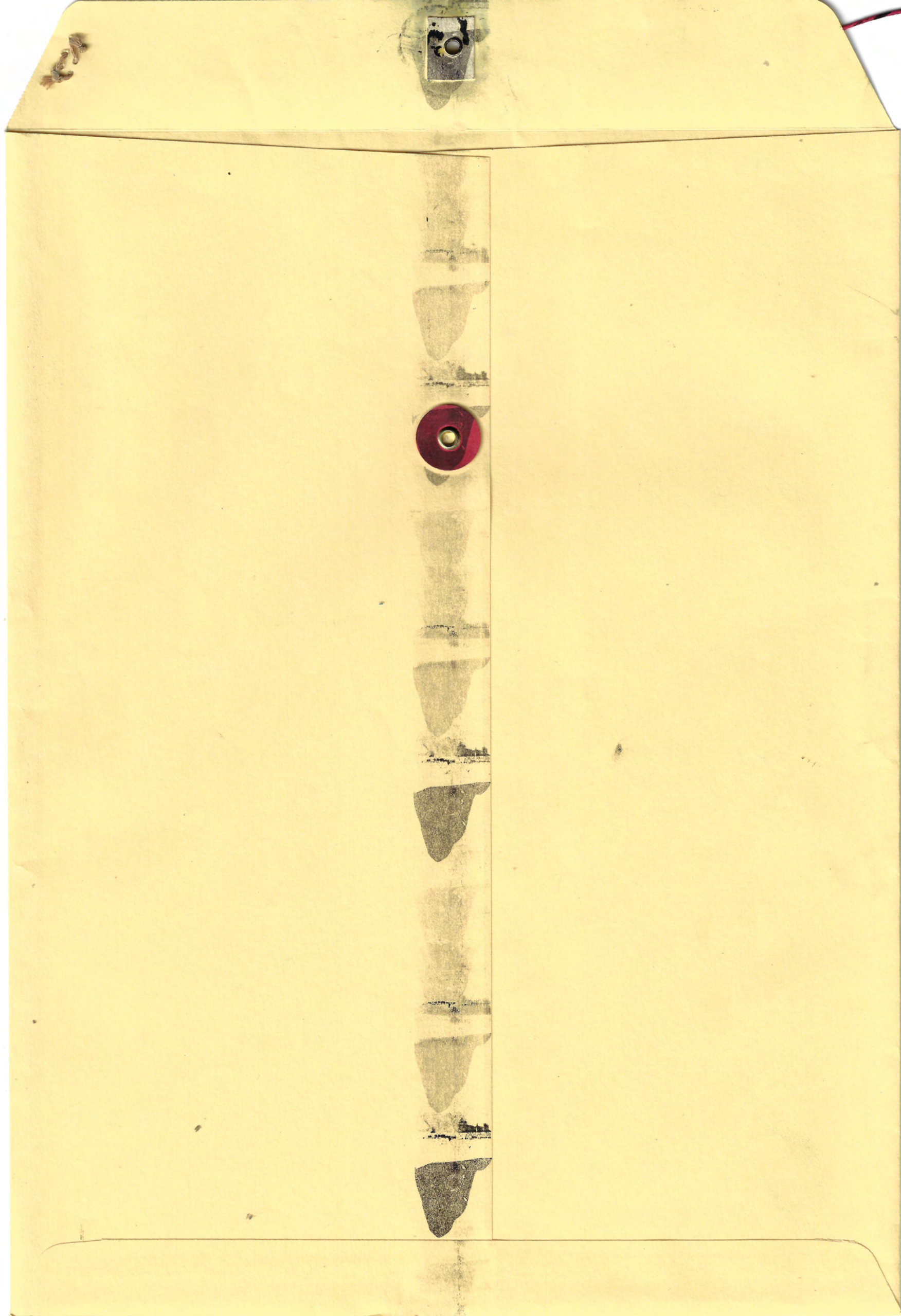






Soft Truth

Hard Times

Francine Agbodjalou, Ghazaleh Avarzamani, Nima Bahrehmand, Hazel Batrezchavez, Isak Berbic, Inge Braeckman, Caroline Carlsmith, Evan Galbicka, Baris Gokturk, Richard Kuan, Ashlyn Lee, Karla Leyva, Lorenza Longhi, Liang Luscombe, Asa Mendelsohn, Andrea Nones Kobiakov, Daphna Noy, Mohanty Paribartana, Nadege Philippe-Janon, Alessia Reggiani, Marco Rigoni, Ana Rivera, Julie Roch-Cuerrier, Laura Serejo Genes, Leila Seyedzadeh, Emma Sharpe. Thea Spittle, Tania Tovar Torres, Samuel Wagen-Magnon, Charisse Pearlina Weston, Víctor Yañez-Lazcano, Zebulon Zang.

What do we care about // Decolonization
of power resources // Anthropocene
// Together // Willingness //
Agency // Cynicism // Micro-Local-
Individuals // Treaties // Contracts
// Generational // Cronie // Ethics //
Soft-Truth // Indigenous thought //
Land Time // Intra-Action (within and
among different things) // Resources
// Capital // Tycoons // Empire //
Developing (countries/nations) //
Meta Physics (tension, resistance,
compression, inertia) // Longevity
// Extinction // Death // Survival
// Failure // (surreal) // survival
// Responsibility // "Sustaining an
action in time" // Representation //
Fluid // Communities of Privilege
(who can travel?) // (inter-)
dependence // Illusion // Ethics
// Macro-Global // Ecosystem //
Tourism (Political, Cultural, Eco)
// Transparency // Privatization //
Governmental/Corporate Language //
"Sustainable Development" // "5 Year
Plan" // Settler Colonial // Anthro...





The New York Times

Kong Sang Ha standing outside hole through which burglars entered to rob his store at 177 Canal Street in Chinatown. He said thieves must have known watchman's schedule.

February 18, 1975, The New York Times. The image shows a wall cut open by a hole, still careful to not damage the structure of the building. This photograph could have referred us to any work of Gordon Matta-Clark, if it hadn't been for the following footnote: "Kung Sang Ho standing outside hole through which burglars entered to rob his store at 177 Canal Street in Chinatown. He said thieves must have known watchman's schedule." (1) it read. Burglars, *made the right cut somewhere between the supports and collapse*, (2) laborious but unexpected, they passed undetected, not without leaving something behind. A story to be told in a circle-shaped hole on the corner of a wall. That same day, Ms. Margot Wellington, vice-president of the Downtown Brooklyn Development Association sent a letter to Mr. Matta-Clark. Attached, was the newspaper clipping. The letter read: (3)

Dear Gordon,
It is said that life imitates art.
Right after you left my office,
I read and felt I must send
it to you.
Sincerely,
Margot

Margot's letter unveils a deeper dilemma. Does life truly imitate art? Does reality recreate fiction? Do our own constructs now dictate what we thought came first? And if so, who came first? Fiction or Reality?

When Office Baroque, Matta-Clark's last standing building-intervention was demolished, many felt that Matta-Clark's real contribution to art was forever lost. It wasn't until the documentary material he left behind made it out to the public light: Letters, notebooks, drawings, negative photographs, and clippings, became more relevant than the physical works themselves. Long after both him as well as his pieces were gone, the never before seen life of the artist/architect took over. (4) The multiple documents that can unravel from his cut up walls, are the tools that allow those fictional ideas to prevail in time regardless of their physical life-length.

The archive, not only mediates its relationship to the world by designating new representations, but produces in eidetics, a relationship to the world that represents these processes as documents. (5) The documentation are thus, doubles, that make up for the hole. While the collapse of the wall approaches and its materiality disappears, its archive takes over its existence. The partially collapsed wall in the note's photograph, is supported by its documentation of the newspaper, preventing the hole from becoming nothingness and oblivion. Margot's interpretation turns it into memory.

The price that the wall and the hole had to pay to prevail, is related not only to its materiality, but to its reinterpretation. Documentation makes for an archival life, and while this turns the piece more complex and less rigid, less material and more abstract, more relative to perception than its original meaning; Media becomes an inherent part of the experience, not only to the public, but to the authors themselves. (6)

The story of the German Pavilion for the 1929 International Exhibition in Barcelona, it's beautifully entangled in Margot's dilemma. A pavilion that almost nobody had seen prior to its demolition, was rewritten into something that now everyone has as a reference to Mies van der Rohe's work. (7) The image constructed on the essay, or in Margot's (or actually Oscar Wilde's) (8) terms, art, built not only a text, but a second pavilion, life, that was built to the image and likeness of the essay. Today, the photographs of the second pavilion are considered to be the true ones by many. A few kept photos of the first pavilion and a handful of well written words of the essay, turned the reproduction into an icon of modernity.

Life imitating art translates into a reality built out of fiction. The unintended reproduction of the hole becomes significant, (9) when reminding someone of Matta-Clark's work. Providing values for the object, having it prevail in time, but also, capable of making values for its own. Foucault explains the inversion of physical existence versus a documentary or an archival one, (10) in which the relationship where the document followed history, is inverted to open up a path where to document, is to create. In a similar manner as Mies' Pavilion, Splitting, Conical Intersect, Caribbean Orange and Office Baroque, are all vindicated through their reinterpretation. The multiple interpretations made by Margot or anyone else, determine reality, or more precisely, new realities where art pieces can even serve as plans to burglaries. Out of all the stories kept within Matta-Clark's archive, this letter, the relations drawn by Ms. Wellington, the burglars cutting that wall, this essay, and the many speculations that the reader can make out of the short sentence, the photos and a footnote, are only some of the materializations, and the now, truthful variations to Matta-Clark's work.

That wall, as a material object ceases to be a reference or the witness to an art piece, while documents, become entities free to create, only to give place to something stranger than fiction, (11) where documents rebuild objects, and objects become expendable; the art piece, an idea; and the letter, history. And while carefully curated images and letters, nicely written essays or well stored photographs reinterpret the world, reality will slowly exit through the same hole through which all those speculative images came in. However, Gordon Matta-Clark will be in every man-made hole in a wall, the photos of a folder, the correspondence in a box or simply the exit through the back door of a store at 177 Canal Street in Chinatown.

1. Wellington, Margot, Newspaper clipping from The New York Times included with a letter from Margot Wellington to Gordon Matta-Clark, 18 February 1975. 19.0 x 13.1 cm. (irregular) PHCON2002:0016:003:048.2 Collection Centre Canadien d'Architecture / Canadian Centre for Architecture, Montreal Don de la succession Gordon Matta-Clark / Gift of Estate of Gordon Matta-Clark.

