

# 144—145

Jaargang 17 No. 89

_____ t _____	_____ t _____	_____ t _____
_____ / _____	_____ / _____	_____ / _____
_____	_____	_____

## Tris Vonna-Michell, *Postscript I (Berlin)*



• Tris Vonna-Michell, *source material*, 2013

By  
**Christophe Gallois**

*Tris Vonna-Michell was one of the artists to be invited for the exhibition 'Image Papillon' curated by Christophe Gallois at MUDAM in Luxembourg. The artist showed here a first version of the work Postscript I (Berlin). A second iteration will now be presented in Brussels. On this work Gallois wrote the following text which will soon be published in the catalogue of the exhibition.*

LUXEMBURG, OCT. 15 – One of the first images that one gets to see in *Postscript I (Berlin)* (2013) illustrates the way in which Tris Vonna-Michell builds his narratives. What we see is a large amount of photographic prints placed on a table to construct a spatial montage. Images of different kinds are juxtaposed, overlapped or overlaid to end up forming a 'constellation of narratives'. This montage is designed to serve as a sort of 'visual script'<sup>1</sup> to some of the vocal recordings made by the artist as part of a series of works entitled *hahn/huhn*, which was begun in 2003 and in which *Postscript*

*I (Berlin)* belongs. The work illustrates the way in which the artist's narratives are built on a series of fragments of information as well as heterogeneous elements collected according to the principle of 'objective chance', of coincidence, and leaves a large amount of space to accidents, unintended events or other forms of sideways motions that crop up as it unfolds. This is reminiscent of the technique which German author W. G. Sebald used to write his narratives on the basis of documents, notes, and stories gathered up haphazardly. And so, Sebald said, "you then have a small amount of mate-

(advertisement)

144

Opening  
7/11, 18–20hExhibition  
8/11–18/1

## TRIS VONNA-MICHELL

### POSTSCRIPT II (BERLIN)

Jan Mot  
Rue Antoine Dansaertstraat 190  
1000 Brussels, Belgium

*rial, and you accumulate things, and it grows; one thing takes you to another, and you make something of these haphazardly assembled materials.*"<sup>2</sup>

Made up of two slide projections and a recorded narrative by the artist, *Postscript I (Berlin)* looks back – or at least, that is what the title suggests – on a story that was begun ten years before, when Tris Vonna-Michell was a student at the Glasgow School of Arts. As often in his works, the starting point of this narrative was the conjunction point of several anecdotes connected to his immediate surroundings. In this case, it is set in the city of Berlin, and it brings together memories of the artist's mother, who was born in Berlin in 1945 while the Russian troops were overrunning the city, and a story he heard from his father about a man he called Reinhold Hahn.<sup>3</sup> The man, whose real name was Reinhold Huhn, was an East-German soldier who was killed in 1962, at the height of the Cold War, while he was on duty on a surveillance post near the Anhalter Bahnhof. Tris Vonna-Michell's narration goes back and forth in time between the two stories, their connecting point in 2003 when the artist tried to find their traces during a visit in Berlin, and the remnants of this research as they stand today.

In parallel with this narration, the carefully crafted score of the two slide projections connects two sets of images that refer more or less directly to the different sides of the stories. Pictures taken by Tris Vonna-

Michell in the Berlin public space are combined with a few vintage photographs, for instance black and white pictures of the old Anhalter Bahnhof, of which only the front porch remains today, as well as with images referring to the collecting of documents – archive boxes, photographic proof strips, etc. – and also with more incongruous pictures that reveal the artist's specific attention for details that may, at first sight, seem insignificant: tire tracks in the snow, a hand holding a piece of bread with cheese, a kitchen timer in the shape of a chicken... The slide of a close-up of shreds of paper pulled from a wall is a good illustration of the way in which *Postscript I (Berlin)* leaves a lot of room to fragments, traces and remnants. Together, they function as a reminder of a larger story that seems forever out of reach, or at least may not be apprehended except through shards and cast-offs.

