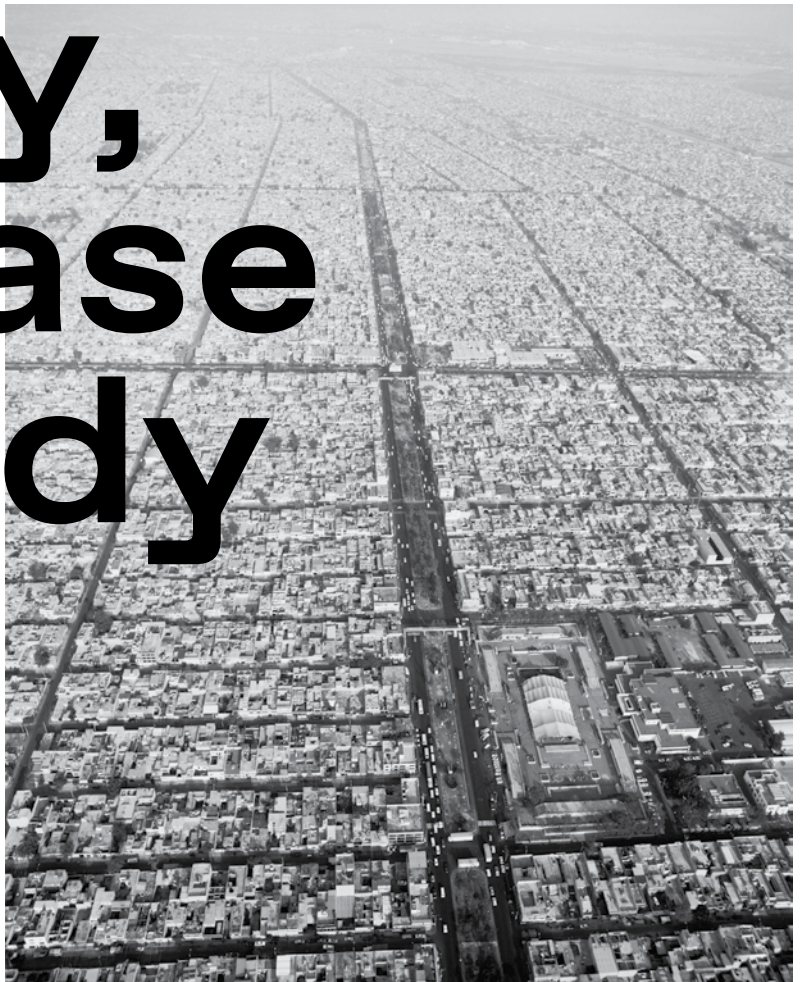


Dwelling Poetically: Mexico City, a case study



**Dwelling Poetically:
Mexico City,
a case study**

**Australian
Centre for
Contemporary
Art**

**21 April—24 June
2018**

acca

Francis Alÿs
Andrew Birk
Ramiro Chaves
Abraham Cruzvillegas
Chelsea Culprit
ektor garcia
Yann Gerstberger
Jaki Irvine
Kate Newby
Isabel Nuño de Buen
Melanie Smith
Martin Soto Climent
Curator
Chris Sharp



Chelsea Culprit
Charm bracelet 2017
neon, chain, electrical cable
120.0 cm x 330.0 cm
Courtesy the artist and BWSMX, Mexico City

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Foreword

Max Delany

ACCA is pleased to present *Dwelling Poetically: Mexico City*, a case study which considers the ways artists and cities mutually inform and transform one another. A city, it could be argued, is the sum of its portrayals – the more it is depicted, the more it enters the symbolic and global imaginary. One of the great cross-roads of North America, Mexico City has taken prominence not only as one of America's most populous urban centres, and as Latin America's strongest economy, but also as a node of rich and potent cultural production. This is in part thanks to a whole generation of artists from the '90s, which includes Francis Alÿs, Abraham Cruzvillegas and Melanie Smith, as well as a complex, burgeoning and much-discussed contemporary scene in the early twenty-first century. Authored by the city as much as they are authors of it, the work of these contemporary artists is crucial in the development and cultivation of Mexico City as a place, myth, metropolis and site of cultural production in the global imaginary.

Developed by guest curator Chris Sharp, assisted by Fabiola Talavera, *Dwelling Poetically* proposes a portrait of the Mexican capital through a selection of artists that live, have lived in, or frequently pass through the city, all the while contributing to its composition. As a case study of one of the cultural capitals of the twenty-first century, the exhibition is intended as a portrait of the city itself – albeit partial and subjective – and a reflection upon the global megalopolis today. The exhibition does not seek to present an objective, historiographic representation of recent contemporary art from Mexico. Rather, *Dwelling Poetically* takes a literary and more cosmopolitan approach, focusing upon the objective conditions of the urban metropolis, and the subjective perspectives of its inhabitants, through

the perception of artists whose works register and explore the material realities and psychogeographic intensities of the city itself.

Dwelling Poetically explores architectural forms emblematic of Mexican modernity and more improvised architectures and folk-art traditions which reflect the social spaces of the city and the detail and density of its cultural, commercial and libidinous economies. The exhibition reflects upon the work of artists whose practices move beyond the realm of the studio to engage directly with the fabric of the city and the contingencies of everyday life, and those whose works harness the materialities of the urban metropolis, drawing upon narrative, myth and readymade forms found in the urban environment, which are incorporated back into the studio and transformed through aesthetic and poetic means into new artistic compositions. The form of the exhibition expands and contracts, from macro to micro perspectives, and from the harsh light of day to the delirious glow of the nocturnal imagination, also reflecting cycles of collapse and renewal that characterise the ever-expanding and transforming metropolis.

Dwelling Poetically presents a number of now canonical works from the turn of the century, along with new and existing works by participating artists. We would like to thank each of the artists for their enthusiastic response to the exhibition, for generous loans, and for the commitment to the production of new work. We are delighted that ektor garcia, Isabel Nuño de Buen and Martin Soto Climent have been able to visit Melbourne to produce new installations conceived especially for the exhibition, and we are equally grateful to our colleagues at Monash Art

Design and Architecture (MADA) and RMIT University for generously hosting artist residencies. We also acknowledge the Mexican Embassy in Australia for its contribution to artists' travel, and the support of His Excellency Eduardo Peña Haller, Ambassador; Eduardo Martínez Curiel, Deputy Head of Mission; and Santiago Ballina Garcia, Third Secretary.

As always, we acknowledge our government partners for their support of ACCA's programs, our exhibition partners for their commitment to the project, along with our patrons and donors, corporate and media partners, without whom we would not be able to achieve the bold and adventurous nature of ACCA's vision. I would also like to acknowledge Samantha Vawdrey, ACCA's Exhibition Manager, along with all of ACCA's talented and dedicated team, for their unwavering commitment to all aspects of the exhibition and related programs, and we extend our appreciation to ACCA's wonderful installation team for their fine calibration of the exhibition through ACCA's gallery spaces.

We are pleased to publish newly-commissioned writing in this publication, including a curatorial introduction by Chris Sharp, and short entries on artists by Chris and Fabiola, alongside a new narrative text by renowned Mexican author Gabriela Jauregui, which evocatively captures a rich sense of Mexico City through an appreciation of friendship and the anonymity of the crowd, an understanding of the fragility of life and the inevitability of death, with reference to inescapable questions of class, and the politics of naming, along with emotional and sensory phenomena – all of which are, inevitably, critical to the experience of the complex urban geography of the city.

Dwelling Poetically seeks to charge ACCA's galleries with the energies, intensities and symbolic resonance of Mexico City, whilst offering a sense of the cultural histories, materialities, narratives and myth which underwrite this great cultural metropolis of the twenty-first century. It has been a great pleasure to work with the exhibition curator Chris Sharp, and participating artists, and we look forward to the public engagement with the exhibition with anticipation.



ektor garcia
kriziz 2016 (detail)
mixed media
dimensions variable
installation views, kurimanzutto, Mexico City, 2016
Courtesy the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City
Photograph: Abigail Enzaldo

Dwelling Poetically: Mexico City, a case study

Chris Sharp



The exhibition *Dwelling Poetically: Mexico City, a case study* has its origin in a couple of different sources. Naming and mapping out (to deploy a geographical metaphor) these sources can and will, I suspect, tell as much about where the show comes from as it will about where it intends to go. I suppose the first and most important point of origin is my moving to Mexico City in the autumn of 2012 for no other reason than I had fallen completely in love with the city. On a superficial level, I told myself, without telling myself, that what I fell for was the relatively calm spirit of the place, its rich and variegated architecture, its village-like atmosphere and temperate climate, how green and leafy it was, not to mention the food and the everyday kindness of its people. But, now, thinking about it on a deeper level, I fell in love with Mexico City for the reason I fell in love with New York or Paris or even, to a certain degree, Istanbul, and that was due to their shared and seemingly boundless capacity to both generate and contain story and myth. For a city, in the end, is only as interesting as the stories and myths people tell about them. Invisibly caked upon the given surface of a metropolis like so much geological strata, stories and myths are what make cities live, by which I mean, truly live and generate dreams.¹ And not dreams of distractions, of idle reverie, but actual striving. Of course, different cities engender and host different kinds of myths. For instance, just as New York is associated with ambition and culture, Paris is associated with culture and sophistication, and Istanbul, an energetic cross roads between the east and the west. But the important thing is that they incite the bracing stuff of narrative, that they leave whoever visits them with a sense of having just scratched the

proverbial surface of their myriad tales as well as the possibility of wanting and being able to add their own to the ever-expanding amalgam. It is this that transforms a city from a mere place in which people live and work into a palpably organic, living entity.

What then was the specific stuff of the myth that had initially drawn me to Mexico City? I can say without hesitating it was a precise crucible of contemporary art, film and literature. On the artistic end, my enchantment could be attributed to a group of Mexico City-based artists from the '90s, such as Francis Alÿs, Melanie Smith, Abraham Cruzvillegas and Gabriel Orozco, who were known, in many cases, for leaving the studio and working in the streets, or with what happened in streets, predominantly of Mexico City. Their ability to do so inspired in me the belief, either rightly or wrongly, that if this group of artists was capable of developing such rich and compelling work in the urban space of the city it was because that space itself was intrinsically interesting. In other words, the streets themselves were as much the authors of the artists' works as the artists themselves. From a literary point of view, it was manifestly a combination of the Beats and Roberto Bolaño. I remember being marked in my early twenties by the end of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* (which ends in Mexico City) and later, by his excellent collection of poems, written in Mexico City, entitled *Mexico City Blues*. The awareness of William S. Burroughs taking refuge from the law in Mexico City also played a no less significant role in seeding the place among the furrows of my imagination. But no writer impacted me as much as Roberto Bolaño and his novel *The Savage Detectives*, a large part of which takes place in Mexico City (the

1.
As such, one is always predisposed to fall in love with such a place. In order to do so, you have to have absorbed a minimum of information (story, myth) about the place before going. This brings to mind one of the claims made in Mexican novelist, Alvaro Uribe's novel *Morir más de una vez* (To die more than once): '... nadie llega nunca por primera vez a París'. (No one ever goes to Paris for the first time).