2. Matta-Clark, Gordon, Making the right cut some - where between the supports and collapse, ca. 1973. 7.6 x 12.7 cm. PHCON2002:0016:001:030.7 Collection Centre Canadien d'Architecture / Canadian Centre for Architecture, Montreal Don de la succession Gordon Matta-Clark / Gift of Estate of Gordon Matta-Clark.

3. Wellington, Margot, Letter from Margot Wellington to Gordon Matta-Clark, 18 February 1975. 19.8 x 13.7 cm. PHCON2002:0016:003:048.1 Collection Centre Canadien d'Architecture / Canadian Centre for Architecture, Montreal Don de la succession Gordon Matta-Clark / Gift of Estate of Gordon Matta-Clark.

4. Louise Déry & Gwendolyn Owens, The Gordon Matta-Clark Archive at the Canadian Centre for Architecture, published in Gordon Matta-Clark, A cure di Lorenxon Fusi e Marco Pierini, SMS Contemporanea, Silvana Editoriale, 2008.

5. Gertrude Koch, False Reconciliation, For a conceptual and practical differentiation of art and image, in Texte zur Kunst, Art vs. Image, September 2014, 24 Jahrgang, Heft 95.

6. The Mirror Effect understood as the impossibility to see the object in its wholeness anymore but through its reflection or interpretation, already

foresaw the imminent need for a medium to be able to understand the whole piece now invisible in its materiality. "The mirror stage is a turning point. After it, the subjects' relation to himself is always mediated through a totalizing image that has come from the outside". We had reached the point where architecture was understood as a publication process. One where the medium is the mirror where all its parts and pieces of the enunciation and values that are ascribed to the object (many times not materialized) return magically to the object as a complete image. Gallop, J. (1985). Reading Lacan. 1st ed. Ithaca: Cornell University Press.

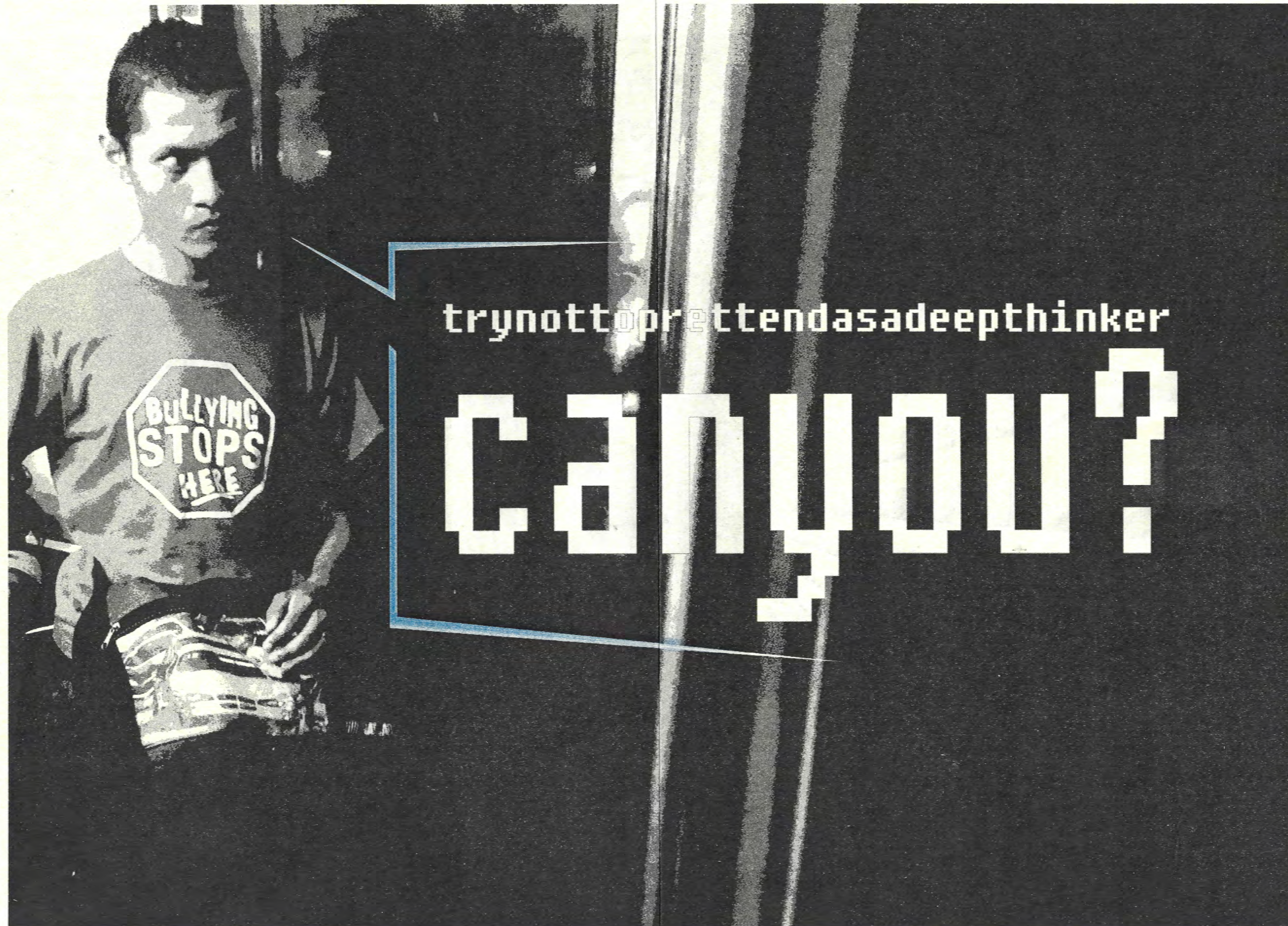
7. Quetglas, J. (2000). Fear of glass. 1st ed. Basel: Birkhäuser.

8. Oscar Wilde, who opened in his 1889 essay The Decay of Lying that, "Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life".

9. Colomina, B. and Ockman, J. (1988). Architectureproduction. 1st ed. New York, NY: Princeton Architectural Press.

10. Classically, history and its reconstructions, follow the archive. However, history and its constructs have changed their 'inert material' condition to one where it develops its own unities, totalities, series and relations. Foucault, M., Sheridan, A. and Foucault, M. (1972). The archaeology of knowledge. 1st ed. New York: Pantheon Books.

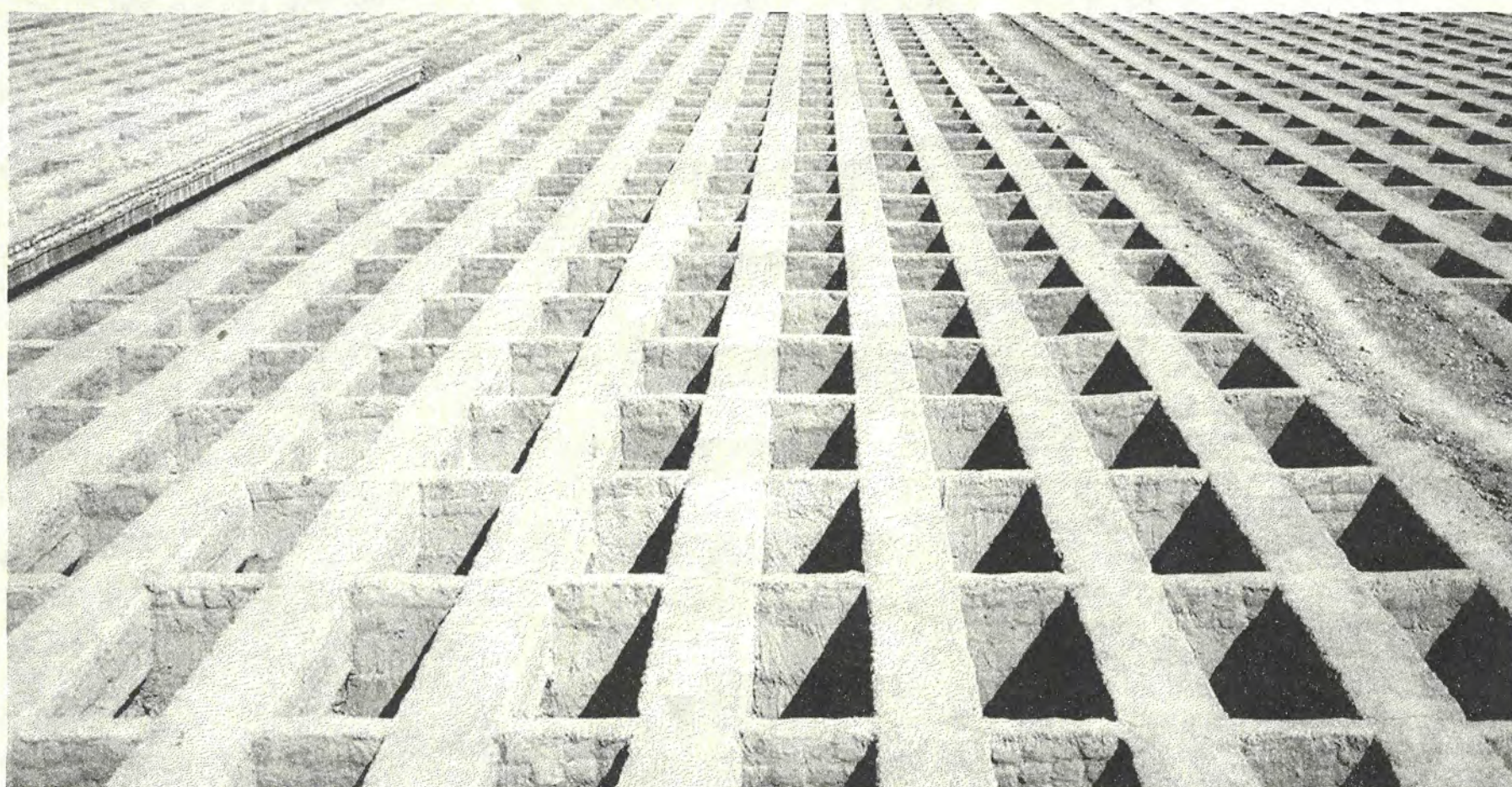
11. *Stranger than Fiction* is a 2006 American comedy-drama-fantasy film directed by Marc Forster. The main plot follows Harold Crick, a nondescript white-collar worker who begins hearing a disembodied voice narrating his life as it happens - which turns out to be a previously written text to a novel in which it is already stated that he will soon die.

