



visions of excess

EXCESS OF VISIONS: SOMA SUMMER 2015

The title of this publication points to the collection of essays by French writer and philosopher Georges Bataille, gathered under the name *Visions of Excess: Selected Writings 1927-1939*, published in English in 1985. Through a complex body of work, at times even contradictory, Bataille attacks the notion of total identification promoted by Enlightenment and instead offers a model of human difference and sheer loss. His references to death, impotence and excrement create powerful images that unavoidably resonate with contemporary violence. Bataille's particular perspective on excess has been the focus of SOMA Summer 2015.

El título de esta publicación apunta a la colección de ensayos por el escritor y filósofo francés Georges Bataille, reunidos bajo el nombre *Visions of Excess: Selected Writings 1927-1939*, publicado en inglés en 1985. A través de un cuerpo de obra complejo, y algunas veces hasta contradictorio, Bataille ataca el concepto de una total identificación promovida por la Ilustración y en su lugar ofrece un modelo de la diferencia humana y de pérdida pura. Sus referencias a la muerte, la impotencia y al excremento crean imágenes de gran alcance que inevitablemente resuenan con la violencia contemporánea. La perspectiva particular de Bataille en relación al exceso ha sido el foco de SOMA Summer 2015.

Carla Herrera-Prats
SOMA Summer Director



Seduvi inicia censo de anuncios espectaculares en Circuito Interior

Publicado por: Monitoreo de Medios
7 julio, 2014
en La Crónica de Hoy, Prensa

La Autoridad del Espacio Público (AEP), en conjunto con el Instituto de Verificación Administrativa del Distrito Federal (Invea), inició el censo de anuncios espectaculares en Circuito Interior.

Eduardo Aguilar Valdez, titular del organismo, explicó que durante los recorridos se revisará que se cumpla con todos los señalamientos de la norma, principalmente el respeto a la distancia mínima entre cada anuncio de 250 metros lineales y 100 a la redonda, que establece el artículo 41 de la ley local, reformada en 2012.

Enfatizó que el reordenamiento de espectaculares tiene como objetivo evitar la contaminación visual del paisaje urbano, a través de la aplicación de acciones preventivas, disuasivas y de alto impacto, como la imposición de sanciones provisionales y definitivas, con base en la normatividad local y su reglamento.

Presumió que este año se concluyó el retiro de espectaculares a lo largo de 7 kilómetros de la Calzada Patriotismo, en donde de 75 anuncios, se redujo a 28 espacios, que hacen a la vialidad visualmente más limpia.

Manuel Espino Bucio

Seduvi begins census of billboards in the Circuito Interior

Published by: Monitoreo de Medios
July 7, 2014
in La Crónica de Hoy, Prensa

The Public Space Authority (AEP), in conjunction with the Institute for Administrative Verification of the Federal District (Invea) began a census of billboards in the Circuito Interior.

Eduardo Aguilar Valdez, head of the agency, explained that during their rounds they will make inspections to ensure that all the standard requirements are met, mainly that of respecting the minimum distance between each billboard of 250 linear meters and 100 meters around, provided for in Article 41 of the local law, amended in 2012.

He emphasized that the reorganization of *espectaculares* aims to prevent visual pollution of the urban landscape, through the implementation of preventive, dissuasive and high impact actions, such as the imposition of provisional and definitive sanctions, based on local standards and regulations.

He boasted that this year's removal of billboards along 7 kilometers of Calzada Patriotismo, where 75 advertisements were reduced to 28, made the roadway visually cleaner.

Manuel Espino Bucio / Google Translate

SUSPENSIÓN DE ACTIVIDADES

FOLIO NUMÉRO:
2015

EXPEDIENTE NUMÉRO:

AK/OK

INSTITUTO
DE VERIFICACIÓN
ADMINISTRATIVA DEL AK/OK

PINEAL CODE: El Instituto de Verificación Administrativa del AK/OK has suspended this work of art, to guarantee an environment free of visual contamination and to prevent spectators from being dazzled by "the disagreeable light of the notion of expenditure."* In accordance with Article 41 of the legislation, the department mandates a minimum distance between *los espectaculares* of 250 linear meters and 100 meters around, in order to combat visual excess.

*Georges Bataille, "The Pineal Eye"







