MIAMI 2017/18 T

MIAMI

June 2017—April 2018

MIAMI began its work in early 2011 with the meeting of a group of artists whose intention was to create a space where contemporary art could be produced, shared, and discussed. MIAMI also sought to promote contemporary art's relationship with other disciplines.

From its inception, MIAMI was conceived as a non-profit project. This allows it the freedom to create initiatives that do not fit into the framework of commercial galleries or institutional exhibitions, due to their experimental and unconventional nature or because they feature emerging artists.

For the last seven years, MIAMI has operated out of a house in Bogotá's Teusaquillo neighborhood, where activities were divided into two broad categories. A 40 square meter room hosted continuous programming, including book and publication launches, video projections, talks, conferences, concerts, art exhibitions, and other events related to contemporary art production. At the same time, production was fostered through workshops and artists' studios, where dialogue between participants was encouraged and open studio events were held to allow the public to learn about the artists' creative processes.

MIAMI has managed to maintain continuous programming over the years and has hosted more than a hundred events. MIAMI's launch in 2011 featured *Sex, Politics & Rock n' Roll*, an individual exhibition by Andres Felipe Uribe and curated by Guillermo Vanegas. Other notable individual exhibitions have featured Colombian artists including Juan Obando, Reyesantiago, Santiago Pinyol, Juan David Laserna, José Aramburo, Juan Pablo Echeverri, Paulo Licona, Ana María Millán, Juan Sebastián Peláez, Leonardo Herrera, Gabriel Mejía, and Elkin Calderón. International artists that have had individual exhibitions at MIAMI include Warren Neidich (USA), Andrea MacGuinthy (USA), Emilio Bianchic (Argentina), Kerim Zapzu (Turkey), and Hermes Villena (Bolivia).

MIAMI's publications include *Positive Pain* and *Cuero de culebra* by Jardín Publicaciones, *El señor. Vol. 2* by Colectivo El Señor, and *Perra Lúcida Editoras*, by Ericka Flórez. Currently MIAMI distributes *Terremoto* magazine from Mexico. The space has screened video art and documentaries such as *Galas* and *Arte, Política, historia y nadaísmo* by Reproducciones Collective. It has also hosted the film club project *La Vía Láctea* by Diego Fernández.

MIAMI has also welcomed guest curators such as Dorotheé Dupis, Juan Guillermo Tamayo, Juan Sebastián Ramírez, Guillermo Vanegas, William Contreras, Andrés Jurado, Natalia Valencia, Juliana Echavarría, and Daniela Pérez. There have been concerts by PLANES, La

Mini-tk del Miedo, Mariconna (Juan Pablo Echeverri), Mugre, Darcy, and Las Malas Amistades.

For MIAMI, the physical space in which it operates has been fundamental in order to build content and knowledge, because throughout its existence it has been formulated as a meeting place for the alternative, experimental, and emerging Colombian art scene.

In 2018, MIAMI expanded its exhibition hall by moving to a new house, a few blocks from its former location, where it has room for nine artists' studios and a 96 square meter viewing room that opened with a solo exhibition by Sofia Reyes Guevara.

Reflecting on the process T2

Since its inception, MIAMI has strived to connect with agents from outside of Bogota who operate under similar premises, with the intention of showcasing, circulating, discussing, and connecting proposals and ideas that we consider relevant and timely, beyond a parochial and local circuit.

MIAMI aims to showcase the work of emerging artists, taking advantage of established ties as well as opening up new spaces for communication between the local scene and cultural agents from other cities and countries.

