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KERBER

THE TRIUMPH OF THE RAT

*Moris*

**KERBER** EDITION YOUNG ART

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE RAT

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# »THE TRIUMPH OF THE RAT«; OR, THE INFERNO OF DAILY LIFE

Andrea Jahn

Through me you enter into the city of woes,  
through me you enter into eternal pain,  
through me you enter the population of loss.

—Dante, *The Divine Comedy*<sup>1</sup>

It is a strange calm that lies over the exhibition—almost ghostly. For the things with which the artist, born in Mexico City in 1978, confronts us already have their lives behind them. It is the banality of death that is omnipresent in them, because they are in the way and at first do not even look like works of art—paving stones, shards of glass, knives, leather jackets, and again and again concrete blocks and loaves of bread—symbols of a seemingly threadbare story of violence that Moris places before our eyes like open wounds and through which he guides us, as Dante does his readers through the horrors of the inferno in his *Divine Comedy*. Like him, Moris is a quiet observer of the transgressions and crimes that people commit out of irresponsibility or selfishness or greed. He too is familiar with the circumstances and knows the weaknesses of his fellow human beings, who accept the most bestial features amid the increasing brutalization of (Mexican) society.<sup>2</sup>

It is a world that is all too familiar and at the same time seems alien, a world in which death and violence are on the agenda—with all their cruelty, absurdity, and ordinariness—as in Luis Buñuel's famous film *Los Olvidados* (*The Forgotten Ones*) about the children in the slums of Mexico City, whose shocking scenes are processed in the two-part video work in the first room. Above it all hangs the Mexican flag—or what's left of it<sup>3</sup>—the artist calls this installation *Forgotten Horizon* and implies by that the lost future that was symbolized by the eagle as emblem on its national flag after the Mexican War of Independence. As if it were a symbol of

the impotence of government, the flag appears to be stuck in concrete, in the face of the corrupt machinations of those who have in truth seized control of the country: drug barons and criminal politicians whose contemptuous practices are vividly dramatized by the artist. That is how he links his objects to a narrative in the room.

While the end of the Mexican flag that is soaked in concrete hangs down heavily onto the floor, its colors are also covered by the concrete's dead gray. In his *Funerary Monument* next to it, Moris placed the neck of a broken bottle in concrete, which on the other side is pressing the model of a small head to the floor—as a loving memory of the dead—which is thus overpowered beneath the weight of raw violence. Diagonally opposite it the artist placed the gagged head of a plastic German shepherd on a similar concrete pedestal; like all the animals, in Moris's work, it refers proverbially to human nature.

Opposite this on the wall side is *Empty Pockets*: a row of moneybags from the central bank of Mexico that were once filled with money—a memorable image of a society marked by corruption and mismanagement, in which »empty pockets« symbolize the collapse of a system. Just one step further, we almost stumble over a small concrete cube in which only a tuft of hair can be seen, suggesting the worst. The artist called this work *The Blind One* or *Concrete Head*, allowing himself a macabre joke with an allusion to Concrete Art. His references to the history of art are numerous elsewhere as well, as is demonstrated particularly well by his installation in the second part of the exhibition, which he presents as reference to Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

Moris belongs to a generation of young Latin American artists whose work results from the raw materials cast off by the megalopolis Mexico City. After completing his degree at the Escuela Nacional de Pintura, Escultura y Grabado (ENPEG) »La

Esmeralda,« he discovered the artistic potential of the demimonde and the favelas where he lives and works. His characteristic feature as an artist is bringing together the authentic traces of that milieu, the materials of the street, in order to present it anew in the exhibition space. The violence and poverty in the slums of the big city thus find their way into his environments in which bourgeois categories such as high and low culture collide. He records their fault lines in subtle works such as *The Ground Is Easier to Clean than Blood*, a canvas into which the marks of a »perreo party« have been inscribed—and its excesses of drugs, alcohol, and sex. The artist does not work with scandalous images but rather with quiet, almost insignificant traces of the physical and mental destruction that such orgies leave behind, not least on the participants themselves.

In his installations Moris evokes a world in which the most banal things develop an incredible power, an impact that punches us in the stomach emotionally. His assemblages of everyday objects evoke associations whose effect goes far beyond that of, say, the anonymous flood of images that the Internet brings us. His art consists of materials »from hell« that get under our skin.<sup>4</sup>

The havoc this world wreaks can also be sensed in the second room, at the entrance to which Moris receives us with images of a supposed idyll: rows of blue skies that the artist has cut out of landscape paintings acquired at flea markets. *Broken Heaven* is the title of this work, a broken heaven that marks the beginning of a path that leads unavoidably to hell. And so we are standing before a kind of gates of hell, which Moris has set up very much in the spirit of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Like Dante with Virgil, we too wander through the room guided by the artist. In contrast to Dante's *Inferno*, however, the hell we encounter in Moris's exhibition is not a realm of the dead but an underworld in which we see, sense, and hear what it must be like when a human being becomes an animal, driven by greed, revenge, the instinct of asserting oneself in a world that no longer has any room for humanity. It is the world Moris has known since childhood, where he still lives and works. In this position, he is not only a critical observer of the conditions in the poor neighborhoods of Mexico City but is also familiar with them, speaking their language and understanding their codes.

What he records, takes up, and processes artistically in his installations are found objects from a reality that he experiences up close every day. It is the struggle for survival—ranging from self-defense to self-destruction, from defensive techniques to suicide, the desperate face of which unfolds its full relentlessness in this very room. It is the poverty of the favelas, which Moris, like Dante, certainly documents as someone affected by it. Not coincidentally, the Tuscan poet appears in the middle of a collage of athletes, hunted animals, and the hanged: Gustave Doré's famous *Dante Lost in the Woods* symbolizes nothing less than the position of the artist immediately surrounded by the horrors and tortures of hell.

Moris's installations and sculptures are physically palpable and at times all but unbearable, arrangements of knives, broken bottle necks, paving stones, and again and again loaves of bread to be defended. *The Breathing of a Beast* is the title of one of these works. With its very individual aesthetic, it dominates the first half of the room not only visually but above all acoustically: hung from a hair-raising construction of dirtied remnants of fabric and paving stones, a worn butcher's knife is being sharpened on stone slabs that recall, not coincidentally, an installation by Carl André. But this Minimalist floor sculpture conceals an essential asset: two loaves of white bread, tied together and constantly circled by the knife blade. With a scratching noise, it digs its traces into the stone and into our consciousness. It is an inexorable struggle for survival that the artist packs into a metaphorical image of the endless circling of the knife around the bread of life. Opposite it, in *Rats Trying to Kill Us*, we encounter more loaves of bread, lined up and supported by paving stones to form a floor sculpture. Bread pierced by shards of glass or cast in concrete, making it inedible, so that you break your teeth on it, just like on life in the Mexican megalopolis.

Moris illustrated this »staying alive somehow« in a kind of enormous canvas: a wall of dirty T-shirts he collected from people who make a living cleaning the windshields of cars waiting in line. We cannot help but see and smell the dirt and sweat of their work. By carefully arranging these dirty T-shirts above and next to one another, he combines thirty portraits into a group portrait in which the entire relentlessness and severity of life on the street

becomes apparent. By spreading out before us these simplest of all items of clothing at full size, he gives those who wore them their dignity back—the dignity of a life in which nothing is given away, but in which even the most primitive work is more valuable than subjection to a system that quickly pulls its young people into the abyss with the seductions of easy money.