Jaki Irvine
Se Compra: Sin é 2014 (stills)
 HD DVD, colour, 5.1 surround sound, free-standing screen, stools
 17:37 mins
 Courtesy the artist; Frith Street Gallery, London;
 and Kerlin Gallery, Dublin

Page 8:
Melanie Smith
Photo for Spiral city (Series 1-IV) 2002
 silver gelatin print
 127.0 x 152.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Galerie Peter Kilchmann, Zurich

Mexico City, it turns out, in which I live, at least geographically). Bolaño and his band of merry and reeling outlaw sybarite poets instilled in me a vision of an incredibly tolerant, vibrant and endlessly fertile city, as rich in committed literary conflict as it was in hunger for human connection. It seemed like a place where anything was possible – anything could, and often did, unpredictably happen. Aided by a few films, such as Alfonso Cuarón's *Y Tu Mamá También* 2001, Mexico City thus variously entered and infected my imagination with a gripping potency that bordered on the obsessive. By the time I arrived for a curatorial residency in the winter of 2012, I was all but thoroughly prepped and predisposed to fall madly in love with it. And I did.

Later that same year, I made the decision to relocate to the city, and soon thereafter, in the spring of 2013, I opened a project space named Lulu with the Mexican artist Martín Soto Climent. I became increasingly involved with the local scene, curating shows at local institutions as well as at the gallery kurimanzutto. Of course, dreaming about living in a place and actually living and working there are two different things. After a time in the city, my initial perspective of the place shifted, took a few knocks, shedding certain naïve a priori, while assuming greater complexity in other respects. But one thing that did not change, and which is at the core of this exhibition, is the notion about how cities and artists mutually transform one another. Initially little more than an inchoate suspicion, this idea crystallised into something altogether more concrete when I saw it embodied in the Irish, Mexico City-based artist Jaki Irvine's video *Se Compra: Sin é* 2014. For this approximately seventeen-minute piece,

Irvine harnessed and concentrated upon one of the most immediately salient features of Mexico City – its spirited, to say the least, and motley soundscape. The title and the video is largely based on a pre-recorded announcement one is liable to hear numerous times a day anywhere in the city, and that is an itinerant enterprise which broadcasts from a loudspeaker in a roving pickup truck: '!!!Se compran colchones, tambores, refrigeradores, estufas, lavadoras, microondas o algo de fiero viejo que vendas!!!!' (We buy mattresses, drums, refrigerators, ovens, washing machines, microwave ovens or any old iron thing that you sell). Anyone who has spent more than a couple of days in Mexico City will not only remark upon this soundtrack, but it, this soundtrack, will become indelibly sutured to their memories of their time in the city. It is not necessarily the content of the announcement that haunts you, but the plaintive and eerily drawn out tenor of the voice of the young woman² who ululates it.³ Despite the perfectly banal content of her announcement, her wailing appeal is strangely, if unaccountably touching. It's as if she actually suffered by not having your mattress, or your stove, or your old scrap iron, and you want to give it all to her to assuage her apparent, if precocious grief. Like a whole panoply of other sounds, it, for at least the five years I have lived here, has been and continues to be a striking peculiarity of Mexico City's soundscape. I have seen her words ironically printed on t-shirts and heard them no less ironically mixed into techno tracks. Irvine has cannily taken this elegiac din and incorporated it into a montage of other distinct sounds from the streets of Mexico, and to this *salmagundi*, she weaves in yet another element: an Irish dirge, thus transforming

2.
 Thanks to a series of articles published in 2013, it became known that the voice belonged to a certain María del Mar Terrón from Chimalhuacán, Mexico, and that she recorded the announcement when she was a mere ten years old.

3.
 At the very moment of writing this, I hear it outside on the street.

the whole into an improbably forlorn tribute to the city. Seeing this video, I realised that Irvine had tapped into a secret of not only Mexico City, but 'the metropolis' in general, as an agent of reciprocal transformation, as such, a perfect, albeit delightfully unwieldy example of what I had come to suspect about the cities I loved and one of the main reasons I loved them.

When Max Delany first invited me to consider an exhibition about Mexico City, I knew that I did not want to curate a typical, necessarily limited survey of the usual suspects. Nor did I want to focus, what is more, on Mexican-ness (something which I, a gringo, who has lived in the capital barely more than five years has no illusions about being qualified to pronounce upon). It wasn't until I encountered Irvine's video that some kind of exhibition about Mexico City seemed like a plausible and defensible curatorial pursuit. Seeking to obviate the above-mentioned pitfalls, especially that of hubristically appointing myself spokesman of the Mexico City contemporary art scene, the idea was more about examining or considering Mexico City and its art scene as an example, a case study, as it were, of how cities and artists mutually transform one another. Although narrower in a certain way, such a perspective opened the show up to artists who not only live and work in the city, but artists who have had a more fleeting relationship with the place, but who have nevertheless arguably undergone and contributed to just such a transformation.

In order to really consider the subject, it would have to include figures who were crucial in inaugurating, at least where the discourse of international contemporary

art is concerned, these myths and narratives. For example, the work of Francis Alÿs, Abraham Cruzvillegas, and Melanie Smith are, by many accounts, foundational in terms of helping insert Mexico City into the global imaginary of contemporary art. While manifold, their contribution is predominantly urban insofar as it speaks to an urban experience of the city. In developing the more emerging aspect of the list, it became clear to me that I had to follow similar guidelines, i.e., the urban experience, for two reasons: first, this was largely how Mexico City as a place is mediated to the rest of the world, and secondly, including other parameters (such as interiors, e.g., Daniela Rossell) risked opening up and diluting the show to the point of arbitrary vagueness. Focusing primarily on the urban allowed me to not only introduce a modicum of continuity between generations, but also explore this specific narrative with greater precision. Besides, a whole host of artists, as this exhibition seeks to convey, were already making work about the urban experience of Mexico City. Jaki Irvine's video, discussed above, was one example, while somebody like the American, Mexico City-based painter, Andrew Birk, was really trying (and succeeding in my opinion) to develop a formal vocabulary of painting which responded to the very texture of the city itself. The sculptural installation of the Mexican, Hannover-based artist, Isabel Nuño de Buen was and continues to be directly informed by her experience of growing up in Mexico City from the perspective of urban planning as much as architecture. Mexico City-based Argentinian artist Ramiro Chaves' long term research project, XXXXXXXXXX 2014 addresses how a lexical decision regarding the name of Mexico City has

deeply marked the structure and visual identity of the city. The work of the American, Mexico City-based artist Chelsea Culprit deals more with nocturnal signs of communication, not to mention activities, while the French, Mexico City-based artist Yann Gerstberger creates tapestries whose materials are sourced from downtown Mexico City and whose formal idiom reads like an urban, graffiti-inflected interpretation of indigenous weaving practices or some kind of urban modernism. The rich, quasi-animistic and erotically charged formalism of the Mexican artist Martin Soto Climent has a way of tapping into and activating the hidden life of objects and elements that surround us. The partially itinerant practice of the New York-based, New Zealand artist Kate Newby who has both spent time in Mexico City and exhibited here, is known for seeking to bridge the gap between the interior and the exterior, the latter of which she privileges to the point of being engaged in urban land art, and the Mexican-American artist ektor garcia, who works with a stunning variety of materials and techniques, is a perfect example of someone who draws from his immediate environment whether it be the city or the countryside, and absorbs it into his multifarious work. All that said, this shared connection with the cityscape as a foil for an artistic practice is not an attempt to map out a genealogy from the group of '90s artists to a younger generation. In many cases, any kind of affinity ends there, in others, it is, at best, tangential, in the sense that some of the artists have embraced, say, Francis Alÿs' peripatetic legacy. This grouping is much more about an attempt to represent a broad diversity of backgrounds and practices which are engaged, deliberately or not, in a similar form of story and myth

making. If it presents a necessarily incomplete and highly subjective portrait of the contemporary art scene in Mexico City, then so much the better. But in the end, this show is really about how something so seemingly inconsequential as art is vital to the life of one of the greatest ongoing and highly organic achievements of the human civilisation: the city.

Last but not least, I should say a word or two about the title. It is inspired by a well-known citation/claim made by Heidegger. I initially came across it in reading Tom McCarthy's essays, specifically the one entitled *Get Real*, in which McCarthy defends the alleged un-reality of fiction as being more real than the real. At one point, he writes: 'For Heidegger, drawing on Hölderlin, "Poetically man dwells." In other words, poetry is not a representation of life, nor an embellishment of it, but rather the very mode and measure of our coming into being.'⁴ Curiously, this resonated with me in particular from the point of view of Wallace Stevens' claim from the poem *Men Made Out of Words*, in which the philosopher poet writes, 'Life consists of propositions about life'. By the same token, cities consist of propositions about cities – as I and, I believe, all the artists, to varying degrees, in *Dwelling Poetically* have proposed and seek to continue to propose.

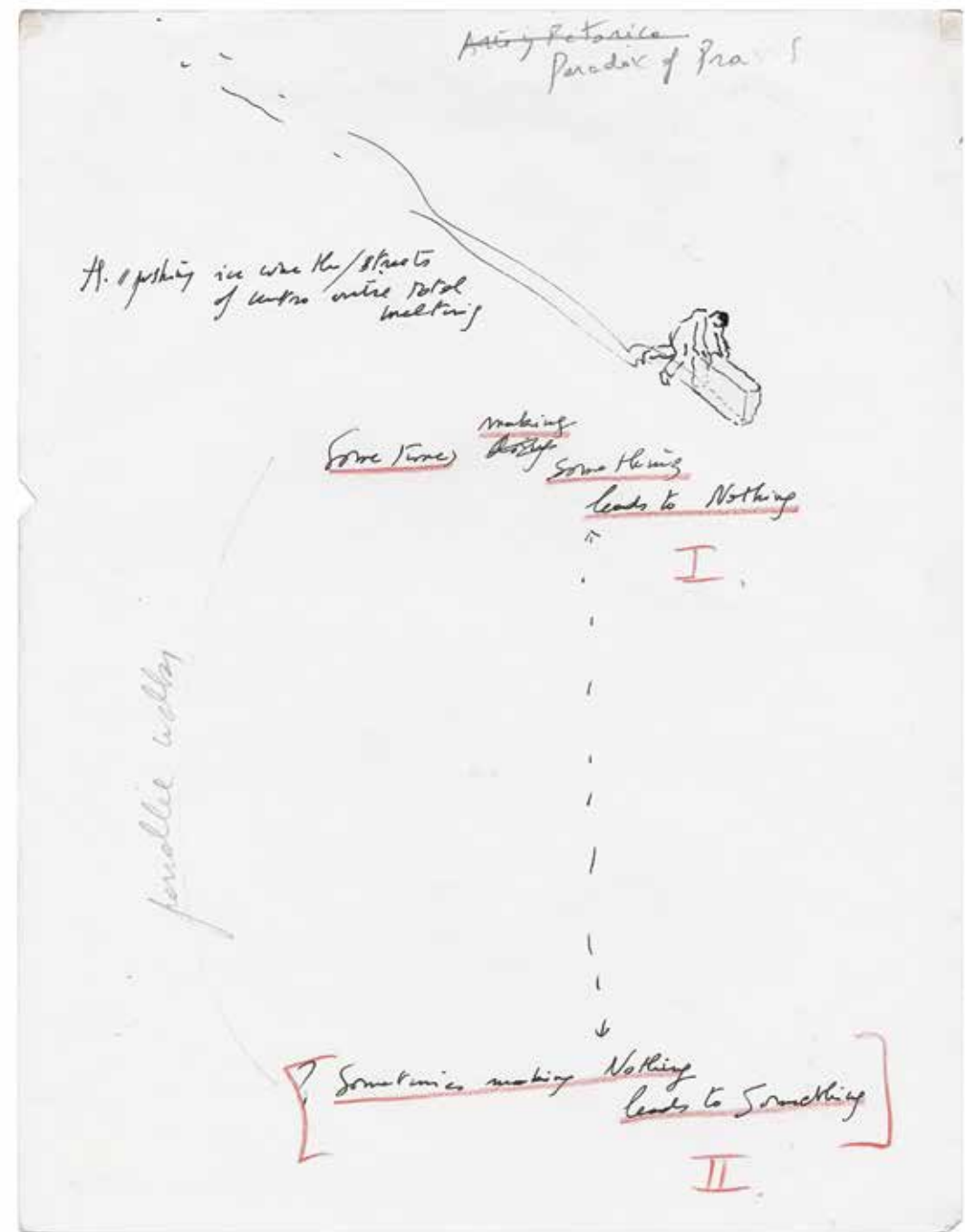
4. Tom McCarthy, 'Get Real', *Typewriters, Bombs, Jellyfish: Essays*, New York Review of Books, New York, 2017, p. 72.

