

pedro zylbersztajn

—

portfolio

—

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 Getúlio.



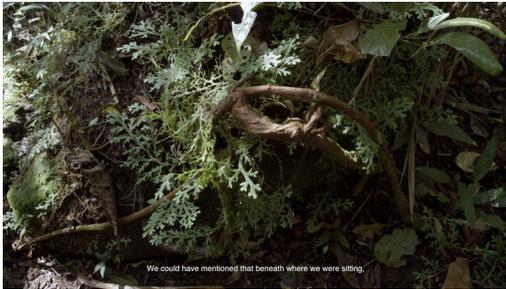
(UNCONSCIOUSLY) HURRY TO THE TOP OF A SCALY MOUNTAIN TO PROTECT



(WHICH BY THE WAY, THE LIGHT WAS REALLY MUCH EXTINCT)



and the high/20th century (Brazilian) people here



We could have mentioned that beneath where we were sitting



He asked her to bring some sugarcane to the country



THE FOREST WHERE WE ARE IS A REPUTATION FARM



(BEFORE THAT, THE TUPÁ-GUARANI PEOPLES OF THE COAST CALLED THEIR LAND ENKORAMA



(WE WOULDN'T HAVE SAID THIS AS A PHOTOGRAPH OR A VIDEO, JUST TO STATE THE FACTS)



It's always Switzerland



the mines and plantations, which could be seen



Just over 100 years after the Brazilian independence



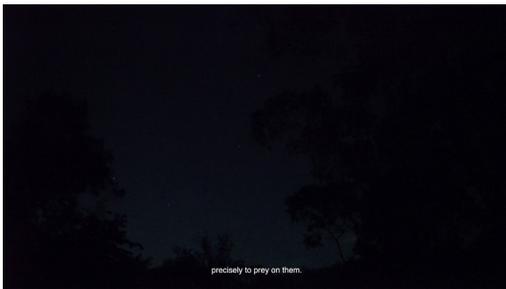
(AND PEOPLE FROM THE CITY NOW WORK IN THEIR NURSERY TRIMMING THE CLONED HYBRIDS



"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: Sebastien 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 realocação 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

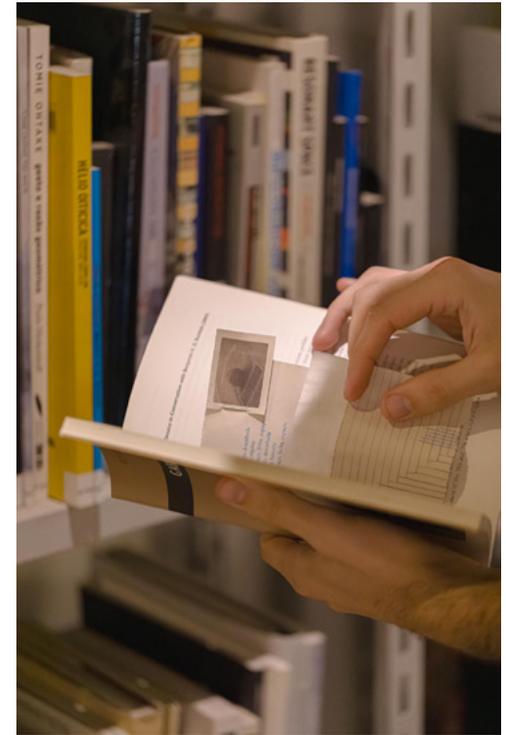
this document exists exclusively in the moraes-barbosa collection and cannot be removed from this context, not even temporarily (except with the express authorization of the artist, for its replacement in another archive). The material must always be made available for consultation by any interested 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.

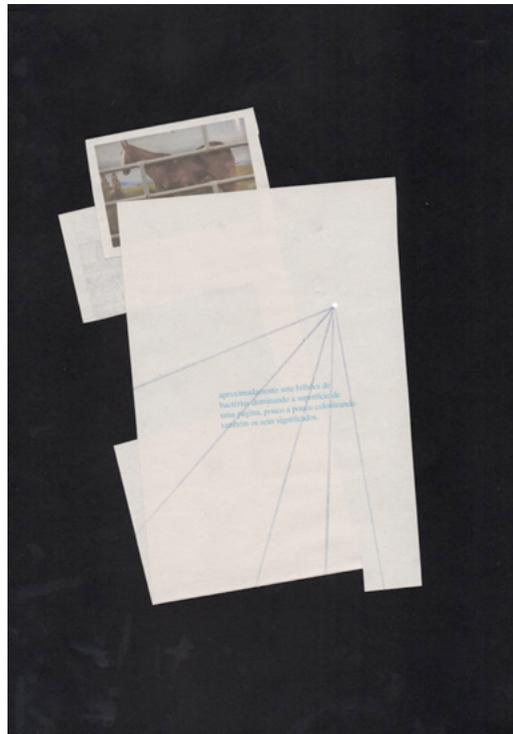


Exhibited at:
a known (yet undisclosed) number of rumors spread through the pages of a circulating library,
Pivô, São Paulo, BR (2023)
curated by Ana Roman



Installation view at inauguration, Pivô library (2023)

photos: Ana Pigosso



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

Video

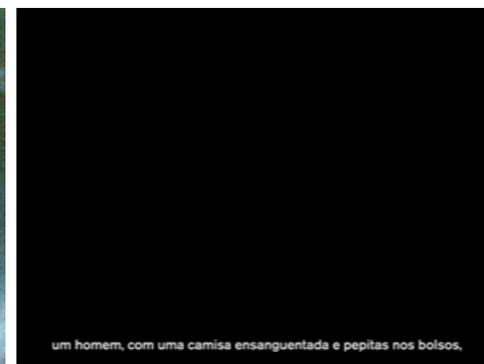
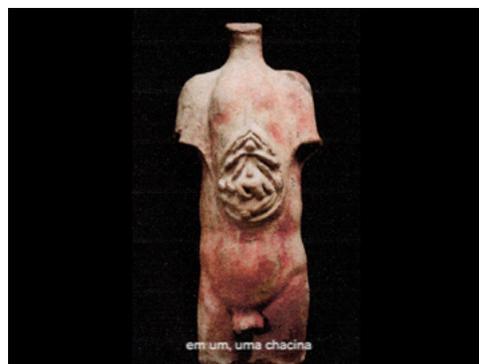
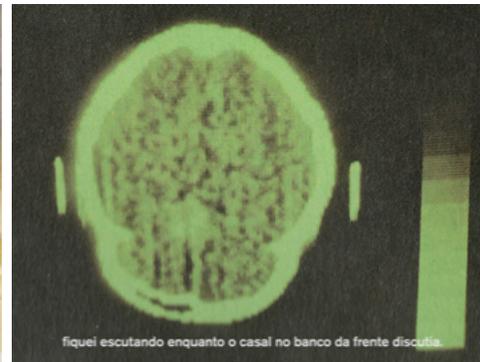
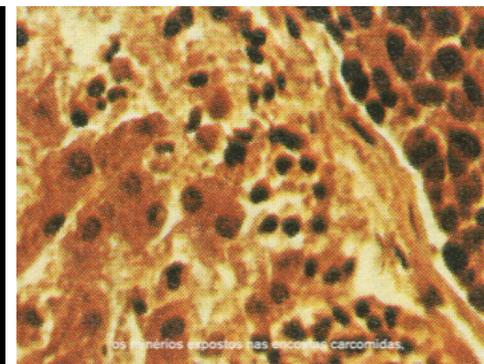
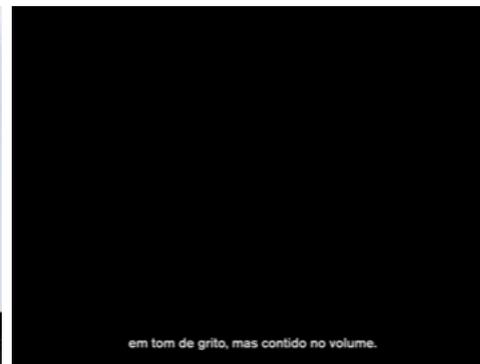
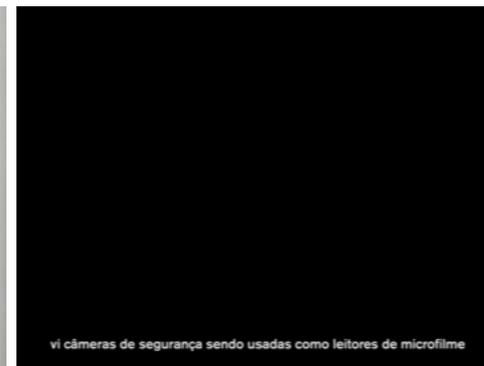
7min45

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.

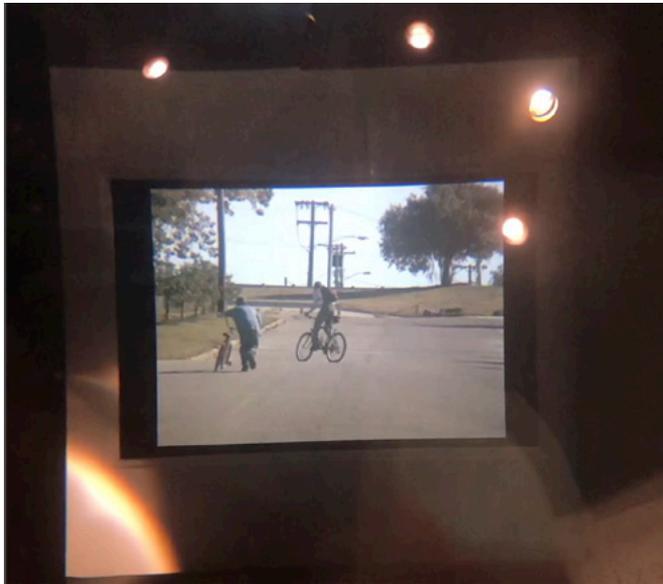
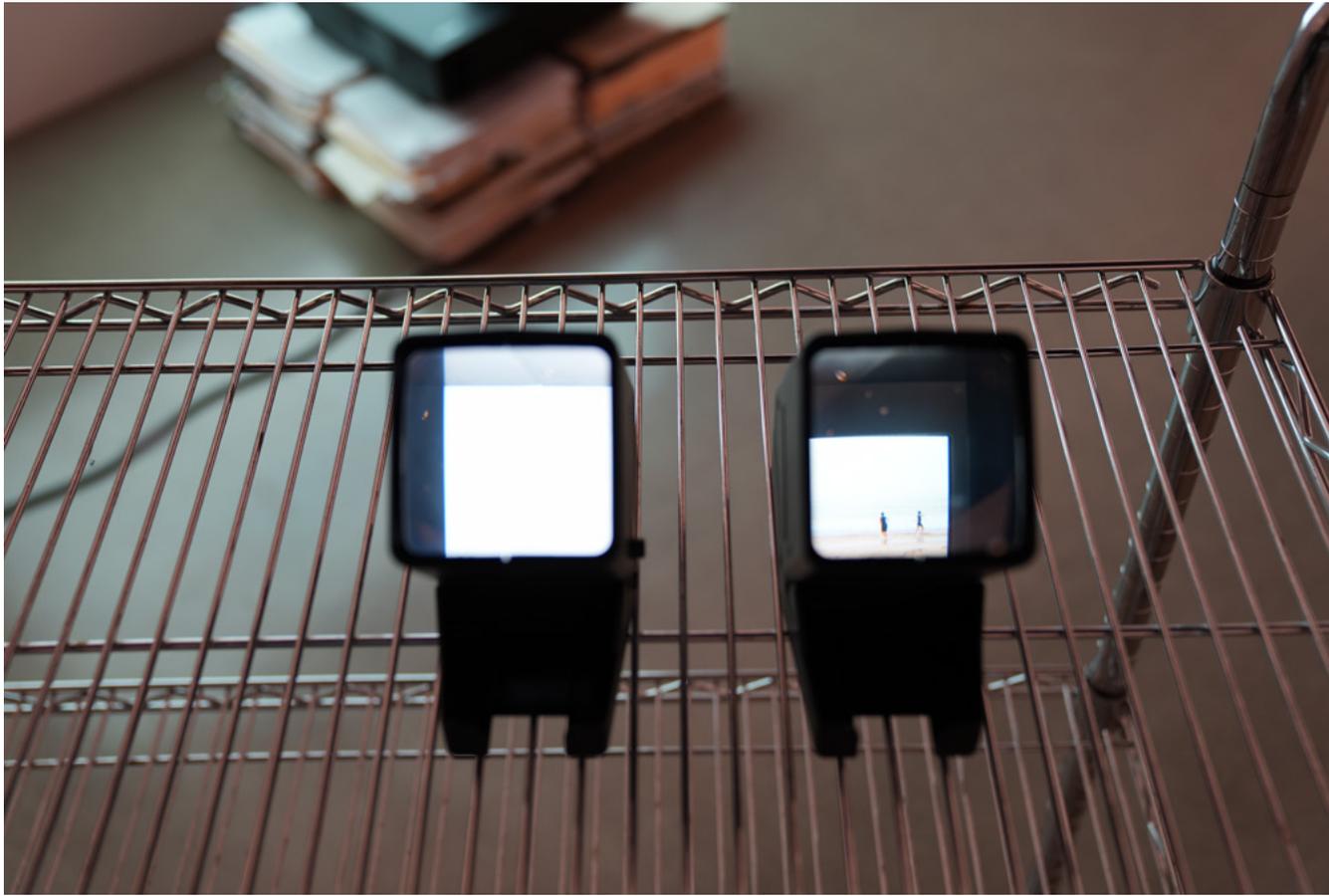


Exhibited at:
Contact, Museum of Contemporary Art Cleveland,
FRONT International Triennial, Cleveland, USA (2022)
curated by Renée Green and Courtenay Finn



The Broken File (cursory reading), details

photos: Field Studio



flock!