I Know What I Meant to Mean **T1**

Daniel Jiménez

June 30, 2017

Ancestral technologies T2

They're lying to us. They have always lied to us. All the facts are prefabricated, smokescreens. Skeptics from the world over, sitting looking at their cell phones, engrossed in their pathetic micro-worlds, in erotic fantasies that they will never fulfill, deceived by terrible and powerful sects that control the world. That's the way things are, dear reader, while you're in the supermarket buying products packed a thousand times by demonic anti-human machines, when you go on vacation with your family, when you look at the sky you think is real, while you read this article, those ruthless beings who control the world mock you, because the only thing they see in their little dreams is money to line their extravagant pockets. But they're not only interested in money—maybe that's the least of it. They want to control your mind and everyone else's. And I'll tell you something, dear reader. They're doing it! They dreamt up a world with junk food restaurants on every corner—and look around. In their barracks they invent animated, twisted fantasies to put into the brains of your innocent little children through tablets and screens of thousands of different sizes. Does this sound familiar? When they came to Earth millions of years ago, they enslaved the first inhabitants to build their edifices, pyramids that functioned like communication antennas to their revolting worlds. Now, the descendants of those enslaved people are tasked with spreading their propaganda in South American city centers, selling pirated movies at a price that any one of us can afford. Dear and distinguished reader: do not feel guilty. Even the minds that have found the truth have been tempted by these small but dangerous pleasures. Even this writer, your servant putting down these words to remove the blindfold from your eyes, has found himself entangled in the schizophrenic and Machiavellian stories created by Hollywood and its arsenal of screenwriters who are members of its innermost circle of evildoers. We are surrounded, dear friend. We are in the midst of a great lie, of a great spectacle designed to control our weak minds. Look at the food we eat, the people we are surrounded by. It is not gratuitous that our favorite pets, the ones they have made us believe are a man's best friends, come from the unnatural experiments designed by the Nazis to accelerate the process of human slavery. Yes, dear reader, they are ancestral technologies of human control. Stained glass windows, for example, in their primitive form of light, were the

first screens for disseminating their false saviors, their envious and corrupt gods. We tread naked upon these lands, we walk barefoot, united with Mother Earth. We became one with her; we understood her, but they made us kill our animals, eat their meat, and with their skins make shoes and clothing that separate us from our surroundings. Now there are factories in the East glutted with millions and millions of slaves who manufacture those cursed garments that we wear arrogantly. Kim Jong-un is the supreme leader of these manufacturers in North Korea, and in Russia the evil Putin—useful slaves of the empire, who are then discarded like garbage, as happened to the bloodthirsty Saddam Hussein in the Middle East. We are being watched, they track our movements, they control our food, our visions, and our desires. How can we escape this dictatorship, cherished reader? I don't wish to give you false hope; nothing good is in store for us.

Gabriel Mejía Abad

Slay Girl, Slayyyy!!! **T1**

Manuela Besada Lombana

Wednesday, August 23, 2017—Wednesday, September 6, 2017

In 2017, Laura Mulvey's essay *Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema* will celebrate its forty-second anniversary. In it, Mulvey uses the theories of both Freud and Lacan to suggest that in cinema, the gaze is aligned with a masculine subject. Conversely, the passive object of the gaze is feminine. It contrasts the concept of the scopophilic instinct—the pleasure of looking at another person as an erotic object—with the process of identification with a subject.

This "male gaze" infects our cultural content. We see it in movies as well as in literature, cereal commercials, billboards, and contemporary art. One of the tasks of feminism has been to displace this gaze, to redirect it—to establish, firmly, the woman as subject. Feminists reclaimed women artists lost to history. They vindicated artisanal practices as artistic processes. They took on a definitive role in the deconstruction of this hegemonic gaze. In short, summarizing feminism’s history and contribution to contemporary art is impossible in limited space.

But what follows this legacy? Why do we still have commercials selling us razors that shave already-shaved legs? Although various struggles for liberation diversified the spaces in which the gaze operates, consumer capitalism adapts to this heterogeneity. It does not need an ideology that supports the dominant classes, because it can adapt all content to the needs of the market. The work of Manuela Besada-Lombana exists within this paradox—the paradox of a voracious capitalism that absorbs all content, all imagery, and reproduces it as a product for consumption. The new message of this consumption?

You're worth it. Don't diminish your own value. Your body needs an intervention.

When the user @bubs2bikinis rigorously documents her daily life, made up of housework and her exercise routine, she merges the two principles proposed by Mulvey. She is simultaneously subject and object. She reproduces the scopophilic instinct that seeks to *look at*. But the gaze is directed towards its own being, an identification with the subject that gazes, but now, at the same time, it is gazed upon. The "masculine gaze" proposed by Mulvey reproduces itself. Bubs to bikinis: from babies to bikinis. From the first duty to the second. The user does squats in the presence of her infant twins. And she is always smiling.

Perhaps the highest ambition in this collection of Besada-Lombana's work is the act of visually and conceptually intertwining the notion of work with the assimilation of feminism into late capitalism. The act of accumulating T-shirts with pseudo-feminist slogans, or derived from liberation struggles (one T-shirt says *Womanist*, another *femme power*), alludes to factory conditions: inhuman working conditions, fast fashion, consumption, and waste. Besada-Lombana's work illustrates a new stage of image generation in late capitalism, one in which the ideological context of visual and textual languages is diluted for the benefit of consumer choice. The images, in their potential for assimilation, become powerless.