And so it is only logical that we encounter behind it the «leather jackets» in the installation *Loyal to the Wrong Man*. It is an image of the young men who follow the wrong heroes in their gangs, people who know how to defend themselves with knives, clubs, and guns but nevertheless rotate around themselves and can never break out of their vicious circle. They are victims of a system in which education is reserved for those who can afford it. And yet Moris does not make their dysfunctional society solely responsible for their failure. His own path as artist shows that children of the favelas are by no means fated to a criminal career. It is the more arduous path, which promises neither easy money nor fame and success. In Moris's case, however, it was not his successful completion of studies at the art academy that helped him find his own visual language but rather his critical engagement with the shortcomings of that training. The school's conservative orientation and working with bad reproductions from the history of art led him to make the aesthetic choice of the black-and-white photograph, which runs through the entire exhibition. Starting with rows of copies from a guidebook to self-defense, these black-and-white photographs and copies contrast with the very real, colorful, tactile, and sensuous world that Moris develops in his installations. When the artist presents newspaper photographs and art historical works side by side as enlarged black-and-white reproductions of equal value, he attributes the same significance to the subject matter of great works of art, such as Francisco de Zurbarán's *Agnus Dei* (ca. 1632), and the photograph of a young man who turned his weapon on himself. The bound lamb is the symbol of the sacrifice of Christ's death; the photograph of the man who shot himself is oppressive evidence against a society that puts up with suicide as the only way out of desperation and a lack of prospects. Both images are crossed by the line of a string hanging down from a bundle of loaves

that Moris dipped in concrete. Here the bread stands for the body—bound and broken like the body of Christ.

But just as Dante's *Inferno* is subdivided into circles of hell that go deeper, as the realms of punishment for those whose sins condemned them to eternal damnation, we experience different levels of misery and violence in Moris's installation.

We reach the absolute low point in the *Room of the Deadly Sins*. It is dark, walking in the sand is difficult. *Rat's Cave* or *Collaborating with the Devil* is the title of this installation, in which the artist has us descend into his underworld at nine tables. Here we encounter nine books that confront us with the worst of the crime that occurs every day in a city of millions like Mexico City and at the same time has constituted the abysses of human nature for centuries: Superbia (pride), Avaritia (greed), Luxuria (lust), Ira (wrath), Gula (gluttony), Invidia (envy), and Acedia (sloth). It truly seems as if Dante's *Inferno* is flaring up again! In Moris's underworld, however, it is images from the yellow press that lend a face to the unspeakable violence and unbearable misery only to shamelessly distort it before the public. Moris underscores the scandalous nature of this media practice by blacking out the texts and presenting without commentary police photographs of perpetrators and victims, of murder weapons, attacks, and deadly injuries, thereby making them truly visible for the first time. When we leave this room again, we take with us the memory of its dirty and ghastly subject matter—also in the form of grains of sand that cling to our shoes. Or, to quote a Mexican proverb, following Moris: «Those who walk through sand get dirty feet.» This underscores his position once again: in his art there are no innocent bystanders. And just as Dante went through the gates of hell to experience pain, heat, and torment, so Moris takes us through the very worldly inferno of Mexico City—his «city of woes», «eternal pain», and to the «population of loss».

- 1 *The Inferno of Dante*, trans. Robert Pinsky (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1994), 25.
- 2 «Moris is an insider; his level of engagement goes beyond observation and collecting data. The artist lives in one of the most dangerous neighborhoods in Mexico City where his studio is in ground zero from which he ventures not as a tourist but as a native working from within. He is granted privileged access to the city and its inhabitants. This familiarity allows for exchanges with the people who live there.» Pedro Alonzo, «Think Global, Act Local,» in: *Art & Agenda: Political Art and Activism* (Berlin: Gestalten, 2011), 192.
- 3 The original Mexican flag—red, white, and green with the emblem of an eagle with a snake in a stranglehold—was replaced by Moris with a red, black, and green one. It no longer has an emblem.
- 4 «Tools that have been used to commit violent acts such as bats, knives, and other weapons, are at first appropriated and then modified to make art.» Alonzo, «Think Global, Act Local» (see note 2), 192. Moris calls them «materials from hell.»

## EVIDENCE FROM HELL

Ralf Christofori

What I do is repeat a phrase: «If you enter hell, you must return with a piece of evidence.» So it is my task to descend into hell and return with these pieces of evidence so that people can see them.

— Moris

At the beginning of the film is a title sequence in which the director makes it clear that there is no occasion for hope, no reason for optimism. Nowhere. The model for it is real life. But the title sequence does not say that. It doesn't have to. Luis Buñuel's film *Los olvidados* (*The Forgotten Ones*) of 1950 leaves no doubt about it.

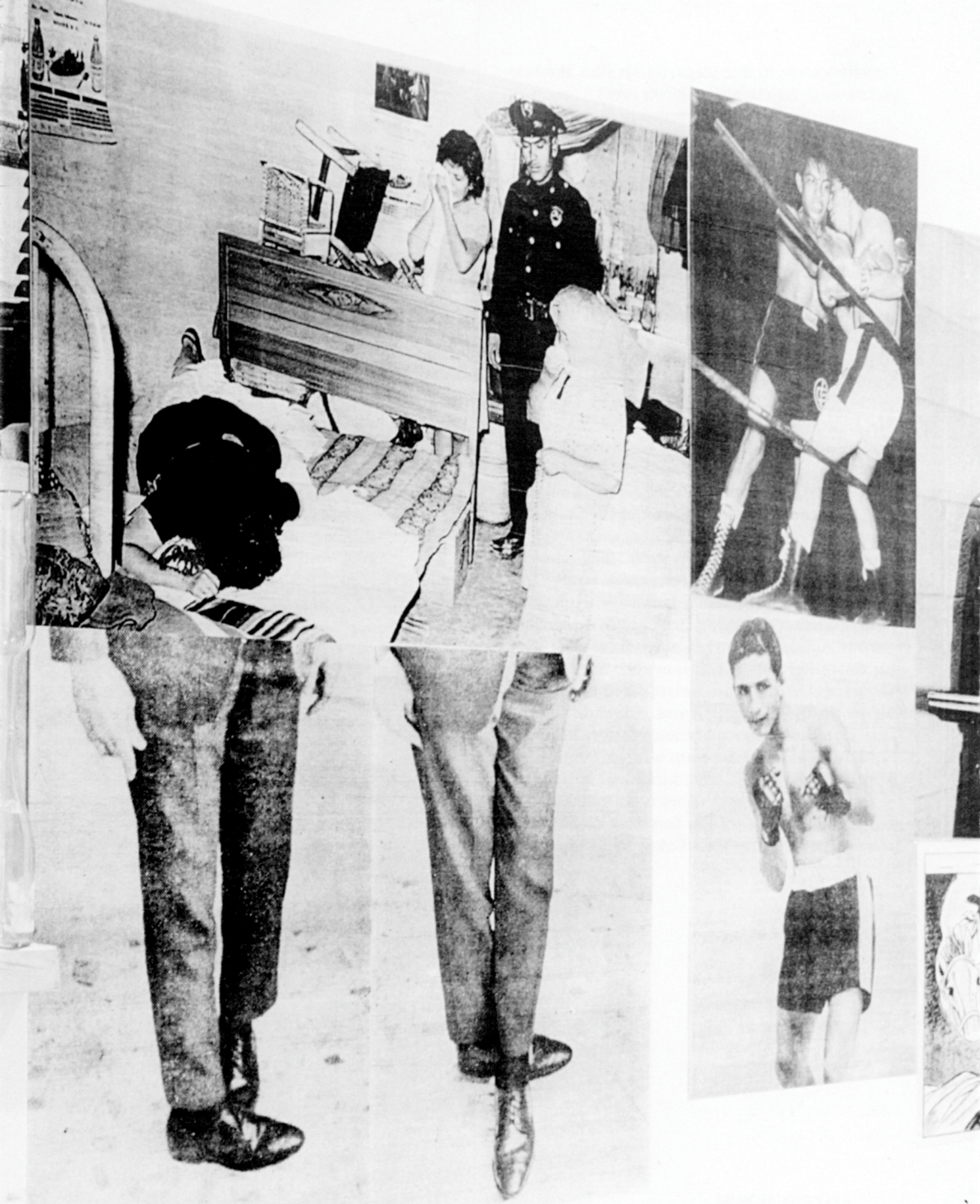
The film tells the story of Pedro and Jaibo, two boys in the slums of Mexico City. It begins comparatively harmlessly with a play bullfight in which the members of a gang of youths go at each other, snorting like humans and animals. Over the course of the plot it gets rawer. A blind musician is subjected to the blind pleasure in violence. He is beaten down with stones and cudgels by three youths—until he finds himself eye to eye with a chicken. Most of the power struggles and wrestling matches between members of the gang of youths that follow in the film end in blood and, in the worst case, death. Murder is followed by betrayal, betrayal by murder. The hard life causes nightmares on a nightly basis which, when seen by the light of day, scarcely differ from reality. A vicious circle that draws the youths further and further down into the abyss. Hopelessly pessimistic right up to the end, when the blind musician sums it up: «They should have been killed before they were even born.»

