

pedro zylbersztajn

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portfolio

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2024

EXPORT QUALITY POETRY (1924–2024)

Video

25'20"

2024

with Denise Bertschi

link to extract [10min]:

<https://youtu.be/98wV8pa-uNk>

The film portrays the complexities of a rewilded eucalyptus farm owned by Suzano, the world's largest paper company, caught between different modes of exploitation and representation of nature. It departs from a double 100th anniversary: the publishing of Oswald de Andrade's landmark modernist text *Pau Brasil* Poetry Manifesto, and the founding of Suzano, both in 1924. This conjunction between literary modernism and industrial modernity threads a story of consumption, exhaustion, knowledge, monoculture, infrastructures of export and displacement, situating the relation that Brazil's cultural-political establishment has to nature and development, in the face of a global economic system molded on coloniality.

Exhibited at:
SPATIAL CONVERS(I)OR,
CAN, Centre d'Art Neuchâtel, CH (2024)
curated by CAN Team





It was dedicated to Djalma Campos.



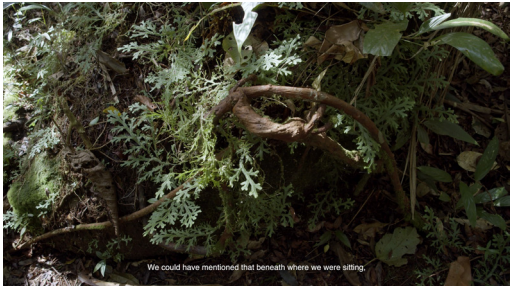
(UNCONSCIOUSLY HOOKS UP THE TOP OF A SPALL-HEAVY SHOTGUN CENTER



(WHICH BY THE WAY OF THE LIGHT WAS PRETTY MUCH EXACTLY



and the 19th/20th century (that's not possible)



We could have mentioned that beneath where we were sitting



He asked her to bring some sugarcane milk the country



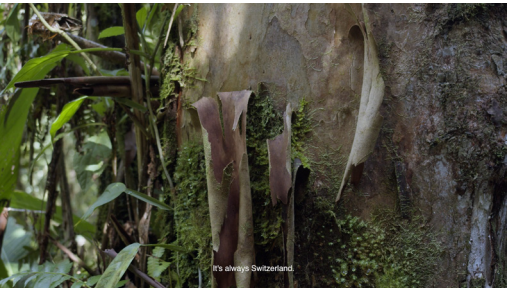
THE FOREST WHERE THERE IS A REPUTATION FARM



(BEFORE THAT, THE TUPA-GUANI PEOPLES OF THE COAST CALLED THEIR LAND FENDORAMA



(WE WOULDN'T HAVE SAID THIS AS A PROLOGUE OR AS A THING JUST TO STATE THE FACTS)



It's always Switzerland



the mine's and plantations, which could be seen



Just over 100 years after the Brazilian independence



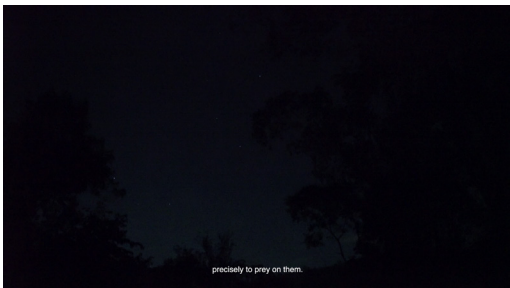
ONE PEOPLE FROM IT, NOW WORK IN THEIR NURSERY TRIMMING THE CLONED HYBRIDS



"You know, Suzano was founded exactly 100 years ago."



"Isn't he the guy from the Anthropogenic Manifesto?"



precisely to prey on them.



THE PRODUCTION PLANTS





Installation view at *SPATIAL CONVERS(I)OR*, Centre d'Art Neuchâtel (2024)

photo: Sébastien Verdon

**36 second hand notes on a discussion
(for Ian Wilson)**

Xerox on paper, archival folder, access protocol

40p

2024

Throughout 2024, I participated in the moraes-barbosa collection archival research program, where I dedicated myself to thinking about names, presence, time, relationships, orality, refusals, omissions, secrets, and the limitations of knowledge, in dialogue with the work of South African conceptual artist Ian Wilson.

The research resulted in a single-issue site-specific publication, which now forms part of the collection's documental archive, cannot be moved, photographed or otherwise recorded and can only be accessed locally, necessarily reading it out loud, or remotely by having it be read out loud over phone or similar oral transmission method. The only parts of the publication which can circulate outside this setting are the cover, the acknowledgements and the access protocol, which can be seen on the right:

*36 notas
em segunda mão
sobre uma discussão
(para Ian Wilson)*

esse documento existe exclusivamente na coleção moraes-barbosa e não pode ser retirado desse contexto, nem temporariamente (a não ser com autorização expressa do artista, para sua recolocação em outro acervo). o material deve estar sempre disponível para a consulta de qualquer pessoa interessada. as únicas formas de acesso às páginas seguintes são: i. consulta à pasta física em visita presencial ao arquivo. a pasta fica situada no ponto médio entre a pasta suspensa WILSON, IAN e a pasta suspensa WILSON, FRED. nesse caso, as notas devem ser lidas em voz alta. ii. transmissão oral, em que uma pessoa localizada na coleção lê em voz alta os conteúdos da pasta para a pessoa consultante, através de uma ligação telefônica ou tecnologia similar, ou os narra de memória posteriormente. nesse caso, a descrição dos elementos visuais é facultativa. nenhum tipo de registro, cópia ou de envio do material (através de escrita, fotografia, scan, filmagem, gravação de áudio, etc) é permitido. se assim desejar, a pessoa consultante também pode entrar em contato com pedro zylbersztajn para uma discussão, através do número +55(21)97939-1882.

EN

this document exists exclusively in the moraes-barbosa collection and cannot be removed from this context, not even temporarily (except with the express authorization of the artist, for its replacement in another archive). The material must always be made available for consultation by any interested person. The only ways to access the following pages are: i. consultation of the physical folder during an in-person visit to the archive. the folder is located midway between the hanging folder WILSON, IAN and the hanging folder WILSON, FRED. in such case, the notes must be read aloud. ii. oral transmission, in which a person located in the collection reads aloud the contents of the folder to the consulting person, via a telephone call or similar technology, or narrates them from memory later. in such case, the description of the visual elements is optional. no form of recording, copying or sending of the material (through writing, photography, scanning, filming, audio recording, etc.) is permitted. if desired, the consulting person can also contact pedro zylbersztajn for a discussion, at +55(21)97939-1882.

a known (yet undisclosed) number of rumors spread through the pages of a circulating library

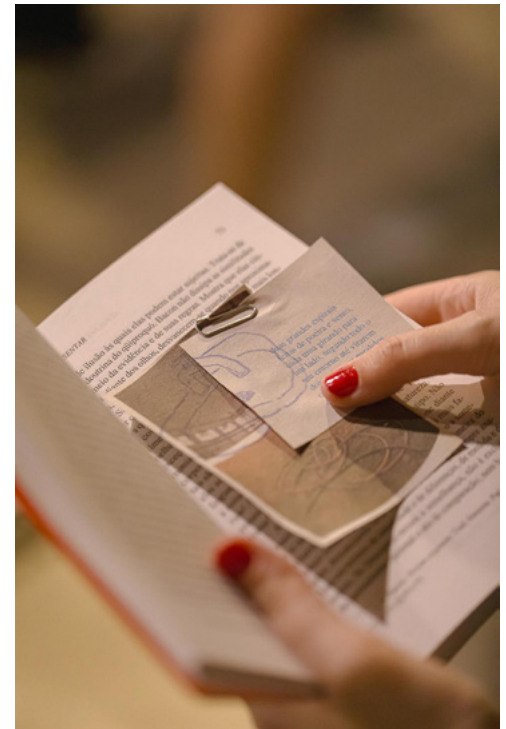
(Im)permanent site-specific installation

Dimensions variable in space and time

2023

commissioned by Pivô

Conceived as an (im)permanent installation in the institution's library, this work consists of a large quantity of small-format arrangements inserted throughout the pages of the collection. Each of these arrangements is composed of drawings, images, and words, defined through an extensive research process by the artist within the collection. They were fully exhibited in the library space only once, and subsequently scattered inside the books in a sort of reverse cataloguing gesture performed by the public. This work now exists silently or in the form of rumors, for as long as the books in the collection exist, outside any control or supervision by the artist or the institution.

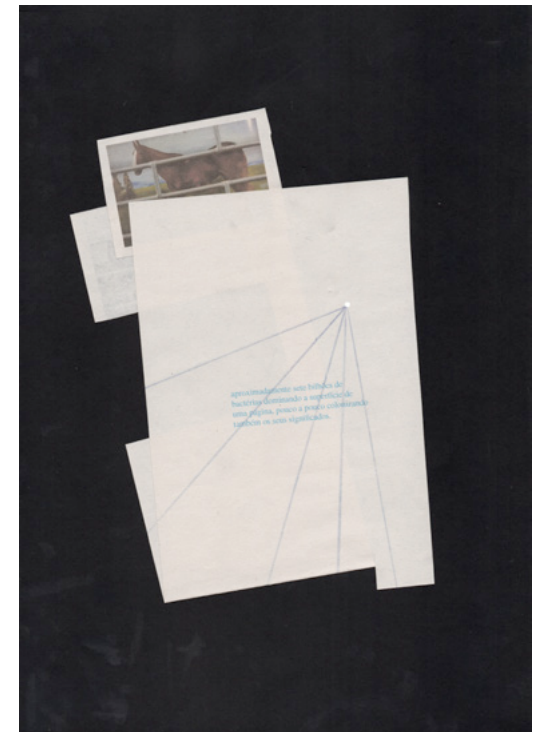


Exhibited at:
a known (yet undisclosed) number of rumors spread through the pages of a circulating library,
Pivô, São Paulo, BR (2023)
curated by Ana Roman



Installation view at inauguration, Pivô library (2023)

photos: Ana Pigosso



Canção de ontem pra depois
[Song from yesterday for afterwards]

Video

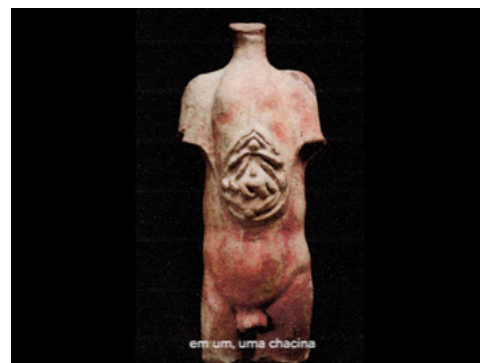
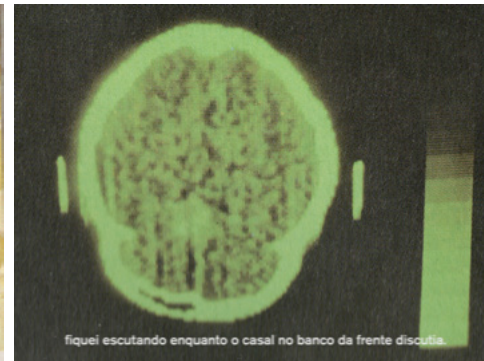
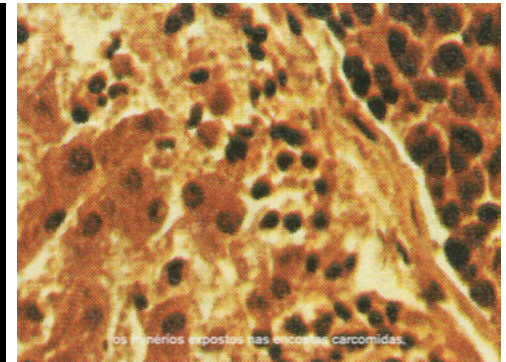
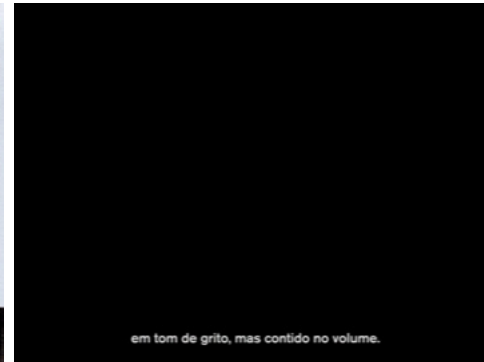
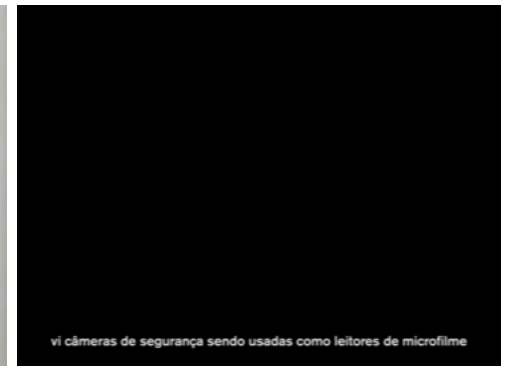
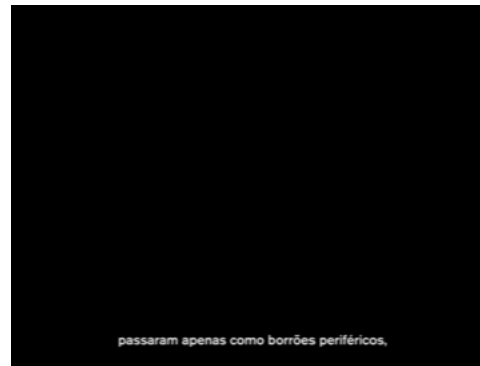
7min45

2022

link:

<https://youtu.be/1NNuFKMdmh4>

A video that onirically mobilizes private and social memories, painting a mental landscape based on the familiar images from which we run away. It is centered in a first-person narrative of a character seeing situations that mix up the real, the surreal and the hyper-real, the current past with the interdicted future, divination and malediction. Images rapidly and successively go by the screen, almost at the limit of perception. These images produce extremely ambiguous relationships with the text and the reader, who can access them more as renderings of post-images rather than interpretations of conscious images.



The Broken File (cursory reading)

Video loop, projector, printed documents
discarded during the exhibition production
period

Dimensions variable

2022

The Broken File (dance for two)

Document cart, slide viewers, 35mm slides
collected from the institution's archive,
protocol for two Engagement Guides

Dimensions variable in space and time

2022

A video loop of pointing index fingers is physically
sustained by discarded documents from the
museum's offices, artifacts which forgo institutional
order. Slides from the museum's archive are
displayed according to a protocol involving the
working schedule of two of the museum guides.
Each slide is under the responsibility of one
specific guide, tasked with inserting it on a slide
viewer once they arrive at the museum, and taking it
with them, keeping it in their possession, once they
leave. This determines a kind of choreography for
the piece, with its visibility indexed to the labour of
these museum workers.



