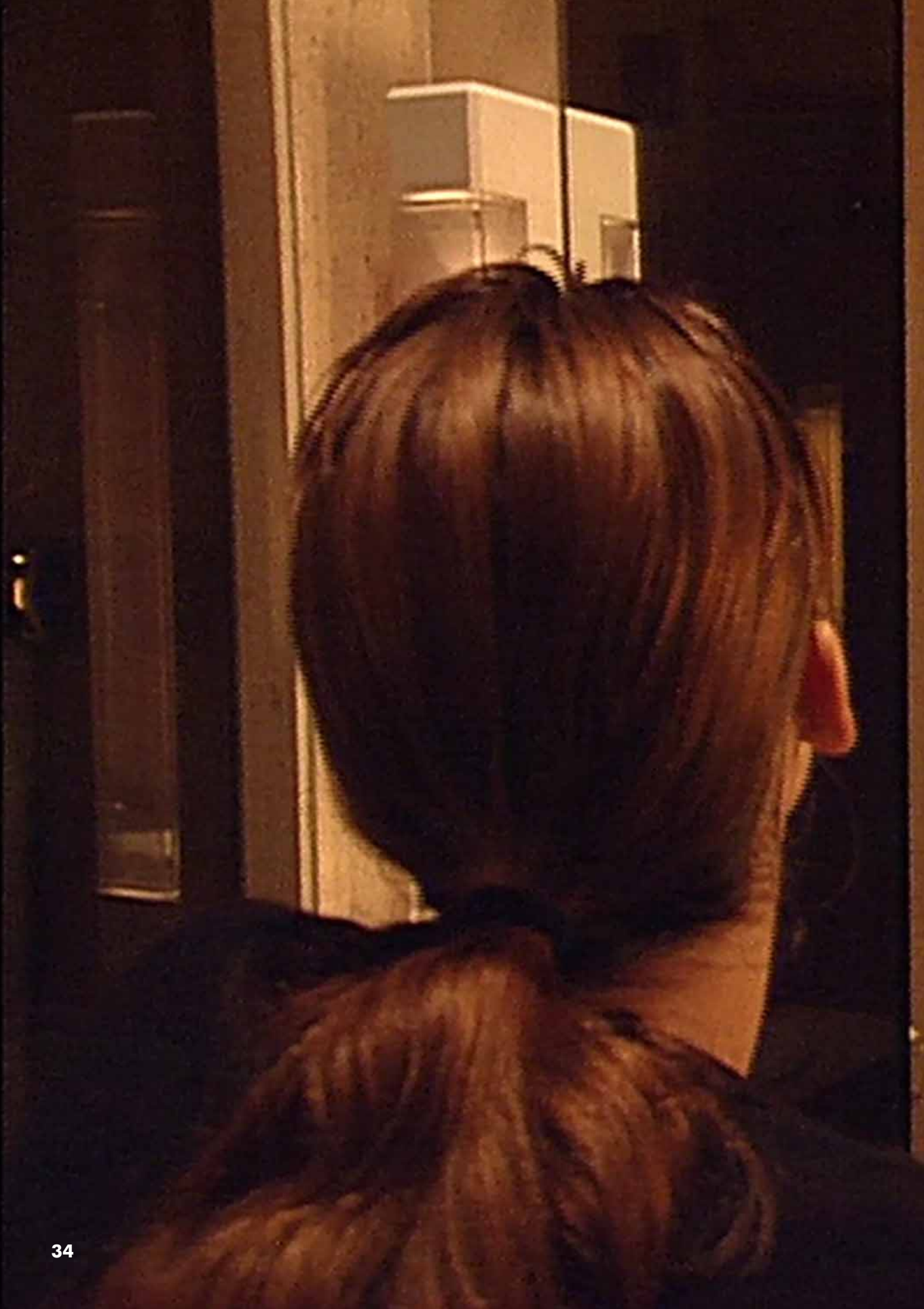
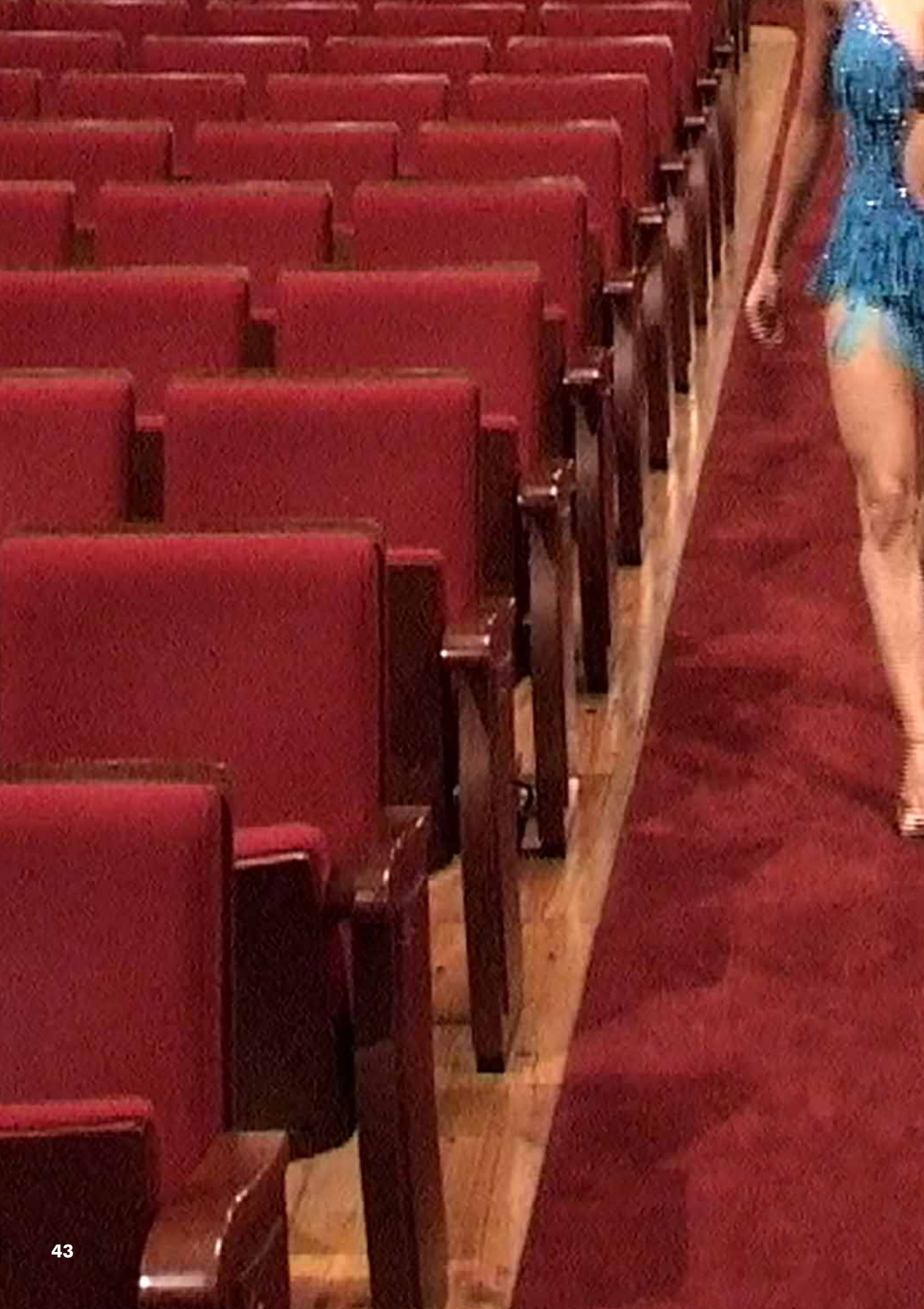
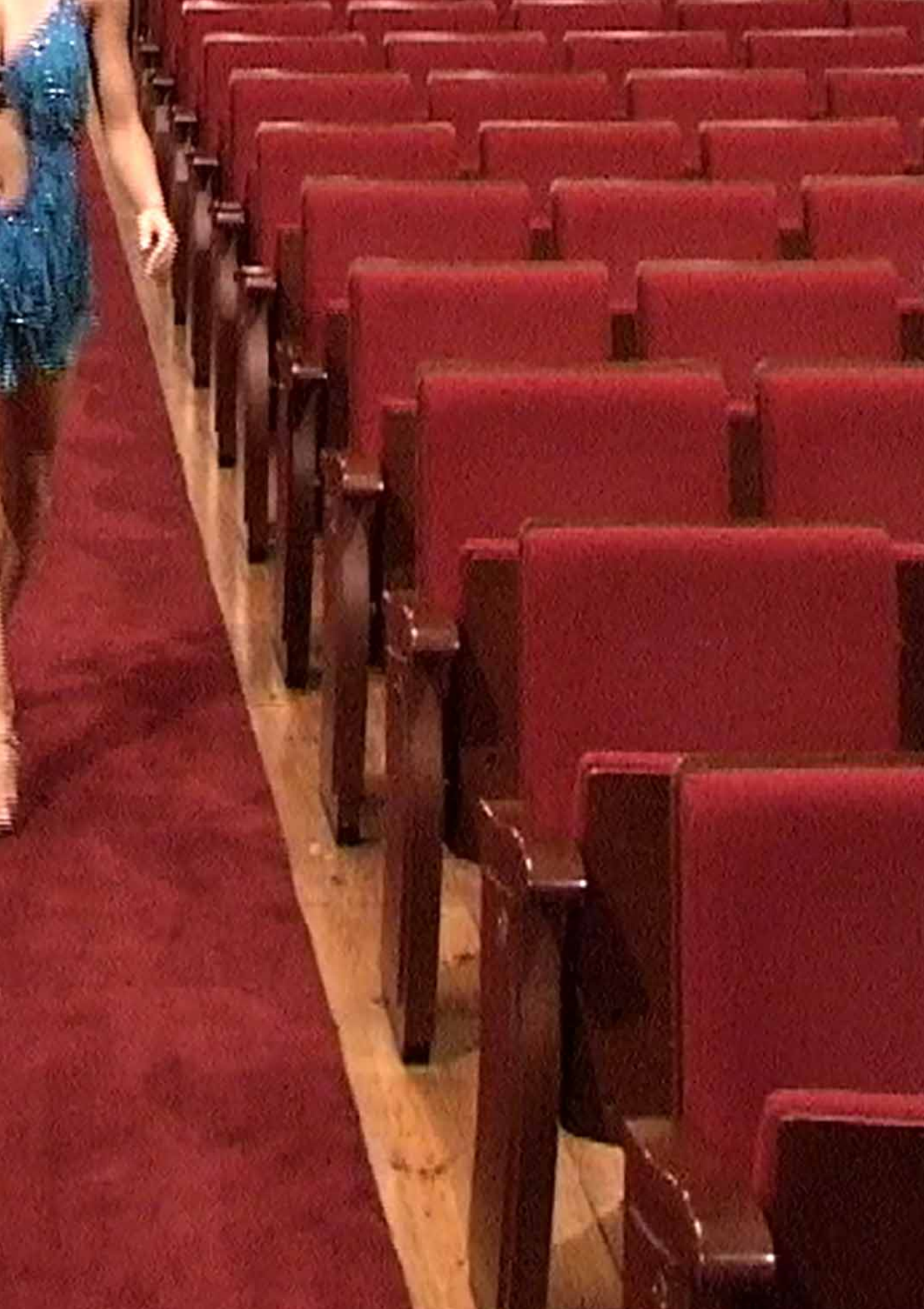
JULIÃO SARMENTO

THE COMPLETE FILM WORKS







There is a young postman mov
He has rather bad skin. In fact,

ving around the building.
, he has an extremely red face.

51 FILMES/ FILMS

1967-2015

1
Graça de sua Graça
1967
Destruído/Destroyed

2
Couch
1968
Destruído/Destroyed

3
Maio 68
1968
Destruído/Destroyed

4
Happy Birthday
1968
Destruído/Destroyed

5
O Pintor e o Modelo
1968
Destruído/Destroyed

6
Hotel d'Angleterre
1969
Destruído/Destroyed

7
Porto Covo
1971
Destruído/Destroyed

8
Ema
1972
Destruído/Destroyed

9
Santa Barbara
1973
Destruído/Destroyed

10
1,2,3
1975

11
TV
1975

12
Media
1975

13
Pernas
1975

14
Acordar
1976

15
Cheio
1976
Destruído/Destroyed

16
Costas
1976
Destruído/Destroyed

17
Cópias
1976

18
Faces
1976

19
Sombra
1976

20
Rumba
1976

21
Helenica
1977
Destruído/Destroyed

22
Ça va?
1977
Destruído/Destroyed

23
Lobo
1978
Destruído/Destroyed

24
Déjà vu
1979
Destruído/Destroyed

25
Blue Triangle
1980
Destruído/Destroyed

26
Landscape
1980

27
Sem título (BL 1)
1996

28
Sem título (BL 2)
1996

29
Urban Corpo
1997

30
ECLISSEOTTOEMEZZO
1998

31
Untitled (Following)
1999

32
Charm
2001

33
Close
2001

34
Doppelgänger
2001

35
Parasite
2003

36
Dirty Diana
2003

37
Lacan's Assumption
2003

38
Drift
2003

39
Ghost
2004

40
Ghosts
2004

41
STAR
2005

42
Toile
2006

43
Jolie Valse
2007

44
Voyeur
2007

45
Portuguese Class
2009

46
Leporello
2010

47
Cromlech
2010

48
R.O.C. (40 plus one)
2011

49
Commercial Break
2011

50
Snow Dancing
2012

51
O Fim do Mundo
2015

ÍNDICE

ÍNDICE

Este livro tem no título uma palavra que não devia lá estar: *complete*. Porque a obra de Julião Sarmento nunca estará completa. Enquanto existirem pessoas que olhem para as suas pinturas, esculturas, desenhos, instalações e filmes, a sua obra continuará. E, por isso, estou certo de que as suas obras são infinitas.

No futuro, não irão surgir obras material e formalmente novas, mas, de cada vez que regressarmos ao trabalho deste artista, descobriremos novos sentidos, novas relações e profundidades inesperadas, mantendo as obras de JS sempre novas, por isso sempre incompletas, sempre em transformação. Esta é a juventude do seu trabalho. E essa energia, tão clara no modo como olhava o mundo e a arte, está depositada, como uma potência inesgotável, em cada uma das suas obras. Por isso, este livro é, num certo sentido, enganador. Porque as peças que aqui reunimos não estão completas, mas em contínuo processo de desenvolvimento.

É sabida a maneira como o JS sempre quis experimentar coisas novas, conhecer novos artistas, desenvolver novos projectos. Tinha sempre alguma ideia inesperada para contar e em que nos queria envolver. Não se tratava de um programa ou de uma estratégia, mas de um modo de estar no mundo: insaciável, movido por uma enorme curiosidade e dono da maior e da melhor juventude de todas.

Desde 2017 que o Julião começou a colaborar com a Escola das Artes da Universidade Católica Portuguesa. Primeiro numa exposição com o título "Julião Sarmento. Film Works" onde se juntaram a maioria dos seus trabalhos em filme e vídeo e que deu origem a este livro, cujos primeiros passos foram ainda acompanhados pelo artista. Depois, como membro do nosso conselho consultivo. Nesse papel, esteve connosco imensas vezes em diálogo com alunos estudantes de artes e com novos artistas e mostrando a mesma frontalidade, generosidade e exigência de qualidade que assumia para com todos os que o rodeavam.

Cada vez que cá voltava, para além das novidades que trazia, insistia em explicar o mesmo: um artista não se pode ensinar. Para além do embaraço

que nos causava esta sua lição crítica acerca das ambições das escolas de arte que pretendem profissionalizar os artistas, reforçava que tudo depende da inquietação, da curiosidade e da verdade que os artistas devem colocar naquilo que se propõem fazer. Muito dessa vontade de experimentação e da sua tão caraterística inquietação é inteiramente visível nas obras reunidas nesta publicação.

Gostava de agradecer a todos os meus / minhas colegas e alunos da Escola das Artes pela colaboração, empenho, rigor e entusiasmo que colocaram quer na exposição que fizemos, quer no desenvolvimento da edição que conclui o projecto que começámos com o JS. Em especial a João Covita, João Pereira, João Pedro Amorim, Margarida Dinis e Maria Silva. Aos autores que contribuíram com a sua reflexão e aceitaram publicar os seus textos neste livro: Ana Anacleto, André Silveira, Chrissie Iles, Delfim Sardo e Kerry Brougher. Uma palavra especial à Ana Rocha do Atelier Julião Sarmento pela colaboração no projecto editorial.

Quero ainda agradecer ao Manuel Rosa da editora Documenta que não só tem possibilitado a a existência desta colecção, mas que torna cada um dos nossos livros num motivo de orgulho. Não posso deixar de realçar o contributo do Pedro Falcão que, com a sua habitual intuição e compreensão das dificuldades em representar num livro uma obra de arte, foi decisivo para o resultado final que atingimos. Também quero agradecer ao Delfim Sardo a cumplicidade e solidariedade com que nos ajudou a resolver dúvidas e a pensar soluções. À Isabel Sarmento e à Associação Julião Sarmento agradeço a confiança depositada na Escola das Artes da Universidade Católica em desenvolver um livro com a importância que este tem.

À Prof. Dra Isabel Braga da Cruz, pró-reitora da UCP responsável pela gestão do *campus* do Porto, pela confiança e entusiasmo que coloca no projecto de ensino e de produção artística por nós desenvolvido. Finalmente, um agradecimento especial à Professora Doutora Isabel Capeloa Gil, magnífica reitora da UCP, pelo contínuo incentivo e reconhecimento da relevância das artes e dos processos artísticos não só no desenvolvimento de uma sociedade mais inteligente e ética, mas também no projecto comum que é a Universidade Católica.

Infelizmente este livro não pode cumprir a sua função inicial. Que começou por ser um balanço dos trabalhos de imagem em movimento do Julião, a partir do qual iríamos desenvolver um novo filme para o qual já tinha uma ideia: "eu depois conto-te", dizia sempre o JS, transformou-se entretanto

neste livro. Nunca cheguei a saber qual era a nova ideia, nem poderemos fazer o filme que JS (que tanto amava o cinema) queria fazer. Talvez seja melhor assim. Mas mesmo não podendo fazer o filme que ele queria, continuaremos o que com ele começou e faremos das suas obras lugares vivos de experiência, de pensamento e contemplação. Obrigado Julião.

Nota

Este livro foi construído a partir da base de dados do Atelier Julião Sarmento e todos os filmes existentes, destruídos ou desaparecidos, foram numerados segundo a sua ordem cronológica. Para cada um deles foi feita uma descrição técnica, bem como elencadas todas as informações disponíveis à data: bibliografia, reproduções e exposições onde cada um dos filmes foi apresentado. Cada obra é também apresentada por uma breve sinopse que faz a aproximação possível a uma matéria que Sarmento queria fluída e aberta a diferentes leituras, e em que o que está fora de campo é parte fundamental. A momentos, estas sinopses também nos ajudam a compreender a complexa trama de referências e ecos que tece e liga as obras de JS entre si, e que as coloca em diálogo com o seu universo artístico e literário.

Se, até ao início dos anos de 1980, os trabalhos de imagem em movimento de JS viviam sobretudo das imagens e de ocasionais jogos com as palavras dos seus títulos, a partir dessa época as suas obras vídeo não só alteram o modelo de produção incluindo outras participações na tessitura dos filmes que não só o próprio artista, mas começam igualmente a surgir obras em que o texto assume uma importância central. Muitos desses textos foram apropriados de poetas como T. S. Eliot, ou de filósofos como Wittgenstein, outros ainda foram construídos pelo próprio artista criando universos ficcionais bastante singulares.

Dada a importância que os escritos assumem nestas obras, fez-se a transcrição integral desses textos na sua versão original. Há, por isso, muitas vezes uma confluência de línguas que mantivemos na forma como surgem nas obras originais de JS. Esses textos foram integralmente traduzidos para inglês. Cada título é antecedido por um número que facilita a descoberta da obra fílmica de Julião Sarmento através das informações, das imagens e dos textos que compõem este catálogo.

Nuno Crespo
Director Escola das Artes
Universidade Católica Portuguesa

O PENSAMENTO CINEMÁTICO DE JULIÃO SARMENTO

Delfim Sardo

De forma sucinta, pode-se afirmar, creio que sem grande margem para erro, que toda a obra de Julião Sarmento é, matricialmente, tributária do cinema. Os exemplos que podemos recolher são inúmeros e mergulham no dealbar do seu percurso artístico: as pinturas que marcam o seu início, nos primeiros anos da década de 1970, são representações de entidades, normalmente animais, que desaparecem pelas margens da tela e apresentam uma das questões mais relevantes do seu trabalho, o "fora-de-campo", categoria cinematográfica por natureza; as séries fotográficas que ocupam Sarmento entre 1974 e o final da década são esqueletos de projectos fílmicos, guiões, quase *storyboards* fotográficos; as pinturas dos anos de 1980, na sua fragmentação, colagem e dramaturgia são cinemáticas na sua construção (quando não mesmo nas alusões fílmicas específicas); as pinturas brancas parecem nascidas de um plano-sequência de *The Passenger*, o filme de 1975 de Antonioni, bem como a forma como a arquitectura entra nas suas pinturas revela uma paixão e profundo conhecimento do cinema que mapeou a arquitectura de Palm Springs, de Lautner e Neutra; tudo isto para além das directas referências a filmes, a atores, a personagens, a inclusão de citações, primeiras frases de uma actriz num filme, alusões a realizadores, livros sobre cinema, citações, reapropriações e mesmo uma instalação intitulada *Rosebud*.

Para além de tudo isto, no entanto, Julião Sarmento fez filmes desde 1971, primeiro em super-8, depois em vídeo. Mesmo os seus vídeos são filmes. E, finalmente, os seus filmes não o são: parecem filmes, mas são imagens colocadas em movimento, palcos convertidos em *plateaux*, tudo numa jiga-joga entre o interesse que sempre teve pela imagem nascida no contexto da representação e a imagem projectada na expectativa do espectador.

Nesse sentido, então, a obra fílmica de Julião Sarmento, ocupando um lugar fundamental no seu percurso, não condensa, em si mesma, a sua relação com o cinema, nem com a imagem projectada, nem ainda com as tecnologias lenticulares de tratamento da representação que ocuparam tantos artistas (como ele próprio), nas neo-vanguardas – campo no qual Julião formatou o seu interesse pela prática artística. Provavelmente de uma forma muito próxima em relação a John Baldessari, seu amigo, referência e uma das figuras na arte contemporânea de quem se sentiria mais próximo, Julião Sarmento concebia a sua relação com o cinema de uma forma imersiva e estruturante para o seu trabalho. As modalidades de imagem a que recorria nascem, em boa parte, da relação com o ecrã e com os mecanismos constitutivos da narrativa cinematográfica, não necessitando, portanto, de replicar os procedimentos do cinema nas obras em que utilizou a imagem em movimento,

mesmo se a ontologia a que as vinculava – assente na relação com a lente, o pensamento sobre o plano, o movimento e o enquadramento e, necessariamente, a vocação para a projecção —, parecia querer delas fazer cinema.

O primeiro aspecto a ter em conta, no entanto, é que a fundamentação global das imagens de Sarmento (incluindo as pinturas, as fotografias, as esculturas e muitos dos desenhos) reside em algo que se encontra para lá das imagens elas mesmas. Por vezes essa condição fugidia da sua imagética – que pode só ser vista como um relance – encontra-se fora do campo da imagem, outras vezes o interior do campo da imagem apaga segmentos, instaura o fragmento como a única possível ferramenta do reconhecimento. Esta lógica fragmentar, no entanto, não deriva de um entendimento romântico de que no fragmento se encontra o sintoma de um qualquer todo, mas precisamente no seu oposto – a convicção de que a imagem só pode ser fragmentar porque não existe um todo cognoscível, todo ele situado fora do nosso campo cognitivo, sobretudo se entendermos que o conhecimento é o exercício de uma capacidade narrativa. Num texto sobre a obra de Julião Sarmento, a teórica e crítica norte-americana Jan Avgikos refere que o artista lhe teria dito que só lhe interessaria "a vida privada". Esta afirmação, colocada no contexto da sua produção artística, permite compreender que o seu foco foi sempre o de tentar mostrar a partir de um ponto de vista (de cada vez), como se as suas imagens nunca ambicionassem qualquer exemplaridade, mas possibilitassem a generosa construção de uma narrativa projectiva. É nesse sentido que poderíamos entender a sua obra como uma construção cinemática – provavelmente mais do que cinematográfica – porque os processos do cinema, os arqueológicos, com o a câmara fixa e a imagem frontal que assiste e documenta uma acção, ou os decorrentes da edição e montagem, ou a sua crítica posterior (o longo plano-sequência, ou a utilização da câmara subjectiva), envolvem toda a sua obra nos vários suportes a que se dedicou. Quase como um isomorfismo dos procedimentos cinematográficos, a obra de Julião Sarmento explora as metodologias do cinema, começando, no entanto, pelo cinema experimental de Jonas Mekas, Andy Warhol e Michael Snow nos filmes super-8, entendendo a ideia de "expanded field" proposta e analisada pioneiramente por Gene Youngblood em obras como *Rosebud* (1980), ambientais e imersivas; encontrando no filme a liberdade para a construção da teatralidade que a crítica, na esteira de Michael Fried tão decisivamente tinha rechaçado através da definição de campos frontais de acção, palcos nos quais os atores directamente falam para nós (tão declaradamente anti-diderotianamente); reconfigurando a espacialidade do filme projectado

em instalações que usam a dupla projecção (*Döppelganger*, 2001) ou a obscena proximidade do espectador em relação à superfície do ecrã, com o em *Close* (2001, com Atom Egoyan), recuperando a trucagem mais eficaz e ingénua do cinema, quase como uma homenagem a Meliés em *Parasite* (2003), recorrendo às mesmas imagens, reiteradamente, como em *Rumba* (1976) e *Jolie Valse* (2007); usando a pornografia, uma e outra vez, como o campo em que a subjectividade do olhar cinematográfico desaparece face ao uso do olhar directo do actor para o espectador, instaurando reiteradamente a obscenidade desse olhar que gera uma incontornável *Verfremdung*.

Em todo o caso, a obra de Julião Sarmento, seja em que campo for, em que tipologia, em qualquer das suas múltiplas relação e remissões literárias e imagéticas, é na montagem, na *stoppage* e na clivagem, no fragmento e no fora-de-campo, que encontra o seu fundamento.

A sua obra é, portanto, uma cinemática permanentemente trabalhada e refeita, apaixonada e crítica, um processo no qual o cinema encontra a pintura como as duas tradições da narrativa da imagem. A sua antropologia do singular, do privado e do fugidio é aqui que assenta.

O CINEMA DAS ILUSÕES PERDIDAS

Kerry Brougher

1

> Il est partout : la bombe qui détruit ma maison entame aussi mon corps, en tant que la maison état déjà une indication de mon corps.
> JEAN-PAUL SARTRE[1]

Há um momento, perto do final do filme *Cromlech* (2010), de Julião Sarmento, em que uma voz-off irrompe a explicar os elementos do cenário: uma pequena casa branca minimalista situada no Portugal rural. Uma voz feminina incorpórea fala de uma forma bastante banal sobre a arquitetura e engenharia da casa. De forma contraintuitiva, a descrição não é feita por cima de imagens da casa, mas de grandes planos muito aproximados das três mulheres que a habitam: planos de pormenor dos pescoços e ombros desnudados, das linhas formadas pelas pernas, do lado direito de uma cara. A longa explicação sobre a casa é dividida em três secções calculadas. São utilizados termos arquitectónicos, como "plataformas", "volume", "alas sequenciais", e a mulher descreve como um pátio exterior «se abre sobre a paisagem virada a sudeste» e como um «plano oblíquo virtual interceta o volume puramente prismático da casa», provocando uma "distorção".

O termo "distorção" parece especialmente apropriado a *Cromlech*, mas também à maioria da obra fílmica de Sarmento. O momento da voz-off é ligeiramente dissonante; antes disso, as três mulheres e o seu ambiente são revelados apenas por composições estáticas cuidadosamente enquadradas ou por travellings que deslizam suavemente pela casa e à sua volta. As interações das mulheres parecem calorosas, mas são quase inaudíveis, e por vezes a câmara desfoca-as intencionalmente, concentrando-se antes na arquitetura. Sarmento estabelece uma tensão entre as mulheres e a casa, sendo que nenhuma parece ser o tema do filme. Este centra-se, antes, na interação entre os dois *motifs*. Beatriz Colomina comentou que «a arquitetura não é apenas uma plataforma que acomoda o sujeito observador. É um mecanismo de observação que produz o sujeito. Precede e enquadra o seu ocupante.»[2] De facto, nalguns planos, as mulheres tornam-se *tableaux vivants*, naturezas-mortas dentro e à volta da casa, quase como se a casa as tivesse produzido, e não o contrário. O efeito é assombroso, parecendo por vezes que as mulheres são intemporais, ou melhor, estão fora do tempo, enquanto a casa assume um carácter infinito. A interrupção por parte da voz-off dissipa qualquer ideia de que este filme é um documentário sobre a casa ou um estudo fictício sobre as personagens. Em vez

disso, o artista apresenta uma fusão desarticulada de som, linguagem e visão, casando o corpo e a estrutura. Trata-se de uma "distorção", através de meios cinematográficos, do pacto tradicional que existe entre o espetador e o cinema – uma expectativa de reportagem ou de ficção. Sarmento usa o cinema para conseguir algo que não é um nem outro, nem real nem ilusório. Pelo contrário, cria um estado em que retira a seres e estruturas camadas de significado social, psicológico e sexual, reduzindo-os a algo de essencial e elementar.

"Cromeleque" é o termo usado para denominar estruturas megalíticas milenares que se pensa terem providenciado algum tipo de abrigo, ou para círculos de pedras usados para fins religiosos ou astronómicos. Em ambos os casos, o interior e o exterior fluem juntos. "Habitante" não será, provavelmente, a palavra adequada para descrever um ser humano que se encontre num cromeleque, dado que o exterior e o interior são definidos mais por linhas indistintas do que por uma fronteira formada por paredes. Enquanto os arquitetos modernos, de Ludwig Mies van der Rohe a Renzo Piano, utilizam a transparência para ligar o interior e o exterior, o cromeleque não faz qualquer distinção entre os dois, apenas entre o espaço cerimonial e a paisagem. O título do filme de Sarmento atira a casa contemporânea de volta para a pré-história. A "personagem" é reduzida a uma figura e o lar a uma simples estrutura. O cromeleque é uma forma conceptual de negar qualquer leitura modernista do que estamos a testemunhar; pelo contrário, figura e fundo, forma humana e abrigo fluem naturalmente entre si. Em *Cromlech*, como em outros filmes de Sarmento, a fêmea, tão tingida pela escopofilia na nossa era pós-vitoriana, é apresentada de um modo que devolve o seu sexo, tal como a casa, a um estado não distorcido, embora ironicamente através de um ato de distorção cinemática.

O teórico de arte e cinema Rudolf Arnheim depreendeu que «o efeito do filme não é absolutamente bidimensional nem absolutamente tridimensional.»[3] Assim, não é surpreendente que Sarmento – desde o início da sua carreira interessado quer pelas artes visuais quer pela arquitectura, seja em duas ou três dimensões – escolha trabalhar frequentemente com o suporte fílmico, um meio que junta planura e profundidade. Talvez a brancura monocromática das pinturas de Sarmento deva muito à vastidão branca da tela de cinema, rectângulo iluminado rodeado de escuridão e janela que deixa entrar, não a luz natural da arquitectura, mas a luz artificial e transcendental da ficção. Porém, o artista distorce o cinema, transformando-o num território autorreflexivo de modo a alterar esse ecrã iluminado, destruir a ficção e reconectá-la com o mundo.

Quando visitamos um edifício, temos de mover-nos através da arquitectura, mas no cinema o espectador está sentado e é o edifício que se move à sua volta. O espectador só pode mover-se através da arquitectura enquanto está sentado se o realizador se tiver previamente deslocado através dela, usando a objectiva da câmara como uma extensão do olho. No início da história do cinema, o grande documentarista soviético Dziga Vertov chamou a este fenómeno «kinoglaz» [cine-olho], um «olho mecânico» que capta, não o «conto de fadas burguês» produzido pelos cineastas de longas metragens comerciais, mas a verdade fílmica, «[n]ão "filmar a vida de improviso" em nome do "improviso", mas para mostrar as pessoas sem máscaras, sem maquilhagem, captá-las através do olho da objectiva num momento em que não estão a representar e ler os seus pensamentos, revelados pela câmara.»[4] Sarmento usa igualmente a câmara para atravessar camadas de linguagem e conceitos pré-concebidos, desvelar detalhes que revelam a verdade da imagem em contraposição a interpretações psicológicas ou contaminadas. Nos seus filmes, flutuamos através do tempo e espaço, e descobrimos que essa flutuação se tornou o sujeito; testemunhamos o corpo a uma proximidade extrema e compreendemos que o que interessa é a linha e a composição; observamos à medida que a luz altera formas e estruturas e entendemos que a luz inconstante é, ela própria, um sujeito. No cinema de Sarmento, também podemos ser interrompidos abruptamente por detalhes vívidos quando a objectiva enquadra rigorosamente a curva de uma perna, o ângulo de um pescoço ou a forma como o tecido toca na pele. Através do aparato cinemático, corpo e espaço, figura e fundo são unificados, passando a existir ao mesmo nível – forma pura libertada de todo o significado predeterminado. Os filmes deste artista turvam o espaço profundo da realidade com a bidimensionalidade do ecrã iluminado. Corpos escorrem para fora da brancura prateada do ecrã, o qual é duplicado na imagem por uma parede pintada ou um pano de fundo monocromático. O cinema não é outra coisa senão plano, uma superfície coberta apenas pela mais fina camada de luz. Porém, é um vazio iluminado que, se reajustado, pode revelar camadas de significado nas circunstâncias mais íntimas e privadas – o lugar para onde viajamos com Sarmento.

2

> *São os espectadores que fazem as imagens*, na verdade.
> Elas estão no interior.
> THIERRY DE DUVE[5]

Sarmento surgiu como artista no início da década de 1970, logo após uma época em que realizadores de filmes comerciais e experimentais começaram a desmontar o aparato cinemático. Foi uma era que expandiu os limites do cinema, tornando este meio mais autorreflexivo. Os realizadores exploraram a filmagem no exterior com câmaras leves, como a Arriflex e a Bolex com motor de corda, investigaram novas estratégias de edição, como o *jump cut* e o *take* muito longo, e chamaram a atenção para a materialidade da película cinematográfica. Na mesma altura em que o sistema de estúdio da fábrica de sonhos começava a colapsar, cineastas de todos os tipos começaram a rejeitar o artifício e a teatralidade encenada de Hollywood, optando antes por desconstruir o vocabulário estabelecido do cinema.

A clássica máquina de sonhos de Hollywood deturpava a nossa percepção do mundo, acrescentando camadas psicológicas a formas de ver já de si complexas. De acordo com a crítica Laura Mulvey, no limite, a fábrica de sonhos criava o «prazer de olhar para outra pessoa como um objecto».[6] Apesar de não estar confinada ao cinema – as artes visuais também tiveram influência na manifestação da mentalidade voyeurista –, foi esta indústria que criou a objectificação da mulher através de uma *mise-en-scène* calculada, cinematografia de alto contraste, vestuário sedutor e extravagante e um radiante design de produção pseudoexpressionista. Estas perversões e obsessões tecidas pela ficção transformaram-se em grandes obras de arte pelas mãos de realizadores como Josef von Sternberg e Alfred Hitchcock, que moldaram estrelas como Marlene Dietrich e Ingrid Bergman, transformando-as em ícones sensuais.

Na década de 1950, Hollywood começou a olhar para o seu funcionamento interno. Billy Wilder em *O Crepúsculo dos Deuses* (1950), Vincente Minnelli em *Cativos do Mal* (1952) e Robert Aldrich em *Que Teria Acontecido a Baby Jane?* (1962) viraram do avesso a fábrica de sonhos, revelando o lado obscuro da indústria. Esta desconstrução incluiu uma nova sondagem das bases voyeuristas do cinema, analisadas em filmes como *A Janela Indiscreta* (1954) e *Psico* (1960), de Alfred Hitchcock. Em Inglaterra, o filme de 1960 intitulado *A Vítima do Medo* [*Peeping Tom*, no original], de Michael Powell, destaca-se como sendo talvez o filme mais voyeurista de todos, uma vez que o realizador conta com

a cumplicidade do espectador no acto de assassinar. Dado o seu interesse no corpo feminino, na sexualidade, no gesto violento e no filme enquanto *medium*, não surpreende que Sarmento tenha escolhido *Peeping Tom* como título de um dos seus quadros.

No cinema experimental, os artistas procuravam inspiração na intimidade, privacidade e secretismo da estética do filme doméstico. A câmara errante na mão de Stan Brakhage captou visões pessoais e alucinogénias de um universo cósmico interno, enquanto Yoko Ono e Carolee Schneemann se focaram no voyeurismo cinemático e a desfetichização da identidade da mulher. Andy Warhol empurrou novamente o cinema para dentro de si mesmo em 1963 e 1964, deixando as bobinas de película rodar até ao fim na sua série de «Screen-tests» e utilizando um único plano contínuo para captar oito horas de imagens no Empire State Building. Também os seus grandes planos fechados de rostos e corpos em filmes como *Blow Job* e *Sleep* decerto influenciaram os primeiros trabalhos de Sarmento.

Este artista inspirou-se nos cineastas europeus que se enquadravam algures entre o cinema experimental e o comercial, incorporando muitas das suas abordagens na sua obra. Entre estes contam-se Alain Resnais, que utilizou planos muito aproximados do corpo humano em *Hiroshima Meu Amor* (1959) e longos *travellings* com actores em pose em *O Último Ano em Marienbad* (1961), e Ingmar Bergman, que recorreu à voz-off, inspecções concentradas do rosto humano e a exposição ocasional do aparato cinemático nas suas tentativas de explorar a identidade da mulher em filmes como *A Máscara*, de 1966. Acima de tudo, Luis Buñuel e o seu interesse em imagens do foro sexual e religioso foram certamente cruciais para Sarmento. O cinema tornava-se menos linear, mais não-narrativo e subversivo na sua linguagem. Saíra do confinamento do palco sonoro e entrara no mundo "real". O domínio de Hollywood vacilava e o papel do cinema era profundamente questionado.

Nos seus primeiros filmes, o artista usa muitos dos dispositivos de cineastas progressivos, incluindo a fragmentação do tempo e espaço, planos extremamente longos, a colisão entre tempo real e tempo ficcional e grandes planos fechados. Entre os primeiros filmes de Sarmento ainda existentes encontra-se uma obra de 1975 intitulada *1,2,3*. Neste curto filme Super 8, um fundo monocromático texturado serve de tela em branco para uma espécie de apresentação, mas a única acção que decorre é o aparecimento dos números 1, 2 e 3, um de cada vez. Não existe narrativa nem personagens, apenas a marcação do tempo à medida que o filme corre através do projector, o que evoca a contagem decrescente para o início de um filme, mas ao contrário.

Trata-se de um filme materialista ao limite que adquire uma qualidade ainda mais autorreflexiva através da sua apresentação – o ruído do projector e o tremeluzir dos fotogramas tornados visíveis pela velocidade de projecção, mais lenta que a de filmagem.

Apesar de Sarmento se ter recusado sempre a limitar-se a um *medium*, o filme é um suporte especialmente adequado ao seu desejo de lidar com «a política do desejo».[7] *Pernas* (1975) consiste num único *take* com a câmara a focar o torso de uma mulher que enverga apenas ligas de renda preta e cuja cabeça se encontra fora do campo de visão. Durante cerca de três minutos e meio, o tempo de duração de um cartucho de filme Super 8, a mulher «sem cabeça» permanece de pé em frente de uma parede vazia, ajustando ocasionalmente a sua posição, mas sem fazer qualquer movimento especialmente provocante. A cerca de três quartos do filme, a exposição muda, tornando a imagem mais clara e fundindo mais o corpo com a parede monocromática. A expectativa criada no espectador pela imagem inicial é a de um filme pornográfico de baixo orçamento, mas esta é rapidamente redireccionada pelo ponto de vista inflexível e invariável da câmara, a cabeça desaparecida, a falta de acção, a ausência de edição e os estranhos movimentos da mulher. Sarmento subverte convenções, transformando o filme numa peça que é simultaneamente sobre o processo de produção cinematográfica e sobre as imagens em si. A apresentação da mulher exposta transforma-se num outro acto de exposição: a exposição do filme enquanto este percorre o interior da câmara e a sua reexposição quando projectado. Esta relação entre a imagem e o aparato cria um espaço no qual a sexualidade se torna transparente, e o filme torna-se então num estudo de luz, forma, movimento subtil e enquadramento. Os aspectos eróticos do trabalho passam para segundo plano, dando-nos a distância necessária para contemplarmos o mecanismo do desejo, em vez de nos deixarmos absorver pela imagem erótica. De certo modo, *Pernas* transporta-nos para a invenção do cinema, quando os irmãos Lumière filmavam as «actualidades», captando o mundo com a magia do cinematógrafo – uma câmara, caixa de revelação e projector num único objecto que partilhava as luzes da ribalta com as imagens em movimento que projectava.

A cabeça da mulher pode não estar lá, mas é substituída pela câmara, um olho que vê e que olha intensamente para o seu próprio corpo. Contudo, a câmara é simultaneamente a cabeça dela e a nossa, mas com um olhar neutro. Vê, mas não tem qualquer expectativa de narrativa, conhecimento da história do corpo objectificado ou noção do desejo masculino. Tal como o cine-olho de Vertov, a câmara de Sarmento é uma máquina de observação objectiva

que capta o que está ali, a «verdade» da situação. Se o espectador espera outra coisa, como um acto erótico sórdido, fica totalmente desapontado e tem de virar o seu olhar para dentro.

Muita da matéria de Sarmento, e da sua abordagem à produção de arte, encontra-se neste simples filme inicial: o foco na mulher, na sexualidade e na objectificação; a parede monocromática como tela em branco (que seria incorporada nas suas Pinturas Brancas duas décadas mais tarde); a fusão entre o corpo e o pano de fundo; e, acima de tudo, a amplificação do próprio *medium* para neutralizar as ilusões cinemáticas e abrir o sentido da imagem. Esta abordagem é usada por Sarmento em muitos dos seus filmes mais antigos. Em *Faces* (1976), Sarmento foca línguas que se tocam, um acto sensual que, visto repetidamente com um grau de pormenor desconfortável, perde a sua aura erótica e se transforma num estudo de movimento e anatomia. Em *Sombra*, do mesmo ano, a iluminação varia lentamente sobre duas mulheres nuas, transformando a imagem erótica num estudo de *chiaroscuro*.

Em trabalhos posteriores, os filmes de Sarmento tornam-se mais complexos, à medida que o artista começa a usar a câmara em movimento, ecrãs múltiplos e até sequências invertidas. Em *Untitled*, de 1999, Sarmento filma uma mulher de camisa branca e saia preta – uma "personagem" recorrente que também encontramos nas suas pinturas – enquanto esta desce uma calçada. A mulher é filmada de trás, com a cabeça fora do enquadramento, o que transmite uma sensação voyeurista e ameaçadora, como se nós – o público – a estivéssemos a perseguir. Trata-se, é claro, de um tropo observado em inúmeros filmes comerciais e experimentais, desde *A Mulher Que Viveu Duas Vezes* (1958) de Hitchcock a *Rape* (1969) de Yoko Ono. Acrescentando um segundo ecrã com imagens semelhantes filmadas a preto e branco, mas a correr no sentido contrário – o fim de um ecrã é o início do outro –, Sarmento altera o tema da mulher em perigo. Ao inverter o filme, a mulher confronta-nos com o seu movimento «para a frente», andando sempre na nossa direcção. Os dois ecrãs criam uma espécie de arquitectura do desvio e contraste, da cor em oposição ao preto e branco, do afastamento e aproximação, do tempo que anda para a frente e para trás, sendo nós, no lugar da câmara, simultaneamente caçador e presa.

Esta desmontagem do erotismo e do desejo por meios cinematográficos talvez encontre o seu expoente máximo no filme de 2003 intitulado *Dirty Diana*, nome da canção de Michael Jackson que lhe serve de banda sonora. Uma mulher, de novo vestida de blusa branca e saia preta, entra no que parece ser o atelier do artista e começa a fazer um striptease altamente sofisticado

em frente de uma parede branca pintada para parecer uma das telas do artista. O striptease termina com o fim da música e a performer fica, agora sem roupa, no centro da pintura de parede de Sarmento. Quando a música recomeça, a mulher utiliza movimentos semelhantes para voltar a vestir todas as peças de roupa. Revisitamos os gestos tentadores da primeira metade do filme, mas tudo parece invertido e contrariado – na verdade, recomposto. O striptease perde o "tease" (i.e., o caráter provocador) ao executar uma retroversão de si mesmo. Sarmento não critica directamente a objectificação da mulher, mas, ao inverter a sua performance, devolve-lhe a autoridade, abrindo a sua identidade.

Talvez possamos usar o trabalho de Marcel Duchamp para alcançar um melhor entendimento do modo como Sarmento utiliza o filme para explorar a diferença entre «eros e sexo, feminino e masculino, espírito e carne», como escreveu Calvin Tomkins na biografia que escreveu daquele artista.[8] Duchamp usou frequentemente a metáfora da «maquinaria» em conjugação com a sexualidade. No seu quadro *Nu Descendo uma Escada, n.º 2* (1912), o artista utiliza sequências que se assemelham aos estudos de movimento de Eadweard Muybridge e Étienne-Jules Marey para tecer uma fragmentação cubista, enquanto a sua obra prima *A Noiva Despida pelos seus Celibatários, Mesmo*, conhecida também como *O Grande Vidro* (1915-1923), associa a sexualidade com a estética da máquina ao focar a Noiva que «aceita ser despida pelos celibatários, pois fornece o combustível amor para as faíscas deste descarnamento elétrico.»[9] Mas é na sua última grande obra, *Étant donnés*, criada entre 1946 e 1966 e vista como um suporte de *O Grande Vidro*, que encontramos o paralelo mais directo com a obra de Sarmento. Aparentando rejeitar o uso do ready-made e da arte como conceito, Duchamp regressa à arte que existe no plano puramente visual, a que chamou «arte da retina»: um quadro de tamanho quase real de um torso feminino nu deitado sobre folhas e ramos, a cabeça escondida, como em muitas das mulheres de Sarmento, e as pernas abertas numa posição sexualmente sugestiva. O torso é banhado pela luz do sol, mas de algum modo a atmosfera transmite a sensação sombria do lusco-fusco, pois ela segura outra fonte de iluminação: uma velha lâmpada de gás que emite um brilho preternatural. Duchamp, como Sarmento, quer «agarrar as coisas com a mente tal como o pénis é agarrado pela vagina».[10] Contudo, a cena que se desenrola à nossa frente, como tantas das imagens fílmicas de Sarmento, é ambígua e pode ser lida de múltiplas maneiras: como uma continuação do nu histórico numa paisagem, como provocação sexual ou mesmo como um local do crime.

Tanto Duchamp como Sarmento desmontam a imagem ao focar a máquina que a constrói. A mulher misteriosa de Duchamp descansa numa paisagem

sentimental genérica, parcialmente pintura, parcialmente fotografia, com uma queda de água iluminada em movimento. Esta peça remete para os primórdios do cinema, o colapso da pintura, fotografia, museu de cera e magia teatral. Se *O Grande Vidro* espalmou o espaço para o conter em placas de vidro, *Étant donnés* volta a expandi-lo, invertendo as possibilidades de visualização de todos os lados para quase lado nenhum. Tal como nos filmes de Sarmento, o público assume a posição de voyeur constrangido, espreitando através de buracos na porta, como se a peça fosse uma espécie de estranha câmara escura, *stereopticon*, *peep show* ou visor de câmara de filmar. Tal como num diorama, o trabalho inclui o que não é visível: os numerosos componentes Rube Goldberg como fios, luzes, peças de maquinaria, adereços, projecções e truques de perspectiva que fazem com que a ilusão funcione. Como nos filmes de Sarmento, que revelam o aparato cinematográfico, no trabalho de Duchamp existe uma ligação entre a sexualidade e as máquinas que fabricam tais artifícios. Nas obras de ambos os artistas, o sujeito não é tanto a mulher, nem as paisagens oníricas criadas, mas o observador cuja mente é duplicada e exposta pela máquina. Nós, os observadores, temos de confrontar a nossa culpabilidade na criação da identidade erótica da mulher.

3

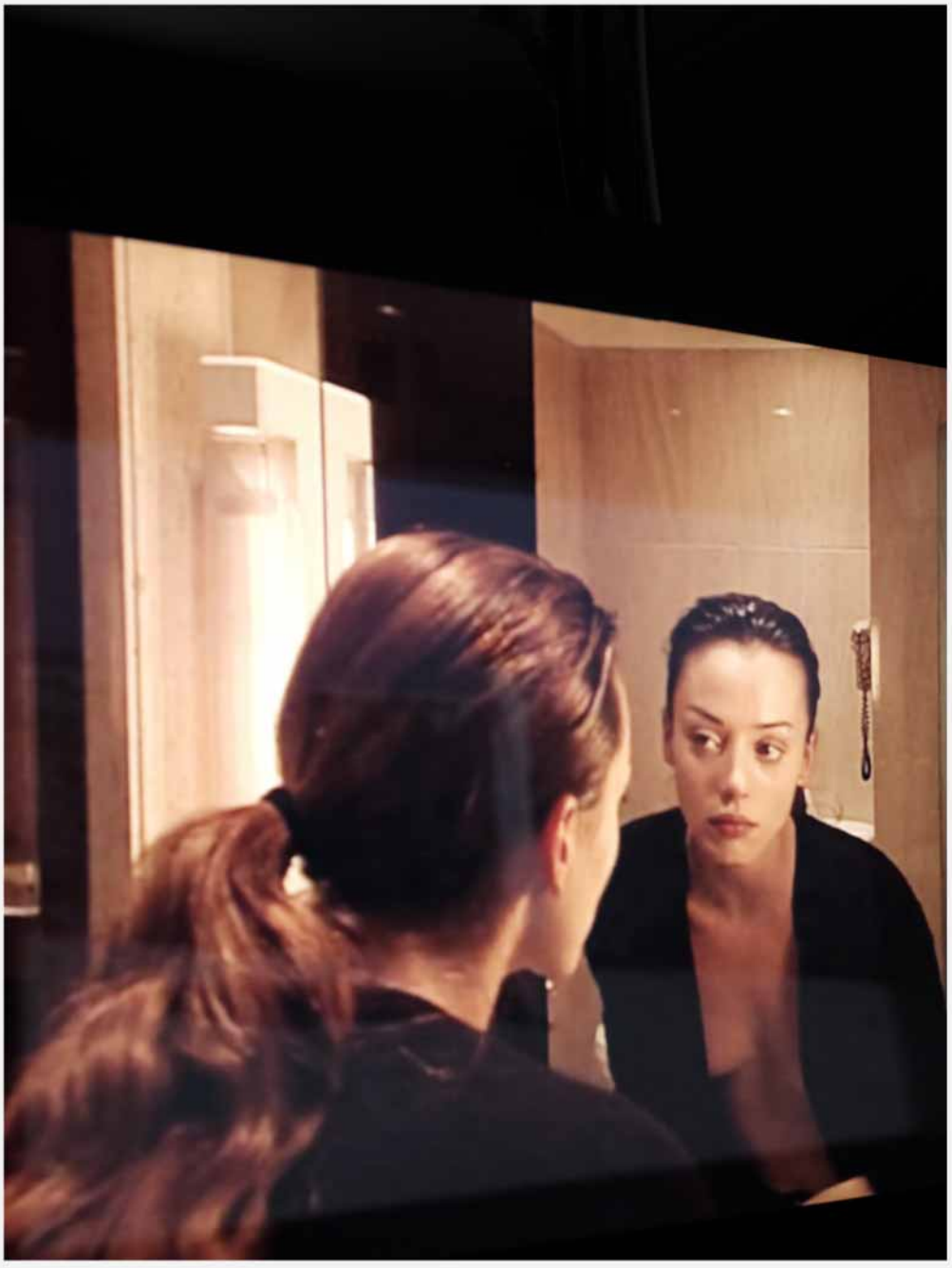
> O mundo é grande, mas em nós
> ele é profundo como o mar.
> R.M. Rilke[11]

O aparato cinematográfico incorpora indubitavelmente os nossos desejos voyeuristas de olhar através de janelas, de espreitar para dentro de câmaras escuras e compartimentos secretos, e de entrever as vidas privadas das pessoas. Porém, Sarmento não está interessado apenas nestas propriedades, mas também na capacidade que o cinema tem de diluir as fronteiras entre a realidade e a ilusão. No geral, os seus filmes recentes tornaram-se mais minimalistas, por vezes quase austeros, embora utilizando também técnicas de cinema "profissionais", incluindo planos delineados ao pormenor, *travellings* suaves e cores cuidadosamente controladas.

No seu filme mais recente, *O Fim do Mundo* (2015), Sarmento volta a usar a instalação arquitectónica de dois ecrãs que vimos pela primeira vez na sua obra *Untitled* (1999) e depois em *Doppelgänger* (2001). Em *O Fim do Mundo*,

o ecrã da esquerda mostra um grande plano fechado do rosto de uma mulher justaposto a um longo plano panorâmico do mar no ecrã da direita. Poderíamos pensar na mulher e no mar através da história da arte e do filme: *O Nascimento de Vénus*, de Botticelli (c. 1484-86), cujas cores são muito semelhantes às que encontramos em *O Fim do Mundo*; Picasso e a sua versão distorcida do surrealismo em *Nu em Pé Junto ao Mar* (1929); *Pandora* (1951), o estranho filme de Albert Lewin com toques surrealistas e com as cores ricas e saturadas da fotografia em Technicolor de Jack Cardiff; ou *A Aventura* (1960), de Antonioni, o filme em austero preto e branco em que Monica Vitti posa descentrada em paisagens marítimas de ilhas desertas, o que parece reflectir o sentimento de vazio dos ricos e o seu incurável *ennui*. A mulher de Sarmento sugere Vitti, com os seus olhares vagos e acções frias — gestos sem emoção. Na obra de Antonioni, também há a sensação de nos estarmos a aproximar do fim dos dias, tal como acontece com a instalação de Sarmento. Porém, ao contrário de Antonioni, não existe narrativa, nem sequer a mais ténue sugestão de uma. Existem apenas alguns cortes para vermos uma mulher a secar as mãos justaposta a uma mulher que lava as mãos — a tentativa de nos secarmos comparada com a aceitação da água. Sarmento vive no litoral português, por isso não surpreende que o oceano tenha vindo a tornar-se um tema do seu trabalho, especialmente numa época em que o medo da subida do nível das águas e do possível fim da civilização começou a invadir a nossa noção de continuidade. Aqui, a vastidão da linha do horizonte e a repetição hipnótica das ondas produz uma sensação de movimento recorrente. O som tornou-se muito importante: enquanto escutamos o rebentamento das ondas e a respiração da mulher, as duas imagens fundem-se numa espécie de dança rítmica primordial.

O oceano é aqui intemporal, um vazio reflectido nos olhos verdes da mulher. É o mar navegado por Ulisses, a «grande e doce mãe» que reergueu a sua mente na obra homónima de Joyce;[12] é o «oceano vasto» no poema «Mar Calmo» de Goethe, ressuscitado tanto por Beethoven como por Mendelssohn; e é também o vasto oceano observado pelo monge na magistral pintura de Caspar David Friedrich, que ecoa através do tempo na fotografia que Sarmento fez de si próprio a olhar para a imensidão do oceano. Água é a mulher cujos olhos são o portal para o passado e para o futuro, para deuses e deusas, para todas as coisas acima e abaixo de água, para os vivos e para os mortos. Sentimos que nos encontramos, tal como Orlando no romance de Virginia Woolf, a adorar «lugares solitários e paisagens a perder de vista [...] completa, absoluta e totalmente só[s].»[13]



O livro *L'entretien infini* (1969), de Maurice Blanchot, de onde Sarmento retirou citações para outras peças, poderá dar-nos mais informações sobre *O Fim do Mundo* e o trabalho do artista em geral. Naquele volume, Blanchot fala da «ausência de livro» e do «fim da história».[14] À direita, no fim da terra, olhamos para a ausência, para o fim da humanidade, perscrutando um espaço vasto sem sinalizações, sem linguagem, um lugar onde razão e racionalidade já não conseguem guiar-nos, em suma, um lugar que contém apenas loucura e morte. À esquerda, o mesmo observador é parado, quase no limite da objetiva, por um par de olhos que ecoam o oceano através da sua cor, embora contendo tudo o que está ausente no ecrã da direita: humanidade, pensamento, história, sexualidade, inteligência e, com cada respiração, a própria vida. Mas as duas vistas estão íntima e profundamente relacionadas. Sarmento subverte o cinema, essa grande máquina produtora de ficção, e alcança algo elementar. A humanidade existe mesmo ao lado da sua ausência; a destruição é o outro lado da moeda da criação. O entendimento é alcançado através da remoção das ilusões que criamos. Só então poderemos descobrir que os ritmos mecânicos do oceano que nos criou são os mesmos que desfazem as rochas até as transformarem numa tela de areia vazia.

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1 «Ele [o meu corpo] está em todo o lado: a bomba que destrói a minha casa danifica também o meu corpo, na medida em que a casa era já uma indicação do meu corpo», Jean-Paul Sartre, citado por Anthony Vidler em *The Architectural Uncanny* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1992), p. 69.

2 Beatriz Colomina, «The Split Wall: Domestic Voyeurism», in Beatriz Colomina (ed.), *Sexuality and Space* (Princeton: Princeton Architectural Press, 1992), p. 83.

3 Rudolf Arnheim, *Film as Art* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1958), p. 12.

4 Dziga Vertov, «The Birth of Kino-Eye», in Annette Michelson (ed.), *Kino-Eye: The Writings of Dziga Vertov* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984), p. 41.

5 Thierry de Duve, «Echoes of the Readymade: Critique of Pure Modernism», in *October*, 70 (Outono de 1994), p. 79.

6 Laura Mulvey, «Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema», in Jon Wagner e Denise Spampinato (ed.), *Reality's Written Language: A Critical Anthology of Classical and Contemporary Film Theory* (San Diego: Cognella Academic Publishing, 2017), p. 394.

7 Julião Sarmento, entrevista em *Artforum International*, 30 de julho de 2013. https://www.artforum.com/interviews/juliao-sarmento-talks-about-his-current-and-recent-shows-42114

8 Calvin Tomkins, *Duchamp* (Londres: Random House, 1997), p. 455.

9 Marcel Duchamp, notas de *The Green Box*, reeditado em Richard Hamilton e George Heard Hamilton, *The Green Book* (Londres: Percy Lund, Humphries and Co. Ltd, 1960), sem página.

10 Marcel Duchamp citado em Tomkins, p. 454.

11 R.M. Rilke citado em Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1994), p. 183.

12 James Joyce, *Ulisses* (São Paulo: Objetiva, 2005), p. 6.

13 Virginia Woolf, *Orlando* (Lisboa: Cavalo de Ferro, 2019), p. 18.

14 Maurice Blanchot, *L'entretien infini* (Paris: Gallimard, 1969), p. VII.

O CINEMA SECRETO DE JULIÃO SARMENTO

Chrissie Iles

Desde o início da sua carreira, em 1967, que o filme ocupa um lugar central na investigação levada a cabo por Julião Sarmento sobre os impulsos reprimidos da psique. A relação de Sarmento com o filme começou num momento crítico da história do cinema, quando as severas leis sobre a obscenidade estavam prestes a ruir, no final de uma década orientada pela libertação do impulso erótico. Em toda a Europa e nos Estados Unidos da América, o desenvolvimento de um cinema experimental e independente vital desafiava o domínio dos modelos hollywoodescos de fantasia e desejo. Em Portugal, a revolução política de esquerda estava prestes a derrubar o regime salazarista, conduzindo a uma nova vaga radical de cinema que aborda as questões da emancipação social. No mundo da arte, as tradicionais fronteiras entre filme e outras formas de arte haviam sido flexibilizadas por artistas que abraçaram o filme como parte da sua prática artística baseada no processo.

Os filmes duracionais eróticos de Sarmento surgiram na convergência de todas estas mudanças na estrutura política artística, cinemática e social, sendo igualmente informados por aquelas. Porém, desde o início que mantiveram uma presença marginalmente visível na sua obra, a sua invisibilidade operando como uma espécie de representação simbólica do inconsciente do artista. No seu mundo de sombras, o desejo sensual e erótico refreado nas pinturas é libertado em quadros oníricos cujas voluptuosas imagens de lábios, línguas, pernas e pele formam o oposto diametral da contenção gráfica que vemos nas telas de impasto brancas. O seu primeiro filme, *Graça de sua Graça*, que realizou em 1967 com 19 anos de idade, estabelece a mulher como sujeito central de todo o seu trabalho de pintura, fotografia e filme. Depois deste estudo inicial da mulher, no qual os seus movimentos e comportamentos são observados de perto, Sarmento produziu mais 25 filmes Super-8 na década de 1960 e início da década de 1970, representando as mulheres em quadros cada vez mais eróticos e voyeurísticos.

É impossível realizar uma análise completa dos filmes de Sarmento, dado que vários deles foram destruídos por um incêndio em Portugal, em 1981. Um dos primeiros filmes que sobreviveu, *Pernas*, integra um conjunto de quatro filmes feitos em 1975 e demonstra o alcance desta transição do sujeito psicológico para um sujeito ostensivamente erótico. *Pernas* surgiu no mesmo ano em que foi publicado o texto clássico de Laura Mulvey sobre a política sexual e o cinema, *Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema*, e durante um período em que o cinema experimental abraçava o abjecto, o erótico e o transgressivo como forças criativas e libertadoras. Enquanto este aderia à psicanálise e às teorias de Freud sobre o desejo, a crítica de cinema procurava desmantelá-las.

É neste contexto paradoxal que devemos analisar *Pernas*. A sua forma e conteúdo, como em todos os filmes de Sarmento, seguem e identificam as propriedades voyeuristas e escopofílicas inatas do cinema. Christian Metz afirma que a imagem no ecrã «faz parte de uma estrutura de visualização fetichista, na medida em que substitui [...] a realidade ausente [do objecto]».[1] *Pernas* apresenta um potente símbolo desse objecto de desejo ausente. Um único grande plano frontal mostra as coxas e o sexo de uma mulher que, usando finas meias pretas presas a um cinto de ligas de renda da mesma cor, permanece em pé, frente à câmara, em silencioso anonimato. Enquanto o espectador observa as esculturais pernas e ancas da jovem, esta vai constantemente alternando o peso de uma perna para a outra, para a frente e para trás. A fricção implícita na pressão exercida pelos movimentos rítmicos sobre a sua zona genital evoca os grandes planos das zonas púbicas dos primeiros *stag films*, com os quais *Pernas* tem uma relação directa.

Rosalind Krauss chama a atenção para o argumento de Walter Benjamin de que, tanto no momento da emergência como do declínio de uma nova forma social ou processo tecnológico, é libertado um surto de energia utópica, «como o último brilho de uma estrela que morre».[2]

A década de 1970 anunciou uma crise no filme e na fotografia, duas formas industriais do século XIX, provocada pelos desafios da nova tecnologia de *mass media*. Em meados da mesma década, desapareceu o *stag film*, surgido em finais do século XIX, nos primórdios do cinema, e prosperando na clandestinidade até que a reforma das leis da obscenidade de finais da década de 1960 permitiu comercializar a produção de filmes sexualmente explícitos, os quais assumiram uma forma narrativa mais convencional. A estrutura e composição de *Pernas* faz eco dos primeiros *stag films* ao usar um plano fixo, composição frontal, qualidade de imagem crua e movimento minimalista numa única imagem explícita. Tal como os primeiros *stag films* (e a maioria dos primeiros filmes de artista), tem uma duração de três minutos, correspondente à utilização de uma única bobina de filme Super-8. A zona genital da mulher ocupa o centro da imagem, hipnotizando o olhar do observador com a mesma franqueza anónima que marcou a fotografia pornográfica do século XIX, na qual as saias e combinações das jovens mulheres eram frequentemente subidas acima da cabeça, expondo a zona genital e as pernas ao mesmo tempo que ocultavam a cara.

Abigail Solomon Godeau faz notar que, a partir do século XVII, as pernas foram fetichizadas e imbuídas da maior importância erótica.[3] O aparecimento da fotografia erótica em meados do século XIX reflectiu uma mudança da

definição do que constituía o feminino, dado que a exposição das pernas no campo da dança e da ópera alargou-se para permitir o acesso a uma nova experiência íntima do corpo erótico objectificado. Presumia-se que as mulheres nas fotografias eróticas seriam prostitutas, e a idealização do corpo feminino pela pintura foi eclipsada pela aparente realidade da fotografia, despoletando um intenso sentimento de ansiedade social em relação à fronteira cada vez mais incerta entre a cortesã e a mulher respeitável sexualizada.

Pensa-se que as mulheres de Sarmento são colaboradoras "respeitáveis" que participam na construção de um quadro teatral erótico. Porém, permanece alguma dúvida, reforçada por uma ansiedade implícita no que toca à fronteira que permite circunscrever a sexualidade feminina. Recuperando uma forma do século XIX no momento do seu desaparecimento, a preocupação de Sarmento com o corpo erótico objectificado da mulher surge como uma tentativa de conservar algo precioso que está prestes a perder-se: a linguagem da exposição sexual feminina definida pela cidade de Paris do século XIX e, de uma forma mais abrangente, o próprio cinema, ambos métodos de fetichização que neutralizam a ameaça do desejo sexual feminino desenfreado.

Um conjunto de trabalhos fotográficos conceptuais de 1976, ano em que o artista fez sete filmes, demonstra uma breve tradução dos conceitos fílmicos de Sarmento na sua obra bidimensional. Num trabalho explicitamente sexual, se não mesmo pornográfico, três fotografias mostram uma mulher a fazer sexo oral a um homem, um triângulo de texto com as palavras "toque", "sensibilidade da boca" e "comportamento animal", um indicador inicial do interesse de Sarmento pelo contacto físico do qual a imagem projectada funciona sempre como um substituto simbólico. Noutro, a frente e as costas de um torso feminino nu são colocadas em lados opostos, rotuladas apenas com as palavras "frente" e "costas", com as palavras opostas por baixo, ligadas pela palavra "toque". Tal como acontece com muitas obras fotográficas do mesmo período, a relação conceptual entre o texto e a imagem de Sarmento reflecte os estudos taxonómicos do corpo e do movimento do fotógrafo oitocentista Eadweard Muybridge. Contudo, a sugestão do estudo analítico objectivo nestes primeiros trabalhos fotográficos é minada pelo conteúdo erótico ostensivamente subjectivo, tal como, no século XIX, os estudos taxonómicos do corpo histérico, criminoso e demente levados a cabo por cientistas e fotógrafos, de Muybridge a Dalton e Charcot, desmentiam um interesse lascivo nas pulsões reprimidas implicadas pelo seu objecto.

