EL GRAN VIDRIO

*Selfie en el tren Mitre | Selfie on Mitre train, 2018

REALIDAD DISMINUÍDA | NINA KOVENSKY

Barrio Joven | BJ1 | La Rural | 2018 | Buenos Aires

arteBA

Las reglas del juego ó Siete días en el mundillo del arte

Por Julio César Estravis Barcala

... where only the armed or the funny make it out alive

[The Auction] La galería. En Argentina casi no hay subastas de arte contemporáneo, pero sí hay galerías.

Hace exactamente cinco años conocí a una joven abogada santafesina que se acababa de mudar a Buenos Aires, a quien llamaremos Rosa. Era la novia de un artista y gestor cultural amigo, quien le recomendó que se anotara en un curso que dictábamos con unos colegas sociólogos acerca de la cultura independiente porteña. Siendo nueva tanto en la ciudad como en el por entonces efervescente ecosistema *indie* local, su participación en las clases resultó bastante estimulante. Rosa también era bailarina y le interesaba desarrollar un programa de danza contemporánea en Sucre, el centro cultural que nos cobijaba, uno de cuyos fundadores era su novio. Aprovechando los cambios estructurales que el espacio estaba atravesando, en los siguientes meses Rosa pudo construir una ambiciosa programación de danza en una sala de artes escénicas que hasta entonces se limitaba al teatro.

Como era de esperar, la dicotomía entre establecidos y *outsiders* pregonada por Norbert Elias separó las aguas entre quienes opinaban que Rosa era una joven con mucha pila y el espacio la necesitaba, y aquellos que se sentían desplazados tras haber construido durante años un perfil que esta advenediza se proponía desmontar. La programación de danza era un éxito. Envalentonada, Rosa incursionó en las artes visuales, primero en el por entonces de moda Patio del Liceo y luego abriendo su propia galería en una gran casa de Villa Crespo. Ya no era más la novia de nuestro amigo y el mayor escándalo estalló cuando el año siguiente no solo quedó seleccionada en una importante feria de arte contemporáneo a la cual Sucre había aplicado varias veces sin éxito, sino que ganó un premio de 130.000$ (de ese entonces) a la Mejor galería otorgado por un pool de coleccionistas. Las fotos nos muestran a una Rosa emocionada, henchida de orgullo, rodeada de sus artistas.

... until I figured, if I'm here then I just might/ conceal my lack of skill here in the spotlight

[The 'Crit'] La clínica. Carina Cagnolo dice en un reciente escrito sobre los orígenes del arte contemporáneo en Córdoba que las clínicas se han erigido como la instancia paradigmática de formación porque lo que te enseñan no es tanto a reflexionar sobre tu poética sino a ser un *artista contemporáneo*.

So why is it I'm so distraught/ that what I'm selling is getting bought?

[The Fair] El Mercado. Ser seleccionada en una feria es apenas el comienzo, pues tras ese visto bueno la galería debe desembolsar una importante suma en concepto de alquiler del espacio, flete, montaje y gastos generales, a los que debemos sumar pasajes, estadía y viáticos si vienen de otra ciudad. El objetivo de mínima para una hipotética galería que debería invertir 50.000$ up-front sería entonces vender obra por 100.000$ (unos 4.400 U$S, al cambio actual): el 50% queda en la galería en concepto de comisión. Son números conservadores, pues los costos para un *stand* en el sector principal de una feria de primer nivel internacional exceden los 30.000 U$S (casi 700.000$).

Algunos artistas me contaron que en épocas en que su galerista no tenía la espalda financiera para viajar a una feria les pedía "hacer una vaquita": cada artista debía poner, digamos, 12.000$, y con esa colecta lograrían afrontar los gastos necesarios. Ignoro cómo se resolverían las cuentas si no se vendía nada, o si solo se vendían obras de algunos artistas, o si surgían más gastos, o si...

En Córdoba la feria se llama *Mercado de Arte Contemporáneo*, pero todos le dicen "*el Mercado*". En mis primeras charlas solíamos llegar a un punto en que mi interlocutor me decía: "tenés que ir al Mercado". En Agosto, el Mercado cordobés abrirá las puertas de su sexta edición.

If everything ends with a photo then I'm on my way

[The Prize] El premio. Los premios son instancias importantes en las carreras de los artistas. Muchas veces los felicitaba al enterarme de que alguno que conocía ganaba un premio, qué bueno, es bastante plata, te va a servir, y ahí les cambiaba la cara: "no es por la plata, igual."

Es interesante mirar los jurados; de los premios más chicos hay que ver siempre el historial de cuatro o cinco años. Hace poco vi un premio de una pequeña ciudad cordobesa que en 2012 galardonó a una artista que actualmente es la directora del Museo de Bellas Artes local. También pasa que el que un año sacó mención quizás en dos años saca un tercer premio y tres años después, el primero. Se suele premiar la constancia y la trayectoria más que la obra. Darle un primer premio a un desconocido, también me han dicho, es un "presente griego": el potlach. ¿Alguien se acuerda de Mariano Barbieri, Matías Vigliano, Julián Pablo Manzelli, Ezequiel de San Pablo, Orilo Blandini y Pablo García, ganadores bajo la denominación "*Grupo Doma*" de la primera edición del mítico "*Curriculum Cero*" de Ruth Benzacar? En años posteriores varios ganadores de ese certamen saltaron a la fama (incluso internacional, como Adrián Villar Rojas) y esos son los que recordamos: el arte es un juego de winner-takes-all. Según los investigadores, esa es la razón por la que siguen existiendo jóvenes que contra todo pronóstico estadístico eligen seguir esta carrera por demás ingrata, mal paga y demandante: mirá, existe Pablo Picasso; mirá, existe Marta Minujín; mirá, existe Joseph Beuys.

To praise the glorious future and the hopeless past

[The magazine] El diario. En Argentina no hay revistas de crítica de arte contemporáneo. Tenemos diarios, que con mayor o menor seriedad cubren el mundo del arte, y medios *online* de limitado alcance. En Córdoba, como suele suceder en las ciudades medianas, la prensa busca más difundir o incentivar las actividades artísticas que analizarlas en profundidad o con hipótesis teóricas. Es la consabida diferencia entre las "reseñas" (que abundan) y las "críticas" (que escasean). En Buenos Aires existen algunos medios (sobre todo *online*) que plantean nuevas miradas y reflexionan sobre muestras de arte contemporáneo, aunque las notas negativas siguen siendo tan excepcionales que, de publicarse, siempre queda la duda de si el reseñista no tenía cuentas pendientes con el blanco de sus diatribas.

