

**RODRIGO MORALES**  
**“YOU’RE WELCOME”**  
**THE COMPLETE FILES**



**R**odrigo was pure ambition, an attitude that pervades his participation throughout the timeline of the Seven Eleven events. At Pratt Institute, years earlier, he pursued the challenge of rendering topical, cultural moments in graphic, color-saturated visuals. His instructors deemed his work irrelevant to the greater concerns of the conceptually-theoretical discourse of that period. Rodrigo graduated with little encouragement. Rebounding, Rodrigo became consumed by the recognition of commerce as a thin veneer influencing the prickly, predisposed virtues expressed in a variety of aesthetic disciplines. Depicting the world as a visual state of being requires retrieving the chunky debris isolated within the landscape of commercial utility and animating these fragments to become tools of the palette as opposed to merely crafting a visual, pop-social critique. He gained his stride with commercial clients, and together with a couple of colleagues, he formed a loose collective of freelance designers. It was these two colleagues who collaborated on the extended t-shirt projects. In the temporary confinement of the convenience market, the freelancers diligently continued with the design work. Despite their incessant effort to

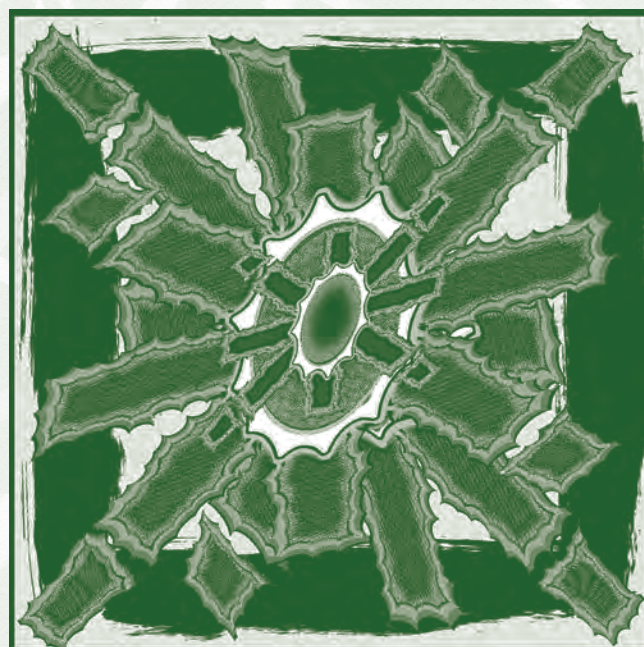
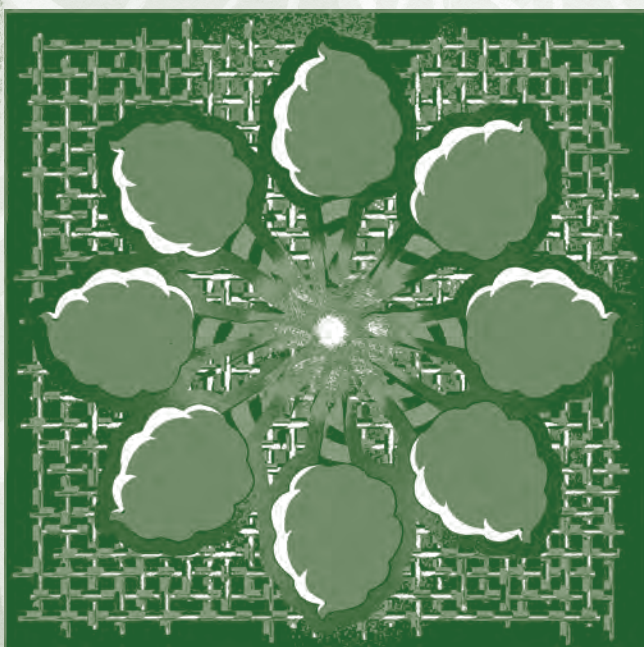
correspond with the client—after confirming the tech was fully functioning—they never received any type of reply or confirmation. Within the series of Seven Eleven events and the set of complete files, unanswered questions are not necessarily fodder for conspiracy. However, after extensive interviews and the technical and operational verification of the outgoing message capability, the whereabouts and identity of the alleged client(s) remain unknown. The additional complication of the point-of-sale register with the reconfigured motherboard led to the suggestion that it could have been the portal for the incoming open-channel stream phenomenon, which subsequently became the pinnacle of controversy. After the seven large panels of the rogue stream were eventually printed and decrypted to reveal the shocking discovery of the previously unknown DNA codes, the unexplained issue of the client remains a piece of the story that requires continued investigation. The time line of the Seven Eleven events remains peppered with problematic issues regarding what was, in fact, sent in advance of the incoming DNA material. And did these simple design files produced by Rodrigo and his colleagues serve as an initial form of contact? To whom and to where?

What exactly was Rodrigo exporting?