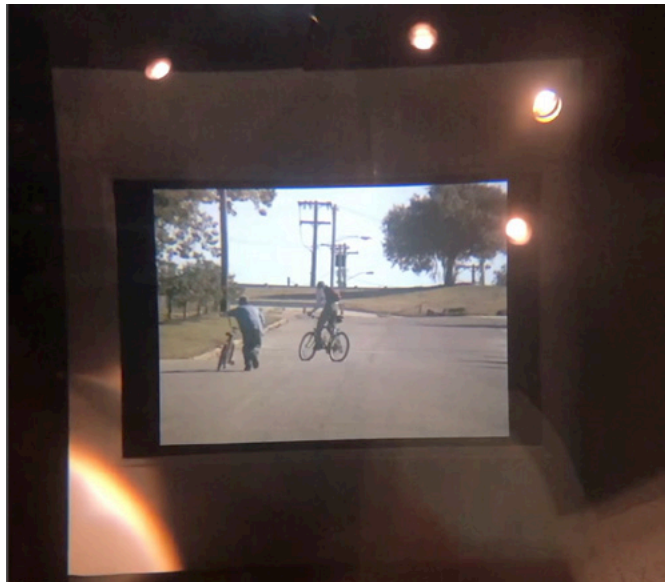
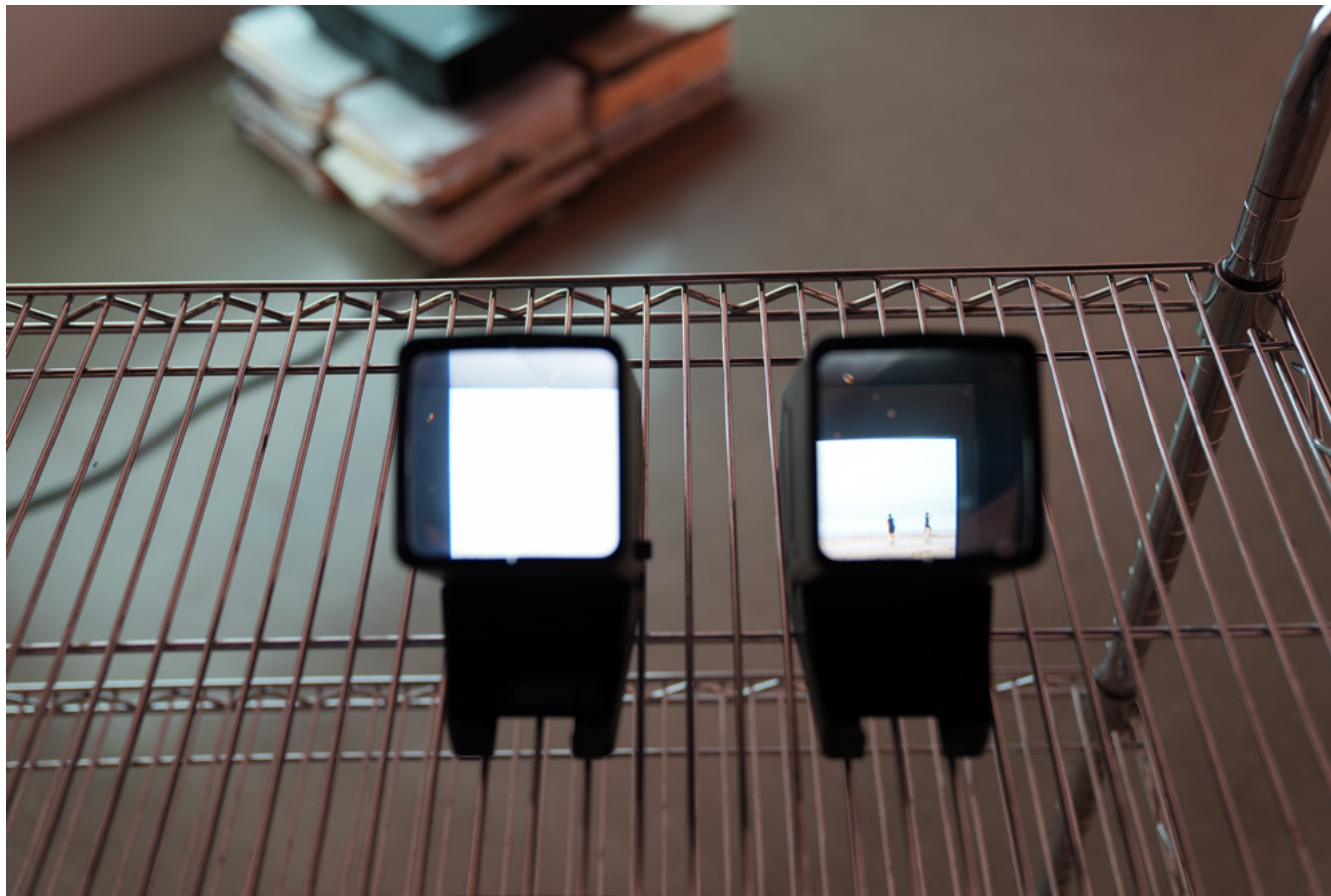
Exhibited at:

Contact, Museum of Contemporary Art Cleveland,
FRONT International Triennial, Cleveland, USA (2022)

curated by Renée Green and Courtenay Finn



The Broken File (cursory reading), details



The Broken File (dance for two), details

flock!

Plastic balancing birds, decorative bird cage
branches, vinyl text

Dimensions variable

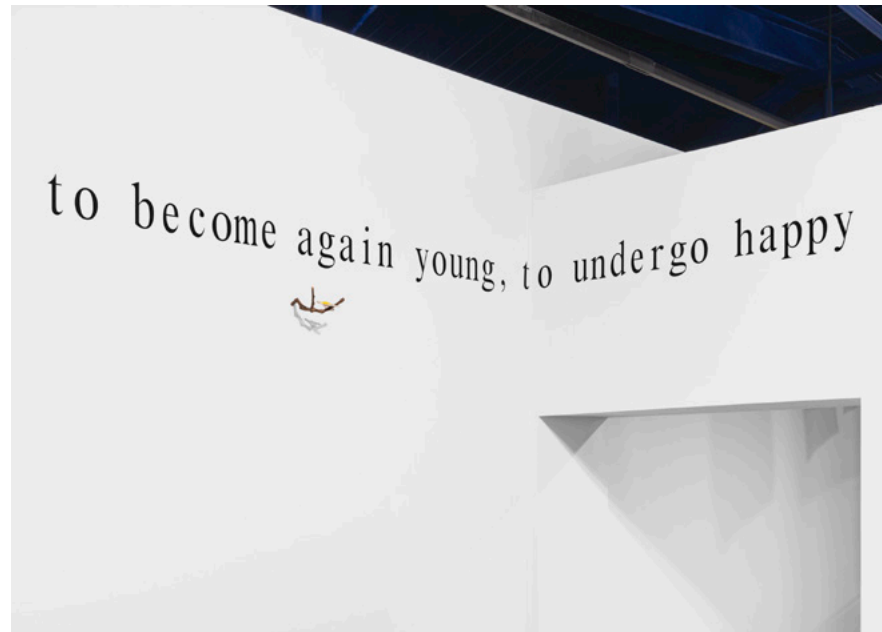
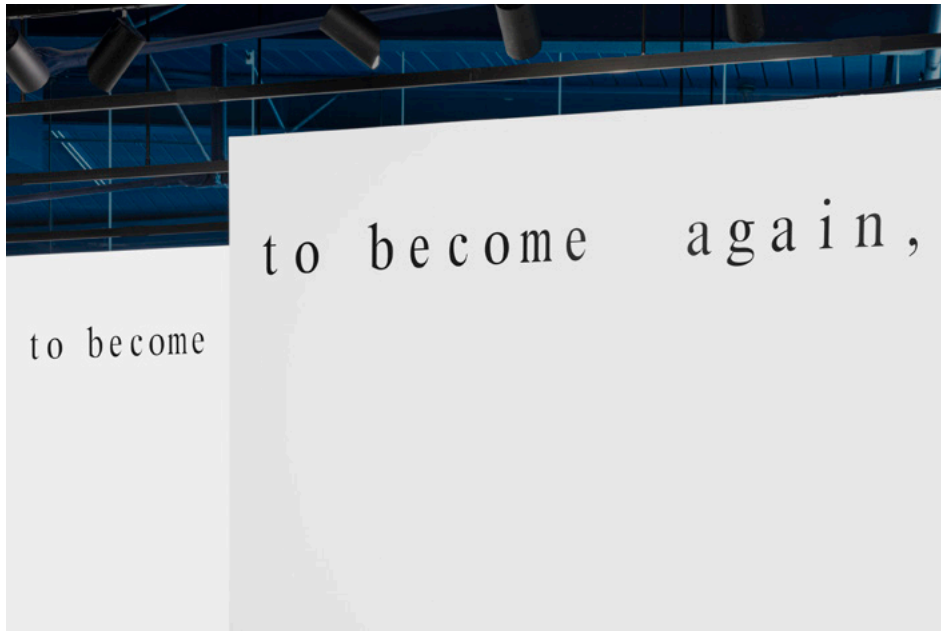
2022

with Laura Serejo Genes and Nolan Oswald
Dennis
(*Index Literacy Program*)

Balanced between precision and fantasy the first five editions of Linnaeus' seminal taxonomic work, the *Systema Naturæ* (1735) contained the Paradoxa, a list of 14 taxa containing mythical, magical or otherwise suspect animals. This clumsy and ambitious attempt to categorize the uncategorical reflects enlightenment era constructions of indexical power relations—a universalising impulse to fix relations of knowledge through ordering systems unconcerned with relations of being. This work reconsiders these acts of taxonomicide (a genre of epistemicide) through a set of apparent and emergent gestures that substitute precision with ambiguity, ambivalence and transformation.



Exhibited at:
Contact, Museum of Contemporary Art Cleveland,
FRONT International Triennial, Cleveland, USA (2022)
curated by Renée Green and Courtenay Finn





The Broken File (cursory reading), The Broken File (dance for two) and flock!, installation view at Contact, moCa Cleveland, FRONT Triennial (2022)

photos: Field Studio

Waiting Room

Installation (wall painting, beam chairs, IKEA coffee table, fake plants, carpeting, risograph booklets, sound and video loops) and performance protocol

Dimensions Variable

2019

Before entering the exhibition, visitors are directed by the reception to take a numbered ticket and wait at a waiting room. While these spaces are designed to alleviate the uneasiness of waiting, this work takes typical devices – background music, television, reading materials – to their (il)logical extreme, lightly inducing anxiety. This sensation is enhanced by the lack of a sense of progression. No one ever comes back to take them inside. Visitors are forced to make an individual and almost involuntary performatic gesture, in an act of negotiation with the work and the exhibition: leaving, complaining, staying still, asking, etc.



Exhibited at: *L'intolérable ligne droite*,
Galerie Art & Essai, Rennes, FR (2019)
curated by Maud Jacquin, Sébastien Pluot, Anne
Zeitz and Yann Sérandour

photos: dotgain

Ekphrasis of a Film (Still)

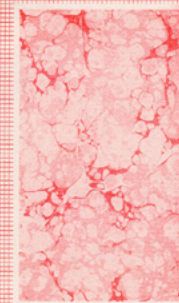
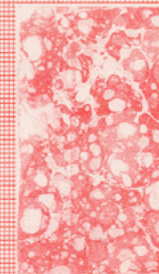
qu'elle nous écarte hors d'air. Elle a déplacé des meubles, elle a attendu, elle les a déplaçés à nouveau et a encore attendu. Ce cycle continue jusqu'à ce qu'elle trouve le cadre le plus basique, le plus dépouillé, pour attendre. Mais pendant tout ce temps, on dirait qu'elle attend de se voir agir, de se mettre à bouger à nouveau, rien de plus. Il n'y a aucun sens de captivité, donc aucun espoir de libération. Cela ressemble à une isolation volontaire, ce qui confond ce sens d'anticipation, puisque même si cela peut très bien provoquer l'ennui, ce qui justifie l'agitation, cette solitude n'est pas dépendante d'aucune question contingente à part sa volonté. C'est une attente non-téléologique, si cela est possible. Est-ce possible? Peut-on attendre, sans attendre quelque chose? Elle attend simplement, comme une condition. D'abord, elle se bat contre cela, en remplissant ce vide avec sa propre volonté, en attendant ses propres désirs - de bouger des meubles, de peindre des murs, d'écrire. Puis elle attend n'importe quel événement extérieur, que la neige vienne et disparaisse, que des gens passent ou parlent derrière les murs, et, comme avec

of release. It seems like voluntary isolation, which confounds this sense of anticipation, because while it may very well provoke boredom, which justifies the agitation, this solitude is not dependent on any contingent matter other than her own will. It's a non-teleological wait, if that is even possible. Is that even possible? Can one just wait, without waiting for? She just waits, as a condition. First, she struggles against it, filling this void with her own volition, waiting for her own desires - to move furniture, to paint walls, to write. Then she waits for any external event, for the snow to come and go, for people to pass by or to speak behind the walls, and, as it was with her own actions, there is never a sense of arrival. Her triumph comes when she stops and just waits, not for anything. If life stands still, there is no movement, which means there is nothing coming.

After this, each event is not a container for unrealized expectation anymore, but a phenomenon on its own which can then be the cause of something else. Causality retains its casualness, things occur

ŒUVRES PHARES DU
MUSÉE DE BEAUX ARTS
DE RENNES

Vanité





Installation view at *L'intolérable ligne droite*, Galerie Art & Essai, Rennes (2019)

photo: dotgain

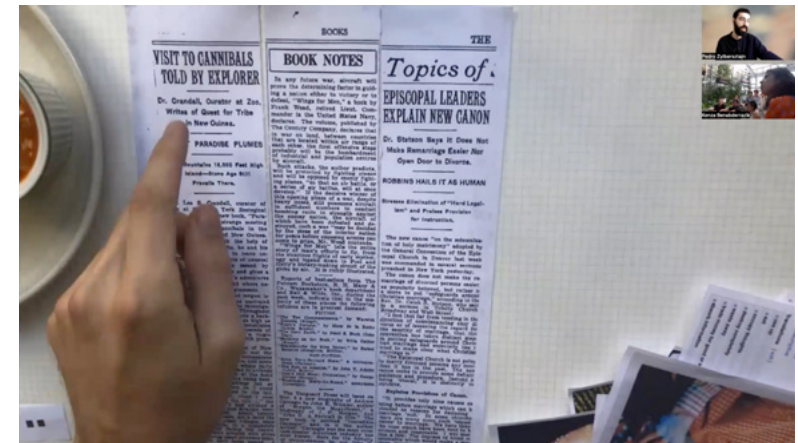
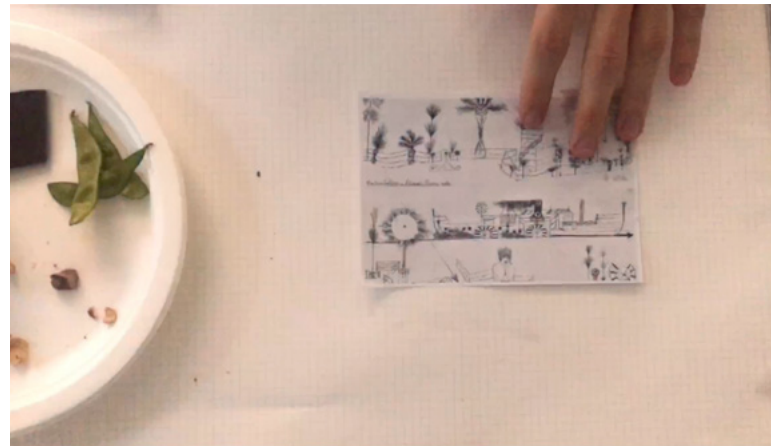
Eat the Wor(l)d

Lecture-performance

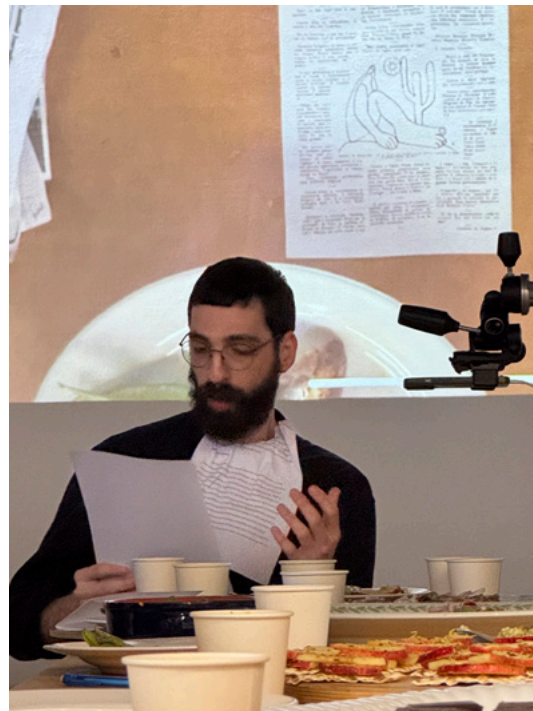
40min

2023

This performance delves into the metaphors we use to conceptualize our relationship to reading and textual comprehension through the act of eating and digesting. Choreographing images and texts into specific arrangements with symbolic foods eaten simultaneously by artist and audience, the lecture-performance asks whether our widespread notion of cultural consumption has a predatory ethos to it. Linking food, visual and textual cultures, the performance navigates our complicated trajectories of consumption: from the position of food and texts in the current capitalist production landscape, to debates on cultural appropriation – eating the Other – and ecological concerns around over-consumption of the planet's resources.