But while these image-fragments refer back to the bits of information included in the narration, the relation that connects the slides and the spoken soundtrack is not one of illustration, commentary or explanation. Images and narration unfold alongside each other in an autonomous way, leaving the audience confronted with a sort of suspension of meaning. As the artist puts it, "I explore the flexibility of meaning that exists between the image and the spoken word"<sup>4</sup>. This simultaneous development of images and narration is something that Marguerite Duras, referring to her own films, described as 'the voice film' and 'the image film'. "Both films are there, in complete autonomy", she writes. And then, about the voices: "they are not like traditional voice-over tracks, they do not help with the unfolding of the film, but on the contrary, they hinder and upset it."<sup>5</sup>

In Tris Vonna-Michell's works, this 'hindering' is amplified by the difference in the rhythms of the flow of the narration and the images, the speed of the voice and its often hurried delivery creates a stark contrast with the slow, nearly contemplative flow of the slides. In a 2009 interview, Tris Vonna-Michell expounded on this aspect of his work: "I have always felt that my speech delivery and my editorial process of images each have their own natural rhythm. I keep them independent, but also allow them to be harmonious at the level of interpretation. I always speak fast, which might create a certain frustration for the viewer, but there is a slower and more delicate pace for the images. I think the combination of these different rhythms creates a space for the viewer."<sup>6</sup>

Creating a space for the viewer, keeping the work open-ended – in the end, this could be the utopian place outlined by the detours and repetitions, but also the hesitations, the

errors in interpretation and the moments of confusion that define Tris Vonna-Michell's works. As he states at the end of *Postscript I (Berlin)* "For me, all seems to make sense in a sort of circular way". Each instance of his narratives could be taken as an attempt to expand on this very movement.

Translated by Boris Belay

#### Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> Tris Vonna-Michell, written conversation with the author, October 2013.

<sup>2</sup> Lynne Sharon Schwartz (ed.), *The Emergence of Memory. Conversations with W.G. Sebald*, Seven Stories, New York, London, Melbourne, Toronto, 2010.

<sup>3</sup> See also *Tris Vonna-Michell*, JRP/Ringier, Zürich, 2010, p. 12. "Like a minstrel arriving at night, during the depleted hours of my concentration, my father summoned his regular rites, and continued his epic tale. Dancing within the rigid doorframe, until a recurring name broke my immersion in distant thoughts. You keep talking about him, but I keep forgetting who he is. I still don't know who the hell he is. I could sense that he enjoyed the outburst. The continual repletion of a figure who ceased to become any more available or comprehensive over time. Tension broken by laughter, he thumped his thighs, and swung the door in all directions, hailing, who is Reinhold Haaahn... Haha... Who is Reinhold Haaahn...?"

<sup>4</sup> Christophe Gallois, « A Constellation of Narratives – Interview with Tris Vonna-Michell », in *The Space of Words*, Mudam, Luxembourg, 2009, p. 284.

<sup>5</sup> « Les deux films sont là, d'une totale autonomie [...] [Les voix] ne sont plus des voix-off dans l'acceptation habituelle du mot : elles ne facilitent pas le déroulement du film, au contraire, elle l'entravent, le trouble. » Marguerite Duras, *La Femme du Gange*, Gallimard, 1973, p. 103.

<sup>6</sup> Christophe Gallois, « A Constellation of Narratives – Interview with Tris Vonna-Michell », *op. cit.*, p. 284.