Plastic balancing birds, decorative bird cage branches, vinyl text

Dimensions variable

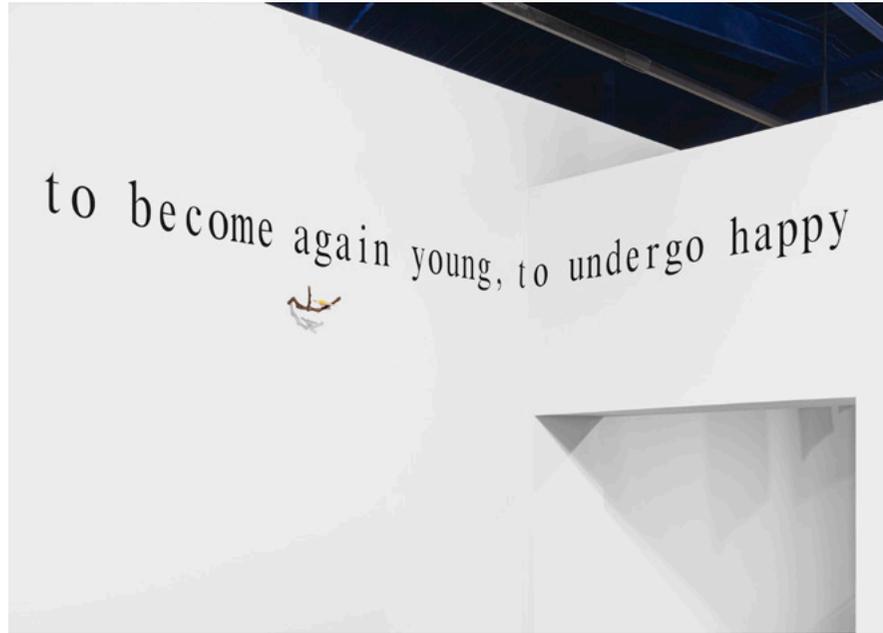
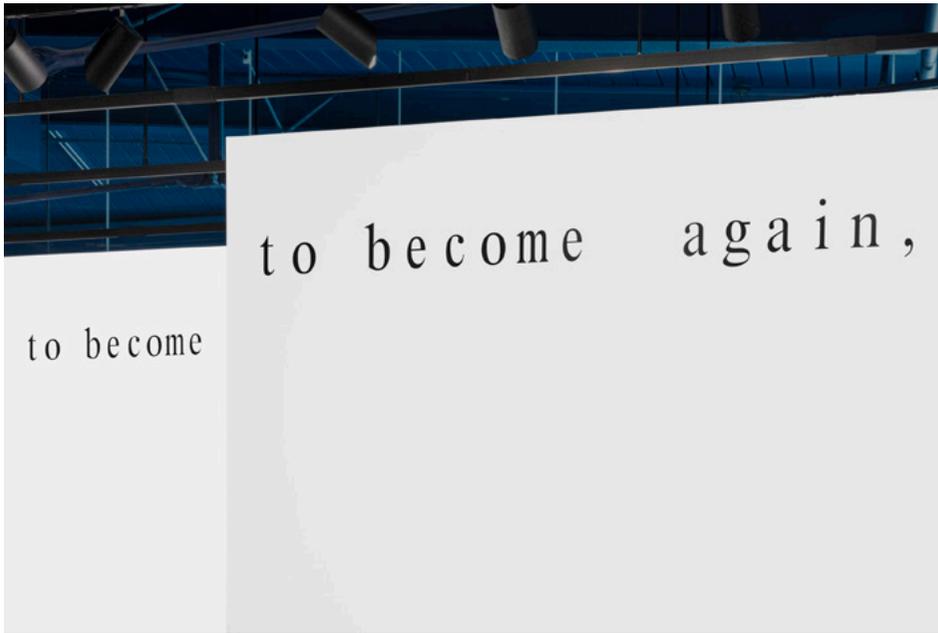
2022

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 flockl, installation view at Contact, moCa Cleveland, FRONT Triennial (2022)

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
Zeit and Yann Sérandour

photos: dotgain

Ekphrasis of a Film (Still)

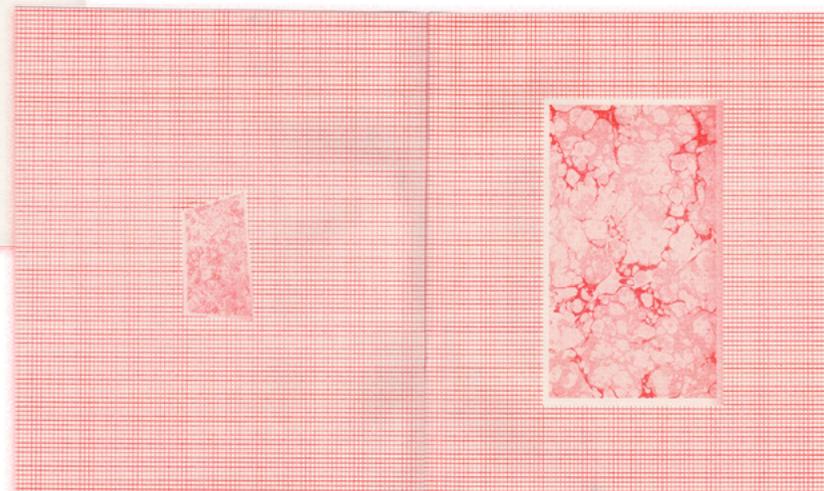
qu'elle nous étonne hors ébran. Elle a déplacé des meubles, elle a attendu, elle les a déplaçés à nouveau et a encore attendu. Ce cycle continue jusqu'à ce qu'elle trouve le cadre le plus basique, le plus dépouillé, pour attendre. Mais pendant tout ce temps, on dirait qu'elle attend de se voir agir, 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)

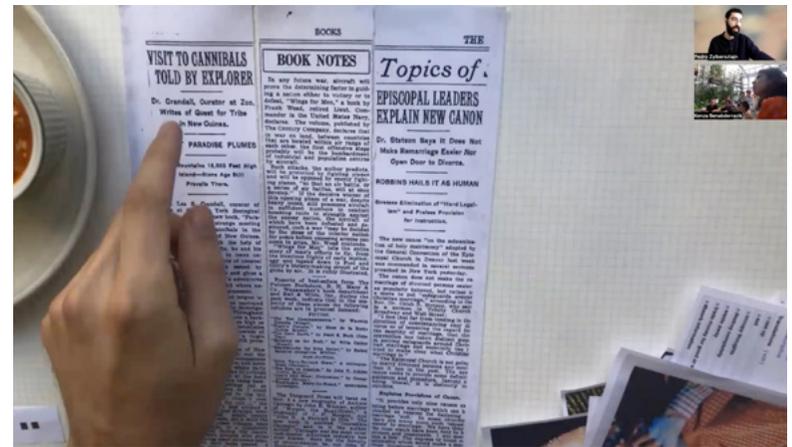
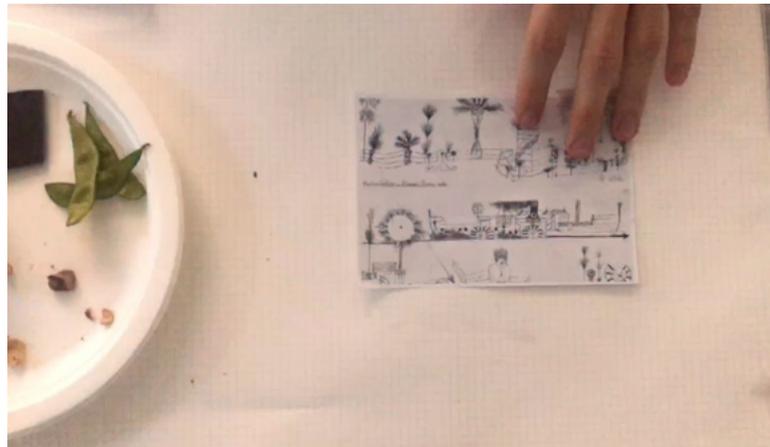
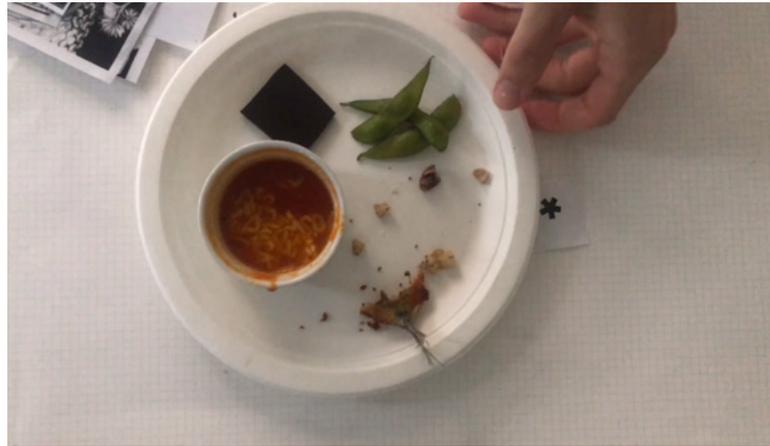
Eat the Wor(l)d

Lecture-performance

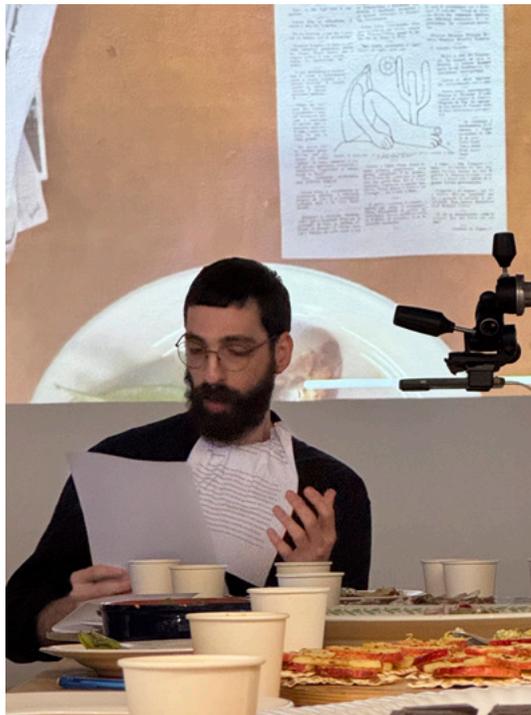
40min

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, Wintherthur, 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

