1st

ENVIRONMENTAL DESIGN **NRP SUMMIT**

CLIENT DIGITAL BROADCAST NETWORK
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MAX SHAUKAT
EVENT TITLE NRP SUMMIT 2008
PRODUCER GERMAN RODRIGUEZ
ART DIRECTOR GERMAN RODRIGUEZ
CONSTRUCTION COMPANY SAMRA CORP, BROOKLYN NY
PRODUCTION MANAGER AHMAD RAZVI
AUDIO ENGINEER JAIME RODRIGUEZ

The Non-Resident Pakistani Summit (NRP) was the first of its kind to bring together international politicians, educators and entrepreneurs. Planning took place six months prior to the event. The first task was to create the identity of the event and then the integration of the logo identity within all media distribution and publication.

The logo was created bearing in mind the core idea of the event itself: unity, networking, Islam and Pakistan. My idea was to create a symmetrical pattern that included a circle, the color green, the national flower of Pakistan and the idea of oneness.

Once the logo was approved, I began to incorporate it within the mediums of print, web, and television advertisement.

A month prior to the event I began to create a stage design for the event itself.

The Roosevelt Hotel's main event room had a busy backdrop of symmetrical rectangles, so rather than have it clash with the hotel's old wall facade, I worked with the design by combining my past experience of concept installations, and design/lighting for live concerts incorporating different moods.

The outcome was a space with symmetrical unity for the purposes of both corporate and live music events.





SHORT FILM **ADDMIX**

PRODUCER CACA PRODUCTIONS

WRITTEN & DIRECTED STALYN FREILE & GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ADRIAN CRISPIN

ASSISTANT PRODUCER WILLIAM CORONADO

ACTORS GERMAN RODRIGUEZ & LILLIAN RIBEIRO

EDITOR & EFFECTS GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

MUSIC GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

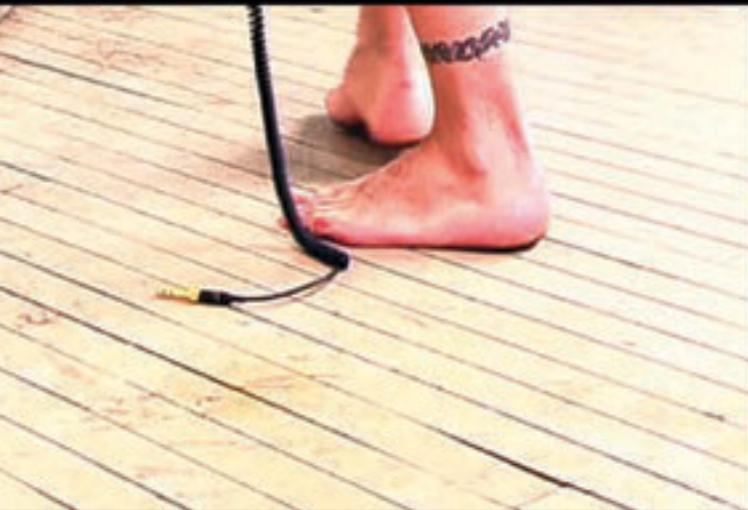
GRIPS JAIME RODRIGUEZ, JOSE DIAZ, FRANKY FRUITFLY

Having been influenced by the success of the music videos and a carefree two year tour with Lucybell, I was determined to create a film project of my very own upon returning East from the West Coast, With Stalyn Freile, founding member of CACA, I came up with a script incorporating elements of our lives which inspired and ultimately became part of our lives: art, music, innovative ways of seeing things and the creative spirit. ADDmix was a short film written and directed by Stalyn Freile and myself.

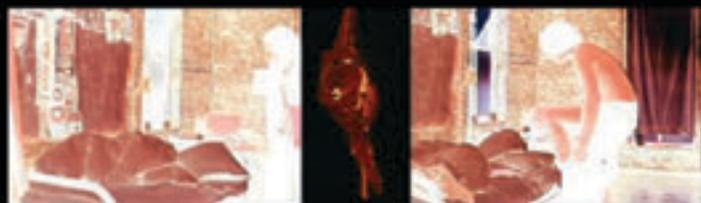
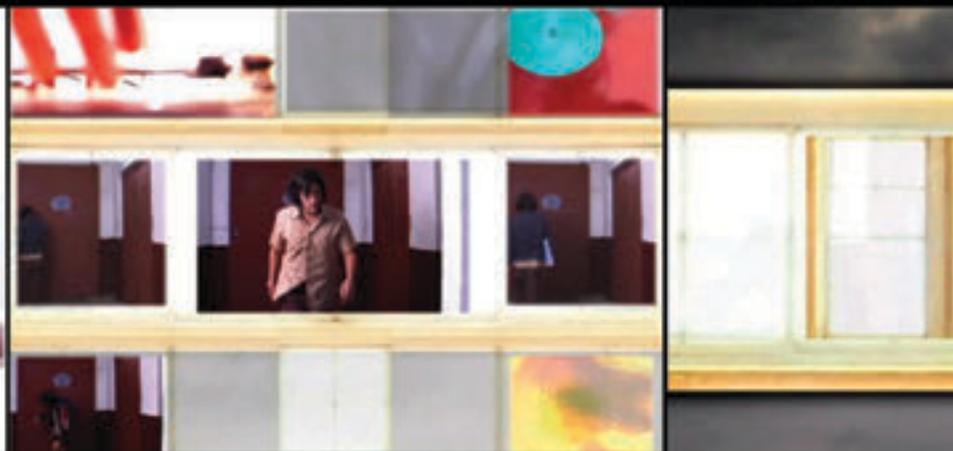
It's a story about a DJ/artist/musician with Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (known as ADD during the time period), who wakes up one morning to find that he has not refilled his prescription of Aderal. The protagonist must endure the effects of his condition while attempting to leave his apartment in order to meet with a film producer to which he must deliver a soundtrack he's created for a film.