Esta ressonância das interpretações oitocentistas do erótico é claramente europeia, contudo, a estrutura formal dos filmes de Sarmento é fortemente

influenciada pelos primeiros filmes de Andy Warhol. *Faces* (1976) reúne dois aspectos formais de dois dos primeiros filmes de Warhol: *Blow Job* e *Kiss* (ambos de 1963). No início de *Faces*, podemos ver na parte de baixo do enquadramento o topo das cabeças de duas mulheres com o cabelo desgrenhado e emaranhado, movendo-se suavemente enquanto as suas faces ocultas, fora do ecrã, se presumem num abraço. Observa Paul Arthur[4] que esta separação entre o olhar e a acção que decorre se encontra tipificada no filme *Blow Job*, de Warhol, um plano fixo de 35 minutos que constitui um estudo a preto-e-branco de um homem a receber sexo oral, visto exclusivamente através da variação das suas expressões faciais. Pelo contrário, em *Faces*, a câmara move-se do topo das cabeças das mulheres até um grande plano muito aproximado das suas bocas delineadas a batom vermelho, narizes e queixos enquanto elas se beijam, revelando o acto que, até então, era ocultado do observador. Segue-se uma longa sequência altamente erótica de beijos desbragados, em que as línguas das duas mulheres têm um protagonismo notório e o batom se espalha por ambas as bocas, queixos e faces.

Esta secção de *Faces* evoca o filme *Kiss*, uma grande metragem composta por grandes planos de numerosos casais a beijar-se. Paul Arthur realça o papel importante da oralidade, tanto nos filmes mudos como nos sonoros, citando a teoria frequentemente discutida de que *Kiss*, de Andy Warhol, foi inspirado no escandaloso filme de *Kiss of May Irvin and John C. Rice* (1896), um dos primeiros filmes Vitascope exibidos por Edison, filmado a partir de uma performance em palco.[5] Os filmes de Edison, Warhol e Sarmento sobre beijos partilham as mesmas características formais, na impassividade do seu plano fixo e mudo. As observações feitas por Arthur sobre o filme de Warhol poderiam aplicar-se a *Faces*: «No cinema, o sentido do toque é transmitido apenas de uma forma muito indirecta. [Em *Kiss*], Warhol impõe-nos o reconhecimento activo da ausência sensorial ao explorar inexoravelmente a sua representação. Privado de uma reconfortante farsa de envolvimento ficcional, o apelo a determinadas sensações corporais torna-se quase pornograficamente directo [...] e é aí que reside o paradoxo da inscrição de Warhol do "olhar" distanciado, a "observação" sem envolvimento. Pode funcionar como um retransmissor na hiperconsciência da nossa própria corporalidade, como que em compensação por aquilo que é recusado.»[6]

Esta consciência da nossa própria corporalidade é sentida intensamente em *Faces*, onde ficamos palpavelmente cientes da afirmação de Sarmento de que este está «interessado no contacto físico».[7] O grande plano extremamente aproximado dos lábios e línguas de duas mulheres remete para os casais que

se beijam, no filme de Warhol, numa única troca erótica extremamente detalhada, na qual o corpo é fragmentado numa objectificação corporal semelhante à do *stag film* e a sua superfície sensual se torna altamente táctil. A presença mais marcante é a das duas línguas, que entram e saem da boca uma da outra, explorando e sondando. Desde tempos medievais que a língua é vista como um fetiche colectivo: um órgão rebelde, incontrolável, potencialmente pecaminoso e – como observou Carla Mazzio – associado a distúrbios da ordem política e social, características que são igualmente conferidas à mulher sexualizada.[8] A língua também representa a linguagem, a fala e a comunicação, todas elas negativamente associadas à mulher e frequentemente reprimidas. Enquanto, nas pinturas posteriores de Sarmento, as mulheres são representadas com facas ou fusos afiados encostados ao pescoço, ou sofrendo pela sua própria mão, espetando um dedo no pescoço como que suprimindo a sua própria voz, em *Faces* o seu poder erótico e comunicativo é expresso de forma activa e ousada. A ansiedade masculina implícita nas tentativas violentas de silenciar a mulher é acalmada pelas possibilidades fílmicas da fantasia erótica realizada. A língua, tradicionalmente associada ao falo, outro órgão indisciplinado, afirma-se enquanto instrumento libidinoso que, tal como o falo, estende o corpo para lá da sua fronteira material normal e a funde com a de outro corpo, feminino. A ameaça de impotência provocada por esta exclusão do masculino de uma troca erótica exclusivamente feminina é neutralizada pelo controlo detido pelo homem sobre a câmara e a acção que decorre no ecrã.

O envolvimento de Sarmento com as forças inconscientes do desejo ecoa momentos anteriores no cinema, articulados nos filmes eróticos de Jean Genet e no clássico *Geography of the Body*, da década de 1950, do cineasta americano Willard Maas. Em *Sombra* (1976), Sarmento muda o foco do explícito para um tratamento mais didáctico do erótico, cujo relacionamento formal com a luz evoca as técnicas daqueles cineastas anteriores. Durante uma hora, a câmara filma duas mulheres nuas enquanto estas se movem repetidamente entre a luz e a sombra, com uma lentidão quase imperceptível.

Na primeira secção de *Faces*, intitulada «O Fascínio», as duas jovens mulheres surgem numa composição *chiaroscuro* semiabstracta evocativa da fotografia de Man Ray. Uma dorme encostada ao ombro da outra, com os corpos languidamente enrolados e olhos e lábios fortemente maquilhados. A face adormecida é gradualmente escondida pela sombra que avança, sendo depois novamente revelada, numa afirmação autoconsciente da presença da câmara na construção do quadro. Na segunda secção, «Shadow», o contorno do

corpo é obscurecido mais profundamente. Grandes planos das faces, seios e pernas das duas mulheres vão focando e desfocando com a passagem das sombras sobre as superfícies dos corpos. Em ambos os filmes, sente-se de novo a influência de Warhol no tempo prolongado que a luz demora a mudar. No épico filme minimalista de Warhol, *Empire* (1964), as variações de luz e sombra ocorrem ao longo de várias horas, sendo o Empire State Building filmado em tempo real, entre as 20:00 e as 2:30.

Pelo contrário, o drama dos movimentos das sombras de Sarmento alude ao alto artifício da cinematografia e não à passagem do tempo real. Porém, o ciclo repetitivo e autoconsciente da luz e da sombra realça a ausência de narrativa e de movimento para a frente, situando o objecto de *Sombra* como a repetida revelação e ocultação do corpo. Este movimento articula, em termos visuais e eróticos, o princípio psicanalítico freudiano de "fort/da", segundo o qual um menino lida com a ansiedade da separação da figura materna através da invenção de um jogo no qual um objecto numa corda é repetidamente atirado para longe e novamente puxado para perto de si.

Apesar de Sarmento ter incorporado fotografias a cores de nus em composições semelhantes em peças fotográficas baseadas em texto no final da década de 1970, o torso feminino despido e o filme desaparecem da sua prática a partir de 1978. O filme reaparece apenas em 1996, com *Sem Título (BL1)*, uma peça em dois ecrãs apresentada em Brick Lane, Londres, na qual fragmentos de filmes pornográficos não explícitos e editados surgem ao lado do loop contínuo de um homem a subir escadas. Ambos os loops recusam o momento do clímax, mantendo o observador à beira da resolução.

Em *Untitled*, feito três anos depois, a forma icónica de Sarmento – uma mulher escultural, de vestido preto justo ou de saia e blusa branca, que aparece em quase todas as pinturas – passou da tela para a película. A câmara segue uma mulher de saltos altos enquanto esta desce uma calçada em Portugal. O sujeito e o enquadramento ecoam a composição do seu primeiro filme, ao focar as pernas e o torso e o movimento erótico do andar. Mas, a intimidade das imagens explícitas em *Pernas* foi substituída por um acto público de voyeurismo, no qual uma mulher é seguida na rua, onde o seu corpo pode ser observado a uma distância segura. Tal como em toda a obra de Sarmento, o observador é colocado numa posição desconfortável, num conluio involuntário com o voyeurismo de Sarmento, em busca da linha ténue que separa o tropo erótico aceitável da inaceitável intrusão da perseguição.

A distância entre o observador e as costas da mulher enquanto esta se distancia da câmara, em *Untitled*, contrasta com os grandes planos muito

aproximados dos filmes de Sarmento da década de 1970. O artista regressa ao grande plano na instalação fílmica colaborativa intitulada *Close*, feita conjuntamente com o cineasta Atom Egoyan, que foi apresentada pela primeira vez na Bienal de Veneza de 2001. A colaboração entre Egoyan e Sarmento funde os interesses de cada um no voyeurismo, construindo uma metáfora espacial para o desejo do observador de se fundir com a imagem cinematográfica ao colapsar a distância entre o ecrã e o espectador.

Um grande ecrã mostra um grande plano muito aproximado de um pé bem arranjado enquanto uma das unhas com manicure francesa está a ser cortada para uma boca aberta, mas tal é apenas visível ao observador que entra num espaço exíguo entre o ecrã e a parede oposta. Quando o observador entra no espaço, pode tocar na imagem, mas está próximo demais para conseguir apreendê-la na sua totalidade. Egoyan descreveu *Close* como «uma tentativa de representar o fenómeno do voyeurismo que está no cerne do cinema».[9] Porém, o voyeurismo exige distância para que o objecto do desejo seja visto e entendido como ausente. A instalação de Sarmento e Egoyan aprisiona o observador no seu próprio desejo de consumir a imagem, encostando-o à superfície do ecrã onde assume uma posição lacaniana, como uma criança na fase em que ainda não consegue distinguir-se do corpo materno. Com esta proximidade tão grande, o observador não consegue identificar-se com a câmara, pois não consegue adoptar a mesma distância em relação à imagem (uma distância que define o olhar voyeurista) nem consegue ver o objecto do seu desejo. Enquanto cada observador se debate com este dilema, são os outros observadores fora da estrutura que se transformam em voyeurs, já que a entrada para o estreito espaço toma o lugar do ecrã de cinema enquanto buraco de fechadura escopofílico.

O pé foi famosamente definido por Freud como um objecto de fetichismo clássico. A instalação de Sarmento e Egoyan coloca o observador noutro papel simbólico: o do menino, no momento freudiano de ansiedade e desilusão em que espreita por baixo da saia de uma mulher e descobre que ela não possui um falo. Este desejo fantasiado do falo é imediatamente transferido para um objeto próximo: o pé, um dedo elegante que Sarmento e Egoyan colocam na boca em *Close*. Numa inversão directa do poder masculino imposto sobre o corpo feminino nas pinturas de Sarmento, a mulher a cortar a unha do pé diretamente para dentro da boca do homem transforma o momento fetichista num momento de degradação, no qual a mulher afirma o seu desprezo pelo homem. O simbolismo medieval da boca como lugar de crime e castigo sublinha a abjecção da troca erótica.

O tema singular de Sarmento e as problemáticas questões levantadas pelas violentas imagens sexuais nas suas pinturas e os seus alter-egos sensuais em película estão enraizados numa complexa rede de influências, incluindo a relação que o catolicismo estabelece entre o sexo e a mulher e o pecado e a morte. O perigo implícito no corpo da mulher e o seu poder de despertar desejo ganham plena expressão no sombrio *chiaroscuro* dos seus filmes, sendo agressivamente subjugados nas austeras superfícies brancas das suas pinturas. Tal como Warhol, Sarmento compreende o poder erótico do ecrã de cinema, da observação voyeurista e da perpétua privação de resolução. Contudo, enquanto a carga erótica dos filmes de Warhol está imbuída de espírito *camp*, os filmes de Sarmento exprimem uma interpretação diferente da fantasia e do pecado, na qual a culpa, o medo, o fascínio e o desejo são provocados em igual medida.

A fronteira entre o imaginário, o real e o simbólico, que reside no coração do trabalho de Sarmento, tanto nos filmes como nas pinturas, é explorada em termos mais psicológicos no seu filme mais recente, *Doppelgänger*, no qual o ecrã é dividido em duas partes. No lado esquerdo, uma jovem vestida de preto entra num apartamento pouco iluminado, descalça os sapatos e entra na casa de banho, onde limpa a cara e olha para o espelho. No ecrã da direita, uma mulher com um vestido branco percorre pensativamente um caminho delimitado por um longo muro de pedra, à luz forte do sol. As secções de escuridão e luz do filme ecoam uma forma de díptico semelhante adoptada em muitas das pinturas de Sarmento.

No momento central do loop fílmico, a mulher no ecrã da esquerda atende uma chamada de um homem, enquanto a mulher no ecrã da direita encontra um homem, numa rara aparição masculina entre os sujeitos sexualizados de Sarmento, geralmente femininos. O olhar da câmara recai sobre o pescoço e orelha da mulher, enquanto o protagonista masculino olha para ela. Ao telefone, a mulher chora. A conversa emotiva que tem lugar entre os dois casais é idêntica, ecoando numa banda sonora dupla. No final, a mulher da esquerda calça os sapatos e sai do apartamento, enquanto a mulher da direita volta zangadamente para trás pelo mesmo caminho, até que cada uma das mulheres entra no espaço anteriormente ocupado pela outra, realizando a mesma sequência que a outra acabou de concluir.

Doppelgänger é o filme mais complexo de Sarmento até à data. O título articula a sua estrutura narrativa e, de um modo mais alargado, a força motriz da obra de Sarmento. Tanto para Freud como para Jung, o doppelgänger, ou duplo, representava os aspectos sombrios e reprimidos do eu, manifestados

sob a forma do outro sombrio e vergonhoso. Os filmes de Sarmento funcionam como uma expressão deste outro sombrio, libertando os desejos reprimidos e criando um lugar no qual as fronteiras entre o imaginário, o real e o simbólico se tornam intermutáveis. Em *Doppelgänger*, os papéis das duas mulheres — talvez esposa e amante — tornam-se intercambiáveis por meio da traição masculina. O "bem" e o "mal", o "racional" e o "irracional" são entendidos como forças interdependentes, alternadamente ocultas e reveladas. No cinema secreto de Sarmento, o observador está sempre suspenso no limiar do desejo, nunca lhe sendo permitido render-se completamente, mas envolvido pelo seu perigoso prazer.

Nova Iorque, Janeiro de 2002

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1 Robert T. Eberwein, «Christian Metz», in Peter Lehman (ed.), *Defining Cinema*, Rutgers University Press, 1997, p. 200.

2 Rosalind Krauss, *A Voyage on the North Sea: Art in the Age of the Post-Medium Condition*, Thames and Hudson, 1999, pp. 41-45.

3 Abigail Solomon-Godeau, «The Legs of the Countess», in *Outubro*, n.º 39, Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press, Inverno de 1986, pp. 65-108.

4 Paul Arthur, «Flesh of Absence: Re-sighting the Warhol Catechism», in Michael O'Pray (ed.), *Andy Warhol Film Factory*, British Film Institute, 1989, pp. 149-151.

5 Arthur, *op. cit.*, pp. 149-150.

6 *Op. cit.*, p. 150.

7 Julião Sarmento e Atom Egoyan, Bienal de Veneza, 2001, p. ??.

8 Carla Mazzio, «Sins of the Tongue», in David Hillman e Carla Mazzio (coord.), *The Body in Parts: Fantasies of Corporeality in early Modern Europe*, Routledge, 1997, pp. 53-79.

9 Sarmento e Egoyan, *ibid.*, p. ??.

IMAGENS EM MOVIMENTO. UMA CONVERSA COM JULIÃO SARMENTO

Nuno Crespo
João Pedro Amorim

PARTE I: Os primeiros filmes

***Nuno Crespo* – A conversa que queremos ter contigo é sobre o lugar que a imagem em movimento tem no teu trabalho, o qual tem consistido fundamentalmente em pintura, escultura, instalação, performance, etc. Por outro lado, achamos que seria interessante recuperar alguma memória de alguns dos teus trabalhos que desapareceram. Comecemos pelo princípio. Qual foi o primeiro trabalho em imagem em movimento que fizeste?**

Julião Sarmento – Como a maior parte dos artistas, desde pequeno que queria ser artista. A minha atitude face à representação e à actividade artística baseava-se sobretudo em duas coisas: na escrita e no desenho. Entretanto, era absolutamente cinéfilo. Em 1966 juntei dinheiro e, com a ajuda dos meus pais e da minha tia, comprei uma máquina Nizo, uma Super 8, que ainda tenho comigo. Comecei por fazer filmes familiares – muito comuns na altura. Intuitivamente percebi que podia comunicar através da câmara e comecei a fazer pequenos filmes sem história, que foram o princípio daquilo que ainda faço. Eram trabalhos muito limitados pelas bobines de filme Super 8, que tinham cerca de 3 minutos cada. O primeiro filme que eu fiz chamava-se *Graça de Sua Graça* (1967) e era sobre uma rapariga que se chamava Graça. Trata-se de um jogo de palavras, coisa que nunca deixei de fazer no meu trabalho. *Graça de Sua Graça* quer dizer *Graça de Seu Nome*. Das doze bobines que constituíam este trabalho só sobrou uma.

***NC* – Como é que era esse filme?**

Era uma espécie de paisagem romântica sobre uma rapariga (minha namorada na altura), filmado em vários pontos de Lisboa. Ao mesmo tempo que comprei a máquina comprei um pequeno *splicer* pequenino e uma moviola – curiosamente ainda tenho esse material. Este filme tinha muitas referências, por exemplo uma banda sonora do Charlie Parker. Quando queria fazer a imagem fixa punha a máquina no tripé. Já quando queria mexer a imagem com a máquina a rodar, numa espécie de *travelling* manual, tinha a máquina numa mão e o iluminador na outra. Este foi o primeiro filme que fiz com guião para ser uma obra de arte.

***NC* – Estas primeiras Super 8 eram experiências ou já tinhas um pensamento de produção?**

Eram completamente experimentais. Estava a tentar perceber como é que a imagem em movimento funcionava e como diferia de outro tipo de

linguagem artística. Qual era a diferença entre eu fazer um filme ou um realizador de cinema fazer um filme? Eu queria fazer cinema, mas sabia que nunca poderia ser um realizador de cinema. Por muitas razões. Em Portugal não havia cinema. Mas também nessa altura já percebia que era, e sou, absolutamente individualista. E o cinema é uma arte de partilha, faz-se em equipa. És tu, é o *cameraman*, é o iluminador, é a *script girl*. São duzentas pessoas ou mais para fazer um filme. Quando eu filmava com a máquina numa mão e com o iluminador noutra, podia perfeitamente pedir a um amigo que operasse o iluminador. Mas queria fazer tudo sozinho.

***NC* – Estes trabalhos eram mais motivados pelo interesse no cinema ou por uma espécie de prolongamento do que já estavas a fazer nas tuas pinturas?**

Pelas duas coisas. Porque me apetecia ir para lá da pintura. Não me chegava. E o meu interesse pelo cinema ajudou, de uma maneira muito simplista, a dar vida às pinturas. A fazer uma espécie de quadros vivos. E comecei a perceber, por ler, e pelos cineclubes, que a arte não era só fazer pintura de cavalete e fazer desenhos. Havia outras coisas, muitas referências artísticas no cinema e muitas referências ao cinema na arte. E comecei a conjugar as duas coisas. Apareceu-me de uma maneira extremamente natural. O que é curioso no meio disto tudo é que, quando comecei a fazer cinema, não sabia quem eram o Stan Brakhage ou o Andy Warhol! Pensa que vivíamos em Portugal.

***NC* – Pois, é antes do 25 de Abril.**

Ninguém sabia quem era o Andy Warhol nos anos 60 em Portugal. Era um tipo de informação que era completamente sonegada. Mas há o *zeitgeist;* por alguma razão comecei a trabalhar em cinema como muitas outras pessoas no mundo. Em Portugal, nessa altura, ninguém via filmes completos, víamos a metade dos filmes. Porque tudo o que dizia respeito a sexo, a moral, religião ou política era cortado. Agora imagina um filme em que tudo isso é cortado. O que é que tu vês? Vês a personagem a ir à padaria, a acordar de manhã… Por isso comecei a frequentar Cineclubes, que eram normalmente povoados por estudantes antifascistas. Em Portugal havia o ABC, o Cineclube Universitário, a Procuradoria dos Estudantes Ultramarinos, e eu pertencia a todos. A malta dos cineclubes, às vezes, conseguia arranjar filmes menos cortados. Mas estávamos sempre atentos, com medo que entrasse a PIDE por ali adentro para parar a sessão e prender-nos a todos.

***NC* – Entraste nas Belas-Artes em 1967, na mesma altura em que estavas a fazer a *Graça de Sua Graça*. Fizeste primeiro o filme?**

O filme é anterior à minha entrada nas Belas-Artes. O Fernando Calhau foi a primeira pessoa que conheci lá, em Setembro de 1967. O Calhau era espertalhão e tinha muita informação porque o pai dele era um excelente artista gráfico e um fervoroso antifascista. Tinha acesso a informação que eu não tinha. Por exemplo, foi ele que me falou no Andy Warhol pela primeira vez. Começamos a ir à biblioteca da Embaixada Americana na Duque de Loulé, porque o pai dele lhe tinha dito que os tipos da biblioteca tinham umas revistas de arte americanas que podíamos consultar. Mais: quando passava o prazo dessas revistas eles davam-nas a quem as quisesse.

***NC* – Achaste isso um petisco…**

Eu e o Calhau, uau! Fomos lá e então era *Artforum*, *Art in America*, *ARTNews*, já antigas. Foi assim que começámos a aprender.

***NC* – E achas que foi esse contacto com essas revistas, numa fase tão precoce do teu trabalho, que te orientou para o espaço norte-americano? Porque os teus pares em Portugal tinham uma ligação muito mais forte com a cultura francófona.**

Com certeza, mas também por uma questão de reacção. Não te esqueças que as gerações reagem, são sempre reactivas. Para nós tudo era francófono, logo a começar pelo José-Augusto França que só de nome já era francófono. Fora a França, viva a América! Começámos a ver as revistas e nós gostávamos era do Andy Warhol, não da Escola de Paris. Gostávamos do Donald Judd, queríamos lá saber do Mathieu! Por gosto pessoal e geracional. Nós ficávamos muito mais pasmados a olhar para o Beuys e para o Warhol, do que para as pinturas da Vieira da Silva, que para nós eram uma chatice. Hoje em dia temos uma olhar completamente diferente sobre as coisas.

***NC* – Muitos destes teus trabalhos iniciais desapareceram. Como é que desapareceram?**

Desapareceram todos ao mesmo tempo. Em 1976 logo a seguir ao 25 de Abril, fui convidado para trabalhar na formação da Secretaria de Estado da Cultura pelo David Mourão-Ferreira e por sugestão do Eduardo Prado Coelho. Estive lá até 1985. Eu e o João Vieira, que também estava na Secretaria de Estado, fomos destacados para ir tomar conta da Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna, que também era conhecida pelo nome Galeria de Belém, que ficava

no Mercado do Povo num terreno hoje em aberto em frente do CCB.

Era um edifício temporário que tinha ficado da Exposição do Mundo Português de 1940 e onde, antes do 25 de Abril, se faziam exposições de artesanato, lavores e coisas deste género. Era um hangar gigantesco, com espaço e muitas salas, onde raramente aparecia alguém. Passava lá o dia todo sozinho e então resolvi montar lá o meu atelier. Tinha lá tudo: negativos, fotografias, trabalhos, filmes, etc.

***NC* – Já nessa altura tinhas essa pulsão de guardar tudo?**

Tinha, mas depois foi afectada e exagerada por causa disto. No dia 20 de Agosto de 1981, vinha eu no comboio do Estoril e começo a ver pela janela do comboio montes de fumo e sirenes, quando me aproximava de Belém. Tinha havido um curto-circuito e a Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna tinha ardido com todo o espólio que estava lá de arte contemporânea portuguesa: a colecção do SNI (Secretariado Nacional de Informação), coisas do Noronha da Costa, do Ângelo de Sousa, entre outros. O meu atelier ardeu com tudo o que lá estava. Só escapou aquilo que estava em casa dos meus pais, em minha casa ou que estava a circular em exposições. Por exemplo, os filmes *Faces* e *Sombra* (ambos de 1976), escaparam por estarem numa mostra de cinema experimental em Toronto. Hoje em dia as coisas são muito mais sofisticadas, não se manda o original, mas uma cópia de exibição. Naquela altura nós não tínhamos dinheiro, portanto enviava-se o original todo montado à mão – os filmes coladinhos com fita-cola.

***NC* – Que te lembres quantos filmes desapareceram? E como eram eles?**

Não sei quantos eram, mas creio que cerca de 17. Lembro-me mais ou menos de alguns, mas estamos a falar de há cinquenta anos, por isso, não era capaz de refazê-los tal e qual como eram.

PARTE II: Uma nova lógica de produção

***NC* – Os teus primeiros filmes eram experiências e relativamente simples. Esta lógica acompanha-te até meados dos anos setenta. Depois estás quase vinte anos sem fazer imagem em movimento. E quando voltas a fazer, qual é o teu primeiro trabalho?**

Não é até meados dos anos setenta. Os últimos vídeos que fiz nesta fase foram o *Blue Triangle* e o *Landscape* em 1980. Houve um grande hiato até 1996, quando fiz o *Sem título (BL 1)* e o *Sem título (BL 2)*.

***NC* – Que já introduz uma nova lógica?**

Nesse caso introduz só uma lógica de montagem godardiana. Tanto o *(BL 1)* como o *(BL 2)* são praticamente feitos só com montagem. São filmes com dois ecrãs, sendo que um ecrã foi filmado de propósito e o outro é uma montagem de imagens já existentes. No *(BL 1)*, o ecrã da direita – ou o de cima –, é uma colagem de filmes pornográficos dos anos sessenta e setenta, Super 8, em que tudo o que era pornográfico é retirado do filme. O filme começa com as pessoas vestidas e assim que aparecia algo explicitamente sexual, essa parte era sempre cortada. Portanto tudo o que se via era completamente inocente.

***NC* – Era o não pornográfico do pornográfico.**

Só que se tornava muito mais pornográfico! A parte da esquerda era eu a subir umas escadas intermináveis em Alfama, que filmei sozinho em Super 8 e montei em *loop* – e a escada nunca acabava. No segundo, o *(BL 2)*, o ecrã da direita tinha um excerto de um filme em *loop* e no ecrã da esquerda estava eu sentado numa taberna. Só se via as minhas mãos e um copo, a beber bagaço e a trautear o *Mudar de Vida*, do Paulo Rocha, a música do Carlos Paredes. Aí já pedi a um amigo para me filmar, mas a produção era ainda bastante incipiente.

***NC* – Qual foi o filme que se seguiu?**

Terá sido o *Untitled (Following)* (1999). Nesse já tive uma equipa a trabalhar comigo – foi aí que comecei a trabalhar com o Rui Poças. Mas ainda não havia guião. Eu queria que a câmara seguisse à Ozu, ou à dog's eye, como se chama em cinema, a Sofia Aparício por uma rua acima e que nunca parasse. E na outra imagem o filme passava ao contrário, parecia que ela vinha a andar para trás. Era apenas arranjar uma maneira de a seguir e filmá-la num *chariot*, perto do chão, atrás dela. As duas imagens eram projetadas numa mesma superfície, em espelho ou um em frente do outro.

***NC* – Não te estarás a esquecer do *Urban Corpo* (1997) e do *ECLISSEOTTOEMEZZO* (1998)?**

Não me estou a esquecer. Não me referi ao *Urban Corpo* porque foi uma instalação que fiz inteiramente no Japão. E o *ECLISSEOTTOEMEZZO* não é um filme filmado por mim. É o filme *Eclisse* de Michelangelo Antonioni, projectado com o som do filme *Otto e Mezzo* de Federico Fellini.

***NC* – Antes de avançarmos. Vais para Los Angeles em 1989. Que transformações é que esse período trouxe à forma como vias o teu trabalho com imagem em movimento?**

A minha relação com Los Angeles é tão profunda e tão apaixonada porque é a terra do cinema. Agora se isso modificou a minha maneira de fazer cinema ou se isso modificou a minha maneira de ver a imagem em movimento, não sei bem. Enquanto lá estive não fiz filmes.

***NC* – Voltas para Portugal e introduzes no teu trabalho mecanismos de produção mais habituais no cinema americano. Porque tu sempre tiveste este impulso muito mimético – quando descobres alguma coisa nova, queres imitar e fazer igual.**

Absolutamente. Sou curioso. Mas também comecei a pensar que pretendia outra coisa dos filmes que andava a fazer. Estava a trabalhar num mundo analógico e entramos num mundo digital. Trabalhava com uma máquina de filmar, e como não havia laboratórios em Portugal, os filmes iam para Espanha ou para a Alemanha e depois demoravam muito tempo. Só quando regressavam é que podia fazer a montagem e a montagem era feita à mão com uma moviola. Com o vídeo entramos no mundo digital do qual eu não percebia nada. Antes disso já tinha começado a trabalhar com vídeo, que era um meio ainda incipiente. Aliás, essa foi uma das razões porque me convidaram para ir para a Secretaria de Estado da Cultura. Uma das coisas que se fez na Galeria de Arte Moderna foi um gabinete de vídeo: com um estúdio e material. A Secretaria ia actualizando o estúdio que estava à disposição dos artistas que o quisessem utilizar. Quando ardeu a Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna tínhamos ali um estúdio espectacular. Comprámos cinco ou seis Sony Portapack, que eram os vídeos que havia nessa altura. Era completamente incómodo, tinha uma câmara e um gravador e tu andavas com aquilo às costas a filmar. Mas era assim que o Beuys filmava, era assim que o Acconci e o Bruce Nauman filmavam.

***NC* – Os teus filmes Super 8 são muito impressivos. São experiências relacionadas com uma impressão de um determinado momento. E quando mudas o teu modo de pensar e fazer filmes, introduzes uma ideia de narrativa e guião. Nesse aspecto, *Doppelgänger* (2001) funcionou como matriz para os teus filmes seguintes. Passas a trabalhar com um guião, com uma equipa e a ter produção. Como é que surgiu este trabalho?**

Surgiu porque a ideia do duplo e do sistema binário é omnipresente no meu trabalho: e essa é a ideia fundamental do *Doppelgänger*. Apeteceu-me fazer um filme sobre isso e sobre o futuro, sobre o tempo e o espaço. Repara que o futuro é tudo o que se segue imediatamente a isto que eu estou a dizer. Já estamos no futuro do que eu acabei de dizer há um segundo. Aliás, a deixa do Amândio [personagem masculina do *Dopplegänger*] para elas é: «Este é o momento exacto antes do futuro». Frase esta que está sempre a repetir. Interessava-me a ideia de te poderes perder na identidade das pessoas. Por isso é que as duas mulheres trocam de papéis durante o filme.

***NC* – Tens outro trabalho com o mesmo título?**

Sim. Esse outro *Doppelgänger* era um trabalho de slides, um carrossel em cima e um carrossel em baixo, com a Ana Cristina Oliveira e a Ana Isabel, e uma maquilhadora. O trabalho começa com uma das raparigas que, slide a slide, se vai transformando na outra através da maquilhagem. Portanto, o primeiro slide é uma como ela é, e no último slide ela é a outra. Hoje em dia com o *morphing* isto é a coisa mais fácil de se fazer. Mas naquela altura não foi fácil. Contratei o Daniel Malhão que foi fotografando as raparigas ao ritmo das intervenções da maquilhadora.

***NC* – Este novo processo de trabalho trouxe-te alguma novidade?**

Trouxe mais liberdade. Em vez de ter o meu próprio equipamento passei a alugar e a ter um produtor ou uma produtora. Passei a ser um realizador no verdadeiro sentido da palavra. Isso dá-me muito mais responsabilidade, mas também muito mais liberdade. Em vez de individualmente fazer as coisas, dirijo uma equipa que as executa.

***NC* – É interessante estares a dizer isso, porque muitos cineastas dizem o contrário. Que a máquina de produção do cinema é tão limitadora que a grande vantagem do digital é poder-se voltar a uma relação individual.**

Tu, a câmara e não precisas de mais ninguém. Com uma única câmara consegues captar imagem, som, a iluminação do dia pode muito bem funcionar. Isto é uma reconquista da liberdade?

Mas as minhas equipas são para aí seis ou sete pessoas, não é mais do que isso. No fundo é tudo família. São pessoas com quem eu trabalho sempre, o Rui Poças é o meu director de fotografia desde sempre. Sei como quero as imagens, mas tenho alguém que sabe fazê-las melhor do que eu. É um facto que qualquer dia se faz um filme com o telemóvel. Têm tanta qualidade ou mais do que a câmara com que, por exemplo, fiz o *Doppelgänger*.

***NC* – Dizes que ganhas mais liberdade, mas tiveste de te sentar a escrever um guião e o trabalho de preparação é muito mais exigente.**

Claro que sim. Há uma parte anterior, uma espécie de antecâmara da realização, que é muito diferente nestes casos. Nos meus primeiros trabalhos, as coisas eram muito mais *kitchen table*, ou seja intuitivas. De todos os filmes que fiz o mais elaborado a este nível é *Cromlech* (2010). Foi a minha primeira e única encomenda. O Delfim Sardo, curador da representação oficial portuguesa na Bienal de Arquitectura de Veneza, pediu-me um filme sobre uma casa do João Luís Carrilho da Graça. Se não fosse uma encomenda jamais teria feito uma obra destas.

Neste trabalho tive que jogar com duas coisas. Primeiro, fazer um guião que obedecesse à especificidade da encomenda, ou seja, falar e mostrar uma casa. E segundo, tive de criar os diálogos e a razão pela qual as coisas existem neste filme: porque é que as raparigas estão dentro daquela casa, porque é que se movem como movem, etc.

Foi muito importante ver se era capaz de fazer um trabalho meu, totalmente meu, mesmo sendo uma encomenda.

PARTE III: A mulher pintada e a mulher filmada

***NC* – Na tua escolha de actrizes ou modelos, o que é que toma a primazia? Há um grupo de mulheres que filmaste e pintaste nos teus primeiros trabalhos que eram as mulheres que estavam à tua volta.**

É uma coisa doméstica. São as minhas amigas, ou os meus amigos. Por exemplo, no *Doppelgänger*, a Ana Isabel, com quem trabalho sempre, é minha amiga. O Amândio Coroado é o actor porque é meu amigo. As coisas não têm outro segredo a não ser este. Essa relação existe em todos os filmes que faço. Com a excepção de *Parasite* (2003), em que precisava de uma s*tripper*. Aqui não dava para filmar com uma das minhas amigas. Até porque é um filme muito complexo, filmado ao contrário. Ela começa o filme toda nua e veste-se. Como o filme se passa ao contrário, tu pensas que ela se está a despir e não a vestir e os gestos são muito estranhos.

***NC* – Em *Parasite* utilizas uma *stripper* profissional e em *Jolie Valse* (2007) utilizas as dançarinas.**

Os dois trabalhos não são a mesma coisa. No *Jolie Valse* uso música folclórica francesa de acordeão, e não resisti a convocar a intimidade. A dançarina de saia preta é irmã da Isabel, minha mulher, e gosta do folclore regional francês. Para encontrar a outra dançarina é que fui fazer um *casting* aos Alunos de Apolo, para tentar encontrar uma profissional das danças de salão, mas para dançar uma música totalmente diferente da sua formação.

***NC* – Percebo esse argumento, muito pragmático, de usares mulheres, homens e os meios que estavam mais próximos de ti e que isso sempre foi muito determinante nas escolhas que foste fazendo. Mas, no caso das mulheres, todas têm determinadas características que reconhecemos nas tuas pinturas e nos teus desenhos.**

Sim, são giras. E eu gosto delas.

***NC* – E ficam bem de vestido preto.**

Na realidade é isso. Porque procuro nelas alguma verosimilhança com as pinturas que faço. São uma espécie de personagens das pinturas que saltam cá para fora.

***NC* – Isso quer dizer que as imagens-matriz do teu trabalho são as que encontramos na pintura?**

Sim, seguramente.

***NC* – Porque é que nas tuas esculturas e pinturas não há caras e nos filmes mostras sempre os rostos?**

Em determinada altura do meu percurso, não havia retratos. A única coisa que me interessava quando fazia aquelas representações eram as manifestações genéricas de um género. Tu olhares para ali e saberes que aquilo era uma mulher, um homem, um cão, ou o que quer que fosse. Não era nem a Teresa, nem a Margarida, nem a Ana. Era uma mulher. Já no meu trabalho de vídeo ou de cinema, são sempre retratos de pessoas concretas. Nas pinturas não me interessava fazer o retrato, interessava-me focar apenas no género no sentido de *gender*. Em teoria poderia fazer um filme em que nunca mostrasse as cabeças, mas não é isso que me interessa.

***NC* – Por isso é que os teus filmes não são só um prolongamento das tuas pinturas, mas acrescentam uma outra dimensão. Porque não estamos a falar do caso, como alguns artistas fazem, de encenar as pinturas, numa espécie de *tableau vivant*. Há coisas que se contaminam, há muitos elementos diferentes que se introduzem no teu trabalho, a partir da imagem em movimento. Achas que há alguma verosimilhança ou alguma proximidade entre a mulher pintada e a mulher filmada?**

A mulher filmada é um retrato, já não é uma mulher genérica das mulheres que eu pinto.

***NC* – Na tua obra há uma esfera de afecto muito presente, sobretudo nos filmes e nas fotografias. Filmaste a tua filha, o teu filho, as tuas namoradas, a tua mulher actual, a tua ex-mulher Helena, etc. São quase filmes de família. Já nas tuas pinturas, nos teus desenhos ou nas tuas esculturas não há relação nenhuma com o teu contexto afectivo. Isso é uma escolha deliberada?**

O desaparecimento dessa linguagem familiar nas pinturas, esculturas, desenhos não é deliberado. Acontece porque acontece. Já a consciência da proximidade da família nos filmes e nas fotografias é deliberada. Eu não perdi aquilo que marcava os meus primeiros filmes, que eram uma espécie de experiência vinda da prática do filme familiar. Mas feito de uma maneira sofisticada, feito para ser obra de arte. Ainda hoje utilizo a família e as pessoas que me são próximas. Para mim, um filme é um exercício de grande intimidade.

PARTE IV: *Close* (2001)

***NC* – Só tens um filme em colaboração que é com o Atom Egoyan. Como surgiu esse projecto?**

De uma maneira muito simples. O primeiro filme que vi dele foi o *Exotica* (1994), e achei-o uma verdadeira obra-prima. Encomendei todos os filmes dele e fiquei completamente cilindrado.

Um dia estava a falar com o curador Michael Tarantino [1948–2003] e disse-lhe que adorava o Atom Egoyan. Por coincidência eles eram amigos e ele quis-mo apresentar. Passadas duas ou três semanas, telefona-me e diz:

> — Nem queiras saber. Fui jantar em Toronto com o Atom Egoyan. Falei-lhe de ti e no teu interesse em conhecê-lo. Ele disse que tinha visto a tua exposição na Sean Kelly Gallery e adorou o teu trabalho. E se vocês fizessem um trabalho em conjunto?
> — Eu alinho.
> — Já falei com o Atom e ele também quer fazer. Têm que se conhecer.

Ele ia ser o presidente do júri do prémio Luigi de Laurentiis do Festival de Cinema de Veneza em 2000 e eu fui lá ter para o conhecer. Maravilhoso! Demo-nos como Deus com os anjos. Começámos a corresponder-nos e chegámos à conclusão de que iríamos fazer o *Close* (2001). Quando estávamos mais ou menos a meio da pós-produção, o Michael Tarantino telefona-me e dá-me uma notícia fantástica. O Harald Szeemann [1933–2005; foi director artístico da Bienal de Veneza entre 1999 e 2001] tinha ouvido falar do nosso projecto e queria convidar-nos para estrearmos o filme na Bienal de Veneza de 2001. Foi assim que este projecto estreou na *The Plateau of Humankind*. Curiosamente, a última Bienal de que Szeemann foi comissário.

***NC* – O *Close* é um momento muito singular na sua dimensão instalativa. Como é que chegaram àquela decisão?**

Muitas conversas a pensar sobre perversidade. A perversidade que eu tinha no meu trabalho, na perversidade que o Atom tinha no trabalho dele e começámos a pensar que talvez fosse interessante encontrar alguma coisa *quirky*. Chegámos à conclusão de que íamos fazer um homem de boca aberta com uma mulher a cortar as unhas dos pés na boca dele. Mas se fosse só isto qual

era o interesse? Por isso decidimos fazer um filme que o espectador não pudesse ver. Mas também não o queríamos tapar totalmente, queríamos que o espectador o visse excessivamente.

***NC* – Como é que se vê excessivamente?**

O ecrã é tão grande que não se consegue ver totalmente a imagem. Sabemos que ela está lá, ela é-te apresentada com a maior das generosidades, mas não a vês, porque é grande demais para qualquer um de nós. A história perversa de uma imagem perversa, apresentada de uma maneira não convencional que impede a visão normal de um filme.

***NC* – E como é que montaram este projeto? À maneira das artes visuais ou à maneira do cinema?**

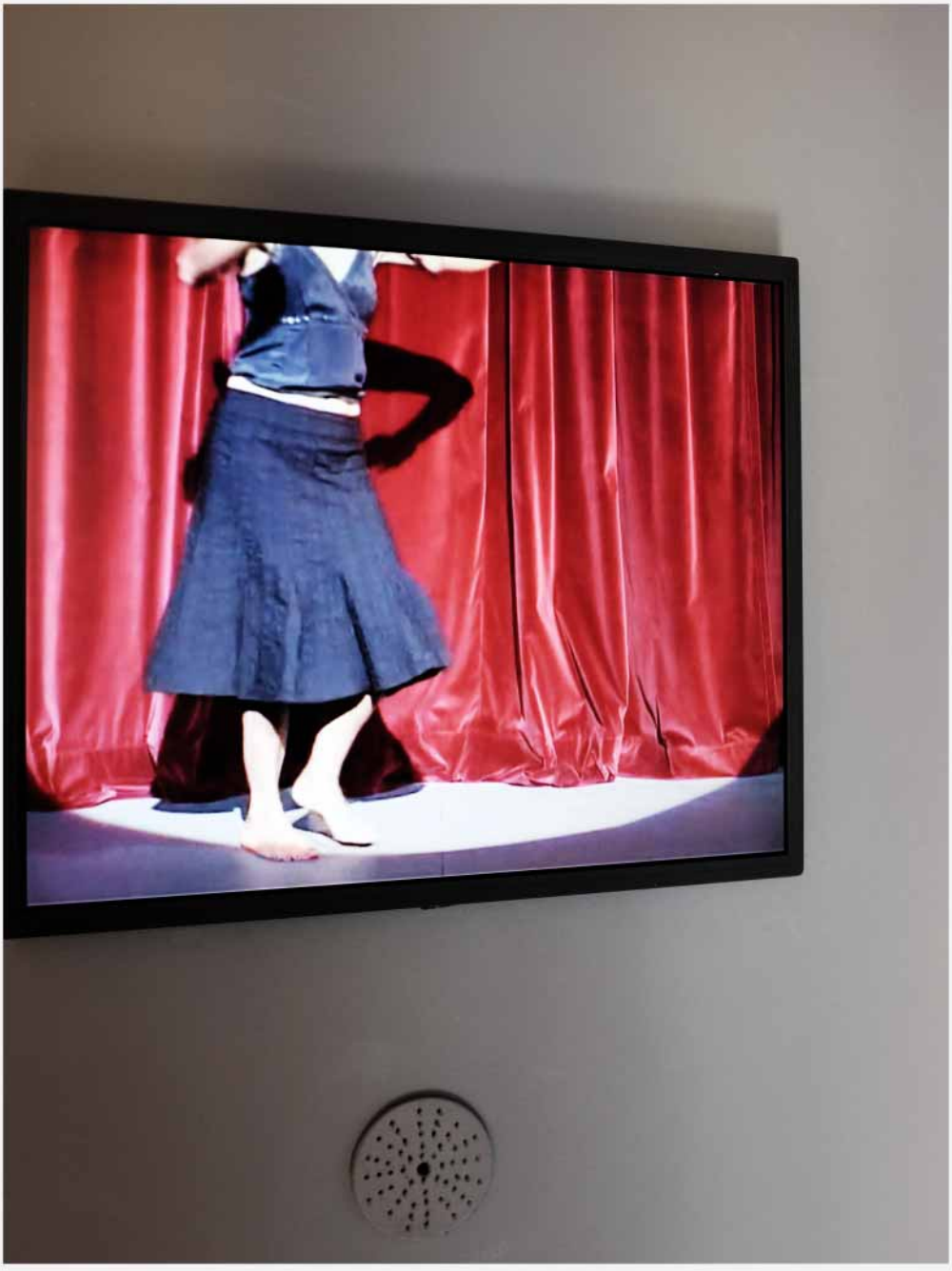
Como ele tinha mais prática nestes projectos do que eu, sugeri que ele fizesse uma estimativa de quanto é que isto nos poderia custar. Passadas cerca de duas semanas ele manda-me um calhamaço. O filme custaria cerca de 350 000 dólares. Aquilo era carros de *catering*, pagar a sindicatos, mais viagens, etc.

***NC* – E como reagiste?**

Fiz as contas, falei com Rui Poças e chegamos a um valor irrisório que era para aí cem vezes menor do que o orçamento inicial. Por isso a imagem foi toda feita por mim em Lisboa e o som gravado e misturado pelo Atom no Canadá.

***NC* – Só mais uma pergunta sobre a instalação dessa obra. Não deixa de ser curioso que tendo o teu trabalho uma significativa dimensão instalativa e escultórica, que nunca antes o tivesses feito. Por exemplo colocar a imagem em movimento no meio das tuas esculturas.**

Eu não sou um artista rico. Tenho dificuldades económicas, sempre tive. Tenho uma família grande e o vídeo é uma coisa cara. Eu não faço tanto vídeo como gostaria de fazer porque é caro. Se eu pintar um quadro, ou fizer uma escultura, faço-o com os materiais que tenho no atelier.



PARTE V: A especificidade da imagem em movimento

***NC* – Falaste no princípio desta conversa sobre o papel que a imagem em movimento tem no teu trabalho. Que é lugar de experimentação e um prolongamento das tuas pinturas.**

Não é só das minhas pinturas. É uma extensão, um braço dos vários que constituem a minha obra. A minha relação com o cinema não é mais nem menos importante do que o meu trabalho em pintura, desenho, instalações, som ou escultura. No fundo, são instrumentos para eu construir uma realidade. E essa realidade é o meu discurso. É isso que me interessa e é isso que procuro dizer. Depois tenho de perceber qual a melhor maneira de interpretar ou representar esse discurso. Umas vezes é fazer uma pintura, outras um desenho. Mas outras tenho mesmo de fazer um filme ou um vídeo. São um instrumento de trabalho e uma das linguagens que utilizo para transmitir o que me interessa.

***João Pedro Amorim* – Todos os teus trabalhos em imagem em movimento são muito cinematográficos, quase fragmentos de filmes imaginários. Para o espectador fica uma sugestão de um certo universo mais vasto do qual só vemos uma pequena parte, onde estes trabalhos existem. Interessa-te esse fora de campo, o que está para além das imagens?**

Interessa-me o espaço entre uma coisa e outra, nunca o durante, o antes ou o depois. É o espaço entre as coisas, é o espaço entre o tempo. A minha obra é muito fragmentada em qualquer um dos seus meios. Interessam-me estes pequenos fragmentos, aparentemente desconexos, que de repente se agigantam em termos da percepção. Nesse sentido os meus trabalhos são extremamente abertos. É óbvio que quando faço qualquer coisa sei aquilo que quero dizer, mas interessa-me que as obras estejam abertas a múltiplas interpretações. Se eu fizer um trabalho que tenha um princípio, um meio e um fim, e que seja taxativo e rígido, essa multiplicação de leituras torna-se muito mais difícil. Preciso de fazer algo mais aéreo e volátil, para que essa multiplicidade aconteça.

***JPA* – A tua obra parece construir-se em torno de uma série de códigos ou elementos recorrentes, como o corpo feminino, o desejo, o mar…**

Umas vezes consciente outras inconscientemente, utilizo os mesmos mecanismos como uma espécie de chaves de descodificação. Não utilizo esses elementos mais ou menos simbólicos para serem descodificados, mas enquanto sistemas de linguagem.

***JPA* – Outro elemento importante são as referências literárias e textuais.**

Em todo o meu trabalho a palavra escrita é uma coisa importante e a literatura está sempre presente. Umas vezes de maneira objectiva outras de forma subjectiva. Se vires o *Lacan's Assumption* (2003) e não leres o título, não vais poder entender essa obra. Quando se lê o título, aqueles quatro sketches têm um significado completamente diferente. A leitura da obra é transformada pelo seu título. Esse é um jogo que faço sempre e que faz parte da minha história de leitura, de literatura e do meu interesse pela palavra escrita. Os títulos das minhas obras quase nunca correspondem àquilo que se vê, mas criam uma relação entre texto e objecto representado. Isto significa que o título, enquanto palavra escrita, não é uma ilustração, mas mais uma ideia que se junta ao todo da obra. Nas pinturas, o título é como se fosse mais uma pincelada – sem ela, o quadro seria totalmente diferente. Nos filmes e nos vídeos, o título são mais 10 fotogramas porque todos eles têm uma história. Por exemplo, *Toile* (2006) e *Doppelganger*, têm um double-meaning. *Toile* é tela, um espaço branco onde se faz qualquer coisa. Mas se se ler ao contrário torna-se Eliot. E o que a actriz desse filme, nesse caso a minha filha, está a ler é o *The Waste Land* de T.S. Eliot.

***JPA* – E quais são as propriedades específicas do vídeo ou do filme que te interessam? É a temporalidade, a repetição?**

A temporalidade e o movimento são fundamentais. Eu posso olhar para um quadro durante um segundo ou durante uma hora, mas na realidade a partir do momento em que o nosso olho pousa no quadro ele está visto, é aquilo. A visão de um quadro não tem um tempo, o seu tempo é aquele que nós escolhemos. Enquanto que um vídeo, ou um filme, tem um tempo determinado. Tem o tempo em que começa e o tempo em que acaba. Por exemplo, quando vemos o *Sleep*, do Andy Warhol, que é John Giorno a dormir, só vemos a obra completa quando a vemos na sua duração total. Não é ver dois fotogramas, porque a importância dessa obra é o tempo que passamos a ver John Giorno a dormir. Este sentido de temporalidade não existe quando olhamos para uma pintura. Sabe-se que um espectador normal demora dois segundos a ver um quadro num museu.

***NC* – É cegueira?**

Olhas para as Meninas do Velázquez, dois segundos! Mas o que é um facto é que olhar para uma pintura, ou olhar para uma escultura não tem tempo, é o tempo que quiseres: muito, pouco ou nenhum. Enquanto que

numa imagem em movimento o tempo é fundamental. Por outro lado, os quadros estão sempre ali, são sempre os mesmos. A nossa interpretação é que pode mudar. Numa mesma pintura, podes descobrir coisas que nunca antes tinhas visto. Trata-se de uma nova descoberta com uma realidade estática que já existia e sempre lá esteve. Enquanto que no esquema das imagens em movimento as coisas estão sempre a mudar e a mutação acontece dentro do ecrã, dentro do espaço visual que estás a dominar.

***JPA* – Tinhas referido que a ideia de futuro sempre te interessou muito.**

O cinema tem que ver com isso. A imagem que estou a ver agora é o princípio da imagem que vou ver a seguir. Coisa esta que me faz muita confusão e que me interessa muito. Regresso à frase que o Amândio diz no *Doppelgänger:* «este momento agora é o momento exacto antes do futuro». Já está.

Lacan's Assumption
(2003)

There's a word in the title of this book that shouldn't be there: *complete*. Because Julião Sarmento's *oeuvre* will never be complete. As long as there are people who want to look at his paintings, sculptures, drawings, installations and films, his work will live on. As such, I'm pretty sure his work will prove infinite.

While new works will not appear in the future in the material, formal sense, each time we return to the work of this artist we discover new meanings, new relationships and new unexpected depths, a condition that keeps JS's works perpetually new and, as such, perpetually incomplete and in transformation. This is the youthfulness of his work. And that energy, which was so clear in the way he looked at the world and at art, is deposited like an inexhaustible power in each of his works. And that's why this book is misleading in a certain sense, because the works we bring together here are not complete, but in a continuous process of development.

It is well known that JS always wanted to try new things, meet new artists, develop new projects. He always had some new idea to explore and in which he wanted to involve us. And this was never about a programme or a strategy, but just his way of being in the world: insatiable, driven by an enormous curiosity, and perpetually blessed with the best and most essential elements of youth.

Since 2017, Julião began collaborating with the School of Arts at the Catholic University of Portugal: first in an exhibition entitled "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", which brought together most of his film and video works and which gave rise to this book, the first steps of which were overseen by the artist himself; and later as a member of our advisory board. In this latter role he joined us multiple times to enter into dialogue with art students and young artists, offering the same frankness, generosity and demand for quality that he had for all those around him.

Besides the news he would bring us each time he came, he would also insist on explaining the same thing: that you cannot teach someone to be an artist. Besides the embarrassment of this critical lesson for the ambitions of

art schools that aim to professionalise artists, he would stress that everything depends on the restlessness, curiosity and truth that artists put into what they do. Much of that desire for experimentation and his characteristic restlessness are fully visible in the works gathered in this publication.

I would like to thank all my colleagues and students from the School of Arts for their collaboration, commitment, rigour and enthusiasm, both in the exhibition we have held and in the development of the publication which concludes the project we began with JS. I thank especially João Covita, João Pereira, João Pedro Amorim, Margarida Dinis and Maria Silva. Thanks to the authors who contributed reflections and accepted to publish their texts in this book: Ana Anacleto, André Silveira, Chrissie Iles, Delfim Sardo and Kerry Brougher. A special thanks to Ana Rocha from Atelier Julião Sarmento for her collaboration in the editorial project.

I would also like to thank Manuel Rosa from Documenta publishing house, who has not only made the existence of this collection possible, but who makes each of our books a source of enduring pride. I must also mention the contribution of Pedro Falcão, who, with his usual intuition and understanding of the difficulties of representing a work of art in a book, played a decisive role in the final result achieved. I would like to thank Delfim Sardo for the complicity and solidarity with which he helped us resolve doubts and find solutions; and Isabel Sarmento and the Julião Sarmento Association for the trust they placed in the School of Arts of the Catholic University in developing a book of such importance.

Thanks to Dr. Isabel Braga da Cruz, Vice Chancellor of UCP and head of the Porto campus, for the trust and enthusiasm she places in the teaching project and artistic production we have developed. And finally, a special thanks to Dr. Isabel Capeloa Gil, the magnificent Chancellor of the Catholic University of Portugal, for her continuous encouragement and recognition of the importance of the arts and artistic processes, not only in the development of a more intelligent and ethical society, but in the common project that is the Catholic University.

Unfortunately, this book cannot fulfil its initial function, which was to account for the entirety of Julião's works with the moving image, and from which we were going to develop a new film for which he already had an idea. "I'll tell you later", JS always said. The result instead is this book. I never found out what his new idea was, nor will we ever be able to make the film that JS (who loved cinema so much) wanted to. Perhaps it's better this way.

But even if we can't make the film he wanted, we will continue what he started and make his works living sites of experience, thought and contemplation. Thank you Julião.

Notes

This book was developed from the database of the Atelier Julião Sarmento and all existing, destroyed or missing films were numbered according to their chronological order. A technical description for each film has been provided alongside all the information currently available in relation to bibliography, reproductions and exhibitions where films were shown. Each work is also presented with a brief synopsis that facilitates entry to a set of works that Sarmento wanted to be fluid and open to different readings, and where that which lies outside [beyond the images] forms a fundamental part. At times these synopses also help us understand the complex web of references and echoes that are weaved through and connect JS's different works, and which place them in dialogue with the entirety of his artistic and literary universe.

If JS's film works mostly involved images and occasional playing on the words of their titles until the early 1980s, from that time onwards the production model of the video works expanded to include participants other than the artist himself and to afford a central place for textual elements. Many of these texts were taken from poets such as T. S. Eliot or philosophers such as Wittgenstein, while others were constructed by the artist himself, creating a unique fictional universe.

Given the importance that texts take on in these works, a full transcription of the original versions of these texts has been made available. Texts thus appear in various languages, which have been maintained as they originally appear in JS's works. These texts have also been fully translated into English. Each title of Julião Sarmento's film works is preceded by a number that facilitates its further discovery through the information, images and texts that make up this catalogue.

Nuno Crespo
Dean Escola das Artes
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THE CINEMATIC MINDSET OF JULIÃO SARMENTO

Delfim Sardo

I believe it is safe to say, in short, that all of Julião Sarmento's work is, in its essence, tributary to cinema. There are countless examples of this, which take us back to the very dawn of his artistic career: the paintings that mark its beginning, during the early 1970s, are representations of entities, usually animal, that disappear off the edges of the canvas, raising one of the key questions of his work, the 'out-of-frame,' a cinematographic category by nature; the photographic series on which Sarmento worked between 1974 and the end of the decade are the skeletons of film projects, scripts, almost photographic storyboards; the paintings from the 1980s, in their fragmentation, collage and drama, are cinematic in their construction (if not specific allusions to film); the white paintings appear to be born of a long take from *The Passenger*, the 1975 film by Antonioni, and the way that architecture enters his paintings reveals a passion and in-depth knowledge of cinema that mapped the architecture of Palm Springs, designed by Lautner and Neutra; not to mention direct references to films, actors, characters, the inclusion of quotes, an actress's first line in a film, allusions to directors, books on cinema, quotations, re-appropriations and even an installation entitled *Rosebud*.

In addition to all this, however, Julião Sarmento made films from 1971 onwards, first in Super 8, later in video. Even his videos are films. And, finally, his films are not films: they appear to be films, but they are images in motion, stages converted into plateaux, all in a to-and-fro between his lifelong interest in the image produced in the context of representation and the image projected in the viewer's expectation.

In this sense, then, Julião Sarmento's film work, which occupied a fundamental place in his career, is not in itself a condensation of his relationship with cinema or the projected image, or even his relationship with the lenticular technologies of treatment of representation to which so many artists devoted themselves (as he himself did) in the neo-vanguards — a field in which Julião shaped his interest in the artistic practice. In a way that was probably very similar to that of John Baldessari, his friend, role model and one of the figures of contemporary art to whom he felt closest, Julião Sarmento conceived his relationship with cinema in an immersive way that came to structure his work. The modes of image he used were largely born of his relationship with the screen and with the mechanisms inherent to the cinematographic narrative, meaning that he did not, therefore, need to replicate cinematic processes in the works in which he used the moving image, even if the ontology that linked them – based on the relationship with the lens, consideration

of the shot, movement and framing and, necessarily, the inclination towards projection – seemed to want to make cinema of them.

The first aspect to bear in mind, however, is that, on the whole, Sarmento's images (including the paintings, photographs, sculptures and many of the drawings) are based in something that is found beyond the images themselves. Sometimes that elusive quality in his images – which can only be seen as a glimpse — is found beyond the field of the image; on other occasions the inside of the field of the image erases segments, establishing the fragment as the only possible tool of recognition. This fragmentary logic, however, does not stem from a romantic belief that the fragment contains the symptom of any whole, but precisely the opposite — the conviction that the image can only be fragmentary because an understandable whole does not exist, because it is entirely situated outside our cognitive field, especially if we understand that knowledge is the exercise of a narrative capacity. In a text on the work of Julião Sarmento, the North American theoretician and critic Jan Avgikos mentions that the artist told her he was only interested in 'private life'. This statement, in the context of his artistic production, gives us to understand that his focus was always that of trying to show a certain point of view (each time), as though his images never strived to be exemplary, but made possible the generous construction of a projective narrative. This is the sense in which we can regard his work as a cinematic construction — probably more than cinematographic — because the processes of cinema, the archaeological ones, with a fixed camera and the front-facing image, that witness and document an action, or those resulting from the editing, or subsequent criticism (the long takes, or subjective camera use), surround all his work in the various supports to which he devoted himself. Almost like an isomorphism of cinematographic processes, the work of Julião Sarmento explores the methodologies of cinema, starting with the experimental cinema of Jonas Mekas, Andy Warhol and Michael Snow in the Super 8 films, acknowledging the pioneering idea of 'expanded field' proposed and analysed by Gene Youngblood in atmospheric and immersive works such as *Rosebud* (1980); finding in film the freedom to construct the theatricality so decisively opposed by the critics, following the lead of Michael Fried, through the definition of front-facing fields of action, stages on which the actors talk directly to us (so markedly anti-Diderotian); reconfiguring the spatiality of the film projected in installations that use dual projection (*Döppelganger*, 2001) or the obscene proximity of the viewer to the surface of the screen, as in *Close* (2001, with Atom Egoyan), recovering the most effective and ingenious optical effects

in cinema, almost in homage to Meliés, in *Parasite* (2003), using the same images repeatedly, as in *Rumba* (1976) and *Jolie Valse* (2007); using pornography, again and again, as the field in which the subjectivity of the cinematographic gaze disappears through the use of the actor looking directly at the viewer, repeatedly establishing the obscenity of that gaze which generates an unmistakeable *Verfremdung*.

Regardless, in Julião Sarmento's work, whatever the field, whatever the typology, in any of his multiple relationships or literary or image-related cross-references, it is in the editing, in the stoppage and splitting, in the fragment and the out-of-frame, that we find its essence.

His work is, therefore, a kind of cinema that is constantly worked and remade, passionate and critical, a process in which cinema meets painting, as the two traditions of the narrative of the image. His anthropology of the singular, the private and the elusive is based on this.

THE CINEMA OF LOST ILLUSIONS

Kerry Brougher

1

> My body is everywhere: the bomb which destroys my house also damages my body insofar as the house was already an indication of my body.
> JEAN-PAUL SARTRE[1]

There is a moment near the end of Julião Sarmento's 2010 film *Cromlech* in which a voiceover suddenly breaks in to explain the elements of the setting, a minimalist white house resting in the Portuguese countryside. A disembodied woman's voice addresses rather banally the architecture and engineering of the house. Counter-intuitively, the description is not spoken over images of the house but rather over extreme close-ups of the three women who inhabit it: tight shots of bare neck and shoulders, lines formed by legs, the right side of a face. The lengthy explanation of the house is divided into three calculated sections. Architectural terms are used such as 'platforms', 'volume', 'sequential wings', and the woman describes the way an exterior patio "opens up to the landscape towards the southeast" and how a "virtual oblique plane intercepts with the purely prismatic volume of the house" leading to a 'distortion'.

The term 'distortion' seems particularly appropriate for *Cromlech* as well as most of Sarmento's film work. The voiceover moment is slightly jarring; these three women and their environment are revealed before this only in carefully framed static compositions or tracking shots that tenderly glide around and through the house. The women's interactions seem warm but are almost inaudible, and the camera occasionally leaves them intentionally out of focus, concentrating instead on the architecture. Sarmento sets up a tension between the women and the house; neither seems to be the subject of the film. Instead, it is the interaction between the two motifs that is the core. As Beatriz Colomina has noted, "Architecture is not simply a platform that accommodates the viewing subject. It is a viewing mechanism that produces the subject. It precedes and frames its occupant."[2] Indeed, in some shots, the women become tableaux vivants, still lifes within and around the house, almost as if the house produced them as opposed to the other way around. The effect is rather haunting, with the feeling at times that the women are timeless, or, rather, out of time, while the house takes on a sense of the infinite. The voiceover break in the film dispels any notion of this being a document of the house or a fictive study of characters; rather, the artist presents

a disjointed fusion of sound, language, and vision, creating the marriage of body and structure. It is a 'distortion', through cinematic means, of the typical covenant the viewer has with cinema — an expectation of either reportage or fiction. Sarmento uses cinema to get to something that is neither of these, neither real nor illusionistic. Instead, he creates a state in which beings and structures are stripped of layers of social, psychological, and sexual significance, reduced to something essential and elemental.

Cromlech is a word used for ancient megalithic stone structures that are thought to have provided some kind of shelter, or for circles of stone for religious or astronomical purposes. In either case, the inside and the outside flow together. 'Inhabitant' probably is not a word one can use for a human standing within a cromlech as outside and inside are defined more by indistinct lines rather than the boundary of actual walls. While modern architects from Ludwig Mies van der Rohe to Renzo Piano have used transparency to connect inside and outside, the cromlech does not distinguish between the two, only between ceremonial space and the landscape. Sarmento's film title hurls the contemporary house back into the prehistoric; 'character' is reduced to figure and the home to simple structure. The cromlech is a conceptual means of negating any modernist reading of what we are witnessing; instead, figure and ground, human form and shelter, flow effortlessly between one another. In *Cromlech*, like other Sarmento films, the female, so tinted by scopophilia in our post-Victorian era, is presented in a manner that returns her sex, like the house, to an undistorted state, ironically by an act of cinematic distortion.

The art and film theoretician Rudolf Arnheim surmised that "The effect of film is neither absolutely two-dimensional nor absolutely three-dimensional."[3] It is not surprising then that Sarmento, who from the start of his career has been interested in both visual art and architecture, in two-dimensions and three-dimensions, chooses to work a great deal in film, a medium that brings flatness and depth together. The monochromatic whiteness of Sarmento's paintings perhaps owes a debt to the vast whiteness of the theater screen, to the illuminated rectangle surrounded by darkness — that window that lets in not the natural light of architecture but the artificial, other-worldly light of fiction. Yet Sarmento distorts the cinema, shifting it into a self-reflexive territory to alter this illuminated screen, destroy the fiction, and reconnect it to the world.

