[TRANSLATION: Alexia Halteman. June 27th, 2022.]

Seizing the Sensitive: Francisco Ugarte

“There’s only a certain amount of control that you can have over a situation. I’m interested in working in that area in which the mind can no longer hold on to things. The point at which all ideas fall apart.”

Fred Sandback[[1]](#footnote-1)

“What We Do Not See If We Do Not See.”

Agnes Martin[[2]](#footnote-2)

Each artistic language may be translated into an action which will define it at once. The gesture which corresponds to Francisco Ugarte’s artistic endeavor is: *dismarking[[3]](#footnote-3)*. By exploiting this peculiar ability to keep a distance and elude what is thought to be a logical trajectory to follow, his artistic practice has become a juncture in itself. I’m not speaking about a circumstantial moment in his aesthetic development, but of a permanent flux and combination of circumstances and elements which, when they come into contact, generate just as perplexing as fascinating results. Different formal and conceptual frames of mind, proper to modern and contemporary art, are woven into Ugarte’s interdisciplinary work. However, a sophisticated economy of media always prevails, a constant exploration of geometric shapes, primary colors, light and, also, an aesthetic approximation to emotional character, sensitive to the awe of what is here, temporarily, among us. Sensitive to what is real in subjective and illusory terms—or maybe to what in German is called “effective reality” (*Wirklichkeit*), referring to the whole set of materiality. Ugarte questions this and many other dilemmas without stop; he doubts even the most evident ones and does so in a radically honest, poetic, ludic way, just as we waver before the world during infancy.

This exhibition at the Museo Cabañas revises all the guidelines that have marked his trajectory in the last fifteen years and, simultaneously, serves as a platform of experimentation and production of pieces made specifically for this occasion. This model of mixed retrospective is something inherent to his work, for it is precisely the surroundings and specific architectural spaces that have been the genesis and cornerstone of his work. It is impossible to imagine an exhibition of this artist which turns its back on context, and, doubly impossible, since it takes place in a building with the architectural, social and historical importance of this Mexican venue, a World Heritage Site.

That said, we can get down to business and focus on the pleasure of describing some of the distinctive and unpredictable *Ugartian* dodges. From this moment on, the content of this text is a shared responsibility with the artist, who, with his work and ways of seizing and unlearning the sensitive, brings forth what follows:

Dismarking (1). Setting and Architecture

To face architecture as a cultural and spatial expression favors a site-specific artistic intervention. To liberate architecture of its functionality, to analyze and modify it from a different logic and aesthetic approximation, is a complex and probably not very useful task. For Ugarte, who studied a career in Architecture, this discipline appears in his creative process as a mind-boggling ready-made, susceptible to being modified and questioned. His works that revolve around perception of surroundings and architectural space can be understood as a turn of the screw with what he achieves: *to make architecture from the preexisting* and intervene in the context by accentuating its own particularities—what is already there but, ironically, we have lost sight of.

An example of this is his charcoal drawings on different edges of the prominent walls of the museum. His traces are handmade, without the help of any kind of tool which could help control the line and pigment. Imperfection is latent, the traces vibrate at several intensities and widths, and for moments abandon their trajectory to reconsider in a challenging fight between gesture, architecture, medium and prime material. Mere scuffs, some would say. Nonetheless, these have a resounding impact on our way of perceiving the volumes and structures that are binded together in the exhibition space. Architecture becomes a white page and the aforementioned character of these traces make it a strangely light thing. Something similar to the spirit of a model: a return to the moment previous to its materialization, entailing a clash between temporalities and reflections about the history of this architectonic compound, conceived by Manuel Tolsá in 1805. The several adjustments that the original spaces have gone through to transform the neoclassical hospice into an art museum—following the international criteria of the “white cube”—detonate questions about their reasons for being there. For this exhibition, not only did Ugarte delineate forms and volumes, but he also decided to extend his drawing towards different functional elements of the museum rooms, such as: security cameras, outlets, power cords, fire alarms, and hygrometers, among others. By outlining them with charcoal, he makes their intrusion in the space evident and underlines how we have taken for granted that these invasive—and, generally, badly placed—artifacts are an indispensable part of the reputed contemporary museum spaces. The cube may be in fact white, but it is filled with aesthetic and visual interferences that, paradoxically, “guarantee” its proper functioning. In this gesture I perceive an acute irony about the hindering institutionality of contemporary art and also a kind of audacity close to childhood mischief, the act of ridiculing the defects in a place instead of trying to hide them. The material and discursive paraphernalia of the museum apparatus is turned into a work of art instead of impeding its full appreciation.

