

AGUIRRE

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**Marco Aviña**  
**#todolotratocontigonayherror**

The only horizon is occupied by the Sun. A 24/7-burning star that, as argued by the Flat Earth Society, takes 12 hours to circulate around the flat surface of this roundabout we call Earth. Cold and heat stubbornly pursue one another, even if a delay of 720 hours does not allow them to meet so often. For the dictatorship of photons, meaning is one: to open one's eyes.

There is a lot of light so you do not sleep during the day, much less outdoors. Caves, shades or artificial twilight allow a daytime nap. Copernican common sense points out that, at night, there is little light. However, what there actually is is an absence of Sun. At night, there are too many lights! The night is starry because it is broken. The night does not orient, but rather disorients with the complexity of its precarious suns.

This exhibition is about stars. A specific kind of stars. Not three, seven or eleven-pointed, but five-pointed ones! In this gallery, as on any other night, the stars ignore their being dead and continue twinkling.

Stars, like mirrors, give back a reflection. They place us. Marco Aviña draws his own personal cosmogony, a mythical-tropical narration in five-pointed tempos of asymmetrical waltzes. Usually, one would expect an artist who works with stars to do cartography. Yet, Aviña draws no maps (perhaps due to the excess of GPS?). Aviña makes still lifes. And they do look like territories. I believe that the fruits in these images are not only fruits, but also projections and symbolizations, post-industrial desires of a rather eccentric subjectivity. A subjectivity that, while having sex with clothes on the dance floor, fantasizes hard with cosmic dust, rabbits and papayas, quantum piñatas, underwater amulets, and spots that appear on the clock. Is this all about magical perrealismo? I do not know. In any case, the interrogation of the exhibition could be another one: what would you do if Michael Jordan were in your foot?

To be more concrete, if your Nike Jordan 3 Retro all of a sudden became a piñata. Imagining a possible answer takes us back to the 90s. To Space Jam. Michael Jordan was the first basketball player to triumph in several dimensions. Under the volatile physical rules of two simultaneous dimensions –the 2nd and the 3rd. That is, Space Jam states a serious problem in terms of dimensions, cartoons, and live-action. The sum of both dimensions brings us to a fifth one. Thus, what kind of leaps do such footwear allow? Obviously, quantum, interdimensional leaps. The desire to possess such footwear is none other than the forbidden fruit of the fifth dimension. The Judas one has to burn, the piñata one has to smash –those belong to the fourth one. Is the fifth dimension paradise on Earth? The land of our first parents, to which only Michael Jordan has had access by means of a quantum leap?

With one jump, can those Nike Jordan 3 Retro take us to a constellation of transparent fruits that, when colliding, produce celestial music of 11 strings? If so, let us say their rhythm is THC. But before moving forward –an important digression– pot is not to be understood here by its meaning of marijuana, but rather as a spot. THC in the brain becomes a stain in our perception of time: 4:20 say the

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experts. In sobriety time is not a stain, it is figurative. The problem with the fruit constellation or “pot bowl”, as called by Aviña, is the stain left by a heat wave that dehydrates the cannabis leaves, which hang and sway. How to sound beyond time? Or the other possibility is that the leap with those Nike Jordan 3 Retro takes us to a rabbit that is no Bugs Bunny, but rather Bad Bunny. No olive green, no ochre. Still lives with fermented exotic fruits. Aviña claims having painted fresh fruits. I think it is the time of the viewer that ferments them. The poetry of a moment in 5 dryings (here again, the star, the five-pointed one). Still life that lives, like glitters in the firmament. Now I am worse, now I am worse because of you.

You cannot forget the sea in this exhibition, the terrestrial extension of the night, its historical accomplice according to Discovery Channel. Would that jump in those Nike Jordan 3 Retro lead to perceive the sea as a huge ring? If so, Rey Misterio would emerge holding a knife that cuts a fruit. The discovery of tropical mystery. As a matter of fact, in the fourth dimension, the Mexican is a MADE IN USA fantasy, diseñado en California, but ensamblado en China. However, the great triumph of tropical mystery in the fifth dimension is having found the treasure of the Titanic. An amulet to immortality, just as the love between Rose and Jack.

But the found treasure cannot be exchanged for money, whether it is red money, golden money or money painted by a pottery teacher. Faced with the recent mistrust as regards to the handling of electronic money –payments charged to the bank account–, it is necessary to look for extreme measures to ensure savings. What do you make of galactic piggy banks? Take this beautiful interplanetary piggy bank for 10,000 pesos, which fits just 10,000 Mexican pesos in 500 peso bills, invest your money, and secure your cash under the shelter of a star. Come on! Take it home! There’s red, gold or handmade!

Aviña inaugurates a portal to the fifth dimension by adding the third and second dimensions.

*Daniel Aguilar Ruvalcaba*