Francis Alÿs

Born 1959,
Antwerp, Belgium
Lives and works in
Mexico City

Arriving in Mexico City in 1986 after evading a military draft by the Belgian government, Francis Alÿs wandered around the bustling streets of the city's *Centro Histórico*, observing its daily dynamics in his now trademark walks. There, in local markets and workshops, he noticed how every individual found a place on the social chessboard, in an urban situation which Alÿs encountered as a small universe to experiment with his newly-found practice as an artist. In 1997, Alÿs pushed a block of ice around the city centre of Mexico City for more than nine hours. Unsurprising to

casual observers, Alÿs seemed to *just be doing his job*. What starts off as an arduous task requiring the strength of most of his body weight, soon becomes a ludic activity as the block dissolves into an ice-cube that he kicks around like a soccer ball, meanwhile casually smoking a cigarette with an attitude so *blasé* as to come off as a worker after his shift. The watery traces left on the street are quickly evaporated by the implacable sun but Alÿs' video testimony of the futile pursuit remains as an enduring reminder of perseverance.— FT



Francis Alÿs
Untitled, study for Paradox of the praxis 1 1997
pencil and pen on paper
15.0 x 9.5 cm



Pages 16–17:
Francis Alÿs
Paradox of praxis 1 1997
 photographic documentation of an action, Mexico City,
 Mexico
 Photograph: Enrique Huerta

Pages 18–19:
Francis Alÿs
Paradox of praxis 1:
Sometimes making something leads to nothing 1997 (still)
 video, colour, sound,
 9:54 mins



Andrew Birk

Born 1985,
Portland, USA
Lives and works in
Mexico City

Living in the southern outskirts of Mexico City, Andrew Birk routinely walks a long solitary procession to his studio in the central Condesa neighborhood. Along this route, on pedestrian-unfriendly streets with heavily polluted air, Birk came to understand the textures of the hostile metropolis. In 2016 he presented *Callejero*, a site-specific installation that filled and transformed a gallery space to reflect fragments of his daily outings: broken glass bottles that act as security fences, walls resembling

black-and-white outlined volcanic rock and dried bougainvillea leaves scattered on the floor. Synthesising this saturated scenario, Birk produced a series of paintings in a formal exploration of Mexico City's urban mood (or moodiness). With photocopies of missing dogs, graffiti in diverse typographies, degraded layers of paint and patterns, and even a lighter hanging from a cord, Birk seeks to capture the pictorial details and texture of this chaotic urban geography.— FT



Andrew Birk
Centro de Tlalpan (Maxfield Parrish) 2015
aerosol enamel, Xerox pigment, bond paper, silicone, ballpoint pen and wheat paste on canvas
200.0 x 150.0 cm
Courtesy the artist



Andrew Birk
Te amo nena (Zona de hospitales) 2015
 aerosol enamel, found flyers, packing tape and wheat paste on canvas
 150.0 x 120.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist



Andrew Birk
Alien 2015
 aerosol enamel and Bondo filler on canvas
 200.0 x 150.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist



Andrew Birk
Baby K 2015
 aerosol enamel on canvas
 200.0 x 150.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist



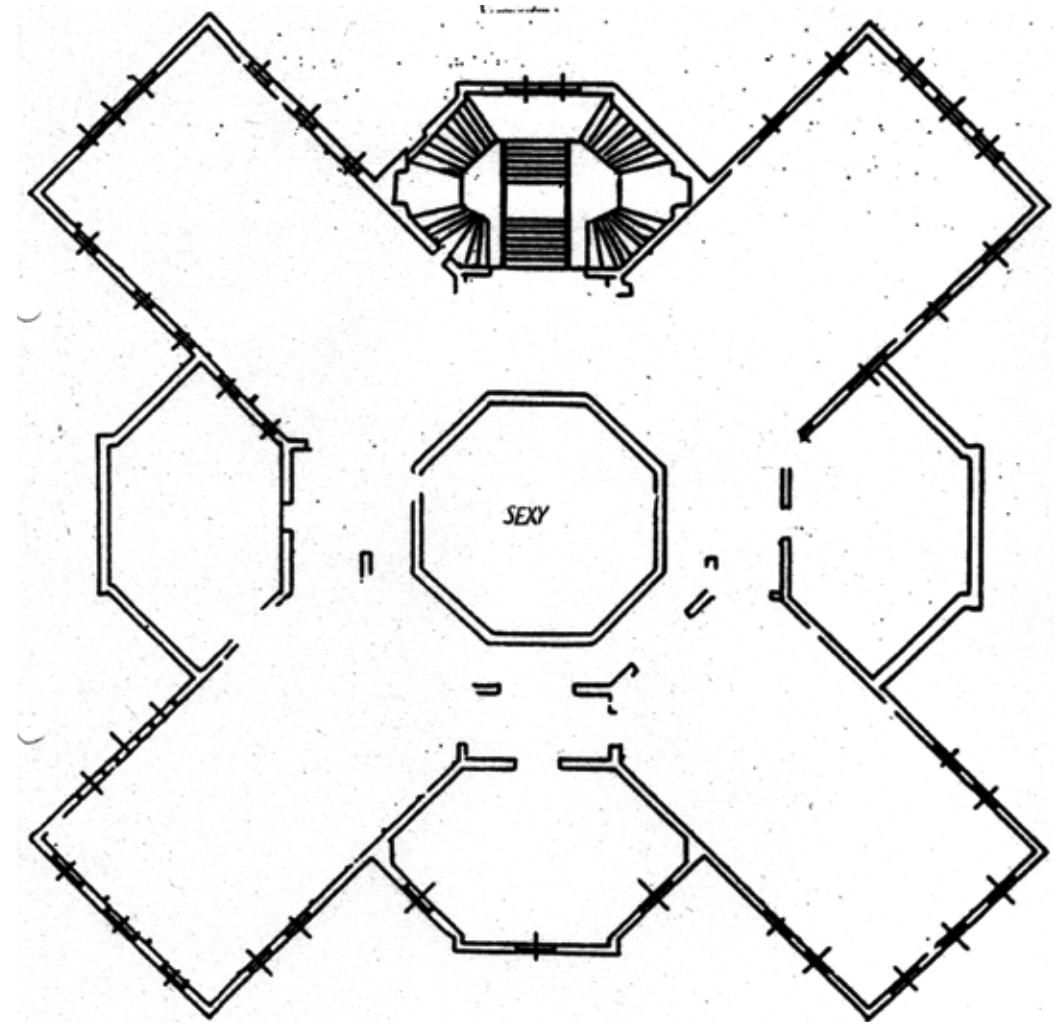
Andrew Birk
Viaducto Tlalpan 2015
 aerosol enamel, Vinimex, lost dog flyers, bond paper, felt-tipped marker, ballpoint pen,
 silicone, wheat paste and spraymount on canvas
 200.0 x 150.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist

Ramiro Chaves

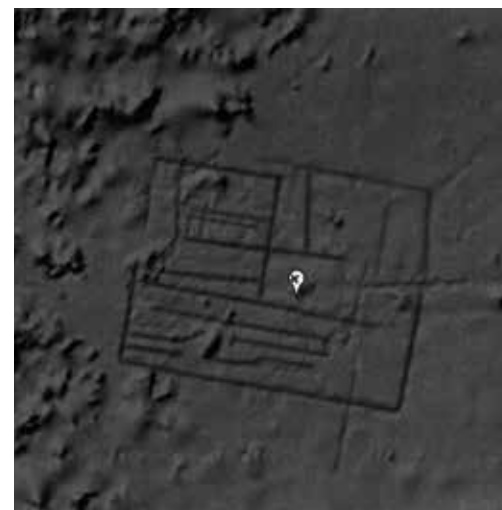
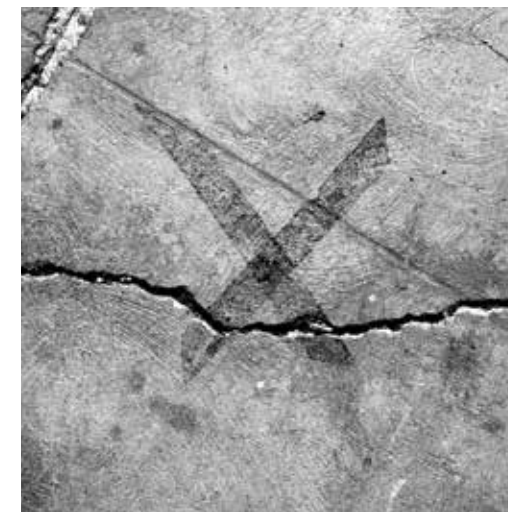
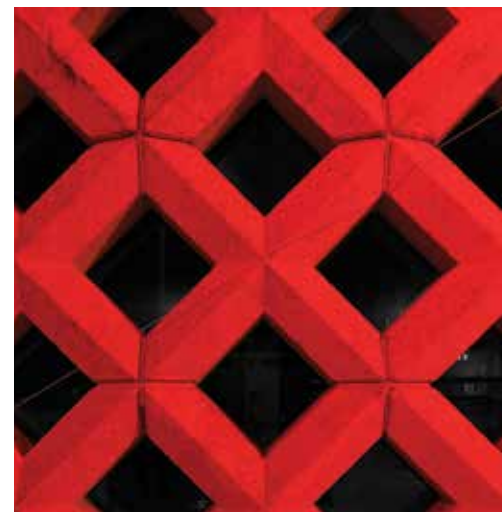
Born 1979,
Córdoba, Argentina
Lives and works in
Mexico City

Living in Mexico City since 2002, Ramiro Chaves takes a special interest in how traces of cultural memory can be seen in architectural forms and legacies. XXXXXXXX 2014 is Chaves' personal investigation of the implications of the letter X in Mexico's history. The X's adoption in the Castilian language being a central discussion in the times of the Spanish colony, this letter symbolised the meeting point of the Pre-Hispanic tradition with the Spanish population and the creation of a new unified mixed race. In the beginning of the twentieth century, this identity myth would be used to reinforce the idea of a modern integrated Mexico