The visitor to a building must move through architecture, but in cinema, the viewer sits still, and the building moves around them. Yet the spectator

can only move through the architecture sitting still if the filmmaker moves physically through it first, the lens of the camera an extension of their eye. Early in cinema's history, the great Soviet documentary filmmaker Dziga Vertov called this the "Kino-Eye," the cine-eye, a "mechanical eye" capturing not the "bourgeois fairytale" that feature filmmakers churned out but film truth, "[n]ot 'filming life unawares' for the sake of the 'unaware,' but in order to show people without masks, without makeup, to catch them through the eye of the camera in a moment when they are not acting, to read their thoughts, laid bare by the camera."[4] Sarmento similarly uses the camera to cut through the layers of language and pre-conceived concepts, to lay bare details that reveal the truth of the image as opposed to psychological or contaminated interpretations. In his films, we float through time and space and find that the floating itself has become the subject; we witness the body extremely close up and realize line and composition is what is at stake; we watch as light alters shapes and structures and understand that the shifting light is a subject itself. In Sarmento's cinema, we also can be abruptly stopped in our tracks by vivid details, the camera tightly framing the curve of a leg, the arch of a neck, the way cloth touches skin. Through the cinematic apparatus, space and body, figure and ground, all become one thing, existing on the same level — pure form stripped of predetermined meaning. The artist's films blur the deep space of reality with the flatness of the illuminated screen. Bodies ooze out of the silvery whiteness of the screen, which is duplicated in the image by a painted wall or monochromatic backdrop. Cinema is nothing if not flat, a surface covered only by the thinnest veneer of light. Yet it is an illuminated void that can reveal, if re-adjusted, the layers of meaning in the most intimate and private circumstances — which is where we travel with Sarmento.

2

> *It is the viewers who make the pictures*, indeed.
> They are inside.
> THIERRY DE DUVE[5]

Sarmento emerged as an artist in the early 1970s on the heels of an era when both feature and experimental filmmakers had begun to dismantle the cinematic apparatus. It was an era that pushed out the boundaries of cinema, making the medium more self-reflexive. Filmmakers explored location shooting with light-weight cameras such as the Arriflex and spring-wound Bolex, investigated new editing strategies such as the jump cut and extreme long take, and called attention to the materiality of the film stock. Just as the studio system dream factory was collapsing, filmmakers of all kinds began rejecting the staged theatricality and artifice of Hollywood, instead choosing to disassemble cinema's established vocabulary.

The classic Hollywood dream machine twisted our perception of the world, adding psychological layers on top of already complex ways of seeing. In critic Laura Mulvey's words, the dream factory created at the extreme the "pleasure in looking at another person as object."[6] Although not confined to the cinema — visual art also played a role in the manifestation of the voyeuristic mindset — it was the film industry that created, through calculated mise-en-scène, high contrast cinematography, alluring and extravagant costumes, and radiant pseudo-expressionist production design the objectification of the female. These perversions and obsessions weaved through fiction became great art in the work of directors such as Josef von Sternberg and Alfred Hitchcock, who molded stars like Marlene Dietrich and Ingrid Bergman into sensual icons.

In the 1950s, Hollywood itself began to focus on its inner workings. Billy Wilder in *Sunset* Boulevard, 1950, Vincente Minnelli in *The Bad and the* Beautiful, 1952, and Robert Aldrich in *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*, 1962, all pulled the dream factory inside out, revealing the seedy underbelly of their industry. This deconstruction included a new probing of cinema's voyeuristic underpinnings, which were spotlighted in films such as Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window*, 1954, and *Pyscho*, 1960. In England, Michael Powell's *Peeping Tom*, also from 1960, stands out as perhaps the most voyeuristic movie of all, a film in which the director makes the audience complicit in the act of murder. With his interest in the female body, sexuality, violent gesture, and the

film medium, it is not surprising that Sarmento chose *Peeping Tom* as a title for one of his paintings.

In experimental film, artists looked to the intimacy, privacy, and secrecy of home movie aesthetics for inspiration. Stan Brakhage's hand-held roaming camera caught personal hallucinogenic visions of an inner cosmic world while Yoko Ono and Carolee Schneemann focused on cinematic voyeurism and de-fetishizing women's identity. Andy Warhol pushed cinema back inside itself in 1963 and 1964, letting the spools of film run out in his series of "Screentests," and utilizing one continuous shot to capture eight hours of the Empire State building. Also, his use of tight close-ups of faces and bodies in films like *Blow Job* and *Sleep* certainly influenced Sarmento's early work.

The artist was inspired by the European filmmakers that fell somewhere between experimental and mainstream cinema, with many of their approaches finding their way into his work. Among them were Alain Resnais, who used extreme close shots of the human body in *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, 1959, and long tracking shots and posed actors in *Last Year at Marienbad*, 1961, and Ingmar Bergman, who utilized voiceover, concentrated inspections of the human face, and occasional exposures of the cinematic apparatus in his attempts to explore women's identity in films such as *Persona*, 1966. Above all, Luis Bunuel, with his interest in sexual and religious imagery, was most certainly critical for Sarmento. Cinema was becoming less linear, more non-narrative, and subverting its language. It had moved out of the confines of the sound stage into the "real" world. Hollywood's dominance was faltering, and cinema's role questioned in profound ways.

In his first films, the artist uses many of the devices of progressive filmmakers, including fragmenting time and space, extreme long takes, the collision of real time and fictive time, and tight close-ups. Among Sarmento's earliest extant films is a 1975 piece called *1, 2, 3*. In this short Super 8 film, a textured monochromatic background provides a blank canvas for some kind of presentation; but the only action that occurs is the appearance, one at a time, of the numbers 1, 2, and 3. There is no narrative and no characters, just the marking of time as the film flows through the projector, which recalls, only in reverse, the countdown of film leader. It is a materialist film in the extreme. It derives an even more self-reflexive quality through its presentation — the whirring of the projector and the flicker of the film frames foregrounded by running it at a slower speed than filmed.

Although Sarmento has always refused to limit himself to one medium, film is particularly well-suited to his desire to engage with "the politics of

desire."[7] *Pernas* (*Legs*) from 1975, consists of a single take with the camera focused on a woman's torso, her head out of frame, attired only in lacey black garters. For about three and a half minutes, the time of a Super 8 cartridge of film, the "headless" woman stands in front of a barren wall, occasionally adjusting her stance but not making any particularly provocative body movements. About three-quarters of the way through, the exposure changes, lightening the shot and causing the body to blend more into the monochromatic wall. The expectation that the viewer gets from the initial image is that of a low-budget pornographic film, but this is quickly re-directed by the unrelenting single point of view of the camera, the missing head, the lack of action, the absence of editing, and the awkward motions of the woman. Sarmento undercuts conventions, turning the film into a work that is as much about the filmmaking process as about the images. The presentation of the woman exposed turns into a different act of exposure: the exposure of the film as it runs through the inside of the camera and its re-exposure when projected. This relationship between the image and the apparatus creates a space in which sexuality becomes transparent, and the film becomes a study in light, shape, subtle movement, and framing. The erotic aspects of the work slip into the background, giving us the distance we need to contemplate the mechanism of desire rather than be absorbed by the erotic image. In a sense, *Pernas* takes us back to the invention of cinema, when the Lumière Brothers were filming "actualités," capturing the world with the magic of the Cinématographe — a camera, developing box, projector all in one that was as much the center of attention as the moving images projected.

The woman's head may be missing, but the camera takes its place, a seeing eye, looking intently back at its body. But the camera is both her head and our head, only with a neutral eye. It sees but does not have any expectation of narrative, no knowledge of the history of the objectified body, no sense of male desire. Like Vertov's kino eye, Sarmento's camera is an objective observation machine; it captures what is there, the "truth" of the situation. If the spectator expects something else, a base erotic act perhaps, they are ultimately disappointed and must turn their gaze inward.

Much of Sarmento's subject matter and approach to art-making is found in this simple, early film: the focus on women, sexuality, and objectification; the monochromatic wall as a kind of blank canvas (to be taken up in his White Paintings series two decades later); the merging of body and background; and most importantly the amplification of the medium itself to neutralize cinematic illusions and open up the meaning of the image. This approach

is used by Sarmento in many of his early films. In *Faces* from 1976, Sarmento focuses on tongues touching, a sensual act that seen over and over in uncomfortable detail, loses its erotic aura, and becomes a study of movement and anatomy. In *Sombra* (*Shadow*), also 1976, lighting is slowly shifted on two naked women, turning the erotic image into a study in chiaroscuro.

In his later work, Sarmento's films become more complex as he begins using a moving camera, multiple screens, and even reversing footage. In *Untitled (Following)*, 1999, Sarmento films a woman in a white blouse and black skirt — a recurring "character" also found in his paintings — as she moves down a cobblestone street. The woman is shot from behind, her head out of the frame, lending a voyeuristic and menacing feeling, as if we, the audience, are stalking her. It is, of course, a trope found in numerous feature and experimental films, from Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, 1958, to Yoko Ono's *Rape*, 1969. Adding a second screen with similar footage shot in black and white only running backward — the end of one screen is the beginning of the other — Sarmento modifies the woman-in-danger theme. By reversing the film, the woman confronts us with her "forward" motion, always moving at us. The two screens create a kind of architecture of deviation and contrast, of color against black and white, of movement away from and toward us, time moving forward and backward, and we as the camera are simultaneously the hunter and hunted.

This dismantling of eroticism and desire through cinematic means finds perhaps its ultimate statement in the 2003 film *Dirty Diana*, titled after the Michael Jackson song that serves as its soundtrack. A woman, again dressed in the opposites of a white blouse and black skirt, enters what appears to be the artist's studio. She proceeds to perform a highly sophisticated striptease against a white wall painted to resemble one of the artist's canvases. The striptease finishes as the song ends, and the now disrobed performer stands centered against Sarmento's wall painting; when the track begins again, the woman uses similar moves to dress until fully attired. We revisit the tantalizing gestures of the first half of the film, but everything seems reversed and negated — indeed, redressed. The striptease loses the 'tease' by running a retrograde version of itself. Sarmento does not critique the objectification of the woman directly, but by reversing her performance, he returns authority to her, opening up her identity.

Perhaps it is through the work of Marcel Duchamp that we can arrive at a better understanding of the way that Sarmento uses film to explore the difference between "eros and sex, female and male, spirit and flesh," as Calvin Tomkins wrote in his Duchamp biography.[8] Duchamp often used the metaphor of

"machinery" in conjunction with sexuality. His painting "Nude Descending a Staircase, No. 2," 1912, uses sequences resembling motion studies by Eadweard Muybridge and Etienne-Jules Marey to weave together Cubist fragmentation, while his masterwork, *The Bride Stripped Bare by the Bachelors*, *Even*, also known as *The Large Glass*, 1915-23, links sexuality and machine aesthetics in its focus on the Bride who "accepts this stripping by the bachelors, since she supplies the love gasoline to the sparks of this electrical stripping.…[9] But it is in his last major work, *Etant donnés*, created between 1946 and 1966, itself a bookend to *The Large Glass*, that we find the most direct parallel with Sarmento's work. Seemingly rejecting his use of the ready-made and art as idea, Duchamp returns to what he referred to as "retinal" art: a near life-size tableau of a nude female torso stretched out on leaves and branches, her head, like many of Sarmento's women, hidden, her legs spread wide in a sexually suggestive manner. Sunlight bathes the torso, yet the atmosphere somehow has the feeling of magic hour murkiness; she holds another source of illumination, an old fashioned gas lamp that gives off a preternatural glow. Duchamp, like Sarmento, wants to "grasp things with the mind the way the penis is grasped by the vagina."[10] Yet the scene before us, like many of Sarmento's film images, is ambiguous and can be read any number of ways: as a continuation of the historical nude in a landscape, as a sexual provocation, or even a crime scene.

Both Duchamp and Sarmento dismantle the image by focusing on the machine that constructs it. Duchamp's mysterious woman lies at rest in a generic sentimental landscape, part painting, part photograph, with a moving illuminated waterfall. The piece is like early cinema, the collapse of painting, photography, wax museum, and stage magic. If *The Large Glass* flattened space into sheets of glass, *Etant donnés* pulls space back out again, reversing the viewing possibilities from everywhere to almost nowhere. As in Sarmento's films, the audience becomes uncomfortable voyeurs, peering through holes cut in a door, as if the piece is some kind of strange camera obscura, stereopticon, peep show, or film camera viewfinder. Like any diorama, the work is also what is not seen: the numerous Rube Goldberg components such as wires, lights, machine parts, props, castings, and tricks of perspective that make the illusion work. Like Sarmento's films, which reveal the cinematic apparatus, there is a link in Duchamp's work between sexuality and the machines that manufacture such deceptions. In both artists' work, the subject is not so much the women, not the dreamscapes created, but the viewer, whose mind is duplicated and exposed by the machine. We, the viewers, must confront our culpability in the creation of the women's erotic identity.

3

> The world is large, but in us
> it is deep as the sea.
> R.M. Rilke[11]

It is undoubtedly the case that the cinematographic apparatus has embedded within it our voyeuristic desires to peer through windows, to peep into dark chambers and secret compartments, to glimpse people's private lives. But Sarmento is not just interested in these properties but also in cinema's ability to blur the lines between reality and illusion. Overall, his recent films have become more minimal, even austere at times, yet also utilize "professional" cinematic techniques including carefully composed shots, smooth tracking sequences, and carefully controlled color.

In his most recent film, *O fim do mondo* (*End of the World*), 2015, Sarmento once again uses the architectonic two-screen installation that first appeared in *Following* and was also employed in his 2001 *Doppelganger*. In *End of the World,* the left screen is a tight close-up of a woman's face juxtaposed with a prolonged panoramic shot of the sea on the right screen. One might think of women and the sea throughout art and film history: Botticelli's *The Birth of Venus*, c. 1484-86, with colors very similar to the ones found in *End of the World*; Picasso's distorted version of surrealism in *Nude Standing by the Sea* from 1929; Albert Lewin's strange surrealist-tinged 1951 *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, with Jack Cardiff's rich, saturated Technicolor cinematography; or, in stark black and white, Antonioni's 1960 *L'Avventura*, with Monica Vitti posed off-center against barren island seascapes that seemingly reflect the hollowness of the rich and their incurable ennui. Sarmento's woman recalls Vitti, with her vacant stares and deadpan actions — motions without emotions. There is also a feeling in Antonioni's work that we are nearing some kind of end of days, which is the sense we get from Sarmento's installation. However, unlike Antonioni, there is no narrative, not even the barest notion of one. We cut away only a couple of times to watch a woman drying her hands juxtaposed against a woman washing her hands — the attempt to dry oneself compared with the embrace of water. Sarmento lives on the coast of Portugal, so it is not surprising that the ocean has begun to become a theme in his work, particularly at a time when fears of rising water and the eventual end of civilization have invaded our sense of continuity. Here, the vastness of the horizon line and the hypnotic repetition of the waves produces a sense

of recurring motion. Sound has become very important; as we hear the waves crashing and the woman's breathing, the two images become linked in some kind of primordial rhythmic dance.

The ocean is timeless here, a void reflected in the woman's green eyes. It is the sea Odysseus sailed on, that "great sweet mother" that reared its head again in Joyce's *Ulysses*;[12] it is Goethe's "mighty waste of ocean" in "The Calm Sea," resurrected by both Beethoven and Mendelssohn; it is the vast ocean viewed by the monk in Caspar David Friedrich's masterful painting and which resonates across time in Sarmento's photograph of himself staring out into the ocean's immensity. Water is the woman, whose eyes are the gateway to the past and future, to gods and goddesses, to all things above water and below, to the living and the dead. We feel, like Orlando in Virginia Woolf's novel, that we are among the "naturally loved solitary places, vast views… for ever and ever and ever alone."[13]

Maurice Blanchot's 1969 book, *The Infinite Conversation*, from which Sarmento has drawn quotes for other works, perhaps gives us further insight into *End of the World* and the artist's work in general. In that volume, Blanchot speaks of "the absence of the book," and "the end of history."[14] On the right, at the edge of the land, we stand looking out at absence, at the end of humanity, peering into a vast space with no signposts, no language, a place where reason and rational thought can no longer guide us; it is a place that holds only madness and death. On the left side, the same viewer is stopped, almost at the end of the lens, by a pair of eyes that echo the ocean in their color but contain everything absent on the right screen: humanity, thought, history, sexuality, intelligence, and, with each breath, life itself. But the two views are intimately and deeply related. Sarmento subverts cinema, that great fiction producing machine, and instead arrives at something elemental. Humanity exists right next to its absence; destruction is the flip side of creation. Understanding comes by stripping away the illusions we create. Only then can we discover that the mechanical rhythms of the ocean that created us are also churning the rock into an empty canvas of sand.

1 Jean-Paul Sartre quoted in Anthony Vidler, *The Architectural Uncanny* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1992), p. 69.

2 Beatriz Colomina, "The Split Wall: Domestic Voyeurism" in *Sexuality and Space*, ed. Beatriz Colomina (Princeton: Princeton Architectural Press, 1992), p. 83.

3 Rudolf Arnheim, *Film as Art* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1958), p. 12.

4 Dziga Vertov, "The Birth of Kino-Eye", in *Kino-Eye: The Writings of Dziga Vertov*, ed. Annette Michelson (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984), p. 41.

5 Thierry de Duve, "Echoes of the Readymade: Critique of Pure Modernism," *October*, 70 (Fall 1994), 79.

6 Laura Mulvey, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema", in *Reality's Written Language: A Critical Anthology of Classical and Contemporary Film Theory*, ed. Jon Wagner and Denise Spampinato (San Diego: Cognella Academic Publishing, 2017), p. 394.

7 Julião Sarmento, Interview in *Artforum International*, July 30, 2013. https://www.artforum. com/interviews/juliao-sarmento-talks-about-his-current-and-recent-shows-42114

8 Calvin Tomkins, *Duchamp* (London: Random House, 1997), p. 455.

9 Marcel Duchamp, Notes in *The Green Box*, reprinted in Richard Hamilton and George Heard Hamilton, *The Green Book* (London: Percy Lund, Humphries and Co. Ltd, 1960), unpaginated.

10 Marcel Duchamp quoted in Tomkins, p. 454.

11 R.M. Rilke quoted in Gaston Bachelard, The Poetics of Space (Boston: Beacon Press, 1994), p. 183.

12 James Joyce, *Ulysses* (New York: Random House, Inc., 1986), p. 5.

13 Virginia Woolf, *Orlando* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, Inc., 1956), p. 18.

14 Maurice Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2003), p. xii.

JULIÃO SARMENTO'S SECRET CINEMA

Chrissie Iles

Since the beginning of his career in 1967, film has occupied a pivotal role in Juliao Sarmento's excavation of the repressed impulses of the psyche. Sarmento's engagement with film began at a critical moment in the history of cinema, when the strict obscenity laws were about to crumble, at the end of a decade whose defining principle had been the liberation of the erotic impulse. All over Europe and in the United States, the development of a vital independent and experimental cinema was challenging the dominance of Hollywood models of fantasy and desire. In Portugal, the left-wing political revolution was about to overthrow the Salazar dictatorship, leading to a radical new wave of cinema addressing issues of social liberation. In the art world, the traditional boundaries between film and other art forms had been loosened by artists who embraced film as part of a process-based art practice.

Sarmento's erotic durational films appeared at, and were informed by, the convergence of all these shifts in the artistic, cinematic and social body politic. Yet from the beginning they have maintained a barely visible presence in his work, their hiddenness operating as a kind of symbolic representation of his own unconscious. In their shadow world, the sensual and erotic desire held back in his paintings is released into dreamlike tableaux, whose voluptuous images of lips, tongues, legs and skin form the diametric opposite of the graphic restraint of his white impasto canvases. His first film, *Graça de sua Graça* [*Grace is her Name*], made in 1967 at the age of nineteen, establishes the female as the central subject of all his work in both painting, photography and film. From this early study of a woman, in which her movements are behaviour are closely observed, Sarmento went on to make twenty five other Super-8 films throughout the sixties and early seventies, in all of which women were depicted in increasingly erotic and voyeuristic tableaux.

A comprehensive analysis of Sarmento's films is impossible, since a number were destroyed in a fire in Portugal in 1981. One of his first surviving films, *Legs*, one of four films made in 1975, demonstrates the extent of his shift from the psychological to the blatantly erotic subject. *Legs* appeared in the same year that Laura Mulvey's classic text on cinema and sexual politics *Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema* was published, and during a period in which experimental cinema was embracing the abject, the erotic and the transgressive as a creative and liberating force. Whilst the latter embraced psychoanalysis and Freud's theories of desire, the former sought to dismantle them. It is within this paradoxical context that *Legs* must be assessed. Its form and content, like all Sarmento's films, confirm to, and pinpoint, the innate voyeuristic, scopophilic properties of cinema. As Christian Metz has argued, the image on the

screen "is part of a fetishistic viewing structure, in that it substitutes for… the absent reality [of the object]".[1] *Legs* presents a potent symbol of that absent object of desire. A single close-up, frontal shot shows a woman's thighs and sex, clad in sheer black stockings, suspenders and a black lace garter-belt, standing silently and anonymously in front of the camera. As the viewer regards her shapely legs and hips, the young woman repeatedly shifts her weight backwards and forwards from her right leg to her left. The frottage implied by the pressure to her sex from the rhythmic movements evokes the close-up beaver shots of early stag films, to which *Legs* bears a direct relationship.

Rosalind Krauss has drawn attention to Walter Benjamin's argument that, at the moment of both the emergence and the decline of a new social form or technological process, a burst of utopian energy is released, "like the last gleam of a dying star".[2]

The 1970s heralded a crisis in film and photography, both nineteenth century industrial forms, brought about by the challenges of new mass media technology. By the mid 1970s the stag film had disappeared, after emerging at the beginning of early film in the late nineteenth century and thriving underground until the reform of the obscenity laws at the end of the 1960s commercialized the production of explicit sex films, which took on a more mainstream narrative form. The structure and composition of *Legs* echoes early stag films, in its fixed frame, frontal composition, crude printing and the minimal movement within a single explicit image. Like early stag films (and most early artists' films) its running time is three minutes, the length of a single Super-8 film reel. The woman's sex occupies the center of the frame, mesmerizing the viewer's gaze with the same anonymous directness that had marked nineteenth century pornographic photography, in which the young woman's skirts and petticoats were often raised above her head, simultaneously exposing her sex and legs, and obscuring her face.

As Abigail Solomon Godeau has observed, from the eighteenth century onwards, legs were fetishized and allotted the greatest erotic significance.[3] The appearance of erotic photography in the mid-nineteenth century reflected a changing definition of what constituted the feminine, as the exposure of legs in the realm of dance and opera widened to include access to a new, intimate experience of the objectified erotic body. The women who appeared in erotic photographs were presumed to be prostitutes, and the eclipse of painting's idealization of the female body by the apparent reality of photography triggered intense social anxiety regarding the increasingly uncertain boundary between courtesan and respectable, sexualized woman.

Sarmento's women are presumed to be 'respectable' collaborators participating in the construction of an erotic theatrical tableau; yet some doubt lingers, reinforced by an implied anxiety regarding the boundary within which female sexuality can be circumscribed. Reclaiming a nineteenth century form at the moment of its disappearance, Sarmento's preoccupation with the objectified, erotic female body appears as an attempt to keep hold of something precious about to be lost; the language of female sexual display as defined by nineteenth century Paris, and, more widely, cinema itself – both methods of fetishizing, and thereby rendering neutral, the threat of unbridled female sexual desire.

A group of conceptual photographic works from 1976, a year in which he made seven films, demonstrates a brief translation of Sarmento's filmic concepts into his two-dimensional work. In one explicitly sexual, if not pornographic work, three photographs show a woman performing oral sex on a man, below a triangle of text stating "touch", "mouth sensibility" and "animal behaviour", an early indication of Sarmento's interest in the physical contact for which the projected image always functions as a symbolic substitute. In another, the front and back of a naked female torso are placed at opposite sides, labeled with the single words "front" and "back", whilst below them, the opposite words appear, linked by the word "touch." In common with many photographic artworks of the period, Sarmento's conceptual relationship between text and image resonates with the taxonomic studies of the body and movement by the nineteenth century photographer Edweard Muybridge. However, the suggestion of objective analytical study in these early photographic works is undermined by the blatantly subjective erotic content, just as nineteenth century taxonomic studies of the hysterical, criminal and insane body by scientists and photographers from Muybridge to Dalton and Charcot belied a prurient interest in the suppressed drives implied by their subject matter.

This resonance with nineteenth century interpretations of the erotic is distinctly European; yet the formal structure of Sarmento's films is strongly influenced by the early films of Andy Warhol. *Faces* (1976) unites two formal aspects of two of Warhol's earliest films: *Blow Job* and *Kiss* (both 1963). At the beginning of *Faces*, the top of two women's heads can be seen at the bottom of the frame, their hair tousled and intermingled, moving gently as their unseen faces beyond the frame are, we assume, embracing. This separation of looking from the act taking place, as Paul Arthur has observed[4], is epitomized in Warhol's film *Blow Job*, a thirty five minute fixed frame black-and-white

study of a man receiving oral sex, seen solely through his changing facial expressions. By contrast, in *Faces*, the camera shifts from the top of the two women's heads to an extreme close-up shot of their mouths, outlined in red lipstick, noses and chins as they kiss each other, revealing the act which had hitherto been withheld from the viewer. A long, highly erotic, abandoned kissing sequence follows, in which both women's tongues feature prominently, and lipstick is smeared across each other's mouths, chins and cheeks.

This section of *Faces* evokes Warhol's film *Kiss*, a feature-length document in close-up shots of numerous couples kissing. Paul Arthur points out the important role orality plays in both silent and talkie films, and cites the often-argued inspiration for Warhol's making of *Kiss* in Edison's scandalous film *The Kiss of May Irvin and John C. Rice* (1896), one of Edison's first exhibited Vitascope films, shot from a stage performance.[5] Edison, Warhol and Sarmento's kissing films share the same formal features, in their silent, fixed frame impassivity. Arthur's observations of Warhol's *Kiss* could be applied to *Faces*: "A sense of touch is conveyed in cinema only in the most indirect fashion. [in *Kiss*], Warhol enforces our active recognition of sensory absence as he relentlessly exploits its representation. Deprived of a comforting charade of fictional involvement, the appeal to certain bodily sensations becomes almost pornographically direct…and herein lies a paradox of Warhol's inscription of the detached 'stare', the 'gaze' of non-involvement. It can work as a relay in the hyperawareness of our own corporeality, as if in compensation for what is withheld."[6]

This awareness of our own corporeality is acutely felt in *Faces*, where we become palpably aware of Sarmento's statement that he is "interested in physical contact"[7] The extreme close-up shot of the two women's lips and tongues focuses Warhol's kissing couples into a highly detailed single erotic exchange, in which the body is fragmented into a stag film-like corporeal objectification, and its sensual surface rendered highly tactile. The most striking presence is that of the two tongues, which move in and out of each other's mouths, exploring and probing. Since medieval times, the tongue has been regarded as collective fetish: an unruly organ, uncontrollable, potentially sinful and, as Carla Mazzio has observed, linked to disturbances in the social and political order – characteristics also ascribed to the sexualized female.[8] The tongue also represents language, speech and communication, all associated negatively with women, and often suppressed. Whereas in Sarmento's later paintings women are depicted with knives or sharp spindles held to their throats, or suffering by their own hand, pressing a finger deep into their

necks as though suppressing their own voice, in *Faces* their erotic and communicative power is boldly and actively expressed. The male anxiety implied by the violent attempts to silence the female is calmed by the filmic possibilities of erotic fantasy realized. The tongue, traditionally associated with the phallus, the other unruly organ, asserts itself as a libidinal tool, which, like the phallus, extends the body beyond its normal material boundary and fuses it with that of another, female body. The threat of powerlessness provoked by this exclusion of the male from an all-female erotic exchange is neutralized by the male's control of the camera and what takes place within the frame.

Sarmento's engagement with the unconscious forces of desire echo earlier moments in film, articulated in the erotic films of Jean Genet and, in the 1950s, the American filmmaker Willard Maas in his classic film *Geography of the Body*. In *Sombra* (1976), Sarmento shifts his focus from the explicit to a more didactic treatment of the erotic, whose formal engagement with light evokes the techniques of these earlier filmmakers. For one hour, the camera records two naked women as they are repeatedly moved in and out of shadow, with almost imperceptible slowness.

In the first section of *Faces*, "O Fascínio", the two young women appear in a semi-abstract, chiaroscuro composition evocative of a Man Ray photograph. Draped languidly around each other, their eyes and lips heavily made-up, one sleeps against the other's shoulder. The sleeping face is gradually obscured by the advancing shadow, then revealed once more, in a self-conscious statement of the camera's presence in the construction of the tableau. In the second section, "Shadow", the outline of the body is more deeply obscured. Close-up shots of two women's faces, breasts and limbs shift in and out of focus as shadows pass across the bodies' surfaces. In both films, Warhol's influence can again be felt in the extended time within which the light changes. In Warhol's epic minimalist film *Empire* (1964), shifts in light and shadow take place over several hours as the Empire State Building is filmed in real time, from 8pm to 2.30am.

By contrast, the drama of Sarmento's shadow movements suggests the high artifice of cinematography rather than the passing of real time. Yet the self-conscious repetitive cycling of light and shadow underlines the lack of forward movement and narrative, locating the subject of *Sombra* as the repeated revealing and hiding of the body. This motion articulates, in visual and erotic terms, Freud's psychoanalytical principle of 'fort/da', in which the male child copes with anxiety regarding the loss of the maternal figure by inventing a game in which an object on a string is repeatedly cast away and brought close again.

Although Sarmento incorporated color photographs of nudes in similar compositions into text-based photographic artworks in the late 1970s, the naked female torso and film disappeared from his work after 1978. Film did not reappear until 1996, with *Untitled BL1 (from Brick Lane)*, a double screen work shown in Brick Lane, London, in which edited non-explicit fragments of pornographic films appear next to a continuous loop of a man walking up the stairs. Both loops refuse the climactic moment, and hold the viewer at the brink of resolution.

In *Untitled (Folowing)*, made three years later, Sarmento's iconic form – a shapely female, clad in tight black dress, or skirt and white blouse, which appears in almost every canvas – shifted from canvas to celluloid. The camera follows a woman in high heels as she walks down a cobbled street in Portugal. The subject and framing echoes the composition of his first film, in its focus on legs and torso and the erotic movement of walking. But the intimacy of the explicit in *Legs* has been replaced by a public act of voyeurism, in which a woman is followed in the street, where her body can be observed at a safe distance. As in all Sarmento's work the viewer is placed in an uneasy position, involuntarily colluding in Sarmento's voyeurism, and searching for the fine line between acceptable erotic trope and the unacceptable intrusion of stalking.

The distance between the woman's back and the viewer as she walks away from the camera in *Untitled (Folowing)* contrasts with the extreme close-up images of Sarmento's films of the 1970s. He returned to the close-up in a collaborative film installation titled *Close*, made with the filmmaker Atom Egoyan which premiered at the 2001 Venice Biennale. Egoyan and Sarmento's collaboration fuses their respective interests in voyeurism, constructing a spatial metaphor for the viewer's desire to merge with the cinematic image by collapsing the distance between screen and viewer.

A large screen showing an extreme close-up image of a perfectly pedicured foot having one of its French-polished toenails clipped into someone's open mouth is viewable only by the viewer entering a narrow space between the screen and an opposite wall. Once the viewer enters the space, they can touch the image, but are too close up to fully comprehend it. Egoyan has described *Close* as "an attempt to represent the phenomenon of voyeurism, which is at the heart of cinema."[9] Yet voyeurism demands distance in order for the object of desire to be viewed and understood as absent. Sarmento and Egoyan's installation traps the viewer inside their own desire to consume the image, placing them up against the screen surface in a Lacanian role, like an infant at the phase at which they cannot yet distinguish themselves from the maternal

body. At this close proximity, the viewer cannot identify with the camera, because they cannot adopt the same distance from the image (a distance which defines voyeuristic looking), and cannot see the object of desire. As each viewer struggles with this conundrum, it is other viewers outside the structure who become the voyeurs, as the entrance to the narrow space takes the place of the film screen as the scopophilic keyhole.

The foot is famously defined by Freud as a classic fetishistic object. Sarmento and Egoyan's installation situates the viewer in another symbolic role: that of the male child, at that Freudian moment of anxiety and disappointment when he looks up a woman's skirt and discovers that she lacks a phallus. The projection of his fantasized desire for the phallus is immediately transferred onto the nearby object of the foot, a polished toe of which Sarmento and Egoyan place on the mouth in *Close*. In a direct reversal of the male power asserted over the female body in Sarmento's paintings, the woman's clipping of her toenail directly into the mouth of the male shifts the fetishistic moment into one of degradation, in which the woman asserts her contempt for the male. The medieval symbolism of the mouth as a site of crime and punishment underscores the abjection of the erotic exchange.

Sarmento's singular subject matter and the problematic issues raised by the violent sexual images of his paintings and their sensual celluloid alter-egos are rooted in a complex network of influences, including the Catholic correlation of sex and the female with sin and death. The danger implicit in the female body and its power to arouse desire is given full expression in the dark chiaroscuro of his films, and aggressively subdued in the stark white surfaces of his paintings. Like Warhol, Sarmento understands the erotic power of the cinema screen, voyeuristic observation and the perpetual withholding of resolution. Yet where the erotic charge of Warhol's films is infused with camp, Sarmento's films express a different interpretation of fantasy and sinfulness, in which guilt, fear, fascination and desire are provoked in equal measure.

The boundary between the imaginary, the real and the symbolic which lies at the heart of Sarmento's work in both film and painting is explored in more psychological terms in his most recent film, *Doppelgaänger*, in which the screen is split into two parts. On the left, a young woman clad in black enters an apartment, darkly lit, takes off her shoes and goes into the bathroom, where she cleanses her face and looks in the mirror. On the right screen, a woman in a white dress walks pensively along a path edged by a long stone wall, in bright sunlight. The dark and light sections of the film echo a similar diptych form adopted in many of Sarmento's paintings.

At the central point of the film loop, the woman on the left screen stops to answer the phone to a man, whilst the woman on the right encounters a man, in a rare appearance of a male in Sarmento's otherwise female sexualized subjects. The camera alights on her ear and neck, as the male protagonist looks at her. On the phone, the woman cries. The emotional conversation, which takes place between both couples, is identical, echoed in a doubled soundtrack. At its end, the woman on the left puts on her shoes and leaves the apartment, whilst the woman on the right walks crossly back the way she came, until both women walk into the space the other has just occupied, and perform the same sequence the other has just completed.

Doppelgaänger is Sarmento's most complex film to date. Its title articulates both its narrative structure, and, more broadly, the driving force of Sarmento's work. For both Freud and Jung, the doppelganger, or double, represented the dark, repressed aspects of the self, manifested as the dark, shameful other. Sarmento's films operate as an expression of this shadow other, releasing repressed desires and creating a place in which the boundaries between the imaginary, the real and the symbolic become interchangeable. In *Doppelgaänger*, the two women's roles, perhaps those of wife and mistress, are rendered interchangeable by male betrayal. 'Good' and 'evil', rational and irrational, are understood as interdependent forces, which are alternately hidden and revealed. In Sarmento's secret cinema, the viewer is always suspended at the brink of desire, never allowed to fully surrender, yet enveloped by its dangerous pleasure.

New York, January 2002

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1 Robert T. Eberwein, *Christian Metz*, 'Defining Cinema', Peter Lehman ed., Rutgers University Press, 1997, p. 200.

2 Rosalind Krauss, *A Voyage on the North Sea: Art in the Age of the Post-Medium Condition*, Thames and Hudson, 1999, pp.41-45.

3 Abigail Solomon-Godeau, *The Legs of the Countess*, October, Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press, no. 39, Winter 1986, pp. 65-108.

4 Paul Arthur, *Flesh of Absence: Re-sighting the Warhol Catechism*, 'Andy Warhol Film Factory', Michael O'Pray ed., British Film Institute, 1989, pp. 149-151.

5 Arthur, op. cit., pp. 149-150.

6 Op. cit., p. 150.

7 Juliao Sarmento and Atom Egoyan, Venice Biennale, 2001, p. ??.

8 Carla Mazzio, *Sins of the Tongue*, 'The Body in Parts: Fantasies of Corporeality in early Modern Europe', David Hillman and Carla Mazzio, eds. Routledge, 1997, pp. 53-79.

9 Sarmento and Egoyan ibid., p. ??.

Lacan's Assumption
(2003)

MOVING IMAGES. A CONVERSATION WITH JULIÃO SARMENTO

Nuno Crespo
João Pedro Amorim

PART I: The first films

***Nuno Crespo* – We'd like to talk to you about the role of the moving image in your work, which has mostly consisted of painting, sculpture, installation, performance etc. Then, we also think it would be interesting to try to recover a few memories of some of your works that have disappeared. Let's start at the beginning. What was the first work you made using the moving image?**

Julião Sarmento – Like most artists, I wanted to be an artist from an early age. My attitude towards representation and artistic activity was largely based on two things: writing and drawing. I was also a complete film buff. In 1966, I scraped some money together and, with the help of my parents and aunt, I bought a Nizo camera, a Super 8, which I still have. I started out making home movies — very common at the time. I realised intuitively that I could communicate through the camera and began to make short films with no plot, which were the starting point for what I still do now. These works were very limited by the Super 8 film spools, which lasted about three minutes each. The first film I made was called *Graça de Sua Graça* (1967) and was about a girl called Graça. It was a play on words, which is something I've never stopped doing in my work. *Graça de Sua Graça* can mean *Grace of Your Grace* or *Grace of your Name*. Of the twelve spools that made up this work, only one survived.

***NC* – What was the film like?**

It was a kind of romantic landscape around a girl (my girlfriend at the time), filmed at various points around Lisbon. When I first got the camera I bought a small splicer, a tiny one, and a Moviola — curiously enough, I still have that material. This film has many references, for example a soundtrack by Charlie Parker. When I wanted a fixed image, I placed the camera on a tripod. When I wanted to move the image while the camera was filming, a kind of manual travelling, I had the camera in one hand and the lighting in the other. This was the first film I made with a script, to be an artwork.

***NC* – Were these first Super 8s experiments or did you have a production plan?**

They were completely experimental. I was trying to understand how the moving image worked and how it differed from other types of artistic language. What was the difference between me making a film and a film director making a film? I wanted to make cinema, but I knew I could never be a director.

For many reasons. There was no cinema in Portugal. But at that time, I also realised that I was, and still am, a complete individualist. And cinema is an art of sharing, you do it as a team. It's you, the cameraman, the lighting person, the script girl. It takes two hundred people or more to make a film. When I was filming with the camera in one hand and the lighting in the other, I could easily have asked a friend to operate the lighting. But I wanted to do it all alone.

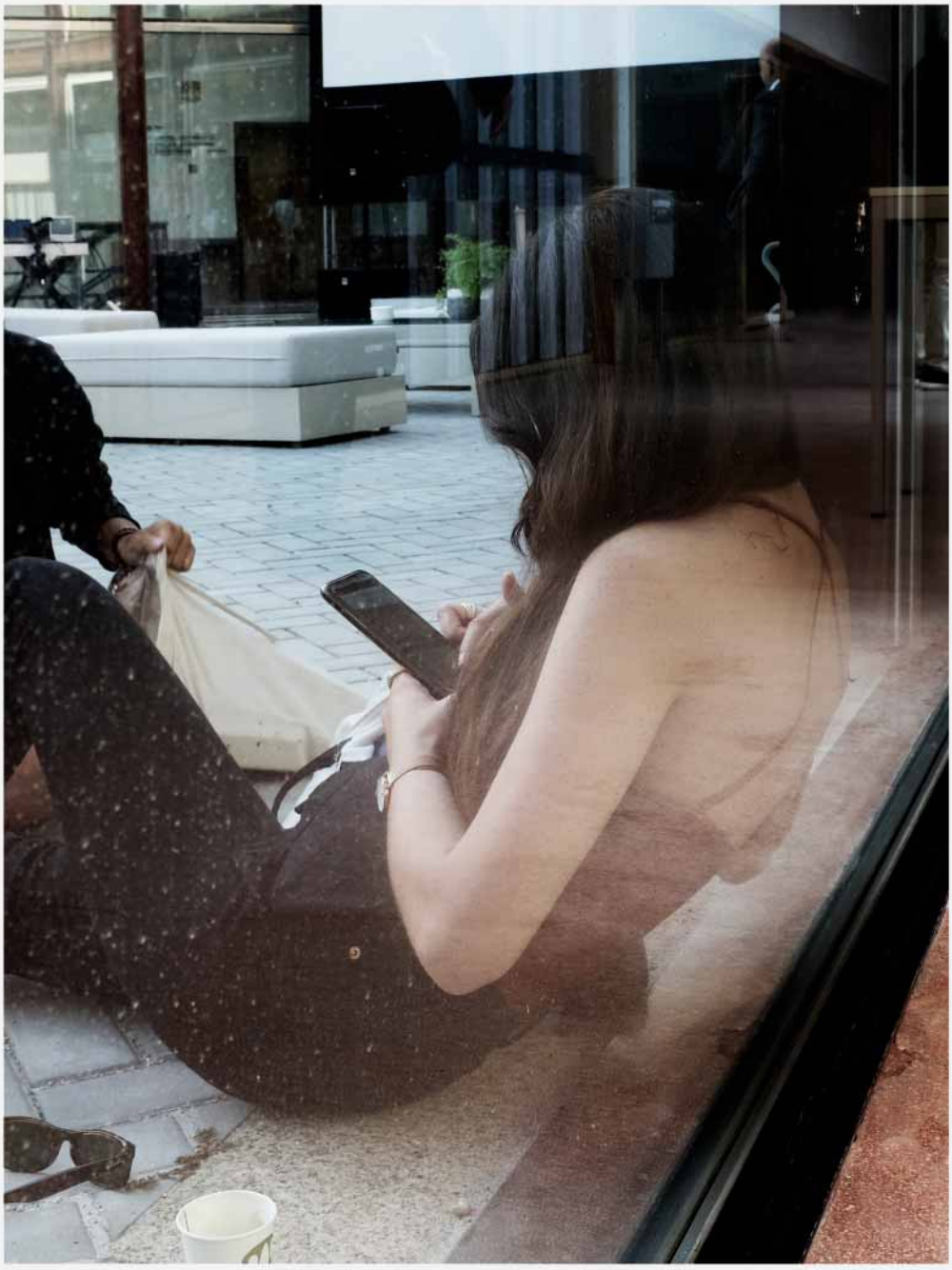
***NC* – Were these works motivated more by your interest in cinema or by a kind of extension of what you were doing in your paintings?**

Both things. Because I wanted to go beyond painting. It wasn't enough for me. And my interest in cinema helped, in a very simplistic way, to give life to my paintings. To make a kind of living pictures. And I began to understand, through reading and through film clubs, that art wasn't just about painting on an easel or doing drawings. There were other things, so many artistic references in cinema and so many references to cinema in art. And I began to combine both things. It came to me very naturally. And the curious thing is that, in the midst of this, when I began to make cinema, I didn't even know who Stan Brakhage and Andy Warhol were! Don't forget that we were living in Portugal.

***NC* – So, it was before the 25 April revolution, still under dictatorship.**

No one knew who Andy Warhol was during the 60s in Portugal. It was the kind of information that was completely withheld from us. But it was the zeitgeist; for some reason I began to work with film at the same time as lots of other people around the world. In Portugal, at that time, no one saw full films, we only ever saw half of them. Because anything relating to sex, morals, religion or politics was cut out. Now, imagine a film with all that cut out. What do you see? You see a character going to the bakery, waking up in the morning... That's why I began to attend film clubs, which were normally attended by antifascist students. In Portugal there was the ABC, the *Cineclube Universitário*, the *Procuradoria dos Estudantes Ultramarinos*, and I belonged to all of them. The film club crowd were sometimes able to get hold of films that weren't cut quite so much. But we were always cautious, worried that the PIDE [Portugal's political police] might burst in and stop the session and arrest us all.

***NC* – You enrolled in the Belas-Artes [Lisbon's Fine Arts school] in 1967, around the time you were making *Graça de Sua Graça*. Did you make the film first?**



The film came before I joined the Belas-Artes. Fernando Calhau was the first person I met there, in September 1967. Calhau was shrewd and had lots of information because his father was an excellent graphic artist and a fervent antifascist. He had access to information I didn't have. For example, he was the one who first told me about Andy Warhol. We started going to the library at the American Embassy on Duque de Loulé, because his father had told him that the guys in the library had some American art magazines we could look at. And what's more, once those magazines were no longer current, they gave them to anyone that wanted them.

***NC* – That must have been quite a treat...**

Me and Calhau, wow! We went there and they had *Artforum*, *Art in America*, *ARTNews*, all old issues. That was how we began to learn.

***NC* – And do you think that contact with those magazines, at such an early phase in your career, guided you towards the North-American space? Because your peers in Portugal had a much stronger link to Francophone culture.**

Without doubt, but it was also a matter of reaction. Don't forget that generations react, they are always reactive. For us, everything was Francophone, starting with José-Augusto França, whose name alone was Francophone. Down with France, long live America! We started seeing these magazines and what we liked was Andy Warhol, not the Paris School. We liked Donald Judd, we didn't want to learn about Mathieu! It was both personal and generational taste. We were much more captivated by Beuys and Warhol than by the paintings of Vieira da Silva, whom we found a bit dull. Nowadays we have a completely different view of things.

***NC* – Many of your initial works disappeared. How did they disappear?**

They all disappeared at the same time. In 1976, just after the 25 April revolution, I was invited, by David Mourão-Ferreira and at the suggestion of Eduardo Prado Coelho, to work on forming the Secretariat of State for Culture . I was there until 1985. Along with João Vieira, who was also in the Secretariat, I was chosen to oversee the National Gallery of Modern Art, which was also known as the Belém Gallery, which was in the Mercado do Povo on what is now open ground in front of the CCB.

It was a temporary building left over from the Portuguese World Exhibition in 1940 and where, before the revolution, they held exhibitions of handicrafts,

needlework and that kind of thing. It was a gigantic hangar, with space and lots of rooms, where you hardly saw a soul. I would spend the whole day there alone and so that's where I decided to set up my studio. I had everything there: negatives, photographs, works, films, etc.

***NC* – Back then, did you have that compulsion to keep everything?**

Yes, but later on it became more exaggerated because of this. On 20 August 1981, I was coming in on the train from Estoril and through the window I started seeing clouds of smoke and sirens, as I approached Belém. There had been a short-circuit and the National Gallery of Modern Art had burned down, along with the entire collection of Portuguese contemporary art that was kept there: the SNI [National Secretariat of Information] collection, pieces by Noronha da Costa, by Ângelo de Sousa, and many others. My studio burned down along with everything that was in it. All that escaped were the pieces that were in my parents' house, in my house or circulating in exhibitions. For example, the films *Faces* and *Sombra* (both from 1976) escaped because they were part of an experimental film exhibition in Toronto at the time. Nowadays things are much more sophisticated, you don't send the original, you send an exhibition copy. At that time, we didn't have any money, so we would send the original, all edited by hand — films stuck together with sticky tape.

***NC* – Do you recall how many films disappeared? And what were they like?**

I don't know exactly how many, but I think it was about 17. I can more or less remember some of them, but we're talking about fifty years ago, so I would never able to remake them all just as they were.

PART II: A new approach to production

***NC* – Your first films were experimental and relatively simple. You stayed with this approach until the mid-seventies. Then you went for almost twenty years without making any moving images. When you did pick it up again, what was your first work?**

It wasn't in the mid-seventies that I stopped. The last videos I made in that phase were *Blue Triangle* and *Landscape*) in 1980. Then there was a long hiatus until 1996, when I made *Untitled (BL 1)* and *Untitled (BL 2)*.

***NC* – And is that where you adopted a new approach?**

In this case, I only introduced a Godardian style of editing. Both *(BL 1)* and *(BL 2)* are made almost entirely through editing. The films show two screens, with one screen filmed deliberately and the other a montage of pre-existing images. In *(BL1)*, the screen on the right – or above – is a collage of pornographic films from the sixties and seventies, Super 8s, in which all the pornographic bits are removed from the film. When the film begins, the people have their clothes on and as soon as something sexually explicit appeared, that part was always cut. So what you saw was completely innocent.

***NC* – It was the non-pornographic part of pornography.**

Except that it made it much more pornographic! The part on the left was me climbing a never-ending flight of steps in Alfama, which I filmed alone on Super 8 and edited in a loop – and the steps never ended. In the second, *(BL2)*, the screen on the right showed a film clip on loop and on the left-hand screen it showed me sitting in a pub. You could only see my hands and a glass, drinking bagasse and humming the Carlos Paredes song from *Mudar de Vida*, the Paulo Rocha film. For that, I asked a friend to film me, but the production was still fairly rudimentary.

Which film came next?

It would have been *Untitled (Following)* (1999). For that, I had a team working with me – that was when I began working with Rui Poças. But there was still no script. I wanted the camera to follow, Ozu-style, or dog's eye view as it's known, Sofia Aparício walking up a street and never stopping. Meanwhile, in the other image, the film was run on reverse, it seemed as though she was walking backwards. It was just a matter of finding a way of following and

filming her from a buggy, low to the ground, behind her. The two images were projected onto the same surface, mirrored or opposite one another.

***NC* – Aren't you forgetting *Urban Corpo* (1997) and *ECLISSEOTTOE-MEZZO* (1998)?**

No, I haven't forgotten them. I didn't mention *Urban Corpo* because it was an installation I made entirely in Japan. And *ECLISSEOTTOEMEZZO* wasn't filmed by me. It's the film *Eclisse* by Michelangelo Antonioni, projected with the sound of the film *Otto e Mezzo* by Federico Fellini.

***NC* – Before we move on: you went to Los Angeles in 1989. What transformations did that period bring, in terms of the way you saw your work with the moving image?**

My relationship with Los Angeles is so deep and so close because it's the land of cinema. Now, whether that modified my way of making cinema or whether it modified my way of seeing the moving image, I don't really know. I didn't make any films while I was there.

***NC* – You returned to Portugal and incorporated into your work production mechanisms that are more usual in American cinema. Because you've always had a very mimetic impulse – when you discover something new, you want to imitate and do the same.**

Absolutely. I'm curious. But I also started to think that my intention with the films I was making was something else. I was working in a very analogue world and we were entering a digital world. I was working with a film camera, and since there were no laboratories in Portugal, the films went to Spain or Germany to be developed and took a long time. Only when they returned could I do the editing and the editing was done by hand with a Moviola. With video, we were entering a digital world and I didn't understand a thing about it. I had started working with video before this, in the early days of the medium. In fact, that was one of the reasons why I was invited to integrate the Secretariat of State for Culture. One of the things they made in the Modern Art Gallery was a video room: with a studio and material. The Secretariat kept the studio up-to-date and it was available to artists who wanted to use it. When the National Modern Art Gallery burnt down, it had an amazing studio there. We bought five or six Sony Portapacks, which were the video recording systems available in those days. It was hopelessly uncomfortable, you had a camera and a recorder and you walked with those on your back as

you filmed. But that was how Beuys filmed, that was how Acconci and Bruce Nauman filmed.

***NC* – Your Super 8 films are very impressive. They are experiments relating to an impression of a specific moment. And when you changed your way of imagining and making films, you introduced an idea of narrative and script. In that respect, *Doppelgänger* (2001) functioned as the root of the films that followed. You started to work with a script, with a team and a production process. How did this work come about?**

It came about because the idea of the double and the binary system is omnipresent in my work: that is the fundamental idea behind *Doppelgänger*. I wanted to make a film about that and about the future, about time and space. And of course, the future is everything that immediately follows what I'm saying right now. We're already in the future of what I finished saying a second ago. The line spoken by Amândio [a male character in *Doppelgänger*] to the women is: 'This is the precise moment before the future.' This is the phrase that is always being repeated. I was interested in the idea of being able to lose yourself in people's identities. That's why the two women switch roles during the film.

***NC* – Do you have another work with the same title?**

Yes. The other *Doppelgänger* was a work with slides, a carousel on top and a carousel below, with Ana Cristina Oliveira and Ana Isabel, and a make-up artist. The work begins with one of the girls who, slide by slide, transforms into the other by means of make-up. The first slide therefore shows a girl as she is, and by the final slide, she is the other. Nowadays, with morphing, this kind of thing is much easier to do. But at the time it wasn't easy. I hired Daniel Malhão, who photographed the girls at every stage of the make-up process.

***NC* – Did this new work process bring up any innovations?**

It brought more freedom. Instead of having my own equipment, I started hiring it and working with a producer. I came to be a director in the true sense of the word. This gives me much more responsibility, but also much more freedom. Instead of doing things individually, I direct a team to do them.

***NC* – It's interesting to hear you say that, because many filmmakers say the opposite. That the filmmaking machine is so limiting that the great advantage of digital is being able to go back to an individual relationship.**

You, the camera, and you don't need anyone else. With one single camera you can capture the image, sound, and daylight can work very well. Is this a reconquest of freedom?

But my teams are about six or seven people, no more than that. It's basically family. They are people with whom I always work, Rui Poças has always been my director of photography. I know how I want the images to be, but I have someone who knows how to capture them better than I can. The thing is that you can make a film on a mobile phone any day of the week. It has as much if not more quality than the camera with which I made *Doppelgänger*, for example.

***NC* – You say you gained more freedom, but you had to sit down and write a script and the preparation work is much more demanding.**

Of course. There's a part beforehand, a kind of antechamber of directing, which is very different in these cases. In my first works, things were much more 'kitchen table,' more intuitive. Of all the films I made, *Cromlech* (2010) must be the most elaborate on that level. It was my first and only commission. Delfim Sardo, curator of the official Portuguese representation at the Venice Biennale of Architecture, asked me to make a film about a house belonging to João Luís Carrilho da Graça. If it hadn't been a commission, I would never have done that kind of work.

In this work, I had to deal with two things. Firstly, making a script that met the brief of the commission, which was to show and speak about a house. And secondly, I had to create dialogues and a reason for things to exist in this film: why the girls are in that house, why they move the way they move, etc.

It was very important to see whether I was capable of doing a work of my own, entirely mine, even though it was a commission.

PART III: The painted woman and the filmed woman

***NC* – In your choice of actresses or models, what takes priority? There's a group of women you filmed and painted in your first works who were the women around you.**

It's domestic. They're my friends, male and female. For example, in *Doppelgänger*, Ana Isabel, with whom I always work, is my friend. Amândio Coroado is the actor because he's my friend. There's no great secret to it, it's as simple as that. That relationship is there in all the films I make. With the exception of *Parasite* (2003), in which I needed a stripper. That wasn't something I could film with one of my friends. Because it's a very complex film, filmed in reverse. When the film starts she is naked and gets dressed as it progresses. Because the film happens in reverse, you think she's undressing rather than getting dressed and the gestures are very strange.

***NC* – In *Parasite* you use a professional stripper and in *Jolie Valse* (2007) you use dancers.**

The two works aren't the same thing. In *Jolie Valse* I use French folkloric accordion music, and I couldn't resist evoking a sense of intimacy. The dancer in the black skirt is my wife Isabel's sister, and she likes French regional folklore. To find another dancer, I held a casting session with the Alunos de Apolo dance school, to find a ballroom dance professional, but to dance to music that is entirely different from what they trained with.

***NC* – I understand your very pragmatic argument of using the women, men and media that were closest to you and that this has always been decisive in the choices you make. But, in the case of the women, they all have certain characteristics we recognise in your paintings and drawings.**

Yes, they are pretty. And I like them.

***NC* – And they look good dressed in black.**

In reality, that's it. Because I look for some similarity between them and the paintings I make. They're a kind of character from the paintings that jumps off the canvas.

***NC* – Does that mean that the 'mother images' in your work are those we find in your paintings?**

Yes, certainly.

***NC* – Why is it that in your sculptures and paintings there are no faces, whereas in the films you always show the faces?**

At a certain point in my career, there were no portraits. The only thing I was interested in when I made those representations was the generic manifestations of a gender. You look at it and you know that it's a woman, a man, a dog, or whatever it is. It isn't Teresa, or Margarida, or Ana. It's a woman. In my video or cinema work, they are always portraits of actual people. In the paintings, I wasn't interested in making a portrait, I was only interested in focusing on gender in the strict sense of the word. In theory, I could have made a film that didn't show the heads, but that's not what I wanted to do.

***NC* – That's why your films aren't just an extension of your paintings, but they add another dimension. Because we aren't talking about staging paintings, as some artists do, in a kind of *tableau vivant*. Things contaminate each other, there are many different elements that get introduced in your work based on the moving image. Do you think there's a similarity or closeness between the painted woman and the filmed woman?**

The filmed woman is a portrait, not a generic woman like the women I paint.

***NC* – In your work, there's a very clear circle of affection, especially in the films and photographs. You filmed your daughter, your son, your girlfriends, your current wife, your ex-wife Helena, etc. They are almost home movies. In your paintings, in your drawings or sculptures, there's no relationship whatsoever with your emotional context. Is that a deliberate choice?**

The disappearance of that familiar language in the paintings, sculptures, drawings isn't deliberate. It happens because it happens. The awareness of the closeness of family in the films and photographs is deliberate. I never lost the thing that marked my first films, which were a kind of experiment based on the practice of the home movie. But done in a sophisticated way, made to be a work of art. Even today, I use family and people who are close to me. For me, a film is an exercise of great intimacy.

PART IV: *Close* (2001)

***NC* – You've made only one film in collaboration, which was with Atom Egoyan. How did that project emerge?**

It was very simple. The first of his films I saw was *Exotica* (1994), and I thought it was a real masterpiece. I ordered all his films and was completely blown away.

One day I was chatting with the curator Michael Tarantino [1948-2003] and told him I loved Atom Egoyan. By coincidence, they were friends and he wanted to introduce me. Two or three weeks later, he called me and said:

> 'You won't believe it. I had lunch in Toronto with Atom Egoyan. I told him about you and that you wanted to meet him. He said he had seen your exhibition in the Sean Kelly Gallery and that he loved your work. What if you two did a project together?'
> 'Count me in.'
> 'I've already mentioned it to Atom and he wants to do it too. You have to meet each other.'

He was going to be president of the jury for the Luigi de Laurentiis prize at the Venice Film Festival in 2000 and I went there to meet him. It was wonderful! We got on like a house on fire. We began to correspond and we decided that we would make *Close* (2001). When we were more or less in the middle of post-production, Michael Tarantino phoned me and gave me some marvellous news. Harald Szeemann [1933-2005, director of the Venice Biennale between 1999 and 2001] had heard about our project and wanted to invite us to première the film at the Venice Biennale 2001. That was how this project came to be premièred as part of *The Plateau of Humankind*. Interestingly, that was the last Biennale at which Szeemann was director.

***NC* – *Close* is very unique for its installation-like quality. How did you reach that decision?**

Lots of conversations about perversity. The perversity I had in my work, the perversity Atom had in his work and we began to think that perhaps it would be interesting to come up with something quirky. We came to the conclusion that we could show a man with his mouth open while a woman trimmed her toenails into his mouth. But what if that was the only interesting thing about it? That's why we decided to make a film that the viewer

couldn't see. But we didn't want to completely cover it either, we wanted the viewer to see it to excess.

***NC* – How do you see to excess?**

The screen is so big that you can't see the entire image. We know it's there, it sits before you with the greatest of generosity, but you don't see it, because it is too large for any of us. The perverse story of a perverse image, presented in an unconventional way that hinders the normal viewing of a film.

***NC* – And how did you edit this project? As a piece of visual art or as a work of cinema?**

Because Atom had more experience in these projects than I did, I suggested he estimate how much this might cost us. After about two weeks, he sent me a weighty tome. The film would cost around 350,000 dollars. That included catering vans, payments to syndicates, more journeys, etc.

***NC* – And how did you react?**

I did some calculations, I spoke to Rui Poças and we came to a ridiculous figure that was a hundred time less than the original budget. That's why the image was entirely made by me in Lisbon and the sound was recorded and mixed by Atom in Canada.

***NC* – Just one more question about the installation of this work. It's still curious, given that your work has such a significant dimension of installation and sculpture, that you hadn't done this before. For example, placing the moving image in one of your sculptures.**

I'm not a rich artist. I have financial troubles, I always have. I have a large family and video is expensive. I don't make as much video as I would like to because it's expensive. If I paint a picture, or make a sculpture, I make it with the materials I have in the studio.

PART V: The specificity of the moving image

***NC* – You spoke at the start of this conversation about the role of the moving image in your work. That it is a place of experimentation and an extension of your paintings.**

Not just of my paintings. It's an extension, one branch of several that make up my work. My relationship to cinema is no more or less important than my work in painting, drawing, installation, sound or sculpture. Essentially, they are instruments with which I construct a reality. And that reality is my discourse. That is what interests me and what I try to say. Then I have to work out the best way to interpret or represent that discourse. Sometimes that means doing a painting, sometimes a drawing. But other times I have to make a film or a video. They are a tool of work and one of the languages I use to convey what interests me.

***João Pedro Amorim* – All your moving image works are highly cinematographic, almost fragments of imaginary films. For the viewer, there is the suggestion of a certain wider universe of which we only see a small part, where these works exist. Are you interested in that out-of-field area, in what lies beyond the images?**

I'm interested in the space between one thing and another, never the during, before or after. It's the space between things, it's the space between time. My work is very fragmented no matter which medium I'm using. I'm interested in these small, apparently unconnected fragments that suddenly become huge in terms of perception. In this sense, my works are extremely open. Obviously I know what I want to say when I make something, but I'm interested in the works being open to multiple interpretations. If I make a work that has a beginning, a middle and an end, and if that is restrictive and rigid, that multiplication of readings becomes much more difficult. I need to do something more airy and volatile, for that multiplicity to happen.

***JPA* – Your work seems to be built around a series of codes or recurring elements, like the female body, desire, the sea...**

Sometimes that's conscious, sometimes unconscious, I use the same mechanisms like a kind of key for decoding. I don't use those rather symbolic elements for them to be decoded, but as systems of language.

***JPA* – Another important element relates to literary and textual references.**

The written word is important in all my work and literature is always present. Sometimes in an objective way, sometimes subjectively. If you saw *Lacan's Assumption* (2003) and didn't read the title, you wouldn't be able to understand the work. When you read the title, those four sketches have a completely different meaning. The reading of the work is transformed by its title. That's a game I always play and it forms part of my history of reading, of literature and my interest in the written word. The titles of my works almost never correspond to what you see, but they create a relationship between the text and the object represented. This means that the title, as written word, is not an illustration, but more of an idea that adds on to the work as a whole. In the paintings, the title is more like a brush stroke – without it, the picture would be completely different. In the films and videos, the titles are another 10 frames because all of them have a story. For example, *Toile* (2006) and *Doppelgänger* have a double meaning. *Toile* is the canvas, a white space in which you can do anything. But if you read it the other way round, it becomes Eliot. And the actress in this film, in this case my daughter, is reading *The Waste Land* by T.S. Eliot.

***JPA* – And what are the specific properties of video or film that interest you? Is it the temporality, the repetition?**

The temporality and movement are fundamental. I can look at a painting for a second or for an hour, but in reality the moment our eyes alight on the painting it is seen, that's it. The viewing of a painting doesn't have a time, its time is what we choose. Meanwhile, a video, or a film, has a determined time. It has the time it starts and the time it finishes. For example, when we see *Sleep*, by Andy Warhol, which shows John Giorno sleeping, we only see the complete work when we see the full length of it. It isn't a case of seeing two frames, because the importance of this work is the time we spend watching John Giorno asleep. This sense of temporality doesn't exist when we look at a painting. We know that the average viewer takes two seconds to look at a painting in a museum.

***NC* – Is it blindness?**

You look at Velázquez's *Meninas*, two seconds! But the fact is that looking at a painting or looking at a sculpture has no time, it's the time we want it to take: a lot, a little, or none. Whereas with a moving image, time is fundamental. On the other hand, the paintings are always there, they are always the same.

It is our interpretation that can change. In one same painting, you can discover things you have never seen before. It's a new discovery with a static reality that already existed and was always there. Whereas with moving images, things are always changing and the change happens within the screen, within the visual place you're controlling.

***JPA* – You mentioned that the idea of the future always interested you a great deal.**

Cinema has a lot to do with that. The image I'm seeing now is the start of the image that will follow. This is something that really confuses and at the same time fascinates me. I'll go back to the phrase that Amândio says in *Doppelgänger*: 'This moment now is the precise moment before the future.' That's it.

FICHAS TÉCNICAS
SINOPSES

1
Graça de sua Graça
1967
Filme Super 8, cor, som, 3’15”
DESTRUÍDO
Exposições: “Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa”, Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisboa Portugal, (20/09/1976 a Novembro 1976)
Referido em: Susana Torrão, “Nunca fiz um filme com narratives claras”, in “Diário Económico (FS Fora de Série Especial)”, Lisboa, 18/09/2010, p. 42.

2
Couch
1968
Filme Super 8, p&b, sem som, 3’
DESTRUÍDO
Exposições: “Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa”, Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisboa Portugal, (20/09/1976 a Novembro 1976). “Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento”, Galeria Labiryint, Lublin, Polónia (27/10 a Novembro 1976). “Filmes”, Centrum Dziekanka, Warszawa, Poland (28/10/1976).
Bibliografia: “cdn” *Galeria Współczesna*, n° 2, Warszawa, February 1976, p. 30 (p&b).

3
Maio 68
1968
Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3’ 12’’
DESTRUÍDO
Exposições: “Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento”, Galeria Labiryint, Lublin, Polónia (27/10 a Novembro 1976). “Filmes”, Centrum Dziekanka, Warszawa, Poland (28/10/1976).
Bibliografia: Catálogo “Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*” (versão portuguesa) e “*Works from the 70’s*” (versão inglesa), Museu do Chiado - Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002, p. 149 (cor).

4
Happy Birthday
1968
Filme Super 8, p&b, sem som, 3’
DESTRUÍDO
Bibliografia: Catálogo “Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*” (versão portuguesa) e “*Works from the 70’s*” (versão inglesa), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002, p. 149 (cor).

5
O Pintor e o Modelo
1968
Filme Super 8, p&b, sem som, 3’15”
DESTRUÍDO
Exposições: “Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento”, Galeria Labiryint, Lublin, Polónia (27/10 a Novembro 1976). “Filmes”, Centrum Dziekanka, Warszawa, Poland (28/10/1976).

6
Hotel d’Angleterre
1969
Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 18’
DESTRUÍDO

7
Porto Covo
1971
Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3’ 12’’
DESTRUÍDO
Bibliografia: Catálogo “Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*” (versão portuguesa) e “*Works from the 70’s*” (versão inglesa), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002, p. 149 (cor).

