

c. i. salvaro eira alheia

I. The before

This exhibition was formed amidst the remodeling of the space where it would take shape, during the moments before the project's opening to the public, and the mood that comes with the anticipation of an inauguration. This exposition came to life in the middle of intense physical works, between noise and human warmth, between blueprint updates and changes of plans, and everything else that came with the repurposing of the space we're in.

II. In eira alheia

Eira comes from "area", meaning a piece of the earth, it is what we call cemented or tiled land used to thrash, dry, and clean grains or vegetables. Thus, it labels a place of work, property, or a belonging of someone. This is why when we say "não vos metais em eira alheia" (don't go onto other people's property) we are pointing out demarcations and staying away from other's issues. The popular expression rooted in colonial times *sem eira nem beira* (without one's own workspace or roof) refers to poor homeless people who don't have wavy roofs made to guard against rain. Or, those who don't have a place to work, a place to live, or anything at all to call their own.

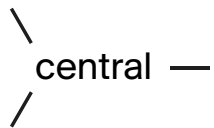
C.L. put himself in the space of others, seizing opportunity and setting up a framework to deal with the past and present dynamics of his environment, to tell stories, to display other people's things that he collected from the ground. The space, which was once a club for artists and later an auditorium and basement, has served many purposes and hosted many encounters. And now, post renovation and with this exposition, it has been turned inside out, put itself out there, and is on its way to becoming something else.

III. Error, accident, and residue

Here is a sequence of attempts that accept that error is an integral part of process, treating it with the same importance as any success. The artist promotes this, and deals with the paradox of getting it right by making mistakes. There is thus total openness to chance and accident.

From all of this a little bit remains behind. Everything always leaves a little bit behind. Concrete stuck on a beam, marks of cardboard on cement, conversations, walks through São Paulo. Each piece of work gathered here shows, in its own way, past lives or the suggestion of bigger things. They are the remains: naturally they can only exist because something existed in the past, yet they also throw us into something that has yet to come. These pieces that are left over from the actions of time, use, or other forces are dualistically preserved: as left-over monuments and reminders, and also as raw material serving as substance for upcoming events.

As different parts of the same debate, each element tells a story, with different perspective, tons, and velocities. However, they don't affirm any position, they merely suggest one. They allow us access by means of associations operated by our memory and imagination, exciting possibilities for their biographies and futures, for what they once were and what they could become. In this exercise, we operate in two ways: on one side, we investigate the act of collapsing- from the texture of entropy to the recognition of what is considered useful- on the other side, we explore the potential of what had been deemed obsolete.



Ruin is always a given, but its complete dimension is inapprehensible. Dealing with its possible material manifestation is to take a leap of faith, that embraces doubt, a risky situation, and the dark part of our understanding. The iron web that holds together packages, pieces of wood, broken pieces of gesso and stucco deals with the degree of the incompleteness of the journey, which grabs the remnants of movement. It reveals marks, traces, divisions, as well as new contingencies, new shared spaces. It's about what we leave behind as we go along. Nothing ever happens entirely, nor stays forever.

// Germano Dushá, 2018