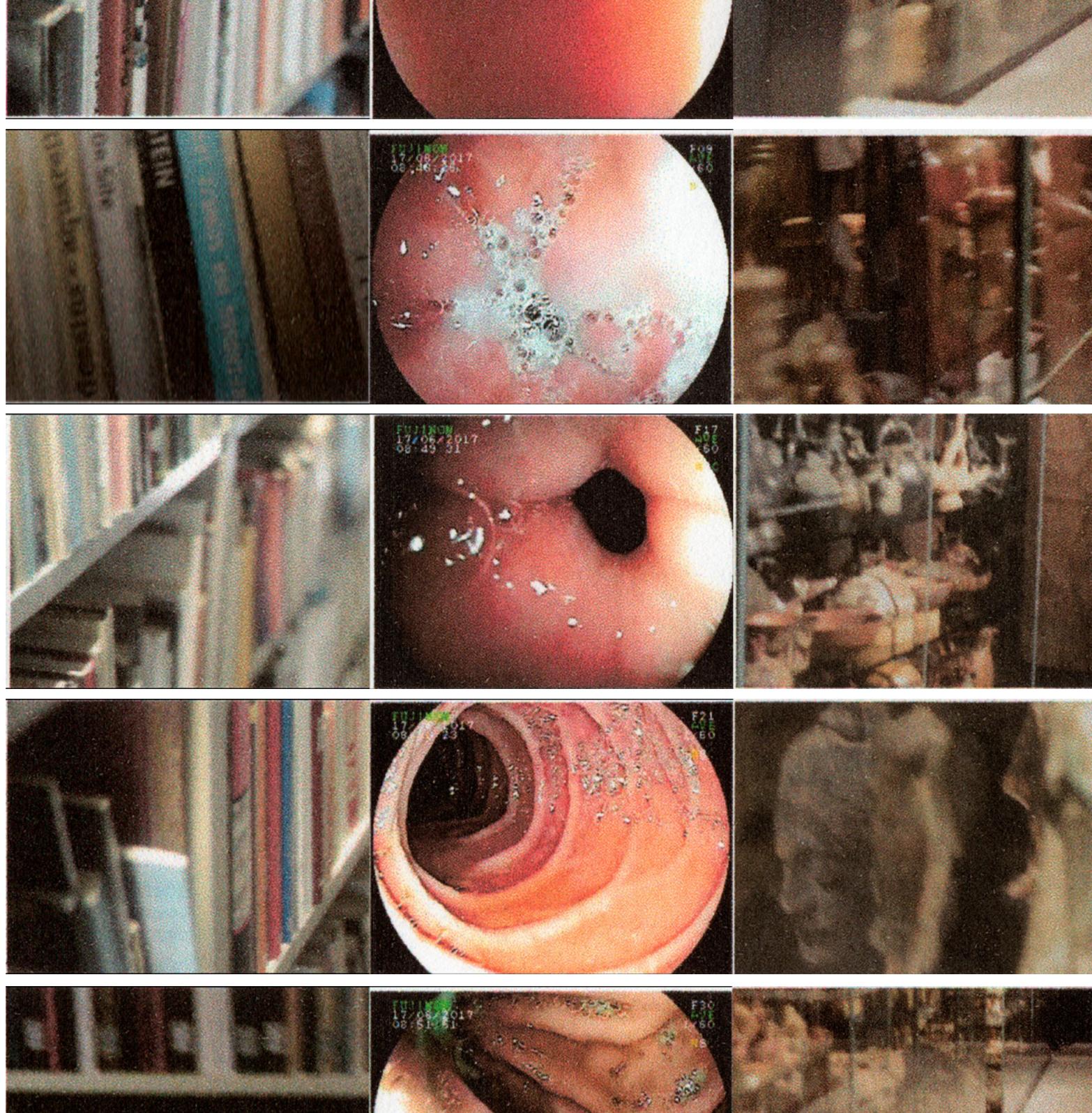
Unsynchronized loop

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: Anaís Horn and Pedro Zylbersztajn
Galería RGR, Mexico City, MX (2023)

curated by Gabriela Rangel

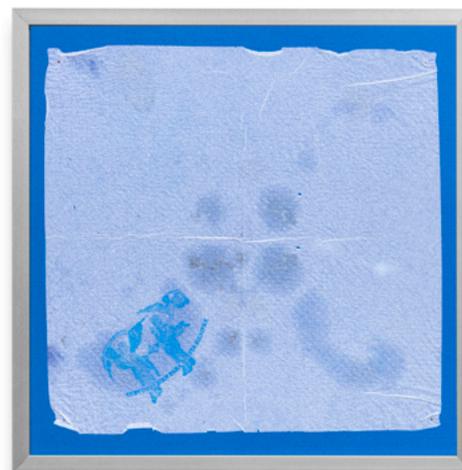
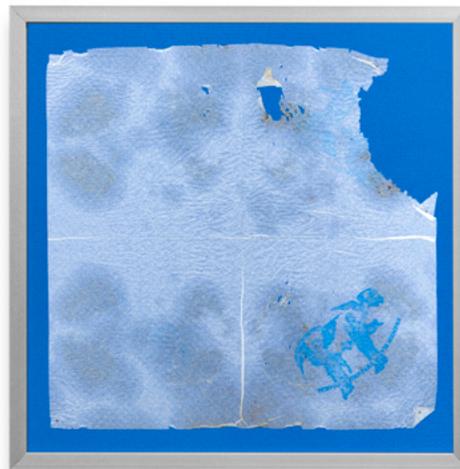
Servimos bien para servir siempre
[We serve well to serve always]

Framed custom napkins used by the public
in the exhibition opening

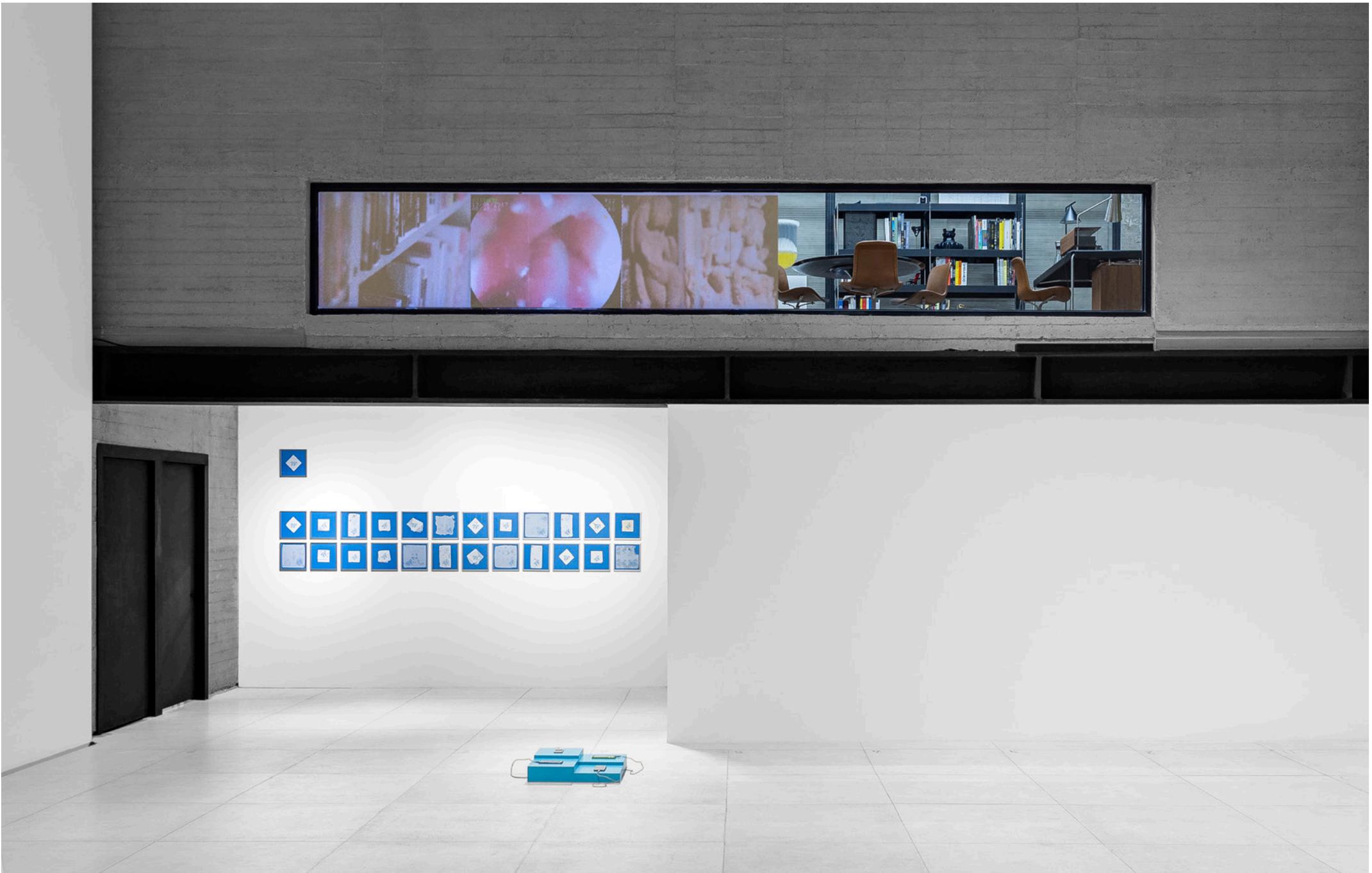
25cmx25cm, series of 25

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: Anaís 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)



Installation view of *Sentimental Journey (reminiscence)*

performance documentation at *The Afterwake*, Galeria RGR, Mexico City, MX (2023)

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.

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 Vinícius
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
Brathwaite, 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 hold

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

Exhibited at:

Time Capsule 2045, Palais des Beaux-Arts,
Paris, FR (2021)

curated by Maud Jacquin and Sébastien Pluot



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

photo: dotgain

O véndico, retratado desse ângulo (a câmara paralela à uma parede, enquadrando o ponto no qual ela encontra outra parede e forma uma quebra no lado direito da tela), excessivamente mobilizado, não parece o que convencionalmente significar um quarto de dormir. De fato, pintado de forma que as paredes sejam divididas a mais ou menos um terço do seu altura, em linhas na parte de baixo e uma ou mais escuras em cima. Eu não saberia te dizer qual cor exatamente, aliás, pois a imagem é em preto e branco. Eu tenho a impressão, talvez não fosse ter sido o quarto de pintura. Não há como saber ele teria nos dois momentos que ela por isso que a parede parece. Pode de pintura diferente tipo diferente de

estilo em trabalho, atravessando sua mesma permanência por instantes, alguns tipos de espaço público. Normalmente, eu acho, a parte de baixo é que é pintada com uma cor mais escura, para evitar as manchas ocasionais pelas pessoas que se apressam contra a parede, e a parte de cima é mais clara, para dar um senso de amplitude e claridade. Mas parece uma coincidência arquitetônica fazer essa pintura na ordem inversa, e ainda mais fácil lá em um quarto privado.

Não há nada inferior do quadro, talvez o chão cinza do momento seguinte, há folhas de papel sobre as quais estão espalhadas, amassadas, manchadas de tinta, e algumas outras inscrições com texto de cima a baixo. Talvez elas está um saco de papel perto velho e rasgado, que está por sua vez ao lado de um monte de coisas roladas. Facilmente pode se assumir que tem a origem do corte, o que algo ligeiramente desastroso aconteceu. Uma mulher está ajoelhada no monte de coisas, no entanto, agitando que seu uso não há afetado, ou, ainda, que de uma ação deliberada. Aqui disse coisa caótica, no quarto e deixado diretamente sobre o chão, há um desatualizado, sem qualquer tempo, cômodo ou brevemente referido, sem nenhuma regra, mancha ou colagem e não é para uma única pessoa e apresenta ter sua que realmente adequados. Sua cor é escuro, há um pouco superior de parede. Eu imaginando um cenário no bur com um pedregulho quadrado que eu só poderia descrever sobre em cores alteradas no lado direito, de frente para

Essas coisas estão fechadas, ... uma de suas mãos está permanentemente capturada em meio ao gesto seu cabelo atrás da orelha. Ela aponta sua cabeça com seu outro braço, como travessando, fazendo com que seu conteúdo escape do colchão, em escopo em relação ao ângulo do qual o quadro é capturado. Suas pernas visivelmente enroladas, a deixando muito próxima de uma posição fetal. Ela vestindo nenhuma roupa, e os seus dedos se abrem parcialmente com eles, ao mesmo tempo um sobressalto. Ela parece confortável, em termos de temperatura. Há alguns segundos, ela mencionou que serviu. Há uma placa de madeira montada no parape do diveta, a qual deve estar ligada em uma configuração está.