8
Ema
1972
Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3’18”
DESTRUÍDO

9
Santa Barbara
1973
Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 14’
DESTRUÍDO

10
1,2,3
1975

Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3’ 20’’
N.º Exemplares: 1
Coleção: Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Holanda
Exposições: “Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*”, Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa (7/11/2002 a 9/2/2003). “Julião Sarmento. Film Works”, Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Bibliografia: Catálogo “Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*” (versão portuguesa) e “*Works from the 70’s*” (versão inglesa), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002, p. 76 (cor).
Sinopse: 1, 2, 3 é montado em cinco secções, tendo a primeira 20’’, as seguintes cerca de 45’’ e a última 53’’. A primeira secção inicia-se com um clarão seguido de um plano a branco. Na seguinte apresenta-se um relvado sobre o qual, a cada uma das restantes secções, vão surgir

progressiva e cumulativamente os algarismos 1, 2 e 3 formados por seixos. Este filme que corresponde a uma prática do autor muito próxima dos territórios da arte conceptual. Articula-se ainda com o minimalismo e com as questões em torno da superação ou aprofundamento do formalismo artístico associado ao modernismo de Clement Greenberg. Neste sentido, há um tratamento da ontologia do filme que expõe desde logo o seu modo de registo – o filme começa com um clarão de luz –, num movimento de internalização continuado pela contagem que joga com a duração da bobine de Super8 (3'20''). Porém, as secções não correspondem à divisão exacta desse tempo, estabelecendo antes uma disjunção entre a duração cronometrada e mecânica e a duração perceptiva. A vibração da imagem que o espectador pode observar não corresponde a um movimento da câmara, mas sim às características mecânicas do máquina de filmar Super8, sublinhando a presença do próprio dispositivo e a duração de cada plano.

11
TV
1975

Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3' 28''
N.º Exemplares: 1
Coleção: Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Holanda
Bibliografia: Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*" (versão portuguesa) e "*Works from the 70's*" (versão inglesa), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002, p. 149 (cor).
Monografia: "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, p.70 (cor).
Sinopse: Num ambiente doméstico, uma mulher sentada, está vestida com calças de ganga, e no seu tronco um tecido cruza-lhe seios, pescoço e costas quase como um colete. Vê televisão, praticamente debruçada sobre ela. O olhar e a pose com que fita a TV é interrompido diversas vezes: levanta-se e sai de campo, olha as mãos, a câmara ou de relance para lá do plano, acaricia um gato. O espaço doméstico, recorrente nos filmes de Sarmento, intensifica a tensão entre uma acção que decorre num local íntimo e a colocação do espectador como alguém que acede a um espaço que, de outro modo, lhe estaria vedado. Contudo, as acções desta mulher quando interrompe o olhar para a televisão, nos momentos em que sai para fora do campo da imagem, aparentemente cruzando o espaço do espectador, ou quando o olha de frente e de soslaio, tornam a presença do observador evidente. Há um efeito de repetição marcado por aquelas interrupções: apenas quando a mulher se concentra na TV é possível ao observador assumir a sua posição exterior. Apesar do confronto entre o espaço do espectador e do espaço ocupado pela mulher do filme, que anula uma noção estrita de voyeurismo, a mulher mantém-se alheada tanto do que vê na televisão, como do facto de estar a ser observada.

12
Media
1975

2 Filmes Super 8, sem som, 7' 30'' cada um e 72 diapositivos (4 écrans)
Coautoria: Fernando Calhau
N.º Exemplares: 1
Coleção: Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Holanda
Exposições: "Julião Sarmento *Slow Motion*", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa (7/11/2002 a 9/2/2003). "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 a 23/5/2004). "Festival X, Flux", Lux, Lisboa (2/11/2004). "Julião Sarmento Grace *Under Pressure*", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo (28/11/2009 – 21/02/2010). "Duet", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisboa (23/04 – 11/05/2013).
Sinopse: Filme realizado por Julião Sarmento e Fernando Calhau, *Media* é composto por duas partes com a duração de uma bobina de película Super8 (3'20''), separadas por um plano a branco de cerca de 50''. Em ambas o enquadramento é o mesmo: numa imagem dessaturada, vê-se uma praia, com o mar à esquerda, e ao centro uma máquina de filmar montada em tripé, direccionada ao observador, com um operador. Na primeira parte, este está estático e o plano é percorrido por uma mulher a fotografar, à qual se segue uma outra. Na segunda parte, o operador começa por trocar a bobina e assume novamente a posição estática. Entretanto, a primeira mulher entra novamente no plano e percorre-o. Recorrendo a algumas das

características do filme estruturalista (efeito *flicker* e enquadramento fixo na óptica do observador), bem como a um tempo marcado pelas possibilidades materiais da bobina, *Media* trabalha a fronteira entre a fotografia e o filme através da oposição entre a estaticidade do operador e o movimento do fotógrafo. *Media* alinha-se assim com o trabalho de Julião Sarmento e Fernando Calhau deste período, nomeadamente pelas pesquisas em torno do tempo e de uma ontologia e fenomenologia do filme e da fotografia.

13
Pernas
1975

Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3' 45''
N.º Exemplares: 1
Coleção: Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Holanda
Exposições: "Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa", Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisboa Portugal, (20/09/1976 a Novembro 1976). "Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento", Galeria Labiryint, Lublin, Polónia (27/10 a Novembro 1976). "Filmes", Centrum Dziekanka, Warszawa, Poland (28/10/1976). "Alternativa Zero *Tendências Polémicas na Arte Portuguesa Contemporânea*", Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna – Belém, Lisboa (28/02 – 31/03/1977). "Julião Sarmento *Slow Motion*", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa (7/11/2002 a 9/2/2003). "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 a 23/5/2004). "Festival X, *Flux*", Lux, Lisboa (2/11/2004). "Julião Sarmento *Grace Under Pressure*", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo (28/11/2009 – 21/02/2010). "Duet", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisboa (23/04 – 11/05/2013).
Bibliografia: "Público", 21/6/95, Lisboa (p&b). Desdobrável "Julião Sarmento *Slow Motion*", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha, 2000 (p&b). "A Capital", Lisboa, 18/10/2000 (p&b). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*" (versão portuguesa) e "*Works from the 70's*" (versão inglesa), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002, p. 77 (cor). Desdobrável "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002 (cor). "Visão", nº 522, Lisboa, 6/3/2003 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, p.73 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, p. 22 (cor). "Umbigo", nº 08, Lisboa, Março 2004, p. 23 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Grace Under Pressure / Elegância em Tensão*", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo, 2009, pp. 63 e 91 (cor). "Arte & Erotismo", Instituto de História de Arte / Estudos de Arte Contemporânea, FCSH-Universidade Nova de Lisboa, Lisboa, 2012, p.338 (p&b)
Sinopse: Num plano americano, enquadrado entre o abdómen e as coxas, com a púbis ao centro, uma mulher de *collants* e cinta de ligas movimenta as pernas, adiantando alternadamente o joelho direito ou o esquerdo. Acção que provoca a deslocação de toda a zona da anca, tornando mais ou menos visível o sexo da mulher, que de resto nunca é claramente visível. Ao contrário da generalidade dos filmes deste período, em que o rosto da mulher é visível, *Pernas* parece relacionar-se mais directamente com a sua pintura posterior, nomeadamente de 1990 em diante, onde a cara não é apresentada. Casos de *Dias de Escuro e de Luz – II (Jarro),* de 1990, *Something glimpsed from the corner of the eye, in passing* (1998) ou *House on Fire* (2006). O título do filme reposiciona o foco em relação ao elemento central, o sexo feminino. O seu modo de apresentação e duração invertem um possível efeito de choque, tornando-a uma imagem banal e, como tal, retirando-a do campo da excepcionalidade e do interdito.

14
Acordar
1976

Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3'28"
N.º Exemplares: 1 + 1 A.P.
Coleção: SILD Collection
Exposições: "Julião Sarmento, *Leopard in a Cage – Projectos Inéditos (1969-2018)*", CIAJG Centro Internacional das Artes José de Guimarães, Guimarães (29/06 – 07/10/2018)
Sinopse: Num plano de sequência, acompanham-se os momentos antes do acordar de Julião Sarmento, após o qual acende um cigarro. Filmado no seu espaço doméstico, *Acordar* parece traçar uma linha de relação com as películas de Andy Warhol, nomeadamente com o filme *Sleep*, de 1964. Relação esta que também se pode encontrar em *Faces* (1976), que alude a um outro trabalho icónico de Warhol: *Kiss* (1963).
No entanto, apesar da aproximação temática, ambos os filmes de Julião Sarmento diferem substancialmente dos trabalhos do artista norte-americano. Se em *Faces* a duração, a estrutura narrativa e os recursos técnicos se afastam de *Kiss*, *Acordar* contrapõe-se a *Sleep* através de uma acção curta e concreta, denotada no título, que corta o efeito suspensivo do sono presente nas imagens de Warhol. De resto, *Sleep* foi montado a partir de registos efectuados em dias diferentes, estendendo o

filme a cerca de cinco horas e meia, o que é aqui recusado por Julião através da utilização de um plano-sequência.

15
Cheio
1976
Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3'10"
DESTRUÍDO

16
Costas
1976
Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3'26"
DESTRUÍDO

17
Cópias
1976

Filme Super 8, cor, sem som
N.º Exemplares: 1
Coleção: Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Holanda
Exposições: "Alternativa Zero *Tendências Polémicas na Arte Portuguesa Contemporânea*", Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna – Belém, Lisboa (28/02 - 31/03/1977). "Julião Sarmento *Slow Motion*", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000).
Bibliografia: Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*" (versão portuguesa) e "*Works from the 70's*" (versão inglesa), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002, pp. 25 e 149 (cor).
Sinopse: O filme inicia-se com um plano do que aparenta ser um ralo, passando para duas mulheres nuas, deitadas frente a frente, a espelhar os movimentos uma da outra. A sequência é interrompida pela filmagem através da janela de um carro em movimento. O filme prossegue nesta cadência. Nas duas sequências seguintes aquelas executam as mesmas acções, mas já não em espelho, e nas duas posteriores tocam-se num movimento de mútuo reconhecimento do corpo. Entre estas cenas, primeiro paisagens filmadas do interior de um carro – um monte e depois uma planície –, seguindo-se um *travelling* de aproximação a uma fábrica. Por fim, há um *close-up* de uma árvore, a que sucede um retrato de ambas as mulheres a olhar a câmara e um plano a branco. O filme fecha com um retrato do artista em frente a uma árvore, executando um rápido movimento a olhar para trás e fixando de novo a câmara. Estruturalmente, *Cópias* parece remeter para o género *road-movie*, com cenas situadas em espaços íntimos e planos de paisagens em viagem. O título aponta não apenas para as mulheres, mas à própria possibilidade de todo o género feminino ser passível de se reduzir à sua estrutura mais simplificada.

18
Faces
1976

Filme Super 8, cor,
sem som, 44' 22''
N.º Exemplares: 1
Coleção: Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Holanda
Exposições: "Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa", Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisboa, (20/09/1976 a Novembro de 1976). "Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento", Galeria Labiryint, Lublin, (27/10 a Novembro 1976). "Filmes", Centrum Dziekanka, Warszawa (28/10/1976). "Alternativa Zero *Tendências Polémicas na Arte Portuguesa Contemporânea*", Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna – Belém, Lisboa (28/02 – 31/03/1977). "Behavior", CEAC – Center for Experimental Art & Communication, Toronto (25/3/1977). Galeria Diferença, 1977. "Cultura Portuguesa en Madrid", Palacio de Congresos, Madrid, Spain (21/11 – ??/12/1977). "Quinzena do Cinema de Pequeno Formato, Diaporama e Documentação Visual", Sociedade Nacional de Belas Artes, Lisboa (4 a 14/12/1978). "Cinema à Margem *VII Encontro de Cinema de Formato Reduzido*", Cinema Quarteto, Lisboa (6 a 10/7/1981). "Mistérios de Lisboa. *Monumental 95*", Cine-Teatro Monumental, Lisboa (31/5 a 5/7/1995). "Flashback", Palacio de Velázquez, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid (14/10/99 a 10/1/2000). "Flashback", Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa (24/2 a 14/5/2000). "Lisson Gallery in Covent Garden", Millennium Lofts, 9 Kean Street, London (28/4 a 26/5/2000). "Julião Sarmento *Slow Motion*", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa (7/11/2002 a 9/2/2003). "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 a 23/5/2004). "Festival X, *Flux*", Lux, Lisboa (2/11/2004). "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2012). "A Visão Incorporada *Performance para a câmara* / The Embodied Vision *Performance for the Camera*", MNAC Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea – Museu do Chiado, Lisboa (29/04 – 04/05/2014).
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Catálogo Julião Sarmento: "Noites Brancas – *Retrospectiva*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 53 (cor). Catálogo Julião Sarmento: "White Nights – *A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 53 (cor). Newsletter "Serralves Publico", nº36, Porto, 24/11/2012, p. 2 (cor). "Actualidade", Lisboa, Dezembro 2012, p. 71 (cor). "Visão", nº 1034, Lisboa, 27/12/2012, p. 83 (cor). "Expresso *Atual*", Lisboa, 05/01/2013, p. 55 (cor). "Sábado *Tentações*", nº 457, Lisboa, 31/01/2013, p. 39 (cor). "Artes Plásticas e Crítica em Portugal nos anos 70 e 80: *Vanguarda e Pós-modernismo*" (Isabel Nogueira), Imprensa da Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra, 2013, p.125 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 62-63 (cor). Livro/Catálogo "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM – Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, pp. 165-167 (cor). "Artes Plásticas e Crítica em Portugal nos anos 70 e 80: *Vanguarda e Pós-modernismo*" (2ª Edição) (Isabel Nogueira), Imprensa da Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra, 2015, capa e p.125 (cor).

Sinopse: *Faces* desenvolve-se ao longo de seis cenas, mostradas em *close-up* e *slow motion*, sendo subdividido em três pares de duas sequências (estrutura narrativa clássica), sendo o segundo e terceiro, *Sombra* e *Fascínio*, respectivamente, divididos em *Fase* 1 e *Fase 2* e identificados por intertítulos. A primeira cena mostra os cabelos de duas mulheres emaranhando-se, sempre acima dos rostos, sem os mostrar. Segue-se o enquadramento dos lábios, acompanhando um beijo em que o *baton* e a saliva se espalham e confundem, similar ao que havia sucedido aos cabelos. A *Fase 1* de *Sombra* prolonga a cena anterior, alterando o foco de luz com o centro agora na mulher à direita, tal como em *Fase 2*, que evidencia esta iluminação. *Fascínio*, na *Fase 1*, enquadra partes dos corpos das mulheres, agora encostadas, com oscilações do foco de luz, ora colocando em sombra, ora mostrando novamente detalhes dos corpos. A *Fase 2*, por sua vez, enquadra parte do rosto da mulher à direita, apoiada no ombro da outra, ensaiando um movimento de aproximação ao seu pescoço, culminando com a quebra do *slow-motion* num momento em que o morde num gesto rápido e preciso. O filme termina com um plano a vermelho. O recurso ao *slow-motion* e ao *close-up* em *Faces* associa-se a um alargamento das possibilidades do cinema e da própria performance, relacionando-se com alguns do filmes *Fluxus*, a arte conceptual e o minimalismo pela maneira como atende à fenomenologia do objecto artístico, mas também questiona uma possível ontologia de cada um do seus meios de trabalho. De facto, tanto a câmara lenta como o plano de pormenor ajudam à reiteração da presença do corpo, intensificado por um movimento repetido e alongado, que contrasta com e sublinha o momento final do filme. Uma transição súbita entre o humano e o animal remete para outros trabalhos do autor, sendo que neste caso se pode articular a expansão e domínio da técnica como modo de mostrar os limites da expansão do humano enquanto ser cultural.

19
Sombra
1976

Filme Super 8, cor,
sem som, 65' 57''
N.º Exemplares: 3
Localização: Lisson Gallery, London
Coleção: Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Holanda, CAMJAP, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa, Portugal
Exposições: "Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa", Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisboa Portugal, (20/09/1976 a Novembro de 1976). "Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento, Ernesto de Sousa", Galeria LDK Labirynt, Lublin, Poland, (27/10 – ??/11/1976). "Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento", Galeria Labiryint, Lublin (27/10 a Novembro 1976). "Filmes", Centrum Dziekanka, Warszawa, Polónia (28/10/1976). "Oferta 76 – *Foto Art*", Galeria Labirynt, Lublin (7/12/1976). "Alternativa Zero *Tendências Polémicas na Arte Portuguesa Contemporânea*", Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna – Belém, Lisboa Portugal, (28/02 – 31/03/1977). "Behavior", CEAC – Center for Experimental Art & Communication, Toronto (25/3/1977). "Mistérios de Lisboa. Monumental 95", Cine-Teatro Monumental, Lisboa (31/5 a 5/7/1995). "Julião Sarmento *Slow Motion*", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa (7/11/2002 a 9/2/2003). "Festival X, *Flux*", Lux, Lisboa (2/11/2004). "50 Anos de Arte Portuguesa", Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa (5/6 a 9/9/2007). "Ombres", New Galerie de France, Paris (8/11/2008 – 17/1/2009). "Filmes e Vídeos da colecção do CAM", CAM Centro de Arte Moderna, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa (07/05 – 11/07/2010). "Femme Objet / Femme Sujet", Abbaye Saint André – Centre d'art contemporain, Meymac (13/03 – 12/06/2011). "Filme e Vídeo da Colecção do CAM," Sala Polivalente/ MIMO – Museu da Imagem em Movimento, Leiria (19/10 – 19/11/2011). "FrameArt", CAAA - Centro para os Assuntos da Arte e Arquitectura / CEC Guimarães 2012, Guimarães (04/05 – 10/06/2012). "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2012). "Sob o Signo de Amadeo *Um Século de Arte*", CAM Centro de Arte Moderna, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa (26/07/2013 - 19/01/2014). "Julião Sarmento *shadow pieces on Body frames*", CAPC Círculo de Artes Plásticas de Coimbra (Círculo Sereia), Coimbra (31/10 – 29/12/2015). "Convidado de Verão: Joaquim Sapinho", Museu Calouste Gulbenkian – Coleção Moderna, Lisboa (21/07 – 24/09/2018).
Bibliografia: Desdobrável "Julião Sarmento *Slow Motion*", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha, 2000 (p&b). "Público", Lisboa, 7/11/2002, p. 43 (p&b)Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*" (versão portuguesa) e "*Works from the 70's*" (versão inglesa), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002, p. 99 (cor). Desdobrável "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70***"**, Museu do Chiado - Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.86-87 (cor). Roteiro da Colecção "Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão", Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa, 2004, p. 324 (cor). Guia da Exposição "50 Anos de Arte Portuguesa", Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa, 2007, p. 12 (cor). Catálogo "50 Anos de Arte

Portuguesa", Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa, 2007, p. 85 (cor). "Videoarte e Filme de Arte & Ensaio em Portugal", Número – Arte e Cultura, Lisboa, 2008, p.103 (p&b). "Newsletter *Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian*", nº 112, Abril 2010, Lisboa, p. 28 (cor). "Arte & Erotismo", Instituto de História de Arte / Estudos de Arte Contemporânea, FCSH-Universidade Nova de Lisboa, Lisboa, 2012, p.338 (p&b). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – *Retrospectiva*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 51 (cor). Catálogo Julião Sarmento: "White Nights – *A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 51 (cor). "Visão", nº 1063, Lisboa, 18/07/2013, p. 94 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 64-65 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *shadow pieces on Body frames*", CAPC Círculo de Artes Plásticas de Coimbra / ANOZERO Bienal de Arte Contemporânea de Coimbra, 2015, capa, contracapa e pp.20-23 (cor) e pp. 18/19 e 76/77 (p&b)
Sinopse: *Sombra*, tal como *Faces* (1976), divide-se em seis partes organizadas de modo dual. Porém não segue exactamente a divisão em três actos, antes sugerindo um *loop* entre a última e a primeira. Cada uma das partes, de sensivelmente dez minutos, é composta por planos aproximados de duas mulheres: (1) em *close-up* na zona do pescoço; (2) mostrando-as reclinadas, vendo-se apenas parte do rosto e do ombro da mulher em primeiro plano; (3) na posição anterior mas olhando para fora do plano à esquerda; (4) ainda reclinadas, mas enquadrando toda a zona do abdómen e das pernas; (5) plano semelhante ao anterior, ligeiramente à esquerda; e (6) mostrando as duas mulheres sentadas lado-a-lado, com o corte entre o abdómen e parte do rosto, posição da qual resulta o *close-up* em (1). Recorrendo ao *close-up* e ao *slow motion*, tal como em *Faces*, *Sombra* joga com a organização em três partes subdivididas, ainda que noutra sequência, contrapondo-se ao possível efeito narrativo e sequencial daquele por uma suspensão do tempo que o *loop* concretiza. Do mesmo modo, num exercício idêntico ao da penúltima cena de *Faces*, o movimento observado no ecrã decorre agora da projecção da sombra que se altera com a mudança de posição ou o encobrimento do foco de luz. No primeiro plano, o corte da mulher remete para os trabalhos em pintura de Julião Sarmento onde os animais se encontram igualmente cortados (por exemplo *Um quarto de Cheetah,* de 1974), sendo que o posicionamento dos corpos é ambíguo e passível de ser articulado com o momento final de *Faces*: a um tempo apontando às figuras reclinadas da antiguidade (motivo continuado ao longo da história da arte em diversas odaliscas, a título de exemplo) ou às poses dos felinos quando descansam.

20
Rumba
1976

Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3'18"
N.º Exemplares: 1
Localização: London, Englang, UK
Coleção: Tate Collection, London, UK
Sinopse: Uma mulher está a dançar *rumba,* dança cubana, vestida com uma saia de tecido vermelho acetinado similar ao existente no fundo da cena. A mulher é filmada num plano americano que enquadra o seu abdómen e a zona inferior dos joelhos. O enquadramento assemelha-se ao de *Pernas* (1975) e há movimentos comuns entre as duas obras.
Em *Rumba* o artista explora as possibilidades sensoriais do filme, através da sugestão de uma música que não se ouve, mas que é capaz de conferir sentido a uma acção de outro modo inusitada.

21
Helenica
1977
Filme Super 8, cor, sem som, 3'14"
DESTRUÍDO

22
Ça va?
1977
Video "open reel", Sony Portapack, p&b, som, 30'
DESTRUÍDO

23
Lobo
1978
Video "open reel", Sony Portapack, p&b, som, 30'
DESTRUÍDO

24
Déjà vu
1979
Video "open reel", Sony Portapack, p&b, som, 30'
DESTRUÍDO

25
Blue Triangle
1980
Video U-Matic, cor, som, 12'
DESTRUÍDO

26
Landscape
1980

Video transferido para DVD,
cor, som, 12'
N.º Exemplares: 2
Coleção: Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Holanda + Museu do Chiado, Lisboa, Portugal
Exposições: "Julião Sarmento *Slow Motion*", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18 a 28/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa (7/11/2002 a 9/2/2003). "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 a 23/5/2004). "Retratos e Figuras na Paisagem da Colecção do Museu do Chiado – MNAC", Museu do Chiado, Lisboa (3/10/2006 a 7/01/2007). "Outros Olhares", Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Museu do Chiado, Lisboa (18/03/2010 – 19/06/2011). "Vanguardas e Neovanguardas da Arte Portuguesa *Séculos XX e XXI*", Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea – Museu do Chiado, Lisboa (16/06 – 17/06/2017). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Bibliografia: "Nova Imagem", n° 20, Lisboa, Abril 1982, p. 66 (p&b). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Trabalhos dos anos 70*" (versão portuguesa) e Works from the 70's (versão inglesa), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisboa, 2002, p. 145 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, p. 31 (cor). Colecção de selos comemorativa do "Centenário do Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea", Maio 2011, selo de 1,50 € (cor). "Público *(P2)*", Lisboa, 25/05/2011, p.7 (cor). Capa do livro "Domínio Público" de "*Paulo Castilho*", 2011, D. Quixote, Lisboa (cor). "Gazeta das Caldas", 24/02/2012, Caldas das Rainha, p. 30 (cor). "Relatório de Actividades" 2019, Escola das Artes, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019 p.43, (cor).
Referido em: "Landscape de Julião Sarmento", Alexandre Melo in texto de sala da exposição "Outros Olhares", Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Museu do Chiado, Lisboa (18/03/2010 - 19/06/2011)
Sinopse: O filme inicia com um plano de pormenor de uma ventoinha captado de um televisor. A imagem da TV faz *zoom out* até se discernir um alpendre, movimento que será depois acompanhado pela câmara, vendo-se agora o aparelho. Esta sequência é acompanhada por som ambiente composto por vozes e o manejo de utensílios. A TV passará a mostrar uma mesa de tripé com um pano a ondular, momento em que se regista um *fade out* de um som mecânico. Seguem-se cinco *close ups* de uma mulher sentada numa cadeira giratória, em que se escuta o percorrer de memórias de infância por uma voz feminina. A mulher roda ligeiramente a cadeira, mexe os braços ou as mãos, cruza as pernas, em movimentos que por vezes acompanham o texto, num ritmo pausado, similar ao da leitura. A última sequência inicia-se com um plano desfocado a azul e a imagem foca progressivamente até mostrar um atendedor de chamadas que corre numa TV similar à da sequência inicial. O filme fecha com um *zoom out* que a enquadra ao centro. Em *Landscape*, Julião Sarmento trabalha a recomposição da memória, dada desde logo pela alteração de género entre o autor das memórias (um homem) e quem as lê (uma mulher). Não só desestabiliza a noção de género, como actua sobre a memória como força dinâmica, tratando-a não como uma narrativa linear, mas como apresentação de um tempo subjectivo, composto por cortes. O qual é espelhado pela própria construção da mulher, a que apenas se acede parcialmente. De resto, o título do vídeo pode articular-se com uma noção de paisagem como imagem aparentemente total, mas sempre fragmentária e em constante recomposição e desvanecimento.

27
Sem título (BL 1)
1996

Instalação video (2 projecções video em loop), cor, som,
Dimensões: variáveis (34' 54'' 02 Fr – o loop porno / 34' 55'' 22 Fr – o loop da escada)
N.º Exemplares: edição de 3 + 1 P.A.
Localização: Sintra
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "The House with the Upstairs in it" (Individual), London Projects, London (16/11 a 21/12/96). "Julião Sarmento *Slow Motion*", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18 a 28/10/2000). "Filipa César, João Onofre, Julião Sarmento, Michael Biberstein, Noé Sendas, Rui Toscano", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisboa (3/7 a 28/7/2001). "Something is Missing *Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento*", Museu Serralves, Porto (25/1 a 17/3/2002).
Reproduzido em: Brochura "Filipa César, João Onofre, Julião Sarmento, Michael Biberstein, Noé Sendas, Rui Toscano", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisboa, 2001 (cor). "Semanário Económico", Lisboa, 6/7/2001 (p&b). "O Primeiro de Janeiro *(Das Artes das Letras)*", Porto, 4/2/02, pp. 1213 (cor). "Público", Lisboa, 9/5/02 (p&b). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.88-89 (cor). "Público", Lisboa, 29/10/2007, p. 3 (cor).

Sinopse: *Sem Título (BL 1)* é uma instalação vídeo produzida para a exposição *The House with the Upstairs in It* (1996, London Projects). A instalação é composta por dois ecrãs montados lado a lado na horizontal ou na vertical. Num dos ecrãs passam imagens de filmes pornográficos dos anos sessenta e setenta, dos quais são obliteradas todas as cenas sexualmente explícitas. No segundo ecrã, em *loop,* é projectada uma sequência de uma subida de escadas filmada como se a ação estivesse a ser vista na primeira pessoa. Esta acção é, amiúde, entrecortada por um plano do topo de uma copa de árvore balançada pelo vento.
Obra que marca o regresso de Julião Sarmento ao trabalho em filme, que havia abandonado em 1980, em *Sem Título (BL 1)* a possibilidade de um significado em aberto comum à sua obra fílmica anterior é continuada, através de modos de desestabilização do tempo e/ou da narrativa do cinema. Aqui, porém, a montagem godardiana é tornada evidente, pelo recurso a dois ecrãs que materializam a proposição da existência de um significado a construir a partir do que se vê num e noutro plano. Parte, aliás, de uma pesquisa sobre a imagem em movimento a que não era alheio o jogo entre ocultação e desocultação evidente nos cortes na montagem feita às imagens apropriadas por Sarmento de filmes pornográficos, bem como o efeito suspensivo sugerido entre estes cortes e o *loop* da escada.

28
Sem título (BL 2)
1996

Instalação video (2 projecções video em loop), cor, som
Dimensões: variáveis (34' 34'' 19 Fr – o loop "ginginha" / 34' 34'' 23 Fr – o loop porno)
N.º Exemplares: Edição de 3 + 1 P.A.
Localização: Sintra
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Anatomias Contemporâneas", Fundição de Oeiras, Oeiras (1997).
Reproduzido em: Monografia "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, p.181 (cor).
Sinopse: Realizada para a exposição *The House with the Upstairs in It* (1996, London Projects), *Sem Título (BL 2)* é uma instalação vídeo composta por dois ecrãs colocados lado a lado na horizontal ou na vertical. Dependendo da instalação, o ecrã à esquerda ou em cima repete em *loop* um excerto explícito de um filme pornográfico, cortado em poucos segundos pela imagem de um homem a passar em fundo a negro. No outro ecrã corre um *loop* de um homem do qual apenas se vê o tronco, os braços e as mãos, a beber numa taberna enquanto trauteia músicas, entre as quais *Mudar de Vida*, composta por Carlos Paredes para o filme homónimo de Paulo Rocha de 1966. Este *loop* é interrompido por uma mulher de costas, que sai do ecrã pela direita e olha de soslaio a câmara, ou pelo topo de uma árvore balançada pelo vento. Tanto este plano, como o corte no ecrã à esquerda são comuns a *Sem Título (BL 1)*. Nesta obra Julião Sarmento recupera referências à obra de James Joyce que permearam a restante exposição, mas que aqui surgem mais directamente através do abandono de qualquer linearidade temporal. Também está em jogo a criação de uma ação, ambiência e nexo de significados, apenas completados pelo espectador, através do recurso a elementos mínimos capazes de sugerir uma acção.

29
Urban Corpo
1997

Instalação video (2 projecções video, tatami, futon, almofada, candeeiro)
Dimensões: variáveis
N.º Exemplares: 1
Localização: Kitakyushu, Japan
Coleção: CCA Kitakyushu, Kitakyushu, Japão
Exposições: "Urban Corpo", CCA Kitakyushu – Project Gallery, Kitakyushu (27/09 – 18/10/1997). "Something is Missing *Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento*", Museu Serralves, Porto (25/1 a 17/3/2002).
Reproduzido em: Prospecto "CCA Kitakyushu", 1998, p. 4 (cor). Catálogo "Tage der Dunkelheit und des Lichts, *Zeitgenössische Kunst aus Portugal*", Kunstmuseum Bonn, 1999, p. 139 (cor). "Let's Talk About Art #0001", CCA Kitakyushu + Korinsha Press, 1999 (cor). "Lapiz", Año XXI, nº 181, Madrid, Marzo 2002, p. 57 (cor). "CCA Project 05.1997-03.2002", CCA Kitakyushu, 2002, pp. 20-23 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.90-91 (cor). "[Art Notes]", nº 2, Santiago de Compostela, Marzo-Abril 2005, p. 36 (p&b).

Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, p. 169 (cor).
Sinopse: Realizado durante a estadia de Julião Sarmento no Centro de Arte Contemporânea de Kitakyushu, no Japão, em Setembro de 1997, *Urban Corpo* é uma instalação composta por duas projecções, uma em larga escala e outra em formato reduzido, colocadas na perpendicular entre si e assim definindo o espaço onde se encontra um *futon* sobre um *tatami* e um candeeiro, numa configuração próxima de um quarto de dormir. Correndo em simultâneo, na projeção de maiores dimensões assiste-se a uma narrativa protagonizada por um casal, alternando entre planos de um homem e de uma mulher a ler um texto e imagens do interior de uma casa. No ecrã mais pequeno, que se encontra do lado da cabeceira do *futon*, pode ver-se a casa onde Julião Sarmento ficou durante a estadia em Kitakyushu, acompanhando-se por vezes momentos da estadia do artista, tratando-se da mesma habitação que compõe o espaço doméstico da acção que decorre na projeção maior. *Urban Corpo* insere-se numa linha mais vasta do trabalho de Julião Sarmento em que o espaço doméstico e o quotidiano se assumem como lugares de afecção artística, sendo neste caso trabalhados a partir das possíveis vivências de um local em concreto, a casa onde permaneceu ao longo da estadia no Japão. Neste sentido, o enquadramento conferido à leitura do texto através dos planos da casa, colocado a par das imagens do próprio artista nesse mesmo espaço, podem aludir a um possível movimento de desterritorialização dos espaços, das vivências quotidianas e da própria memória. Ao mesmo tempo que apresentam a casa, o espaço doméstico, como um local íntimo, eventualmente relacionando-se ainda com uma ideia de atomização da vivência urbana, tanto espacial, como temporal.

30
ECLISSEOTTOEMEZZO
1998

O filme Eclisse de Michelangelo Antonioni é projectado com o som do filme Otto e Mezzo de Federico Fellini
Dimensões: variáveis
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Damenwhal – *Rita McBride & To Be Announced*", Kunstverein München, München, Germany (15/01 – 07/03/1999). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07– 10/11/2019).
Sinopse: Tal como o nome desta peça indica, através da aglutinação dos títulos de dois filmes, *Eclisseottoemezo* consiste na projecção muda de *L'Eclisse*, filme realizado por Michelangelo Antonioni em 1962, sobrepondo-lhe o som de *Otto e Mezzo*, de Federico Fellini, estreado em 1963. *Eclisseottoemezzo* não tem qualquer intervenção por parte do autor para além da apropriação dos filmes dos realizadores italianos. As imagens e a banda sonora correm em simultâneo, verificando-se mesmo o desajuste final entre os tempos de ambas: *L'Eclisse* tem a duração de 126 minutos, enquanto *Otto e Mezzo* se estende aos 138. Em *Eclisseottoemezo* a disjunção entre som e imagem pode relacionar-se com o inusitado entre uma acção e o texto que a acompanha, como em *R.O.C. (40 plus one)*, alinhando-se com a exploração de modos de significação ou de construção de significados que se afastam de situações perceptivas pré-estabelecidas, desestabilizando a unidade entre som e imagem a que o próprio cinema sonoro se foi conformando, limitando-o. Para além da exploração dos efeitos da alienação e da fragmentação do sujeito na modernidade, a que se referem também tópicos como o desejo ou o vazio, esta peça insere-se numa linha de trabalho que visa tratar, quebrar ou superar os próprios limites do meio de trabalho, que aliás se expressa na multidisciplinaridade do autor.

31
Sem título (Following)
1999

Duas projecções DVD de 2 filmes Super 8, com som (loops de 17' 39'' 21 Fr (p&b) e 17' 09'' 09 Fr (cor)
Dimensões: variáveis
N.º Exemplares: Edição de 3 + 1 A.P.
Localização: Sintra
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Flashback", Palacio de Velázquez, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid (15/10/99 a 10/1/2000). "Julião Sarmento: *A Film Installation*", Sean Kelly Gallery, New York (19/12/99 a 22/1/2000). "Flashback", Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa (24/2 a 14/5/2000). "Julião Sarmento", Akira Ikeda Gallery, Nagoya (15/6 a 30/9/2000). "-me", Museu de Arte Contemporânea do Funchal – Fortaleza de São Tiago, Funchal, Ilha da Madeira (12/10/2001 a 6/1/2002). "-me / What Makes A Writer Great", Museu de Angra do Heroísmo, Ilha Terceira, Açores (15/2 a 15/3/2002). "Julião Sarmento *Grace Under Pressure*", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo (28/11/2009 – 21/02/2010). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Reproduzido em: Catálogo "Flashback", Palacio de Velázquez,

Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid, 1999, capa e pp. 1 a 5 (cor), pp. 204 a 210 e contracapa (p&b)."A Capital", 14/10/99, Lisboa, p. 23 (cor). "O Independente (*Ícon*)", nº 602, 26/11/99, Lisboa, pp. 24/25 (cor). "Time Out New York", 13/1/2000, New York, p. 52. Convite da exposição "Flashback", Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa, 2000. Catálogo "Flashback", Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa, 2000, capa e pp. 1 a 5 (cor), pp. 204 a 210 e contracapa (p&b). "Visão", Lisboa, 24/2/2000 (cor). "City", Ano 2, nº 18, pp. 68-73, Lisboa, Março 2000, p. 73 (cor). "Prestige", nº 7, Lisboa, Abril/Maio/Junho 2000, p. 95 (cor). Catálogo "-me", Museu de Arte Contemporânea do Funchal – Fortaleza de São Tiago, Funchal, 2001, pp. 16/17 (cor). "Lux Woman", Lisboa, Dezembro 2001 (cor). "A União", Angra do Heroísmo, 18/2/02, p. 4 (p&b). "Lapiz", Año XXI, nº 181, Madrid, Marzo 2002, p. 59 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.93-94 (cor e p&b). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, p. 58 (p&b e cor). "[W] Art", nº3, Porto, Junho 2004, p.35 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", Alexandre Melo, Editorial Caminho, Lisboa, 2005, p.59 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Grace Under Pressure / Elegância em Tensão*", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo, 2009, pp. 49 e 90 (cor). "Folha de S. Paulo (*Ilustrada*)", São Paulo, 28/11/2009, p. E13 (cor). "L + Arte," nº 67, Lisboa, Janeiro 2010, p. 42 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 188/189 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Risco Inerente / Inherent Risk*" por Delfim Sardo publicado por Bial, Coronado, Portugal, 2015, p. 185 (cor).

Sinopse: *Untitled (Following)* é uma instalação que consiste na projecção lado a lado ou frente a frente de dois filmes, em Super8, com cerca de 17 minutos. Num deles, a cores, segue-se em *dog's-eye view* uma mulher que caminha por uma rua empedrada, num enquadramento que nunca a mostra acima dos ombros. No outro ecrã, a preto e branco, assiste-se à inversão deste movimento, ou seja, a câmara recua e a mulher retrocede. Aqui Julião Sarmento utiliza novamente dois ecrãs, a que vinha recorrendo desde *Sem Título (BL 1)*, recuperando no entanto a filmagem em Super8 que marcara boa parte da sua produção ao longo dos anos setenta, para a qual remete ainda o recurso ao *dog's-eye view*, nomeadamente *Jaula/Cage*, de 1975-76. A alusão ao trabalho de realizadores como Jean-Luc Godard, nos *Sem Título (BL 1)* e *(BL 2)*, e aqui de Yasujiro Ozu, aponta à exploração dos limites do cinema que enceta por essa altura, denotando a exploração de outras modalidades da visão, sustentadas por um movimento expansivo capacitado pelas possibilidades técnicas dos aparelhos de registo ou pela montagem. Além disso, recuando às suas obra dos anos 1970, mas recordando igualmente peças como *A Importância da Surpresa no Ataque* (1994) parece estar também em jogo o equilíbrio frágil da distinção entre o homem e o animal.Alguns fotogramas deste filme serão recuperados e integrados no desenho *What makes a Writer Great (wife?)*, de 2001. Esta recuperação é outro exemplo da permanente conversão e retroversão feita por este artista entre os meios plásticos que utiliza no todo da sua obra.

32
Charm
2001

Instalação video interactiva (biblioteca; monitor; computador; sensores)
Dimensões: variáveis (Monitor "SONY" Trinitron de 24" com 50 x 65 x 46,5 cm)
N.º Exemplares: 1
Localização: Elvas, Portugal
Coleção: Colecção António Cachola, Elvas, Portugal
Exposições: "A Experiência do Lugar", Biblioteca da Faculdade de Letras, Porto (10/3/2001 a 20/5/2001). "Atlantes", Galería Pepe Cobo, Sevilla (16/11/2001 a ?). "Julião Sarmento: *Literal*", Centro José Guerrero, Granada (5/4 – 18/5/2008).
Reproduzido em: Catálogo "A Experiência do Lugar", Porto, 2001, pp. 120/121 (cor). "O Comércio do Porto", Porto, 12/3/2001 (p&b). "Jornal de Notícias (*Notícias Magazine*)", Porto, 13/5/2001, p. 63 (cor). "Público", Lisboa, 20/11/2001, p. 50 (p&b). "Lapiz", Año XXI, nº 181, Madrid, Marzo 2002, p. 57 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp. 216-217 (cor); p. 222 (cor); pp. 228-229 (cor). Convite "Julião Sarmento *Literal*", Centro José Guerrero, Granada, 2008, frente (cor). Brochura "Julião Sarmento *Literal*", Centro José Guerrero, Granada, 2008, p.1 (cor). "Dardo Magazine *Architecture + Design*", nº 17, Santiago de Compostela, 04/05 2011, Fevereiro 2011, pp. 4 e 69 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto /

Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, p. 204 (cor). Livro/Catálogo "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM – Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, p. 21 (cor)
Sinopse: Criada para a exposição *A Experiência do Lugar*, comissariada por Miguel V.H. Pérez e Paulo Cunha e Silva no âmbito da Porto Capital Europeia da Cultura de 2001, *Charm* é uma instalação vídeo interactiva inicialmente concebida para exibição na Biblioteca da Faculdade de Letras da Universidade do Porto. Num corredor, Julião Sarmento colocou um monitor onde se pode ver uma mulher, algures entre bibliotecária e *pivot* de informação, que interpela o visitante quando este acciona os sensores dispostos nas proximidades. A mulher pede-lhe que se aproxime para lhe ler um texto, de Clara Ferreira Alves, dizendo-lhe que este havia sido redigido propositadamente para si e chamando-o inclusivamente de volta caso se afaste. O texto que lê é um relato erótico *kitsch* acerca de uma mulher que, num restaurante no último piso de um hotel, escolhe um homem de entre os presentes e descreve uma relação sexual não concretizada.
A carga erótica do texto, que não parece encontrar correspondência directa quer na imagem, quer nos momentos em que a mulher interpela directamente o observador, permite a Julião Sarmento trabalhar um efeito de sugestão que se pode desdobrar em dois dos campos que foram constituindo a sua obra e se relacionam. De um lado, laborando sobre a tradutibilidade ou comunicabilidade da experiência, na qual se inclui a reconstrução desta por quem completa esse acto comunicacional, testando-se ainda os seus efeitos ou limites. De outro, a articulação desse trabalho com um lastro crítico que problematiza a constituição moderna da cultura, os seus veículos e tópicos preferenciais (no caso de uma certa erótica, a imagem em movimento e a mulher), indagando como experiências de segunda ordem, mediatizadas, se estruturam enquanto modos de afeção ou atração, como se concretizam em diversos campos da experiência e, por fim, de que maneira estes se podem relacionar.

33
Close
2001

Instalação video, Video transferido para DVD, PAL, 4:3, cor, som, 10' 59'' 00 Fr. (loop)
Coautoria: Atom Egoyan
Dimensões: ca. 460 x 600 cm (dimensões mínimas da retro-projecção)
N.º Exemplares: 1
Coleção: MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, Léon, Espanha
Exposições: "Plateau of Humankind", La Biennale di Venezia, 49. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte, Arsenale, Venezia, Italia (10/6 a 4/11/2001). "Something is Missing *Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento*", Museu Serralves, Porto (25/1 a 17/3/2002). "Non Linear Editing", Museum De Paviljoens, Almere, Holanda (23/3 a 30/6/2002). "Reel Sculpture *Film into Art*", San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, California (05/04 – 03/08/2003). "Existencias *Colección MUSAC*", MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, León (21/9/2007 a 06/1/2008). "Julião Sarmento *Distancias Cortas / Close Distance*", La Casa Encendida, Madrid (02/04 – 05/06/2011)
Reproduzido em: Catálogo "La Biennale di Venezia, *49. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte*", Venezia, Italia, 2001, Volume I, p. 127 (cor). Guia "La Biennale di Venezia, *49. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte*", Venezia, Italia, 2001, p. 39 (cor). "Arte Ibérica", Ano 5, nº 47, Lisboa, Junho 2001, p. 42 (cor). "Kunstforum *International*", Bd. 156, Ruppichteroth, August – Oktober 2001, p. 126 (cor). "Art Press *Spécial*", nº 22, Paris, Octobre 2001, p. 126 (p&b). "Jornal de Notícias", Porto, 15/12/01 (p&b). "Clássicos & Modernos", nº 58, Lisboa, Janeiro 2002, p. 58 (cor). "Rotas & Destinos", nº 80, Lisboa, Janeiro 2002, p. 18 (cor). "O Primeiro de Janeiro", Porto, 2/1/02, p. 23 (p&b). "Visão", Lisboa, 24/1/02, pp. 1 e 10 (cor). Convite da exposição "Something is Missing *Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento*", Museu Serralves, Porto, 25/1/2002 (cor). Livro "Close, *Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento*", Museu Serralves / Edições Asa, Porto, 2002 (cor). "O Comércio do Porto", Porto, 25/1/02, p. 23 (cor). "Diário Económico", Lisboa, 25/1/02 (p&b). "Público", Porto, 25/1/02, p. 1 (cor). "Xis", nº 138, Lisboa, 26/1/02, p. 52 (cor). "Evasões", nº 46, Lisboa, Fevereiro 2002. "Lux Woman", nº 11, Lisboa, Fevereiro 2002, p. 24 (cor). "O Primeiro de Janeiro (*Das Artes das Letras*)", Porto, 4/2/02, pp. 12/13 (cor). "Diário de Notícias", Lisboa, 9/2/02, p. 2 (cor). "Kunstforum *International*", Bd. 158, Ruppichteroth, Januar – März 2002, pp. 246/247 (cor). "Casa Cláudia", Lisboa, Março 2002. "Men's Health", nº 12, Cruz Quebrada, Março 2002, p. 12 (cor). "Quo", nº 78, Lisboa, Março 2002, p. 78 (cor). "Lapiz", Año XXI, nº 181, Madrid, Marzo 2002, p. 57 (cor). "Op", Ano 2, nº 5, Porto, Março 2002, p. 6 (cor). "Vrij Nederlanden", Almere, 29/3/02. "Uitgelicht", Almere, 25/4/2002, p. C1 (cor). "tubelight 21", Maio/Junho 2002, p. 17 (p&b). Catálogo "Atom Egoyan *Hors d'usage*", Musée d'Art Contemporain de Montréal, Montréal, Québec, 2002, p. 22 (cor). "Folha de São Paulo (*Mais!*)", São Paulo, 14/6/2002, pp. 20/21 (cor). "O Primeiro de Janeiro", Porto, 30/9/2002 (p&b). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.99-100 (cor). Catálogo "Skyshout *a pintura depois da pintura*", Auditorio de Galicia, Santiago de Compostela, 2005, p. 57 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", Alexandre Melo, Edito-

rial Caminho, Lisboa, 2005, p. 60 (cor). "Existencias", Guia MUSAC 8, MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, León, 2007, p. 34 (cor). "Colección MUSAC, *Volumen II*", MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, León, 2007, p. 188/189 (cor). "Videoarte e Filme de Arte & Ensaio em Portugal", Número – Arte e Cultura, Lisboa, 2008, p.215 (p&b). "Miradas Críticas En torno a la Colección MUSAC", MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, 2008, p.190 (p&b). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento Distancias Cortes / Close Distance", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, p.35 (cor). Brochura "Julião Sarmento *Distancias Cortes / Close Distance*", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, p.7 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 233 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 233 (cor). "Image and Territory. Essays on Atom Egoyan", Wilfrid Laurier University Press, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, 2007, p. 296 (p&b). Livro/Catálogo "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM – Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, p. 163 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Risco Inerente / Inherent Risk*" por Delfim Sardo publicado por Bial, Coronado, Portugal, 2015, p. 195 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Without*", CGAC Centro Galego de Arte Contemporánea, Santiago de Compostela, A Coruña, Espanha, 2018, p. 20 (cor).
Referido em: Juliana Monachesi, "Um jogo de esconde-esconde" *in* "Folha de São Paulo (*Mais!*)", São Paulo, Brasil, 14/06/2002, pp. 20/21. David Barro, "Julião Sarmento: Close, el exotismo de una imagen imposible" in Miradas Críticas En torno a la Colección MUSAC, MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, Léon, 2008, pp. 190-197. Peio H. Riaño, "Julião Sarmento y la violencia del susurro" in "Público", Madrid, 01/04/2011, p. 42. Fietta Jarque, "Lo que no ves es lo que te delata" in "El País (*Babelia*)", Madrid, 02/04/2011, p. 18. J.L. "Atom Egoyan, Um dia cheio no Porto" in "Visão", Lisboa, 16/05/2019, p93 (cor)
Sinopse: Instalação vídeo criada por Julião Sarmento e o realizador Atom Egoyan, inaugurada na Bienal de Veneza de 2001 por convite de Harald Szeeman. *Close* é composta por um filme onde se sucedem planos de pormenor de uma mulher a cortar as unhas dos pés para a boca de um homem. Por vezes, surgem planos médios das pernas da mulher, sentada numa cadeira, e da cabeça do homem que se encontra deitado à sua frente. A instalação, projetada em larga escala com um mínimo de 4,6 x 6 metros num corredor escuro e estreito de cerca de 60 centímetros de largura, não permite ao observador ver a imagem na sua totalidade. Ao longo do filme, uma mulher diz um monólogo em que, partindo de memórias de infância acerca de um amuleto de perna de coelho, vai divagando sobre o porquê de este ser considerado um objecto de sorte ou acerca de um coelho de estimação e dos seus berros, semelhantes aos de uma criança, quando ela o feriu ao cortar-lhe as unhas. O texto termina com uma versão da Cinderela para adultos, onde a madrasta corta os pés da filha para que estes caibam no sapato de cristal, confrontando finalmente o espectador com o seu silêncio. O texto de *Close* aborda temas recorrentes ao longo da obra de Julião Sarmento, como a ideia de metamorfose homem-animal, a memória, os modos de atribuição de significados ou a obliteração de excertos de filmes ou narrativas. Nesta obra é exacerbado o voyeurismo e perversidade que se associa a uma parte importante da obra do artista português. e ao cinema de Egoyan. *Close* realiza um duplo movimento de aproximação (da câmara e do observador) e expansão (do ecrã) que visa perturbar o próprio acto perceptivo. Algo que Julião Sarmento já havia ensaiado em peças anteriores, pela dilatação do tempo, pelo recurso ao *close-up* ou pela retrogradação da película.

34
Doppelgänger
2001

Video installation, two projections, color, sound
N.º Exemplares: 1
Localização: Sintra
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Doppelgänger", Lisson Gallery, London (16/1 a 7/3/2002). "Something is Missing *Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento*", Museu Serralves, Porto (25/1 a 17/3/2002). "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 a 23/5/2004). "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F. (09/04 – 04/08/2013). "Julião Sarmento: *Índex*", MACE Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Elvas, Elvas (22/06 – 31/12/2013). "Julião Sarmento: *Doppelgänger*", Laboratório de Curadoria #2, Colégio das Artes, Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra (31/10 – 18/12/2015). "Julião Sarmento *Reel Time*", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisboa (18/01 – 24/02/2018). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Reproduzido em: "O Primeiro de Janeiro", Porto, 25/1/02 (p&b). "Público", Porto, 25/1/02, p. 43 (p&b). "Time Out", London, 27/2/02 (cor). "O Primeiro de Janeiro (*Das Artes das Letras*)", Porto, 4/2/02, p. 12 (cor). "O Primeiro de Janeiro (*Das Artes das Letras*)", Porto, 25/2/02, p. 24 (cor). "Contemporary", London, March 2002, p. 103 (cor). "Lapiz", Año XXI, nº 181, Madrid, Marzo 2002, p. 57 (cor). "Artforum", Volume XL, nº 9, New York, May 2002, p. 188 (p&b). "AD *Architectural Digest*", nº 259, Milano, Dicembre 2002, p. 284 (cor).

Monografia "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.68-69 (cor)Anúncio na "Frieze", nº 80, London, January-February 2004, p. 9 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, pp. 84-85 (cor). "Diário *As Beiras*", Taveiro, 7/9/2004 (cor). "[Art Notes]", nº 2, Santiago de Compostela, Marzo-Abril 2005, p. 35 (p&b). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", Alexandre Melo, Editorial Caminho, Lisboa, 2005, p.61 (cor).Livro "Cuadernos de la Cátedra Juan Gris Taller de Julião Sarmento Marzo 2007", Universidad Complutense de Madrid, 2009, p. 44 (cor). "Bíblia", nº 28, Lisboa, Outubro 2007, p.44 (p&b). "Dardo Magazine *Architecture + Design*", nº 17, Santiago de Compostela, 04/05 2011, Fevereiro 2011, p. 48 (cor). Catálogo "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, pp.101-103 (cor). Catálogo "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*" (segunda versão), Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, pp. 102-103 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Índex*", MACE Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Elvas, Elvas, 2013, pp.104-105 (p&b), p.172 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, p. 205 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Risco Inerente / Inherent Risk*" por Delfim Sardo publicado por Bial, Coronado, Portugal, 2015, pp. 198/199 (cor). Folha de Sala da exposição "Julião Sarmento: *Doppelgänger*", Laboratório de Curadoria #2, Colégio das Artes, Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra, 2015 (cor). Cartaz da exposição "Julião Sarmento: *Doppelgänger*", Laboratório de Curadoria #2, Colégio das Artes, Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra, 2015 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Without*", CGAC Centro Galego de Arte Contemporánea, Santiago de Compostela, A Coruña, Espanha, 2018, p.142 (cor)Relatório de Actividades 2019, Escola das Artes, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019 p42-43, (cor).

Referido em: Juliana Monachesi, "Um jogo de esconde-esconde" *in* "Folha de São Paulo (Mais!)", São Paulo, Brasil, 14/06/2002, pp. 20/21. Tânia Saraiva, "O eco de Fernando Pessoa na arte portuguesa contemporânea – notas sobre O Livro do Desassossego", *in* "Bíblia**"**, Lisboa, nº 28, Outubro 2007, pp. 44-47.
Sinopse: Produzida em 2001, no contexto de uma exposição individual na Lisson Gallery com o mesmo título, trata-se de uma instalação vídeo em que duas projecções ocorrem sobre dois ecrãs justapostos produzindo um ângulo de 160º. Os factores espaço e tempo ocupam, nesta construção espacial, um papel determinante, na medida em que se conjugam para encenar um duplo processo de desdobramento. Uma mesma acção (um diálogo entre um homem e uma mulher) é protagonizada, em tempo simultâneo mas em espaços diferentes, por duas mulheres. Num dos ecrãs, no interior de um quarto, no outro ecrã, ao ar livre, num passeio junto ao mar. Num ritmo determinado pela cadência do diálogo, as duas mulheres trocam de posição, circulando entre o interior e o exterior, atravessando uma porta que percebemos fazer a ligação entre os dois espaços, permitindo a leitura contígua das projecções. Ana Anacleto

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35
Parasite
2003

Vídeo Instalação (video transferido para DVD, p&b, som, 13' 51" 19Fr)
Dimensões: 280 x 375 cm
N.º Exemplares: Edição de 6 + 1 A.P.
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Julião Sarmento", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisboa (11/3 a 12/4/2003). "Parasite", Galerie Bernd Klüser, München (20/5 a 31/7/2003). "Art/34/Basel", Basel (Booth Lisson Gallery) (18 a 23/6/2003). "Lançamento do livro da Polígrafa", Galeria Joan Prats, Barcelona (13/1/2004). "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 a 23/5/2004). "Festival X, *Flux*", Lux, Lisboa (2/11/2004). "VideoZone *The 2nd International Video-Art Biennial in Israel*", Center for Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv (17 a 23/11/2004). "Julião Sarmento", Museum Dhondt-Dhaenens, Deurle (13/11/2005 a 15/1/2006). "El vídeo-arte en Portugal Revolución – *Conferencias*", Subimagen 06 – IV Festival Audiovisual, La Vaguada – Instituto de Educación Secundária, Junta de Castilla y León, CFIE Zamora, Salón de Actos de la Fundación Rei Afonso Henriques, Zamora (12/5/2006). "Sedução *Cinema e Pintura*", Sintra Museu de Arte Moderna, Colecção Berardo, Sintra (27/6 – 30/12/206). "Withholding *Works 1994-2006*", Fundación Marcelino Botín, Santander (27/10/2006 a 7/1/2007). "Cancelled, Erased & Removed", Sean Kelly Gallery, New York (21/6 a 1/8/2008). "Julião Sarmento *Grace Under Pressure*", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo(28/11/2009 – 21/02/2010). "La pieza que falta", Factoría Compostela, Santiago de Compostela (12/03 a 30/04/2010). "Transversalidades: *Julião Sarmento*", Espaço Nimas, Lisboa (04/03/2012 às 21h30). "IM & EX PLICIT", Galerie Tatjana Pieters, Gent (15/12/2013 – 09/02/2014). "A Visão Incorporada *Performance para a câmara* / The Embodied Vision *Performance for the Camera*", MNAC Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea – Museu do Chiado, Lisboa (11 – 16/03/2014). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 – 30/11/2014). "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", CAAM Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria (09/10/2015 – 10/01/2016). "Julião Sarmento *La chose, même / The Real Thing*", Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian, Délégation en France, Paris (19/01 - 17/04/2016).

Reproduzido em: "Público (*Mil Folhas*)", Lisboa, 22/3/2003, p. 15 (cor). "Expresso (*Actual*)", Lisboa, 29/3/2003, p. 33 (p&b). "Pangloss", nº 2, Lisboa, Abril 2003, p. 27 (p&b). "Convite" da exposição Parasite, Galerie Bernd Klüser, München, 20/5/2003 (p&b). "Abendzeitung (*Kultur*)", München, 22/5/2003, pp. 19/20 (p&b). Catálogo "Outras Alternativas *Novas experiências visuais en Portugal*", MARCO Museo de Arte Contemporánea de Vigo, Vigo, 2003, p. 25 (p&b). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, pp. 96-97 (cor). "Glamour *Arte seduzida e sedutora*", editado por Isabel Carlos, Colecção de Arte Contemporânea Público Serralves, nº 3, Lisboa/Porto, 2005, p.59 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento", Alexandre Melo, Editorial Caminho, Lisboa, 2005, p.28 (p&b). Folha de sala da exposição "Julião Sarmento", Museum Dhondt-Dhaenens, Deurle, 2006 (p&b). "MDD: Museum DoorDacht", nº 2, Museum Dhondt-Dhaenens, Deurle, May 2006, pp. 38/39 (p&b). Catálogo "Sedução *Cinema e Pintura*", Sintra Museu de Arte Moderna, Colecção Berardo, Sintra, 2006, p. 50 (cor). Catálogo "Withholding *Works 1994-2006*", Fundación Marcelino Botín, Santander, 2006, p. 10, pp. 13-14, p. 17, pp. 134-137 (cor). Catálogo "La pieza que falta", Factoría Compostela, Santiago de Compostela, 2010, p. 9 (p&b). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Grace Under Pressure / Elegância em Tensão*", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo, 2009, pp. 71 e 91 (cor). "Folha de São Paulo", São Paulo, 05/02/2010 (cor). "AD Architectural Digest", nº 54, Madrid, Enero 2011, p. 66 (cor). "Arte y Parte", nº 90, Santander, Diciembre 2010 - Enero 2011, p. 18 (cor). "Dardo Magazine *Architecture + Design*", nº 17, Santiago de Compostela, 04/05 2011, Fevereiro 2011, p. 73 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 255 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 255 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, p. 217 (cor). Livro/Catálogo "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM - Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, pp. 143-147 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 60 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Risco Inerente / Inherent Risk*" por Delfim Sardo publicado por Bial, Coronado, Portugal, 2015, p. 204 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *La chose, même / The Real Thing*", Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian – Délégation en France, Paris / MER Paperkunsthalle, Gent, 2016, pl. 76, p. 52 (p&b). "Le Monde (blog *Lunettes Rouges*)", online Paris, 04/03/2016 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Without*", CGAC Centro Galego de Arte Contemporánea, Santiago de Compostela, A Coruña, Espanha, 2018, p.88 (cor).
Referido em: Cristina Giménez, "El hombre que amaba a las Mujeres" in "AD Architectural Digest", nº 54, Madrid, Enero 2011, pp. 66-69. Silas Martí, "Artista explora sedução da língua" in "Folha de S. Paulo (*Ilustrada*)", São Paulo, 28/11/2009, p. E13. Fabio Cypriano "Retrospectiva traz obsessão pelo feminino" in "Folha de São Paulo", São Paulo, 05/02/2010. Marc Lenot, "Aimer les femmes n'est pas si simple (Julião Sarmento)" in "Le Monde (blog *Lunettes Rouges*)", online Paris, 04/03/2016 (http://lunettesrouges.blog.lemonde.fr/2016/03/04/aimer-les-femmes-nest-pas-si-simple-juliao-sarmento/)
Sinopse: *Parasite*, peça cujas camadas de significado se estendem e alargam a partir de uma série de peças com o título *Parasita*, do mesmo ano, apresenta uma mulher que entra no atelier de Julião Sarmento, despe-se, volta a vestir-se e sai. O autor recorre a esta mesma estrutura em *Dirty Diana*, filme do mesmo ano. Porém, em *Parasite*, tanto o *strip*, como o momento em que a mulher se veste resultam da inversão da sua performance, sendo aqui acompanhados por um movimento de *Romeu e Julieta*, de Serguei Prokofiev, conhecido por *A Dança dos Cavaleiros* ou *Montéquios e Capuletos*. "Durante este tempo somos, no entanto, assaltados por alguns momentos de dúvida. Algo nos movimentos sinuosos da *stripper* denuncia uma estranheza que nos faz duvidar da linearidade deste julgamento. É, de facto, requerida uma atenção redobrada e o que nos é pedido é que consigamos ver para lá da condição voyeurística em que somos colocados.Percebemos depois que aquilo que lemos, num primeiro momento, como uma acção linear (o despir) não o é de facto. Trata-se sim de um processo de inversão em que na origem dessa acção está justamente a oposta (o vestir). É, mais uma vez, com os (nossos) processos e mecanismos de referência, de construção e interpretação que somos confrontados." Ana Anacleto

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36
Dirty Diana
2003

Video transferido para DVD, cor, som, 11' 24" 17Fr
N.º Exemplares: 6 + 1 A.P.
Localização: Sintra
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Loop Fair 2006" (Stand Christopher Grimes Gallery), Barcelona (19 – 21/5/2006). "e-flux Video Rental", Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisboa (21/05 – 18/07/2008). "Turn me on", Hospital Júlio de Matos, Pavilhão 28, Lisboa (13 – 30/12/2008). "FUSO *Anual de Vídeo Arte Internacional de Lisboa*", Jardim do Museu Nacional de Arte Antiga, Lisboa (20 – 25/08/2013). "Lisbon & Estoril

Film Festival '13", Cinema Monumental, Sala 3, Lisboa(17/11/2013)
Sinopse: *Dirty Diana* corresponde à estrutura base do filme do mesmo ano *Parasite*. Uma mulher entra no atelier do artista, coloca-se de pé em frente a uma parede branca, junto à qual se encontra uma cadeira idêntica à que o autor utilizara em *Close* e que lhe servirá de apoio. Faz um *strip*, encosta-se novamente à parede e veste-se em movimentos semelhantes. Regressa à parede, que de resto se assemelha ao fundos dos seus *White Paintings*, assumindo a posição do início da performance. Sai do atelier. Em ambos os filmes a performer é a mesma, numa escolha que difere da opção mais comum de Julião Sarmento em recorrer a pessoas próximas como actores ou performers. Esta opção opõe-se a uma certa domesticidade que acompanha a generalidade da sua obra fílmica, que se verifica inclusivamente na ausência de equipa de filmagem, primeiro, ou na sua reduzida dimensão de finais de 1990 em diante. Todavia, denota também a necessidade de recorrer a alguém capaz de executar movimentos precisos, passíveis de ser invertidos com alguma verosimilhança, como fará em *Parasite*. Neste caso, contudo, a performance não é mostrada a partir da retrogradação da filmagem, diferindo igualmente a música que acompanha o *strip* e o seu inverso. Ao invés de *Romeu e Julieta*, de Sergei Prokofiev, toca *Dirty Diana*, de Michael Jackson.