Lago de la Luna

La Alberca

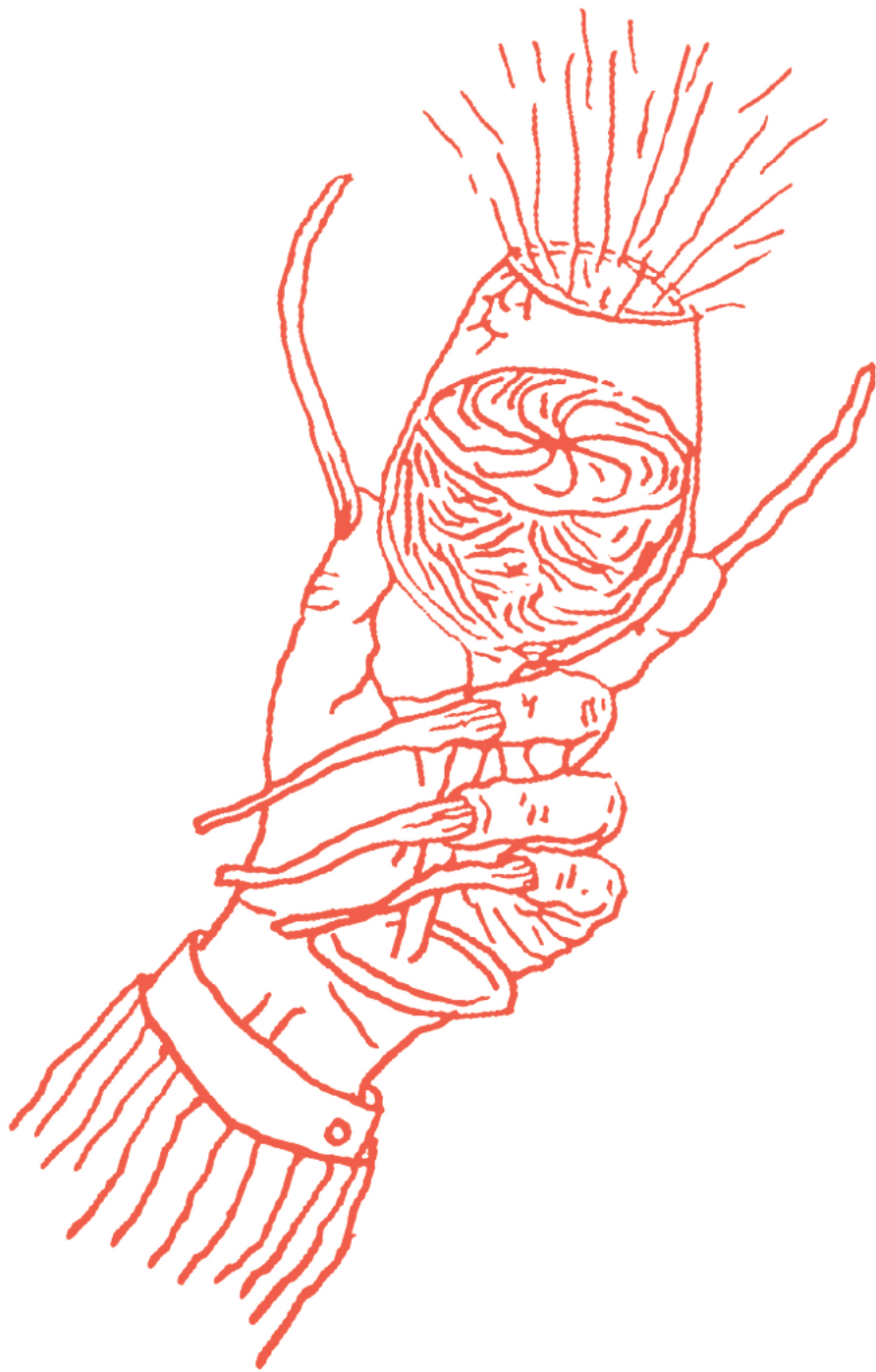


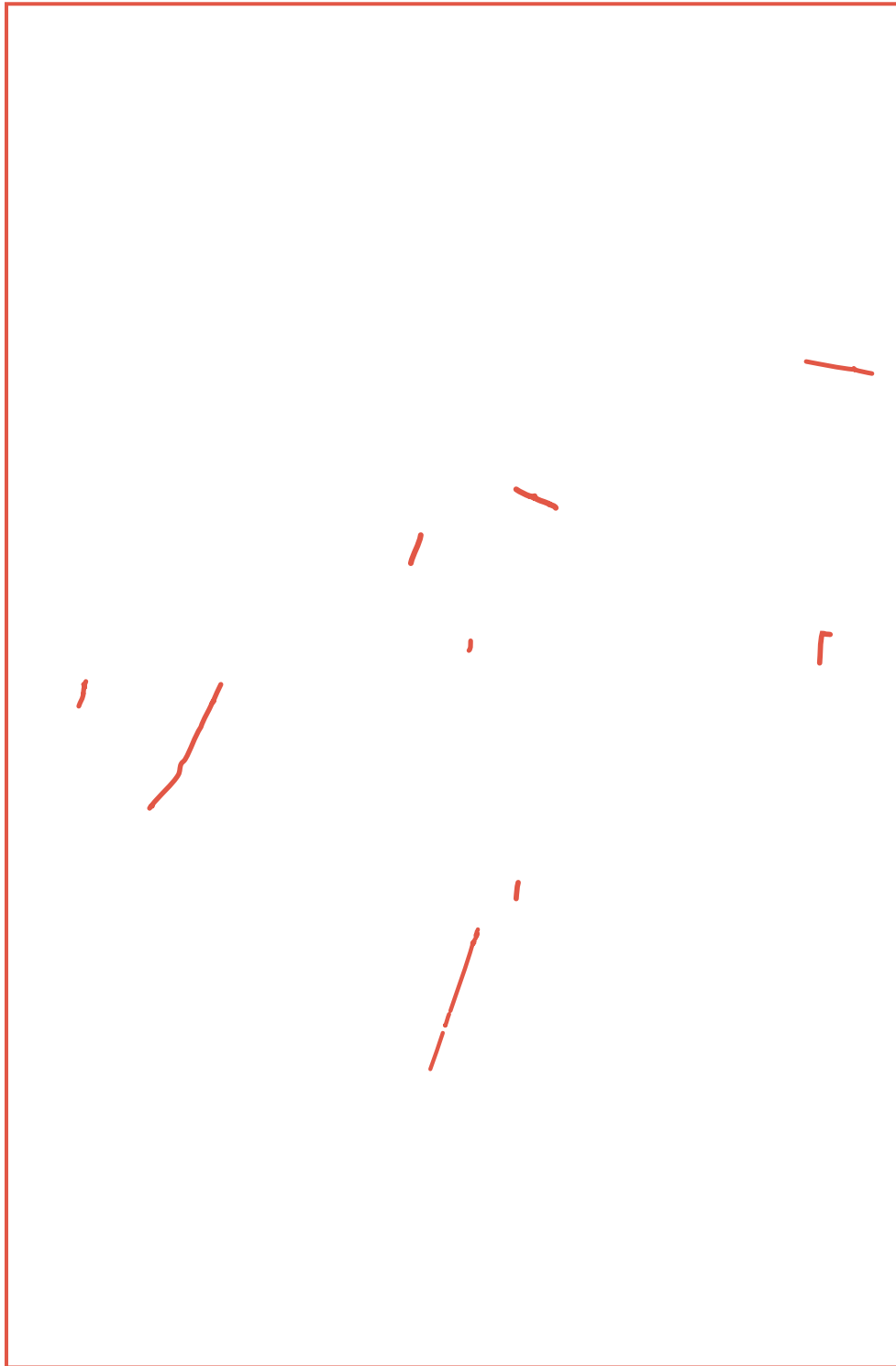
Rincón de Parangueo

Alchichica











NURTURED BY



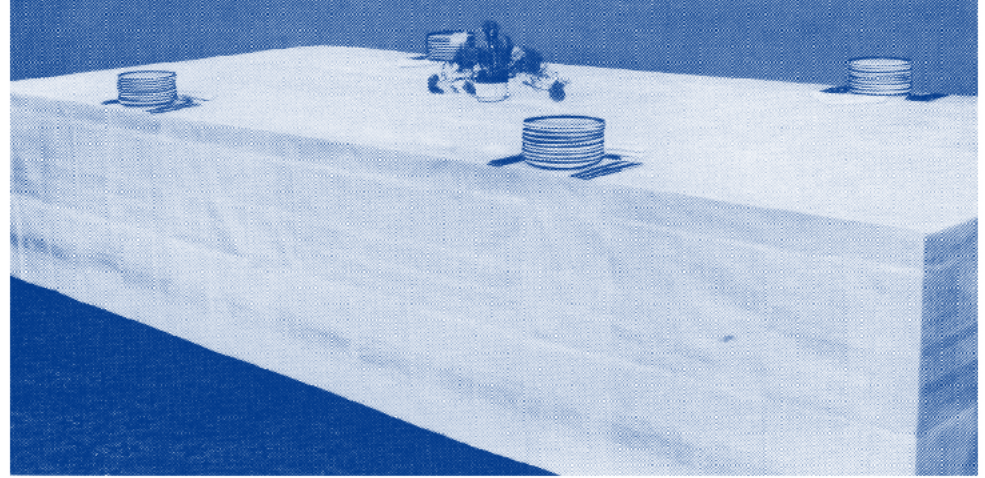
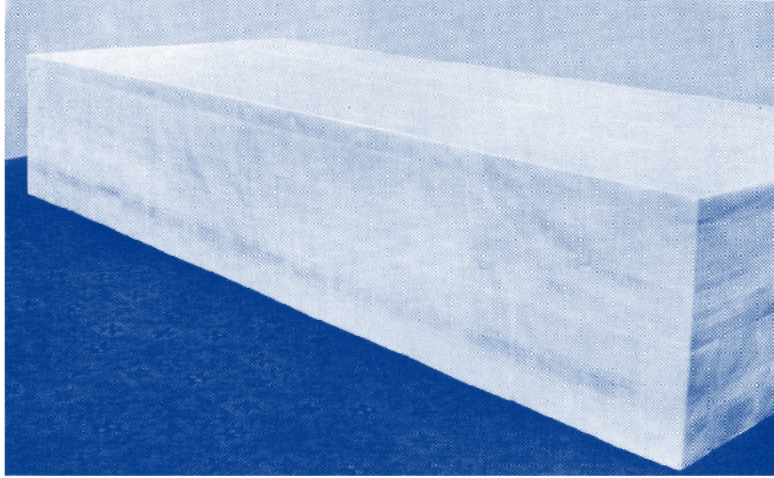
FALSELY SMILING

