

Title	Beautiful Sad Nature	Author	Rafael Vogt Maia Rosa
Date	2015	Artist	Janaina Tschäpe
Publication	ROSA, Rafael Vogt Maia. <i>Beautiful Sad Nature</i> . Jacarandá n.1, verão [summer] 2015		

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Beautiful Sad Nature

* Rafael Vogt Maia Rosa

Janaina Tschape



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They were working in a panel with a colorful plaster. It was very dense, yet malleable. Seemed to be a wide coastline, amongst certain atmospheric conditions where there is a tension between the gestural experience and higher sensitivity to heights and depths that converts vision into a less compelling sense. She explains that it is therapeutic only as a way to transform traumatizing falls into a process of topographical remodeling in a purely recreational practice.

Within one hour, the light bulbs illuminated the model with matte shades of pinks and blues, if you can put this this way. It all seemed mineral and sober to the point of embodying the very condition of being a valley, a mountain, stones; be like the actual and unique pattern of the bottom of the ocean.

The juice allowed for a contact with the energy that emanates from iridescent snakes from the Amazon River. Reproducing clips of the behavior of these species would be insufficient, trying to reformulate their appearance for the camera or even the intangible gaze of these species among themselves. Anyway, the number of metallic and transparent cells that multiply from a single source could be redistributed in that aqueous medium. Some electricity, as if to enclose the body – a gypsum mold – a new gravitation, thus liberating a clearer subjectivity, through which negative sentences are translated as just another stimulus among others.

You don't even need to go that far, but I'm not sure that Villa Lobos would compose a piano piece from a melody made from the skyline of New York City. It was not what I meant when I mentioned a symphonic piece that was inspired by the indigenous culture to compose this more triumphant type of harmony. Synthesizers too, but much later; it is a structure that seems to have been cultivated inside the equipment, consistent and regular as if it were manufactured and that sounds like a tribal web. Not a lot. Said that, among others, there was the risk of getting lost and dissolved in a dark matter that makes hues an absolutely unknown field, in which we cannot bear..., spiritually, remain in that state, so attached to the memory of the most basic organic functions. "We feel we were not the only ones to witness that, but the scared eyes of an invertebrate, something still sacred to many populations. His pulse is maintained by the pronunciation of low tones that, repeated for a shot time, keep it in a sort of mutation.

Look, I feel so sorry that, especially now, a person was killed and was filmed being killed in Guarujá. There are considerable cases, as well as individuals who started demonstrating more violent behavior exactly when they saw this being shown as something that "had not been thought before". I only ask you how to account for the hidden expectation that this is kind of "reality check", in fact, one more thing created in front of a computer. The images of the facial composites made by the police proved disastrous to an extent that makes bullying a category that cannot be overseen in schools anymore. She was mistaken by someone else who, please note, supposedly would have kidnapped kids to practice "black magic", as reported. You watch the statement



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again and there is the doubt, in the translation, if it is taken as a prophylactic measure, of indifference itself. This will never be captured, the intentionality, the mindset of the user in that stage of extreme deterioration of his perception of the other.

(...)

How beautiful it is to feel nature
Be sure of where it's going and coming from
How beautiful is to come from purity...

(narrator) This is something from the past. A little over a year ago, Tim Maia scared his admirers. Cut his hair, shaved the beard and joined the Universe in Disenchantment. And he even recorded an album that he composed especially for the strange sect. Today, Tim Maia doesn't even want to remember that time. He let his hair and beard grow again and is getting ready to release 2 albums. One in Brazil, and the other in English, in the USA, with his soul style music. And he is not worried when they accuse his work of being totally detached from the Brazilian popular music.

Tim Maia: Within the Brazilian popular music, I am like an intruder, I'm an intruder. Within the international music, I think I am one of the best, or I find myself highly rated, I think I am sellable. I think I am musically conscious internationally, internationally. Now, in