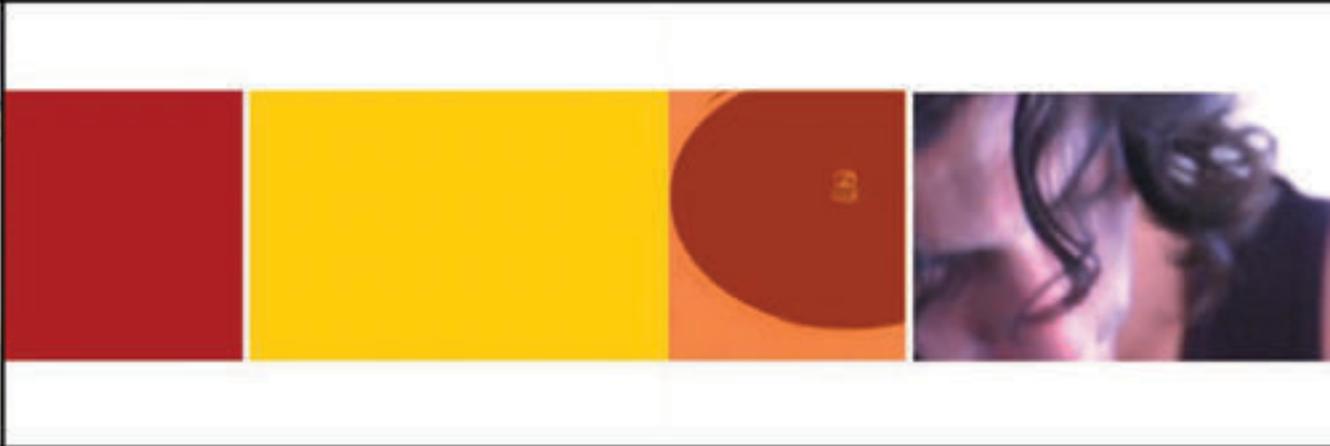
The protagonist's mind is in constant creative mode. Whether creativity is being appropriated from his surroundings or serendipitously flowing out from his head, everything he does involves the constant existence of sound and music. This character element also enhances the role of ADDmix's soundtrack. Through the sense of hearing the audience is constantly pulled within the psyche of our hero. It took us about three months to finalize the script and another two months of pre-production for a three-day shoot. Set location was at Union City's Silk Factory, an ideal setting for the look and feel we wanted to achieve for the film.

The post production took one month exactly, and while doing it I started to rethink the idea of visual to sound and sound to visual. I wanted both to exist simultaneously as one with one scene merging into the next, taking the original idea and/or sound and creating new edits with new sounds. By this I mean not having the original idea on a short leash but also not having it loose enough where it may stray.













GRAPHIC DESIGN **VARIOUS WORKS**

CLIENT VARIOUS

DESIGNER GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

The practice of graffiti provided me with creative ways to mix and match made up texts and figurines with colors to reach a stylistic final design. Graffiti gave me a huge advantage when I reached art school at Rutgers, and until this day it is almost second nature for me to combine colors in different arrangements to make them work communicatively, both on an emotional and intellectual level. I never liked the idea of graphic design, and in art school graphic designers were seen by hard core art majors as cop outs, which only served to further turn me off to the medium. However, we live in a different era, graphic design has evolved to an art form.

It wasn't until I started to work with Giles Dunn that I came to appreciate the creative quality of graphic design and its impact as a visual communicator. Giles was considered one of the most important graphic designers in New York City during the years 2000-2001, as well as being renowned worldwide for his work in the field.

Working with Giles at Punkt opened my eyes to the pivotal structures of good design and the brainstorming techniques necessary to obtain them. We'd get together, wait for the studio to clear, put on Underworld, open some beers and began to discuss tangents of possibilities. We applied old ideas and created new ones.

There were other great designers that shared the studio space on Gansevoort Street during that time. Anne Marie Gillian and Trisha Krauss were also influential, both having distinguished work of their own that added to my new found respect for the medium.

It was a great time for learning and finding identity with someone who was well established and in whom one saw so many similarities. It gave me the confidence to believe in my own aesthetic intuitions and choices.



ARYONEWORLD



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3DI
FILMS



NRP
NON RESIDENT PAKISTANI
SUMMIT
DUBAI
09

DOST



6141975

B I R T H D A Y B B Q
SATURDAY JUNE 14TH AT 4:00PM
91176TH NORTHERGENN J

DRINKS EXPRESS \$12.00 FRESH BLENDED JUICES A FULL BOTTLE BEER \$5.00 HOT WINGS \$8.99 WALK-UP BURGER \$4.99 CATERING TO 50 FROM \$1000	ENTERTAINMENT LIVE MUSIC BY THE HOUSE COSTUME CONTEST CATERING TO 50 FROM \$1000	ADMISSION FREE CATERING TO 50 FROM \$1000
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A F T E R P A R T Y
SATURDAY JUNE 14TH AT 10:00PM
54038TH UNION CITY NJ LOFT 29

DRINKS EXPRESS \$12.00 FRESH BLENDED JUICES A FULL BOTTLE BEER \$5.00 HOT WINGS \$8.99 WALK-UP BURGER \$4.99 CATERING TO 50 FROM \$1000	ENTERTAINMENT LIVE MUSIC BY THE HOUSE COSTUME CONTEST CATERING TO 50 FROM \$1000	ADMISSION FREE CATERING TO 50 FROM \$1000
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CONTACT INFO
614.197.5111
WWW.6141975.COM



