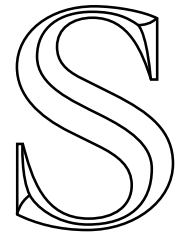


Zigzag Incisions

Armando Andrade Tudela, Raven Chacon, Roberto Evangelista, Ximena Garrido-Lecca, Alfredo Hubard, Seulgi Lee, Pierre Leguillon, Felipe Mujica, Edit Oderbolz, Blinky Palermo, Tania Pérez Córdova & Francesco Pedraglio, Falke Pisano, Julia Rometti and Jorge Satorre

A twofold exhibition at CRAC Alsace and SALTS curated by Victor Costales and Elfi Turpin
19 February - 31 March 2017

Opening Reception: 18 February 2017, 5pm



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“...circles, circles; innumerable circles, concentric, eccentric; a coruscating whirl of circles that by their tangled multitude of repeated curves, uniformity of form, and confusion of intersecting lines suggested a rendering of cosmic chaos, the symbolism of a mad art attempting the inconceivable.”

Joseph Conrad, *The Secret Agent*.

An epigraph stolen from a book, far from troubled border cities.

Kites, kites; innumerable kites,

psycho-acid pentagons, some with mad ninja turtle smiles, held by invisible lines of varied intensities and force. Their vernacular structures are jerked by gusts of tropical winds, feeling the storm coming, lowering the skies above the city. They are being pushed against the grey-green moss walls of a decrepit modernist building. The kites hit the walls, stick to them, cover the helpless concrete humidity in a wild kaleidoscopic arrangement of overlapping fractals and colours. The minor myth of a kite assembled with the half-forgotten ritual of a modernist wall by random trajectories of the monsoon winds. Fat rain drops tear the paper, rip it down, leaving few fragments of flying geometries attached to the dirty surfaces, glued there for some time. Maybe geological time.

There is nothing inconceivable in the art of crossing the flat surface of an evening public plaza walking in zigzags, observing with sideways glances what's going on on the peripheries of that wide and desolate space. It's just a method, another way of practising the tangents. Walking in zigzag is to inscribe chance on the low-impact geometries of any Latin American city, forest or desert. Just like the fine black lines painted on a ceramic bowl, mapping the nearby rivers, so if you happen to pass by and find the bowl left on the table of an open house, you'll know where the dwellers went fishing. Provided that you know how to read the code. A matter of proximity.

Back to the plaza, zigzagging closer to its variable perimeters, if you move your eyes to the left for a fraction of a second, you might catch two men, hand in hand, performing a perfect tango, with style and elegance beyond description. If you look slightly to the right in the same no time, you might fix the pirouettes of an insect (most probably a fly) flying out from the rear window of a cab, leaving a half drunk passenger gesticulating frantically towards the driver, telling a story of another A to B through Z parkour. Chances are you will get caught in one of the fly's loops. You just have to be very very good at glancing sideways, be sure to practise often.

But what happens in Asunción doesn't stay in Cocosolo. The wind that just finished flipping through the book on geometry Professor Amalfitano left hanging in his yard on a clothesline, in that unfortunate readymade city, to see if an axiom can learn something from real life and vice versa – that wind will carry the concept of strange attractors* to the cacti growing in the mountains surrounding Lima. Some hours later someone will cook the cactus and will see the fractals projected on things in the night as signs of a different language, amassing in front of those almond shaped eyes.

We watched the passing lights, as in Charly's** post-dictatorship anthem: red, green, yellow, green, fuchsia. We crossed the plaza, the colours, the humans and some other humans. We were not strangers.

V. C., January 2017

Please note that the first part of *Zigzag Incisions* is on view at CRAC Alsace until 14 May 2016. More info: www.cracalsace.com

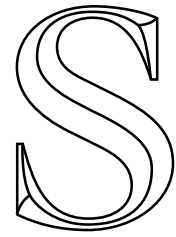
List of works:

Outside:

Felipe Mujica
Huecos, 2016 (Holes)
Canvas, sewing
127 x 75 cm
Courtesy the artist and Die Ecke, Santiago de Chile and von Bartha, Basel

On the window:

Edit Oderbolz
In the Shadow We Put Together a House, 2017
Newspaper
55,6 x 33,1 cm
Courtesy the artist



Inside from left to right:

Jorge Satorre
That Other (Shawl), 2014*
Ikat textile
81 x 43 cm
Manufactured by José Jiménez
Courtesy the artist and Labor, Mexico City

Blinky Palermo
Blaues Dreieck, 1969 / 2009
Acrylic
23 x 46 cm
Reactivated by Pierre Leguillon
Courtesy the artists

Tania Pérez Córdova
Two Points Connected by a Line or a Line Separating Two Stories (Forty Minutes, Twenty Five Minutes and Forty Nine Seconds), 2017
Bronze
Dimension variable
Courtesy the artist / Production CRAC Alsace

Seulgi Lee
U : Even a monkey can fall from a tree (= Even an agile person can make mistakes), 2017
Silk and cotton
195 x 155 x 1 cm
Realized in collaboration with Nubi Korean, quilt maker
Courtesy the artist / Production CRAC Alsace
Thanks to Suk Hee Jeong and Sung Youn Cho

Julia Rometti
Studies for Winter Stories during Springtime, 2016
Thread on watercolor paper
33,1 x 25,5 cm
Courtesy the artist and José García, Mexico City

Ximena Garrido-Lecca
Aleaciones con memoria de forma, 2016
(Alloys with shape memory)
Copper
190 x 133 cm
Courtesy the artist and 80m² Livia Benavides, Lima

Seulgi Lee
SOUP_ Bâle, 2017
Wall painting, local vegetarian soup, bowls made by ceramicist from Altkirch, saucepan and hot plate.
Courtesy the artist
Production CRAC Alsace
Thanks to Sylvie Fabian and Gilles Desplanques

On the floor:

Falke Pisano
Learning in Proximity, 2015
Wood, printed paper
58 x 20,5 x 20,5 cm
Courtesy the artist and Ellen de Bruijne Projects, Amsterdam

On the plinth:

Armando Andrade Tudela
Estrella Distante, 2017
Twisted iron bar, plastic, metallic chain
Courtesy the artist and Francesca Minini, Milan

Between CRAC Alsace & SALTS:

Tania Pérez Córdova & Francesco Pedraglio
Two Points Connected by a Line or a Line Separating Two Stories, 2017
Car journey, a story told from memory
Courtesy the artists
Production CRAC Alsace

*Translation of the text:

21 years ago, on the 1st of May, we found the river dry. We thought of the end of the world and people went crazy. The liter was 5 reales and was sold for 2 sucres. The rental of the horse was 50 sucres. We made a 200-sucres profit for each trip.

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