Exhibited at:
Kulturhaus Villa Sträuli, Winterthur, CH (2023)
&
ALIMENTO, la_cápsula, Zürich, CH (2023)
curated by Adriana Dominguez
&
SPATIAL CONVERS(I)OR,
CAN, Centre d'Art Neuchâtel, CH (2023)
curadoria de CAN Team



Eat the Wor(l)d, performance shots,
Kulturhaus Villa Sträuli (2023) and CAN (2024)
photos: Merly Knörle and Sebastien Verdon

Three Digestions

3-channel video, 4:3

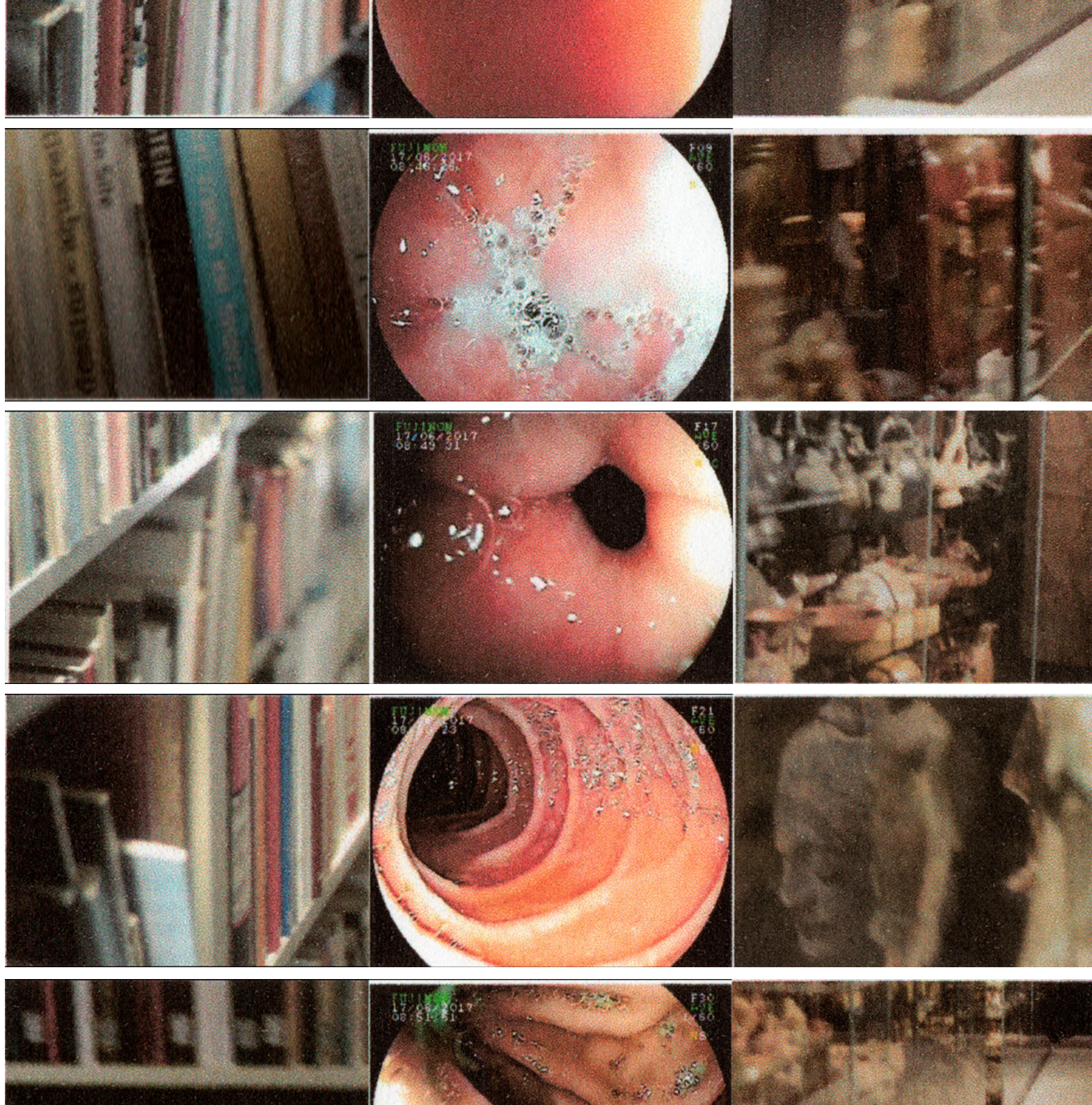
Unsynchronized loop

2023

link to extract [10min]:

<https://youtu.be/gKM1wcsRSzw>

In this video installation, three screens are placed side by side, each looping a short video. The one in the center shows found footage of an endoscopy, in which a camera peruses the guts of a human being. The videos on the two side screens are filmed as to emulate the movement and framing of the endoscopy, in different spaces: on the left we see images from the library stacks of a national public library, and on the right we see the visible technical storage of an ethnographic museum.



Exhibited at:

The Afterwake: Anaïs Horn and Pedro Zylbersztajn
Galeria RGR, Mexico City, MX (2023)

curated by Gabriela Rangel

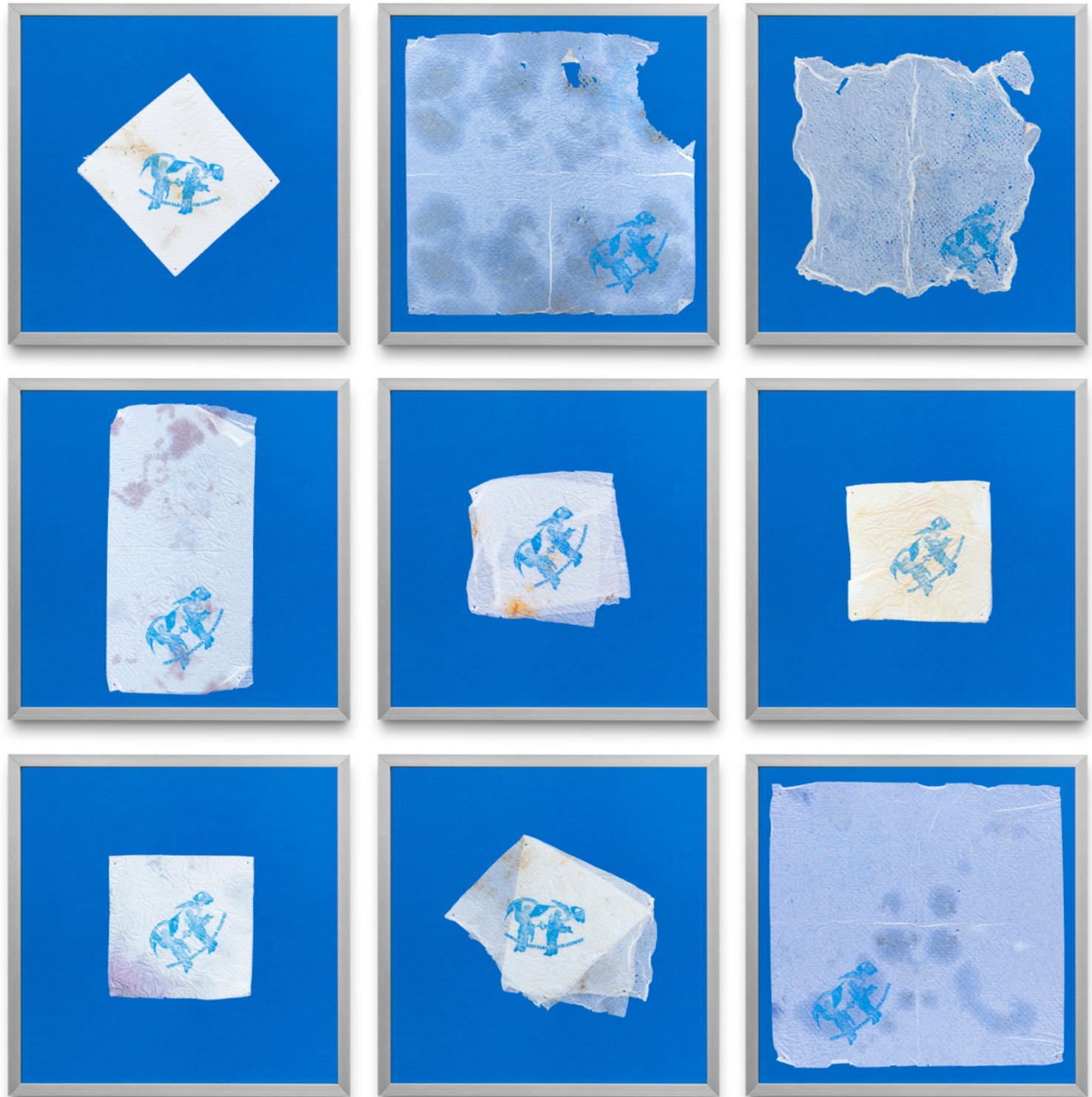
Servimos bien para servir siempre
[We serve well to serve always]

Framed custom napkins used by the public
in the exhibition opening

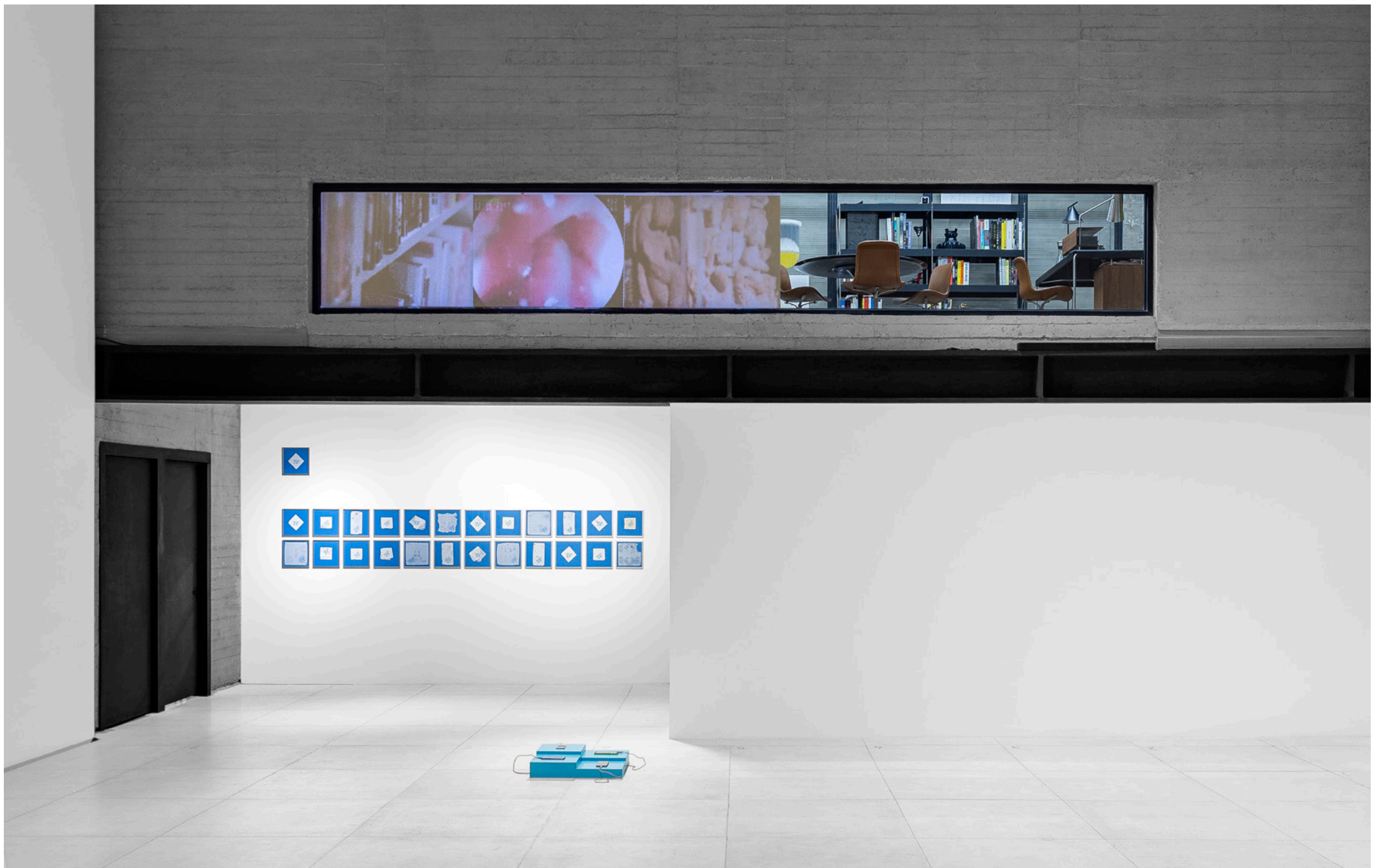
25cmx25cm, series of 25

2023

We serve well to serve always is a common slogan used around Brazil in popular eateries. The words are appropriated to observe the socioeconomic architecture of art, as reflected on disposable napkins used at the exhibition's opening cocktail party. Some guest-used napkins are kept and framed as art objects instead of being thrown away. The docile Brazilian motto is reinterpreted to frame the social fabric of the opening of the show as a performance in itself, bringing forth the tensions between literal and metaphorical consumption, exhaustion, capital and intimacy embedded in the social sphere of contemporary art.