Salman Ahmad
SATURDAY (of JUNGON)
JUN 3rd
8pm

Performing Arts Center
Lynn Ave. Long Island City, NY
11101-2515

A MASQUERADE BALL

dil
DESIGN INSTITUTE OF LONG ISLAND CITY

Arco
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TELEVISION MUSIC VIDEOS

CLIENT WARNER MUSIC CHILE

BAND LUCYBELL

SONG NAME MIL CAMINOS

DIRECTOR / PRODUCER GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

EDITOR GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

The tragic event that took place in New York City on the morning of September 11th, 2001 was the catalyst into the music video production phase of my life. New York City was no longer the comfortable and safe place I had known and loved since my birth there in 1975. Everyone was afraid of what the future would hold. The attack caught everyone off guard and as a result jobs were at a stand still. There was a void in creativity, nobody was doing anything, and everyone just waited to see how things would unravel.

During the weeks that followed I received a phone call from my old friend Francisco Gonzales, drummer and founding member of Chilean rock band Lucybell and I discussed my current situation with him. He went on to ask if I'd be interested in participating in a documentary the band was planning, which would be comprised of a tour of the western part of the United States and parts of Mexico. The plan was to start out in Mexico City moving north through the country then crossing the border into the states, spending some time in San Diego and finishing up in Los Angeles.

Even though the pay was low I decided to do it without hesitation. Anything was better than to be stuck in the darkness that was New York City at the time.

With a brand new Power Book and a Canon GL1 in hand, I was off to Mexico City. The road manager advised me not to drink the water, not to eat anything that was not properly cooked, not get into green cabs and finally if I got into any trouble to not call the cops.

These were the instructions and I went full steam ahead with a packed three-inch blade and a can of mace in my suitcase.

I was going to be alone in a foreign city with no idea or any information whatsoever as to how it operated other than what I was told not to do. I had brand new equipment worth a good \$7,000 and luckily my first days were without incident.

I survived on a diet consisting of whole-wheat crackers and peanut butter since I didn't want to have any funky bowel movements while shooting. We were scheduled to be at various locations so I stayed clear of anything that would affect my health till the band got into town.

The group arrived days later with a new bass player and roadie. It took a few

beers, some tacos and tequila for all of us to get on the same page. It was exciting for me but even with food and drink in our system I still wasn't sure about the direction of the documentary. They just told me to record. And so I did.

I recorded every moment, from the most intimate to the most explosive, sometimes alone other times in front of hundreds of people.

Francisco and I were very excited by what we saw while reviewing the footage during a rest day from the tour. We decided then and there to turn the footage into the music video for "Mil Caminos", the new single that had recently been released by Warner Chile.

After a briefing with the band, direction and structure began to loosely come to together. Although most of the video was shot with minimal planning, city to city and experience to experience, it became to me as if I was inheriting a space and transforming into an installation. Every place became a set, the camera was an extension of the band, everything was recorded and everything became part of the video.

Coincidentally, the name of the single "Mil Caminos" (a thousand roads) was the

final element that tied the twenty plus cassettes of footage I had recorded from the tour. We had gotten such great footage that the band decided to fly me to Chile to tape their final show in the capital of Chile, Santiago, and do all editing there. The video was ultimately a visual diary of the whole tour. A capsule encompassing the people, places and the experiences that came with the adventure of following a rock band on tour. Other than the external elements, the video brought to light the internal workings of the band. The camera allowed the audience to see rare and intimate footage, a voyeuristic perspective of the band's interaction with each other and how each member acted on their own.

The video reached the top of the charts on MTV, eventually competing for the number one spot against The Strokes' hit "Last Night".

It was my first hit on a one-pitch swing. I was about to take the cash and run

back to the states but I was offered the opportunity to stay and work with

Lucybell on another music video as well as do their art direction. This meant concert posters, website, t-shirts, and live stage lighting and design under my creative control. I opted to stay.

Mil Caminos opened the doors for me at Warner Music Chile, as well as allowed me to garner recognition within the Santiago music scene. It was the beginning of a new chapter I was in another part of the world working within the music industry and with friends, what better scenario than that.

CLIENT WARNER MUSIC CHILE

BAND OVALO

SONG NAME HAIKU

DIRECTOR / PRODUCER GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

EDITOR GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

Francisco and I had been friends since 1997. We shared a wide range of social, political, philosophical views on life and within music itself. Other than being one of the founding members of Lucybell, Francisco was

one of the most talented drummers in South America. He had collaborated many times with the likes of Gustavo Ceratti of Soda Stereo and had been involved in projects with Robin Guthrie of the Cocteau Twins. Francisco was working on a new project called "Ovalo", which was his first

solo venture. The project was going to be released by Warner Music Chile and Francisco asked me to come over and hear out the demo of the planned

single. The track was entitled "Haiku" referring to the Japanese poem and I was

instantly drawn to the melody and beat of the song.

Having known Francisco for many years, I could instantly see where he got some of the influences and direction for the piece. The project was still in its diaper stage, and my friend needed lots of help so I set out in the development of television, print, web elements and subtle auditory critiques of the tracks before the album was completed.

Although the project was taken on by a mega label like Warner the budget remained low. I believed in "Haiku" as a song and in Francisco as an artist, and in doing so I felt that working together we would achieve something truly special. Our deep friendship was based on parallel tastes and due to the success of "Mil Caminos", I felt we would create another dynamite project.

During my first day at Francisco's house I began to take images in an around his

apartment to develop in Photoshop and Illustrator for the album cover and future website. The only guidelines for the video were to use nature as a

backdrop or main character, everything else was up to me.