The counterposition of videos, taken off Instagram, with works from the history of art that represent women undertaking domestic chores, weaves the concept of the evolution and internalization of the male gaze with the role of women and their (typically unpaid) work in the history of capitalism. Besada-Lombana also uses images of women as political agents, participating in marches. She presents these historical images as a contemporary juncture, a call to action, or the assimilation of these images into a consumer product, like Kendall with Pepsi.

María Luisa Sanín

Miami Anti Communist Capital **T1**

David Escobar Parra

August 22, 2017

Let's part from the premise that every historical account is fiction.

1. The first edition of Taschen's book *Conceptual Art*, published in 2005, presents reviews of the socio-political context in which conceptual art production is framed. One of them asserts: "1967—Che Guevara dies in Colombia in a confrontation with the army" (Daniel Marzona, *Conceptual Art*, Taschen, 2005).

2. Jotamario Arbeláez, a member of the Nadaism movement, once said in an interview with David Escobar that in the farewells for boys going off to join the M-19 guerrilla, marijuana was passed around: "Many of them ended up getting hooked and never made it to the revolution." (David Escobar Parra, *Nada*, 2014).

3. The Peace Corps was one of the programs of the Alliance for Progress. The youth that refused to go to Vietnam came to Latin America to make "bridges and schools." However, according to rumors, these young people also researched the drugs produced in the region and the transport routes to get them into the United States. Marijuana, the most prolific in the area, thus became a tool for calming revolutionary momentum, a tool for containing ideological adherence to communism. Alfredo Molano asks what responsibilities the United States has when it comes to the proliferation of drug production and consumption (São Paulo Forum, *VII Encuentro Porto Alegre*, Brazil, 1997).

The conspiracy theory: Trotsky leads international communism (The Communist International), while Stalin fights for *socialism in a single country*. [In the now-reiterated leftist confrontation] Stalin begins the hunt for Trotsky, whom he considers an internal threat. Trotsky is caught in Mexico while under the care of modern artists Siqueiros and Rivera. Nikita takes power after Stalin. Che is killed during revolutionary rounds with Regis Debray, author of *Revolution in the Revolution?* (1967) and *Life and Death of Image in Western Culture* (1994). Debray was a follower of Castro, Castro was a follower of Nikita, and Nikita was a follower of Stalin. Che wanted to start a revolution in Latin America. Debray, Castro, the CIA, and the PC wanted Che dead, and they killed him. The CIA asks for the head as a proof. The Catholic revolutionary assassin has moral qualms in regard to this request: he cuts off his hands instead. Che's hands were bouncing around for years, and routes were designed for them to be transported to Russia. The hands passed through Bogotá. When they finally arrived in Russia, the package was returned on the same plane and the hands ended up disappearing in Cuba.

In *A Grin Without a Cat* (1977), Chris Marker "dissects the social movements that arose in so many countries in the late sixties" (http://www.poligran.edu.co/catedrajaimemichelsenuribe/pelicula9.html). He proposes a theory about the failure of the left and hippies as an expression of its decadence. The documentary has two chapters: Chapter 1, *Fragile Hands*, and Chapter 2: *Severed Hands*.

Margaret Randall, in her book *Los hippies, expresión de una crisis* (1968), writes that the hippies represented a revolutionary way of life that did not inconvenience the establishment, as complacent revolutionaries who managed life without worrying by smoking a joint. The United States exports this way of life, a healthy way of experience youth: consumption soars.

If distance, like relationships, is a construction, how can we connect historically unconnected facts? By making bridges, drawing lines, and creating a story that lends meaning to the reconnection of that which is supposedly unconnected.

Sources: caricatures published in Colombian newspapers; a photo of a television newscast featuring a president smelling a cube of marijuana; *The True Artist Helps the World by Revealing Mystic Truths* (1967), a work by Bruce Nauman that was the cover of the book *Conceptual Art* published by Taschen in 2005; secret files from the CIA and White House Secret Service Intelligence, declassified in 1997.

The facts: A publication that describes the characters almost as if they were from a Mexican soap opera and presents the drama of the trio (Fidel, Nikita, and Uncle Sam). A television image that attempts to *eternalize* in painting an out-of-context gesture that in principle was ephemeral. The rewriting of a conceptual work of art that remains a possible and failed project. A series of papers—censored, manipulated, real, post-truths? A flag.