In addition to what has been mentioned, these traces are fully incorporated to other pieces in the exhibition, such as *Untitled (Crystal Triangle I,* 2005*),* or the projection of manipulated slides called *Untitled (Light and Corner,* 2018)*.* In a similar way, these charcoal lines frame and underline all the contours and sides of a new and symptomatic site-specific intervention. This consists in removing one of the many unoriginal drywalls from the perimeters of these rooms. By doing this, he sets free and uncovers one of the large windows in the main façade of the building and the discreet niches and architectural volumes that surround it. The natural light and its different intensities throughout the day become a modular part of the space and our perception of it. Even if this window is chromatically modified by Ugarte—by placing yellow mica over the glass and thus intensifying its optical effect—its link to the surroundings and the natural phenomena is definitive. The interior and exterior, public and private, the mundane and the exceptional, they live together, as does Tolsá’s neoclassical architecture with the artworks exhibited there. Part of the history of the building is revealed, but also part of the city’s history and the Mexican idiosyncrasy, as you can look out on to some of the buildings of Guadalajara’s Centro Joyero [Jewelry Centre] and its squalid architecture, like an inexplicable set of flagpoles permanently placed to commemorate the European Union, Latin America and the Caribbean Summit in 2004. Besides the unfortunate location, this sort of *commemoration* stands out for presenting ragged, ripped banners, practically unrecognizable for some of the participating nations. And I say *some*, because many have been lucky enough to disappear completely from such a decadent scenario. It is revealing and more than significant to observe the immediate surroundings of the Museo Cabañas, from within and from the perspective of a spectator of a contemporary art exhibition which, in appearance, puts aside the historic and sociopolitical to concentrate on the formal and sensorial. In an implicit, tacit way, Ugarte contrasts such fields or phenomena and patiently waits for the consequences of the silent impact. To express it with words is superfluous; to raise one’s hand and point the forefinger towards that place, invisible to our perception, will suffice. *Bingo! Brilliant ball dribbling*.

One more aspect should be mentioned: the nod these drawings establish with certain works of the North-American sculptor Fred Sandback (1943-2003) and their way of confronting the exhibition space and that which I have mentioned before as a sophisticated economy of media. Sandback’s work was characterized by pieces and site-specific interventions where he used only elastic cords or acrylic threads. By tensing and placing them at different angles and anchoring them to the floor or to the walls, this artist—initially associated to the minimalist movement—would delineate architectural volumes, suspended geometric figures, and aesthetically-charged sculptural drawings of immense simplicity. In the words of the artist himself we may find a similarity with Ugarte, in the way in which he understands basic aspects of his practice: “My sculptures have to do with complex, three-dimensional spatial situations. I regard them as my particular way of complicating and articulating the given situation, the existing space...”[[4]](#footnote-4)