It'll be good to get more space/ God knows what all these suckers paid

[The Studio Visit] El taller. En Córdoba, a diferencia de Buenos Aires, pocos artistas tienen taller. Muchas veces tras escribirles por primera vez me respondían "será un gusto conversar con vos, te invito a que conozcas mi taller" y cuando llegaba resultaba que era un edificio y bajaban a abrirme la puerta en crocs y *jogging*. A una artista rosarina también le parecía llamativa la costumbre porteña: "en Rosario los artistas no tienen *taller*," me dijo entre risas, enfatizando esa palabra tan contundente. "Sí es cierto que muchos viven en casas grandes," agregó, lo cual se podría extender a Córdoba.

Si no tenés taller, parecería, no sos del todo artista: sos una persona que hace obras donde puede, en la facultad, en el laburo. Muchos cordobeses denominan "taller" a un cierto espacio dentro de sus casas, como el baño o el comedor; en Buenos Aires, por el contrario, es más común que sea una propiedad distinta, generalmente de más metros cuadrados que la vivienda (en su mayoría departamentos) y en zonas más ligadas al arte (actualmente abundan en La Boca y en Villa Crespo). Hay muchos talleres compartidos y se da la paradoja de artistas que viven en un departamento de sus familias pero no llegan a cubrir el alquiler de su taller en los meses en que, por ejemplo, no vendieron ninguna obra o les deben pagos de otros trabajos.

El último fenómeno de la especulación financiero-inmobiliaria-artística porteña parece ser el tuneo de grandes propiedades en decadencia, en áreas peligrosas convenientemente re-zonificadas para atraer inversiones, con el propósito de convertirse en talleres de artistas jóvenes. Los lugares se otorgan por "convocatoria" (otra palabrita mágica) y los elegidos trabajan en modo elaboración-a-la-vista ante curadores, críticos y coleccionistas que salen de *studio visit* a captar nuevos talentos. Hay incluso emprendimientos de este tipo que permiten pagar el alquiler del espacio con obra, en lugar de dinero, lo cual es tentador para la economía cotidiana del joven artista y (con suerte) una gran inversión para el mecenas.

I'm beginning to begin to see the end/ of how it all goes down between me and them

[The Biennale] La Bienal. En Argentina no tenemos bienales de arte contemporáneo regulares. En Buenos Aires, "la Bienal" es una "plataforma de promoción de arte joven" organizada por de la Subsecretaría de Políticas Culturales y Nuevas Audiencias del Ministerio de Cultura del Gobierno de la Ciudad.

*Todos los epígrafes corresponden a Father John Misty, "Leaving LA" (Pure comedy, Sub Pop, 2017)

***Sombra de la selfie** | fotografía
Selfie shadow | photo
2018

The rules of the game or Seven Days in the (Small) Art World

By Julio César Estravis Barcala

... where only the armed or the funny make it out alive

[The Auction] The gallery. In Argentina, there are almost none contemporary art auctions, but there are galleries.
Exactly five years ago, I met a young lawyer from Santa Fe who had just moved to Buenos Aires, who I will call Rosa. She was the girlfriend of a friend of mine, an artist and cultural entrepreneur who advised her to enroll in a workshop we were giving with a few colleagues, sociologists, about our local independent culture. Being new in the city and in the effervescent local indie ecosystem, her involvement in the classes was quite stimulating. Rosa was a dancer, too, and she was interested in developing a program of contemporary dance at Sucre, the cultural center that sheltered us and which her boyfriend had found and managed. Taking advantage of the structural changes the place was undergoing, in the next months Rosa built an ambitious dance program in a performing arts room that up to that moment limited its activities to more or less conventional drama.

As it was expected, the dichotomy between established and outsiders held by Norbert Elias split the group between those who thought that Rosa was a young, enthusiastic collaborator whom the place could sincerely take advantage of, and those who felt displaced after years of having built a profile that this latecomer was resolute to dismount. The dance program was a total success. Emboldened, she dabbled in the visual arts, first in the -at that moment- *stylish Patio del Liceo gallery*, and then opening her own gallery in a big house in Villa Crespo. She was no longer our friend's girlfriend and the final scandal burst when the next year she was not only selected for an important contemporary art fair for which Sucre had unsuccessfully applied several times, but she also won a Best Gallery prize of $130,000 given by a pool of collectors. Photos show us an excited Rosa, filled with proud, surrounded by her artists.

... until I figured, if I'm here then I just might/ conceal my lack of skill here in the spotlight

[The 'Crit'] The 'crit'. Carina Cagnolo says in a recent piece about the origins of contemporary art in Córdoba that crit sessions have established themselves as a paradigmatic training stance because what they teach is not how to reflect on your poetics but *how to be a contemporary artist*.

So why is it I'm so distraught/ that what I'm selling is getting bought?

[The Fair] The Market. To be selected for a fair is just the beginning, since after that seal of approval the gallery must outlay a big amount for renting a booth, shipping, mounting and general expenses, to which we should add tickets, accommodation, and travelling expenses if they come from other cities. The basic goal for a hypothetical gallery spending 50,000 pesos up-front would be to sell work for 100,000 pesos (around 4,400U$S at current exchange rate): 50% stays in the gallery as commission. These are conservative numbers, since the costs for a booth in the main sector of a first-level international fair exceeds 30,000U$S (almost 700,000 pesos)
Some artists told me that in times when their gallerist didn't have the economic support to travel to a fair, he or she would ask us to chip in: each artist should give, let's say, 12,000 pesos, and with that collect, the necessary expenses would be met. I don't know how they would solve the accounts if nothing was sold or if only works of some artists were sold, or if more expenses came up, or if…
In Córdoba, the fair is called *Mercado de Arte Contemporaneo* (Contemporary Art Market), but everyone calls it "*el Mercado*" (the Market). In my firsts talks we used to end up in a point in which my interlocutor said: "you should go to the Market". Next August, Córdoba's Market will open its gates for its sixth edition.

