PER ME SI VA

(2023)

↳ PAVILHÃO BRANCO, GALERIAS MUNICIPAIS, LISBOA

It’s this breeze! Do you smell it?

Do you recognise the brackish smell of the algae in the canal?

This breeze brings back so many memories.
A silent agony every time I return.

I ask you how you are, expecting your answer to be as usual a surprise. I am pleased that you are here, and thanks to you, this text is a sum of all the artificial stuff, an unnatural arrangement of the words. Do not worry about the lack of commas or the abundance of pleonasms. To understand it, you just have to come closer to my aesthetic habits, to poien, and accept that tales are peopled with fantasy characters and the heavens in paintings can be golden and not just the colour of lapis-lazuli, as in Galla Placidia.

We need to heal the soul.
Moreover, the perspective on things is just as important as the things themselves.

Let’s go!
For every Creon there is an Antigone, a perfect conflictual balance, reductio ad unum of one and the other world.

Guadalupe, do you hear me?

With a flute in your mouth and a tambourine in your hand, you ride a scabbard fish in the company of a fox with a long, bushy tail. The clouds seem to be a lie, tuffs of greenery up to the neck, roads of stone and dust. Jean, the white-socked cat has gone, and us? You go, you go, I´ll go next; the road is still long. A certain melancholy has engulfed me. Under the flowery branches of the pomegranate, one survives, thanks to a deep love or bitter irony.

Do, undo, redo.
Do, undo, redo.
Do, undo, redo.

A lantern of illusions and escape plans and disaggregated perspectives.

Specchi per le allodole.

Pay attention to this story: In the absence of reason, oneirically fluid, the large intestine stopped functioning. However, the man in the long-sleeved pullover and cap pulled down to his eyes, was gathering, bent over on his knees and uninterruptedly, everything the sea had to offer him. The light, the gestures, the braids of the hair.

Slow down! What you are saying is nothing but a hallucination. It's all a flashback, an evocation of a memory that dissolves in the mist. A psychic and ambivalent automatism.

Do you prefer milk or lemon in your tea?

My way of being may be ambiguous or my scrutiny of the hierarchized use of colours may have been too fast, but I am certain that, implicitly, I have given you tips for a more ductile and accurate, critical interpretation. And the wind, once again, carries here among us what is not here and the truth appears to be a different one.

As a starting point and nothing more, clarity is overestimated. Everything I know appears as a poem lost in translation from one language to the other. Let us keep our eyes open.

Understand me: We are in the middle of the night of the fleeting stars, which have been linked to a supreme vertigo. Nothing, certainly, because in the morning, when we open our eyes, it is very probable that the dream will dissolve or transforms into hope. I surrender to myself, to my own cognitive stratagems, to the desires expressed in secret, to the inhospitable surrounded by fire, to the writ of words, to the strangeness of your tragic walk at the height of glory and on the edge of a fervent abyss.

I am a gregarian spirit, an invisible barefoot being with the illusion of transforming a sunset into rain; I am a master of blending colour ranges, the greatest equilibrist between light and dark, arabesques and Japanese prints.

I abhor the arbitrariness of the margins, the inside always outside and the outside always inside, I want my desires to be based on my thoughts. I only think based on the words I have. I do not abuse exoticism, I freely adopt uneven codes, I am interested in expanding formats, I juxtapose spaces, closer, farther, foreground and horizon. I am like this, a blue, green and purple talisman. White is my light, I am succinct but wordy, I name things, my rhythm is a visual anaphora of people, my line is full of metaphors.

What do you think of weltanschauung? The voice can be abrasive, but when the reality is complex, amnesia is immediate.

WRITTEN BY
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