Dismarking (2). Painting as an Event of Liberation

In the year 2007, Francisco Ugarte began a long series of paintings titled *I Wish I Could Paint a Beautiful Landscape*. The artworks literally, from one end of the canvas to the other, reproduce this technical yearning. Highlighted is the use of different oblong calligraphies, black or gray over white backgrounds. Even though the script itself delineates a synthetic horizon, it is clear these pieces are driven by a postconceptual language of romantic and on occasion ironic overtones, so in vogue during the last decade of the twentieth century through the beginning of the current century. There is nothing strange about a contemporary artist incapable of correctly practicing any of the traditional pictorial genres. It’s been a long time since that stopped having a substantial weight in artistic creation. What is unsettling is that Ugarte, since 2017, chose to give himself to painting in the most committed way possible, without announcing it… obviously. Without abandoning the rest of the disciplines that constitute his creative universe, painting suddenly became an activity which liberated him from a vast amount of self-imposed prejudices, traumas or apprehensions about the limits of his own plastic-arts work. To work with space and context, while being a trained architect, is understandable for a self-taught artist, but the sudden shift towards painting with capital letters represents a true leap into the void. In this case, it is another of Ugarte’s fortunate backward leaps; those which have allowed him to remain, by his own conviction, in a fruitful, rhythmic, and strategic rearguard concerning the dynamics and demands of the international art system and its inextricable pact with the frenzied logics of market and consumption. It is not to say that he is outside of this system, nor that he wishes to have an illusory autonomy from it, but he is in a convenient and singular position in relation to what he wishes to do and how he goes about it. Thus, even though Ugarte is far from belonging to one artistic movement or to any certain conceptual current, he has succeeded in articulating little by little his own language, almost unmistakable, but also always swaying, fluctuating.

In this exhibition, painting plays a key role from the beginning, with the presence of twenty artworks in the first room of the circuit, just passing the vestibule. Each piece consists of three circles that expand and decrease—depending on individual perception—one after the other, to form what is commonly known as concentric circles. Yes, the same ones we all learn to trace and outline during the beginning of our education. Ugarte was no exception, and there is irrefutable evidence of it, which I have had the honor to appreciate up close. But, apparently, the human being’s mysterious fascination for this simple shape is far from knowing how to trace it correctly or not, and closer to how each person determines its basic characteristics. That is to say, the chromatic relationship, the width of the lines, the space between one and the other, or their overlapping, the intention of approximating the representation of a perfect circle or the disinterest in this complex mission, etc. It is all a psychological and emotional self-portrait.

These gestural paintings limit their chromatic range to primary colors (blue, red, yellow) and two of the secondary colors (green, orange). In each of the art pieces, these colors randomly coexist, but in no moment is there a chromatic repetition or a conjunction or union of the circles. Each one presents varied degrees of separation respecting their closest neighbor. Furthermore, each oil paint trace, over the milky background of limpid acrylic, has a different degree of chromatic saturation and a specific velocity. In the direct and frantic action of tracing, there is no possibility of correcting errors, which also concern the artist’s body, as if it was an extreme juggling act. Although Ugarte clearly doubts the outcome of certain traces, the sixty circumferences complete their cycle; they close. They are there and among them is a maddening rhythm of sensorial and perceptual stimuli that only a circle and its constant repetition may cause. This series of successive paintings should be appreciated—even in a museum context—at different rhythms and metrics which could allow the viewer to play with the acceleration and deceleration of its hypnotic effect.

How can these pieces be understood in Ugarte’s career? Is it a case of nonsense, a mistaken approximation to a medium as complex and historically charged as painting? The answers will come, but first it is pertinent to point out the tangential connection these pieces have with some movements or artworks pertaining to modern art and the dawn of abstraction. In first instance, we may mention the artist couple Sonia and Robert Delaunay who—inspired by the law of simultaneous contrast of colors conceived in 1839 by the French chemist Michel Eugène Chevreul—generated, a few decades later, a painting based on the simultaneous contrast of colors and the expression of a dynamic sensation through the decomposition of movement. In the movement the Delaunays baptized as *simultanéism,* color is king, it is the painting itself, the subject and vortex of abstraction. Another inevitable comparison is with the meticulous visual studies that Wassily Kandinsky—an abstraction pioneer—made during the second decade of the twentieth century. In his watercolors of concentric circles, he synthesized some of the core aspects of his theories about the relationship between form, color, and our perception’s machinery in the face of form and color. Not only through sight, but with the rest of our senses and, particularly, with our auditory perception. For the Russian artist, painting and music were intimately related.