# Reception desk by Tris Vonna-Michell for the new Focal Point Gallery in Southend-on-Sea (GB)

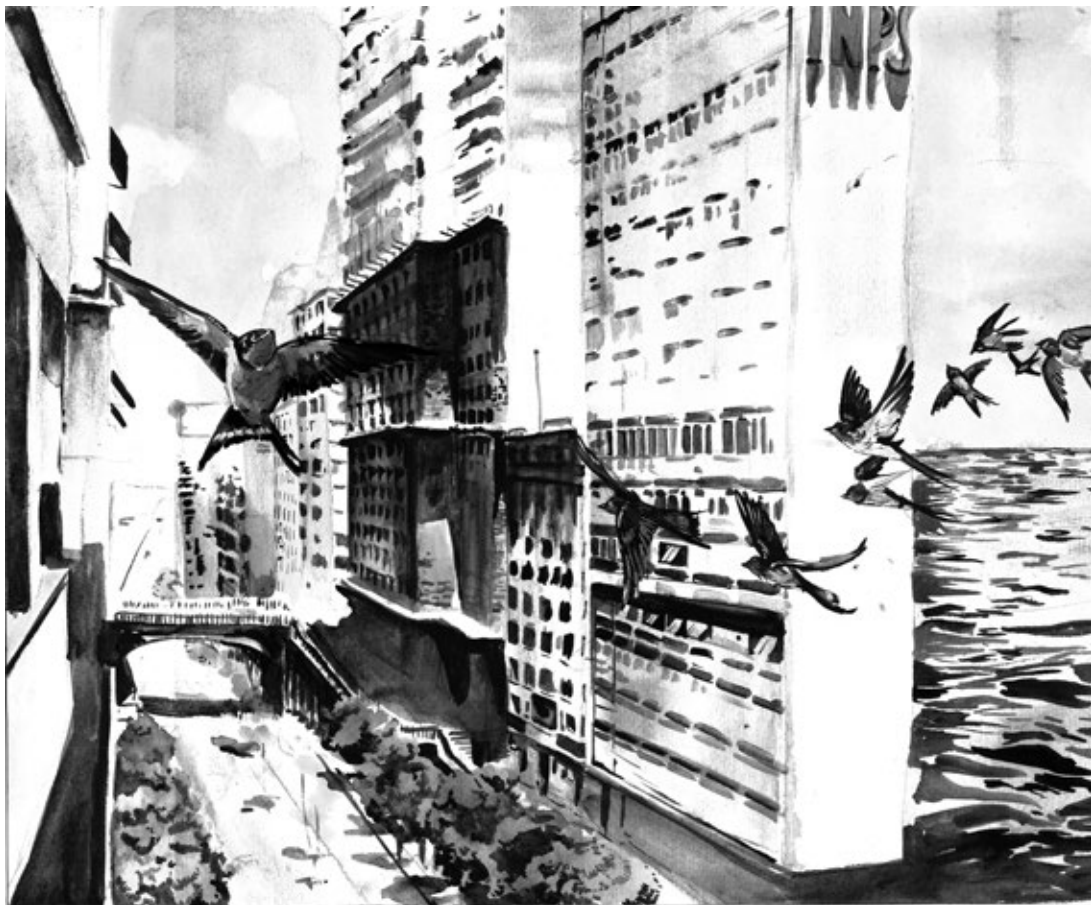


• Tris Vonna-Michell, *Tiles & Tides*, 2013 (photograph by Roger Plumstead)

BRUSSELS, OCT. 10 – Last September Focal Point Gallery inaugurated a reception desk designed by the Southend-born artist Tris Vonna-Michell. This exceptional work, entitled *Tiles & Tides*, is part of a series of artist's commissions launched to coincide with the opening of the new space of the gallery. Situated at the gallery entrance, the desk is inset with a diorama of the town's sloping seafront where the now-closed 'Never Never Land' adventure park once stood, alongside the original Victorian Southend Bandstand, which was later re-sited due to land slippage.

The exterior of the imposing piece of furniture is covered in rugged, glazed tiles created to replicate those in the interior of the town's former library, 1970s Brutalist building in which Focal Point Gallery was previously located. The originals were designed by the postwar sculptor and experimental ceramicist Fritz Steller, who appeared to have considered the Southend project as something of an 'experiment', with imperfections in the finished surfaces of tiles embraced. As well as considering the gallery's history, these local references continue the artist's ability to draw from

personal experiences of this part of Essex, where he was brought up. The layers of human and natural intervention of the region's coastline have been worked into the diorama model, with a consideration of interaction between humans and nature which also continues themes from his narrative installation *Uterior Vistas*, 2012, where the spiritual aspirations of gardening movements were considered, particularly the English Landscape Movement, which prospered in the 18th century and prioritised informality and discovery above more restrictive landscaping.



• Mario Garcia Torres, *Um cabo lá, um porto cá*, (cover album with water color by Marcos Castro), 2013

## Mario Garcia Torres presents new music album in Porto Alegre

BRUSSELS, OCT. 12 – For the 9th Bienal do Mercosul in Porto Alegre (Brasil) Mario Garcia Torres developed a new music album. The songs written by Garcia Torres and made in Los Cabos, Mexico, together with Gustavo Mauricio Hernández, José Gabriel Cárdenas, Marian Ruíz and Ernesto Garcia are, in part, born from archival research carried out by the curatorial team of the exhibition as well as by existing

songs and texts. A conversation between Vassilakis Takis and David Medalla, for instance, gave ideas, just as a poem in relation to Lygia Clark's sundial sparked another song. The translation of some of these sources and original lyrics into and from Portuguese was never a simple one-to-one transaction but created extra lenses and emphases. This sensitivity for linguistic shifting also filtered through in the final list

of songs: since May 2013, Caetano Veloso's 1971 "*If You Hold a Stone*," dedicated to Lygia Clark, also lives and travels in Spanish. All the tracks of Mario Garcia Torres' album can be downloaded for free via this URL: <http://9bienalmercosul.art.br/en/downloads/>

The Bienal do Mercosul was curated by Sofia Hernandez Chong Cuy and closes on November 10.