tues aug 11 8:32 pm

chapo metio droga a eu en avion, submarino y
tren STOP subastan fotos ineditas de boda de
lady di STOP barsa sufre pero gana supercopa,
5-4 sevilla STOP











Garden of Miguel Ventura

Unfolding a Boat

Fold a sheet of paper in half.

Partially fold it in half again to mark a small crease in the middle of the top fold.

Grab one top corner and fold it down along the center crease to create a right-angle triangle.

Repeat with the other corner so you have two triangles back to back.

Fold the bottom edge of the paper over the two triangles.

Turn over and fold up the other edge of the paper onto the opposite side.

Pull open the triangle and bring the two opposite corners together to create a flat diamond.

Fold the bottom corner of the diamond upwards to line up with the top corner.

Turn over and fold the other corner upwards on the opposite side.

Open up this smaller triangle and bring the two opposite corners together again to create another diamond.

The final step is a tricky one: it requires flipping open the tight paper diamond and in a single maneuver transforming it into a recognizable boat.

What was on the inside is now out. The back side of the paper is brought back to light. Places, people, puddles, pantries, pen-pals, potluck dinners, private Idahos, piano lessons, playboy magazines, petunias, pendulums, penthouses, parking-lots, power-lines, plumbing-pipes, paleolithic, prelinguistic, paranormal, patriotic, paint-by-numbers, Pluto the planet or not. Periods of life that seemed to be behind are staring you straight in the face. To sail away on a paper boat might require an act of flipping inside-out the folded boat of one's self-concept.





« On a là la rencontre exemplaire entre un dispositif sur un bout de corps libidinal qui est précisément le corps de Dora, un dispositif qui est l'opacité, une certaine instanciation de l'opacité, rencontre ce bout de corps opaque, Dora avec sa toux nerveuse et son asthme rencontre Freud qui est l'autre opacité, celle du discours de savoir.

Et là, je vois bien que ce qui, du point de vue du discours de savoir dans son opacité, manque à l'opacité de Dora, c'est la possibilité d'instancier sur le zéro, i.e. la possibilité d'échanger sa jouissance, qui est la jouissance hystérique proprement dite, laquelle jouissance est précisément liée à des stases et à des blocages dans la circulation des pulsions sur son corps, et bien c'est l'impossibilité pour Dora d'échanger ça contre autre chose, contre n'importe quoi.

Freud veut rendre le truc échangeable. A certains égards, on s'aperçoit que l'hystérique résiste de façon extraordinaire.

On voit là très bien qu'un type d'instanciation sur le corps ne se laisse pas mettre en comparaison, i.e. il n'admet pas de s'échanger contre des mots, donc ne joue pas le jeu de l'échange, ne se laisse pas évaluer en termes de valeur d'échange, c'est à dire s'estime « hors de prix », pour reprendre le mot de Klossowski.

Le vrai silence, c'est ça, la non échangeabilité ; et en ce sens, il est clair que n'importe quel dispositif pulsionnel, la science comprise qui parle tout le temps, est évidemment un dispositif profondément silencieux au sens où, justement – et c'est comme quoi ça caractérise la jouissance –, il ne peut pas s'échanger à un premier niveau, on peut décrire ça comme ça. »





¿Quieres vender o comprar una casa al mejor precio
y en el menor tiempo?

LUZ ADRIANA GONZALEZ HERNANDEZ

044 55 25584352



¿Quieres vender o comprar una casa al mejor precio
y en el menor tiempo?

LUZ ADRIANA GONZALEZ HERNANDEZ

044 55 25584352







In a 15-year Civil War (1975-1990), warring sects, fellow Lebanese countrymen, lived by liquidating each other. In 1989, the partisans negotiated the *Ta'if* agreement and signed it, thereby ending the war. In this post-war setting where killing—a joint language of 15 years—was suspended, citizens lost the shared ground of fighting for ground.

They grew alien to one another.

The *Ta'if* agreement cloaked the dialect of their tongues with an official language that they shared only on paper. The agreement dubbed their speech—the marker of their identity and the access grantor to their religious sect and subsequently their community and territory. The post-apocalyptic city was traumatized, silenced and silent. It was only yesterday that I killed you; today I am confronted with your eyes. Alienness thrives, it must. Foreignness binds us together now. I don't know you, I can't know you. My tongue is different from yours, if we speak we fight, but we can't remain silent forever.

Ta'if, we had no choice but you.
It was you or no one, *Tú o Nadie*, *Anta aw La Ahad*.

We dwell in foreignness, and it in us. We forge it as the common denominator in this post-war setting, feeding it with the new, the foreign, and the exotic. This foreignness seeps into varying facets of living, tinting everything it touches. How can we start from a slate which upon further inspection betrays its cleanliness and reveals blood stains? How can cultural production be in this “post-ness”? What would it look like? Foreign, it looks foreign, as it must now, but only to the point that it risks becoming indecipherable. Here, it is brought back to the zone of decipherment, under the cloak of what the *Ta'if* inaugurated. Cultural production, too, is dubbed.