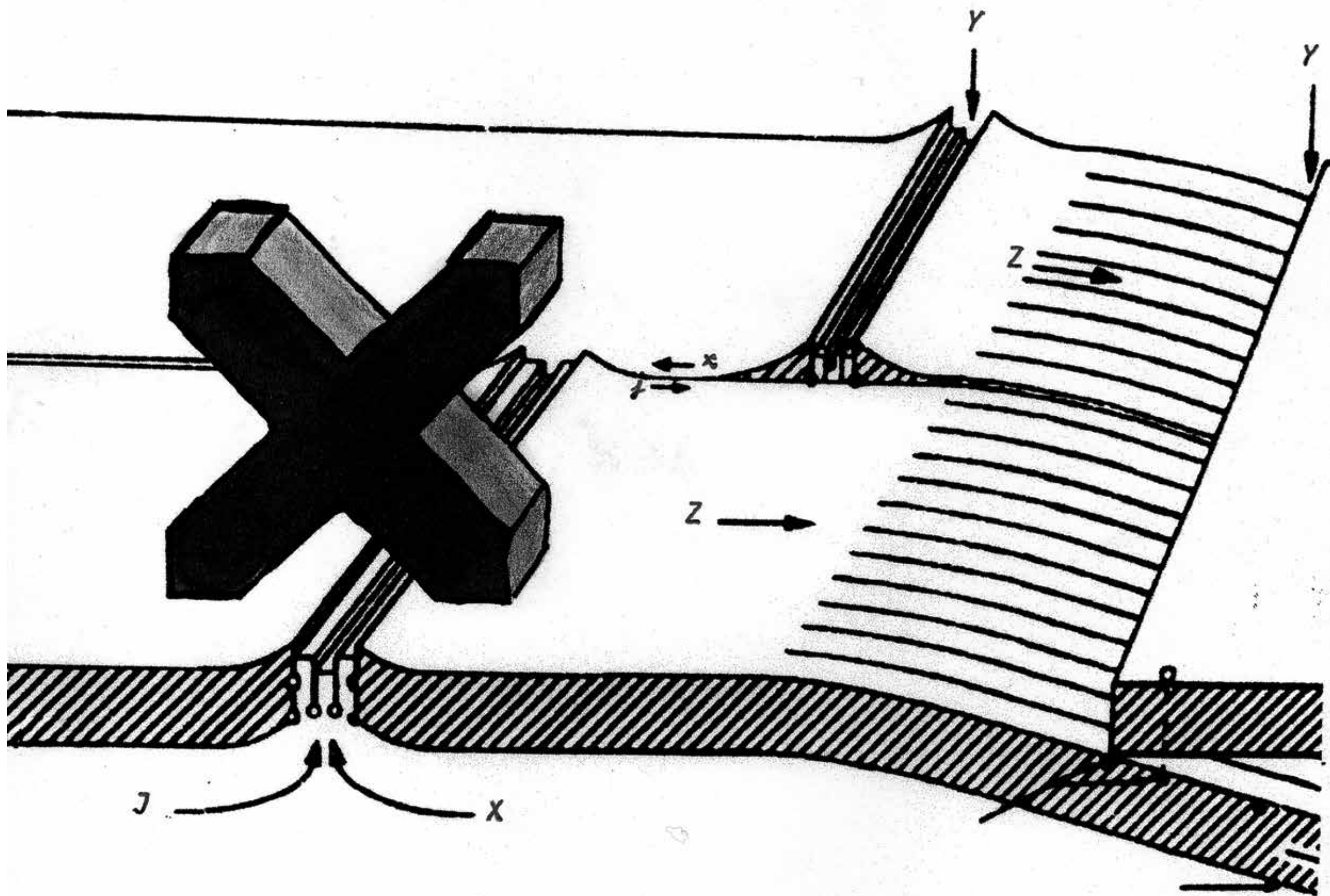
with architects and urbanists using the X in their planning of urban structures and geometric, gridded ornamentations. Chaves registers these inheritances in an almost atlas-like compendium of 200 risographic prints of drawings, photographs and archival documents, which have been both created and recorded as they recur throughout the city. Chaves' exploration and research into the semantic morphology of the graphic X form encompasses Mayan, Aztec and Catholic references and mythologies, reflecting the ideological structures of modernity and the identity construction of the community and the self.— FT



Ramiro Chaves
Untitled from XXXXXXXX 2014
risographic print
28.0 x 28.0 cm
Courtesy the artist and Galería Agustina Ferreyra, Mexico City and San Juan



Pages 28–31:
Ramiro Chaves
Untitled from XXXXXXXXXX 2014
 risographic prints
 28.0 x 28.0 cm (each)
 Courtesy the artist and Galería Agustina Ferreyra,
 Mexico City and San Juan



Abraham Cruzvillegas

Born 1968,
Mexico City
Lives and works in
Mexico City

Growing up in the inhospitable volcanic-rock terrains of the Colonia Ajusco, in the south of Mexico City, Abraham Cruzvillegas saw himself immersed in a community-built neighbourhood that expanded organically, without adhering to architectural rules. The improvised edifices formed in the area became a consistent subject of his work. Commonly known as *autoconstrucciones* (self-constructions), these structures are made of readily-available materials that grow according to what necessity dictates and what economic possibility can supply.

An urbanism developed to provide primordial shelter and privacy, each particular residence becomes an articulation of individual identity. Motivated by a childhood memory of seeing his parents having intercourse, Cruzvillegas confected a sixty-three-minute filmic portrait of his family neighbourhood, interspersed with footage of four couples in the act of carnal intimacy, to reveal an ensemble of diverse architectural contexts, subjectivities and intimate encounters.—FT



Abraham Cruzvillegas
Autoconstrucción 2009 (still)
HDV video, colour, sound
63:00 mins
Courtesy the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City



Abraham Cruzvillegas
Autoconstrucción 2009 (stills)
 HDV video, colour, sound
 63:00 mins
 Courtesy the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City





Abraham Cruzvillegas
Autoconstrucción 2009 (stills)
 HDV video, colour, sound
 63:00 mins
 Courtesy the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City



Chelsea Culprit

Born 1984,
Paducah, USA
Lives and works in
Mexico City

The American-born, Mexico City-based artist Chelsea Culprit brings a specifically nocturnal character to the metropolitan nature of *Dwelling Poetically*, in work which draws from popular culture and personal experience. The artist's 'colourful' past as professional dancer in Chicago strip clubs informs her practice as a performer, painter and sculptor, as it does her theatrical, symbolic imagery drawn from nightlife and urban signage for sex, alcohol and commerce. Working variously with painting, neon light and sculptural assemblage, Culprit's work constitutes an aesthetics of attraction, resonating with *machismo* as much as pop and queer aesthetic cultural traditions. The neon *diablita* in *Charm bracelet* 2017 was first shown at Barba Azul, a cabaret-style nightclub active since the 1950s,

the stage for some of the city's most exuberant salsa and merengue. The little devil figure refers as much to the traditions of neolithic matriarchal goddess cultures as to the romantic, erotic dancing figures of the *ficheras*, who doubly exist as characters of fiction and national myth. Moving freely between the pictorial imagery of folk art and the materiality of the real world, Culprit's accompanying paintings have an especially haptic quality, composed of feelings as much as descriptions, at the intersection of social space and emotional memory. Her vibrant portrayals of elaborately heeled women with hyperbolically exaggerated physiques refer us to libidinous economies of theatricality and desire which allegorise the potential for corruption lurking in the night of the city.— MD



Chelsea Culprit
Solita verde 2017
acrylic and hardware on PVC
240.0 x 170.0 cm
Courtesy the artist



Chelsea Culprit
Slow Monday 2014–16
 oil and mixed media on canvas
 269.0 x 190.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Queer Thoughts, New York



Chelsea Culprit
Feng Shui 2010–13
 oil and mixed media on canvas
 152.5 x 152.5 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Queer Thoughts, New York

Pages 44–45:
Chelsea Culprit
Diablita 2017
 neon, 100.0 x 60.0 x 10.0 cm
 installation view, Barba Azul, Mexico City, 2017
 Courtesy the artist and Galería La Esperanza, Mexico City
 Photo: P.J. Rountree



ektor garcia

Born 1985,

Red Bluff, USA

Lives and works in
New York City

Mexican-American artist ektor garcia's work synthesises an interest in queer culture and arts and crafts traditions with strong roots in Mexico. Although ostensibly a sculptor, his works tend to be so elaborately installed and convoluted that it is hard to say where things end or begin. Evocative of a homemade altar, collection of ritual or fetish objects, garcia's environments feature artifacts fashioned from an amalgam of techniques including leather-making, ceramics, sewing, welding, embroidery and collecting. The objects themselves range from handmade ceramic cups to leather cock rings and dog muzzles, which are often combined with recycled and appropriated materials to engender hybrid forms resisting classification. When not appropriated,

everything is crafted by the artist, who makes a point of learning each and every technique he uses, however imperfectly. The work is liable to bring to mind the assemblages of Bruce Conner, the homoerotic leather culture of Robert Mapplethorpe, the personal mysticism of Paul Thek, and the mute or adumbrated violence of a homemade torture chamber. Moody, sensual, strangely elegant and disturbing, garcia's is an aesthetic of the minor in every sense of the term; from the marginalised arts and crafts techniques that he employs, to the scale of his work, and the cultural interstices among which the work and the artist circulate. It is at once weird, oddly familiar, and refreshingly unclassifiable.— CS





Pages 45–49:
ektor garcia
kriziz 2016 (details)
 mixed media
 dimensions variable
 installation views, kurimanzutto, Mexico City, 2016
 Courtesy the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City
 Photograph: Abigail Enzaldo



