
Pablo
Pijnappel
Works

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Works
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Contents

	7	Preface
	8	Introduction
<hr/>		
2020-2017	12	The Zone
	16	Beyond Imagination / Zona de Crepúsculo
	20	Sensual Exercises
	24	2008 Wasn't a Good Year
<hr/>		
2016	36	Russian Funeral
	44	From Candy To Ashes
	50	The Highlands
	60	Cinemas Of Copacabana
	66	The Ghost Of Cine Condor
	68	From Admiration To Shyness
	74	Cinemaresia
	78	Image-Memories
	88	The Open
<hr/>		
2015	92	Em frente ao oceano
	96	Now We'll Go 'Til The End
<hr/>		
2014	104	The Party
	116	Casa da Michèlé
	124	Pareciam ser de um cinza translúcido
<hr/>		
2013	130	Lucas Goes To Church

Table of Contents

134 **Nima**

138 **The Playmakers**

144 **Lucas**

2012

152 **Sebastian**

2011

160 **Quirijn**

166 **A Vision in Time**

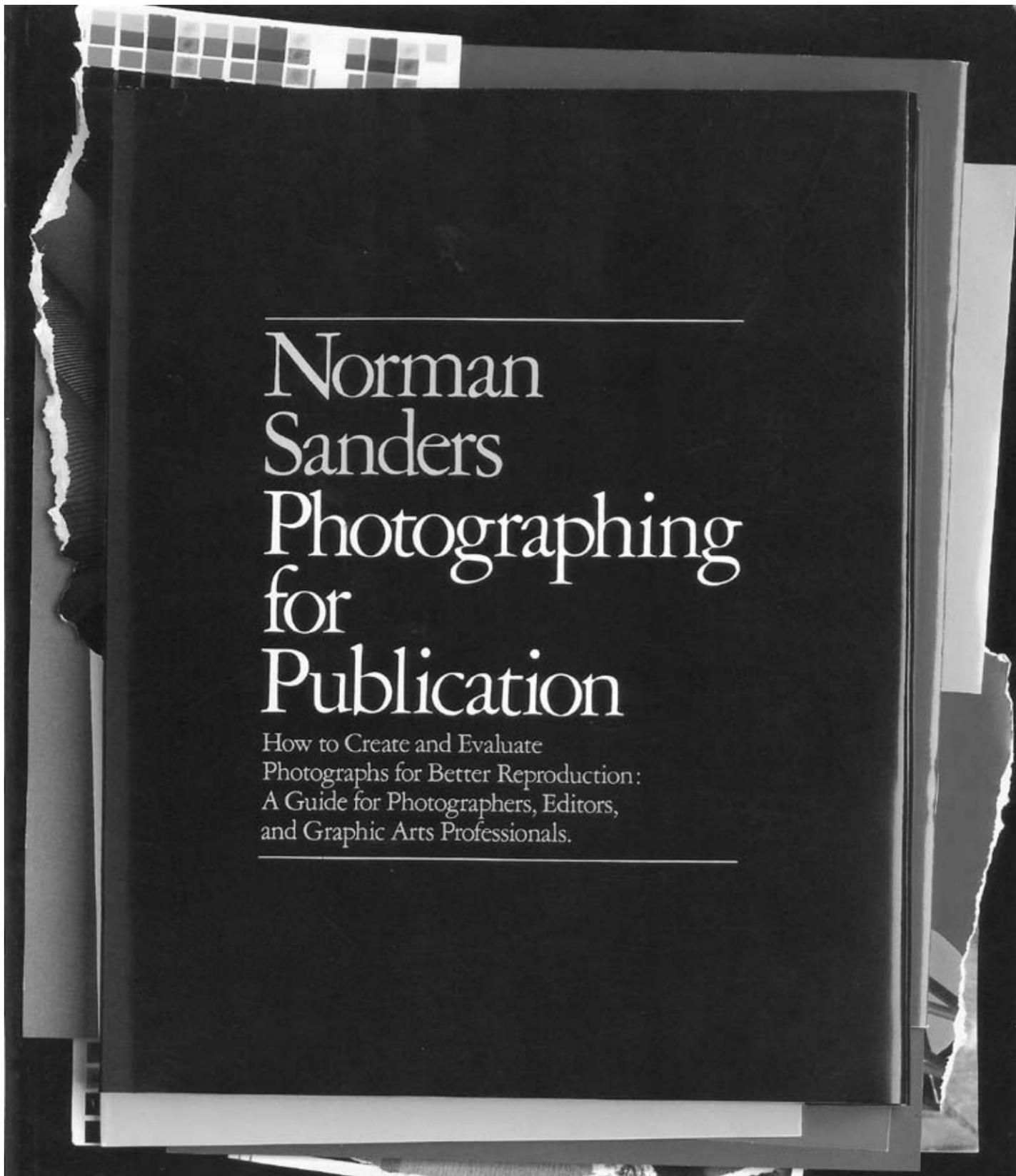
2010–2005

172 **Fontenay-aux-Roses**

174 **Homer**

Curriculum Vitae

176 **Felicitas**



Preface

Although in many ways I remain an experimental filmmaker at heart, since 2013 I have started to engage more often with forms that go beyond the audiovisual based mediums. For many years working mostly within the paradigm of the moving-image, I dedicated quite some of that time to a certain archeology of cinema, using the 16 mm and the slide film at a time when these type of analog technique was rapidly being made considered out-dated as the new cheap low-quality products brought by the digital revolution flooded the market. I found their inherited transparent process, endowed in their relative primitiveness within the context of binary language-based machines, as a ready-made deconstruction of image making and re-making. Therefore, the 16 mm and the slide-projector proved to be very adequate tools to help me desiccate the image constructions made by our psychic apparatus.

Almost ten years later, I feel now that a certain chapter of my oeuvre is complete and that I can move forward into new grounds: Text based works, performances, audio installations and site specific works are some of the languages that I decided to borrow to expand my exploration of the relation between narrative and memory.

Because of the nature of these works, which opposed to films and slide-installations, happen often hors du champ, that is to say in a space and time outside a frame which cannot be disseminated after the fact as a video documentation, for the first time the need was created to have a more traditional catalogue, where an explanatory text can be read along with photographs, that together try to emulate something that has been made for, or in, a specific place and situation. As it happens, the com-

plications involved in the relation between text and image are part of my practice, allowing me to approach the otherwise daunting task of documentation as another creative endeavor.

The catalogue which you have now spread on your screen has its design and layout appropriated of a book I once found in the throw-away carton box of a friend who was moving between studios, and who had Mr. Sanders as a teacher in art-school — presumably in his photography class. Since the field of photography is pertinent to me, which in Richard Prince's words — very cynically put in his trial for the *Canal Zone* works — is a precursor of the download and copy-and-paste of images, I found the arbitrariness to buccaneer this book convincing enough.

During my own early study in fine arts in the V.A.V. (Previously Audiovisual) department of the Gerrit Rietveld Academy in Amsterdam, I was taught that the process is more important than the end result — which mainly meant that they wanted you coming to class rather than only showing up in the day of the exam. Therefore this catalogue should be considered an on-going project, which will be constantly improved and expanded (towards both the future and the past) as I continue to make newer works and unearth documentation from earlier ones. Please do not hesitate to ask for further material.

Rio de Janeiro, January 2015

Photographing for Publication by Norman Sanders, published in 1983.

Introduction

Formally, my work explores the mechanisms of memory through storytelling. To tell stories is always to look back, or at least, to project the past into the future. I'm fascinated with our inherent aptitude of abstracting time into key moments creating constantly a narrative of our past. My works convey in underlying this premise by presenting stories that haven't been thoroughly finished and left partly fragmented — not very unlike an incomplete jigsaw puzzle — in order that each one will have to place the pieces together in the attempt of making a coherent story from it. Inevitably, each viewer makes their own version, using their pool of images and of knowledge in their mind to fill in the gaps.

Sigmund Freud in his first book, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, mentions that our recollection of a dream we had on the previous night is nothing but a constructed memory of a far more fragmented and irrational unconscious impulse. In fact, Freud says that as we remember the dream we adjust events in a more coherent order and perhaps fill in the remaining gaps of an illogical dream sequence with ready-made thoughts from previous dreams or fantasies (e.g., day-dreams). He names this reflex of consciousness as Secondary Revision; he claims to be the same agency that makes optical illusion possible, or sonorous illusion, for that matter (like hearing our name being shouted by a complete stranger, only to realize that the word uttered was actually very different).

When I first read that theory, I immediately had to remember something that Chris Marker once said: "Actually, when we are in a cinema what we are watching for most of the time is darkness. For every frame of a picture the shutter from the projector closes twice. It's in the darkness that a story sets in our minds." This reflex, Freud's Second-

ary Revision, that our minds does in order to make unfinished information a complete coherent whole is what makes the illusion of cinema possible, as well as, perhaps, dreams and memory.

A French communication entrepreneur and former journalist, Franck Frommer, wrote the book, *La Pensée PowerPoint*, which states the dangers of abusing the Microsoft application. He argues that PowerPoint can forestall criticism upon a given project being presented, hiding flaws in logic in the proposal of the orator by its (almost hypnotic) power of illustration (bright colored images being projected in the dark) that help to give weak arguments the illusion of coherence. According to Frommer, "PowerPoint c'est du Cinéma". Another book, on the same apparently banal subject, is *The Cognitive Style of Power Point*, by the American Edward Tufte, that demonstrates how the graphic and discursive mechanism of PowerPoint helped Colin Powell "sell" to the United Nations the existence of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq...

The combination of text with image plays a strong role in conveying the compelling meaning. According to Ronald Barthes, photographs are de-connoted images waiting to be connoted by words like any newspaper can prove. I feel that the written and spoken language, juxtaposed with images form one and the same cognitive thinking, just like our perception apparatus is constituted of consciousness and unconsciousness. "When we dream we think in images and when we are awake we think in concepts," Freud once suggested.

As a subject, my films sometimes employ the convention of storytelling of having some kind of protagonist as a seeing-eye, an object of identification, who is invariably someone that has a nomadic nature,

having changed radically of environment, who walked out of the beaten path, or a place as a subject where this kind of characters transit, a sort of hubs for adventurers and lost souls, that usually are places of transition and of transformation. These protagonists usually resemble someone real or an existing place is seen through peculiar angle; is irrelevant if they are fictional or not, as they are merely subjects, case-studies, for an examination of our construction of space and time.

Performance, 60 min

The Zone (A Zona)

2020-2015

This work originated in 2015 as one of three site-specific works commissioned for the group show *A Mão Negativa*, that took place in Parque Lage, Rio de Janeiro. The venue, which is an interesting hybrid between an art-school, an exhibition space and a public park, contains in its grounds a strange and labyrinthine garden, which, alongside an ostentatious neoclassical villa, was made in the early XX century by a sugar-cane plantation owner, as a gift to his eccentric wife, an Italian opera singer. During the performance, the public was taken for a walk across the park, which between other things, includes a fake medieval tower, a large stone aquarium, and a slave's bathhouse, while I recounted six dreams I had. The dreams all had in common the fact of being very vivid and cinematic in their storytelling, as well as particularly fitting to the nearly lunatic landscape that the park's garden offers.

The walk is presented as a guided tour through the park, and as the place — I call it The Zone — where

I have witnessed certain improbable events at night. Slowly, as the different dreams intertwine into one narrative, the garden, and everything around the park's grounds, suggest the cartography of someone's unconscious. Although the subject of sleep or dreams are never directly enunciated, the audience is induced to infer that they might be dreaming themselves.

The dreams' provenance is an archive that I had been building for the last eight or nine years, by taping accounts after waking up from some gripping night excursions, that are particularly clear due to my recurrent interrupted sleep caused by insomnia. As part of my ongoing research into the psychic mechanisms which render both remembering and storytelling, working with unconscious material, i.e. spontaneous narratives, is a logical step. The fact that these dreams are filled with cinematographic references — including violence — give them the capacity of reflecting how the consumption of popular culture becomes ingrained in our minds. It



Performance outside Ibêre Camargo Foundation, 2018. Photo by Andrew de Freitas

was under that interpretation that I shaped my persona in the performance, the guide or keeper in the walk, inspired on the hosts of anthology TV series, such as Hitchcock's Hour, or more appropriately, The Twilight Zone. And last, but not least, I named the park The Zone, as a direct reference to Tarkovsky's The Stalker.

After the first edition, the performance was subsequently re-made and adapted, as a site-specific, to two different venues. One version was made in 2017 for the exhibition Unanimous Night, curated again by Bernardo de Souza, in CAC, Lithu-

ania. The group of participants were escorted during a night walk in a ousted proletarian neighborhood, on the other side of the tracks that cross the Central Station in Vilnius.

What followed in this version were descriptions of (fragments of) dreams I had, interweaved with the punning of the word "nightmare" and a dream by Borges; juxtaposed with scenarios that although don't necessary directly connect with the narratives, they double on their lyric visuality and deceptive atmosphere.

The third edition, was made in 2018 for a solo-exhibition titled Zona de

Crepúsculo in Ibêre Camargo Foundation, in Porto Alegre, Brazil. This time an actor was used who performed the guided tour many times across two months. The walk would commence after-hours, when the Foundation was closed, and would whirl along its spiralling ramps upwards, and then downwards, until it reached the underground levels. Once there the visitors were taken to a woods nearby where they were left on their own.

Performance in Vilnius, Lithuania, 2017. Photo by Oliver Bulas



Performance in Parque Lage, Rio de Janeiro, 2015. Photo by Daniel Jablonski.

book; 11x28 cm, 192 pages, b&w

2019

Beyond Imagination / A Zona de Crepúsculo

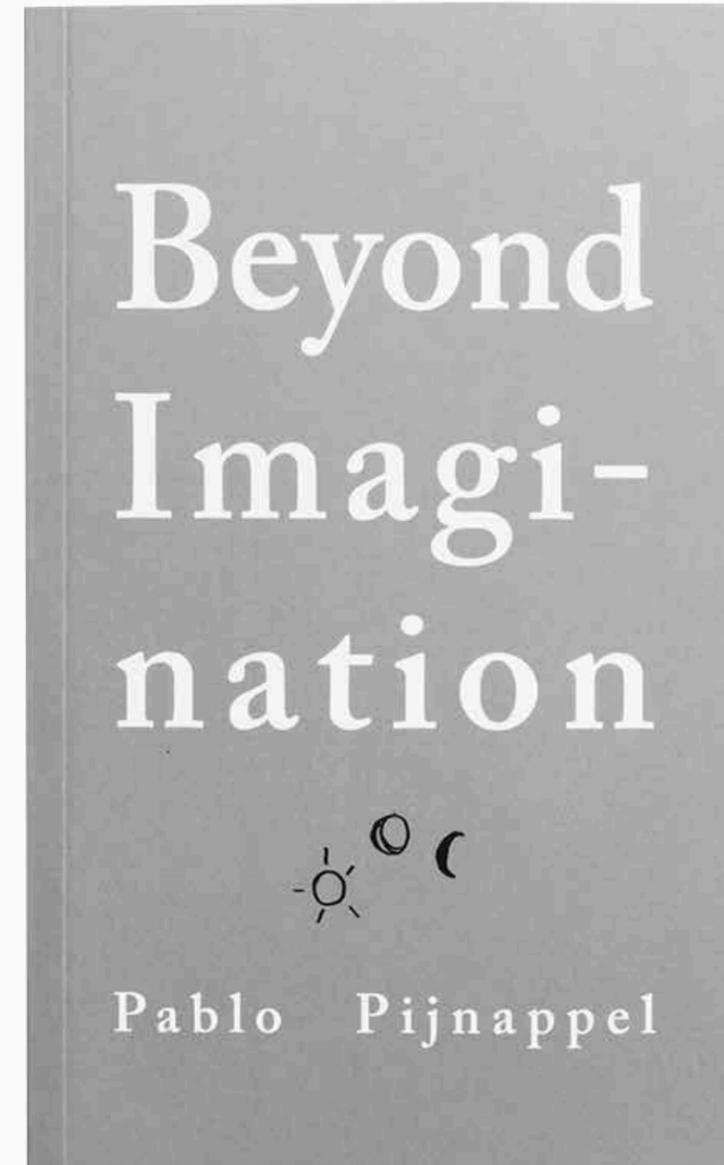
This book is comprised of literary renderings from fourteen monologues used in the three versions of my performance *The Zone 2015-2018* (see page XX). It was published on the occasion of my solo exhibition (with a slight delay), *Zona de Crepúsculo*, at the Iberê Camargo Foundation, in 2018, curated by Bernardo José de Souza.

The main focus of the book is the impossibility of translation and what Edouard Glissant names “the right for opaqueness”. In other words, I bring forth the idea of transformation, distortion, appropriation, interpretation and even a contingent poetics, that occurs when adapting one form to another (in this case, first visual-language to spoken language as operated in the performance, and then from spoken to written text in two languages).

Since the book had to be bilingual (in this case Portuguese and English), something that involves always a kind of redundancy for the sake of clearness, I stretched that notion by not repeating the text, and

simply mirroring seven narratives in English in one half of the book, with seven different stories in Portuguese that somehow connect or complement them, in the other half.

To download the PDF version, please click [here](#).



Some rumbling comes from upstairs, where the bedroom is. Jacques walks towards the staircase. His best friend — whose name he forgets — is coming down from the bedroom. He walks past Jacques without saying anything or even looking at him, which gives Jacques an eerie feeling.

Jacques follows and stops at the landing. Looking down he sees his friend preparing himself a drink from the small bar Jacques keeps in the garage. He waits impatiently for his friend to come back up again, but he stays downstairs sipping from a whiskey on the rocks by himself.

Finally, after waiting for a while Jacques gives up and goes downstairs to face his friend. The friend remains untroubled but at least acknowledges Jacques' presence with a stare, as he sips from the bulky crystal glass, which comforts Jacques some how.

Jacques clenches both his fists and considers punching the friend in the face, but hesitates as an uncanny doubt creeps into his mind. It's possible that his wife is no longer his, and he has forgotten this. The friend calmly slips past him and goes back up the stairs. Jacques follows behind, after refilling the glass, without being sure if he's filling it for himself or his friend.

Upstairs, on the main floor, the friend is waiting for him. Jacques stops and glares at him, mystified and faltering, he downs the whole drink in one gulp.

He coughs and wipes his mouth with the sleeve of his suit.

Pourquoi je n'ai pas dormi ici? The friend shrugs and misinterpreting the question, he agrees. Mais, non. Je veux dire, mais oui, si tu te sens mieux, pour-quoi pas, mon chéri?

Jacques despairs, the information is like another pebble thrown into the pond in his mind. He begs from deep within his haze.

Aidez moi.

The friend clutches his chin and studies Jacques' face, offering a cynical smile.

Mais bien sûre.

Pourquoi est-ce que je n'ai pas dormi ici?

Pas de souci mon cher ami. On va boire quelque chose au ____? Allons-y!

Like a light bulb being turning on in the dark of a moonless night, Jacques beams, snapping his fingers with excitement. Mais oui! À cet endroit là! Dans la rue ____, presque à ____!

It's the first time that a memory comes to him with all its folds and ties to reality: albeit, a past reality. From that moment he sails back to the heyday of their friendship, before Jacques married, just after they opened a legal office together and were two dashing bachelors. He starts gesticulating wildly and joking in a fever, as he had done back then, in the old days.

Corro como uma lebre cruzando a estrada e adentro o pinheiral.

Dentro da escuridão do bosque espero pacientemente eles virem me procurar.

Corro como uma lebre cruzando a estrada e adentro o pinheiral.

Dentro da escuridão do bosque espero pacientemente eles virem me procurar.

Saio pelo basculante.

Me levanto e corro por cima do muro.

Corro como uma lebre cruzando a estrada.

Espero pacientemente eles virem me procurar.

Saio pelo basculante.

Corro por cima do muro.

Cruzo a estrada.

Adentro o pinheiral.

Dentro da escuridão . . .

Saio.

Levanto e corro.

Como uma lebre.

Espero.

Saio.

Levanto.

Corro.

Lebre.

Escuridão.

*Three videos, 7 min each, on 32' flat screens
mounted on tripods, four books*

Sensual Exercises

2018

Sensuous Exercises is a video installation based on two classical American self-help books, *The Sensuous Woman* and *The Sensuous Man*, from the late 60s and early 70s, respectively. Serving as sex-appeal manuals, they were largely designed to help inhibited middle-class puritans to engage in the new sex liberation culture that sprang up during the 60s — albeit in a strictly capitalist consumptive fashion. Therefore, women were taught to actively, instead of merely passively, objectify their bodies; while men were encouraged to become a more sophisticated type of womanizer, by adopting some of the then more predominant Feminist mottos.

The videos use the original English text of the books for the subtitles, while the dialogues are quoted from the Portuguese translation from the Brazilian version, which were released in the 1980s. Because the translation is poorly done, there's a disconnect between what's been spoken and what's written on the videos. The starting point of the work was the idea of literal trans-

lation and the possible poetics that unintentionally is unlocked through an erroneous synchrony between the signifier and the signifier of the words. Following this premise, in addition to sociopolitical issues involving the domination of one genre by the other, other elements that encompass the domain of language are brought to the surface, such as the very option of following texts mechanically and automatically be inherent in institutional bureaucracy as a way of exercising domination by prevailing forces, or as literal interpretation deforms and manipulates dogmas in religions and ideologies.

By transplanting these How-To-Use books, from their original Protestant Anglo-Saxon background of the mid-late 20th century, to contemporary Rio de Janeiro — a place worldly known for its debauchery concerning sex, where, defying Western Feminist conceptions, women have, since long, wield autonomy regarding satisfying their sexual appetite within a macho orientated culture — the



*Detail of installation, as
presented in Cavalo, Rio
de Janeiro, 2018.*

piece may bring forth the thin line between embracing one's sexuality and self-ownership and being (unconsciously) tooled as an agent of perpetuation of desire as part of a materialistic economic mechanism.

To watch Sensual Exercises I, please [click here](#).

The password is: "Sensual 1"

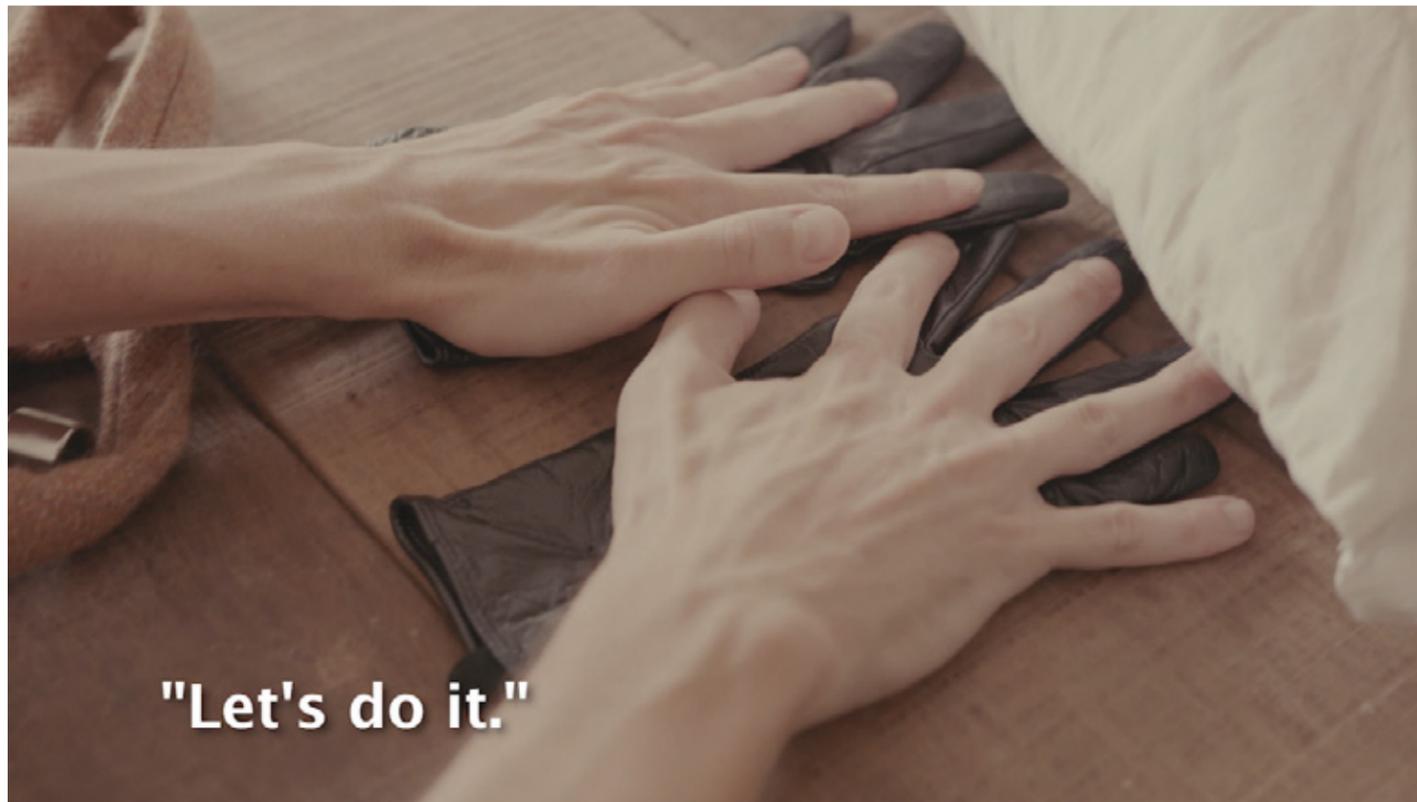
To watch Sensual Exercises II, please [click here](#).

The password is: "Sensual 2"

To watch The Pick Up, please [click here](#).

The password is: "Up"

Below and right, stills from the video series Sensual Exercises.



*Performance; 30 middle-format slides and cognac;
30 min*

2008 Wasn't A Good Year

2017

This is a narrated slide-show that is informed by Jack Kerouac's auto-biographical novella *Satori In Paris*. Published a few years before he died of cirrhosis, the author retells a trip to France he had done then recently, to search for his French roots. All he manages is to knock back liters of beer and cognac during three days, and suddenly leaves pissed off, after getting weary of interacting with the unfriendly locals.

In 2008 I went to Paris for a like-wise endeavor (I was born there), which like Kerouac's turned out to be as elusive and pointless. Recently I dusted boxes of middle-format slides which I had taken then for an unfinished project, and decided to project them during a private party at home, while narrating some recollections of my time in Paris, as I proceeded in getting intoxicated myself.

To watch the video documentation, please click [here](#) The password is: "2008"

*Performance in Ibêre
Camargo Foundation,
2018. Photo by Andrew
de Freitas.*



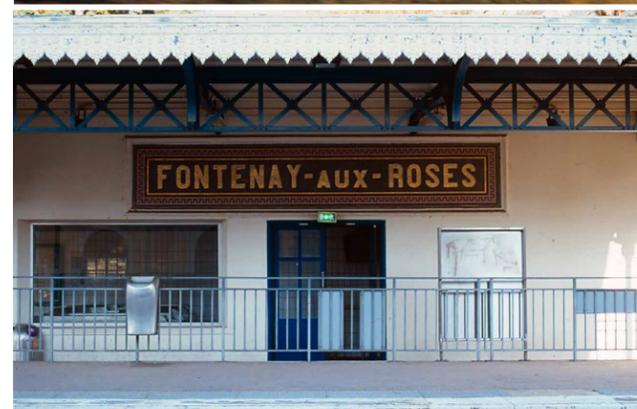
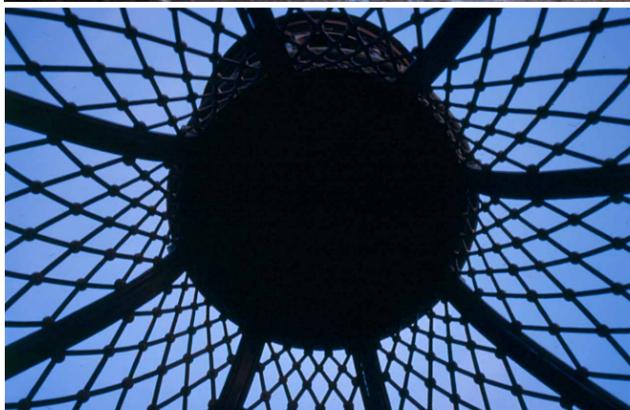
Transcription

That's probably the most important part of the work. Um... (pause) Okay. That's in place... No shadow there... That's very good! So! Um... (pause) [clears his throat]! I'd like to welcome you all. Good evening! And – um (pause) – the title of this work in progress is: 2008 wasn't a good year. [clears his throat]! (pause) So I, um (pause) some day I went to meet this (pause) girl. She was, aaaa (pause) young friend of my aunt, a classic piano player. She was actually part of the São Paulo orchestra – back then I think, already. [clears his throat] And she was... she was doing something like a course outside Paris. I think in... in a town near Paris. Not even like a Banlieue, but actually a town – near Paris. And she didn't know so many people, so she wrote me because I was living there then. And – um – we met in this... outside the Pigalle metro station, if I am not – mistaken. And I don't know why we actually planned to go there. But I remember we went up Montmartre and went to this Bistro I knew. And, I mean, I have the suspicion, but I could be wrong that we went to see this exhibition, I was having just in the same street and MAYBE, because I don't really remember, us seeing the exhibition together. Maybe it was closed, because in Paris things have, like, (pause) weird opening times. But... I remember for a fact that we ate in this bistro and we drank a lot because I think the deal in this bistro was: (pause) you could drink many kinds of wine. (pause) And, um... and then I thought: she does not look that bad. Nice boobs. And then we went to this very cliché part of Montmartre to look at the scenery. And [clears his throat] you know, I took (pause) that was sort of a cheesy, romantic moment as a cue to try to kiss her. (pause) And then I find it kind of... you know, always

interesting this moment before kissing some girl. Um – it does not matter how attractive she is or how clear the signals are (pause), but I always feel is kind of like jumping into the dark. (pause) And I feel if you, um... (pause), if you are lucky, you are going to land in this... or, like, you are going to (pause) dive into this ice-cold body of water in a very, very hot summer day. (pause) Aaad... (pause) you are going to be electrified by it and I was actually having this, like, rush through me, going through me I mean, mostly from my head to my loins, when, um... [clears his throat], amidst this... all these tourists there was aaa... fight that broke out. (pause) Um... (pause) between these African immigrants – that were selling souvenirs (pause). And then one of them grabbed two (pause) um... iron... these miniature Eiffel towers and tried to stab another one with that. And, um, I don't think he succeeded. But still, it was a terrifying, violent moment. (pause) And all the tourists, they fled in panic. Like some kind of strange herd of mammals, just going everywhere. And I, I actually... we were included in it. And I actually couldn't find this girl afterwards (pause) because I didn't have a cell phone then. (pause) And the police came very swiftly and... (pause) broke up the fight, maybe they... maybe they (pause), um, arrested a couple of guys. But I remember at least one guy, he was super agile – he was like a cat – and really, one, one arm only, free, because the other arm he had, like, all the souvenirs, holding... like, holding all the souvenirs. He just jumped this fence, it was amazing to see. So I went back to bistro, back to the bistro, to look for her, couldn't find her and I went back to this spot and actually it was kind of beautiful because there was no one there. (pause) It seemed untouched. (pause) Pristine. (pause) [clears his throat]. So I just went back... just

went down Montmartre, like, zig-zagging. (pause) And sure enough I... I found Erica... by the metro station. She kissed me and we, um, got into a metro ah train (pause). Anyways, I, um... so that's were I was staying: Cité des Artes, um, residency. Like I don't know the thing is, like, 300 or 500 studios? (pause) Um, half of them were, like, classical musicians. [clears his throat]. There are many rumours about this building. (pause) One of them that the architects only had build prisons before. (pause) And, um, another one was that because, you know, it was build during the cold war (pause), it(a) was intended to be quickly (pause) ada... um... how you call it? Morphed into a hospital; In case war broke out. (pause) But what was a fact was that it had... I... at least for me... it, um, hang this very seventies atmosphere to it. (pause) And I mean it had this really, like, ugly, schoolish (pause) furniture everywhere. Kind of Spartan as well. And the floor (pause) was just terribly, terribly ugly greenish, rubbish, um, sorry, I mean: rubbery, plasticity, (pause) um, faux marble floor. (pause) Anyways. So, I was living in one of the top floors and, um, she undressed for me and, um, ya!, her breasts were really actually beautiful, but (pause) I realized they were, like, made out of silicone. (pause) And, eh, anyways she left very early in the morning and I went back to sleep (pause) and had this very strange dream. (pause) (pause) There was this group of Apache warriors, um... (pause) on top of their horses, like, Mustangs, actually, going full throttle through a canyon in Grand Valley in Arizona. (pause) [clears his throat]. And there was this really loud roar behind them. Like a... it looked like a sandstorm, ah, coming closer to them. (pause) And, um, soon enough... (pause) And, um, [clears his throat], and soon enough two F-16 fighter jets, ah, ah, entered the,





um, canyon. And started chasing these poor Indians. I mean really, the, the, the eyes, the eyes of the horses were wide open. They were crazy – scared. (pause) And there was one Indian, one native Indian, who is the most fiercely of the warriors. He managed to stand up (pause) on this... on the back of the horse. And jump and clung onto the wall of the canyon. He climbed and managed to hide bef... ah, behind a rock, before the umm fighter jet just passed by. (pause) That just when I woke up and my studio was... (pause) really was shaking (pause) with the roar of a jet airplane and, um, I woke up completely disoriented I tripped into some bottle of something and my h... I had really this, really bad hang... um, headache. (pause) And, um – yeah – we also had these really dark, black curtains that (pause) made you feel like you were sleeping in a tomb, in Châtelet, and I... When I opened my eyes, tearing with the... the bright day and, yeah!, actually I saw a formation of Mirage Jet Fighters, just diving towards me. (pause) Really! And, um, I did not know what was happening. I really thought it was, like, World War III or something. Maybe Al Qaida had, um, somehow – I don't know – invaded Europe – I had no idea. I was seriously thinking kind of... And then they... after they did this low flight over my atelier, they (pause) they turned sharply to the left (pause) and, um, the most terrifying thing happened then: that ah there was this whole parking lot on the left side of this building (pause) the most of it was empty, but I always felt it was kind of eerie. Like some kind of asphalt cemetery. Maybe I am exaggerating, but that's how it felt to me. And then, when I saw this formation of bombers – coming in my direction and it sh... and the shadow of these aircrafts crossing this (pause), ah, this space was just too much. Because you know, if it

was part...if it was just my imagination, it wouldn't cast a shadow, right? So I really lost it. And (pause) I thought that that was the end. But, you know, as the other ones had just made sh... made, made aaa... sharp turn to the left. And then come... came also, like, helicopters like Apache gunships. But the most surreal thing happened that, um, this propelled (pause) aircraft fighters came – World War II models. (pause) And I thought maybe that made more sense, maybe I was dreaming, I was back in... back in time, um, (pause) and maybe Hitler would have his wish and Paris would just become a... (pause) a pile of ashes? And that's when I recon... I recognised a racket. Whenever ah a formation of aircrafts would come and go, there was some kind of racket (pause) call... um, sound like a cracking somewhere. And then I recognise it as applause, I mean, this residency was in... in the middle of the city – by the way. (pause) So I came to Paris to make this work, which involved "circumscribing". (pause) A very vivid... (pause) actually the most, um, (pause) present memory I ever had throughout my life. (pause) And, um, (pause) I would from the start every day start walking around the city letting my intuition draw me to somewhere that felt familiar. (pause) (pause) Of course this was kind of an illusive endeavour because I couldn't really, um, (pause) [clears his throat] how do you say? – separate my personal memories from our collective (pause) memory of Paris, um, we have in culture, like all the films and... photographs (pause) been taken and also and also the novels set there (pause) (pause). And I... when I finally resorted to getting addresses from my mom – a place I had been before. I still wasn't sure if (pause) it really was familiar. (pause) For instance: this is the facade of my kinder garden. (pause) I mean, I have no fucking

recollection of it. (pause) But I do remember doing stuff inside of it. And one of the things I really did – I really remember doing it – was playing with this miniature airport toy. (pause) And this is the airport where I first got my first flight ever. It was bound to Brazil. (pause) And it was also the first place I ever saw a TV because my parents were against TV or whatever. And, um, they had these TVs back then- they were kind of personal TVs attached to seats, you put some coins and you could watch, like, 15 minutes of TV, ah, waiting for your airplane to arrive and you boarded it. And I really couldn't leave the TV, I was completely mesmerized – I had to be dragged into the aircraft. (pause) So there I also tried to go to where we lose... used to live in Paris: Rue de la Tombe-Issoire. Merci! And I, ah... I got lost. I am really bad with maps. And, ah, I ended up at the walls of this cemetery. (pause) When I finally found it, I could swear it was on the other side of the street. (pause) So I went to one of my favourite spots as a... as a child, which was the, ah, natural history museum. And I was very glad to see it seemed untouched. (pause) You know this original 1930s layout. [clears his throat] But then I realized there was no stuffed animals, no Taxidermy. And that was fucking weird, so I... I found out actually that I was in the wrong museum. The museum I meant was in the end of this allée. I was actually in the paleontological Museum or the pre-historical museum. The natural history museum was completely changed. (pause) I mean the - beautiful dia... dioramas I loved they were, like, relegated to, like, dusty rooms, they were full of these LCD interactive - [clears his throat] – screens for the children. So, you know, kind of... (pause) kind of beaten I walked around the park. (pause) And I found this (pause) ah, beggar, like a Clochard sitting on