As inscrições, formatadas em uma Arial Bold pintada, branco, em traço preto, dizem: "I realized that life would still be another what...". Ela escreve algo similar dito na vez dela, em francês, mas eu não sei o que precisamente. Em outro lugar, há vi a frase traduzida como "I figured that, in any case, life had come to a halt...". E um voice-over, suas lábios estão fechados, como sempre. O texto reconta com

a quietude do quadro, a imagem está congelada, suspensa, imóvel, não importa o que. A imagem solidifica que ela gosta é uma de profunda estabilidade, os poucos elementos dessa imagem todos fortes. Ela move a câmera capaz de quebrar essa coisa, parece satisfeita em manter sua mão fixada do sobre a cabeça, sem nunca alcançar seu destino. Quando olha por tempo o suficiente, esse gesto se transforma em outro, mas não mais nada movendo seu cabelo mas formando uma corcha ao redor

Ela recita tão facilmente quanto tudo o contrário, em uma condição de calma se ela tivesse recentemente conseguido admitir que não há nada alternativamente, tudo que há é a espera. De fato, algumas poucas palavras antes desse engastamento imobilizado, ela havia declarado - e essa pode ser uma palavra imprecisa - algo nas linhas de "eu espero, como sempre."

Essa espera anterior, no entanto, era de uma inclinação totalmente diferente. Era transtornado, nervosa. Sem nunca sair do quarto, ela presenciou o tempo. Ela encobria a parede e a pintura (mais de uma vez). Ela olhava pela janela e se deixava ser vista. Ela se despiu e em seguida se vestiu, 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 porvir de prolongamento, há sempre, eu imaginava, eu documentaria.

Então passa ser que elas jamais tenham sido curtas, mas um diário (isso que é o mais próximo dos instrumentos de medição de tempo) as próprias frases que ela nos narra em off. Ela muda os meios de um lado para o outro, escreve, rele, escreve novamente, e espera. Ela não sabe se está que ela está mais rápido, desorganizado, tempo todo parece que ela só de ação por parte de si mesma, começa a se mover novamente de controle, e portanto no de libertação. Parece um tipo que concluído esse senso de embora possa muito bem causar tédio, o que justifica a agitação, essa solidão não depende de nenhuma contingência entre que de sua própria arbitrio. É uma espera não subjetiva, 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, promulgando esse estado com sua própria vontade, esperando por sua própria desaprovação - de mover o colchão, de pintar paredes, de escrever. Então ela espera por qualquer evento externo, pela neve sair e se desfazer, pelas pessoas passarem ou falarem por dentro das paredes, e assim como em sua própria ação, não há um sentido de obrigação. Ela trabalha bem quando ela para e simplesmente espera, não por algo. Se a vida para, não há movimento, o que significa que não há nada a cumprir.

Depois disso, cada evento deixa de ser um recipiente para expectativas imediatas, e passa a ser um fenômeno em si mesmo, que pode estar ser a causa de algo mais. A usualidade retorna sua usualidade, as coisas acontecem ao redor dela. Quase imediatamente, o que é o tratamento considerado, e de mesma maneira ocasional, ela parte. Nesse frame, no entanto, ela segue esperando mais do momento de compreensão última do qual, ali e então, ela talvez nunca saia. É como se a afirmação da plenitude da vida ao seu redor fosse a cumprir no tempo, e fazer dessa filmar um único fotograma. Deitada sobre o colchão, em frente às suas paredes recém pintadas, não na orelha, ela escreve tudo que ela poderia para ter apenas um pushado dela repetidas à sua frente infinitamente:



Installation view at *The Afterwake: Anaís Horn & Pedro Zylbersztajn*, Galeria RGR, Mexico City (2023)

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)

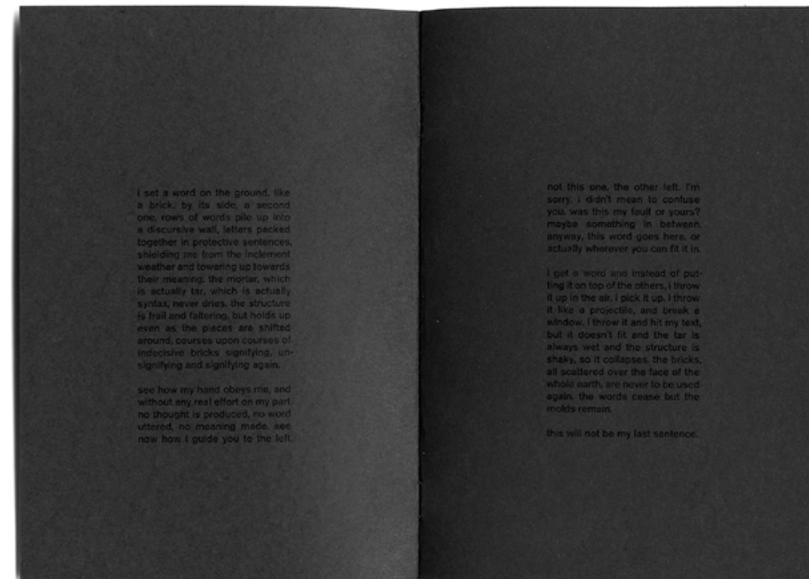
curated by Gabriela Rangel

&

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

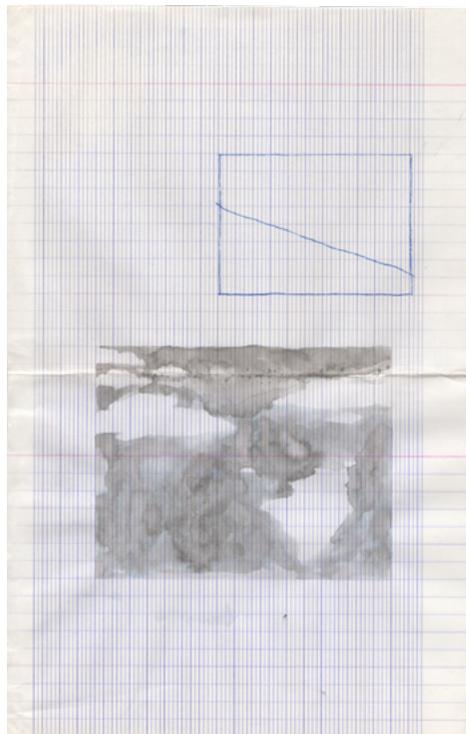
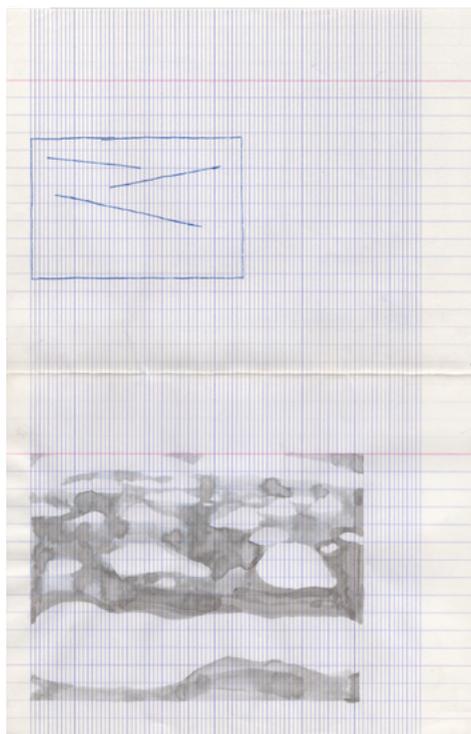
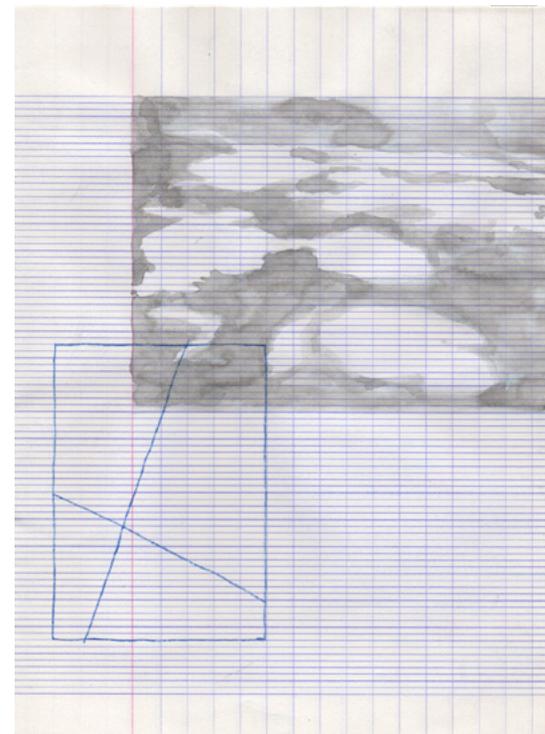
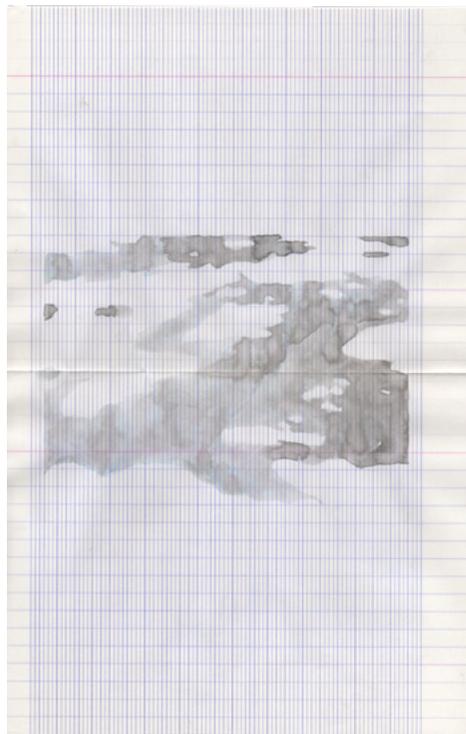
32x21 cm

Ink, carbon paper, ruled paper

2021

Series of drawings related to the research on internet infrastructure and colonial maritime and oceanic histories that has led 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

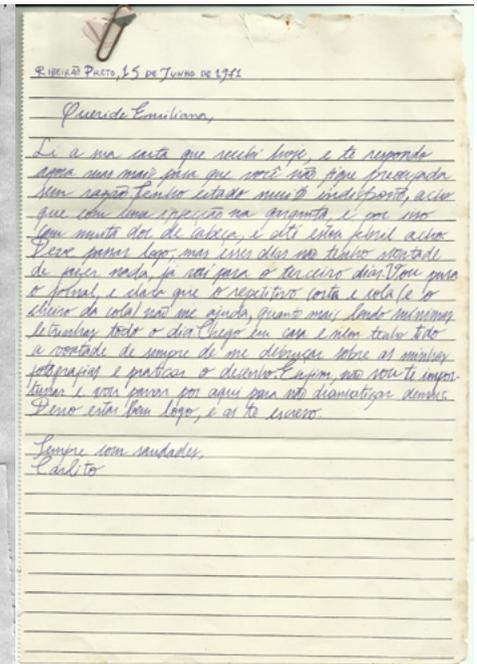
["As if I were the photographer" – Carlos Amadeu Gouvêa, 1971]