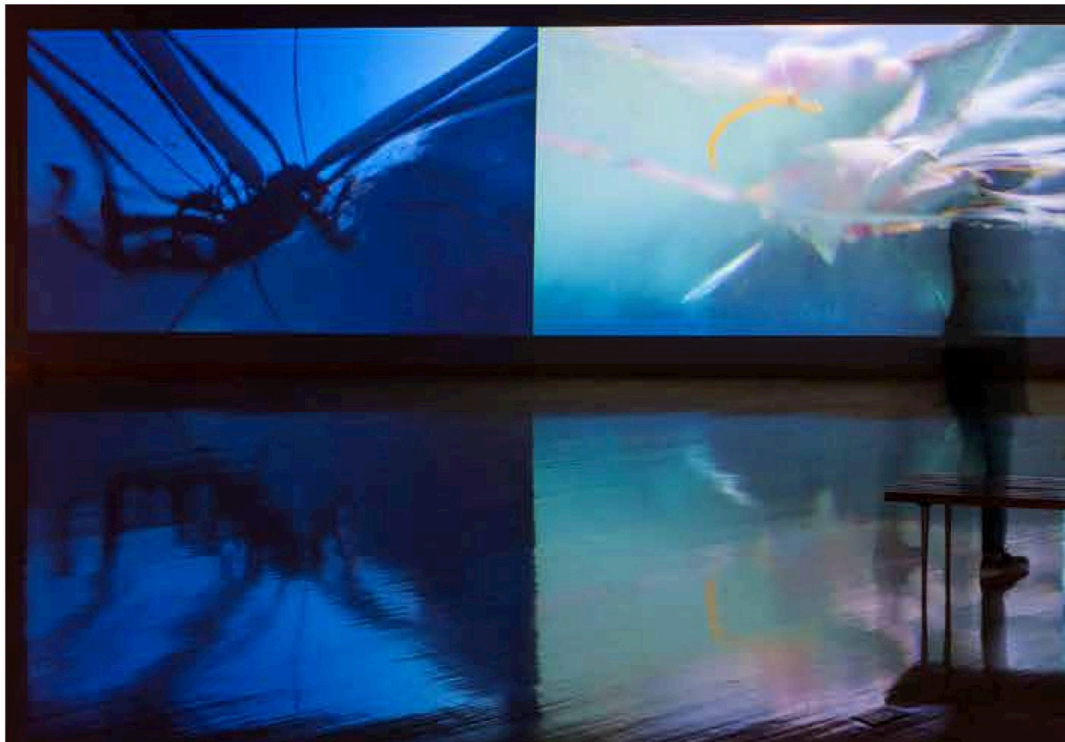
Brazilian popular music, I think I'm an intruder.

Interviewer: And why would you be an intruder, and not just another composer?

Tim Maia: Because I wasn't able to get roots, really, you know, I went to the US when I was a boy, this means I was already a little influenced by American music, even though nowadays music has been internationalized, I mean, music is international, music is a whole, everyone understands just one music. This is the music that interests everyone, the music, I am inside this music. And I think this music is the music I really play, you know? Brazilian music, in itself, I also play a little, but I don't play much. I play what I can. Those who can do it, can do it. Those who can't, have to find a way. I'm finding my way.

My brother in color
Enough with decency
This is not possible
Take what's yours
Because God gave it to you
Beautiful sad nature
He let it go
But this can't be
Look what happened

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Go real slow
 Go just as you are
 But be very determined
 Take what's yours
 Live free in peace
 Because this is your land

I know you are the sound type
 Not the killing type
 But don't let go
 (...)

They had bought a new set of weapons, expensive, Italian. He used to follow the team as the records certifying agent and he wrote for the nautical sports column of a Portuguese magazine. He had been invited by the very owner of the boat. She was wearing black swim briefs and a slightly faded robe. Clean, with a smell of clean and the purity of cotton at the same time. Smell of shredded rope, but still velvety.

That day, as we say, he left his camera behind. One moment, the weapon's dark blue and an undertow announced by the hues of the huge water surface, swollen waves. And she was like the provincial song that played on the radio and that said that the sky was like a room or a cabin, seen through many barriers, glasses, ropes, sails...