this bench, wearing the same coat – exactly the same coat as I was wearing. And then I really felt like a déjà vu, like, that had happened before. [clears his throat] (pause) And only mh, many, many days later I was... yeah, I am going to go back to this, but I started making, like, night walks (pause) um, I kind of realized what that was all about... about, but, um, (pause) in one of my night walks I ran into this hotel (pause), which has a plate (pause), which says, that, um (pause) Borges lived there and actually died there, when he was already blind. And then I remembered this short story he wrote (pause) that, ah, once he was in, aaa... (pause) um, somewhere in America and he is sat on this bench (pause) and, ah, beside him sat his younger self – maybe 40 or 50 years - (pause) younger self. (pause) And he tr... he really tried to convince his younger self that he was just his older self. (pause) By telling, like, secrets that only they could know, like the books he had in his shelves in Buenos Aires or... where his parents... hid their... keys. Maybe beneath a fruit bowl? But I, ah, guess the younger self was always unimpressed. But anyways, like, actually, like, a side thing that happened was that, um, not when I first found this hotel, but when I went to (pause) make a picture of it: It was 3 in the morning - [clears his throat] – and I think I was going through Rue, ah, Bonaparte (pause), when I... I, I, I... I just bumped into this very famous German fashion designer and then this guy has white hair in a pony tail and these big glasses... anyways cannot fucking remember his name, but he had this really, like, young guy with him and he could st... ck... I mean... I am not, not trying to say he found me hot, but he couldn't stop... he couldn't fucking stop looking at me. And he really twisted his neck and I think because I had this really old coat, you know, this... fucking

ancient Hasselblad in my hand and this tripod. He... he thought, like, he was seeing some vision from the past, or something. (pause) Anyways, back in the park I found this, like, spiralling garden path. (pause) Which took me to this, um, I mean the... the best translation I found into English from Portuguese is like a “bandstand”, it's kind of like (pause) I don't know, this place to maybe see the landscape, whatever. (pause) And, ah, and on these columns and walls there were all these scribblings that lovers had made many... for many generations. And made probably like vows or something. (pause) And then I found this one – that was kind of curious because it was ah - [clears his throat] – the initials of my parents. So I went to the Seine and I don't know – I don't know why I went to the Seine and took this picture, but it actually is a great illustration for something I want to say: that I was actually born... I was actually born under the water – in the dark. And there was aaa particular technique – very in Vogue in the 70s, yeah, I am an old guy (pause) and ah [clears his throat] (pause) so my mom, ah, you know, she went to a... a Banlieue like one of the suburbs around Paris to have me. (pause) And in the same Banlieue, Agnès Varda made this amaz... I think it's an amazing film called „Le Bonheur“ (The Happiness) in the 60s. I think 65 to be very precise. And, ah, it's a subtle... I think it's a subtle feminist film about aaa man who is married and gets a lover. (pause) And when his wife finds out about the lover, she disappears and, ah, they found her drowned in this river... that crosses a park with many, ah, rose gardens. And his lover takes the place of his wife and he doesn't even seem to notice it – like nothing happened. (pause) So I don't know, obviously, I couldn't have any recollections of this place, but still my heart was beating louder and

harder the closer I got to it. Maybe it remembered the place – its source, where it had started beating for the first time by itself – alone. (pause) So allegedly, um, the third (pause) window [clears his throat] the second floor, from left to right is the room I was born. (pause) I mean, I must admit that I was quite disappointed with the... the whole building – I mean it was really an ugly thing – and I thought, like: what am I doing in this shithole? (pause) But, ah, I know I am a good photographer. But, um (pause) I went inside (pause) and I saw all these old people... walking with walking sticks that look like chairs. So I was kind of puzzled, like, maybe I was in the wrong place and I came to the reshptionist, um, receptionist I mean and, um (pause) you know, I asked: is this a kind of birth clinic? He was, like: Oh! Yeah! It used to be a birth clinic a few years ago, but, um, but actually it was converted into a old people's home. (pause) Anyway, I don't know. After this... thing I was quite... I felt kind of depressed. [clears his throat] It was like... I mean I know it was kind of naïve of me, but I was kind of trying to find origins of, um, (pause) I mean the source of my origins or... the ground zero (pause) of my (pause) [clears his throat] (pause) How can I say it? (pause) Um, genesis, or something. And, ah, it was like I was trying to find the spot where the seed was planted, you know-or-whatever. Okay, I mean... (pause),um, it is like... it is not like my spirit is as solid as wood or something, it was um like I tried to grasp a river with my fingers, let's say, or trying to catch your own shadow, or something, but I, um... yeah, I felt kind of depressed and two things happened then: One was that I spend a lot of my grant money from the residency calling my psychoanalyst in Rio. (pause) The other thing is I sphalt... I started making these really long night





walks. Which was good because I was kind of chubby then. (pause) And I got back in shape. (pause) And sometimes I would end up in a cinema and watching some film. Usually a retrospective. (pause) And more often or not, after watching some film from Woody Allen or whatever, I, eh, [clears his throat], I would stare inside that bar there. It was kind of... it had a cinematic theme to it. It was like a student bar. And I watched all these happy, young Parisians having fun. (pause) And it was really like watching beautiful animals in a h... in a zoo, I must say. (pause) Anyways, um, in a particular night I saw this really beautiful blond girl... sitting... back inside of the café and she really seemed to be looking at me as well. (pause) Our [clears his throat] stares seemed to lock and... the, the craziest thing was that she really looked like a girlfriend from my... no an ex-girlfriend of mine. But it was kind of impossible that it was her because (pause) she seemed to have the same age as my ex-girlfriend when we had a relationship. And that had been, like, many years before that. (pause) So now I was just amazed like, ah, whatever, she just looked outside at me, who cares. So I started look... um, walking [clears his throat] back to my atelier (pause). But there was a nagging, like, doubt in my high... my head, like, really, like... [clears his throat] (pause) Um, kind of... (pause) annoying me, I was like: okay, you know... (pause) it's a bit like when you see maybe something moving inside your closet, like a half-open closet, like a... a sh... adow shifting there, or something. And you are just like: Okay, whatever! You just go there, you open it and you want to make sure that there is nothing there, you know? So that's how I went inside the café. (pause) So I sat next to her (pause) and I took this pock... this book that I had in my pocket out of it and I

pretended to read it (pause) while I kind of plotted how I would approach her, [clears his throat] how I would approach her. And then with the corner of my eye I thought I recognised a fluffy white sweater – but who knows. (pause) And then, when she wasn't looking, I looked at her (pause) and I came to the conclusion: okay, she doesn't really look like my ex-girlfriend. But she really fucking looks like I remember my ex-girlfriend. She was taller and more refined. And, um, it's because some years before I... I had found this footage I made as a test for a new camera I had. I was kind of shocked to see this ex-girlfriend there and... and to find her really not... attractive. (pause) You know, there is this kind of nd... common knowledge, maybe a myth about native Indians – some native Indians – that, ah, that they are afraid... they were afraid to take... um, have their pictures taken by anthropologists, ethnologists. Because... they thought their... their souls would be trapped in the photograph. And I thought, you know, wouldn't the... um, the opposite be true?(pause) I mean, the Benjamin thing. (pause) I felt really like that these devices were incapable of capturing someone's aura. (pause) Like, they were just capturing an empty vessel. Like a soulless copy of someone you once loved. (pause) Anyways, I turned to the girl and I asked for a pen (pause) um, because she was writing aaa hand-written letter, which... particularly... I mean pathetically made me fall in love with her immediately - [clears his throat] - (pause) And, um, (pause) she very willingly gave me a pen. And we started talking and she invited me to her table, we ordered some beers (pause) and I found out he she was – like my ex-girlfriend also German – and from the same region. (pause) And, ah, she was working for some company in Düsseldorf, she gave me her busi-

ness card (pause) and: no, no, no. We just talked and things seemed to be fine, but at some time... some point she got very suspicious of me. (pause) Like, I had some kind of dark design. [clears his throat] And, um... I don't know, maybe she was disappointed that I was not a f... I was not French myself because I actually couldn't remember any name of any street in Paris because I woak, I was like, you know, psycho-geographically walking around and, um... (pause) But probably I w... I just... because we ordered some beer, so I guess I just... I just got that... I just got too drunk. And I sumsums... I said something wrong (pause) and-ah: I gave myself away! [coughing] Anyways, she laughed at this though and I saw her eyes like: don't call me. [clears his throat] Anyways I called her and, um, never answered. Yeah.

Six prints of silver-halide on paper, 60x40 cm

Russian Funeral

2016

The *Russian Funeral* is both a series of six photographs, as well as the title of a constellation of works in which they orbit. The latter comprises of smaller subordinate pieces that revolve around a major work, a performance called *From Candy to Ashes*. Beside these photographs, the other components are slides — *The Highlands* — and the props and sound documentation of the aforementioned performance, which serve as remnants and residues that echo the event that was previously staged. At heart, all these works, including the performance, circumscribes something that isn't there anymore; this elusiveness and intangibility when it concerns dealing with the past, epitomizes not only the current theme that binds these works together, but also of many of my works.

Concerning the present photographs: they are enlargements made of six b&w slides which I took during a trip in 2009 to Bolivia. In the content aspect of the images, it might be helpful to elucidate that although they form what could be called a

travelogue, they aren't exactly holiday pictures; I actually went to the city of Santa Cruz on what seemed at first rather bleak grounds: to sooth my mother and bury my stepfather who had died suddenly of an illness while working there.

Because the slides are enlarged into photographic paper using the classic darkroom technique, their images were reversed by the salt and silver crystals — they were codified back into latent images. But the images they conjure in my mind are still very clear, decoded and vivid.

Ironically, the trip to Bolivia which at first seemed that was going to store for me countless hours of sorrow and pain turned out unexpectedly to be also very amusing and enriching.

The whole series is the continuation, of sorts, of one my first films I ever made, which catapulted me into the art-world while still only making videos without a clear career path. The film was called simply *Andrew Reid*, and it was a



Detail of photograph of the series Russian Funeral, enlarged b&w slide into photographic paper

quasi-documentary about my step-father at the time, who was as an elusive a figure as only immaterial fictional characters in a novel can be. He proved the point beautifully by constantly beguiling and deceiving me with excuses why he hadn't yet left (an undisclosed country of South-America, to meet me in Paris for an interview, as promised.

Photograph of the series Russian Funeral, enlarged b&w slide into photographic paper

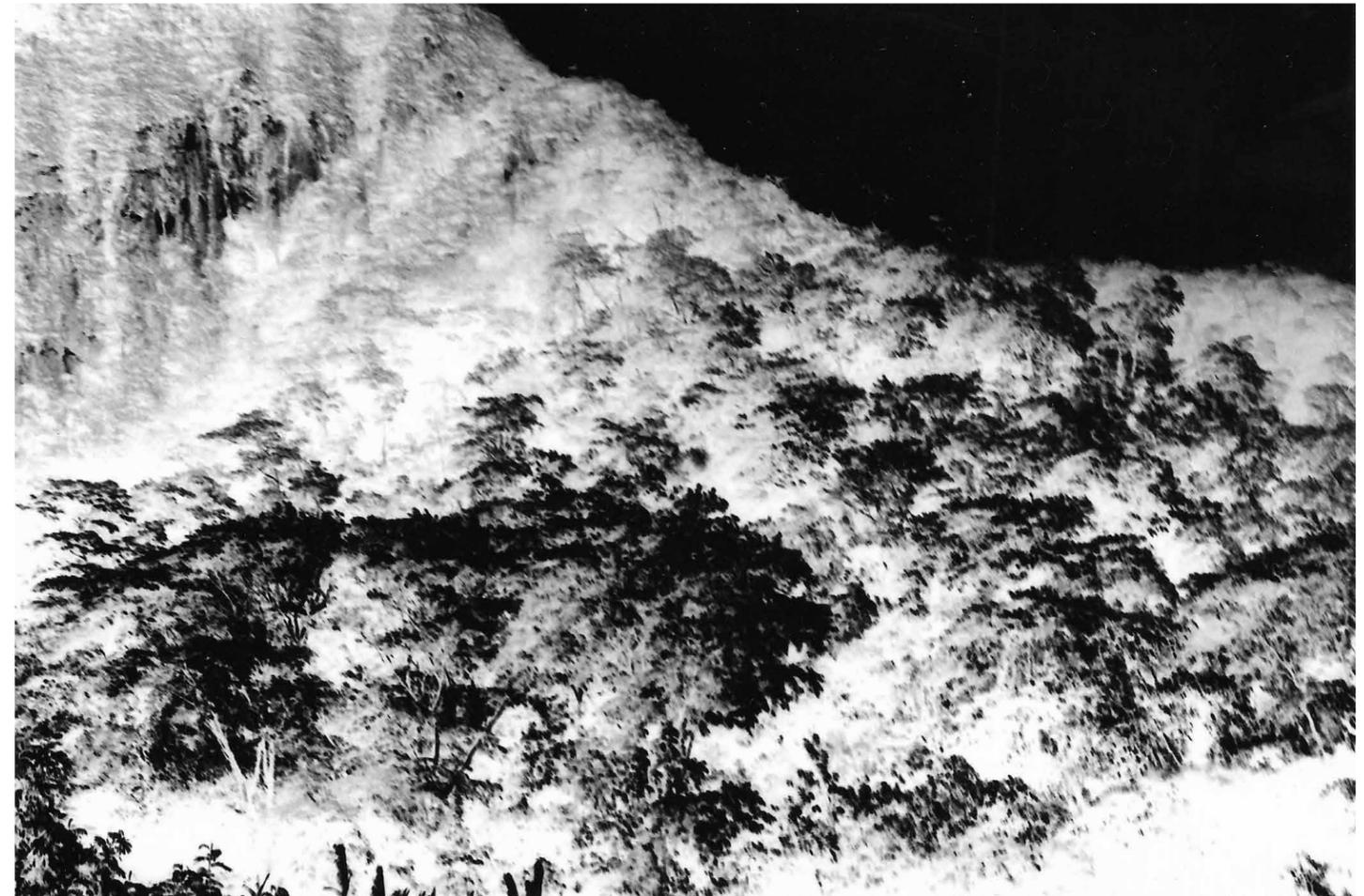


Photograph of the series Russian Funeral, enlarged b&w slide into photographic paper



Photograph of the series Russian Funeral, enlarged b&w slide into photographic paper

Photograph of the series Russian Funeral, enlarged b&w slide into photographic paper





46 acrylic pieces, hourglass and MP3 player

From Candy to Ashes

2016

Standing as the nucleus of the constellation *Russian Funeral*, is this performance. Based on the classical memory game, where each participant has to find a pair of identical images amidst pieces turned face down. The 23 images used in the game were generated by key-words that were typed on an Internet search-engine. The key-words lay-out one memory — the aforementioned trip to Bolivia (page 10).

In the performance a guest plays the game with me, and whenever I find a pair of images, I have to recount the part of this one memory which that particular image stands for. While, when the participant finds the double images, he or she will improvise and tell a memory that image they picked prompts in their minds. A sand-clock ensures that each time we speak doesn't take longer than one minute.

In this undertaking, two kinds of narratives are set in place: mine is a horizontal one, where each image sets in motion one story, one memory; where the participant's stories

are vertical, a stream of associations that each time occur for every image, creating an anthology rather than one long narrative.

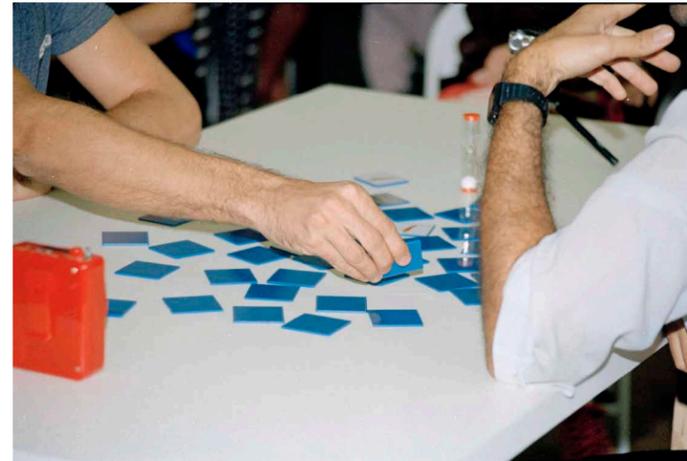
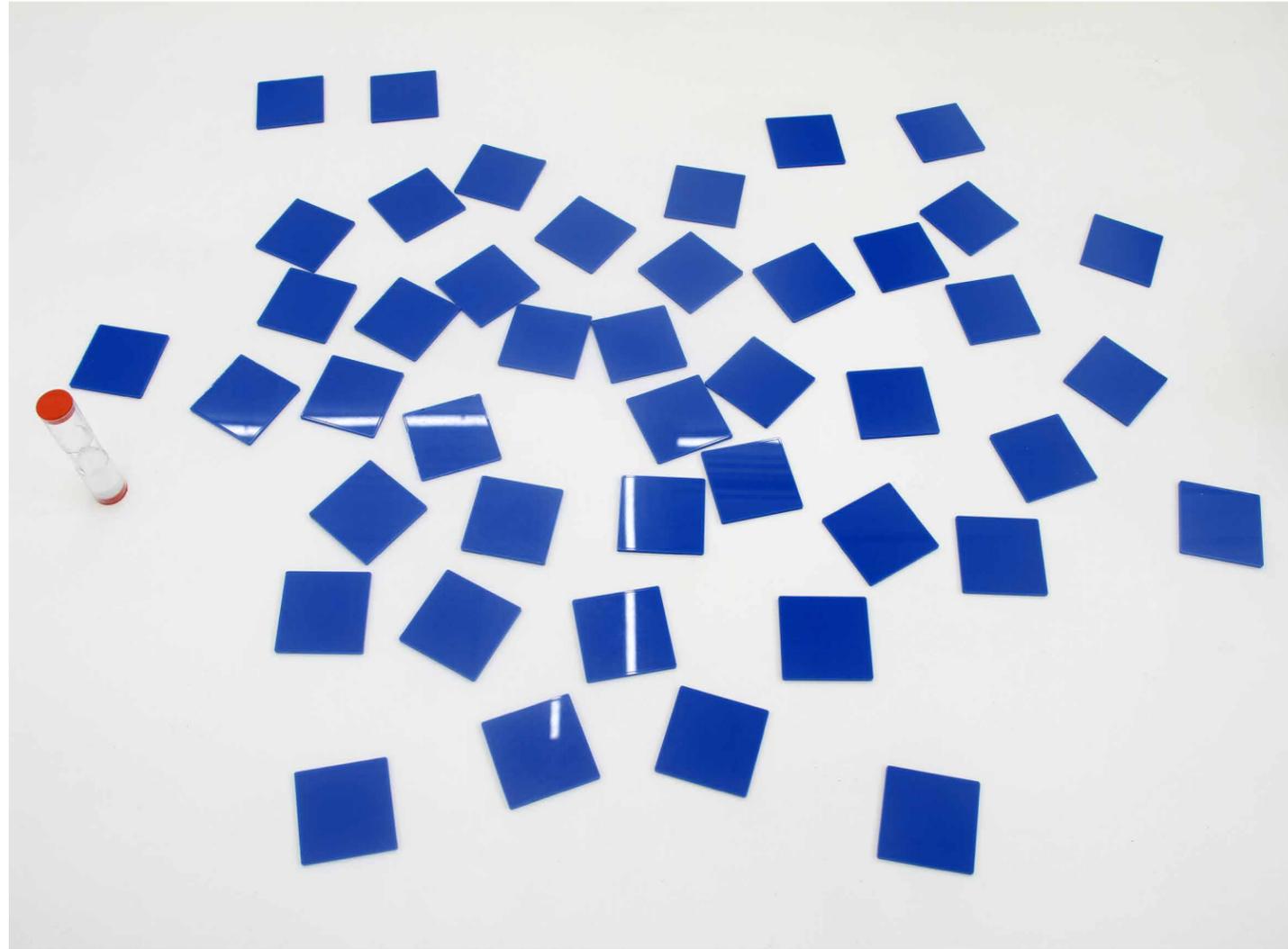
The combination of both could be interpreted as one narrative which staggers and becomes layered. As if a memory could fork in every direction each step the story takes.

In the Deleuzian concept of post-War cinema, once the trauma of the horrors of 1939-45 made the logical, and moral, outcome of (Hollywoodian) narrative ludicrous, films started to be produced where sometimes an image is so powerful that the story freezes and takes a turn downwards to an emotional response rather than an action that will bring the story forward; becoming than a "incomplete" narrative, a story that staggers, stutters.

To listen to the audio documentation, please click [here](#)



Detail of prop from performance/installation





Slide projector, 36 negative plates

The Highlands

2016

As a second satellite orbiting in the constellation, is this projection of photographs I took in the same trip to Bolivia in 2009. The 36 plates are from one roll of negative I used while we searched and found a place in the Andes to throw my stepfather's ashes from.

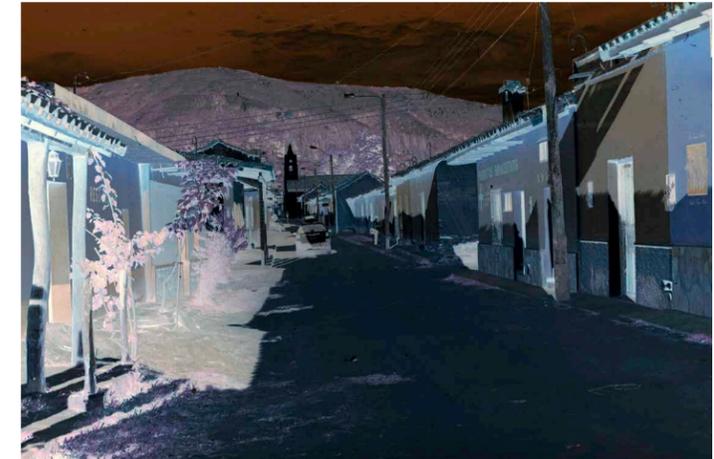
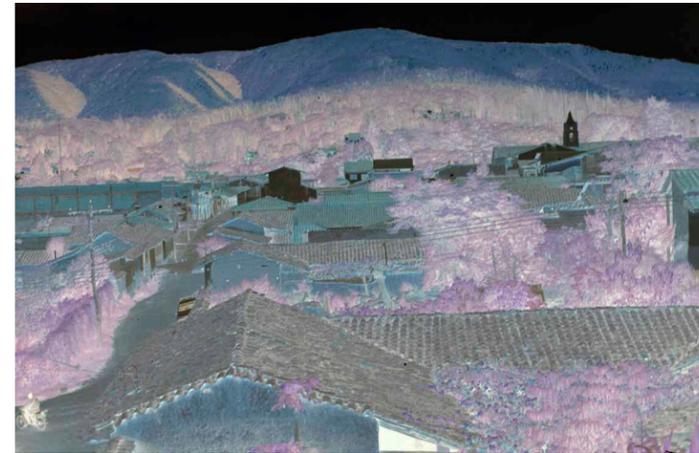
We went up the mountains near Santa Cruz (which is in a valley on the sea level next to the Andes), for no other reason than that Andrew was completely infatuated by that region. During his youth, in the 70s, he had undergone a truck-hitchhiking trip from Santa-Cruz until Bogotá; having learned Ketchua with the natives he met on the way.

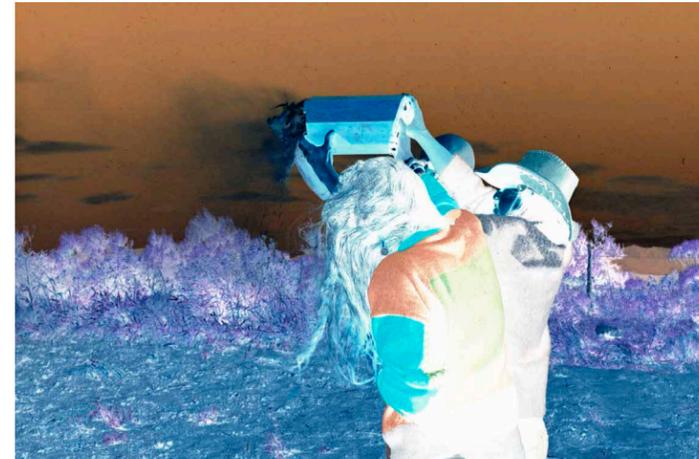
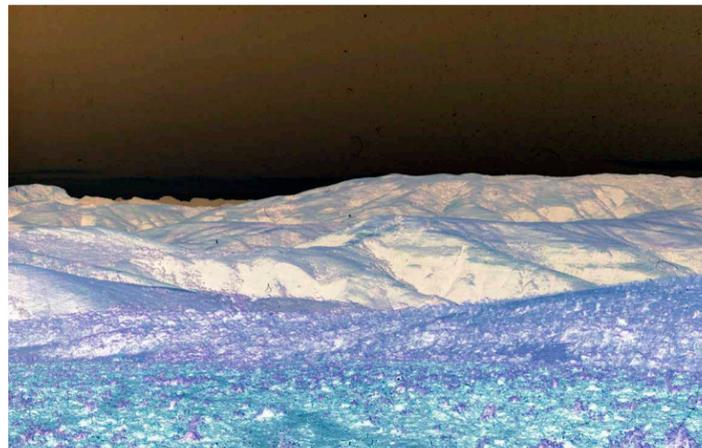
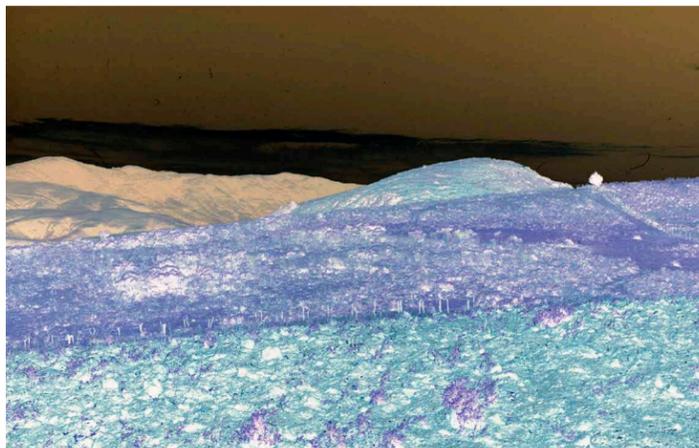
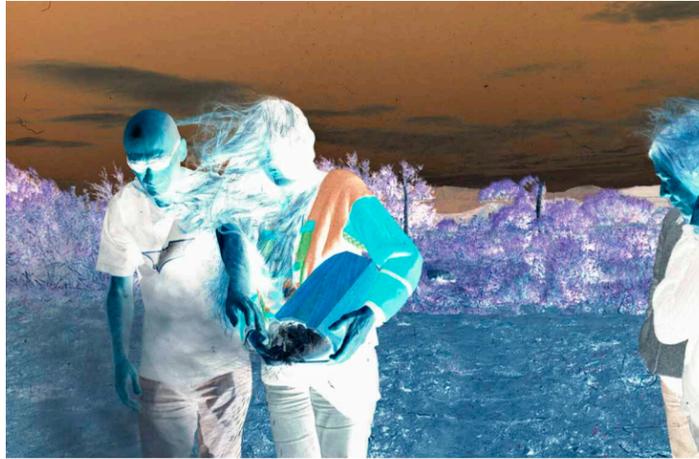
Call it fate. While we went around some Andean hills, a few hours up from the city, we came across a fenced-up patch of land, where a hand-painted sign read "The Highlands". Since we were searching for a place to dispose Scottish ashes, we thought that this was more than appropriate and we pursued in trespassing the barbed wire.

In a Cohen brothers moment, when on what seemed an abandoned farm plantation, we tried to throw the ashes to the wind, which we presumed would carry the remains around the beautiful landscape, we discovered that what we were carrying on that urn more closely resembled small crushed bones that fell straight to the plowed earth, and on our clothes, like small crumbs of white plaster. For days we could still find tiny pieces of Andrew between the folds of our trousers and shirts.

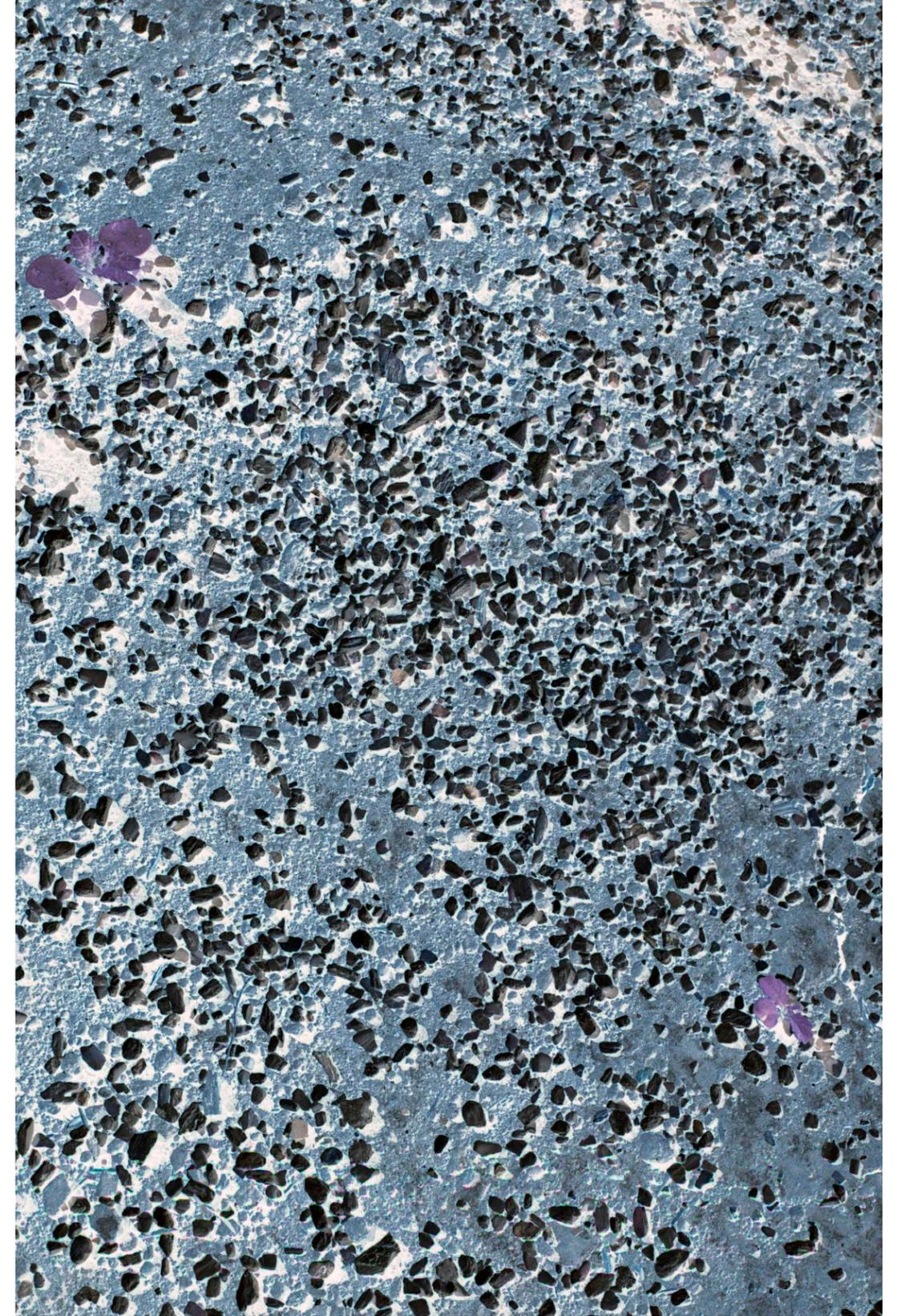
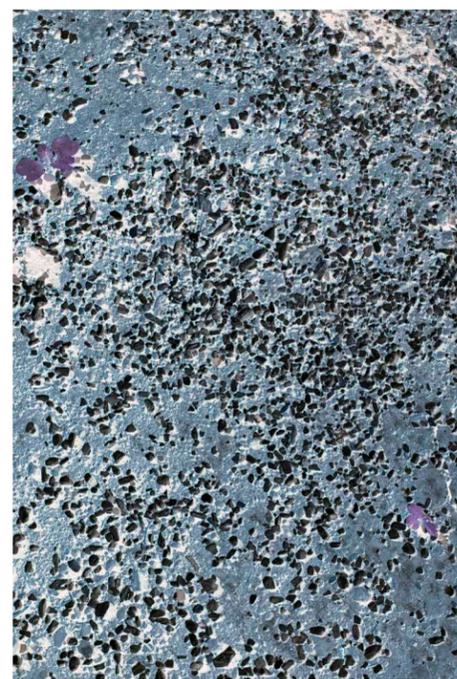
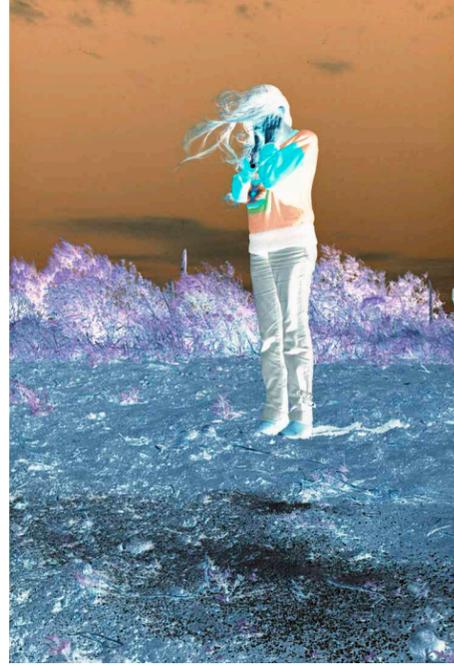
To watch the video documentation, please click [here](#) The password is: "Highlands"

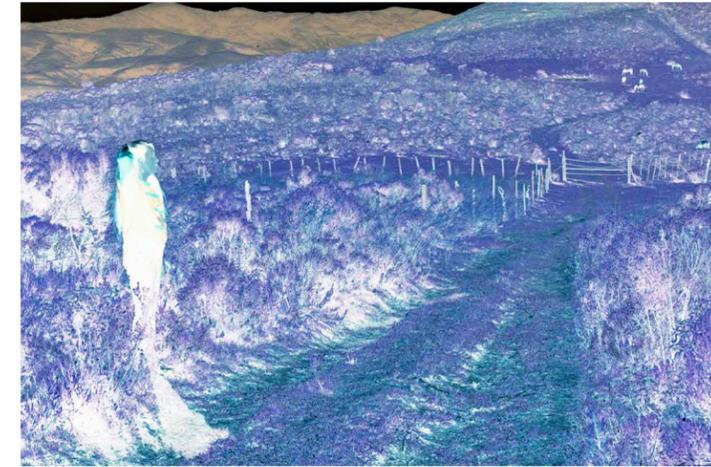
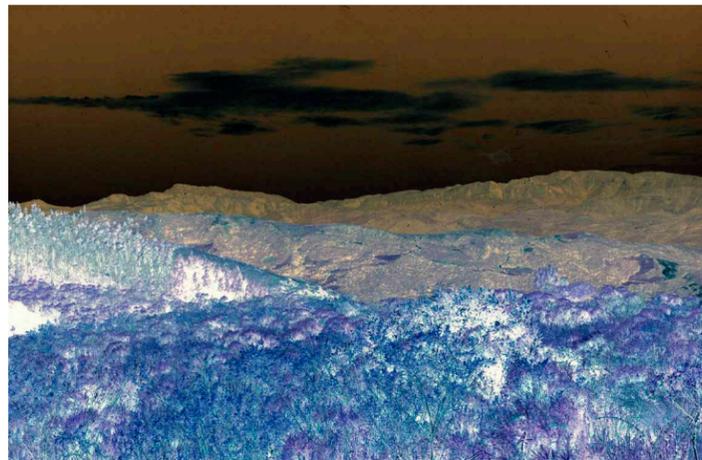
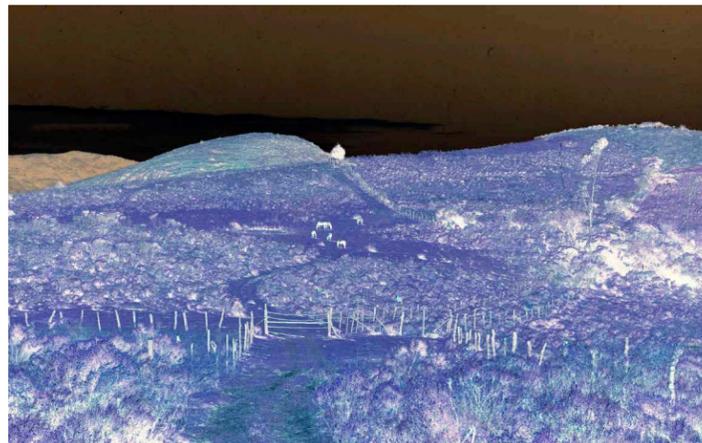
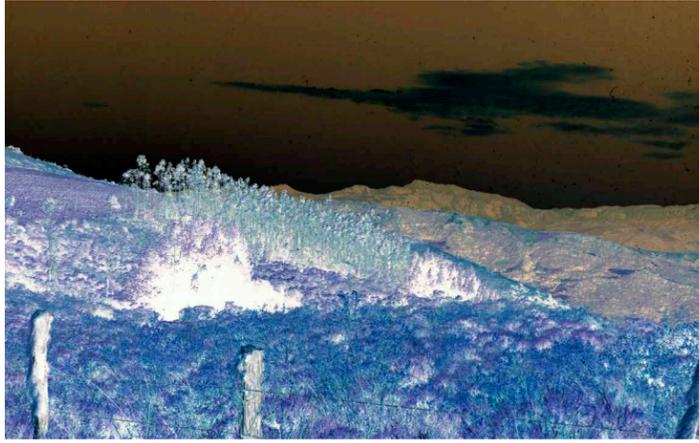
Right and on following pages: slides from The Highlands.