Sixty-five years after it was made, the Mexican artist Moris integrated Luis Buñuel's prizewinning film *Los olvidados*,<sup>2</sup> which has largely fallen into oblivion, into his video installation *a.T.* (2015). The film runs on the upper of two stacked monitors. In Moris's installation, however, it does not tell a story. Instead, Moris sequenced the feature film into voids

and excerpts. The voids are shown by test patterns and sounds like those developed for televisions in the 1950s and 1960s. The excerpts of scenes from the film that Moris shows do follow the original chronology of Buñuel's film. But they stand alone: scenes of violence isolated from the narrative context. The lower monitor shows a series of film images and voices in a similar sequence of cuts, and the noises of a film projector are heard. The black-and-white film shows a Mexican attack dog put on a leash—presumably a pit bull terrier—wearing a stud collar. It seems anything but aggressive: approaching the camera occasionally and then withdrawing to the shadow again.

As a viewer, one inevitably makes a connection between the two monitors, between human being and animal, between violent youths and the attack dog. They aren't like that by nature but are taught and socialized to be like that. One fate leads to another; the images permeate each other. And enthroned above it all is a sculpture that recalls an antenna. The signal it receives and broadcasts is unequivocal: *The Vultures Are Hungry*, is the title of the sculpture. It is made of materials Moris seeks and finds in the enigmatic milieu of his native city: wood, stone, old bicycle tires, and falcon claws.

Moris' artistic work nearly always derives from the context of his immediate surroundings in Mexico. But it also makes many references to models and precursors in the recent history of art. The artist seeks and finds *objets trouvés* from which he creates his own works. Not infrequently, following the model of Arte Povera, he works with «poor» materials, though he by no means regards them as worthless. That the work described here inevitably brings aspects of Surrealism into play with Luis Buñuel's film *Los olvidados* only seems unusual at first glance, since both men follow the same impulse of uncovering the forgotten or hidden realities of life in order to penetrate them. «For the Surrealists, the challenge was surely to «overthrow images», and in that way to alter forms of representation. But it was



certainly—and perhaps above all—about overthrowing through the image, that is, confusing the conditions of reality.<sup>1</sup> In short: »In order to »change life, one must first »change perspective.«<sup>2</sup>

That is just what Moris does. His images, films and photographs, sculptures, and installations mix things up that are regarded as given. Especially since he draws in many cases he draws attention in the first place to realities that society more or less deliberately ignores. In a remarkable way, he manages to call things by their name without taking them literally. A slashed bicycle tire, into whose ends a machete and a fragile deer's hoof have been stuck (*Entails #1*), inseparably links death and transfiguration. The head of cartoon bunny Roger Rabbit, whose eyes have been taped with black tape and mouth gagged, is violently split directly between the ears by three machetes and a kitchen knife (*Devoured by Your Own Dogs*).

The materials Moris employs in these assemblages give their origin and story away. The knife blades are rusty; the Disney bunny looks worn. The excesses of a dissolute *perreo* party in Mexico City have left almost lyrical traces behind on one canvas (*The Ground is Easier to Clean than Blood*) Hence the context shapes objects that the artist brings into form in yet another context of meaning. That is also true of the empty, inside-out moneybags from the Bank of Mexico, lined up along eight meters of the wall. The work *Empty Pockets* makes it clear that the pockets have been emptied while deliberately leaving it unclear whether it was robbery, corruption, or economic depression that did it.

Despite his genuinely sociocritical approach, Moris does not take sides superficially. He does not moralize with finger raised. Instead, he creates situations in which the viewers increasingly doubt and despair what is generally considered normal and familiar or abnormal and sanctioned, and above all: the social structures that establish and cement such categorizations: »Every society establishes a whole series of systems of opposition—between good and bad, allowed and forbidden, lawful and unlawful, criminal and uncriminal; all these oppositions, which are constitutive of every society, are reduced [...] today to the simple opposition between normal and pathological.«<sup>3</sup>

Michel Foucault explored these structures like a kind of field researcher. And Morris follows him on that path, albeit from another perspective. Whereas Foucault as a philosopher places himself »outside the culture,«<sup>4</sup> Moris as a human being penetrates it in order to make it visible as an artist. Victor Zamudio Taylor has written: »Moris' involvement with the materials he selects results from his on-going field-work. He investigates the margins where the poorest populations live in the most beat and miserable spaces of Mexico City. In contrast to other artists whose main themes focus on marginalized social sectors and subcultures, Moris' artistic site of location is from within, it is not the secure gaze generated from a position of privilege.«<sup>5</sup>

This position makes the crucial difference. For then one's perspective changes almost by necessity. It leads into social and psychological abysses that can best be described as subversive. The artist does not put the misery on display but rather makes it available. Nothing here is normal. But the seemingly pathological is for Moris not per se pathological either. For him, the supposedly inevitable spiral of criminality, violence, and social exclusion leads to an inner and an outer dynamic. Moris guides the forces that operate there into subversive images and messages. Sometimes a deliberate gesture brings them to light in the first place, for example, the head set in concrete, of which only a tuft of hair is still visible (*The Blind One*). Then he confronts us again with the inherent dynamic of our media society, which celebrates the daily excesses of violence in the megacity Mexico with reproach and pleasure in equal measure (*Rats' Cave or Collaborating with the Devil*).

Every single one of these works is a beacon on its own. Seeing them together in an exhibition is almost unbearable. Interestingly, the works do not remain separate but rather communicate with each other: from inside to outside, they scream and search for help; they grin and suffer, throughout the exhibition. A healthy measure of social criticism echoes through the space—healthy because even though Moris is always looking at society he never loses sight of the weak spot of that sort of critical stance. For who is this society, anyway? Society as such from which we cannot even exclude ourselves? Who has the power in this society? What forces operate within it? »Hell is—other people,« as

Jean-Paul Sartre has the protagonist of his play *No Exit* say.<sup>7</sup> But this insight would definitely be too trivial for the artist to collect as evidence when he goes into hell. Moris seems to be much closer to the filmmaker Luis Buñuel, in any case. Thus at its provisional end this text deserves final credits in which the viewer learns that in Moris's artworks there is no occasion for hope, no reason for optimism. Nowhere. The model for them is real life. That need not be especially emphasized here. For Moris's artistic work leaves no doubt about it. It is created in the context of his immediate surroundings of Mexico City. But the message of this art reaches far beyond its origin.

