

Trajinar: Art, objects and spaces

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The National Gallery of San José, Costa Rica -in these weeks of November 2023-, exhibits sculptures, objects, and two- and three-dimensional digital prints from the Atlantic series, created by the outstanding Spanish artist Rigoberto Camacho who assimilates the action of trans/port: carrying or bringing from one place to another the artifact that carries meaning for a society like the current one. It also implies marking a space of belonging such as heritage, that which arouses quarrels in cultural affairs, especially when there are links and common history catapulted into another notion of the colonial, such as the museum.

Trajinar (transport) is synonymous with carrying, moving goods, objects, goods, busy action that connects with the memory of the subject transported, who is or was shared, traded or even plundered. But it also maps not knowing, that which conflicts with our ability to reflect with those objects exposed to drift when we cross the threshold of uncertainty.

Trajinar: the word

For our grandparents, "hustle and bustle" was a concept different from the universal meaning, it had to do with the "hustle and bustle" of life, which was still complex and sometimes even a tragic step, which is understood as close to the word "brawl", understood as subsisting on the quarrel of everyday life. So hustle and bustle is a propitious space for conflicting, debated, quarreled opinions, but which usually end up being consensual, dispelling the skirmish of being double-edged swords.



The brawl, on the other hand, reminds me of a nice character from the city of Liberia, Don Rafael Ángel Zúñiga, who collected a considerable amount of objects of natural-artificial or mestizo origin, and opened a museum on his property in the center of the white city in that northern province of Guanacaste, bordering Nicaragua. He called it the "Museum of Brawl" (https://issuu.com/museodelarbol/docs/libro_trifulca). When asked what was the origin of such a singular identity for a collection guarded under the eaves of his property, he replied that it is because of life itself, because "life is a brawl".

So this pair of vocalizations, whose meanings shoot each other, in our reasoning impel us to get lost among the twists and turns of art theories, the ethics of exhibiting or trans/carrying objects in order to relate them, assimilate them and sharpen the sharp edge of their edges insofar as they are cultural subjects that belong to the daily confrontation of becoming and, hence, of memory.

Trajinar: the exhibit

In one of the pieces exhibited at the National Gallery I observed the figure of a lion of those arranged on the doors of the buildings to knock or knock, but on the head of the feline the artist placed a "hand of bananas", a product and identity belonging to our culture; It links to an inglorious past, a sign of the penetration of hegemonic and filibustering power, which is why this Central American isthmus is known as "Banana Republics".

But this object, in Camacho's show, is painted in white, perhaps because it is a three-dimensional digital print, but at least in my personal reflection I read it as the act of "whitening" or plundering objects. Some of the terminals of these pieces are similar to "the feathered serpent", Quetzalcoatl or other Mayan



deities. What's more, they assemble with gears more typical of European mechanization modeled in nylon, which in their shape look like hand grenades ready to detonate. Is it the conceptual task of the approach for this unique exhibition of contemporary art, which makes the leaven of paradox grow? I have already commented on how these aesthetics, when exhibited, open holes in the walls of the interpretation of art that sometimes wound national sensibilities, or because by tightening the thread so much, the thrust may be returned to us.

Mass Culture

Some of the images printed on the hanging fabrics resemble banners with icons of mass and the global market mediated by advertising; They come from a heraldic or symbolic perhaps European, but sometimes made transparent by objects from our own original discourses. So, does hustling in this case imply making that geographical transfer to hang it in the halls of a museum in this narrow Central American strip of land? Does it mean the transfer of cultural goods as happened in the past, and does it imply transculturation and hegemonic impositions?

This series of questions are a good sign for this proposal, because otherwise, when I come to appreciate an exhibition and nothing happens, there is no sting of doubt and non-existence of confrontation, I leave the same as I entered, with the feeling of wasting time, but this visit to the Rigoberto Camacho exhibition makes the difference.

What meaning, I insist, can the symbolism of these emblems have, because as can be understood, the idea of bringing or carrying culture today immediately usually specifies who we are talking about or on which side of the border thread I am located?



Where are you?

This argument -by way of closing my commentary-, motivates me to remember a drawing by the Argentinian Lilliana Porter exhibited in "Estrecho Dudoso", 2006, co-curated by Virginia Pérez-Ratton (1950-2010) and Tamara Díaz (1973-2022) at the Museum of Contemporary Art and Design and other spaces in the capital: Two friendly bunnies talk and one asks the other where are you? But the edge that separates them is only

an invisible fold or fold in the paper. Everything is as illusory or contradictory as bringing or trying to locate a limit, a mental border, or the hirsute line that demarcates the battlefield.

Constructing these meanings of the act of bringing or carrying this symbolism, opens the edges to touch a polyhedron of thoughts, doubts or certainties, each with its own guardians and that make up the interest placed

by the artist in what he wants to say, whether they are real objects or doubles that printing technology facilitates to exhibit them in the spaces of a museum, because, in principle, they are just a file of pixels transferred by the networks, metaphor or digital memory, in which the brawl or hustle and bustle of a temporality as loaded with vicissitudes as the current one also coexists.