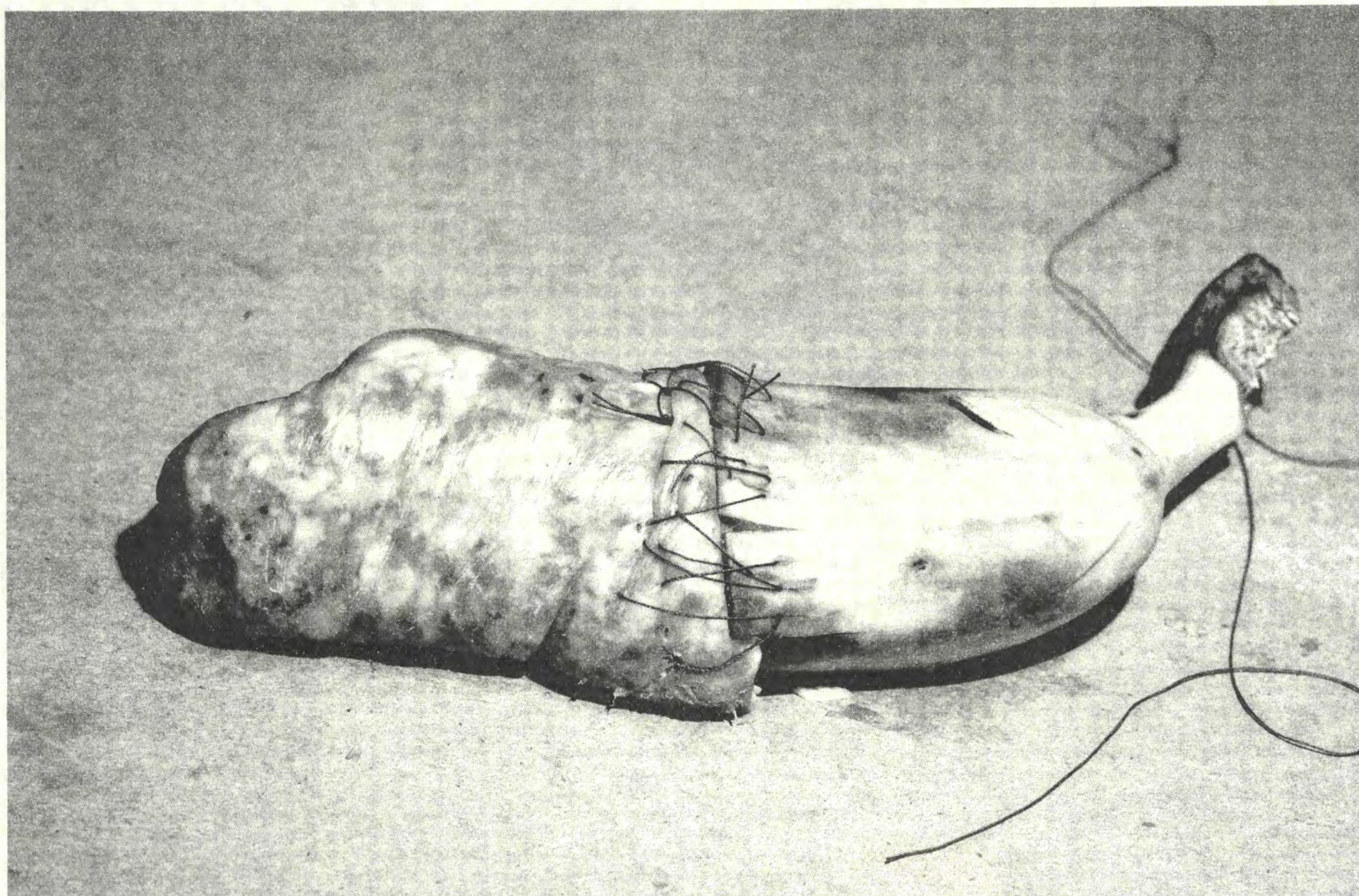


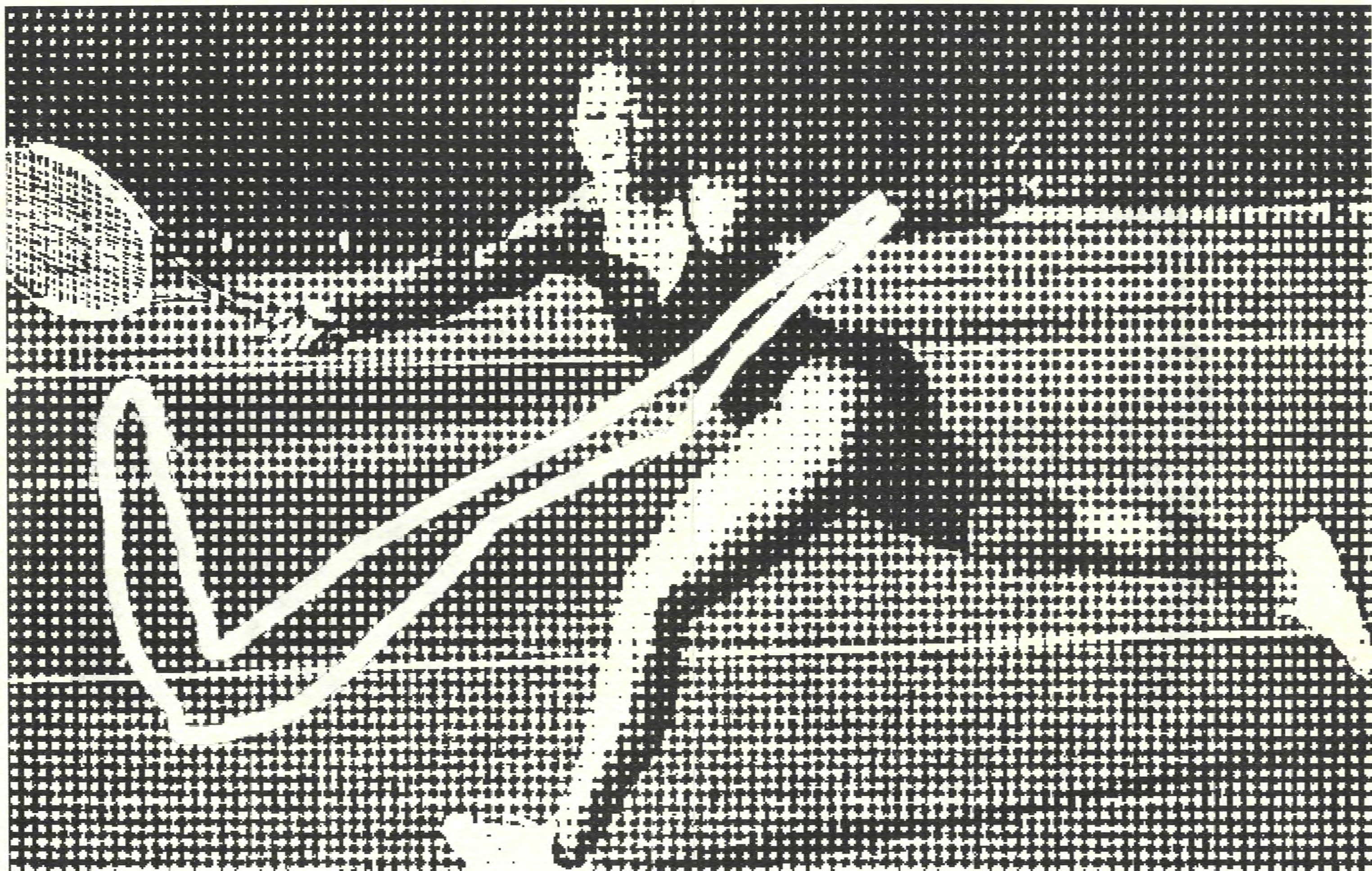
trynottopretendasadeepthinker

can you?

The artist's section at Behesht Zahra cemetery. Tehran, Iran.







THE HABSBURG JAW AND THE COST OF ROYAL INBREEDING

The Hapsburg Lip

Ninth generation, children of [129].
Balthazar^[129], slight.
*Maria Theresa^[129], wife of Louis XIV, of France, absent.
Margaret^[129], marked.
*Charles II, of Spain^[129], very marked.
(The last two children had as a mother, a daughter of *Ferdinand III, of Austria. The first two did not. Thus again inbreeding accounts for the persistence. This ends the Hapsburg dynasty in Spain.)
Eleventh generation, grandchildren of [129].
*Philip V, of Spain^[129], slight.
(The ancestors of Philip V are found under France, where there is little evidence of the "lip," among the close relations.)
Twelfth generation, children of [129].
*Ferdinand VI^[129], slight.
*Charles III, of Spain^[129], marked.
*Philip of Parma^[129], slight.
(Here the perpetuation was in part due to Elizabeth Farnese, mother of the last two. She had the Hapsburg "lip," inherited in the twelfth generation through *Charles V.)
Thirteenth generation, children of [129].
*Maria Louisa^[129], slight. (See Austria.)
*Charles IV, of Spain^[129], slight.
*Ferdinand I, of the Two Sicilies^[129], absent.
(The diminution of the peculiarity was due to outside stock.)
Fourteenth generation, children of [129].
Charlotte^[129], absent.
Maria Louisa^[129], absent.
*Ferdinand VII^[129], marked.
*Don Carlos^[129], marked.
*Isabella^[129], absent.
Fourteenth generation, children of [129].
*Maria Theresa^[129], absent.
*Francis^[129], absent.
*Marie Amelia^[129], absent.



Heredity in Royalty

Spain, 23 Examples
(For the first four generations, see Austria.)
Fifth generation; children of Philip and Joanna the Mad.
*Charles V, Emperor^[129], marked.
Ferdinand I, of Austria^[129], marked.
*Mary, Queen of Hungary^[129], marked.
Catherine, Queen of Portugal^[129], absent.
Sixth generation, children of [129].
*Philip II, of Spain^[129], marked.
*Mary^[129], m. Maximilian II, of Austria, very marked.
*Joanna^[129], absent.
Margaret^[129], absent.
(Here two resemble the father and two the mother.)
Seventh generation, children of [129].
Don Carlos^[129], slight.
*Isabella^[129], slight.
Catherine^[129], absent.
*Philip III^[129], marked.
(Here the "lip" is marked in Philip III and not in the other children. He alone was a child of the fourth marriage of Philip II with Anne^[129], who had the "lip," and was, moreover, inbred from those who had it.)
Eighth generation, children of [129].
*Anne^[129], absent. (See France.)
*Philip IV^[129], very marked.
*Maria^[129], slight.
Charles^[129], marked.
*Ferdinand^[129], marked.
(Here again the mother was from the house of Austria, whose father^[129], as well as so many others, had the Hapsburg type.)