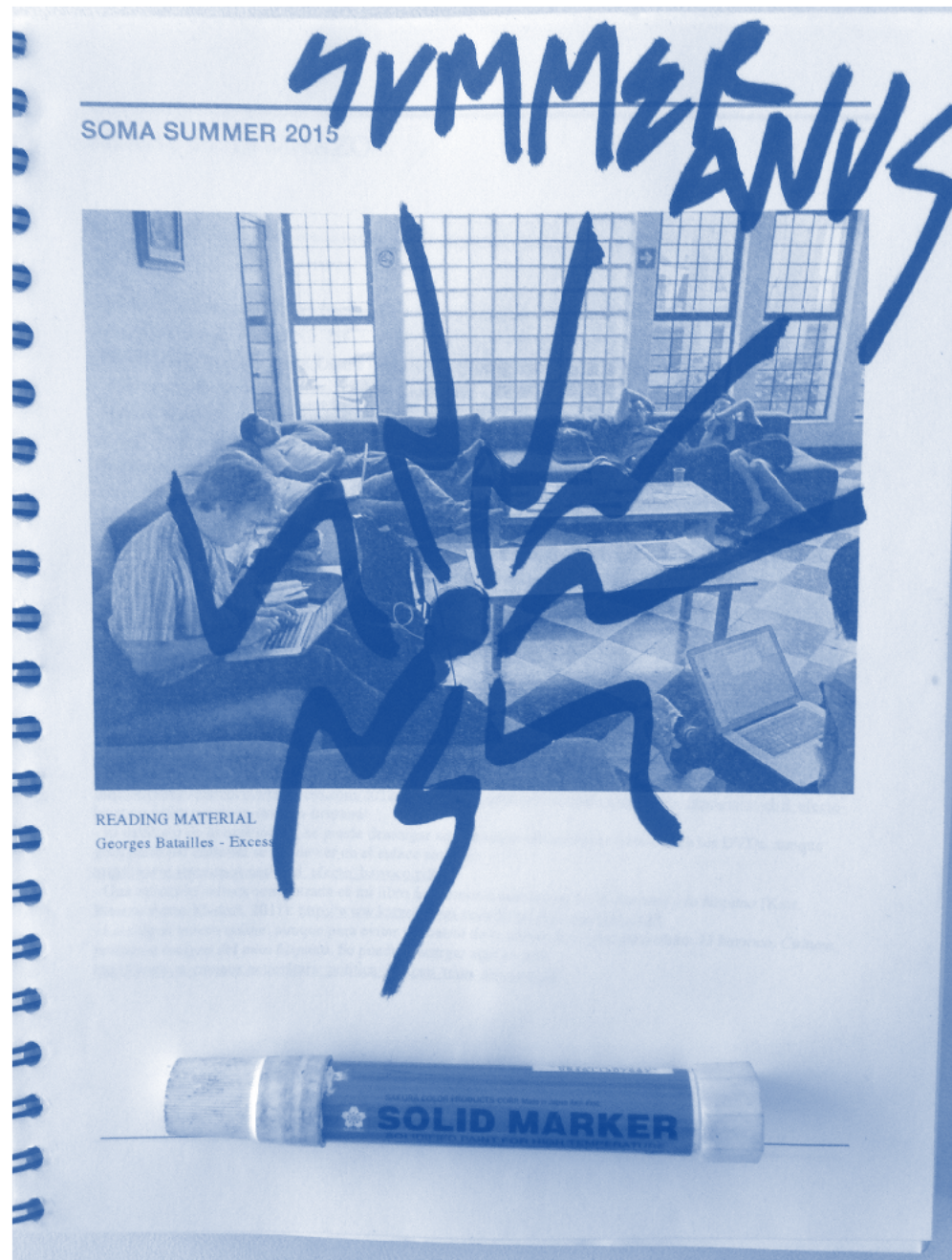
Tú o Nadie was the first Mexican telenovela to air in Lebanon, in 1992, and the first of the many exotic Mexican telenovela waves that we rode in the 90s and into the early 2000s. Actress Lucía Méndez was the beautiful and sensational Raquel, in front of whom all froze in appreciation and sublimation. She was dubbed; the lips swayed in silenced Spanish, the limit of the exotic indecipherability, while the voice we heard imposed itself in the official written Arabic language, the redeemer of decipherability. Lucía is an extension of the *Ta'if*, a product of the post-war *Ta'ifization*.

A dub is a parallel trajectory, a tangent and an offshoot. With dubbing a new space emerges, which is at one and the same time an oppressive space and a space of possibility; perhaps it is possibility through oppression. The dub moves with parallel intimacy to the dubbed, they entangle in an eternal dance, without ever meeting. But what if the two actually meet?

I am meeting Lucía this Sunday. We will shoot a video. She will speak, in her own voice. She will utter some of the principles from the *Ta'if* agreement, in Arabic. Even with the liberty to talk without dubbing, the dubbed finds herself trapped in the same language that she seeks to escape from, the language that oppresses her and that returns us to the Civil War.

With such a return, another familiar telenovela plot line surfaces: a Lebanese artist talking about the Civil War. Caught between an aspiration to belong to an art scene that earned its reputation—that was locked into it—by addressing the Civil War and between wanting to break the mold and carve a trajectory, a dub, of his own, perhaps the emerging artist is that girl next door. Despite her contentment with the harsh circumstances that life sucked her into, she always ends up marrying rich, at least in the reality of the telenovela.

Mexico City,
August 19, 2015



He walks into the room, a large studio space that I share with approximately 10 other people. He has a cumbersome figure which is enhanced by his choice of clothing. Layering is at the basis of his way of dressing; a choice that brings about a peculiar transformation—through this process of stratification, each austere item converges into a new entity, that is closer to a decorative baroque style rather than the minimalism he seems to aim for. This is the first of the many contradictions that I will notice about him in the months to come. He puts his oversized bag on the communal studio table. The bag is made of light brown leather and by the way it rests on the table and folds into itself I notice two things: the leather is of a very high quality and the bag is filled to approximately 30% of its capacity. I briefly think that this could be a beautiful metaphor for this person I still have to get to know, that his large, magnetic aura is disproportionately larger than the core personality it contains; that maybe his pompous appearance is a direct response to a certain lack of personality. I dismiss the thought quickly as I question whether such an analysis has more to do with my own insecurities rather than his.

I observe him as he moves around the room and checks his phone. He is a lot to take in: the bulky figure, the long curly black hair, the oversized glasses, the thick beard, the layers, the chains around his neck, the rings on his fingers, the red socks, the large colorful sneakers. For a second I wonder if the discomfort in my nostrils is caused by the quantity of perfume he has poured onto himself or simply by its specific odour. While his large body is reassuring, his persona conveys a sense of malaise. When he gets closer I can see beneath his black beard that the pores of his skin are damaged. He has the look of a spiritual guru in distress. He is trying to hide something.