Cinemas of Copacabana

Here are photographs of all the facades of — or where once stood — the buildings that housed cinemas in the neighborhood of Copacabana, Rio de Janeiro, in addition to the two that still resist to this day, spanning over more than a century of film culture.

As the previous series of works, *Russian Funeral*, these photographs belong to a larger whole, whose five parts complete a study about film informed by Deleuze's cinema theories, which I collectively titled *Cinemalesia* (also the title of one of the pieces).

Pierre Levy, in *The Technologies of Intelligence*, classify as “transcendental historical” the inherited disposition of techniques to not only advance in the material sphere — as in the speed of transportation (with the airplane), the dissemination of information (with the printed text),

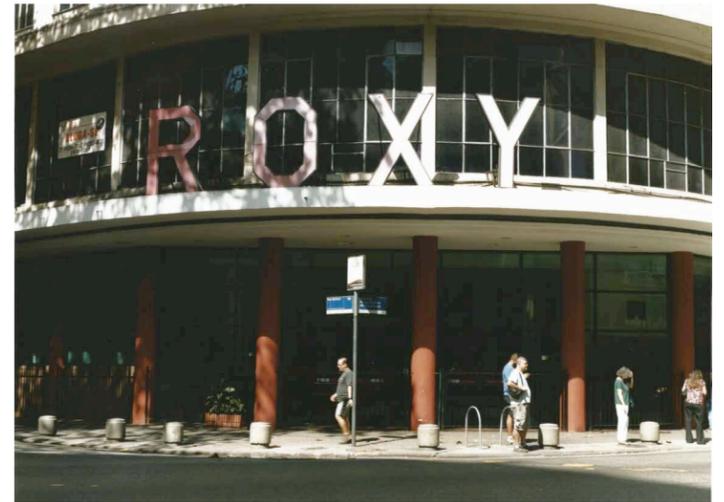
or of shortening the distance of communication (telephone) — but that every technological leap also changes the way we think about that very action (traveling, reading/writing, speaking) and its nature (how it shapes our notion of time and space).

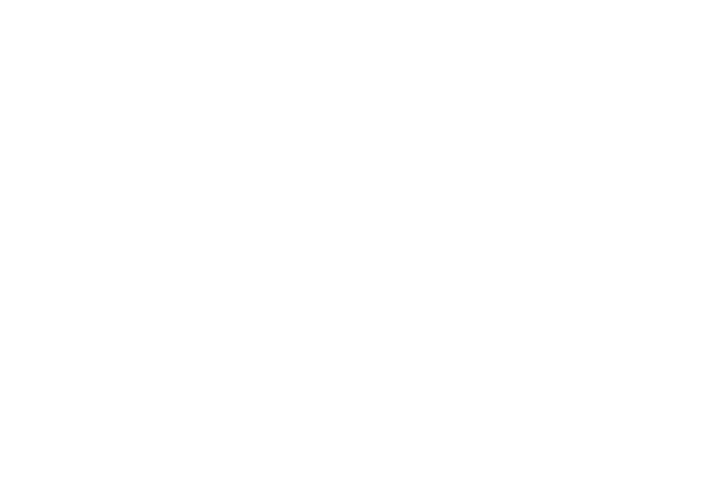
Cinemalesia, the collected works, use as a case-study the 21 cinemas that once existed in Copacabana, (as well the two still remaining) to (audio-)visually try to convey the idea that cinema, as the original moving-image technology, following the history of reproductive technology, along with painting and photography, brought duration to the reproduced image, changing forever the way humans remember past events and even how they dream.



View of archive box, gloves, and c-prints (24x30 cm) as installed in the exhibition “Memory-Image” in Cavallo, Rio de Janeiro, 2016.

From next page until page 41 (from left to right): Animatógrafo (1899); Cinema Copacabana (1902-1912); Cinema Copacabana (1913-1917); Cinema Americano (later Copacabana) (1916-2002); Cinema Atlântico (later Ritz)(1919-1955); Cinema Copacabana (1921-1922); Copacabana Casino-Teatro (1924-1944); Cinema Roxy (1938-still active); Cine Metro-Copacabana (1941-1977); Cinema Rian (1942-1983); Cineminha Cineac Infantil (1948); Cine Alvorada (1949-1969); Cinema Art Palácio (later Art Copacabana) (1950-2001); Cinema Alasca (& Cine Roayal in the basement) (1952-1977); Cine Caruso (1954-1984); Cine Riveira (1958-1995); Cine Ricamar (1958-1994); Cine Flórida (1959-1969); Paris Palace (later Cinema I) (1961-1997); Cine Bruni (later Star Copacabana) (1961-1997); Cine Condor (1966-1977); Cine Hora Copacabana (later Cine Jóia) (1968-still active);





Aluminum showcase (115 x 248 x 36 cm), felt, glass, lamps, acrylic sign and 2 map pins.

The Ghost of Cine-Condor

2016

This is a replica of a showcase of an extinct cinema in Copacabana, where film-stills and movie posters were displayed. The original still hangs empty next to a tech-store where the movie-theater used to be.



Above: overview of aluminum showcase as displayed in gallery Cavalo, Rio de Janeiro. Right: Detail of showcase.

Digitalized 16 mm film, 7 min loop, monitor, 1,57 m high plinth

2016

From Admiration To Shyness

The performance artist Oliver Bulas followed instructions read from a Brazilian manual for TV and film actors which describes how to use facial muscles in order to obtain 36 expressions. Bulas dutifully performed these directions without the knowledge which exact expressions he was generating.

Deleuze named close-up shots Image-Affects. According to him, they are the resonating surfaces of a film, like the skin covering a face which twinkles and twists unintentionally as a reflex reaction to an emotion.

To watch video documentation, please click [here](#). The password is: "Admiration"

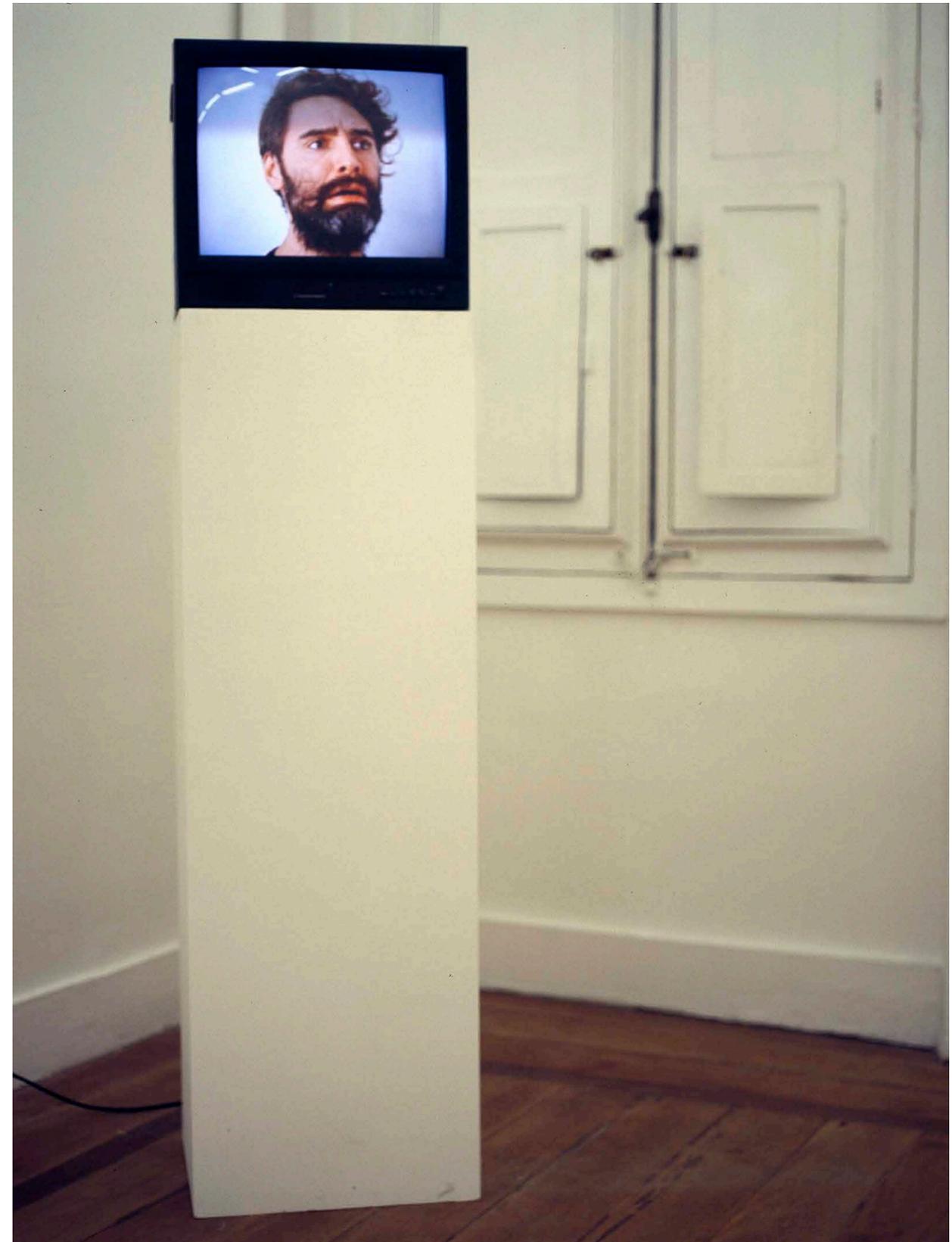
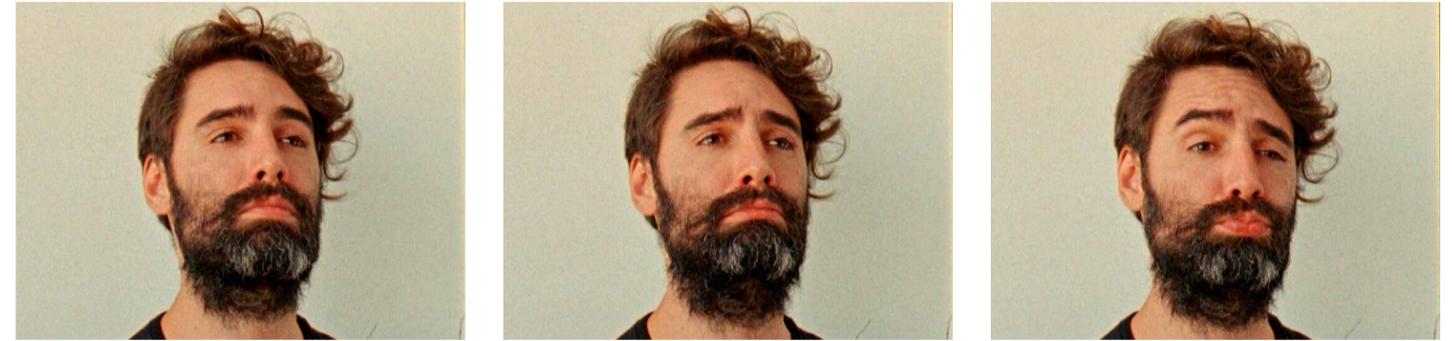
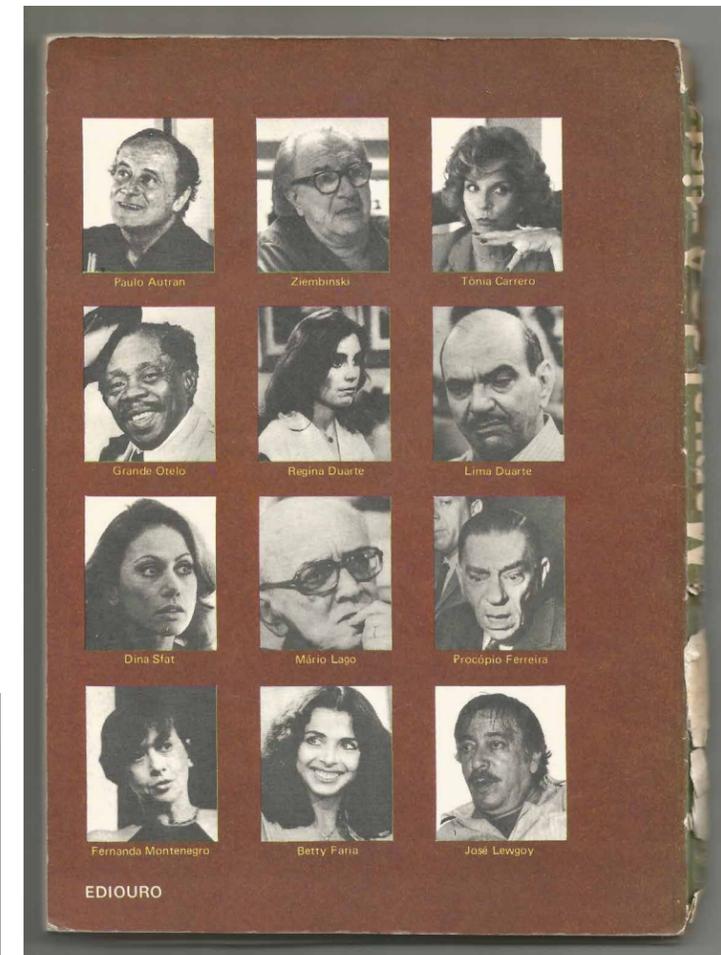


Photo of installation, as shown in gallery Cavalo, Rio de Janeiro.





From page 46 until this page: frame stills from From Admiration To Shyness. Right page: Artist's Manual For The TV, Theatre And Cinema by Armando da Costa Pereira, Ediouro, Rio de Janeiro, 1980.



1000 pieces puzzle, mirror and table (99 x 67 x 73 cm)

Cinemaresia

2016

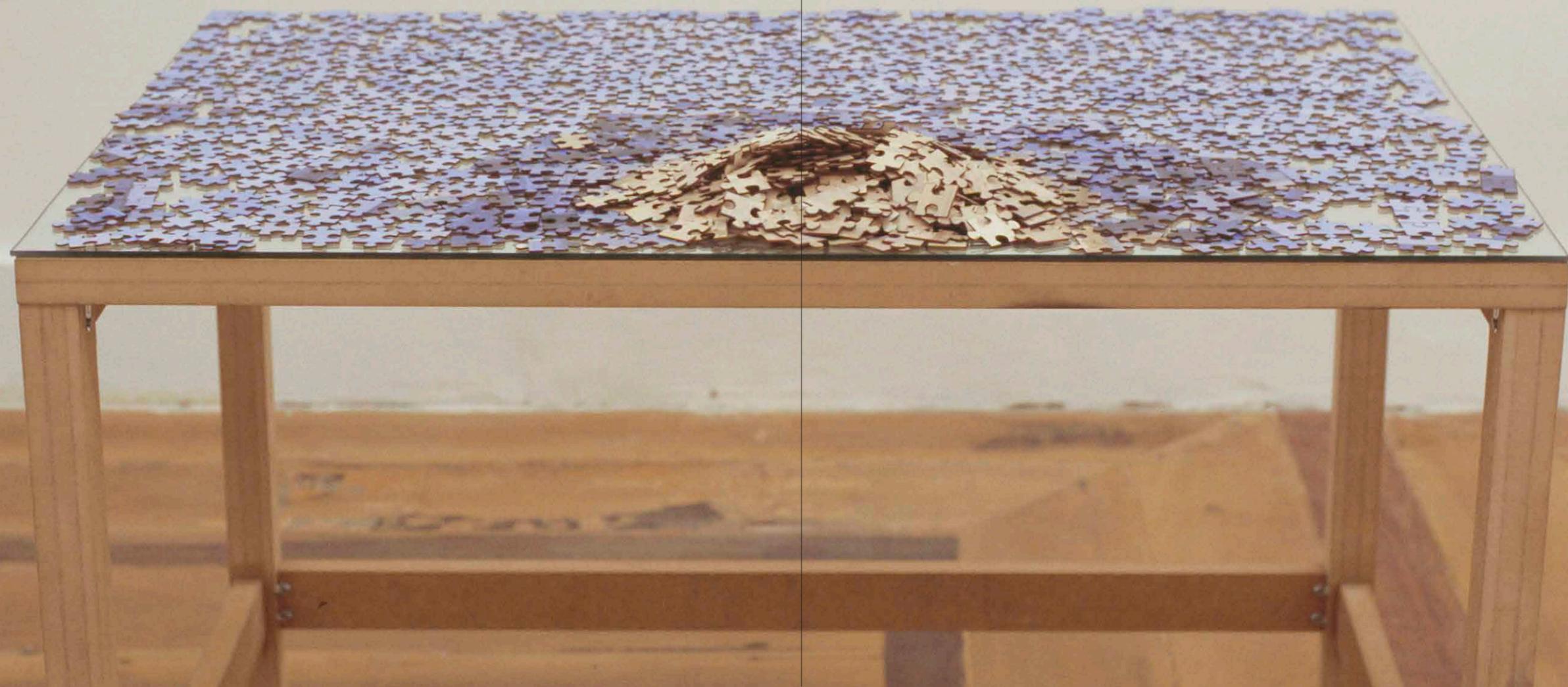
Maresia is the Portuguese name for the salty air that floats above the sea.

This piece is inspired on the lobby of the extinct Cine Rian, which used to stand by the waterfront in Copacabana (Rio de Janeiro) until the early eighties; it had a lobby covered with huge mirrors that reflected the ocean, in such way that when one would enter the projection room one would plunge into the water, as it were.

Although the cinema no longer exists, the popping haziness hanging above the sea is of course still there, a reminder of when you would sit on the first row and see the grains of the celluloid film dancing on the screen.

Right: Original photograph used to fashion the puzzle. Below: Detail of installation. Next pages: installation of the puzzle with mirror and table, at gallery Cavalo, Rio de Janeiro.





Ten sheets of A4/180g and ink

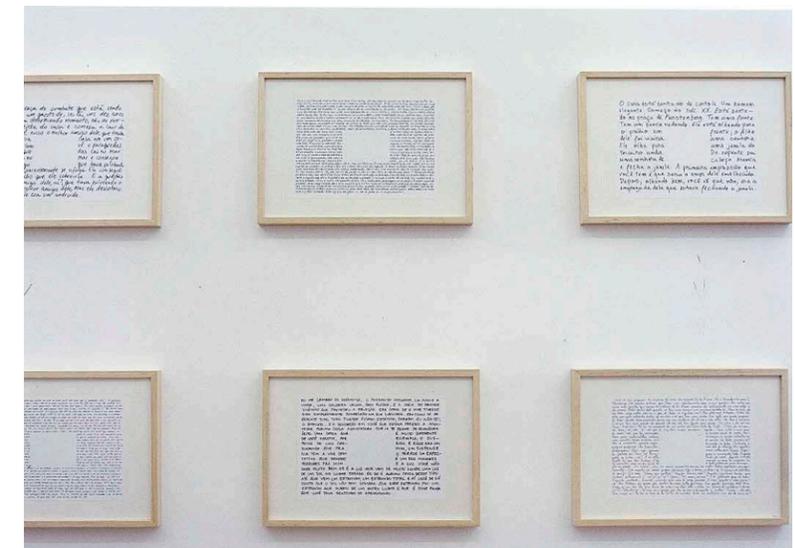
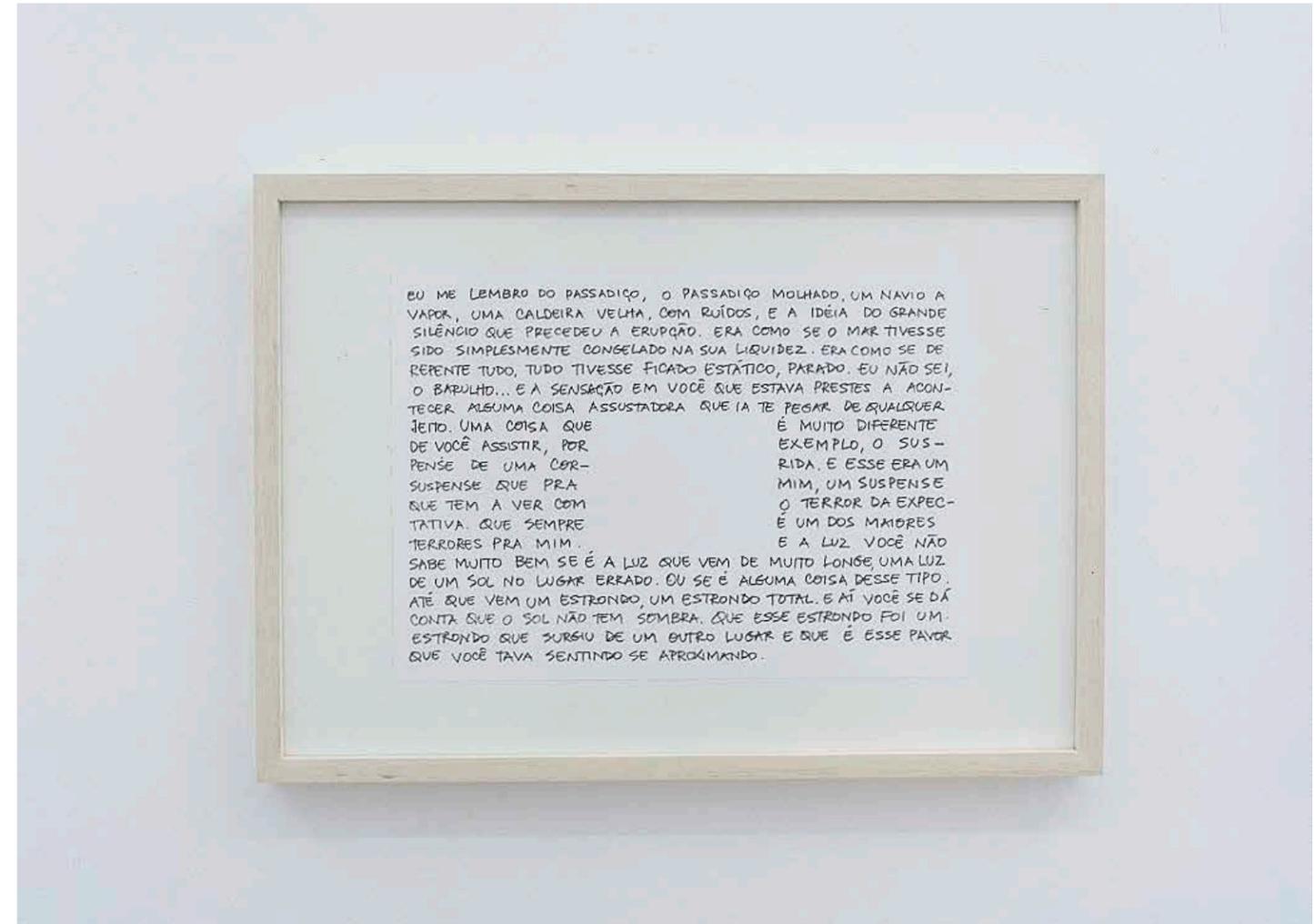
Memory-Images

2016

These are ten descriptions of images recollected from films seen in cinemas from (Rio's famous neighborhood) Copacabana, from interviews with all sort of movie-goers, such as psychoanalysts, filmmakers and even a former cinema owner.

Memory-Image is a term coined by the French philosopher Henri Bergson in late 19th century, to distinguish what he denominated the real remembrance from the reflex motor-sense memory. Although inexplicably connected to each other, is the Memory-Image that we archive daily in our minds, each time we encounter new information. The so called *automatic memory*, as part of our survival instinct, will trigger a memory-image each time it recognizes information that was already previously obtained and will somehow overexpose it with what we are sensing at the moment, as a way of saving up energy, in such a way that we can react more promptly to new fresh information, making it higher the chances of avoiding any danger.

It was partly from that theory that Gilles Deleuze structured his Cinema philosophy, where he divided different components of cinematographic language into two main types: Image-Action and Image-Time, along other smaller divisions such as Image-Affect, Image-Perception, Image-Drive and so on.



Above: framed text of the Memory-Images series. Right: six of the ten texts.

EU ME LEMBRO DO PASSADIÇO, O PASSADIÇO MOLHADO, UM NAVIO A VAPOR, UMA CALDEIRA VELHA, COM RUÍDOS, E A IDÉIA DO GRANDE SILÊNCIO QUE PRECEDEU A ERUPÇÃO. ERA COMO SE O MAR TIVESSE SIDO SIMPLEMENTE CONGELADO NA SUA LIQUIDEZ. ERA COMO SE DE REPENTE TUDO, TUDO TIVESSE FICADO ESTATICO, PARADO. EU NÃO SEI, O BARULHO... E A SENSAÇÃO EM VOCÊ QUE ESTAVA PRESTES A ACONTECER ALGUMA COISA ASSUSTADORA QUE IA TE PEGAR DE QUALQUER JEITO. UMA COISA QUE DE VOCÊ ASSISTIR, POR PENSE DE UMA COR- SUSPENSE QUE PRA QUE TEM A VER COM TATIVA. QUE SEMPRE TERRORS PRA MIM. É MUITO DIFERENTE EXEMPLO, O SUS- RIDA. E ESSE ERA UM MIM, UM SUSPENSE O TERROR DA EXPECTATIVA. É UM DOS MAIORES E A LUZ VOCÊ NÃO SABE MUITO BEM SE É A LUZ QUE VEM DE MUITO LONGE, UMA LUZ DE UM SOL NO LUGAR ERRADO. OU SE É ALGUMA COISA DESSE TIPO. ATÉ QUE VEM UM ESTRONDO, UM ESTRONDO TOTAL. E AI VOCÊ SE DÁ CONTA QUE O SOL NÃO TEM SOMBRA. QUE ESSE ESTRONDO FOI UM ESTRONDO QUE SURTIU DE UM OUTRO LUGAR E QUE É ESSE PAVOR QUE VOCÊ TAVA SENTINDO SE APROXIMANDO.

Essa é a história de uma mulher brasileira. Esta mulher ela tem mais ou menos uns 30 anos. Uma mulher bonita, assim, sensual, e que mora numa cidade no nordeste do Brasil. Então essa mulher, ela passa a por uma cidade, ela transita pela cidade quase sempre fazendo o trajeto de casa dela, onde ela mora, nessa cidade, até o hospital, onde ela trabalha. E quase sempre ela vai caminhando ou de ônibus, né? Então ela vive um conflito com ela mesma. Ela mora com o pai num apartamento de classe média, é classe média. Classe média, classe média baixa, não. Se foi mais recentemente no universo dela e está trabalhando como médica neste hospital. E não lembro se ela é médica exatamente ou se ela é enfermeira. Isso não é muito limpo, mas então ela está nesse momento de começar um novo momento na vida dela, um recomeço. Já recomeçando a vida dela. Ela está buscando agora, começando a trabalhar de médica, tá tendo que lidar com pessoas doentes, em estado terminal. Sair da universidade e virou uma mulher. Ela trabalha nessas corredores com os doentes no hospital, acalme eles, beta eles no carinho, cuide deles, sabe? Da alimentação, monitora, e depois volta pra casa. E chega até a casa dela onde ela mora com o pai. E muitas vezes em lembro, assim... que ela, ela, por exemplo no quarto dela, onde ela fica sozinho, ela gosta uma de uma mesa, tá no quarto começa a gravar, cantar, falar da máquina o mundo né? E começa a com ela dentro dela, no trabalho, a como que ela vê as pessoas que ciano e começa a cantar isso, so- de tudo. Fala do caro, do amor, que relação dela com o pai. Ela começa a gravar, em um diário. E é muito interessante porque essa personagem, ela é... tem um fascínio. É uma jovem brasileira, de uma cidade que é uma capital do nordeste, num Brasil que era o Brasil dos anos 90, olhamos. O Brasil mudando também. E ela vivendo esse novo fase de vida. Virando uma médica, trabalhando. Não é mais uma menina, tá indo, tá morando com o pai. Eu não lembro assim. Eu não sei se ela perdeu a mãe ou não. Isso aí, não dá para saber. Talvez ela tenha perdido a mãe, mas ela é filha única. Então ela fica durante alguns intervalos da vida dela, no quarto dela ou durante o trajeto dela até o hospital e ela canta, pega o gravador e começa a cantar de vida dela. Um confessional que ela gravador. Isso é muito interessante porque isso revela essa personagem em erupção. E essas vezes do gravador, essa memória dela, ela é uma memória que muitas vezes se sobrepõe às anotações da personagem, essas memórias. Imagina os momentos dessa mulher gravando esta coisa numa gravador? Falando sozinho ali. Gravando aquilo. Então a pouco conto e a gente está vendo ela caminhando solitariamente pela cidade, e vai vindo essa voz dela cantando. Essa voz que ela gravou ou ela vai gravar ou é um pensamento...

Texts from the Memory-Images series. Above: Cine Roxy. Below: Cine Jóia

As pessoas estão sentadas naqueles bancos compridos. E o caixão fica lá na frente. Alguém acabou de fazer um discurso sobre o garoto que tinha morrido. E chega a amiguinha dele da mesma idade, que é uma criança também. Ela provavelmente entra pelo fundo da igreja. Como um casamento. E vê ele, o caixão tá aberto. A criança está lá deitada. Ela fica olhando o amigo que morreu. Ela começa a chorar e fala: "Ah, cadê os olhos dele? Ele não consegue enxergar sem os olhos. Ponham os olhos nele". A galera tá lá, sentada, assistindo a essa cena. Ela começa a chorar em cima do caixão do amigo que morreu.

O cara está deitado do de cartola. Um homem elegante. Começo do séc. XX. Está deitado do ma praça de Furstemberg. Tem uma fonte. Tem um banco redondo. Ele está olhando para o prédio em frente; o filho dele foi visitar uma senhora. Ele olha para uma janela do terceiro andar. De repente daí uma senhora de cabeça branca e fecha a janela. A primeira impressão que você tem é que seria o amor dele em velhice. Depois, olhando bem, você vê que não, era a empregada dela que estava fechando a janela.

Texts from the Memory-Images series. Above: Art Copacabana. Below: Star Copacabana

Aí tem um caça de combate que está sendo pilotado por um garoto de, sei lá, uns dez anos assim. Aí, num determinado momento, não sei porque, ele se ejeta do caça e começa a cair de paracaduas. E nisso o melhor amigo dele, que tava na janela desua búrbio americano cair, e o paraque. Então ele entra no salvar o amigo o caça, que dparentemente se afoga. Ele consegue salvar... é... acho que ele sobrevive... E a questão é que esse amigo dele, né?, que tava pilotando o caça era o melhor amigo dele, mas ele descobriu um dia que ele era um androide.

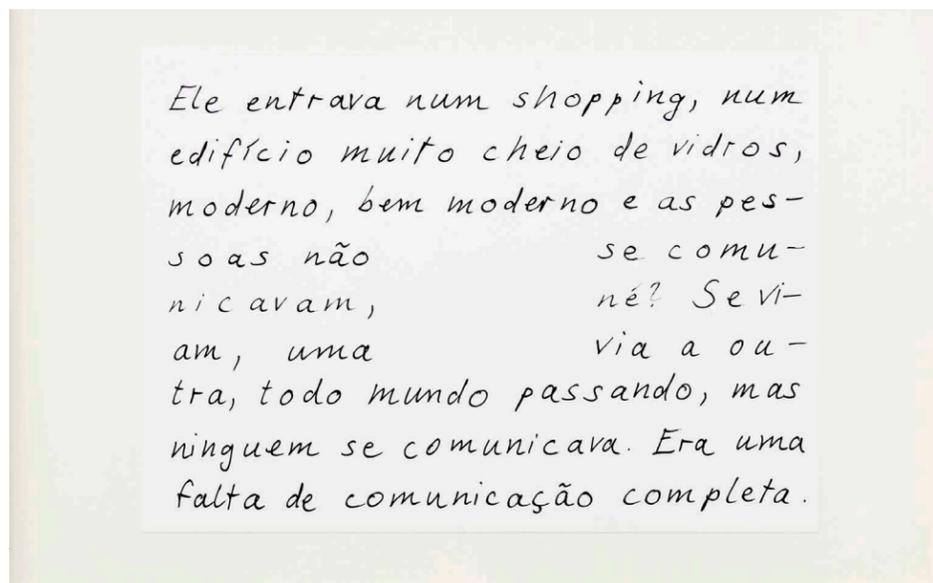
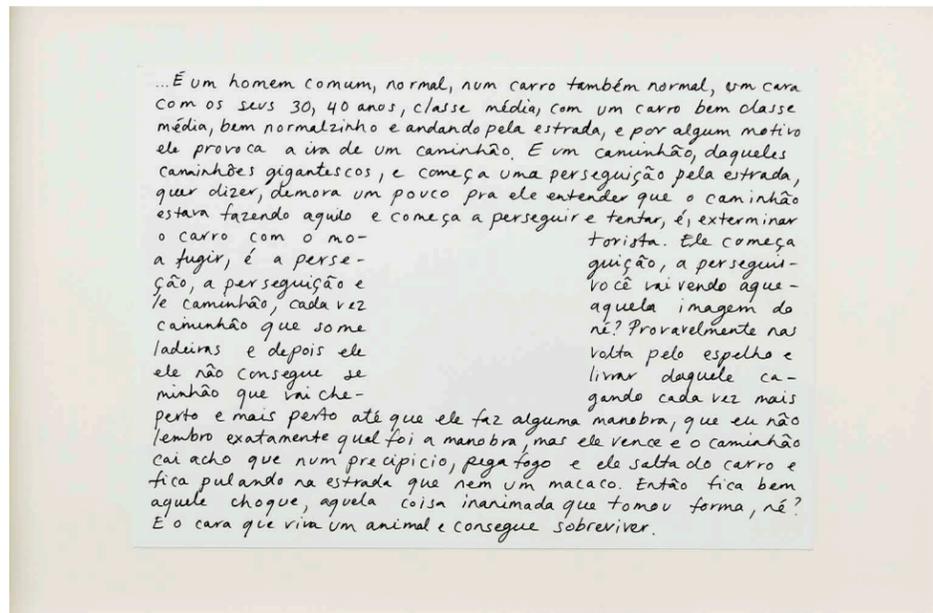
Você vê um professor de música de uma das cidades lá da Rússia. Ele é transferido para S. Petersburgo São aqueles países que tem um apartamento com cinco quartos. Em cada um mora uma família, por causa do sistema de lá. Quem morava lá antigamente era uma família e ela morou. Então dentro deste quarto se tem uma cama e um armário de roupa lá. Mas de noite, ele vai beber uma vodka, não sei o que, se beber os vizinhos, né? Eles estão mais bebados. Então ele vê um gato entrando dentro do armário e vê que tem uma parede. Esse gato era gordo, enquanto todo mundo tava passando fome, era um mistério. Aí ele vai e não volta. Ele abre o armário e vê que tem uma parede. Aí quando ele vai não tem fundo essa parede. Ele entra e ele sai em Paris. Entendeu? Ele sai no parapeito de um prédio em Paris perto da Ponte. Então ele começa: ele desce, vê, sabe. Aí, aí que os vizinhos russos descobrem aquilo. Casa então é uma zona. Os caras vão pra lá, começam a roubar peça de carne, não começam a vender salchicha na o somio de todo mundo, né? Aí é o momento quando aquele próprio professor ele leva a tua-atividade. Eles não querem a família em Paris. Tal recu-puta se fecha, né? E aí volta triste lá, que eles tinham. E de lá comendo uma coisa, aí ele vê não na parede... Os russos, eles, os caras passando assim, os caras todos apostados em apartamento. E de repente os caras andam nas ruas. Nas vitrines milhares de linguagens de salchichas de queijo. E o cara: "Porra, que fortuna!" Aquela turma, sabe? Aquelas comunistas drabo, que tinham antigamente. E pa pa pa, né? Depois, "Po", carne na rua! E lá falando prep de carne. Ninguém roubando, levantando, subindo, pela casa de uma francesa. O mais gordinho e esse france-se. Eles tinham que passar por dentro da casa desta francesa. Era aquela francesa, sabe? Que buro, aí um dia ele fica louca de rida e vai atrás dele e entra no buraco do banheiro. E ela sai um dia. Aí não vai e porra, por ela na rua e de repente a mulher. Porra... ele não tem nem aí? Tá lá no meio de lá. Tá lá. Aí acontece tudo ao contrário com ela de quem né?