Half
Tone

Gravity

I fall
Feel hurt
The force of gravity
Pulling me to the ground
I hang my hand against

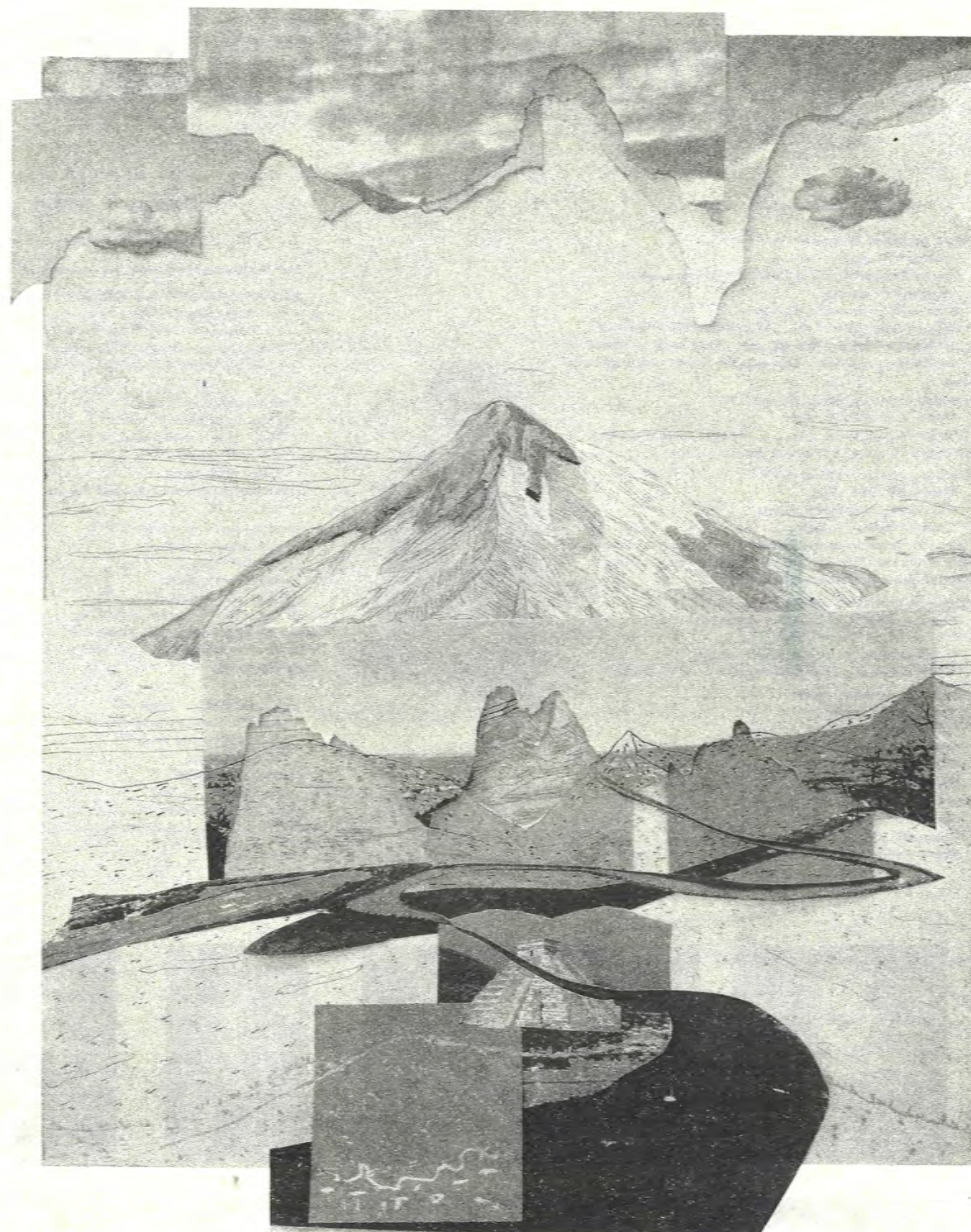
Up and down

I go walking on the pyramids
High altitude
Immersed in the forces

I listen to the wind
I look at the sky

The sky here is higher
Let's pack our travel satchels
And commence an endless journey

Leila Seyedzadeh





Dear Future Person,
There's a lot of things I don't know about you, if you like taking walks (is that still something people do), what do you eat for lunch, can you swim in a lake, is capitalism alive and well? For instance, I don't know if this letter is even legible to you, or if there's any technology that has endured long enough to act as your portal to access this text. I took a risk writing to you, as there currently exists no way to predict the future with certainty. Do you know what uncertainty is? Is it still considered a risk?

I am writing you as a way to mark my own primacy during a moment of sustained consideration for future generations. My therapist once told me to listen to this book on tape called "The Power of Now" by Eckhart Tolle, a spiritual teacher. Tolle narrates the book himself, with a slightly agitating German accent. Listening to him has taught me the skills to look more consciously at my surroundings, slow down through breathing, and regain control over my previously ever-future, anxiety-causing mess of thoughts. With all of this in mind, is it worth it for me to consider you? Are you worth the risk?
Sincerely,
Present Person

Dear Present Person,
It is a custom in the future to thank a person for thinking of oneself when receiving a gift or a similar gesture, so thank you for thinking of me. It seems, however, that I must now argue for my own worthiness even after you have taken the initial step of conceiving of me. I am not by trade a physicist (although this vocation still flourishes) and lack the expertise to explain to you how we know what we know, but know this: we know it. We know, for example, that we exist within our own present, which is your future. And we know that there are many of us - exponentially more than there were of you, even cumulatively. By sheer biomass (here I must acknowledge that the composition of said biomass is somewhat different for us than it is for you, but bear with me) we outweigh you, both physically and morally. I don't mean for this to sound insulting - indeed, you and I, left alone, have roughly the same moral relevance. The imbalance lies in that there are billions of you, and trillions of us. That difference may be difficult for you to grasp, but for us, I promise you, the difference is quite important.

This is why I have wanted to speak with you on the subject of existential risk. You see, we, the trillions, are quite dependent on you billions. Your choices impact our lives - our many, many lives - in ways that risk being quite devastating. Because of the scale of our existence, I urge you to consider our wellbeing even at the expense of yours, as you might (to borrow a metaphor from the medicine of your time) sacrifice the lives of millions or even billions of bacterial cells within your own organism with antibiotics in order to allow the whole to survive and repopulate.

Capitalism sends its regards.
All best,
Future Person

Dear Future Person,
Upon reading your reply, I find myself getting stuck, over and over again, on this undeniable relationship to both scale and mass. You say there are trillions of you, and you are right that this difference is challenging for me to feel, as one of only billions. I wonder if I am getting stuck on scale because I feel emotionally tethered to conversing with another person on a scale of 1:1. In no way do I want to conflate you, dear person of the future, with a mass, or imagine you as a representative of trillions. It is a conflict between the personal and the cosmic. Knowing what I know about the people of the present, the individual acts, the personal makes something real. But I don't want to talk about other people, I want to talk about you and me, the specificities of your personhood, your motives, your interests... I want to ask you who you are, and then, why you and those of your generation want to continue this progress of humankind?

Earlier, when I asked if my consideration of you, a future person, was worth the risk, I hadn't entirely anticipated the implications of that doubt. Now, that question reads as evidence of my complicity with a grave danger, which you have presented as existential risk. So, in order to adequately conceive of a response, it seems I must release my ties to the personal, and transition into a space that privileges the cosmic. How do I do that without losing an entire sense of who I am? Again, I find myself stuck when attempting to relate with the metaphor you offer. I get stuck identifying with the bacterial cells, which are individual parts of a greater whole. So, I ask you, what is the whole of which I am a part?
With kind regards,
Present Person

Dear Present Person,
I appreciate your interest in who I am, though it's not a subject I give too much thought to. The specificities of my subjectivity will mean little to you. Antiquated categories like class, or race, or gender, are no longer meaningful distinctions between persons in my time. It might be helpful for you to know that I am situated within your solar system, that my lineage traces back to earth, and that, as an earth-originating life-form, my existence and the existence of those I consider my kin are all singularly dependent on that particular planet and the choices being made during your time. For this reason, I must urge you again to consider us, to consider myself and my family (in the broadest sense) as of enormous moral relevance in your daily choices. Think of us as family members you have yet to meet. Think of our relationship as a kind of ancestor worship. Don't you want someone to remember you, to care that you lived, when your lifetime is over?

I offer this line of thinking as a way to re-conceive of your own self, as you asked. Think of yourself not as a single being, but also as us. Specifically, think of yourself as responsible not just to your corporeal body, or even the bodies of those co-temporal with you, but as also inclusive of all of our bodies. Think of yourself as trillions! Our lives are nothing without you, and without us you are a sad, lonely, mere one.

I do not wish that fate for you. I do not wish no fate for us all.
Warmly,
Future Person

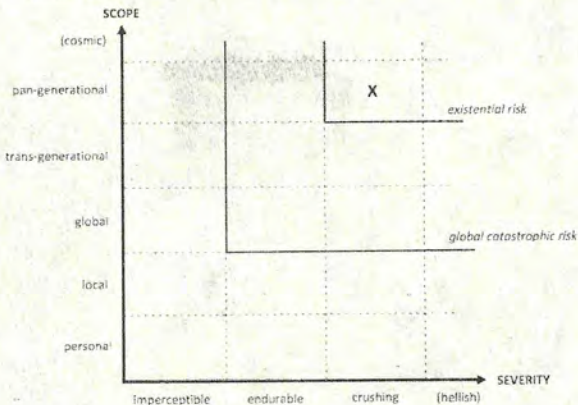
Dear Future Person,
Thank you for not wishing such a desperately bare fate upon me, or the people of my present. I trust you mean no harm in your writings, and yet I can't ignore this persistent feeling that either you or I must prove our essential worthiness through this dialogue. Are you appealing to my vanity when you ask if I want to be remembered? I can't be certain what you and the people of your generation will do, or how you will respond to any knowledge, customs or cultural figures inherited from my present day. If you say that identity categories like class, or race, or gender have become antiquated in your future society, then why should I believe that ancestor worship, or something similar, would continue? Honestly, I am not even sure if I want to be remembered.

Think of yourself in your present moment- do you feel in control? Control relies not on plurality, but on the individual, an individual in a present moment. At the risk of using a metaphor that may no longer relate to your future reality, in the event of a sudden loss of cabin pressure, secure your own oxygen mask before assisting others with theirs. By that I mean, what use am I to you if I can no longer breathe?
Talk to you later,
Present Person

Dear Present Person,
You are perceptive. I am not in control. I am appealing to you because I am not. My existence is within only one of many possible futures, and the control is yours. I had hoped to sway you with scale, with orders of magnitude, but it is also true that for the comparatively few possible futures in which I and the other trillions are flourishing, there are also untold numbers of futures in which we are not. I cannot speak for those futures. I can only speak for myself. I, yet unborn, am seeking you, begging you for my life.