By  
Mario Garcia Torres

*Um cabo lá, um porto cá* takes as its central gesture the negotiation between the longing and the sharing possibilities towards a certain place and time; as its framework, *weather permitting*, the 9th Bienal do Mercosul | Porto Alegre.

The audio tracks in this album record intend to conciliate the intimacy and certainty felt in its own creation, and the remoteness and unpredictability of its own impact. They more accurately ask what it means to look for one place in another, and how to respond to such situation by acknowledging the intrinsic contradictions of unknowing. The feeling of vulnerability emerging as one engages in such negotiation might very well contain the most fundamental question in such contexts where

ideas from one place are brought to be exhibited in another: What is it that one has to offer? As varied as these questions could be, the responses might nevertheless return to the very same act, the one of sharing as a first-person engagement.

Instead of searching for answers in the immediate context where the biennial is held, this project involved activating issues discussed in the exhibition as they were perceived and experienced in the natural context of their creation, more than 7,000 kilometers away. It is through this approach that some specific references, abstract interests and concrete conversations have been personified, mediated, and put into circulation in the form of songs. The result of this creates a parallel cosmology found elsewhere, which one can only hope might speak to all those in between the traveled distance. It is in this slippery logic in search

of a space of open discussion that one returns not to an assumed truth about things but to the mysterious responses of the self.

The lyrics of each of the songs that together make this cosmology have specific, and yet varied, points of departure. Some points were already references for the exhibition, like in the case of *O mesmo espaço solar*; a song based on a dialogue between the artists Vassilakis Takis and David Medalla, in Paris around the year 1970, concerning somewhat romantic views of the cosmos that the Greek artist argued for. Some other departure points come from elsewhere. The lyrics from *Que cosa é?*, for example, puts in consideration the very act of engaging in a public conversation, as it happens with the act of displaying a work of art. From a different point comes a poem by artist Lygia Clark about finding new narratives by circulating the same paths again and again; this poem has been turned into a song too, titled, as the literary piece, *Branco*.

The lyrics, as instructions for future works, were written and compiled to become potential paths for ideas—starting points in themselves that could later be set into motion at the invitation of four musicians, who would spend a week on the coast of Mexico and give musical shape to these texts. During a week in March of this year, Gustavo Mauricio Hernández, José Gabriel Cardenas, Marian Ruíz, and Ernesto Garcia gathered with me in a recording studio in San Jose del Cabo in the Baja California peninsula to give form to these tracks, while we thought of that remote but certain future context of their presentation.

Acknowledging Brazilian music history, the songs flirt with our personal relationship with it, and intend to respond the questions that were raised above, always considering the spaces of intersection between culture and nature. Such is specially the case of *Agua mole em pedra dura*, which looks at the continent's earth and water border as an ever-changing connecting space, reminding us also that the repetition of an act is as a form of significance. *Pelas ruas sem nome*, portrays the city of Porto Alegre as a group of word sounds that reverberate almost as a spoken echo.

In the album, a silent track of 3 minutes and 38 seconds intends to evoke the listening experience of a song with same length that is only available to the visitors of biennial in Porto Alegre. The song is the Spanish translation of *If You Hold a Stone*—an English language song written by Caetano Veloso during his time in exile from Brazil in the 1970s. This song makes reference to the use of stones in Lygia Clark's late therapeutic work. The political time that forced

the Brazilian composer and singer to leave the country also prompted the only instrumental track in the album, which takes its title from a poem written in the Ilha das Pedras in Porto Alegre by Dedé Ferlauto—a political prisoner in the island that now deserted serves as a gravitational force for the exhibition. *Tanta vida e um só corpo, muitos dias e estradas e um só olho, tantas vidas e uma só prá ser vivida* is, paradoxically, as the shortest track in the album record.

If romanticized, *Que lindo e erro* finally brings again the experience of time and remoteness back into human scale, to conceive the listener inside a complex cultural space in which these works are produced and consumed. Let the result of this collective effort be, not a soundtrack, but a musical reader to the exhibition.