Texts from the Memory-Images series Above: Cine Condor. Below: Cinema II

...Ela encontra... Ela estava chegando de uma viagem pequena, uma viagem curta. Era casada, mas o marido não tinha ido nesta viagem. E ela conversa, acho que no trem, com um homem... É não sei porque, este trem ia parar perto, ela ia viajar mais adiante. Mas deste trem, ele ia ter que pegar outro no dia seguinte. Então ela convida pra passar a noite na casa dela, como hóspede da.. ele vai pra lá. Ela apresentou ao marido dele que estava lá. Eles conversaram. E, no meio da noite, ela levanta.. era uma espécie de fazenda né? Um campo grande. E ela levanta e - tava com calor - não podia dormir, e vai passar no jardim. E encontra o tal hóspede dela, também. Eles conversaram, acabam namorando e se apaixonando e não sei o que, e muita conversa, conversam a noite inteira no jardim. Me lembro da imagem assim, os dois passeando, conversando. E eu sei que ele convence ela a fugir com ele. Ir embora com ela, no dia seguinte; ele ia embora e queria que ela fosse com ele. Pra que deixasse o marido e fosse com ele. Ela vai.

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Texts from the Memory-Images series. Above: Cine Alvorada. Below: Cine Copacabana



Framed texts from the Memory-Images series. Above: Cinema I Below: Cine Rian

Translations

CINE ROXY

I remember a gangway, a wet gangway, a steamship, an old, noisy boiler, and the idea of a deep silence before an eruption. It was as if the sea had simply frozen over, as if, all of the sudden, everything had become static, motionless. I don't know, the noise... it's the feeling you have when something dreadful is about to happen to you no matter what. Something that's very different than what you feel, for example, in the suspense of a race. And that was chilling for me, the suspenseful terror of expectation. This has always been one of my greatest fears. And the light. The light which you can't quite tell if it's from far away, like a sun in the wrong place, or something of the sort, until there's a boom, an explosion, and you realize that the sun doesn't have a shadow, and that the blast from afar is the dread you'd felt approaching.

CINE JÓIA

This is the story of a Brazilian woman. This woman has more or less some 30 years. It's a good looking woman, like, sensual, and who lives in a city of the Northeast in Brazil. So this woman, she walks around a city, journeys through the city almost always doing the path between her home, where she lives, in this city, and the hospital, where she works. And... always she goes walking or by bus, right? So she lives a conflict with herself... She lives with her father in an middle-class apartment, right, middle-class. Middle-class, not low middle-class. She graduated recently in the university and is working as a doctor in this hospital. I don't remember if she's a doctor exactly or if she's a nurse. That's isn't clear. but she's in this

moment of starting a new moment in her life, a new beginning. She's restarting her life. She's searching now, starting to work as a doctor, she has to deal with sick people, in terminal state She left the university and became a woman. She works in these corridors with the patients in the hospital, she welcomes them. Puts them in wheel chairs, takes care of them, you know? Feeds them, checks, and then goes back home. And arrives at her house where she lives with her father. And many times I remember, like... that she, she...for instance in her room, where she stays alone, she tapes. She picks up a recorder that was above a table, she in her room, picks up the recorder and tapes, starts to record, to tell, to talk about her life. To retell her life. To re-imagine the world, right? And... she starts to tell about her things, what happens inside of her, at her work the experience she lives in the hospital, how she sees the people who become sick, how she relates and starts to tell that, about that. And tells and speaks about her life and everything. Talks about the guy, the friend with whom she's falling in love, talks about her relation with her father. She starts to tell and turns that recorder in a diary. And it's very interesting because she is...there's an appeal. She's a young Brazilian, from a city, which is the capital of the Northeast, in a Brazil, which was the Brazil from the 90s, let's say. Brazil is also transforming. And she living this new phase of her life. Becoming a doctor, working. She not a girl anymore, she's going, lives with her father. I don't remember if...I don't remember if she lost her mother or not. There's no way to tell, right...? Maybe she lost her mother, but she's an only child. So during some periods of her life, she stays in her room or during the journeys to the hospital and she tells, picks up the recorder and starts to tell her life. That tape recorder is a confessional.

That's very interesting because that reveals this character in eruption. And these voices from the tape, this memory of hers, is a memory that many times juxtaposes her walks, her movements. Imagine the movements of this woman recording this thing in a tape recorder? Speaking alone there. Recording that...And suddenly cut and we are seeing her walking solitary through the city, and there comes her voice narrating. This voice she recorded or she will record or is just a thought?...

CINE ART COPACABANA

The people are seated on pews, with a coffin set in front of them. Someone had just started an oration about the boy who'd died. A friend of his arrives, a little girl of the same age. She probably comes in through the back of the church, like in a wedding. She sees him; the casket is open. The boy is lying there. She keeps looking at her deceased friend. She begins to cry, and says, "where are his glasses? He can't see without his glasses. Put on his glasses." The crowd sits there, watching the scene. She goes and weeps over her dead friend's coffin.

STAR COPACABANA

A man with a top-hat is seated. A elegant man. Early-1900s. He's sitting in Place de Furstenberg. There's a fountain. There's a round bench. He's looking at the building in front of him. His son had gone to visit a woman. He looks into a window on the fourth floor. Suddenly, a gray-haired lady appears and closes the window. The first impression you have is that this is his once-lover, who's now aged. Later looking closely, you see that's it's not; it's her housekeeper that's closing the window.

CINE CONDOR

There's a fighter jet that's being flown by a boy, maybe ten years old. At a certain moment, I don't know why, he ejects himself from the jet and starts to descend by parachute. His best friend, who's looking out the window of his suburban American home, sees the parachute falling, and it lands in the sea. So he goes into the sea and manages to save his friend who was flying the jet, who appeared to be drowning. He's able to rescue him, and, I think he survives. The thing is that this friend who was flying the jet, was his best friend, but one day he discovered that he's an android.

CINEMA II

...You see a music teacher in a Russian city. He gets transferred to St. Petersburg. There are those buildings whose apartments have five bedrooms. Each bedroom for a family, that's their system. An old lady used to live there and she died. So in this bedroom there's only a bed and a closet from the old lady. But at night, he goes out to drink some vodka, or something, meet all his neighbors, you know. They are kind of tipsy. Then he sees a cat entering the closet and he sees there's a wall in there. This cat was fat, while everybody were starving, it was a mystery. So he goes in and doesn't come out. He opens the closet and sees that there's a wall. When he goes in, this wall has no bottom. He goes in and comes out in Paris. You see? He comes out in window sill of a building in Paris. Close to the Pont... Then he begins: he goes down, watches, goes up. Then...the Russian neighbors discover that... Man, it's a mess. The guys go there, start to steal car parts, steal a whole motorcycle, begin to sell sausage on the street, street vendor, play music...And it's every-

body's dream, no? Until the moment that door closes itself. Actually, the teacher himself takes his music class with him. The boys cross. They don't want go back to Russia. It's that bountifulness in Paris and so on. He rescues all the children. And that door closes it self, right? And then all is back as before. That little sad life there, that they had. And suddenly the guy is eating something, then he sees the cat going into a small hole...The Russians, they, the guys spending like, the guys all squeezed inside those apartments. And suddenly the guys walk on the streets. Inside the display windows, millions of sausages, salamis, cheeses. And the guy: "Damn what an abundance!" Those types you know? Those hardcore commies, like from before. And ...la la la... right? Then, "Jesus, cars on the street!" And back there car missing parts. Dudes stealing, carrying, going up through the house of a French lady. The funniest thing is this French lady. They had to go through the house of this French lady. She was a real French lady, you know? Quick tempered. So one day she went mad and went after them and went in the hole towards the opposite way. She comes out in St. Petersburg. Then the dude goes and, damn, puts her out onto the street and suddenly this woman: "Shit..." she had no idea, right? She's in the middle of that place. She's there. Then everything happens the other way around to her in an unlucky way, right?

CINE ALVORADA

...She finds...She was arriving from a small trip, a short trip. She was married, but the husband hadn't come to this trip. And she talks, I think in the train, with a man... And I don't know why, this train was going to stop soon, he was going further. But from this train, he was going to catch another one next day.

So she invites him to spend the night on her house, as a guest from... he comes. She introduces him to her husband, who was there. They talked. And, in the middle of the night, she wakes up...it was kind like a farm, yeah? A big field. She stands up and — she felt hot — couldn't sleep, and went to stroll in the garden. And meets her guest, also strolling in the garden. They talk, they end up kissing and falling in love. And I don't know what, and lots of talking, they talk through the whole night in the garden. I remember that image, there, both walking, talking. And I know he convinces her to run away with him, on the next day. He was leaving and wanted her to go with him. Wanted her to leave her husband and go with him. She goes.

CINE COPACABANA

Er...He...I'm trying to remember something that happened in the class-room before he ran away when the teacher says... The teacher is giving a class and tries to explain what's a...I don't know if it was a peninsula or an island. I think that's it. He mixes a bit this image of what is an island with...something like that. I don't remember anymore which one it is. There's some artifice played in the beginning of the film. His class, of geography... in which he says something but what happens is the following...He leaves a letter to his parents saying he's going to search for the horse. And the first place where he goes it's a circus because he says the horse is blue and it can sing, it can dance, so he goes to the circus and he arrives without a penny and the clown is going to charge for the ticket...a circus with charlatan musicians, con men and he doesn't have money to pay to go in but there's a little girl inside the circus who is alone watching the hoaxed numbers and she says 'oh,

I'll pay for you' and he sits beside her and they start to watch the numbers of this clown, he's even a funny one and so on but there's some musicians who can't play, there's some scam of imitating an elephant too. Some clumsy things like that, a humor...a slapstick humor and then he says 'Did you by any chance have seen a blue horse around?' And the musician say 'Oh, a blue horse? What you mean by a blue horse? Really blue?' And then he says 'Really blue. He sings, he dances.' Then the musicians look at each other and say 'A horse that sings, a horse that dances... we could become very rich with a horse like this in a circus.' Then they start to follow the boy to try stealing the horse that the boy will find. And then this.. this adventure from the boy...then the girl who was sitting with him, joins in this walk and he goes passing through places in this small country town and they end up in a ranch... Before they go to the ranch they pass by a bandstand or in a square, something like that and then there's an old lady...I think her name is The Old Lady Who Knew, something like that, The Old Lady Who Sees Everything, The Old Lady Who Knew Everything, I don't know... The Old Lady Who Knew...I think that was it. And he goes, speaks to this old lady in a bandstand. The boy asks, I-don't-know-what, and then 'There's an old lady who saw the horse', and then he goes to talk to her and the old lady says that the horse went I-don't-know-where, and they all go there and they end up in a ranch and he arrives in a ranch and he gets to the ranch and then 'Here's a blue horse, here's a blue horse.' But then, the clowns who aren't clowns, who are the musicians and that clown, surround the boy and grab him and threaten him and they want to take it and believe that the boy finally is going to find the horse and they want to take it from him and then the owner of the

ranch is Erasmo Carlos. I think it was Erasmo Carlos and then, well, he saves the boy and so on and then it's not the right horse and he goes on until the little girl say 'I can't bear it. etc., I'm hungry' and the girl goes away and the boy goes on alone. And then he arrives...I don't remember anymore...I think I'm skipping some things but then in a certain moment he arrives in an open field or something, he's very tired, hungry, alone, and he meets a bearded old man who says he's God. Says he's called John of God. Then he says 'Are you God? God? Really in person?'. Then the old man says 'Yes that's me, John of God, at your service', something like that. Then they start talking and he says he can't help the boy because he has to take care of everything, that he can't go with the boy searching but if the boy stays...and he gives him an advice which is something like this 'If you really want to follow your dream, if you go', like, 'if you believe in your dream you'll be able to find your horse.' And then the boy is already very tired and then he sleeps, under a tree, and rests and dreams.

CINEMA I

There's an average man, very typical, in a typical car. A 30 or 40 year-old guy—middle-class, with a middle-class car, very average, driving down the road who for some reason irritates a truck. The truck, one of those huge semi-trucks, begins to chase the car. It takes a little while for the man in the car to see that the truck is chasing him, trying destroy his car and him inside of it. He begins to drive faster, and... the chase, the chase, the chase... and you see the truck, a glimpse of the truck that's always disappearing behind the slopes, right? The truck appears again in the rear-view mirror and the car is unable to outrace it. It keeps getting closer and closer until the

car does a maneuver, I don't remember exactly which, but it succeeds and the truck drives over a cliff, I think, and catches fire, and the man leaps from the car and starts jumping around on the highway like a monkey. So it turns out well, no?: the collision, the imbroglio that took shape. The guy becomes an animal and manages to survive.

CINE RIAN

He'd go into a mall, a building made of glass, modern, very modern, with people who wouldn't talk to one another, no? They'd look at one another in passing, but no one would exchange words. There was a total absence of communication.

MP3 player, 60 min audio

The Open

2016

Field recording of sound from Copacabana beach, captured during a sunny afternoon. This MP3 player/radio is typically used by some of the more ambitious beach vendors that walk around the sands shouting their food goods through a head-set microphone, and by kids that like to hang out on the beach listening to favela funk.

The Deleuze-Bergsonian cinema theory defines the representation of the universe as the Open, which unifies different groups of parts into one whole through movement and duration.

Two types of reflection containing movement and duration took place simultaneously during the times of the old — now extinct — cinemas of Copacabana's waterfront: outside, thoughts from the meditating beach bums reflected upon the landscape of the seeming infinite ocean, and inside the dark empty movie-theaters, foreign landscapes were reflected upon a screen which created a window to somewhere else.

To listen to an excerpt of the audio, please click [here](#).

MP3 player from The Open



CD played on loop, 12'

Em frente ao oceano

2015

Second of three site-specific works commissioned for the group show *A Mão Negativa*, that took place in Parque Lage, Rio de Janeiro. Spoken text was appropriated and translated to Portuguese, from Marguerite Dura's film *Les Mains négatives* (1977), which is based on the marks found in the caves of South of France left by cavemen back in immemorial times. Together with recorded sound of braking waves, the audio piece was installed in a fake cave built with cement, which allegedly was used for singing practice by the park's former owner's wife, for its acoustics.

During a typical informal work meeting in Rio, I had mentioned Dura's film to the curator, Bernardo de Souza, while he was telling me about his concept for the show as it being, together with the park and everything within its premises, a collection of reconstructed artifacts and scenarios made by a future civilization, of what once was supposed to have been the past — our present — before a forthcoming ecological doomsday came and the world as we

know it ceased to exist.

Sometime later, I got to know that he was going to install a particular piece by Daniel Steegmann in one of the vaults of the fake cave — titled simply ^ — which I had seen before. That triggered me to want to make the audio piece in another part of the cave, to tangentially permeate Steegmann's work by washing it with the sound of the waves and the text, which would lend it an interesting conotation, and reciprocally have their meaning amplified to different directions; and as a result, making it a collaboration of sorts.

Little I knew that since our conversation, de Souza had watched *Les Mains négatives* and had become so enchanted by it that he decided to make it the center work of his exhibiton, as well as adopting its title. That created some objection from his part in accepting my piece, as he found it tautological to have it parallel to the original film, which he was going to show in a large flatscreen inside the villa. But in the end, Steegmann had loved the idea, and



Left entrance of fake cave in Parque Lage.

together with his support, I managed to finally convince de Souza that the work would be like an echo of Dura's film, reverberating inside the cave with a totally new resonance.

Eu sou o que chama

Eu sou aquele que chama quem gritou há trinta mil anos atrás

Eu te amo

Eu grito que quero te amar, eu te amo

Eu amarei qualquer um que ouça o que grito

Sobre a terra vazia restará essas mãos sobre a parede de granito em frente ao quebrar do oceano

Insustentável

Ninguém mais ouvirá
Nem verá

Trinta mil anos

Estas mãos lá, pretas

A refração da luz sobre o mar faz trepidar a parede da rocha

Eu sou quem chama aquele que gritava nesta luz branca

O desejo a palavra ainda não foi inventada

Ele observa a imensidão das coisas no quebrar das ondas, a imensidão de sua força e depois ele gritou

Acima dele as florestas das Américas, sem fim

Ele está no centro da pedra de corredores de caminhos de pedra de todas as partes

Você que tem nome que é dotado de identidade

eu te amo de um amor indefinido

É preciso descer a rocha vencer o medo

O vento assopra do continente ele rechaça o oceano

As ondas lutam contra o vento
Elas avançam
abrandadas por sua força
e pacientemente alcançam a rocha

Tudo se apaga

Eu te amo mais longe do que você

Eu amarei qualquer um que ouvir que eu grito que eu te amo

Trinta mil anos

Eu te chamo

Eu chamo aquele que me responderá

Eu quero te amar eu te amo

Desde trinta mil anos eu grito em frente ao mar o espectro branco

Eu sou aquele que gritava que te amava, você.

Transcription.

Em frente ao oceano
debaixo da rocha
sobre a parede de granito
essas mãos abertas

Azuis
E pretas

Do azul d'água
Do preto da noite

O homem veio só à gruta
em frente ao oceano

Todas as mãos tinham o mesmo tamanho

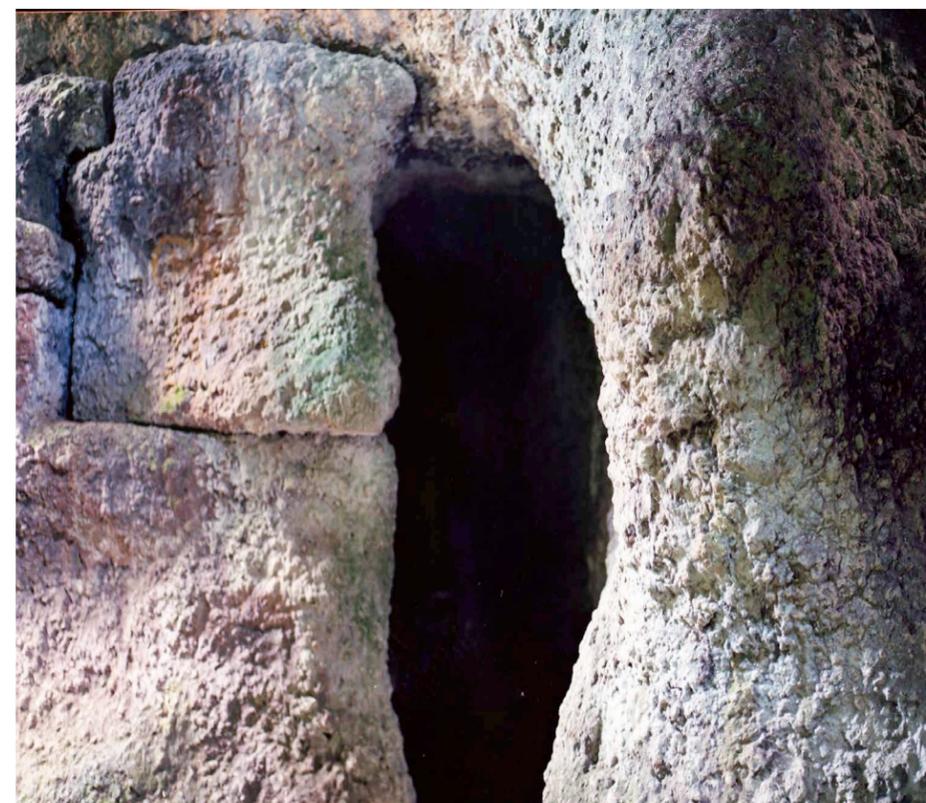
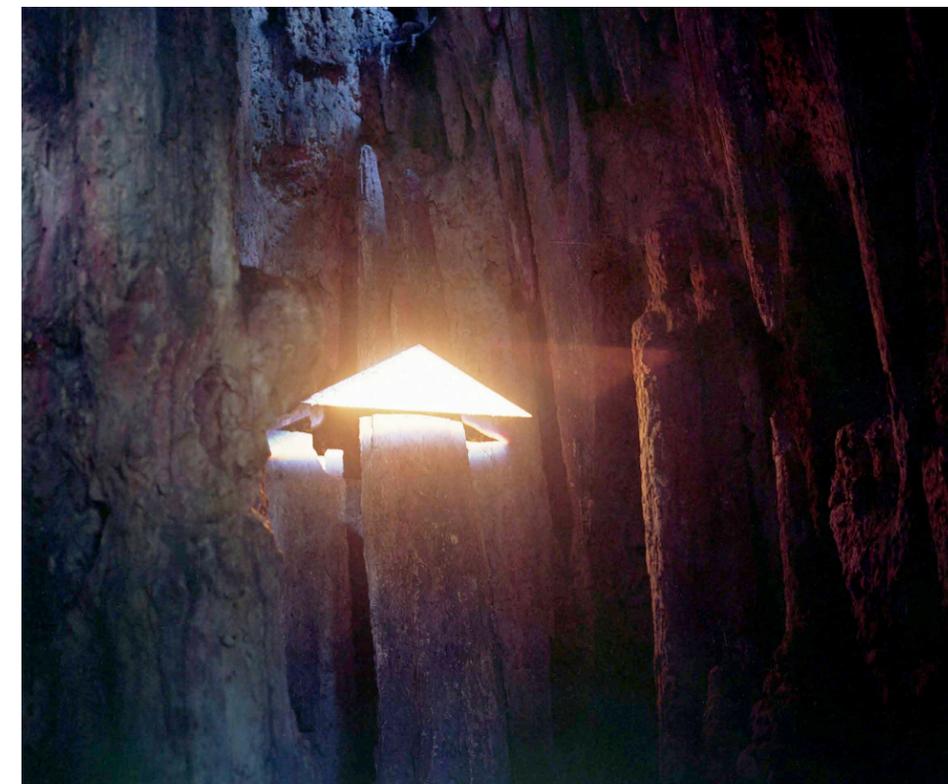
ele estava só

O homem só na gruta observou no ruído no ruído do mar a imensidão das coisas

E ele gritou

Você que tem um nome
você que é provido de identidade
eu te amo

Estas mãos
do azul da água do preto do céu
Espalmadas
Dispostas lado a lado no granito cinza
Para que qualquer um as vejam



Above: Daniel Steegmann's ^. Left: Entrance to the chamber where the audio-piece was installed.

Text on vinyl

Now We'll Go Until The End

2015

Third of three site-specific works commissioned for the group show *A Mão Negativa*, that took place in Parque Lage, Rio de Janeiro. Text was pasted to the floor of the terrace from Parque Lage's villa, where the first scene of the seminal *Earth Enraptured* (1967) by Glauber Rocha was filmed. The text is a transcription of the dialogue from the film between two characters that speak about the fate of the fictional country El Dorado. The text follows the steps of the characters, who agitatedly circled around, as they spoke and argued.

The film, which is provocatively anti-populist, synthesizes the ever repeating struggle of the dogmatic left against the conservative right, subscribing a dispute between idealism and pragmatism, as the main character is torn between the two fronts. Upon the release of the film, Rocha was himself considered a fascist under the eyes of the Left, and a subversive by the sensors from the military dictatorship which eventually prohibited the film, forcing Rocha to illegally smuggle a copy out of the country, to have it presented in Cannes, where it won the Luis Buñuel prize.

In the film, the villa was made in into the Governor's Palace, where his right arm, the nonconformist journalist Paulo Martins, proves to be an extremist, urging him to take arms against the president's troops that were marching into Alecrim, the capital. Taking advantage that the floor in the rooftop is gridded by square flagstones, I gave the dialogue between the two disputing characters, respectively monochromatic colors, as in a chess game.



This and the next pictures: details of work, pasted on the rooftop of the villa from Parque Lage, Rio de Janeiro. Right photo by Angie Vandyk.

Transcription.

Calm down!!!	<i>our work an adventure!?</i>
<i>Now we'll go until the end.</i>	Stop!!! Obey the orders! Disperse the resistants. Sara! Open the log.
I said it already: The people's blood is sacred.	Note it down: "The contradiction of the forces which direct our lives have thrown us into this political stalemate, so common to those that actively take part in the great decisions..."
<i>The blood isn't important. It'll be the beginning of our history. If we loose, Diaz will raise to power.</i>	
A worthless fight. We'll be crushed!	<i>...To whom is this document...? What is it for...?</i>
<i>'Can't betray us!</i>	"...hence, consummated our fate towards the great national decisions..."
Our adventure's finished.	
<i>Adventure? Adventure?! You call all</i>	<i>...The speeches! The promises...</i>

"...Certain that to resist will unleash a patricidal war between the innocents..."

...Who are the innocents?

"...I deliver my fate to God. With the hope that once again, He will bless El Dorado with His divine grace that dances in the human hearts. The love that unites us all."

Do you see Sara? Do you see who was our leader? OUR GREAT LEADER!!!

60 posters, found stereo and party debris

The Party

2014

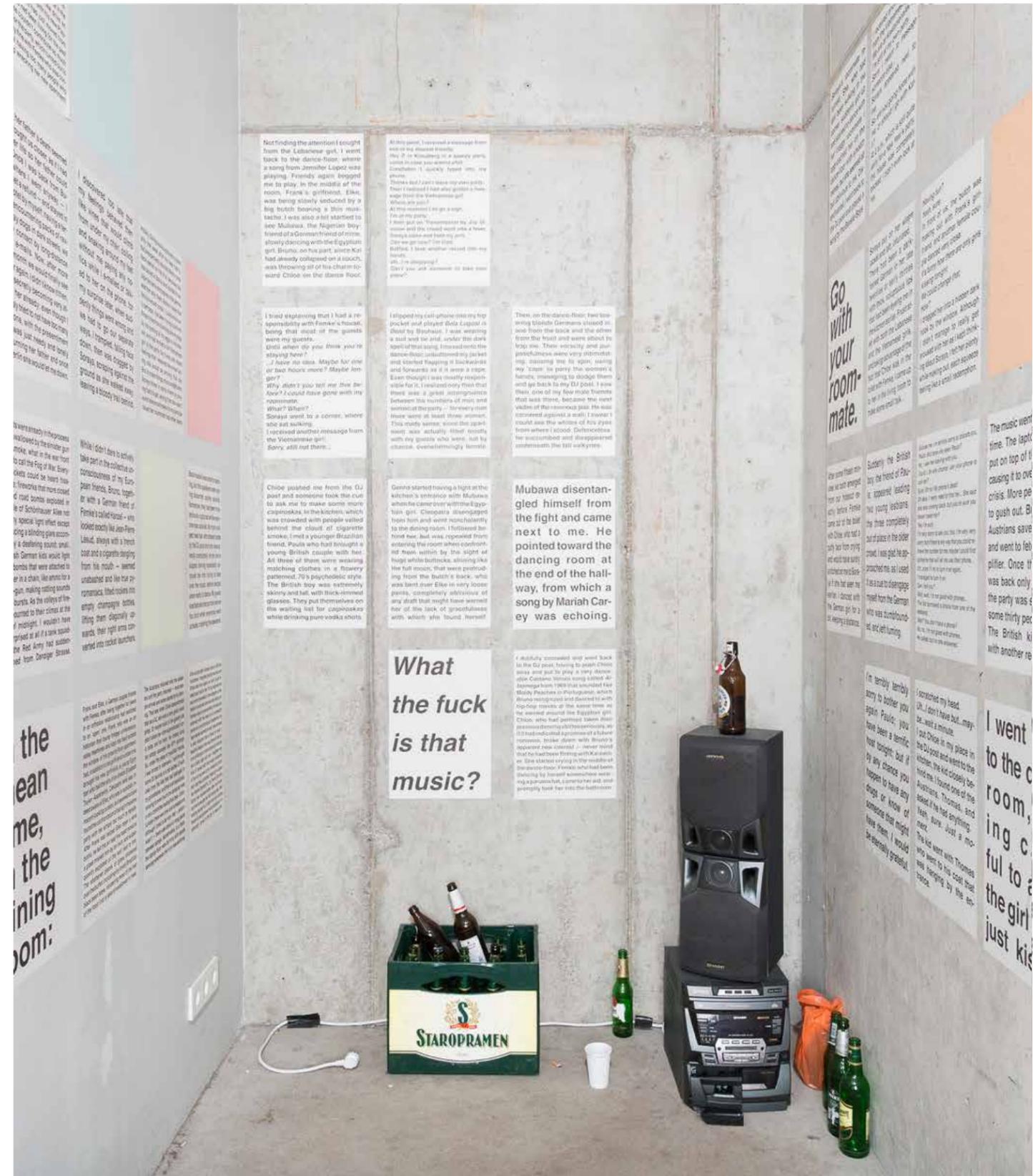
The Party is a site specific installation tailored for the off-space Die Raum in Berlin. The space is located near to Eberswalder Straße, in Prenzlauer Berg; a district which in its heydays — until roughly less than ten years ago — used to be the cool hip area. Since then it drastically morphed into a predominantly bourgeois neighborhood and became a sort of cautionary tale of how fast gentrification can change the character of a place.

Because of the local neighborhood's recent history, I thought it was pertinent to tackle a Berlin emblem that started to be exploited more recently, which is the local party culture; considered one of the main traits of the German capital, what started as a consequence for being a cheap place populated with the creative class, in the last years became more of an industry for tourists, with hordes of young people taking cheap flights for the weekend to party in increasingly expensive clubs.

To download pdf of posters, please press [here](#).

I wrote a short-story which is a fictionalization of a new year's party I had thrown together with friends, few months before, which had gotten a bit out of hand. I transferred the story to the area near Die Raum, in the turn of the year between 2005 and 2006, effectively the time that gentrification from the area hit its maximum point, making hordes of young artist and hipster roll down the hill towards the next cool place then: Kreuzberg. I appropriated Die Raum's silkscreen infrastructure — they print their flyers into amusingly large posters — and divided the story into sixty posters (including plain colored ones that served to brake the story into chapters) that were split into four geometrical grids designed for each of the three completely irregular walls of the space. In the opening evening we threw a party that easily filled the small fifteen square feet gallery. Later the debris of the party were left in the space as props for the installation.

Installation in Die Raum, Berlin, 2014. Photo by Jan Windszus.



Having fun?

Yeah, sure.

In front of us, the butch was making out with Frank's girlfriend, and another female couple danced very close.

It's funny how there are only girls kissing tonight.

We could change that.

How?

I dragged her into a hidden dark nook by the window. Although I didn't manage to really get aroused with her as I kept thinking about Soraya, I felt her plenty while making out, each squeeze feeling like a small redemption.

Detail of installation in Die Raum, Berlin, 2014. Photo by Jan Windszus.

Transcription

Femke, Chloe and I were organizing a New Year's party together. It was the winter of 2005, and we all still lived in Prenzlauer Berg, just about the time when most of the younger artists and hipsters were leaving en masse down the hill to Kreuzberg, which was fully flourishing as the new place-to-be, starting its own self-obliteration towards total gentrification, the same cycle that Prenzlauer Berg was completing then. But we were already not that young — we were in our mid-thirties — so we had no plans to leave. Besides, Prenzlauer Berg still had some rough edges left and wasn't completely taken over by armies of baby strollers like nowadays.

I had already been living in Berlin for five years then and had hosted several parties, always with the help of Femke and her boyfriend. I used to live in a large loft near Wedding, with incredibly tolerant neighbors who never called the police, despite the fact that we usually partied during weekdays until the wee hours. Especially in the first years, I was still sort of half living here and in Rio. Because I was terribly afraid of flying, I always gave a farewell party on the day before the departure, to make sure I would get in the plane very tired and hungover; actually, in my innermost fears, I did believe that every farewell party could be my last good-bye to my friends.

But since Femke still hadn't held a house warming party, and since her house was much more central than mine, we decided to locate the New Year's Eve party at her new place, which was a newly renovated, spacious, ground floor apartment, close to the Eberswalderstrasse U-bahn station, where she had moved with her half-Colombian boyfriend, the writer Carlos, who at the time had gone to visit his mother in Bogota.

Just after Christmas, when Femke

and Chloe had returned from their respective families in Holland and England — I stayed working at home with my cat — we met in her house to plan the party. After a tour around the house, we regrouped in the kitchen to have drinks and cigarettes. Chloe, who was a very close friend of Femke, was a short, red-haired artist, completely covered with freckles, with the Centaur constellation sprinkled on her face. She told us about her Christmas thrills in a small coastal town in England, where in a truly regressive experience, she had to sleep in the bunk bed of her 10-year-old nephew, and, while outside rained miserably, she sat in the living room watching her nephew drive an orange Porsche in circles with his new PlayStation. Because she had just moved from Paris where she had been living for the past five years, she couldn't contribute so much with guests for the party, which turned out to be completely fine with Femke who was concerned about having too many people who might end up wrecking her new apartment.

We bought the drinks together, but I was in charge of the food — which would be Brazilian of course — and they took care of the decoration and setting up the space. During the afternoon of the 31st, while I cooked a feijoada, they hung colorful filters on the lamps in the living room and, because Carlos was paranoid that people in the party would steal his books, the girls covered the book shelves with a gold aluminum foil, shielding Carlos' books from the gaze of intellectually inclined thieves.

The three of us had no idea how many people to expect; Berlin was blooming with Silvester parties to compete with, in our neighborhood alone there would be dozens and dozens of house parties for people to choose between; our assessment was

that about fifty guests would come — in fact I secretly expected that at least fifty of my friends would come. It was our aspiration that after the fireworks, people would stay to dance.

We were all very excited and anxious to see how everything would play out. I had a special reason for having certain anxieties because my new fling might come that night. Soraya was a small, plumpy Lebanese girl who was a good friend of Chloe, and whom I had met during a dinner party back in the summer. We had been in touch for almost two months through e-mails and long-distance calls, while she was abroad in Romania and Lebanon. We had two brisk, feverish nights before she went to Romania, where she took part in an artist residency close to Bucharest. She had invited me to visit her, which I had accepted. On the same day that I bought an expensive ticket, her father suffered a fatal heart attack in Beirut, causing her to leave to Lebanon the next day.

Somehow her father's death seemed to have brought us closer, as if I had entered her life so her father could leave it. Once I was back from Bucharest, where I went anyway — I couldn't get a refund — and stayed in a cheap hotel by myself, having a terrific time encountering packs of ravenous stray dogs in dark streets, we kept daily contact by long distance calls and e-mails. Now, after more than one month we would finally see each other again. I didn't know it then, but I was secretly becoming very attached to her already; even though I consciously tried to not have too many expectations, with the presentiment that she was just needy and lonely while mourning her father and once back in Berlin she would let me down.

I discovered too late that my feelings behaved then like vines that would

climb from under my chair, coiling and snaking around my feet without me paying any notice while I e-mailed or talked to her on the phone; for my surprise later, when suddenly things went wrong and we had to go our separate ways, I trampled, falling face down, then was dragged by Soraya, scraping against the ground as she walked away, leaving a bloody trail behind.

Initially, Soraya was supposed to come only one week after the New Year's, but unexpectedly she decided to come back earlier on the 31st, because she was bored in Beirut and wanted to escape the eerie atmosphere that permeated her stay there.

Before I knew that Soraya would come, I, subconsciously perhaps, had been trying to prevent those vines from climbing over my legs by not putting all my eggs in one basket, and had invited a hot Vietnamese girl to the party. So it was with mixed feelings that I received her e-mail saying she would be arriving that day. But to make things more complicated, Soraya threw in some charm by playing hard to get, saying that she wasn't sure if she would make it to my party because her roommate had other plans.

Bruno, a young Italian art-book publisher arrived surprisingly early; one hour before the official scheduled time to start, meaning two hours before anyone else would start arriving. I found that shockingly rude — in Brazil to arrive on time is considered impolite — but my two North-European friends thought nothing of it. Bruno looked smart in black, matching his handsome dark beard that smelled of the Marlboro cigarettes that he was constantly chain smoking. He had brought some gratinéed Italian dish as his contribution and sat in the kitchen with us as we finished cooking. Suddenly we were already past the

hour and still not finished when a second guest arrived, Kai, a skinny androgynous German, who was also elegantly in black. Bruno was very happy to see her there, they seemed to resume something left unfinished or pending from another night, and stayed flirting with each other by the stove, blocking my way.

We had just finished putting all the food that we had, the wine bottles, paper cups and plastic cutlery in Femke's studio which had been converted into a dining room, when friends from an art collective called Magog arrived, bringing more friends, dishes and drinks. After resting the food in the studio, everybody tried to fit into the kitchen, but it got too crowded so some stayed in the hallway. We all had aperitifs as I made a round of caipiroskas for everyone.