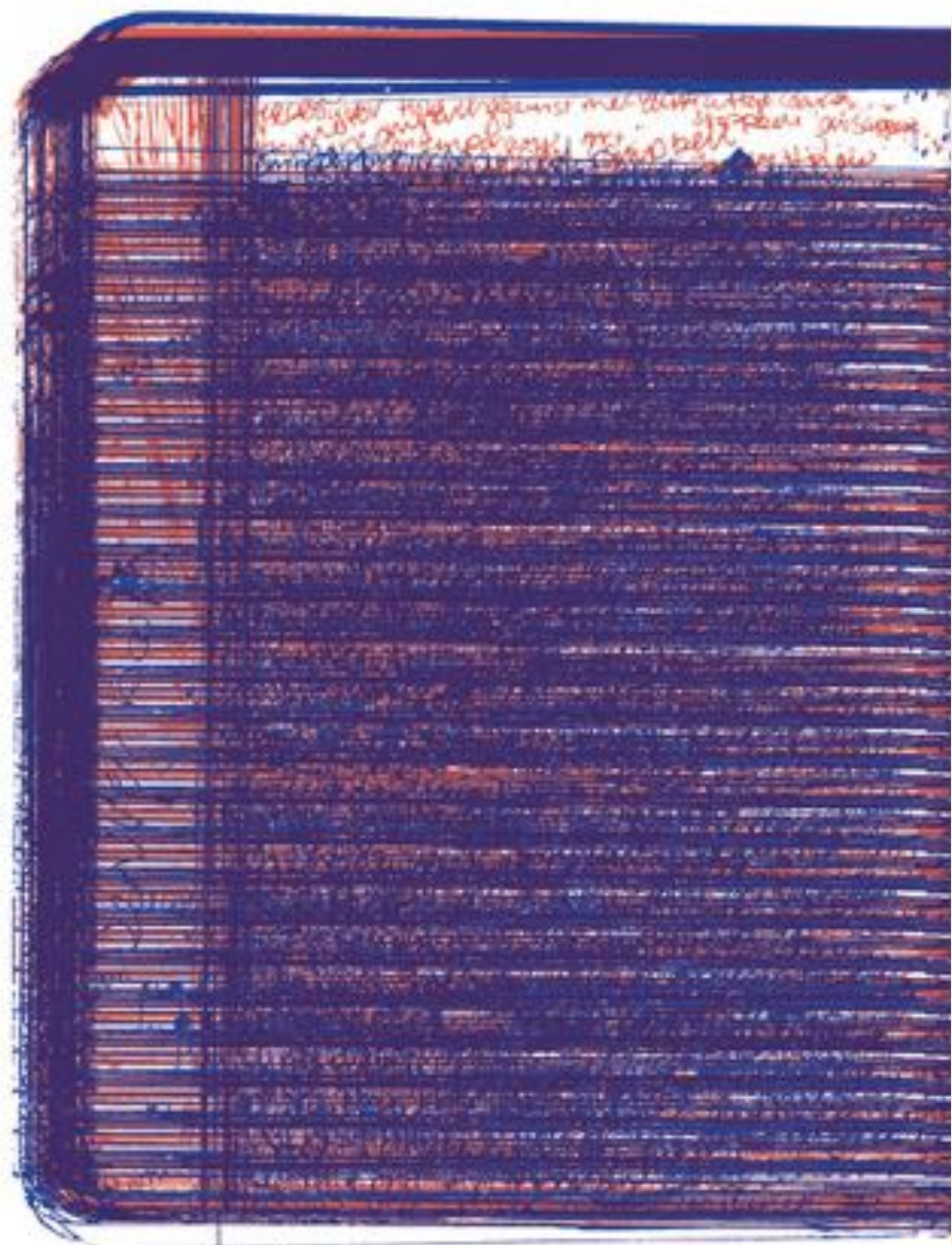
We have a studio visit. I show him some pieces. They are large-scale scans of fragments of paint that I collected from cosmetic scratches on cars. They are extremely clean, detailed images digitally printed on pearl photo paper.

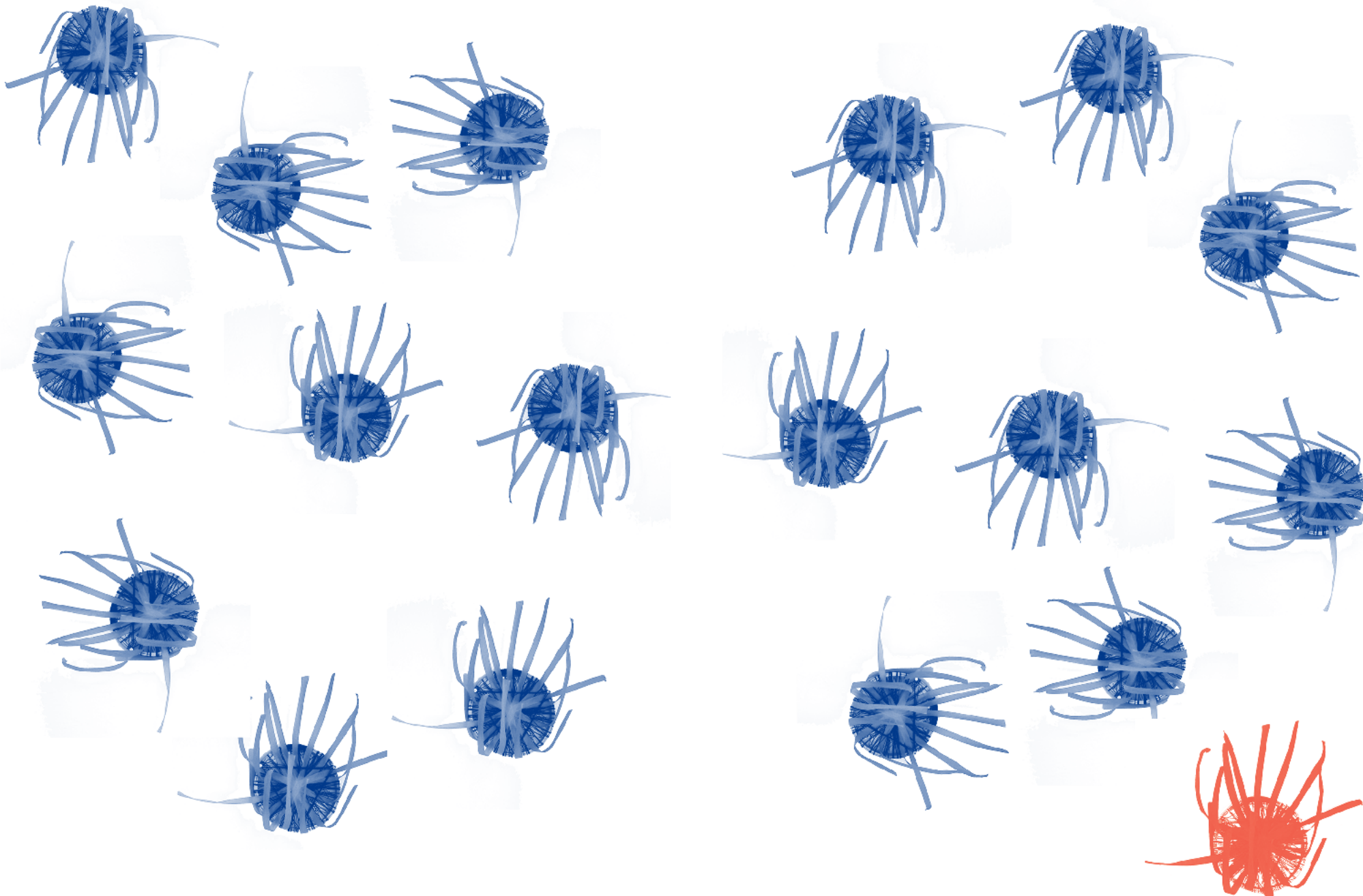
He tells me that they are beautiful and I understand that he uses the word in a pejorative sense. He tells me: “The glass

of my iPhone is beautiful. The guy who designs the seats for Audi makes beautiful things. The branding for Sprite is beautiful. Why are you as an artist interested in making beautiful things?”

