

ASMA - JULIO RUELAS

INVERSE SÁTIRO

ENVY PT. I

Curated by Rodrigo Ortiz Monasterio

You were a lugubrious traveler of the realm of terror,
with your fearsome face and weary expression,
you rode on the lust of the billy goat,
dragging the long darkness of your cloak.

Enrique González Martínez, To Julio Ruelas

There is nothing more bohemian than the cursed artist, forgotten by the world, awaiting death in a dimly lit, dirty Parisian hotel room. He closes the curtains of the bedroom to forget. Exhausted by life at such a young age, that room is the perfect staging for the cursed artist. It won't be long now. The only thing that still brings him a bit of life is listening to the click-clacking of femme fatales' heels. He closes his eyes and listens: clack, clack, clack, against the asphalt. Little taps that turn the pavement into music. He thinks of a sketch of a woman screaming from a crypt. He clenches his fists tightly. How decadent it is, he likes it.

He squints his eyes and remembers that mysterious setting. He reviews the decoration of the place; it's simple: long, old curtains that darken the space. On the walls, there are immoral drawings. Scenes of victorious women, mythological monsters, perverse compositions, as perverse as his imagination. Confused, he looks around. He pushes his memory to the limit, trying to analyze every tiny detail. He counts the drawings on the wall. From a distance, it's hard to see them, so he approaches one. Everything is dark, the only light in the place comes from the green lamps above those macabre strokes.

Rodrigo Ortiz Monasterio

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June 07, 2023

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Bury me in Montparnasse Cemetery.

And if it's not too much to ask, please find me a neighboring grave next to the fence facing the boulevard, so that from there I can rest while listening to the footsteps of the neighborhood girls...

JULIO RUELAS

I'm still here, in the same place, the same decaying room. The curtains change color depending on the daylight, from green to a deep red, as red as my nail-less fingers. I don't know what day or what time it is, the only thing I'm certain of is that the end is approaching. I raise my glass to that and drink what little wine is left... I also toast to my short life and to my friends, the cockroaches!

I've never been one of those who pray to a higher being or make wishes to clear paths. But I'm a hypocrite because now all I do is beg for my death: I want to continue, but not here, not trapped in this hotel room, whose mud-colored walls have become my cell. I also decree that the only possession I would like to take from this plane are my two faithful companions of the past weeks; two enormous, generous cockroaches.

Let me tell you a secret: when I can't take it anymore, my faithful friends come out from the same corner of the bathroom to console me. The other day I dreamt that one of them was combing my hair while the other was gathering leftover food on a porcelain plate. Both of them smoked and cursed the existence of humans. One of them spoke to me, I don't know which one; they are identical. If I remember correctly, she said: "Get up, you lazy drunk, and shave. Be somewhat presentable when they come for you." As she spoke, her legs, hairy like a squirrel's, kept moving while her black eyes remained still.

What did the cockroach mean? "When they come for me"? Did she mean that death is not a solitary entity but travels in a group? Is death androgynous? Or does it sometimes arrive in different forms, like insects? I will say cockroaches, with all due respect.

This is the end, there is no beginning or middle, only darkness at the end. Everyone has already abandoned me, even my two friends. I feel nothing, not even my body. It's as if my being is made up of fragments of my life: memories, cigarette butts, glasses, remnants of all my pets, garbage, and dark memories. Now I feel a thousand beetles surrounding my bed, slowly creeping under the sheets, a thousand bites that turn pain into unmatched pleasure.

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