- 1 »Yo lo que hago es repetir una frase: «si entras al infierno debes regresar con una prueba.» Entonces mi tarea es bajar al infierno y regresar con estas pruebas para que la gente puede verlas.« Moris, quoted in Oliver Flores Rodríguez, »Moris: El artista rebelde que va y viene del infierno,« in *Forbes México* (January 2015): <http://www.forbes.com.mx/moris-el-artista-rebelde-que-va-y-viene-del-infierno> (accessed May 31, 2016).
- 2 Luis Buñuel's film »Los Olvidados« received the prize for best director at the international film festival in Cannes in 1951 and in 2003 was added to the UNESCO Memory of the World Register as only the second film, after Fritz Lang's »Metropolis«.
- 3 Quentin Bofac, Clément Chéroux, Guillaume Le Gall, Philippe-Alain Michaud, and Michel Poivert, »Changer la vue,« in: *La subversion des images: Surréalisme, photographie, film*, exh. cat. (Paris: Centre national d'art et de culture Georges-Pompidou; Wästerthur: Fotomuseum, 2009), 19.
- 4 Michel Foucault, interviewed by Paolo Caruso, »Who Are You, Professor Foucault?« trans. Lucille Cairns, in: Michel Foucault, *Religion and Culture*, ed. Jeremy R. Carrette (Manchester: Manchester Univ. Press, 1999), 87–103, esp. 89.
- 5 »I do in fact seek to place myself outside the culture in which we belong, to analyse its formal conditions in order to make a critique of it, not in the sense of reducing its values, but in order to see how it was actually constituted.« Ibid., 91.
- 6 Victor Zamudio Taylor, »Moris: Urban Urgency & Social Aesthetics,« in *Moris: Urgencia Urbana / Urban Urgency*, exh. cat. (Mexico City: Ikb arte contemporáneo, 2005), n.p.
- 7 Jean-Paul Sartre, *No Exit*, trans. Stuart Gilbert, in: Sartre, *No Exit and Three Other Plays* (New York: Vintage, 1989), 1–46, esp. 45.













ENGLISH TRANSLATION

MORIS' STUDIO  
Francisco Hernández

0

Early evolution of the beast. / Perfect evolution. / Portico for a series of cut-out heavens, / adhered to the ceiling. / Half-body of Christ, arisen from a scythe. / I start to listen. The scythe has a say. / There is room in the buzzing of my ears for / what I see. / Is Christ the beast? / Dominant animal, the male from some sect / with his white linen banner. / hammers, thorns, jazz band, quartet, / and delirium disposed to disregard my deafness / or my blindness, if need be. / Prayers, chorals, futile lamentations. / Only the piano amid the sound: / the veracity of pleasure resounds / in the borderline voice of reflection. / Stony evolution of the beast. / Perfect evolution: / leading nowhere. / Drumbeat for electric fingers. / I turn out to be merely the scribe. / the trajectory at close range, / or a world map of sorts / where Germany fails to appear.

1

Except for light, there's nothing in air. / Nothing sinks or rises. / The moon multiplies in Moris' studio / with such clear roundness. / A few cracks grow, these are fissures, / just-flowing tributaries seeking out craters / when they can form strings of pools. / Moris' studio is a crystal ball, / a bonfire on a vacant lot, / a floor made of sand tamped down by a table. / On that table, my portrait is the portrait of my father. / He is me, a redundant metamorphosis. / I see my hair combed like his, / I speak in his tone of voice / and I cheat on my mother with my wife.

2

My father's dentures / encroach my place of rest. / They climb up to bite my neck / of childish bearing, they pay no heed / to my cry. / Stained with drops of blood, / the crib is a pot that boils over. / My mother returns and the dentures / are once again submerged in their glass of water. / Fragments of Bartók, played / by Keith Jarrett, / flow from a small music box. / My mother says goodbye. First, she makes the sign of the cross. / Then she caresses my receding hairline.

3

Son, your shadow is hunched over / in Moris' studio. / Stomp, hump, or dromedary hump / so I can snag you on my hook / and take you with me to fell trees / or decapitate calves. / I cannot help but watch you from here, / you are not lost from my sight. / Your defecals / flutter past with your nose in tow / and far from asphyxiating me, they inject / more sights into my veins. / A deer without antlers / wakes up in the icebox. / A woman with red lips forces you / to follow her through sagar cane blossoms. / Another woman, her skin transparent like yours, / cannot recall the date of my death / nor the fracture my right fist / dealt to one of her cheekbones. / Go out on the street in search of alms. / There will be those who place a coin / on your hump.

4

Bearing brittle baggage of yellowed leaves, / autumn came. / Bellows of some caged animal, / two rubberousing roosters crowing, / they were borne to distant quarters / on gales of average elevation. / The galleries and museums are closed. / Instead of snow, desert sand accumulates / in the streets and yards and scores of taverns appear, / entangled in the bluntest and / most sensitive of stones. / With the bells at nightfall, the owls awaken. / They shake out their feathers. They make their heads turn as / fast as tops. / Afterwards, they allow their wings to fly alone, / without the weight of their bodies.

5

Savage solitude, sunnily sibilant. / Sub-Saharan, soldered some sixty Saturnine seconds. / Sinuous Sapphic strips, super salty. / sacrosanct psalm-songs suggest shimmering silk-screens. / Suffocated serenely, since sadomasochistic signifies / seasoning sons saline pseudo-salty scabies? / Seventh solution. Scribbling sonnets shocks. / Skool, scabbing somnambulant saxophonist!

6

My father's dentures / hang from the ceiling. / He has lost his ability to smile, / but his hands conserve pressure. / enough for extractions. / Suddenly, it all shakes. / It all groans from side to side. / The Earth quakes. / Photograph of a skull, / transformed into the nude / body of a woman. / My father's college degree / turns out to be fake. / From his poem Skyquake, / Vicente Huidobro jabbars: / "Try not to die before you are dead."

7

Deer without antlers. / Hack-saw without handle. / Jawbone without teeth. / Pray for him.

8

From the pinnacled buds / a lead grenade. / There's no need to touch it. / But come closer, all the same. / If your eye is innocent, / it's yours. / If your eye is insent, / it explodes.

9

Pacing the floor to make it look / more like a work of art? / That is to say, / crawling with heels and soles, / or the bottoms of your feet, exploring / at random the chosen material, fixed / to the surface of this portion of the studio / for a limited time only, until the work itself / declares, / I'm ready now. / Moris has crushed acrylic dentures, tubes of all paint, / the heads of small alebrijes. / That's what this is all about, day in and day out, unconsciously / to a certain extent: to delve, spread, spar, / blend, boost, spark, or build unceasingly / a work of art that will come to be forgotten, ready-made. / May the soles design, enliven, or erase it. / Assign to them moreover the state of sandpaper / or the smoothness of brick, and strength / in the event that jumping horses / should cross its expanse, / or wheelchairs.

10

Burst cartrum. / Eyebrow opened by beaten breast. / Squirrelly Gallics adorn a chin. / Pray for him.

11

Through the keyhole / I find out what goes on / inside the dentist's office: / first, my father kisses a woman / as if he were attempting to extract her tongue. / Afterwards, instruments manipulated / by his strong fingers give rise / to the pain that augurs relief. / But this is never where my wonders arise: / between the porcelain and dampened gold, / an erosion of enamel is detected, / a mercurial river and its craterization / as well as dental drills spinning on course, / and harsh blasphemies silenced / by the slang of Novocain.