He stops talking for a second and starts moving his body. I don't know if he is moving his hands or his arms or his shoulders or his torso but I recognize motion, a kind of motion that is difficult to define or notice, but is at the same time extremely present. When he starts to speak again, his body is vibrating.

He tells me that I am sooo Italian and that I believe in beauty. That I believe in making love. That I am a romantic and that I cannot make a distinction between love and pleasure. He is very serious now, as if he is talking about something he knows and cares about very much; as if we hadn't just met, but we've known each other for a long time. He tells me that I should go and visit him in Munich. There, he will introduce me to this older woman and that I won't feel attracted to her, I won't even like her. She is an expert in giving that kind of pleasure that is detached from emotions, what he refers to as clinical pleasure. I feel a pressure to engage through a clever response, to make him feel that I can relate to what he is describing. I want to say or do something that shows him that I understand his metaphors and that I know that they convey some kind of closure in relation to my work. But I am still looking at his bag, elegantly folding into itself, filled just enough to justify its presence outdoors, but still mainly empty. And I cannot tell for sure, but I think it is its emptiness that makes it so beautiful.





Los electroshocks de Artaud
Los cuadernos de Paul Valery
El exilio de Adorno
La ventana de Deleuze
La morfina de Burroughs
El éter de Lorrain
La no puntuación de Beckett
La simetría de Kubrick
La V sinfonía de Beethoven
La epilepsia de Ian Curtis
La vigilia de Poe
La escoliosis de Cobain
Los nervios de Tesla
La pileta de Charly
El esperanto de Emilio

(los poemas negros)

The electroshocks of Artaud
The notebooks of Paul Valery
The exile of Adorno
The window of Deleuze
The morphine of Burroughs
The ether of Lorrain
The non score of Beckett
The symmetry of Kubrick
The V symphony of Beethoven
The epilepsy of Ian Curtis
The vigil of Poe
The scoliosis of Cobain
The nerves of Tesla
The pool of Charly
The esperanto of Emilio

(the black poems)

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT MONOCULTURE



When we travel to a new country, we all move there with an image of it.
Mexico, was in my mind a schizophrenia of narratives.

Of pre-Columbian cultures and their amazing architecture and artefacts
(when I was a child I had a Mexican textile on the wall of my bedroom which my
parents bought travelling to the country; before sleeping I used to stare at those
precious lines and colours until I forgot what thinking was);

Don Juan's and Carlo Castaneda's stories
(shamans looking for freedom through sophisticated knowledge; the legacy
of the hippie generation, all of which I read when I was 17 years old);

Kidnappings, murders, poverty
(hundreds of people killed in the most horrible manners);
Jimmie Durham's and Maria Thereza Alves' stories and delicious mole;
Genaro Amaro Altamirano -- from the Community Museum in Xico --
passion and braveness.

Once I arrived here, after the initial excitement, I started feeling uneasy.
Where was I? And mostly: who was I here?

I always try to think of human beings first of all as human beings,
and then of their nationality, but that isn't so easy.

When a foreigner gets sick here they say that is *Montezuma's revenge*. As
many of us know, Montezuma II was the ruler of the Aztec civilization who was
defeated and slaughtered by Hernán Cortés, the Spanish conquistador.

As a European, I am symbolically a descendent of those people who had
conquered Mexico, destroyed civilizations, exploited the original population and
contributed to the difficult situation this country is living today.

I couldn't ignore this historical heritage, as a person, and as an artist;
it was really hard, to me, to see the image of myself only as a "human being"
and not as a part of such a violent history.

I felt, in some weird way, that I played a role in a very sad historical heritage.

How to deal with this? Was I, in despite all of my good propose,
a perpetrator of eurocentrism?

I've been very attracted to diversity. In my opinion,
it is one of the most amazing things we have in life.

When I see Oaxacan textile, their iconographic solutions and colours,
it is to me like a great gift, I feel the privilege of enjoying such a qualified and
unique synthesis of the world.

Some justify colonialism as a Darwinian process, but I think is just an
ideology to justify horror and the realm of mono-culture.

I don't want to live in a world where we all look the same, we all think the
same, we all eat the same, what is it that we are supposed to exchange then?

Why is it so hard for us to deal with diversity, and preserve it?

Genaro Amaro Altamirano is one of the co-founder of the
Community Museum of Xico's Valley.

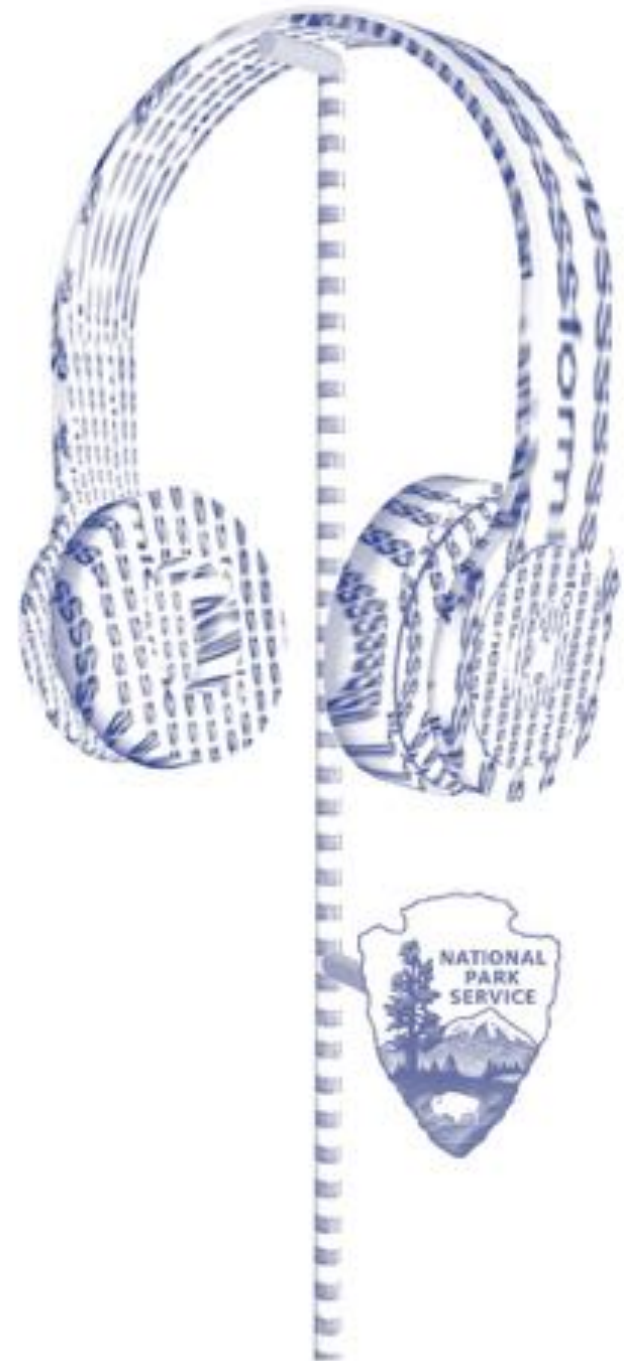
Xico, in Chalco, has been a really important place for pre-Columbian
culture. The situation there, today, is very difficult: people struggle every day
with poverty, discrimination, criminality. Genaro, with his *compañeros*, is
trying to make this museum a place where the community, through
pre-Colombian art, to create an actively dialogue with the pre-colonial identity.

