



ARTE CONTEMPORÂNEA
CONTEMPORARY ART

TIAGO BAPTISTA

O que fazer com isto/ What to do about it

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"It is expected of me to say a few words I heard on the seabed, where so much is silenced and so much happens. I opened a gap in the obstructions and objections of reality and found myself in the mirror of the sea. I had to wait a bit until it shattered and I could enter the inner world of the large crystal. "

Paul Celan

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From afar a demoralized landscape. The ruins of values strangely assumed in the collective of a ruin. Places transformed into non-places, immobility, the passivity, the buildings which rest solitarily. The forgotten gesture of man. The sleeping places in time, the collective consciousness of this numbness, nothingness waiting to happen.

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I think about the labyrinth of time of human experience in which the seeker is left cornered, by obstacles in his path created by himself, this struggle where the brambles appear from the outside are associated to an interior complex, a tangle of brambles brush up against the body awaiting to cause him injury. The man goes further into an unreachable place, to the other side of light, That obscurity in which all life reveals itself in a hidden language. He will traverse the path, hoping not to disengage entirely, he goes on his way.

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Enchanted Cabbages in their reign of existence, rooted to life. In the absolute splendor of just being, living and dying, fully integrated in the land, raised for a time, existing. In addition to the image of cabbage, is its strength, just the same that inspires every living thing, there's a breath in every leaf, every rib and vein.

Which direction does the seeker go? Along this path, he finds a small bloom, a sign of life, it is discreet and shy in presence, but significant, a grass that arises by chance. What a relief that by chance and the absurd generates life - a quiet breath - to be able to find it, along a rough road of life's experiences, as it insists on its being, in growing! This excessive force of life that insists on being! It a cry to exist! Abruptly, the splendor of everything surrounds us, inaugurating the days.

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We are formless matter in a bewildering search to take on shape, continually conditioned by our surroundings. The matter is uncertain in time and space, into the abyss of dilution. The earth is this place where the cabbages are raised and where the man's feet sink, all is built precariously and unstable, every living thing has *feet of clay*.

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Man built cities, defined properties, defended and dominated them. However, it is about the simplicity of cabbage leaves, where lies the surprise, in the aggressiveness of brambles, in the swamp lands and in small grasses which bravely exist in the ground. It occurs that we are, like weeds surviving spontaneously, but our direction is missing, as we bear this gift of life and ability of thought and rationality.

Catarina Domingues 2012

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