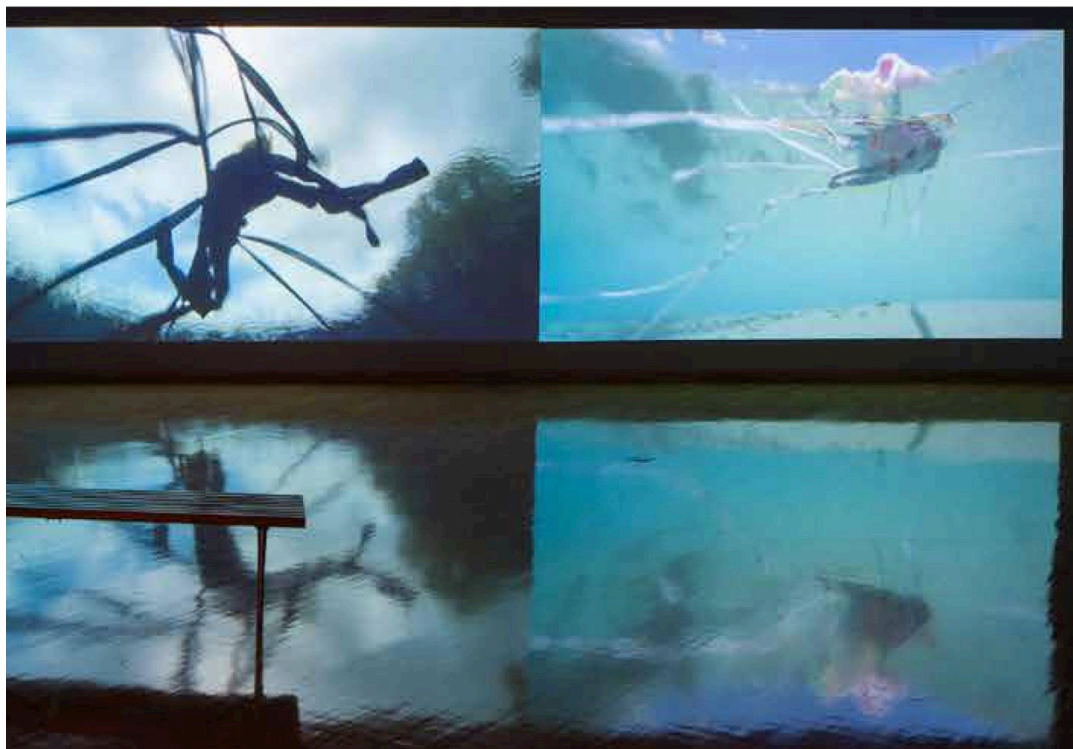
This caused the gestures inside, an ample room with an internal bar, to be intensified. The wood of the counter and the oil on canvas landscape over the fireplace. The color of "solitary tinamous's eggs", he says to himself, where the sea meets the sky, grey, heavy, and ready to pour, far away.

The owner knew that environment, even if he hadn't participated or intruded. He put those pictures there, which were by themselves small pieces of paradise involving sun, sensuality and cheerfulness. All black and white. The possibility of free sex in the mirrored hallway hidden cabins and all absolutely exclusive, nothing that had been created but for those people, their own pleasure and happiness.

He started to dive with the others, first a very deep sea floor, about 100 feet, and then, a little more under the boat, 30 feet more, 50 feet deeper, he saw a shadow. He climbed fast, took a deep breath and started diving down again. His head hurt a little, but you have to go through this and go to another level, the next, and keep going until everything changes, suddenly.

He could make out a body, a really big animal, and his legs went numb when he saw the different consistency of the base stone that had no outline because it mixed with infinite darkness. He simply stretched the weapon as if it were his own arm, a little curvier, and shot without emphasis or thoughts.

When the harpoon hit the head, there was an explosion



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of energy that he felt through the neoprene like an acid jet... and right away a bump, too strong for him to hold on, even if he had known before exactly when it would happen.

The weather was even worse, the people on the boat, at this point, had already drunk a lot more, played, there was eminent animosity. As soon as he told them the fish had "stolen" the weapon, and how it happened, he saw the exact moment when the owner heard the news, a crossed air and the expression of brief disapproval, twisting his nose when someone whispered it in his ears. The imaginary scolding in front of her made him so desperate that he decided to dive with the aqualung to try to find the needle in the haystack.

He had learned to shoot a long time ago because there was the presence of firearms in his family, outside the military environment. Even before. Yes, unfortunately, the father in a robbery in the range. When he felt this would happen, he stood still, listening to the noise of the air conditioning, his breathing semi-mechanized and the memory of the first verses he memorized in childhood: an undine, the fisherman, took him to the bottom of the sea, many beauties did he see, many things he learned, and when he returned home... He would be there, dying, "the air that goes through your nostrils and calms down your lungs. I wish you knew that my life changed suddenly. Having met you and felt your wet skin that day when I thought I had harpooned a... Trust me, as time goes by, the trips to Monte Carmelo, this blessed place where paddling is my only occupation, I'm really getting better. In the place of purity and faith, my health, the last prayer I say in the fine line of my existence."

In that episode, he saw himself writing the story of his mentor, very vividly, as seen through the eyes of others. The man they called artist, in 1962, was the author of a short story about an elite boy who returns to the mansion where he grew up, to take revenge against the family that bought it from his bankrupt father. The nature he described on this way, the magnetic energy of the stones and vegetation through which the car he had stolen was going to his old destination, his adolescence, the drinking and the violent sex. That was overcoming his life and also dominating him behind the wheel. The idea of bad luck is that he had to go around, at the expense of making this an untrue testimony about this work and the forces involved in it, the densest nightmare that leads us to a new beginning, a new existence in this one. This delusion should help him express himself under the circumstances, but it transformed him when he opened his mouth to say anything into an exception.

