



GAGA presents:

All Originals Will Be Destroyed

From July 16 to August 23, 2014.

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All Originals Will Be Destroyed comes from a series of discussions on systems and economies. Lonesomeness, art and poetry's current situation and crises, their apparent distance, and their masked need for each other.

The show brings together twelve artists generally working with the written word as their main trade and their take on different concerns and worries. The work is for sale for whoever wants to pay its price. Any other excuses or explanations for this experiment are unnecessary.

Possible results: "nothing or nearly art." Each economy's most orthodox militant's indignation and shock (poetry is not for sale and it is now)! Apart from the mere exercise the results do not concern us participants (positive bureaucracy: happy –transfers– procedures).

What is the highest materiality a poem can reach and still be a poem? Poetry and currency: Sor Juana on the two-hundred peso bill, Nezahualcōyotl on the 100, Octavio Paz on the 20 peso coin: it's not a terrible valuation.

It's true, time is money as with money anyone can buy time. Time to write, time to do whatever no one pays you to do, time to waste time, time to enjoy. Bohemian poverty seems ever more impossible: no more credit at the corner shop. There is no shop next door. There's an Oxxo. And a gallery: no credit there either and according to the new fiscal reform liable to money laundering.

What I mean to say is, when you, the hypocrite reader, my brother, my fellow man, desire to buy any one of these maybe poems, or works, or pieces, you, an individual or legal entity, have to present a series of requirements to the anti-money laundering portal as you are dealing with a business susceptible to money laundering. Specifically: a corporate charter, proof of address and legal representative's ID (please refer to Enrique González Martínez for advice on any of these issues at no extra cost).

To sum things up we're dealing with commerce. Understanding it as the exchange of different capitals: not welfarism not heroism, more of a transaction: "Your tongue's gold for my tongue's gold," as commented Arreola on translation. A market or a place for gathering, the give and take, the bargaining, a dialogue. Because nothing or no one is self-reliant. Poetry and art, art and poetry. Juan Rulfo said, "Either we are saved together or we drown separately." The enemy lies somewhere else.