Exhibited at:
The Afterwake: Anaïs Horn and Pedro Zylbersztajn
Galeria RGR, Mexico City, MX (2023)
curated by Gabriela Rangel



Three Digestions, Servimos bien para servir siempre and Sentimental Journey (reminiscence), installation view at *The Afterwake: Anaïs Horn & Pedro Zylbersztajn*, Galeria RGR (2023)

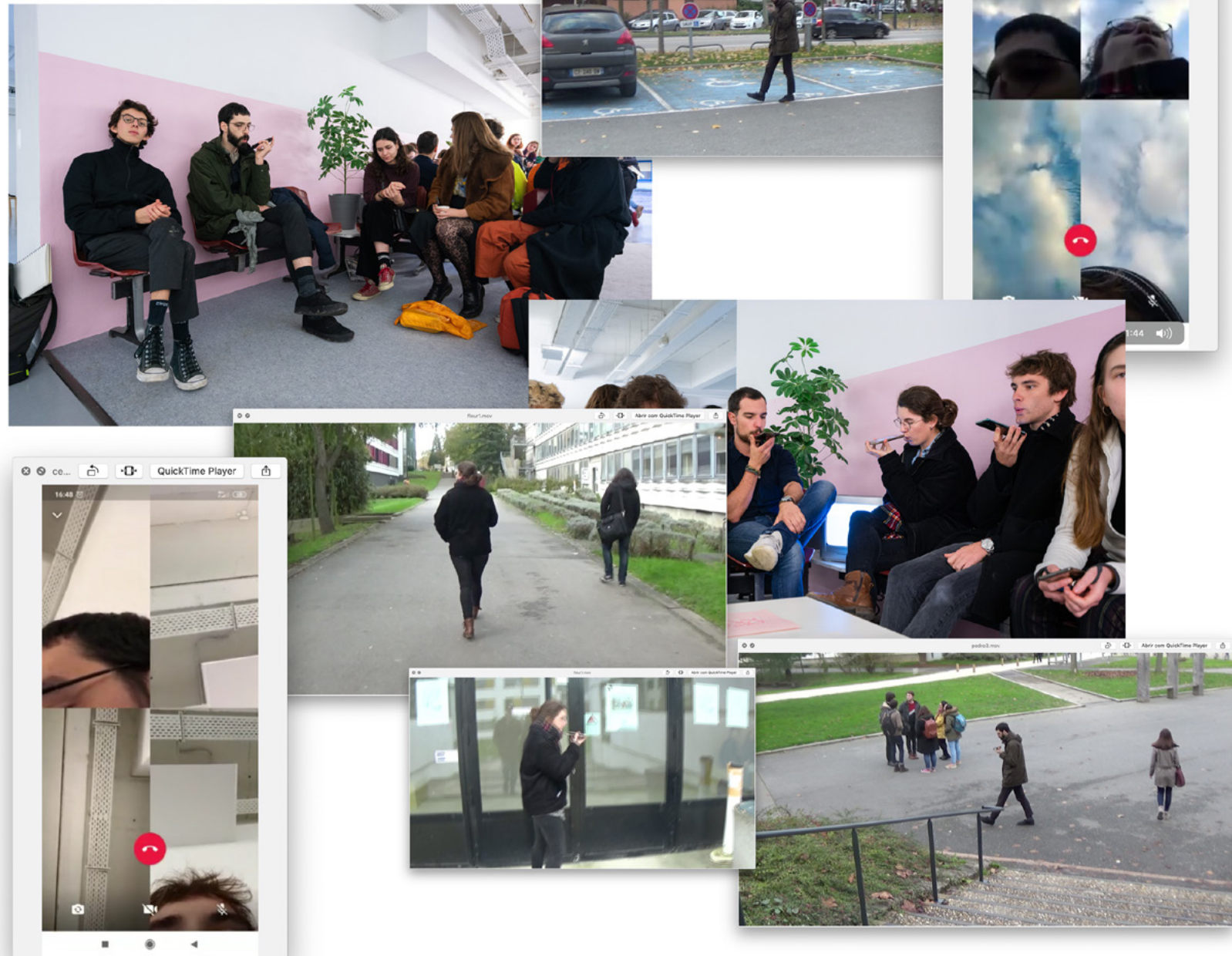
Sentimental Journey

Performance

20-25min

2019

Four performers in different locations outside the exhibition space connect in a Whatsapp video-call. The sound is emitted out loud by the cellphone speakers. They all whistle to the melody of jazz standard "Sentimental Journey." They move, as a separated choir, towards the exhibition. At the gallery, an audience awaits, while the largest part of the performance happens elsewhere. As performers get closer, they start listening directly to each other, but must stay synchronized with the sound coming from their phones, which are slightly delayed. They become a dissonant choir, at slightly different paces, which slowly coalesce into unison.



Exhibited at:

L'Intolérable ligne droite, Galerie Art & Essai,
Rennes, FR (2019)

curated by Maud Jacquin, Sébastien Pluot, Anne
Zeitz and Yann Sérandour

&
The Afterwake: Anaïs Horn & Pedro Zylbersztajn,
Galeria RGR, Mexico City, MX (2023)

curated by Gabriela Rangel

performance documentation at *L'Intolérable ligne droite*, Galerie Art & Essai, Rennes, FR (2019)

Waiting Music for the End of the World

18min

Sound, 7" Vinyl

2021

link:
<https://youtu.be/MjSxJCq3prA>

A tragicomic sound piece meditating on the constant feeling of limbo and angst caused by the long waiting of a slow-burning apocalypse.

Exhibited at:
Time Capsule 2045, Palais des Beaux-Arts,
Paris, FR (2021)
curated by Maud Jacquin and Sébastien Pluot

waiting music
for the end of the world

:

This text was written, edited and mixed by **Pedro Zylbersztajn** in 2021, using quotes and ideas from Frank Kermode's *The Sense of an Ending* (1961), **Wisława Szymborska's** *poems* *Tortures* (1987, translated by Stanisław Baranczak & Clare Cavanagh) and *The End and the Beginning* (1993, in two different translations by Stanisław Baranczak & Clare Cavanagh and Joanna Trzeciak), and the *Book of Revelation*. Readings from these quotes were sampled from Youtube videos uploaded by users *Garin Cycholl*, *Rae Hoffman Jager*, *NPTEL-NOC IITM* and *ohprana*. Background song extracts are credited in order of appearance to: *Opus Number 1*, by *Tim Carleton* and licensed to *Cisco Systems, Inc.* / *Garota de Ipanema*, by *Tom Jobim* and *Vinicius de Moraes*, performed by *Lex Vandyke* / *Internet Club*, by *DREAMS 3D* / *Beauty Plus*, by *PrismCorp Virtual Enterprises* / *1-800-523-2996 ext. 3*, by *luxury elite* / *Information by LASERDISC VISIONS* / *Vengeance*, by *luxury elite*. Additional samples come from *Kurt Vonnegut*, *Kamau Brathewaite*, *Beyoncé*, *Yeah Yeah Yeahs*, and *Fritz Schlüter* via *Wikimedia Foundation*. Voiceover was performed and recorded by *Kelly Dugger* and *Jimmy Lockett* at *vox2studio*. This project has been developed within the *Art by Translation* program. Special thanks to *Alice Noujaim*, *Maira Dietrich*, *Julia E. Dyck*, *Falk Messerschmidt*, *Maud Jacquin* and *Sébastien Pluot*.

Please hold
Please hold
Please hold
Please hold while we
Please hold while we look for the answer to your inquiry
Please hold while we take stock of the situation
Please hold me fast
Please hold me close
Please hold, it will reach us soon
Please hold in this limbo with me
Please hold your head high above the waterline
Please hold up (they don't love you like I love you)
Wait

Wait for the end, for the sense of an ending, the cataclysm, the catastrophe. The certainty that all is due, done, delivered. Yet there is no doom, no rapture or repentance, just limbo, and waiting.

Listen: here's the song that's made to bear the weight of our anxieties and hopes, a utopia of crisis in time. A song that is a paradigm of crisis, of a way of thinking about the present which is future-ridden. An urgency dampened by disrepair.

The girl from Ipanema, or the Woman Clothed by the Sun, strolls on receding shorelines, with all possible remaining grace, pacing around the debris of shipwrecks in previously landlocked territories. Back and forth she goes, in a loop, spiralling in and out of consciousness, as her heels steadily plough the soil, sand and pavement mixture.

Can you hear it? It's been playing for 25 years. It's been playing for several saecula, even. It's just turned into noise over time, or faded into the background, if you're lucky. The smooth arrangements, the easy listening, the subtle social engineering made to keep our uneasiness in check turns against itself, if left uncurbed. The repetition drives angst, and the mellowness brings everything but.

An arrow is shot ahead drawing an unbearably straight line, progress pushing forward along the humdrum beat of a marching army. Someone draws a circle on the ground with their foot, as they stand in a corner waiting for their name to be called. These movements combine and twist, in a single force that takes up the entire world. We are trapped in a spiral. Our ears can't quite pick it up, but maybe a good directional microphone would: surrounded by the swooshing sounds of the whirlwind of time, swirls of reverby piano, synthesized flutes, and jazz drumming are topped with a Kenny G inspired saxophone solo.

[The clock] says tick-tock. (...) tick is our word for physical beginning, tock is our word for an end. We say they differ. What enables them to be different is a special kind of middle. We can perceive a duration only when it is organized. (...) Tick is a humble genesis, tock is a feeble apocalypse [frank kermode]

Someone has to lie there
in the grass that covers up
the causes and effects
with a cornstalk in his teeth,
gawking at clouds. [wisława szymborska]

Please hold
Please hold
Please hold on
Please hold on to this for it is all we have
Please hold on while we look for a viable alternative
Please hold judgement for a second
Please hold back your anxiety
Please hold my hand i'm drowning
Please hold, things will be better soon
Please hold, all will be over soon
Please withhold
Please hold
Please hold
Please

Nothing has changed. Except for the course of boundaries, the line of forests, coasts, deserts and glaciers. Amid these landscapes traipses the soul, disappears, comes back, draws nearer, moves away, alien to itself, elusive, at times certain, at others uncertain of its own existence, while the body is and is and is and has no place of its own. [wisława szymborska]

Quiet - is it still playing? Is it all over yet? Are we safe? Have we reached eternal peace? Have we left the desert, the storms, the flames, the mud behind? Are we floating over the bodies, or are we the bodies floating face down? We've always known what was eventually coming, but it's not so easy to see where things are going when you are writing with an eraser.

Here's the song that's made to bear the weight of our fear and paralysis. A soothing sound for tortured souls, strolling through the promotional aisles of a failing super[free]market. A sweet melody over a consonant harmony to cancel out the deep, dissonant roar of oil drilling and anguish. There's promise in waiting: the patient shall inherit the earth. Scorched as it may be, it will be theirs to clean up.

In the grass that has overgrown
causes and effects,
someone must be stretched out
blade of grass in his mouth
gazing at the clouds. [wisława szymborska]

We cannot, of course, be denied finitude. It might just be immanent, rather than imminent. All must come to an end, but some songs just carry on.

Please hold



Installation view at *Time Capsule 2045*, Palais des Beaux-Arts, Paris (2021), with *Waiting Box (2021-2045)* in the foreground

photo: dotgain

Écfrase de um filme (pausado)
[Ekphrasis of a film (still)]
Inkjet printing, vinyl text on wall, variable
Dimensions variable
2020

Visual/literary essay thinking on time, waiting and anxiety by looking at a film still.

available in larger resolution at:
<https://www.pivo.org.br/blog/ecfrase-de-um-filme-pausado/>
(portuguese only)

Exhibited at:
Ateliê Aberto Pivô Pesquisa 2020,
Pivô, São Paulo, BR/Online (2020)
curated by
Marcela Vieira and Livia Benedetti [aarea]
&
The Afterwake: Anaïs Horn & Pedro Zylbersztajn,
Galeria RGR, Mexico City, MX (2023)
curated by Gabriela Rangel

O cômodo, retratado desse ângulo (a câmera paralela à uma parede, enquadrando o ponto no qual ela encontra outra e forma uma quina no lado direito da tela), excessivamente mobiliado, não parece o que normalmente assumimos configurar um quarto. É pintado de forma que as paredes são divididas a nada ou poucos um tempo de sua altura, breves na parte da below e uma cor mais escura em cima. Eu não saberia te dizer qual cor exatamente, claro, pois a imagem é em preto e branco. Eu tenho um sentimento talvez por esperar ter sido noticiado: fui pintado pelo há como saber isso havia não dito isso mesmo que ele disse que a parede é cores, porque pode de pintura diferente de espelho, atravessando mas nunca permanecendo por (muito) tempo, algum tipo de cômodo público. Eu acho que, normalmente, a parte de baixo é que é pintada com uma cor mais escura, para evitar as manchas ocasionais pelas pessoas que se apoiam contra a parede, e a parte de cima é mais clara, para dar um senso de amplitude e claridade. Me parece uma excentricidade arquitetônica fazer essa pintura na ordem inversa, e ainda mais fazê-la em um quarto privado.

No limite inferior do quadro, sobre o chão cinza de cimento queimado, há folhas de papel soltas. Elas estão espalhadas, amassadas, manchadas de tinta, e algumas estão inscritas com texto de cima a baixo. Sobre elas está um saco de papel pardo velho e rasgado, que está por sua vez ao lado de um montinho de açúcar refinado. Pode-se assumir facilmente que um é a origem do outro, e que algo ligeiramente desconhecido aconteceu. Uma colher está alojada no monte de açúcar, no entanto, e esse foi o resultado contido no canto colchão. Ele está seco, mas em um visível. Sua lateralidade estrutural e mais que a parte da. É estampado crever como sendo nada. Ela está deitada por suas beiradas, as folhas de papel e mas ela não está uma de suas mãos está permanentemente capturada em meio ao gesto como travessino, fazendo com que seu cotovelo escape do colchão, em escopo em relação ao ângulo do qual o quadro é capturado. Suas pernas vemente estendidas, e deitando muito próxima de uma posição fetal. Ela vestindo calças vermelhas, e ao invés disso se cobre parcialmente com elas, como um cobertor. Ela parece confortável, em termos de temperatura. Há alguns segundos, ela mencionou que nevava. Há uma placa de radiador montada na parede da direita, a qual deve assumir estar ligada em uma configuração alta.

As legendas, formatadas em uma Arial Bold pintada, branca, com traço preto, item: "I realized that life stood still no matter what..." Elas cessam algo similar dito na via dela, em francês, mas eu não sei o que precisamente. Em outro lugar, vi a frase traduzida como "I figured that, in any case, life had come to a halt..." É um voice-over; suas lábios estão fechados, como sempre. O texto

ressos com a quietude do quadro, a imagem está congelada, suspensa, imóvel, não importa o que. A imagem solitária que ela pinta é uma de profunda estabilidade, os poucos elementos dessa imagem todos inertes. Ela mesma a única capaz de quebrar essa stasis, parece satisfeita em manter sua mão flutuando sobre a cabeça, sem nunca alcançar seu destino. Quando olho por tempo o suficiente, esse gesto de trans-uma concha ao redor de sua orelha para que ela possa ouvir cuidadosamente a vida ao redor. Ela inclina tão fixa quanto todo o entorno, em uma rendição como se ela tivesse recentemente concluído a admiração de que não pensar, ou, alternativamente, tudo que há é a espera. De fato, alguns to antes desse enquadramento imobilizado, ela declarou - e essa pode ser uma paráfrase imprecisa -- algo nas linhas de "eu espero, como sempre."

Essa espera anterior, no entanto, era de uma inclinação totalmente diferente. Era transtornada, nervosa. Sem nunca sair do quarto, ela preenchia o tempo. Ela encostava a parede e a pintura (muito de uma vez). Ela olhava pela janela e se deixava ser vista. Ela se despia e em seguida se vestia, apenas para se despir novamente. Ela escrevia freneticamente, e eu não saberia dizer o quê. Parecem cartas, mas nunca foram enviadas. Se é isso o que elas são, então elas estão também em um estado perene de prolongamento, tal como, eu imaginaria, o destinatário.