Such allusion to the *synesthetic* phenomenon finds echoes in Ugarte’s concentric circles; in taking note of their tie to his infancy, it seems to me they dialogue with the renowned and evocative melodies that Robert Schumann composed in 1838, titled *Scenes from Childhood* (*Kinderszenen* op. 15). It consists of thirteen short piano pieces inspired by the author’s precise childhood memories; each one has a very particular subtitle, such as: “Almost Too Serious,” “Happy Enough,” “Frightening,” “A Curious Story,” etc. Ugarte’s paintings and their vibrant colors lack specific titles, but they seem to allude to precise emotions or feelings from his childhood that remain beyond his will. Memories, sensations, traumas, pleasures—often related to the overwhelming emotion of perception and touch, of spreading, breaking, smelling, mixing, acquiring, wearing, depicting, diluting, drinking that strange and enigmatic thing we simply call *color*. Chromatic nostalgia and, why not, also auditive and performatic nostalgia, that which the writer Marilynne Robinson has called the “inherited childhood.” That one which, inevitably and fortunately, we all take with us for the rest of our lives. Ugarte’s concentric circles and their flagrant imperfections are, in different ways, highly therapeutic, liberating, and anti-pedagogical*.* There is nothing to teach and much less to learn, just to do, perceive, marvel at the terribly factual and elusive aspect of aesthetic pleasure. In the suggestive poetic text of the artist Agnes Martin—titled “The Untroubled Mind,” 1973—she describes with greater precision what I have been trying to say in the previous paragraphs. Here is a short and revealing fragment:

When I was painting in New York I was not so clear about that

Now I’m very clear that the object is freedom

not political freedom, which is the echo

Not freedom from social mores

freedom from mastery and slavery

freedom from what’s dragging you down  
Freedom from right and wrong

[...]  
When you give up the idea of right and wrong

you don’t get anything

What you do is get rid of everything[[5]](#footnote-5)

Dismarking(3). Scale as an Element of Surprise and Catalyst

Size, the dimension of things, can be relative according to the perception and experience of each person. Dribbling the ball cannot, and neither can feinting. They are acts, events which simply happen in their totality or dissipate all the same. Zero interpretation, null relativity. Ugarte’s way of transforming space and this exhibition’s aesthetic experience of sudden changes in scale are fundamental in his proposal.

Without stepping away from the zealous paintings, let’s turn to the art piece titled *Paisaje azul* [Blue Landscape], 2020. Acrylic and oil paint meet again, but on this occasion the medium is a blue adhesive tape of about 2.5 cm wide by 16.2 cm long. It is a very small piece of material—also known as “painter’s tape”—normally used to mask walls, baseboards, windows, and canvases, among other things. Its function is to keep paint from staining zones that should remain immune to its effects, even though art critic Rosalind Krauss’ influential concept “expanded field” would want to continue its expansion, as would the universe. This blue landscape occurs as the result of a masking tape that Ugarte used to protect areas of a canvas. The lower part of the tape has barely been invaded by two overlapped tones. In the foreground is an orange color and in the background is a pale gray, whitish towards the edge. Even though it sounds unlikely, these minimal and random traces compose a *beautiful landscape*. Ugarte’s aforementioned desire to paint has become reality and in the most beautiful, subtle—and consistent with his practice—way anyone could imagine. It is a profound horizon, a beaming landscape that for many would have been invisible or forgotten as part of the installation process, but also a piece that bluntly divides the audience between roaring applause and deafening catcalls. There is possibly no better reaction before the imposing architectural space of the Museo Cabañas and the *intimate immensity* of this landscape, borrowing the term from philosopher, epistemologist, and physicist Gaston Bachelard. Another possibility for provocation would be to imagine how this tiny and diaphanous representation of figurative overtones could establish a fruitful discord with the *Paisaje metafísico* [Metaphysical Landscape] (1948) of the exceptional artist from Jalisco, José Clemente Orozco. The enigmatic, dense, and emotionally explosive large format painting is part of the collection of this museum, and it is a *sui generis* artwork in the career of this famous muralist. We hope to one day be able to appreciate this promising landscape and its undoubtedly metaphysical contrast.