Yann Gerstberger

Born 1983,

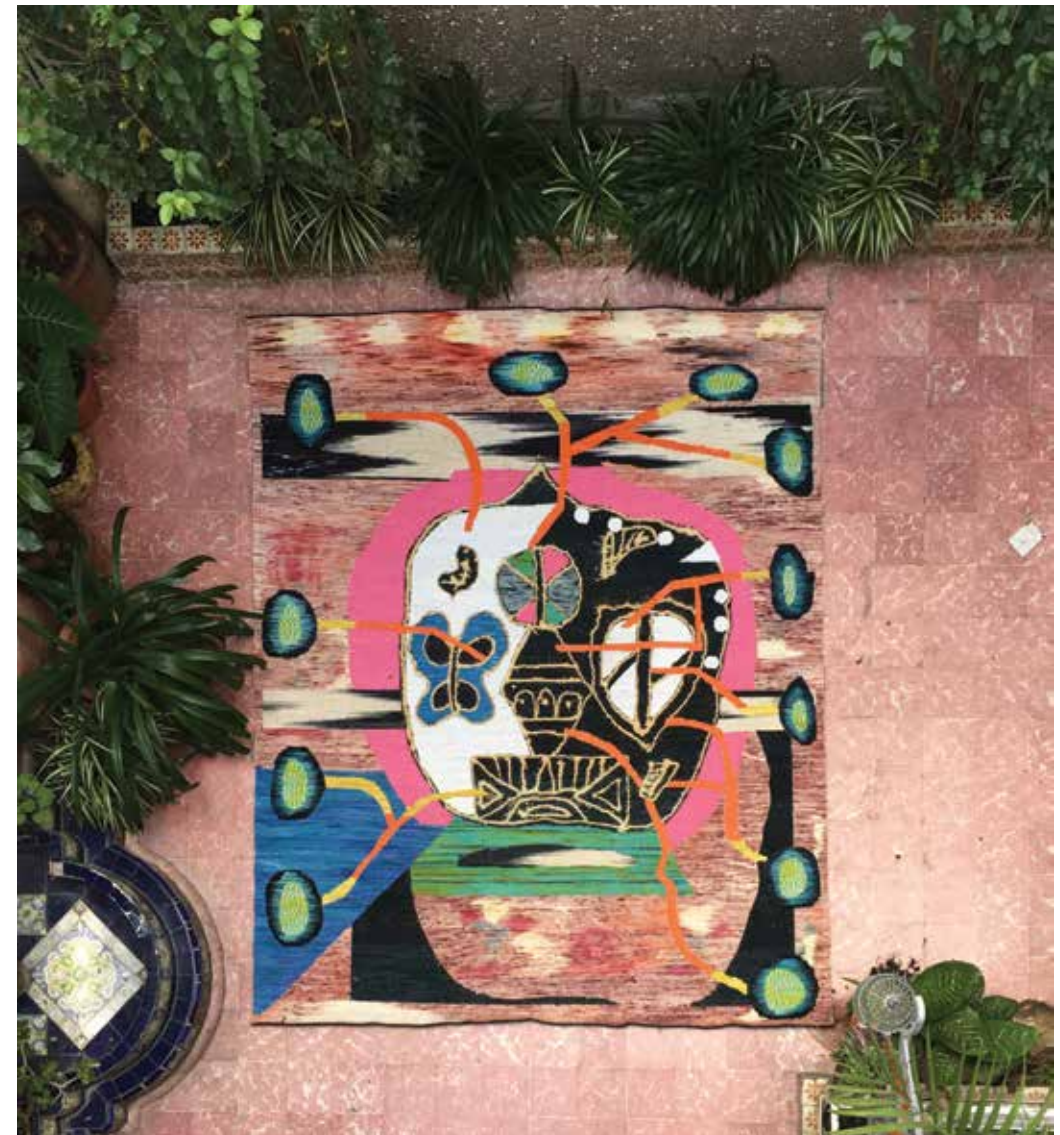
Cagnes-sur-Mer,

France

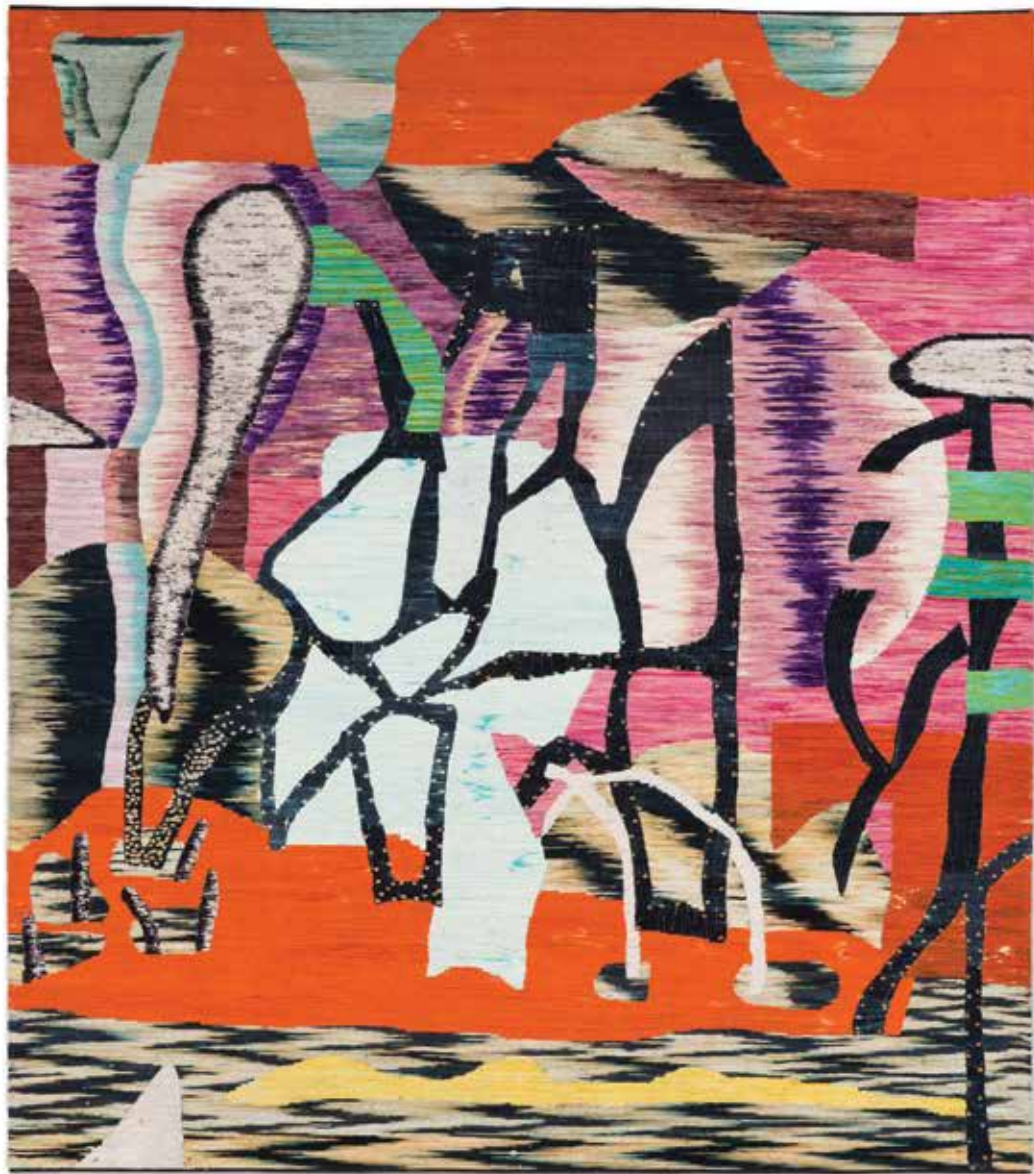
Lives and works in
Mexico City

Living in Mexico City since 2012, Yann Gerstberger has created a body of work composed of fragments of everyday objects and produced with an artisanal craftsmanship inspired by popular, folk and indigenous art traditions. Likewise, his 'tapestries', incorporating everyday materials, are made with a technique he developed, in which the artist collects threads found in mops from street-markets, hand-dyes the strands and fibres with different artificial and natural pigments such as the American cochineal red, and then glues the threads individually

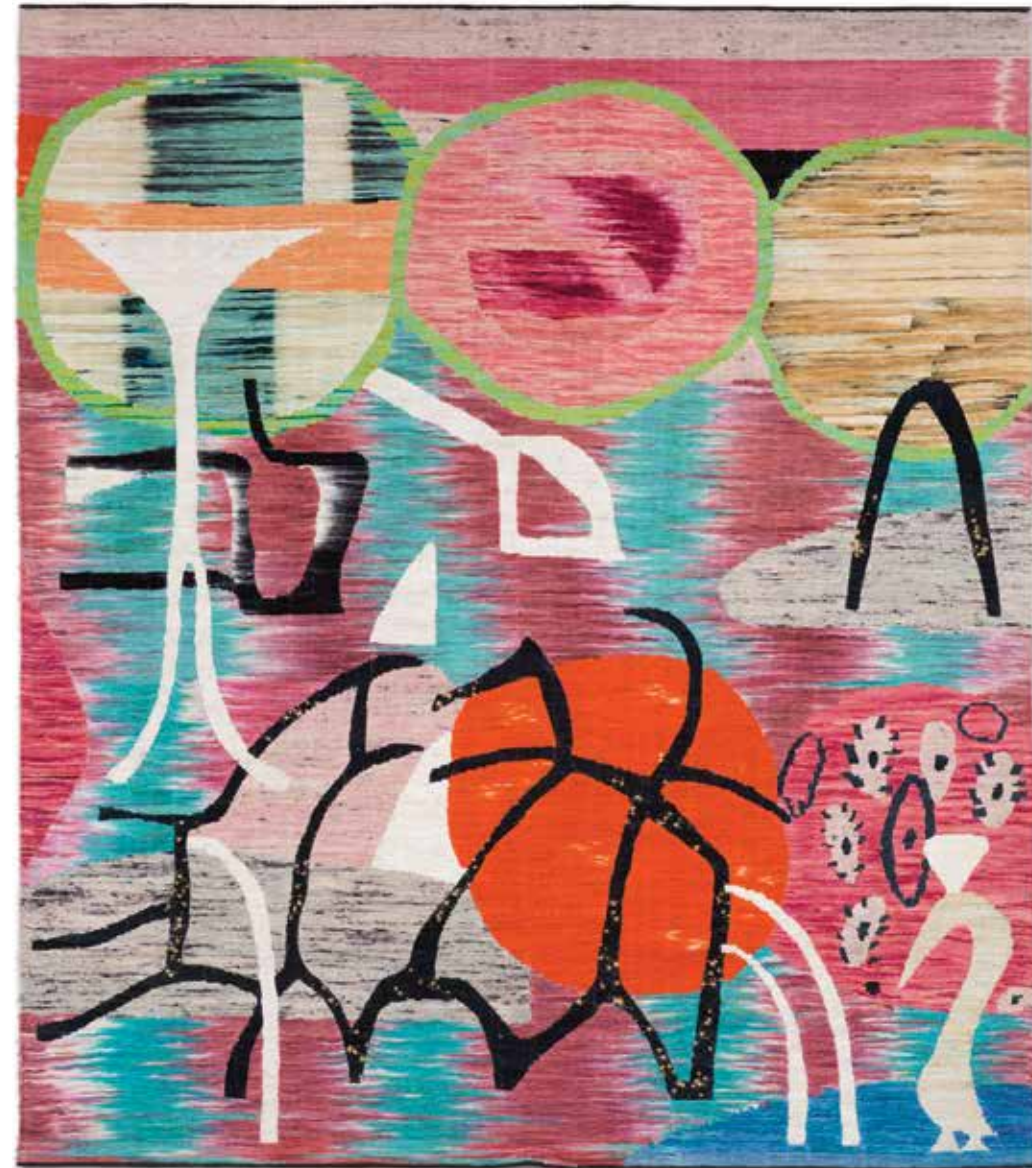
to a vinyl surface. With this process, which operates between painting, weaving and collage, Gerstberger creates semi-figurative images, or in another way, folkloric abstractions, that reflect the artist's surroundings and influences from diverse urban conditions, cultural traditions and art histories. Due to their repeated linear patterns, and radiating, variegated colours, Gerstberger's works promote dynamic optical effects, tending towards the appearance of corrupted images, in which there's a mystery of something not entirely visible.— FT



Yann Gerstberger
Swiss Swatchin 2017
cotton, natural dyes (grana cochinita), synthetic dyes, glue,
reclaimed vinyl banner
290.0 x 240.0 cm
studio view, Mexico City
Courtesy the artist and OMR, Mexico City



Yann Gerstberger
Dead fly 2017
 cotton, natural dyes (grana cochinilla), synthetic dyes, glue,
 reclaimed vinyl banner
 270.0 x 210.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Sorry We're Closed, Brussels



Yann Gerstberger
Ilha do amor 2017
 cotton, natural dyes (grana cochinilla), synthetic dyes, glue, reclaimed vinyl banner
 270.0 x 210.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Michael Jon & Alan, Miami



Yann Gerstberger
Untitled 2016
 [from the *Lagoon House* series]
 cotton, natural dyes (grana cochinilla), synthetic dyes, glue, reclaimed vinyl banner
 290.0 x 240.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Sorry We're Closed, Brussels



Yann Gerstberger
R.D.A. Royal Drums Ancestors 2017
 cotton, natural dyes (grana cochinilla), synthetic dyes, glue, reclaimed vinyl banner
 288.0 x 240.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Lyles & King, New York

Jaki Irvine

Born 1966,
Dublin, Ireland
Lives and works in
Mexico City
and Dublin

Jaki Irvine has a propensity for seeing everyday situations and interactions with a certain strangeness and a very specific sensibility. Well-known to Mexico City's inhabitants, street vendors are easily discernable from the sounds of their particular musical instruments. This sociological convention is explored by Irvine in an eighteen-minute video that portrays the music of the city. The sound of the sweeping of streets, the gas vendor's deep voice, the knife-grinder with his pan flute, the piercing vapour whistle of the sweet potato trolley,

and the emblematic voice that yearns to buy your old scrap metal, are all accompanied by a cello, piano, violin and traditional Sean Nós Irish-singing vocals. The resulting ensemble is at once a touching, comic and melancholic depiction of the city's recognisable daily rituals – that of voices bellowing into an urban abyss in the hope that someone hears them, and falling silent after a prolonged pursuit of the sunset only to resume their multifarious entreaty the following day.— FT