Embora possa ser o caso de que elas jamais tenham sido curtas mas um diário (em off) que é o mais próximo dos instrumentos de medição do tempo), as próprias frases que ela nos narra em off. Ela movia os móveis de um lado para o outro, esperava sol, era mais um pouco, encontra o arranjo onde esperar. Mas o espera uma tomada e nada mais, para te. Não há um senso algum expectativa lamento voluntário, antecipação, porque embora possa muito bem causar tédio, o que justifica a agitação, essa solidão não depende de nenhuma contingência outra que de seu próprio arbitrio. É uma espera não-tecnológica, se é que isso é possível. Isso é possível? É possível se esperar, sem esperar por algo? Ela simplesmente espera, como uma condição. Primeiro, ela luta contra isso, preenchendo esse vazio com sua própria vontade, esperando por seus próprios desejos -- de mover mobiliário, de pintar paredes, de escrever. Então ela espera por qualquer evento externo, pela neve cair e se derreter, pelas pessoas passarem ou falarem por dentro das paredes, e assim como em suas próprias ações, não há um sentido de chegada. Seu tédio vem quando ela para e simplesmente espera, não por algo. Se a vida para, não há movimento, o que significa que não há nada a caminho.

Depois disso, cada evento deixa de ser um recipiente para expectativa irrerealizada, e passa a ser um horizonte em si mesmo que pode então ser a causa de algo mais. A casualidade retorna sua causalidade, as coisas acontecem no redor dela. Quase ocasionalmente, o açúcar é inteiramente consumido, e, da mesma maneira ocasional, ela parte. Nesse frame, no entanto, ela segue suspensa nesse só momento de compreensão silenciosa de que, ali e então, ela talvez nunca saia. É como se a afirmação da placidez da vida ao seu redor fosse a congelar no tempo, e fazer desse filme um único fotograma. Deitada sobre o colchão, em frente às suas paredes revestidas pintadas, não na orelha, ela escreve todas aquelas palavras para ter apenas um punhado delas repetidas à sua frente infinitamente:





brickwork

Two Laser-Etched Acrylic 12" Record,
Sound, 8-page Booklet
2017

link (record excerpt):

<https://youtu.be/gaReZ7sNOMI>

link (booklet pdf):

<http://tiny.cc/brickworkpdf>

brickwork is a physical record of a process of constitution and reconstitution of language. Unfolding as a 12" disc/book and as an occasional performance, it is based on a circular text that regards language use as a permanent building site. The makeshift process of fabricating the record creates, in itself, a series of impediments to a pristine listening of the words. As the needle progresses and radial distances diminish, textural noises take over and sound resolution decreases. Each side of the record provides new breath to the text, that degenerates and regenerates differently for every cycle.



Exhibited at:

brickwork, Americas Society Visual Arts,
New York, US (2018)

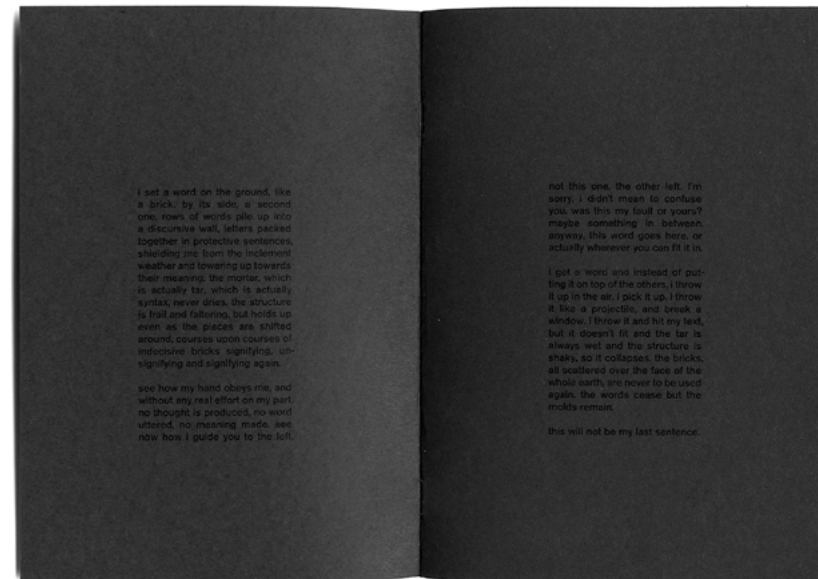
curated by Gabriela Rangel

&

Trembling Thinking, Americas Society Visual Arts,
New York, US (2018)

curated by

Gabriela Rangel, Asad Raza and Hans Ulrich Obrist





Performance-reading of *brickwork* at Americas Society Visual Arts, NY (2018)

Archipelagos I-VI

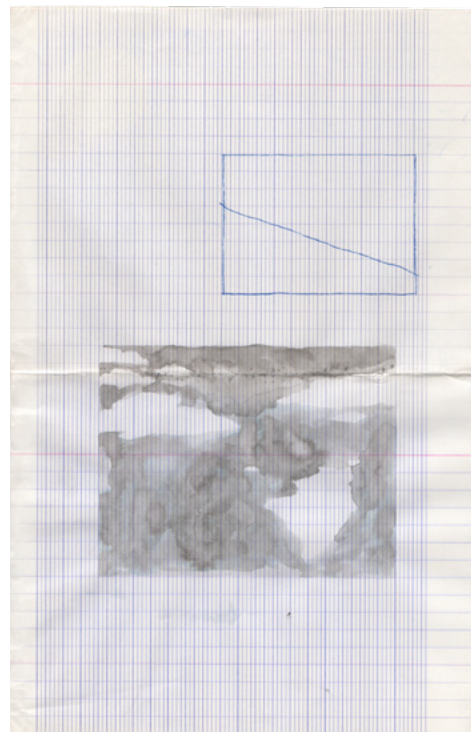
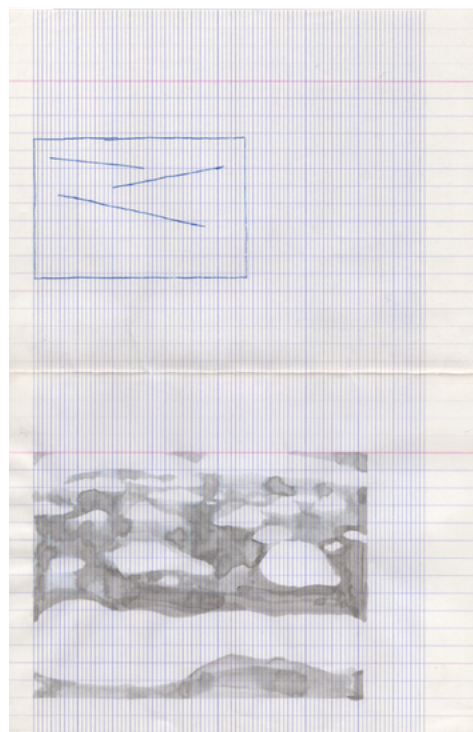
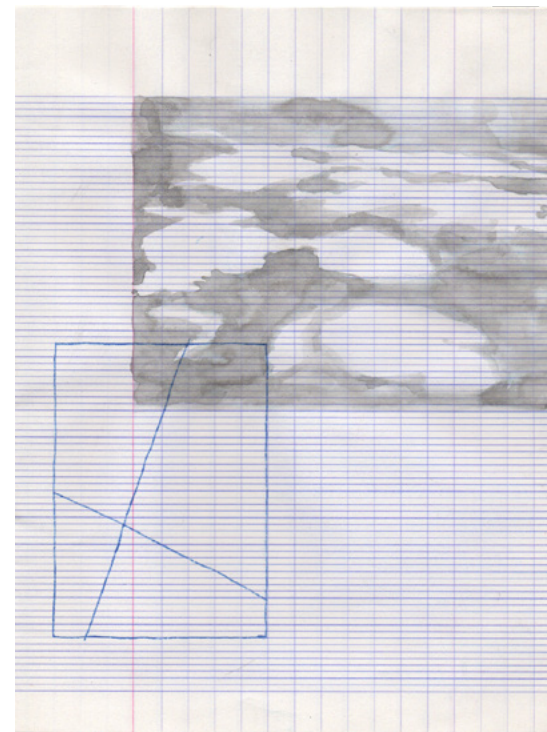
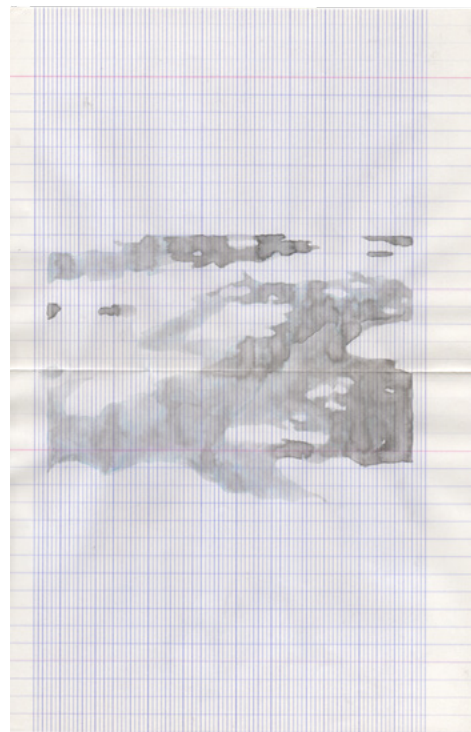
32x21 cm

Ink, carbon paper, ruled paper

2021

Series of drawings related to the research on internet infrastructure and colonial maritime and oceanic histories that has lead to the essay "exil.io", published at Revista Rosa #3

essay and drawings available at:
<https://www.revistarosa.com/3/exilio>
(portuguese only)



"Como se eu fosse o fotógrafo" – Carlos Amadeu Gouvêa, 1971

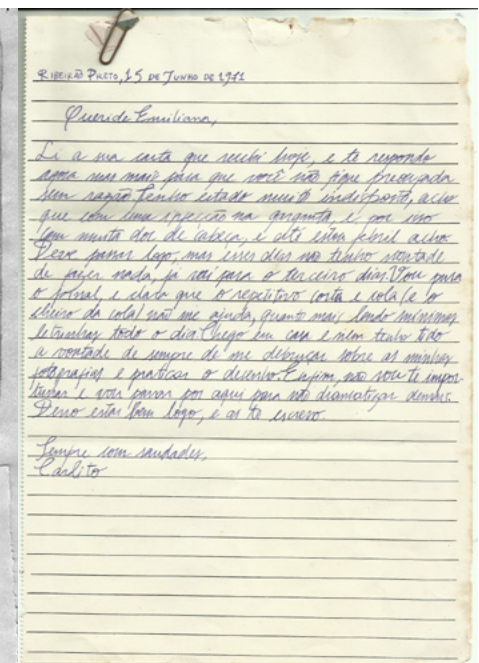
["As if I were the photographer" – Carlos Amadeu Gouvêa, 1971]

Dimensions Variable

Drawing, photography, text, installation

2016

Biographies are understood as part of the factual realm. There is a particularity in the narrative of the life of existing characters in that the condition of truth is granted through a tacit pact between reader and author. At this historical moment, however, it is up to ourselves to question: what are the instruments used for the legitimization of truth? What are the authority (and authorship) devices that grant the power of managing facts to someone? How are we implicated? This work consists on the exhibition and installation of an archive, which allegedly refers to an individual called Carlos Amadeu Gouvêa, in casamata's gallery space, under my organization. The archive composes part of the material biography of said character, and is formed by family photographs, letters, self-reflective diaries, several drawings, and annotations produced by Amadeu, who is said to have been a commercial illustrator and layout artist in the state of São Paulo.



Exhibited at: "Como se eu fosse o fotógrafo" – Carlos Amadeu Gouvêa, 1971, casamata, Rio de Janeiro, BR (2016)

curated by Laura Cosendey e Luiza Crosman



“Como se eu fosse o fotógrafo” – Carlos Amadeu Gouvêa, 1971, exhibition views, casamata, Rio de Janeiro, 2016

fotos: Lua Peré



“Como se eu fosse o fotógrafo” – Carlos Amadeu Gouvêa, 1971, exhibition view, casamata, Rio de Janeiro, 2016

Não, Eu Sou Humano
[No, I Am Human]

Video

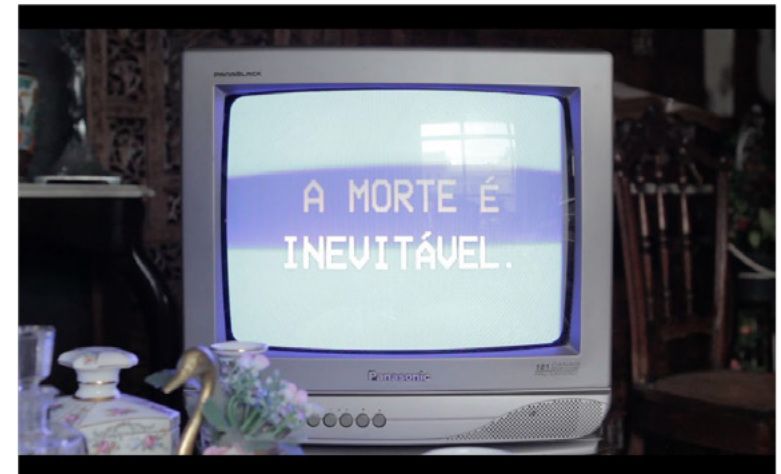
3min

2016

link:

<https://vimeo.com/403108600>

The dialogue in this video was generated through the unmediated interaction between two chatbots. The fact that these specific AIs work by learning new sentences and expressions through conversations with humans makes their “virgin” interaction nothing more than an index of how we, as humans, behave when conversing with machines. Given that, as of 2016 (a time on the cusp of the general introduction of more refined conversational AI such as Alexa or Google Home) the main topic of conversation between humans and chatbots seemed to be the interlocutor’s own AI condition, when talking between themselves, the bots tended to mimic this subject. This lends a deeply existential connotation to the dialogue, that, when analyzed by humans, presents slightly disturbing contours.



Exhibited at:
Sob a gravidade de um pequeno sol, Solar
Grandjean de Montigny, Rio de Janeiro, BR (2019)
curated by Cadu

Estímulo ao Progresso
[Stimulus to Progress]

Video

10min41

2021

link:

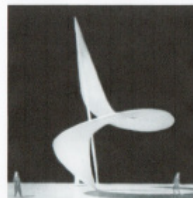
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=64vh6Ze4wts>

The series of records entitled "Stimulus Progression", edited by the Muzak music company from the 1970s on, was conceived for using music a social engineering tool in the workplace. Each record had a double function in place: on one hand, to provide friendly sounds to soothe the mood of people in moments of waiting in commercial environments, offices, elevators, etc. On the other, to stimulate the productivity of the employees of such places. For that, it used a "spiral" strategy, in which the songs progressed in intensity for about 10 to 15min, allegedly enhancing the work rhythm of those listening, until reaching a peak and returning a previous stage of softness, providing the necessary rest to the worker, only for the next cycle to begin just the same. Based on this fact, this video, which uses as soundtrack one full cycle of one of these records, is a study of the spiral shape and its associations with modernist ideas of progress, mostly thought its appearances in design, architecture and planning.

– Eu estou em um elevador e... o elevador do meu prédio parou e eu estou dentro dele

– Ok senhor, sem problemas, eu só preciso de alguns detalhes pra que eu possa te ajudar propriamente, ok? eu vou te fazer algumas perguntas, ok?

– Ok



– Você está bem fisicamente? Precisa de alguma assistência médica imediata?