When you read this, I am invisible. When you read this, I am hypothetical. And I understand, from your view, how you might question whether one future should be sought over another, particularly when at the potential expense of your present. I can only entreat you, from one individual to another, that you choose to help, if not yourself, at least not yourself alone.
Until soon,
Future Person

re 2. Qualitative risk categories.



A: It's difficult to see down here.

T: It's murky, but I can feel how soft you are. You are very satisfying to touch.

A: This is a bit...intimate. There seems to be a lot of you.

T: Close up I can only just make out your wide mouth and your obsidian eyes. I wish I could see more.

A: Would you like it if I described my body?

T: Yes. Start with your skin. It's quite lovely.

A: Our skin is delicate. Permeable. Silky and silty like the mud. We are forever young. At one end of our bodies, where we suck in small wriggling beasts, there are frilly plant-like tendrils that help us breathe. At the other end is a strong, smooth tail. Unlike your fins, we have legs, four of them, with soft little fingers at each end.

T: Ah. That sounds wonderful. I have seen you before, but only a few hints of you over many seasons. I sense you have been here a long time.

A: Yes. We have been here a very long time.

T: I think I have seen you dancing.

A: *blushes* you have been watching! If we are fortunate enough to find a mate in this solitary, suffocating place, we dance. We circle each other. We build excitement with some light touching, nudging, and rubbing of certain areas.

T: Aha! Then I was lucky to see.

A: And you? I've seen occasional glimpses of light reflecting off your silvery forms. You haven't been around as long, but you're multiplying fast.

T: It's true. I'm surprised you don't see us as enemies.

A: Well. There are problems. However, we do have to share these narrow canals. We are both still here. For now. Hey! What are you doing?

T: Oh. Sorry. I've been told we play rough. We can't help it. You don't really move much...do you.

A: I don't see the point in moving all the time. Why not be tranquil. One of the greatest things you can do is be suspended in water, while your mind is still.

T: I'm starting to think we are quite different you and I.

A: Yes, but I sense that we are both resilient in our own ways. And we are both fragile. Perhaps like all things. It's a matter of perspective.

T: Hmmm. I'm not sure that us Tilapia could truly see from your perspective.

A: One can only try. We are already connecting at this moment. Maybe not with this human language imposed on us, but through movement, sight, touch, chemical communication.

T: Yes, I suppose it's enough to be connected in this way. It might be nice to be still like you, Axolotl.





Dear Icarus,

Again, I read your story of fall.

Lately, I must tell you that I have to negotiate with all these stories of 'fall' and human aspiration, dream or dare, which I have been hearing since my childhood, as leisurely many times. One of such stories is of 'Kala Pahada, a Brahmin, a lover, a converted Muslim, a king went on destroying Hindu temples in Odisha'. This story rearranged many times in my adolescent memory, particularly in the backdrop of the demolition of Babri Masjid in the broad day light by Hindus. I have to negotiate to understand the Kala Pahada story, to proclaim a convincing interpretation or its much anticipated connection people make with Babri Masjid demolition.

While I was growing up to become a built man, I heard many other stories of fall from all across the world. I grew a secret fascination for these stories of falling. Falling of statues, temples, cities and so on.

These distinct stories from different corners of the world with their specificity or context, somewhere are appearing to be little connecting nodes, morphing into the larger network of thoughts of construction or destruction of our memories.

I wonder can a literal 'destruction' of a monument become a critic of that ideology which built that particular monument?

Nevertheless, my anticipation still remains calmly in place. In places which are not what they appear, or were built to be. In the becoming, how do they slip into multiple cycles of rehabilitation, improvisation and conflict?

Hope to listen from you soon
Take care

xx

Mohanty Paribartana

Dear Paribartana,

I received your letter.

I am Icarus, a meteorite island in the Black Sea. You will be shocked to know that my umbilical cord is still connected to the sky, after I fell into the ocean. So it is not the same story of 'fall' as you and many humans on earth would have imagined. I grew up on this island, where the first civilization flourished around this remote cord connecting sky and the water.

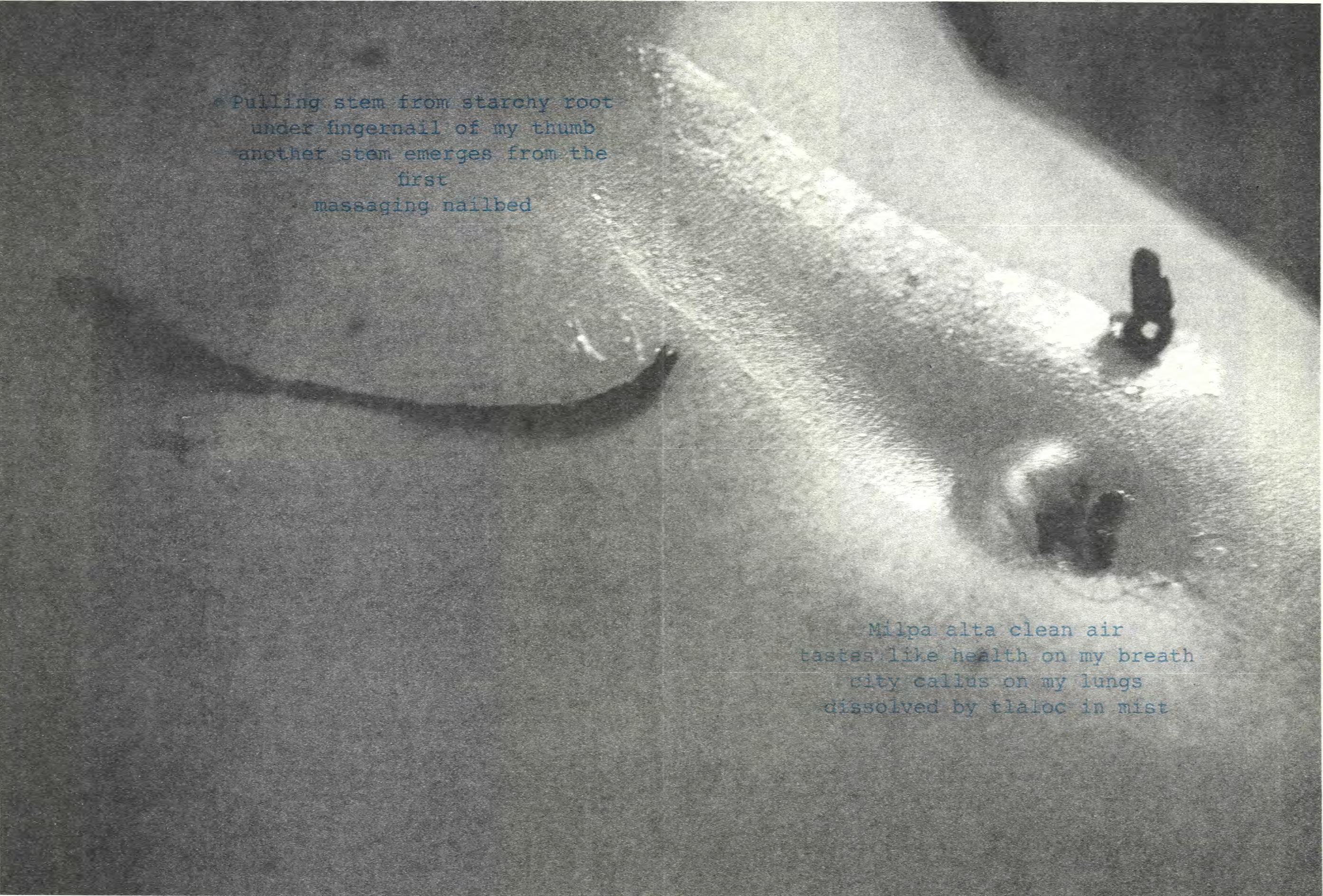
Nearly seventy years ago, Icarusians, the inhabitants of this land declared it a 'free' state by cutting its umbilical cord. Now here there are no police, court of law, money, prisons and even cafes. The means of production are collective and goods are acquired through working together and bonuses. We have free care hospitals for pregnancy, but in condition that all children born in the hospital belong to the state. School teaches the subject for seventy years on 'nation-building' and humanism. It is ironic that Icarus was never a colony but most of the students' favorite subjects are colonialism and identity.

All Icarusians dress alike. They like cold food. They read a single official newspaper daily. They get up at five in the morning. After Yoga, they work through the day, stopping periodically for prescribed resting time in the national health bulletin, until the end of the workday, at eight o'clock in the evening. Families prefer to eat dinner together. While having dinner they watch the 9 o'clock national news, which is the only channel available on the Television and is sponsored by the state. Icarusians, all sleep around ten o'clock in the night happily.

Oh yes, there are some rumors which also spread into my ears lately, about a nightmare in the sleep, but I believe it is just a rumor.

Hope you sleep well on the earth.

Xx



Pulling stem from starchy root
under fingernail of my thumb
another stem emerges from the
first
massaging nailbed

Milpa alta clean air
tastes like health on my breath
city callus on my lungs
dissolved by tlaloac in mist

You have thirty people for an afternoon.

Ask them to leave all of their belongings behind—their bags, wallets, phones. You're asking them to trust you but you don't have to say that that's what you're doing. Don't say that's what you're doing. Everyone should only bring enough money for the metro.

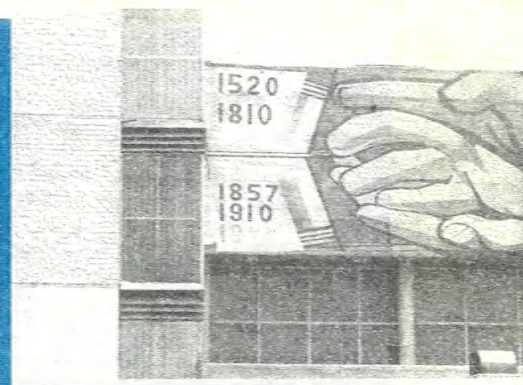
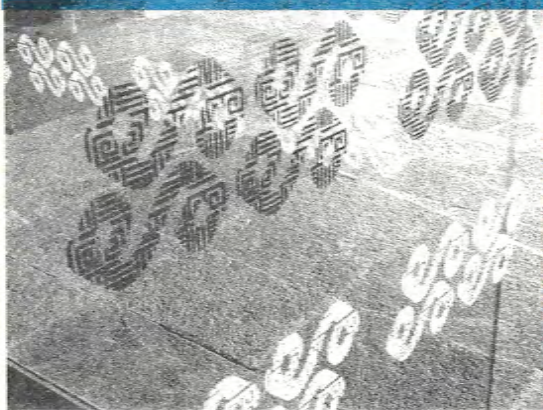
Lead thirty people on a walk through a crowded city. Everyone can walk at their own pace but everyone should stay together. Most of the group are foreigners with minimal Spanish, and now no one has a phone or very much cash.

