

On hope

A cry for action

A joint effort

An oasis of possibilities

Or maybe not

A break (up)

Would this go on forever?

Shall we try to resolve it?

Time. Stretch. Agency.



Imbiss Oase, Karl-Marx-Allee, Berlin

On crises

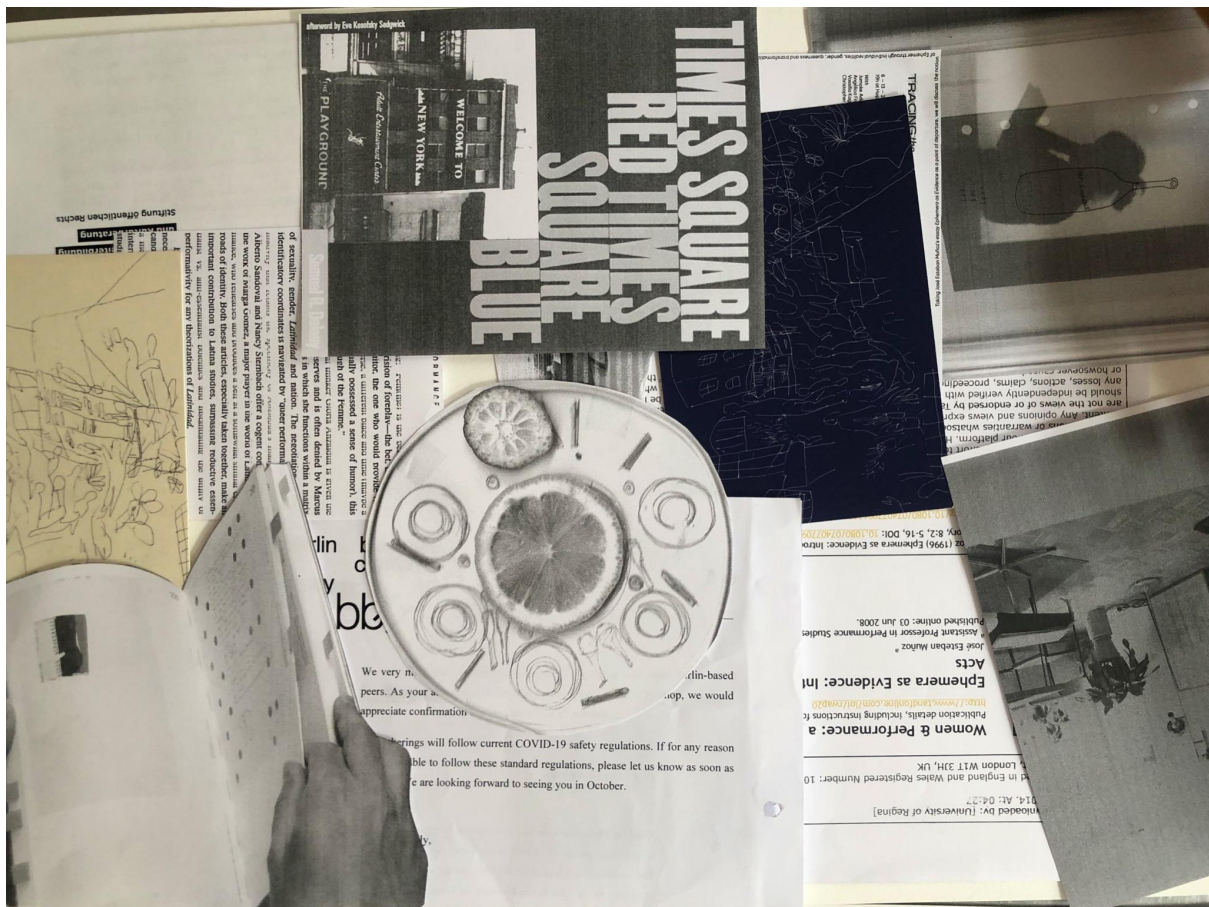
Societies define themselves through crises. In order to sustain a system, to refuel it, they keep happening. Hope, opportunity and fear feed the emotional motor of this tense situation. Even if they emerge unexpectedly, there will always be those who meticulously plan how to profit from them. While it means the end line to most, it is heaven for the few, benefiting from specific bodies, lives, realities, localities.