37
Lacan's Assumption
2003

Video transferido para DVD, cor, som, 12' 07" 20 Fr

N.º Exemplares: Edição de 12 + 3 A.P.
Localização: Fundação PLMJ, Lisboa, Portugal Colección Inelcom Arte Contemporáneo, Madrid, Espanha1 Viewing Copy em Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian Paris Colecção Privada
Exposições: "Loop Fair 2003" (Stand Galería Pepe Cobo), Barcelona (19 a 21/5/2003). "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 a 23/5/2004). "Festival X, *Flux*", Lux, Lisboa (2/11/2004). "VideoZone *The 2nd International Video-Art Biennial in Israel*", Center for Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv (17 a 23/11/2004). "25 frames por segundo: *vídeos da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ*", Cinema São Jorge, Lisboa (28/02 – 04/03/2007). "No Food for Visitors", L'Appartement 22, Rabat (26/09/2008). "Julião Sarmento: Lacan's Assumption e Toile", Espaço BES Arte e Finança, Lisboa (12/3 – 1/4/2009). "Cinematic", Threshold Artspace, Perth, Scotland (14/11/2009 – 13/01/2010). "Transversalidades: *Julião Sarmento*", Espaço Nimas, Lisboa (04/03/2012 às 21h30). "100 Obras, 10 Anos: *Uma Selecção da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ*", Fundação Arpad Szenes – Vieira da Silva , Lisboa (27/09/2012 – 27/01/2013). "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F. (09/04 – 04/08/2013). "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña (03/06 - 07/09/2014). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 - 30/11/2014). "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", CAAM Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria (09/10/2015 – 10/01/2016). "Julião Sarmento *La chose, même / The Real Thing*", Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian, Délégation en France, Paris (19/01 - 17/04/2016). "Coleccion INELCOM Arte Contemporáneo *Edición 2019*", INELCOM, Pozuelo de Alarcón, Madrid (02/03/2019 – 02/03/2020). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019). "The House of T", PLMJ, Lisboa (17/10/2019 – ???)
Reproduzido em: Revista "Sibila #13", Octubre 2003, Sevilla, capa, pp.18-20 (cor). "Programme", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, February-May 2004, Dutch and English editions, p. 3 (cor). Flyer "Julião Sarmento *Echo*", VanAbbemuseum, Eindhoven, 21.02.04 - 23.05.04, p. 5 (cor). Flyer "*plattegrond plan*", VanAbbemuseum, Eindhoven, 21.02.04 – 23.05.04, (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Echo*", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, pp. 98-100 (cor). Programa "*Festival X*", Lisboa, 2/11 a 19/12/2004 (cor). Flyer "Lux-Frágil", Cool New Season, Lisboa, Novembro 2004 (cor). Catálogo "Withholding Works *1994-2006*", Fundación Marcelino Botín, Santander, 2006, p. 51, p. 65 (cor). Catálogo "25 frames por segundo: *vídeos da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ*", Assírio & Alvim, Lisboa, 2006, pp. 104 - 107 (cor). "Público", Lisboa, 27/2/2007, p.15 (cor). "Ponto de Vista / Point of View *Obras da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ / Works from the Collection of the PLMJ Foundation*", Fundação PLMJ, Lisboa, 2007, pp. 186/187 (cor). "Videoarte e Filme de Arte & Ensaio em Portugal", Número – Arte e Cultura, Lisboa, 2008, p. 215 (p&b). "Cem Obras Dez Anos *Uma Selecção da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ*" (Vol. 1), Miguel Amado, Fundação PLMJ, Lisboa, 2011, pp. 38/39 (cor). Catálogo "100 Obras, 10 Anos: *Uma Selecção da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ*", Fundação Arpad Szenes – Vieira da Silva , Lisboa, 2012, pp. 56/57 (cor). Catálogo "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, pp. 58-59 e pp. 98-99 (cor). Catálogo "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*" (segunda versão), Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, pp.58-59 e pp. 98-99 (cor). "Expresso *(Economia)*", Lisboa, 31/08/2013, p. 21 (cor)Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 218/219 (cor). Livro/Catálogo "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM - Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, pp. 175-177

(cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 94 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *La chose, même / The Real Thing*", Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian – Délégation en France, Paris / MER Paperkunsthalle, Gent, 2016, pl. 85, pp. 54/55 (p&b). "Le Monde (blog *Lunettes Rouges*)", online Paris, 04/03/2016 (cor). Livro "15 Anos Linhas Cruzadas – *2016 Colecção da Fundação PLMJ*", por João Silvério, Fundação PLMJ, Lisboa, 2016, p. 109 (cor). Catálogo "Veritas *Art Auctioneers*", Arte Moderna e Contemporânea, N°76, Maio 2018, Lisboa, Portugal, pp. capa, contracapa, p. 57 (cor). Convite "Veritas *Art Auctioneers*", Arte Moderna e Contemporânea, Leilão N°76, 15-05-2018. Livro "Acervo *5 décadas de Arte Contemporânea*", Fundação PLMJ, Lisboa, 2018, p. 154 (cor). Livro "*Espaços Imaginados / Imagined Spaces*", Fundação PLMJ, Lisboa, 2019, p. 67 (cor). "Relatório de Actividades 2019, Escola das Artes", Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019, p.5 + p43, (cor).
Referido em: Não assinado, "Julião Sarmento expõe inéditos" in "Diário de Notícias", Lisboa, 08/03/2009, p. 61Cláudia Almeida, "Julião Sarmento: dois vídeos novos" in "Visão *(Sete)*", nº 837, Lisboa, 19/03/2009. "Monde" (blog *Lunettes Rouges*), online Paris, 04/03/2016 (http://lunettesrouges.blog.lemonde.fr/2016/03/04/aimer-les-femmes-nest-pas-si-simple-juliao-sarmento/)
Sinopse: Uma mulher lê uma receita de bolo de chocolate, com a imagem parada de uma praia de fundo. Num plano fechado sobre as pernas de uma mulher sentada numa cadeira de escritório, essas pernas vão-se cruzando e descruzando ao som de *The Plaint*, de Henry Purcell. A mulher senta-se depois a uma secretária onde recita o poema popular *The House that Jack Built,* enquanto alinha sobre o tampo da secretária os elementos que vão aparecendo no poema. Retira-se e reaparece a modelo do início a respirar ofegantemente numa praia. "Durante aproximadamente doze minutos, deparamo-nos com uma sequência de quatro momentos distintos em que uma personagem feminina dá corpo a quatro acções particulares. Numa referência assumidamente lacaniana, confundem-se aqui os mecanismos de produção da comunicação, com os da produção do desejo, através da recorrência a conteúdos linguísticos comuns, como a leitura de uma receita ou história infantil, aos quais se sobrepõem, de uma forma implícita ou latente, acções manifestamente indutoras de desejo, como uma voz de nuance erótica ou um cruzar e descruzar de pernas. Ao espectador é, assim, pedido que se confronte com os seus próprios processos e mecanismos de construção, debatendo-se com a dificuldade da interpretação linear dos acontecimentos."Ana Anacleto

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38
Drift
2003

Vídeo instalação de 6 canais (vídeo transferido para DVD, cor, som, 37' 36")
Coautoria: John Baldessari e Lawrence Weiner
Dimensões: variáveis (6 écrans em hexagono, com 4 x 6 m cada)
N.º Exemplares: 2
Localização: Lisboa, Portugal
Coleção: Museu Colecção Berardo, Lisboa, PortugalJosé Manuel Rodrigues Berardo, Sintra, Portugal
Exposições: "John Baldessari, Julião Sarmento, Lawrence Weiner, Drift", Centro Cultural de Belém, Lisboa (18/3 a 30/5/2004). "Drift, A Project by John Baldessari, Julião Sarmento and Lawrence Weiner", Art Basel Miami Beach, The Moore Building Parking Lot, Miami Design District, Miami Beach, Florida (2 a 5/12/2004). "Tudo o que é sólido dissolve-se no ar: o *social na Colecção Berardo*", Museu Colecção Berardo, Lisboa (08/06 – 12/09/2010). "Constalações I *uma coreografia de gestos mínimos*", Museu Coleção Berardo, Lisboa (11/04/2019 – 22/09/2019). "Constalações II *uma coreografia de gestos mínimos*", Museu Coleção Berardo, Lisboa (10/10/2019 – 27/09/2019).
Reproduzido em: "Exit Express", nº 1, Madrid, Febrero 2004, p. 22 (cor). Catálogo "John Baldessari, Julião Sarmento, Lawrence Weiner, *Drift*", Centro Cultural de Belém, Lisboa, 2004 (cor). Brochura "John Baldessari, Julião Sarmento, Lawrence Weiner, *Drift*", Centro Cultural de Belém, Lisboa, 2004 (p&b). "Diário de Notícias", Lisboa, 20/3/2004 (cor). "Público *(Mil Folhas)*", Lisboa, 20/3/2004, pp. 22/23 (cor). "Expresso *(Actual)*", Lisboa, 9/4/2004 (cor). "O Independente *(Indigena)*", Lisboa, 16/4/2004, p. 23 (cor). "Visão *(Visão 7)*", nº 581, Lisboa, 22/4/2004, p. 11. "JL – Jornal de Letras, *Artes e Ideias*", Lisboa, 28/4/2004, p. 32 (cor). "Flash Art International", Vol. XXXVII, nº 236, Milano, May-June 2004, p. 149 (p&b). "Art Press", nº 302, Paris, Juin 2004, p. 71 (p&b). "Tv Mais", nº 598, Lisboa, 3/7/2004 (cor). "O Diabo", Lisboa, 13/7/2004 (p&b). "Público", Lisboa, 14/7/2004 (p&b). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 258 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 258 (cor). Catálogo "Constalações I & II *uma coreografia de gestos mínimos*", Museu Coleção Berardo, Lisboa, 2020, pp. 94/95 e 373 (cor)
Sinopse: *Drift* é uma obra colaborativa que consiste na projecção em *loop* de vídeos realizados por Julião Sarmento, John Baldessari e Laurence Weiner, vistos do interior de um espaço hexagonal definido por seis ecrãs de 3,81 x 5,08 metros. Esta panorâmica é unificada pela linha do horizonte, como estrutura interna, e pela praia como local onde decorrem a maioria das acções, opção que permitiu ligar as

três intervenções uma vez que todos os autores vivem em zonas costeiras. Assim, Julião Sarmento recorre à praia como palco de leituras ou acções, John Baldessari explora a praia como espaço que determina a relação entre o observador e o horizonte, através de acções que reenviam para os filmes *slapstick*, mostrando a vertical, a horizontal e a profundidade deste espaço. Laurence Weiner, por sua vez, questiona o horizonte como linha subjectiva, materialmente inexistente, mas que estabelece a afinidade entre o sujeito e o espaço, o tempo e o próprio conhecimento. O *loop* e o recurso a uma panorâmica a 360º reenvia para uma recursividade em que o espaço-tempo é unido, esbatendo a fronteira entre passado, presente e futuro. O que é reforçado pelo paradoxo a que a própria panorâmica remete: tudo o que cabe entre o observador e o horizonte pode ser visto, mas é impossível abarcá-lo simultaneamente na sua totalidade. De resto, o próprio horizonte surge aqui como marcação de uma condição periférica face à sua definição, mostrando um campo do conhecimento passível de ser construído, ao mesmo tempo que demonstra a existência de algo para lá dele.

39
Ghost
2004

Instalação video interactiva (DVD, cor, som) 1 DVD, 1 leitor de DVD – PIONEER V-7300D, 1 par de sensores fotoeléctricos, 1 interface (A/D)
N.º Exemplares: 1
Localização: Sintra
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Ghosts", CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, (9/10 a 26/12/2004). "Julião Sarmento – *Queluz*", Palácio Nacional de Queluz, Queluz (31/3 a 29/5/2005).
Reproduzido em: Folha de sala da exposição "Ghosts", CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, 2004 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento – *Queluz*", Palácio Nacional de Queluz, Queluz, 2005, p. 41 (cor). "Diário Económico", Lisboa, 24/9/2004 (cor). "Diário *As Beiras*", Taveiro, 2/10/2004 (cor). "O Despertar", Portugal, 8/10/2004 (p&b). "Diário de Coimbra," Coimbra, 9/10/2004, p. 28 (p&b). "Notícias Magazine", nº 646, Lisboa, 10/10/2004 (cor). "Público *(Mil Folhas)*", Lisboa, 16/10/2004, p. 17 cor). "Flash Art International", Vol. XXXVIII, nº 243, Milano, July-September 2005, p. 131 (p&b). Livro "Cuadernos de la Cátedra Juan Gris Taller de Julião Sarmento Marzo 2007", Universidad Complutense de Madrid, 2009, p. 79 (cor).
Sinopse: Instalação realizada a convite do Centro de Artes Visuais de Coimbra, *Ghost* é uma peça interactiva onde à atenção requerida pelo som vindo de uma determinada sala, responde a fuga da figura em vídeo quando o observador entra nessa mesma sala e activa sensores de movimento. Este dispositivo é utilizado igualmente na obra *Ghosts*, do mesmo ano. Em *Ghost*, Julião Sarmento prossegue uma pesquisa que joga nos limites entre o visível e o invisível já explorados de outros modos em filmes como *Sombra* (1976), por via do *close-up*, mas também do recorte dos rostos através de enquadramentos ou do trabalho com a sombra. Pesquisa esta comum a uma parte da sua pintura, através da recomposição da totalidade de uma figura ou da composição de uma acção a partir dos fragmentos que apresenta. Neste caso, é relevante igualmente uma dimensão fantasmática, aliás adiantada em título, entre uma presença sensível e a incapacidade não de a confirmar, uma vez que pode ser vista em fuga, reiterando o som que se ouvia, mas de a definir visualmente. Estabelece-se deste modo uma fronteira ou uma distância inultrapassável, a que aludem por exemplo trabalhos como *Untitled (Following)*, de 1999, ou *Drift*, de 2004.

40
Ghosts
2004

Instalação video interactiva (DVD, cor, som) 1 DVD, 1 leitor de DVD – PIONEER V-7300D, 1 par de sensores fotoeléctricos, 1 interface (A/D)
N.º Exemplares: 1
Localização: Coimbra
Coleção: CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, Portugal
Exposições: "Ghosts", CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, (9/10 a 26/12/2004).
Reproduzido em: Folha de sala da exposição "Ghosts", CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, 2004 (cor). "O Primeiro de Janeiro das Artes das Letras", Porto, 27/9/2004, p. 17 (p&b). "Artforum", Vol. XLIII, nº 2, New York, October 2004, p. 191 (cor). "L+Arte", nº 05, Lisboa, Outubro 2004, p. 68 (cor). Catálogo "ARCO'05", vol. 1, Madrid, p.131 (cor). "Diário *As Beiras*", Taveiro, 9/10/2004, p. 22 (cor). "Público *Xis*", nº 279, Lisboa, p. 40 (cor). "Jornal de Notícias", Porto, 13/10/2004, p. 42 (p&b). "Público *Mil Folhas*", Lisboa, 16/10/2004, p. 17 cor). "Diário de Coimbra", Coimbra, 17/10/2004, p. 11 (p&b). "Espaços", nº 39, lisboa, Novembro 2004 (cor). "Evasões", nº 80, Lisboa, Dezembro 2004, p. 42 (cor). "Expresso *Actual*", Lisboa, 4/12/2004, p. 54 (cor). "Frame 2", nº 15, Wien, Nov/Dez 2005, p. 54 (cor). Jacinto Lageira, "Regard Oblique. *Essais sur la perception*", Collection Essais, La Lettre Volée, Paris, 2013, p. 396 (p&b). "Exit Express", N°7, Novembro, 2014, Madrid, Espanha, p.1, pp. 6-7 (cor).

Sinopse: *Ghosts* é uma instalação interactiva composta por três sequências de personagens que fogem de campo. Realizada a convite do Centro de Artes Visuais de Coimbra, o dispositivo é similar ao que o autor recorre em *Ghost*, do mesmo ano. Assim, o espectador é convocado por um som vindo de uma sala. Contudo, quando acede a esta, as figuras em vídeo correm para fora de plano. Para além das possibilidades levantadas no texto referente a *Ghost*, é possível abordar uma outra dimensão deste trabalho quando contraposto a essa instalação. De facto, se em *Ghost* o autor recorre a uma modelo ou actriz, que executa a acção numa sala branca, eventualmente uma galeria de museu, nesta peça encontram-se pessoas que lhe são próximas, filmadas num espaço semelhante a uma caverna ou cave. Uma oposição entre uma certa familiaridade e intuição que percorre parte da sua obra fílmica anterior e uma preparação cuidada dos trabalhos posteriores, discernível por exemplo na diferença entre as roupas dos personagens.

41
STAR
2005

Instalação – video, 4 ecrãs, DVCAM (transferido para DVD), Pal, 4:3, cor, stereo, 22'00''00F
N.º Exemplares: 1
Localização: Badajoz, Spain
Coleção: MEIAC Museo Extremeño e Iberoamericano de Arte Contemporáneo, Badajoz, Espanha
Exposições: **"**Terminal – *Toxic o discurso do excesso*", Hangar K7, Fundição de Oeiras, Oeiras (30/6 a 2/10/2005)
Reproduzido em: "Terminal" Jornal nº 2, Oeiras, Junho Outubro 2005, p. 9 (cor)
Sinopse: Instalação vídeo composta por quatro ecrãs, *Star* consiste na apresentação de quatro sequências diferentes de cerca de cinco minutos protagonizadas por quatro artistas portugueses: João Onofre (JO), João Pedro Vale (JPV), Vasco Araújo (VA) e Filipa César (FC). Para além da sequência que corresponde a esta enumeração, as restantes são: FC, JO, JPV e VA; VA, FC, JO e JPV; JPV, VA, FC e JO. Assim, uma vez que se apresentam simultaneamente, *Star* disponibiliza a cada momento o conjunto das cenas que compõem os diversos vídeos. Para além de uma possível exploração do efeito Kuleshov em cada uma das sequências, em que o entendimento de cada parte é ou pode ser condicionado pelas cenas ou imagens que a antecedem e sucedem, parece entrar em jogo igualmente a exploração de noções de totalidade e circularidade que Julião Sarmento foi tratando ao longo da sua obra. O que é verificável na sua obra fílmica já desde as primeiras experiências em Super8, por via do recurso ao *loop* ou à inversão de planos ou protagonistas, a título de exemplo, mas também nas diversas recorrências entre os vários meios que trabalha. De resto, a simultaneidade da apresentação das diferentes sequências coloca-se numa linha de trabalho presente igualmente em *Drift* ou *Close*. Isto é, uma maneira de apresentação que, perante uma totalidade dada aparentemente sem qualquer limite, obriga à ou coloca em evidência a necessidade de uma seleção do que se vê.

42
Toile
2006

Video transferido para DVD, cor, som, 08' 02" 00 F
N.º Exemplares: Edição de 3 + 1 A.P.
Coleção: Coleção Privada
Exposições: "Dialogues Within the Artworld", Dvir Gallery, Tel Aviv (6/4 a 13/5/2006). "Loop Fair 2006" (Stand Christopher Grimes Gallery), Barcelona (19 a 21/5/2006). "Julião Sarmento: *Literal*", Centro José Guerrero, Granada (5/4 – 18/5/2008). "Julião Sarmento: *Lacan's Assumption* e *Toile*", Espaço BES Arte e Finança, Lisboa (12/3 – 1/4/2009). "Julião Sarmento *2000-2010*", CAC Centro de Arte Contemporáneo, Málaga (10/12/2010 – 06/03/2011). "Julião Sarmento *Artists and Writers / House and Home*", Parrish Art Museum, Southampton, New York (17/04 – 11/06/2011). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 – 30/11/2014). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Reproduzido em: Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *2000-2010*", CAC Málaga, Centro de Arte Contemporáneo / Es Baluard Museu d'art modern i contemporani de Palma, 2010, Plate – 64 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Artists and Writers / House and Home*", Parrish Art Museum, Southampton, New York, 2011, pp. 42/43 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 40 (cor). "Relatório de Actividades 2019", Escola das Artes, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019 p. 122, (cor).

Referido em: Não assinado, "Julião Sarmento expõe inéditos" in "Diário de Notícias", Lisboa, 08/03/2009, p. 61Cláudia Almeida, "Julião Sarmento: dois vídeos novos" in "Visão *(Sete)*", nº 837, Lisboa, 19/03/2009. Marion W. Weiss, "Juliao Sarmento at the Parrish" in "Dan's Hampton", Southampton, NY, 29/04/2011
Sinopse: *Toile*, cuja inversão da grafia pode ser lida como Eliot, é montado em dez cenas, alternando filmagens de um cavalo a ser treinado num picadeiro coberto, com a leitura de poemas de T. S Eliot pela filha de Julião Sarmento. Neste último caso, cada uma das primeiras quatro leituras corresponde a uma das quatro partes de *Preludes* (1911-1912), sendo filmada numa diagonal à esquerda, correspondendo a quinta à sexta estrofe de *Gerontion* (1920), desta feita com um enquadramento frontal, terminando o vídeo com o fecho do livro por parte da leitora. A alusão em título desta peça pode ajudar a articular o modo como *Preludes* constrói uma imagem ou uma ambiência a partir de fragmentos, nisso assemelhando-se à própria obra de Julião Sarmento, construída a partir de apontamentos que sugerem a construção pelo observador de algo que ali é omisso. Esta economia de meios, que aliás potencia o *em aberto* comum à obra do autor e que se estende à própria produção do filme, permite o recurso a poucos elementos (o cavalo, o domador, a leitora e os espaços em que se encontram) para criar um ponto de equilíbrio nas oposições entre a potência do animal, a fragilidade da criança, a contenção doméstica ou do próprio picadeiro. Enfim, entre a domesticação do animal e a sua resistência, tema que aliás se pode prolongar no poema de T.S. Eliot como um face-a-face com as condições da vida urbana de início de século XX.

43
Jolie Valse
2007

Video, Digital Betacam, PAL, 4:3, cor, som, 26' 40'' 05Fr. (loop)
N.º Exemplares: Edição 3 + 1 A.P.
Localização: Lisboa, Portugal e Berlim, Alemanha
Coleção: Coleção Privada
Exposições: "Electricidade Estática", La Ferme du Buisson, Noisiel, Marne-La-Valée (20 e 21/10/2007). "Electricidade Estática", CCB – Grande Auditório, Lisboa (6 a 8/11/2007). "Não te posso ver nem pintado *Um novo percurso pela Colecção Berardo*", Museu Colecção Berardo, Lisboa (15/9/2008 a Agosto 2009). "Julião Sarmento *Distancias Cortas / Close Distance*", La Casa Encendida, Madrid (02/04 – 05/06/2011). "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F. (09/04 – 04/08/2013). "A Window in Berlin", Bernauer Strasse, 49, Berlin, Germany (30/05 – 30/06/2013). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes - Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Reproduzido em: Programa do "Festival Temps d'Images", Lisboa, 30/10 a 15/12/2007, p. 09 (cor). Convite para a ante-estreia do espectáculo "Electricidade Estática", CCB - Grande Auditório, Lisboa, 6/11/2007 (cor). "Expresso *(Actual)*", Lisboa, 27/10/2007, p. 6 (cor). "JL Jornal de Letras, *Artes e Ideias*", Lisboa, 7/11/2007, p. 6 (cor). "Publico *(P2)*", Lisboa, 7/11/2007, p. 18 (cor). "Jornal de Negócios", Lisboa, 18/9/2008 (cor). "Bombart", nº1, Porto, Janeiro-Fevereiro 2009, p.10 (cor). Agenda "La Casa Encendida" – Mar/Abr 2011, La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, pp. 8-9 (cor). Convite da exposição "Julião Sarmento *Distancias Cortes / Close Distance*", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Distancias Cortes / Close Distance*", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, capa, contracapa, pp.119-123 (cor). Brochura "Julião Sarmento *Distancias Cortes / Close Distance*", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, capa, contracapa (cor)Anúncio "Artforum", XLIX, N°8, April 2011, p. 32 (cor). "20 Minutos", Madrid, 01/04/2011, p. 24 (cor). "El País *(Babelia)*", Madrid, 02/04/2011, p. 18 (cor). "ABC *(ABC Cultural)*", Madrid, 16/04/2011, pp. 32/33 (cor). "Flash Art", Vol. XLIV, nº 279, Milano, July – September 2011, p. 118 (cor). "Reforma", México D.F., 04/04/2013, p. 18 (cor). Brochura "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, capa e pp.100-101 (cor). Catálogo "Una Forma *Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento*", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, pp. 100-101 (cor). Catálogo "Una Forma *Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento*" (segunda versão), Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, p. 83 e pp. 100-101 (cor). Brochura "A Window in Berlin. *Changing Project*", Bernauerstrasse, 49, Berlin, 30/05/2013, p. 5 (cor). Livro/Catálogo "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM – Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, p. 19 (cor). Livro "Arte Portuguesa no Século XX *Uma história crítica*", Bernardo Pinto de Almeida, Coral Books, Cardume Editores, Matosinhos, 2016, p. 363 (cor).
Referido em: Fietta Jarque, "Lo que no ves es lo que te delata" in "El País" (Babelia), Madrid, 02/04/2011, p. 18.
Sinopse: Montado a partir da performance de duas mulheres a dançar *Jolie Valse*, de Eric Thézé, a peça consiste num *loop* de cerca de 27 minutos. Inicia com um plano do corredor central de uma plateia, vendo-se a porta ao fundo, por onde entra a primeira dançarina (a). Esta percorre o corredor e sai de plano pela direita, momento em que o

filme corta para um plano aproximado das cortinas de um palco, reentrando a mesma bailarina no plano pela esquerda. Executa a dança e sai pela direita. Entra a segunda bailarina (b), pela direita, dança a mesma música e sai pela esquerda. Vê-se novamente a plateia e esta bailarina percorre o corredor, saindo pela porta ao fundo. De seguida, e sem nunca mostrar o rosto de qualquer uma das dançarinas, entra a primeira, repetindo-se as performances na sequência a - b - a - b - b - a - b - a, podendo reiniciar-se o *loop* e assim manter o filme em constante repetição sem precisar exactamente qual o começo ou o fim. Em *Jolie Valse* há por um lado uma possível equação entre a estrutura do filme e a sequência da dança, que pode ainda remeter para um *loop* interminável, desestabilizando qualquer noção de tempo ou apontando para um presente sem fim. Por outro lado, focando a performance de ambas as bailarinas, a primeira pode denotar um lado íntimo ou quotidiano, conferido pela evidente familiaridade com a dança, que acentua a estranheza da ausência de um par. A segunda bailarina, por sua vez, executa a dança sem que essa falta seja sentida. Porém, há aqui também um estranhamento face à desadequação entre a valsa e a coreografia da bailarina. Contratada após um casting nos *Alunos de Apolo*, esta opção enquadra-se no que Julião Sarmento havia já testado em *Parasite*, ainda que pelo seu inverso. Isto é, se aí fora a acuidade de movimentos que o levara a contratar uma *stripper* profissional, neste caso interessava precisamente a incoerência entre géneros de dança, sublinhada inclusivamente pela roupa da bailarina.

44
Voyeur
2007

Video, Digital Betacam, PAL, 4:3, cor, sem som, 14' 23'' 03Fr. (loop)
N.º Exemplares: 1
Localização: Sintra
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Julião Sarmento *2000-2010*", CAC Centro de Arte Contemporáneo, Málaga (10/12/2010 – 06/03/2011). "Julião Sarmento 2000-2010", Es Baluard, Museu d'art modern i contemporani de Palma, Palma de Mallorca (22/06 – 25/09/2011). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 – 30/11/2014). "Julião Sarmento *shadow pieces on Body frames*", CAPC Círculo de Artes Plásticas de Coimbra (Círculo Sereia), Coimbra (31/10 – 29/12/2015)
Reproduzido em: Folder da exposição "Voyeur Project View", Lisboa, 2008 (cor). "Sol", Lisboa, 9/2/2008 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *2000-2010*", CAC Málaga, Centro de Arte Contemporáneo / Es Baluard Museu d'art modern i contemporani de Palma, 2010, Plate – 65 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 283 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 283 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 41 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *shadow pieces on Body frames*", CAPC Círculo de Artes Plásticas de Coimbra / ANO-ZERO Bienal de Arte Contemporânea de Coimbra, 2015, pp. 34-37 (cor).
Referido em: Irene Iglesias, "El CAC repasa la época más prolífica de Juliao Sarmento" *in* "El Mundo (Málaga)", Madrid, 11/12/2010, p. M7
Sinopse: Tomemos como verdade a possibilidade de todo o acto de ver encerrar em si, necessariamente, um acto voyeur, na medida em que entendemos aqui o acto de ver como diferente do acto de olhar. Vemos o que nos interessa, o que nos inquieta, o que nos desafia, basicamente o que queremos ver, ou melhor, o que desejamos. Neste encontro entre o sujeito que vê e o objecto que é visto está necessariamente implicada uma relação de poder (difícil de atribuir ou identificar, uma vez que o prazer/ poder do sujeito que vê, depende intrinsecamente do poder inerente ao objecto desejado). Quando no número 14 - A, da Rua de Timor em Lisboa, somos convidados a ver, à vez e individualmente, uma determinada obra de arte através de um peephole, somos justamente convidados a assumir essa nossa condição de voyeurs. Tomemos agora também como verdade a possibilidade de podermos encerrar em nós nesse momento, e simultaneamente, uma dupla condição à qual associamos imediatamente um duplo poder: sujeito que deseja e simultaneamente objecto de desejo. No mesmo momento, e pelos restantes espectadores que aguardam a possibilidade de poderem assumir o seu papel de voyeurs, somos vistos a ver. O vídeo Voyeur decorre durante aproximadamente 14 minutos. Nele assistimos à convocação dessa ideia de circularidade implicada na dupla condição de se ser, por um lado voyeur e por outro objecto, reforçada aqui pela presença de uma realidade aparentemente linear de onde surgem, à vez, curtos momentos em que a escolha do ponto de vista (uns binóculos por detrás de uma janela) e as constantes aproximações e recuos em relação ao objecto, convocam a nossa memória cinematográfica, e nos colocam obrigatoriamente no interior da obra, tornando-nos, por isso, espectadores duplamente voyeurs. Ana Anacleto

45
Portuguese Class
2009

Video instalação; dupla projecção; Betacam digital; PAL; 4:3; cor, som estéreo; 85' 39'' 00 Fr
N.º Exemplares: 1
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "ART ALGARVE 2009 *Entre o Céu e o Mar*", Centro Cultural de Lagos, Lagos (21/06 – 27/09/2009).
Reproduzido em: "Notícias Magazine", nº 890, Lisboa, 14/6/2009, p. 20 (cor). "Público *(Encarte CAV)*", Lisboa, 27/6/2009, p. 13 (cor).
Referido em: Rui Pedro Tendinha, "Novas" *in* "Notícias Magazine", nº 890, Lisboa, 14/06/2009, p. 20
Sinopse: Realizado no âmbito do programa *Allgarve* de 2009, designação pela qual o Turismo de Portugal procurou promover a região algarvia como destino turístico. Neste vídeo assiste-se a sessões de vinte e duas modelos, actrizes ou apresentadoras de televisão a ser ensinadas por uma professora de inglês a pronunciar em inglês perfeito a frase *as bright as the sun*. A expressão refere-se ao tema da exposição *Art Algarve 2009 – Entre o céu e o mar*, parte integrante daquele programa. *Portuguese Class* está dividido em dois ecrãs, que correm sincronizados, podendo ver-se no ecrã da esquerda a professora num estúdio de televisão, com a câmara que filma as *players* atrás de si, bem como parte do ecrã *chroma key* que se encontra por trás de cada uma das mulheres. No ecrã à direita, estas vão tentando pronunciar a frase sobre um fundo composto por filmagens da Praia Dona Ana, em Lagos. O título *Portuguese Class* entra em contradição aparente com aquilo a que assistimos (de facto trata-se de uma aula de inglês e não de português), sugerindo assim uma ambiguidade que multiplica as suas possíveis interpretações. No entanto, a composição da instalação parece bastante mais precisa, mostrando através da quebra da transparência do aparato de produção a artificialidade à qual está sujeito o marketing territorial, contrapondo-se inclusivamente à autenticidade a que este se reporta recorrentemente. Tópico, aliás, de um vídeo promocional lançado no ano anterior pela mesma Turismo de Portugal.

46
Leporello
2010

Video instalação HD quatro-canais; NTSC (1080p 23.98); 16:9; cor; som; 23'31''00 Fr versão split-screen: vídeo HD mono-canal; NTSC (1080p 23.98); 16:9; cor; som; 24'03''00 Fr Video instalação HD quatro-canais; PAL (1080p); 16:9; cor; som; 23'31''17 Fr versão split-screen: vídeo HD mono-canal; PAL (1080p); 16:9; cor; som; 24'04''10 Fr
N.º Exemplares: Edição de 5 + 2 A.P.
Localização: Fortes D'Aloia & Gabriel, São Paulo, Brasil.
Exposições: "Festival do Rio 2010", Rio de Janeiro (02/10/2010). "Short-Cutz" Lisboa # 031, A Bicaense, Lisboa (2/11/2010). "Destricted. br", MIS Museu de Imagem e Som, São Paulo (15/05/2011). "Destricted. br", Galeria Fortes Vilaça (Galpão) São Paulo (06 – 29/08/2011). "Transversalidades: *Julião Sarmento*", Espaço Nimas, Lisboa (04/03/2012 às 21h30). "Julião Sarmento", Galleria Giorgio Persano, Torino (10/11/2012 – 02/02/2013). "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2013). "Lisbon & Estoril Film Festival '13", Cinema Monumental, Sala 3, Lisboa (17/11/2013). "Made by... Feito por Brasileiros", Hospital Matarazzo, São Paulo (09/09 – 12/10/2014)
Reproduzido em: "O Globo *(Caderno de Cultura)*", Rio de Janeiro, 26/09/2010 (cor). "Time Out", nº 231, Lisboa, 29/02/2012, p. 51 (cor). "Arte e Critica", nº 72, Ottobre-Dicembre 2012, Roma, p.3 e p.68 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 295 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 295 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 266/267 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Without*", CGAC Centro Galego de Arte Contemporánea, Santiago de Compostela, A Coruña, Espanha, 2018, p.74 (cor).
Referido em: Rui Pedro Tendinha, "A Subir" *in* "Notícias Magazine", Lisboa, 20/12/2009, p. 18. Suzana Velasco, "Nu artístico" *in* "O Globo *(Caderno de Cultura)*", Rio de Janeiro, 26/09/2010.
Sinopse: Realizada em 2010, *Leporello* é uma instalação vídeo composta por quatro relatos de um acontecimento similar por quatro mulheres, cuja montagem pode corresponder a uma projeção em grelha, de dois ecrãs por dois, ou mostrando as cenas alinhadas na horizontal. Estes têm durações diferentes, não iniciando ou terminando em simultâneo, ainda que obedeçam a uma estrutura semelhante, começando pelo que poderia ser um qualquer momento do quotidiano: uma mulher entra em casa, sai momentaneamente de plano, regressa trazendo ou preparando, entretanto, uma bebida e senta-se a uma mesa. Aí, face a face com a câmara e o espectador, conta um episódio em que integra o elenco

de um filme pornográfico, descrevendo a sequência dos acontecimentos e as suas sensações e hesitações. Os relatos sobrepõem-se, dificultando o seu acompanhamento, que é ainda obstaculizado pelas diversas línguas em que estes decorrem: inglês, francês e português. Em *Leporello*, nome do criado de Don Giovanni que na ópera de Mozart contabilizava as suas conquistas, e que também é o nome dado a um modo específico de dobragem de papel, encontram-se vários tópicos do trabalho de Julião Sarmento. Nesta instalação parece estar em causa uma noção de retrato que convoca algo para lá da imagem no seu sentido material ou mais imediato, em que o face-a-face e a domesticidade da cena potenciam a multiplicação de sentidos decorrentes da performance de cada uma das actrizes. O que, simultaneamente, expõe os limites de qualquer univocidade de sentido e as possibilidades abertas pela tradução ou transposição entre diferentes meios ou linguagens. Neste sentido, marcando uma linha que perpassa a obra do autor desde cedo, *Leporello* pode ainda reenviar para trabalhos como *Peça Variável - 5 intervenientes*, de 1976.

47
Cromlech
2010

Video HD mono-canal; PAL (1080i); 16:9; cor; som; 38' 27"
N.º Exemplares: 3 + 1 A.P.
Coleção: DGArtes, Direcção Geral das Artes, Ministério da Cultura, Lisboa, Portugal
Exposições: "La Biennale di Venezia 12. *Mostra Internazionale di Architettura* No Place Like – *4 houses 4 Films*", Portuguese Pavillion, Università Ca'Foscari, Venezia, Italy (29/08/2010 – 21/11/2010). "Julião Sarmento *2000-2010*", CAC Centro de Arte Contemporáneo, Málaga (10/12/2010 – 06/03/2011). "No Place Like – *4 houses 4 Films* (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)", BES Arte & Finança, Lisboa (14/01/2011). "No Place Like – *4 houses 4 Films* (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)", Spazio Espositivo Guido Nardi – Politecnico di Milano, Milano (20/01 – 28/01/2011). "No Place Like – *4 houses 4 Films* (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)", Colégio das Artes, Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra (01/03 – 30/04/2011). "No Place Like – *4 houses 4 Films* (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)", Palácio das Artes - Fábrica de Talentos, Porto (07/05 – 18/06/2011). "Julião Sarmento *2000-2010*", Es Baluard, Museu d'art modern i contemporani de Palma, Palma de Mallorca (22/06 - 25/09/2011). "Transversalidades: *Julião Sarmento*", Espaço Nimas, Lisboa (04/03/2012 às 21h30). "No Place Like – *4 houses 4 Films* (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)", Whitechapel Gallery, London (25/11/2011). "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F. (09/04 – 04/08/2013). "Julião Sarmento. *Lo Sguardo Selettivo / The Selective Glance*", GAM Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea Torino, Torino (12/06 – 31/08/2014). "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", CAAM Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria (09/10/2015 – 10/01/2016). "Julião Sarmento *As Good As It Gets*", Museum of Contemporary Art, Zagreb, Croatia (15/07 – 20/08/2016). "Shots of architecture", Spazio Ridotto, Venezia, Italy (09/09 – 23/10/2016). "Architecture in Contemporary Art", Galerija Umjetnina, Split, Croatia (11/07 – 27/08/2017). "Films Like No Others *Festival of Art Films and Video Art*", Open Air Cinema Bol, Island of Brac, Croatia (17/07/2017).
Reproduzido em: Catálogo "No Place Like *4 houses 4 films*", Portugal, Biennale Architettura 2010, Venezia, pp. 84-87 (cor). Poster/Folder "No Place Like *4 houses 4 films*", Portugal, Biennale Architettura 2010, Venezia (cor). "L + Arte", nº 76, Lisboa, Outubro 2010, p. 24 (cor). "Vogue", nº 96, Lisboa, Outubro 2010, p. 124 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *2000-2010*", CAC Málaga, Centro de Arte Contemporáneo , 2010, Plate – 66 (cor). "AD Architectural Digest", nº 54, Madrid, Enero 2011, p. 69 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *2000-2010*", ESBaluard Museu d'Art Modern Ii Contemporani de Palma, Palma, Mallorca, 2011, p. 17 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 297 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 297 (cor). Catálogo "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, pp. 104-105 (cor). Catálogo "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: *Julião Sarmento*" (segunda versão), Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, pp. 104-105 (cor). Livro/Catálogo "Julião Sarmento. *Guest or Host?*", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM – Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, p. 13 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Lo Sguardo Selettivo*", GAM Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea, Torino, 2014, p. 159 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *The Selective Glance*", GAM Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea, Torino, 2014, p. 159 (cor) Catálogo "Architecture in Contemporary Art", Galerija Umjetnina, Split, Croatia, 2017, p.71(cor). Desdobrável "Films Like No Others *Festival of Art Films and Video Art*", Open Air Cinema Bol, Island of Brac, Croatia, 2017 (cor). "Jutarnji", Dalmácia, 10/07/2017, p. 20 (cor).
Sinopse: *Cromlech* é realizado em 2010 para integrar a representação oficial portuguesa na Bienal de Arquitectura de Veneza desse mesmo ano. O filme acompanha três mulheres numa estadia na *Casa Candeias*, desenhada por João Luís Carrilho

da Graça e localizada junto à povoação de São Sebastião da Giesteira, no concelho de Évora. A localização, bem como a implantação do edifício (num U aberto a sudeste) anunciam em parte a referência em título: o Cromeleque dos Almendres localiza-se precisamente no monte sobre o qual se abre a vista da casa, ainda que a sudoeste. E a sequência da montagem, que se desenvolve *grosso modo* a partir de planos cujas tomada de vistas podem definir uma espiral que vai percorrendo os espaços interiores e exteriores da casa. Tal demonstra a necessidade de um planeamento rigoroso, em que o guião do filme ajuda à conexão entre os planos e a arquitectura, prolongando um entendimento desta como dispositivo de visão, quer na sua relação com a envolvente, quer pela vivência física dos espaços. Neste sentido, o acompanhamento das mulheres ao longo da estadia, em que acedemos ao que seria um espaço íntimo, mantém em cima da mesa a colocação do espectador como voyeur, alguém que acede a um interdito, tópico a que aliás alude, entre outras obra, o filme *TV* de 1975.

48
R.O.C. (40 plus one)
2011

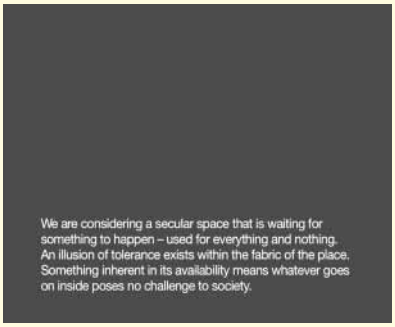
Vídeo HD mono-canal, PAL (1080p), 16:9, Cor, Som, 17' 19''
N.º Exemplares: Edição 6 + 1 A.P.
Localização: Lisboa, Espanha
Coleção: Coleções Privadas
Exposições: "Remarks on Colour.3", Galeria Fortes Vilaça, São Paulo, Brazil (12/05 – 18/06/2011). "Super 8", Christopher Grimes Gallery, Santa Monica, California, U.S.A. (08/07 – 03/09/2011). "Julião Sarmento: *Quelques Jeux Interdits*", Galerie Daniel Templon, Paris (07/01 – 18/02/2012). "Super 8", Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco, California, U.S.A. (08/07 – 03/09/2011). "Super 8", Künstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin, Germany (01/03 – 09/09/2012). "Supertemporal – International Videoart *Today, 30 selected works from LOOP/ Screen from Barcelona*", Kulturhuset, Stockholm, Sweden (09/03 – 20/05/2012). "Super 8", MAM Museu de Arte Moderna, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (March – May). "Juegos de Lenguage *Una introducción al arte de nuestro tiempo* / Language Games *An Introduction to the Art of Our Times*", Centro de Artes Visuales Fundación Helga de Alvear, Cáceres, Spain (26/10/2012 – 05/05/2013). "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2013). "Lisbon & Estoril Film Festival '13", Cinema Monumental, Sala 3, Lisboa (17/11/2013). "Julião Sarmento. *Lo Sguardo Selettivo / The Selective Glance*", GAM Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea Torino, Torino (12/06 – 31/08/2014). "Julião Sarmento *As Good As It Gets*", Galerije Kula / Kula Gallery, Split, Croatia (17/05 - 17/06/2016). "Julião Sarmento *As Good As It Gets*", Museum of Contemporary Art, Zagreb, Croatia (15/07 – 20/08/2016). "Julião Sarmento *Reel Time*", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisboa (18/01 – 24/02/2018). "Haus Wittgenstein", MAAT Museu Arte Arquitectura e Tecnologia, Lisboa, Portugal (07/11/2018 – 25/02/2019)
Reproduzido em: "Los Angeles Times", Los Angeles, California, 07/07/2011, p. D6 (cor). "Le Figaro *(Figaroscope)*", Paris, 25/01/2012 (cor). "Le Monde (blog *Lunettes Rouges*)", Paris, 06/02/2012 (cor) [http://lunettesrouges.blog.lemonde.fr]. "Time Out", Porto, 01/11/2012, p. 34 (cor). Catálogo "Juegos de Lenguaje / Language Games", Centro de Artes Visuales, Fundación Helga de Alvear, Cáceres, 2012, p. 165 (cor). "Sábado *(Tentações)*", nº447, Porto, 22/11/2012, p. 50 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 313 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 313 (cor)**i**, Ano 4, nº 1112, Lisboa, 23/11/2012, p. 31 (cor). "Labor.pt", S. João da Madeira, 29/11/2012, p. 19 (cor). "LUX Woman", nº 141, Lisboa, Desembro 2012, p. 60 (cor). "Saber Viver", Lisboa, Janeiro 2013 (cor). Monografia "Julião Sarmento *Olhar Animal*", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, p. 282 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *Lo Sguardo Selettivo*", GAM Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea, Torino, 2014, p. 157 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *The Selective Glance*", GAM Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea, Torino, 2014, p. 157 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento *As Good As It Gets*", Museum of Fine Arts / Kula Gallery / Institute HAZU – Milesi Palace, Split, 2016, pp. 6/7 (cor). "Umbigo Magazine", N°67, 01-12-2018, Lisboa, Portugal, p.62 (cor). Catálogo "Haus Wittgenstein", MAAT Museu Arte Arquitectura e Tecnologia, Lisboa, Portugal, 2018, pp. 90 e 92 (cor) e 93-99 (texto).
Referido em: Valérie Duponchelle "Éloge du discours en chair et en os" in Le Figaro (Figaroscope), Paris, 25/01/2012. Marc Lenot, "Lire Wittgenstein" in Le Monde (blog Lunettes Rouges), Paris, 06/02/2012 (cor) [http://lunettesrouges.blog.lemonde.fr]
Sinopse: *Commercial Break* é um filme curto, de pouco menos de dois minutos, em que uma mulher assume o lugar de uma pivot de televisão. Contra um *bluescreen* e mantendo sempre o sorriso, vai esboçando pequenos gestos: direcciona o olhar para o tampo da mesa, recoloca as mãos, olha a câmara, simula o início de uma fala. Num traço comum a várias outras obras do autor, em que o título redirecciona o foco do espectador, aquilo a que se assiste é ao intervalo entre a locução de notícias e a pausa

comercial. Neste sentido, relaciona-se ainda com *Sem título (BL 1)*, através dos cortes de uma hipotética emissão de um telejornal. Se em *Sem Título (BL 1)* se tratava de obliterar todas as cenas sexualmente explícitas de um filme pornográfico, opção que aliás remete para a memória de Julião Sarmento da censura estado-novista, aqui retiram-se as notícias e, como o título indica, a pausa para anúncios. Talvez se deva ainda recordar que os espaços noticiosos estão entre os programas mais vistos da programação televisiva, sendo também por isso ponto fundamental para a obtenção de receitas via publicidade. Algo que parece articular-se com *Portuguese Class*, que tal como *Commercial Break* mostra o ecrã *chroma key*, quebrando a invisibilidade do meio que o autor havia já trabalhado, noutros moldes, ao longo da sua produção fílmica.

49
Commercial Break
2011

Vídeo HD mono-canal, PAL (1080p), 16:9, Cor, Sem som, 1' 30" 20Fr
N.º Exemplares: Edição 6 + 1 A.P.
Localização: Sintra
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Bring to Light Festival", Greenpoint, Brooklyn (01/10/2011). "POST", app (online magazine). "Transversalidades: Julião Sarmento", Espaço Nimas, Lisboa (04/03/2012 às 21h30). "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2013). "Commercial Break", Anonymous Gallery & Cineteca Nacional, México DF, Mexico (10 – 14/04/2013). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 – 30/11/2014). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Reproduzido em: Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 315 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: *White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 315 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 95 (cor).
Sinopse: Em *R.O.C. (40 plus one)* uma mulher numa sala do Palácio Marquês de Pombal, em Lisboa, e lê as primeiras quarenta entradas de *Remarks on Colours*, de Ludwig Wittgenstein, terminando com a número 53. A acção inicia-se após um intertítulo, com o algarismo um, em que se ouve um tiro similar ao de partida de uma prova de atletismo. Sobre um fundo pintado, neoclássico, uma mulher entra pela esquerda do plano e coloca-se ao centro. À direita encontra-se uma cadeira com um papel pousado. Enquanto lê, demonstrando dificuldade em acompanhar a leitura em inglês, que não é a sua língua materna, despe-se e empilha a roupa cuidadosamente à esquerda. Na entrada 30 a acção é interrompida. Segue-se um intertítulo com o algarismo 2, ouve-se novamente o tiro, e a mulher recomeça a leitura pelo início do parágrafo em que a havia interrompido, seguindo até à entrada 40. Pega no papel, lê a entrada 53, amarrota-o e atira-o ao chão para lá da cadeira. Senta-se e o filme fecha com um *fade out*. Este vídeo relaciona-se com uma série de trabalhos realizados por Julião Sarmento por volta do mesmo ano que partiam de *Remarks on Colour*. Série composta por peças como *Bulb White Squares*, de 2011, ou *Silver Lake Yellow*, de 2010-2011. Pesando o conjunto da obra do autor, *R.O.C. (40 plus one)* ajuda a situar uma prática pictórica, de desenho ou de técnicas de gravação em que raramente recorre à cor, a qual considera desnecessária, uma adição de sentido que prejudicaria a própria peça. Um significado que, como pode inferir-se a partir do modo como Wittgenstein aborda a cor, é a um tempo resultado de um contexto de utilização, mas também de uma lógica interna que condiciona aquele uso. De resto, parece ser esta mesma perturbação de sentido que está em causa quando apresenta uma acção algo inusitada, através de uma leitura que demonstra a dificuldade em articular uma linguagem não familiar ao longo de uma performance que, apesar de tudo, é executada diariamente.

50
Snow Dancing
2012



Instalação vídeo (1 projector vídeo 3500 ansilumens; 1 leitor DVD; 1 soundshower speaker; 1 equalizador gráfico 31 bandas Roland – EQ 231; 1 amplificador – NAD C315 BEE), vídeo SD mono-canal, PAL (1080p), 4:3, Cor, som, 60'
Coautoria: Philippe Parreno
N° Exemplares: Edição de 2 + 2 A.P.
Coleção: Do artista
Exposições: "Julião Sarmento: *Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective*", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2013).
Reproduzido em: Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 337 (cor). Catálogo "Julião Sarmento: White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 337 (cor).

Sinopse: *Snow Dancing* foi realizado em colaboração com Philippe Parreno e exibido pela primeira vez na retrospectiva dedicada a Julião Sarmento no Museu da Fundação de Serralves, em 2012, *Noites Brancas*. Esta é uma instalação vídeo que consiste na leitura em surdina do livro de Philippe Parreno com o mesmo título, parte da obra homónima criada pelo autor francês em 1995. No caso desta peça, ao longo de cerca de uma hora a leitura de *Snow Dancing* é seccionada, correspondendo cada corte a uma mudança de slide que percorre o espectro luminoso do preto ao branco. Em 1995 Parreno havia idealizado um filme que, porém, não era filmado, projectado ou editado. O projecto consistia assim na organização de um evento, num espaço previamente preparado para o efeito, o Le Consortium, em Dijon, França, onde decorreria uma festa e à qual se seguiria uma exposição. O texto, que demonstra afinidades com algumas das dimensões do trabalho de Julião Sarmento, inicia-se com a sugestão por imagens do edifício onde decorre um determinado evento, construção de uma ambiência urbana e decadente comum a *Toile* e às duas primeiras partes de *Preludes*, de T. S. Eliot. Em *Snow Dancing*, trata-se de um edifício já secular, sujeito a múltiplas funções ao longo do tempo, cuja descrição coloca em causa uma temporalidade linear e qualquer tipo de controlo sobre o seu uso no passado, no presente ou no futuro.

51
O Fim do Mundo
2015

Dual channel HD video; PAL (1080p); 16:9; Color; Stereo sound; Runtime 7 minutes 43 seconds 03 frames (loop)
N.º Exemplares: Edição 2 + 1 A.P.
Coleção: Casa do Infante, Câmara Municipal do Porto, Portugal
Exposições: "O Infante D. Henrique e os Novos Mundos", Casa do Infante, Porto, Portugal (31/03/2015 – ?????). "Julião Sarmento L.A. *Prints*", Mixografia, Los Angeles, California (02/06 – 14/07/2018). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Reproduzido em: Livro "Os Descobrimentos e as origens da convergência global / The Discoveries and the Origins of Global Convergence", coordenação Amândio Barros, Associação para a Divulgação da Cultura de Língua Portuguesa, Porto, 2015, pp. 314 e 316 (cor)Relatório de Actividades 2019, Escola das Artes, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019 p.5, (cor).
Referido em: "Film Works, Julião Sarmento", Relatório de Actividades 2019, Escola das Artes, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019 p. 42, (cor).
Sinopse: Instalação vídeo concebida para integrar o Centro Interpretativo do Museu Municipal Casa do Infante, no Porto, inaugurado em 2015. *O Fim do Mundo* é composto por dois ecrãs, colocados frente-a-frente, onde correm *loops* de cerca de oito minutos. Num dos ecrãs, vêem-se os olhos de uma mulher a olhar para a câmara, que percorrem depois a linha do horizonte. No outro, um plano fixo surge o mar, entre o limite de um areal e a linha do horizonte. Ambos os planos são entrecortados por uma sequência em que, no segundo, vemos mãos a mergulhar em água e, no primeiro, o secar das mãos numa toalha. Estas duas sequências surgem novamente em simultâneo no final do *loop*. Nesta instalação, Julião Sarmento recorre a uma actriz para representar o papel que presumivelmente se identificaria como sendo o Infante D. Henrique, alteração de género a que recorre por exemplo em *Landscape*. Noutro sentido, o foco na linha de horizonte, para onde esta olha, recorda a elaboração sobre o limite entre o conhecido e o desconhecido, explorado em *Drift*, de 2004, a que o gesto de limpar as mãos pode juntar uma crítica sobre os efeitos da expansão, passível de ser recolocada no presente a partir de uma montagem que coloca o observador precisamente no campo criado entre o olhar do Infante e esse mesmo horizonte.

TECHNICAL FILES SYNOPSES

1
Graça de sua Graça
1967
Super 8, colour, sound, 3'15"
DESTROYED
Exhibitions: "Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa", Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisbon, Portugal, (20/09/1976 through November 1976).
Mentioned in: Susana Torrão, "Nunca fiz um filme com narratives claras", in "Diário Económico (FS For a de Série Especial)", Lisbon, 18/09/2010, p. 42.

2
Couch
1968
Super 8, b/w, silent, 3'
DESTROYED
Exhibitions: "Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa", Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisbon, Portugal, (20/09/1976 through November 1976). "Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento", Galeria Labirynt, Lublin, Poland (27 October through November 1976). "Filmes", Centrum Dziekanka, Warsaw, Poland (28/10/1976).
Bibliography: "cdn" Galeria Wspólczesna, no 2, Warsaw, February 1976, p. 30 (b/w).

3
Maio 68
1968
Super 8, colour, silent, 3'12"
DESTROYED
Exhibitions: "Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento", Galeria Labirynt, Lublin, Poland (27 October through November 1976). "Filmes", Centrum Dziekanka, Warsaw, Poland (28/10/1976).
Bibliography: Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70" (Portuguese version) and "Works from the 70's" (English version), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002, p. 149 (colour).

4
Happy Birthday
1968
Super 8, b/w, silent, 3'
DESTROYED
Bibliography: Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70" (Portuguese version) and "Works from the 70's" (English version), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002, p. 149 (colour).

5
O Pintor e o Modelo
1968
Super 8, b/w, silent, 3'15"
DESTROYED
Exhibitions: "Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento", Galeria Labirynt, Lublin, Poland (27 October through November 1976). "Filmes", Centrum Dziekanka, Warsaw, Poland (28/10/1976).

6
Hotel d'Angleterre
1969
Super 8, colour, silent, 18'
DESTROYED

7
Porto Covo
1971
Super 8, colour, silent, 3' 12''
DESTROYED
Bibliography: Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70" (Portuguese version) and "Works from the 70's" (English version), Museu do Chiado - Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002, p. 149 (colour).

8
Ema
1972
Super 8, colour, silent, 3'18"
DESTROYED

9
Santa Barbara
1973
Super 8, colour, silent, 14'
DESTROYED

10
1,2,3
1975

Super 8, colour, silent, 3' 20''
No. copies: 1
Collection: Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands
Exhibitions: "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon (7/11/2002 to 9/2/2003). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 to 10/11/2019).
Bibliography: Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70" (Portuguese version) and "Works from the 70's" (English version), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002, p. 76 (colour).
Synopsis: 1, 2, 3 comprises five sections: the first lasting 20'', the second, third and fourth 45'', and the fifth 53''. The first section begins with a flash, followed by a white screen. The next depicts a lawn on which the numbers 1, 2 and 3 gradually and cumulatively appear in pebbles over the following sections. This film chimes closely with the artist's forays into a realm approaching conceptual art. It also links up with minimalism and issues relating to the overcoming or deepening of artistic formalism associated with the modernism of Clement Greenberg. Against this backdrop, the ontology

of the film is treated in a manner that immediately exposes its means of recording: the film begins with a flash of light, ushering in a process of internalisation that continues with the counting sequence for the duration of the Super8 reel (3'20''). However, the sections do not correspond with the exact division of that time, instead setting up a disjunct between the mechanical, timed duration and that which is perceived. The juddering of the image that the viewer may notice is not the result of camera movement, but rather the mechanical features of the Super 8 camera, thus highlighting the presence of the device itself and the duration of each projection. André Silveira

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11
TV
1975

Super 8, colour, silent, 3' 28''
No. copies: 1
Collection: Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands
Bibliography: Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70" (Portuguese version) and "Works from the 70's"(English version), Museu do Chiado - Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002, p. 149 (colour). Monograph **"**Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, p.70 (colour).
Synopsis: A woman sits in a domestic scene, dressed in jeans and with a web of fabric wrapped around her breasts, throat and back, almost like a waistcoat. She is watching the television; practically leaning over it. Her gaze and the pose she has assumed to watch TV is interrupted several times: she gets up and leaves the frame; she looks at her hands, the camera or glances beyond the frame; she pets a cat. The domestic setting, which is a recurrent feature of Sarmento's video pieces, only increases the tension between the fact that action is taking place within an intimate space and the positioning of the viewers as someone encroaching on a space that would be barred to them in any other circumstance. However, the woman's actions when she breaks off from staring at the TV and the moments when she leaves the frame, seemingly to come over to the viewer, or when she looks straight ahead or sideways makes the presence of the viewer apparent. There's a sense of repetition in these interruptions: only when the woman is concentrating on the TV is it possible for the viewers to assume that they are outside the piece. Despite the confrontation between the viewer's space and that occupied by the woman in the film, which cancels out any notion of voyeurism in the strict sense, the woman remains oblivious both to what she is watching on the TV and to the fact that she is being watched. AS

12
Media
1975

2 Super 8 films, silent, 7' 30'' each and 72 slides (4 screens)
Co-authored-by: Fernando Calhau
No. copies: 1
Collection: Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands
Exhibitions: "Julião Sarmento Slow Motion", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon (7/11/2002 to 9/2/2003). "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 to 23/5/2004). "Festival X, Flux", Lux, Lisbon (2/11/2004). "Julião Sarmento Grace Under Pressure", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo (28/11/2009 – 21/02/2010). "Duet", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisbon (23/04 – 11/05/2013).
Synopsis: A film produced by Julião Sarmento and Fernando Calhau, Media comprises two parts that last the duration of a Super 8 film (3'20"), separated by a blank shot of about 50". The framing is the same in both: a desaturated beach scene, with the sea to the left and a tripod-mounted video camera at the centre, pointed at the viewer, and the camera operator. In the first part, the operator remains stationary, while a woman walks across the frame taking photographs, followed by another. In the second part, the operator starts by changing the reel, then resumes his stationary position. Meanwhile, the first woman re-enters and crosses the frame. By using some of the features of structuralist film (the flicker effect and fixed framing from the viewer's perspective) and by virtue of its creation at a time defined by the material possibilities of the camera reel, the opposition between the staticity of the operator and the movement of the photographer places Media in the border zone between photography and film. Media thus chimes with the body of work by Julião Sarmento and Fernando Calhau during that period, especially their work relating to time and a certain ontological and phenomenological approach to film and photography. AS

13
Pernas
1975

Super 8, colour, silent, 3' 45''
No. copies: 1
Collection: Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands
Exhibitions: "Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa", Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisbon, Portugal, (20/09/1976 through November 1976). "Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento", Galeria Labirynt, Lublin, Poland (27 October through November 1976). "Filmes", Centrum Dziekanka, Warsaw, Poland (28/10/1976)."Alternativa Zero Tendências Polémicas na Arte Portuguesa Contemporânea", Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna – Belém, Lisbon (28/02 - 31/03/1977). "Julião Sarmento Slow Motion", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70", Museu do Chiado - Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon (7/11/2002 to 9/2/2003). "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 to 23/5/2004). "Festival X, Flux", Lux, Lisbon (2/11/2004). "Julião Sarmento Grace Under Pressure", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo (28/11/2009 – 21/02/2010). "Duet", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisbon (23/04 – 11/05/2013).
Bibliography: "Público", 21/6/95, Lisbon (b/w). Flyer "Julião Sarmento Slow Motion", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha, 2000 (b/w). "A Capital", Lisbon, 18/10/2000 (b/w). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70" (Portuguese version) and "Works from the 70's"(English version), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002, p. 77 (colour). Flyer "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002 (colour). "Visão", no. 522, Lisbon, 6/3/2003 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, p.73 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, p. 22 (colour). "Umbigo", no. 08, Lisbon, March 2004, p. 23 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Grace Under Pressure / Elegância em Tensão", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo, 2009, pp. 63 and 91 (colour). "Arte & Erotismo", Instituto de História de Arte / Estudos de Arte Contemporânea, FCSH-Universidade Nova de Lisboa, Lisbon, 2012, p.338 (b/w).
Synopsis: In an American shot, framing the body from the belly to the knees, with the pubic area in the centre, we see a woman wearing stockings and a suspender belt move her legs, alternately extending her right or left knee. This action creates the impression that the entire hip area has been displaced, rendering the woman's sex visible, while the rest of her remains obscure. Unlike most films from this period, in which the woman's face is shown, Pernas seems a direct foreshadowing of the artist's later paintings, especially from 1990 onwards, where her face is never depicted, as in Dias de Escuro e de Luz - II (Jarro) (1990), Something glimpsed from the corner of the eye, in passing (1998) and House on Fire (2006). The title of the film refocuses our attention on the central element, the female sex. The means of presentation and its duration invert any shock effect, turning this into a banal image, and thus extracting it from the realm of exceptionality and interdiction. AS

14
Acordar
1976

Super 8, colour, silent, 3'28"
No. copies: 1 + 1 A.P.
Collection: SILD Collection
Exhibitions: "Julião Sarmento, Leopard in a Cage – Projectos Inéditos (1969-2018)", CIAJG Centro Internacional das Artes José de Guimarães, Guimarães (29/06 – 07/10/2018).
Synopsis: A long take captures the period between a few moments before Julião Sarmento awakes to the point at which he lights a cigarette. Filmed in the artist's own home, Acordar appears to bear some relationship to Andy Warhol's films, especially Sleep (1964). That affinity is also evident in Faces (1976), which alludes to Kiss (1963), another of Warhol's most iconic works. However, despite this thematic closeness, both of Sarmento's films differ considerably from the works of the US artist. While in Faces the duration, narrative structure and technical aspects are a long way from those of Kiss, Acordar also contrasts with Sleep in the sense that it depicts a brief, specific action, as denoted by the title, which precludes the hiatus-like effect of sleep in Warhol's imagery. Moreover, whereas Sleep was put together from action recorded on different days, so that the film runs to about five and a half hours long, Sarmento's piece eschews that approach in favour of a one-take scene. AS

15
Cheio
1976
Super 8, colour, silent, 3' 10''
DESTROYED

16
Costas
1976
Super 8, colour, silent, 3'26"
DESTROYED

17
Cópias
1976
Super 8, colour, silent

No. copies: 1
Collection: Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands
Exhibitions: "Alternativa Zero Tendências Polémicas na Arte Portuguesa", Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna – Belém, Lisbon (28/02 - 31/03/1977). "Julião Sarmento Slow Motion", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000).
Bibliography: Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70" (Portuguese version) and "Works from the 70's"(English version), Museu do Chiado - Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002, pp. 25 and 149 (colour).
Synopsis: The film begins with a shot of what appears to be a drain, moving on to a scene where two naked women lie facing each other, mirroring each other's movements. The shot is interrupted by a filmed sequence of a moving car through the window. The film continues with this pattern. In the following two shots, the women perform the same actions, but they no longer mirror one another, and in the two subsequent shots they touch each other as though in mutual recognition of the body. These scenes are interspersed firstly with landscapes shot from inside a car – a hill followed by a plain – and secondly a travelling shot of a journey up to a factory. Finally, there is a close-up of a tree, followed by a portrait of both of the women looking at the camera, and a blank shot. The film finishes with a portrait of the artist in front of a tree, quickly glancing back and then staring into the camera again. Structurally speaking, Cópias appears to make reference to the road movie genre, with scenes located in intimate spaces and views of landscapes while travelling. The title indicates not just the women, but also the tendency to reduce the entire female gender to its most simplified form. AS

18
Faces
1976

Super 8, colour, silent, 44' 22'' + Super 8 transferred to DVD video
No. copies: 1
Collection: Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands
Exhibitions: "Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa", Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisbon, Portugal, (20/09/1976 through November 1976). "Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento", Galeria Labirynt, Lublin, Poland (27 October through November 1976). "Filmes", Centrum Dziekanka, Warsaw (28/10/1976). "Alternativa Zero Tendências Polémicas na Arte Portuguesa Contemporânea", Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna – Belém, Lisbon (28/02 - 31/03/1977). "Behavior", CEAC - Center for Experimental Art & Communication, Toronto (25/3/1977). Galeria Diferença, 1977. "Cultura Portuguesa en Madrid", Palacio de Congresos, Madrid, Spain (21/11 - ??/12/1977). "Quinzena do Cinema de Pequeno Formato, Diaporama e Documentação Visual", Sociedade Nacional de Belas Artes, Lisbon (4 to 14/12/1978). "Cinema à Margem VII Encontro de Cinema de Formato Reduzido", Cinema Quarteto, Lisbon (6 to 10/7/1981). "Mistérios de Lisboa. Monumental 95", Cine-Teatro Monumental, Lisbon (31/5 to 5/7/1995). "Flashback", Palacio de Velázquez, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid (14/10/99 to 10/1/2000). "Flashback", Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon (24/2 to 14/5/2000). "Lisson Gallery in Covent Garden", Millennium Lofts, 9 Kean Street, London (28/4 to 26/5/2000). "Julião Sarmento Slow Motion", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon (7/11/2002 to 9/2/2003). "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 to 23/5/2004). "Festival X, Flux", Lux, Lisbon (2/11/2004). "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2012). "A Visão Incorporada Performance para a câmara / The Embodied Vision Performance for the Camera", MNAC Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea – Museu do Chiado, Lisbon (29/04 – 04/05/2014).
Bibliography: "Art Communication Edition", no. 4, published by CEAC Centre for Experimental Art & Communication, Toronto, Ontario, February 1977, p. 24 (b/w). "Ciném -Action", no. 10/11, Paris, Printemps-Été 1980, p. 174 (b/w). Catalogue "Flashback", Palacio de Velázquez, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid, 1999, pp. 38/39 (colour). "Arte Ibérica", Year 3,

no. 28, Lisbon, October 1999, p. 9 (colour). “Arte y Parte”, no. 23, Santander, October-November 1999, p. 82 (colour). “El Mundo”, 10/12/99, Madrid. “Antiquaria”, December 1999, Madrid, p. 59. Catalogue “Flashback”, Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, 2000, pp. 38/39 (colour). “The Guardian” (G2), London, 4/5/2000, p. 9 (colour). “Financial Times”, London, 6/5/2000, p. VI (colour). Invitation to Party and private view of “Lisson Gallery in Covent Garden”, London, 10/5/2000 (colour). “Burlington Magazine”, London, July 2000, p. 457 (colour). “Art Monthly”, no. 223, London, Jul-Aug 2000, p. 12 and back cover (b/w). Flyer “Julião Sarmento Slow Motion”, ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha, 2000 (b/w). “Expresso (Cartaz)”, Lisbon, 12/10/2002 (colour). “Agenda Cultural Lisboa”, no. 144, Lisbon, November 2002, p. 64 (colour). “Arq./a”, Year III, no. 16, Lisbon, November / December 2002, p. 14 (colour). “Arquitectura e Vida”, no. 32, Lisbon, November 2002, p. 88 (colour). “Vogue Portugal”, no. 1, Lisbon, November 2002, p. 158 (colour). “Artforum”, Volume XLI, no. 3, New York, November 2002, p. 77 (colour). “Expresso (Cartaz)”, Lisbon, 1/11/2002 (colour). Exhibition invitation “Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos Anos 70”, Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 7/11/2002 (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70” (Portuguese version) and “Works from the 70’s” (English version), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002, pp. 24 and 97 (colour). “Visão” (Visão 7), no. 505, Lisbon, 7/11/2002, p. 15 (colour). “Público (Xis)” no. 179, Lisbon, 9/11/2002, p. 40 (colour). “Público”, Lisbon, 17/11/2002, p. 63 (b/w). “Jornal de Notícias (Notícias Magazine)”, no. 548, Porto, 24/11/2002 (colour). “Atlantis”, no. 6, Lisbon, November/December 2002, p. 29 (colour). “Casa & Jardim”, no. 297, Lisbon, December 2002 (colour). “Elle”, no. 171, Lisbon, December 2002, p. 78 (b/w) and p. 79 (colour). “Magazine Artes”, no. 1, Lisbon, December 2002, p. 20 (colour). “Máxima”, Year 15, no. 171, Lisbon, December 2002, p. 84 (colour). Flyer “Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos Anos 70”, Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002 (colour). “Público”, Lisbon, 4/12/2002, p. 63 (b/w). “Público”, Lisbon, 27/12/2002, p. 55 (b/w). “GQ”, no. 4, Lisbon, January 2003 (colour). “Expresso (Actual)”, Lisbon, 1/2/2003, p. 40 (colour). “Homem Magazine”, no. 166, Lisbon, January 2003 (colour). “Diário de Notícias”, Lisbon, 1/2/2003, p. 2 (colour). Catalogue “1960-1980 Anos de normalização artística nas colecções do Museu do Chiado”, Museu de Francisco Tavares Proença Júnior, Castelo Branco, 2003, p. 60 (colour). Monograph “Julião Sarmento”, edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, p.81 (colour). “Ut – Cultuur Krant”, Jaargang 14, no. 7, Eindhoven, March 2004, p. 52 (colour). “Postcard” published by Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, February 2004. “Programme”, VanAbbemuseum, Eindhoven, February-May 2004, Dutch and English editions, p. 2 (colour). Flyer “Julião Sarmento Echo”, VanAbbemuseum, Eindhoven, 21.02.04 - 23.05.04, back cover (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento: Echo”, Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, cover (colour), p. 23 (colour). “Umbigo”, no. 08, Lisbon, March 2004, p. 22 (colour). “Glamour Arte seduzida e sedutora”, published by Isabel Carlos, Colecção de Arte Contemporânea Público Serralves, no. 3, Lisbon/Porto, 2005, p.58 (colour). Monograph “Julião Sarmento”, Alexandre Melo, Editorial Caminho, Lisbon, 2005, p.32 (colour). “Arte e Artistas em Portugal”, Alexandre Melo, Instituto Camões / Bertrand Editora, Lisbon, 2007, p. 36 (colour). “JL Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias”, Lisbon, 19/12/2007, p. 10 (colour). “Videoarte e Filme de Arte & Ensaio em Portugal”, Número – Arte e Cultura, Lisbon, 2008, p.133 (colour). “Artforum”, Volume XLVIII, no. 1, New York, September 2009, p. 57 (colour). “Dardo Magazine Architecture + Design”, no. 17, Santiago de Compostela, 04/05 2011, February 2011, p. 51 (colour). “Poster”, “Art & Eroticism” International Symposium, Nova School of Social Sciences and Humanities, Universidade Nova de Lisboa, May 2011 (colour). Poster published for the exhibition “Julião Sarmento Noites brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective”, Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto, 2012 (colour). “Arte & Erotismo”, Instituto de História de Arte / Estudos de Arte Contemporânea, FCSH-Universidade Nova de Lisboa, Lisbon, 2012, p.344 (b/w). Poster and outdoor banners “Julião Sarmento: White Nights – A Retrospective”, Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2012). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights - A Retrospective”, Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 53 (colour). Newsletter “Serralves Publico”, no. 36, Porto, 24/11/2012, p. 2 (colour). “Actualidade”, Lisbon, December 2012, p. 71 (colour). “Visão”, no. 1034, Lisbon, 27/12/2012, p. 83 (colour). “Expresso (Actual)”, Lisbon, 05/01/2013, p. 55 (colour). “Sábado Tentações”, no. 457, Lisbon, 31/01/2013, p. 39 (colour). “Artes Plásticas e Crítica em Portugal nos anos 70 e 80: Vanguarda e Pós-modernismo” (Isabel Nogueira), Imprensa da Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra, 2013, p.125 (colour). Monograph “Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal”, Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 62-63 (colour). Book/Catalogue “Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?”, Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM – Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, pp. 165-167 (colour). “Artes Plásticas e Crítica em Portugal nos anos 70 e 80: Vanguarda e Pós-modernismo” (second edition) (Isabel Nogueira), Imprensa da Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra, 2015, cover and p.125 (colour).