I would think that this is the premise of *Miami Anti Communist Capital*, to propose a series of "standard" images that articulate a declaration and clearly show the machinery used to produce imaginaries, to construct myths, which in this case is constituted/made/put together from tripartite relations, outdated ideologies, and failed projects—nobody surrenders here!

Adriana M. Pineda

***Collabs* T1**

Juan Obando

October 20, 2017

Don’t roll, just scroll

#Apptivism

Juan Obando (1980), artist and professor at the Massachusetts College of Art and Design, Boston, presents *Collabs* for the first time, an individual exhibition that responds to the artist's interest in internet activism and its new forms of struggle (posts, likes, tweets, shares...), in the abstraction of the human figure within this post-capitalist and post-digital—anonymous—context, and in the return of finger snapping in public discussions as a way of encouraging the speaker.

In 1950, beat poets start snapping their fingers so as not to make too much noise when applauding each other during their clandestine recitals. This became their most recognizable gesture and a trend even outside their close circles. In 1960, DC Comics launched Snapper Carr, a caricaturization of young Americans influenced by the massification of these anti-materialistic poets’ style. Snapper Carr is a rebellious, hip, pseudointellectual, and pseudo-psychic fellow who helps the justice league solve problems. His characteristic feature: snapping his fingers when he likes something.

Obando is now launching The Snapp, a new app for smartphones, which translates the gesture of finger snapping into a digital tool. As social networks create a constant need for feedback and response, the physical gesture of snapping has become an offline community ritual among many emerging social circuits. By capturing its essence in a mobile application and digitizing the gesture in a 3D emoji animation, The Snapp questions the emergence of #apptivism, a phenomenon of late capitalism in which robotic resistance services are provided by the same systems of control that govern almost all human interaction.

Collabs is an exhibition in which we see absurd products, campaigns, and services that remind us how our senses, bodies, and voices are constantly hindered and pampered by our mobile phones, tablets, laptops, etc.—extensions of our body that diminish our curiosity. With agile figures and speculations, they constantly convince us that it is possible to engage

socially with a click or a tap, that creating community and dissidence is as simple as belonging to armies of followers who, through the internet, request the same anti-system costume—and the most committed, of course, write their respective critiques/reviews.

Adriana Martínez

G H O S T X M I A M I **T1**

Ghost is Madison Bycroft (Australia), Kari Robertson (Scotland), and Natalia Sorzano (Colombia)

November 10, 2017

The right people, for the wrong SHOW!!!!!! [t2]

For two weeks, a group of Colombian and international artists put their talents to the test with the goal of materializing a collaborative project. GHOST, from Rotterdam, and MIAMI, the home team, will have to learn to live together, face great challenges, and manage stressful situations if they want to challenge the limits of the Bogotá art scene.

What the viewer doesn't know is that, in order to maximize passion, this group of ordinary artists suffered breakdowns, shed tears, and faced near-death experiences—all to learn to fend for themselves in a stormy metropolis where defeats are the only reason to keep on going.

In spite of everything, persistence and courage allowed them to present audiences with this jewel of visual production that is proof of their talent for acting, fashion, cooking, jewelry, and handicrafts.

...but it doesn't end there...

For a finale full of love, friendship, anger, parties, fights, liquor, and, as always...a lot of fun!

Juanchis, Madi, Kari, Adri, Nika, DANI, and DANI will face their last challenge this coming Sunday, November 19, when audiences will judge for themselves whether they have proven their courage.

Daniela Pérez

Our Love Will Be Like a Wellspring of Light **T1**

Adriana Martínez

February 2, 2018

Internal Lights **T2**

There's no more chasing rainbows
And hoping for an end to them
Their arches are illusions
Solid at first glance
But then you try to touch them (touch, touch)
There's nothing to hold on to (hold, hold)
The colors used to lure you in (shut up, shut up)
And put you in a trance (ah, ah, ah, yeah).

Light does not sleep; it fills the world with its radiance and frenzy. Once there were nights, but today there are only tiny flashes of darkness. Love flows through screens—doctrines too. We are ideological tourists clinging to an underworld that has the appearance of freedom. The scenes are the color of sky and sea and fluctuate; they move and caress us, they touch us, in the vast sense of the term. We also touch them. All day and night we massage screens, we rub images, we finger them, face them, knead those mechanisms. Light is contained in them as if they were Pandora's box, as if there were always something new to discover.