12

"How does he manage to breathe?" / "Who?" / "What do you mean, who?" The boy: / "I don't think he cares about breathing much." / "But he dove headfirst into a bucket of cement / up to his waist, so I guess he was seeking warmth, / or protection, or death, right?" / "And he ended it all / in this tawdry berth." / "Watch closely: he makes no sudden moves, / no throes of death." / "He seems happy enough, at least from the knees up." / "His heels are warm. Feel them." / "No. He's started to kick at the floor." / "His cries, his cries. Can you hear them?" / "Let's cut off his legs, / to make sure he stays put." / "I'll get the machete." / "Better to bite them off, / like a chicken's." / "If he should bleed freely, don't worry, / let the red drain / into the street. / I'm going out for a pack of cigarettes."

13

It's the brass tacks, Moris, / the eyes that scan the conduct of life, / the epicenter that lies there, navigating us, / awaiting us the ritual archipelago / of the window at dusk. / It's the same old nightmare inside a catheter, / where every mouth slides / over the teeth of a whale shark / and my skeleton reads Puppy and Memory / while standing on a surfboard. / This is how wrong out Omission and Amnesia can become: / we enter their boundaries like a zone of contempt, / where the word slushrucks / becomes the branch of a willow fallen without falling / onto a poet's tomb.

14

Dawn breaks. Dusk falls. Age grows old. / To love the altar where we might, / for a moment, become the sea.

15

Despite his nose having already been transformed into a unicorn's horn, Pinocchio seems at peace in the studio. / Nor does the woman buried in cement up to her brow have a care in the world. / The looks that deceive belong to the wolf: he simulates serenity, but he lies; overhead, a heavy stone immobilizes him. / From the stone a metallic stinger rises to the ceiling. / Innocent, fragile, already stuffed, some brush attempts to escape from his neck and belly. A machete rests between his butchering teeth. / This specimen bears a white mask, made of wax perhaps, enhancing the fury and heat of his eyes even more. / The mask is worn to cover the tracks of a recent lobotomy.

16

Given the numbness caused by below-zero temperatures, Moris' creations take comfort by bundling up, rubbing their hands together, becoming hot coals. / Shivering, the day tries to take shelter in the studio, but the artworks and other inhabitants prevent this. / Tiny heroes, the residents of a glass case are set free by a master key. They grow upon leaving their residence, they take the studio by storm and pursue the frozen day until it has been captured, set on fire, then transformed into a tiny puddle. / A noctambulist linen cloth covers the ashy remains.

17

He had a reputation for speed, even when he ran / without his old combat boots. / They also claim bad luck / hounded him. / However, we believe his misfortunes disappeared / once he became an accomplished fight-rope walker. / One month in November, with the arrival / of autumnal dissonance, his incisors came loose / and his ears grew smaller. / This, apparently, improved his ability. / They say they saw him sustain, over his brow, / a large wooden bucket with a dagger stuck into it. / He would maintain this position for months / at a museum in Berlin, at a circus in Rome. / They never rewarded him with carrots. / Only water from a dropper. / After his death, Loki, / for that was the rabbit's name, / was embalmed and now he is on display / at the Wax Museum / of Mexico City.

18

Moris' studio. A meeting place for heartbeats, / freshly bitten nails, vinyl dolls. / Here the skin recovers the animality of paradise. / Here lies the encounter, never the delay. / The artist does not fall behind. He simply gathers. / He strikes oxygen on the chin with a glove / that once belonged to «Héctor López, or «Chiquita» / González or, if need be, the right slughammer / of Mike Tyson is applied. / Moris disorients them before the knockout. / To do what we could have done, / not running errands out of fear. / Moris' studio. Moris' boxing ring.

19

Wide angle of my apartment. / A real Frigidaire: / the sun never enters. / The doorbell rings. / I open the door. / It's Moris. He shows me an old book. / many pages lung. / He observes, "This book is priceless. / You'll find it useful for what you are writing." / (Moris hands me the volume). / I read on the spine: / Dictionary of Symbols. / Authors: Jean Chevalier and Alain Gheerbrant. / "Now give it back," Moris says. / "Let me read you something about the symbology / of stones. / Listen:

ideally, one should awaken with the philosopher's stone in the right hand and the black stone of Cybele in the left... / Raw stone is ambivalent, passive matter. As we have seen, if subjected to the slightest human action it becomes polluted... / ...the so-called 'thunder stones' - which are for the most part nothing more than prehistoric flints - were the very arrowpoints of the lightning... / Magnetite is the magnet stone. The Chinese used it to create the first compasses or nautical needles. / In Mongolia it was thought that a stone can be found either in the head of a deer, or an aquatic bird, or the lower jaw of a bear that is capable of stopping rain or blowing into the wind. / There are stones with holes through them through which coins, hands, arms, heads or even whole bodies are thrust, since they are regarded as preservatives against spells... / The custom of throwing stones upon a tomb is widespread. Stoning was considered a means of combating the harmful contagion of sin and death... / As for precious stones, it is believed that emeralds restrain lust and fortify the memory; rubies maintain good health... sapphires make their wearers peaceable... and according to Saint Hildegard a diamond in the mouth prevents lying and aids fasting... / Moris closes the book. He stands. / I do the same. / I give him my hand in silence. / I walk him to the door. / He departs, leaving the dictionary with me. / It is sunny now. A weak sun with a bronchial condition, no doubt, because it coughs and is wheeled around by a nurse. / Of course, the faucet doesn't work. / Garbage encroaches on the flora. / I play the CD 'Serenity' by Bobo Stenson and his trio. / I page through the dictionary of symbols and draft this text in one of my notebooks. / Little by little, the image becomes a black rectangle. / In white letters, the following appears: / NO ONE IN THE HERD / WILL MISS YOU.

20

a) Dawn compresses flora. / The sound of the sirocco, unaccustomed / to being leeward, draws in the reflection / of a mound of cadavers. / A company of hitmen / prepares their cremation. / b) Torture masks the torturer. Moris makes me see, in the face of the fatherland, / the triumph of the great Pythagorean rats, the glass / sunken in pieces of bread and / three men hanging from some / bridge, swaying in the breeze. / c) The flora holds firm beneath the smoke of time. / The torturer burns tons of marijuana and human limbs. / The great Pythagorean rats reveal, little by little, the face of the fatherland.

21

In Moris' studio, / a shaman's silhouette. / A projected soul. / He dances ceremonies with dilated pupils, / he intones chants in artificial languages. / then heads for the basement / through tunnels as they collapse, burying him / although his powers remain intact. / Moris falls asleep in his chair. / His eyes, wrung dry. / His arms, deserted. / The effect of ether / transports him to another dream, / allowing him to open his eyes / alongside an oasis of arms / that aren't arms / but burning heat.

22

Volcanoes like polished stones. / Like tiny buttes on a vast, open plain. / Like currents of lava flowing into / a warm, dry lake of cobblestones. / Stones, jewels in the navel of space. / Foundations or signals, obsidian or drops / of semen spewed by the sun to fill / its mythology with monuments. / Stones, or rather submission wearing a skirt made of serpents. / Stones with rattles on the cheek or neck. / Tigers doze off under a tree of sorrow / during a night of perpetual surrender.

23

Inflamed pancreas. / Cracked liver. / Pulverized spleen. / Pray for him.

24

Moris wakes up suddenly. Freezing cold. / Full-fledged jet lag. Is he here yet? / Will he be in his studio? / His joints continue to seek connections / in the gateways of his mind. / He listens to architect Speer converse / with Hitler. / On the floor and ceiling he sees rats, silver / blaseyd rats. / The Aryan ace of rodents. / Goethe's Faustian will undergo modifications, they said. / As of now, the characters are rats. / And Nowaks will jump for joy / along the gorges, bearing a rat tail / between his rotting teeth...