Synopsis: Faces comprises six scenes, shown in close-up and slow motion. They are subdivided into three pairs of two sequences (a classic narrative structure), with the second and third, Sombra [Shadow] and Fascínio [Allure] respectively, divided into a Fase 1 and Fase 2 and highlighted with subheadings. The first scene shows the hair of two women entangled, hanging over their faces so that they cannot be seen. This is followed by a framing of their lips as they kiss, their lipstick and saliva becoming smeared and intermingled, as happened with their hair. Fase 1 of Sombra extends the previous scene, changing the focus of the light so that the woman on the right is now at the centre. The same happens in Fase 2, which also displays this lighting. Fascínio, in Fase 1, frames parts of the women's bodies, now leaning against each other, with the light focus wavering so that it sometimes casts them in shadow and sometimes shows the details of their bodies. Fase 2 in turn frames part of the face of the woman on the right as she leans against the other woman's shoulder and tentatively turns towards her neck, culminating in the breaking of the slow-motion pace as she bites into it in a rapid, precise gesture. The film ends with a shot in red. The use of slow motion and close-up in Faces is linked to the broadening of the possibilities of cinema and performance itself and relates to some of the Fluxus films, conceptual art and minimalism in the sense that it chimes with the phenomenology of the artistic object, while also questioning the ontology of the various media with which the artist works. In fact, both the slow motion and the detailed shot help to reiterate the body's presence, an effect only intensified by repeated, prolonged movement, which contrasts with and underlines the final moment of the film. The sudden transition between the human and animal recalls other works by the artist, with the development and mastery of technique a way of expressing the the limits of our human development as cultural beings. AS

19
Sombra
1976

Super 8, colour, silent, 65' 57'' + Super 8 transferred to DVD video
No. copies: 3
Location: Lisson Gallery, London
Collection: Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands, CAMJAP, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, Portugal
Exhibitions: "Alguns Aspectos da Vanguarda Portuguesa", Quadrum – Galeria de Arte, Lisbon, Portugal, (20/09/1976 through November 1976). "Ernesto de Sousa, Fernando Calhau, Julião Sarmento", Galeria Labirynt, Lublin, Poland (27 October through November 1976). "Filmes", Centrum Dziekanka, Warsaw, Poland (28/10/1976). "Oferta 76 – Foto Art", Galeria Labirynt, Lublin (7/12/1976). "Alternativa Zero Tendências Polémicas na Arte Portuguesa Contemporânea", Galeria Nacional de Arte Moderna – Belém, Lisbon, Portugal (28/02 – 31/03/1977). "Behavior", CEAC – Center for Experimental Art & Communication, Toronto (25/3/1977). "Mistérios de Lisboa. Monumental 95", Cine-Teatro Monumental, Lisbon (31/5 to 5/7/1995). "Julião Sarmento Slow Motion", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70", Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon (7/11/2002 to 9/2/2003). "Festival X, Flux", Lux, Lisbon (2/11/2004). "50 Anos de Arte Portuguesa", Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon (5/6 to 9/9/2007). "Ombres", New Galerie de France, Paris (8/11/2008 – 17/1/2009). "Filmes e Vídeos da colecção do CAM", CAM Centro de Arte Moderna, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon (07/05 – 11/07/2010). "Femme Objet / Femme Sujet", Abbaye Saint André – Centre d'art contemporain, Meymac (13/03 – 12/06/2011). "Filme e Vídeo da Colecção do CAM", Sala Polivalente / MIMO – Museu da Imagem em Movimento, Leiria (19/10 – 19/11/2011). "FrameArt", CAAA – Centro para os Assuntos da Arte e Arquitectura / CEC Guimarães 2012, Guimarães (04/05 – 10/06/2012). "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 - 03/03/2012). "Sob o Signo de Amadeo Um Século de Arte", CAM Centro de Arte Moderna, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon (26/07/2013 – 19/01/2014). "Julião Sarmento Shadow pieces on Body frames", CAPC Círculo de Artes Plásticas de Coimbra (Círculo Sereia), Coimbra (31/10 – 29/12/2015). "Convidado de Verão: Joaquim Sapinho", Museu Calouste Gulbenkian - Coleção Moderna, Lisbon (21/07 – 24/09/2018).
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Número - Arte e Cultura, Lisbon, 2008, p.103 (b/w). "Newsletter Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation", no. 112, April 2010, Lisbon, p. 28 (colour). "Arte & Erotismo", Instituto de História de Arte / Estudos de Arte Contemporânea, FCSH-Universidade Nova de Lisboa, Lisbon, 2012, p.338 (b/w). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights - A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 51 (colour). "Visão", no. 1063, Lisbon, 18/07/2013, p. 94 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 64-65 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento shadow pieces on Body frames", CAPC Círculo de Artes Plásticas de Coimbra / ANOZERO Bienal de Arte Contemporânea de Coimbra, 2015, cover, back cover and pp.20-23 (colour) and pp. 18/19 and 76/77 (b/w).
Synopsis: Sombra, like Faces (1976), is divided into six parts, arranged in twos. However, the division into three acts in not exact; instead, there is the suggestion that the final part and the first are being played on a loop. Each part, approximately ten minutes long, is made up of close shots of two women: (1) a close-up of the neck area; (2) showing them lying down, where we can see only part of the woman's face and shoulder in the foreground; (3) in the first position, but looking out of the shot, to the left; (4) again lying down, but framing the whole area of the belly and legs; (5) a similar shot to the previous one, but slightly to the left; and (6) showing the two women sitting side by side, with the frame cut to the area between their belly and part of their faces, a position that results in the close-up in (1). Using close-ups and slow motion, as in Faces, Sombra plays with the structure of three separate parts, albeit in a different sequence, counteracting any narrative or sequential effect through the suspension of time suggested by the looping. In the same way, in an exercise identical to the penultimate scene in Faces, the movement seen on the screen is now the result of the projection of shadow that changes with the change of position or the masking of direct light. In the first shot, the framing of the woman is reminiscent of Julião Sarmento's paintings, where animals are also framed in this way (e.g. Um quarto de Cheetah, 1974). The positioning of the bodies, meanwhile, is ambiguous and suggests a possible link with the final moment of Faces, which at one point hints at the reclining figures popular in antiquity (an ongoing motif throughout the history of art, for instance as a way of depicting various odalisques) or the way cats lie when they sleep. AS

20
Rumba
1976

Super 8, colour, silent, 3' 18''
No. copies: 1
Location: London, England, UK
Collection: Tate Collection, London, UK
Synopsis: This piece shows a woman dancing the rumba, a Cuban dance. She is dressed in a red satin skirt similar to the fabric in the background of the scene. The woman is filmed in an medium shot, framing the area from her belly to the bottom of her knees. The framing resembles that seen in Pernas (1975) and the two films also share a number of movements. In Rumba, the artist explores the sensorial possibilities of film by suggesting music that we cannot hear, but which could give meaning to an action that would otherwise be unusual. AS

21
Helenica
1977
Super 8, colour, silent, 3'14"
DESTROYED

22
Ça va?
1977
Open reel video, Sony Portapack, b/w, sound, 30'
DESTROYED

23
Lobo
1978
Open reel video, Sony Portapack, b/w, sound, 30'
DESTROYED

24
Déjà vu
1979
Open reel video, Sony Portapack, b/w, sound, 30'
DESTROYED

25
Blue Triangle
1980
U-Matic video, colour, sound, 12'
DESTROYED

26
Landscape
1980

Video, colour, sound, 12' + DVD, colour, sound, 12'
No. copies: 2
Collection: Van Abbemuseum,

Eindhoven, Netherlands + Museu do Chiado, Lisbon, Portugal
Exhibitions: "Julião Sarmento Slow Motion", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18 to 28/10/2000). "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70", Museu do Chiado - Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon (7/11/2002 to 9/2/2003). "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 to 23/5/2004). "Retratos e Figuras na Paisagem da Colecção do Museu do Chiado – MNAC", Museu do Chiado, Lisbon (3/10/2006 to 7/01/2007). "Outros Olhares", Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Museu do Chiado, Lisbon (18/03/2010 – 19/06/2011). "Vanguardas e Neovanguardas da Arte Portuguesa Séculos XX e XXI", Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea – Museu do Chiado, Lisbon (16/06 – 17/06/2017). "Julião Sarmento Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 to 10/11/2019).
Bibliography: "Magazine Artes", no. 20, Lisbon, April 1982, p. 66 (b/w). Calatogue "Julião Sarmento Trabalhos dos anos 70" (Portuguese version) and "Works from the 70's" (English version), Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Lisbon, 2002, p. 145 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, p. 31 (colour). Commemorative stamp edition "Centenário do Museu do Chiado – Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea", May 2011, €1.50 stamp (colour). "Público (P2)", Lisbon, 25/05/2011, p. 7 (colour). Book cover of "Domínio Público" by "Paulo Castilho", 2011, D. Quixote, Lisbon (colour). "Gazeta das Caldas", 24/02/2012, Caldas das Rainha, p. 30 (colour). "Relatório de Actividades" 2019, Escola das Artes, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019 p.43, (colour).
Mentioned in: "Landscape de Julião Sarmento", Alexandre Melo in exhibition room texts "Outros Olhares", Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea, Museu do Chiado, Lisbon (18/03/2010 – 19/06/2011).
Synopsis: This film begins with a close-up of a fan shown on a TV screen. The TV image then zooms out, until we see a veranda. This movement is later tracked by the camera, so that we now see the TV set. This sequence is accompanied by the ambient sound of voices and the rattling of cooking utensils. The TV now shows a tripod table covered with a fluttering cloth, before fading out to a mechanical sound. There follow five close-ups of a woman sitting in a swivel chair. A female voice can be heard recounting childhood memories. The woman turns her chair slightly, moves her arms and hands, crosses her legs, sometimes in time with the words, which proceed in a leisurely rhythm, as though the woman speaking is reading something. The final sequence begins with a blurred blue shot. The image then gradually comes into focus until it shows a telephone answering device on a TV screen similar to the one in the first sequence. The film finishes by zooming out, framing the screen in the centre. In Landscape, Julião Sarmento muses on the reconstitution of memory, conveyed from the very start by the change of gender between the person whose memories are recounted (a man) and the person who reads them (a woman). This not only destabilises the notion of gender but also acts on memory as a dynamic force, treating it not as a linear narrative but as the representation of a subjective time, made up of different cuts. This is mirrored by the appearance of the woman herself, who can only be partially seen. Otherwise, the title of the video may link up with an idea of the landscape as an image that appears to be whole, but is in fact always fragmented and in a state of constant recomposition and fading. AS

27
Untitled (BL 1)
1996

34' 54'' 02 Fr – porn loop /
34' 55'' 22 Fr – stairway loop
Dimensions: Variable
Video installation (2 looped video projections), colour, sound
No. copies: Edition of 3 + 1 AP
Location: Sintra
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "The House with the Upstairs in it" (Individual), London Projects, London (16/11 to 21/12/96). "Julião Sarmento Slow Motion", ESTGAD, Caldas da Rainha (18 to 28/10/2000). "Filipa César, João Onofre, Julião Sarmento, Michael Biberstein, Noé Sendas, Rui Toscano", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisbon (3/7 to 28/7/2001). "Something is Missing Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento", Serralves Museum, Porto (25/1 to 17/3/2002).
Reproduced in: Leaflet "Filipa César, João Onofre, Julião Sarmento, Michael Biberstein, Noé Sendas, Rui Toscano", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisbon, 2001 (colour). "Semanário Económico", Lisbon, 6/7/2001 (b/w). "O Primeiro de Janeiro (Das Artes das Letras)", Porto, 4/2/02, pp. 12-13 (colour). "Público", Lisbon, 9/5/02 (b/w). Monograph "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.88-89 (colour). "Público", Lisboa, 29/10/2007, p. 3 (colour).
Synopsis: Untitled (BL 1) is a video installation originally created for the exhibition The House with the Upstairs in It (1996, London Projects). The installation comprises two screens mounted side by side either horizontally or vertically. One of the screens shows images from

pornographic films from the 1960s and 70s, but with all of the explicit scenes removed. The second screen loops a sequence of someone going down some stairs, filmed as though from a first-person perspective. However, this action is frequently interrupted by a shot of a treetop swaying in the wind. Untitled (BL 1) marks Julião Sarmento's return to film work, having abandoned it in 1980. The possibility of an open meaning of the kind often found in his earlier film work is reprised here through the destabilisation of time and/or the cinematic narrative. In this case, however, the Godardian structure is made evident through the use of two screens that suggest there is a meaning to be put together from what we see in one shot, plus another. In fact, this stems from an examination of the moving image that was not unrelated to the interplay between masking and uncovering that was evident in the editing cuts made to the images that Sarmento appropriated from pornographic films, nor the suspensory effect collectively suggested by these cuts and the looping of the sequence on the stairs. AS

28
Untitled (BL 2)
1996

34' 34'' 19 Fr – "ginginha" loop /
34' 34'' 23 Fr – porn loop)
Dimensions: Variable
Video installation (2 looped video projections), colour, sound
No. copies: Edition of 3 + 1 AP
Location: Sintra
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "Anatomias Contemporâneas", Fundição de Oeiras, Oeiras (1997).
Reproduced in: Monograph "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, p.181 (colour).
Synopsis: Created for the exhibition The House with the Upstairs in It (1996, London Projects), Untitled (BL 2) is a video installation made up of two screens positioned horizontally or vertically side by side. Depending on the installation, the screen on the left or above loops an explicit excerpt from a pornographic film, cut for a few seconds by the image of a man walking past on a black background. The other screen loops a film showing a man – although we only see his torso, arms and hands – drinking in a pub while humming songs. One of the melodies is Mudar de Vida (1966), which Carlos Paredes composed for the film of the same name, directed by Paulo Rocha. This loop is in turn interrupted by a woman with her back to us. She crosses and exits the screen on the right, giving the camera a sidelong glance as she does so.
In another instance, the film is interrupted to show the top of a tree swaying in the wind. Both this type of shot and the cutting of the screen on the left are also seen in Untitled (BL 1). In this work, Sarmento again makes reference to the work of James Joyce, which imbues through the rest of the exhibition. In this case, however, Joyce's influence essentially takes the form of an abandonment of any sort of temporal linearity. The creation of an action, ambience and nexus of meanings is also at play and only brought to completion by the viewer through the use of pared-back elements that have the potential to suggest an action. AS

29
Urban Corpo
1997

Video installation (2 video projections, tatami, futon, pillow, lamp)
Dimensions: Variable
No. copies: 1
Location: Kitakyushu, Japan
Collection: CCA Kitakyushu, Kitakyushu, Japan
Exhibitions: "Urban Corpo", CCA Kitakyushu – Project Gallery, Kitakyushu (27/09 – 18/10/1997). "Something is Missing Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento", Serralves Museum, Porto (25/1 to 17/3/2002).
Reproduced in: Leaflet "CCA Kitakyushu", 1998, p. 4 (colour). Catalogue "Tage der Dunkelheit und des Lichts, Zeitgenössische Kunst aus Portugal", Kunstmuseum Bonn, 1999, p. 139 (colour). "Let's Talk About Art #0001", CCA Kitakyushu + Korinsha Press, 1999 (colour). "Lapiz", Year XXI, no. 181, Madrid, March 2002, p. 57 (colour). "CCA Project 05.1997-03.2002", CCA Kitakyushu, 2002, pp. 20-23 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp. 90-91 (colour). "[Art Notes]", no. 2, Santiago de Compostela, March-April 2005, p. 36 (b/w). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 169 (colour).
Synopsis: Created during Julião Sarmento's residency at the Centre for Contemporary Art in Kitakyushu, Japan, in September 1997, Urban Corpo is an installation made up of two projections, one large-scale

and the other smaller in size, positioned perpendicular to one another and thus demarcating a space containing a futon on a tatami, plus a hanging lamp, in something that looks very like a bedroom. Running simultaneously is a larger projection of a narrative performed by a couple. This alternates between shots of a man and woman reading a text, with images from inside a house. On the smaller screen, which is positioned alongside the head of the futon, we see the house where Sarmento stayed during his residency in Kitakyushu, and sometimes capturing moments of the artist's time there. This is the same house as the one in which the action takes place on the larger screen. Urban Corpo is part of a broader theme in Sarmento's work, in which domestic, everyday space is seen as a place of artistic affection. In this case, the piece stems from possible experiences that a specific place – the house where the artist stayed in Japan – may have seen. In this sense, the way that the reading of the text is framed within the shots of the house, placed alongside images of the artist himself in that same space, may indicate a certain deterritorialisation of those spaces, everyday experiences and memory itself. At the same time, they present the house, that domestic space, as an intimate space, possibly correlating it with a sense of the atomisation of urban experience both in spatial and temporal terms. AS

30
ECLISSEOTTOEMEZZO
1998

The film Eclisse by Michelangelo Antonioni, projected with the sound of the film Otto e Mezzo by Federico Fellini.
Dimensions: Variable
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "Damenwhal – Rita McBride & To Be Announced", Kunstverein München, München, Germany (15/01 – 07/03/1999). "Julião Sarmento Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 to 10/11/2019).
Synopsis: As the name of this piece suggests – as a mash-up of the titles of two different films – Eclisseottoemezo consists of the silent projection of L'Eclisse (1962) by Michelangelo Antonioni, with the sound from Otto e Mezzo (1963) by Federico Fellini superimposed on it. Eclisseottoemezzo does not feature any intervention on the part of the artist beyond the appropriation of the films by these Italian directors. The images and soundtrack run simultaneously, ultimately revealing the mismatch between their runtimes: L'Eclisse lasts for 126 minutes, while Otto e Mezzo runs for 138. In Eclisseottoemezo, the disjuncture between sound and image may reflect the unexpected pairing of an action and accompanying text, as in R.O.C. (40 plus one). It chimes with the exploration of modes of meaning or the construction of meanings that move away from pre-established perceptive contexts, upsetting the unity between sound and image to which cinema has conformed, thus limiting it. In addition to exploring the effects of the alienation and fragmentation of the subject in modern times, which also relates to issues like desire or emptiness, this piece is part of a line of work that endeavours to address, break or overcome the actual limits of the environment. Indeed, this is expressed in the multidisciplinary nature of the artist's work. AS

31
Untitled (Following)
1999

Two DVD projections of two Super 8 films, sound (17' 39'' 21 Fr (b/w) and 17' 09'' 09 Fr (colour) loops)
Dimensions: Variable
No. copies: Edition of 3 + 1 AP
Location: Sintra
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "Flashback", Palacio de Velázquez, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid (14/10/1999 to 10/1/2000). "Julião Sarmento: A Film Installation", Sean Kelly Gallery, New York (19/12/99 to 22/1/2000). "Flashback", Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon (24/2 to 14/5/2000). "Julião Sarmento", Akira Ikeda Gallery, Nagoya (15/6 to 30/9/2000). "-me", Museu de Arte Contemporânea do Funchal - Fortaleza de São Tiago, Funchal, Madeira Island (12/10/2001 to 6/1/2002). "-me / What Makes A Writer Great", Museu de Angra do Heroísmo, Terceira Island, Azores (15/2 to 15/3/2002). "Julião Sarmento Grace Under Pressure", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo (28/11/2009 – 21/02/2010). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Reproduced in: Catalogue "Flashback", Palacio de Velázquez, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid, 1999, cover and pp. 1 to 5/210 (colour), pp. 204 to 210 and back cover (b/w). "A Capital", 14/10/99, Lisbon, p. 23 (colour). "O Independente (Ícon)", no. 602, 26/11/99, Lisbon, pp. 24/25 (colour). "Time Out New York", 13/1/2000, New York, p. 52. Exhibition invitation

"Flashback", Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, 2000. Catalogue "Flashback", Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigão, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, 2000, cover and pp. 1 to 5 (colour), pp. 204 to 210 and back cover (b/w). "Visão", Lisbon, 24/2/2000 (colour). "City", Year 2, no. 18, pp. 68-73, Lisbon, March 2000, p. 73 (colour). "Prestige", no. 7, Lisbon, April/May/June 2000, p. 95 (colour). Catalogue "-me", Museu de Arte Contemporânea do Funchal - Fortaleza de São Tiago, Funchal, 2001, pp. 16/17 (colour). "Lux Woman", Lisbon, December 2001 (colour). "A União", Angra do Heroísmo, 18/2/02, p. 4 (b/w). "Lapiz", Year XXI, no. 181, Madrid, March 2002, p. 59 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.93-94 (colour and b/w). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, p. 58 (b/w and colour). "[W] Art", no. 3, Porto, June 2004, p.35 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento", Alexandre Melo, Editorial Caminho, Lisbon, 2005, p. 59 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Grace Under Pressure / Elegância em Tensão", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo, 2009, pp. 49 and 90 (colour). "Folha de S. Paulo (Ilustrada)", São Paulo, 28/11/2009, p. E13 (colour). "L + Arte", no. 67, Lisbon, January 2010, p. 42 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 188/189 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Risco Inerente / Inherent Risk" by Delfim Sardo, published by BIAL, Coronado, Portugal, 2015, p. 185 (colour).
Synopsis: Untitled (Following) is an installation consisting of the projection of two Super 8 films, each around 17 minutes, on screens positioned side by side or face to face. One of them, in colour, adopts a dog's eye view and follows a woman walking down a cobbled streets. The frame never shows anything above her shoulders. On the other screen, in black and white, that movement is inverted: the camera moves back and the woman recedes. Here Julião Sarmento again uses two screens, a practice he returned to repeatedly since Untitled (BL 1), while going back to filming in Super 8, a practice that had featured in lots of his works from the 1970s. This also marks a return to his use of the dog's eye view, which had previously been seen in pieces like Jaula/Cage (1975-76). In alluding to the work of directors like Jean-Luc Godard in Untitled (BL 1) and (BL 2), and in this case to the work of Yasujiro Ozu, the artist is exploring the limits of cinema from that time by demonstrating other ways of seeing. This is sustained by an expansive movement enabled by the technical possibilities of the recording apparatus or the installation. Moreover, if we look back at his work from the 1970s or pieces like A Importância da Surpresa no Ataque (1994) we also see the fragile balance of the distinction between man and animal at play. Some of the photographs from this film would later be appropriated and integrated into the drawing What makes a Writer Great (wife?) (2001). This appropriation is another example of the ongoing conversion and retroversion that this artist performs with the visual media that he employs in all of his work. AS

32
Charm
2001

(24" SONY Trinitron set, 50 x 65 x 46.5 cm)
Dimensions: Variable
Interactive video installation (library; monitor; computer; sensors)
No. copies: 1
Location: Elvas, Portugal
Collection: António Cachola Collection, Elvas, Portugal
Exhibitions: "A Experiência do Lugar", Library of the Faculty of Arts and Humanities of the Universty of Porto, Porto (10/3/2001 to 20/5/2001). "Atlantes", Galería Pepe Cobo, Sevilla (16/11/2001 to ?). "Julião Sarmento: Literal", Centro José Guerrero, Granada (5/4 – 18/5/2008).
Reproduced in: Catalogue "A Experiência do Lugar", Porto, 2001, pp. 120-121 (colour). "O Comércio do Porto", Porto, 12/3/2001 (b/w). "Jornal de Notícias (Notícias Magazine)", Porto, 13/5/2001, p. 63 (colour). "Público", Lisbon, 20/11/2001, p. 50 (b/w). "Lapiz", Year XXI, no. 181, Madrid, March 2002, p. 57 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.216-217 (colour); p. 222 (colour); pp.228-229 (colour). Invitation "Julião Sarmento Literal", Centro José Guerrero, Granada, 2008, face (colour). Leaflet "Julião Sarmento Literal", Centro José Guerrero, Granada, 2008, p.1 (colour). "Dardo Magazine Architecture + Design", no. 17, Santiago de Compostela, 04/05 2011, February 2011, pp. 4 and 69 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 204 (colour). Book/Catalogue "Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM – Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, p. 21 (colour).
Synopsis: Created for the exhibition The Experience of the Place, curated by Miguel V. H. Pérez and Paulo Cunha e Silva during Porto's stint as European Capital of Culture 2001, Charm is an interactive video installation that had originally been designed for display at the library of the Faculty of Arts at the University of Porto. Julião Sarmento placed a monitor in a corridor, showing a woman that could be either a librarian or an achorwoman, which talks

to the visitors when they activate the sensors positioned nearby. The woman asks the visitors to come closer to read them a text by Clara Ferreira Alves, saying that the piece had been written for her. She actually calls the visitors back when they move away. The text that is read out is a kitschy erotic story about a woman in a restaurant on the top floor of a hotel who selects a man from among those present for a sexual encounter that was ultimately unfulfilled. The erotic charge of the text, which does not appear to bear a direct relation either to the image or to the moments at which the woman questions the viewer directly, allows Sarmento to create a sense of suggestion that can unfold in one of two ways. These reflect his way of working and are interrelated. On the one hand, he addresses the translatability or communicability of the experience, which includes its reconstruction by those who complete this act of communication, testing its effects or limits. On the other hand, the linking of this piece of work with a critical counterweight that scrutinises the modern constitution of culture, its vehicles and preferred topics (given the strain of eroticism, the moving image and the woman), delving into their nature as mediated experiences of a second order, structures them as modes of affection or attraction by the way in which they are manifested in different fields of experience, and ultimtely by the way in which they relate to one another. AS

33
Close
2001

Video installation, video transferred to DVD, PAL, 4:3, colour, sound, 10' 59'' 00Fr. (loop)
Dimensions: Approx. 460 x 600 cm (minimum size of overhead projection)
Co-authored-by: Atom Egoyan
No. copies: 1
Collection: MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, Léon, Spain
Exhibitions: "Plateau of Humankind", La Biennale di Venezia, 49. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte, Arsenale, Venice, Italy (10/6 to 4/11/2001). "Something is Missing Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento", Serralves Museum, Porto (25/1 to 17/3/2002). "Non Linear Editing", Museum De Paviljoens, Almere, Netherlands (23/3 to 30/6/2002). "Reel Sculpture Film into Art", San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, California (05/04 – 03/08/2003). "Existencias Colección MUSAC", MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, Spain(21/9/2007 to 06/1/2008). "Julião Sarmento Distancias Cortas / Close Distance", La Casa Encendida, Madrid (02/04 – 05/06/2011).
Reproduced in: Catalogue "La Biennale di Venezia, 49. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte", Venice, Italy, 2001, Volume I, p. 127 (colour). Guide "La Biennale di Venezia, 49. Esposizione Internazionale d'Arte", Venice, Italy, 2001, p. 39 (colour). "Arte Ibérica", Year 5, no. 47, Lisbon, June 2001, p. 42 (colour). "Kunstforum International", Vol. 156, Ruppichteroth, August - October 2001, p. 126 (colour). "Art Press Spécial", no. 22, Paris, October 2001, p. 126 (b/w). "Jornal de Notícias", Porto, 15/12/01 (p/b). "Clássicos & Modernos", no. 58, Lisbon, January 2002, p. 58 (colour). "Rotas & Destinos", no. 80, Lisbon, January 2002, p. 18 (colour). "O Primeiro de Janeiro", Porto, 2/1/02, p. 23 (b/w). "Visão", LisboN, 24/1/02, pp. 1 and 10 (colour). Exhibition invite for "Something is Missing Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento", Serralves Museum, Porto, 25/1/2002 (colour). Book "Close, Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento", Serralves Museum / Edições Asa, Porto, 2002 (colour). "O Comércio do Porto", Porto, 25/1/02, p. 23 (colour). "Diário Económico", Lisboa, 25/1/02 (b/w). "Público", Porto, 25/1/02, p. 1 (colour). "Xis", no. 138, Lisbon, 26/1/02, p. 52 (colour). "Evasões", no 46, Lisbon, February 2002. "Lux Woman", no. 11, Lisbon, February 2002, p. 24 (colour). "O Primeiro de Janeiro (Das Artes das Letras)", Porto, 4/2/02, pp. 12/13 (colour). "Diário de Notícias", Lisbon, 9/2/02, p. 2 (colour). "Kunstforum International", Vol. 158, Ruppichteroth, January - March 2002, pp. 246/247 (colour). "Casa Cláudia", Lisbon, March 2002. "Men's Health", no. 12, Cruz Quebrada, March 2002, p. 12 (colour). "Quo", no. 78, Lisbon, March 2002, p. 78 (colour). "Lapiz", Year XXI, no. 181, Madrid, March 2002, p. 57 (colour). "Op", Year 2, no. 5, Porto, March 2002, p. 6 (colour). "Vrij Nederlanden", Almere, 29/3/02. "Uitgelicht", Almere, 25/4/2002, p. C1 (colour). "tubelight 21", May/June 2002, p. 17 (b/w). Catalogue "Atom Egoyan Hors d'usage", Musée d'Art Contemporain de Montréal, Montréal, Québec, 2002, p. 22 (colour). "Folha de São Paulo (Mais!) ", São Paulo, 14/6/2002, pp. 20/21 (colour). "O Primeiro de Janeiro", Porto, 30/9/2002 (b/w). Monograph "Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.99-100 (colour). Catalogue "Skyshout a pintura despois da pintura", Auditorio de Galicia, Santiago de Compostela, 2005, p. 57 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento", Alexandre Melo, Editorial Caminho, Lisbon, 2005, p. 60 (colour). "Existencias", Guide MUSAC 8, MUSAC Museo de Arte

Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, Spain, 2007, p. 34 (colour). "Colección MUSAC, Vol. II", MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, Spain, 2007, p. 188/189 (colour). "Videoarte e Filme de Arte & Ensaio em Portugal", Número - Arte e Cultura, Lisbon, 2008, p.215 (b/w). "Miradas Críticas En torno a la Colección MUSAC", MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, 2008, p.190 (b/w).Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Distancias Cortes / Close Distance", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, p.35 (colour). Leaflet "Julião Sarmento Distancias Cortes / Close Distance", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, p.7 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 233 (colour). "Image and Territory. Essays on Atom Egoyan", Wilfrid Laurier University Press, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, 2007, p.296 (b/w). Book/Catalogue "Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?," Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM - Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, p. 163 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Risco Inerente / Inherent Risk" by Delfim Sardo, published by BIAL, Coronado, Portugal, 2015, p. 195 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Without", CGAC Centro Galego de Arte Contemporánea, Santiago de Compostela, A Coruña, Spain, 2018, p. 20 (colour).
Mentioned in: Juliana Monachesi, "Um jogo de esconde-esconde" in "Folha de São Paulo (Mais!)", São Paulo, Brazil, 14/06/2002, pp. 20/21. David Barro, "Julião Sarmento: Close, el exotismo de una imagen imposible**"** in Miradas Críticas En torno a la Colección MUSAC, MUSAC Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, Spain, 2008, pp. 190-197. Peio H. Riaño, "Julião Sarmento y la violencia del susurro" in "Público", Madrid, 01/04/2011, p. 42. Fietta Jarque, "Lo que no ves es lo que te delata" in "El País (Babelia)", Madrid, 02/04/2011, p. 18. J.L."Atom Egoyan, Um dia cheio no Porto" in "Visão", Lisbon, 16/05/2019, p93 (colour).
Synopsis: This video installation was created by Julião Sarmento and director Atom Egoyan and opened at the 2001 Venice Biennale at the invitation of Harald Szeeman. Close comprises detailed shots of a woman clipping her toenails into a man's mouth. There are occasional medium long shots of the woman's legs as she sits on a chair, and the head of the man, who is lying in front of her. This is a large-scale installation, projected onto an area of at least 4.6 x 6 metres in a dark, narrow corridor about 60 centimetres wide, which means that the viewer is unable to see the image in its entirety. Over the course of the film, the woman gives a monologue that starts off with her childhood memories of a rabbit's foot amulet, digressing into the reasons why this is considered a lucky charm, before recounting a rambling tale about her beloved pet rabbit and the way it screamed like a child when she once wounded it while trimming its nails. The tale culminates in a kind of Cinderella version for adults, in which the stepmother trimms her daughter's feet so that they fit into the crystal slipper, before finally facing the viewer in silence. The script for Close tackles a number of recurring themes in Sarmento's work, including the ideas of human–animal metamorphosis, memory, the ways in which we assign meaning and the cutting of excerpts from films or narratives. In this piece, the voyeurism associated with much of this artist's work and Egoyan's films is exacerbated. Close performs a double movement of convergence (towards the camera and the viewer) and expansion (of the screen), both aimed at disrupting the act of perception itself. This is something that Julião Sarmento had already rehearsed in previous pieces due to the expansion of time, the use of close-up and the retrogradation of the film. AS

34
Doppelgänger
2001

Video installation, two projections, color, sound
No. copies: 1
Location: Sintra
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "Doppelgänger", Lisson Gallery, London (16/1 to 7/3/2002). "Something is Missing Atom Egoyan / Julião Sarmento", Serralves Museum, Porto (25/1 to 17/3/2002). "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 to 23/5/2004). "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F. (09/04 – 04/08/2013). "Julião Sarmento: Índex", MACE Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Elvas, Elvas (22/06 – 31/12/2013). "Julião Sarmento: Doppelgänger", Laboratório de Curadoria #2, Colégio das Artes, Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra (31/10 – 18/12/2015). "Julião Sarmento Reel Time", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisbon (18/01 – 24/02/2018). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes - Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019).
Reproduced in: "O Primeiro de Janeiro", Porto, 25/01/2002 (b/w). "Público", Porto, 25/1/02, p. 43 (b/w). "Time Out", London, 27/2/02 (colour). "O Primeiro de Janeiro (Das Artes das Letras)", Porto, 4/2/02, pp. 12 (colour). "O Primeiro de Janeiro (Das Artes das Letras)", Porto, 25/2/02, pp. 24 (colour). "Contemporary", London, March 2002, p. 103 (colour). "Lapiz", Year XXI, no. 181, Madrid, March 2002, p. 57 (colour). "Artforum", Volume XL, no. 9, New York, May 2002, p. 188 (b/w). "AD

Architectural Digest", no. 259, Milano, December 2002, p. 284 (colour). Monograph **"**Julião Sarmento", edited by Louise Neri, Ediciones Polígrafa (20_21 collection), Barcelona, 2003, pp.68-69 (colour). Advertisement in "Frieze", no. 80, London, January-February 2004, p. 9 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, pp. 84-85 (colour). "As Beiras", Taveiro, 7/9/2004 (colour). "[Art Notes]", no. 2, Santiago de Compostela, March-April 2005, p. 35 (b/w). Monograph **"**Julião Sarmento", Alexandre Melo, Editorial Caminho, Lisbon, 2005, p.61 (colour). Book "Cuadernos de la Cátedra Juan Gris Taller de Julião Sarmento Marzo 2007", Universidad Complutense de Madrid, 2009, p. 44 (colour). "Bíblia", no. 28, Lisbon, October 2007, p. 44 (b/w). "Dardo Magazine Architecture + Design", no. 17, Santiago de Compostela, 04/05 2011, February 2011, p. 48 (colour). Catalogue "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento" (two versions), Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, Mexico, D.F., Mexico, 2013, pp.101-103 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Índex", MACE Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Elvas, Elvas, 2013, pp.104-105 (b/w), p.172 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 205 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Risco Inerente / Inherent Risk" by Delfim Sardo, published by BIAL, Coronado, Portugal, 2015, pp. 198/199 (colour). Exhibition room texts "Julião Sarmento: Doppelgänger", Laboratório de Curadoria #2, Colégio das Artes, Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra, 2015 (colour). Exhibition poster "Julião Sarmento: Doppelgänger", Laboratório de Curadoria #2, Colégio das Artes, Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra, 2015 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Without", CGAC Centro Galego de Arte Contemporánea, Santiago de Compostela, A Coruña, Spain, 2018, p. 142 (colour). Activity report 2019, School of Arts, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019, pp. 42/43 (colour).
Mentioned in: Juliana Monachesi, "Um jogo de esconde-esconde" in "Folha de São Paulo (Mais!)", São Paulo, Brazil, 14/06/2002, pp. 20/21. Tânia Saraiva, "O eco de Fernando Pessoa na arte portuguesa contemporânea – notas sobre O Livro do Desassossego", in "Bíblia", Lisbon, no. 28, October 2007, pp. 44-47.
Synopsis: Produced in 2011 for an eponymous solo exhibition at the Lisson Gallery, Doppelgänger is a video installation in which two films are projected onto two screens juxtaposed at a 160° angle. The factors of time and space play a defining role in this spatial construction, coming together to instigate a dual process of unfolding. The same action (a conversation between a man and women) is played out by two different women at the same time, but in different places. One of the screens shows the interior of a room, while the other is an outdoor scene – a seaside path. At a pace determined by the cadence of the dialogue, the two women change position, moving between inside and outside, passing through a door that we realise connects the two spaces, enabling us to view the projected films in a contiguous way. Ana Anacleto

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35
Parasite
2003

Video installation (video transferred to DVD, b/w, sound, 13' 51'' 19 Fr)
Dimensions: 280 x 375 cm
No. copies: Edition of 6 + 1 A.P.
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "Julião Sarmento", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisbon (11/3 to 12/4/2003). "Parasite", Galerie Bernd Klüser, München (20/5 to 31/7/2003). "Art/34/Basel", Basel (Booth Lisson Gallery) (18 to 23/6/2003). "Lauch of the Polígrafa book", Galeria Joan Prats, Barcelona (13/1/2004). "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 to 23/5/2004). "Festival X, Flux", Lux, Lisbon (2/11/2004). "VideoZone The 2nd International Video-Art Biennial in Israel", Center for Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv (17 to 23/11/2004). "Julião Sarmento", Museum Dhondt-Dhaenens, Deurle (13/11/2005 to 15/1/2006). "El vídeo-arte en Portugal Revolución – Conferencias", Subimagen 06 – IV Audiovisual Festival, La Vaguada – Instituto de Educación Secundária, Junta de Castilla y León, CFIE Zamora, Salón de Actos de la Fundación Rei Afonso Henriques, Zamora (12/5/2006). "Sedução Cinema e Pintura", Sintra Museum of Modern Art, Berardo Collection, Sintra (27/6 to 30/12/206). "Withholding Works 1994-2006", Fundación Marcelino Botín, Santander (27/10/2006 to 7/1/2007). "Cancelled, Erased & Removed", Sean Kelly Gallery, New York (21/6 to 1/8/2008). "Julião Sarmento Grace Under Pressure", Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo. (28/11/2009 - 21/02/2010). "La pieza que falta", Factoría Compostela, Santiago de Compostela (12/03 to 30/04/2010). "Transversalidades: Julião Sarmento", Espaço Nimas, Lisbon (04/03/2012 at 9.30 pm). "IM & EX PLICIT", Galerie Tatjana Pieters, Gent (15/12/2013 – 09/02/2014). "A Visão Incorporada Performance para a câmara / The Embodied Vision Performance for the Camera", MNAC Museu Nacional de Arte Contemporânea – Museu do Chiado, Lisbon (11 – 16/03/2014). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 - 30/11/2014). "Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?", CAAM Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria (09/10/2015 – 10/01/2016). "Julião Sarmento La chose, même / The Real Thing", Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian, Délégation en France, Paris (19/01 – 17/04/2016).
Reproduced in: "Público (Mil Folhas)", Lisboa, 22/3/2003, p. 15 (colour). "Expresso (Actual)", Lisboa, 29/3/2003, p. 33 (b/w). "Panglos", no. 2, Lisbon, April 2003, p. 27 (b/w).

Exhibition invite for “Parasite”, Galerie Bernd Klüser, München, 20/5/2003 (b/w). “Abendzeitung (Kultur)”, München, 22/5/2003, pp. 19/20 (b/w). Catalogue “Outras Alternativas Novas experiências visuais en Portugal”, MARCO Museo de Arte Contemporánea de Vigo, Vigo, 2003, p. 25 (b/w). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento: Echo”, Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, pp. 96-97 (colour). “Glamour Arte seduzida e sedutora”, published by Isabel Carlos, Colecção de Arte Contemporânea Público Serralves, no. 3, Lisbon/Porto, 2005, p.59 (colour). Monograph “Julião Sarmento”, Alexandre Melo, Editorial Caminho, Lisbon, 2005, p.28 (b/w). Exhibition room texts “Julião Sarmento”, Museum Dhondt-Dhaenens, Deurle, 2006 (b/w). “MDD: Museum Door-Dacht”, no. 2, Museum Dhondt-Dhaenens, Deurle, May 2006, pp. 38-39 (b/w). Catalogue “Sedução Cinema e Pintura”, Sintra Museum of Modern Art, Berardo Collection, Sintra, 2006, p. 50 (colour). Catalogue “Withholding Works 1994-2006”, Fundación Marcelino Botín, Santander, 2006, p.10, pp. 13-14, p. 17, pp.134-137 (colour). Catalogue “La pieza que falta”, Factoría Compostela, Santiago de Compostela, 2010, p. 9 (b/w). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento Grace Under Pressure / Elegância em Tensão”, Estação Pinacoteca, São Paulo, 2009, pp. 71 and 91 (colour). “Folha de São Paulo”, São Paulo, 05/02/2010 (colour). “AD Architectural Digest”, no. 54, Madrid, January 2011, p. 66 (colour). “Arte y Parte”, no. 90, Santander, December 2010 - January 2011, p. 18 (colour). “Dardo Magazine Architecture + Design”, no. 17, Santiago de Compostela, 04/05 2011, February 2011, p. 73 (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights - A Retrospective”, Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 255 (colour). Monograph “Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal”, Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 217 (colour). Book/Catalogue “Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?”, Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM - Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, pp. 143-147 (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento”, MAMAC Musée d’Art Moderne et d’Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 60 (colour). Monograph “Julião Sarmento Risco Inerente / Inherent Risk” by Delfim Sardo, published by BIAL, Coronado, Portugal, 2015, p. 204 (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento La chose, même / The Real Thing”, Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian – Délégation en France, Paris / MER Paperkunsthalle, Gent, 2016, pl. 76, p. 52 (b/w). “Le Monde (blog Lunettes Rouges)”, online Paris, 04/03/2016 (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento Without”, CGAC Centro Galego de Arte Contemporánea, Santiago de Compostela, A Coruña, Spain, 2018, p. 88 (colour).
Mentioned in: Cristina Giménez, “El hombre que amaba a las Mujeres” in “AD Architectural Digest”, no. 54, Madrid, January 2011, pp. 66-69. Silas Martí, “Artista explora sedução da língua” in “Folha de S. Paulo (Ilustrada)”, São Paulo, 28/11/2009, p. E13. Fabio Cypriano “Retrospectiva traz obsessão pelo feminino” in “Folha de São Paulo”, São Paulo, 05/02/2010. Marc Lenot, “Aimer les femmes n’est pas si simple (Julião Sarmento)” in “Le Monde (blog Lunettes Rouges)”, online Paris, 04/03/2016. (http://lunettesrouges.blog.lemonde.fr/2016/03/04/aimer-les-femmes-nest-pas-si-simple-juliao-sarmento/)
Synopsis: Parasite is a piece that draws out and expands upon the layers of meaning found in a series of pieces entitled Parasita, dating from the same year. It shows a woman entering Julião Sarmento’s studio, undressing, dressing again and then leaving. The author uses this same structure in Dirty Diana, also from 2003. However, in Parasite both the action of ‘stripping’ and the moment when the woman puts her clothes back on again are essentially an inversion of her performance. In this case, her actions are accompanied by a movement from Romeo and Juliet by Sergei Prokofiev that is known as The Dance of the Knights or Montagues and Capulets. According to Ana Anacleto: “During this period, however, we are assailed by doubts. Something about the woman’s sinuous movements betrays a strangeness that makes us doubt the linearity of our judgement. In fact, the scene demands extra attention; we are required to see beyond our assigned role of voyeur. We then realise that what we initially deemed to be a linear action (the getting undressed), is in fact not what it seemed. Rather, it is a process of inversion in which the origin of that action is precisely the opposite (the getting dressed). Once again, we are confronted with our own processes and mechanisms of reference, construction and interpretation.”

36
Dirty Diana
2003

Video transferred to DVD, colour, sound, 11’ 24’’ 17 Fr
No. copies: Edition of 6 + 1 A.P.
Location: Sintra
Collection: Artist’s collection
Exhibitions: “Loop Fair 2006” (Christopher Grimes Gallery Stand), Barcelona (19 – 21/5/2006). “e-flux Video Rental”, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon (21/05 – 18/07/2008). “Turn me on”, Júlio de Matos Hospital, Pavillion 28, Lisbon (13 – 30/12/2008). “FUSO Anual de Vídeo Arte Internacional de Lisboa”, National Museum of Ancient Art Garden, Lisbon (20 - 25/08/2013). “Lisbon & Estoril Film Festival ‘13”, Monumental Cinema, Theater 3, Lisbon(17/11/2013).
Synopsis: Dirty Diana has the same basic structure as the film Parasite, which also dates from 2003. A woman enters the artist’s studio, stands in

front of a white wall, next to which is a chair identical to the one the author used in Close, where it served as a support. She removes her clothes, leans back against the wall and then puts her clothes back on using similar movements. She returns to the wall, which resembles the backgrounds of the artist's White Paintings, and assumes the position that she held at the start of the performance. She then leaves the studio. In both of the films the woman is the same, as the artist chose to move away from his usual practice of using people he knows as actors or performers. This very decision runs counter to the marked domesticity that defines much of of his video work, often evident in the complete absence of a film crew, or only to a very limited extend from the late 1990s onwards. However, it also marks the need to defer to someone capable of executing such precise movements that the viewer may suspect the film of playing the sequence in reverse, as he does in Parasite. In this case, however, the actions are performed, not created by reversing the film, and the music that accompanies the undressing and dressing is also different. Instead of Romeo and Juliet by Sergei Prokofiev, we hear Dirty Diana by Michael Jackson. AS

37

Lacan's Assumption
2003

Video transferred to DVD, colour, sound, 12' 07" 20 Fr
No. copies: Ed. 12 + 3 A.P.
Location: PLMJ Foundation, Lisbon, PortugalColección Inelcom Arte Contemporáneo, Madrid, Spain1 Viewing Copy at Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian ParisPrivate collection
Exhibitions: "Loop Fair 2003" (Galería Pepe Cobo Stand), Barcelona (19 to 21/5/2003). "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven (20/2 to 23/5/2004). "Festival X, Flux", Lux, Lisbon (2/11/2004). "VideoZone The 2nd International Video-Art Biennial in Israel", Center for Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv (17 to 23/11/2004). "25 frames por segundo: vídeos da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ", São Jorge Cinema, Lisbon (28/02 – 04/03/2007). "No Food for Visitors", L'Appartement 22, Rabat (26/09/2008). "Julião Sarmento: Lacan's Assumption and Toile", BES Arte e Finança venue, Lisbon (12/3 – 1/4/2009). "Cinematic", Threshold Artspace, Perth, Scotland (14/11/2009 - 13/01/2010). "Transversalidades: Julião Sarmento", Espaço Nimas, Lisbon (04/03/2012 at 9.30 pm). "100 Obras, 10 Anos: Uma Selecção da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ", Arpad Szenes – Vieira da Silva Foundation, Lisbon (27/09/2012 – 27/01/2013). "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F. (09/04 - 04/08/2013). "Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña (03/06 - 07/09/2014). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 – 30/11/2014). "Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?", CAAM Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria (09/10/2015 – 10/01/2016). "Julião Sarmento La chose, même / The Real Thing", Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian, Délégation en France, Paris (19/01 – 17/04/2016). "Coleccion INELCOM Arte Contemporáneo Edición 2019", INELCOM, Pozuelo de Alarcón, Madrid (02/03/2019 - 02/03/2020). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 – 10/11/2019). "The House of T", PLMJ, Lisbon (17/10/2019 – ???).
Reproduced in: "Sibila #13" magazine, October 2003, Sevilla, cover, pp. 18-20 (colour). "Programme", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, February-May 2004, Dutch and English editions, p. 3 (colour). Flyer "Julião Sarmento Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 21.02.04 - 23.05.04, p. 5 (colour). Flyer "plattegrond plan", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 21.02.04 - 23.05.04, (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Echo", Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, 2004, pp. 98-100 (colour). Program "Festival X", Lisbon, 2/11 to 19/12/2004 (colour). Flyer "Lux-Frágil", Cool New Season, Lisbon, November 2004 (colour). Catalogue "Withholding Works 1994-2006", Fundación Marcelino Botín, Santander, 2006, p.51, p.65 (colour). Catalogue "25 frames por segundo: vídeos da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ", Assírio & Alvim, Lisbon, 2006, pp. 104-107 (colour). "Público", Lisbon, 27/02/2007, p.15 (colour). "Ponto de Vista / Point of View Obras da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ / Works from the Collection of the PLMJ Foundation", PLMJ Foundation, Lisbon, 2007, pp. 186/187 (colour). "Videoarte e Filme de Arte & Ensaio em Portugal", Número - Arte e Cultura, Lisbon, 2008, p.215 (b/w). "Cem Obras Dez Anos Uma Selecção da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ" (Vol. 1), Miguel Amado, PLMJ Foundation, Lisbon, 2011, pp. 38/39 (colour). Catalogue "100 Obras, 10 Anos: Uma Selecção da Colecção da Fundação PLMJ", Arpad Szenes – Vieira da Silva Foundation, Lisbon, 2012, pp. 56/57 (colour). Catalogue "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento" (two versions), Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, Mexico, D.F., Mexico, 2013, pp.58-59 and 98-99 (colour). "Expresso (Economia)", Lisbon, 31/08/2013, p. 21 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 218/219 (colour). Book/Catalogue "Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM – Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, pp. 175-177 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 94 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento La chose, même / The Real Thing", Fondation Calouste Gulbenkian - Délégation en France,

Paris / MER Paperkunsthalle, Gent, 2016, pl. 85, pp. 54/55 (b/w). "Le Monde (blog Lunettes Rouges)", online Paris, 04/03/2016 (colour). Book "15 Anos Linhas Cruzadas – 2016 Colecção da Fundação PLMJ", by João Silvério, PLMJ Foundation, Lisbon, 2016, p. 109 (colour). Catalogue "Veritas Art Auctioneers", Arte Moderna e Contemporânea, no. 76, May 2018, Lisbon, Portugal, cover, back cover, p.57 (colour). Invite for "Veritas Art Auctioneers", Arte Moderna e Contemporânea, auction no. 6, 15-05-2018. Book "Acervo 5 décadas de Arte Contemporânea", PLMJ Foundation, Lisbon, 2018, p. 154 (colour). Book "Espaços Imaginados / Imagined Spaces", PLMJ Foundation, Lisbon, 2019, p. 67 (colour). "Activity report" 2019, School of Arts, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019, p.5 + p.43 (colour).
Mentioned in: No author, "Julião Sarmento expõe inéditos" in "Diário de Notícias", Lisbon, 08/03/2009, p. 61. Cláudia Almeida, "Julião Sarmento: dois vídeos novos" in "Visão (Sete)", no. 837, Lisbon, 19/03/2009. "Monde" (blog Lunettes Rouges), online Paris, 04/03/2016. (http://lunettesrouges.blog.lemonde.fr/2016/03/04/aimer-les-femmes-nest-pas-si-simple-juliao-sarmento/)
Synopsis: A woman reads a recipe for a chocolate cake. A still image of a beach can be seen in the background. A close-up of a woman sitting on an office chair shows her legs crossing and uncrossing to the sound of The Plaint by Henry Purcell. The woman then sits at a desk and recites the popular poem The House that Jack Built, while lining up the items mentioned in the poem on top of the desk. She then leaves and the woman from the start reappears on a beach, panting heavily. ASFor roughly 12 minutes, we witness a sequence of four distinct moments, in which a female character plays out particular actions. In an allusion to Lacanian theory, the mechanisms by which communication is produced are confused with those of the production of desire through the recurrence of common linguistic content, such as the reading of a recipe or children's story, either implicitly or latently overlapping with actions explicitly associated with inducing desire, such as an erotically charged voice or the crossing and uncrossing of legs. The viewer is thus challenged to confront his own processes and mechanisms of putting things together and tussle with the difficulty of interpreting events in a linear way. AA

38
Drift
2003

6-channel video installation
(video transferred to DVD,
colour, sound, 37' 36'')
(6 vertical screens forming
a hexagon, 4 x 6 m each)
Dimensions: variable
Co-authored-by: John Baldessari and Lawrence Weiner
No. copies: 2
Location: Lisbon, Portugal
Collection: Museu Colecção Berardo, Lisbon, PortugalJosé Manuel Rodrigues Berardo, Sintra, Portugal
Exhibitions: "John Baldessari, Julião Sarmento, Lawrence Weiner, Drift", Centro Cultural de Belém, Lisbon (18/3 to 30/5/2004). "Drift, A Project by John Baldessari, Julião Sarmento and Lawrence Weiner", Art Basel Miami Beach, The Moore Building Parking Lot, Miami Design District, Miami Beach, Florida (2 to 5/12/2004). "Tudo o que é sólido dissolve-se no ar: o social na Colecção Berardo", Museu Colecção Berardo, Lisbon (08/06 – 12/09/2010). "Constalações I uma coreografia de gestos mínimos", Museu Coleção Berardo, Lisbon (11/04/2019 – 22/09/2019). "Constalações II uma coreografia de gestos mínimos", Museu Coleção Berardo, Lisbon (10/10/2019 – 27/09/2019).
Reproduced in: "Exit Express", no. 1, Madrid, February 2004, p. 22 (colour). Catalogue "John Baldessari, Julião Sarmento, Lawrence Weiner, Drift", Centro Cultural de Belém, Lisbon, 2004 (colour). Leaflet "John Baldessari, Julião Sarmento, Lawrence Weiner, Drift", Centro Cultural de Belém, Lisbon, 2004 (b/w). "Diário de Notícias", Lisbon, 20/3/2004 (b/w). "Público (Mil Folhas)", Lisbon, 20/3/2004, p. 22/23 (colour). "Expresso (Actual)", Lisbon, 9/4/2004 (colour). "O Independente (Indigena)", Lisbon, 16/4/2004, p. 23 (colour). "Visão (Visão 7)", no. 581, Lisbon, 22/4/2004, p. 11. "JL – Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias", Lisbon, 28/4/2004, p. 32 (colour). "Flash Art International", Vol. XXXVII, no. 236, Milano, May-June 2004, p. 149 (b/w). "Art Press", no. 302, Paris, June 2004, p. 71 (b/w). "Tv Mais", no. 598, Lisbon, 3/7/2004 (colour). "O Diabo", Lisbon, 13/7/2004 (b/w). "Público", Lisbon, 14/7/2004 (b/w). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 258 (colour). Catalogue "Constalações I & II uma coreografia de gestos mínimos", Museu Coleção Berardo, Lisbon, 2020, pp. 94/95 and 373 (colour).
Synopsis: Drift is a collaborative work that loops videos by Julião Sarmento, John Baldessari and Laurence Weiner. These are seen from inside a hexagonal space defined by six screens measuring 3.81 x 5.08 metres. This panoramic view is pulled together by the line of the horizon, as an internal structure, and by the beach as the place where the majority of the action takes place. This set-up made it possible to link the three interventions together, as all of the artists live by the sea. Sarmento thus uses the beach as a stage for readings and actions, while Baldessari explores the beach as a space that determines the relationship between the viewer and the horizon, through actions that hark back to slapstick movies, while showing the height, width and depth of this

space. For his part, Laurence Weiner scrutinises the horizon as a subjective, practically non-existent line, thus establishing an affinity between the subject and the space, time and knowledge itself. The loop and the recourse to a 360° view redirects us to a certain recursiveness, whereby space-time is united, blurring the boundary between past, present and future. This is reinforced by the paradox to which the panorama itself alludes: everything that comes between the viewer and the horizon can be seen, but it is impossible to cover it in its entirety. Moreover, the horizon itself appears to mark out its peripheral condition when it is called upon to be defined, revealing a field of knowledge to be constructed, while at the same time pointing to the existence of something beyond itself. AS

39
Ghost
2004

Interactive video installation (DVD, colour, sound) 1 DVD, 1 DVD player – PIONEER V-7300D, 1 pair of photoelectric sensors, 1 interface (A/D)
Location: Sintra
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "Ghosts", CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, (9/10 to 26/12/2004). "Julião Sarmento – Queluz", Queluz National Palace, Queluz (31/3 to 29/5/2005).
Reproduced in: Exhibition room texts "Ghosts", CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, 2004 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento – Queluz", Queluz National Palace, Queluz, 2005, p. 41 (colour). "Diário Económico", Lisbon, 24/9/2004 (colour). "As Beiras", Taveiro, 2/10/2004 (colour). "O Despertar", Portugal, 8/10/2004 (b/w). "Diário de Coimbra", Coimbra, 9/10/2004, p. 28 (b/w). "Notícias Magazine", no. 646, Lisbon, 10/10/2004 (colour). "Público (Mil Folhas)", Lisbon, 16/10/2004, p. 17 (colour). "Flash Art International", Vol. XXXVIII, no. 243, Milano, July-September 2005, p. 131 (b/w). Book "Cuadernos de la Cátedra Juan Gris Taller de Julião Sarmento Marzo 2007", Universidad Complutense de Madrid, 2009, p. 79 (colour).
Synopsis: As an installation, Ghost was originally created at the behest of the Coimbra Visual Arts Centre. It is an interactive piece where the viewer's curiosity is sparked by the sound emanating from a particular room, only for them to trigger motion sensors when they enter that room, causing the figure in the video to flee from the frame. This device is also used in Ghosts, which dates from the same year. In Ghost, Julião Sarmento plays with the boundaries between the visible and the invisible, having previously explored this same dichotomy by other means in films like Sombra (1976), where he worked with close-ups, and through the cutting of faces through the use of framing or shadow. This approach bears a certain affinity to some of his painted works that recompose a figure in order to restore it to a whole, or the composition of an action from a series of fragments. In this case, the spectral dimension is equally significant, as suggested by the title. This is achieved by coupling the sensory presence not with the inability to confirm it, exactly – after all, it can be seen in flight, reaffirming the sound that has been heard – but the inability to define it in visual terms. As such, this sets up an insurmountable barrier or distance, which is also referred to in works like Untitled (Following) (1999) and Drift (2004). AS

40
Ghosts
2004

Interactive video installation (DVD, colour, sound) 1 DVD, 1 DVD player – PIONEER V-7300D, 1 pair of photoelectric sensors, 1 interface (A/D)
No. copies: 1
Location: Coimbra
Collection: CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, Portugal
Exhibitions: "Ghosts", CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, (9/10 to 26/12/2004).
Reproduced in: Exhibition room texts "Ghosts", CAV Centro de Artes Visuais, Coimbra, 2004 (colour). "O Primeiro de Janeiro (Das Artes das Letras)", Porto, 27/9/2004, pp. 17 (b/w). "Artforum", Vol. XLIII, no. 2, New York, October 2004, p. 191 (colour). "L+Arte", no. 05, Lisbon, October 2004, p. 68 (colour). Catalogue "ARCO'05", vol. 1, Madrid, p.131 (colour). "As Beiras", Taveiro, 9/10/2004, p. 22 (colour). "Público Xis", no. 279, Lisbon, p. 40 (colour). "Jornal de Notícias", Porto, 13/10/2004, p. 42 (b/w). "Público Mil Folhas", Lisbon, 16/10/2004, p. 17 (colour). "Diário de Coimbra", Coimbra, 17/10/2004, p. 11 (b/w). "Espaços", no. 39, Lisbon, November 2004 (colour). "Evasões", no. 80, Lisbon, December 2004, p. 42 (colour). "Expresso Actual", Lisbon, 4/12/2004, p. 54 (colour). "Frame", no. 15, Wien, Nov/Dec 2005, p. 54 (colour). Jacinto Lageira, "Regard Oblique. Essais sur la perception", Collection Essais, La Lettre Volée, Paris, 2013, p. 396 (b/w). "Exit Express", no. 7, November, 2014, Madrid, Spain, p.1, pp. 6-7 (colour).
Synopsis: Ghosts is an interactive installation made up of three shots of characters running away from

the field of view. Created at the behest of the Coimbra Centre of Visual Art, the device here is similar to that used by the artist in Ghost, which dates from the same year. The spectator is summoned by a sound emanating from a room. Upon reaching it, however, the figures in the video run from the scene. Besides the interpretation mentioned in the text accompanying Ghost, this work can also be considered from a different perspective. While in Ghost the artist employs a model or actress to perform the action within a white room, perhaps even a museum gallery, in this piece we see people from his close circle, filmed in a space that could well be a cave or cellar. There is clearly an opposition between the sense of familiarity and intuition that pervades some of the artist's earlier film pieces and the careful preparation carried out for later works, which is discernible in elements such as the difference between the characters' clothing. AS

41
STAR
2005

Video installation, 4 screens, DVCAM (transferred to DVD), Pal, 4:3, colour, stereo, 22'00''00 Fr
No. copies: 1
Location: Badajoz, Spain
Collection: MEIAC Museo Extremeño e Iberoamericano de Arte Contemporáneo, Badajoz, Spain
Exhibitions: "Terminal – Toxic – o discurso do excesso", Hangar K7, Fundição de Oeiras, Oeiras (30/6 to 2/10/2005).
Reproduced in: "Terminal" Jornal no. 2, Oeiras, June – October 2005, p. 9 (colour).