Francisco had also come up with a perfect location, a coastal town three hours

away from Santiago called Mantencillo. Mantencillo was a unique beach town contained in a diverse eco-system. Beach, desert, and woods were visually and environmentally different from each other, however within walking distance to one another.

Logistically the location made sense since Francisco and I were going to be carrying the equipment through woods, desert and beaches.

From day one, production felt more like an artistic journey than a mundane video production. The strategy was to use the morning light for the wooded area scenes, the afternoon light for the desert scenes and the evening light as it settled to the West and into the ocean, our final shot. This final shot would symbolize the end of the journey. The concept was simple, I was going to have Francisco interact in and around the crossed eco-systems while doing random activities.

Looking back on it now I wanted to investigate Francisco's sensibilities and his interaction with his environment as he encountered it. There was a lot of improvisation by both of us in making the video. We used the surrounding environment as a guide to set up the shots and best shape the actions taken by Francisco as he walked into the frame.

While editing I took the opportunity to convey the transition of the different environments by merging them with the transitions of the song, so as the song changed its melody, beat, and harmony so did the visual. I set out to achieve a visual output as harmonious and gentle to the eye as the song was to the ears.

CLIENT WARNER MUSIC CHILE

BAND SATURNO Y TAPIA RABIA

SONG NAME NO SE LO QUE LE PASA A LA TIERRA

DIRECTOR / PRODUCER GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

EDITOR GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

I was fortunate enough to have grown up during the late 80's and early 90's during the golden age of Hip Hop. In those days, Hip Hop carried more of a positive message and was an art form driven by different arrangements of beats.

Since then it's become a different monster; one obsessed by material possession, greed and a multitude of violence. Needless to say, I was not thrilled when asked by Warner Music to create a music video for Zaturno Y Tapia Rabia, a Chilean Hip Hop group.

To my surprise the single was similar to what I grew up listening to back in the 90's. The social message was clearly expressed in lyrics that spoke out against poverty, child exploitation and the world's indifference towards the poor.

I listened to the song over and over breaking down the structure of the song's core concept and drawing out what would make the strongest visual elements, while keeping in mind the budget allocated to production by Warner. The song's message was multi-layered: (1) Kids in Santiago were hooked on pasta base, which is the by-product that is made during the process of manufacturing cocaine, (2) the plight of under age prostitution of young girls in Valparaiso, (3) the streets of Santiago and (4) a party scene.

I arrived in La Granja, one of the worst neighborhoods in the greater Santiago metropolitan area. I was accompanied by Zaturno and his crew without them it would have been impossible for me to shoot anything in the neighborhood. Being of Chilean descent I had seen most of the city but this was a side of Santiago I had never experienced.

To be honest, it was the first time I felt my senses went on full alert. The people in the streets were casually holding machetes, others smoking pot and drinking beers by open fires in metal containers. People in the streets would instantly size you up with just a look and cops in armored vehicles cruised up the streets occasionally.

We met a few of the kids who were hooked on pasta base. They shared their tragic stories with me while I bought them some food and drinks and followed them through their daily routine to nowhere. I felt as though I was doing more of a documentary than a music video. For the first time I found myself being very grateful for what I had in my life and simultaneously powerless in doing anything to help these kids out.

CLIENT WARNER MUSIC CHILE

BAND LUCYBELL

SONG NAME MATAZ

DIRECTOR / PRODUCER GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

ASSISTANT PRODUCER BERTIER LUYT

ASSISTANT PRODUCER NICOLE SENERMAN FINKELSTEIN

EDITOR GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

"Mataz" was a song originally released by Lucybell in 1997 via the record label EMI. The new album, Sesion Futura, had come out months prior to me working with the band and contained a new version of the song. Being familiar with the band's work over the last five years, I was no stranger to the song nor to the music video that had been done by mister Monea.

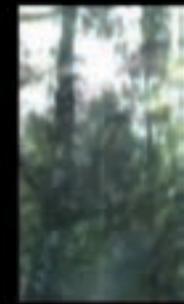
Lucybell was going to release the live version as a single and wanted me to give the song a new visual twist to go with it. The best thing about the project was that I was given one hundred percent creative control.

After a few meetings individually and with the three band members, I asked each the sole question of what the song meant to them. They each had their own interpretation, yet all keyed in on the sexual desire of a woman. This concept was central in the song's lyrics and enhanced by Claudio's sensual voice. I came up with a dream like scenario in which the band performed a live show, then moved along into a surreal world of color and texture. The images were then juxtaposed with nude colored shots of female body parts.

Each band member had their own individual dream like scenario and the band would only come together when they were playing a set which I built incorporating live projections of female body parts. To this day, the video for "Mataz" is one of the most experimental videos ever made for the band. It's one of my favorite videos because of its playful use of color and mounted images, which at times reminds the audience of looking at a moving collage.

These and many other elements within the video generated new realms of possibilities in the music video genre of the time. The video was not well received by Warner, but the band felt that it had put them on the cutting edge of the spanish rock scene in South America in 2002.















WRITINGS THE BIG THREE OHHH

TITLE THE BIG THREE OHHH
WRITER GERMAN RODRIGUEZ
COPY EDITOR ADRIAN CRISPIN

The "BigThreeOhh" is a compilation of writings, short stories and thoughts spanning from the time of my adolescence through the age of 29. The idea to assemble this work came to me while preparing to participate in an art show at the Silk Factory, which was based in Union City, New Jersey.

Putting the work together became a way of dealing creatively with the realization that I was coming of age. The stories, experiences and ideas shaped the person I was to become at 30, an event I dreaded as do many but an inevitable circumstance.

