

Se nos cayó el teatro

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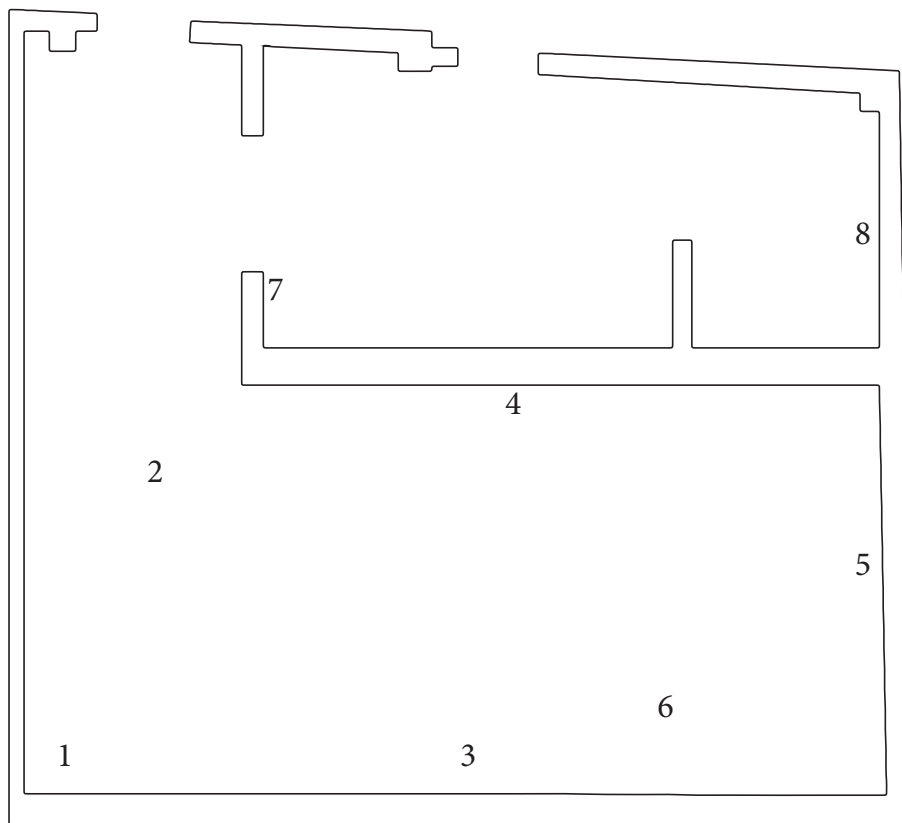
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(Translated from Spanish)

We are in Mexico City, it is night, and in a few hours it will be day. It all begins Thursday December 8, 2016. I remember that night I read on Instagram "EVERYONE SHOULD MOVE TO MEXICO CITY", of course I think about it. The city is full of bleached browns, there are tanned whites, the blacks are blacks, but still all whitewashed. Bleach. Here all English speakers would feel at home. We are the west, westerners. There are reds and blues, bicolored and tricolored. But *it* should be clarified: Mexico City is not Berlin, it is not New York, it is not Tokyo, it is not Istanbul, it is not Seoul, it is not Shanghai, it is not Paris, it is not Dubai, it is not London, it is not Rio de Janeiro, it is not Bogota, it is not Karachi, it is not Miami, it is not Lagos, it is not Mumbai, it is not Jakarta, it is not Cairo, it is not Buenos Aires, it is not Montevideo, it is not Sao Paulo, it is not Johannesburg, it is not Ho Chi Minh, it is not Brussels, it is not Bangkok, it is not Moscow, it is not Basel, it is not Teheran, it is not Santiago, it is not Singapore... It is Mexico City.

The only thing I can think of is: '*Se nos cayó el teatrillo*'.