But not just that, they want the Museum to become a
place to create new art and new knowledge.

The museum's staff are all volunteers, and they all work on this project with a
what is becoming a rare passion. Institutions, market, don't exist here.

They act for community's wellness and strong belief that art will be able
to change something. And some things are changing.

So, maybe we can keep thinking that art,
made by passionate people, can change something.





Between spaces or being somewhere

Šta želim? (sticker note on the table, July 2015)

Text draft: dislocation, politics of location, context(s) research, exchange and potential interculturalism, mobility. (tekuce.txt, March 2015)

In the past years, I frequently get overwhelmed with doubts of purpose of my profession and current work. I feel dependent, while proclaiming my status as an independent one. Am I a (social) parasite? This frequently leads to depressive moments and a excess of questions, overthinking it all... If not drowned by this compulsory thoughts, I can take it as a moment of reflection and a need for changes. On the other hand, I see that art professionals are being underestimated. It's always little or no money, often arriving late, if ever. I feel like there are many myths surrounding this historical moment, lies by those in power or ones reproducing them, where art seems "unproductive", "not useful", exploiting our talent, work, time, creativity, flexibility, ideas... And we are constantly questioning and fighting for our own purpose, audiences, values, projects... I feel being in a constant teeter of self-realization and creative fulfillment vs. sacrificing and self-exploitation. (notes, 17th August 2015)

- ¿Cómo te llamas?
 - Срђан. Srdjan. „dj/d“ como doble ele en „lluvia“. Sergio, es más facil.
 - Do you have a title in your name?
 I feel that I'm constantly translating myself and my experience.
 (conversations, since August 2014)

"Takođe, odlučio sam da se manemo koncepata i planova koji nas drže za nešto što je bilo ranije, nego da očistimo situaciju - sa više spontanosti i pažnje, a ne zbog navike ili čega god" (diary.doc, 01st July 2015).
 "...svaki dan treba da pričamo (o nama) i da se suočavamo sa govnama" (diary.doc, 8th August 2015).

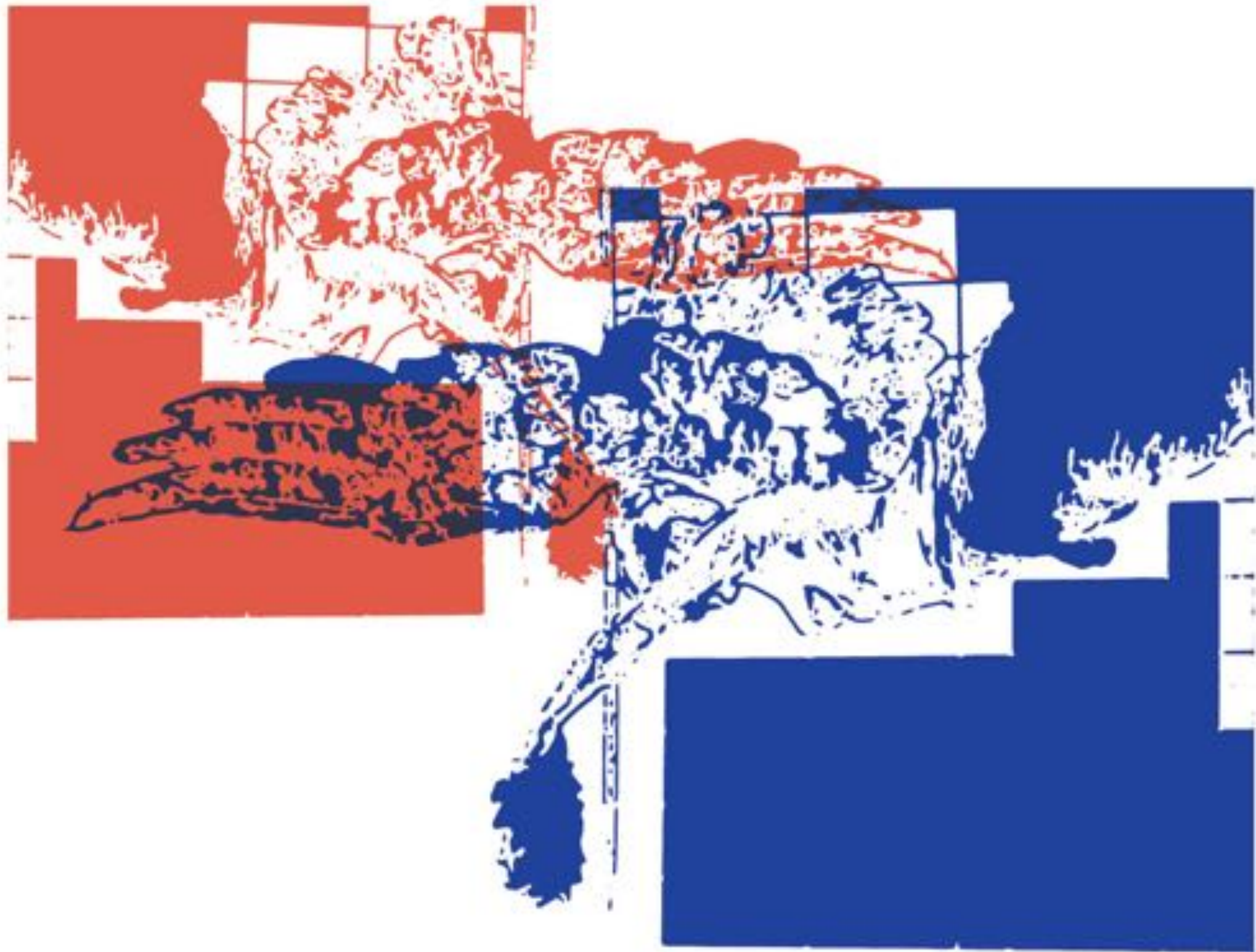
Nowadays, I'm more keen to read fiction than any expert text, theory or research. To temporarily escape, and then to reflect. I'm trying to write stories again... to use this in-between space when trying to find work.
 "You see, for us Orenis, producing and perceiving music is indistinguishably tied to other senses as well... all those waves, invisible to the naked eye, could be felt, apart from being heard, depending on their use. Thus, we can communicate through music, so that nothing can be heard externally, neither seen, while a group of people can feel and understand a collective experience, even exchanging it among themselves."
 (sci-fi prica.doc, April-August 2015)