Another key element aside from scale, form, color, and its absence in Ugarte’s work has been light, natural as well as artificial. The latter is used with slide projectors, which he employs for installations or to project a series of geometric shapes with a particular visual intention. Made exclusivelyfor this exhibition, the installation *Rectángulos de colores* [Color Rectangles] is composed of three slide projectors whose light shines on one of the museum’s tall walls. The three analog machines shoot, at a constant rhythm, lights of the same colors as the concentric circle paintings. I’ll list them again, in no order: yellow, red, green, blue, and orange. However, there are wide discrepancies, including the possibility of having chromatic repetition in the projection: a yellow monochrome, for example, may occur twice. In this way, in a successive manner and under the measured compass of these devices, different chromatic combinations intermingle, and, for that matter, different perceptual and sensorial experiences occur.

Back to the central subject of this dribble, what stands out is the naturality with which Ugarte fills a museum room with the precise, skillful placement of the projectors. The result is a rigorous economy of means that offers a captivating, enjoyable and interactive experience. There is the possibility that the spectator will interfere with the projection, with the shadow they cast becoming part of the composition. Being able to come a few millimeters from the wall where the visual-formal-emotional event occurs gives the spectator the opportunity to observe closely even the tiniest details and accidents of the projected surface: small scratches, specks, dysfunctional pixels on the epidermis of the adventurous visitors, etc. Imperfection is once again a protagonist; geometry mediates between mathematical precision and the spread of a vital, organic drive. The curved rectangles are displaced when suddenly they intervene with one another, shifting from their “original” place to generate turmoil, an estrangement from something that looks for the coldness of what is calculated, measured, controlled. It is not an approximation to the organic, which is indisputably exact in nature, but to the humanization of geometry. The dictionary describes the verb humanize as *To make (something) humane.* A sensible, luminous, and imperfect geometry which asks—no, demands—to be seized? That is what this ludic and intuitive chromatic choreography seems to attempt, incentivize.

In case all that has been said is not enough, let's move on to the art piece titled *Dibujo de acero 4* [Steel Drawing 4], another piece conceived and produced for this mise-en-scène. Situated in the last room of the exhibition and impossible to see—up to the point of almost flanking the limits of the space—this monumental sculpture has a true element of surprise, an astonishment which catalyzes multiple sensations and dilemmas. Maybe the most impactful is the simultaneous perception of a robust massiveness and an inexplicable lightness that threatens the law of gravity. How do those enormous steel profiles sustain themselves? How was it possible to get them in the exhibition room? How must I begin to navigate a volumetric body which occupies all of the tridimensional space and, at the same time, is so subtle, tenuous, and light? Is it really a sculpture or are we before a new artistic genre which comes closer to a drawing—ultra expanded? In this dynamic piece, Ugarte has combined all his aesthetic, technical and architectural knowledge and has done it with a precise dose of each. The result is outright and he has achieved it with only five tridimensional elements arranged in the following way: two of them are laying on the floor, one on the wall and two are suspended in the air. Four of them are diagonally placed and just one of them is on a straight line. The composition and the positioning of each of these elements is so precise that it would be difficult to think that something other than the multi-cited notion of a site-specific piece has occurred. That is to say, the exhibition space has been projected and built specifically to house a preexisting art piece. It is *Ugartian* dismarking three times over! It calls into question the temporality of its exhibition in this space. Shouldn’t it be a permanent art piece if this architectural space was specifically made for its exhibition centuries in advance? Should the Museo Cabañas adapt to the permanency of this piece and modify its labyrinthine exhibition galleries? There is much to think and talk about, many pieces of blue painter’s tapes to be discussed.