Dimensions Variable

Drawing, photography, text, installation

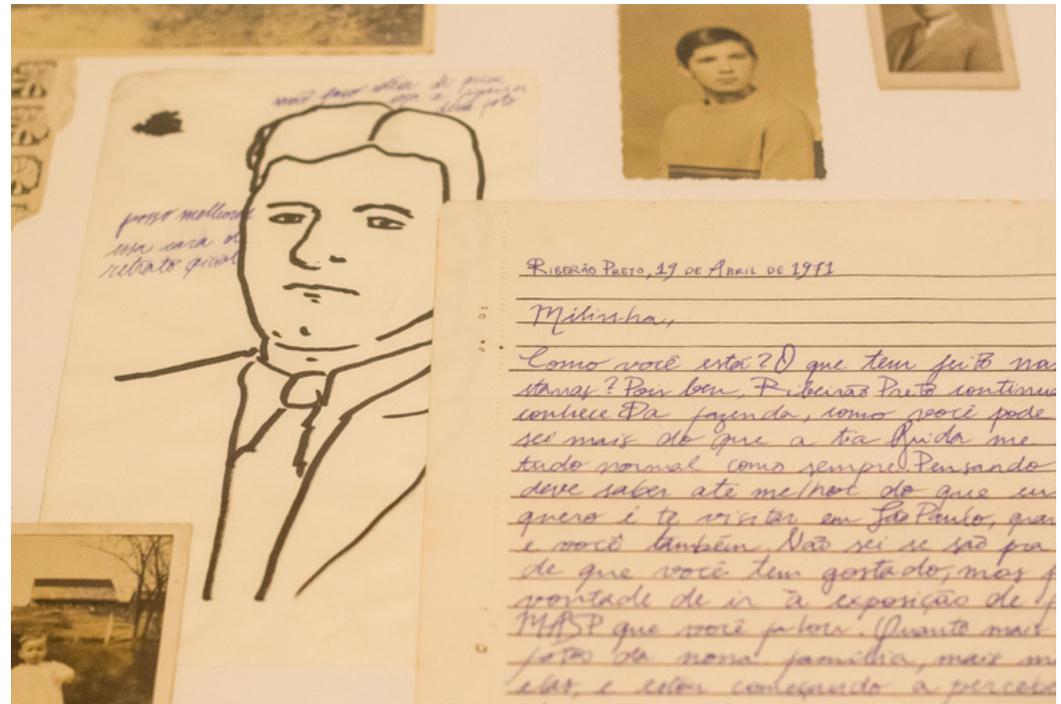
2016

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 legitimation 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

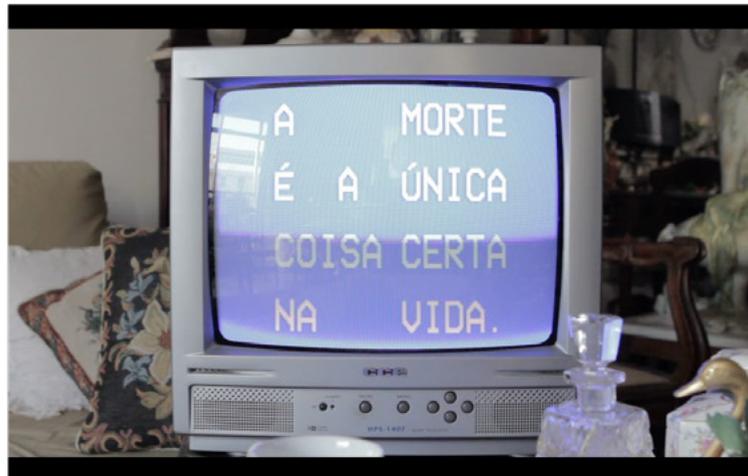
3min

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:

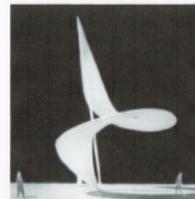
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=64vh6Ze4wts>

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

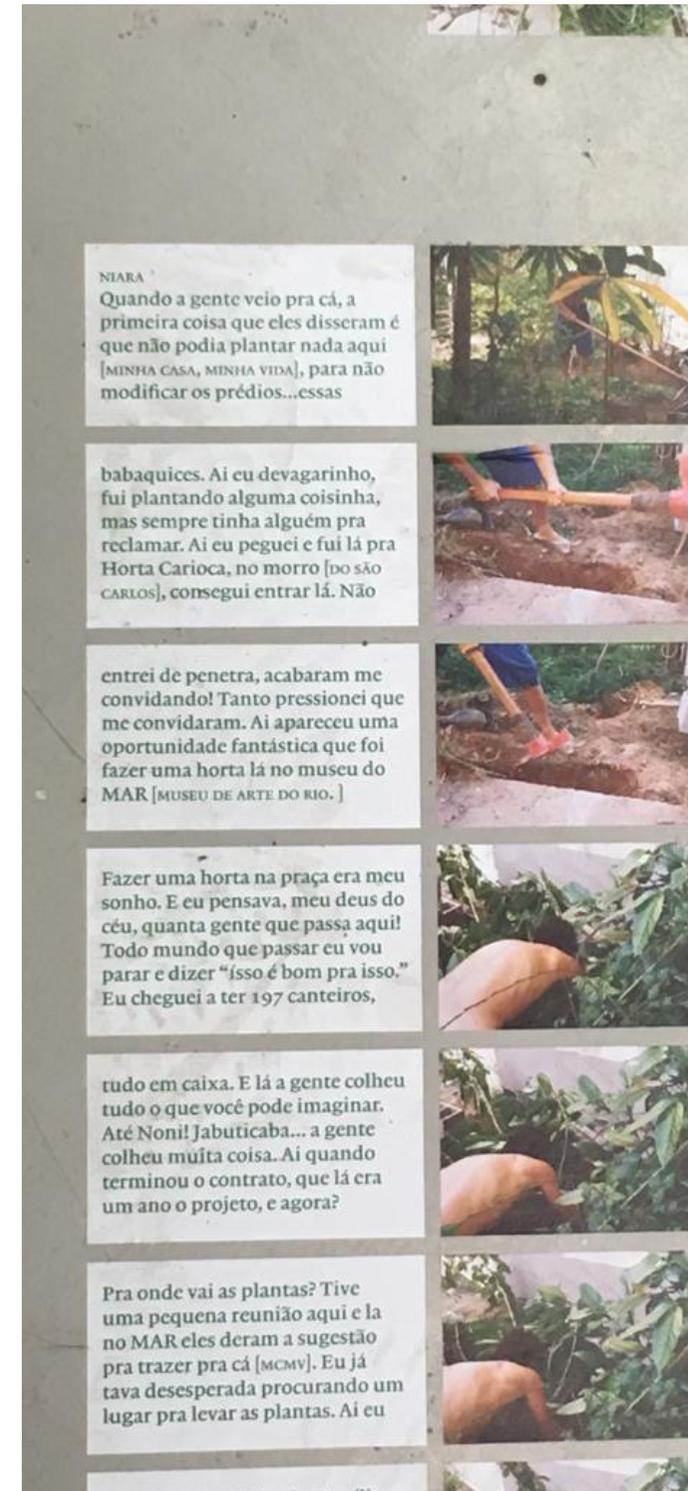
Planta Baixa
[Floor Plan]

Photo installation, vinyl, flooring
w/ Camila Bevilaqua
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**



NIARA
Quando a gente veio pra cá, a primeira coisa que eles disseram é que não podia plantar nada aqui [MINHA CASA, MINHA VIDA], para não modificar os prédios...essas



babaquices. Ai eu devagarinho, fui plantando alguma coisinha, mas sempre tinha alguém pra reclamar. Ai eu peguei e fui lá pra Horta Carioca, no morro [DO SÃO CARLOS], consegui entrar lá. Não



entrei de penetra, acabaram me convidando! Tanto pressionei que me convidaram. Ai apareceu uma oportunidade fantástica que foi fazer uma horta lá no museu do MAR [MUSEU DE ARTE DO RIO.]



Fazer uma horta na praça era meu sonho. E eu pensava, meu deus do céu, quanta gente que passa aqui! Todo mundo que passar eu vou parar e dizer "isso é bom pra isso." Eu cheguei a ter 197 canteiros,



tudo em caixa. E lá a gente colheu tudo o que você pode imaginar. Até Noni! Jabuticaba... a gente colheu muita coisa. Ai quando terminou o contrato, que lá era um ano o projeto, e agora?



Pra onde vai as plantas? Tive uma pequena reunião aqui e lá no MAR eles deram a sugestão pra trazer pra cá [MCMV]. Eu já tava desesperada procurando um lugar pra levar as plantas. Ai eu