If everything ends with a photo then I'm on my way

[The Prize] The prize. Prizes are important instances in an artist's career. I often congratulated them when I found out that someone I knew had won a prize -"great! It's quite a lot of money, it's useful for you"- and here their faces changed: "it's not for the money, anyway".
It is interesting to look at the jury; for the small prizes we should always search a history of four or five years. Not long ago, I saw a prize of a small city in Córdoba that in 2012 awarded an artist that currently is the director of the local Fine Arts Museum. It also happens that an artist that one year had an Honorable Mention, two years later may be awarded a Third Prize, and three years later, the First Prize. What is usually awarded is the artistic career and perseverance, more than the work itself. To give a First Prize to an unknown, I've also been told, is a "Greek present":*the potlatch.* Does somebody remember Mariano Barbieri, Matías Vigliano, Julián Pablo Manzelli, Ezequiel de San Pablo, Orilo Blandini y Pablo García, winners under the name of "*Grupo Doma*" in the first edition of the legendary "*Curriculum Cero*" (Curriculum Zero) from Ruth Benzacar gallery? Years later, some winners of that contest did indeed rise to fame (even at an international level, like Adrián Villar Rojas) and they are the ones we remember: art is a winner-takes-all game. According to researchers, that is the reason why, even against all odds, many young people keep choosing this more-than-ingrateful, poorly paid, and demanding career: look, there is Pablo Picasso; look, there is Marta Minujín; look, there is Joseph Beuys.

To praise the glorious future and the hopeless past

[The magazine] The newspaper. In Argentina there are no magazines of contemporary art criticism. There are, though, newspapers which more or less seriously cover the art world, and online media of limited scope. In Córdoba, as it usually happens in medium-sized cities, the press attempts to spread or promote artistic activities instead of analyzing them in depth or theoretically. It is the well-known difference between (the abounding) art journalism and (the scarce) art criticism. In Buenos Aires there are some media (mainly online) that propose new insights and reflect upon contemporary art exhibitions, even though the negative ones are still so exceptional that, if they get published, the doubt remains whether the reviewer bore a grudge against the target of his or her diatribe.