Lead them somewhere you know well.

For instance, the church that holds the remains of Hernán Cortés. It is a location of special historical and political significance, an excavation site and place of worship. An accumulation of colonial and postcolonial layers present the pedagogical opportunity to metaphorically dig into the intersections among indigenous life practices and legacies, Catholicism, and capitalism that have created and maintained the state of Mexico. And Mexico, you remind the group, is a mirror.

Walking with thirty people through a crowded city, details flood and wash out like water. Traveling as a group to la Iglesia de Jesús Nazareno is also an opportunity to metaphorically dig into what it is that distinguishes one city from another. In feeling: what draws any single detail out from a sea of details, what makes you notice, what draws you in.

For instance, the person on the metro curling their eyelashes with a spoon. They are holding a teaspoon, deftly curling their eyelashes around the curved back of the spoon while using the other hand to support a compact mirror. They curl for a few seconds, move the spoon away, cock their head opposite the mirror, examine closely, then resume with the spoon. Curl, cock, repeat.



Or the person on the platform wearing a police vest, armed. Think about it: if you stand on the train platform for three hours holding the butt of your pistol in one hand, even if it never leaves the holster, how can you help but think about what it would feel like to swing up and open fire?

The apocalyptic autocrat painted on the ceiling.

La Malinche and her commentators.

The cracks and fissures between architectural styles.

Everything there is to buy.

When you don't take photos, you remember details differently. You already know that but it's still worth noting, all of the details you wouldn't photograph anyway. Your feet on the stones.

It is not exactly that the city used to be under water, but that everything was water. Can you imagine the labor involved in draining the lakes without romanticizing it?

A group of thirty people is basically a lake.

Move through the city reading it as if it were a museum. On the street and in the church too, you find containers established and bureaucratically maintained to simultaneously preserve and destroy what is called culture.

It is surprisingly difficult to stand on two legs in the museum for four hours. It takes a real effort.

Walking, poke open the question: what else could you do with that energy?

Asa Mendelsohn

STATEMENT

On July 11, 2018, SOWA summer participants met at the space of the artist collective Crater Invertido in San Rafael, Ciudad de México. Jazael Olguín Zapata asked the group to leave all their belongings and only take money or passes for the metro. They boarded the metro at San Cosme and exited at Pino Suárez headed for the Iglesia de Jesús Nazareno [Av. 20 de Noviembre 82, Centro, 06090 Ciudad de México, CDMX]. Among other things, the site is known as the current resting place for the remains of Spanish Conquistador Hernán Cortés and for the unfinished mural, "Apocalipsis" by José Clemente Orozco painted in fresco on the ceiling. Special mention was made of a Pre-Hispanic sculpture of a snake head at the base of the house of the nephew of Cortés at the corner of José María Pino Suárez and República del Salvador.

The following four texts are personal departures from this shared experience.

Our peoples of different lands and across the cosmos, have the reason and desire for betterment, and it is doubtful that we would have assembled here if the case was otherwise. But, rest assured, with our steadfast endeavors, our fulfillments will be delivered and your hearts appeased. As the ones who have proclaimed the new becoming, I appeal to you, it is with urgency that we must decisively settle these matters, and with a steady hand that we shall implement our resolutions.

Our people's testimony rings with confirmation of tremendous investments. It is our own survival from the regimen that is the way. To settle these water banks and harvest the rain is our profound duty, because what shall proceed, will proceed without interference. Lest our dignity drain and sink into the earth, we shall secure the continuity of our great land. Ourselves, we are the stone to serve as the foundation, and the plaster that binds our body. This place here, before us, the origin, at the sea-bottom, on top of the mountain of the star-moon, has called us, offering itself to us, and has created the new face of the sun. It is then, that we are born again, and we are ready for what is to come.

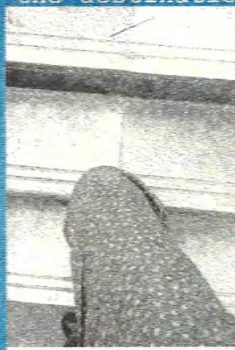
We are born again into the image of our will, we choose not that tongue, not that hand, not that land, not that belief, not that time, not those who do not recognize the truth, not those misfortunes without consoles, where we are judged by perpetrators and deserters. Do you hear their presence? No! There is no haunting, not one here but us. Throw away the names they gave you, discard your scars, wash away your disappointments. There is not one here but us.

People, you must become the sun! You must join us toward the peak. Citizens of our mother creator. There is not one here but us. Do not be quiet my hearts, take the right into your hands, and make the land bloom, what the perpetrators can never. They are only an incident of negligence, and will melt into the vapor of our work. There will be no trace, not an ash or drop, but our will is definite and good. Therefore, our reward and our force shall be serious, and our work shall be dexterous. With injury to not one, and honor to all the worthy. Assembled together, to hear the call, our scream to the sky will be heard, our freedom will fly to the clouds, and yield only to our fulfillment.

The corner

An abrupt stop, the pavement is a little uneven here. I slide my hand into my right pocket out of habit, and I remember that my phone is tucked away in my black backpack. Left behind so that I don't check minor news from home, directed by a guide that does not want me to know too much about the destination, yet.

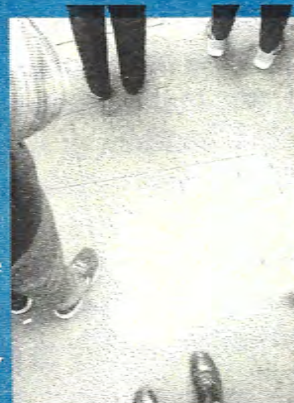
Window displays of glittering red heels; gleaming white sneakers, most likely knock offs; brown boots with tassels; booties for a child under the age of four; jeans that look old and worn but have never had a leg slide down in them; a worn sign advertising men's shoes; pink, green and brilliant red glossy jellies; a woman attempts to reach into my left pocket but no luck; ice-cream, not in a cone but in a paper cup and a clear plastic spoon.



Below my eye line, emerging from the corner of a grey building appears two nostrils and teeth barred. Its organic forms offset by the straight lines of the dark grey stones that surround it, giving the appearance that the building has wedged the stone creature's head in. Or perhaps the creature is pushing the stones away from beneath the ground, waiting for the right moment to slide out. The serpent's nostrils are flared, as if it is taking deep breaths. It stands in a lighter shade than that of the stone around it, the stone cut around the emerging head.

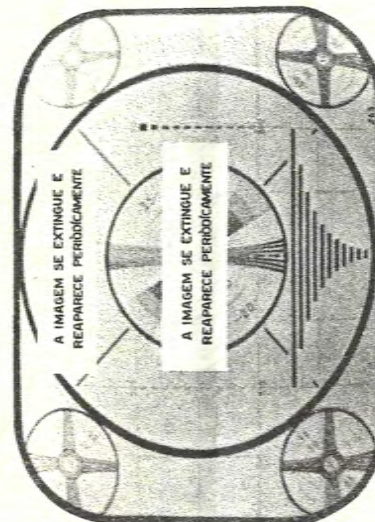
To the left, attached to the wall is a little sign in cursive writing:

Aqui esteve la casa del
Lic. Juan Altamirano prima de
Cortes por los Condes de
fue construida por los Condes de
Santiago de Calimaya en 1779.

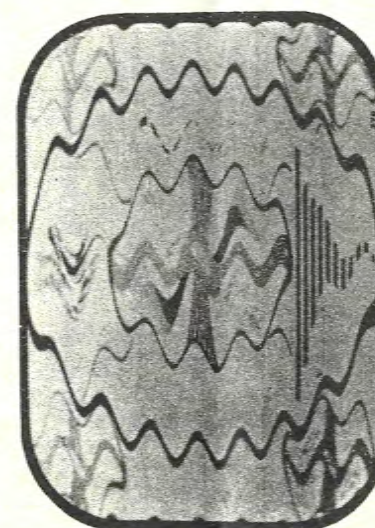


I look again at the sign, with its hand drawn border and floral edge, quietly festive in its decoration; I read somewhere that conquest can be achieved through taking over an enemy's primary temple, occupying it. Building on top, amongst, in between, overtop and over. It is then that the buildings settle unevenly, buckling over the stone ruins below, providing many of the sacred precinct's streets with a swaying, drunken air.

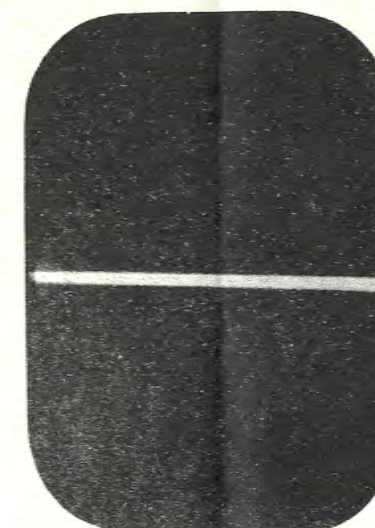
Liang Luscombe



Tremulo na imagem e no som.



Efeito de "dente de onguemacem".



Linha singular vertical no centro da imagem. Som normal.

DEFLEXIONS

He received a phone call from a man named "Indio". Iracema would like to meet you said the voice on the line. The young man recognized the name Iracema from his birth-certificate, written in a tight cursive on a yellowed piece of paper that never fit neatly into any standard size American envelope or folder. The young man was perplexed at the offer, or perhaps it was a demand. On his many annual trips to his hometown of Rio de Janeiro, he had never met his paternal grandmother Iracema. He had spoken to her on the phone many times, when he called looking for his father, Jorge. She would answer the phone, say her son Jorge wasn't home and ask who was calling. He would respond saying it was Jorge's son. "I'll let him know you called," she would say, unmoved and never extending an olive branch to initiate any conversation beyond this usual back-and-forth. Her nonchalance always made him wonder if perhaps Jorge had dozens of offspring, who called constantly inquiring about his whereabouts.

