

THE WATER WOMAN KEEPS ON SINGING

*“Men are admitted into heaven
not because they have curbed and governed their passions
or have no passions,
but because they have cultivated their understandings”*

William Blake

It's been already 23 years since my first exhibition at Trinta Gallery and there are very few galleries that can feel proud of displaying such a confidence, respect and generosity at the time of sharing the sweet and bitter flavors of this wild world of creation. This is why it was important for me to be part of this project and it is also important now the fact of being here with conviction, championing everything that has happened so far and certainly everything that will keep on happening. Needless to say, this complicity has helped me to keep moving forward and, with deep appreciation, I can say that it has helped me to believe even more and better in myself.

Inevitably, when I recall, years of solitude, dedication, learning and constant reinvention pass fleeting through my mind. Travels to unusual places where life has led me inside and outside of myself, with the eyes and the heart wide open.

I've lived each and every moment of all these years as intensely as I have been able. I have accumulated and shared so many experiences, exhibitions, people, and I have displayed so much energy into each project, picture or object been materialized that it seems impossible to make count of all. I have endeavored to translate this restlessness that sometimes it is overwhelming, I know; it drives me out of my comfort zone and it pulls the limits ever further, with all its implications. So I move easily from feeling invulnerable to feeling insignificant. It's as if the strength of the sublime, present in the natural environment as well as in the nature of things, raises me more than my own contingency. The process is triggered like a storm absorbing everything, any everyday life element is metamorphosed into a ritual and poetic object. So, increasingly, I feel like a shaman who provides spiritual food, an alchemist playing with vital arcana. I would like to share with my work a vital and powerful beat, like my own heartbeat.

I always think that every show will be the last one, so there is an unconditional dedication in every gesture and every moment. I do not believe in creation as a professional occupation, I am a creative spirit without other occupation, even though it was hard for me to assume it. The most important thing for me is not that creation is my livelihood, but that creation is my way of subsisting, which has become my life force and this life force I can infect with it to the others.

All of this enforced to position myself in a lifestyle that is still frightening, but it leads me to come into terms with the risk. I do not know if I could live without the adventure and almost all the works are rooted in the experience of being alive.

I never understood my activity as a purely formal employment. The forms are there but the most important is what speaks beyond its appearance. All that is evoked, suggested, remembered, caused. In short, all that is been formed and shaped, beyond its current evanescent presence, since this presence is metamorphosed according to location, lighting and connection to other works.

Having said that, I state "Neither the sea sleeps." Something or someone is awake forever. I speak about a constant drive life, an endless expansion... even in the seemingly stillness and silence. The immensity of the sea, the unleashed forces of the hell, the metaphor or transcript of the emotions is contained in a fishbowl. The tremendous storm is being brought home by a small bowl. Also I can feel the Temperance in the image of a hat, magically suspended in the air. This verticality of the candle on the crown, in a state of permanent alert, this swinging between attachment and rejection manages to uplift us. The perfect balance between the attraction and repulsion forces. And the surprising void of the magnetic field that is so plenum!

Like a musical scherzo, as a summary, I would say that any of my exhibition was essentially a kind of alchemical blend between "me", Pamen, and the matter as the mother or germ of my creation. The matter is a participant of all elements and their infinite transmigrations. I can move skilfully in the four elements as I can easily dissolve in any substance. I can be any of the elements and its fruit. Be water, fire, earth, air. But also a plant, a stone, a bird and to move like a fish in the water.

To get up and dance transforming the matter is to conceive something new that is not me nor the original material, but poetical objects and ritual spaces. But in order to get up and dance first one has to sing, and to sing means to use the voice of the soul. And when I sing I develop my own power in order to make the raw material that seemed inert come to life. A magical power that gets evoked with a magical song, for every song is, from the very beginning, a ritual celebration of life or death, of planting or harvest, an invocation to the rain that fertilizes the soil. Thus, the water woman keeps and will keep on singing until the stone woman gets up and dances.

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