



Expo Yepo 2015

HABITÁCULOS VISUALES...

This series consists of thirty modular works in each of which there are three photographs vertically ordered. The proposal brings together heterogeneous images of various places in which can be read the containers, wrappings and areas of convergence between human beings, the natural landscape and cityscape. The body as a dwelling of being is connected to the other skins: the architecture and the world.

Each body is a skin and each skin a dwelling, but in this case, the essence of the image is not in the body, neither is it in the skin or the dwelling. It is that which is indicated in the brain, after navigating through the set of photographs, perceiving the unity, and contemplating the detail. A singular image has the voice of a soloist, one grouped together with another and then another, has the charm of a chorus, of the pentatonic scale. While the sound comes to the ear often without control, the image is never determined by sight. Maybe this is because while we know how to close our eyes, we cannot do the same with our ears.

In any case, we see what our judgement elucidates and that does not necessarily coincide with what is being regarded. So you can tell a story with pictures, but nothing guarantees that they transmit to each viewer the same story. Structuring these *habitáculos visuales* (visual dwellings) involves proposing a virtual test of certain intentions, however, nothing is set in stone visually, and nothing has lasting roots. While there is an idea, it is entirely fair to find in every visual text, consensual readings and litigant readings.

There are also immersed charges, linked to the heritage and culture. In this case, the interpretive process indicates digressions, establishes connections, records reservations, and defines limits and apprehensions. In this universe countless episodes that modify the construction of meaning occur. So it may be that something nonsensical constrains the view and the nude might be seen, for example, as something shameful. But the body is suggestive, nothing compares to it, there is no other bundle of sensations like it, able to generate so much charm. The skin captivates, communicates, it incites. Color directs, conducts, locates. Smell, transports, prevents, attracts, and overall, the form provokes and implies.

The body belongs to us as light to day and in that portion of flesh all emotions fit. And the inside, as much as the outside tells us that there's nothing left to feed upon in the twilight space of its footprint. Then the time of exploration, contemplation and madness resurfaces. Even that which was needed: the environment, the floor, the house, the bed, the bathroom, the confessional, resurfaces ... arguments overlap, meanings intertwine, and the supports are filled with the steady rhythm of daily life.

In this way, the images together, united, and placed in a vertical position, come together as one, in turn a fragment of a greater all, unlimited, unknown and profound. The horizontal recalls a continuous line, unfinished, unpredictable and simple. It is a film without shocks, while the vertical is, on the contrary, persistent, diaphanous, and generates an initial-base and a final-peak. It is better to ascend than to transit, to check from high on up than to experience the unconditional support of the horizontal. This is the compositional strategy of the proposal, to display the modules vertically in an effort to synthesize the visual reading, having, however, nothing that prevents transgressing the boundaries of interpretation.

In her classic work on photography the American writer Susan Sontag draws a parallel between painting, poetry and photography, claiming that poetry is increasingly tied to the visual. In this regard she states:

“The commitment of poetry to what is concrete and to the autonomy of the language of the poem corresponds to the commitment of photography to the pure vision. Both imply discontinuity, disjointed shapes and compensatory unity: starting things out of context (to see them from a renewed mode), associating things elliptically, according to the imperious but not rare arbitrary demands of subjectivity”. (SONTAG, 2004, p.112 –)

Our *habitáculos visuales* (visual dwellings) have so much of this parallel when they turn out to be the decontextualisation linked to another context, that which the neighboring images transport and which have themselves been torn from their context. In this framing plan that stands out and censors at the same time, it is notable that the end result far from becoming a chaotic product is consolidated into a unitary discourse. And maybe this occurs by a reiterative sense of convergence in the organic form, a categorical expression of nature.

The curves of the skin are supplied, abstracted, reaffirmed and make sense in themselves when visually linked to the curves of nature. The same is true in reverse for example, with the sand dunes of Namibia, the architecture of Niemeyer, the stones of the Chapada dos Veadeiros and even the projection of shadows on organic surfaces. None of these harmonic profiles ceased to amaze me, every place has a particular synthesis and unique charm. The paradox of all this is that the marvelous landscape that I would uncover always took me completely by surprise, just as happened with Edward Weston, when he traveled the Mojave Desert or visited the region of Big Sur in California.

In the words of Terence Pitts, former director of the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson (Arizona), it was in the Mojave Desert where Weston first made a concentrated effort to photograph the landscape. Exclamations such as "it was one of the most impressive moments of my life" and I was "speechless with admiration" reaffirmed his experience. In his essay *a passion uncompromising* Pitts writes that Weston and his family moved in 1935 to Santa Monica where his lovely wife, Charis, "posed for Weston, who did with her many of his most famous nudes: he photographed her not only in the study but also in Ocean Bay, in the dunes, in a series of natural postures, without posing ". The same essayist then says: "Ocean became one of the most inspiring places to Weston, the place of his greatest achievements. Here also he made

a series of photographs of the dunes: images surprisingly lyrical, almost abstract, that capture the drawings left by the light and wind on the sand " (PITTS, 2004, p.37-38).

I had to mention Weston because his work has always inspired me. I must have known his nudes and his photographs of the dunes, the shells and peppers for more than twenty years. I was not aware of the impact that these images had caused in my life, until suddenly I realized that, at every opportunity, on every trip, after so many years, I had unconsciously caught some images similar to his. But this is not important, you have to give a superlative value to Weston's intention of creating during his time, a new picture and understand that, "His special talent was to find out the best way in which things of this world talk by themselves".(PITTS, 2004, p.41).

The path has been traced; it now remains to cross it in the company of the curious, warned, critical and even skeptical observer. All attempts to inhabit the world are allowed in this adventure that brings together near and distant lives. There the spaces and surprises fall flat on their faces, encounters are foreseen, and oblivions banished. *Any resemblance to reality is pure coincidence...*

YEPO June 2015

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PITTS, Terence / Ed. Manfred Heiting. **Edward Weston**. Köln: Editorial TASCHEN, 2004.