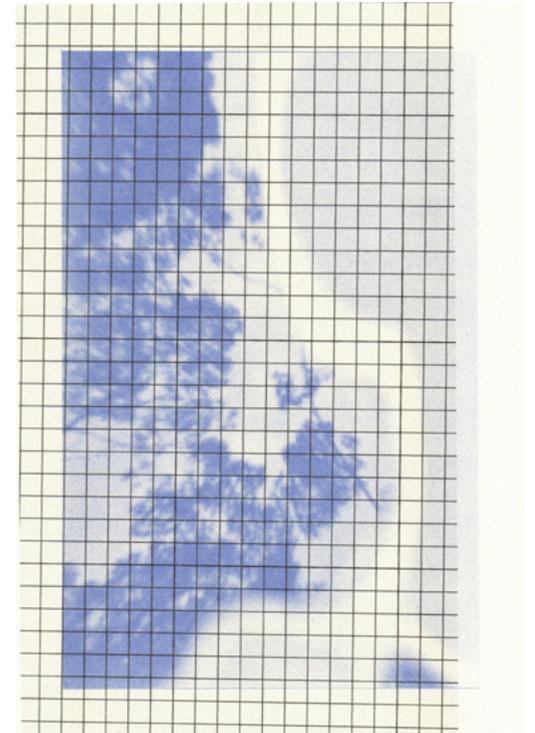
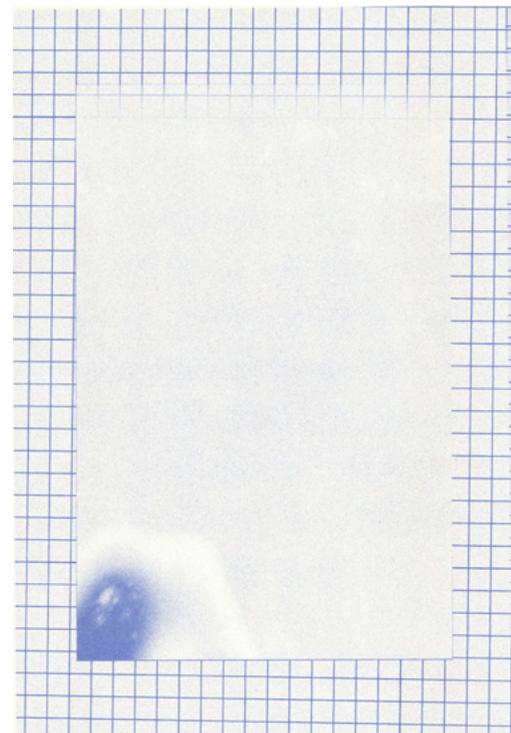
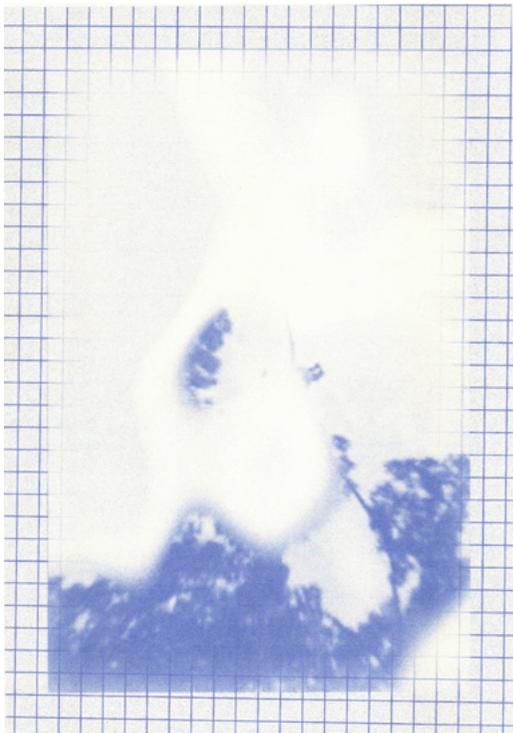
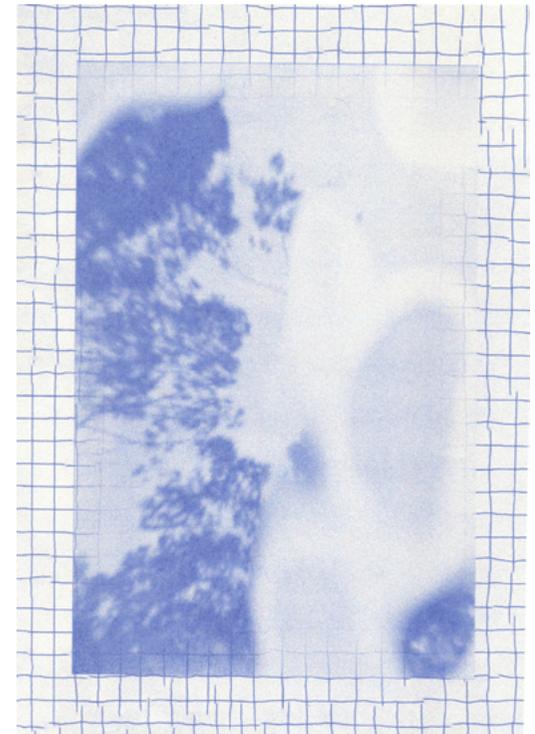
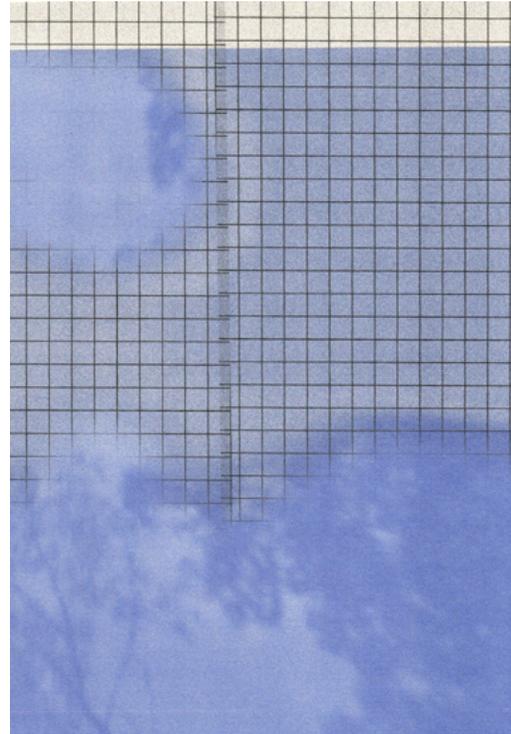
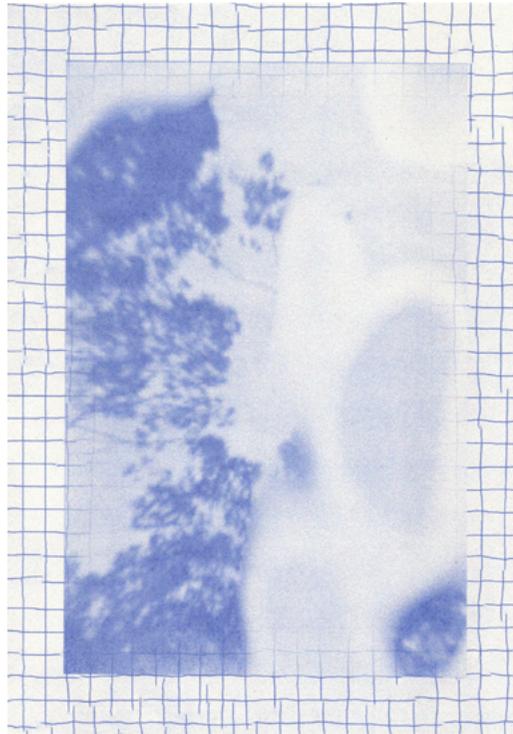


Reflections

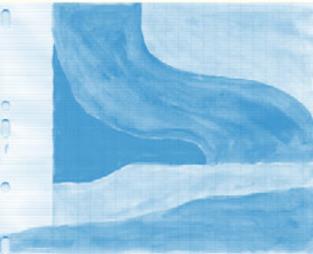
Offset printing on newsprint

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



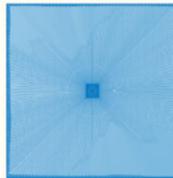
"Com esse leite, enquanto derramava dito líquido como uma lita branca

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 leitosa, 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, poderé comprar um pedacinho de terra, que primeiro posso hoxquear 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.

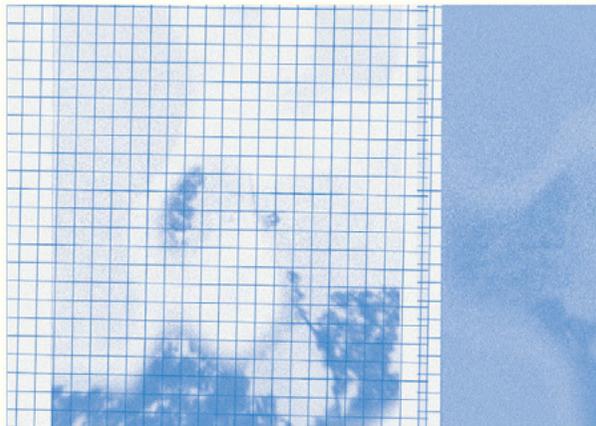


Se o mar é um grande cofre cinzento, relíquias sobem à superfície junto com o nível da água – um frasco quebrado, um pote quebrado, um jarro de terracota, *um osso soldado com coral a outro osso*, uma voz engolida pelas ondas há séculos atrás, uma opinião corroída pelo sal, um cabo de fibra ótica com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



souis, 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, aproxima-

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 espuma 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

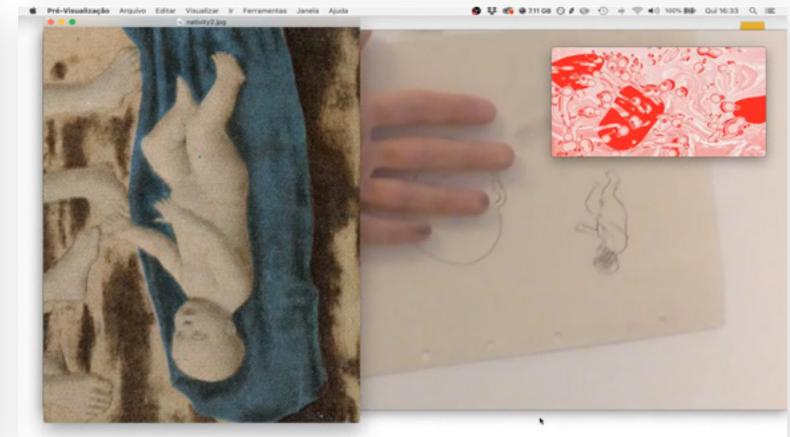
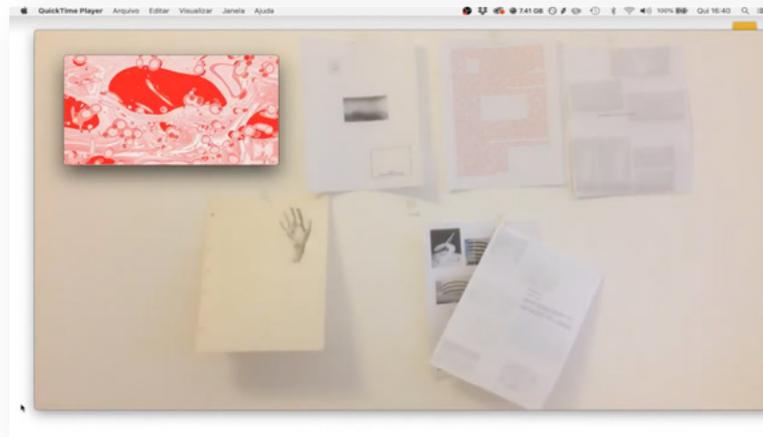
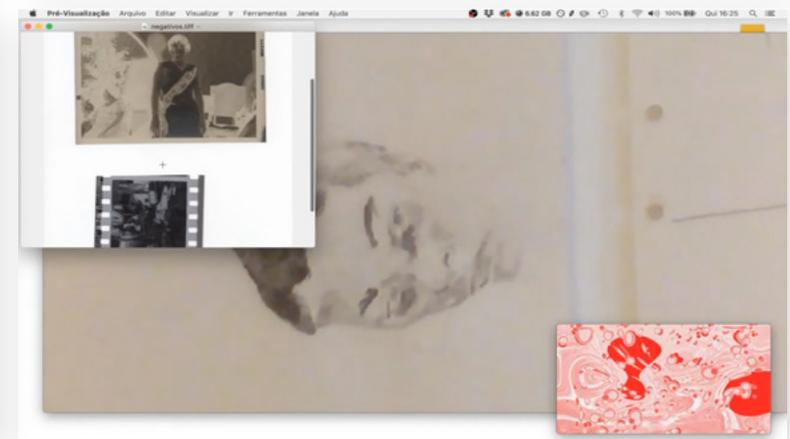
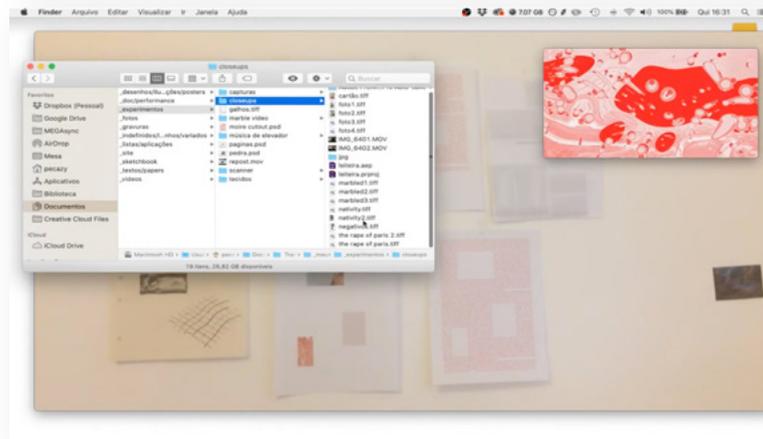
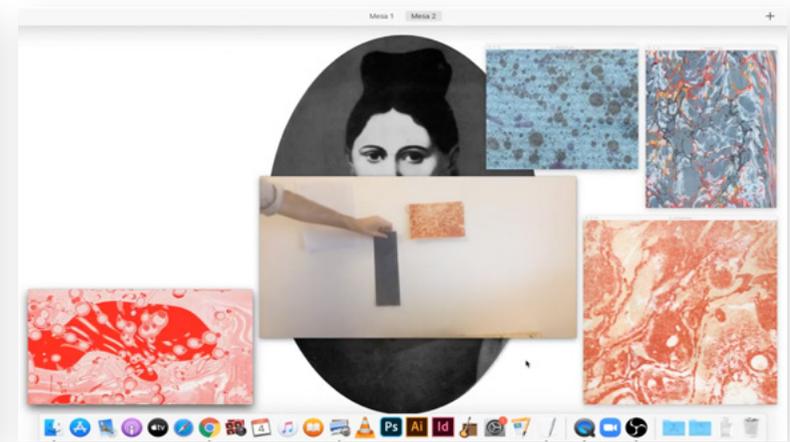
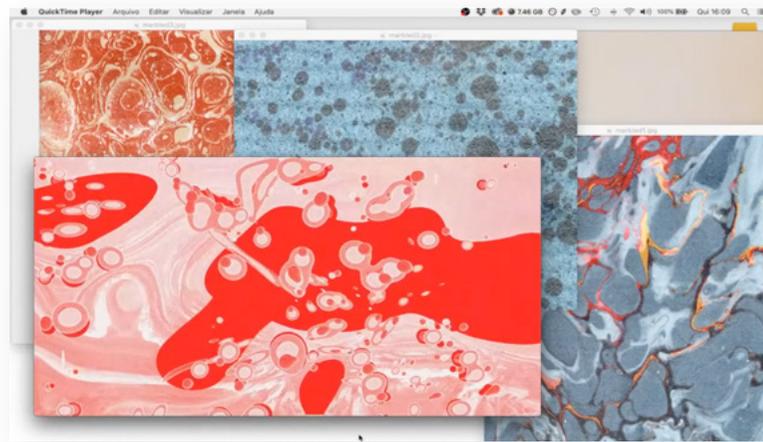
2h40min

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.