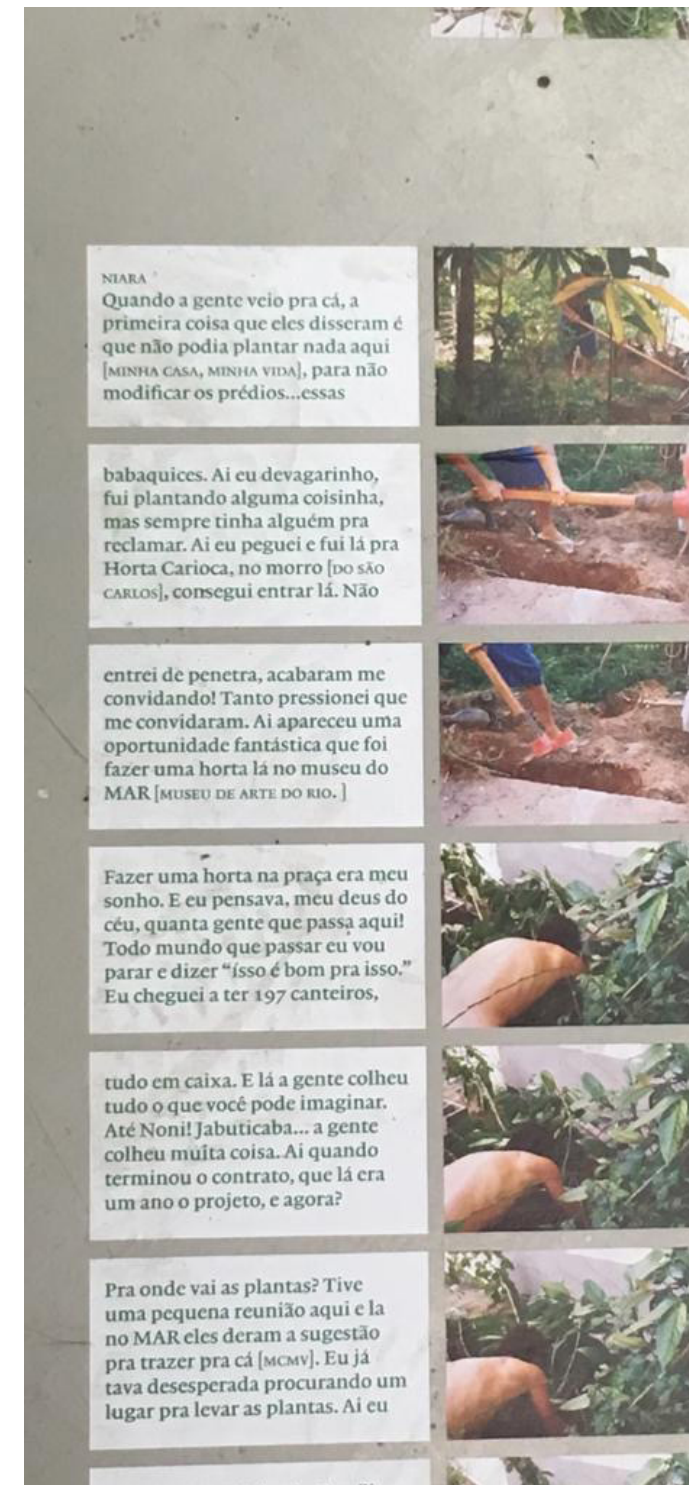
– Não, não, eu não to machucado nem nada assim, mas... mas eu sou meio claustrofóbico, não estou me sentindo muito bem

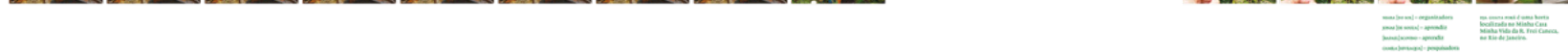
Planta Baixa
[Floor Plan]

Photo installation, vinyl, flooring
w/ Camila Bevilacqua
2019

Dja Guata Porã is a garden in Rio de Janeiro which works as a medicinal plant nursery, with the aim of transmitting the ancestral indigenous knowledge of its founder, Niara do Sol. The garden is a mesh of relations and knowledge exchange between humans and beyond-human, indigenous and non-indigenous people. Located in a social housing project (Minha Casa, Minha Vida program), the garden constrasts with the habitual usages of its surroundings. Built from images captured during a long-term ethnography developed in the place, this photographic installation articulates the maintenance and transformation of this space and its pertaining bodies. Through semi-narrative images of fragments of the garden's quotidian, we can observe the constancy these recurring activities of care. The work follows the multispecies approach of the research that has originated it, mixing the agency of human, vegetable, animal and landscape actors in this entangled network. The garden is planned with the aim of resuming an intimate relation with the ground, reconstituting a non-descript terrain onto fertile soil. The installation tries to emulate this gesture and propose that the ground of the exhibition can be looked at in different ways.

Exhibited at:
Todo Dia,
12th São Paulo International Architecture Biennial,
CCSP, São Paulo, BR (2019)
curated by **Ciro Miguel**, **Charlotte Malterre-
Barthes** and **Vanessa Grossman**



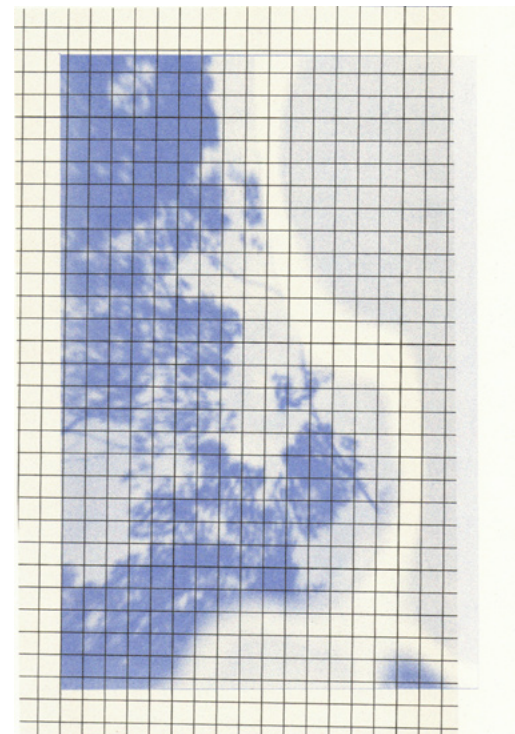
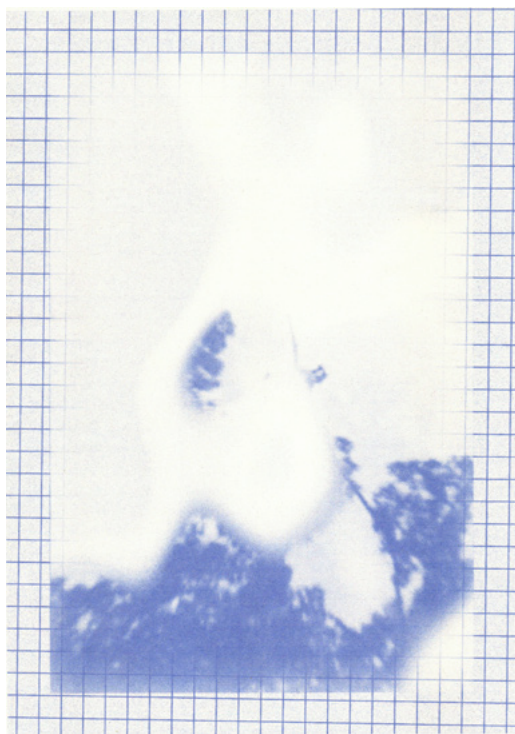
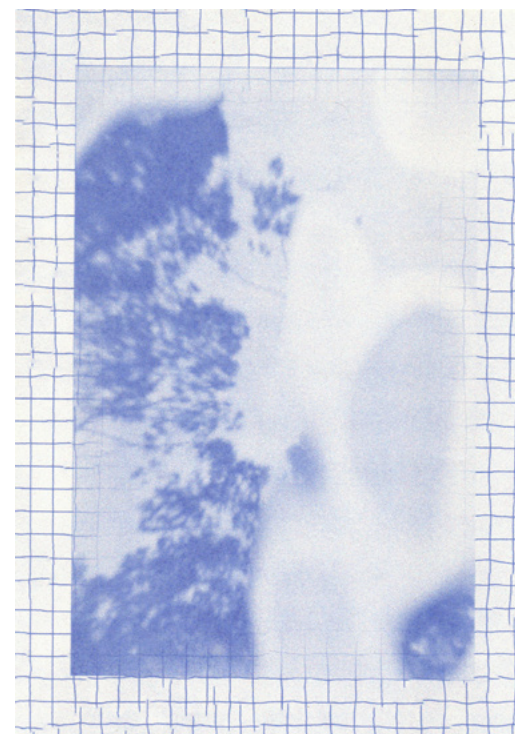
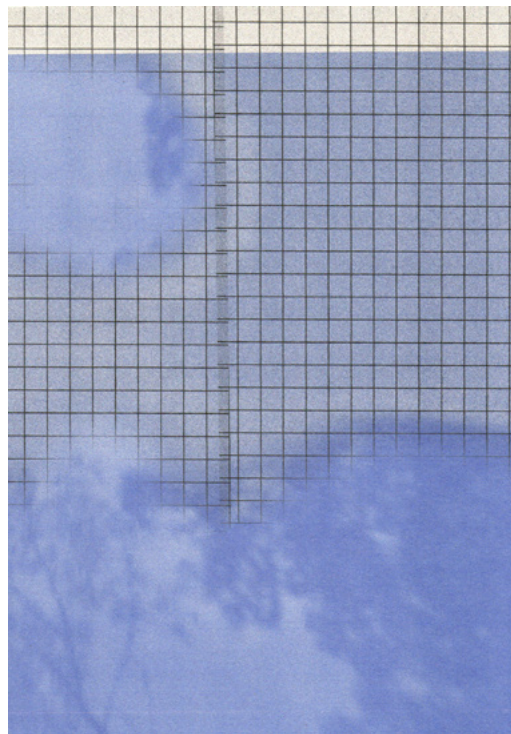
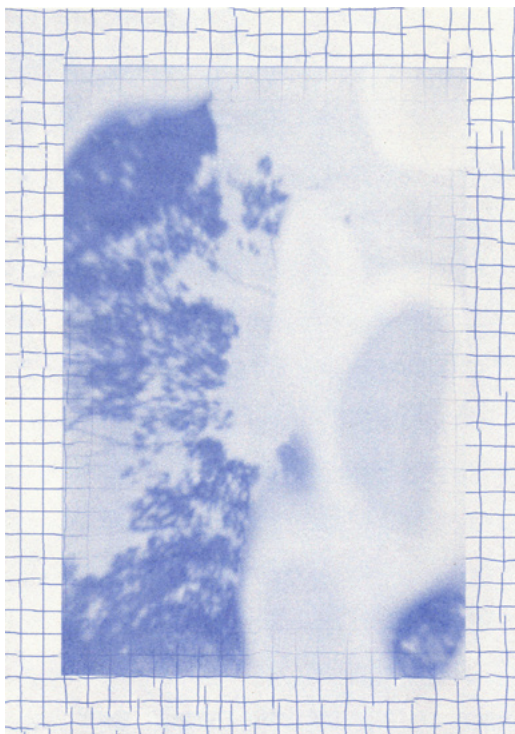


Reflections

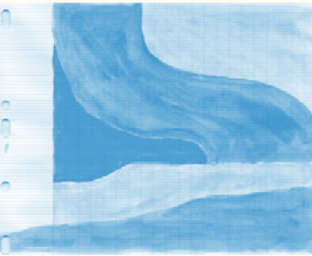
Offset printing on newsprint

2022

Series of drawings made from puddles and their reflections in a virtual/imaginary landscape. The images are structured over a modular grid which refer to the features of cartographical conventions, and may allude to scientific imagery of projections of water level advancing over land.



Cinco mais oito mais dezesseis mais nove mais quarenta e quatro mais duzentos e treze mais quinhentos e sete mais oito mais vinte e três mais cento e noventa mais catorze mais trezentos e doze mais trinta e sete mais cinquenta e seis mais quatrocentos mais setenta e cinco mais oitocentos e sessenta e dois mais cento e trinta e quatro mais trinta mais trezentos e dez mais



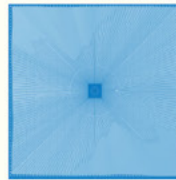
oitenta e quatro mais duzentos e noventa e três mais trezentos e setenta dividido por dois mais dois patinhos na lagoa

"Com esse leite," pensou a leiteira, enquanto derramava dito líquido como uma lita branca sobre uma bacia, "consigo fazer um pote de manteiga. Então posso ir

à feira e vender essa manteiga, com o dinheiro da qual posso comprar uma dúzia de ovos. Posso chocar esses ovos, e criar os pintinhos até que eles se tornem galos e galinhas grandes o suficiente para vender e comprar um leitão e uma leitoa, que por sua vez quando estiverem crescidos terão vários leitoezinhos. Com a venda dos porcos, eu compro uma égua, que dará à luz um belo potro, que crescerá para ser um grande corcel. Vendendo o cavalo, poderei comprar um pedacinho de terra, que primeiro posso bosquear e vender toda a madeira, para com esse dinheiro comprar sementes, um arado e fertilizante. Plantando a soja, que posso colher dentro de um ano, vendo a saca pelo preço cotado na bolsa de valores, e invisto na expansão da minha propriedade. Com sorte, encontro minério e posso começar uma pequena operação de garimpo. Se não, planto a soja em tudo que puder, e onde não render, faço pasto para os bois. Com o tempo, e com um bom preço de commodities, posso expandir os negócios adquirindo uma mina de ferro. Com o minério," seguiu o pensamento da moça, mas naquele momento o leite, que há muito já havia entornado da bacia, e continuava subindo mais e mais durante seus devaneios, chegou na altura de seu rosto e a afogou.

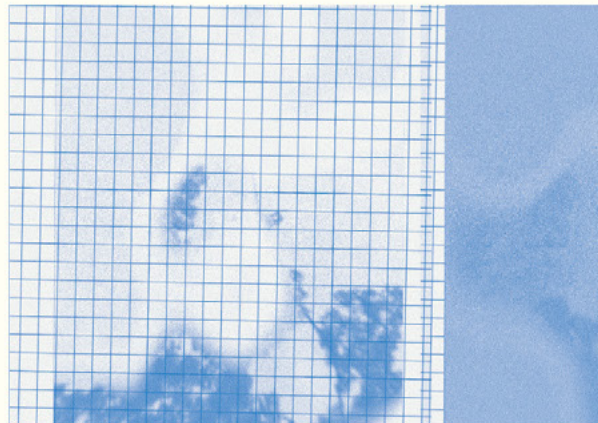


Se o mar é um grande cofre cinzento, relíquias sobem à superfície junto com o nível da água – um frasco quebrado, um pote quebrado, um jarro de terracota, *um osso soldado com coral a outro osso*, uma voz engolida pelas ondas há séculos atrás, uma opinião corroída pelo sal, um cabo de fibra ótica com todos os seus dados pes-



sou, todo o choro derramado, manchas oleosas de filtro solar, o trânsito das naus que coincide com o trânsito dos astros, os reflexos capturados momentaneamente, infinitas imagens virtuais, uma imagem talhada em mármore, uma ou mais imagens talhadas em madeira, apro-

ximadamente mil seiscentas e cinquenta e oito imagens injetadas em plástico, extrusões vulcânicas transformadas em ilhas, lápis-lazúli, azurita, resina de cobre, chumbo, cinzas, um manual de costumes, os autos de um julgamento de violência doméstica, uma compilação de todos os documentos históricos com informações rasuradas, os espólios de dois impérios e meio, uma escuna, a escuma e a espuma.

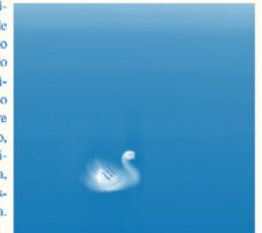


No tempo fora do tempo, ser é um experimento de

desassossego radical, o exercício de viver na indefinição total do desejo, mergulhar no mundo com pedras nos bolsos e boias nos braços.