From its Greek origins, crisis (κρίση) as a word has multiple meanings at the same time: divorce, dispute, judgement and decision. To separate, to fight, to have a solution – all in one go. A combination that permeates from the micro to the macro. Emotions, disparities, injustices, contexts. Inescapable – and unresolvable, depending on its scale.

A total clash. Partition. It is unknown if it is a long-term or a short-term one. When it is too long, it gets normalised; adaptable as well. But at what cost? Every decision has a consequence. One proposes a solution. Then comes the (dis)agreement, a resolution. A possible healing. It may be heard, it may be hard. If so, then one can get convinced. In order to counteract this stream of thoughts, a way out: exchange, sharing, navigating each other's trouble by seeking the communal.

A joint effort.

A possibility.



Documentation of a collage of references in the making

On intimacy

There is something intimate about reading letters written by other people to their beloved ones. Maybe it has a slightly voyeuristic nuance to it, but indeed it is this type of deep contact we miss in this fast-paced world. Following the years of the pandemic, we have been trying to re-establish contact with each other. Our lack of tactile proof of contact is growing, but then that's why it is nice when you can touch a postcard, or a letter; it is a proof that this contact between us existed.

I feel that It is hard to move through an unknown city. I have been wandering through Athens these days, and although it is supposed to be the city of my "homeland", it feels

completely foreign to me. I can see its rich cityscape full of its own multilayered histories, but it is hard to grasp what my purpose here is, where I am supposed to go and how I connect to past versions of myself. To be in a new city is to lose power, to let go of any preconceptions about yourself and delve into the unknown. I have been trying to understand if I am going through a phase of self-doubt or if this is all a transition. Will I ever reach another sense of solace along the way? Transitions are melancholic states. Then again, I am wondering if I am going through all this because I am alone here; because what I am struggling with is the lack of a community, the absence of a network of people I trust, people I can lean on.

The truth is that the times when I feel at peace with my doubts are when I am part of a team. Maybe this is the only occasion when doubts can be dealt with collectively and can lead to producing multiple selves as an antidote to self-destructiveness. Embracing doubt and multi-intentionality, this is what one has to go through when being part of a group. The only cases where I feel not exposed is when I am dealing with a collaborative process, dealing with our messy thoughts together.



It may look like a photo of a lamp, but it is a proof of a meaningful impromptu encounter



Hotel Mundial

DEAR ALBERT

SP
17

SOMETIMES IS LIKE BEIRO
SOMETIMES IS LIKE NAPOLI
LIKE TOKYO

I felt home IN AMSTERDAM
LIKE I felt home IN MÜNCHEN

I HAVE NO POINT OF REFERENCE
SOMETIMES I feel out of place
THE REFUGE IS THE ATELIER

~~THE~~ I had STRANGE DREAMS

IS VERY DIFFICULT TO RETURN TO BRASIL

THE LIFE IS VERY DIFFERENT, BUT WE GO

I WENT TO CINEMA TO SEE MY AMERICAN FRIEND
AND I felt a point of emptiness

MAYBE I DON'T HAVE MANY THINGS TO TALK
BUT I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU, MAYBE
IT'S JUST CONFUSION

WE HAVE LOTS OF RAIN AND I GO WALKING AND IT'S GOOD
I DID MANY SMALL PAINTINGS AND WANT TO ~~show~~
SHOW YOU

HERE THE LIFE STILL IS THE SAME

GIVE OUR KISS TO LIZA, I MISS YOU AND HOPE TO
SEE YOU SOON, HERE OR ANYWHERE

YOURS LEO



RUA D. DUARTE, n.º 4 — 1100 LISBOA
TELEF. 88 31 01

TELEGRAMAS: MUNDOTEL
TELEX 11308 MUNDTEL

Mod. H 51 140



Leonilson's letter to his dear friend Albert