

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 layered to end up forming a 'constellation of narratives'. This montage is designed to serve as a sort of 'visual script'¹ 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."²

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.³ 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"⁴. 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."⁵

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."⁶

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

¹ Tris Vonna-Michell, written conversation with the author, October 2013.

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

³ 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...?"

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

⁵ « 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.

⁶ 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)

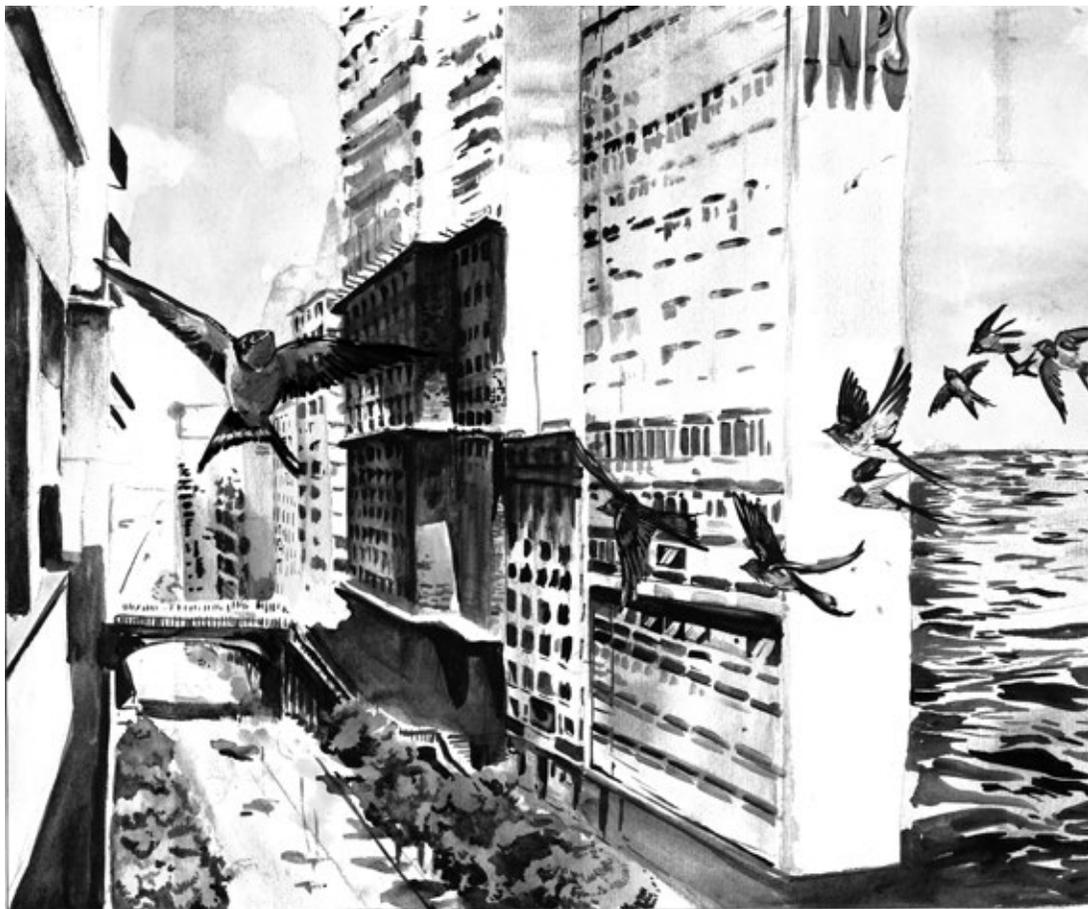


• Tris Vonna-Michell, *Tiles & Tides*, 2013 (photograph by Roger Plumstead)

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 Ferlauro—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

(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