"And who are you, Indio?" the young man asked the man on the line. He introduced himself as a former doorman at her Copacabana apartment building and her current caretaker. Before overthinking the odd request, the young man agreed, wrote down the address and hung up. Before he had much time to process what he had agreed to, his cell phone buzzed with picture messages via WhatsApp from Indio. He looked at the small thumbnails that appeared on his alerts and quickly exited the app. He had waited 29 years to see any image of his grandmother and this one, with Indio's face taking up half the frame of the photo, would not be the first.

The apartment building was one block from the entrance to the favela, which was distinguished by packs of motorbikes offering rides up the hill and increased streetside police presence. The young man waved hello to the doorman. Indio, having previously held that post must have alerted the doorman on-duty of the young man's arrival, because the doorman swiftly opened elevator door, said aloud the apartment number the young man was headed to and pressed the button on his behalf. Indio was already at the doorway, with a huge smile on his face and his arms ready to greet him with a combination of a handshake and a hug. He ushered him to the back room, past the piles of mess that occupied every room in the apartment, with no disambiguation between what room was used for what purpose. Indio stopped at the doorway and the young man continued to Iracema's bedside. Without much thought, he went down on one knee and tried to get his face level with hers. "She's gotten much worse in the last month," Indio added. And as if Indio's voice were an internal clock, Iracema opened her eyes. She went for the young man's hand, clasping it in between her warm tissue paper fingers. She said, "You are Indio." She repeated, "You are Indio."

DEFECTS

The Indian-head test pattern was introduced in 1939 and by 1947 would be shown on every American television, often following the formal television station sign-off after the United States national anthem.

The Indian-head test pattern was the first famous and ubiquitous test card employed by the television industry to enable the calibration of both television cameras and receivers. All of the elements of this test pattern, from the bars, lines, bullseyes, numbers and headdress, were used as adjustment criteria for specific features of analog black and white television transmission such as perspective, grain, frequency response, contrast, and whiteness level.

During its reign, the Indian-head test pattern, [named such for its most distinctive feature of a Native American in feather headdress, drawing that graced its top, center quadrant] was broadcast in the United States, Canada, Rhodesia, Venezuela and Sweden. In Saudi Arabia it was adapted; the depiction of the Native American head replaced by the emblem of Saudi Arabia. In Mexico the test pattern was unaltered and employed by Telesistema Mexicano, now Televisa. In Brazil it was used by Rede Tupi, the first television station in South America, whose name is derived from the name of the most numerous Indigenous peoples in the geographic region of Brazil at the time of colonization. The first slogan of the television network was: Rede Tupi: A Pioneira [The Pioneer].

1950-1969: A pioneira [The Pioneer]
1970-1979: Do tamanho do Brasil [As Big as Brazil]
1972: Sistema Tupicolor, vamos por mais cor na sua vida [The Tupicolor system, Let's Put More Color in Your Life]
1973-1975: Tupi, uma estação de emoções [Tupi, An Emotional Station]
1979-1980: Tupi, mais calor humano [Tupi, More Human Warmth]

By order of the Brazilian military dictatorship, Rede Tupi was taken off the air in 1980, after nearly 30 years of continuous broadcast.

The Indian-head test pattern was not only an image processed by an external camera and transmitted to televisions but also a monochrome video signal generated from scanning the built-in, tiny, Indian-head test pattern image located at the end of a monoscope tube located inside each and every television console. This monochrome test pattern became obsolete with the introduction of color television in the 1960's. And these tiny Indian-Head test patterns, perfectly proportioned carbon images on aluminum plate were eventually all disposed of with the televisions that held them safe, stuck inside "hard-to-open, steel shielded, vacuum glass monoscope tubes."

Laura Serejo Genes

(
).
.

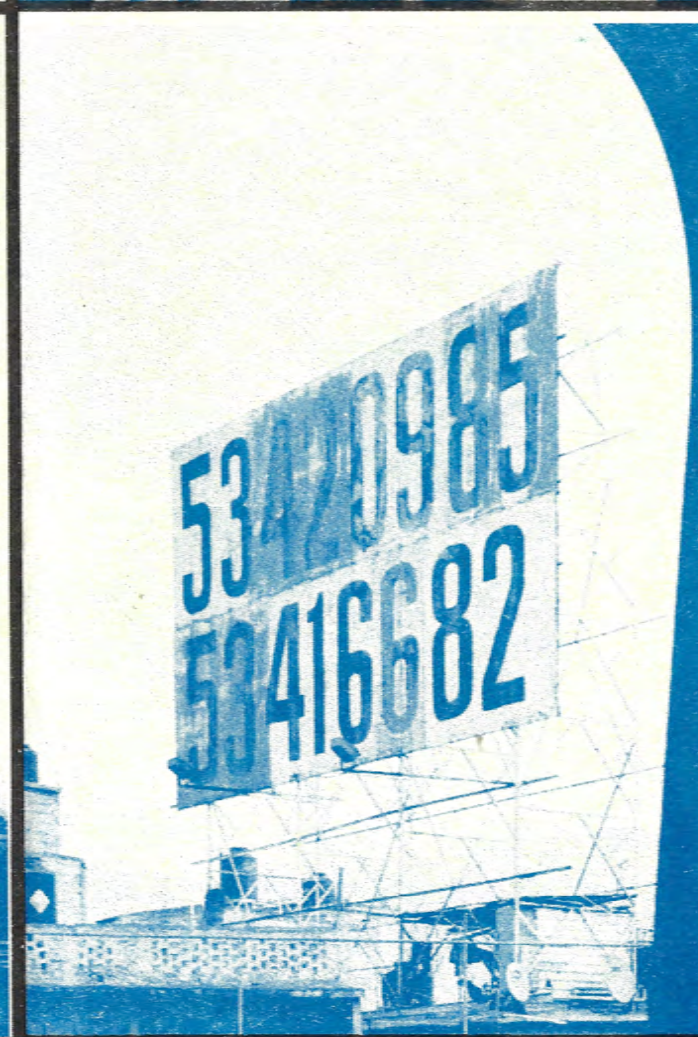


YES



!

NO



YBE

SECO MPR
ANCOLCH
ONESTAMB
ORESREFRI
GERADORE
SESTUFASL
AVADORAS
MICRONDA
SOALGODE
FIEORROQ
UEVENDA

YOUNG ARTIST SKILL MENU

Conventionally or radically, we have to agree that there are a set of skills which define or defend ourselves as artists in the market and beyond. In addition to a dictionary definition of what a skill is, the notion of skills transgresses boundaries of doing something with hand to material or technological skills to the very basic human act of thinking. For René Descartes who was spending most of his time laying on the bed and thinking, 'thinking' could become his most efficient skill. Indian right-wing prime minister Narendra Modi is considered a skillful orator (if you believe in his speeches). When Donald Trump is propagating for guns for school teachers and students, is he promoting the "the gun-handling or firing skill"? For M.K. Gandhi to acquire a skill was a tool to sustain 'small industries' to develop the economy of the country.

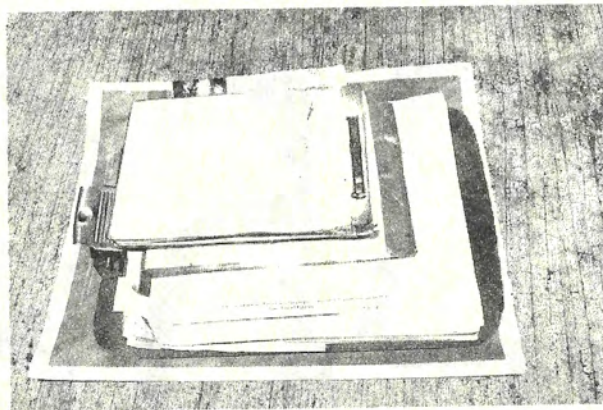
Skill manifests as collective or individual, social or cultural, and geographic. For us, artists, skill is important because it helps us recognise or acknowledge our labour. Without skills how would we differentiate what artistic labour is?

In this context, how does a young artist in the contemporary art field survive by doing or adopting a whole range of other jobs, which would not be considered as skillful. But these jobs certainly help us imagine our being as human, who are surviving in the world as artists. Can we say or pretend, all the odd jobs we have into are skills? And that they have the potential to produce or help us making our art?

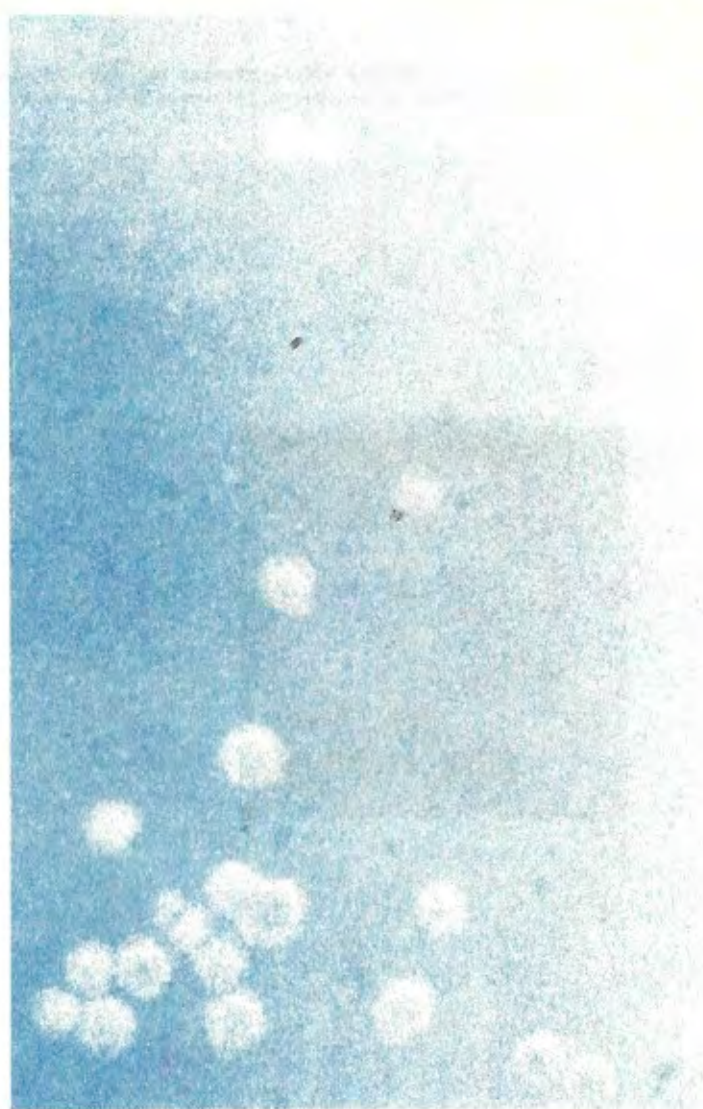
This list combines a set of such skills, which will possibly free us, from what we have understood as skills so far. Or an attempt to do so.