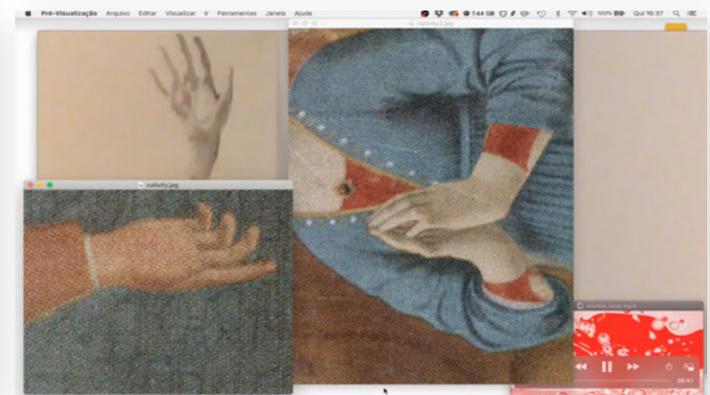
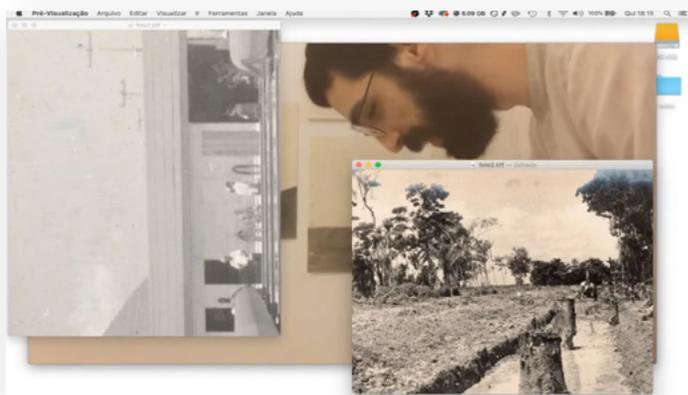
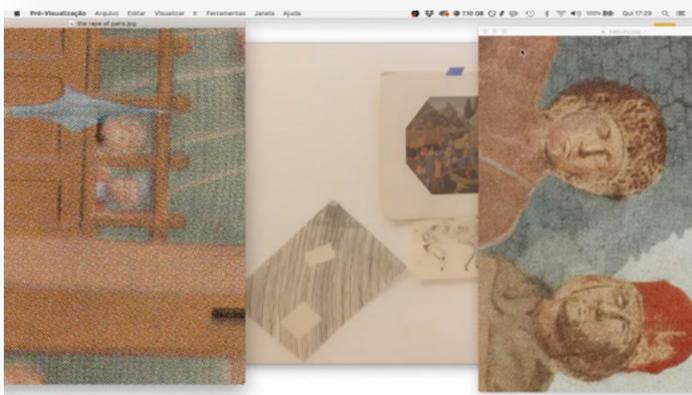
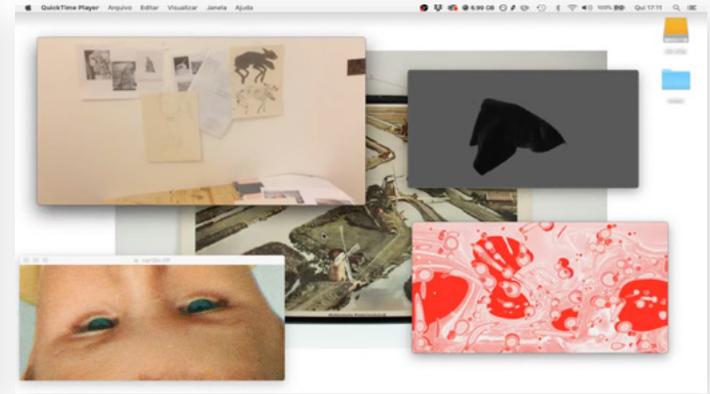
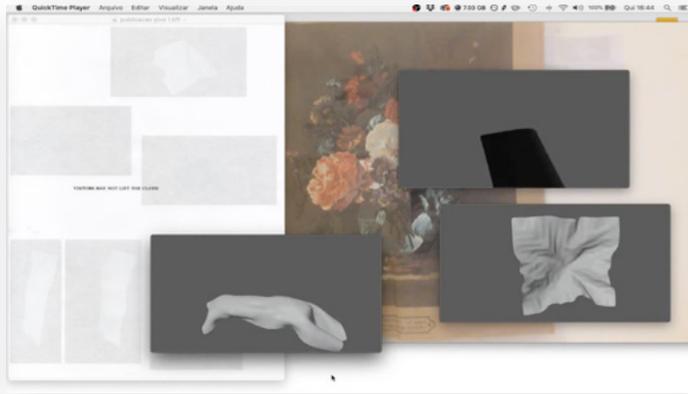
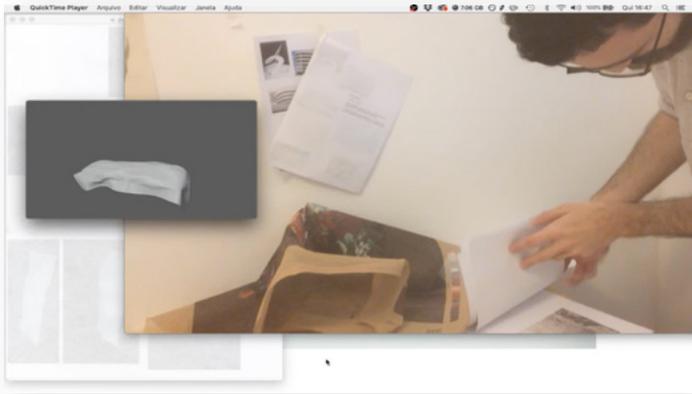
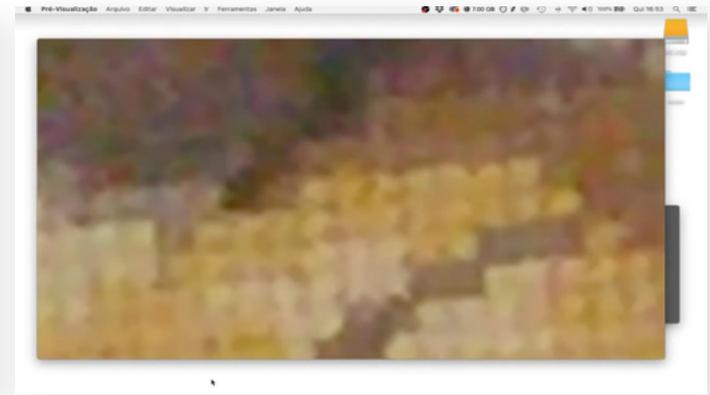
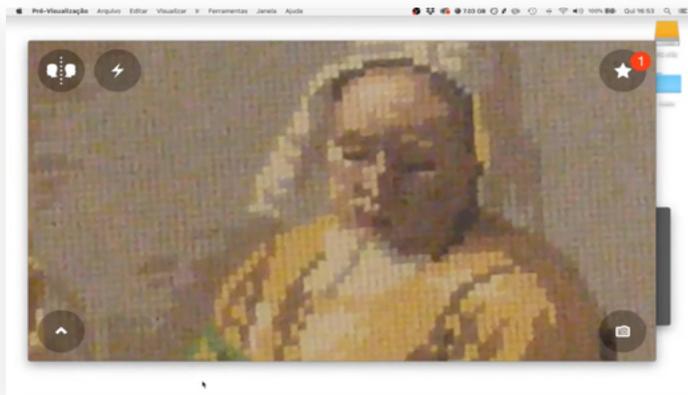
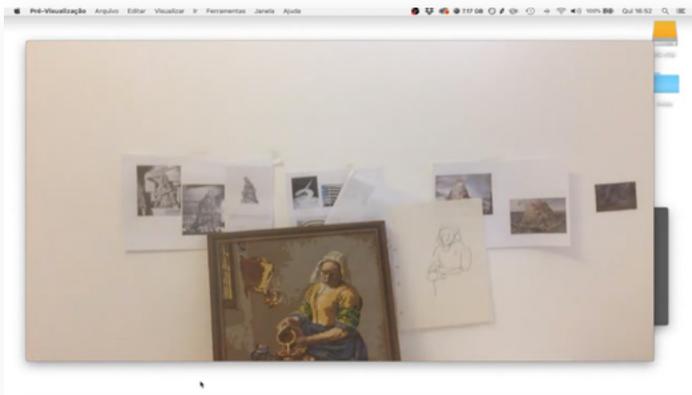


Exhibited at:

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

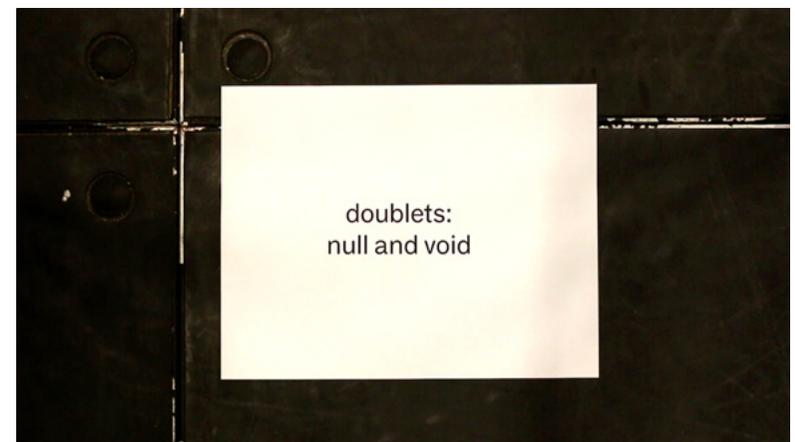
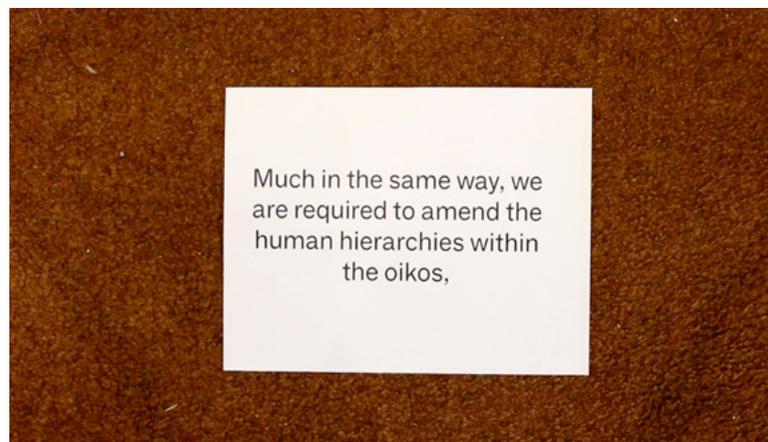
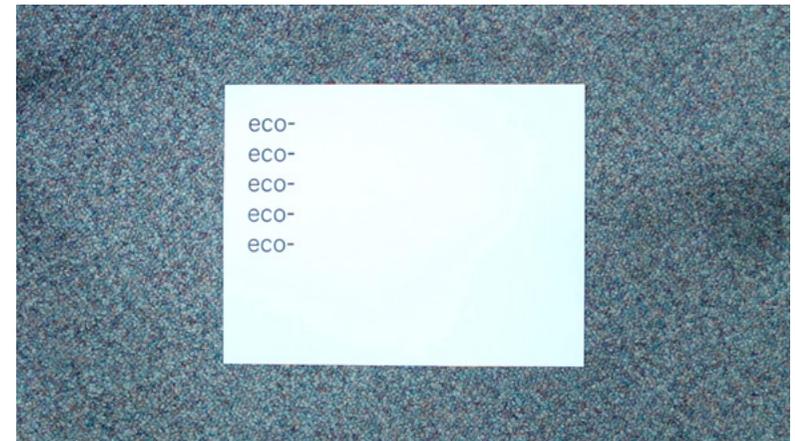
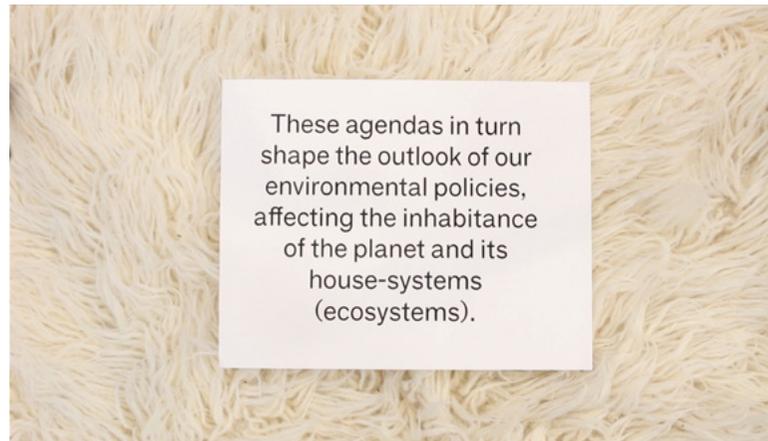
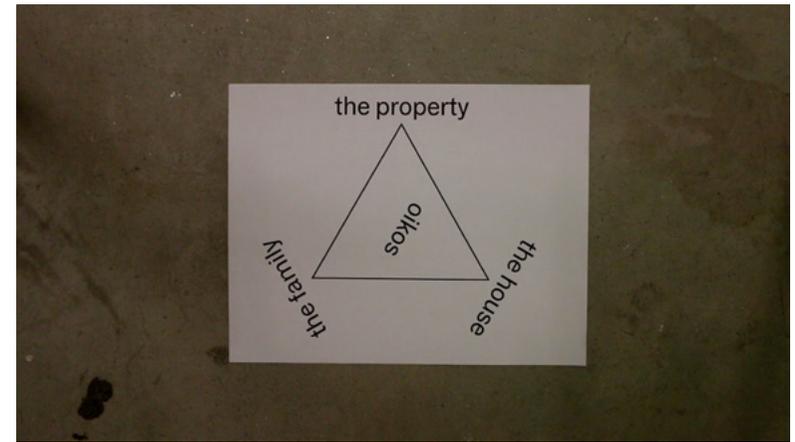
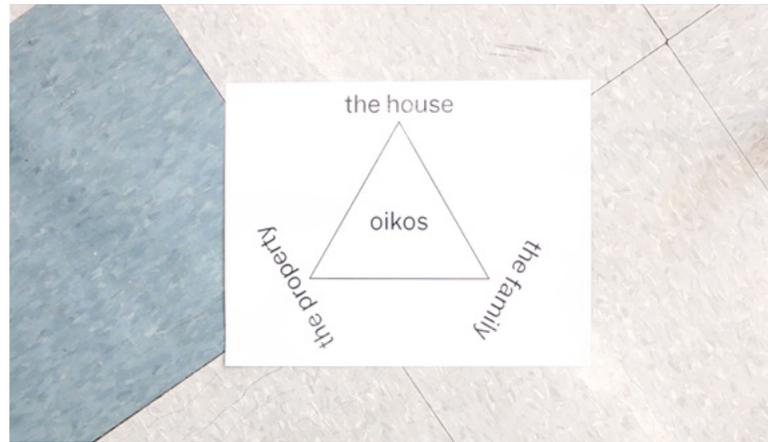
2min

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

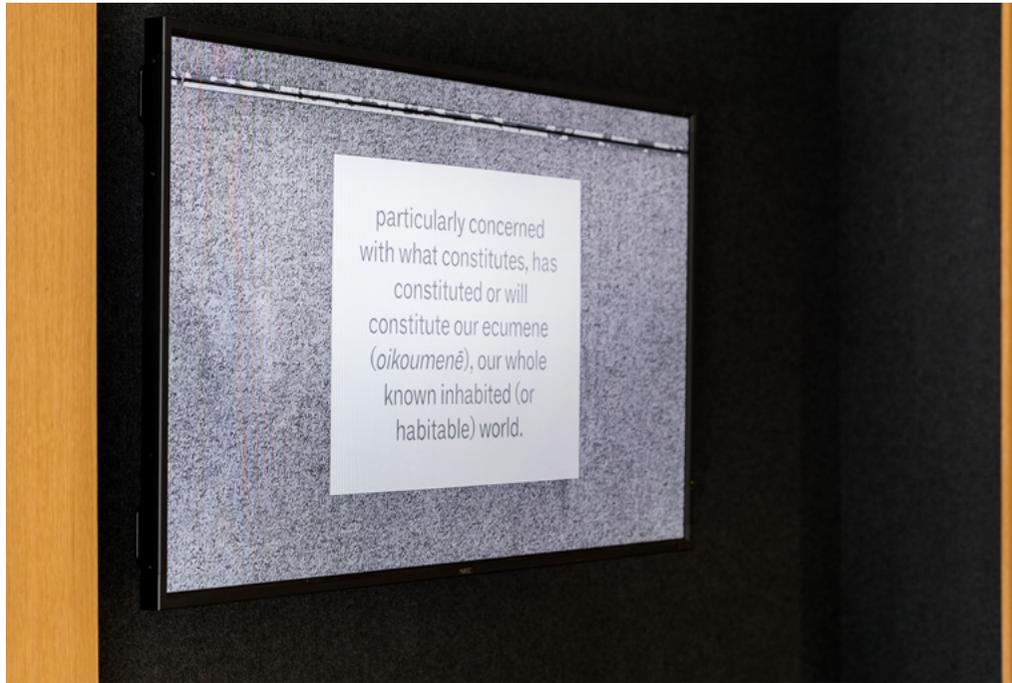
&

Covideo-19, Online, 2020

curated by

Amanda Abi Khalil, Bianca Bernardo and

Cherine Karam



Catalogue for Classificatory Emancipation

43x19cm

32p

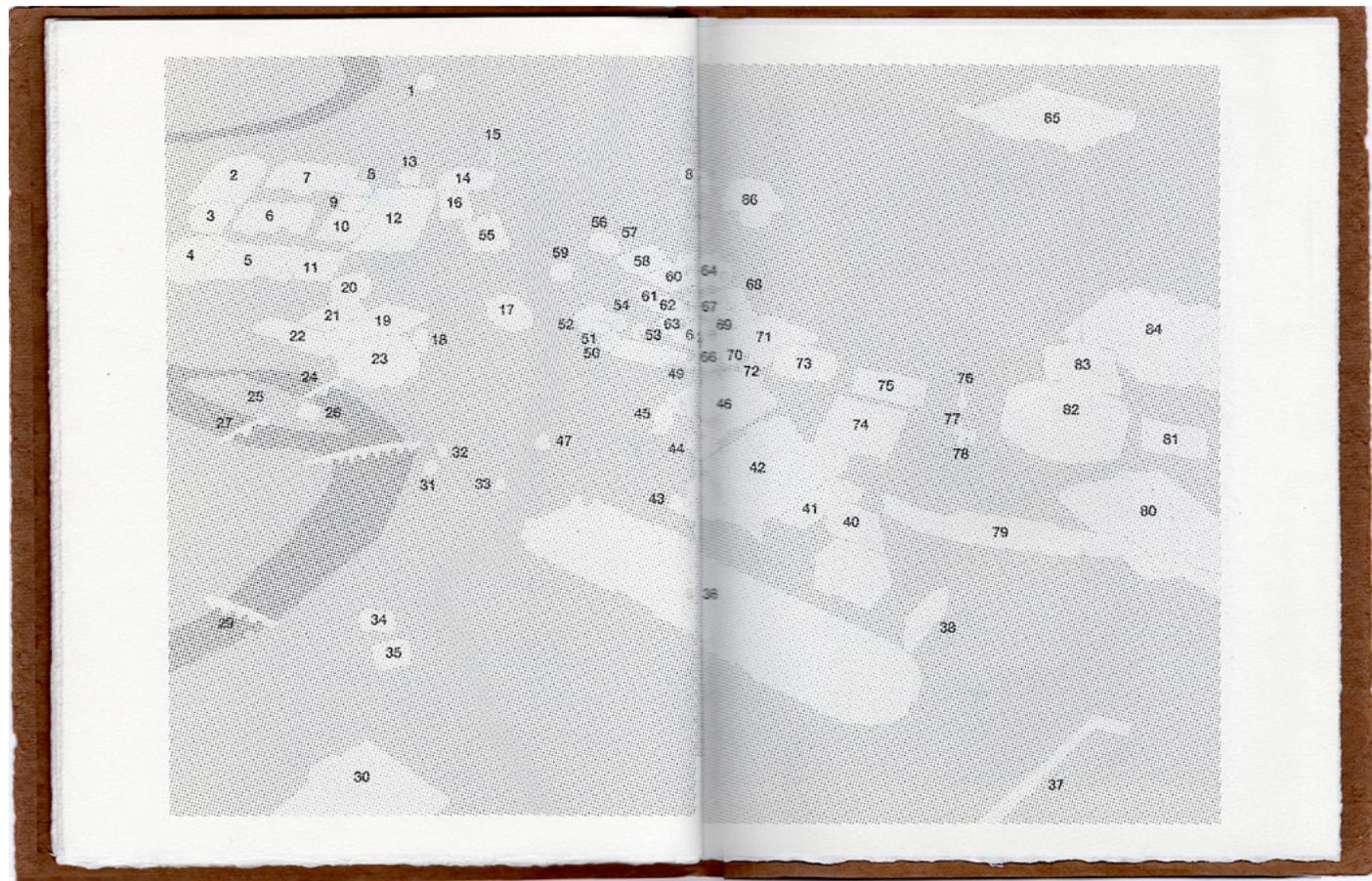
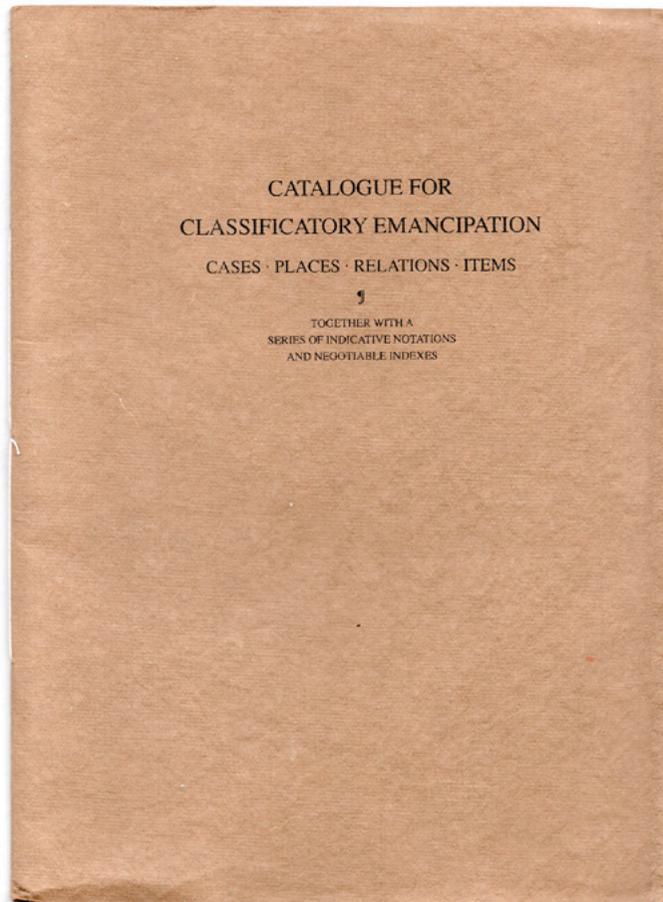
2018

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



—