

## *Circulación Espectral*

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<b>Artist</b>	DANIEL AGUILAR RUVALCABA PALOMA CONTRERAS LOMAS IGNACIO GATICA ADRIANA MARTINEZ BARÓN
<b>Dates</b>	Sep. 21 - Dec. 21, 2024
<b>Opening</b>	Sep. 21, 5-8 pm
<b>Location</b>	C. Gobernador Ignacio Esteva 44, San Miguel Chapultepec, 11850 Ciudad de México, CDMX   Piso 3

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Dear viewer:

Welcome to this exhibition on spectral circulation. We could say that spectral circulation is a geometric form without pause that does not want to leave, it clings and by turning and repeating itself so much, it becomes an invisible habit with an undeniable presence.

Have you seen the exhibition yet? If you haven't seen it, I recommend that you take a look before reading this text. The texts in the room are only words to accompany the view. Honestly, everyone takes their own path with or without a laugh. So circle the space. Take your time. And obviously this will depend on whether you look at or see exhibitions... (1 min, 5 min, 10 min, 20 min, 60 min)... okay?

Well, I hope you have also perceived it. And if not, then no problem. In any case, the reason for this personalized impersonal letter is to share with you something curious that I experienced. I don't want to force you to feel the same, so I ask you, did you notice a fragile flash, a distant whisper, a smell from before?... I have the hypothesis that the works in this exhibition are as if possessed by a lowered and silent distance (a strange combination of Lizandro Meza and Walter Benjamin). As if there were wills, alien desires inhabiting them. Yes, yes, I know, we are all traversed by silent voices that are not ours. But there are also libidos, specters in what we call works. That is why I say that the works in this exhibition are on the spectrum. I am not referring exclusively to the fact that they embody a certain degree of autism. They are on the spectrum, but on the Marxist spectrum. Marxist indeed, because of those critical ideas that were disseminated throughout all dimensions and galaxies.

He recognizes the opening words of the Communist Manifesto: "A ghost is haunting the Milky Way: the ghost of cosmosism." It is a ghost that has since then been on every planet. Of course, it has also visited the arts, the galleries, the museums and some artists and, despite the McCarthyist intergalactic purge, it has remained stuck like a nebulous ghost on the ground. And when this electromagnetic spectrum appears, there are generally two reactions: anger or joy. This will depend on our cosmic ideology. For the extreme right, the diagnosis that these works are in the Marxist spectrum would be irrefutable proof of the

decadence of the Western orbit and the triumph of cultural Marxism in the atmosphere; while for a more molecular left they would feel a plain and frank stellar sympathy but it would not be enough to be there, they would demand metaphysically, to multiply, to be in the spectra... oh, sorry, sorry, man, I went too far. We were even in fucking outer space.

Let's see, we flew back to the inner space of this gallery. Ready. Just in time. The ghosts are talking to each other and in an unusually orderly fashion. If you can't hear, I'll transcribe what they're illustrating here:

**Bolivarian bird ghost:**

I'm made of bills, they could use me for yajé ceremonies, or even peyote, or *perico* (cocaine), or *crico* (meth), now it's up to each one. I lack feathers because my flight is Bolivarian. The Yankee empire boycotted me! It stagnated me, inflated me and devalued me to the point that this beautiful paper money you're looking at is more expensive than my own denomination. Do you know that it's against the law to cut bills? Is it because cutting them increases their value and that affects the finances of the 1%? One of the artisan hands that made me has been imprisoned... but for working with bird feathers!... and they say that long ago people used feathers as currency. I hope the prophecy comes true that it is the flight of birds, and not money, or Bolívar, or Monroe, or Martí who will unite this torn continent.

**Ghost of the lying charro:**

We were just driving the car to where the Lord told us. Whether he was the boss of the Party or the boss of the Company. In this oil painting, captured in the style of *Bruegel*, it was when we made a trip in a cart that we grabbed from Luz y Fuerza. We were carrying representatives of the Confederation of Workers of Mexico. We got really drunk and I even think we ran over a ringtail. Oh, I forgot that Death was there too. He was there adding adrenaline to the matter. It seems that alcohol or clones don't let me remember well. But I saw Death from afar finishing off some union members who didn't want to break the strike. The truth is it's shitty because it only fucks up those who believe in self-organization and autonomy, but it's also their fault for being rebellious and not aligning themselves with what the Lord tells us.

**Specter of the toothless rat:**

I died in this market. I'm not the rat as such, I'm a drawing made by a child and then interpreted as a piñata. And what you see in my belly is a party in which the bad people (neo-anarchists, lesbo-marxists, thugs and garzasadists) celebrated at the Echeveste market, in León, Guanajuato, which is where I tell you I died. The reason for the party, the theme, were the "monsters" of the market because that market is already an anomaly but it's still there. And it's that not all markets (as an economic notion) are in the image and likeness of white or bleached forms. The homogeneity of capital is violence towards difference. Well, the piñatas, the ones that pass through my stomach, were designed by children of the market community to represent the monsters that ghostly inhabit that place. Like me, a toothless rat from taking so much coke.