Soon more people arrived and all the guests fitted around a long dinner table that had been arranged by putting desks together in Femke's studio. As we finished eating, shortly before midnight, suddenly throngs of more people arrived, and the house became rapidly totally filled with more than a hundred people, mostly completely unknown to Femke. I pretended bewilderment, while I in fact had secretly invited more people than I had first admitted and encouraged everyone to bring other friends. Things were quickly getting out of hand as both the apartment's and the building's doors were left ajar with people coming in and out, some just looting the food and drinks. Then things returned under control all of a sudden when the countdown for New Year's started and everyone just went outside for the fireworks.

The streets were already in the process of being swallowed by the sinister gun powder smoke, what in the war front they like to call the Fog

of War. Everywhere rockets could be heard hissing above; fireworks that more closely resembled road bombs exploded in the middle of Schönhauser Allee not giving any special light effect except for producing a blinding glare accompanied by a deafening sound; small, white-trash German kids would light up little bombs that were attached to each other in a chain, like ammo for a machine-gun, making rattling sounds of bullet bursts. As the volleys of fireworks mounted to their climax at the stroke of midnight, I wouldn't have been surprised at all if a tank squadron of the Red Army had suddenly stormed from Danziger Strasse.

While I didn't dare to actively take part in the collective unconsciousness of my European friends, Bruno, together with a German friend of Femke's called Hanzel — who looked exactly like Jean-Pierre Léaud, always with a trench coat and a cigarette dangling from his mouth — seemed unabashed and like true pyromaniacs, fitted rockets into empty champagne bottles, lifting them diagonally upwards, their right arms converted into rocket launchers.

Back inside it was time for dancing, but the speakers were giving distorted, quirky sounds. Somehow, they had been mysteriously ruptured while everyone was outside. My main suspect was Kai, who stayed inside by the DJ post and who was already completely drunk since supper, having repeatedly annoyed me into trying to take over the music before people were ready to dance. My guess was that she had put the volume too loud when everyone went outside, cracking the speakers.

The dance floor was crowded and everyone was just standing awkwardly. The party was quickly dying; people were leaving as they phoned and texted friends in parties



Detail of installation in Die Raum, Berlin, 2014. Photo by Jan Windszus.

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The dance floor was crowded and everyone was just standing awkwardly. The party was quickly dying; people were leaving as they phoned and texted friends in parties that were really rocking. Two Austrian friends, Thomas and Klaus, from the Magog art collective, were trying in vain to reconnect the speakers; I knew that the best and fastest option was that

ist, completely covered with freckles, with the Centaur constellation sprinkled on her face. She told us about her Christmas trille in a small coastal town in England, where in a truly regressive experience, she had to sleep in the bunk bed of her 10-year-old nephew, and, while outside rained miserably, she sat in the living room watching her nephew drive an orange Porsche in circles with his new PlayStation. Because she had just moved from Paris where she had been living for the past five years, she couldn't contribute so much with guests for the party, which turned out to be completely fine with Femke who was concerned about having too many people who might end up wrecking her new apartment.

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In the mean time, in the dining room:

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Frank and Elke, a German couple friends with Femke, after being together for years in an orthodox relationship had switched to an 'open' one. Frank, who was an art historian that found fridges unnecessary, noisy machines and kept his food outside the window of his ground-floor apartment, had, in addition to his girlfriend number one, brought his new girlfriend, a young Egyptian who had the air of an Arabic Elizabeth Taylor. Apparently, Cleopatra here was indeed aware of Elke, who was a roundish, in-

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A few songs later, Soraya came in with her roommate. I stopped playing records and Chloe took over again, so that I could instead play host to her. To my surprise she was more interested in the company of her lesbian roommate, who not only had an extremely unsavory personality, but was also endowed with the head of an overweight person on a very thin body. Despite this, my heart started secretly to sink, I was amused to later discover that a friend of mine, a beautiful lesbian who was there turned out to know Soraya's roommate and in fact had had a blind date with her. I laughed very hard to myself with the image unraveling in front of my eyes of my rendering of how their date had unfolded: meeting in a place like Barbie Deinhoff's, my friend Carolina facing her bloated-faced date not knowing how to escape her harrowing fate, then locking herself in a toilet stall and calling friends to ask whoever was available to 'incidentally' arrive in the bar to rescue her. Not finding the attention I sought from the Lebanese girl, I went back to the dance-floor, where a song from Jennifer Lopez was playing. Friends again begged me to play. In the middle of the room, Frank's girlfriend, Elke, was being slowly seduced by a big butch bearing a thin mustache. I was also a bit startled to

Detail of installation in Die Raum, Berlin, 2014. Photo by Jan Windszus.

subsequently exploded on the wall next to him. The shattered pieces of glass showered over the buffet, including my lovely Brazilian black bean stew, rendering most of the rest of the food into a sword-swallower's meal.

The Austrians returned with the speakers and the party resumed — more people arrived and some started to try dancing. That was when Chloe demonstrated that as a DJ, she was a very good visual artist. Or maybe most of the guests just didn't share her ultra-sophisticated ironic taste, and for them, her cheesy song list simply sounded like

MTV garbage. So, under the pleas of mystified friends, I was forced to intervene. I had brought some 20 records in a red leather LP suitcase from the 60s that had belonged to my grandfather, and that's all I would play, refusing to even touch the laptop as I was a very committed audiophile then. Unfortunately there was only one turntable and although I tried to be very fast — which I wasn't — there was always a long pause between songs. Nonetheless, in a flash, the dance floor was burning with people dancing whenever the vinyl was spinning.

A few songs later, Soraya came in with her roommate. I stopped playing records and Chloe took over again, so that I could instead play host to her. To my surprise she was more interested in the company of her lesbian roommate, who not only had an extremely unsavory personality, but was also endowed with the head of an overweight person on a very thin body. Despite this, my heart started secretly to sink, I was amused to later discover that a friend of mine, a beautiful lesbian who was there turned out to know Soraya's roommate and in fact had had a blind date with her. I laughed very hard to myself with the image unraveling in front of my eyes of my rendering of how their date had unfolded: meeting in a place like Barbie Deinhoff's, my friend Carolina facing her bloated-faced date not knowing how to escape her harrowing fate, then locking herself in a toilet stall and calling friends to ask whoever was available to 'incidentally' arrive in the bar to rescue her. Not finding the attention I sought from the Lebanese girl, I went back to the dance-floor, where a song from Jennifer Lopez was playing. Friends again begged me to play. In the middle of the room, Frank's girlfriend, Elke, was being slowly seduced by a big butch bearing a thin mustache. I was also a bit startled to

see Mubawa, the Nigerian boyfriend of a German friend of mine, slowly dancing with the Egyptian girl. Bruno, on his part, since Kai had already collapsed on a couch, was throwing all of his charm toward Chloe on the dance floor. At this point, I received a message from one of my dearest friends. Hey P, in Kreuzberg in a spacey party, come in case you wanna chill. Crestfallen I quickly typed into my phone. Thanks but I can't leave my own party. Then I realized I had also gotten a message from the Vietnamese girl. Where are you? At this moment I let go a sigh. I'm at my party. I then put on Transmission by Joy Division and the crowd went into a fever. Soraya came and held my arm. Can we go now? I'm tired. Baffled, I took another record into my hands. Uh...I'm deejaying? Can't you ask someone to take your place? ...this is also my party you know. I tried explaining that I had a responsibility with Femke's house, being that most of the guests were my guests. Until when do you think you're staying here? ...I have no idea. Maybe for 1 or 2 hours more? Maybe longer? Why didn't you tell me this before?

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Until when do you think you're staying here?

...I have no idea. Maybe for 1 or 2 hours more? Maybe longer? Why didn't you tell me this before?

I could have gone with my roommate.

What? When?

Soraya went to a corner, where she sat sulking.

I received another message from the Vietnamese girl:

Sorry, still not there...

I slipped my cell-phone into my hip pocket and played Bela Lugosi's Dead by Bauhaus. I was wearing a suit and tie and, under the dark spell of that song, I moved onto the dance-floor, unbuttoned my jacket and started flapping it backwards and forwards as if it were a cape. Even though I was mostly responsible for it, I realized only then that there was a great incongruence between the numbers of men and women at the party — for every man there were at least three women. This made sense, since the apartment was actually filled mostly with my guests who were, not by chance, overwhelmingly female.

Then, on the dance-floor, two towering blonde Germans closed in, one from the back and the other from the front and were about to trap me. Their voracity and purposefulness were very intimidating, causing me to spin, using my 'cape' to parry the women's hands, managing to dodge them and go back to my DJ post. I saw then, one of my few male friends that was there, became the next victim of the ravenous pair. He was cornered against a wall; I swear I could see the whites of his eyes from where I stood. Defenceless, he succumbed and disappeared underneath the tall valkyries.

Chloe pushed me from the DJ post and someone took the cue to ask me to make some more caipiroskas. In the kitchen, which was crowded



Happening/party during opening in Die Raum, Berlin, May, 2014. Photos by Jesper Dyrehauge.

with people veiled behind the cloud of cigarette smoke, I met a younger Brazilian friend, Paula who had brought a young British couple with her. All three of them were wearing matching clothes in a flowery patterned, 70's psychedelic style. The British boy was extremely skinny and tall, with thick-rimmed glasses. They put themselves on the waiting list for caipiroskas while drinking pure vodka shots.

Genna started having a fight at the kitchen's entrance with Mubawa when he came over with the Egyptian girl. Cleopatra disengaged from him and went nonchalantly to the dining room. I followed behind her, but was repealed from entering the room when confronted from within by the sight of huge white buttocks, shining like the full moon, that were protruding from the butch's back, who was bent over Elke in very loose pants, completely oblivious of any draft that might have warned her of the lack of gracefulness with which she found herself.

Mubawa disentangled himself from the fight and came next to me. He pointed toward the dancing room at the end of the hallway, from which a song by Mariah Carey was echoing.

What the fuck is that music?

I dutifully conceded and went back to the DJ post, having to push Chloe away and put to play a very danceable Caetano Veloso song called *Alfaomega* from 1969 that sounded like Moldy Peaches in Portuguese, which Bruno recognized and danced to with hip-hop moves at the same time as he swirled around the Egyptian girl. Chloe, who had perhaps taken their previous dancing a bit too seriously, as if it had indicated a promise of a future romance, broke down with Bruno's apparent new interest — never mind that he had been flirting with Kai earlier. She

started crying in the middle of the dance-floor. Femke, who had been dancing by herself somewhere wearing a panama hat, came to her aid, and promptly took her into the bathroom.

Soraya's roommate returned. She, who had still been sulking in the corner, suddenly got up and started to dance with her froggy roommate. I approached her on the dance-floor with smooth moves, but she seemed all but oblivious to me. Disenchanted, I went back to the DJ post and played a song by the Beastie Boys.

I received another message from the Vietnamese girl:

We are at Kastanienallee 21.

I'm still at my own party.

Sorry I meant to message someone else...

Soraya appeared next to me.

So, are you going home with me, or should I go with Katti?

At 2 a.m., which is still quite early for a New Year's party, the house was completely packed. I didn't even look at her.

Go with your roommate.

Soraya put on her winter jacket and left, infuriated.

There had been a dark-haired German in her late twenties or early thirties with thick, voluptuous lips that had been eyeing me in the kitchen earlier. Frustrated with both the Lebanese and the Vietnamese girls, and taking advantage of the fact that Chloe was in the toilet with Femke, I came up to her in the living room to make some small talk.

Having fun?

Yeah, sure.

In front of us, the butch was making out with Frank's girlfriend, and another female couple danced very close.

It's funny how there are only girls kissing tonight.

We could change that.

How?

I dragged her into a hidden dark nook by the window. Although I didn't manage to really get aroused with her as I kept thinking about Soraya, I felt her plenty while making out, each squeeze feeling like a small redemption.

After some fifteen minutes we both emerged from our hideout exactly before Femke came out of the toilet with Chloe, who had a puffy face from crying and would have surely snitched on me to Soraya if she had seen me earlier. I danced with the German girl for a bit, keeping a distance.

Suddenly the British boy, the friend of Paula, appeared leading two young lesbians, the three completely out of place in the older crowd. I was glad he approached me, as I used it as a cue to disengage myself from the German who was dumbfounded, and left fuming.

Excuse me. I'm terribly sorry to disturb you, Paulo. But have you seen Paula?

No, I saw her leaving with you.

Could I, by any chance, use your phone to call her?

Sure. Oh no! My phone's dead!

Oh dear, I really need to find her...

She said she was coming back, but you're sure you haven't seen her?

Yes, I'm sure.

I'm very sorry to ask you this, I'm very very sorry; but if there is any way that you could retrieve the number for me, maybe I could find someone that will let me use their phone...

Uh...sure I'll try to turn it on again... I managed to turn it on.

Can I tell you?

Wait, wait, I'm not good with phones...

The kid borrowed a phone from one of the lesbians.

Wait? You don't have a phone?

No, no, I'm not good with phones...

He called, but no one answered.

The music went off a second time. The laptop had been put on top of the amplifier, causing it to overheat. A new crisis. More people started to gush out. But again the Austrians saved the night, and went to fetch their amplifier. Once the amplifier was back only the core of the party was still there — some thirty people. The British kid returned with another request.

I'm terribly terribly sorry to bother you again Paulo; you have been a terrific host tonight; but if by any chance you happen to have any drugs or know of someone that might have them, I would be eternally grateful.

I scratched my head.

Uh...I don't have but...maybe...wait a minute.

I put Chloe in my place in the DJ post and went to the kitchen, the kid closely behind me. I found one of the Austrians, Thomas, and asked if he had anything.

Yeah, sure. Just a moment.

The kid went with Thomas who went to his coat that was hanging by the entrance.

In the meantime, I went back to the dance room, being careful to avoid the girl I had just kissed.

Chloe was playing a song by the Spice Girls. Genna demanded that I change the music, but I could see that Chloe literally still had tears in her eyes. I thought that deejaying was helping to distract her from her distress, so I let her be.

Bored, I asked the British kid about the pill, just to make conversation.

Oh, I've put it in a drink to dissolve, I'll go get it...

I never saw him again at that party. I was by then a bit restless. I went back to the kitchen, where Thomas grabbed me by the shoulder.

Hey did you see the British guy?

Yeah, I think he left.

Did he give you the stuff?

Oh, not really.

Oh that asshole. He said he was going to share it with you. I only gave it to him because he said he was going to share it with you!

Thomas tapped Mubawa on the shoulder and whispered on his ear. The Nigerian produced a small, metal, round canister for mints. Inside were dozens of brown tablets

that looked like vitamin D12 pills.

Mubawa picked one of the biggest ones and gave it to me. Drunk and not knowing how to refuse it, I swallowed it with a gulp of beer.

I went back to dancing but I didn't feel anything, and soon grew tired and sat down. Femke sat next to me and said that they would soon have to kick everybody out. It was almost 8 a.m. and she wanted to go to sleep.

One of the tall blondes, the beautiful Kerstin, was deejaying amazingly, playing Grace Jones. The thirty or so people left, who mostly were from the first group to have arrived in the party, were still dancing, probably full of vitamin D in their blood. At 8 a.m. Femke cut the music. Kerstin invited me to go with her and some of the remaining people to a club.

*

It was about 9 a.m. when the splintered group of ten people entered a large electronic-music club underneath some elevated train tracks. Beside Kerstin, the Magog collective was there, and so was Mubawa and Genny and the Egyptian girl, who sat on my lap in the cab.

Inside the club's packed dance-floor, we met the British kid and the two lesbians who were dancing in a trance and didn't acknowledge us. All of a sudden everything became rhythm to me; nothing mattered anymore except obeying the beats by moving my body. The Egyptian was grazing against me with her eyes closed. It was a great feeling, but in a few minutes I felt a terrible, dry thirst. My mouth was pure white saliva, and when someone handed me a glass of water, I poured it into my mouth as if it was oxygen and immediately I knew that it was not enough, that I needed to leave that place or I would have a seizure.

I ran out, passing the heavy-set bouncer who gave me a curious glance, as if he had seen idiots like me many times before. I walked down the freezing streets, lit by the cold overcast sun, wearing only a shirt and a disheveled tie. I wasn't yet feeling much better, although the fresh air and the lack of music helped with controlling my heart-beat and easing my blood pressure down. But if the effect of whatever I had taken was yet to reach its climax, I knew I might have a stroke, or even a heart-attack.

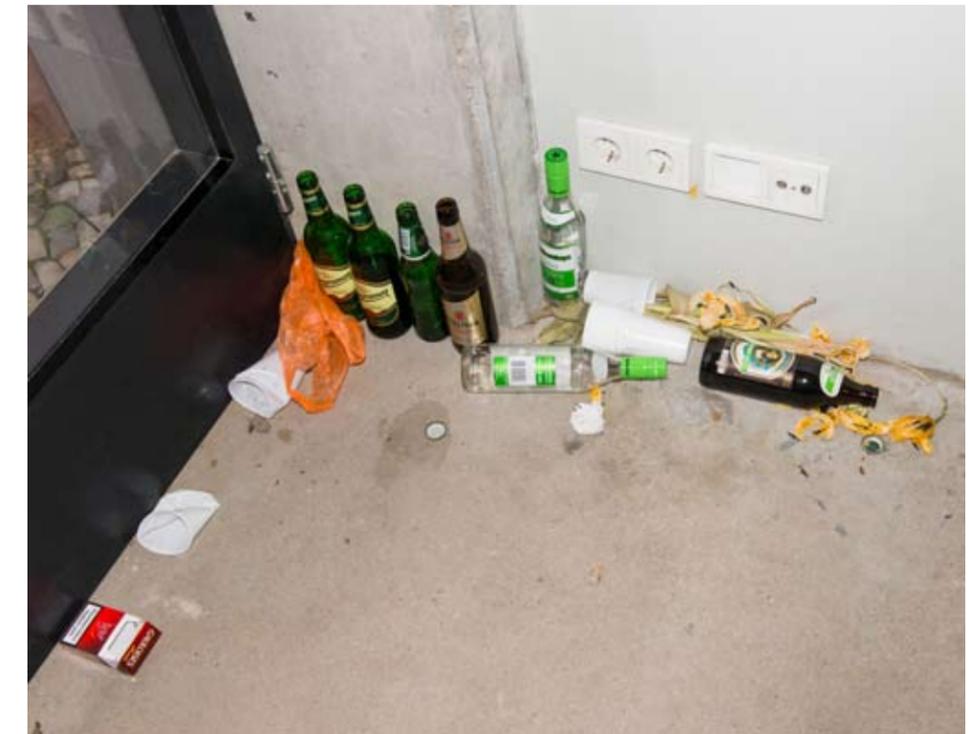
I walked in the direction of an U-bahn. The road next to the club had been cornered off by the police with yellow barrier tape. Four patrol cars stood within the closed area flashing their siren lights. I walked past them and observed from the other side of the street as an ambulance slowed down and stopped, while a police officer opened a path through the blockage. The ambulance parked between the cars and paramedics emerged from its rear doors with a stretcher. After some five minutes, someone was transported on the stretcher from the club into the ambulance. The man was a latino with a shaved head who reminded me of myself — maybe it was me? — I even had the same tie on — didn't I?

I turned around and continued walking to the U-bahn. I went down the stairs to the platform where I meditated for what felt like a long time, thinking if this was the life I thought I would be leading at 35, never having had made a feature film, never having written a novel, leaving basically like a teenager, why didn't I stay with Clare? Was my Cat, Madam, my only family now? Maybe I should get a hair implant. When would I finally go back to Jiu-Jitsu? When would I learn German? Why didn't I write more? What about quitting smoking? And drinking?

What about Law school? Should I return to Rio...?

I hated how my super-ego inflated during a bad trip. I was cold, and realized that I had left all my belongings in the night club, so I stood up and went back. Leaving the U-bahn station and crossing the street to the club I didn't see any sign of the police cars or of the ambulance or even of the yellow barrier tapes. Inside, the bouncer let me in as if I had left five minutes ago, and I found everyone still dancing, the club packed as before. The Egyptian girl was making out with the British kid.

It was 2006. I packed my stuff and left à l'anglaise...



Detail of installation in Die Raum, Berlin, 2014. Photo by Jan Windszus.

Live telephone conversation and slide show

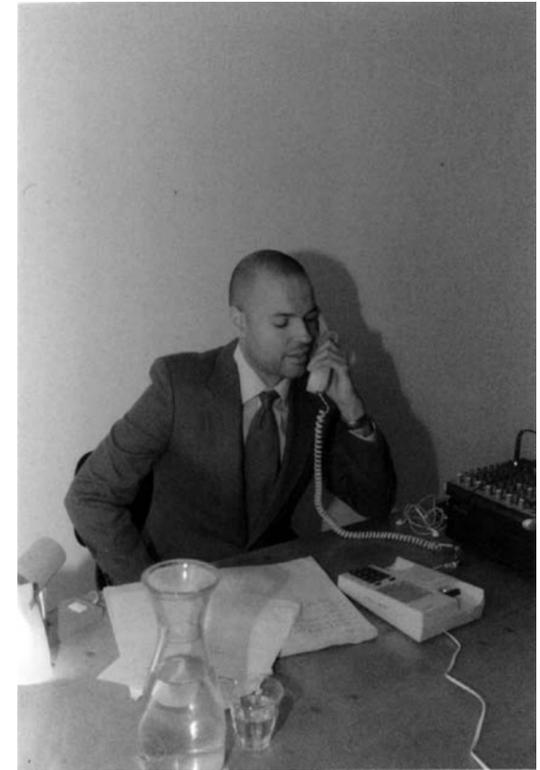
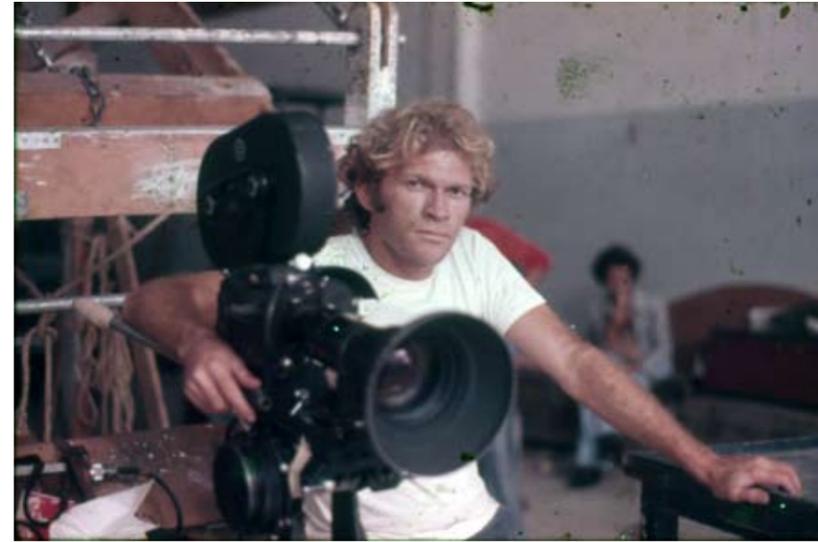
Casa da Michèle

Casa da Michèle was a live interview. I invited the artist Adaire Reeford to talk to me in the Galerie Juliette Jongma in Amsterdam, about a film he was trying to make in Rio de Janeiro while staying in the house of the famous French artist Michèle Gálvez Forst, alongside a slide-show of photographs he had made there while location-scouting.

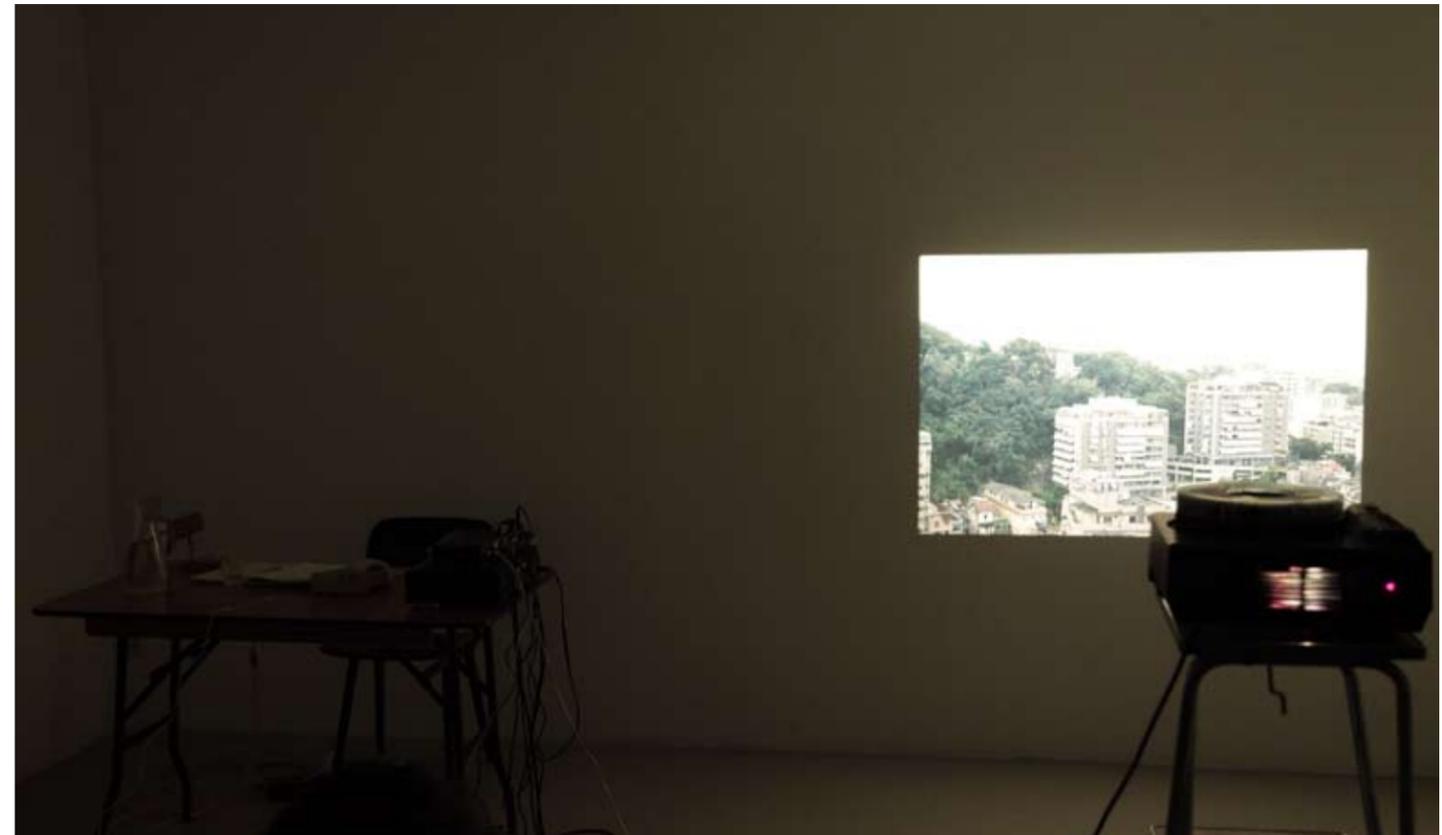
As it happened, Reeford got stuck in one of the now infamous traffic jams of the Wonderful City, as roads are being opened and freeways demolished while Rio gears up for the 2016 Olympics, and he never made it to his BA flight. Therefore we improvised a phone conversation. When the time came and I was alone on 'the stage' he didn't pick up the call the first time. Smiling at the audience I made up some excuse, while my heart secretly sank. I tried again some five minutes later, and indeed, in this second attempt, he was there. (I learned later that he had tripped in the cord of the old land line braking it, and had to find a spare one.)

The first thing he told me over the phone was the improbable story of how Hitchcock came about commissioning the script for *North by Northwest* to the script writer Ernest Lehman. Hitchcock wanted Lehman to write a script where the opening scene took place in an UN meeting where, say, the Danish diplomat at the moment of his speech said: "I will only speak when the representative of [for instance] Peru, wakes up!". Someone approaches the Peruvian diplomat who seems to be sleeping bent over his desk and finds out that he is in fact dead. Under his head they find a notepad where the picture of the head of a moose had been drawn. And then, for the ending, Hitchcock said he wanted a chase across Mount Rushmore — "...always wanted that in a film."

At a loss of how to even start writing something that would connect such disparate points in a timeline, Lehman decided to catch a train to Mount Rushmore. In the way, many incidents took place in the trip which took a couple of days; so that by the time he arrived to Mount Rushmore,



Top: found-photo sent in the invitation as a portrait of Adaire Reeford. Right: performance in Galerie Juliette Jongma, March 2014. Below: a few moments before the performance started. Photos by Andreea Peterfi.



he had his script ready in his mind to be written.

From then on, for close to an hour Reeford told me through the phone — which was amplified to speakers — the reasons that lead him never to even start filming while staying at Michèle's house. While the audience heard the forking narratives, they could concentrate in the images of the slides that sometimes randomly connected to what was being said. Michèle's house, in the vernacular of her own work, became a hub for narratives and tales told by an artist who is an elusive individual, someone who creates a fictional character of himself by weaving a fog of mystery around him.

But actually there never was an Adaire Reeford, just as there has never been a real Michèle Gálvez Forst either. In a collaboration, the artist Daragh Reeves — who I met in a residency in Rio — had helped me forge those lines (the Hitchcock story was his idea). Later, he used that script as a base to improvise while speaking over the phone to me from Berlin. The photographs were actually of my authorship, so that is to say that it was indeed a fictional interview. Michèle Gálvez Forst was a fictional character based in Dominique Gonzales-Foester who has a real house in Rio, which a common friend takes care, and where I stayed for a sejour once.

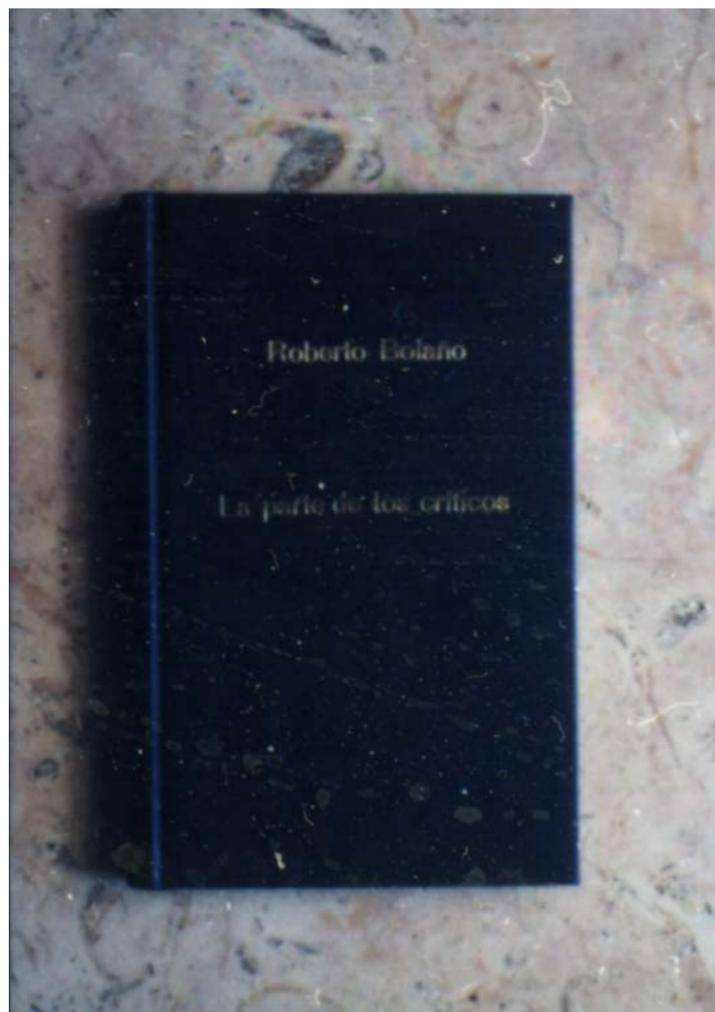


Image from slide projector.

Transcription

ONE MONTH AGO

I went to a wild party at Emery's in Belleville, Paris: at one point someone offered around some MDMA, and when it was already dawn, we played poker. I lost around fifty euros, and left back home — not before behaving like a very bad loser. Earlier in the night, I met for the first time the artist Michèle Gálvez Forst; this is when it was still a well behaved dinner party, from which she left early. Michèle and I immediately stroke up a friendship that night. We shared a common interest in Brazil and in Rio, and also some mutual friends in Paris. Even our work had some parallels, however Michèle is a world known artist — and also older — and I have just achieved a more modest level of success.

A week after meeting her, Michèle asked me if I wanted to fly out to her house in Rio for New Year's. Sure, why not? It had been a hard winter, and also I just had been dumped by this girl Nina, and I felt that at least I could go there and finish a script I've been working on. So I flew out and stayed ten days with her, and I decided in the end to extend my stay. She went back to Paris and left me the keys and asked me to keep an eye on her house renovations from her courtyard that had slid down the hill a couple years back due to torrential rainfall. As it happened the workers never showed up anymore once she was gone.

SATURDAY

A week ago, someone broke through a small window at the back of the house that lead to the American kitchen. Nothing was taken but the visitor left many half finished bottles of my booze around the house. And also moved some furniture around, including some beanbag seats piled into a tower and two dining chairs



Image from slide projector.

that were in top of the couch.

I called the police. A pair of nonchalant officers arrived and pretended to scribble things on a notepad with a ballpoint pen. As they're leaving, I asked — in my pidgin Portuguese — why they didn't take some finger prints? The officers shrugged; upon my insistence that some extra investigation be made, they called someone and then left. That evening, after having the window fixed, I tried to forget about this incident: there was a French curator that I knew that was staying in a hotel next door, so she brought some of her friends and I called some of my friends, and we threw a nice dinner party in Michèle's house.

SUNDAY

The day after the party, I went over to have breakfast in the hotel next door with my friend. And the communal table I met Samuel Moses, an American writer and academic who had come to Rio for only one night

in order to interview the journalist Greenstein for a biography. We had a pleasant conversation, while wolfing down the buffet breakfast.

We talked about Greenstein, whose columns in The Times about the dissident NSA's secret agent, Sutherland I had been following. He had become persecuted himself for handling the leaked confidential NSA files. I was surprised to discover that Greenstein lived in Rio (my guess is he was in hiding from the CIA). Samuel was going to meet him in the horse track in Gávea, a place Greenstein loved to go.

When I returned to the house next door, I found a short man who was waiting for me by the gate. He had a severe expression on his face. As I opened the door I asked what he wanted and he informed me that he was a forensic specialist from the police. He started to pour dust in every wine glass and door handle in the house, and took pictures. I tried to explain to the little man that the

finger prints he was collecting were most probably those of my friends from the night before.

MONDAY

I woke up again to find the same window smashed and the furniture laid out in even more disconcerting places and more of my booze collection drained. I wondered to myself how come I don't hear anything! The new discoveries totally put me out of the mood for working, so I decided to try the race tracks myself.

Once there I experienced immediate beginners' luck. So I remained there until evening. Each time there would be a new race I would leave my table on the balcony and run downstairs where they had a type of a cat walk for the horses. Here the stable assistants paraded the horses by their tethers, and after the jockeys had being weighted, the horses would return with the jockeys mounted on them. That day I developed a curious gambling theory: I observed that more often than not, jockeys with longer noses on less favorable horses won against high odds. So for every race, I looked for the most pinocchio rider. And with this stupid method I actually turned a profit!

TUESDAY

I woke, came into the American kitchen, and checked for signs of the burglar but noticed nothing. I had not bother to fix the window so it stood glassless. While I started to get the morning coffee going, I saw a trash bag on the kitchen counter. It was closed with a knot, and whatever was inside was about the size of a melon or a football. I picked it up and it seemed to weight around four kilos and it was neither hard or soft.

I called the local police station — a

tiny place in the main touristic street of Santa Teresa. Two hours later the patrol car arrived with two new cops and I had to explain everything to them from the beginning. Paying no attention whatsoever to the trash bag they asked if I would like to come to the station to make a report, but warned me that such an effort would be worthless. As they tried leaving I pointed out for a second time the ominous trash bag on the kitchen counter, to which they shrugged and laughed saying 'He left a gift for you' and left

I was left alone with the mysterious bag on the counter. I felt it with my hands and again could not determine what was inside. . . I took a deep breath and dug my nails into the plastic bag ripping it open. Inside there was another trash bag exactly like the one I had just ripped. Once more I ripped into the bag and once again I encountered another identical bag inside of that. Again I ripped it open and same thing. I started to rip numerous trash bags in rhythm just to find yet another one just like it — in total some 30 bags — until I reached a white shopping bag from the Mundial supermarket chain.

At this point I could tell that it was probably not a body part. That soothed me and encourage me to open the final bag. This one I did not rip open, but slowly untied the knot. Inside the blender that usually sat by the sink in the kitchen. Incredulous, I looked to the sink and indeed the blender was not there.

That day I went back to the Jockey Club. As I stood there waiting for a race to start, I spotted a handsome man, casually, yet, elegantly dressed. He was sitting near to where I stood and was checking his race sheet. I thought he might be Greenstein, even though he looked way more French than American. I positioned myself behind him and took note

of the horses he circled for the next race. I bet on his horses — Aerosol and Mojito — as well as on Sutil whose Jockey who hadn't a particular long nose, but had the longest. It was a close call with a photo-finish. Sutil won by a nose!