Throughout my life, I have created vast colorful work in all scales and mediums. This however was done with the most minimal albeit important forms of expression: writing. It was a black and white take on colorful events, an honest approach on my views of life and on how life saw me. I can only say that the spirit of the likes of Charles Bukowski and Henry Miller had an influence on the "no holds" bar take and style of the writing. This work wasn't meant to be liked or politically correct. It is blunt and sometimes cruel, it is funny to some and to others not, it is life and essentially what defined me during that period of time.

My birthday arrived and left. The big three ohhhh is here and i am not in fear. Will i embrace it like a juicy tit with my spit. What else can i feel, when time never stops one sec for you. I just have to make it this life. Maturity refined and aging like a good bottle of wine. My game is better, not the same. As long as i keep up with the kids, the belly size, and girly girls, a clear mind, man i think i'll be fine.

Sitting here and reflecting. I've had time to reflect, and now its time to make some green mojon. Yeah, its the only way to get out of this shit. Life is a real shit hole if you can't see where your going. All types of shit holes, all types of assfuckers in your way. Time marches faster the older once gets. Time goes quicker and you don't even realize it when it hits you. One looks at the clock and wonders, how the fuck did i get these gray hairs, how fast this all went down. So many things i wanted to do in my early years.. but if i really wanted to maybe i should have gone for it. For now, i'll just forget that today is today and feel nice like everyone else. Just feel nice with a couple of beers. Nice. Just feeling nice with a bit more wine. Wine is supper nice. Everything else is just nice.

Woke up with a funny monkey by my side. Just walked into work and started cracking on my coworker like no one's business. What else can i do in a place that hasn't paid me in in weeks and owes me around 7 grand. They all laugh and giggle, and well, what else can you do, we are all in the same situation.

Its a cold Friday morning, i am carrying a nice hang over and a cup of coffee. The gods have just swung a funny load of shits and giggles in my head today.

The Calla/French Kicks show kicked ass yesterday over at the bowery burnout (Bowery Ballroom), or maybe it was just the drinks and chicks. Yes, i think that's what it was. The honey babies were all over the place, it was a real hit. What else can one do in a place with good music, booze and hotties, other than to have a good time and indulge like a Roman Senator.

Just got off the crapper, and it was a load of fun times that came out, more like timber season. If it wasn't for the gym, i think i would have been past out somewhere under a bridge or in port authority. Everything feels so much easier to withstand when your in shape, well more or less. The body is in a state of alert just waiting for another self destruction to take place. Waiting so it can go and repair itself again. Destroy and repair, repair to destroy.

Getting back to the Calla show. When talking to Aurelio, i think the word Calla means bird or the spanish translation to shut up.

The new material sounds different then the older, darker stuff. It shifted ways toward a more poppy feel. Not sure what to think of it other than it sounds different, more hip moving. I like Aurelio's character, he's a moody sensible type of artist/singer, very humble in his ways. It seems that he's been trying so hard to make it in the music game. He's almost there. Just one break could put him and

Calla on top of their game. I admire and envy that driven determination to keep on pushing. Falling and getting back up to push some more. A cycle that most won't bare to handle.

I wish Calla the best of luck.attracts a certain type of female, and well, a specific breed of homosexual. To be honest, they always seem to be on the prowl, regardless of the hairs length. Well they are men. And we all know the animal chemistry and sexual drive in men, all men. Biology is real.

I've been feeling more tied in with the norm. A sense of conformity, but i must use it in a means of achieving something higher for myself. Maybe an undercover intruder, a spy, a secret agent to the underground world. All the years of seeing the main social structure living, reading their newspapers and watching their twisty, manipulative television signals has only strengthened my understanding of who i am and of what i don't want to be a part of.

I am the self and the world revolves around me. I choose via the choices of aesthetics, internal ethics, or just chemical reactions i cannot comprehend. Things around you get filtered. The good stuff gets taken to be archived for future use.

My failures in life have slowed me down in the choices i've made, and the choices i am going to make. I have become less of risk taker compared to the past wild haired beast that existed. The thirties are lying waiting for me around the corner, and i don't want to go out like i didn't see it coming, and coming fast. The gray hairs have begun to spring in and around my head. The stability within, once a wild child, is in a more controlled stage. A new reign must begin. Who would have know it all came down to a 20 dollar haircut plus tip.

Sometimes still feel like there are issues in my life that i can't seem to deal with. I wish there were guidelines to these issues, to which one could begin to understand and face them in a smoother manner. There's a disappointment when one gets to the near 30s. Accomplishments and dreams that were foreseen are no longer in sight or felt as strong as when being younger. Its discouraging to create anything, or breath for that matter.

The older i get, the more everything around me seems to be composed of lies, deceptions and the obtaining of power. Somewhere along the lines we seem to have forgotten about the basic rationales and the sensibilities of humanity.

I want to forget, i want to find more identifications within my surroundings but can't seem find a parallel in sight.

Success always seemed to be around the corner, waiting. Calling my same. There was more passion with the way i looked at life. A more innocent outlook that opened different possibilities within the though process.

Now its all about something else. Keeping young, in shape and trying to find other things that are going to make one happy. The magic

magic once allured me into art has seem to have vanished.

It's eleven here in Tijuana. I can't sleep. It seems that I have awoken from all the noise the Maldita Vecindad or Pant Eon Rococo are making down the hallway, or it can also be that I am not accustomed into going to sleep at eleven unless I am dead tired or really drunk. So I awake, turn on to writing, instead of listening to the countless thoughts going through my mind. Who knows, I may encounter something interesting while writing in this trance-like state.