Synopsis: STAR is a video installation made up of four screens. These show four different sequences of around 5 minutes each, featuring four Portuguese artists, João Onofre (JO), João Pedro Vale (JPV), Vasco Araújo (VA) and Filipa César (FC). Besides that initial sequence, the other are as follows: FC, JO, JPV and VA; VA, FC, JO and JPV; JPV, VA, FC and JO. As the videos are presented simultaneously, STAR manages to present the full set of scenes that make up the various videos at the same time. Besides the exploration of the Kuleshov effect performed by each of the sequences, in which one's understanding of each part is or could be conditioned by the scenes or images that come before or after it, the artist also appears to be scrutinising the ideas of totality or circularity that he has dealt with repeatedly throughout his career. This is evident in Sarmento's video work since his initial experiences with Super 8 film – his use of looping and reversing shots or the actions of performers, for instance. However, it is also apparent from the various echoes in the range of media with which he works. Moreover, the fact that the different sequences are shown simultaneously aligns this piece with others, namely Drift and Close. As such, it is a form of presentation that highlights the need for us to select from what we see when faced with an apparently limitless whole. AS

42
Toile
2006

Video transferred to DVD, colour, sound, 08' 02'' 00F
No. copies: Edition of 3 + 1 A.P.
Collection: Private collection
Exhibitions: "Dialogues Within the Artworld", Dvir Gallery, Tel Aviv (6/4 to 13/5/2006). "Loop Fair 2006" (Christopher Grimes Gallery Stand), Barcelona (19 - 21/5/2006). "Julião Sarmento: Literal", Centro José Guerrero, Granada (5/4 – 18/5/2008). "Julião Sarmento: Lacan's Assumption and Toile", BES Arte e Finança venue, Lisbon (12/3 – 1/4/2009). "Julião Sarmento 2000-2010", CAC Centro de Arte Contemporáneo, Málaga (10/12/2010 – 06/03/2011). "Julião Sarmento Artists and Writers / House and Home", Parrish Art Museum, Southampton, New York (17/04 – 11/06/2011). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 – 30/11/2014)."Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes - Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 to 10/11/2019).
Reproduced in: Catalogue "Julião Sarmento 2000 – 2010", CAC Málaga, Centro de Arte Contemporáneo / Es Baluard Museu d'art modern i contemporani de Palma, 2010, Plate – 64 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Artists and Writers / House and Home", Parrish Art Museum, Southampton, New York, 2011, pp. 42/43 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 40 (colour). "Activity report" 2019, School of Arts, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019, p.122, (colour).
Mentioned in: No author, "Julião Sarmento expõe inéditos" in "Diário de Notícias", Lisbon, 08/03/2009, p. 61. Cláudia Almeida, "Julião Sarmento: dois vídeos novos" in "Visão (Sete)", no. 837, Lisbon, 19/03/2009. Marion W. Weiss, "Juliao Sarmento at the Parrish" in "Dan's Hampton", Southampton, NY, 29/04/2011
Synopsis: Toile, which reads 'Eliot' backwards, is assembled from ten scenes, alternating between clips of a horse being trained in a covered arena and Julião Sarmento's daughter reciting poems by T. S Eliot.
In the later scenes, each of the first four readings corresponds to one of the four parts of Preludes (1911–1912). They are filmed diagonally

from the left, corresponding to the fifth and sixth stanza of Gerontion (1920). The final stanza is filmed face-on and the video finishes with the reader closing the book. The allusion in the title of this piece may help to articulate the way in which Preludes builds an image or ambience from fragments, so that it mimics Sarmento's own work, created from notes, thus suggesting that the viewer is building something that has hitherto been missing. This economy of means, which actually enhances the open-endedness common to the artist's work, including his video work, allows the use of a few elements (the horse, trainer, reader and spaces in which they are seen) to create a point of equilibrium within the oppositions between the animal's power, the child's fragility, the confinement within a domestic space and the riding arena itself. Finally, there is the tension between the domestication of the animal and its show of resistance, a theme that is expanded upon in T. S. Eliot's poem, which addresses the conditions of city life at the turn of the 20th century. AS

43
Jolie Valse
2007

Video, Digital Betacam, PAL, 4:3, colour, sound, 26' 40'' 05Fr. (loop)
No. copies: Edition of 3 + 1 A.P.
Location: Lisbon, Portugal and Berlim, Germany
Collection: Private collection
Exhibitions: "Electricidade Estática", La Ferme du Buisson, Noisiel, Marne-La-Valée (20 and 21/10/2007). "Electricidade Estática", CCB – Main Auditorium, Lisbon (6 to 8/11/2007). "Não te posso ver nem pintado Um novo percurso pela Colecção Berardo", Museu Colecção Berardo, Lisbon (15/9/2008 to August 2009). "Julião Sarmento Distancias Cortas / Close Distance", La Casa Encendida, Madrid (02/04 – 05/06/2011). "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F. (09/04 – 04/08/2013). "A Window in Berlin", Bernauer Strasse, 49, Berlin, Germany (30/05 – 30/06/2013). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 to 10/11/2019).
Reproduced in: Program for "Festival Temps d'Images", Lisbon, 30/10 to 15/12/2007, p. 09 (colour). Invite for the preview "Electricidade Estática", CCB - Main Auditorium, Lisbon, 6/11/2007 (colour). "Expresso (Actual)", Lisbon, 27/10/2007, p. 6 (colour). "JL Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias", Lisbon, 7/11/2007, p. 6 (colour). "Publico (P2)", Lisbon, 7/11/2007, p. 18 (colour). "Jornal de Negócios", Lisbon, 18/9/2008 (colour). "Bombart", no. 1, Porto, January-February 2009, p.10 (colour). Agenda "La Casa Encendida" – Mar/Apr 2011, La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, pp.8-9 (colour). Exhibition invite "Julião Sarmento Distancias Cortes / Close Distance", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Distancias Cortes / Close Distance", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, cover, back cover, pp.119-123 (colour). Leaflet "Julião Sarmento Distancias Cortes / Close Distance", La Casa Encendida, Madrid, 2011, cover, back cover (colour). Advertisement "Artforum", XLIX, no. 8, April 2011, p. 32 (colour). "20 Minutos", Madrid, 01/04/2011, p. 24 (colour). "El País (Babelia)", Madrid, 02/04/2011, p. 18 (colour). "ABC (ABC Cultural)", Madrid, 16/04/2011, pp. 32/33 (colour). "Flash Art", Vol. XLIV, no. 279, Milano, July – September 2011, p. 118 (colour). "Reforma", México D.F., 04/04/2013, p. 18 (colour). Leaflet "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento", Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, cover and pp.100-101 (colour). Catalogue "Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento" (two versions), Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F., México, 2013, pp. 100-101 (colour). Leaflet "A Window in Berlin. Changing Project", Bernauerstrasse, 49, Berlin, 30/05/2013, p.5 (colour). Book/Catalogue "Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?", Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM – Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, p. 19 (colour). Book "Arte Portuguesa no Século XX Uma história crítica", Bernardo Pinto de Almeida, Coral Books, Cardume Editores, Matosinhos, 2016, p. 363 (colour).
Mentioned in: Fietta Jarque, "Lo que no ves es lo que te delata" in "El País" (Babelia), Madrid, 02/04/2011, p. 18.
Synopsis: Assembled from a performance by two women dancing to the sound of Eric Thézé's Jolie Valse, this piece consists of loops of around 27 minutes. It begins with a view of the central aisle of a theatre, with a door at the end, through which the first dancer (a) enters. She walks down the aisle and exits the frame on the right, at which point the film cuts to a close shot of some stage curtains and the same dancer re-entering the scene from the left. She performs her dance and exits on the right. The second dancer (b) enters on the right, dances to the same piece and exits on the left. We see the auditorium again and the last dancer moving down the aisle and exiting through the door at the back. Now, without the faces of the dancers ever being seen, the action starts anew and the performances are repeated in the sequence a - b - a - b - b - a - b - a, so that the loop can be restarted and the film maintains a constant repetition without any need to specify exactly where it begins or ends. In Jolie Valse a possible equivalence is drawn between the structure of the film and the sequence of the dance, which can also lead to an endless loop, throwing any notion of time out of kilter or suggesting that the present is endless. On the other hand, if we focus on the performance of both of the dancers, the first may

denote something more intimate or mundane, given the woman's evident familiarity with the dance, which only accentuates the strangeness of seeing it danced by one person, rather than two. In turn, when the second dancer performs her dance, there is no sense of such an absence. Yet there is a strangeness here, too, due to the mismatch between the waltz and the dancer's choreography. Following the casting at the ballroom dance club Alunos de Apolo, the choice of dancers fits with something that Sarmento had already roadtested in Parasite, but in another sense. Whereas in Parasite the precision of movements required led him to hire a professional stripper, here he was interested specifically in the inconsistency between genres of dance, which is underlined even by the dancer's clothes. AS

44

Voyeur
2007

Video, Digital Betacam, PAL, 4:3, colour, silent, 14' 23'' 03 Fr. (loop)
No. copies: 1
Location: Sintra
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "Julião Sarmento 2000-2010", CAC Centro de Arte Contemporáneo, Málaga (10/12/2010 – 06/03/2011). "Julião Sarmento 2000 – 2010", Es Baluard, Museu d'art modern i contemporani de Palma, Palma de Mallorca (22/06 – 25/09/ 2011). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 – 30/11/ 2014). "Julião Sarmento Shadow pieces on Body frames", CAPC Círculo de Artes Plásticas de Coimbra (Círculo Sereia), Coimbra (31/10 – 29/12/2015).
Reproduced in: Exhibition folder "Voyeur Project View", Lisbon, 2008 (colour). "Sol", Lisbon, 9/2/2008 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento 2000 – 2010", CAC Málaga, Centro de Arte Contemporáneo / Es Baluard Museu d'art modern i contemporani de Palma, 2010, Plate – 65 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 283 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 41 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento shadow pieces on Body frames", CAPC Círculo de Artes Plásticas de Coimbra / ANOZERO Bienal de Arte Contemporânea de Coimbra, 2015, pp. 34-37 (colour)
Mentioned in: Irene Iglesias, "El CAC repasa la época más prolífica de Juliao Sarmento" in "El Mundo (Málaga)", Madrid, 11/12/2010, p. M7
Synopsis: Let's accept the possibility that any act of seeing necessarily involves an act of voyeurism, insofar as we understand the act of seeing to be different from the act of looking. We see what interests us, disturbs us and challenges us; essentially, we see what we want to see. Or rather, what we desire to see. A power relationship is inevitably implied in this encounter between the subject who sees and the object that is seen, although this relationship is difficult to attribute or identify, as the pleasure/power of the subject who sees is intrinsically dependent on the power inherent in the desired object. At number 14A Rua de Timor, Lisbon, we are invited to take turns, one by one, to view a particular work of art through a peephole. We are essentially being invited to take up the status of voyeurs. At that moment, we also take it as given that we have the option of closing ourselves off, while also assuming a kind of dual condition that we immediately associate with a dual power: at once the subject who desires and the object of desire. At that very moment, we are seen in the act of seeing by the other viewers, who are waiting for the chance to take up the role of voyeurs themselves. Voyeur runs for approximately 14 minutes. In it, we witness this summoning of the idea of circularity implied by the double condition of being a voyeur, on the one hand, and the object, on the other. In this case, this phenomenon is reinforced by the presence of an apparently linear reality, from which there sometimes emerge brief moments when the choice of perspective (a pair of binoculars behind a window) and the constant convergence upon and diversion from the object trigger our cinematographic memory and place us inside the work of necessity, turning us into voyeurs twice over. AA

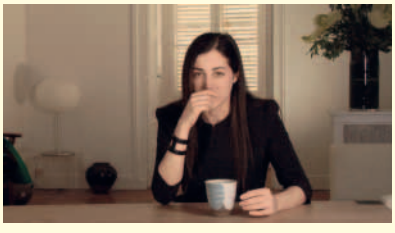
45

Portuguese Class
2009

2-channel video installation; digital Betacam; PAL; 4:3; colour, stereo; 85' 39'' 00 Fr
No. copies: 1
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "ART ALGARVE 2009 Entre o Céu e o Mar", Centro Cultural de Lagos, Lagos (21/06 – 27/09/2009)
Reproduced in: "Notícias Magazine", no. 890, Lisbon, 14/6/2009 (colour). "Público (Encarte CAV)", Lisbon, 27/6/2009, p. 13 (colour).
Mentioned in: Rui Pedro Tendinha, "Novas" in "Notícias Magazine", no. 890, Lisbon, 14/06/2009, p. 20
Synopsis: This piece was created as part of Allgarve in 2009, a Portuguese Tourist Board programme to promote the Algarve region as a tourist destination. It comprises a series of sessions in which an English

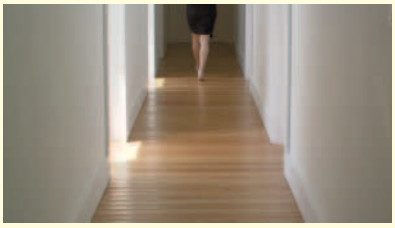
teacher instructs 22 models, actresses and TV presenters how to pronounce the English phrase 'as bright as the Sun' perfectly. The expression makes reference to the theme of the exhibition Art Algarve 2009 – Entre o céu e o mar, which was an integral part of that programme. Portuguese Class is divided between two screens that run in sync. On the screen on the left, we see the teacher in a TV studio, with the camera filming the performers behind her, as well as part of the chroma key screen behind each of the women. On the screen on the right, they are seen trying to pronounce the phrase against a backdrop made up of filmed images from the Dona Ana beach in Lagos. The title Portuguese Class appears to contradict what we are actually waching (an English class, not a Portuguese one), thus introducing an ambiguity that gives rise to several possible interpretations. However, the composition of the installation appears far more precise, revealing the artificiality that finds its way into the marketing of a country by showing the production apparatus behind it, and even contrasting with the authenticity repeatedly claimed by such campaigns. In fact, this was the very theme of a promotional video that the tourist board had launched the year before. AS

46
Leporello
2010



4-channel HD video installation; NTSC (1080p 23.98); 16:9; colour; sound; 23'31''00Fr (Ed: 5 + 2AP)split-screen version: mono HD video; NTSC (1080p 23.98); 16:9; colour; sound; 24'03''00Fr4-channel HD video installation; PAL (1080p); 16:9; colour; sound; 23'31''17Fr (Ed: 5 + 2AP)split-screen version: mono HD video; PAL (1080p); 16:9; colour; sound; 24'04''10Fr
No. copies: Edition of 5 + 2 A.P.
Location: Fortes D'Aloia & Gabriel, São Paulo, Brazil
Exhibitions: "Festival do Rio 2010", Rio de Janeiro (02/10/2010). "Short-Cutz**"** Lisbon # 031, A Bicaense, Lisbon (2/11/2010). "Destricted. br", MIS Museu de Imagem e Som, São Paulo (15/05/2011). "Destricted. br", Galeria Fortes Vilaça (Galpão) São Paulo (06 – 29/08/2011). "Transversalidades: Julião Sarmento", Espaço Nimas, Lisbon (04/03/2012 at 9.30 pm). "Julião Sarmento", Galleria Giorgio Persano, Torino (10/11/2012 – 02/02/2013). "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2012). "Lisbon & Estoril Film Festival '13", Monumental Cinema, Theater 3, Lisbon (17/11/2013). "Made by... Feito por Brasileiros", Matarazzo Hospital, São Paulo (09/09 – 12/10/2014).
Reproduced in: "O Globo (Caderno de Cultura)", Rio de Janeiro, 26/09/2010 (colour). "Time Out", no. 231, Lisbon, 29/02/2012, p. 51 (colour). "Arte e Critica", no. 72, October-December 2012, Rome, pp.3 and 68 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 295 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal", Nuno Crespo, Árvore - Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 266-267 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Without", CGAC Centro Galego de Arte Contemporánea, Santiago de Compostela, A Coruña, Spain, 2018, p. 74 (colour).
Mentioned in: Rui Pedro Tendinha, "A Subir" in "Notícias Magazine", Lisbon, 20/12/2009, p. 18. Suzana Velasco, "Nu artístico" in "O Globo (Caderno de Cultura)", Rio de Janeiro, 26/09/2010.
Synopsis: Created in 2010, Leporello is a video installation made up of four accounts of a similar incident by four women. The screens can be assembled in a grid format of two by two or lined up horizontally. The four accounts have different durations and do not start or end at the same time, although they obey a similar structure, starting with a commonplace snapshot of everyday life: a woman enters a house, momentarily leaves the shot, and returns carrying or making a drink before sitting down at a table. Facing the camera and the viewer, she now recounts an incident involving the cast of a pornographic film, describing a sequence of events, her feelings about them, and the things that gave her pause. The reports overlap, which makes them difficult to follow. They are even less clear due to the various languages in which they are spoken: English, French and Portuguese. In Leporello – also the name of Don Giovanni's servant in Mozart's opera, who kept a list of all his master's conquests, as well as the name given to a specific method of folding paper – we find various themes found elsewhere in Sarmento's work. This installation seems to revolve around the notion of a snapshot that evokes something beyond the image in its material or most immediate sense, where the face-to-face presentation and domesticity of the scene lend greater potency to the plethora of feelings that arise from the performance of each of the actresses. At the same time, this exposes the inherent limits of any expectation that people will speak with a single voice, not to mention the possibilities opened up through translation or transposition between different media and languages. In this sense, as it tracks the same thread that has run through the artist's work since early on, Leporello may also point to works such as Peça Variável – 5 intervenientes (1976). AS

47
Cromlech
2010



Mono HD video; PAL (1080i); 16:9; colour; sound; 38’27’’17 Fr (Ed: 3 + 1AP)
No. copies: Edition of 3 + 1 A.P.
Collection: DGArtes, Directorate-General for the Arts, Ministry of Culture, Lisbon, Portugal
Exhibitions: “La Biennale di Venezia 12. Mostra Internazionale di Architettura No Place Like – 4 houses 4 Films”, Portuguese Pavillion, Università Ca’Foscari, Venezia, Italy (29/08/2010 – 21/11/2010). “Julião Sarmento 2000-2010”, CAC Centro de Arte Contemporáneo, Málaga (10/12/2010 – 06/03/2011). “No Place Like – 4 houses 4 Films (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)”, BES Arte & Finança, Lisbon (14/01/2011). “No Place Like – 4 houses 4 Films (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)”, Spazio Espositivo Guido Nardi – Politecnico di Milano, Milano (20/01 – 28/01/2011). “No Place Like – 4 houses 4 Films (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)”, Colégio das Artes, Universidade de Coimbra, Coimbra (01/03 – 30/04/2011). “No Place Like – 4 houses 4 Films (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)”, Palácio das Artes – Fábrica de Talentos, Porto (07/05 – 18/06/2011). “Julião Sarmento 2000 – 2010”, Es Baluard, Museu d’art modern i contemporani de Palma, Palma de Mallorca (22/06 – 25/09/2011). “Transversalidades: Julião Sarmento”, Espaço Nimas, Lisbon (04/03/2012 at 9.30 pm). “No Place Like – 4 houses 4 Films (Filipa César, João Onofre, João Salaviza, Julião Sarmento)”, Whitechapel Gallery, London (25/11/2011). “Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento”, Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, México, D.F. (09/04 – 04/08/2013). “Julião Sarmento. Lo Sguardo Selettivo / The Selective Glance”, GAM Galleria Civica d’Arte Moderna e Contemporanea Torino, Torino (12/06 – 31/08/2014). “Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?”, CAAM Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria (09/10/2015 – 10/01/2016). “Julião Sarmento As Good As It Gets”, Museum of Contemporary Art, Zagreb, Croatia (15/07 - 20/08/2016). “Shots of architecture”, Spazio Ridotto, Venezia, Italy (09/09 - 23/10/2016). “Architecture in Contemporary Art”, Galerija Umjetnina, Split, Croatia (11/07 – 27/08/2017). “Films Like No Others Festival of Art Films and Video Art”, Open Air Cinema Bol, Island of Brac, Croatia (17/07/2017).
Reproduced in: Catalogue “No Place Like 4 houses 4 films”, Portugal, Biennale Architettura 2010,Venezia, pp. 84-87 (colour). Poster/Folder “No Place Like 4 houses 4 films”, Portugal, Biennale Architettura 2010, Venezia (colour). “L+Arte”, no. 76, Lisbon, October 2010, p. 24 (colour). “Vogue”, no. 96, Lisbon, October 2010, p. 124 (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento 2000 – 2010”, CAC Málaga, Centro de Arte Contemporáneo , 2010, Plate - 66 (colour). “AD Architectural Digest”, no. 54, Madrid, January 2011, p. 69 (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento 2000 – 2010”, ESBaluard Museu d’Art Modern li Contemporani de Palma, Palma, Mallorca, 2011, p. 17 (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights – A Retrospective”, Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 297 (colour). Catalogue “Una Forma Extrema de Privacidad: Julião Sarmento” (two versions) Museo de Arte Carrillo Gil, Mexico, D.F., Mexico, 2013, pp. 104-105 (colour). Book/Catalogue “Julião Sarmento. Guest or Host?”, Fundación Luis Seoane, A Coruña / CAAM - Centro Atlántico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 2014, p. 13 (colour). Catalogue “Julião Sarmento Lo Sguardo Selettivo / The Selective Gaze ”, GAM Galleria Civica d’Arte Moderna e Contemporanea, Torino, 2014, p. 159 (colour). Catalogue “Architecture in Contemporary Art”, Galerija Umjetnina, Split, Croatia, 2017, p. 71 (colour). Leaflet “Films Like No Others Festival of Art Films and Video Art”, Open Air Cinema Bol, Island of Brac, Croatia, 2017 (colour). “Jutarnji”, Dalmácia, 10/07/2017, p. 20 (colour).
Synopsis: Cromlech was created in 2010 as part of the official Portuguese submission for the Venice Architecture Biennale that year. The film follows three women during their stay at the Casa Candeias, designed by João Luís Carrilho da Graça. The house is located near the village of São Sebastião da Giesteira, within the wider Évora area. This site and the design of the building itself (in a U-shape open to the southeast) partly explain the title: the Cromlech of the Almendres is located on the very hill upon which the house looks out, albeit to the southwest. Roughly speaking, the film sequence stems from the floor plans, which appear to trace out a kind of spiral that runs through the indoor and outdoor spaces of the house. This demonstrates the need for meticulous planning, with the film’s script helping to connect the plans and the architecture, proffering an understanding of architecture as a tool for seeing, whether in relation to the surroundings or in the physical experience of the space. In this sense, by following the women throughout their stay and thus encroaching upon an intimate space, the viewer is poised in the role of voyeur, someone trespassing upon a forbidden place. Indeed, the artist alludes to this idea elsewhere, including in the video piece TV (1975). AS

48
R.O.C. (40 plus one)
2011

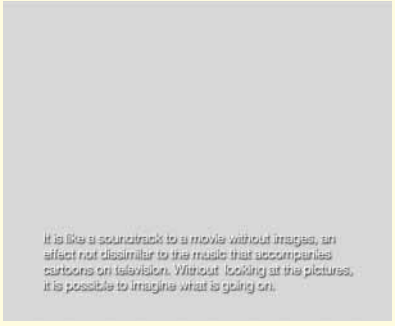
Mono HD video; PAL (1080p); 16:9; colour; sound; 17'19''
No. copies: Edition of 6 + 1 A.P.
Location: Lisbon (Portugal), Spain
Collection: Private collections
Exhibitions: "Remarks on Colour.3", Galeria Fortes Vilaça, São Paulo, Brazil (12/05 – 18/06/2011). "Super 8", Christopher Grimes Gallery, Santa Monica, California, U.S.A. (08/07 – 03/09/2011). "Julião Sarmento: Quelques Jeux Interdits", Galerie Daniel Templon, Paris (07/01 – 18/02/2012), "Super 8", Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco, California, U.S.A. (08/07 – 03/09/2011). "Super 8", Künstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin, Germany (01/03 – 09/09/2012). "Supertemporal – International Videoart Today, 30 selected works from LOOP/ Screen from Barcelona", Kulturhuset, Stockholm, Sweden (09/03 – 20/05/2012). "Super 8", MAM Museu de Arte Moderna, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (March - May). "Juegos de Lenguage Una introducción al arte de nuestro tiempo / Language Games An Introduction to the Art of Our Times", Centro de Artes Visuales Fundación Helga de Alvear, Cáceres, Spain (26/10/2012 – 05/05/2013). "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas - Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2013). "Lisbon & Estoril Film Festival '13", Monumental Cinema, Theater 3, Lisbon (17/11/2013). "Julião Sarmento. Lo Sguardo Selettivo / The Selective Glance", GAM Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea Torino, Torino (12/06 – 31/08/2014). "Julião Sarmento As Good As It Gets", Galerije Kula / Kula Gallery, Split, Croatia (17/05 – 17/06/2016). "Julião Sarmento As Good As It Gets", Museum of Contemporary Art, Zagreb, Croatia (15/07 – 20/08/2016). "Julião Sarmento Reel Time", Cristina Guerra Contemporary Art, Lisbon (18/01 – 24/02/2018). "Haus Wittgenstein", MAAT Museum of Art, Architecture and Technology, Lisbon, Portugal (07/11/2018 - 25/02/2019).
Reproduced in: "Los Angeles Times", Los Angeles, California, 07/07/2011, p. D6 (colour). "Le Figaro (Figaroscope)", Paris, 25/01/2012 (colour). "Le Monde (blog Lunettes Rouges)", Paris, 06/02/2012 (colour) [http://lunettesrouges.blog.lemonde.fr] "Time Out", Porto, 01/11/2012, p. 34 (colour). Catalogue "Juegos de Lenguaje / Language Games", Centro de Artes Visuales, Fundación Helga de Alvear, Cáceres, 2012, p. 165 (colour). "Sábado (Tentações)", no. 447, Porto, 22/11/2012, p. 50 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 313 (colour). "i", Year 4, no. 1112, Lisbon, 23/11/2012, p. 31 (colour). "Labor.pt", S. João da Madeira, 29/11/2012, p. 19 (colour). "LUX Woman", no. 141, Lisbon, December 2012, p. 60 (colour). "Saber Viver", Lisbon, January 2013 (colour). Monograph "Julião Sarmento Olhar Animal", Nuno Crespo, Árvore – Cooperativa de Actividades Artísticas, Porto / Casino da Póvoa, Póvoa de Varzim, 2013, pp. 282 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento Lo Sguardo Selettivo / The Selective Gaze ", GAM Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea, Torino, 2014, p. 157 (colour). Catalogue **"**Julião Sarmento As Good As It Gets", Museum of Fine Arts / Kula Gallery / Institute HAZU - Milesi Palace, Split, 2016, pp. 6/7 (colour). "Umbigo Magazine", no. 67, 01-12-2018, Lisbon, Portugal, p.62 (colour). Catalogue "Haus Wittgenstein", MAAT Museum of Art, Architecture and Technology, Lisbon, Portugal, 2018, pp. 90 and 92 (colour) and 93-99 (text).
Mentioned in: Valérie Duponchelle "Éloge du discours en chair et en os" in Le Figaro (Figaroscope), Paris, 25/01/2012. Marc Lenot, "Lire Wittgenstein" in Le Monde (blog Lunettes Rouges), Paris, 06/02/2012 (colour) [http://lunettesrouges.blog.lemonde.fr]
Synopsis: In R.O.C. (40 plus one) a woman enters a room at the Palácio Marquês de Pombal in Lisbon and reads the first 40 entries of Remarks on Colour by Ludwig Wittgenstein, before ending with number 53.
The action begins after an intertitle showing the number 1. We hear a shot reminiscent of the starting gun at an athletics event. Against a neoclassical painted backdrop, a woman enters from the left of the frame and positions herself in the centre. On the right is a chair with a piece of paper on it. As she reads, evidently struggling to follow the English, which is not her mother tongue, she undresses and carefully piles her clothing on the left. The action is interrupted during entry 30. An intertitle with the numeral 2 follows, we hear the shot again, and the woman begins reading from the start of the paragraph that had been interrupted, and continues all the way up to entry 40. She picks up the piece of paper, reads entry 53, crumples it up and throws it down on the ground past the chair. She sits down and the film finishes by fading out. This video is related to a series of works that Sarmento created around the same year based on Remarks on Colour. That series was made up of pieces like Bulb White Squares (2011) and Silver Lake Yellow (2010-11). If we weigh up the artist's work as a whole, R.O.C. (40 plus one) helps us to contextualise his pictorial approach to drawing and engraving techniques that rarely uses colour, which he considers to be unnecessary, as an infusion of meaning that might undermine the piece itself. This meaning can also be inferred from Wittgenstein's approach to colour, while at the same time resulting from the context of use and an internal logic that pre-empts each use. Moreover, there seems to be the same disruption of meaning at play when the artist presents a somewhat unusual action, i.e. a reading that demonstrates the difficulty of

expressing oneself in an unfamiliar language through a performance that has to be given daily, in spite of everything. AS

49
Commercial Break
2011

Mono HD video; PAL (1080p); 16:9; colour; silent; 1'30'' 20 Fr
No. copies: Edition of 6 + 1 A.P.
Location: Sintra
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "Bring to Light Festival", Greenpoint, Brooklyn (01/10/2011). "POST", app (online magazine). "Transversalidades: Julião Sarmento", Espaço Nimas, Lisbon (04/03/2012 at 9.30 pm). "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2013). "Commercial Break", Anonymous Gallery & Cineteca Nacional, México DF, Mexico (10 - 14/04/2013). "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice (27/06 – 30/11/2014). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 to 10/11/2019).
Reproduced in: Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 315 (colour). Catalogue "Julião Sarmento", MAMAC Musée d'Art Moderne et d'Art Contemporain, Nice, 2014, p. 95 (colour).
Synopsis: Commercial Break is a short film, a little under two minutes, in which a woman takes on the role of a TV anchor. Against a blue screen and keeping a constant smile on her face, she makes a series of small gestures: she looks at the tabletop, repositions her hands, looks into the camera and simulates the start of a speech. Like other works by the artist, the title refocuses the viewer's attention, so that what he's watching for is the interval between the news broadcast and the commercial break. In this sense, it bears some relation to Untitled (BL 1), which featured cuts showing a hypothetical news broadcast. While Untitled (BL 1) was about obliterating all of the sexually explicit scenes from a pornographic film – an approach that also harks back to Julião Sarmento's recollections of censorship during the Estado Novo regime – here the news is removed along with the ad break, as the title indicates. Perhaps it's also worth bearing in mind that news programmes are among the most watched on TV, which is why they are a coveted option for obtaining revenue through advertising. This aspect appears to relate it to Portuguese Class, which, like Commercial Break, shows the chroma key screen, shattering the invisibility of the medium that the artist had dealt with, in other forms, in previous video pieces. AS

50
Snow Dancing
2012



Video installation (1 projector 3500 ansilumen; 1 DVD player; 1 sound-shower speaker; 1 Roland 31-band graphic equalizer – EQ 231; 1 amplifier – NAD C315 BEE), mono SD video, PAL (1080p), 4:3, colour, sound, 60'
Co-authored-by: Philippe Parreno
No. copies: Editionof 2 + 2 A.P.
Collection: Artist's collection
Exhibitions: "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / White Nights – A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto (23/11/2012 – 03/03/2013).
Reproduced in: Catalogue "Julião Sarmento: Noites Brancas – Retrospectiva / Julião Sarmento: White Nights - A Retrospective", Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Serralves, Porto / Hatje Cantz, Berlin, 2012, p. 337 (colour).
Synopsis: Snow Dancing was created in collaboration with Philippe Parreno and exhibited for the first time at the 2012 Noites Brancas retrospective, which was dedicated to Julião Sarmento and held at the Serralves Museum. It is a video installation consisting of the silent reading of a book by Philippe Parreno that shares the name of the piece, and which formed part of a work with the same title written by the French author in 1995. In this piece, the reading of Snow Dancing is split up into sections over the course of an hour, with each cut corresponding to a slide change on the light spectrum between black and white. In 1995, Parreno came up with the idea for a film that ended up never being filmed, edited or screened. Essentially, the project consisted of an event organised in a space set up for that purpose at Le Consortium in Dijon, France. A party was to be held there, followed by an exhibition. The text, which bears some affinity to aspects of Sarmento's work, begins with imagery suggesting a building where a certain event is taking place. This creates a decadent urban atmosphere that is also to be found in Toile and the first two parts of the T. S. Eliot's Preludes. In Snow Dancing, we learn of a secular building that has served multiple purposes over time. The description of it calls into question the linearity of time and any kind of control over its use in the past, present or future. AS

51
O Fim do Mundo
2015

Dual channel HD video; PAL (1080p); 16:9; colour; Stereo sound; 7' 43'' 03 Fr (loop)
No. copies: EdItion of 2 + 1 A.P.
Collection: Casa do Infante, Porto City Hall, Portugal
Exhibitions: "O Infante D. Henrique e os Novos Mundos", Casa do Infante, Porto, Portugal (31/03/2015 – ?????). "Julião Sarmento L.A. Prints", Mixography, Los Angeles, California (02/06 – 14/07/2018). "Julião Sarmento. Film Works", Escola das Artes – Universidade Católica, Porto, Portugal (02/07 - 10/11/2019).
Reproduced in: Book "Os Descobrimentos e as origens da convergência global / The Discoveries and the Origins of Global Convergence", Amândio Barros (ed.), Associação para a Divulgação da Cultura de Língua Portuguesa, Porto, 2015, pp. 314 and 316 (colour). "Activity report" 2019, School of Arts, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019, p. 5, (colour).
Mentioned in: "Film works, Julião Sarmento", "Activity report" 2019, School of Arts, Universidade Católica, Porto, 2019, p42, (colour).
Synopsis: This video installation was created for the Interpretative Centre of the Museu Municipal Casa do Infante, Porto, which opened in 2015. O Fim do Mundo comprises two screens positioned so that they are facing each other. They play loops of about 8 minutes long. On one of the screens, we see the eyes of a woman looking towards the camera and then along the line of the horizon. On the other, a locked-down shot shows the sea between the edge of the sand and the horizon. Both shots are intersected by a sequence; in the second we see hands dipping into the water; in the first they are dried on a towel. These two sequences appear once again at the end of the loop, this time simultaneously. In this installation, Julião Sarmento uses an actress to play a character that we are presumably supposed to identify as Henry the Navigator. The artist also uses this type of gender reversal in pieces like Landscape. In another sense, the focus on the line of the horizon, towards which the actress gazes, recalls the designs upon that threshold between the known and the unknown, as explored in Drift (2004). The act of washing one's hands may also be associated with a critique of the effects of Portuguese expansion. This is brought into the present through a montage that places the viewer squarely in the space between the Infante's gaze and that very horizon. AS

TRANSCRIÇÕES/ TRANSCRIPTIONS

26. Landscape, 1980

And it was a drag. (drug?)

I remember.

I used to love pinneaples, then.

I adored pinneaples.

MMMMhhhh.

I used to stick a couple of wheels into a big juicy pineapple and pretend I was a delivery truck.

They were yellow and green.

Colour has always been important.

Shape, also.

I also remember the nights.

Warm summer nights,

Mosquitos all around.

Sitting down on the porch.

Dad used to sing the blues.

Awful tunes.

He couldn't sing...

He can't sing.

The house was a huge triangle in the night.

A blue triangle.

I remember darting my maid's legs of little pin arrows.

You know, those plastic tubes and you make a kind of paper dart and glue a pin on top and bath (breath?!). You blow and it really hurts.

She screamed and shouted.

But it was just sexual. I think.

She was white and fat. And I was small and I recall seeing her fat legs going up an down the house. And that was it.

My cousin came to stay with us for a while.

She was ugly, but, she was somehow... she was sexy.

She had small breasts. I didn't really know what breasts were by then. But I remember they were soft and warm.

My grandmother used to go to the market. And I used to stay home with my cousin.

Sitting down with her. Very still. Holding one of her tits.

She never allowed me to have look at them though.

Just holding very still, very warm.

One day my dog got lost and I cried. Boy, I cried a lot.

Fly, it was.

My dog was white and furry and I had those little plastic soldiers.

You don't get them anymore.

And I used to lie down in bed, naked, the heat was too much.

I was really alone.

I was Tarzan under the sheets.

A big black cave.

And then the fever. I was very hot and my eyes twinkled.

And that heavy dark, dark red fabric holding me from the light.

My fingers were very important.

They held all my secrets.

And I make all kinds of animal forms with my hands against the light.
I used to sing to myself. And spin my body in front of the mirror when there was no one in the house.

I had a small wooden box, just like this one.

And there was that old De Soto, black and rusting under my window.

It had no wheels.

Shit. I feel so tired.

32. Charm, 2001

Ouça!

Sim, você. Venha lá aqui. Tenho uma coisa para lhe contar.

Chegue-se mais perto, quero que fique bem perto de mim, quase como se me tocasse.

Muito bem, agora vou-lhe contar uma coisa muito especial, escrita por uma pessoa muito especial de propósito só para si. Ouça bem:

"O criado pergunta:
— Mais champagne?

Ela está sentada no meio do aquário, molhada pela luz que escorre das janelas de vidro. Lá fora as gaivotas batem contra o vidro num silêncio branco.

Ela diz:
— Estou à tua espera e não sei quem és. Quero foder-te dentro da minha cabeça.

Ela está fechada na caixa de vidro do restaurante do hotel. Do último andar do hotel vê-se a cidade morta, caída lá em baixo. A cidade é penetrada por um rio lânguido cor de sémen coberto de gaivotas.

Ela diz:
— Quero que me fodas.

Ela olha os clientes do aquário. Escolhe um. Precisa de um que a faça vir.

Ela diz:
— Escolho-te. Tens uns olhos de lâmina, olhos de faca, olhos de foda. Estás na mesa ao lado com outra mulher.

Ela diz:
— Quero foder-te dentro dos olhos dessa mulher que é tua. Olha para mim, um corpo com cio, sou bela. Sabes que posso foder os homens que quiser. Ela fode os homens dentro da cabeça dela, sem nomes, faz isto todos os dias.

Ela diz:
—Trago-te para perto de mim, pertences-me.

Ele olha-a de lado, interessado.

Ela diz:
— Senta-te, não fales, obedece-me, descalça-me. O teu braço desliza por baixo da mesa e toca-me a meio do caminho.

Tem a mão dele na pele morna, pousa-a nas pernas a abrir-lhe.

A mão dele procura terra, o mato molhado.

Ela diz:
— Encontra-me, caibo toda na tua mão. Entra-me e sai-me do corpo com a ânsia dos teus dedos.

O pé descalço dela chega-se a ele. Ele aponta e ela agarra-o com os dedos até ele fechar os lábios de dor. A mão dele morde-lhe os lábios, ocupa-a toda, entra nas grutas à espera que ela grite.

Ela diz:
— Abro-me, encharco-te, retenho-me quando vais até ao fundo e me pedes dor. Enterras-te na minha carne pela frente, por trás. Os dedos untados de sexo e suor, a pele a escaldar.

A mão sai e sobe por ela, húmida, à procura. O dedo cheira a ela e ela quer o cheiro dele. Torce-lhe o mamilo.

Ela diz:
— Desço a cabeça sobre ti, sinto-te a crescer até ao fim, interrompo-me. Não te venhas, é como eu disser. Se eu quiser.

Ele cai de joelhos no chão.

Ela diz:
— Come-me. A tua língua sabe todos os segredos escondidos, os segredos proibidos. Faz-me vir. Agarra-me as coxas com as mãos, prende-me.

A alça dos vestido cai e fica nua.

Ela diz:
— Nada tenho sobre a pele excepto a tua boca e a tua fome. Come-me.

Ela diz:
Tira os teus lábios dos lábios. Olha para dentro de mim. Pela última vez quero vir-me.

Ele desobedece-lhe. Fode-a com força, enterra-se todo, suga-lhe a boca, morde-lhe a garganta.

Ela diz:
— Não posso fugir. Vou-me vir?

O criado pergunta:
— Mais champagne?

Ele está na mesa do lado com outra mulher.

Ela diz:
— Quero ver-te, não me quero vir.

Ele agarra-lhe os pulsos e vem-se. Um rio de sémen sem cor.

Ela diz:
— Enterras a lâmina dos teus olhos no meu pescoço, matas-me.

— Mais champagne?

Ela diz:
— Estou saciada.

Ele olha para ela, interessado, na mesa ao lado, como se fosse verdade.

Ela diz:
— Digo-te mentiras com os olhos. Sou bela. Deixo-me foder por ti se quiser. Só quero tudo uma única vez.

Ele olha para ela interessado. Na verdade não dura.

Ela diz:
— Gosto da lâmina dos teus olhos. Quero mais.

Ela continua. Bebe o fundo do copo e passa a língua pelos dentes.

Ela diz:
— Mordo-me como se fosses tu.

— Mais champagne?

— Sim, quero mais."

E é tudo. Pode-se ir embora. Não volte mais.

INCERTS 3:

Ainda não se pode ir embora. Já disse que tinha acabado? Vai ter de ficar aqui e ouvir-me até ao fim.

Onde é que você julga que vai? Ainda não acabei. Vai ter de me ouvir até ao fim.

Onde é que julga que vai? Não se pode ir embora ainda. Só se pode ir embora quando eu acabar.

Olha, olha, onde é que você julga que está a ir? Não pode ir embora assim... Só pode ir embora quando eu acabar. Já falta pouco, está bem?

Onde é que você julga que vai? Eu disse que já se podia ir embora? Não disse, pois não? Vai ter de ouvir até ao fim.

Não se pode ir embora! Ainda não se pode ir embora. Vai ter de ficar a ouvir até ao fim.

Onde é que você está a ir? Volte já aqui! Vá, venha cá outra vez, ainda não acabei.

33. Close, 2001

I had a rabbit's foot when I was a kid.
It was supposed to bring luck.

I used to carry it around all the time. I can't really remember when I stopped.

I don't know...maybe I lost it, or maybe it was traded away.

I used to do that a lot when I was a kid.

Trade stuff.

You may not think it to look at me now but...I was a bit of a tomboy.

Girls usually didn't do that sort of thing...

It's funny when you think about all the activities that are supposed to bring you luck.

Crossing your fingers, touching wood, that sort of thing.

You have to wonder why someone thought those actions might change the course of things.

You know... how touching wood, or crossing fingers would make things work out in a way that they – well, ... wouldn't have otherwise...

You know what's weird about a rabbit's foot?

What's weird is that its existence is based on the possible torture, well... or – at the very least – the complete lack of luck on the part of the animal.

Does the rabbit's luck suddenly transfer to the person who gets its foot?

Well...and if that's the thinking, how lucky was the animal to start off with?

I mean, if it was really lucky, it'd still have its foot, right?

The only reason, well... the only way, you can actually get a rabbit's foot
is to kill a rabbit. Or... do you think they cut off its feet before they kill it?

Now... as far as I'm concerned, the really lucky animals are starfish.

If you cut off one of its legs it will grow back.
Okay, here's a question.

What would it take to get people to start using starfish as charms? Hum?...

How would you start a tradition like that?

Who would it take to use a starfish's foot for a charm to make it popular?

Okay, here's a theory. Maybe the reason rabbit's feet were considered lucky
was that if you cut off a rabbit's foot it couldn't run around any more... hum?

So that way, if you're feeding it, and it couldn't run around,
its meat would get less muscular... more fatty.

I guess it's the same theory about veal, isn't it?
That's why they keep them in pens.

It makes the meat taste better. More succulent...

But the thing is, if you kept a rabbit in a small enough cage,
you wouldn't need to cut its feet off.

Or maybe they got the idea of fattening them up after they cut off
their feet for charms.

What do you think? Hum?...

You don't have much to say about these things, do you?...

Anyway, what got me thinking about rabbits' feet was that was the only
time I've ever heard a rabbit scream.

Have you ever heard a rabbit scream?
It sounds exactly like a child.

It's the strangest thing, to see a rabbit making a sound that sounds like a human baby.

It's... It's like they become possessed with that moment, like they're almost about to transform into another being.
It freaked me right out.

What got me thinking about that? Oh right, I used to have a pet rabbit.

Bartholomeo was his name... Every few weeks, I'd have to clip its nails.

Of course, in the wild, they'd wear their nails down by running around and digging.

But with pet rabbits, you have to clip them.

And one time, I clipped it too close to its foot.

It took a piece out of his flesh and it started to bleed.
That's when it screamed.

Oh!... Speaking of blood and feet... do you know about the original Cinderella story?

Well, in the original, when the glass slipper doesn't fit the ugly stepsisters' foot the stepmother uses a knife to cut her foot to make it fit... and that's how the prince realizes that the slipper isn't hers... because ...he sees the blood through the glass dripping over the edge... good story, han? Makes you wonder why they changed it.

Oh, that's a silly question... you can imagine why they changed it. It's because they thought it wasn't appropriate for children!...

But maybe the story wasn't intended for children... maybe it was intended as a warning to adults... maybe the warning was if something doesn't fit it's not supposed to fit.

Funny how things change, how they evolve.
It's just like that rabbit I was telling you about.

I mean... I can't imagine what it would be like to scream like another animal, to so completely transform yourself that you'd become something else.

What do you think? Huh? Hmm? Cat got your tongue?

34. Doppelgänger, 2001

ECRÃ ESQUERDA
Mulher: Olá
Homem: Olá, já lá foste?
M: Não, ainda não.
H: Porquê?
M: Sei lá, ainda é tão cedo para isso. Porque é que só ligaste agora?
H: Ouve lá, já sabes. Tive muito que fazer. Enfim, eu tenho os meus problemas. Tu sabes bem.
M: E depois? O que é que uma coisa tem a ver com outra.
H: Desculpa lá, às vezes esqueço-me, parece que sou parvo. Começo a olhar assim para as coisas... a olhar para o mar, a pensar em ti... e perco-me. Assim, assim... e a cabeça quase que rebenta.
M: Mas o que é que se passa? Sentes-te mal? Porque é que não vais ao médico? Às vezes eu também fico assim, com a cabeça a latejar muito e a andar à roda. Assim... assim... assim uma mosca tonta a buscar poiso.
H: E a febre?
M: A febre já não me larga. A cabeça parece que estala, os ruídos são quase insuportáveis, a cabeça anda à volta, assim, assim... assim à volta.
H: Não sejas chata, porra. Sempre com doenças, sempre com chatices. Que grande merda, decide mas é lá o que queres fazer.
M: Porque é que tenho de ser eu sempre a decidir? Porque é que hei de ser eu a decidir outra vez? Sempre eu?! Sempre eu a tomar as decisões todas!
H: Porque sim, porra.
M: Grande merda, começo a ficar farta. Não serves para nada, porra.
H: Mal começámos a falar e começa já a discussão, foda-se! Começo a já estar farto disto, porra. É melhor é esquecer e nem sequer lá ires.
M: Mas afinal o que é que há lá tão importante? Porque é que eu tenho que lá ir? O que eu devia fazer era deixar-me de merdas e pensar no futuro.
H: Ahhhh... mas este momento agora é o momento exacto antes do futuro.
M: Vai mas é à merda, grande cabrão.

ECRÃ DIREITA
Mulher: Olá.
Homem: Olá, já lá foste?
M: Não, ainda não.
H: Porquê?

M: Sei lá, ainda é tão cedo para isso. Porque é que só ligaste agora?
H: Já sabes. Tive muito trabalho. Enfim, eu tenho os meus problemas.
Tu sabes bem.
M: E depois? Não vejo o que é que uma coisa tem a ver com a outra.
H: Desculpa lá. Às vezes esqueço-me. Começo assim a olhar para as coisas.
Parece que sou parvo. Começo assim a olhar para o mar, a pensar em ti...
e perco-me. Assim, assim...e a cabeça parece que rebenta.
M: O que é q se passa? Sentes-te mal? Porque é que não vais ao médico?
Às vezes também fico eu assim, com a cabeça a latejar muito e a andar à roda.
Assim... assim... assim... uma mosca tonta a buscar poiso.
H: E a febre?
M: A febre já não me larga. A minha cabeça parece que estala, os ruídos são quase insuportáveis, a cabeça anda à volta, assim... assim... assim... à volta.
H: Não sejas chata. Sempre com doenças, sempre com chatices. Que grande merda, decide mas é lá o que queres fazer.
M: Mas porque é que tenho de ser eu sempre a decidir? Porque é que hei de ser eu a decidir outra vez? Sempre eu?! Sempre eu a ter que tomar todas as decisões?
H: Porque sim.
M: Grande merda, começo a ficar farta. Não serves para nada, porra.
H: Mal começámos a falar e já há discussão. Foda-se. Começo a ficar farto disto. É melhor é esquecer e nem sequer lá ires.
M: Mas afinal o que é que lá há de tão importante? Porque é que eu tenho que lá ir? O que eu devia fazer era deixar-me de merdas e pensar no futuro.
H: Ahh...mas este momento agora é o momento exacto antes do futuro.
M: Vai mas é à merda, grande cabrão.

REPETIÇÃO. ECRÃ ESQUERDA
Mulher: Olá.
Homem: Olá, já lá foste?
M: Não, ainda não.
H: Porquê?
M: Sei lá, ainda é tão cedo para isso. Porque é que só ligaste agora?
H: Ouve lá, já sabes. Tive muito que fazer. Enfim, eu tenho os meus problemas, tu sabes bem.
M: E depois? Não vejo como é que uma coisa pode ter a ver com a outra.
H: Desculpa lá, às vezes esqueço-me, parece que sou parvo. Começo a olhar assim para as coisas... a olhar para o mar, a pensar em ti... e perco-me.

Assim, assim...e a cabeça quase que rebenta.
M: O que é que se passa? Sentes-te mal? Porque é que não vais ao médico? Às vezes também eu fico assim, com a cabeça a latejar muito e a andar à roda. Assim... assim... assim... uma mosca tonta a buscar poiso.
H: E a febre?
M: A febre já não me larga. A minha cabeça parece que estala, os ruídos são quase insuportáveis, a cabeça anda à volta, assim... assim... assim, à volta.
H: Não sejas chata, porra! Sempre com doenças, sempre com chatices. Mas que grande merda, decide mas é lá o que queres fazer.
M: Porque é que tenho de ser eu sempre a decidir o que é que hei de fazer? Porque é que hei de ser eu a decidir outra vez? Sempre eu?! Sempre eu a ter de tomar todas as decisões.
H: Porque sim, porra.
M: Grande merda, começo a ficar farta. Não serves para nada, porra.
H: Mal começámos a falar e começa já a discussão. Foda-se! Começo a já estar farto disto, porra. É melhor é esquecer e nem sequer lá ires.
M: Mas afinal o que é que lá há de tão importante? Porque é que eu tenho que lá ir? O que eu devia fazer era deixar-me de merdas e pensar no futuro.
H: Ahhh... mas este momento agora é o momento exacto antes do futuro.
M: Vai mas é à merda, grande cabrão.

ECRÃ DIREITA
Mulher: Olá
Homem: Olá, já lá foste?
M: Não, ainda não.
H: Porquê?
M: Sei lá, ainda é tão cedo para isso. Porque é que só ligaste agora?
H: Ouve lá, já sabes. Tive muito que fazer. Enfim, eu tenho os meus problemas. Tu sabes bem.
M: E depois? Não vejo o que é que uma coisa tem a ver com a outra.
H: Desculpa lá. Às vezes esqueço-me. Começo assim a olhar para as coisas. Parece que sou parvo. Começo assim a olhar para o mar, a pensar em ti...e perco-me. Assim, assim... e a cabeça quase que rebenta.
M: Mas o que é q se passa? Sentes-te mal? Porque é que não vais ao médico? Às vezes também eu fico assim, com a cabeça a latejar muito, a cabeça a andar à roda. Assim... assim... assim uma mosca tonta a buscar poiso.
H: E a febre?

M: A febre já não me larga. A cabeça parece que estala e os ruídos são quase insuportáveis, a cabeça anda à volta, assim, assim, assim à volta.
H: Não sejas chata. Sempre com doenças, sempre com chatices. Que grande merda, decide mas é lá o que queres fazer.
M: Porque é que tenho de ser eu sempre a decidir? Porque é que hei de ser eu a decidir outra vez? Sempre eu?! Sempre eu a ter que tomar as decisões todas!
H: Porque sim, porra.
M: Grande merda, começo a ficar farta. Não serves para nada, porra.
H: Mal começámos a falar, começa já a discussão. Foda-se. Começo a ficar farto disto. É melhor é esquecer e nem sequer lá ires.
M: Mas afinal o que é que há lá de tão importante? Porque é que eu tenho que lá ir? O eu devia fazer era deixar-me de merdas e pensar no futuro.
H: Ahah... mas este momento agora é o momento exacto antes do futuro.
M: Vai mas é à merda, grande cabrão.

37. Lacan's Assumption, 2003

[Receita de bolo]

Bata os ovos com açúcar em banho maria, somente a vapor, até formar um creme espesso. Retire do banho maria e continue a bater até arrefecer. Junte as natas e bata. Misture delicadamente a farinha e o chocolate. Coloque numa forma de torta previamente untada e polvilhada e leve ao forno por vinte minutos. Desenforme e deixe arrefecer. Para a trufa derreta o chocolate em banho maria e guarde. Dissolva a gelatina em água morna. Junte a glicose, o sumo de maracujá e o conhaque. Adicione chocolate e misture bem. Bata as natas e junte delicadamente à mistura de chocolate. Forre a mesma forma que utilizou para a massa com papel vegetal e coloque no fundo a massa da torta. Pincele com a geleia de maracujá e verta por cima o recheio de trufa. Leve ao frigorífico quatro horas até o recheio endurecer. Faça um molde do mesmo tamanho do fundo da forma, derreta o chocolate semi-amargo e tempere-o. Cubra o molde com o chocolate, polvilhe com as sementes de maracujá e deixe endurecer. Desenforme a torta e cubra-a com o molde de chocolate. Sirva gelada.

[The House That Jack Built, an English nursery rhyme of folktale]

This is the house that Jack built.
This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,

That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

38. Drift, 2003

00'00" — 02'07" — **Leitura**
As mãos dele pesaram nas minhas, braço e corpo pesavam nessas mãos enroladas nas minhas, como se todo ele quisesse cair num monte de roupa suja aos pés da cadeira onde se sentara. Não era um segredo amável que eu decifrava, mas uma história chula e ele começou a chorar. Sobre o brilho da pele, o brilho da lágrima. Era um homem que (XXX) com o choro, não carregava aquela dor extrema que leva ao afastamento, à repulsa ou à compaixão, mas uma tristeza que não partilhava. Estava para ali a chorar por nada que ele soubesse, a cabeça desceu para o meu ombro e ficou nele, ensopando a camisola com as lágrimas e sacudindo os soluços. Disse-lhe: – Espera. E afastei-lhe a cabeça e fiquei com ela nas mãos sem saber o que lhe fazer. Bibelot horrível para o qual não há lugar. Então lentamente libertei-a e ela manteve-se trémula no ar, descomposta pelo choro, banhado de um brilho molhado que aos (...mosaicos...) o cabelo acachapado parecia uma coifa de lã, feita com nós (???), quase se via a imprecisão das agulhas a tecerem a malha. A tremura alastrava-lhe por todo o corpo. – Pára de tremer, merdas, pára! Fui ao quarto e quando voltei ele continuava sentado, sacudido por arrepios. – Toma. Estendi-lhe uma nota de dez (....?) ouvir (?). Olhava o tecto acabado de pintar. O rosto de (...coladas à tinta?...) A nota estremecia abanada pelo vento que vinha da janela aberta. O gato correu para o plátano, subiu por ele e ficou a meio, colado ao tronco, cheio de medo a miar. Os seus miados ecoavam na marquise vazia. Desviei os olhos para a parede e lá estava a sombra da árvore, a sombra de um tronco, a sombra de um gato agarrado a ele e a sombra do rapaz, sentado, a tremer, pegou na nota, meteu-a no bolso e limpou as lágrimas às costas da mão. – Desculpe, disse. E fungou. Depois, inclinou-se para mim e deu-me um beijo. Fiquei com a cara molhada.

02'54 — 03'05" — **Fala:** And so they say it's a straight line from here directly to the south pole. I don't know if I should believe that. I don't know if I can.

[02'56" — 04' 05"] — **Escrito:** Obscure horizon.

03'06" — 05'50" — **Música:** Beyond the sea, Bobby Darin. 1947.
Somewhere beyond the sea
Somewhere waitin' for me

My lover stands on golden sands
And watches the ships that go sailin'

Somewhere beyond the sea
She's there watchin' for me
If I could fly like birds on high
Then straight to her arms I'd go sailin'

It's far beyond the stars
It's near beyond the Moon
I know beyond a doubt
My heart will lead me there soon

We'll meet beyond the shore
We'll kiss just as before
Happy we'll be beyond the sea
And never again I'll go sailin'

I know beyond a doubt
My heart will lead me there soon
We'll meet, I know we'll meet, beyond the shore
We'll kiss just as before

Happy we'll be beyond the sea
And never again I'll go sailin'

No more sailin'
So long sailin'
Bye, bye sailin'
Move on out, captain
So long, ensign

[03'07" — 04'05"] — **Escrito:** If in fact the horizon is a determination of any sort at all. If in fact the horizon can determine anything at all. When does the horizon determine anything at all? In fact the horizon determines not a thing at all. The horizon determining not in fact anything at all. The solace of the horizon still determines not a thing at all.

[04'50" — 05'09"] — **Fala:** Hello, hello, hello, sir. Meet me at the grocer. Yes, sir. No, because I've got to go, sir.

06'00 — 06'13" — **Fala:** I'm here, I'm here. Sky, I'm here. Sand, I'm here. Sea, I'm here.

[06'08" — 07'00"] — **Escrito:** If in fact the horizon is a determination of any sort at all. If in fact the horizon can determine anything at all. When does the horizon determine anything at all? In fact the horizon determines not a thing at all. The horizon determining not in fact anything at all. The solace of the horizon still determines not a thing at all.

06'23" — 07'17" — Um tigre, dois tigres, três tigres.

07'18" — 09'20" — Mulher canta Gabriela Schaaf, Põe os teus braços à volta de mim. 1978.
Põe os teus braços à volta de mim,
Leva-me a um cinema de sessões contínuas,
Onde não haja princípio nem fim,
Mas apenas nós.
Põe os teus braços à volta de mim,
Vamos provar a noite dessas avenidas,
Onde não haja princípio nem fim,
Mas apenas nós!
Esta noite não é noite, não é noite de dormir.
Nem esta nem a que vem, nem aquela que está para vir.
As nossas noites nunca serão noites de dormir.
Põe os teus braços à volta de mim,
Não nos importa que falem os outros.
Que somos loucos, sem princípio nem fim,
Já sabemos nós.
Esta noite não é noite, não é noite de dormir.
Nem esta nem a que vem, nem aquela que está para vir.
As nossas noites nunca serão noites de dormir.
Mhhh, Mhhhh, mhmhmhmhmhmh.
[Que somos loucos, sem princípio nem fim,
Já sabemos nós. – não canta]

[**08'35" — 09'03"**] — Draw a bucket of water for my lady's daughter.
1 in a rush, 2 in a rush, please little girl, bob under the bush. repete 2x.

9'20" — 11"37 — Leitura:
Bata os ovos com açúcar em banho maria, somente a vapor, até formar um creme espesso. Retire do banho maria e continue a bater até arrefecer. Junte as natas e bata. Misture delicadamente a farinha e o chocolate. Coloque numa forma de torta previamente untada e polvilhada e leve ao forno por vinte minutos. Desenforme e deixe arrefecer. Para a trufa derreta o chocolate em banho maria e guarde. Dissolva a gelatina em água morna. Junte a glicose, o sumo de maracujá e o conhaque. Adicione chocolate e misture bem. Bata as natas e junte delicadamente à mistura de chocolate. Forre a mesma forma que utilizou para a massa com papel vegetal e coloque no fundo a massa da torta. Pincele com a geleia de maracujá e verta por cima o recheio de trufa. Leve ao frigorífico quatro horas até o recheio endurecer. Faça um molde do mesmo tamanho do fundo da forma, derreta o chocolate semi-amargo e tempere-o. Cubra o molde com o chocolate, polvilhe com as sementes de maracujá e deixe endurecer. Desenforme a torta e cubra-a com o molde de chocolate. Sirva gelada.

[**09'59" — 10'29"**] — **Texto:** Standing here at this point the horizon obscures our view of the south pole and as there are no other obstructions the horizon obviously obscures.

[**10'43" — 11'28"**] — **Texto**: With the earth as base (as base as base can be). The sun in the morning. The moon in the night.

11'33" — 11'50" — **Fala:** Hello. Hello, hello, sir. Meet me at the grocer. Yes, sir. No, sir. Because I've got to go, sir.

11'54" — 12'23" — **Leitura:**
Estava nua. E ele ainda me punha mais nua, como se a própria nudez se pudesse despir. Porque o pudor é como a roupa. E ele despiu-me tão cuidadosamente de tudo o que restava do pudor. Que a solidão, no que ela tem de mais profundo, se transformou num estar a dois.

42. Toile, 2006

T. S. ELIOT
Preludes (1910-11)

I
The winter evening settles down
With smell of steaks in passageways.
Six o'clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,
And at the corner of the street
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.
And then the lighting of the lamps.

II
The morning comes to consciousness
Of faint stale smells of beer
From the sawdust-trampled street
With all its muddy feet that press
To early coffee-stands.
With the other masquerades
That time resumes,
One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms.

III

You tossed a blanket from the bed,
You lay upon your back, and waited;
You dozed, and watched the night revealing
The thousand sordid images
Of which your soul was constituted;
They flickered against the ceiling.
And when all the world came back
And the light crept up between the shutters
And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,
You had such a vision of the street
As the street hardly understands;
Sitting along the bed's edge, where
You curled the papers from your hair,
Or clasped the yellow soles of feet
In the palms of both soiled hands.

IV

His soul stretched tight across the skies
That fade behind a city block,
Or trampled by insistent feet
At four and five and six o'clock;
And short square fingers stuffing pipes,
And evening newspapers, and eyes
Assured of certain certainties,
The conscience of a blackened street
Impatient to assume the world.
I am moved by fancies that are curled
Around these images, and cling:
The notion of some infinitely gentle
Infinitely suffering thing.
Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;
The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

Gerontion (1920)
6ª estrofe
(...)
The tiger springs in the new year. Us he devours. Think at last
We have not reached conclusion, when I
Stiffen in a rented house. Think at last
I have not made this show purposelessly
And it is not by any concitation
Of the backward devils.
I would meet you upon this honestly.
I that was near your heart was removed therefrom
To lose beauty in terror, terror in inquisition.
I have lost my passion: why should I need to keep it
Since what is kept must be adulterated?
I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch:
How should I use it for your closer contact?
(...)

46. Leporello, 2010

AMIRA CASAR

(Soupir) (claquement de doigts) (silence) (se mord la main)

Bé' je suis entrée euh… dans la pièce… J'me souviens qu'mes talons sur le sol, euh, faisaient un bruit bizarre, c'était tout, le sol était tout laqué, gris, clair … froid, l'endroit était très froid. Euh. Et, hum, y'avait deux canapés, euh … vaguement chics, en rotin comme ça euh , au fond, euh, de la pièce. Et, euh … j'étais habillée dans des couleurs claires … Et euh … un garçon qui s'est absenté est venu à moi et euh … a voulu initier un jeu. Euh.

Bon, j'avais mes lunettes, hein, je sortais du travail donc, euh, voilà, j'avais ma jupe, droite, longue, en bas du genou, euh, mes lunettes, de travail, mes cheveux tirés, euh…

Et ce … garçon vient, vers moi … et me dit, hum, me montre quelque chose et il me dit « ben c'est un accessoire » … (long silence) Mais le … (long silence)

Moi j'étais pas trop sûre … (long silence)

C'était un, un, un masque en, en latex. Et il me dit : « non, vas-y, euh, on va jouer au prof ; à l'élève et au prof et toi, tu, tu, tu, tu mets le masque » hum, donc, euh, ben, il m'enlève les lunettes … Il me les retire … Assez délicatement … (aspiration) Et, hum … il me dit, euh, « Mais c'est des accessoires, vient on va jouer, euh ».

Moi j'ai … mis le masque … (long silence) J'me suis changée, j'ai retiré, euh, mes vêtements d'ville ; et j'ai mis une robe … moulante … (aspiration) avec des hauts talons … Je descends, j' me souviens toujours du, du, du sol, c'était, c'était – c'était froid, c'était dur … J'avais un peu froid … Et, euh, je descends les marches … (aspiration) J'pouvais pas respirer du nez, tout est … c'était bouché, j'avais comme : « trou » les yeux, et, et la bouche. Et j'descends, avec ce masque qui me couvre la tête, un peu Spiderman, et euh (boit) … Ils me … Deux garçons, comme ça un peu costauds, musclés, vulgaires … banals, moches, rasés, tatoués … épilés, sans poils … s'approchent vers moi, et, euh … commencent à, à … à m'pousser, à m'… au début gentiment me violenter, brusquer, brusquer… Je… je me suis laissée faire … et, euh … ils commencent à … à bander et pfff… (long silence) à, à s'introduire, vouloir que j' les, que j'les, voilà, que j'les prenne en bouche … (long silence)

Y'avait aucune, euh … émotion, mais moi j'me sentais cachée … Ils avaient pas vu mon visage, jusque là, j'étais masquée ; mais j'pouvais

pas respirer, j'n'respirais que par la bouche… Et (déglutit) … Tous les deux, ils se sont jetés sur moi … Ils m'ont euh … J'étais obligée de … de les sucer, mais ils … ils étaient très … j'sais pas, j'les trouvais vulgaires, musclés, banals, sans poils, moches, tatoués. Moi j'me trouvais supérieure à eux … Ils avaient … ils me disaient des mots tellement banals, tellement bêtes … « Vas-y, vas-y, soit la prof, ouais ouais vas-vas-vas-y, ah oui t'es, tu es bonne, oh oui la prof tu es, vas-y vas-y tu es bonne la prof »… « Oui oui apprend--nous ! », comme si j'étais une espèce de grande sœur supérieure (rit) …

Mais … j'étais attachée. Par le, le, le cou, et ils me tiraient comme un chien, ils m'ont fait me mettre à quatre pattes. Et j'ai, j'ai, hum … je rampais, je rampais, je rampais. Mes genoux me faisaient mal sur le sol… (respire). Je sais pas pourquoi … le sol était si froid … Et, j'entendais le bruit de mes talons ; et, cette pauvre chaine, minable … qui pendouillait … et puis … ils essayaient de me brutaliser, de, de se forcer en moi, de, de rentrer dans mon corps … par la bouche … (long silence) Tous les deux ; un bandait à peine … Et hum … (long silence)

Je me suis laissée faire … Ouais j'me suis laissée faire … Après … ils m'tapaient, j'avais mal, ma cuisse droite, ma cuisse droite était, était tout le temps rouge, rose, c'était comme du jambon … Euh, ils m'tapaient … J'me suis laissée faire, j'avais envie de les mordre … (long silence)

J'pense que, ils devaient être dans le bâtiment … peut-être maçons ?… (long silence)

'fin ils étaient trapus. Ils se forçaient sur moi, ils avaient aucune subtilité. Ils répétaient tout le temps ce mot, euh … en, en m'tirant sur le cou, euh, en m', en m'obligeant à disloquer, à tordre, mon corps… Mais je sentais rien … (long silence)

Et ça durait, ça durait, ça durait. C'était long … C'était long. C'était … rasant. C'était, pff, trop long … Et euh, ils ont essayé d'me prendre, type, s'ils avaient pu m'écarter, euh … (long silence) Dans … en se forçant dans, en moi, j'avais envie de vomir, j'peux pas, j'pouvais pas respirer, c'est, c'était mon visage, mon nez, je pouvais pas… respirer et eux se forçaient sur moi et, et euh … ils disaient : « Plus, vas-y prends-moi plus plus plus plus plus ! » … Et moi je, je, je m'étouffais, je pouvais pas … respirer, je, j'me sentais, hum, j'avais la tête qui tournait, la cuisse rouge, la tête qui tournait, hum … (long silence) Et euh … ce jeu a duré, a duré … Ça s'est étiré, étiré …

Mais, j'commençais … à m'ennuyer … parce que … ça durait, c'était trop long. J'avais mal au cou, ils m'ont totalement brisé la nuque … Et, euh … deux p'tites étudiantes, idiotes, sottes … arrivent comme ça, sans culotte

euh ... (pouffe deux fois) Et, euh… elles engagent une sorte de discussion avec ces garçons … (déglutit) C'était … ridicule. Et, elles, euh, les garçons se … se distraient avec elles, sur elles ; une d'entre elles était – la rousse – était euh, mais une sauvageonne, je sais pas d'où elle est sortie celle-là mais elle a, c'est une femme à dix trous ! Elle se laissait euh faire, elle se donnait, elle criait c'était … Et moi, j'étais *sss* à côté du canapé, j' regardais, j' regardais … C'était … étrange … d'assister à ça. Et l'autre, il s'est jeté sur la p'tite blonde. J'pense qu'elles étaient russes … Et euh … elles étaient farouches …

Moi, j'étais exténuée, j'avais mal au cou, ils m'avaient brisé le cou. Chuis accroupie près du canapé, je regarde … Et euh … (long silence) Les deux, là, elles étaient, euh, déchaînées, hum (rit) …

C'était artificiel, c'était faux … c'était exagéré ; mais elles étaient très ouvertes … Et à la fin elles sont venues m'embrasser. Je m'suis laissée faire … Mais, hum, les garçons, les martiens, là … ils étaient, pff, mécaniques. J'trouvais que les filles se donnaient beaucoup plus. Elles s'activaient beaucoup plus … Et moi, j'regardais, elles m'ont embrassée, y'avait des échanges de salive, de liquide, de … y' a une qui a fa', faillit, faillit vomir, p'tit peu, elle crachait de temps en temps … Parce qu'ils étaient … sans, ces deux garçons étaient sans … sans subtilité, sans, ben ils étaient brusques et bestials … Z'avaient aucune poésie ; juste bestials … Les filles elles crachaient de temps en temps … Mais… on aurait dit qu'elles ont fait ça toute leur vie …

V' voulez du thé ?