I cashed in my humble winnings and I tried to approach the man to invite him for a drink. As soon as he saw me coming, he left to the popular stand area. Somehow I scared him off. Later, also because I never been to the other side, and because his flight sparkled my curiosity further, I too crossed over to the popular seats leaving behind the area where only properly dressed members are admitted, protected by security. Although the popular area was also a beautifully conserved building from the 1920s, it felt like entering another world.

Here instead of seeing old retired gentlemen with their binoculars or fat rich nouveaux riches sipping their Martinis, were battered gamblers in wretched surf shorts and Havaiana flip-flops. A long haired Indian with blood shot eyes almost



Image from slide projector.

bumped into me while crumpling his race sheet into a tiny ball, shouting an unpleasant curse in Portuguese.

I saw the man I imagined could be Greenstein talking with a scruffy looking man in a wheelchair that was being pushed by a middle-aged mulata, who you could tell that in better years had been a beauty and that regardless of her sagging face, still possessed considerable sex-appeal. The 'French-Greenstein' saw me across the room and quickly whispered something before taking his leave. I ran towards him but I was stopped by the mulata who expertly hooked one of her arms around my left elbow and fixed me with her seductive smile, hypnotizing me with such charm that I forgot about the man for a moment. Once I had disentangled myself from the mulata, the man was gone.

WEDNESDAY

Next day, I had my first actual encounter with the burglar. I was returning from the beach, wearing espadrilles and shades, when I saw him climbing the wall that ran

around Michèle's house. He also saw me and froze while sitting on the top of the wall, holding a trash bag that was probably full of my stuff. He was very thin, dark, and wore a disheveled shirt which in bold letters read 'Búzios'. This very strong territorial instinct took over me and I started shouting to him Hey! What're you doing there!? Get out! He remained impassive. After a minute or two, I ran inside the house's ground to get closer to him; by which time he was gone.

Inside the house I received a text from a friend that invited me to participate in a demonstration. It was true Carioca fashion to notify me of such thing on the last minute, but I ran from Michèle's house loading my small camera on the way. A bus took me by surprise as I was hurrying down the slope, it came speeding off a blind curve, pushing me backwards to the ground.

I hit my head against the sidewalk and fell unconscious.

I woke up with a circle of heads staring down at me. They seemed surprised when I opened my eyes. Curses coming from somewhere made me sit up, irritating a doctor who apparently had come out of her SUV to help me. Ignoring her, I saw that the bus had stopped some 30 feet away; its driver was one of the people surrounding me; and the passengers were furious, demanding the driver to return to the bus and resume their journey.

For everybody's astonishment, I stood up to leave. I was tired of waiting for the ambulance, it was Friday evening, and there was an opening and a party I wanted to attend. I would certainly miss if I ended up in a Brazilian hospital waiting for hours in line. The doctor grabbed me by the arm, but I shrugged her off, saying Tá tudo bem, even though my



Image from slide projector.

head was throbbing madly. I left the small crowd behind, to the applause of the bus' passengers, and walked back up the hill, towards Michèle's house.

In the house I took note of my wounds. I felt like I had just been beaten up by a mob. Something similar could have happened to my body, had I gone to the demonstration in the end, as the police were reported to have acted brutally. I took ice packs from the freezer and wrapped around my body with plastic bags and cloths. I balanced the biggest one on my head like one of those ladies from Bahia who sell coconut couscous on the beach.

I had made an appointment with some guests from the hotel next door, whom I had met during breakfast, to go to the opening and the party. I decided that would do me good to ignore my pains and continue as planned. I greeted everyone and explained what had happened. They were completely appalled — more because I insisted in going than what had happened to me.

Luckily one of them, a Greek, was a doctor. He quickly examined me looking at my pupils and asked me if I felt any dizziness and discharged me as good to go. . .we caught a big cab.

Driving down the hill towards Glória, the car began to fill with a terrible stench. One of our companions, a husky old Scottish filmmaker, asked the driver if he was carrying a dead body in the trunk. That's when I remembered seeing some old frozen fish laying in the freezer that I took the ice packs out of. By the time we arrived at the opening I had to confess that it was me who was causing the stench. When we arrived my new friends helped me dispose of the ice packs in some drains.

At the opening, which was held in a large old apartment I went directly to the bathroom so that I could wash myself in the sink — the stench was unbearable. Afterwards I took a shower with all the perfume bottles I could find: Infinity, L'Homme, L'Odyssée, Cinéma, Channel N°5... Doused in this cocktail of fragrance,

I would still had to keep my distance from the friends and acquaintances that I met there.

After a while we went to another opening, which was more like a street party organized by a famous Brazilian artist for the gallery. By then my doctor friend allowed me to take painkillers and to drink. Happy to be still alive, I danced like there was no tomorrow. I had my best suit on which attracted a lot of attention in a city where its citizens wear flip-flops most of the time. A beautiful girl, I knew from a residency I had done in Rio a few years ago, called Miriam, made eye contact with me on the side-walk-cum-dance-floor. I approached her and we danced. At some point they played a slow song and I tried to dance close to her, but she left and disappeared in the crowd.

I looked for her and soon found her with her husband. Transfixed I stopped dancing and waved. She blushed and even covered her mouth with her hand in embarrassment or shyness. I had the impression that her husband kept looking at me for the rest of the party.

THURSDAY

I was laying by the pool which was very dirty because since I got there the pump was not working. João, the caretaker, came by to take the pump to the shop. He showed me a photo on his cell phone that he had taken from a TV screen with the burglar on it. He had finally been captured by the police, when he had tried to brake in a nearby house. Apparently he had been bitten in his groin by a watchdog that wouldn't let him go. Because of my bad Portuguese, I hadn't followed the news, but apparently he had been breaking in many houses of Santa Teresa, primarily to steal alcohol.

To my surprise, a couple of hours later, I was invited by the two first police agents to come to the central police station in Glória to identify the thief. For some insane bureaucratic reason they needed eye witnesses for him to be charged. So yesterday I went there and immediately in the lobby I was confronted with the kid with a blank expression sitting beside his poor mother who was crying. They took me to a dark room with two-way glass and the kid came in all bent over. The cops who just saw me looking at him in the lobby ask me if he was the man. I say that I was actually unsure. Moments later, he walked out of the station with his mother a bit ahead of me into the sun.

I went then to take a stroll.

I was eating an açaí in Flamego when I saw the same man, the 'French-Greenstein', crossing a street light. I quickly paid without finishing my expensive açaí bowl — I was standing in the best place in town for açaís — I ran in his direction. I had intended to slow down once I was about 50 feet away from him, but he had unexpectedly stopped to look at a newspaper hanging by a news-stand and then intuitively turned towards me. I stopped in my tracks, and he started to run. I decided to pursue him; thinking if I caught him I could explain that I meant no harm.

He ran into a metro station and I followed. Distracted, I boarded the carriage I thought he was in. When the doors shut behind me, I saw that I was mistaken — it was someone else with a white shirt. However, seated just 15 feet away was an ex-girlfriend, called Clare. She was wearing a formal working dress. She still looked beautiful. I had last seen her in Brussels many years before. Things hadn't ended well between me and her, so I decide to pretend

I hadn't seen her. After a minute, Clare stood up and furiously approached me, 'You really didn't see me or are you ignoring me!?' I was ignoring you. After an instant of silence she offered a large spurious smile which she maintained for the rest of the conversation. She told me that she had been sober for almost year and that she worked a shitty job in a hotel in Copacabana.

Our entire conversation lasted only the span of a subway stop but it felt endless. I excused myself and left the train in the next station, with great relief even though it was not the right one.

I got an e-mail from Miriam inviting me to the Natural History Museum that afternoon. It was an extremely hot day. The museum was inside a desolated park in the North Zone of the city. We both walked down the spacious hallways of the colonial building, trying to pretend that we were there only to admire the museum's collection. She had brought along an old Pentax camera — probably to impress me the romantic nostalgic.

What was supposed to be a romantic encounter, began having an eerie feel to it; every room we entered there were either a mummy, or an skeleton or even preserved fetuses. It felt like a warm humid morgue.

Looking at a display of tribal weapons, I told her about some essay I had once read, that stated that the main difference between human's and animals is that because of our intelligence, we have memory and foresight, while animals only think about the present. The unfortunate example I gave her was the following: when two males dispute a female in the animal kingdom, nothing stops the looser from trying again at a later time. Humans, on the other hand, simply by remembering past

disputes can predict that the threat that of an opponent posed is a constant. In response he takes a more practical approach and eliminates the opponent there and then to avoid any similar problems in the future. The argument concludes intelligence has the effect of heightening man's viciousness. By developing tools and technology man extends and refines his propensity for violence against his own kind. Miriam stared at me blankly.

We continued to wander around those monumental halls filled with death. I caught sight her olive green eyes with their long curvy lashes that seemed to want to devour me like two carnivorous plants.

At some point she focused her attention on a vitrine displaying a collection of tiny Greek sculptures about the size of fingers — she photographed these figures with her BlackBerry, completely neglecting her Pentax camera that hung from her neck like an oversized amulet.

We left the museum in a daze. The reddish earth soil of the park that surrounded the museum's palace was baking. Everything at a distance was out of focus behind a transparent haze. We zigzagged towards one of the park's entrances, while drops of sweat stung our eyes and our wet flesh shone in the fiery sun. Honestly I was at a loss as what to do; the whole salaciousness of this adulterous encounter both repelled and attracted me. Physically it seemed unfathomable to do anything — I was sure that the moment I would touch her in the heat, she would combust spontaneously into a ball of fire.

Finally, she stopped by the canal that crossed the park, as if admiring her reflection in the water lifting her hair from her neck to make a ponytail.

This was my cue. I held her waist and pulled her towards me. Drops of sweat rolled down our faces and mixed in our lips. She pulled me away, without showing any expression on her face. We left the park and got in a cab.

FRIDAY

Just last night, I went to one of my favorite bars in Rio to read a book which I had bought in Shakespeare & Co in Saint-Germain a long time ago. Originally this book totaled 1100 pages plus, but because I found it too cumbersome to carry around with me I used a big paper cropper to guillotine this copy into the original 5 volumes — just like the author had actually desired in his deathbed. I then proceed to read the volumes in a random order which made perfect sense for that novel which was anyway a constellation of stories that silhouetted a mysterious center.

On the way back from the bar I walked on the top of a steep motorway that cuts through a large rock. It is considered dangerous because

if one encounters an assailant there you are as trapped as if it were a tunnel. There I ran into Clare again; she was probably on her way to her parents who live nearby. At first she was scared that I would rape or murder her, but once she recognized me we hugged.

We went then back to the bar and she told me this bizarre story that earlier that day, someone had jumped out of window from the hotel she works in. It was a Frenchman that had shown up there a few times before. He had visited the hotel many times on the last weeks — for a few hours each time. On this occasion Clare's colleague had refused him a room, sensing that something was out of place. But the man insisted emphatically putting all the money on the counter as if spreading out cards in a game. Later on from his room he called down to reception and asked to talk to Clare. Clare had been the only one who had ever been remotely friendly to him. But for some reason whoever was there told him that she was busy. Within moments, there was a big commotion outside on the street. The Frenchman had leapt from the window.



Image from slide projector

Text printed into an A3 and folded into an A5

Pareciam ser de um cinza translúcido

For my fourth solo show in the Dutch gallery Galerie Juliette Jongma, with the same title in Portuguese (*They Seemed Made Of A Translucent Grey*), I appropriated the convention of the Press Release and wrote for it a short story which was printed in an A3 and then folded in the middle twice, acquiring the size equivalent to a novel. The narrative is a fiction loosely based in a trip I did to Antwerp for a meeting with curators, that culminated in an absurdly (and premature) large retrospective, when I was barely 26 years old; it received many luke-warm reviews. The title doesn't directly correspond to the text, it was actually rather arbitrarily ripped from a dialogue from one of the films — *Lucas* — that was being shown in the exhibition in Amsterdam, which deals with the notion of idiosyncrasy and randomness in language and its latent poetic potential.

To download pdf of press-release please press [here](#).

Transcription

Clare was in Amsterdam for two weeks in order to do an admission interview for the local art academy. After the interview, while waiting for the verdict, she was hanging out and getting to know the town, considering to move there next year. Immediately during her wanderings around the canals, that in her world meant lots of bars separated by bridges, she made up her mind: she detested Amsterdam. She couldn't care less for all the ancient buildings which she considered tacky, or the bicycles which she perceived as noiseless stealthy vehicles that would sneak up behind her, and suddenly ring nigglingly, making her jump sideways in panic.

I decided to relieve her from her suffering by offering her to come along to Antwerp for a day. I was going there with a six foot six tall curator friend, who had recently hosted my first solo exhibition, called Alexander, for a meeting with a curator couple who had seen the show and were

Press Release Pareciam ser de um cinza translúcido.

We talked a bit more on the street in front of the former administration building and after a while the couple went away and Alexander and I waited for as long as an hour, but still no sign of Clare. Clearly she had gotten lost. Alexander needed to go to his appointment with the nihilistic sculptor, and in his cold Calvinistic reasoning he told me to not worry that Clare would find her way back to Amsterdam.

She's from Rio. She'll be alright.

There was no way that I would let the sister of my best friend behind in a strange town, so I protested and asked him to drive me around the city to try and find her.

Let the sculptor wait, Alexander. You're the curator!

We got into his car and drove around for an hour around the center, but we couldn't find her. We returned to the entrance of the register hall. Alexander said he was going to Holland with or without me.

I'm going to work with this artist, I can't delay any longer.

Before he went, I asked if I could use his phone to call her family in Rio in case she called them for help. Her brother, Barros, answered and became furious in a fit of incoherent paranoia, as if I had kidnapped Clare and would certainly rape and mangle her body at some point. Then the mother took the phone over from him and was also a bit apprehensive, but more reasonable. I assured them that I would find her and that Antwerp,

3

to a chic local restaurant that we spotted by a square. It was full, so we had to wait at the bar for a table. Clare ordered a Duvel, and fell over backwards as soon as she tried to sit on a stool. It was somehow a graceful fall; I remember staring at her, our eyes locking, and then, almost imperceptibly, she rocked backwards, away from me very slowly, steadily like in slow-motion, until she was on the floor on her back, resting there for a few moments holding her beer, stool and all, as if sitting horizontally on the floor.

Everybody in the restaurant was very attentive and kind, helping Clare stand up. She acted as if nothing had happened, her beer unscathed in her hand, just smiling and quickly drinking while I paid. I took her arm and walked her outside feeling completely embarrassed.

We ate pizza in a random Turkish place, and went off to find a hotel; Clare was completely sedated by now and couldn't even finish her slice. There was a decent looking place in a corner, and we booked a room with two beds.

While Clare was taking a shower I sat on my bed feeling the excitement build up, thinking about how we stared at each other in the restaurant and imagining her soaping her body — despite some small nagging feelings of guilt towards Paulo. The sound of the shower ceased, and suddenly there was a very loud thud coming from the bathroom. I knocked on the door and called her name but there was no answer. There was an unset-

5

compared to Rio, was like Disneyland — no harm could come Clare's way.

It was getting dark. As soon as Alexander left me behind, I came to the conclusion that the only course to be taken was to try and walk in the same random way that she would, trying not to think too much, just like a tourist, and eventually our paths would cross. I started wandering aimlessly through the narrow cobble-stoned streets of that medieval city, letting myself be drawn by an invisible tide, as if I was swimming in one of the many arms of a huge river that would snake towards the main body of water. After five minutes, I ended up in the main pedestrian shopping avenue, called Meir. I must not have walked more than about a dozen paces then, before I spotted Clare walking towards me. She opened her arms and hugged me drowsily like a drunken seaman who had been lost at open sea in a small rowing boat with a bottle of rum.

Oh, you found me! You found me...!

The first thing we did was look for a bar with a pay phone, in order for her to call her family and her boyfriend Paulo. After she calmed everyone down, we had some drinks, and we went to the main train station. We found out we had just missed the last train to Amsterdam.

We now had to find a hotel, and the thought of possibly staying in the same room with Clare really pleased me. But we needed to eat something first, so we went

4

to a dining silence and I tried to open the door, but of course it was locked from inside.

I grabbed the room's phone and waited for the receptionist to answer, hoping he could come up with a master key, imagining Clare lying with her skull open on the bathroom floor, after drunkenly slipping on the wet tiles. How could I possibly break that news to Barros? I could never go back to Rio again.

When the receptionist picked up the phone I hung up; I thought: maybe I should just leave, they'll never find me, we didn't need to show our IDs. Then all of a sudden, a loud series of giggles started echoing from under the door crack.

She came out wrapped in two towels and a cloud of steam, a soapy fragrance filling the air, as I pretended to read a book. I decided to take a shower myself; when I came out she was already deep in alcoholic slumber in the other bed. I tried to go to sleep in my own bed, but my Carioca macho super ego wouldn't let me, so I got up and tried to get under Clare's blanket. Without opening her eyes, she pushed me away, and kicked me back to my own bed.

The next day, we decided to not pay for the room, and tried to sneak past the reception desk, but we were caught.

6

interested in organizing something with me. As it happened, Alexander was going to visit a nihilist sculptor who lived close to the border of Belgium; since the curator couple were supposed to be friends of his, and being proud of all the feedback that the show was receiving, he offered to take me to Antwerp in his car.

During the three hour trip from Amsterdam to Antwerp, Clare sat quietly in the back, wearing her sunglasses, looking out of the window with a slight melancholic disposition; she always bore a certain resigned air, as if she just went through a midlife crisis at age 21 and decided that all her dreams were far too remote already, something of a youthful immature fantasy that were better forgotten; there was nothing to do now but drink and wait for the unavoidable end. I must confess that the mixture of her irrefutable beauty and this fatalism made her completely irresistible to me.

Once we arrived in the space in Antwerp, the reception of the couple towards Alexander was very cold. It became clear that it had been a mistake to come with him, and that they would have been much happier to have me alone to talk shop in private; through the course of the afternoon they made clear that they despised Alexander, or any Dutch for that matter, who they appreciated as complete philistines. Also, Clare's presence disturbed the woman who, very beautiful herself, was bothered by a younger female in her presence. Despite the awkwardness — they treated me very nicely, regardless — we went to the new space, which they planned to use temporarily for a huge solo show with me. It was a gigantic former city administration hall, in the city center.

When we went inside the building, Clare decided to go for a walk, having agreed to meet us back there

two hours later. After having looked at the space, all very excited, imagining where every piece would be installed, including Alexander who seemed completely aloof of their hostility towards him, we went outside. There was no sign of Clare. We talked a bit more on the street in front of the former administration building and after a while the couple went away and Alexander and I waited for as long as an hour, but still no sign of Clare. Clearly she had gotten lost. Alexander needed to go to his appointment with the nihilistic sculptor, and in his cold calvinistic reasoning he told me to not worry that Clare would find her way back to Amsterdam.

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Clare's way.

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few moments holding her beer, stool and all, as if sitting horizontally on the floor.

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While Clare was taking a shower I sat on my bed feeling the excitement build up, thinking about how we stared at each other in the restaurant and imagining her soaping her body — despite some small nagging feelings of guilt towards Paulo. The sound of the shower ceased, and suddenly there was a very loud thud coming from the bathroom. I knocked on the door and called her name but there was no answer. There was an unsettling silence and I tried to open the door, but of course it was locked from inside. I grabbed the room's phone and waited for the receptionist to answer, hoping he could come up with a master key, imagining Clare lying with her skull open on the bathroom floor, after drunkenly slipping on the wet tiles. How could I possibly break that news to Barros? I could never go back to Rio again.

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Mp3 file being played mono on speaker, 15' loop

Lucas Goes to Church

2013

One of the venues of the 2013 Contour Biennial of the Moving-Image, in Mechelen, was a church, for which I made an audio piece installed inside a confessional — in the kneeler's side. The visitor would sit in the priest's compartment and hear the story narrated (and interpreted) by the artist Daragh Reeves through the screen that gives into the kneeler. The audio is based on a previous film of mine also called Lucas which dealt with a story of a tourist who accidentally enters a covert brothel in the heart of downtown Buenos Aires. From then on the character is confronted with his doubts regarding fantasy and reality and his innermost desires. It's largely inspired by a book by Julio Cortázar, *Un Tal Lucas* (A Certain Lucas), which can be either interpreted as an incoherent, yet poetical, novel, or a fictionalized diary, or a collection of short stories. Although this story is also thinly based on a real incident, many parts were appropriated from this Cortázar book along other writings of his. The main theme here is subjectivity and idiosyncrasy of language; the thin line between autism and poetry.

To hear a fragment of the story interpreted by Daragh Reeves, please [press here](#). The code is "Church".



Above: Detail of installation in confessional's cell. Left: Installation in situ in Mechelen's Church. Photos by Kristof Vrancken.

Transcription

So I wanna tell you about this one time in Buenos Aires and I'm at the Cordoba avenue — a very big place — very hot afternoon and the streets are very crowded with office workers, tourists; it's pretty crazy. And I'm totally dying for the toilet — I really need a piss and there are lots of packed out cafés around and they just seem not the right place. But then this one place in the corner: had these white curtains on them. A very fancy looking little French bistro called 'Orleans'. So I headed over there, 'cause it looked quiet too, and opened the door and as I opened the door all this whole row of girls that were sitting on stools just looked up and stared over at me, very welcoming. Door closes behind me and I realize: 'Oh shit, uh... this place is probably not just a French bistro. And huh...it also got this general fakey feel like, uh — well I can't tell if it's a really old nice bistro café? Or a kind of kitschy uh nouveau version. So ah, so I'm dying for the toilet otherwise I would probably just immediately leave. I head over in direction of the girls... looking for the toilet.

There's hardly anybody in there except a couple that looked like tourists, like, similarly lost people who also found this place and they are having a drink. And so I head past the girls — all these girls by the way are drinking water, which adds the impression of something strange... and also I quickly realize they're not—like as a group they seem very like a lot of pretty girls but actually they're a sort of sad women with a couple of young nicer ones in the middle of them. So all of them are staring at me, and I'm walking across, the cafe towards this toilet and I just stare at the floor—it's just too much and I reach this staircase where I think the toilets are. And I quickly order a coffee from this very traditionally dressed waiter who's also...smiling at me weirdly and he's holding a shiny tray under his arm. So I order this cortado, head down

the stairs and I'm imagining what's going to greet me down the stairs. I'm imagining an orgy of some kind happening down there, I formed this impression of this salacious atmosphere and impression that all the action is happening downstairs. I'm imagining clients in ripped clothes coming out of the toilet booths and all these giggles and all these strange things happening down there. And I'm also half hoping that...one of the girls is gonna follow me downstairs. At the same time I've just gone down there to have a piss.

So, I arrive to the toilet and nothing is going on whatsoever; it's a completely, completely normal bathroom and in fact ah, it's very clean, very nice, one of the cleanest toilets I've seen in the whole time I've been in Buenos Aires. And so I take a leak in this art nouveau pissoir. And I start washing my hands afterwards and ah...while I'm in that funny world I look at my reflection on the mirror. And this strange thing happens, this dreamy thing happens. I start to doubt that I'm real and that my reflection seems like me and I feel like my reflection. And is this feeling that's similar to when you're actually having a dream and you realize while you having that dream that you're dreaming. Which gives you this funny sense of control. At the same time you're absolutely not in control of what presumably will unfold in the dream.

Then I snap out of it and I get back upstairs. When I re-enter the restaurant, it's like a whole new place. Nobody's looking at me anymore...And even the people have changed—there's two new guys, they're wearing suits, businessmen. And they're at the counter ordering drinks. I sit down to take my coffee, I watch them choose where they're gonna sit. And they pick very wisely the table with the youngest prettiest girls. There aren't too many

nice girls but they quickly identify them and they go over and sit by the window. And I'm thinking that was...I'm kind of admiring their, ah...clear headiness. And I'm sitting there with my coffee in a random corner next to these tourists who are...at first I guessed to be Germans because they were drinking massive beers and it was one o'clock. And they were blond. So...just as I was starting to feel a little bit lonely and missing this attention from all these women, the tourists made some comment and we started talking and we started joking a little bit about how weird the cafe was. They were not Germans. They were actually Australians. And the weird thing is that, they were there for skiing. They had flown all this way to go skiing in what is the equivalent of the alps but in Argentina. And we ended up getting completely drunk together and while we were getting along really well, I noticed that the guy in the couple — he was an older guy, around fifty — he has in the inside of his arm, he has this quite ugly tattoo of a kangaroo. So I asked him, what is the story behind the tattoo? And he tells me, he explains that back in Australia, many years, he was still a postal worker but when he first began he was doing a lot of work delivering packages in the country side. And the road was barricaded by a motorbike gang who were hijacking people. So they manage to stop his car and they are all armed with cricket bats and it's a very scary situation but strangely enough, prior to this road block, the guy had hit, uh, a kangaroo in the middle of the road and feeling very sorry for it and believing he could still save the kangaroo's life he put the kangaroo in the front seat of his car. So when this road block happened and these muggers started surrounding his car: One of them flashes a light in his car and shines up the dying kangaroo which completely throws the muggers which

means the post-office guy could just quickly speed off.

So he got out of this very dangerous situation because of the kangaroo and that's why he got the tattoo as like a 'thank god for kangaroos' emblem.

So he's telling me this story and when in their drunkenness and our drunkenness they decide they need to go off and find a particular snack that's available in Argentina.

So they suddenly leave and I'm left behind in the weird bistro place, alone, drunk and not actually knowing what happened to the kangaroo.

And at that moment I notice this really pretty girl behind a column and guess she must have been hidden the whole time. She's got this very different atmosphere to the others. She's not looking over at me but she knows I'm there and I think she knows I know she's there. And she immediately reminds me of this photograph of Clarice Lispector who was a writer who this ex-girlfriend of mine very pretentiously, I have to say, used to use as an image on her Facebook. Its one of these pictures where she is just looking perfect and about to utter something very witty. And this girl has that same atmosphere like she's not just ah a pretty face, she's got some power. I was folding and refolding this napkin, unconsciously and when I realized it reminded me of this thing I had once read in a novel, where the novelist equates hesitation in life to an image - and the image he came up with is as if while reading a novel you fold the next page of the novel and therefore you never know what happens. In other words if you don't do it's basically like ripping a page out of a book.

So I spontaneously get inspired to go and sit down next to the girl. So I

sit next to the girl and she just starts speaking to me. She starts telling me this story. And the story is that her colleague. I think it was her boss or her colleague I don't remember, but this guy had completely fallen in love with her, declared his love and had left his wife and that morning had told this girl that he had left his wife and wanted to be with her. But this issue was that they hadn't actually formed any kind of relationship, it was all in his own mind. So she had had this awkward day and she asked me for advice, 'What shall I do?'

And I was in no fit state to advise and also a little bit wrapped up in her beauty so I just didn't know what to say so I tried to change the subject and uhhmmmm mumbled something about Montevideo and my impressions of it and found myself trying to fill the space with this garbled, difficult to listen to memory of the time I'd first been to Montevideo with my Brazilian grandmother as a kid, which was the last time. It was many years and and how it was a very different city and because that was so long ago, it was a childhood memory but the thing I remember was this crazy poem, I don't know why I told her all this, it came out very strange, like we were eating chocolate cake in this one place that I remembered, there was cigarette smoke wafting around. We were dipping the chocolate cake into this very technical coloured orange juice. Obviously she had no interest in this story because her mind was full of this issue with the guy. there was nothing you could say to it anyway, so she excused her self and left the table, and I'm left alone there again.

And she goes off through a door and when she comes back through the door she doesn't come back over to talk to me she just starts talking to this old guy at the bar. and this kind of em inflames my jealousy a little

bit.

So I'm sitting there, feeling jealous, and frustrated, I'm drunk, I don't know what the place is, I start fiddling with this sugar cube and I lose control of it and it just skids across the room. And for some reason I was very focussed on the sugar cube and so I go to it, I kind of em raise out of my seat to just go over to retrieve it but the waiter is crossing the room to give the business guys their check and he kicks the sugar cube across into the other corner of the bistro in the direction of most of the girls but I'm like em, I'm like a dog, just focused on the sugar cube and I think its gone under this table where another very nice, beautiful girl who's in there, who's got this unbelievably long legs stretched out under the table and I really remember her tights, these semi transparent nylon tights. So I just dive straight under the table through her legs actually or past her legs and I'm trying to grab at this sugar cube, but no one knows I'm after a sugar cube, maybe they think its money, but I'm obviously focused on something and while I'm down there I get completely entangled in the girls legs and she starts squeezing me with her legs and laughing and my neck is completely jammed between her thighs like a nutcracker and she's laughing and at a certain point it got very sensual and I had this very strong sense of being close to the sea like at the presence of a large body of salty water.

And when my head is between her thighs, I start to think of the first time I saw...Rio de La Plata. Through a taxi window. And first I thought it was a mirage. Like a frozen ocean. And it looked like... a painted backdrop of an old film. Poorly painted, too flat, without any trompe l'oeil.

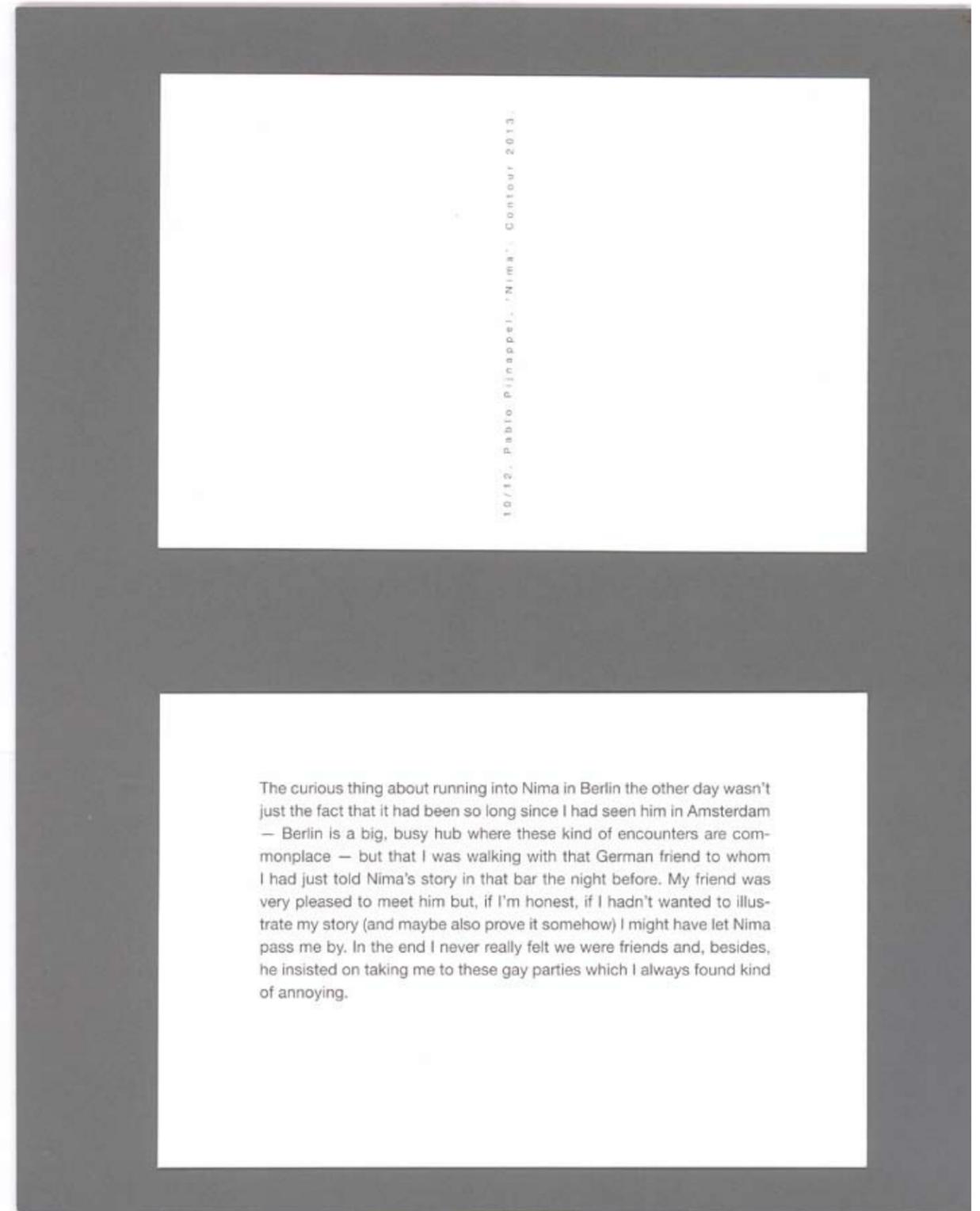
Nima

In collaboration with curator Jacob Fabricius, I designed twelve postcards that tell a story for the 2013 Contour Biennial of the Moving-Image in Mechelen, Belgium. The story was made having in mind the inmates from the local prison — which constituted one of the three unusual venues where the biennial took place — who are denied access to the internet and are forced to still use the traditional post as a means of communication to the outside world. The story is based on an account told by a friend, who I had met in the photography department in art school, about his three brothers who were all in prison back then, each for committing a different crime. Later, the post-cards were used by the curator and the Contour team who send them to a large mailing list, one each month, spanning therefore one year until each receiver received the whole story.

To download pdf file with the complete set of the post cards, please press [here](#).

Transcription.

“Everybody is somebody’s fool”:
I was in a smoky Berlin bar giving an account of a recent heartbreak to a friend. I had fallen in love with a girl who was on the rebound from a break up of her own and, after having some fun with me to forget the other guy, she had given me the boot. Suddenly and clearly that phrase popped into my head. It was a saying I had often heard from my Iranian friend Nima who used to live in Amsterdam. I had always liked it because, like most sayings, it seems to carry a simple, yet unshakable, truth. This basic law of the jungle (in emotional terms) always stuck with me and taught me to be understanding when I had inadvertently broken the hearts of others. It also taught me to resign myself to this somewhat Darwinian fatalism when my love wasn’t reciprocated and helped me to accept that I was merely stuck in the middle of a love food-chain, as it were.



Post-card number 12, front and back.

I hadn't seen Nima for many years and then, the other day, still bearing a heavy heart, I ran into him in Berlin. I first got to know him through an ex-girlfriend — she and her identical twin were Nima's best friends. I got closer to him when we joined the same class to study photography at art school. It was there I learned about his background. Basically he came from a family of criminals, although his parents had adjusted to a normal life since moving to Holland from Turkey where they had lived many years. There they had worked as 'mules' taking drugs into Europe. I should mention that neither Nima or his sister were criminals — at least not full time. He is the youngest of four brothers, and back then, the other three were all in prison, each for committing a different crime.

His eldest brother, like their parents, had already 'retired'. He ran a legit business but was convicted of attempted murder after shooting a cop with a shotgun. He had taken up hunting as a hobby and would often go to the woods in Belgium to kill game. One time he was cleaning his double-barrel Ithaca when a neighbour saw him through the window and called the police, an 'Arab' with a gun seeming suspicious to him.

Well, this brother was taking a nap on the couch after cleaning the weapon, just before going on his hunting trip, when he was woken with a start by a team of armed men breaking down his door. As an instinctive reflex he rolled off his couch onto the floor, grabbed the shotgun that he had leaned nearby and fired it at the first man that entered the room. When he saw the policeman flying out of his house (like the coffee cans he used for target practice in the woods) he realized he wasn't dreaming. Luckily the officer's kevlar vest stopped the

buck-shot — its impact only fractured a rib.

The middle brother was a dealer that, for one reason or another, had a bounty on his head. One night he was parking his scooter when a hit-man approached from the darkness to shoot him pointblank. Agility seems to run in the family's blood because this brother managed to grab his assailant's revolver by the cylinder, blocking the trigger-action, before squarely head-butting him as hard as he could. Because he was still wearing his crash helmet the man went straight down leaving the gun in his target's hands. Nima's brother shot the hit-man six times before he could recover himself and possibly pull out a second gun. I don't know the details but he was caught by the police and even though he pleaded self-defence he was sentenced for voluntary manslaughter.

The story of the youngest brother was a little more straightforward case of armed robbery. At 24 this brother was as impulsive and fearless as they come. When he was a boy he was often bullied or taken advantage of for being a Middle Eastern kid. By the time he was a teen he had taken up the profession of his older brothers. He would very 'subtly' flash the gun he always had tucked under his shirt to straighten out anyone that bothered him. His 9 mm became an inextricable part of his personality, in the way a camera can be for a photographer. He felt as though he could pin down the world with the muzzle of his gun. Before going to sleep he was more likely to forget to brush his teeth than that to neglect to put the pistol underneath his pillow.

So one day he was strolling around the sterilely clean streets of Rotterdam when he came across two guards from an armoured car load-

ing cash into an ATM. Without thinking twice he pulled the pistol from under his shirt and robbed them. He walked off with one of the moneybags like it was the day's groceries but, quickly, he was caught — probably there were surveillance cameras and the police had been warned before he even touched the money.