I have a feeling that I will be or am coming down with a cold. The scrappiness in my throat is not because from drinking or singing out loud in the shower. I begin to spit all over this fucking room. Fuck I can't help the fact that I am up to my neck with weird clammys. Weird because their not green, but white color. Its feels as though they are plastered right on my throat. As thought if I spit one out another one comes in and takes its place. I am tired of walking to the bathroom and freezing my balls off to spit this crap out. Instead I just lay them out on the floor or on the side of the bed. Since I am bunking in alone tonight, I'll just rip this one through the room and let it hit a curtain.

The gunshots started going off yesterday at around five, just about the time when the whole city started to smell like a taco fest. It's a crazed city with all this gunfire and shit exploding from afar. I feel as though I'm in a fourth of July celebration, but observing from very far ears. There must be some shit going down; cartel wars, federales fighting with the local cops, or someone just pissed off someone really bad. Last night on the news, they found a tunnel, which led right into the United States. Perhaps that may be a good reason for all this shit. They are probably trying to find the rats, snitches, or just someone to blame for this bust.

The border most frequently crossed in the world. A Russian rullet of a city, like the Wild Wild West all over again. Welcome to Tijuana: Tequila, Sexo y Marijuana.

I've been thinking of that 1999 American Sentences show i had over at the Union Hill Arts Building (or the Silk Factory, how i would call the place). The opening was incredibly successful. About 2000 people up and down the art spaces. My installation was a type of party. Due to the sound/music elements used as part of the performance. Broke out the buggy tunes and bottles of brew. After the opening party everyone went out to Manhattan, I left with Stalyn to Baraza, a lower east side Brazilian joint with good mojitos and nice ass-shaking tunes. Got so trashed with egos so high, I couldn't help feel invincible to any weather the gods may have thrown at me that night. Walking back, around 3ish or 4ish on avenue B, a cold bottle of Snapple to re-hydrate, I stumbled onto a person walking in the same side street but in different directions. He didn't move and I, invincible that day, didn't move either. We both stared at each other with the the devil on our side. " Why don't you watch where you going mother-fucker", i screamed.

With those ending words he whistle to his New York Rican counter parts. And with the quickness of a slap, Stalyn and I were surrounded. All I remember was Stalyn telling me to apologize to the hoody fuck so we could be on our way. I couldn't let the gods down.

Instead, I got my Snapple bottle and pitched it straight into the guys face. Next thing you know fists and kicks up in the air. They are flying from all angles. I managed to get away with Stalyn, punching and kicking and running for our lives. Both my cheap sandals broke while running, so i tripped and fell onto the ground.

Got kicked on the ribs a couple of times, but no shots to the face. Never buy sandals from the chinos on 37th street (Union City), they are bound to break. I ran so fast barefooted, tarzan would have been proud of me.

We checked each other but only found scrapes and bruises, nothing crazy or broken. Just black bloody feet and a bruised rib cage. That night was the most painful walk back to Stalyn's loft. This was overshadowed by the feeling of being alive. Life in all its ups and downs.

The following day was day two of the American sentences show, and you know the rule of being a performer. Bruised, but not broken. And with my spirit still determined. Feeling alive. I went up in my booth and laid out sounds for 6 hours, as part of my performance. I thanked the gods for the heavy dose of painkillers that day.

The lights went out around 9:00 am. I figured i still had a good two hours before the battery on my laptop died. Half way through the Saturno music video and Warner wants it by the end of the month. But fuck them, they could have it went it feel right and ready. The pressure feels good at times. It wakes me up. Shit start flowing from all angles inside my mind. But this one feel good and i am just going to surf it home.

Saturno is confirmed at Three. A bit on excitement and a bit of a nerve wrecker for me. One never knows if the client will hate it or love it. I don't believe in the in between work, its not okay to have it in a mediocre state. I like the contrast of things. Hate it or Love it. You do it and do it right, give all, and never let it float as just okay.

One never knows when the shit will hit the fan, but hey, its part of the process and experience. To be honest, i am confident with this piece. I like it better than Mataz. But that's between you and me. Lucybell would probably get pissed at this. But fuck them to.

Saturno comes in with his spanish hiphop hermano self. He doesn't hurry to pull out an once of Santiago's finest green. Rolls up a fatty, we chew the fat for a bit, then get down to business.

Excitement, thrills and satisfaction fills the room after the screening of the first cut. A mood i invite every-time, a halfway there fills me. A relief and belief about what i am doing. A justification to my work. I am on top of that surf, i have to take it home now. When i finish this video clip, i want to see it on MTV and i expect it to rip any contenders that try to fuck with its style. A good day. A Bellavista ahead.

Its ten p.m.. The Dodgers are on. I'm drinking some cheap beer and sharing a two bedroom hotel with Catalan. He snores on the other bed. It sounds like he's stuffed up and is about to choke. Fat fuck will die one day from his own spit and blubber.

It must have been around four when i called American Express. The loan was refused. I almost threw up. The panic and fear hit me like bricks.

They switch the Dodger's shitty pitcher, so the game cuts into elaborate car commercials. Catalan reaches REM and a snore plateau never heard in human history before. Fat fuck. I don't quite know how i could have taken so many nights in cheap hotels with his snoring ass next to me. It sounds like mix of a pig and walrus, as if he's about to croak right there on the spot.

I need another beer.

My nerves still shocked, all those plans i had pretty much down the drain. But still, a drop of optimism left, try not to loose the visibility from within.

A sixty dollar a night dump off Sunset Blvd. It smells like sleepless nights in here. One to many parties, but the stench remained. A hole in the bathroom door, an air of death linger in there. A suicide perhaps, an overdose perhaps. At least the person went out with a bang. The Dodgers win.

Second beer and a flick of the channel takes me to one of L.A's finest porno sessions. Ten chicks are having a good time with one guy, what torture this becomes. Haven't gotten laid in a while. I just might have to enter the jerk off zone, or maybe i'll go downstairs and get myself a twenty dollar whore. Maybe i'll shoot a load into Catalan's mouth as he snores. Clog his fat ass up so i can get some rest.