(advertisement)

# 145

Opening  
3/1\*\*

Exhibition  
Until 25/1

\*\*Approximative date;  
for more details see In Brief, p. 7

## DAVID HORVITZ

Invited by Julia Wielgus

Jan Mot  
Rue Antoine Dansaertstraat 190  
1000 Brussels, Belgium

Dawid Radziszewski Gallery  
ul. Krochmalna 3,  
00-864 Warsaw, Poland

# Letter to the Editor

By  
Asad Raza

October 17th, 2013 – Buffalo, NY

Dear Jan,  
How are you? I'm in Buffalo, where I grew up, visiting my sister. Earlier today, I read in a magazine about a study of people's sense of time. It found that depressed people have a more accurate sense of time than others. Forgetting, for the moment, the difficulties around defining who is and who is not "depressed," and what it even means to be depressed—Allen Ginsburg's line comes to mind—this seems to me like an intuitively correct finding. Being fixated on the passing of time, it is commonly understood, is a symptom of not being able to absorb oneself in daily life; a lack of enjoyment causes the clock to tick palpably.

The link between suffering and being highly conscious of time doesn't seem that new. For instance, here's a passage from a five hundred year-old play, when Shakespeare's Macbeth learns that the queen, his wife, is dead. Not wanting to accept the news, Macbeth says "She should have died hereafter; There would have been time for such a word." I.e., anytime in the future, anytime *hereafter*, would be better for such a thing to happen, than *now*. Then he continues with this famous sentence:

*To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.*

These lines' sense of tragedy comes from the excruciating meditation on the passing of time that this traumatic rupture in events (the moment of *bad news*) creates. Mostly, time passes, and we stay blissfully unaware. But singular, awful events suddenly undo this, and make time appear so evident, and so slow (it "creeps in this petty pace"), as to be unbearable. As a philosopher who killed his wife once wrote, the future lasts forever.

Macbeth's grim report, however, has an amazing rhythm. The two senses of time—its normal unnoticed flow, and the shock of rupture—collide in a very particular place: the hyphen in the word "to-morrow." Reading or hearing it, we feel this collision as a beat, punctuated: "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." This reminds me of our first experience of time: inside us. Time

is also an innate thing: our blood pulses. Experience can be a continuous flow—but also a discontinuous set of broken moments. When the systolic/diastolic beat of time passing is interrupted, as with these hyphenated to-morrow's, it's a sign of inner turmoil, of alienation.

One function of the arts is to provide access to an altered sense of time, to give an escape from alienated clock-watching. This is obviously true in the cases of theatre, dance, film, and television, where we submit to sitting through, and hopefully getting lost in, a temporally constructed sequence. Also, we do it together—meaning *simultaneously*—either by sitting in a theatre together, or, in the case of TV, by watching a show at the same time as everyone else. To use an example from one of television's *auteurs*: David Lynch, who has the gift of depth in simplicity, likes to say "*Where there is attention, there is liveliness.*" I take this to mean that when we pay attention to something at the same time as others, it produces a cultural pulse, dynamism as opposed to deadness. We get together to get lost together.

Where this play with shared time has been less obvious is in the exhibition, where the viewer is fully in control of their own time. (Literature is a kind of middle ground: it's sequential—one page follows the next—but you can look up from the book when you want.) Twentieth-century modernism in visual art has tended to be understood as less concerned with temporal stuff than spatial experience: with formal geometries, the fracturing of the picture plane, and the transformation of perspective. But I think the absorption effect of standing in front of a static artwork also produces a special kind of temporality—a losing track of time—even if it is highly subjective and "inner."

Walking through an art exhibition, for this reason, has often been thought of as a characteristically modern experience: it's a form of private individualism *par excellence*. You do it on your own time. And standing in front of an artwork is a "cool" activity: no matter what kinds of inner epiphanies it may create, it's not about sharing these sentiments or emotions in the moment. One may, perhaps, go away and write about the experience, like Frank O'Hara, for others to read at their own leisure. You stay cool. Exhibitions are more like emails, which you read when you decide to, than like phone calls, where you have to do it *at the same time*.



Schiedam (NL), 21/9–6/9; *Once Upon a Time...* – *The Collection Now*, Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (NL), 2/11 – tbc; *Ages. Portraits vom Alterwerden*, Landesgalerie Linz (AT), 7/11–16/2.