While his brothers were tall and muscular Nima, on the other hand, is very short and slight. He is also gay — a fact that his parents never reproached him for since his father was very open about his homosexual experiences in a Turkish prison. Nima has a huge nose that is only surpassed by his enormous mouth, from which, besides a devilish, funny smile, come words as powerful as .44 bullets. In his own way Nima was as tough or tougher than his brothers; nobody could out-mouth him. He would machine-gun down anyone that stood in his way with piercing arguments that came so fast they never knew what hit 'em.

One day in class he came to me with a crazy story about how some friend of his middle brother (who was by then already in prison) had stolen a Mercedes from him. Nima asked me to help him get it back. I agreed to help as long as he would elucidate things a bit. He explained that, before killing the hit-man, his brother had asked if he could put a car in Nima's name. Since family is such an important institution in Iranian culture he didn't even question it. It seemed his brother had lent the car to a friend shortly before going to prison who had then disappeared with it. I think the possible consequences of having a car that might be used for illegal activity in his name had just occurred to Nima. He knew where this friend lived so had decided to get the car back. Calling the cops was, of course, out of the question. But, like many of his proj-

ects, nothing came of it and I forgot all about my agreement to help steal back the Mercedes.

Some months later Nima received about ten notices for speeding fines in his mail. It turned out that his brother's friend had been chased by the police and had driven across the country at full speed in the car in Nima's name. Since he felt he was innocent Nima refused to pay the fines. The penalties for late payment soon built up, snowballing into a huge sum. In time he received a letter from the judge warning him that the police would come to his house to confiscate his belongings. Eventually he started to pay off his debt in instalments. I think he's still paying it now.

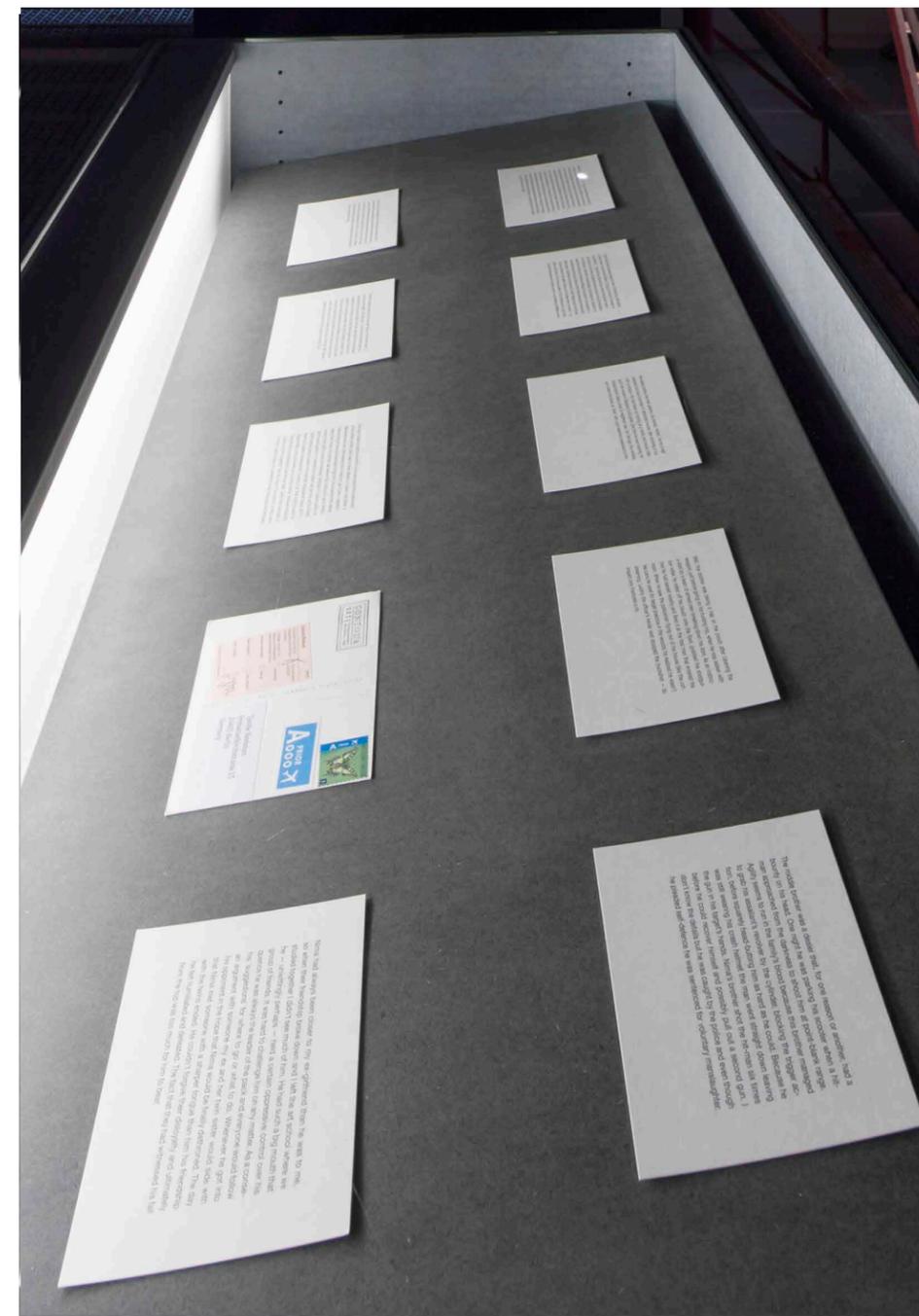
Nima had always been closer to my ex-girlfriend than he was to me, so when their friendship broke down and I left the art school where we studied together I didn't see much of him. He had such a big mouth that he — unwittingly perhaps — held a certain oppressive control over his group of friends. It was hard to challenge him on any matter. As a consequence he was always the leader of the pack and everyone would follow his 'suggestions' for where to go or what to do. Whenever he got in an argument with someone my ex and her twin sister would side with his opponent in the hope that Nima would be finally dethroned. The day that Nima met someone with a sharper tongue than him his friendship with the twins ended. He couldn't forgive their disloyalty and ultimately he felt humiliated and defeated. The fact that they had witnessed his fall from the top was too much for him to bear.

The coincidence about running into Nima in Berlin the other day wasn't just the fact that it had been so long since I had seen him in Amsterdam — Berlin is a big, busy hub where

these kind of encounters are commonplace — but that I was walking with that German friend to whom I had just told Nima's story in that bar the night before. My friend was very pleased to meet him but, if I'm honest, if I hadn't wanted to illustrate my story (and maybe also prove it somehow) I might have let Nima

pass me by. In the end I never really felt we were friends and besides, he insisted in taking me to these gay parties which I always found kind of annoying.

Post-cards displayed in the Contour exhibition, Mechelen, 2013. Photo by Kristof Vrancken.



Monologue workshop with three outcomes

The Playmakers

2013

In a joint collaboration with the performance artist Giles Bailey, we ran a monologue workshop with inmates of Mechelen's prison in Belgium, as part of the 2013 Contour Biennial of the Moving-Image. The first step started by creating a proto-type version of the workshop which we launched in the performance platform Scriptings, in Berlin. There we tried and came up with the fundamentals of what we wanted to achieve later with the prisoners: collective based narratives that blur the auto-biographical and the fiction, memory and spoken word being the sole material that the volunteers needed to bring and use.

The title from the work is derived from the novel by Thomas Kenally, *The Playmaker*, about the real story of a play being put up in the first penal colony in Australia; which was itself adapted as a (meta-)play called *Our Country's Good* by Timberlake Wertenbaker in the 1980s.

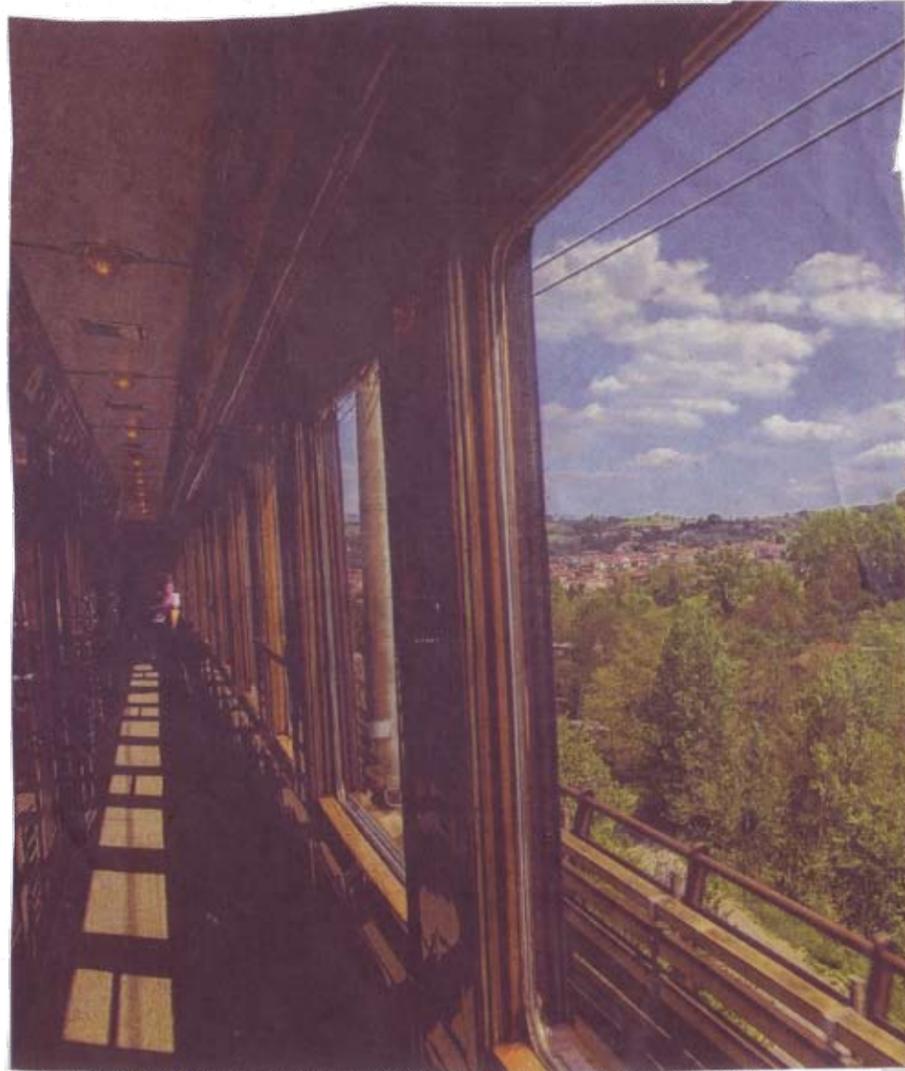
In the workshop in Berlin as well as later in the prison in Belgium,

we conducted experimental narrative and memory exercises and games. It's important to point out when working with the prisoners we made sure to stir away from any therapeutic connotation, or reformatory altruistic strategy. The basic structure of each session was teaching how to attain yourself into details when telling a story, using prompts such as colors, mundane yet peculiar objects, images from the day's newspapers, themes ('something you lost'); invariably you would be required to donate your story to other members of the class and adopt the story from someone else and try to make it your own. In the end of each session, all the participants (we participated as well) would present to the rest of the class whichever story ended in their hands and that they had worked on. The presentation would culminate in telling the story sitting behind a table facing the audience.

We did two weeks of workshops with the inmates where some forty short-monologues were created. In the end during the opening of the Biennial, we performed together



Object-prompts used in the prototype-workshop held in Scriptings, Berlin, 2013. Photos by Achim Lengerer.



With the collected material from the work-shops we made two other permutations:

One spin-off was an installation where a small high-definition monitor showed slides with the visual prompts we used in exercises and games to help triggering the memory and the imagination of the participants. In front of it, laid four headphones where a reading-interpretation by various artists, of some of the texts (translated to English) collected in the prison, could be heard.

A third outcome was made within a conference room of the prison's administrative staff, where once a week, during two months, different members of the staff from the prison did readings of a selection of the prisoner's stories (in Flemish) using a Teleprompter.

To watch/hear video documentation of the installation version, please press [here](#). The code is "The Playmakers". Fragment interpreted by Giles Bailey.

Hello,

My name is 'Aki'. It's not my real name err. I'll tell you a story about the color yellow, it has two sides to it. It has a positive side and also a negative side. Err, It's actually a color that I used to love, I used to like yellow, but something happened in my life that made me dislike this color. I'll start when, when I got divorced. I'm about 42 years old and I... basically I have a big company. I build things. I build stadiums. I build houses. Real estate and stuff. And I've just build a huge stadium and there's this cat walk, this sort of platform where young women are presenting swim suits and clothes. These women are walking down the cat walk, down the platform. And there's a girl in a yellow bikini. I think half Cuban, a black girl. She's very beautiful. But then the girl after this girl wears a black swim suit. She's Hungarian and I walk up to her and I ask her, her name and she asks me my name and I'm not saying my name I'm saying "I'm your future husband" and that's the start of a beautiful relationship with my second wife. I had two children with her, a boy and a girl. And I work a lot. That was very important in my life. I worked, built buildings and stuff like that and I forgot my family a little bit. And that made me also lose my family. I have beautiful long hair and dark skin and the color yellow looks very good on me. I like the color yellow but the color yellow, in my language, is also the color of sin, betrayal and my second wife betrayed me. She met another man and she betrayed me and my family so this is one of the reasons why I can't stand the color I used to love. I can't wear it. I can't see it. It's the worst color in my life now because it reminds me of a person I used to love and this happened when my two children moved to Algeria. I had just bought a farm in my native

country and my wife was spending the summer there and in the horse tracks she met a man that was in the military or something and I think they had a relationship and that's... that was, kind of like, why we got divorced. And I also wanted to tell you about a second story but that's, yeah, maybe I'll just stop here and say yellow is two colors."

Above: One of the colors used as prompts in the workshop in Mechelen's prison. Left: a transcript of one of the stories created collectively by the participating in-mates.



*Reading by
Lien Houwen, mem-
ber of the protection
committee of Mechelen's
prison, inside the staff's
conference room,
October, 2013. Photos
by Chloé Op de Beeck.*



*16 mm film loop, 12 min, in Portuguese
with English subtitles*

Lucas

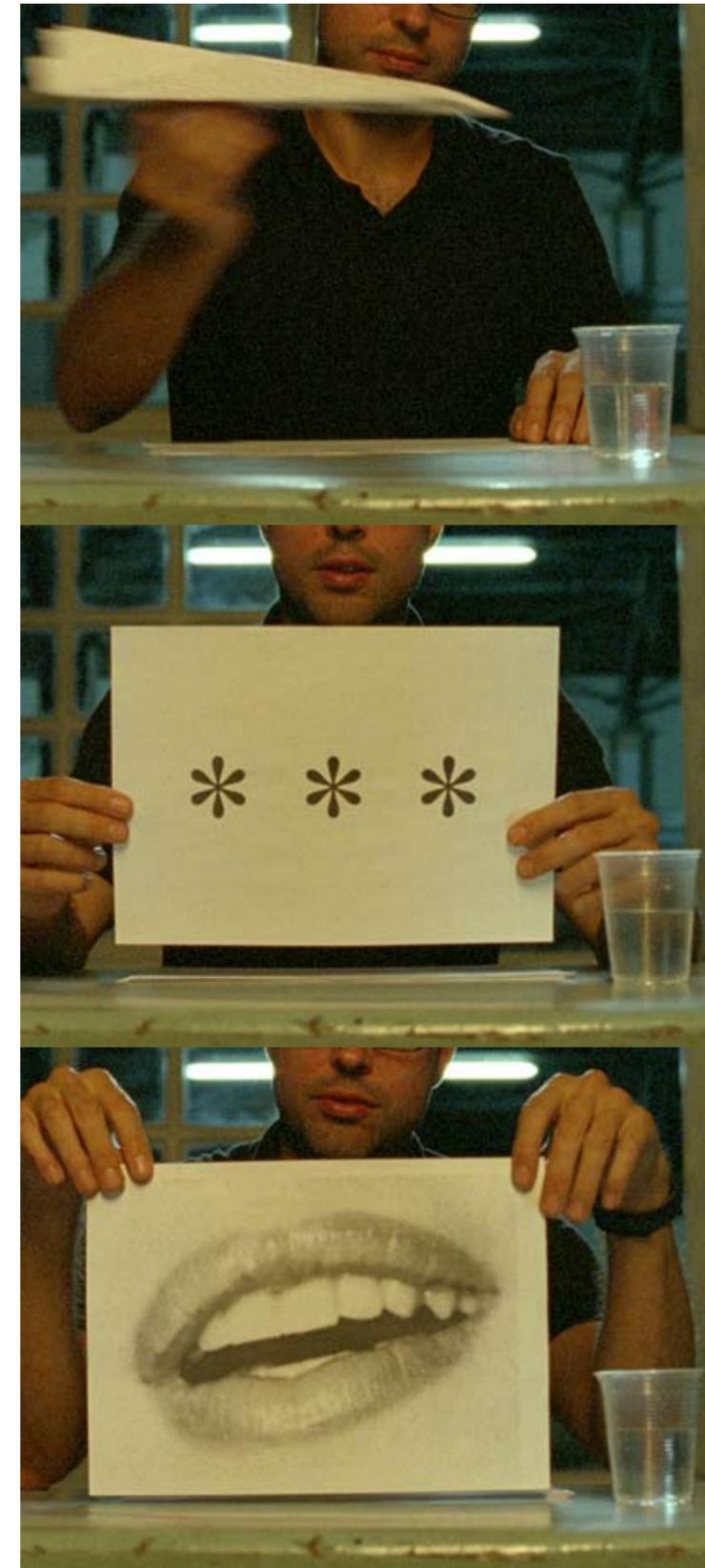
Lucas was inspired by Julio Cortázar's novel *A Certain Lucas* which assembles a portrait of the protagonist through idiosyncratic accounts and disparate events. I employed a similar narrative strategy in my film shifting between elements of prose and verse to blur the distinction between nonsensical musings and clairvoyant revelations; ultimately this film(ed performance) is an exploration around the boundaries of language: when does the disassociation of words from their common meaning are just nonsense and when they graze against the poetic?

The 'plot' (which is loosely based in autobiographical facts) consists of a Brazilian tourist in Buenos Aires, who while searching for a toilet accidentally stumbles upon a covert brothel. The story is told through a series of images that I hold before the camera, a photographic bricolage that traces the subjective associations and existential quandaries of the story's character.

When showing *Lucas* as part of an exhibition, the film is played on a 16 mm looper, with English subtitles for the Portuguese dialogue. But usually when it's screened a single time, I turn it into a quasi-performance by dubbing it live while I mirror — literally using my right hand while in the film I use my left — the movements and gestures inside the film.

To watch a fragment of the film, please press [here](#). The code is "Lucas"

Film-stills from Lucas.



Transcription

Lucas believes it's his lucky day.

This optimism ends as soon as the door shuts behind him.

The film opens...in Buenos Aires in a busy avenue... full of tourists and office workers.

Among the crowd we find Lucas searching for a toilet.

This urge lead him inside a fancy bistro.

Entering... he encounters a crowd of lonely women.

Upon noticing Lucas... they turn to him offering suggestive smiles.

Then he notices the sexy clothes and the tired faces.

Feeling embarrassed he's inclined to leave.

However, his bladder has the upper-hand.

He directs himself towards the opposite corner... which is empty except for two lost tourists.

He hangs his coat and orders a *cortado*.

Eyes glued to the floor, he crosses the bistro... feeling the hankering stares around him.

Slowly, he descends the stairway towards the restroom.

Both fearing and desiring that one of those women... will stalk him.

He's also concerned with what awaits in the restroom.

He imagines an orgiastic carousal.

Where customers with disheveled clothes... and faces smeared with lipstick... leave dark salacious laughs... echoing behind the stalls. . .

Upstairs, two executives arrive.

They contemplate where to sit among the smiles.

They pick the best table or at least the one offering... the freshest hors-d'oeuvre.

When Lucas returns from the restroom. . . he feels that the attention towards him has faded away.

Instead of feeling relief... he is overcome by loneliness.

The tourists at the next table start to chat with him.

Drinking large pints, they could pass for Germans... but in fact they are middle-aged Australians...

who flew 20,000 miles... to ski in Bariloche.

Lucas asks about a tattoo on the man's arm:

A kangaroo wearing boxing gloves.

During his youth the man used to be a pugilist.

Once he was driving to a shunted town for a fight... and found himself at night in a desert... ...when a kangaroo crashed into his car.

Heartbroken... he placed the animal on the passenger seat... and carefully warmed him with a jacket.

He began to drive in search of help.

Later that night, someone signals with a flashlight.

Slowing down he sees a girl standing by a pick-up truck.

As he halts... a drunken Aussie grabs him by the neck.

In the darkness, a group of men,... armed with cricket clubs, close in.

When the girl shines the flashlight on the car... they see the kangaroo sitting

beside him wearing a coat.

Their inebriated faces pale and glow in the dark... ...horrified.

Taking advantage of their shock, he steps on the gas... ...leaving them in a cloud of dust.

Next morning, he realizes that his friend passed away.

He buried him underneath a dune... ...and left his boxing gloves on the grave.

The Australians left to eat an *assado* somewhere... leaving a drunken Lucas behind.

He spots a very cute girl sitting behind a column... She reciprocates his stare; now that he's... ...intoxicated, he can't help... ...a heart beat... ...nor a voice that whispers in his ear:

"What if this is really just a bistro?"

He sits reluctant.

Then remembers all the moments lost on account of a hesitation.

Suddenly he stands up and sits beside her.

He asks... ...where she's from.

"Montevideo, ¿conoces?"

He remarks that last week, before landing in Montevideo... where he had a connection... the city seemed very different than he remembered... from another trip.

Then it had left the muddled sensation of a fog... that snuck up... and hindered him for days in streets without lights... which he crossed in fading grey taxis... that would merge into the mist encircling... ...the airport that... whirled like cigarette smoke around an ashtray inside a diner... where they served... huge slices of cake that devoured him... after diving in a deep jar of orange juice... ...in a dream in Technicolor... ...sleeping in a musty hotel room... ...with mildewed sunflower patterned wall-paper.

For Lucas... ...Montevideo now... ...is the vanishing of that hazy remembrance...

...when he saw below the airplane... ...the city sunny and harmless... ...with a new airport.

The girl excuses herself and goes to the restroom.

Lucas observes with resignation... ...how the back of her jeans bulged more than expected.

When he's served his second coffee... ...he notices that the girl is talking to an old man.

He gets distracted... ...and lets a sugar cube fall to the floor.

Before he can fetch it the waiter walks by... ...towards the executives... ...and kicks the sugar cube.

Lucas dashes from his chair to find it.

Until he spots it under the table of a woman with long legs... ...he kneels under.

Startled, she kicks the sugar cube... Lucas squeezes between her legs to grab the cube before it could skid away.

When he tries to stand... ...holding the sugar...

...he's entangled
by the woman's tights.

Lucas...

...twists his body...

...in an attempt to free himself.

But the thighs have
a firm grip around him.

All he manages...

...is to feel...

...a salty odor...

...and remember...

...the first time
he saw the Rio de la Plata.

And thought it to be a mirage.

A frozen ocean
without waves.

Like a photograph
on a billboard...

...that covered the horizon.

Or like a backdrop in an old film...

where the sea
was painted too flat...

without any trompe l'oeil.

two-channels 16 mm film, b&w, 12 min

Sebastian

Informed by an essay written in the 1950s by my grandfather, who had become a psychoanalyst in Buenos Aires, the film tries to emulate the disconnect between signifier and signified, which allegedly takes place in the mind of a psychotic, through the use of two channels projection which aren't synchronized.

The left projection, containing only a black screen and a voice-over, spoken in Portuguese and Spanish with English subtitles, was originally edited in-sync with the right projection, which has mute images of illustrations of psychotic episodes and of dreams. Along the course of the exhibition, both 16 mm projectors, bearing loop-systems, are left running on their own, meaning that many other connections are made between both the images and the text.

In El Mito de la Torre de Babel; la Esquizofrenia como una Disociación de la Lengua (The Myth of the Tower of Babel; Schizophrenia as a Disassociation of Language) my

grandfather made an analogy between schizophrenia and the myth of the creation of language, using the case study of an Armenian medicine student who had forgotten his native tongue and who was diagnosed with symptoms of an insurgent psychosis that manifested with a symbolism connected to the Babylonian myth.

In the film I play both the schizoid patient and my grandfather, the analyst.

To watch a fragment of the film, please press [here](#). The code is "Sebastian"

Production stills, by Javier Barrio



Far away, lightning joined
ocean and heavens together...

flashing in the horizon.

Quickly, like ink
spreading in water,...

dark clouds swallowed our ship.

In the shadows, we jolted
between my mother's prayers...

and the crying of my brothers.

My father, who slept deeply
with a bottle of yharaki,...

was swinging madly
in his hammock.

The ship tilted and
books were thrown around...

from one side of the cabin
to the other.

I saw the windows covered by water
as solid as a brick wall...

and like a curtain,
the dark sky slid back into view.

In a harbor somewhere,...

maybe Dakar,
or perhaps Recife,...

merchants hoisted a basket of fruit
aboard our ship.

As I peeled a banana,
a spider jumped from within...

and bit my hand.

I needed to die
so as to not die.

It's crazy, but one day
a girl hurt me so much...

that I felt like jumping
onto the subway tracks.

Instead,
I became a statue...

so as to not feel anything.

I was crossing the park
one summer night.

Underneath the trembling shadows
of gas lamps...

many lovers shivered
like the leaves on the trees.

I felt very warm inside...

as if I were connected to everything
that surrounded me:

the starlit night, the vegetation
and the lovers.

I started to caress the grass,
combing it with my fingers...

and softly brushing the flowers
with my face.

Slowly, I felt myself dissolving into
the dust of the pathway...

while the plants seemed
to weave me in amongst them...

I wasn't able to discern where I began
and where the world ended.

I pulled myself together and ran.
At home I dived into my books.

"Confined on the ship,

he's delivered to the river
with its thousand arms...

to the sea
with its thousand routes...

to that great uncertainty

external to everything.

He's a prisoner in the midst
of the freest...

and the openest of the routes,...

bound at the infinite crossroad.

He's the passenger par excellence:
The prisoner of the passage.

And the land he will come to
is unknown...

as is, once he disembarks,...

the land from which he comes.

He has his truth and his homeland...

only in that fruitless expanse
that can't belong to him."

X is 25 years old.

He's a medical student,
who searched for an analyst...

as he was experiencing difficulties
with his studies...

and his private life.

These first difficulties
refer above all...

to an insecurity concerning his
knowledge...

and his method of study.

As soon as he arrived in Argentina...

he was bullied for being a 'Turk'.

He felt extremely persecuted
by this categorization...

leaving him full
of fears and resentment.

He even changed his name,



translating it into Spanish...

to avoid the harassment
and reduce his angst.

During some sessions of the treat-
ment a similar fear appeared.

A fear that, as a foreigner
— as a 'Turk'—...

he would not be treated.

The tribe of Encounter Bay,
in Australia...

traces the origin of languages
back to an old woman...

who died in ancient times.

She was called Wurruri,
and lived in the West...

She would go around
with a big wooden stick...

When she died, her village
was so happy to be rid of her...

that it sent messengers off in
every direction to spread the news.

Afterwards, men, women
and children got together...

to celebrate the event
with a cannibalistic banquet.

The Raminjerar were the first ones
to throw themselves on the corpse...

and start devouring the flesh.

Right after eating,
they could speak in a new language.

The tribes from the East,
who arrived later...

ate the contents of her intestines...

which made them speak
a slightly different language.

The last to arrive...

were the Northern tribes who,
having consumed the rest,...

started speaking an even
more distinct language

Meeting you made me feel like a lost traveler...	concentrating on the pointers and the time that passed...
in a country where no one speaks his language.	If I didn't do that I would forget who I was.
The worst thing is that he doesn't even know where to go.	The first memory he recalls of his father...
Suddenly, he meets a stranger who knows his language.	is of him as a butcher in a market... holding a large knife.
I was constantly punished in the Armenian school.	I remember — I don't know how long afterwards —...
If a teacher shouted, everyone would know that this was directed at me.	seeing a whale jetting water like a fountain.
Years later, I returned to the school...	I knew then that we were safe.
taking as a gift a spider I had embalmed.	What would happen if all the clocks in the world would stop?
I would look at my watch and concentrate...	Confusion would grip the planet, Like it gripped the tower of Babel.
otherwise, I wouldn't know who I was anymore.	Eu falo mas os meu lábios não dizem que
It was carnival. I was in a remote neighborhood...	o passado não morreu passado
watching the bands pass by, together with the dancing crowd...	nem é passado ainda falo
when I realized that I didn't know what time it was.	que hablar não é o mesmo que falar em um eu
Nor who or where I was.	que não existo ou um outro que sou mas não sou
I felt as though I hadn't been thinking about myself.	o silêncio do barulho que falo escutando
I panicked.	que a poesia é algo incompreensível.
I couldn't forget about myself. Not even for a minute.	
I started looking at my watch...	

16 mm film, mute with English subtitles, 20 min

Quirijn

In this staged documentary (using technology previous to hand held direct sound cameras, namely a winding 16 mm camera) portrays an extremely frugal individual, the unemployed Quirijn van Western-dorp, whose ambitions don't surpass drinking quality coffee and reading a good book.

Defying the Hollywood equivalent of a satisfactory plot, where a protagonist is driven by circumstances to achieve a goal, the main character here has no drive whatsoever, therefore subverting the capitalist consumptionist idea of desire.

It was after reading Paul La Fargue's *In Praise Of Laziness*, which was chiefly important to ensure a limit to the daily working shift to eight hours per day, forty hours per week, that it occurred to me that Quirijn's minimal and serene life style of only laboring enough in order to be able to pursue a rather austere — leisurely paced — routine, involving, for instance, city flanneling, and low tech habits such as post-card writing, could be interpreted as a resis-

tance to our fast paced consumptive society, where instead of capitalizing surplus value, he capitalizes time.

To watch a fragment of the film, please press [here](#). The code is "Quirijn"

Production still



I'm a terrible actor
 This film was not my idea
 I don't actually like the movies
 It's so dull
 to have to sit for hours...
 without being able to move
 I prefer books
 I can read them
 when and how I want to
 But I needed the cash...
 so I accepted to subject myself...
 to be filmed, categorized...
 and perhaps poked fun at
 I would be surprised
 if anything comes out of this
 It's not that I don't have
 faith in the director...
 but he seems to be
 underestimating...
 the challenges ahead
 I have nothing to offer
 but my ordinary routines
 He asked me to write
 a bit about myself here
 Here it comes:
 I'm 32 years old
 I live in Berlin at the moment
 I moved here for
 no particular reason...
 except that I love its open spaces
 I don't know for how long
 I'll stay here

I'm running out of resources
 and I don't fancy looking for a job
 Somehow I can't imagine myself
 working here
 I'm originally from
 a small town in Holland
 That village used to be
 a hippie town...
 filled with organic
 and homeopathic stores...
 besides many greenhouses
 As a child,
 I coursed a local Waldorf school
 Although it followed
 Steiner's educational system
 I know as much about anthroposo-
 phy
 as the next man
 Yet, people always seem
 strangely reassured...
 when they hear that I went
 to such type of school
 At the age of 18,
 I took up the study in fine arts...
 which seemed to be
 a relaxed course
 It turned out that
 I was only half right...
 since it took me ten years
 to complete my BA
 I don't think I made more
 than one work while I was there
 One day, a teacher
 who took pity on me...
 or who couldn't stand
 seeing me anymore...

let me graduate
 He convinced the other teachers...
 that my idleness
 during all those years...
 had been in fact
 a monumental work of art
 I was relieved if somewhat
 disorientated when I left art school
 I wasn't sure what to do next
 But it was clear that my days
 as an artist were over
 I was once accused
 of not being ambitious
 Perhaps that's true
 The fact is that
 every morning when I wake up...
 I feel an immense richness
 surrounding me...
 as if I have
 the whole world in my pocket
 I used to believe that
 I wanted to create
 But I came
 to the conclusion...
 that the art of living
 is an endeavor...
 that requires my full dedication
 Nevertheless...
 sometimes I wish I had
 a more tangible passion
 Like my junior brother
 who since a child...
 wanted to be a pilot



Frame stills from
 Quirijn

Now he flies
an Apache helicopter...
over the mountains
of Afghanistan
He fulfilled his dream
How comforting it must be
to have such clear tasks
Every morning
during his briefing...
he is given a mission
to be accomplished
Then he goes flying
and tries to achieve his goals
It must be very gratifying
My German ancestors
used to own this factory
After the war...
their entire estate was confiscated
by the communists
Including this villa
There are laws, nowadays...
that allow the descendants
to get reimbursed...
for the losses of such properties
[Please ignore this subtitle; if it
indeed comes)
This is the director
I thought I should
say a few words
I met Q in art school...
during the first year
of the AV course
Before he was kicked out

for not producing work...
and “redirected” to
a less demanding department
The only work I ever saw from him
was a shower cabinet...
that he had built for
the attic where he used to live
He brought the cabinet to class
before installing it
It was indeed
a beautiful shower
Actually,
we only became friends...
in the year he had quit
the art academy...
to try his hand at law school
I was on my bike one day,
when I spotted him on the street
He was almost unrecognizable
His hair was cut very short
which made his nose look bigger
Suddenly, I could
picture him in an office
To witness this transformation...
somehow depressed me
I stopped to say hello
and invited him for a coffee
He told me he would take me
to the best ristretto in town
I locked my bike
and followed him for a long walk
I don’t know if it was because
we were in an unfamiliar district...
or because the streets in that city
are in a diagonal grid...

but it felt as if we were zigzagging
along the way
When we arrived at the café...
wearing my typical
art student attire...
I felt out of place amongst
the upscale clientele
Q, in the other hand...
seemed to be
in his natural habitat...
despite of his threadbare jacket
and worn out trousers
We made many more walks
after that...
across and around the city
Usually at night after parties...
that were particularly tedious
to Q who never drank much
As we walked...
he proved to be a patient friend...
who always had ears to my problems
Q, as opposed to me...
seemed to be always
serene and optimistic...
of such a sobriety
that sometimes it drove me crazy
He never showed much
interest in girls
Although,
I believe he has carnal desires...
I think that he’s either
a pathological romantic...
or that he finds

the whole seduction endeavor...
just too demanding
By the time Q had finally
graduated from the academy...
I had already left that town
So, we lost contact
Many years later...
I received a post card from him
It contained the following:
“Berlin, March 21
Dear P,
I hope this finds you well
Today, I went on search
of the miraculous:
A good cup of coffee in this town
Complete disaster!
I don’t think these Prussians know
how to clean their machines prop-
erly
If you ever come by,
please avoid it
I hope you’re well
See you around
Yours, Q”
I had a show coming up
I took the postcard as an omen...
and decided to make a film on Q
Since he never owned
an e-mail account...
there was no way
to get in touch with him

So I flew to Berlin
where I rented an apartment...
and started looking for him
First, I walked
around the hippest areas...
later, I went to less
popular neighborhoods...
and I ended up doing
completely random walks
I tried to predict what would interest
him about this city
After one week
of incessant searches...
in all the corners of the town...
I gave up
One morning,
I was sitting on a terrace...
when I thought I saw
someone that looked like Q
It turned out not to be him

Book, 80 pages, 1000 copies

A Vision In Time

2011

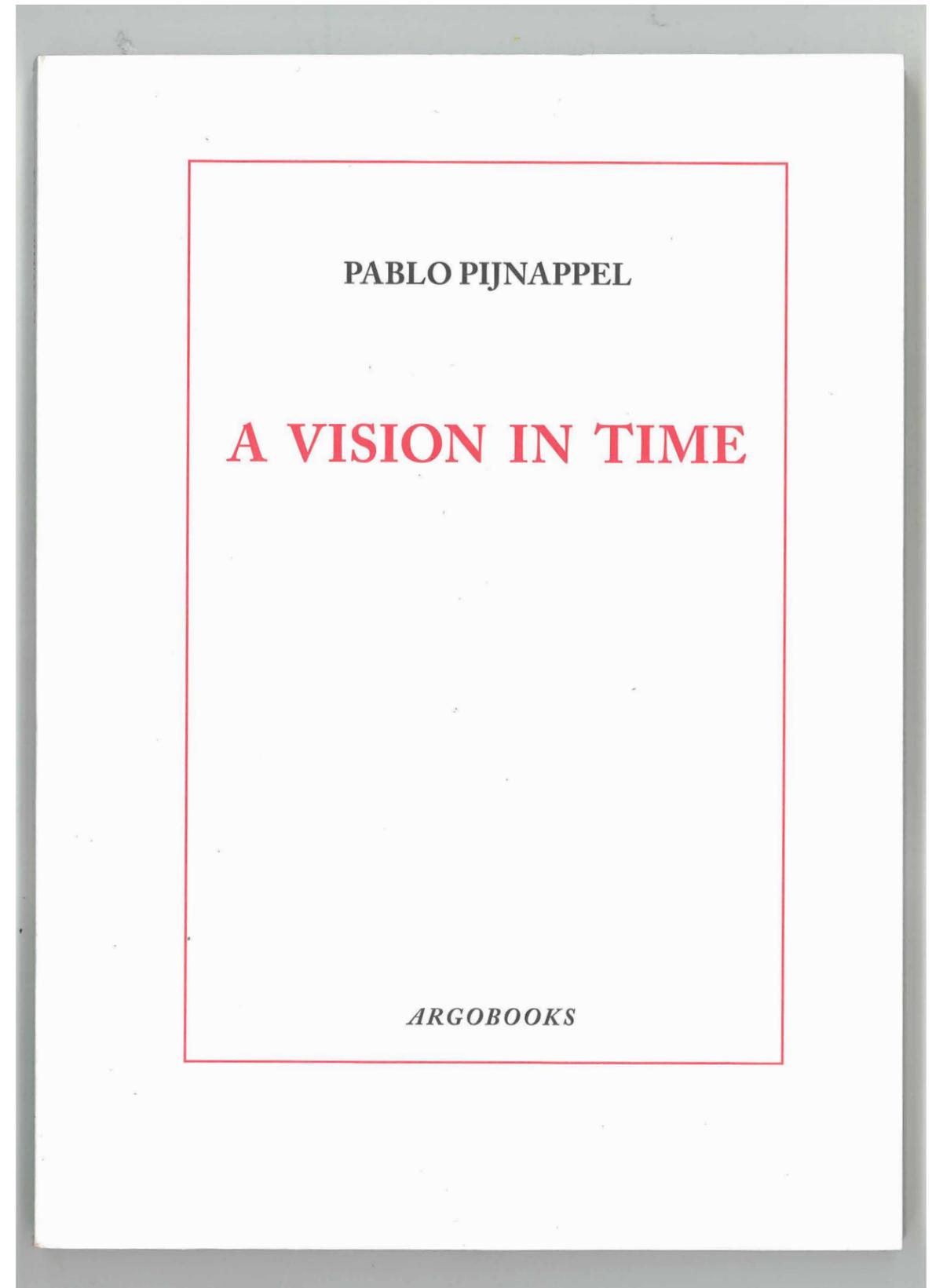
For my first book, I assorted texts I had written which comments what my work is about, rather than comment about my work, creating therefore, an anti-monography, so to say.