Mozart keeps me company as fireworks go off as background sound. This could be a soundtrack to any contemporary war happening right now. It also gives me flashbacks when i was young and wondering the streets of NYC's Chinatown in search for fireworks.

The streets of Chinatown would get bombarded from all angles with loud, colorful explosions. Kids in rooftops would throw down all types of artillery onto the street. One had to be careful not to get caught with some of these flying projectiles. It could burn you face or leave you deaf. Even cop cars doing their rounds would get flying M80's or rails of blackjack firecrackers thrown on top of their patrol cars from high above. And only the dumb ones would get out to brave the assault.

Back in those days, the chinese mob ruled those streets, not officer Bob. They didn't have the same power and control as we see today. Kids would blow up pay phones for change, put them in fruits and throw them in the air. This being, one of the reason that a lot of New York pay phones have bullet proof coins slots.

I would buy at least a box of these fireworks from these little innocent looking chines ladies that would walk around in carts or blanket yelling "fiyawek, fiyawek cheap cheap".

M80's, blockbusters, pineapples, roman candles, jumping jacks, bottle rockets, and anything in between gunpowder and a spark.

Returning back to Jersey with the load, i would take my bike with my friend Joe and head up to Cliffside Park to sell the goodies, at triple mark up, to the rich little white boys. I used to get a kick out of seeing them run into their house and out with their piggybacks by their side. How little did i know that this was my first experience in making a buck out of something. Basic American Economics 101: Selling crap during holiday season. A big marketing scam that works every time in this country of ours.

I bring myself back to Mozart for a sense of sanity, close the window, light a cigarette and stare as the colorful lights blows up high in the sky. Molto Allegro; Huh Hah!

A perfect plan. Lucybell is playing a gig on November 9th in Puerto Rico. What a perfect opportunity to see each other again. Days, weeks, months have passed, but we still talk on the phone on a constant basis. The spark still alive; the urge to want to embrace her and not let go of her go is flying high in my mind. I am filled with excitement. All the days i've been waiting to have her by my side. The dreams at night. The light almost on my grasp.

The plane arrives in San Juan at around 8PM. I am there two days before the actual show. I will scout the area and hang with my baby if all goes according to plan.

The producer's assistant picks me up at the airport. Donna has not called or checked in to the hotel. Fuck, I feel as though my heart stopped when the she tells me this. I quickly panic thinking the worst; kidnappings, muggings, killings, you name it I thought of it.

She calls a few minutes later to the hotel phone and tells me that she couldn't make it to Puerto Rico. And tragedy had occurred at home in Chicago. A friend from high school has suffer a loss. She was in the wake as we spoke. I know that this may be the wrong but i sent her to hell. I was angry and disappointed. It may have not been the right way of handling it, but that was my instinctual reaction. I couldn't believe her. I felt betrayed, my insecurities got a better hold of me.

But feeling pain is good. It wakes you up. It makes you restart the emotional and mental fabrics back together. Love is like a sheltering bubble where nothing bothers. One forgets life's realities. One forgets who they were in a lonely state.

Love always seems to get you when you least expect it. When you have your heart totally opened for that person. When you try to give it all. It knows when to fuck you. It chooses the right time when security is knock out cold sleeping on cloud 9. It sneaks into your emotional vaults and lays a bomb right next to your heart.

Once you rebuild your heart you're better prepared for the next encounter with pain. Security is tightened. It helps to write, to breath out to friends and others who care. Play music that understands internal tears. These are things that any human can relate to. We're not alone. Its all part of the game. You win you loose.

TELEVISION **MOTION GRAPHICS**

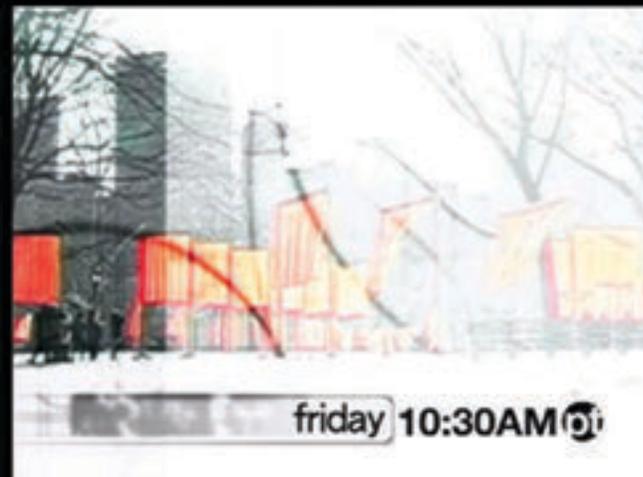
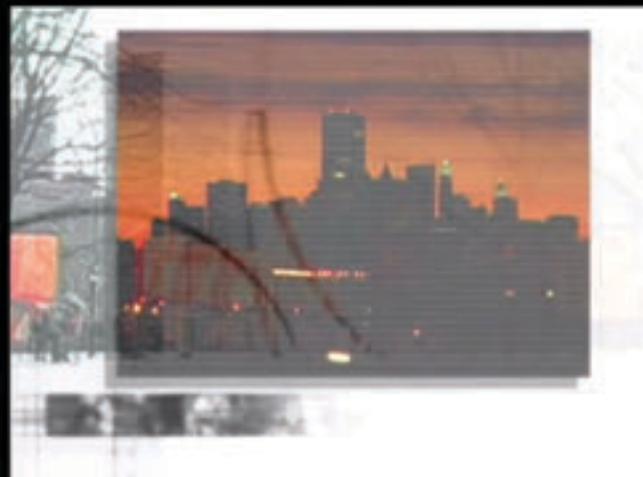
CLIENT PTV PRIME USA & DIGITAL BROADCAST NETWORK
MOTION GRAPHICS GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

During 2005 through 2008, I engaged more heavily in the art of creating motion graphics. The idea of fusing graphic design, animation and depending on the concept and desired look, a dash of film making had always interested me.