### Mario Garcia Torres

*9a Bienal do Mercosul*, Porto Alegre (BR), 13/9–10/11; *Chambres de luxe*, Kunstmuseum Thun, Thun (CH), 21/9–24/11; Museo Vostell Malpartida, Malpartida de Cáceres (ES), 10/10–31/1 (solo); *Sometimes You Make the Work*, Projectos Monclova, Mexico City, 9/11–21/12 (solo); *A Thousand Years of Nonlinear History*, Centre Pompidou, Paris, 13/11 (screening); *Ich bin eine andere Welt. Künstlerische Autor\_innenschaft zwischen Desubjektivierung und Rekanonisierung*, Academy of Fine Art, Vienna, 22/11–12/1.

### Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster

*Et la chambre orange*, Be Part, Waregem (BE), 1/9–31/10 (solo); *P33: Formas Unicas da Continuidade no Espaço*, 33rd Panorama of Brazilian Art, Museum of Modern Art, Sao Paulo (BR), 5/10–31/12; *Philippe Parreno. Anywhere, Anywhere Out Of The World*, Palais de Tokyo, Paris, 23/10–12/1; *Belle comme le jour*, Lisbon and Estoril Film Festival, Lisbon and Estoril (PT), 8/11–18/11 (screening).

### Douglas Gordon

*Silence, Exile, Deceit*, Ruhrtriennale, Museum Folkwang, Essen (DE), 23/8–6/11; *Das Ende des 20. Jahrhunderts. Es kommt noch besser*, Museum für Gegenwart – Hamburger Bahnhof, Berlin, 14/9–30/3; *every time you think of me. I die, a little*, Museum für Gegenwart Basel, Basel (CH), 28/9–9/2; *Art under Attack: Histories of British Iconoclasm*, Tate Britain, London, 2/10–5/1; *The Other Portrait / L'altro ritratto*, MART, Rovereto (IT), 05/10–14/01; *Damage Control: Art and Destruction since 1950*, Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Smithsonian Institution, Washington (US), 24/10–9/2; *Douglas Gordon*, Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Zurich (DE), 9/11–1/2 (solo); *Everything Is Nothing without Its Reflection – A Photographic Pantomime*, Museum Folkwang, Essen (DE), 30/11–2/3.

### Joachim Koester

*Against Method*, Generali Foundation, Vienna, 13/9–22/12; *Arktis*, Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Humlebæk (DK), 26/9–2/2; *Alien & Familiar*, Galerie im Taxispalais, Innsbruck (AT), 28/9–1/12; *The Way of the Shovel. Art as Archaeology*, Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago, Chicago (US), 9/11–9/3; Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco (US),

15/11–16/2 (solo); *Haim Steinbach*, Statens Museum for Kunst, Copenhagen, 15/11–23/2; *It is Only a State of Mind*, Heidelberger Kunstverein, Heidelberg (DE), 23/11–26/1; *Artefact Festival*, STUK Kunstencentrum, Leuven (BE), 12/2–23/2.

### David Lamelas

*Der Schein / Glanz, Glamour, Illusion*, kestnergesellschaft, Hanover (DE), 23/8–3/11; *Images of an Infinite Film*, Museum of Modern Art, New York City (US), 9/9–5/3; *Against Method*, Generali Foundation, Vienna, 13/9–22/12; *Uncommon Ground: Land Art in Britain 1966–1979*, National Museum Cardiff, Cardiff (UK), 28/9–5/1; *Glam*, LENTOS Kunstmuseum Linz, Linz (AT), 19/10–2/2; *Uncommon Ground: Land Art in Britain 1966–1979*, Mead Gallery Warwick Arts Centre, Coventry (UK), 18/1–8/3.

### Sharon Lockhart

*More American Photographs*, California Museum of Photography, UCR ARTS-block, University of California, Riverside (US), 28/9–11/1; *El teatro del arte*, Fundación la Caixa, Barcelona (ES), 3/10–12/1; *BEER*, The Green Gallery, Milwaukee (US), 12/10–24/11; *Body Talk*, Bonniers Konsthall, Stockholm, 4/12–5/1; *In Context: The Portrait in Contemporary Conceptual Photography*, Wellin Museum of Art, Hamilton College, Clinton, NY, 30/1–27/7.

### Tino Sehgal

*55th Venice Biennale*, Venice (IT), 1/6–24/11; *On the Tip of My Tongue*, Magasin 3 Stockholm Konsthall, Stockholm, 13/9–8/12; Ullens Center for Contemporary Art, Beijing, 27/9–17/11 (solo); *The Eye on Time. Works from Adrastus Collection*, Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, Mexico City, 4/10–12/1; *Honey. I Rearranged the Collection*, Passage de Retz, Paris, 21/10–1/12; *Turner Prize 2013*, Ebrington, Derry-Londonderry (UK), 23/10–5/1; *Philippe Parreno. Anywhere, Anywhere Out Of The World*, Palais de Tokyo, Paris, 23/10–12/1.

