

From passion for substances, powdered chess, and five hundred others

Hello visitor, I share with you a narrative of mine about the process from which this exhibition results. Looking back at this space stirred up many ideas and fears as well. The last solo exhibition I did here was 10 years ago. "Inside-out, bookshelf on pilotis, and other notes of origin" was a show where I presented works that are still very significant in my trajectory. Now, at another moment in my career, the challenge of keeping the work alive is even more complex. That's why I needed another artist as a frequent interlocutor. Wallace Masuko and I are old colleagues, with an academic background that ties us very closely together. We had the same teachers, fell in love with similar things, at similar times. I sought out someone similar but an artist with works completely different from mine - in plastic terms very different, in procedural terms maybe not so much. It was difficult to distinguish between what each of us thought about the exhibition, and this difficulty in tracing where to listen, where to show, and where to let oneself be impregnated, made the process slower. It seems that the show constitutes itself as a "walk." You walk along a path inside the gallery. Along the way, you encounter new works that update my particular research repertoire - the personification of objects, materials, the scenes that are constructed when we take certain views, the need to feel the works as potentially animated beings, taking care that each piece is its own being, attending to its idiosyncrasies. But before that, or, to get "back" to that, many ideas were stirred up in the process. Wallace kept visiting me even though I had no news to tell about the work. I understood that maintaining this rhythm of visits was an essential contribution. A valuable way to maintain the regularity of that privileged exchange, between two. From there, many ideas for unique installations emerged - each one for one of the gallery's rooms. With each visit, the exhibition became a new one, completely different from the previous version. And that's how we got here. "Passion for Substances" may not have a unity in itself, a subject, except for what moves us in relation to the world. In the center of one of the rooms of "Passion for Substances" we find "Gerião", with its tiny red wings, and "Tadzio", a column of sand stripes, a work I have been pursuing since 2011 inspired by *Death in Venice* filmed by Visconti. Another obsessive work, "Wick-door" has existed as an image for a long time, more precisely since 2006, and finally takes shape in this exhibition. The series of embroideries "Hands over hands" is also a revisitation of drawings I made for the artist's book "Burn" from 2014, in this series I review drawings in light of their relationship with a scene in a film by Ingmar Bergman, *Persona*. In the film, Liv Ullmann's face appears huge in front of the silhouette of a child, her son in the film, who stretches out a small hand to touch the large luminous face in front of him. When embroidering, I reversed the scale issue and chose the hand as the image to be touched. As we spoke of this game of touch memories, Masuko brought Marguerite Duras' poem "Negative Hands" and then I found images of the Cave of Hands in Patagonia. Impressions left 9000 years ago on its walls, all because we were talking, in various ways, about things that remain

untouchably close to us. Something dear to sand works; to time, a subject implicit by the presence of so many characters from narratives, and about the accumulation in layers of the records of our humanity.

Débora Bolzoni São Paulo, March 2024.

Technical sheet:

Interlocution - Wallace Masuko

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