Rendering and rendering to get the right feel and idea of the moving outcome by far is the most fun one can have using multiple programs simultaneously.

I worked with two main clients in those years, PTV Prime Entertainment and Digital Broadcast Network as Art Director/Producer to motion graphic design. I was in charge of sketching the concept, designing and executing all the broadcast content for the channel while having complete control of the project.

Most of the direction for projects came from seasonal and program time changes. One particular project in which I was completely self involved was entitled "Orange & Snow", inspired and based on video images from Christo & Jeanne Claude's 2006 Central Park installation, The Gates. It had snowed consecutively for days prior to the opening of the exhibit and I felt that it would be a great opportunity to record the event. The contrast of the green landscape, white snow and orange hangings that were part of the exhibit would look amazing on the screen. The images were cleaned up in Final Cut then were brought into illustrator where I designed the graphic elements and text information. After the completion of the feel and motion of the ID's, I created sound elements to correlate with the visual movement. Three final selections chosen to run during the morning, afternoon, and evening programs televised throughout the states.





camera | editing
German Rodriguez

coming up

Tum Meray Ho 1:00pm est / 10:00am pst
Casual 1:30pm est / 10:30am pst

THURSDAY



backstage pass: junoon

3^{00 PM} ET 12^{00 PM} PT

business mysteries

4^{00 PM} ET 1^{00 PM} PT

next



مہربانی دلہان
MAIN BANI DULHAN

MO. TU. WE 8^{00 PM} NIGHT ET MO. TU. WE 5^{00 PM} EVENING PT

MAGAZINE PUBLICATION **KIDSWEAR**

TITLE WRONG RIGHT WRONG

PRODUCTION COMPANY INSIDEFILMS

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

PRODUCER ADRIAN CRISPIN

PHOTOGRAPHER ACHIM LIPPOTH

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER VINISHA AGNOHOTRI

STYLIST ANN-KATHRIN OBERMAYER

HAIR & MAKE UP JEN MYLES

POST PRODUCTIONS STEFAN KRANEFELD IMAGING

We were provided with the reference video of a short film in which certain images were selected by Achim to act as a base for direction. Although the reference film was shot in California, we managed to duplicate all the scenes using locations in New Jersey and New York City. It was a long two-day shoot in the metro area, but we were able to obtain all the shots required just in time for Achims departure back to Germany on the last night of shooting. The work was published in Kidswear Magazine's Fall/Winter 2009 issue.









ART WAYTOFAST/

TITLE WAYTOFAST/

PRODUCER CACA PRODUKTIONS

YEARS 1999 - 2010

ARTIST GERMAN RODRIGUEZ

CACA ARTISTS ADRIAN CRISPIN, STALYN FREILE

PARTICIPANTS/CONTRIBUTORS JOSE DIAZ, JOSEPH NIEVES, JEN JEQUOIX, AHMAD RAZVI, ELESBAN MONTOYA, EDWIN RENDEROS, JOANNA KOCAB, VOLKER MÜHLBRANT, JAVIERA RODRIGUEZ, JAIME RODRIGUEZ, BETSY GUSSACK, GILES DUNN, SAMIRA QURESHI, DIEGO VELAZQUEZ, DAN WATKINS, LINETTE TORRES, KRISTINE LIBERTINE, MELVIN, LUCYBELL, ANTONIO ESPOSITO, TOMASSO BERNABEI, AMY RODRIGUEZ, ENRIQUE VON BOSTER, WALTER VON BOSTER, CATALAN, NICOLE SENERMAN FINKELSTEIN, BERTIER LUYT, EL VAQUERO, ROBIN BOUCARD, TIJUANA NO, EL PUTAZ, EL JORGE, DONNA VERGA, MAURICIO VASQUEZ, VIKTORIA VERHOVEN, BOLIVAR FAJARDO, CLAUDIA BARRIOS, AND ALL THOSE BLURS WHO I HAVE FORGOTTEN.

The dichotomy of art as life and life as art was central whether we were creating work in the studio or in bars throughout the Lower East Side of Manhattan during the late 1990's and early 2000.

There were no boundaries. We recorded our casual conversations, the creation of ideas, performance, imagery without constraining the creative process in any way. We invited the chaos of freedom from a stand point of a true libertine. And like true libertines all consequence was insignificant.

The unleashing of this character in these performances/gatherings always gave a "non expectation outcome of work" mind set. We knew that we had the talent, our cocky attitudes provided us with certainty, but we never expected anything to come out of it. Incidentally, because of this process of allowing freedom of chaos to brew, a body of work was always attained through its process.

In this life as art, art as life mind set you are neither completely in one or the other place, you're in the middle, in between constantly juggling both, there are no words nor labels to describe this place.

Depending on participants, places, or random situations all the pieces varied in style and feel. Everyone and everything acted like an ingredient in the catalyst that evoked the outcome work.

During the early periods of CACA the initial works were more spontaneous and raw, than the preceding years. New participants and new places changed the look and feel of the work but not its core spirit.

WAYTOFAST was taken outside the boundaries of New York to capture this spirit of art meets life as one philosophy in other cities: Union City, California, Chile, Miami, Toronto, London, Firenze, Tijuana, Berlin, and Dominican Republic.

























G E R M A N R
O D R I G U E Z
C R E A T I V E
P R O D U C E R
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