

ARTIST'S WINDOWS AT HERMÈS

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Title of work: *The Visible World Is Just An Excuse*

Greenwich, Connecticut



I have been interested in the imaginary of flight for some time now, and I still have much to contemplate and imagine on the subject. The space offered to me is ideal for materialising a dynamic image of height, a material image of the air, where movement surpasses gravity. Air is an element that has the upper hand when it comes to referring to dynamic imagination.

In *Air and Dreams*, Gaston Bachelard tells us that the imagination isn't exactly the ability to create images, but the faculty of *deforming* the images offered by perception: 'If a present image does not recall an *absent* one, if an occasional image does not give rise to a swarm of aberrant images, to an explosion of images, there is no imagination.'

Along this continuous journey from the real to the imaginary is where I feel comfortable, so I propose to begin our itinerary on a rising flight in which the poetic image works as a storyline that, together with vertical imagination, will dematerialise reality or make it ambivalent—a combination of real and imaginary. Winged saddles, winged boots... with their own flying autonomy.

Applying this force of the dynamic imagination that Gaston Bachelard spoke of, I propose images of this 'rising impulse.' Poetic images in which the movement produced will have the liberating force of flight, taking advantage of the connotations of the vertical impulse of this aerial imagination—the transcendence of the flying being, the highest degree of liberation of forms, and flight as the metamorphosis most desired by human beings in order to reach the purest air and the highest mountain peak.

I debated within myself about the choice of objects that would take off on this ascending flight.

I decided to dismiss the birds, swallows, which I used before a lot of times as a metaphor of flight in this proposal. In this flight, the swallows raised the objects, although I have now decided to move into a second phase in which objects generate their own movement—they have their own wings and I give them the possibility of ascending by themselves with a light and liberating dynamic impulse. They do not need any exterior force to move them—they themselves generate the ascending impulse and take off on individual flights. Dynamic imagination grants them the gift of flying as if it were a part of their own nature, defying the forceful logic of gravity.

So in Hermès Greenwich store a group of flying saddles, like Pegasus in a race, and winged boots as the God Hermès with winged feet, occupy the main space, perhaps hats, spurs ... could also be flying. The three winged saddles like flying Pegasus's race are a powerful image.

I made the "feathers" for wings with paper plans of the new store in Greenwich. So, in some way the store is flying too..