Com atenção, ele ouvia aquela mensagem que chegava até o seu decodificador de ondas de rádio após ter navegado distâncias incompreensíveis. Por entre a estática e todo o ruído, um padrão parecia emergir, um balanço atraente de som e sentido, que apenas depois de meses de escuta se tornou inteligível. A voz, se assim poderíamos chamá-la, dizia algo assim: — Como identificar uma catástrofe antes mesmo que ela aconteça?

O desejo expresso na composição é sutil mas vívido. A paixão do olhar baixo, o calor do aquecedor de pés, o emblema amoroso no azulejo, o braço macio contra o tecido rígido das mangas de respingo. No entanto, ao contrário da convenção do período, em que as leiteiras eram retratadas como símbolos da lascívia, entre a disposição e a sedução, aqui se sobrepõe uma visão da funcionária atenta, ungida de virtude doméstica. O trabalho dignifica. Nós amamos o trabalho!



Derrame (in three acts)

Risography

three sheets, 42x29,7 each

2022

This work is composed by three sets of image and text fragments. A kind of anti-encyclopedia unfolding in space, *Derrame* (a word meaning both 'stroke' and 'leakage' in portuguese) is the overflow of an accumulation of elements that communicate tangentially. Referencing a

common universe of images, histories and catastrophes, the fragments move closer and apart along the three parts, that search for known objects beyond their reach. It is an aphasic work, which tries to describe things, feelings and memories and arrive and specific meanings without ever succeeding, stumbling upon other more ambiguous meanings on the way. The title references this slippery, cumulative quality of the content within the loss of linearity in language provoked by a brain stroke, as well as the fact that the work elements themselves often refer to drownings, sea-level rises, and other aquatic tragedies.

Pedro Z's Desktop, 04/06/2020

live-streamed video/performance

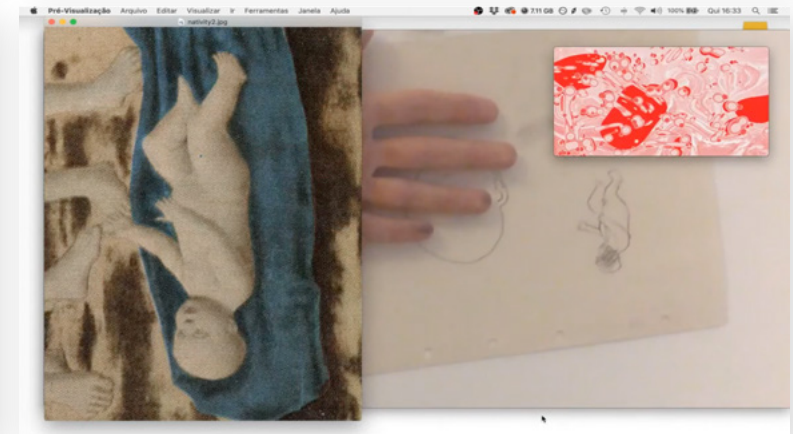
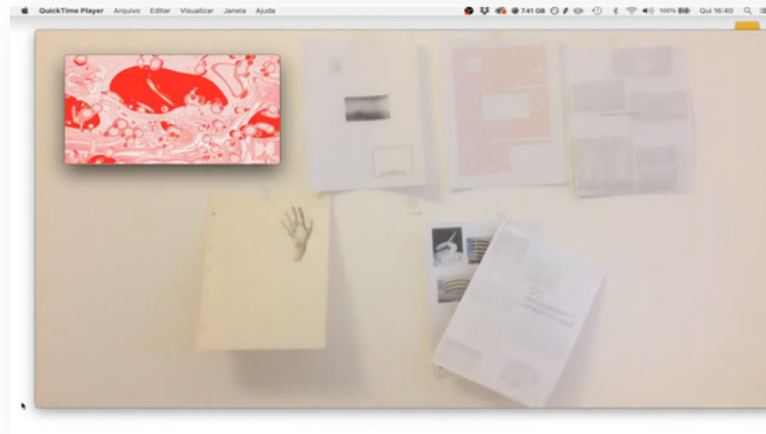
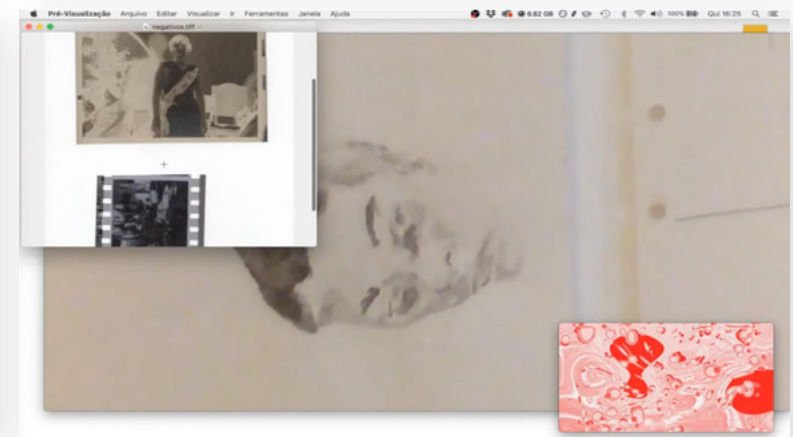
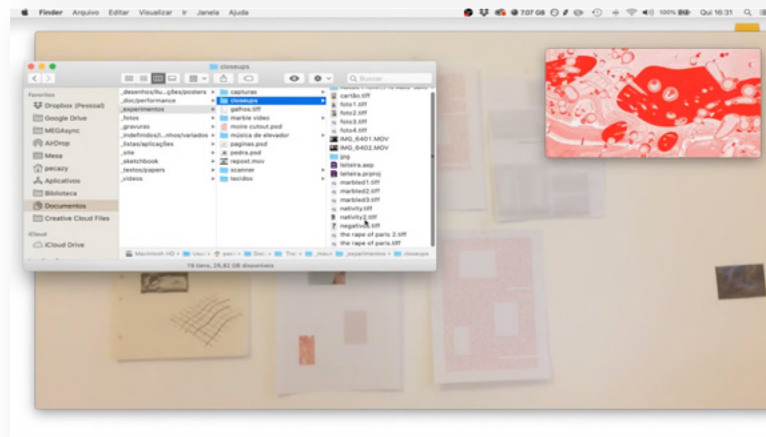
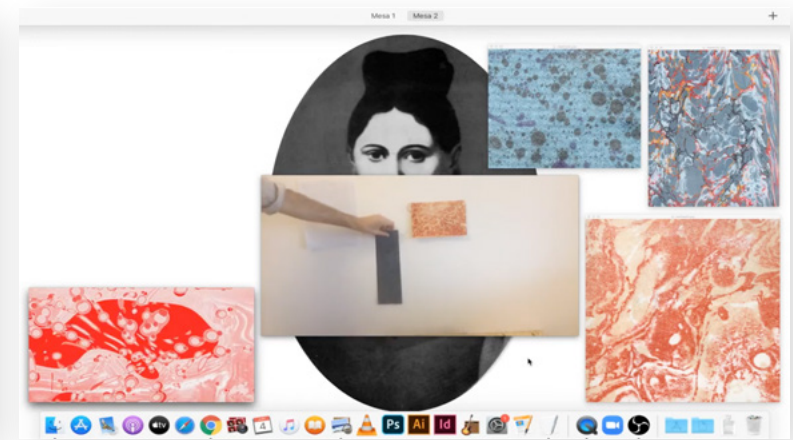
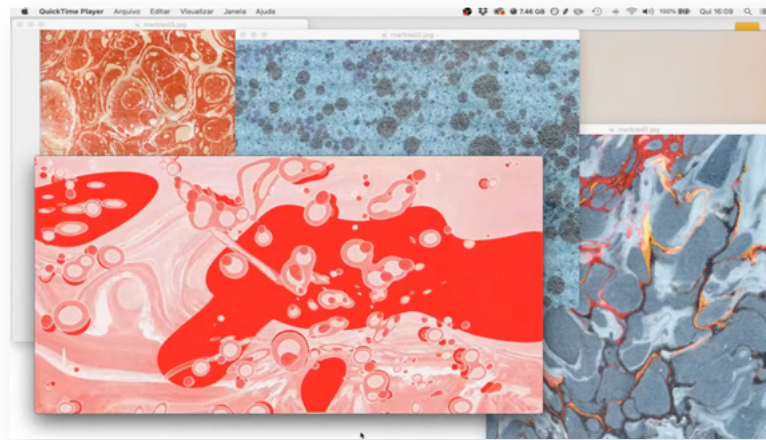
2h40min

2020

link:

<https://youtu.be/ibJypNVSijM>

For my participation at a digital event, I proposed that for its duration, the desktop of my computer would be live-streamed. During the nearly 3h period, I performed an improvisational exercise of composing a moving assemblage of images which I had created or accumulated in the previous 3 months.

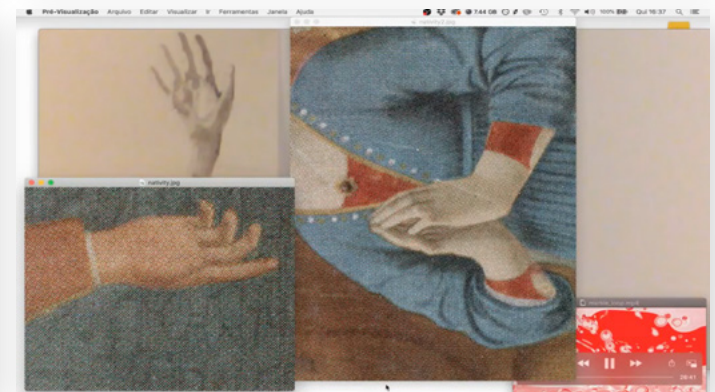
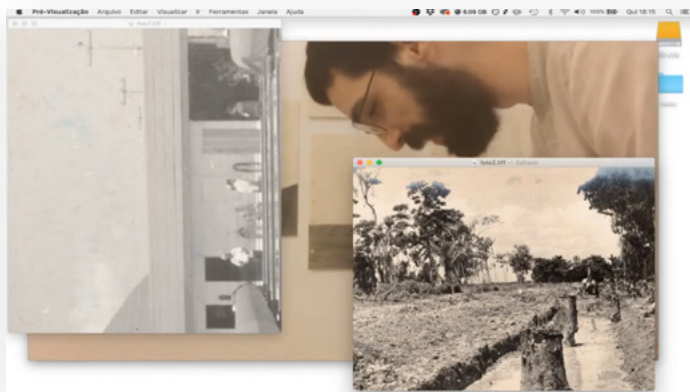
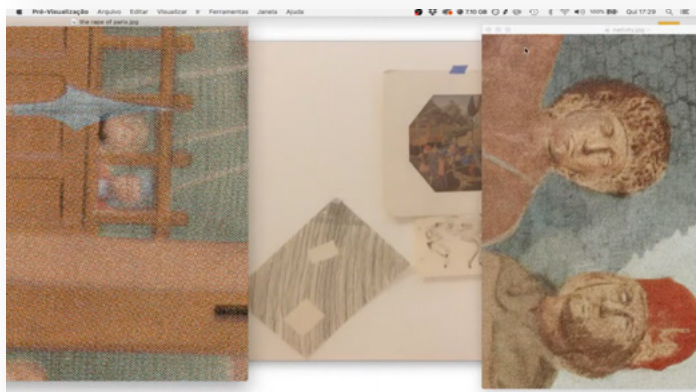
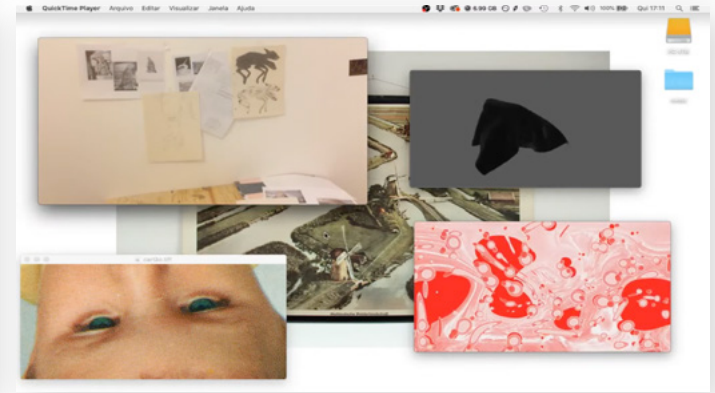
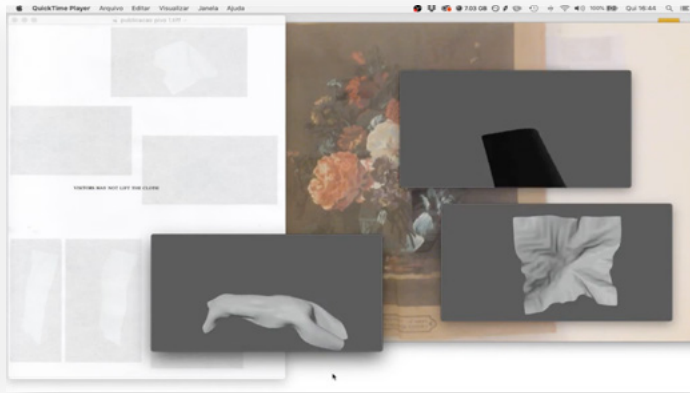
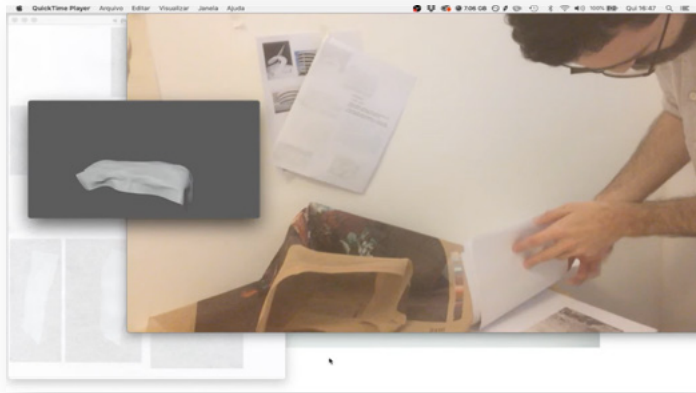
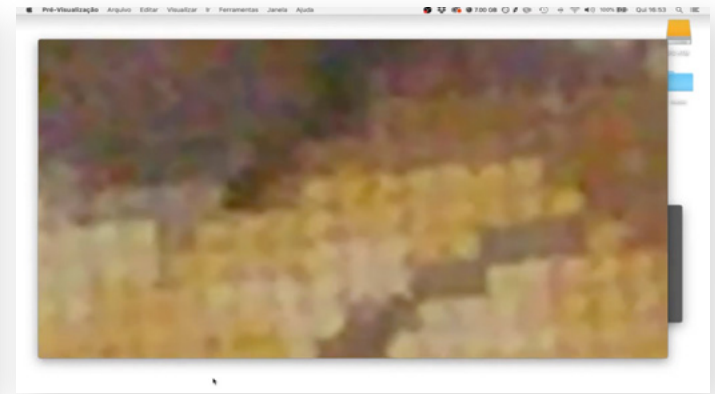
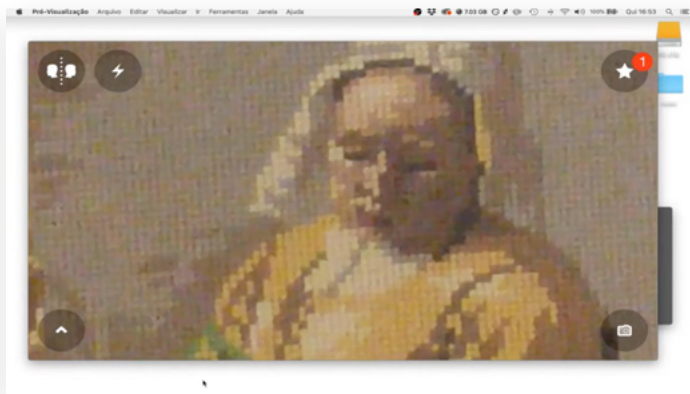


Exhibited at:

Ateliê Aberto Pivô Pesquisa 2020,
Pivô, São Paulo, BR/Online (2020)

curated by

Marcela Vieira and Livia Benedetti [aarea]



Plot #1 (Espera/Espiral/Espaço)

Electric tape, acrylic paint, inkjet on tracing paper, inkjet on cardstock, found photography, stickers, carbon paper and gouache on newsprint, installation score

Dimensions variable

2024

The first in a series of *plots* (in all its senses, of graph, story, conspiracy, land), anti/cartesian mind maps combining different research material and studio ephemera in fleeting relationships according to ambiguous keys.