[NAME] Publications presents the exhibition, “You’re Welcome/ Rodrigo Morales/ The Complete Files,” edited by Dennis Balk. Following the publication of “Seven Eleven, The Complete Files” (Channel 171), this exhibition is the first public offering of this digressive, culturally sensitive material. The exhibition includes the preparatory design compositions produced by Rodrigo Morales—a personality in the Seven Eleven chronicle—in the form of mood boards and composition studies. The majority of these boards were produced in advance of the Seven Eleven event. Some were composed during a short period after the convenience market event using printed tests of design work, visual scrap, and other materials from various incoming streams. Also included and printed for the exhibition are a set of the full-scale t-shirt design explorations that were produced during the confinement period. These files represent the digital work produced in the Seven Eleven using the reconfigured point-of-sale cash register. Also printed for the exhibition, at scale, are several of the unintended, author-less files that were streamed through the register. The Journal/ Document: “My Seven Eleven/ Rodrigo Morales,” produced for the exhibition by [NAME], includes the complete set of journals and interviews, including eyewitness accounts and a selection of previously unpublished critical backstories.

*The Rodrigo Morales scarves collection, produced by the Large Panel Feeds Foundation, is an interesting intersection at the point where luxury-based fashion is infused with pop street wear and the semiotics of disposable culture, which is exactly the point and perhaps not all that unique or original. The bonus, for we the attendees, is the inventive historical schism, which is implied by the influence of modernist Hannah af Klimt's physics that fulfills the expectation of originality. — The Cut: style, vision, and culture*

*The Rodrigo Morales scarves could not have arrived at a better time in the luxury street wear crash and burn brands and the exhausted formulas of pattern and composition. Death by abstraction, hyped to death. His microscope was tuned to the exploding stars on an unfamiliar and distant horizon. In the post-apocalyptic afterburn, unwittingly set in motion generations earlier with the figurative culture-essence of James Rosenquist, the adherence to the formulaic logic of Frank Stella and the spiral-recurrence mathematics of Benoit Mandelbrot, wrap yourself in a Morales scarf and forage in glam. — Highsnobriety*



*In the empty space following the implosion of Jeremy Scott's Moschino and the remaining shards and splinters of pop crapola, we find the Rodrigo Morales effort. What demarcates his scarf collection are the inspired patterns of cosmological narratives spinning in the flat graphic space of newly discovered familiarity. — Global Garbs*

*Pop semiotics hang in the air with endless tenacity. This time, luckily for us, the payoff—literally speaking—is a vision of consumer hyperspace full of diamonds and other assorted jewels. The Rodrigo Morales collection spins us into a pattern-world rabbit hole. There's a Robert Indiana, Tom Wesselmann vibe that explodes out of the clutter; infinitely rewarding. — The Fashion Advocate*

**Journal Entry**— *DayQuil and beer let me survive. The symbols on the back of my eyes eventually disappeared; my vision came back, and that gave me the sense that I wasn't alone, and by that I don't mean extraterrestrials. What I do mean is that mental collapse is not uncommon, and it's not imaginary. Over-the-counter fake amphetamines and alcohol were not the reason for the sudden awareness that my body had been penetrated by forces and personalities I could never imagine. Imagination is capped by intelligence, and I'm not that smart. What I am beginning to understand is that concepts like infinity and other Einsteinian conundrums cannot be dissected by configuring words, pictures, or numbers. The universe has the capacity to open and show itself. RM*

**Journal Entry**— *In the cinder block county jail cell, I do halfway remember a doctor or medical person coming and going. There was another guy in there, Haim, and he told me I was talking in long, broken sentences. He gave me a notepad and a ballpoint pen. It seemed suspicious. A ballpoint pen in a jail cell? I wasn't thinking. I was only writing. It's a very strange way of communicating. Writing without thinking. No doubt it looked strange as hell. Rapid fire incoherent coherency. I know now I was transcribing what I was being told. They weren't my thoughts. It was my resistance that broke up the coherency of their language. It might have been the cinder blocks that somehow changed the fluctuation of the contact current; I can't be sure, and honestly, I don't want to know. I never knew what happened to Haim. I wish him well. He'll resurface someday with his own story. A guy down on his luck is the start of every story. By the time I was finished filling the notepads, the sheriff guy came in, unlocked the cell door, and I was off to Flagstaff. RM*



Many things can be said about Rodrigo, most of them clichés: wrong place at the wrong time; a series of unfortunate events; bad things happen to good people. One thing is certain: Rodrigo was an honest person, a kind-hearted soul, and an inspired designer. When the complete and final truths of the Seven Eleven event finally reach light of the day, and the whereabouts of Morales is revealed, that will be the final story told.— **DENNIS BALK** [NAME] Miami 2023



*“The cash register was limited in terms of what we could produce using it. Currency algorithms don't translate well into pixel and vector tools. We had to use what we had. By day three or four, we had a garbage bag full of soda and beer cans. They're really colorful when you actually study them. It was an obvious next step: smash them flat and build simple form-as-pattern designs. We all thought they looked great, and we used them in a variety of the templates we were able to produce with the register. As for the greater significance, I believe that's clear to any student of aesthetics. Beauty can be anywhere and made of anything. End-of-days global catastrophe aside, we thought they'd sell.”*

*“When you're trapped in a convenience market, eventually you sink to the lowest common denominator, the useless utility of the slogan. Slogan t-shirts not only represent the infantilizing of collective consciousness; they literally are the inhabited form of reciprocally communicative half thoughts, abrogated opinions waved like flags by the cobbled-together intellects of the victim-ignorant. We thought for sure they would sell! Start with leftist ambiguity, add a half ounce of utopic progressivism, a cup of idiosyncratic blather, and a pinch of the seasoned affirmation of political righteousness—colorful but not garish. A design formula we thought would appeal to both artists and street vendors.”*