It'll be good to get more space/ God knows what all these suckers paid

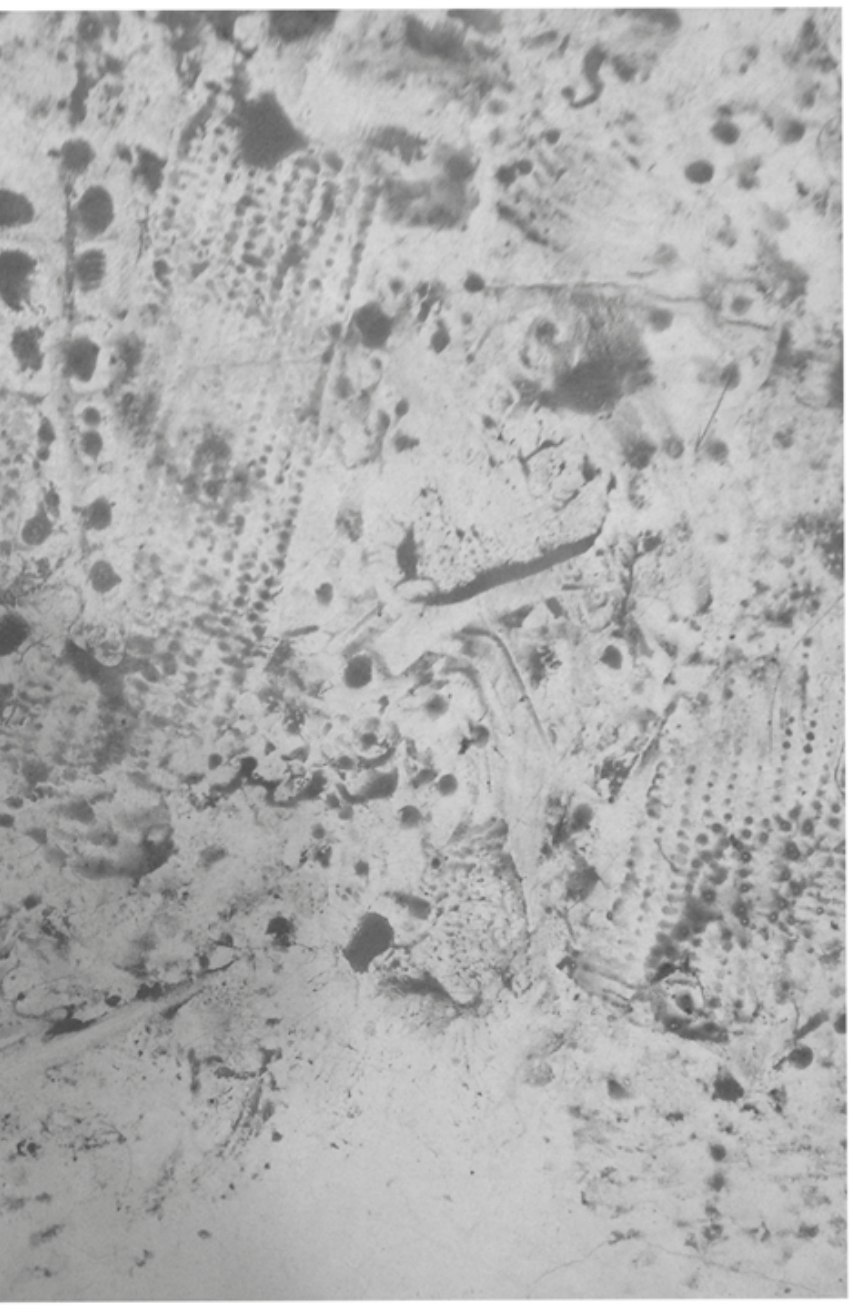
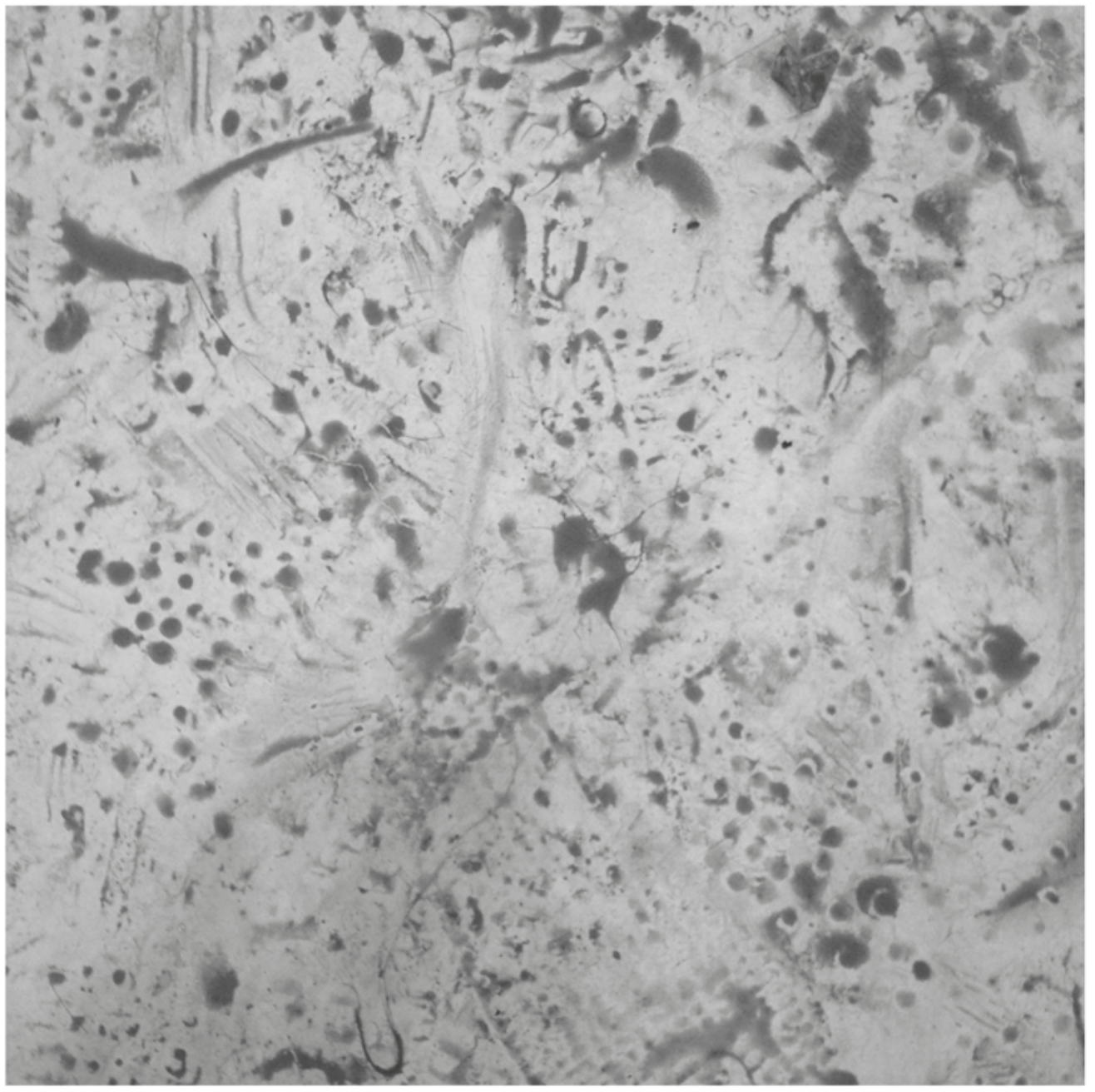
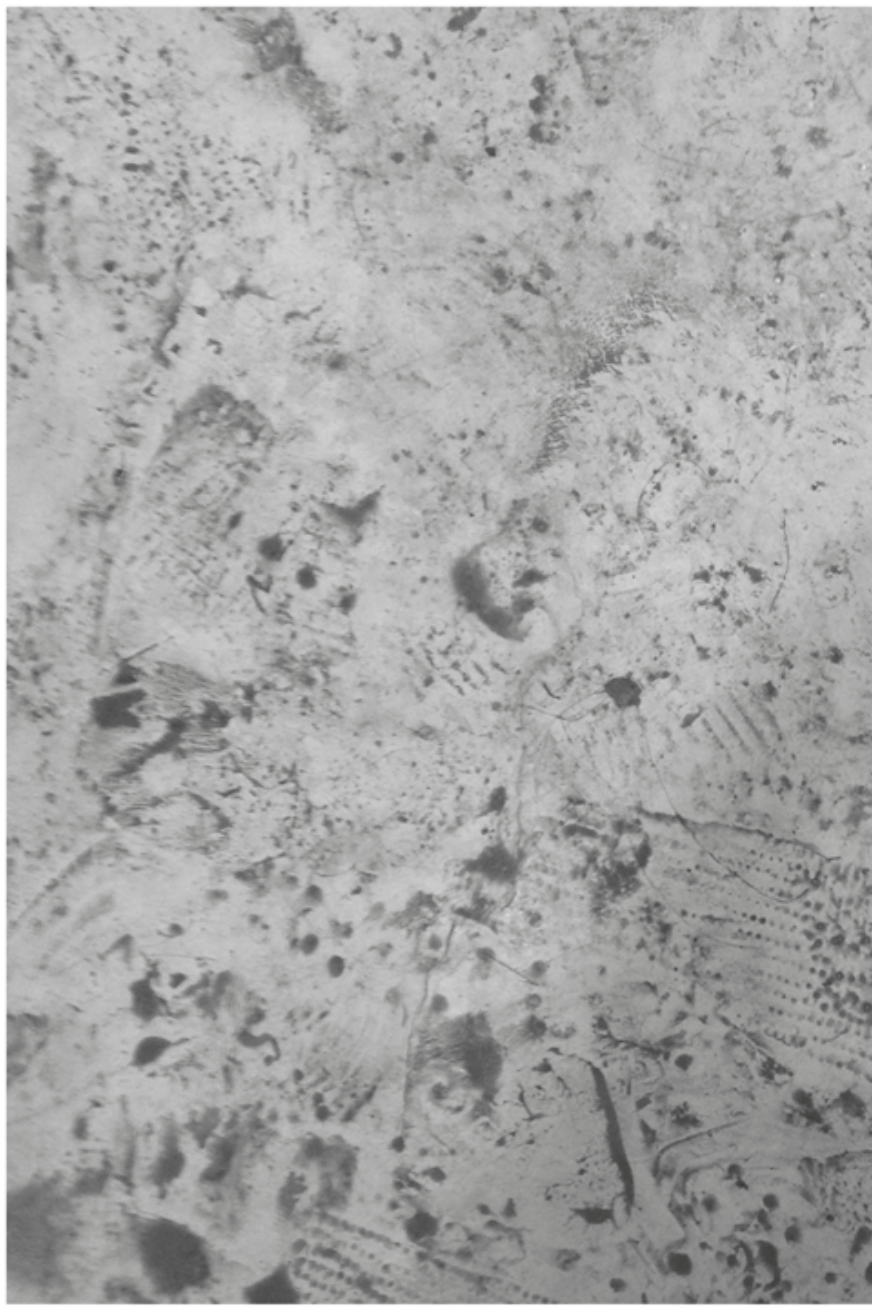
[The Studio Visit] The studio. In Córdoba, in contrast to Buenos Aires, few artists have a proper studio. Many times, after my first approach they answered "it would be a pleasure to talk with you, please do come to my studio", and when I arrived, it turned out to be a normal apartment building and they opened the door wearing crocs and *joggings*. An artist from Rosario also found remarkable this habit from Buenos Aires: "in Rosario, artists don't have a *studio*", she told me, clearly amused, emphasizing such a potent word. "It is true that many live in big houses, tough", she added, which in turn could be applied to Córdoba.
If you don't have a studio, it would seem that you are not truly an artist: you are a person who does works where you can, at university, at work. Many people from Córdoba call "studio" a certain space inside their houses, like the bathroom, or the dining room. In Buenos Aires, on the contrary, it is more usual for it to be in a different property, generally a few square meters bigger than their houses (mostly flats) and located in art-friendly areas (currently they abound in La Boca and Villa Crespo neighborhoods). There are many shared studios, and there is the paradox of artists who live in flats owned by their families but can't pay the rent of the studio in months they sold no works or if people owe them for some other jobs.
The last phenomenon in Buenos Aires artistic real-estate financial speculation seems to be the souping up of big decaying properties located in dangerous but conveniently re-zoned areas to attract inversions, with the purpose of becoming studios for young artists. Places are awarded through "open calls" (another magical word) and the chosen ones work in plain sight before curators, critics and collectors that go out for a "studio visit" to catch new talents. There are even some ventures of this kind that are allowed to pay the rent with works instead of money, which is attractive for the daily economy of the young artist and (fingers crossed) a great inversion for the patron.