To navigate this piece—that at times also seems to be a mobile, given its apparent lightness and dynamism—is to delve into a perceptual and aesthetic experience of very high voltage. The infinite number of views one may perceive while walking through the piece—following the direction of the drawing or pacing freely up and down, from left to right, u-turning from any cardinal point to another—remits to a kind of *Siqueirian* multi-angularity, which it also contradicts by having tridimensional bodies. It is precisely the communion between these lines (profiles) that are coterminous to the wall and those which vigorously escape in a sharp and precise diagonal that generates the multiplicity of angles and perspectives.

On the matter of aesthetic contagions, there seems to be a sly friction with Mathias Goeritz and his monumental sculpture titled *Ataque* [Attack] (1953). This piece of enameled iron represents a great serpent made of acute ascending and descending angles and was originally conceived to inhabit the patio of the Museo Experimental El Eco of Mexico City. The patio is a wonderful space designed by Goeritz himself where he materialized many of his theories and experimentations regarding what he called *emotional architecture*. However, there are also strong differences between both sculptures. In the first place, the representation and metaphor of the German artist have no place in Ugarte’s work: he opts for total abstraction and an absolutely literal and objective title. In the second place, there is also a dissonance in the chosen material and in the technical treatment of both pieces. While Goeritz builds his *Ataque* by assembling iron sheets that were later painted black, the Mexican artist put together his piece with five pre-existing elements used in the construction industry as structural elements. There is no added color nor particular treatment for the steel, which arrives at the museum directly from the industrial plant *Poliacero*. Once they were on site, it was just a matter of delicately placing them—like chopsticks or Sandback’s tense cords—exactly where they belonged. Magical equilibrium, distribution of mass, force of gravity, etc. No metaphor adrift, just pure materiality in an aesthetic trance. Minimum manipulation, *maximum deceit of understanding.* A lethal attack.

Ugarte’s generosity overflows to the exterior of the exhibition rooms and reaches the symmetric patios located at the end of the exhibition’s circuit. Once more we run into five steel profiles individually placed in these spaces. They are delicate elements, thin but also of a considerable length and, instead of presenting them raw, have been carefully covered by pigments of the before mentioned colors. Here there is no drawing but a sculptural object of ludic and minimalist attributes in dialogue with the neoclassical architecture and the several natural phenomena in the open air. These intense chromatic spikes interfere with the building’s lavish chapel, with the threatening clouds that announce an imminent storm, the fecund avocado tree, the nighttime bat or the awful sign that reads “meeting point” in case of emergency, placed on the clay floor of one of the patios. What nonsense worthy of the World Heritage of Folly. Once more Ugarte rubs salt in the wound with an *I didn’t do it* face. *That was already there!*

Da Capo al Coda and Viceversa. Some Brief Conclusions

The essential content of the famous soliloquy in “Hamlet” is briefly this: Our state is so wretched that absolute annihilation would be decidedly preferable. If suicide really offered us this, so that the alternative “to be or not to be,” in the full sense of the word, was placed before us, then it would be unconditionally to be chosen as “a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

Arthur Schopenhauer[[6]](#footnote-6)

Fred Sandback chose to commit suicide at the age of sixty. In life he was characterized as being a particularly quiet man, isolated but tremendously observant and sensible. Robert Schumann, who composed the moving *Scenes from Childhood* at only twenty-eight years old, suffered since his youth from different mental disorders and was diagnosed with psychotic melancholia. He died in a psychiatric hospital at forty-six without ever finding a solution to his profound depressive nostalgia. As for Agnes Martin, she spent a great part of her life in Taos, a small and remote town in the north of New Mexico, USA. Her personality was characterized by a profound humility and she withdrew as much as she could from public life and big cities. She chose a solitary life where there was no place for a family of her own. She died at ninety-two and expressed on repeated occasions that the austerity of her paintings and her drawings of faint but vibrant and enigmatic grids was due to her wishing to transmit and provoque states, emotions, and sensitive reactions. *Absolutely nothing more.*