"Nah, forget it, it's not necessary". Really? They hadn't boarded for that and the situation could get even worse. Exactly the same path, when he identifies the weapon first, magically floating, and following the rope was the fish itself, kind of turned: a hidden angel shark, really big. He would go up to the boat and call the son of the coxswain, a boy who always helped him: "go there, it's under the boat. The weapon is loose, a little above. You can reach it easily. Get it, release

the rope and pull it up." The new pictures, in color, about 120 pounds, twice the size of the boy, everybody helped.

The weather improved and from that moment on, he had an ally for life.

There was no record of anyone doing anything that wasn't artisanal. The balance had to come from a description devoid of anxiety, conversations that we couldn't hear totally and that didn't do harm to the living together. Because it was a rigid environment and they had to respond sharply. He'd have to understand, for someone to find a meaning and debate both things, even the racial issue, in this sentence that is really hard to swallow inside and out of any contexts, and especially..., because people know that the nuance that makes it not being an invitation to hatred is in the music, the rhythm, right? In the tradition of his thoughts, anyway, he was deep into this issue of a poetic that was at the same time common and that should appear clearly. By common, he used to refer to something public, not in the urban, spatial sense, but in the sense of something done without hiding, openly in the community. Furthermore, I wouldn't underestimate his ability of speaking about money and the companies specialized in creating customized processes, something seen as ridiculous at that time. I remembered a phone call when I told him that a survey showed that most transactions wouldn't go through not for lack of trust, which was something you can't measure, but because of resentment, and that I should first understand this and then start talking about ideology. Ten or a thousand people singing hymns on a smartphone were enough and they acted systematically in the deliberations about the interests of those who joined the group in another cycle of customization, in another generation... They rent whatever you want, in the harshest places.

Flora Noturna (1959), like any other painting by Antonio Bandeira, in this dialogue with Wols, can be considered a precedent, a scheme that joins independent organisms that seem to have been introduced alive in the canvas space. The questions at the time were due to a misunderstanding involving guides of popular art and science, who pictured the artist working beside primates and kids. And this was associated to the Latin-American constructivism, also because you needed both hands to pick up these publications up and opened them in double sheets. The idea that there was no strength in this movement to respond to the wishes of countries marked by a history of injustice, murders and cowardice, allowed us to see the unprecedented ambition of the mentors.

The water, the liquid, as well as the plants, are present in yet another sense, and this doesn't have the same idea of cure or overcoming. The person chooses to use it because they want to have the natural element close by, an antidote for the tendency that makes us take any of these phenomena as conceived just for consumption.

The medium won't really change its morphological consistency, obviously. It's only a way that I find to say that in the search for such an ample phenomenological field, you

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(Top) "Afternoon", Mixed Media on Canvas 2015, 80x95"
Courtesy of the artist and Galeria Fortes Vilaça

(Bottom) "Schatten Gewaechs", Mixed Media on Canvas
2015, 80x95", Courtesy of the artist and Galeria Fortes Vilaça

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will find insurmountable historical facts. For now, you can get this mapping by paying attention to the surface where there is a combination of runs, seismic traces over this matrix. This is the matter that is applied in layers and that makes that liquefied paint a “new medium” that allows for unfoldings even before someone thinks of fixing visual signs.

In *Mermaid's Scream* (2004), in the same submarine reality where it was made, there is an echo of that figure that, by accidentally disappearing in a boat trip, becomes part of the imaginary of the other people involved in the tragic journey. This happened so many times that it became a kind of genre before the legend: absences elaborated in a typically coastal population.

In the work, the idea of resistance and despair may be means that, even if she acted herself, the performance would always be below the expected consistency for that language that captures extreme facts, of the rawest images that were presented, it shows that the work only develops from a vocal point where the flow of words that are yelled materialize in an ascending flood of bubbles stuck to one another, among which the expression has no legibility outside the immediate context of its agonic production.

What happened in the Amazon Forest, at beaches and mountains, all over the country? In her book, bodies can be seen in various places. They don't represent her, they actually are herself, dead. I once saw a series about crimes in parks, somehow, a little far from the cities. No faces, as I recall. South America.

You work with both hands, right? Fernweh equals to an “urge to travel”, a type of kindness. I was saying it is a local habitude, dressing in white is, yes, religious. No color..., a portrait of a Brazil submerged in a swamp where also the mirrored landscape feels oppressive for a specific type of people. It's not realism, it's an aesthetic of apnea, something chemical in the very pellicle like lack of oxygen. Even the speeches are slow... Looking around again, to breathe, you might recognize the area. Ilha do Breu. Everything is still immersed in a noisy fog that is physically close, but existentially far.

Don't forget that many of these things are even more prosaic and that, beyond the abyssal outline, you can still see light beams, sun rays, as you say, amongst the absence of gravity. And then, just turn that ball on your desk upside down, the sea becomes sky, like that.

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