Jaki Irvine
Se Compra: Sin é 2014 (still)
HD DVD, colour, 5.1 surround sound,
free-standing screen, stools
17:37 mins
Courtesy the artist; Frith Street Gallery, London;
and Kerlin Gallery, Dublin





Kate Newby

Born 1979,
Auckland, New
Zealand
Lives and works in
Auckland
and New York City

Working with a variety of media including installation, textile, ceramics, casting and glass, New York-based artist Kate Newby is a sculptor who is committed to exploring and putting pressure on the limits and nature of sculpture. As such, she is interested in not only space, volume, texture and materials, but where and how sculpture happens. Varying in scale, works are liable to take place in someone's pocket – as in the case of her ceramic skipping stones which she has asked gallery attendants to carry; or on the street in a given city, as in her concrete, poured puddles; or in the gallery proper, in subtly, but noticeably present architectural disruptions of the space itself. In every case the work bears a strong link not just to the everyday, but to

lived experience – collecting and registering the traces of the passing world, which it incorporates and is incorporated into. It is for this reason that if the handmade plays a very important role in her work, it is not merely romantic or even retrograde, but rather the aesthetic byproduct of a position that shamelessly embraces direct experience over the mediated. For *Dwelling Poetically*, Newby exhibits a selection of new hanging, totemic sculptures. Fashioned out of ceramic and bronze, the works superficially resemble so many improbable vertebrae, as they dangle from the ceiling. Their irregular surfaces have been imprinted with textures of objects and the landscape found in the city.—CS



Kate Newby
Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around 2018
white brass, copper, pink bronze, wire
Installation view, Michael Lett, Auckland, 2018
Courtesy the artist and Michael Lett, Auckland



Kate Newby
I'm glad we've done it just to see 2017
 stoneware, glass, wire
 26.0 x 14.0 x 6.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Michael Lett, Auckland

Page 66–67:
Kate Newby
Swift little verbs pushing the big nouns around 2017
 stoneware and pebbles
 Installation view, The Locker Plant, Marfa
 Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; and
 Fine Arts, Sydney



Kate Newby
I'll be here in the morning 2017
 white brass, wire
 height: 33.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Michael Lett, Auckland



Isabel Nuño de Buen

Born in 1985,

Mexico City

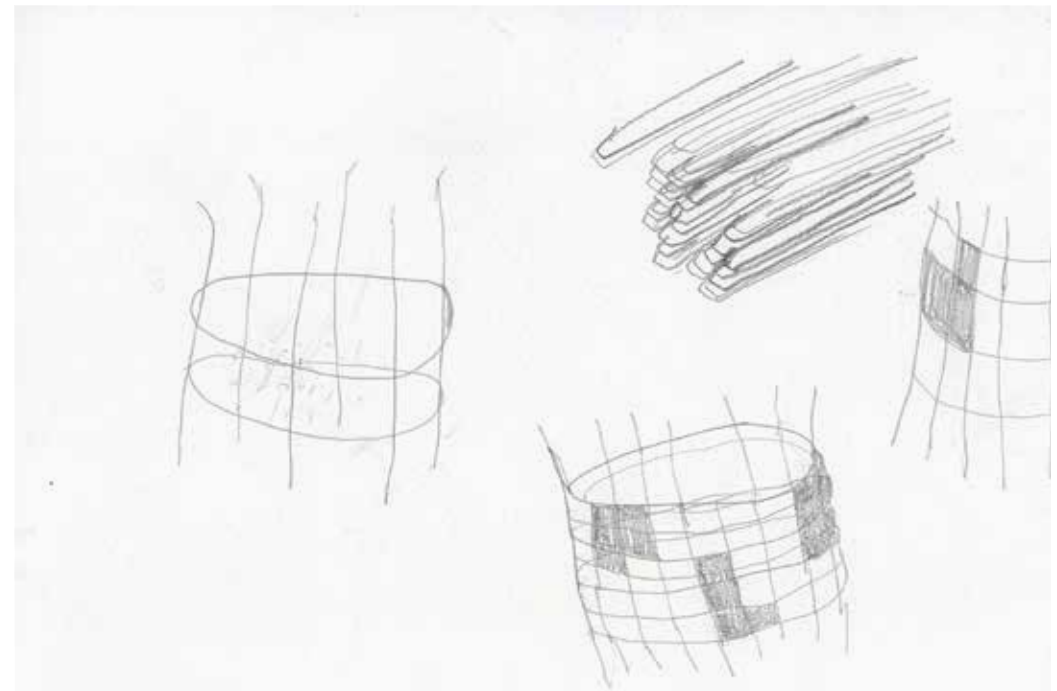
Lives and works in

Hannover and

Mexico City

The sculptural practice of Isabel Nuño de Buen is inseparable from her experience of growing up in Mexico City, which is continually morphing and expanding. The artist deploys a variety of media and materials, including drawing, sculpture, plaster, papier maché, steel, welding, watercolor and paint, to create what resemble outsized maquettes of a decidedly maniacal and lyrical nature. Understanding architecture as the formal syntax of a given civilisation, Nuño de Buen draws on a variety of interests including German expressionist architecture, urban planning, cultural anthropology, and neo-concrete sculpture to make her work. Personalised, plastic allegories of myth and meaning arise from the combination of these discrete sources. The artist's process, which

is governed by a strong internal logic and systemisation, is inseparable from the intrinsically open-ended theoretical nature of her work. Composed of modular fragments which can be reconfigured at will, her installations, much like a city, are never finished; they remain in a state of continual, albeit hypothetical evolution (she has been known to reuse elements from former pieces in new constellations). Much like a constellation, the finished work is a whole composed of particulars that are at once distinct from, and constitutive of the overall piece. Provisional, mutable and rationally irrational, her installations privilege no specific point of view, presenting instead endless permutations and possibilities – situations of endless construction, collapse and reconstruction.— CS

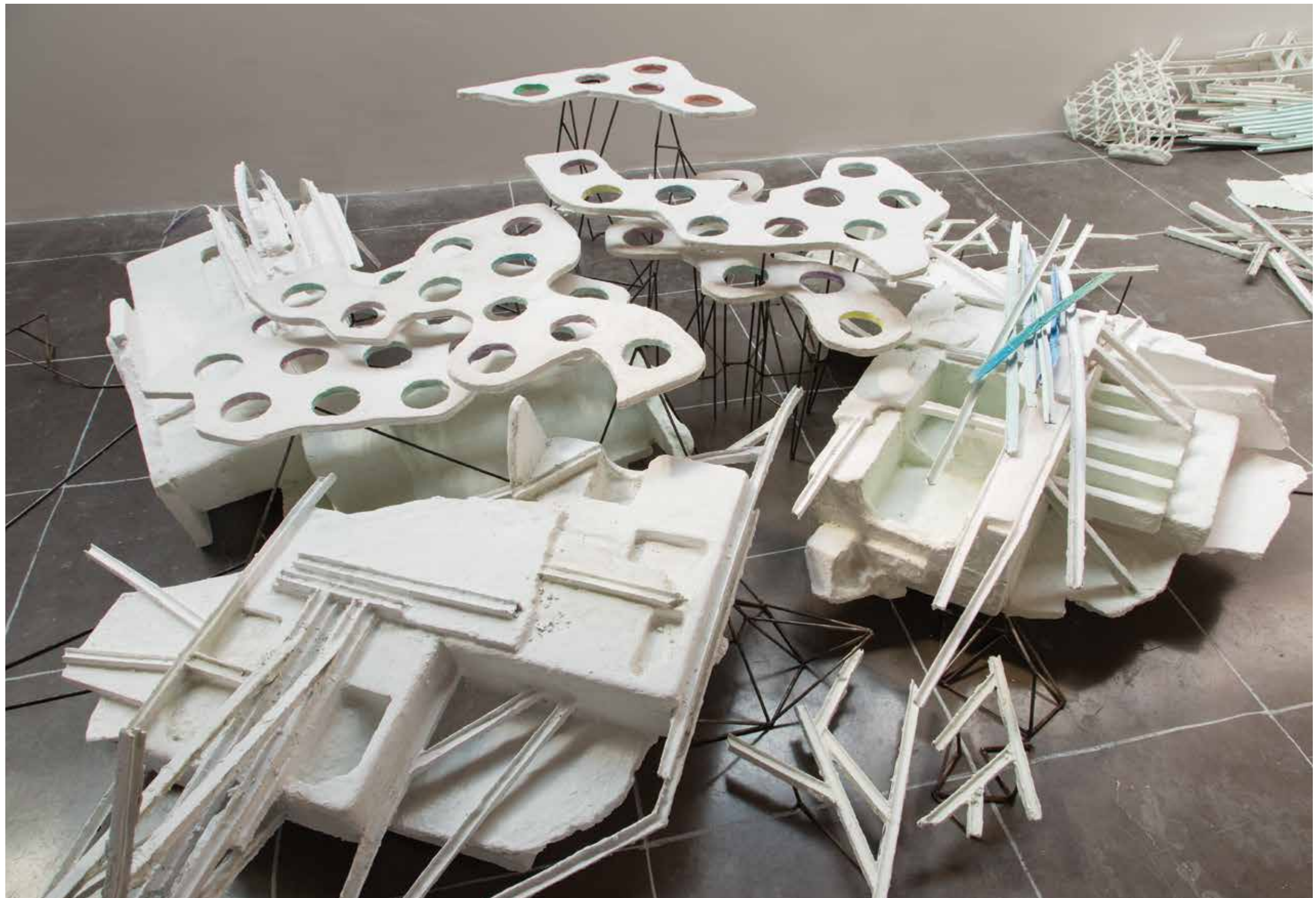


Isabel Nuño de Buen
Series city objects I no.1 2017
pencil on paper
21.0 x 29.5 cm
Courtesy the artist

Pages 70–71:
Isabel Nuño de Buen
scala, polis, taut, axis mundi (constellation 1.2) 2015
chalk drawing on the floor, steel, cardboard, papier maché,
Styrofoam, plaster, watercolour and spray paint
dimensions variable
installation view, kurimanzutto, Mexico City, 2015
Courtesy of the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City
Photograph: Diego Pérez

Pages 72–73:
Isabel Nuño de Buen
Constellation 1.2 part II 2015
steel, cardboard, papier maché, Styrofoam, plaster,
watercolour and spray paint
dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City
Photograph: Diego Pérez





Melanie Smith

Born 1965,
Poole, England
Lives and works in
Mexico City

Melanie Smith arrived in Mexico City in 1989 to live, along with many other foreigners, in the turmoil of the city's centre. Smith was immediately intrigued by the *Centro Histórico's* chaotic surroundings; streets with vendors enchantingly selling the products found in their specialised stores. If you take a leap into these crowded worlds, you can find a whole spectrum of similar goods, all arranged in an orderly way, yet differing slightly from one another.