I can write,
I look at the sky
I can read,
I listen to the silence in the city
I can paint,
I discover the faces of people in the Metro
I can sculpt,
I feel what cannot be said
I can edit video,
I listen to music in the streets
I can orate,
I become silent
We can make book, we forget all rules
We can make website,
(...)
I can curate,
I go walking into the mountains
We can curate,
we go swimming into the sea
I can document,
I see a white page
I can cook,
I can
think

CONTRAPPOINT



I can





Sanded paint pigments, collected from Biquini Wax ESP, an 'interdependent laboratory' in Colonia Buenos Aires, Mexico City, July 2018.

Biquini Blue.

I am interested in the creation of a library of historically and conceptually charged pigments. The pigments in this library do not come from traditional processes of producing pigments; rather, they originate from human-made universal and/or symbolic objects.

This sachet of blue pigments is the result of sanding the painted surface of the outside wall of Biquini Wax.

I am seeing the immersion coming.

This is a gesture of interest in a space: to look beneath its surface, and to delve into the many-layers which inhabit it. The search is to explore beyond the surface; the search is for immersion.

What is embedded in these pigments? They hold in themselves traces of stories from this specific space, but also the history of blue pigments as a whole. They have a presence that is immaterial and embedded at the same time.

In sanding the surfaces of the wall, one senses an act of resistance not belonging to me, but a resistance inherent in the object. Sanding the surface of the wall only seems to emphasize the greater opacity at the heart of the object.

This pigment library is about an acceptance of the impenetrability of things: their right to opacity.

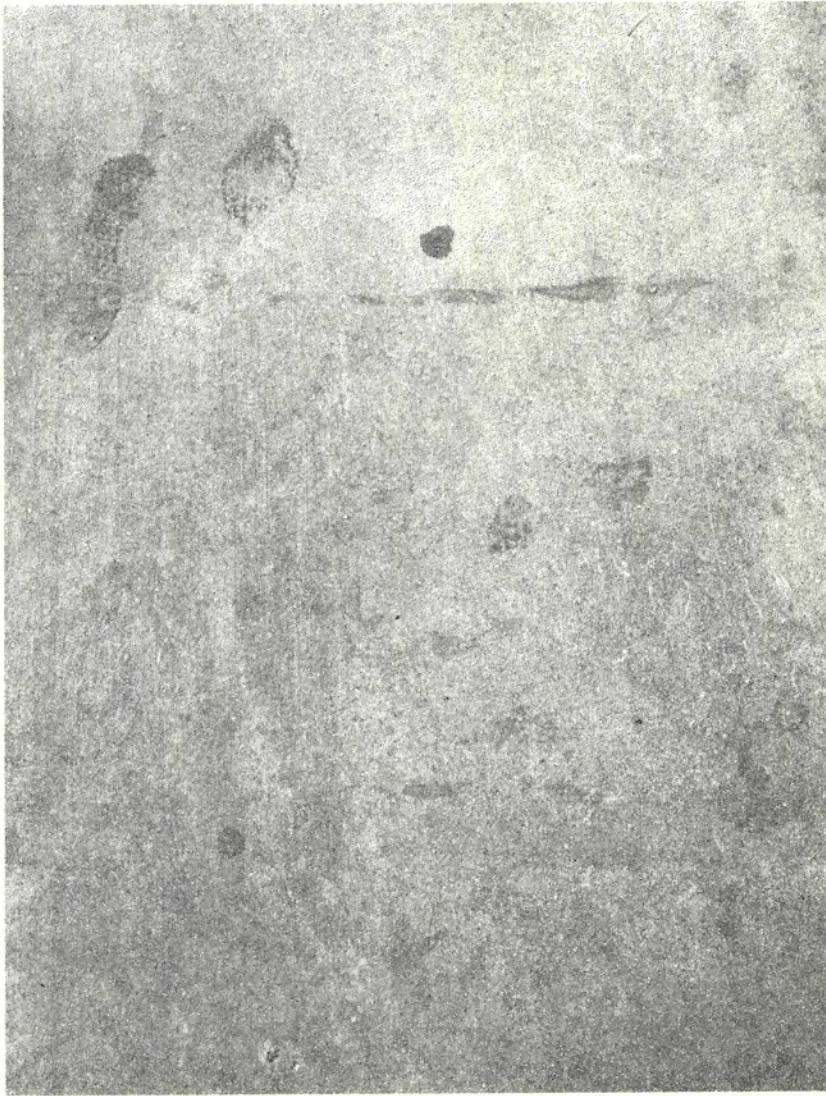
The surface becomes liquid again.
I immerse myself, and it swallows me.

Julie Roch-Cuerrier

. Crickets in the middle of the night. Here the paradox
.. has become the essence of history. Sound goes from
... language to image. While natives still have the skin
.... of soft earth and know the necessity of the sacrifice.

_ Buildings are unabashedly crooked, proud in their
.. attitude, with lost and broken windows, as if there
.. had never been an earthquake, and if ruins are an
... inseparable part of the whole. I sleep here with
.... windows open on the sky amid more than (...) -

Inge Braeckman



In one of the four hottest summers in recorded history ice caps at the North and South Poles continue to melt into the sea. The danger this poses to life is not restricted to flooded coastlines, but also through exposed methane-rich sinkholes capable of generating runaway greenhouse effects. We face an impending collapse of global agricultural and energy industries, mass extinctions, ocean acidification, desertification, and plastic-saturated tsunamis. The capitalist premise of unlimited growth and the willful ignorance of political leaders both create and speed the catastrophe. Our participation in this system through the exploitation of planetary resources appears to us as inevitable....

What does it mean to speak about "sustainable development" under this deadly scenario? Is this not a paradox? Is trying to find a balance between our consumption and production a possible means to confront what is to come? During these 8 weeks of the 2018 **SOMA Summer**, we have engaged the topic of Sustainable Development from different perspectives.

Our narrative arc began by examining the capacity of individuals to generate and sustain social justice claims (Richard Lehun). We then moved on to a series of case studies in what might be called "How things go wrong and how to live with the wrongness" if not how to transform injustices in the process of living them. These cases included the planned destruction of Lake Texcoco by Spanish colonialist policies that have given us Mexico City (Miruna Achim) and the continued exploitation of this site (Gustavo Lipkau), the neoliberal enclosures of land in Detroit and the efforts of individuals to reclaim it (Anya Sirota), and the slow drowning of cities like Miami under rising sea levels (Chip Lord). We examined artistic responses to human-caused distortions of both social life and climate, viz. Eduardo Abaroa's examination of the Museo Nacional de Antropología as a site of the construction of Mexican national identity and the destruction-through-inclusion of the cultures within Mexico's territorial borders, and Sara Nadal Melsió's careful unpacking of the aesthetic dimension of the works of artists Allora and Calzadilla that attempt to theorize an interconnected human-world solidarity.

Running parallel to the theoretical models and case studies of Sustainable Development were those artistic collaborations and solidarities that help to economically sustain creative and speculative forms of life attempting to think their way out of the capitalist catastrophe of infinite growth. Visits to self-organized or artist-run initiatives included: the anarcho-publishing collective Cráter Invertido, Fernando Palma's Calpulli Tecalco project sustaining indigenous farming and language in Milpa Alta, the anarchist archives at Casa del Hijo del Ahuizote, and artist-run spaces Héctor, Obrera Centro, Bikini Wax, Ladrón, and Areomoto. These visits, along with presentations by artists, writers, and curators Amy Sara Carroll, Claudia Garduño, Sandra Rozental, Patrick Killoran, Tania Bruguera, Mónica de la Torre, Regine Basha, Minerva Cuevas, Tania Candiani, Ariel Guzik, Sara Eliassen, Tyler Rowland, Valerie Tevere and Angel Nevarez demonstrated sustainable artistic/creative practices that pressure the norms and market logics of art without romanticism or cynicism.

How are cultural producers to engage with the urgent problem of Sustainable Development? What roles, what powers can be claimed? What demands can be made to state, corporate, and international powers in the name of life? What forms of life, what new narratives, might rise amid the trash-heaps that Western technocratic societies have produced? What becomes clear is that our fates are unevenly distributed — the precarious, indigenous, working-class, and marginalized of the globe bear the brunt of the damage. A time for reflection seems imperative. The resolution seems impossible to find. How do we sustain this conversation in the face of a problem that isn't going to solve itself?

Camel Collective

Thanks To:

Eduardo Abaroa
Biquini Wax
Miruna Achim
Ricardo Alzati
Magalí Arriola
Regine Basha
Tania Bruguera
Tania Candiani
Amy Sara Carroll
María del Consuelo Méndez
Laura Cortés Hesselbach
Tatiana Cuevas
Mariana David
Leonardo de la Cruz
Irving Domínguez
Ricardo Domínguez
Sofía Fuentes Sánchez
La Casa del Hijo del Ahuizote
Claudia Garduño
Julio García Murillo
Gris García
Magnolia de la Garza
Anthony Graves
Obrera Centro
Camel Collective
Ariel Guzik
Larissa Harris
Nate Harrison
Barbara Hernandez
Edgar Hernández
Carla Herrera-Prats
Nina Höchtl
Fabiola Iza
Graciela E. Kasep Ibáñez
Patrick Killoran
Esteban King Álvarez
Alejandra Labastida
Gustavo Lipkau
Richard Lehun
Karla Leyva
Catalina Lozano
Chip Lord
Diana Martínez
Metra
Rosalba Meza
Caroline Montenant
Manuela Moscoso
Sara Nadal-Melsió
Angel Nevarez & Valerie Tevere
Andrea Nones Kobiakov
Andrea Núñez
Yoshua Okón
Jazael Olguín Zapata
Josefa Ortega
Pedro Ortiz-Antorán
Víctor Palacios
Fernando Palma
Bárbara Perea
Juan Rosas
Tyler Rowland
Sandra Rozental
Paola Santoscoy
Itala Schmelz
Joaquín Segura
Jonathan Silva Menchaca
Any Sirota
Mónica de la Torre
Felipe Zúñiga

P A
C



* FUNDACIÓN JUMEX
ARTE CONTEMPORÁNEO

soma

fa fundación
alumnos





**SE PIDE SU AYUDA PARA LOCALIZAR
A SILVERIO SE EXTRAVIO EL DIA
SABADO 11 DE AGOSTO A LAS 4 DE
LA TARDE SI TIENES INFORMES
FAVOR DE LLAMAR AL TEL.
0445517515328**