And maybe that is right—perhaps this light contains the infinite flow of information and desire even while it contains the root cause and structure of slavery. It may sound radical to think that every second we build the wall that separates us from everything else; it may sound pretentious to say that every day we become simple observers of the world that they want to show us. Perhaps these words sound like clichés of the stiff and dated left. This we will never

know, because words too are lost in this continuous oscillation, in the infinite tide of light.

However, from time to time it is worthwhile to stop and think about it, to allow ourselves to see the wall we have built and the shadow it projects. From time to time, it is good to open the box and see the ideological seed that reproduces our desires; because, of course, desire is also ideology, what we yearn for puts us on one side or the other, or splinters us into uncountable angles. It is not the same to look at the ocean from Russia as from the United States, as it is not always the same ocean that touches the coast. Nor are we the same when we caress the light. We can hide and become another much more precise version of ourselves, or something completely different from what we believe we are.

Thus, we flow, like an infinite wellspring. We also become cloistered and submerged in a complex idea of desire. What a strange paradox; we flow through a kind of incandescent wall. We are like moths clinging to the brightness that hypnotizes us. We desire the message; we desire the massage—no matter where it comes from.

This is where Adriana Martínez places us as viewers, in the middle of the system of symbolic and political recycling of the image, where a place is no longer a place but instead millions of ideas of that place in an infinite spread. It shows us the faces of a wall that we do not believe exists. It reveals to us the mechanism of the information markets; it suggests division; it turns us into multi-spectators of the same phenomenon; it turns us into tourists of light and shadows. It shows us—even if it does not seem so at first glance—that in the information war, the only thing that wins is war itself. It shows us that it is impossible to distinguish between propaganda versus the image—perhaps we are at a point where the image itself is propaganda, caressing infinitely, like two teenagers who touch each other, separated by thousands of miles, and say I love you to each other before going to sleep.

Gabriel Mejía

Neoliberal Anarchy, Cultural Pixelation, and Other Products Made in Sanandréxito **T1**

Villamil & Villamil

February 23, 2018

"The marketplace of Pharae [in Achaia] is of wide extent after the ancient fashion, and in the middle of it is an image of Hermes, made of stone and bearded. Standing right on the earth, it is of square shape, and of no great size. […] It is called Hermes of the Market, and by it is established an oracle. In front of the image is placed a hearth, which also is of stone, and to the hearth bronze lamps are fastened with lead. Coming at eventide, the inquirer of the god, having burnt incense upon the hearth, filled the lamps with oil and lighted them, puts on the altar on the right of the image a local coin, called a "copper," and asks in the ear of the god the particular question he wishes to put to him. After that he stops his ears and leaves the marketplace. On coming outside he takes his hands from his ears, and whatever utterance he hears he considers oracular." (Pausanias, *Description of Greece*, 7.22.2-3)

#sigaalaorden #acomoyporquetancaro #letengoeloriginal #unaencincodosenocho #veinticinconegociables #sigamona #quenecesita #cuantolepidieron #permitameloatiendo #elquefianoesta #mirarnoescomprar #sigasigasiga #lasdeloscar #hoynofiomañanasi #paralaniña #paraladama #paraelcaballero #almenudeo #pasesinmiedo #queseleofrecemiamor #nadaeschino #dejeseatender #vengalollevoalabodega #elnacionalesalemasbarato #buenareplica #buenobonitoybarato #quebusca #aquilotenemos #yoselodejomasbarato #cuantoeslominimo #letengoloqueestabuscando #yoseloconsigo #sigasincompromiso #igualquelamericano #nolovaconseguirmasbarato #selebusca #noalcanzo #norecupero #seletiene #todoamil #grandesexitosdefindeaño #lamejorimitacion #bienpueda #quetallabusca #estelequedabien #aquihaydetodo #adiolas

Daniela, Juliana, and Adriana

Deep in the Garden **T1**

Hermes Villena

March 30, 2018

Crypto-Tierra [t2]

Everything that lives and moves about will be food for you. Just as I gave you the green plants, I now give you everything.
Genesis 9:3 (NIV)

The Lord God took the man and put him in the Garden of Eden to work it and take care of it. And the Lord God commanded the man, "You are free to eat from any tree in the garden; but you must not eat from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for when you eat from it you will certainly die."
Genesis 2:15-17

I will make rivers flow on barren heights, and springs within the valleys. I will turn the desert into pools of water, and the parched ground into springs.
Isaiah 41:18

Awake, north wind, and come, south wind! Blow on my garden, that its fragrance may spread everywhere. Let my beloved come into his garden and taste its choice fruits.
Song of Solomon 4:16

I have come into my garden, my sister, my bride; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice. I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey; I have drunk my wine and my milk. Eat, friends, and drink; drink your fill of love.
Song of Solomon 5:1

Those who sow with tears will reap with songs of joy.
Psalms 126:5-6

The canals will stink; the streams of Egypt will dwindle and dry up. The reeds and rushes

will wither.