Much like the logical entropy of the displays in these small businesses, the micro perspective reflects the macro view of the city seen from atop in Smith's *Spiral city* 2002. A direct reference to Robert Smithson's *Spiral Jetty*, Smith's work, filmed in a broad spiral from a helicopter over the dense area of *Iztapalapa* in the south-east of the city, exhibits an expansive grid-like urban landscape of natural evolution and corrosion that seems to have no beginning or end.— FT



Melanie Smith
Photo for Spiral city (Series 2-I) 2002
silver gelatin print
152.0 x 127.0 cm
Courtesy the artist and Galerie Peter Kilchmann, Zurich



Melanie Smith
Photo for Spiral city (Series 1-III) 2002
 silver gelatin print
 127.0 x 152.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Galerie Peter Kilchmann, Zurich



Melanie Smith
Photo for Spiral city (Series 3-II) 2002
 silver gelatin print
 127.0 x 152.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and Galerie Peter Kilchmann, Zurich

Pages 78–79:
Melanie Smith
Spiral city 2002 (still)
 single-channel video, b/w, sound
 5:50 mins
 Courtesy the artist and Galerie Peter Kilchmann, Zurich



Martin Soto Climent

Born 1977,
Mexico City

Lives and works in
Mexico City

Known for his irreverent and eclectic use of materials, such as women's clothing, domestic furnishings and vintage photography, among other things, Martin Soto Climent is an inveterate recycler. However, his work is less about valorising the overlooked, neglected and everyday than it is about transforming it. These transformations, which are marked as much by humour as they are by something which fluctuates between an understated sensuality and a gleeful perversity, bear a decidedly Freudian, if anthropomorphic tenor. It is as if the material world that surrounds Soto Climent conceals a latent desire, which his eye is uniquely capable of perceiving

and his hands of releasing, like a *Djinni* from a lamp. It is for these reasons that parallels to surrealism are often drawn to what he does. That said, his impulse to erotically anthropomorphise the world around him is not so much about psychology, repression and de-sublimation, but much more concerned with what makes us human: desire, and the ways we use it to negotiate, distort and dominate the world. For *Dwelling Poetically*, Soto Climent has created a site-specific installation which speaks to the division between the public and the private, desire and the city itself.— CS



Martin Soto Climent
Luster Butterfly, installation view, T293, Rome, 2014
Photograph: Roberto Apa



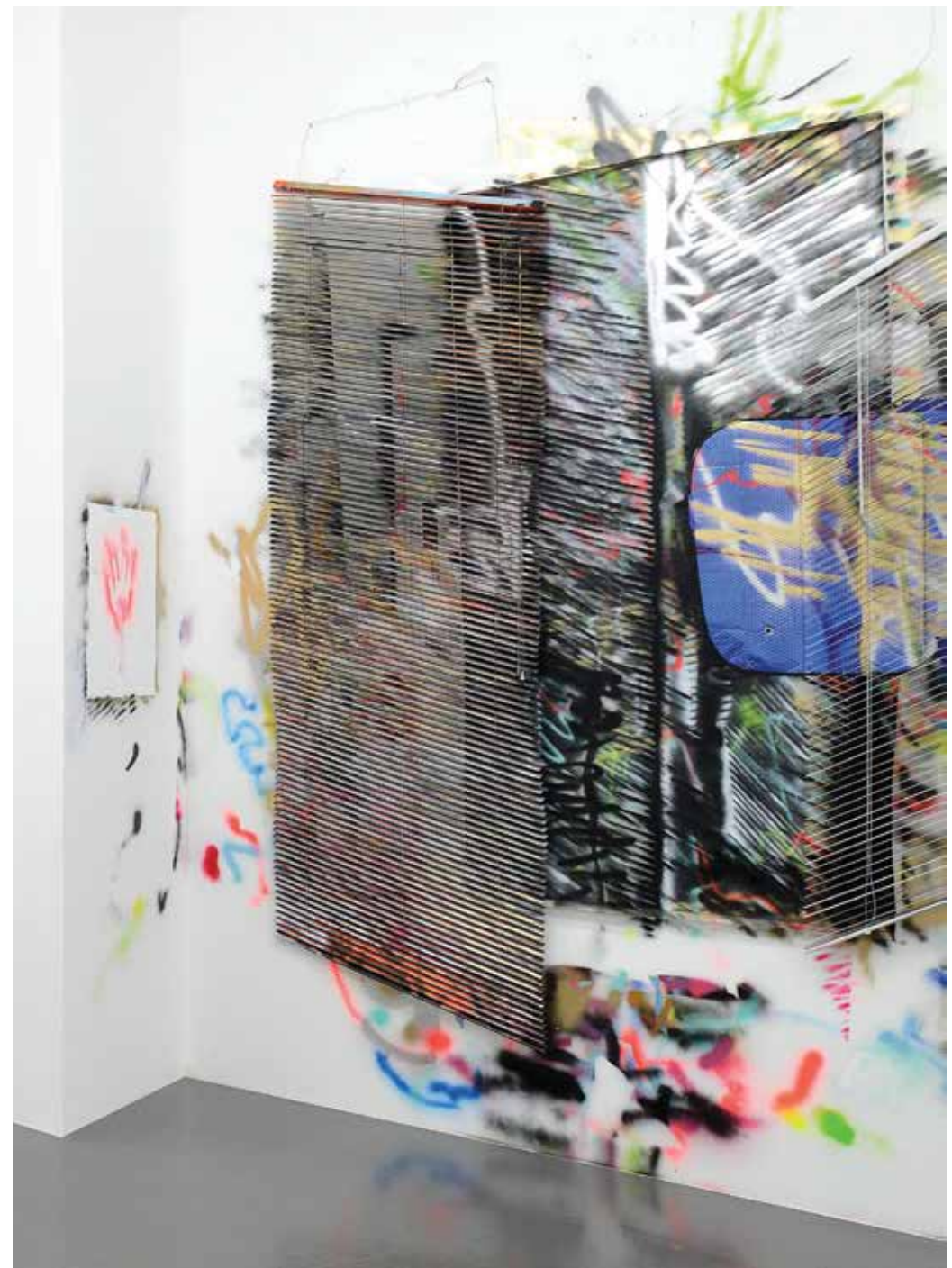
Martin Soto Climent
Luster Butterfly, installation view, T293, Rome, 2014
 Photograph: Roberto Apa



Martin Soto Climent
Mariposa Remolino 2014
 aluminium blind
 120.0 x 100.0 cm
 Courtesy the artist and T293, Naples and Rome
 Photograph: Roberto Apa



Martin Soto Climent
Luster Butterfly, installation view, T293, Rome, 2014
 Photograph: Roberto Apa



Martin Soto Climent
Luster Butterfly, installation view, T293, Rome, 2014
 Photograph: Roberto Apa

Jai Alai

Gabriela Jauregui

Cuauhtémoc felt exiled in a world without his friend.

Without Xavier, Cuauhtémoc belonged nowhere, was alone everywhere. Silently, they had agreed to be each other's chosen family: the closest bond, closer than blood, an unspoken covenant. Does such a thing survive beyond one's death? Does friendship extend to the grass growing on someone's grave, to the flowers and the air that surround it? Cuauhtémoc didn't know, and Xavi – the only person he would've asked – could no longer answer.

And yet, he should have been thankful that Xavi had died when their friendship was still intact, still unconditionally generous, as strong as their youthful athlete's muscles, as stubbornly perfect. Neither of them had ever required proof or sacrifice of any sort from one another. The two friends radiated their bond like an aroma, and everyone could sense it.

Xavi had lived to share defining adventures with Cuauhtémoc – the dawn of their adult life. He didn't live to see them fight over a woman, over the differences in their background: the things that make even the truest of friends drift ever so slightly apart, like a hairline crack in china darkening over the years.

Still, Cuauhtémoc somehow felt that if Xavi had betrayed him by dying, he had betrayed Xavi more deeply by surviving.

On the way to Xavi's funeral, he discarded these thoughts as he dropped a few coins in the wrinkled hat of the habitual beggar sitting at the top of nearly all steps leading down to the Mexico City metro. As soon as he went down the steps, his spirits soared in the underground communion. In the metro he saw mirror images of himself. Perhaps that is why he found it comforting,

why he felt he was less alone, why he found that there, he missed Xavi a little less. There were many other young people walking around the metro stop, especially at this time, especially on the green line that goes to the university. Many of them, like him, wore jeans and well-worn t-shirts, sneakers that looked like they had been custom made for their feet. They adorned their ears with one or two earrings, some like pirates, on both sides, others on one ear only. Some draped leather cords with all kinds of stones, amulets and signs around their necks – depending on their fashion sense, some wore the anarchist A, others the yin yang, others yet the peace sign, or a fluorescent plastic or blown-glass dummy; those who could afford a stone wore many-coloured pukka beads, or a carved amber or turquoise, even, as if to recall the Aztec warriors who had once, not so long ago, it would seem, roamed the streets of the city. They, like him, carried themselves with a mellow swagger and they held satchels, backpacks, long-strapped book-bags with books peeping out: books as varied as the youths' faces and sense of style, titles as different and somewhat complementary as *The Communist Manifesto*, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *The Aleph* and anything by Mario Benedetti, Osho, or Philip K. Dick. Some, but not all, were students; others, like him, were done studying for any number of reasons – family obligations, money, graduation, laziness, apathy, activism, success, drugs, raving, failure: in short – life.

Perhaps Cuauhtémoc wasn't alone in finding the metro a space of welcoming chaos, a place to find himself in other people's anonymous faces and remote features. Perhaps many others walked down the steps and paid the meager fee just to walk, and walk, and look. But perhaps also, he, unlike most of them, was one of the few who could have asked

for a ride from his mother anywhere, and gotten it; one of the few there who could have asked his mother for a new car, even, but who chose not to. For him, it wasn't a sacrifice to the much-bloodied altar of virtue and poverty as much as it was a convenience not to have to deal with the upkeep and responsibility of a car. He preferred the noise and smells of other people than that of a stereo piping out through small speakers in front of his nose and the stench of stale cigarettes in the ash tray – which would have been, invariably, the smell and sounds of his car. He preferred not to have to think about trying to get around potholes and buses and taxis, speeding by in a frenzy or crawling past angrily, and he rather imagined himself – transported in the warm belly of this giant underground snake – as a sort of contemporary Jonah. It was as if, inside this moving beast's belly, he were moved to a feeling of somehow having atoned for whatever trespass he had committed against his friend – a betrayal he couldn't but feel, even though he could not name it as such. This walk, a silent and self-imposed apology, was a release.

Before entering the funeral parlour, Cuauhtémoc tried smelling himself. He wanted to find the bittersweet odour of Jai Alai even now, even here. The smell of Jai Alai was the most familiar smell. The familiarity was what made it sweet – not sweet like candy but sweet like the memories of long forgotten childhood dishes. It was the scent of rank youth, of sport. The scent of sweat mixed with blood: a truthful, if painful scent.

It was also biting, sharp, and slightly bitter: the smell of pelotas, rubber – tennis soles melting on the court floor – and damp socks and wet shorts and armpits and young muscles exhaling life, leaving traces of themselves in the air.

This was his scent, the scent he shared with Xavi most intimately, most particularly. If he had to describe it, he would have said it was part butter cookie, melting on the pan, part garlic, part saltwater and mint – it was singular, almost indescribable. A similar odour extended to his other teammates, but it was different in each of them, instead of mint some smelled more like thyme, others like coriander; instead of butter cookie, some smelled more like toast, others like nuts. Combined together, it was the scent of the ball game bleeding into the universe.

The smell was bittersweet: deeply human and yet clean, like the smell of wet earth and grass and manure after a storm, which you can still notice in the middle of the city.