What relationship do these biographical details have with Francisco? Far from looking for a direct psychic relation with any of these characters, what I am trying to underline is a common attitude towards existence itself and a way in which this fully connects with the artistic vocation. In other words, to show a sort of shared spirituality. To devote one’s life to the creation of work regarding color, form, light, surroundings, and space, could seem like a hedonistic, enjoyable, and somewhat futile activity in our times. However, when it is done in depth its effects may be devastating for emotional stability and the immersion in traditional sociability dynamics at a personal and professional level. Radical austerity—the fact of staying on the sidelines once and then again jumping back—requires an unwavering discipline in everyday life and production processes, and an unyielding position in the artistic field. It is an overly complex task.

Ugarte grapples, struggles with all of it, but favors his platonic obsession for seizing the sensitive and encouraging his *derangement* in this mission. There can only be backwards motion. He seems to have ruled out suicide, not from a lack of a very high degree of introspective insanity, but by the firm desire to keep on rummaging and rummaging and rummaging there in that interstice that Schopenhauer calls *the objectification of the will*. How can you transmit the sensitive through representation? And, with what sense can you offer it to others? Shouldn’t each human be responsible for his or her own production, burden, and processing of sensibility? Damned will! Wretched condition of having the vital necessity of expression, of requiring an interlocutor, even though he may be an insensitive one!

Beyond these dilemmas or questions, Francisco Ugarte is an artist that has been able to amalgamate his various aesthetic intuitive virtues with his practical and technical skills. Instead of discarding or selecting, he accumulates and safeguards all of them as if he suffered from the Diogenes syndrome of experiences and abilities. The interdisciplinary in his case is not a mere decoration nor a pose, but it is a *sine qua non* condition. Decades of experimentation and production without stop are evident to acquaintances and strangers. Unclassifiable in style or movement, he is not completely minimalist, nor expressionist, nor postconceptual, nor totally abstract, nor geometric nor figurative, nor anything that resembles it. Such a condition of working with a heterogeneous set of languages and disciplines he shares, no doubt, with several contemporary artists, in particular those he has collaborated with and discussed through many years of friendship and the exchange of ideas and quirks, such as Gonzalo Lebrija, Jorge Méndez Blake, Jose Dávila, Luis Alfonso Villalobos, and Fernando Palomar, among others.

Finally, I would just like to add that his incorruptible perceptual and sensorial drive currently explores a strong aesthetic emancipation, a candid and lighthearted enjoyment for being/happening/mutating here and now, but also for imagining the following *Ugartian* dismarkings.

To collaborate with Ugarte on this exhibition and some other earlier projects has been a fantastic juncture, even though I have not been able to *seize anything…* Not heads nor tails.

Víctor Palacios in collaboration with Francisco Ugarte.

Guadalajara, Jalisco, October, 2021.

1. Fred Sandback, “Statement,” 1975. fredsandbackarchive.org [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Agnes Martin, ed. Dieter Schwarz, *Agnes Martin’s Writings/Schriften*, (New York: Cantz and Kunstmuseum Winterthur, 1960), 115. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. *Dismarking* is a soccer term which describes a strategy used by players and teams to separate from opposing markers.—Trans. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Fred Sandback, “Interview by Ingrid Rein,” 1975. fredsandbackarchive.org [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Agnes Martin, “The Untroubled Mind,” *Flash Art* no. 41, June 1973. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Arthur Schopenhauer, *The World As Will And Idea* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 1909), 416-417. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)