**Specter of the shiny bald head of priest Miguel Hidalgo:**

Look, religion and architecture share in this medal. The stock market appears virginal, omnipotent, ready to perform miracles... what does it want?... Don't you find it funny that in the so-called most bad economic cultures, financial power is not questioned? It is a

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blind belief. Poor rich children, "their God is money" as my priest Miguel Hidalgo said well, at the time and valid today. And speaking of Independence, watch these flags of Mexico and the USA in scroll, like a Wall Street display, with information from the World Bank, there goes the foreign debt which is a form of neocolonial control. Look, there goes the future of each nation predicted with the algorithmic coldness that is used to calculate stocks. This is a religious composition that shows the theological moral that we must behave well. Pay the debts and support our neighbors to the North. Forgive their sins, so that they give us more credit. Because if not, money will get angry and will bolivar us.

Okay, that's it. Did you hear it? Is it also in the spectrum, which one will it be? ...

It was supposed to be a short text for the room. One of those that lasts a page, sorry. If you did get this far, ask for your Duvalín or a hug or something for your patience, thank you.

Without further ado, I say goodbye for the moment and remain ghostly with you.  
As Rockdrigo would say: I'll see you later under the sun.

**YOURS SINCERELY,**

Paul S. Sánchez  
Writer and fan of corn in a glass

**ABOUT THE ARTISTS:**

**Adriana Martínez Barón's** (b. Bogota, 1988) work navigates a precarious path between commodity and value. The circulation of money, in both its material and functional forms, serves as the medium for many pieces in this exhibition. Martínez often challenges the notion of value through works featuring currency, its fluctuating rates, and its movement across borders and economies. She has exhibited widely across Latin America, the United States, and Europe, with solo and group exhibitions at venues such as the Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit; Gallery Embajada, San Juan; Hoffmann Maler Wallenberg, Nice, France; Museum of Modern Art, Bogotá; Rachel Uffner Gallery, New York; Cristina Guerra, Lisbon; Steve Turner Contemporary, Los Angeles; Diablo Rosso, Panama City; The Jewish Museum, New York; Instituto de Vision, Bogotá; Jessica Silverman, San Francisco; Chicago Manual Style, Chicago, and others.

**Daniel Aguilar Ruvalcaba** (b. Leon, Guanajuato, 1988) lives and works in Mexico City. He attended the SOMA Educational Program in Mexico City. He participated as an artist in residence at the Rijksakademie van beeldende kunsten, as well as in the interdisciplinary program Pressing Matter, both in Amsterdam, the Netherlands. His work has been exhibited in Mexico and other countries. He is currently co-doing public programs at Biquini Wax EPS. He believes in and tries to practice, collective work, poetic humor, critical thinking, and the fair redistribution of surplus.

**Ignacio Gatica** (b. 1988, Santiago) lives and works in New York. Gatica uses language, currency, and the technologies of urban space as material to reveal the transactional operations that dictate contemporary life. He has exhibited at SculptureCenter, New York (2022); Hessel Museum of Art at Bard College, Annandaleon-Hudson, NY (2022); Fundación Marso, Mexico City (2019); El Museo del Barrio, New York (2018); Galeria Jaqueline Martins, São Paulo (2018); Fondation Hippocrène, Paris (2017); and Galería Gabriela Mistral, Santiago (2016); among others. Features of his work have been published in Frieze, Mousse, The New York Times, and Balcony magazine.

**Paloma Contreras Lomas** (b. Mexico City, 1991) is a writer and an artist, Paloma Contreras Lomas has developed a practice in which literature and fiction play a major role, allowing her to address a series of topics regarding race and class that are rarely broached by a traditional Mexican society. Positioning herself as operating from a feminine condition rather than a feminist stand, the artist claims her right to confront those particular political issues that have historically been associated with male libido, such as the relationship between nationalism and the occupation and instrumentalization of territory, and the further inscription of an extractive global economy. She has a degree in Visual Arts from La Esmeralda and was part of the Programa Educativo SOMA, both in Mexico City. She was a former member of Biquini Wax. Her works have recently been included in the public and private collections of Museo Tamayo, Seattle Museum of Art, CIFO, Estrellita B. Brodsky Collection, Fundación M, KADIST and Phillips/Yuyito. Her work has recently been exhibited at the Center for Research and Alliances (CARA NYC), Museo del Chopo, Museo Tamayo, Palais de Tokyo, Mendes Wood, kurimanzutto, Galería Agustina Ferreyra and Pequod Co.