### Philippe Thomas

*Das Beste vom Besten*, Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen, Düsseldorf (DE), 19/10–5/1; *Mamco*, Geneva (CH), 12/2–18/5 (solo).

### Tris Vonna-Michell

*Lecture-Performance: New Artistic Formats, Places, Practices and Behaviours*, MUSAC, León (ES), 18/10–6/7; *Postscript II (Berlin)*, Jan Mot, Brussels, 7/11–18/1 (solo).

### Ian Wilson

*Jan Wilson*, Grazer Kunstverein, Graz (AT), 1/2–ongoing (solo); Art Institute Chicago, Chicago (US), 6/9–15/12; *The Pure Awareness of the Absolute / Discussions*, Dia:Chelsea, New York City (US), 16/11.

### Colophon

*Publisher* Jan Mot, Brussels  
*Concept Design* Maureen Mooren & Daniël van der Velden  
*Graphic Design* Maureen Mooren, Amsterdam  
*Printing* Cultura, Wetteren

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62  
63  
64  
65  
66  
67  
68  
69  
70  
71  
72  
73  
74  
75  
76  
77  
78  
79  
80  
81  
82  
83  
84  
85  
86  
87  
88  
89  
90  
91  
92  
93  
94  
95  
96  
97  
98  
99  
100  
101  
102  
103  
104  
105  
106  
107  
108  
109  
110  
111  
112  
113  
114  
115  
116  
117  
118  
119  
120  
121  
122  
123  
124  
125  
126  
127  
128  
129  
130  
131  
132  
133  
134  
135  
136  
137  
138  
139  
140  
141  
142  
143  
144  
145  
146  
147  
148  
149  
150  
151  
152  
153  
154  
155  
156  
157  
158  
159  
160  
161  
162  
163  
164  
165  
166  
167  
168  
169  
170  
171  
172  
173  
174  
175  
176  
177  
178  
179  
180  
181  
182  
183  
184  
185  
186  
187  
188  
189  
190  
191  
192  
193  
194  
195  
196  
197  
198  
199  
200  
201  
202  
203  
204  
205  
206  
207  
208  
209  
210  
211  
212  
213  
214  
215  
216  
217  
218  
219  
220  
221  
222  
223  
224  
225  
226  
227  
228  
229  
230  
231  
232  
233  
234  
235  
236  
237  
238  
239  
240  
241  
242  
243  
244  
245  
246  
247  
248  
249  
250  
251  
252  
253  
254  
255  
256  
257  
258  
259  
260  
261  
262  
263  
264  
265  
266  
267  
268  
269  
270  
271  
272  
273  
274  
275  
276  
277  
278  
279  
280  
281  
282  
283  
284  
285  
286  
287  
288  
289  
290  
291  
292  
293  
294  
295  
296  
297  
298  
299  
300  
301  
302  
303  
304  
305  
306  
307  
308  
309  
310  
311  
312  
313  
314  
315  
316  
317  
318  
319  
320  
321  
322  
323  
324  
325  
326  
327  
328  
329  
330  
331  
332  
333  
334  
335  
336  
337  
338  
339  
340  
341  
342  
343  
344  
345  
346  
347  
348  
349  
350  
351  
352  
353  
354  
355  
356  
357  
358  
359  
360  
361  
362  
363  
364  
365  
366  
367  
368  
369  
370  
371  
372  
373  
374  
375  
376  
377  
378  
379  
380  
381  
382  
383  
384  
385  
386  
387  
388  
389  
390  
391  
392  
393  
394  
395  
396  
397  
398  
399  
400  
401  
402  
403  
404  
405  
406  
407  
408  
409  
410  
411  
412  
413  
414  
415  
416  
417  
418  
419  
420  
421  
422  
423  
424  
425  
426  
427  
428  
429  
430  
431  
432  
433  
434  
435  
436  
437  
438  
439  
440  
441  
442  
443  
444  
445  
446  
447  
448  
449  
450  
451  
452  
453  
454  
455  
456  
457  
458  
459  
460  
461  
462  
463  
464  
465  
466  
467  
468  
469  
470  
471  
472  
473  
474  
475  
476  
477  
478  
479  
480  
481  
482  
483  
484  
485  
486  
487  
488  
489  
490  
491  