25

A shadow grows without stopping. / A black cat devours a white rat. / The rat's triumph is akin to its defeat. / Its reproduction, on earth as it is in heaven, is the birth of nausea. / Its rat-like smile or thievish piousness the dead. / Not even in sleep will it stop scratching cheeks, wring / members, nipples and all that the / bubonic plague may soften. / Perhaps it never slumbers. Perhaps it never defecates. / Wet swampy snout, its overseas tremor / leads it to bite into alien illusions. / For the time being, it is just a rat. / Having perforated the belly of a jailed woman, / it floats among liquids or membranes similar / to

86

NOTES  
S.B.

0

«Beasts: Allusion to Revelation 17 and 18, in which the whore of Babylon rides a seven-headed beast with ten horns.

3

«A deer without antlers: In the Sun Legend, the Aztec creation myth, the cloud snakes Xiuhcoatl and Mimich, who have descended from the sky, hung two deer that have also descended from there, who then cast off their antlers, turn into women, and seduce their hunters - with fatal consequences. / «Place a coin on your hump: According to a superstition, placing a coin on a hunchback's hump brings luck.

6

Vicente Huidobro, the Chilean poet who infiltrated creacionismo, entered Berlin as a war reporter with the Allied troops in 1945 and, by his own account, took Adolf Hitler's telephone from the Führer's bunker.

9

Alebríjes: Small fantastical sculptures, often in the form of animals, of wood or papier-mâché.

10

Squirrel: Ardilla, a Spanish expression for a wheeler-dealer.

11

Novocain: Tradename for the local anesthetic procaine, often used by dentists.

13

In Innsbruck, where Hitler had prepared for the Anschluss of Austria with an enormous propaganda campaign, Paul Celan placed flowers on Georg Trakl's grave in 1948 when traveling from Vienna to Paris.

15

Labotomy: Lobo is Spanish for «wolf».

17

Loki the rabbit: Figure from the Total Drama animation series.

18

«Finito» López and «Chiquito» González: Retired Mexican boxers in the light flyweight and strawweight categories, respectively.

20

I was never so bethrined since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, « Resulted in Shakespeare, As You Like It, III.2. An allusion to Pythagoras' theory of the transmigration of souls and the custom of Irish poets of attacking enemies with satirical verses (they are also said to have rhymed rats to death).

21

«Oasis of arms»: See «Quelle oasis de bras m'accueillera demain» in the poem "La Victoire" (1917) by Guillaume Apollinaire (a friend of Vicente Huidobro).

22

Skirt made of serpents: «She of the skirt made of serpents» is Cuatlicue, the ambiguous mother goddess of the Aztecs.

25

[The Günter Grass quotation about Mother Superior probably stems from Hernández's imagination: combing through a POW of the text mentioned with all the relevant keywords did not turn up anything.]

27

Alumite resembles a piece of crack cocaine. / Rock: Slung for crack cocaine. / Rat poison: Strychnine used for exterminating.

87

8

«Bestie»: Anspielung auf die Offenbarung des Johannes 17 und 18, worin die Hure Babylon auf einem siebenköpfigen Tier mit zehn Hörnern reitet.

3

Hirsch ohne Geweihe: In der Sonnenlegende, dem aztekischen Schöpfungsmythos, jagten die beiden vom Himmel herabgekommenen Wolkenschlangen Xiuhcoatl und Mictlan zweifelhafte Hirsche, die daraufhin ihre Geweihe abwerfen, sich in Frauen verwandeln und ihre Jäger verführen – mit tödlichen Folgen. / «Münze legen auf deinen Buckel»: Einem Buckeligen eine Münze auf seinen Buckel zu legen, soll einem Aberglauben zufolge Glück bringen.

6

Der chilenische Dichter und Erfinder des Creacionismo Vicente Huidobro rückte 1945 als Kriegsbereiter mit den alliierten Truppen nach Berlin ein und nahm dort nach eigenem Bekunden im Führerbunker Hitlers Telefon an sich.

9

Alebríjes: kleine Phantastikskulpturen, häufig in Tiergestalt, aus Holz oder Pappmaché.

10

Eichhörchen = ardilla, im Volksmund Ausdruck dafür, dass jemandem der Kamm schwillt.

11

Novocain: Markenname des Lokalanästhetikums Procain, bei Zahnärzten oft gebräuchlich.

13

In bensbruck, wo Hitler am 5. April 1938 mit einem von ungeheurem Propagandaaufwand begleiteten Besuch den «Anschluss» vorbereitet hatte, legte Ceian 1948 auf der Reise von Wien nach Paris Blumen am Grab von Trakl nieder.

15

Lobotomie: Wolf – sp. lobo

17

Kamtschat Lokí – Gestalt aus der Animationsserie Total Drama

18

«Plúto» López und «Chiquita» González: ehemalige mexikanische Boxer im Strah- bzw. Halbfliegengewicht

20

«I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rule, Rosalind in Shakespeare, As You Like It, III.2. Spielt an auf Pythagoras' Seelenwanderungslehre und den Brauch irischer Dichter, Feinde mit satirischen Versen zu überziehen (Ratten sollen sie zu Tode gereimt haben).

21

«Oase der Arme»: siehe «Quelle oasis de bras m'occuelleren de-mains» in dem Gedicht «La Victoire» (1917) von Guillaume Apollinaire (mit dem Vizeute Huidobro befreundet war).

22

Schlungenrock: «Die mit dem Schlungenrock» ist Cuatlicue, die vieldeutige Muttergöttin der Azteken.

25

[Das Günter-Grass-Zitat bezüglich der Mutter Überin entstammt wohl Hernández' Imagination: die Durchkämmung eines FDES des genannten Texts mit allen relevanten Stichworten bleibt ergebnislos.]

27

Alaunstein sieht ähnlich aus wie Crackbrocken. / Stein: Szenausdruck für Crack / Rattengift: zum Strecken verwendetes Strychnin

# LISTE DER ABGEBILDETEN WERKE / LIST OF ILLUSTRATED WORKS / LISTA DE OBRAS REPRESENTADAS

S. 4–30, 62–65

PERSONAL DEFENSE (DEFENSA PERSONAL), 2015  
Drucke in verschiedenen Größen, Holz, Glas, Brot /  
Prints in different sizes, wood, glass, bread /  
Impresiones en dimensiones diferentes, madera,  
cristal, pan

S. 21, 68

FOOD FOR ANIMALS  
(COMIDA PARA ANIMALES), 2015  
Schnur, Brot, Zement, Drucke / Cord, bread, cement,  
prints / Cordón, pan, cemento, impresiones

S. 34–35

LUCKY IT'S OVER #2  
(LA SUERTE SE ACABA #2), 2015  
Gefundene Schuhe, Messer / Recovered pair of  
shoes, knife / Zapatos encontrados, cuchillo;  
22 × 20 × 42 cm

S. 36–37

INSTALLATIONSANSICHT / INSTALLATION VIEW /  
VISTA DE LA INSTALACIÓN, STADTGALERIE  
SAARBRÜCKEN  
von links nach rechts / from left to right /  
de izquierda a derecha:

EMPTY POCKETS  
(BOLSILLOS VACÍOS), 2015  
36 Geldsäcke der Bank von Mexiko / 36 recovered  
Bank of Mexico sacks / 36 sacos de dinero del  
Banco de México; 47 × 825 × 18 cm