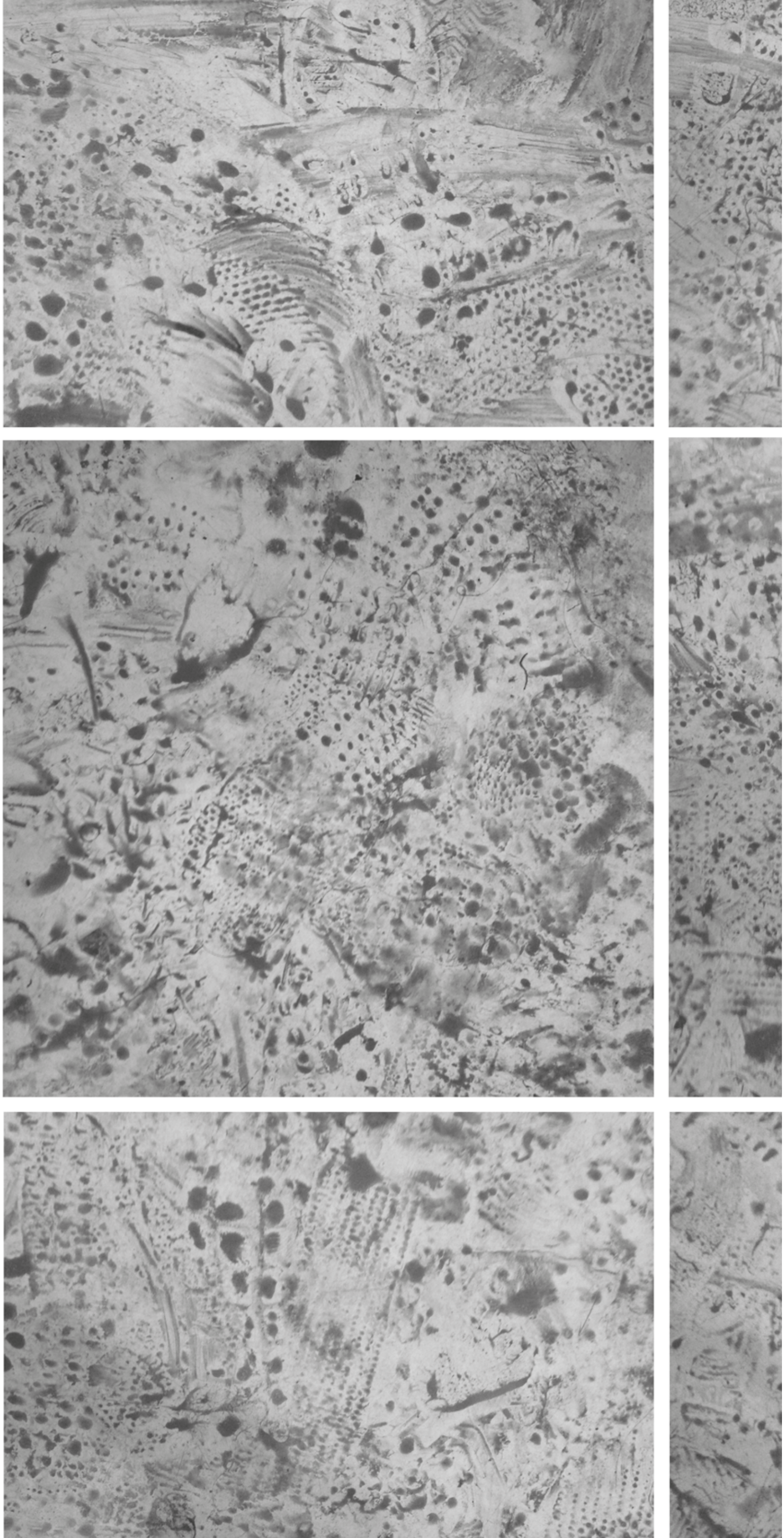
I'm beginning to begin to see the end/ of how it all goes down between me and them