492  
493  
494  
495  
496  
497  
498  
499  
500  
501  
502  
503  
504  
505  
506  
507  
508  
509  
510  
511  
512  
513  
514  
515  
516  
517  
518  
519  
520  
521  
522  
523  
524  
525  
526  
527  
528  
529  
530  
531  
532  
533  
534  
535  
536  
537  
538  
539  
540  
541  
542  
543  
544  
545  
546  
547  
548  
549  
550  
551  
552  
553  
554  
555  
556  
557  
558  
559  
560  
561  
562  
563  
564  
565  
566  
567  
568  
569  
570  
571  
572  
573  
574  
575  
576  
577  
578  
579  
580  
581  
582  
583  
584  
585  
586  
587  
588  
589  
590  
591  
592  
593  
594  
595  
596  
597  
598  
599  
600  
601  
602  
603  
604  
605  
606  
607  
608  
609  
610  
611  
612  
613  
614  
615  
616  
617  
618  
619  
620  
621  
622  
623  
624  
625  
626  
627  
628  
629  
630  
631  
632  
633  
634  
635  
636  
637  
638  
639  
640  
641  
642  
643  
644  
645  
646  
647  
648  
649  
650  
651  
652  
653  
654  
655  
656  
657  
658  
659  
660  
661  
662  
663  
664  
665  
666  
667  
668  
669  
670  
671  
672  
673  
674  
675  
676  
677  
678  
679  
680  
681  
682  
683  
684  
685  
686  
687  
688  
689  
690  
691  
692  
693  
694  
695  
696  
697  
698  
699  
700  
701  
702  
703  
704  
705  
706  
707  
708  
709  
710  
711  
712  
713  
714  
715  
716  
717  
718  
719  
720  
721  
722  
723  
724  
725  
726  
727  
728  
729  
730  
731  
732  
733  
734  
735  
736  
737  
738  
739  
740  
741  
742  
743  
744  
745  
746  
747  
748  
749  
750  
751  
752  
753  
754  
755  
756  
757  
758  
759  
760  
761  
762  
763  
764  
765  
766  
767  
768  
769  
770  
771  
772  
773  
774  
775  
776  
777  
778  
779  
780  
781  
782  
783  
784  
785  
786  
787  
788  
789  
790  
791  
792  
793  
794  
795  
796  
797  
798  
799  
800  
801  
802  
803  
804  
805  
806  
807  
808  
809  
810  
811  
812  
813  
814  
815  
816  
817  
818  
819  
820  
821  
822  
823  
824  
825  
826  
827  
828  
829  
830  
831  
832  
833  
834  
835  
836  
837  
838  
839  
840  
841  
842  
843  
844  
845  
846  
847  
848  
849  
850  
851  
852  
853  
854  
855  
856  
857  
858  
859  
860  
861  
862  
863  
864  
865  
866  
867  
868  
869  
870  
871  
872  
873  
874  
875  
876  
877  
878  
879  
880  
881  
882  
883  
884  
885  
886  
887  
888  
889  
890  
891  
892  
893  
894  
895  
896  
897  
898  
899  
900  
901  
902  
903  
904  
905  
906  
907  
908  
909  
910  
911  
912  
913  
914  
915  
916  
917  
918  
919  
920  
921  
922  
923  
924  
925  
926  
927  
928  
929  
930  
931  
932  
933  
934  
935  
936  
937  
938  
939  
940  
941  
942  
943  
944  
945  
946  
947  
948  
949  
950  
951  
952  
953  
954  
955  
956  
957  
958  
959  
960  
961  
962  
963  
964  
965  
966  
967  
968  
969  
970  
971  
972  
973  
974  
975  
976  
977  
978  
979  
980  
981  
982  
983  
984  
985  
986  
987  
988  
989  
990  
991  
992  
993  
994  
995  
996  
997  
998  
999  
1000

(advertisement)

## JAN MOT

Rue Antoine Dansaertstraat 190  
1000 Brussels, Belgium  
tel: +32 2 514 1010  
office@janmot.com

Thu–Fri–Sat 14–18.30h  
and by appointment

José Maria Tornel 22  
Col. San Miguel Chapultepec  
11850 México D.F., México  
office@janmot.com

By appointment only

www.janmot.com