"Feet on the ground / Head in the sky / It's OK I know nothing's wrong... nothing"
 (Talking Heads, This Must Be The Place (Naive Melody), 1983)

I'm dreaming discussions about psychoanalysis, semiotics, philosophy, semiotics, Bataille... (5th August 2015)

Acérquese y pida sus ricos tamales oaxaqueños.
 Hay tamales oaxaqueños, tamales calientitos.
 Mira su ricos tamales oaxaqueños.
 Ya llegaron sus ricos y deliciosos tamales oaxaqueños.
 (grabación, tamalero, Tlatelolco, 11 de agosto de 2015, hora 19:43:44)





The commodification of soil in Mexico's informal economy has its history embedded in 19th century *landlessness*. When political repression and fraud, alongside financial inequality exacerbated by monopolised ownership of land, led to the Mexican Revolution in 1910, a territorial battle of death and disparity was soon met with large economic growth and expansion. However, when an economic boom explodes faster than the urbanisation and development of a country can catchup, a dichotomy between ownership and use occurs. As such, *Tierra y Libertad*, the slogan of the Mexican Revolution, embodies the important relationship between land and freedom forever present in Mexico's society. Where in 1934 president Lázaro Cárdenas challenged the intricacies between the surplus in informal peasant labour and shortage in fields — the commodity — his government introduced the *Ejido*. An agrarian policy of land reform where land was evenly distributed amongst peasants, set out to increase urban and economic development and control. As such, Ejidatorios don't own land, but legally own the right to use land *as long as they want to, as long as they use it*.

Ground as a *commons* has long defined Mexico's relationship between labour and land, however when legal ownership exists without spatial ownership, it enforces a disconnection between the financial and spatial territories of urban economic development. As such, the ejidos could not be legally used for loans, enforcing a stagnating peasant economy lacking access to credit and unable to catch up with Mexico's neoliberal destiny as the implementation of the NAFTA agreement in 1994 led to a rapid economic shift from traditional capitalism towards neoliberalism focused on expenditure. As a consequence the Ejido's met their abolishment.

Currently the Mexican economy holds a labour force of 78 million people and is the 15th largest economy in the world, yet it also holds a larger informal than formal economy in which 60 percent of the total population participates. When today Mexico's largest infrastructural problem is not that of disparity but of access, economic development becomes inherently spatial. Consequently the appropriation of land and its relationship to informal labour has lost its connotation with Mexico as *developing economy*, rather it signifies the neoliberal spirit of the commodification of the individual and its territory. As such, Mexico's future is caught hanging between a large informal economy and rapidly digitising economic and social context. Due to its expeditious changes, Mexico's route towards social democracy has skipped certain steps crucial to a healthy economy, such as welfare and security, and crossed into an unmapped territory of uncontrolled labour with unknown spatial consequences. Ironically, this widening gap between labour and commodity demands an indeterminate economy to run across — the exact same informal economy that was once set out to be abolished.

But what is the space of an informal economy in a digitalising neoliberal economy? The more globalised and digitised a sector becomes, the more it suffers from incomplete control of their economies. The growing (urban) demand for indeterminate services and informal labour has led to a blur of understanding of what an economic entity is and what is not.

Where the OXXO closes its commercial premise at night, it still operates through a window allowing customers to queue up to buy their late night snacks, and transform its pavement into a commercial territory. While in queue, customers are caught in flux between impromptu taco-stands and cigarettes salesmen, as true to its neoliberal spirit, as all individuals are potential customers. Consequently the ground in front of OXXO holds an economic potentiality, not only to OXXO, but to the whole city. This dichotomy between informal and formal labour in a neoliberal context leads to the market principle of demand and supply, where people are choosing to work informally due to freedom of work hours, context and content. Why pay tax when I get little or no services in return? Why be employed when there are no legal consequences of unfair redundancy. But what are the spatial consequences of these contrasting peer economies?

No society has wasted as much as contemporary capitalism, yet in neoliberal Mexico City, the economic potential of urban space and its relationship to informal labour creates a new perspective on access (and excess). Informal economies, as soon as they are a significant part of the economy, hold more territorial constraints than visible at first glance — for as much as corruption is formally invisible and informally visible. While a street-vendor's economy seems small and flexible, its operations are managed and controlled by 'urban landlords' who individually control areas of the city, such as roads and squares, without owning them. Who, due to political connections, are in the position to demand individual vendors working on the grounds to pay a share of profit. Not far from the principle of Ejido's, yet this time it is no longer the government dispersing land-usage, it is the corrupt corporate individual.

As such, Mexico's sharing economy, alongside services like Uber or Airbnb, is a project on the commodification of the street. Capital has long emancipated itself from a direct relationship to labour and possessions, where Uber holds 1000 employees to direct the 1.000.000 Uber drivers and cars, the translation of informal labour in Mexico City has an unmeasurable urban and economic context. And when the street is long and its economic potential continuously changing, it is in need of an 1:1.



SOMA

SPECIAL THANKS / AGRADECIMIENTOS ESPECIALES

to all the mentors and visiting artists who have helped us through the excess of SOMA Summer 2015 / a los mentores y artistas visitantes quienes nos han ayudado durante el exceso de SOMA Summer 2015.

THANK YOU / AGRADECIMIENTOS

Carla Herrera-Prats, SOMA Summer Director / Directora de SOMA Summer
Barbara Hernandez, SOMA Director / Directora de SOMA
Laura Cortés Hesselbach, Projects Coordinator / Coordinadora de proyectos
Sofía Fuentes, Assistant Director / Asistente de Dirección
Alejandra García Luna
Federico Ramírez
Emily Rose Lyver
Srdjan Tunić

SOMA SUMMER PARTICIPANTS 2015

| | |
|---------|---|
| 04 - 05 | AK/OK (Kate Jarboe and Maia Wright) |
| 06 - 07 | Shobun Baile |
| 08 - 09 | Niels Bekkema |
| 10 - 11 | Lyndsay Bloom Francesco Cagnin |
| 12 - 13 | Barb Choit |
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