It compiles three short personal essays, a half-fictional interview and a text written by the Dutch curator, Xander Karsken, who familiarity in its tone, close resembles of my texts.

The format of the book, was inspired out of a novel, reflecting on the subject of my research, which is narrative and all its epitomological implications.

To download the PDF version, please click [here](#)

Production still



"The journalist consigns his writing to oblivion
while his dream would be to write for memory
and time."

*slide-projector synchronized with audio, 80 slides,
16 min*

Fontenay-aux-Roses

2009

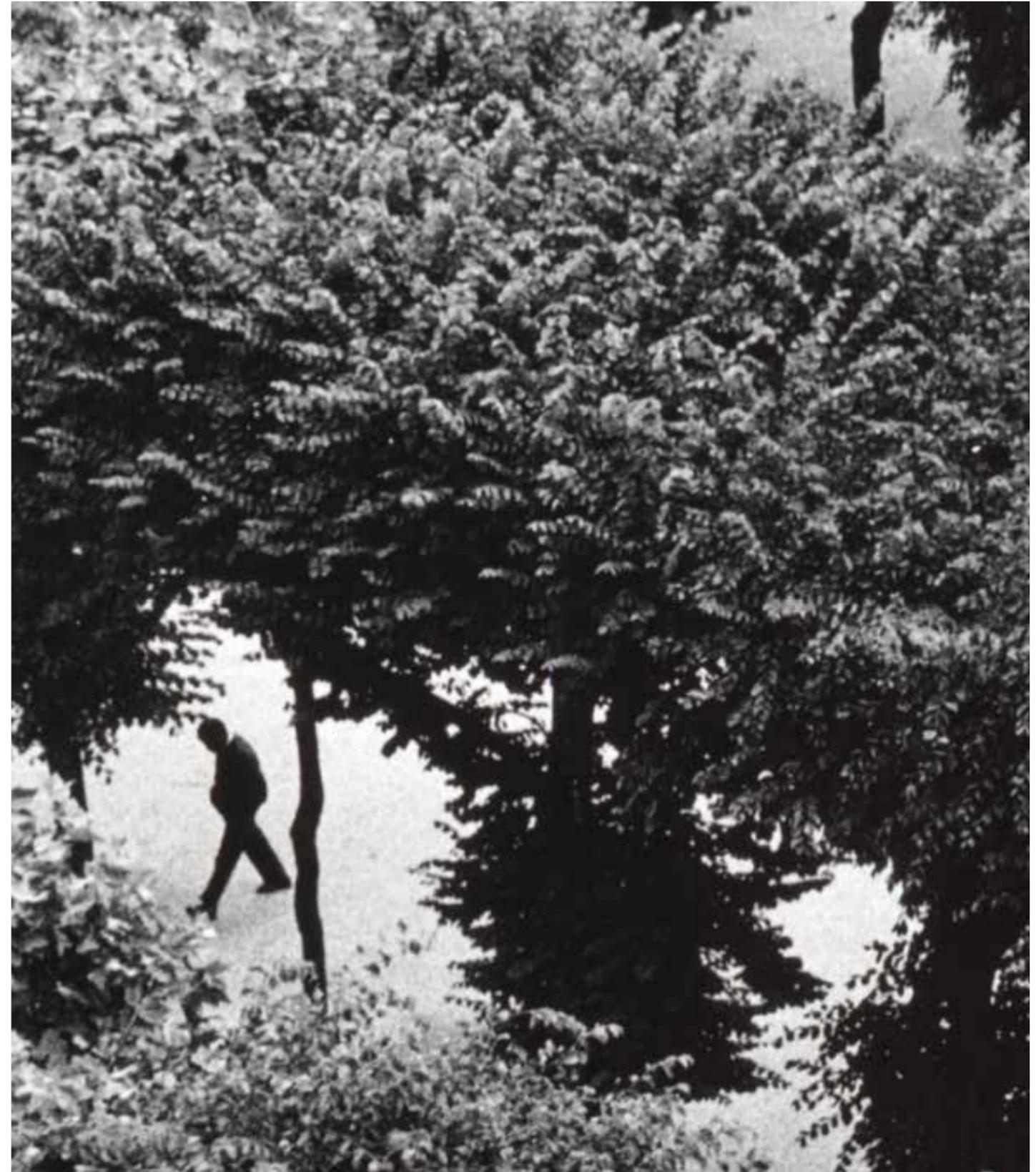
Stitched as a collage of black and white, found, photographs of Paris, with the support of a synchronized voice-over, the slide-installation forms a sort of personal remake of Chris Marker's *La Jetée* — a circular sci-fi narrative about time-traveling through the use of memory, which was itself a remake of *Vertigo* (itself also an adaptation of *D'entre les morts*, a French detective novel set in Paris). where Hitchcock fair use of the spiral as a visual pattern to represent both the fallacy of vision and the seeming repetition of time in the film's story. Therefore, the piece emulates the copy and pasting (albeit with a loss of fidelity to each subsequent generation, more akin to the old photocopies) that allegedly occurs with memory each time we evoke then.

Through the use of the carousel slides as a physical structure to build the story, the slides keep turning as the projector shoots one image after the other, and eventually the end meets the beginning, like a snake swallowing its own tail, creating a circular narration. But what makes it

thruoutly bottomless, and not merely an endless repetition, as it loops indefinitely, is that actually there are two versions of the same story being subsequently told. Slight modifications in the anecdote, and in the synchronicity between images, make each viewing emulate the earyness of a *déjà vu*; by confounding the viewer's memory, the expectations of repetition and of closing a cycle are never fulfilled, but rather, make the chronology stutter and echo and spiral forever inside one's mind.

To watch a video documentation of the installation, please press [here](#). The code is "Fontenay"

Production still



Three slide-projectors synchronized with audio

Homer

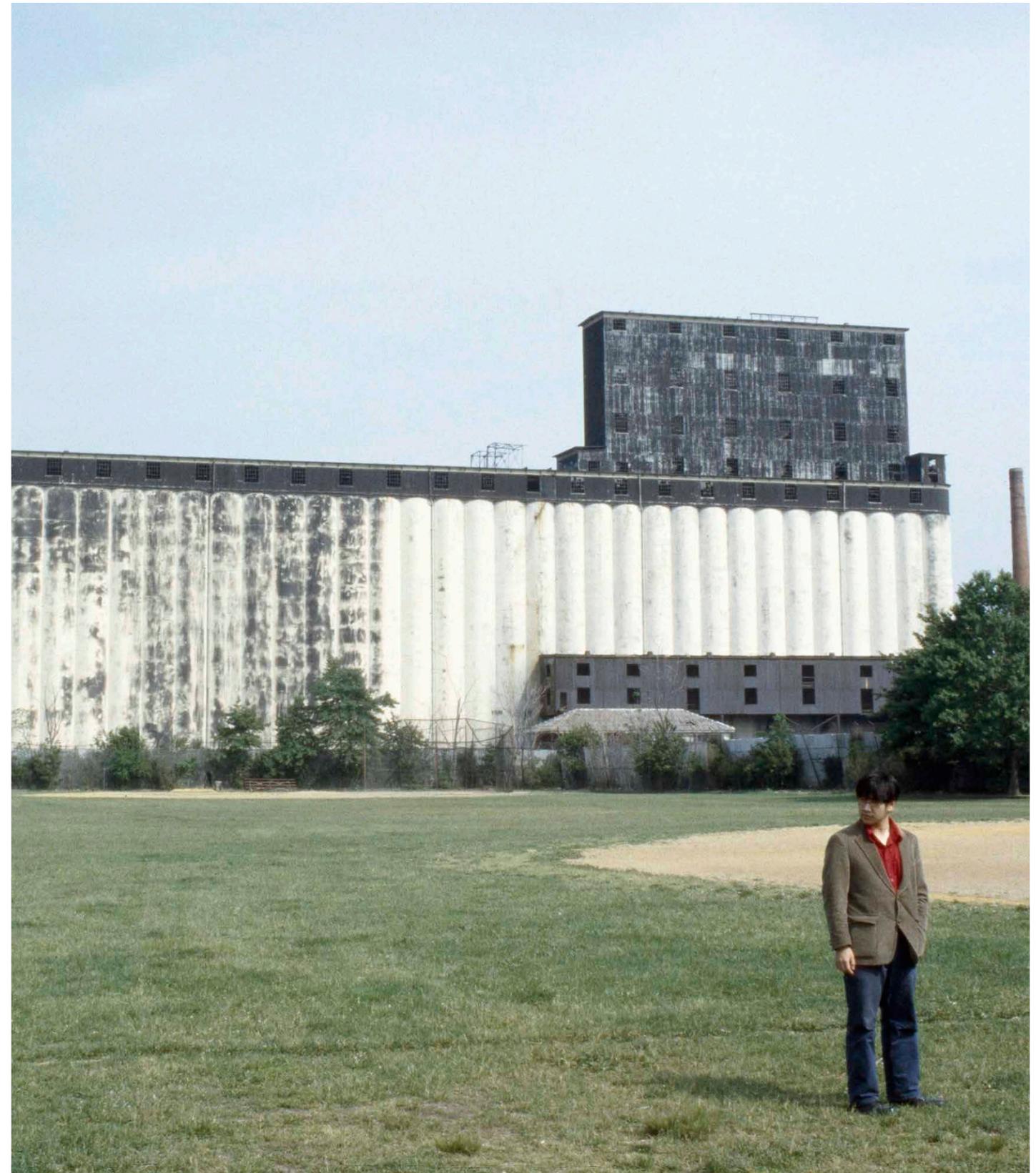
2008

I visited a close friend Kevin Co, a native New Yorker of Philippine descent who decided to move to the fringes of American society, winding up in Homer, a small fisherman's village in Alaska. Like in most of my earlier works, the profile of Co aligns effortlessly with that of my earlier protagonists: they are all creative eccentrics, who are struggling with the numbing chokehold of contemporary society, and are usually trying to come to terms with some kind of cultural dislocation. Like *Felicitas* (2005), this work is a three-screen slide installation, in which a story is told via voice-over alongside a sequence of images. I try to subtly toy with the conventions of this essentially cinematic approach to using slides: while the narrative is a fairly conventional linear one (based on both Co's 'real' biography and mine own 'fictional' memories, and describing a romantic away-from-civilisation road trip), the connection between narrative and image is complicated by the use of repetition, stasis, and (non-) simultaneity in the slide projection's choreography. This way, I expand

and shrink narrative space by breaking up the spectator's gaze, making it shift between the three (sometimes two, or just one, or none) slide projections.

Homer is my first piece that combines slide projections and a voice-over, which is placidly recorded by the 'hero', Kevin Co. At the same time, it is the first work in which I break free from my own cultural and familial references. Still, the central character remains a proxy through which I'm able to weave his idiosyncratic fabric of first and third-person narrative, 'found' and self made imagery, pop-cultural and cinematographic references (Sean Penn's *'Into the Wild'* echoes, for example), and existentialist quests.

Production still



*Three synchronized slide-projectors, 200 slides,
16 min loop*

Felicitas

2005

This is an early work I made on Felicitas Barreto, where I attempted to make a portrait of her, by creating a silhouette through narratives based on real-life characters that were acquainted with Barreto.

In this triptych slide-installation, all the female characters are illustrated with pictures out of Barreto's personal archive. As she lived an intensely rich life, where she changed professions and husbands as other people change their clothing, Barreto's biography could be taken to be the life of ten other women. Therefore, each female character (who were also real people) represent an aspect of her complex, contradictory, personality; making true of the saying "Birds of the same feathers fly together".

Barreto's photographs were complimented with archive photographs of Rio, and of the people portrayed in the works, as well as out of film stills, stewing a melting pot of collective unconsciousness.

As a last note, I would like to point

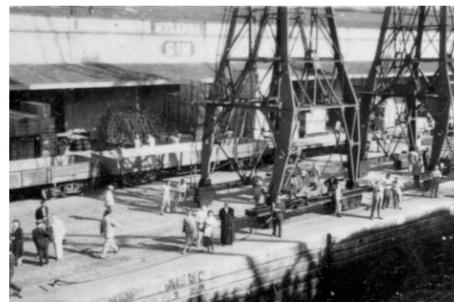
out that I consciously avoided her more ethnographic pictures, trying to limit to an urban context in order to make, in parallel, a portrait of Rio de Janeiro as a hub for lost *gringos*, as is further crystallized in the next work, named simply *Rio*.

To see a video simulation of the slide installation, click [here](#).

Password "Felicitas".



*Above: Slide number 64
from Projector C. Next
pages: the complete set
of slides.*



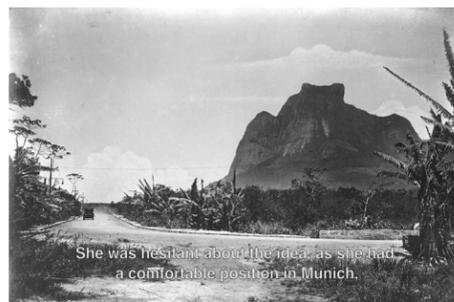
On the way to Buenos Aires, Joseph's ship makes a two week stopover in Rio.



After two wars, Joseph Rigger was pessimistic about the future of Germany.



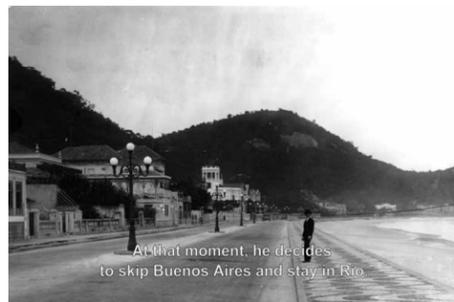
So he decided to move to Argentina with his wife.



She was hesitant about the idea as she had a comfortable position in Munich.



and is startled by the framed cover of the magazine hanging on the wall.



At that moment, he decides to skip Buenos Aires and stay in Rio.



He only got back to the ship when it returned from Argentina weeks later.



Joseph went ahead anyway, alone, just for a few weeks.



to see how he liked it and to find new arguments to convince his wife.



He goes around town and finally rents a room in Santa Teresa.



After an exhausting trip,



snuggled in a cargo plane owned by a Bolivian colleague.



because it is difficult to access through very steep streets.



a neighborhood located on the top of a hill, still in its colonial condition.



Joseph's father had been a painter who had never gained fame.



Dieter, a.k.a. "Michael", is waiting for a connection in Sao Paulo.



The last few weeks whirled around his head.



Three of his fully loaded trucks had been reported missing.



though one of his paintings was published on the cover of a German art magazine.



The painting was a portrait of Joseph's mother holding him as a baby.



Joseph enters the room of a colonial house.



Later, it was concluded they had been stolen by one of his best agents.



a nun from a Spanish convent in La Paz who often made guns to the US.



She had disappeared only to turn up later in a Miami jail.



To get a lighter sentence, she turned in Michael's man from San Francisco.



causing the whole business to collapse.



Düsseldorf



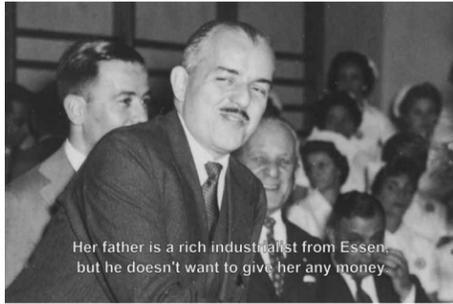
Annette recently graduated from art school.



There she met her Puerto Rican boyfriend.



Annette decides to move to America.



Her father is a rich industrialist from Essen, but he doesn't want to give her any money.



Annette sedates her father with chloroform to get the key to his safe.



But she accidentally kills him with an overdose. She is taken to a sanatorium.



One Month Later



Annette knocks out a nurse with an ashtray, dresses in her uniform and escapes.



Her mother gives her a ticket to Rio and she travels using her sister's passport.



1983



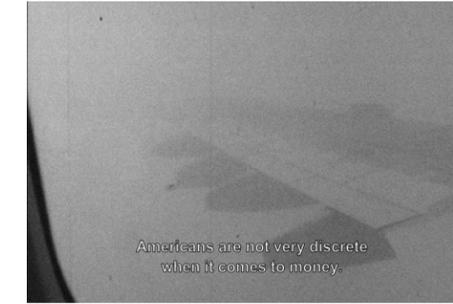
Michael hated flying out of San Francisco.



He always had to make stupid small talk with fellow passengers



who would be nosy about other people's affairs.



Americans are not very discrete when it comes to money.



Bolivians, on the other hand, are more subtle



and know how to give each other privacy concerning business.



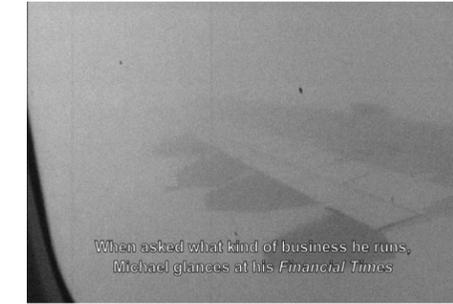
This time he had to endure an excruciating conversation



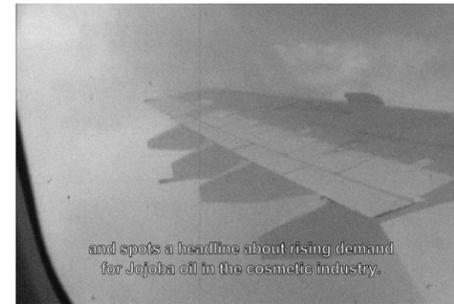
with a businessman who owns a chain of hotels



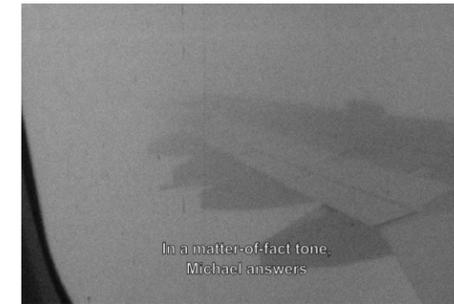
and is buying a new hotel in the midst of the Bolivian Andes.



When asked what kind of business he runs, Michael glances at his Financial Times



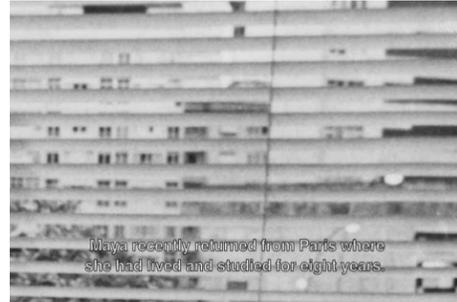
and spots a headline about rising demand for Jojoba oil in the cosmetic industry.



In a matter-of-fact tone, Michael answers



that he owns a Jojoba farm in Bolivia.





The phone rang only once.



It's answered by a mumbly voice with some kind of foreign accent.



Maya hesitates, trying to decipher what's being said.



After a disconcerting exchange of "Hellos?" and "Whats?",



Maya introduces herself as a friend of Franca.



The lady on the other end of the line apologizes and explains



(this time speaking slower) that she's been waiting for an international call.



The call is apparently very important. She asks what Franca wants.



Maya says that he told her she might be looking for an assistant.



The woman replies that she knows nothing about it but,



in case she's interested, she could accompany her to Bolivia



where she's going to a conference of Andean Indian chiefs.



Maya, thinking of this as no more than a polite dismissal,



says she will consider, and gives her number.



The legendary party starts in Cochabamba and takes place in three different mansions.



All the friends, partners and colleagues of Michael and Michael are there.



People like Geoffrey Reggeo and Mel "Woodstock" Lawrence.



Michael sent his jet to Rio to be loaded with sushi for this party.



Andrew came in the jet, squeezed between the seaweed and the salmon.



Somehow nobody was hungry, and the sushi becomes a feast for the cats.



After one week of partying, they all leave in buses to the farm where the party continues.



Once there, there was not much of a farm but it was for sure a beautiful desert.



Michael and Andrew go to the Hotel Copacabana in La Paz,



where a convention about Indian rights is taking place.



Felicitas is the spokesperson for the Andean chiefs. She's one of Michael's proteges.



Felicitas is introduced to Andrew, who greets her in Ketchwa.



Felicitas, envious of Andrew's fluency in the Andean language, says in Spanish



that she doesn't speak with European colonialists.



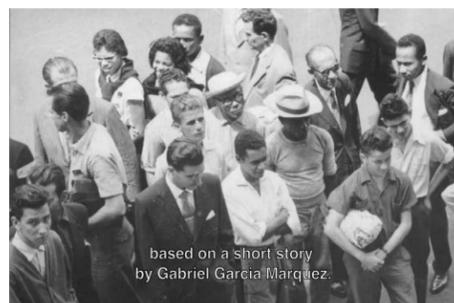
Andrew finds her a real bore and never speaks to her again.



Andrew and Michael visit the Rio de Janeiro International Film Festival.



It is the premiere of a film Michael financed.



based on a short story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez.



During the press conference with the actors and the director.



Andrew falls in love with Maya, the interpreter.



He pretends to be a French reporter to seduce her.



Six Months Later



Maya goes to visit Andrew, who is staying with Michael in Cochabamba.



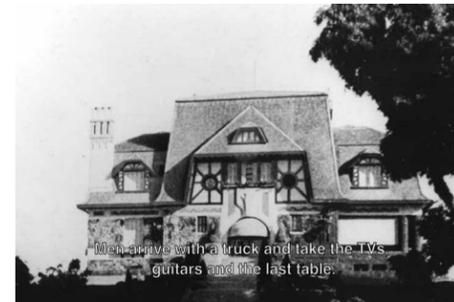
She takes her eight year old son Pablo.



They find their bags under a pile, and are driven to the mansion by Michael's driver.



On arrival they are surprised by it's luxury and, once inside, by the lack of furniture.



Men arrive with a truck and take the TVs, guitars and the last table.



There are stacks of bags filling the house from floor to ceiling.



Michael seems to have been having a bit of trouble with business.



Michael seems to have been having a bit of trouble with business.



Things are coming to a head.



1989



Maya comes into the bar and finds her friends sitting at a table talking loudly.



She notices a young man she has never seen before.



She greets everyone, and is introduced to Wilhelm by Astrid.



He says "prazer" with a thick accent. Maya asks someone where he is from.



Paulo offers her a glass of beer with ice cubes in it. The beer in the place is not very cold.



and a plot has been hatched to try to get a discount on the bill later.



Only the boy seems not to mind and drinks his beer without ice.



From under his wet mustache, Victor tells Maya



Speaking only German and Russian, and blond as hell, he was a sitting duck.



that Wilhelm arrived a week ago from East Germany.



Astrid found him wandering in Copacabana after he was stripped-down by street-kids.



looking for a ship going to South America.



As soon as travel became possible, and despite being only seventeen,



Wilhelm moved to Hamburg where he started to frequent sailor's bars



Michael in Rio



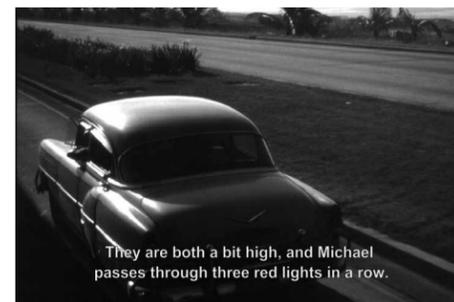
One night Andrew comes to visit Michael and they go to a famous strip club.



Annette is on stage tonight.



It is morning when they come out of Barbarella, and they go for a drive.



They are both a bit high, and Michael passes through three red lights in a row.



A MP car stops them. To their surprise, the officers don't recognize Michael.



Franca warns Michael that he is wanted by Interpol for



a bank robbery he committed in Germany years ago.



But they find illegal substances in the car and there is no money left for a bribe.



They are taken to the 14th PD in Copacabana.



Captain Jani personally interrogates both.



The Interpol Chief Inspector Blitz is tracking Michael down.



Michael assumes a daily routine of moving from one cheap hotel to the next.



After he runs out of money, Michael hides in Felicitas' apartment.



She tries to coax confessions from them.



She leaves them in an overcrowded cell in the basement for three weeks.



When Herr Blitz finds out, he gets furious.



Cpt. Jani is embarrassed for not recognizing Michael from the Interpol wanted list.



Michael is deported back to Germany where he is serving a sentence in Hamburg.



Andrew is left in the 14th PD's jail for more two months, until he escapes during a riot.

CV

Pablo Pinappel was born in Paris in 1979

Awards

2008
Charlotte Köhler Prijs, Prins Bernhard Cultuurfonds

Residencies/Studies

2019–2020
Künstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin, Germany

2015
URRA, Buenos Aires, Argentina

2012
Capacete Entreterimentos, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

2008-2009
Cité internationale des artes, Paris, France

2006-2008
Rijksakademie van Beeldende Kusten, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

2000-2003
Gerrit Rietveld Academie, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

2002
San Francisco Art Institute, San Francisco, USA

1999-2000
HKU, Uthecht, The Netherlands

Solo Exhibitions

2019
From Admiration to Shyness, Künstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin, Germany

2018
Zona de Crepúsculo, Fundação Ibêre Camargo, Porto Alegre, Brazil

2017
From Candy To Ashes, Solo-Shows, São Paulo, Brazil

- 2016
Imagem-Lembrança, Cavalo, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
- 2015
Lucas Goes Partying, ArteBA, galerie Juliette Jongma, Buenos Aires, Argentina
- 2014
The Party, Die Raum, Berlin, Germany
Pareciam ser de um cinza translúcido, galerie Juliette Jongma, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
- 2013
Lucas, Frieze New York, Frame, w/ Ambach&Rice, New York, USA
- 2012
Pablo Pijnappel, Malmö Konsthall, Malmö, Sweden
Mise en Abyme, Ambach&Rice, Los Angeles, USA
Reading Complex, Seventeen Gallery, London, England
Pablo Pijnappel, Basis, Frankfurt am Main, Germany
- 2011
Quirijn, Art Basel, Art Unlimited, galerie Juliette Jongma and Ambach&Rice, Basel, Switzerland
Fontenay-aux-Roses, Galerie Juliette Jongma, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
Fontenay-aux-Roses, CarlierGebauer, Berlin, Germany
Fontenay-aux-Roses; Ambach&Rice, Seattle, USA
Quirijn, Studio No2, Galerie van der Mieden, Antwerp, Belgium
- 2008
Homer, Galerie Juliette Jongma, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
André, Kadist Foundation, Paris, France
Homer; CarlierGebauer, Berlin, Germany
- 2007
Pablo Pijnappel, Laboratory, White Chapel, London, England
Caiçara, Museum de Hallen, Haarlem, The Netherlands
Homer, Künstlerhaus Bremen, Germany
- 2006
Walderedo, CarlierGebauer, Berlin, Germany
Hotel Rio, Galerie Juliette Jongma, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
Felicitas, CarlierGebauer, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

- 2005
Andrew and Felicitas, Extra City 2, Antwerp, Belgium
Felicitas, Stedelijk Museum Bureau Amsterdam, The Netherlands

- 2004
Andrew Reid, Gallery Iris Kadel, Karlsruhe, Germany
Andrew Reid, Playstation, Fons Welters Gallery, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Group Exhibitions

- 2018
A Lesson Loosely Learned, Cavalo, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
ARCOMadrid, Opening, Spain

- 2016
In Search of Thomas Python, Nieuwe Vide, Haarlem, The Netherlands

- 2017
Unanimous Night, CAC, Vilnius, Lithuania
Udstilling, Den Frie Center, Oslo Paads, Denmark
Does kittykat know there's a pigeon on the clothes closet?, Nieuwe Vide, Haarlem, The Netherlands

- 2015
A Mão Negativa, Parque Lage, Rio de Janeiro, Brasil

- 2014
Falso Movimento, Galeria Luciana Caravello, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
Staged City, Arti, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

- 2013
Discipline, Leisure & Punishment, Contour Biennial, Mechelen, Belgium

- 2012
As Iminências das Poéticas, 30th São Paulo Biennial, Brazil
Through an Open Window (Rabo Bank Kunstcollectie), Institut Néerlandais, Paris, France
Found Footage, EYE Film Institut Nederland, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
Recent Acquisitions, De Hallen, Haarlem, The Netherlands
Never Odd or Even, Roskilde, Sweden

- 2011
Never Odd or Even, Grimmuseum, Berlin, Germany
Spectrums of Light, European Gallery Cologne, Cologne, Germany
Will Be Home..., Ambach&Rice, Los Angeles, USA

2010

Collector's Preview, Le Temple, Paris, France*Arrivi e Partenze Europa*, Fondo Mole Vanvitelliana, Ancona, Italy

2009

Chance Encounters, Ludlow38, New York, USA*Still / Moving / Still*, International Fotofestival, Knokke, Belgium

2008

Vijf portretten uit de videocollectie, De Hallen, Haarlem, The Netherlands*Wild Signals*, Kunstverein Stuttgart, Germany*Narrowcast: Reframing Global Video*, LACE, Los Angeles, USA*Narrowcast: Reframing Global Video*, Pitzer Art Galleries, L.A., USA*Panoramic*, Museo Tamavo Arte Contemporánea, Mexico

2007

Reality Crossings, 2. Fotofestival Mannheim, Germany*52nd Venice Biennale* (Slovakian Pavilion), Venice, Italy*Prix de Rome*, De Appel, Amsterdam, The Netherlands*Elephant Cemetery*, Artists Space, New York, USA*News From Abroad*, Gallery Murray Guy, New York, USA*Free Electrons. Selected Videos from the Lemaître Collection*, Tabacalera Donostia, San Sebastian, Spain

2006

Indirect Speech, Kunsthalle Fridericianum, Kassel, Germany*Don Quijote*, Witte de With Center For Contemporary Art, Rotterdam, The Netherlands

2004

Present Tense, Playstation, Fons Welters Gallery, Amsterdam, The Netherlands*Indonesia under Construction*, Witte de With Center For Contemporary Art, Rotterdam, The Netherlands
Anh Tam Lee – Pablo Pijnappel, Groningen, The Netherlands*1921-1977 1979-*, Kunsvlaai, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

2003

Parasite Paradise, SKOR, Utrecht, The Netherlands**Performances/One-Time Presentations**

2020

The Zone, TAK, Berlin, Germany

2019

2008 Wasn't A Good Year, Cavalo, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

2015

What is Photography?, Fontenay-aux-Roses, Centre Pompidou, Paris, France

2014

Lucas, Temporary Gallery, Cologne, Germany*Casa da Michèlle*, Galerie Juliette Jongma, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

2013

Discipline, Leisure & Punishment, Contour Biennial, Mechelen, Belgium

2012

Cinema in Slow-Motion, Malmö Konstahall, Malmö, Sweden**Screenings**

2016

A Vision in Time, six films, MAM's Cinematheque, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

2015

Lucas, Rotterdam International Film Festival, Rotterdam, The Netherlands

2012

Quirijn, Lost and Found, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

2010

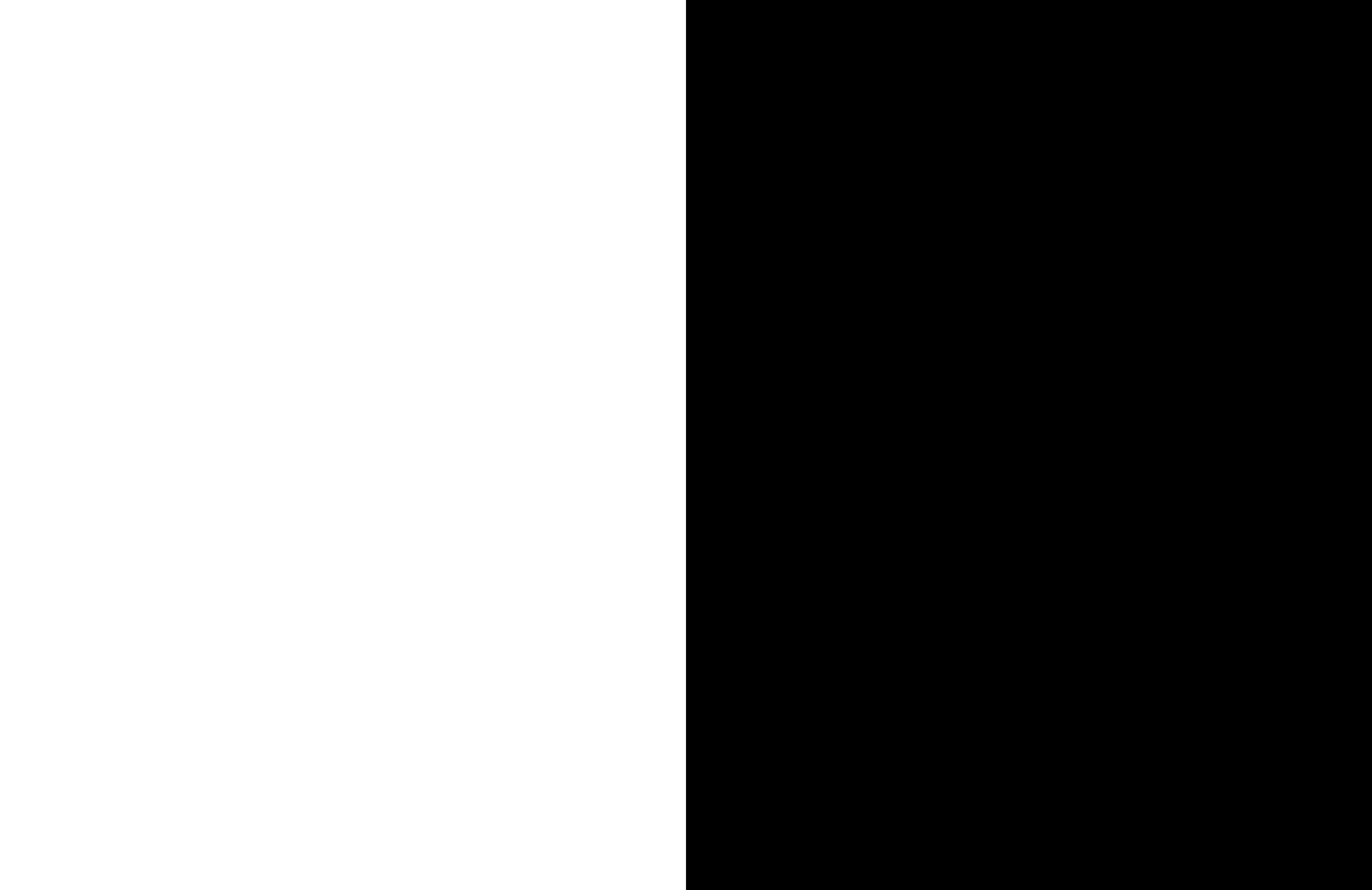
Andrew Reid, Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis, USA*1921-1977 1979-*, MAC/VAI, Vitry, France

2008

1921-1977 1979-, Panoramico, Museo Tamayo, Mexico*Andrew by Maya*, Black Box-Elke Schlüters, Kunstverein Düsseldorf, Germany

2007

Walderedo, TENT, Rotterdam, The Netherlands*Please press [here](#) to download this cv in pdf*



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