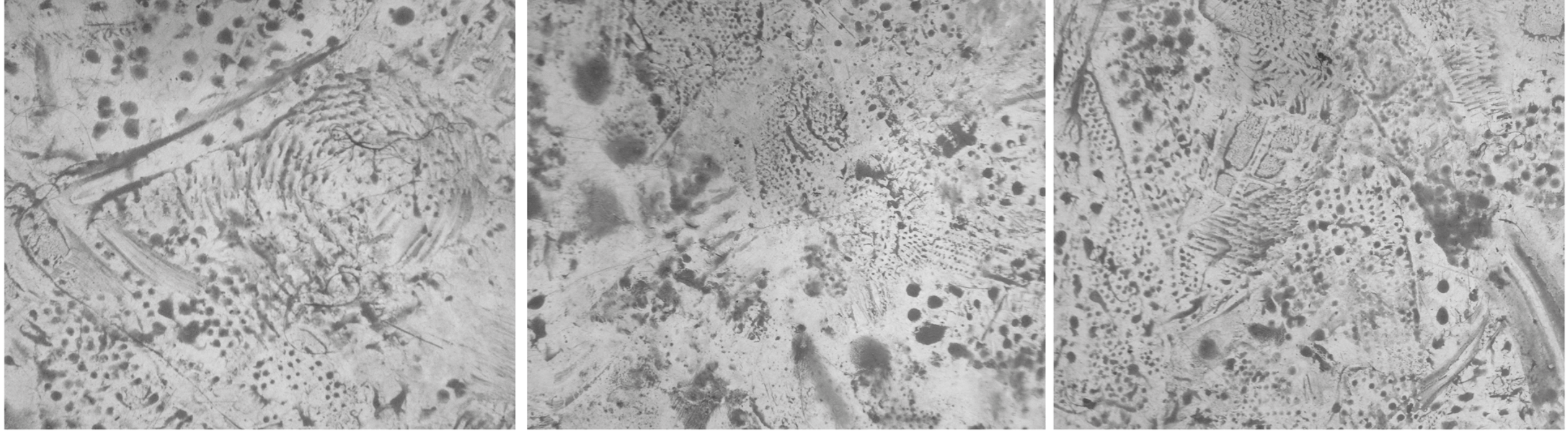
[The Biennale] 'La Bienal'. In Argentina we don't have regular contemporary art biennials. In Buenos Aires, *'La Bienal'* is a "young-art promoting platform" organized by the Deputy Department of Cultural Politics and New Audiences of the Ministry of Culture, Government of the City of Buenos Aires.

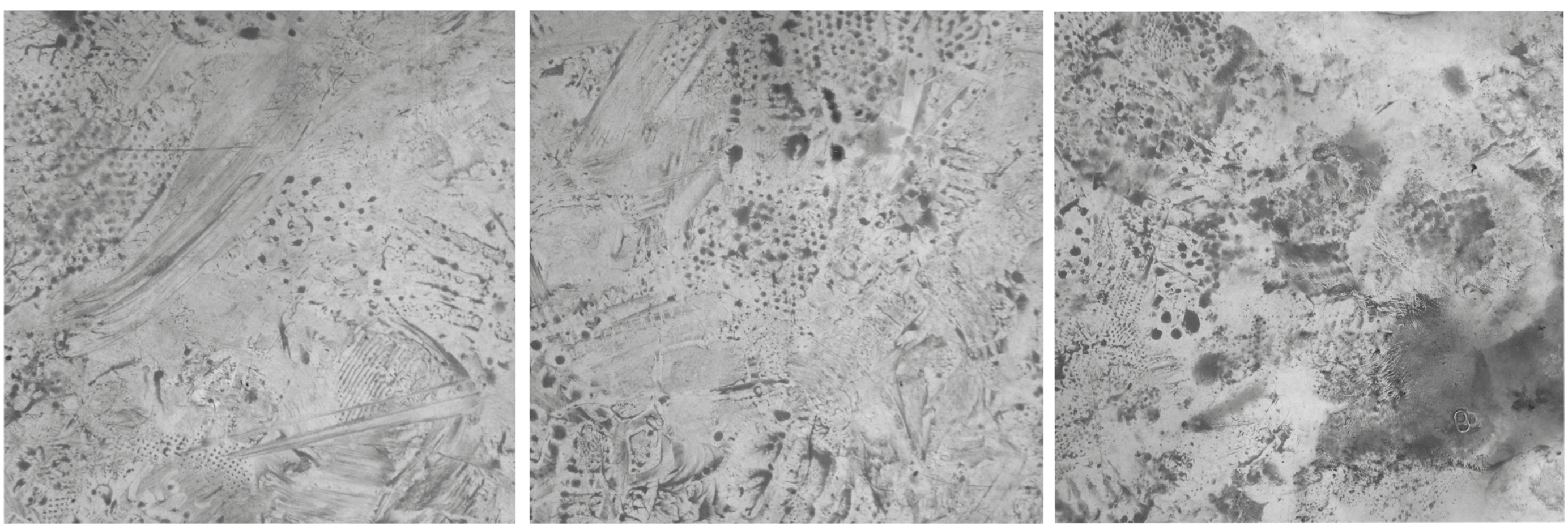
*All the epigraphs belong to Father John Misty, "Leaving LA" (Pure comedy, Sub Pop, 2017)

***Sombra de la selfie** | fotografía
Selfie shadow | photo
2018







*** Huellas de quienes fueron a la inauguración de la muestra Klapaucius;;;;;; | Prints from the attendants to the exhibition of Klapaucius ;;;;;;** Isla Flotante, 2017

Realidad disminuida | Nina Kovensky
El Gran Vidrio | arteBA 2018
Barrio Joven | BJ1

EL GRAN VIDRIO

*** Que aparezca Maresca**, Still de video, duración ´30 min, documental realizado con teléfono celular por Nina Kovensky y Mica Ritacco | That Maresca appear, still from video, duration ´30 min, documentary shot with cell phone by Nina Kovensky and Mica Ritacco, 2017

Entering the field

By Julio César Estravis Barcala

I met Nina Kovensky as an anthropologist. I was about to travel to Buenos Aires so I asked for her *email* to the legendary artist Aníbal Buede, who knew about my PhD research on the visual arts scene of Córdoba. The only reference Nina had of me, by then, was Aníbal: she had attended his crit sessions at *El Gran Vidrio gallery* during 2016. I wrote to her and she kindly invited me to her studio, which at that time was her grandmother's house in Villa del Parque (City of Buenos Aires). My teenage-years neighborhood, I said.