But for an interminable moment as Cuauhtémoc entered the funeral parlour this new smell managed to erase all that. He walked alone, and in front of Xavi's encased corpse, he was surrounded by the heady scent of the spikenard and white tuberose. He thought he would vomit. The flowers surrounded the closed shiny white casket like sprays of white froth spitting their scent out at him. He could smell nothing beyond their sweetness, nothing of his friend, his brother. He leaned into the casket. In a corner of the room, he could see his own mother. She had already arrived and was busy tending to Xavi's mother, who could barely stand up. The stench was intoxicating and he felt he would overdose: he started to rip the flowers out of the vases and throw them into a corner trying to liberate Xavi's smell, to burst their saccharine hum, to bring him back, if only for the space of an inhalation.

The need to smell Xavi was so painful that Cuauhtémoc strained his eyes, and started to cry, as if through the tears he could have smelled his friend better. The skin pours

out the body's pungent essence, people are distilled in scent, and Cuauhtémoc understood this now.

Mourners now started to notice Cuauhtémoc, and his mother walked towards him, ready to pull him away from the casket and hug him tight. Everyone in the room thought they understood the youth's tears, mourning his dead friend. But Cuauhtémoc wasn't crying because he was sad – he needed no tears to fill the emptiness of Xavi's absence – he was crying because he was desperate to smell his friend one more time.

His mother helped him into her car and drove him home in the afternoon rain and traffic. He offered no resistance and instead tried breathing the pervasive hum of funeral flowers out of his nostrils. He remembered the last time he'd smelled something similar: the day of his father's funeral. As his forehead bumped against the car window and the raindrops tapped against it on the other side, he tried thinking of his father: he could barely remember his father's face let alone his smell. Still, he looked at his mother driving and remembered.

His father had worked in Los Angeles and Mexico City. He was a boxer from Tijuana. He used to tell him this one story about both cities, which Cuauhtémoc remembers better than his face, or his smell. He wondered when that would happen with Xavi. His father's story had to do with how Mexico was Los Angeles' sister city in size and sprawl, earthquakes and other things more beautiful, dirty and unsung, but never had any address numbers over the mid-hundreds, perhaps some low thousands in an avenue like Insurgentes, one of the world's longest. Cuauhtémoc looked out the car window, the street name presently blurred by the rain.

'In Mexico', his father said, while arranging the cutlery on the breakfast table fastidiously or puffing up his tiny pillow, 'numbers seem to change of their own accord or because of the whim of some bored bureaucrat or city planner. One can jump from number 12 to number 87 on the same side of the street for no apparent reason.'

'But you know, Cuau', he used to say, 'there are some street similarities between the two: repetition is one of them. There are at least 60 different Broadways in LA County alone, they range from the busy downtown mirage of theatres-turned-churches, to turf-war killing fields or simply not-so-broad broad ways. In Mexico City one cannot begin to count the Reformas, from the long beautiful tree-lined avenue built by that tragic nut Maximilian to mimic the Champs Elysées, to the tiny unpaved ones in Neza or the cobble-stone winding alleys in Coyoacán.'

'Then there's the names, my boy' – and Cuauhtémoc would keep looking at his rainbow cereal, as if it would magically spell something – 'the streets that cross like wrongly connected telephone lines; surreal, ridiculous or poetic moments. Why is it we don't all live on the corner of Prosperity and Progress streets in Escandon? Or near Mulholland Drive in Hollywood where the streets of Doña Marta Drive, Doña Emilia Drive, Doña Teresa Drive and Dolores Place are more like old *comadres* gossiping than a serious development. Where did they come from?' What kind of life, he would ask, might one live in Doña Teresa as opposed to Doña Marta? Cuauhtémoc would look at his orange juice for an answer. He had yet to go to Los Angeles and visit those streets.

'What about Verdugo? Verdugo is the name for an executioner in Spanish. Who would name a road Verdugo and expect people to live there? I almost moved to a

house on Verdugo Road. I didn't want to because of the name. Montebello, Hawaiian Springs, Arcadia or Alhambra sound appealingly utopian but aren't necessarily. Perhaps it's because over there, names are misleading, and numbers never are. Those gringos.' He would then dive head on into the matter of the beautifully named Third World neighbourhood, in Mexico City or the Novelists Circuit which touches with The Economists Circuit. 'The irony!', he would exclaim, his old boxer tick shrinking his eyes a couple of times in a row. 'Those streets, in the neighbourhood baptised of the Novelists, include Alfonso Reyes – who wasn't even a novelist!' he would scoff. 'Since when do we draw parallels between Mahatma Gandhi and Rubén Darío? The crossroads between Shakespeare and Marie Curie must produce brilliant or even phosphorescent specimens.' Cuau smiled briefly remembering his dad's silly joke, which he didn't understand back then. His father always finished at the same dead end: one day I will ask some urban planner to make my dream come true and make up the Boxer neighbourhood, where Mike Tyson and Julio César Chavez will have a tree-lined divider, and will run parallel from one side to the other and will have at least one park at each end.

They had arrived home.

After Xavi's funeral, Cuauhtémoc locked himself up in his bedroom. His clothes somehow were now permeated with the smell of tuberose. As he transported the smell of the funeral parlour back into his room, he felt the violation of death in his life once again. He stripped himself so quickly he almost ripped the buttons off of his dress shirt. He opened the window that looked onto the street and threw his clothes out, watching them waft down into an odorous pile of socks, underwear, pants, shirt, a fancy dark tie. The absurd

pile looked like someone had vanished into thin air right on the street, leaving only his clothes as clues that he was ever there. It reminded him of a film he'd watched about the bombing of Hiroshima, where slight shadows or a pair of bent spectacles were all that was left of people. He wished that pile of his clothes could be all he left before he disappeared. This is all death is, he thought: a cruel magic trick played on the living. Now you see him now you don't – a vanishing. He closed the window again and shivered slightly.

List of works

<p>Francis Alijs Born 1959 Antwerp, Belgium Lives and works in Mexico City</p> <p><i>Paradox of praxis 1: Sometimes making something leads to nothing</i> 1997 video, colour, sound 9:54 mins</p>	<p>Abraham Cruzvillegas Born 1968 Mexico City Lives and works in Mexico City</p> <p><i>Autoconstrucción</i> 2009 HDV video, colour, sound 63:00 mins Courtesy the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City</p>	<p>Jaki Irvine Born 1966 Dublin, Ireland Lives and works in Mexico City and Dublin</p> <p><i>Se Compra: Sin é</i> 2014 HD DVD, colour, 5.1 surround sound, free-standing screen, stools 17:37 mins Courtesy the artist; Frith Street Gallery, London; and Kerlin Gallery, Dublin</p>	<p>Isabel Nuño de Buen Born 1985 Mexico City Lives and works in Hannover and Mexico City</p> <p><i>Extracted segment: North section (undetermined)</i> 2018 <i>Extracted segment: South section (undetermined)</i> 2018 <i>Extracted segment: East section (undetermined)</i> 2018 <i>Extracted segment: West section (undetermined)</i> 2018 <i>Extracted segment: Orienting arrow (undetermined)</i> 2018 steel, wire, papier maché, plaster, foam, Styrofoam, rubber, cardboard installation dimensions variable Courtesy the artist</p>
<p>Andrew Birk Born 1985 Portland, USA Lives and works in Mexico City</p> <p><i>Alien</i> 2015 aerosol enamel, and Bondo filler on canvas 200.0 x 150.0 cm Courtesy the artist</p> <p><i>Baby K</i> 2015 aerosol enamel on canvas 200.0 x 150.0 cm Courtesy the artist</p> <p><i>Centro de Tlalpan (Maxfield Parrish)</i> 2015 aerosol enamel, Xerox pigment, bond paper, silicone, ballpoint pen and wheat paste on canvas 200.0 x 150.0 cm Courtesy the artist</p> <p><i>Hatboi patois</i> 2015 aerosol enamel and felt-tipped marker on canvas 200.0 x 150.0 cm Courtesy the artist</p> <p><i>Te amo nena (Zona de hospitales)</i> 2015 aerosol enamel, found flyers, packing tape and wheat paste on canvas 150.0 x 120.0 cm Courtesy the artist</p> <p><i>Viaducto Tlalpan</i> 2015 aerosol enamel, vinimex, lost dog flyers, bond paper, permanent marker, ballpoint pen, silicone, wheat paste and spray adhesive on canvas 200.0 x 150.0 cm Courtesy the artist</p>	<p>Chelsea Culprit Born 1984 Paducah, USA Lives and works in Mexico City</p> <p><i>Charm bracelet</i> 2017 neon, chain, electrical cable 120.0 cm x 330.0 cm Courtesy the artist and BWSMX, Mexico City</p> <p><i>Slow Monday</i> 2014–16 oil and mixed media on canvas 269.0 x 190.0 cm Courtesy the artist and Queer Thoughts, New York</p> <p><i>Feng Shui</i> 2010–13 oil and mixed media on canvas 152.5 x 152.5 cm Courtesy the artist and Queer Thoughts, New York</p>	<p>Kate Newby Born 1979 Auckland, New Zealand Lives and works in Auckland and New York City</p> <p><i>Am I nuts or is this the happiest moment of my life?</i> 2018 pink silver, wire dimensions variable Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; and Fine Arts, Sydney</p> <p><i>I love everything this chooses to be</i> 2018 white brass, silver dimensions variable Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; and Fine Arts, Sydney</p> <p><i>We've all been hot and needed to cut off a pair of our own jeans</i> 2018 bronze, wire dimensions variable Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; and Fine Arts, Sydney</p> <p><i>All the stuff you already know</i> 2017 high fired stoneware, glaze dimensions variable Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; and Fine Arts, Sydney</p> <p><i>I'll be here Sunday</i> 2017 high fired stoneware, glaze dimensions variable Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; and Fine Arts, Sydney</p> <p><i>Okay I'll Call You / Yes Call Me</i> 2017 high fired porcelain, glaze dimensions variable Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; and Fine Arts, Sydney</p> <p><i>The fresher air of street-level</i> 2017 high fired porcelain, glaze dimensions variable Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; and Fine Arts, Sydney</p> <p><i>Were there no impossibilities</i> 2017 bronze dimensions variable Courtesy the artist; Michael Lett, Auckland; and Fine Arts, Sydney</p>	<p>Melanie Smith Born 1965 Poole, England Lives and works in Mexico City</p> <p><i>Spiral city</i> 2002 single-channel video, b/w, sound 5:50 mins Courtesy the artist and Galerie Peter Kilchmann, Zurich</p> <p>Martin Soto Climent Born 1977 Mexico City Lives and works in Mexico City</p> <p>New commission 2018 To be developed in situ Details unconfirmed at time of publication Courtesy the artist</p>
<p>Ramiro Chaves Born 1979 Córdoba, Argentina Lives and works in Mexico City</p> <p>XXXXXXXX 2014 risographic prints 200 sheets: each 28.0 x 28.0 cm Courtesy the artist and Galería Agustina Ferreyra, Mexico City and San Juan</p>	<p>Yann Gerstberger Born 1983 Cagnes-sur-Mer, France Lives and works in Mexico City</p> <p><i>Black palms</i> 2018 cotton, natural dyes (grana cochinilla), synthetic dyes, glue, reclaimed vinyl banner 290.0 x 250.0 cm Courtesy the artist and Sorry We're Closed, Brussels</p> <p><i>Landgèt Manmanw</i> 2016 cotton, natural dyes (grana cochinilla), synthetic dyes, glue, reclaimed vinyl banner 280.0 x 240.0 cm Courtesy the artist and Sorry We're Closed, Brussels</p>		

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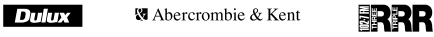
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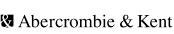


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