We the poor continue and we the rich continue; so many differences. Even today, some people resort to the use of metaphor and allegory, others don't, others also, others neither. *As little*. But at the same time there is so much. Humans are full of contradictions. Let the New Manifesto of Mexican Cinema be written! : Who will write it? Who has written it? I remember talking, drinking, eating in Salon Covadonga, I believe there's where the idea came up. Dialogues, talks. Let us make movies, let us make projections, and let us inhabit the cinemas. How to Recover? Let us do Theater, to show what there is : that there are bodies, that there is flesh, that there is soul. The spirit to do so stayed behind; we lost it out of our sight. We also lost the shade. Matthew Stirling unearthed an Olmec head, it seems we all remember that photograph, we also remember the time the angel fell, the Angel of Independence, City of Mexico, year 1957. Monuments that do not stand, they weaken on the floor, over the surface. What is their height? Value. We all live. Others. Mythology got weird; we no longer know which side to aim for. From within outward, and from outward within. From Mexico to the foreigner and from the foreigner to Mexico. So, then: The stage appears. The scene. The director appears, there are actors. Someone in the background asks: "How do you cook a turkey?" Another responds: "I want the text to have to do with the exhibition but not to try or speak directly about it." Another one remembers: "Long live the *Mole de Guajolote!*" People on the proscenium. The enemy is elsewhere. There is theater. We are accomplices, there is dialogue. There is *untitled*, *Cast at the concert*, *Torn Up in Tatters*, *Fear and Impatience*, *The Dance of Signs red and white*, *Landscape*, *Mummy*, *Territorio*, *Monolito*, a *Sculpture Garden*, a rotating crank. *Painting strikes back*. *The Rules*. They placed the plaque: On August 20th, everything was closed. Trotsky was murdered in the city. From something big to something small. The space, what is meant to mean. How to play the game? 'Don't be like that. What is it about?' 'But what about some, like, so then. Get at me.' It got weird. SOMEONE DROPPED THE ACT, WELL, WE ALL DROPPED IT. Our theater has fallen: The theater of being a dealer, the theater of having a space, the theater of moving to a larger place... The theater is the whole trap: The capitalist trap. Take part; what?!!! What was it you wanted? *They gather and are said to wait for the resurrection of hope*. Spinning in circles. What hope? Everyone's, yours or mine? They. Who are they? The video ends with an abrupt cut, just when it is in the climax when concentration and contemplation have been achieved, when the sound already has hypnotized you, the video cuts. Cut to black. There is silence. Lasts 4 minutes.



1. Veit Laurent Kurz

Torn up in Tatters #1 (Herba-4 Series), 2016.

acrylic, crayon, oil chalk, acrylic varnish,
digital print on wood.

48 x 42 cm

Fear and Impatience (Herba-4 Series), 2016

acrylic, crayon, oil chalk, acrylic varnish
digital print on wood.

51 x 43 cm

2. Lewis Teague Wright

They gather, and are said to be waiting for the resurrection of hope, 2016.

copper sheet, steel wire, wood, motor

Dimensions variable

3. Dave Miko

Cast at the Concert, 2015.

Spray paint on canvas

46 x 76 cm

4. Anna-Sophie Berger,

Dance of signs (white), 2016

C-print, acrylic glass, pharmaceutical cream

76 x 102 cm

Dance of signs (red), 2016

C-print, acrylic glass, pharmaceutical cream

76 x 102 cm

5. Temra Pavlovic

Untitled, 2016.

Video and audio

Duration: 10 min

featuring 'Fr3sh' by Kareem Lotfy and Jean Marie Straub in "Où gît votre sourire enfoui?"

6. Diego Salvador Rios

Paisaje (de la serie 4 Colores), 2016.

Four plastic containers used by poulturers from Mercado de San Juan in Mexico City.

(Color black, brown, orange, and red), MDF, and triplay.

Dimensions variable

Monolito, 2016.

Carved lint remover stone vertically placed on a quadrangular base of mahogany wood.

10 x 10 x 18 cm.

Territorio, 2016.

Bottlecap worn out with dirt, dust, and automotive laquer.

2.5 x 3.3 x 1.5 cm.

Momia (Catarina), 2016.

Insect corpse (ladybug) placed inside a resealable plastic bag previously used to store marijuana and hashish.

11 x 8 x 14 cm.

Jardín de Esculturas, 2016.

Velvet paper (blue), enamelled high temperature ceramic, and oxidized hinge.

20 x 20 x 5.5 cm.

7. Noa4s (Noah Barker + Oa4s)

The Rules, 2016.

8. Adriana Lara,

La Pintura Contrataca, Colección Primavera/Verano 2012, 2012.

16mm transferred to HD video, laser level.

6:53 min.