Isaiah 19:6-7

You have planted much, but harvested little. You eat, but never have enough. You drink, but never have your fill. You put on clothes, but are not warm. You earn wages, only to put them in a purse with holes in it.
Haggai 1:6

"I will take away their harvest," declares the Lord. "There will be no grapes on the vine. There will be no figs on the tree, and their leaves will wither. What I have given them will be taken from them."

Jeremiah 8:13

The Lord God took the man and put him in the Garden of Eden to work it and take care of it.
Genesis 2:15

Then he said to his disciples, "The harvest is plentiful but the workers are few."
Matthew 9:37

The land yields its harvest; God, our God, blesses us.
Psalms 67:6

Then the man and his wife heard the sound of the Lord God as he was walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and they hid from the Lord God among the trees of the garden.
Genesis 3:8

Deep in the Garden is in individual exhibition by Hermes Villena (La Paz, Bolivia, 1983) who lives in Cologne, Germany, where he directs the UNG-5 art space.

Adriana, Juliana, and Gabriel

Monuments: Poetics of Disclosure **T1**

Curated by Km 0.2

Carlos Martiel (Cuba), Tito Kayak (Puerto Rico), Pablo Guardiola (Puerto Rico), Joiri Minaya (Dominican Republic), Jonathan Harker and Donna Conlon (Panamá), Ángel Poyón (Guatemala), Mónica Rodríguez (Puerto Rico), Oscar Figueroa (Costa Rica), Edgar León (Costa Rica), Javier Bosques, and Elba Meléndez (Puerto Rico)

April 27-29, 2018

Beginning April 27, 2018, Km 0.2 presents the collective exhibition titled *Monuments: Poetics of Disclosure*, with the participation of ten artists from Latin America and the Caribbean.

The exhibition is based on the idea of the monument as a sculpture inserted in public space to configure ideological constructs that formulate perspectives around identity and history.

The artists investigate and approach public space from the perspectives of activism and intervention, reactivating and reconfiguring the symbolic space through a series of reparative actions that refer to the historical.

Faith—as an element imposed by the Spaniards during their conquest in America and the subsequent evangelization of Mesoamerican culture—is one of the themes presented by the Guatemalan artist Ángel Poyón Cali as a *memento mori*, where a concrete candle stands as a symbol of modernity.

Created by the artist Javier Bosques, *Extensión familiar* is a tribute to collaboration between mother and son, where both imagine spaces of coexistence through the construction of model houses.

Hijo pródigo, by Carlos Martiel, is a kind of human monument in which he places on his chest the medals awarded to his father by the Cuban army. On the other hand, activism as a critical mode of artists, activists, and environmentalists in contexts of social, political, and economic oppression are represented by Puerto Rican activist Tito Kayak, who has been effective in his actions against the imperial government of the United States. At the same time, he has been a unifying voice in his actions against construction projects and invasions of natural reserves around Puerto Rico. On this occasion he presents a photographic record

documenting a petition to the U.S. Navy to leave Vieques, Puerto Rico by inserting a *Puerto Rico y Vieques* flag in the Statue of Liberty in New York.

The image of Christopher Columbus, who is credited with the discovery of America, is a symbol of pride for some and resentment for others. His busts have been installed in several Caribbean countries. Dominican artist Joiri Minaya proposed an artistic intervention on one of the sculptures of Columbus in Nassau, then turned the documentation of her action into postcards that invite viewers to share their thoughts on the proposal and question the existence of the monument in public space.

The exhibition also addresses issues such as colonial heritage and modernity's failure, which in turn detonated the social crisis that our continent is currently experiencing, through works by the following artists: Oscar Figueroa, Mónica Rodríguez, Edgar León, Pablo Guardiola, and the duo Jonathan Harker and Donna Conlon.

Km 0.2

Km 0.2 is Yiyo Tirado and Karlo Andrei Ibarra