Exhibited at:
Galeria RGR booth, SP Arte 2024
curated by Gabriela Rangel

Untitled (...)
Ticket rolls and hanging device
Dimensions variable
2024



Exhibited at:
Galeria RGR booth, SP Arte 2024
curated by Gabriela Rangel

Oikos

Video

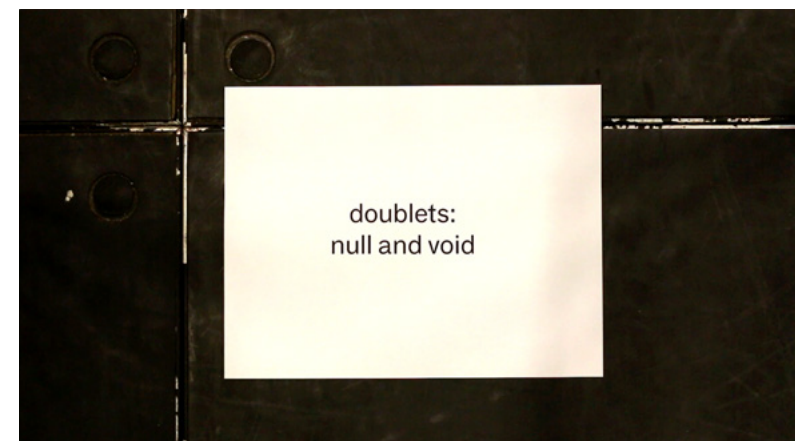
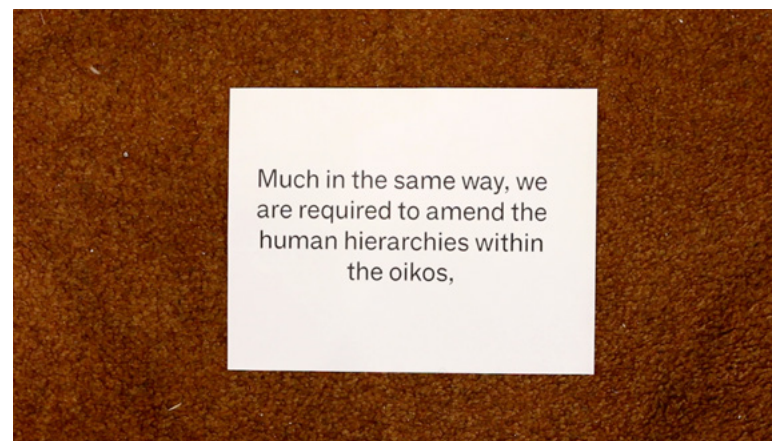
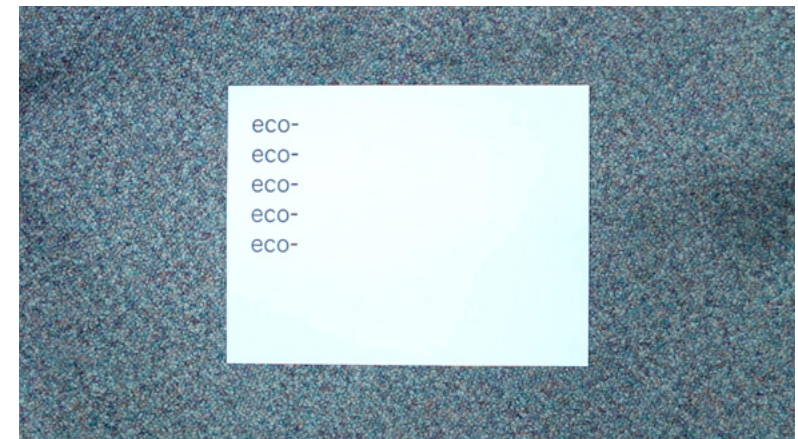
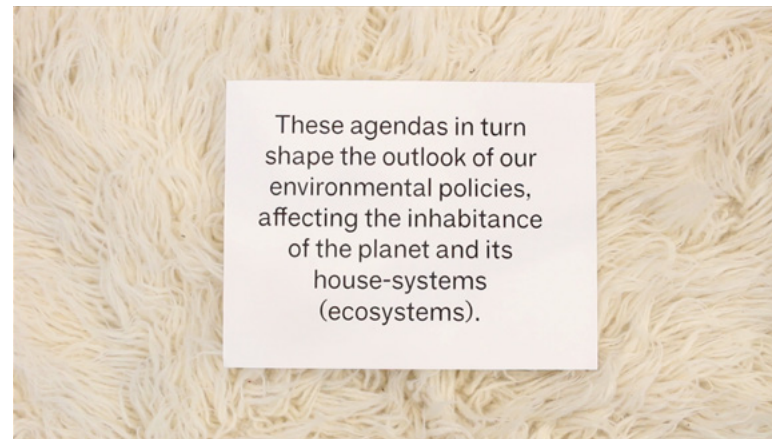
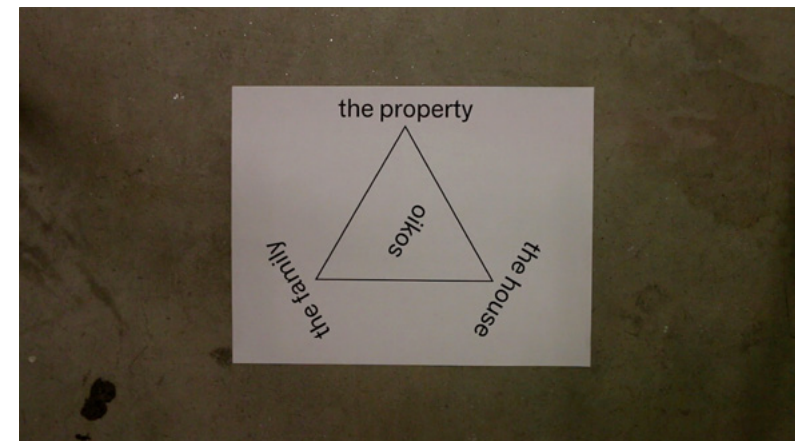
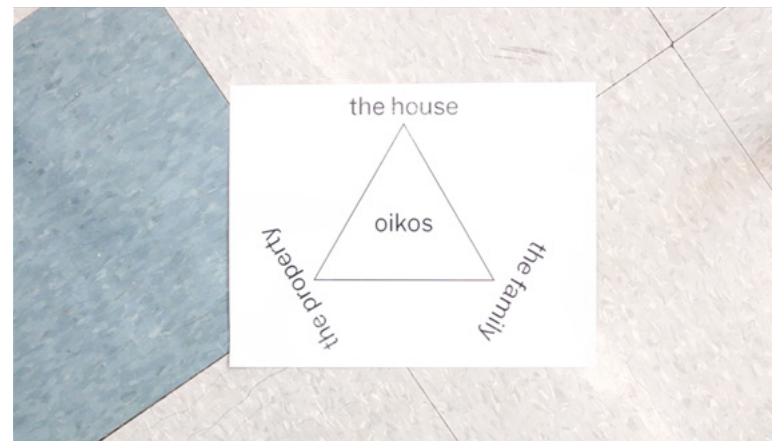
2min

2017

link:

<https://vimeo.com/403101823>

This video-text looks into how the greek notion of *Oikos* has tied different facets of our current existence in an age of globally scaled destruction by providing a unified template of action for dealing with the house, family, property, economy, ecology, ecumenicalism, and everything within.



Exhibited at:

In Our Present Condition (N-Z), Gallery 9,
Cambridge, USA (2018)

curated by

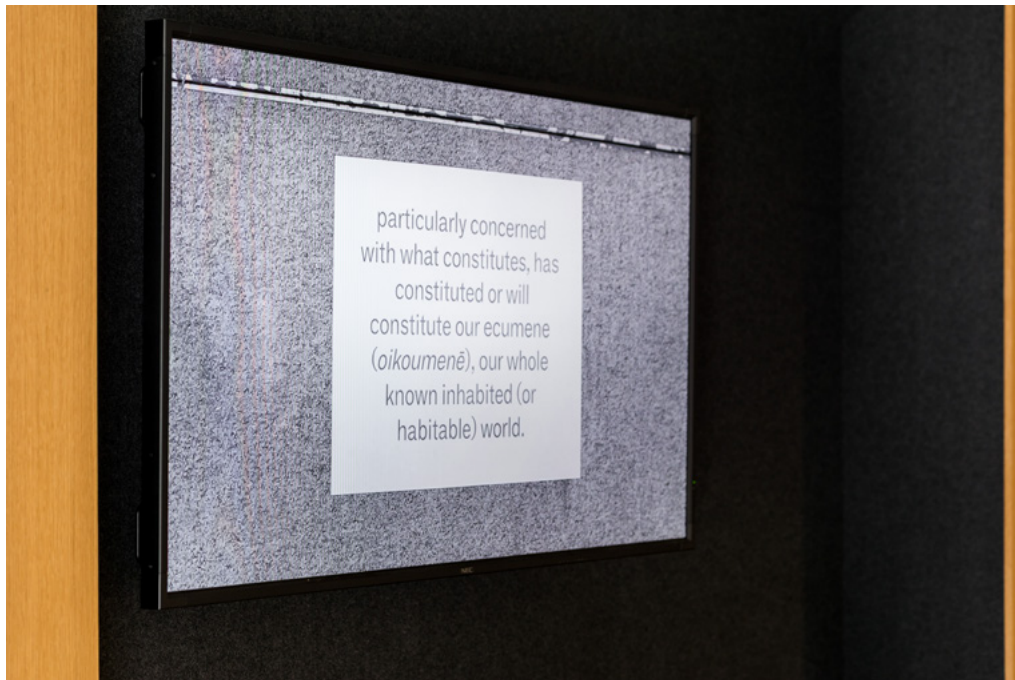
Laura Knott and Lars Bang Larsen

&

Covideo-19, Online, 2020

curated by

Amanda Abi Khalil, Bianca Bernardo and
Cherine Karam



Catalogue for Classificatory Emancipation

43x19cm

32p

2018

A book of drawings reflecting on indexing, itemization and cataloguing and their effects on power, and on the relations and displacement of artistic-cultural objects.

Exhibited at:

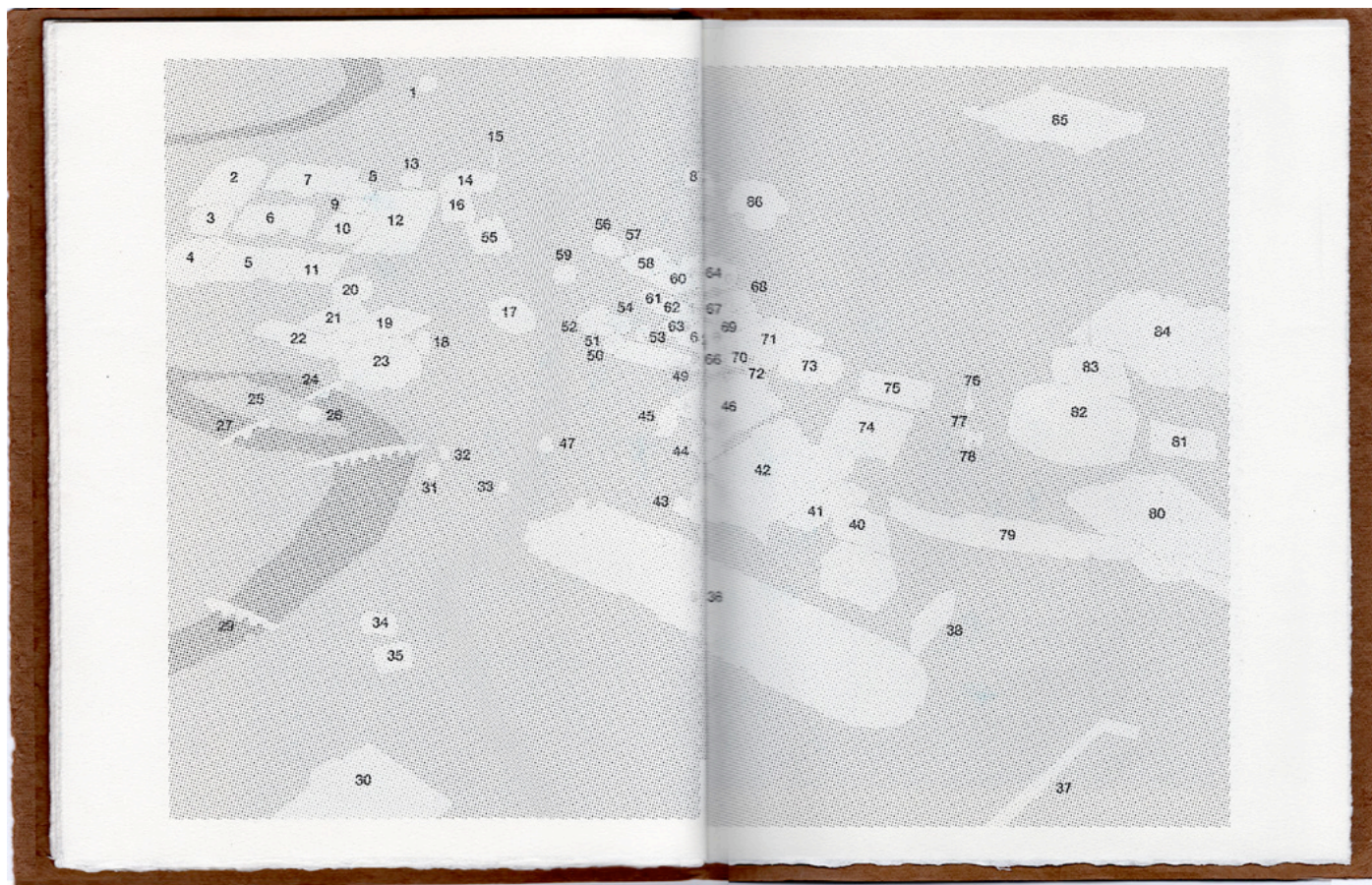
Feira Parte Lado B, Casa Parte,
São Paulo, BR (2019)

curated by Giovanni Pirelli

CATALOGUE FOR CLASSIFICATORY EMANCIPATION

CASES · PLACES · RELATIONS · ITEMS

TOGETHER WITH A
SERIES OF INDICATIVE NOTATIONS
AND NEGOTIABLE INDEXES



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