If a few more days had passed, though, I would have known her as a *collector*. Shortly before that travel, in August 2017, I had bought two works from her in the above-mentioned gallery -the same from which you took this magazine you are reading- not at this fair, but at the one in Córdoba. Anonymity is a difficult thing to achieve in such a small and interconnected social world as contemporary art in which *relationships* are, by far, the most important asset. Stocked with a form with the seal of the City Council, by the end of our transaction the gallerist asked all my personal information. How weird, I thought: when you go to the movies they don't ask your name, phone, e-mail… and even less if the purchase was made in cash, in a foreign currency and without invoice.

When I arrived at her home-studio I chose to keep my anthropologist cloak and not to tell her that I had bought her works: I thought it could "bias" the relationship, as we sociologists say in search of an impossible objectivity. However, she quickly confided to me she had sold some works to "a guy who's also an anthropologist, I don't know his name, I haven't get in touch with him yet." I think I kept my composure well enough, but on the inside, I was pale: Should I clear up the situation or keep on doing as if nothing has happened?

We are at the *Sociedad Rural* (Rural Association), symbol of the Argentinian farmers, those who had the leading role in "the farm battle". But we are also in the most important event of the year for the local contemporary art, a sphere where diverse agents comprising the field of arts set a date. Finally, what I am doing in different forms uninterruptedly from more than a year is known as field work or ethnography.

How do enter the field in this fair? I write to Fundación arteBA (arteBa Foundation) introducing my PhD project, with a letter of recommendation by my tutor or the National University of Córdoba (UNC) attached. I apply for a Press credential, like I did in 2008, 2009 and 2015. I talk to Nina or other friends to go out on the street with an extra credential in their pockets. I join the staff of a gallery exhibiting at the fair. I go to a free lecture, and then try to sneak into the main area. I buy the ticket.

How does Nina Kovensky get into *the field*? Father and mother artists. First exhibition, 10 years old /2003 Elitist liberal public secondary school depending on Buenos Aires University (UBA). *Barrio Joven at arteBA with Júpiter*, a gallery managed by her father and his wife (also an artist) /2009-2010-2011 (uncredited). Casual meeting on the street with Nani Lamarque, jokes about the cacophony Nani-Nina, first exhibition at *Isla Flotante gallery, 18 years old /2011*. Barrio Joven at arteBA with Isla Flotante gallery /2012(uncredited)-2013-2014. Córdoba. Casual meeting on Facebook with Catalina Urtubey, who had studied drawing with her father, first exhibition at El Gran Vidrio with Martín Kovensky /2016. Buenos Aires. Artists Program-Torcuato Di Tella University /2017. *Barrio Joven* at arteBA with El Gran Vidrio /2018.

Did somebody talk about art?

Entrar al campo

Por Julio César Estravis Barcala

Conocí a Nina Kovensky como antropólogo. Estaba por viajar a Buenos Aires y le pedí su *mail* al mítico artista Aníbal Buede, quien estaba enterado de mi investigación de doctorado sobre la escena de las artes visuales contemporáneas en Córdoba. La única referencia que tenía Nina de mí, entonces, era Aníbal: ella había asistido a su clínica en la galería El Gran Vidrio durante 2016. Le escribí y amablemente me invitó a su taller, en ese entonces la casa de su abuela en Villa del Parque. Mi barrio de adolescencia, le dije.

Si hubieran pasado unos días más, la habría conocido como *coleccionista*. Poco antes de aquel viaje, en agosto de 2017, había comprado dos obras suyas en la antedicha galería -la misma en la cual Ud. tomó el diario que ahora está leyendo- pero no en esta feria sino en la de Córdoba. El anonimato es muy difícil de alcanzar en un mundo social pequeño e interconectado como el del arte contemporáneo en el cual las *relaciones* son, por lejos, lo más importante. Munida de un formulario con el sello de la Municipalidad, al concretar nuestra transacción la galerista me tomó todos los datos. Raro, pensé: cuando vas al cine no te piden nombre, dirección, teléfono, mail... y menos si la venta es en efectivo, en moneda extranjera y sin factura ni ticket fiscal.

Cuando llegué a su casa-taller elegí mantener mi traje de antropólogo y no decirle que había comprado obras suyas: me pareció que podía "sesgar" la relación, como decimos los sociólogos en busca de una inalcanzable objetividad. Sin embargo, rápidamente me contó que había vendido unas obras en la feria "a un chico que también es antropólogo, no sé cómo se llama, todavía no me pusieron en contacto con él." Creo que disimulé bien, pero por dentro me puse pálido: ¿debía blanquear la situación o seguir actuando como si nada hubiera sucedido?

