

Fortes D'Aloia & Gabriel

Carpintaria

Rua Jardim Botânico 971 | 22470-051 Rio de Janeiro Brasil

T +55 21 3875 5554 | www.fdag.com.br

Serpent Letter to a Body that is Yet to Come

Catarina Duncan

CHANT I

"When we are born into the world, we receive every drop of life that precedes us: a drop from our mother, another from our grandmother, and so on, the liquid and amniotic miracle in which we live is formed. We breathe the uterine dew and listen to the rumblings of ancient watery particles that share with us the yearnings for new life, in this umbilical Atlantic."¹

I ask permission, to my elders and my young ones, of all species that cohabit the world, I recognize the life that exists in everything. I ask permission to open the paths of encounters, to create this letter towards an organism that is being formed, but which does not yet exist. I write from vestiges of memories of what is yet to come, a composition, a dance, among many lives, many drops, which form a single body. Welcome kiss of life, earth and sun, and other weavings.

You do not exist yet, you are in the process of gestation and formation. I know the ideas that create you but I haven't touched you, nor felt you, nor saw you. For me, you are the possibility of imagining the confluence of an artistic process, which is dedicated to nature as a principle, which connects itself to the whole. I imagine you big, with odors, with colors, moved by the force of a kiss, made up of ceramic bodies, small elemental beings, the Atlantic blue and the power of sacred herbs. You emerge from a slip, a snap, a crossing and you are being made by many hands. I shared desires and exchanges that made you be created, but none of that has materialized yet. I write from my imagination, but I need to feel the body, the temperature and the strength that make you work in the world. I don't believe that anything will ever be ready, considering that there is no end, I will always understand you as a process.

I'll tell you a little bit about what happens here, in this world that you will be arriving soon. I think about the insurmountable difference between all living beings, around here everyone lives one thing, we will never have the same experience about anything, each body lives and feels based on what it already has. We are not the same. But we keep asking ourselves what is common to us all. Maybe it's really the Sun and the Earth, if we forget a little bit about the human divisions, everything fits. You are the result of the meeting between Só and Té, you are the end and the means to it. Around your body there are two types of knowledge – 'triangalhos' (triangle-branches) and 'weaving entities', you echo the sound of a vibrating body, you tell us stories.

An immense universe inhabits the spirit of the artist who is gestating you, he once told me; "there is a lot of noise inside my head". I imagined all the forces that communicate through his body. We all have channels, but we don't always access them. You who will come into being will also be a channel. This cacophony in the artist's head produces worlds through art. I believe in art, I believe in you and your transformative potential. I believe in life and in enchantment. You as a work, as an exhibition, do not yet exist, but emerge from this cosmology typical of a multiverse artist, a great storyteller.

I heard many stories about your creation - the story of the arrival of life on earth, the story of spiders - weaving entity, the story of the seeds that fell just like that, the story of intertwining, symbiosaber, the story of kissing,

1. Íporí, Maya Quilolo

a moment of encounter, between Neto and Lili, between Earth and Sun, between the two primordial forces in the formation of what we are. With one hand in the water within the earth and one hand in the light of the fire sun – trees are born, take root and sprout into leaves, these beings connect us with the whole. Are we all trees? The meeting between earth and sky takes place in seawater, great Kalunga, mystery. We are moon-influenced molecules, creating tidal flows between the inner and outer waters. You present yourself as a talisman, you make yourself skin, epidermis and promote encounters of worlds – internal and external. We are landscape.

When writing about a work, we also transform it a little. I'm already transforming you even before you exist, I hope you'll forgive me for that, but I also welcome you with open arms, so that you can be what you are, always. I'm being transformed by you too but we still don't know each other. What levels of abstraction can we access? You were born of gestures, many people moved their hands so that you could exist, molding the matter of clay, handling fabrics, walking with the lines. You are still in gestation, being prepared to come into the world.

To accompany this birth, a weaving entity was summoned, which creates the world as it is created, forging webs that sprout from within, connect and integrate, reminding us that nothing exists in isolation. Each part of your body has a name - I was born that way, boa constrictor travels in the forest, red fire, earth, wind, sun and sea, how beautiful you are, time slips, glides slowly, parabolizing time, two triangles and a straight line, little seed heart, two geometries – one heart only. Between the hand and maths, between biology and the sacred, between what goes up and what goes down, you vibrate and materialize in sculpture, song, drawing, divinity and prayer.

You are an insistent form of life, which seeks a way through to change existing structures, transgress horror and produce enchantment as a political act. The world you are coming to has been sick. I think that all poetics is political and we need to build solutions based on listening. We are imperfect, but there is dialogue. There is no separation, between doing and thinking, between living and loving. We listen while our bodies take in. Nothing is done for no reason, everything is connected.

Conceiving a work is a ritual, as it brings the relationship of belief with forms of expression, an artistic act that has an everyday meaning – of healing and transformation. There is an impulse that makes you a work, but you were not born yet, you are coming to connect times and transform all the people involved, and the world. I was once told that healing does not exist, what exists is the movement towards healing. This exhibition, which does not yet exist, this text that does not yet exist, is this movement, from the body to the world. You are a prayer, and as Neto says, "Making a sculpture is an act of love".

This chant continues, we will continue to correspond once you arrive. See you soon.