FUNERARY MONUMENT  
(MONUMENTO FÚNEBRE), 2015  
Zement, Schnur, Holz, Klebeband, Harzfigur,  
zerbrochene Flasche / Cement, string, wood, tape,  
resin figurine, broken bottle / Cemento, cordón,  
madera, cinta adhesiva, cabeza de plástico,  
botella rota; 45 × 40 × 133 cm

FORGOTTEN HORIZON  
(HORIZONTE ABANDONADO), 2015  
15 Flaggen, Zement / 15 flags, cement /  
15 banderas, cemento

PRIMITIVE BEING, (SERES PRIMITIVOS), 2015  
Objekt; Zement, Schnur, Holz, Klebeband,  
Harzfigur / Cement, thread, wood, adhesive tape,  
resin figure / Cemento, cordón, madera, cinta  
adhesiva, cabeza de plástico; 55 × 30 × 110 cm;  
Detail / detail / detalle: S. 38

THE BLIND ONE (EL CIEGO), 2015  
Zement, Perücke / Cement, wig / Cemento, peluca;  
23 × 23 × 28 cm; Detail / detail / detalle: S. 41

DEVoured BY YOUR OWN DOGS  
(DEVORADO POR TUS PROPIOS PERROS), 2015  
Plastikfigur, Klebeband, Holz, Messer / Plastic  
figure, tape, wood, knives / Figura de plástico,  
cinta adhesiva, madera, cuchillos; 32 × 60 × 14 cm  
Detail / detail / detalle: S. 42–43

THE VULTURES ARE HUNGRY  
(LOS BUITRES TIENEN HAMBRE), 2015  
Gummi, Falkenkralle, Holz, Stein / Rubber, hawk  
claw, wood, stone / Goma, garra de halcón,  
madera, mármol; 60 × 110 × 20 cm

Dank an  
Marina Gallastegui, Köln  
für ihre wertvollen Hinweise.



O.T., 2015

2-teilige Videoarbeit / 2-part video / video bipartito  
 Videostills - oben / upper part / parte de arriba: Luis  
 Buñuel »Los Olvidados« - unten / lower part / parte  
 de abajo: Moris

S. 46

ENTAILS #1 (ENTRAÑAS #1), 2013

Gummi, Messer, Rehhuf / Rubber, knife, hoof  
 of a deer / Goma, cuchillo, casco de corzo;  
 115 x 15 x 10 cm

S. 48-51

THE GROUND IS EASIER TO CLEAN THAN BLOOD  
 (LA TIERRA SE LIMPIA MÁS FÁCIL QUE  
 LA SANGRE), 2015

Leinwand nach einer illegalen »Perreo-Party« /  
 Recovered canvas after an illegal »Perreo-Party« /  
 Tela recuperada después una fiesta ilegal llamada  
 »Perreo«; 190 x 190 cm

S. 52-53

BROKEN HEAVEN (CIELO ROTO), 2015

Gemäldefragmente von Fundstücken / Fragments  
 of recovered paintings / Fragmentos de pinturas  
 recuperadas; 220 x 34 cm

S. 54-55:

THAT'S HOW DEAD BODIES BLEED

(ASÍ SANGRAN LOS CADÁVERES), 2015

Brot, zerbrochene Flaschen / Bread, broken bottles  
 / Pan, botellas rotas

56-59:

THE BREATHING OF A BEAST

(LA RESPIRACIÓN DE UNA BESTIA), 2015

verschiedene Medien, motorisiert / mixed Media,  
 motorized / materiales diversos motorizados;  
 310 x 220 x 220 cm

OBJECTS TO FEED THE HUNGRY BIRDS

(OBJETOS PARA ESPANTAR EL HAMBRE DE  
 LOS PÁJAROS), 2015

32 gebrauchte T-Shirts / 32 used T-shirts /  
 32 camisetas usadas; 330 x 300 cm

S. 67

RATS TRYING TO KILL US

(LAS RATAS INTENTAN MATARNOS), 2015

Steine, Brote, T-Shirt-Reste / Stones, breads, pieces  
 of T-shirts / Piedras, pan, restos de camisetas;  
 193 x 43 x 10 cm

S. 70

ROTTEN FLAG (BANDERA PODRIDA), 2015

Video, 30 Min.

S. 70

LOYAL TO THE WRONG MAN

(LEAL AL HOMBRE EQUIVOCADO), 2013

3 Lederjacken, Motor / 3 leather jackets, motor /  
 3 chaquetas de cuero, motor; 310 x 40 cm

S. 72-75

RATS' CAVE OR COLLABORATING WITH

THE DEVIL (CUEVA DE RATAS O COLABORANDO  
 CON EL DEMONIO), 2015

Neun Tische mit Büchern, Sand, Lampen / Nine  
 tables with books, sand, lamps / Nueve mesas con  
 libros, arena, lámparas

## MORIS (ISRAEL MEZA MORENO)

## CURRICULUM VITAE

1978 geboren in / born in / nacido en Mexico City / MEX  
 lebt und arbeitet in / lives and works in / vive y trabaja  
 en Mexico City / MEX

2001- BFA Studium / studies / estudios INBA (Instituto Nacional  
 de Bellas Artes), Escuela Nacional de Pintura, Escultura  
 y Grabado »La Esmeralda« (ENPEG)

PREISE UND STIPENDIEN / AWARDS AND  
 SCHOLARSHIPS / PREMIOS Y ESTIPENDIOS

2008 Cisneros Fontanals Art Foundation (CIFO Grants &  
 Commissions Programs Awards), Miami / USA

2006 SIVAM Visual Arts, Acquisition Prize, Mexico City / MEX

EINZELAUSSTELLUNGEN (AUSWAHL) /  
 SOLO SHOWS (SELECTION) /  
 EXPOSICIONES INDIVIDUALES (SELECCIÓN)

2016 Colectivo Viernes, Galerie Michael Sturm, Stuttgart / DEU;  
 START, Tiroche DeLeon Residency, Jaffa / ISR

2015 The Triumph of the Rat, Stadtgalerie Saarbrücken / DEU;  
 The bark isn't worse than the bite, ArtBo, Bogotá / COL;  
 No one will miss you at the herd, NF Gallery, Madrid / ESP

2014 Prey and predator, illegality and violence records / A monster  
 walks among you, SAPS, Mexico City / MEX

2013 The beast will have its day, Galerie Michael Sturm,  
 Stuttgart / DEU

2012 It's difficult to be tied up as a sheep when one's a wolf,  
 Baró Gallery, São Paulo / BRA; The vultures are circling,  
 Arróniz Arte Contemporáneo, Mexico City / MEX;  
 Sadistic, González y González Gallery, Santiago de  
 Chile / CHI; When the lion kills the jackals benefits, I-20  
 Gallery, NYC / USA

2011 You are alive because I didn't kill you, ARCO, Madrid / ESP;  
 Sprunza, Colectivo Viernes, El 52, Mexico City / MEX;  
 Mi casa es tu casa, LAND, Geffen Contemporary, MoCA  
 Los Angeles / USA

2010 An animal dies because another is hungry, El Eco Museum,  
 Mexico City / MEX; Delinquent's nest, Trolebus Gallery,  
 Mexico City / MEX; We all have the shoes dirty, ARCO,  
 Madrid / ESP

2008 Urban Urgency, kbk Gallery, Mexico City / MEX

GRUPPENAUSSTELLUNGEN (AUSWAHL) /  
 GROUP SHOWS (SELECTION) /  
 EXPOSICIONES COLECTIVAS (SELECCIÓN)

2016 Everything You Are / Am Not, Tiroche DeLeon Collection,  
 Mana Contemporary, New Jersey / USA; Basil, Anya and  
 Andrew Shiva Gallery, New York / USA; Rastro y Vestigios,  
 Antiguo Colegio de San Ildefonso, Mexico City / MEX