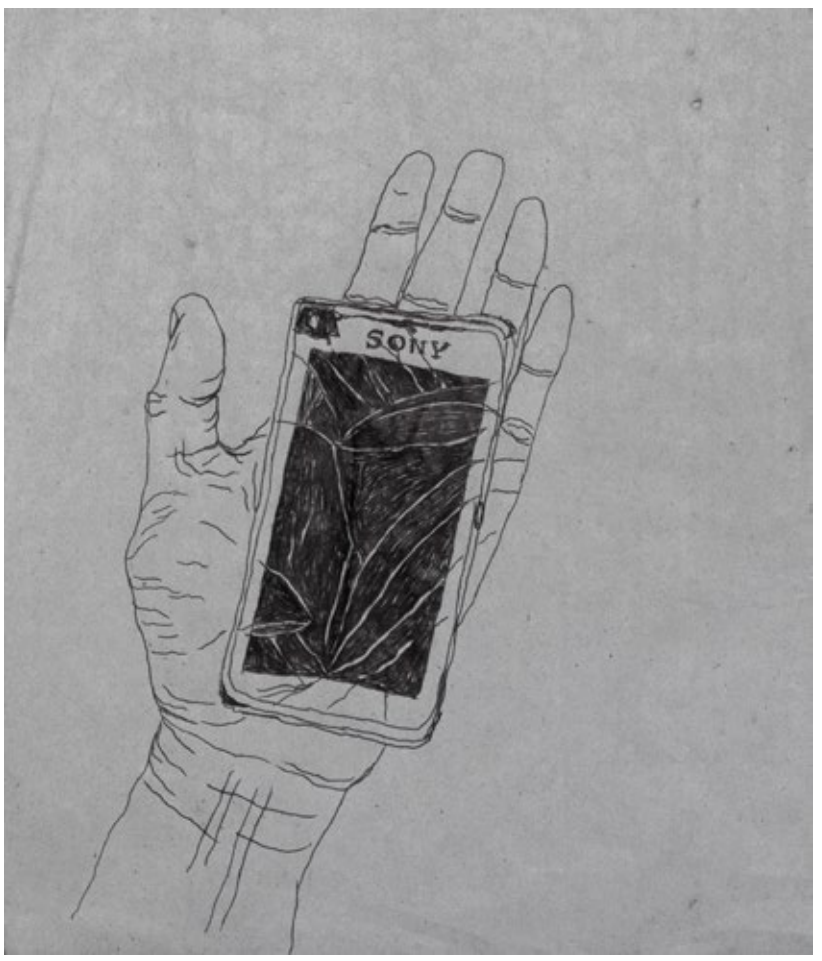
Estamos en la Sociedad Rural, emblema del campo *argentino*, ese que supo protagonizar hace ya diez años el *conflicto del campo*. Pero también estamos en el evento más importante del año para el arte contemporáneo local, un ámbito en el que se dan cita los diversos agentes que componen el *campo del arte*. Por último, lo que yo estoy haciendo bajo diversas formas ininterrumpidamente desde hace más de un año se conoce como *trabajo de campo* o etnografía.

¿Cómo ingreso al campo en esta feria? Escribo a la Fundación arteBA presentándoles mi proyecto de doctorado, adjuntando una carta de presentación de mi directora o de la Universidad Nacional de Córdoba. Solicito una acreditación de Prensa, como hice en 2008, 2009 y 2015. Hablo con Nina o con otros amigos/as para que salgan a la vereda con una credencial extra en el bolsillo. Me sumo al staff de una galería que exponga en la feria. Paso a una charla gratuita y luego intento colarme al pabellón principal. Compro la entrada.

¿Cómo ingresa al campo Nina Kovensky? Padre y madre artistas. Primera muestra a los 10 años, Escuela secundaria pública-liberal-de-élite dependiente de la UBA (2003). Barrio Joven de arteBA con Júpiter, galería gestionada por su padre y su esposa (también artista)(2009/2010/2011)(*uncredited*). Encuentro casual en la calle con Nani Lamarque, bromas sobre la cacofonía Nani-Nina, primera muestra en Isla Flotante a los 18 años (2011). Barrio Joven de arteBA con Isla Flotante (2012 (uncredited)/2013/2014). Córdoba. Encuentro casual vía Facebook con Catalina Urtubey, quien había estudiado dibujo con su padre, primera muestra en El Gran Vidrio con Martín Kovensky (2016). Buenos Aires. Programa de Artistas, Universidad Torcuato Di Tella (2017). Barrio Joven de arteBA con El Gran Vidrio (2018).

¿Alguien habló de arte?

*** Computadora con la cámara tapada** | Computer with covered camera, 2018 (Coco Nexión)



*** Customiza tu destino,** dibujo de Clara Esborraz,(artista invitada) | Customize your destiny, drawing by Clara Esborraz,(invited artist), 2017

*** Nina Kovensky, subte B, un Domingo de 2018.** Foto: Daniel Leber | Nina Kovensky, B subway, a Sunday in 2018, Photo: Daniel Leber

BIO | Nina Kovensky

She was born the tenth month of pregnancy, the 21st of April 1993, in Buenos Aires, capital city; that night, power went off at the hospital. When she was one, Liliana Maresca died, they never met in person. Nina grows up between the city and the hills of Córdoba, learns about insects and from TV. The lie of 1 to 1 exchange policy allows her to play with a Gameboy, in the road, during siesta time, or in the break at primary school, but she never does her homework. She learns to walk barefoot on the grass when she is nine years old, with her extended family.

She attended secondary school at Carlos Pellegrini School on the night shift; at the same time the years of mess and restructuration, 20-day school strikes, bomb threats; she dares to speak out loud in student assemblies. She graduates and the same day learns to ride a bike. She tries to study Environmental sciences, but she devotes herself to exhibitions at Isla Flotante gallery. She is accepted by Casa escuela de arte. She participates in fairs, starts writing for a blog, shoots every day with a Gopro on her head (a black box that allows her to turn off her conscience). She collapses. She finds shelter in Córdoba, turns 20 at the house where Atahualpa Yupanqui lived and died. She recovers slowly, meanwhile the city accelerates. She learns the arts of vegan cooking, and to play the guitar; she keeps exhibiting at fairs. El Gran Vidrio invites her to do a show with her father, calling the exhibition “Unstable Balance”. She participates in the crit sessions “Puesta en Órbita” coordinated by Aníbal Buede and finds out that she wants to devote herself to management. She impulsively organizes 6 individual exhibitions at the basement of the restaurant where she works, once a week. She invites friends to write, edits fanzines and toasts with wine. She joins Mic Ritacco to make a documentary about how her parents met. Liliana Maresca had introduced them. Nina comes back to her birth city to meet again the origin of her history, to share with peers. She enrolls in the Artists Program at Torcuato Di Tella University to share her creations. Currently, she produces and manages a space called Alpha Centauri, at Espacio Cultural Mi Casa, in the Abasto neighborhood.

EL GRAN VIDRIO

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