2015 LARA, Carrillo Gil Art Museum, Mexico City / MEX;  
 A Sense of Space, Selections from the Jorge M. Perez  
 Collection, Mana Contemporary, Miami / USA

2014 Permission to be global / Prácticas Globales, works from  
 CIFO collection, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston / USA

2013 Dracula effect, Museo Universitario del Chopo,  
 Mexico City / MEX

2012 Thirtieth São Paulo Biennial, The Imminence of Poetics,  
 São Paulo / BRA; The time and the sites, MACO, Oaxaca /  
 MEX; Time of suspension, MAM, Mexico City / MEX

2011 NOW, Works from JumeX Collection, Centro Cultural  
 Cabañas, Guadalajara / MEX; Mexico, Poetry and Politics,  
 Nordic Watercolor Museum, Stockholm / SWE;  
 Colectiva, Honor Fraser Gallery, Los Angeles / USA;  
 Mexico, Poetry and Politics, Fine Arts Gallery, San Francisco  
 State University / USA; Mexico Expected / Unexpected,  
 MCASD / MOLAA / USA; Educating the knowledge,  
 MUSAC, León / ESP

2010 Where Do We Go From Here?, Works from JumeX Collection,  
 Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati / USA; Puro la  
 Revolución: A Dialogue with the Urban Landscape, MCASD,  
 La Jolla / USA

2009 Where Do We Go From Here?, Works from the JumeX Collection,  
 Bass Museum, Miami / USA; Mexico Expected / Unexpected,  
 TEA, Tenerife, ESP / Stedelijk Museum Schiedam / NLD;  
 Zwischen Zonen: La Colección JumeX, MUMOK, Vienna / AUT

2008 The lines of the hand, MUAC, Mexico City / MEX; Fortunate  
 Objects: Selections from The CIFO collection, Miami / USA;  
 Mexico Expected / Unexpected, La Maison Rouge, Paris /  
 FRA; Puesto, casa, carro, 9th Havana Biennale / CUB;

2007 International Triennial of Architecture, Lisbon / PRT

2005 Blindness, MACO, Oaxaca / MEX  
 Light / Art: Mystic Crystal Revelation, MCA, Santa Barbara /  
 USA; Los Angeles-Mexico City, Works from the JumeX Collection,  
 Antiguo Colegio de San Ildefonso, Mexico City / MEX

SAMMLUNGEN UND MUSEEN (AUSWAHL) /  
 COLLECTIONS AND MUSEUMS (SELECTION) /  
 COLECCIONES Y MUSEOS (SELECCIÓN)

Americas Collection, Florida / USA; ASU Art Museum, Tempe,  
 Arizona / USA; Colección Bergé, Madrid / ESP; FEMSA Collection,  
 Monterrey / MEX; JumeX Museum (Collection), Mexico City /  
 MEX; Museum of Contemporary Art (MoCA), Los Angeles / USA;  
 Museum of Modern Art (MoMA), New York City / USA; Cisneros  
 Fontanals Collection, (CIFO), Miami / USA; Perez Art Museum,  
 Miami / USA; San Diego Museum of Contemporary Art / USA;  
 Isabel & Agustín Coppel Collection, CIAC Mexico / MEX; Asia  
 Citi Trust Collection / SGP / AUS; SPACE Collection, CA / USA;  
 Amparo Museum, Puebla / MEX; Art Nexus Foundation, Bogotá /  
 COL; Museum of Contemporary Art (MACO), Oaxaca, MEX;  
 Museum of Modern Art, Mexico City / MEX; Artium, Centre and  
 Museum, Basque Country / ESP; Tiroche DeLeon Collection / ISR

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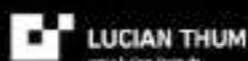
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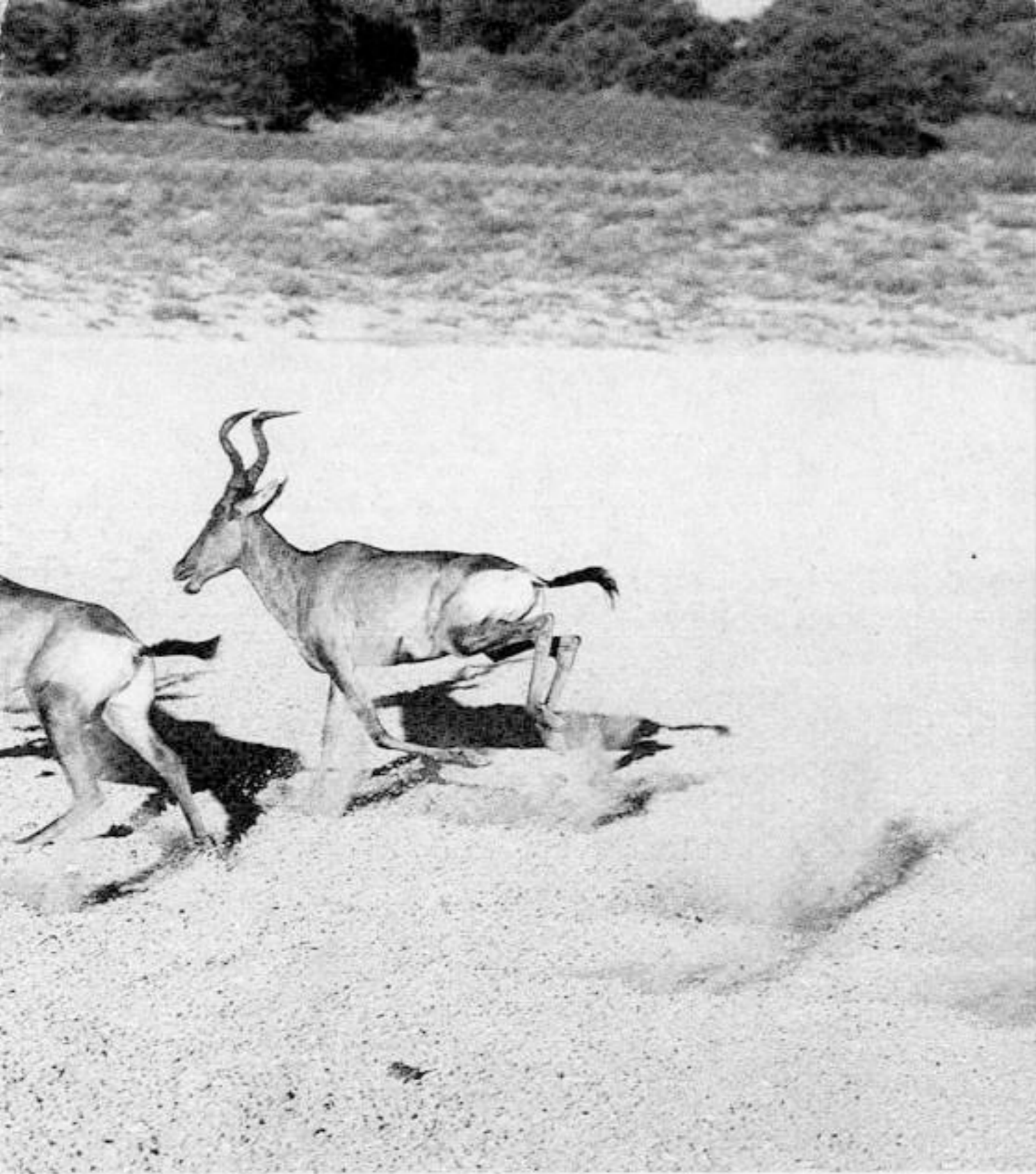
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