JERUSA FRANCO

oi

ontem eu fui na academia dar uma aula,
depois do almoço
cheguei lá e estava o Fredie, sabe,
o Fredie
e ele me mostrou uma roupa que tinha lá num cabide, assim no canto
perguntou se eu já tinha visto uma roupa daquela
fui olhar e era aquelas roupas de sadomasoquista, sabe
uma roupa preta
uma roupa daquelas de

dominatrix
aí eu disse que "sim"
e aí, ele me mostrou uma máscara
uma mascara de
latex preta
meio de borracha
perguntou se eu já tinha visto uma máscara dequelas
eu disse:
"não"
ai, ele perguntou se eu queria experimentar
ai, eu falei que:
"ah, não sei"
tudo meio estranho
ele falou:
"experimenta a máscara. coloca a máscara, para ver"
aí, eu falei, ah.....
ele falou: "voce está com medo"
perguntou se eu estava com medo, de colocar
e eu falei: "não, medo não"
então, coloca
ele colocou a máscara assim na minha cabeça,
uma coisa bem grudada, assim
tinha dois buracos assim, para os olhos
dois buraquinhos para o nariz
e um espaço para a boca
colocou aquilo em mim e apertou assim a minha garganta
e eu senti uma especie de. . . de tesão
coloquei a roupa que tava lá
no cabide
tinha uma coleira
quando eu desci a escada tinha um outro cara lá que eu não sei quem é
todo tatuado
e puxou essa coleira
e eu já fui ficando de quatro
gatinhando,
no chão,
como se fosse uma
cadela

foi abrindo a calça
e ele já tava louco
o pau dele já estava meio duro
e ele começou a bater uma punheta e a me puxar
e comecei a engatenhar, nesse chão
e o outro cara
também, já abriu a calça e tirou a roupa
tava com um pau duro
e eles me puxavam como se eu fosse uma cachorra
e começaram a colocar o pau
dentro da minha boca
ele colocava, tirava o dele, o outro cara colocava, tirava
e eles colocavam cada vez mais forte
até a o fundo, assim, da minha garganta
sem parar
e eu começei a sentir,
senti que, eu tava tendo um prazer em fazer isso
eu fiquei engatinhando
e um deles foi por trás e começou a me enrabar
enquanto o outro colocava o pau na minha boca assim sem parar
tirava e colocava, bem fundo,
e aquilo, era meio sufocante mas eu sentia uma coisa
que nunca senti por ninguém, nem num momento
uma coisa que sufocava, mas que me dava um tesão,
uma coisa
fui ficando totalmente dominada por eles
eu não senti medo nenhum
esse cara começou a pegar o pau dele
e a enfiar na minha boca, e a tirar
e o outro cara pegava no pau e batia na minha cabeça
levantou o meu vestido assim por trás,
e começou a bater assim na minha bunda,
enquanto o Fred abriu, assim, o meu vestido na frente
e batia, assim, no meu peito,
com força
ele não batia devagar, não

me puxou para o sofá, de ali, da sala de espera

me colocou no sofá
levantou minha perna, assim, para cima
e começou a chupar minha boceta
enquanto o outro cara, que eu não sei nem quem é
não parava de enfiar o pau na minha boca,
e colocava e tirava
aí eu pedi para eles me foderem
ele levantou a minha perna
e começou a enfiar cada vez com mais força,
e mais força,
e mais força
enquanto o outro cara puxava, assim, a coleira no meu pescoço
e não tirava o pau da minha boca
era uma coisa asfixiante, sabe
ele falava se eu tava gostando e pedia para eu abrir o olho
ele queria ver o meu olho em baixo daquela máscara
e pedia para eu enfiar bem fundo o pau dele na minha garganta
ele falava: "coloca tudo, chupa até ao final, enfia tudo isso dentro
da sua boca."

eu fiquei ali com eles
foi uma coisa violenta, bem forte
bem forte, mesmo
aí, ele parou, ele tirou
o Fredie tirou o pau de dentro de mim
e começou a me chupar de um jeito
que parecia que ele ia arrancar a minha pele
sabe, ele enfiava a boca, assim, e a lingua lá dentro
e puxava
bem forte
aí ele começou a chupar meu cu
sem parar
pegou a mão, assim, e enfiou um dedo,
o outro,
três
sei lá, ele enfiou a mão inteira dentro de mim
e a hora em que eu estava totalmente possuída pelo dois
chegaram minhas duas alunas

e eles me jogaram, assim, no chão
do lado do sofá
esse sofá aí da sala de espera
e eu fiquei ali e elas começaram a perguntar onde é que estava a professora
e eles não diziam nada
aí uma delas,
a mais novinha, minha aluna mais nova
foi lá e me pegou, assim, no chão,
e falou: "é você a professora"
ela me reconheceu
e quando ela viu que era eu vestida daquele jeito
ela correu e pegou um chicote e começou a me bater
ele tirou o chicote da mão dela e disse que não era para ela fazer desse jeito
que ela não sabia fazer isso
que não era para ela me bater, que ela podia me machucar
ele abriu a roupa dela e fez ela chupar o pau dele
e ela começou a chupar o pau dele
a outra menina loirinha, que nem me lembro do nome
começou a chupar o pau desse outro cara
e eles começaram,
os dois casais
e nessa hora eu fiquei ali no canto,
do sofá
jogada, como se fosse,
nada
pano de chão
lá um bicho
não, nem isso
eu fiquei lá como se fosse nada
subjugada
fiquei totalmente subjugada
enquanto eles trepavam, eu fiquei ali pensando
o que é que eu estava fazendo

não sei se eu me senti mal
senti um vazio, nessa hora
não sei
talvez porque eles estavam os dois me possuíndo de um jeito violento

nem violento,
brutal
agressivo
e nesse momento
eu não estava mais acontecendo nada,
eu já não era mais nada
não sei, me deu um vazio, uma vontade de chorar
como se eu,
como se eu não interessasse mais, sabe
eles não pararam
aliás, eles estavam mandando veio,
não tavam nem aí comigo
essa menina mais novinha
começou a chupar o pau do cara
e ela gritava muito, muito
ela enfiava o pau dele até à garganta e fazia um som assim como se ela fosse
mesmo uma cadela
eu achei que eu
eu é que tava ali parecendo uma cadela,
mas não
ela gritava
e ele enfiava o pau dentro da boca dela sem parar, sabe,
cada vez mais forte
e ela ficava urrando assim como se ela fosse sufocar
saía um som, assim
meio — grrrrraaaaaaa — não sei explicar
a outra menina ficou com esse outro cara,
que não sei quem é
no sofá
também chupando o pau dele
e ele já começou a foder ela com força
mas essa menina que tava do meu lado
do lado desse sofá, que eu tava
ela pediu para o cara comer ela
sentou em cima do pau dele
pedia para ele fazer cada vez mais forte
e ele fazia
cada vez mais forte,

enquanto eu tava ali jogada
eu só escutava no começo
mas depois eu,
eu fiquei com vontade de começar a olhar, sabe
fiquei olhando para ver o que é que ele estava fazendo que ela estava
gostanto tanto
que ela gritava tão alto
aí ela pediu
para ele comer o rabo dela
ele sentou no sofá
e ela sentou em cima dele, assim com força
e nessa hora,
ela viu que tinha aquele chicote que ela tinha me batido no começo
pegou o chicote e além do cara estar comedo o rabo dela
ela começou a pegar esse chicote
e bater nela mesma
ela batia na boceta dela, com força
enquanto o cara enrabava ela
sem parar
e pedia "mais, mais, eu quero mais"
com uma voz, assim, meio aguda
parecendo uma coisa assim meio bicho
meio animal, mesmo
nessa hora eu começei a ficar com tesão de novo
eles olharam assim para mim e puxaram,
minha coleira
eu tava com uma coleira
puxaram essa coleira e eu fiquei olhando bem perto, sabe
bem perto de onde eles tavam
e ela falava: "vai mais forte, mais forte"
e batia com aquele chicote,
sem parar
aí, o cara saiu de dentro dela
e começou a chupar a boceta dela, e o cu dela
sem parar
e ela levantou as pernas assim para trás
e com as próprias mãos ela começou a abrir, o rabo dela
e. . . eu não sei explicar

eu nunca vi isso
ela começou a se abrir inteira
e eu olhei lá dentro daquilo,
daquele buraco, parecia um abismo, sabe
uma coisa profunda
parecia que dava para ver lá dentro do rabo dela
dava para ver essa menina por dentro
como se fosse um negócio que não tinha fim
eu consegui ver a menina pelo avesso
o cara ficou tão louco, o Fred
que ele começou a gozar dentro do cu dela, assim...
e nessa hora ela olhou para mim e falou que queria que eu chupasse a porra do cara
em cima do rabo dela
e eu chupei

começei a chupar a porra que o cara gozou
dentro do cu dela

o outro casal estava lá trepando sem parar
a menina gritava muito
ele enrabava ela e ela era magrinha
com uma coxa, assim
e ele não parava de enrabar ela
enfiava o dedo, assim,
a mão inteira dentro da boca dela
ah, teve uma parte no começo que ele me puxou pela coleira
e eu começei a engatinhar como se fosse um bicho, assim
e ele falou que ele queria que eu chupasse o pé dele
comecei a chupar o pé dele
e ele falou: "quero que você chupe meu dedo."
e eu comecei a chupar o dedo do pé dele

enquanto o cara me enrabava

esse casal que estava do lado
o cara gozou na cara dela
e passou a porra assim toda pela cara, sabe

aí, o Fredie chamou essa menina para vir ficar com a gente

as duas estavam com a cara cheia de porra
e ele tirou a minha máscara
e falou que eu tinha que
que eu tinha de chupar a porra da cara delas
e a gente começou a se beijar e eu comecei a chupar, assim
a lamber a cara delas,
a boca
comecei a chupar a porra dos dois caras
esse cara, aí, o Fred ficou tão louco que ele começou a bater outra punheta
ele ficou com muito tesão
e essa menina novinha
que gritava, que gostava muito daquilo
ela começou a enfiar de novo o pau dele, dentro da boca dela
com uma força
sabe, como se ela quisesse engolir aquele pau
ele tava me segurando pela coleira
e ele pegou essa corrente e deu uma volta, assim no pau
ficou segurando, assim, essa coleira
essa corrente em volta do pau dele
e ela tava tão louco, tão louca de tesão
que ela queria enfiar o pau do cara de novo na boca,
e ela começou a enfiar e ele tirou o pau dele
para eu chupar de novo e ela começou a chupar a corrente,
a corrente da coleira

a gente ficou se beijando lá no final
e eu fiquei chupando aquela porra toda na cara delas
e eu gostei
e eu gostei
de me sentir um lixo
eu gostei do cara me foder de um jeito, que ninguém nunca me fodeu
eu gostei até de ficar sobrando ali
que nem....
nada

quer beber alguma coisa?

PAMELA BUTT

olá tudo bom

olá
o que eu tenho para te falar
é um fato que aconteceu ontem
eh... estava numa gravação
e eu vou falar por que eu achei um pouco bizarro
eh... essa gravação
no início foi onde... eh
a aparencia do local era como uma grande firma
um estádio, eh.. um pequeno estádio, por exemplo
um ginásio, né, mas muito bonito
as cadeiras muito bonitas, assim
enfim
o local foi agradável, né, as escadarias
né, eu achei legal
no início quando o diretor conversou comigo
como seria a cena
eu achei que seria tranquila, normal
mas como o passar, achei que ficou um pouco bizarro
eu tinha de usar uma máscara
e essa máscara era de latex
sabe, ela puxava assim
o meu rosto parecia um pouco sufocante
mas enfim a roupa, ela era de vinil muito bonita
botas ...
um ar sensual,
tirando a máscara, né
o ar era sensual
enfim, fui descendo as escadarias
onde os atores me esperavam no set
e os atores bonitos, né
homens viris
fortes
e a gente começou a cena
eh... a cena começou assim prazerosa no início

mas um pouco desconfortável
essa máscara, ela, nossa,
ao mesmo tempo ela era excitante para os homens
né, porque eu vi que eles se sentiam eufóricos
com tesão
e isso me passou
no hora em que ele introduziu o pénis na minha boca
aquilo, ali, tava me deixando nervosa, um pouco
mas como uma boa atriz, a gente tem de fazer o nosso trabalho, né
e foi a cena assim
eh..., durante a cena foi um pouco agressiva,
'hard', posso dizer
eu usava também uma coleira,
uma coleira com uma corrente,
que quando eu ficava assim na posição de quatro
tipo um cachorro, eles me puxavam, me rastejavam
puxavam muito os meus cabelos
me batiam
sabe, uma coisa assim, eh... normal, normal como uma ou outra cena 'hard'
mas essa foi um pouco bizarra
e a hora
teve uma hora, né, que o cara
introduziu o dedo, o dedão do pé dele
introduziu na minha boca
nossa que nojo
gente foi um pouco nojento isso, né
mas imagina o cara, colocar o dedo dele na tua boca
ainda se fosse a mulher
é uma coisa mais, a mulher é mais delicada,
pezinho bonitinha,
mas um homem, ai
enfim
foi rolando, rolando a cena
sabe eu, teve uma hora eu não sabia se me sentia uma boneca inflável
porque aquela máscara dava a impressão de ser uma boneca inflável
porque eu só ficava com a boca para fora, os olhos, só
né, e ela era preta, assim de borracha
então uma hora, assim eu me senti uma boneca inflável

depois, eh.. tive
depois de isso foi muito, a cena foi grande
eu pensei que ia ser tranquila, pequena, a cena, mas não
foi longa
depois de muito sexo comigo
eu tava sendo muito usada
eh, não tinha o prazer
eles não me davam prazer, eles só estavam sentindo prazer
eu estava sendo assim como um animal, praticamente
eles também,
eles eram uns cavalos
eles pareciam que faziam assim, um ano que não viam uma mulher
na frente dele, né
uma boneca, um monstro, eu me estava sentindo aí
mas passando o tempo
eu não sabia o que ia acontecer
eh
entraram duas meninas colegiais
lindas, meninas, lindas lindas lindas, maravilhosas
e elas entraram na maior euforia
sabe estavam se rindo muito
com vontade e eles me jogaram de lado
fiquei num canto assim
eh..., foi ali onde eu me senti um animal
sabe, eu tava jogada
eh.., eu tinha que ficar olhando, né
olhava eles, né de canto
às vezes um deles me puxava, né, como tava com aquela coleira
eles me puxavam para me ficar olhando, né
acho que era o prazer deles, né
meu sofrimento, ali
né, como um animal jogado, descriminado
não sei nem como expressar
e eles com as meninas e muito sexo
elas gritavam muito, gritavam, gritavam
elas não gemiam, elas gritavam
até assim uma hora eu pensei, olhei
e falei assim, "meu deus, elas estão sentindo prazer ou é dor isso"

porque era uns gritos não era gemidos, né
mas elas mandavam ver na cena muito bem, sabe
ao mesmo tempo eu pensei será que elas estão gostando ou não
eu fiquei na duvida, né, eu fiquei na dúvida
mas, eh, sabe ao mesmo tempo eu fiquei olhando
e eu não sabia, isso aí tava me excitando, eu queria ver se isso me excitava
mas não
sabe, eu não sei se e porque eu fiquei com aquela impressão da máscara
aquela mascara na minha cara, né, sem poder fazer algo legal
e um momento, que um deles ejacula na menina,
numa delas, numa das meninas
a menina não ruiva, meia castanha, olho claro, linda a menina
eu achei ela maravilhosa
e novinha
eu achei que ela tinha o quê, uns 20 anos
eh, ele ejacula no anus da menina,
e ela abre assim, e ele ejacula
e aí ele me puxa e faz eu lamber toda a porra dele
sabe tudo, eu tinha que lamber
e lambia tudo, tudo, tinha que lamber tudo
ok
depois teve o outro casal, que estava mais afastado um pouco
aí me puxa, também ele goza na minha boca
né, ejacula
no final, nós três
a gente fica-se beijando
um deles tira minha máscara
eu fico com a cara, gente,
minha cara fica assim destruída
parece que eu chorei tanto, parece que eu sofri tanto aí
que a minha cara fica assim, nossa, acabada, né, acabada
eu penso assim, pelo suor, né, do latex
minha maquiagem não existe mais quase
só meu olho fica todo borrado, né
aí ele pede, assim, se foi legal
enfim, eu falei "sim, foi, né, foi"
e a gente se beija
né, a gente acaba se beijando as três todas cheias de porra

no rosto, na boca e eles estão adorando isso, sabe
eles estão achando isso a melhor cena
que eles fizeram
pois é gente, eu achei um pouco bizarro, né
imagina voce, né
o que é que você não deve estar pensando disso

então tá.

você quer um café?

SASHA GREY

You won't believe where I just came from. The adult school where I teach, one of the students' really good friends is a pornographer and he invited me to go to his house for dinner, which I was a little skeptical about anyway. I pull up in this very industrial area and I didn't, I didn't think it was his house and sure enough I walked in and it's a warehouse. It's a refurbished warehouse with white lacquered floors, stark white walls and all the beams in this place were painted a really beautiful blue color and one of the first things I notice when I walk in is a, it was almost like a clothing rack with masks and whips, I guess you would call them? Different sizes, different shapes, and two guys with their shirts off in jeans and really horrible tribal tattoos on their arms.

You know, I didn't smell any food cooking and I figured, you know, I might as well have fun. He showed me the mask that was hanging on this rack and asked me to try it on. He put it on over my head and it smelled god-awful. I don't really know how to describe the smell, but it was ten times worse than any latex glove that, you know, the doctor wears. He just said to me, he said to me: 'Our actors didn't show up today' and he pulls out a camera and I told him 'this can't be seen by anyone'. So he gave me some clothes and he asked me to go change and I walked up this huge chrome staircase. The room upstairs was the exact opposite of the room, of the main room in this warehouse. It was almost like an office, you know the warehouse has a main floor and the offices are usually upstairs, there was this very small room, completely black with sex toys just lined up just so neat and so perfect as if it was an art gallery or something.

I put the clothes on, very, something that's not my taste. It was a vinyl outfit with a button that came around the neck. So, it was a dress but there was a big scoop-neck , more of a circle than a scoop neck and fish nets, naturally, and a leash. I was surprised they didn't help me put that on .I thought that would be part of the process. So I had to put the leash on by myself and re-adjust the mask, put the mask back on, and these crazy vinyl boots with a heel that must have been six or seven inches. I walked back down the staircase, was very, very nervous. Actually thought I might fall with these boots. I come down the staircase and the two men take the leash that is around my neck and they bring me to the floor and at this point the other guy has a camera pointed at me. They take the leash and bring me on the floor like a dog, not really saying much.

It was a little… I really didn't know what to expect. They had me kneel, get down on my knees an one of them came from behind me and the other one was in front of me. He unbuttoned the top of the dress and zipped the front zipper down and I mean, I've had rough sex but I've never had my breasts slapped that hard. Just… (she makes a slapping gesture with hands), it was shocking but it felt incredibly good. The guy behind me leaned me over just a little bit, but enough so the guy in front of me could still play with me, I guess and he started smacking my ass while the other guy was slapping my breasts. It lasted for a long time, I don't think, I don't know, it was interesting.

They both pulled out their dicks and one of the guys had really red balls. It was a little off putting. I don't know if he was waxing too much, but they were very red and the other guy smelled. I don't know what was worse: the mask or this guy. Funny enough, you know, he was either shaving or waxing every square inch of his body so you'd think somebody like that would know basic hygiene.

They took turns shoving their dicks in my mouth but the mask wasn't on properly. It was probably two sizes too big anyway. The mask had a cut out for the mouth, cut out for the nostrils and cut outs for the eyes, but all very small and the bottom of the mask started to raise up on my lips, so if you tried even a finger, let alone a dick, could barely fit in my mouth, and he just kept trying to jam his cock in my mouth. You know, common sense, he couldn't pull it down and they had my hands behind my back so I couldn't say anything or reach around and pull it down; but at this point I was still very excited, so I guess I was so into the moment that it really didn't matter that much.

This lasted for a few minutes until they threw me on this couch, and I always thought porn movies were notorious for having ugly furniture but

this was actually a really nice place and in it really nice modern couches. Not a big yellow leather couch. So they throw me on the couch and bend me over in doggie style and this is kind of when I realize, if not both of these guys but one of them has to be at least a hundred percent total fag. I have nothing wrong with that but I knew he wasn't into me so it was a little bit uncomfortable and I kind of understand why somebody that wasn't sexually turned on by a woman would want to have sex with a woman just for money. Cause you can have sex with men for money, too.

He bent me over and just went straight for my ass. He didn't…vagina? What vagina? He just went straight for the ass. He started tonguing my ass while the other guy was still having me suck his dick. He finally found the glorious vagina and he went for it, which I was surprised. I thought he that he was going to try to shove it in my ass, but he could probably tell it was too tiny and it wasn't going to fit. So yeah, I mean, they way, the way he fucked me was, it wasn't angry but it was totally disconnected. At that point I just, I didn't feel, I didn't feel like any of us should be there, but at the same time it was so exciting, that I just tried to get rid of that feeling and enjoy the present moment.

The other guy was ok for a while. This guy had not only these horrible tribal tattoos but when they pulled me out and put me on my back on the couch, I noticed he had a tweetie bird, cartoon tweetie be bird tattoo on his hipbone. So I think that just further proves my theory; I don't know if it's code for something, but they took turns fucking me on the same couch and brought me back down on my knees and right before they were about to put their dicks back in my mouth two girls walk in. I was leaning, I was on the ground, but leaning against the seat of the couch and at that point I finally kind of had a moment to breathe and look around at my surroundings.

The lights were so hot, because they had all these huge lights set up. I just got really dizzy and the girls walk in and they're acting like they know me. They're in these, their outfits were worse than mine, these plaid schoolgirl uniforms.

One hot pink and black and the other one red and black, with the clear stripper heels and they call me 'teacher, teacher!' Ok, this is very awkward. They were a little bit younger than me but I had never seen them before and they said, " teacher, she's my teacher, she's my teacher". So obviously they're in their little fantasy world and that's when it kind of started to get exciting again. But then they tortured me and made me watch. So they made me sit on the side of the couch, while they each took one of the girls and I just sat there.

One of the girls was really nasty. She, for a minute she sounded like a coyote when she was screaming and moaning and it was, it went from sexy to funny in about two minutes flat. Then she got back into it and the sound of her sucking this guy's dick was so loud, so incredibly loud, but they just would not let me join in. They made me sit there and watch. He actually ate her pussy so I was a little surprised. He put her on her back and let her enjoy herself for a minute after she sucked his cock. They, I don't know, they fucked her in her pussy for three or four minutes maybe and as he's doing this he's leaning over her and she said "slap me in the face". So he slaps her in the face and out of the corner of my eye I could just see her mouth open and as she opened her mouth he spit straight in her mouth. The next thing she says, I can't remember how she said it but she wasn't American. She said, the way she asked him to slap her again was so clinical sounding. It wasn't " again", it wasn't "please more, more". She said, oh god I wish I could remember how she said it, but it was very bizarre.

That only lasted for a few seconds before she asked him to… she was very clinical. She said, she said, oh God , I can't remember, but she asked him to put his dick in her ass and she really seemed to enjoy it. She actually seemed to enjoy it more than when he was fucking her pussy, and I'm sure that's because he probably enjoyed it more, too. They were just right there in front of me and wouldn't let me join in. I think he finally flipped her around into doggie and he took his dick out of her ass and had her suck it. Then she came to me and she finally picked me up and I thought I was going to be able to join in finally. She made me suck his dick and she said, "deep throat, deep throat, deep throat. I'm going to teach you to deep throat. Do it, please. Deep throat, please." It was funny but at the same time it was kind of charming. She was trying to teach me to do it like a professional, I guess.

After about a minute she just shoves me back on the ground and she lets him fuck her again while I have to sit there and watch. About five minutes later she takes both of her hands around her ass and spreads her ass open and there he just comes all on, not really in her ass, but around it. She grabs me by the leash and has me lick it up and she kept saying: "lick it, lick it" but she was pushing my face so hard to her ass I couldn't get my tongue out of my mouth. I was trying and I wanted to, I was trying to, but she was holding me down. She had more strength than both of those guys put together. She was holding me down so hard I couldn't do it.

The other couple who was on the couch right next to this one, they finished up a few minutes later and the guy came all over the girls face.

She walked over to me and right when she was walking over, the other guy started jerking off again.

So he came twice and he came in both of our mouths and the other girl walks over with sperm just covering her face and has us take turns licking it off. That was, that was the end of it and the one girl just seemed so, she seemed like she was trying to be dirtier than both of the guys and she was really fulfilled that she was kind of able to out-fuck them if that makes any sense. Sorry, I 'm rude. Do you want some juice or coffee or anything?

47. Cromlech, 2010

Introdução:

Esta memória descritiva refere-se ao projecto de uma habitação unifamiliar localizada em São Sebastião da Giesteira, no concelho de Évora. A casa localiza-se fora dos limites da povoação e implanta-se num terreno rural com uma pequena pendente orientada a sudeste. Organiza-se em dois pisos: um piso térreo, o principal, onde se localizam os quartos e os espaços sociais da casa e uma semicave contendo os restantes espaços acessórios.

Princípios estruturantes:

O piso térreo define uma plataforma de nível que se estende para o exterior da casa numa relação de domínio sobre o território envolvente. Volumetricamente organiza-se em três braços sequenciais, perpendiculares entre si, conformando um pátio exterior, o espaço nuclear da casa. A sudeste este abre-se sobre a paisagem, limitado pelo plano de água da piscina, que é também o limite da plataforma. Superiormente, um plano virtual oblíquo intersecta a volumetria prismática e pura da casa, impondo a sua geometria ao desenho da cobertura. Contrapõe-se à serena e quase conservadora estabilidade da casa, induz a distorção na percepção, deforma e agita o espaço exterior.

Organização:

A área do piso térreo é de 225 m2. No braço a sudoeste localizam-se o escritório e a sala de estar, esta em relação directa com o pátio. No braço nordeste localizam-se quatro quartos e as respectivas instalações sanitárias. A Noroeste, aberta sobre o pátio, piscina e paisagens, localiza-se a área da cozinha e zona de refeições. No piso inferior, numa semicave com 100 m2, escondida sob a plataforma, localizam-se a garagem, a lavandaria, a garrafeira e uma área técnica.

Soluções construtivas:

Construtivamente adoptou-se uma solução corrente de pilares, vigas e lajes em betão armado e paredes em alvenaria de tijolo. As paredes exteriores são revestidas a massa de barrar do tipo *duracril*; as interiores, tal como os tectos, são revestidas a estuque. Os pavimentos são genericamente em madeira de pinho de *Riga* extra; no piso inferior adoptou-se uma betonilha afagada com uma pintura *epoxy*. Os vãos exteriores são em caixilharia de alumínio com vidro duplo de correr, com portadas interiores em madeira também de correr; quer as folhas dos vãos, quer as das portadas correm para o interior das paredes.

48. R.O.C. (40 plus one), 2011

1. A language-game: report whether a certain body is lighter or darker than another. – But now there's a related one: state the relationship between the lightness of certain shades of colour. (Compare with this: Determining the relationship between the lengths of two sticks – and the relationship between two numbers.) – The form of the propositions in both language-games is the same: "X is lighter than Y". But in the first it is an external relation and the [proposition] is temporal, in the second it is an internal relation and the proposition is timeless.

2. In a picture in which a piece of white paper gets its lightness from the blue sky, the sky is lighter than the white paper. And yet in another sense blue is the darker and white the lighter colour (Goethe). On the palette white is the lightest colour.

3. Lichtenberg says that very few people have ever seen pure white. So do most people use the word wrong, then? And how did *he* learn the correct use? – He constructed an ideal use from the ordinary one. And that is not to say a better one, but one that has been refined along certain lines and in the process something has been carried to extremes.

4. And of course such a construct may in turn teach us something about the way we in fact use the word.

5. If I say a piece of paper is pure white, and if snow were placed next to it and it then appeared grey, in its normal surroundings I would still be right in calling it white and not light grey. It could be that I use a more refined concept of white in, say, a laboratory (where, for example, I also use a more refined concept of precise determination of time).

6. What is there in favor of saying that green is a primary colour, not a blend of blue and yellow? Would it be right to say: "You can only know it directly by looking at the colours"? But how do I know that I mean the same by the words "primary colours" as some other person who is also inclined to call green a primary colour? No, – here language-games decide.

7. Someone is given a certain yellow-green (or blue-green) and told to mix a less yellowish (or bluish) one – or to pick it out from a number of colour samples. A less yellowish green, however, is not a bluish one (and vice versa), and there is also such a task as choosing, or mixing a green that is neither yellowish nor bluish. I say "or mixing" because a green does not become both bluish and yellowish because it is produced by a kind of mixture of yellow and blue.

8. People might have the concept of intermediary colours or mixed colours even if they never produced colours by mixing (in whatever sense). Their language-games might only have to do with looking for or selecting already existing intermediary or blended colours.

9. Even if green is not an intermediary colour between yellow and blue, couldn't there be people for whom there is bluish-yellow, reddish-green? I.e. people whose colour concepts deviate from ours – because, after all, the colour concepts of colour-blind people too deviate from those of normal people, and not every deviation from the norm must be a blindness, a defect.

10. Someone who has learnt to find or to mix a shade of colour that is more yellowish, more whitish or more reddish, etc., than a given shade of colour, i.e. who knows the concept of intermediary colours, is (now) asked to show us a reddish-green. He may simply not understand this order and perhaps react as though he had first been asked to point out regular four-, five-, and six-angled plane figures, and then were asked to point out a regular one-angled plane figure. But what if he unhesitatingly pointed to a colour sample (say, to one that we would call a blackish brown)?

[Não diz o número] 11. Someone who is familiar with reddish-green should be in a position to produce a colour series which starts with red and ends with green and which perhaps even for us constitutes a continuous transition between the two. We would then discover that at the point where we always see the same shade, e.g. of brown, this person sometimes sees brown and sometimes reddish-green. It may be, for example, that he can differentiate between the colours of two chemical compounds that seem to us to be the same colour and he calls one brown and the other reddish-green.

12. Imagine that all mankind, with rare exceptions, were red-green colour-blind. Or another case: everyone was either red-green or blue-yellow colour-blind.

13. Imagine a *tribe* of colour-blind people, and there could easily be one. They would not have the same colour concepts as we do. For even assuming they speak, e.g. English, and thus have all the English colour words, they would still use them differently than we do and would *learn* their use differently. Or if they have a foreign language, it would be difficult for us to translate their colour words into ours.

14. But even if there were also people for whom it was natural to use the expressions "reddish-green" or "yellowish-blue" in a consistent manner and who perhaps also exhibit abilities which we lack, we would still not be forced to recognize that they see *colours* which we do not see. There is, after all, no *commonly* accepted criterion for what is a colour, unless it is one of our colours.

15. In every serious philosophical question uncertainty extends to the very roots of the problem. We must always be prepared to learn something totally new.

16. The description of the phenomena of colorblindness is part of psychology: and therefore the description of the phenomena of normal vision, too? Psychology only describes the *deviations* of colour-blindness from normal vision.

17. Runge says (in the letter that Goethe reproduced in his *Theory of Colours*), there are transparent and opaque colours. White is an opaque colour. This shows the indeterminateness in the concept of colour or again in that of sameness of colour.

18. Can a transparent green glass have the same colour as a piece of opaque paper or not? If such a glass were depicted in a painting, the colours would not be transparent on the palette. If we wanted to say the colour of the glass was also transparent in the painting, we would have to call the complex of colour patches which depict the glass its *colour*.

19. Why is it that something can be transparent green but not transparent white? Transparency and reflections exist only in the dimension of depth of a visual image. The impression that the transparent medium makes is that something lies *behind* the medium. If the visual image is thoroughly monochromatic it cannot be transparent.

20. Something white behind a coloured transparent medium appears in the colour of the medium, something black appears black. According to this rule, black on a white background would have to be seen through a "white transparent" medium as through a colourless one.

21. Runge: "If we were to think of a bluish-orange, a reddish-green, or a yellowish-violet, we would have the same feeling as in the case of a southwesterly north wind… Both white and Black are opaque or solid… White water which is pure is as inconceivable as clear milk."

22. We do not want to establish a theory of colour (neither a physiological one nor a psychological one), but rather the logic of colour concepts. And this accomplishes what people have often unjustly expected of a theory.

23. "White water is inconceivable, etc." That means we cannot describe (e.g. paint), how something white and clear would look, and that means: we don't know what description, portrayal, these words demand of us.

24. It is not immediately clear what transparent glass we should say has the *same colour* as an opaque colour sample. If I say, "I am looking for glass of *this* colour" (pointing to a piece of coloured paper), that would mean roughly that something white seen through the glass should look like my sample. If the sample is pink, sky-blue or lilac, we will imagine the glass cloudy, but perhaps too as clear and only slightly reddish, bluish or violet.

25. In the cinema we can sometimes see the events in the film as if they lay behind the screen and it were transparent, rather like a pane of glass. The glass would be taking the colour away from things and allowing only white, grey and black to come through. (Here we are not doing physics, we are regarding white and black as colours just like green and red). – We might thus think that we are here imagining a pane of glass that could be called

white and transparent. And yet we are not tempted to call it that: so does the analogy with, e.g. a transparent green pane break down somewhere?

26. We would say, perhaps, of a green pane: it colours the things behind it green, above all the white behind it.

27. When dealing with logic, "One cannot imagine that" means: one doesn't know what one should imagine here.

28. Would we say that my fictitious glass pane in the cinema gave the things behind it a white colouring?

29. From the rule for the appearance of transparent coloured things that you have extracted from transparent green, red, etc., ascertain the appearance of transparent white! Why doesn't this work?

30. Every coloured medium darkens that which is seen through it, it swallows light: now is my white glass also supposed to darken? and the more

[Parte 2 – ouve-se novo tiro]

30. Every coloured medium darkens that which is seen through it, it swallows light: now is my white glass also supposed to darken? And the more so the thicker it is? So it would really be a dark glass!

[Não diz o número] 31. *Why* can't we imagine transparent-white glass, – even if there isn't any in actuality? Where does the analogy with transparent coloured glass go wrong?

32. Sentences are often used on the borderline between logic and the empirical, so that their meaning changes back and forth and they count now as expressions of norms, now as expressions of experience. (For it is certainly not an accompanying mental phenomenon – this is how we imagine "thoughts" - but the use, which distinguishes the logical proposition from the empirical one.)

33. We speak of the "colour of gold" and do not mean yellow. "Gold-coloured" is the property of a surface that shines or glitters.

34. There is the glow of red-hot and of white-hot: but what would brown-hot and grey-hot look like? Why can't we conceive of these as a lower degree of white-hot?

35. "Light is colourless". If so, then in the sense in which numbers are colourless.

36. Whatever *looks* luminous does not look grey. Everything grey looks as though it is being illuminated.

37. What we see as luminous we do not see as grey. But we can certainly see it as white.

38. I could, then, see something *now* as weakly luminous, *now* as grey.

39. I am not saying here (as the Gestalt psychologists do), that the *impression of white* comes about in such-and-such a way. Rather the question is precisely: what is the meaning of this expression, what is the logic of this concept?

40. For the fact that we cannot conceive of something "glowing grey" belongs neither to the physics nor to the psychology of colour.

[Lê o papel pousado na cadeira e diz: Number) 53. There is no such thing as phenomenology, but there are indeed phenomenological problems.

50. Snow Dancing, 2012

PHILIPPE PARRENO

… We are in a big building and an event is taking place.

You can find this kind of architecture in many cities. The building's original function has been forgotten but it still retains a certain aura.

It is resilient and appears to have had many different uses. It is a slightly troubled place.

You could say that the building has been preserved because of how it was designed, when really it is because of its size and location.

It has become a place for alternative events, although there is never a clear or distinct use for such a structure.

Now the building is old and belongs to the city.

Most of the time, things happened here by chance.

In mathematics, you start by saying 2 + 2 equals 5 in order to consider the possibility that 2 + 2 equals 4. Or if every x is y, and every y is z, therefore every x is z.

There is an incompleteness theorem that demonstrates that if an infinite number of propositions are underivable from the axioms of the system, they nevertheless still have the value of "truth" within that system.

By chance, we end up with a building with no clear function, a building that persists. Architecture by default.

This place could have been a hospital, a school, or any other kind of municipal building. Unsurprisingly, the interior is painted white. A faded white. A dirty and inconsistent white.

Shadows never really appear in this type of environment. The quality of light is uniform, even, and clear. The overall whiteness and the number of light fixtures elude the possibility of shadows.

The effect is not dissimilar to the lighting on the set of a TV sitcom. You are not supposed to notice much difference among the characters. Careful consideration is required before a shadow is cast.

Shadows create the potential for disguise and can conceal or reveal the true appearance of objects and people. Shadows add complexity. The even quality of light in the building allows everyone to participate on an equal level.

This reflects an ideological commitment. If you start playing with the lighting, the effect is extreme. A party could quickly turn into a nightmare.

This is the kind of building that is chosen for renovation. Any architect would inevitably decide to keep the basic structure while applying a new set of aesthetically sympathetic refinements.

Buildings like this are the legacy of industrial decline. Places that are left behind. A bankrupt place.

Our building is a large, flexible space that has recently been vacated. You sense an assembly line may once have operated here. There is little evidence of it now. Only the feeling that things were once produced in this space.

There is a sense of people coming together to engage in various activities. It is a new sort of assembly line. Not a machine aesthetic, yet there is a sense of interaction that projects something on a grand scale.

Because of its vast emptiness, it has many possibilities. This building allows special things to happen.

Although it was never intended to be an exhibition space, it has somehow become a place where art or people can be displayed.

Perhaps there is a comparison between the nature of this building and the nature of the party/promotion/event proposed in this book.

You can see traces of the past – functional debris, plugs, switches, and machines. Heavy machinery has left indents and marks across the floor.

Memories of the building's past have to be excavated, not concealed. Skylights and riggings punctuate the ceiling.

There are places on the walls where things used to be hung, well-made holes, and remnants of a false ceiling. You can see that large areas have been painted and repainted many times.

Temporary walls have been built and removed - traces of different trade exhibitions and fairs. Painted outlines remain.

Think of the way an animated film is constructed. Visible marks are the outlines of a forgotten cartoon. It may take some effort, but the past can always be reanimated.

Clumps of ultra-thin fiberglass fibers fix the light an attract attention like angels' hair .Pale dust has fallen where plaster, wood, and paint have been sanded.

Think of the storeroom as the attic or basement of an old house where you find things that evoke memories, stacked up in no particular order.

The storeroom reveals the history of our building in a disorganized yet very specific way.
Smoke clouds produced by a power plant construct dreamscapes – a cloud factory. It is a place where images as powerful as those prompted by scudding clouds can be generated and used.

It could be said that the ghosts of the previous tenants have left tracks. At the same time that you confront a series of precise images you must face blurry traces of the past.

Concerts seem to have taken place here. Remnants of blackout cloth lie on the floor.

Every now and then, you come across a fragment that appears to have separated from a giant stage built for a specific event. Each one is painted a different, bright color, yet much is missing. These micro-stages give the feeling of an amusement park.

At times, people have attempted to reinvent simple tools for forgotten jobs.

If we imagine a children's Christmas party of the past, one of the balls used to decorate the tree might now have a new life as a doorknob.

This reveals that there is a degree of recycling going on. Not just recycling objects, but reprocessing events and adapting things for temporary uses.

These experiments have left a series of clues that can be used to create future memories. There is a serious element to this reuse, giving the various components a new life.

Leaflets lying around on the floor or torn and faded posters are still visible in quiet areas. They allude to a carnival from 1978.

Plastic flippers for people to wear and glasses, which bear Flipper the Dolphin's smiling aquatic face, dedicated to the memory of this '70s television star, are lying around. If you read the signs carefully, you realize that a sea-bound mammal had once been of great importance.

You can come across a room full of old fairground equipment, stuff that was probably too bulky to take away or became obsolete during the winter carnival break. Beach balls, kites, parasols, and windsurfers ready for summer litter the storage spaces.

We are considering a secular space that is waiting for something to happen – used for everything and nothing. An illusion of tolerance exists within the fabric of the place. Something inherent in its availability means whatever goes on inside poses no challenge to society.

You can find a list of regulations written by the city department to define uses of the building. The list is very similar to the book *A Brief History of Time*.

Reading these regulations reveals the peculiar non-functionality of the non-program. *A Brief History of Space*.

Carefully designed flyers and leaflets with different logos are scattered everywhere. Some of the best are framed and hang behind the various bars around the building. Yet the logos do not give a clear indication of the social goals of the people who have used this place.

At the event, each bartender displays photos or former customers, but only after they have died. Examining them, one can follow the shifting images of the groups that have used this building. These memories take pride of place alongside the framed logos and flyers.

Outside on the building is a billboard showing what it could have been – a proposition to renovate the site. These large painted and printed wooden panels were a common sight during the '80s.

There is an important distinction between a billboard that promotes the city's intentions and a banner that provides a fully illustrated guide, something that tries to sell the project. In this case, we are looking at an ideal proposal.

The computer-generated rendering shows a transformed place with glass curtain walls and neo-industrial detailing – a perfect third – generation postmodern artifact at night, or a TV channel's headquarters, or an architectural reference to domestic appliances that has been overstated.

The whole impression is similar to the effect a Pink Floyd album cover made in the late '70s.

The building is draped in a large banner, an image of what it could have been if only someone had cared.

Additionally, there is a large sign welcoming the architect. It is clear that the city has been waiting for a long time. In fact, it has been waiting for this architect since the early '80s.

The place has no name and this loss of fixed identity denies the building a specific role in the community and reveals a loss of political will on the part of the city, transferring responsibility.

There are no official street signs in the neighborhood or anywhere else that tell you how to find the building. It becomes the responsibility of each event organizer to provide directions to its citizens.

Events take place during the day as well as at night. When there is nothing scheduled, the building is used as a parking garage. It is perfect for this.

An old man employed as a caretaker. He has a little shelter where he can sit and wait. This shelter was the terminus of a forgotten bus line. No one can remember the bus number, yet the bus shelter is always covered with information.

The street signs for our event are all handwritten. The directions are painted over signs from past events. These handwritten signs are like the bus line that no longer runs.

If you choose to follow these signs, you will find the building. Yet none of these signs leads directly there.

The practice of putting up street signs is known as the purloined letter. It is a form of subversion that is practiced openly. This whole process has nothing to do with pretending. A letter always reaches its destination.

People travel haphazardly around town, like they were on a treasure hunt. Their movements leave a trace on the city.

The outside walls of our building are covered in layers of political slogans. As a result, you might say the building can speak.

It could tell us something.

Most of the graffiti was made with a stencil rather than freehand, so pieces of stencils with different spray-paint colors lie on the ground like unintelligible fragments. Old posters have been cut up to create new images. Publicity slogans explode the poster format.

Despite its status as a ward of the city, the building could be described as schizophrenic.

Once you have anthropomorphized a place, you need to describe it in psychological terms. The building has a multiple personality disorder.

You have entered a closed environment, with all the paranoia that results from a sealed situation. We are in a place that has all the elements required to form a community.

Think of the building as a small metropolis, with a network of streets and a town squared. Over time, through the application of a city model, it has been transformed into a usable city.

If the building is a city then it must have a name. Or maybe a whole series of names - proper names like Angela, Edouard, or Jack. Now the place has a personality that somehow reflects the participants.

The building has everything that is required to proceed with a narrative.

The building has been resistant to any clearly defined political program. The space is a projection of the people and vice-versa. The people who take part, whether actively or passively, are manifested by the building and thus by our event.

All these traces, people ideas, and objects exist inside an abstract explosion.

To continually reinvent a form of the social is to avoid domestication.

When someone organizes a promotional event for a new electronic product, they might make a large version of the object out of Styrofoam. Broken pieces of Styrofoam are spread around the building as if you were inside the product. The object cannot be avoided.

Everyone is operating within an exploded product, like Jonah in the belly of the whale.

The building is experienced as if it were a large-scale version of the product or service that is the subject of this promotional event.

Everything operates through corporate identity.

A game is being played, which requires deciphering. The game must be played for the pleasure of playing.

There is one doorway in the building. It functions as both the entrance and the exit. When you stand outside, you see an illuminated EXIT sign and when you stand inside, you see an illuminated ENTRANCE sign. The colors used for these signs are not the usual colors so they do not provide the familiar cues.

There is no difference between the way in and the way out. The result is that it is quite simple to come and go.

We must now describe the people attending the event. They are eclectic, yet an eclecticism that has become the standard. In other words, diversity is normal.

As with the building itself, there is no dominant style for the people who happen to be here. If you start to try and define a dress code for them, everything collapses.

People are dressed in a way that indicates effort has been made, but without intending to produce real meaning. Details are not discussed but accepted as long as they create diversity.

Everyone's appearance is precise. A degree of sophistication is visible in a clear visual language capable of being read by everyone.

Baggy, shapeless, faded jeans that make people appear blurred and ill-defined are popular. This corresponds to a way of seeing the world like a soft focus fashion spread. Some people are wearing eyeglasses, not to correct their vision but to blur it slightly to mimic a popular form of fashion advertising.

It is pleasurable to see the world slightly out of focus. It helps one come to terms with marketing.

Think about a washing detergent advertisement where two items of clothing are washed in different detergents. One remains clear and colorful; the other is left faded and ill-defined.

At the event, some people are faded and other people are dressed in a rather rigid way, wearing stiff clothing. It is almost as if their jackets are too exacting for them, as effect that you get when you put on new clothing for the first time.

Some people like their jackets or trousers to always be new, expensive-looking, and slightly uncomfortable, clothes designed by famous fashion designers or convincing fakes.

Other people enjoy the padding found in cheap anoraks. They deliberately tear these coats to reveal the thick, white, cotton interior.

Everyone is the embodiment of a dress code. Although there are many different styles of clothing, it is clear people have thought hard about the way they should look.

Imagine a dinner attended by people from several different countries. They all might agree to speak a common language in order to be understood. Or they might decide to talk in a mix of languages.

You can always participate. You don't have to be like anyone else. You are supposed to be at the same time similar and dissimilar to everyone else.

IDENTICAL AND DIFFERENT is a slogan that you can see in many rooms. People want to be like other people while at the same time maintaining a strong identity.

You can see people with a hairstyle that is long at the back but short and neatly cut at the sides and top. Soccer players used to have this look. It's a haircut that has been carefully considered; this haircut reveals an identification with the working class.

The people who do not have the energy to create a hairstyle wear wigs that don't require so much effort. At the party, there is a place to buy a wig so people can change their look at any moment.

Some people are wearing big heavy engineer's boots, while others are wearing the kind of footwear that you might put on to go scuba diving. Others wear a kind of boot that would be worn to play basketball.

Each type of footwear completely covers the foot and ankle. Like the shapeless clothes that disguise the body, it is difficult to see the foot with any degree of precision.

You can visit a shoemaker at the party. The shoemaker will cut revolutionary slogans into the soles of your shoes.

People leave tracks in the dirt and dust on the floor, reminiscent of the first footprints on the moon.

The shoemaker works fast, taking about a minute to do soles.

People can get keys cut at the same time. The locksmith generally cuts the same key over and over. By the end of the party, he may have made five hundred copies of the key that opens all of the doors, cupboards, and drawers in the building.

The place belongs to the community, so if you lock a door, anyone can open it.

There are other shops where you can put together a look. People pick out different items to compose an outfit. The shopkeepers ignore you.

Some people choose Day-Glo clothes, like the kind of luminous vests worn by railway workers. Safety clothes workwear.

Like in Formula One, people are covered in logos.

Inevitably some people at the event look as if they are sponsored, with color schemes derivative of various labels.

Most of the participants at the party are locals. Even the people coming from a long distance look like they are locals.

People dance a lot. Maybe this defines their level of commitment. Others just drink. There are no children. They stay outside and wait in cars or buses looked after by an old man.

It is important to consider the ages of the people at the event.

People are often divided up this way. This event is populated by people living in the first half of any particular decade – people between twenty and twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five, forty and forty-five, and so on.

Everyone seems able to spend the same amount of money. Wealth is not revealed by people's spending habits. Maybe this is because everything here is free.

However, there is a difference in the way people speak. It does not necessarily betray class. And anyway, a lot of people can alter their accent.

Homogenization is helped by the fact that people are wearing so many layers of clothes that it is hard to tell if they are beautiful or ugly.

Some might say that everyone is perfect. The general impression is that people are handsome, charming, and sexy, but maybe a bit fat, tall, or short.

People carry cigarettes but don't smoke, referencing movies from the '50s and '60s. Smoking is part of the look, maybe taking a couple of drags and then throwing the cigarette away. This gesture is appreciated. It is symbolic and demonstrative of the perception that people have the ability to change their minds.

A lot of discussions take place, but nothing of any great significance is said.

Some of the people are really engaged, almost as if they are being paid to have a good time. This is not dissimilar to Euro Disney, where you cannot tell who is being paid to work and who is a customer.

Some people are the motor of the event. At our event, you don't know exactly who animates whom.

Everyone is part of the same story. Like in Manga, where each character has a complex formulation that frequently changes from episode to episode or from story to story. Narratives are stretched and the stories have no specific end.

The active people sometimes prefix a name with "our" as in "Our Wallace" or "our Hugh." Each participant could be the son or the daughter of another person at the party. These relationships give some of the interactions a history and a storyline.

There are also passive groups, those who take observer status. They don't react. They read a lot, talk a great deal, and sometimes exchange pictures taken during the event. In the same way that children make collections of things, the passive groups pass photos around.

It is not clear what they say to each other. Mumbling a bit.
Conversations are difficult to overhear. The passive people stick together.

There is a young postman moving around the building. He has rather bad skin. In fact, he has an extremely red face.

A bit like a disc jockey, instead of music he distributes information such as leaflets advertisements. You can rationalize his presence if you bear in mind the significance of the postman in certain naïve art and art brut.

He moves around giving things to people for no apparent reason. Conversation starters. He points out that the flyers are very beautiful as he hands them out. Inventing stories to backup the promotional material. Mail with no words, only images from Sony, Agfa, or Fiat.

He is a central figure, part of a metaphor of the building as a city. The postman has the news in his hands rather than projected like a TV newscaster. He deals face to face with the citizens.

People at the event enjoy playing. Games remind people of their constant interaction and existence. For them, play allows access to power.

These are not ordinary games but abstract ones, where the rules can always change. It is hard to control a situation where the rules change constantly. Rules, etiquette, and the nature of game-playing are discussed continually.

Dominant power structures in society like government and bureaucracy are not successful games because they do not understand the potential of play.

During our event, everything is viewed in terms of gaming. It is a general view. By extension, all existence must be seen in these terms.

The entire world is the domain where the creative impulse of the party can be deployed. Think about the re-soled shoes; then you can start to imagine that the whole community is linked together by playful but not imposed ideals.

This is the key to the revolutionary impulse of this promotional event.

The way work is organized gives some clue, for it seems as if the impulse is to devote energy to the creation of the idea of community.

This seems to be the only fixed rule.

Establishing a separate group provokes the implosion of society as a whole.

Sometimes men adopt a fighting stance when they greet each other, like the way they feign punches when they meet in a rowdy bar. Although they look as if they are about to fight, it never happens.

Some people kiss the wind when they meet.

People eat as much as they drink. Everyone is drunk, but nobody wants to let it show. Does this mean that nobody is drunk?

Staying alone is difficult. The loner always attracts attention. You have to keep moving because if you remain still, everyone notices.

There is a form of body language where people are constantly touching their ears, mouth, and eyes. They appear to be nervous, rearranging and checking their appearance, as if some facial features were not fixed or were prosthetic.

Many people wear headphones and sunglasses out of habit. They are used to wearing headgear. After a while, perhaps they consider their features to be accessories purchased from Sony.

Money is rarely discussed and, if so, only metaphorically. People talk freely and openly about sex and love. This introduces a level of slang that blurs the distinction between rich and poor.

To be creative at a party is indicative of control over a situation. Through continuous play comes pleasure.

There is a collection of old Coca-Cola bottles from the '50s to be admired on top of a bar. Wheat beer is popular. There is also a collection of illegal spirits, absinthe, poteen, and moonshine.

Bloody Marys are available for people who have hangovers. If you get sick after drinking, these it looks like vomiting blood, as if there were no difference between the interior and exterior of the body.

There are many types of herbal infusions. Smart drinks are popular. Milkshakes and broccoli juice also sell well.

Insults are freely traded, but are insignificant. No one takes offence. You can call someone names, but they will probably just offer you a drink.

In certain festivals in Italy, old objects are thrown out of the window when they are replaced by something new. This ritual is a form of symbolic renewal, a fireworks display of domestic objects.

A lot of the furniture at the event is made of balsa wood. The bottles and lamps are also designed by high-profile designers and made out of sugar. Like the furniture, they are made to be broken. If people feel like breaking things, they just go ahead and throw or smash them.

There is a collection of rare Beach Boys tracks; each track has its own player. There is a whole wall of Compact Disc players and cassette decks. An old man is in charge of setting the machinery and turning on each deck. He works his way across the room from left to right.

The volume is variable. Sometimes it is very loud, at other times it is extremely quiet. This is an unpredictable process.

Much of the music is remixed to work against the convention of classic rock; remixes of concrete music from the '60s, re-mastered Boulez, recordings of different noises played back, ambient remixes. Sometimes there is no music at all; then for three minutes or so, there is silence.

It is like a soundtrack to a movie without images, an effect not dissimilar to the music that accompanies cartoons on television. Without looking at the pictures, it is possible to imagine what is going on.

There are discreet and effective small loudspeakers. But in order to create a stronger impression, there are also really big speakers placed around the building to make people feel good, even though they are empty and silent.

From time to time, everyone leaves the dance floor because some of the music is not danceable, as it is too brutal, too slow, or just inappropriate. The decision not to stop dancing is hard to predict.

The music is interrupted in three different ways. One changes the mood of the audience through additional noises. Another alters the sense of where you are by the use of filters.

A third type of sound alters the perception of time, using the kind of noises heard at Christmas, like sleigh bells, holiday songs, church choirs, party noises, and snoring.

Changing the music alters the environment, which might become like a swimming pool, a train station, an airport, a school, or the countryside.

Various graphic equalizers are used to remove parts of the music. Elements like the vocals, the bass, the drums, or even parts of the ambient environmental atmospherics can be isolated.

One of the mini-stages is dedicated to a microphone on a tripod. People who wear personal stereos go on stage and hang their headphones over the microphone so others can hear what they are listening to. Although it sounds quite distorted, it is another way of sharing music at this event.

People are driving around the local area in cars, sounding horns and klaxons that make animal noises. Some cars have sound systems that take up the entire back seat. This produces a car concert with a mess of sound.

Sometimes the music is interrupted to promote products. The DJ speaks at length in a very precise way. When promoting Sega, for example, there is a description about the video games and all its features, rather than a visual presentation of the computer itself. You hear about the product rather than seeing it.

There are mainly technical presentations by the DJs. Some presentations explain the social benefits of the promotional object or product. Most of the time, the audience is unaware of which product or service is being pitched.

Some people listen. Others read books, especially this book.

There are people who like to talk about the weather. This is a common conversation. Sometimes, through the main door, you can see snow, rain, or even lightning, with all the sound effects to heighten the sense of the weather.

People even go outside to see if it is really snowing. This experience is all part of the dynamic movement that surrounds the event.

There are advertisements for impossible products, such as television screens that can be used like pieces of paper. You can scrunch them up and throw them into the trash, or fold them up and put them in your pocket – a sort of cross between a newspaper and television.

There are other promotional campaigns for surface cleaners, products for wiping down smooth surfaces, where the demonstration is the reason for the product to exist.

These items are circulated and swapped. There is great demand for new products as people at the party rapidly consume ideas.

It is important to understand how to arrive and leave the event. There is no big announcement of *the end* like in a movie. The event might have started at any time, with no specific opening hour.

The windows can be manipulated, like when shooting a movie. Projections of sunrises, sunsets, and other atmospheric changes, visible through the entrance/exit doorway, make it feel like it is any time of day or night.

A booth promotes Radio Reality, a radio station hosted by a blind Stevie Wonder fan. It records and broadcasts simultaneously. There are no commercials, but clothes are given away that carry advertising for the radio station.

Radio Reality is the only programmatic event of the party.

The recording will be rebroadcast everyday at the same time. Every day you can hear the same predictable show.

Cameras and video recorders are not allowed. Retaining a clear memory of the event will be extremely difficult. The only record of the party is sound-based. Only through imagination and participation can people take an image of the event away.

Sometimes the music stops and people begin moving toward the door, but suddenly it starts again and everyone streams back in. the event ends when music stops in mid-track. Everyone leaves immediately.

There is no announcement. People have no idea whether this party will last for one hour or twenty minutes. Because the length of the event is unknown, everyone is always ready to leave.

There is a doorman at the entrance who is very good at recognizing people. He is also a good judge character based on facial appearance. However he is blindfolded.

A colleague who is unable to move is next to the doorman, tied to a chair, incapable of any physical activity.

At the right time, when the music has finally stopped, people stream out past the doorman and his immobile colleague. The mood is subdued.

People just leave, not making any fuss, not rushing, just moving away. There isn't a lengthy period spent milling around, talking, and looking at cars. Nobody hangs around discussing the event.

At the end of this party, there's just a group of people quietly going on their way…

English Translation

26
Landscape
1980

And it was a drag. (drug?)
I remember.
I used to love pinneaples, then.
I adored pinneaples.
MMMMhhhh.
I used to stick a couple of wheels into a big juicy pineapple and pretend I was a delivery truck.
They were yellow and green.
Colour has always been important.
Shape, also.
I also remember the nights.
Warm summer nights,
Mosquitos all around.
Sitting down on the porch.
Dad used to sing the blues.
Awful tunes.
He couldn't sing...
He can't sing.
The house was a huge triangle in the night.
A blue triangle.
I remember darting my maid's legs of little pin arrows.
You know, those plastic tubes and you make a kind of paper dart and glue a pin on top and bath (breath??). You blow and it really hurts.
She screamed and shouted.
But it was just sexual. I think.
She was white and fat. And I was small and I recall seeing her fat legs going up an down the house. And that was it.
My cousin came to stay with us for a while.
She was ugly, but, she was somehow... she was sexy.
She had small breasts. I didn't really know what breasts were by then. But I remember they were soft and warm.
My grandmother used to go to the market. And I used to stay home with my cousin.
Sitting down with her. Very still. Holding one of her tits.
She never allowed me to have look at them though.
Just holding very still, very warm.
One day my dog got lost and I cried. Boy, I cried a lot.
Fly, it was.
My dog was white and furry and I had those little plastic soldiers.
You don't get them anymore.
And I used to lie down in bed, naked, the heat was too much.
I was really alone.
I was Tarzan under the sheets.
A big black cave.
And then the fever. I was very hot and my eyes twinkled.
And that heavy dark, dark red fabric holding me from the light.
My fingers were very important.
They held all my secrets.
And I make all kinds of animal forms with my hands against the light.
I used to sing to myself. And spin my body in front of the mirror when there was no one in the house.
I had a small wooden box, just like this one.
And there was that old De Soto, black and rusting under my window.
It had no wheels.
Shit. I feel so tired.

[English in the Original]

32
Charm
2001

Hey!
Yes, you. Come over here.
I have something to tell you.
Come closer, I want you to come very close, so that you're almost touching me.
Good, now I'm going to tell you something very special, written by a very special person just for you. Listen carefully:
'The servant asks:
— More champagne?
She's sitting in the middle of the aquarium, bathed in the light that streams through the glass windows. Outside the seagulls flap against the glass in a white silence.
She says:
— I'm waiting for you and I don't know who you are. I want to fuck you in my head.
She's shut in the glass box of the hotel restaurant. From the top floor of the hotel you can see the dead city, fallen down below. The city is penetrated by a languid semen-coloured river covered in seagulls.
She says:
— I want you to fuck me.
She looks at the customers of the aquarium. She chooses one. She needs one who will make her come.
She says:
— I choose you. You have blade eyes, knife eyes, fucking eyes. You're at the next table with another woman.
She says:
— I want to fuck you in the eyes of this woman who's yours. Look at me, a body on heat, I'm beautiful. You know I can fuck all the men I want.
She fucks men in her head, without names, she does this every day.
She says:
— I bring you close to me, you belong to me.
He gives her a sidelong glance, interested. She says:
— Sit down, don't speak, obey me, take off my shoes. Your arm slips under the table and touches me halfway.
He has his hand on warm skin, he rests it on the legs that are opening to him.
His hand seeks earth, the wet forest. She says:
— Find me, I fit entirely in your hand. Come in and out of my body with the longing of your fingers.
Her bare foot touches him. It points and she grasps him with her toes until he closes his lips in pain. His hand bites her lips, occupies her entirely, enters her caves waiting for her to scream. She says:
— I open myself, I soak you, I restrain myself when you enter me fully and ask for pain. You bury yourself in my flesh from the front, from behind. Fingers oiled with sex and sweat, skin burning.
His hand comes out and moves over her, moist, searching. His finger smells of her and she wants the smell of him. He twists her nipple.
She says:
— I give you head, I feel you getting close, I stop. Don't come, do as I say. What I want.

He falls to his knees on the floor. She says:

— Go down on me. Your tongue knows all my hidden secrets, my forbidden secrets. Make me come. Hold my thighs with your hands, pin me down.

Her dress comes undone and she's naked. She says:

— I don't have anything on my skin except your mouth and your desire. Go down on me.

She says:

— Take your lips off my lips. Look inside me. For the last time I want to come.

He disobeys her. He fucks her hard, buries himself fully, sucks her mouth, bites her throat. She says:

— I can't escape. Am I going to come?

The servant asks:

— More champagne?

He's at the next table with another woman. She says:

— I want to see you, I don't want to come.

He holds her wrists and comes. A river of colourless semen.

She says:

— Bury the blade of your eyes in my neck, kill me.

— More champagne?

She says:

— I'm satisfied.

He looks at her, interested, on the next table, as if it were true.

She says:

— I tell you lies with my eyes. I'm beautiful. I'll let you fuck me if you want. I just want everything once.

He looks at her interested. In truth

it doesn't last. She says:

— I like the blade of your eyes. I want more.

She continues. She finishes her drink and passes her tongue over her teeth. She says:

— I bite myself as if it were you.

— More champagne?

— Yes, I want more.'

And that's it. You can leave. Don't come back.

Inserts 3:

You can't leave yet. Did I say I was finished? You're going to have to stay here and hear me until the end.

Where do you think you're going? I haven't finished yet. You're going to have to hear me until the end.

Where do you think you're going? You can't leave yet. You can only leave when I finish.

Hey, hey, where do you think you're going? You can't leave like that... You can only leave when I finish.

I've almost finished, alright?

Where do you think you're going? Did I say you could leave? Did I? No? You're going to have to hear until the end.

You can't leave! You can't leave yet. You'll have to stay and hear until the end.

Where are you going? Come back here now! Hey, come back here, I haven't finished yet.

[Portuguese in the Original]

33
Close
2001

I had a rabbit's foot when I was a kid. It was supposed to bring luck. I used to carry it around all the time. I can't really remember when I stopped. I don't know...maybe I lost it or maybe it was traded away. I used to do that a lot when I was a kid, trade stuff. You may not think it to look at me now, but I was a bit of a tomboy. Girls didn't usually do that sort of thing.

It' s funny when you think about all the activities that is supposed to bring you luck: crossing your fingers, touching wood..that sort of thing. You have to wonder why someone thought those actions might change the course of things. You know...how touching wood or crossing fingers would make things work out on a way that.. well, they wouldn't have otherwise.

You know what's weird about a rabbit's foot? What's weird is its existence is based on the possible torture... Well, or the very least, the complete lack of luck on the part of the animal. Does the rabbit's luck suddenly transfer to the person who gets his foot? Well, and if that's the thinking, how lucky was the animal to start off with? I mean, if he was really lucky, it'd still have his foot. Right? The only reason... Well, the only way you can actually get a rabbit's foot is to kill the rabbit. Or... do you think they cut off its feet before they kill it?

Now, as far as I'm concerned, the really lucky animals are starfish. If you cut off one of its legs, it will grow back. Ok, here's a question: what would it take to get people to start using starfish as charms? Mmh? How would you start a tradition like that? Who would it take to use a starfish's foot for a charm to make it popular? Ok... here is a theory: maybe the reason rabbit's feet were considered lucky was that if you cut off a rabbit's foot it couldn't run around anymore. So that way, if you're feeding it and it couldn't run around, its meat would get less muscular, more fatty. I guess it's the same theory about veal, isn't it? That's why they keep them in pens. It makes the meat taste better... more succulent. But the thing is: if you kept a rabbit in a small enough cage, you wouldn't need to cut its feet off. Or... maybe that got the idea of fatting them up after they cut off their feet for charms. What do you think? Mmh? You don't have much to say about these things, do you?

Anyway, what got me thinking about rabbit's feet was that that was the only time I've ever heard a rabbit scream. Have you ever heard a rabbit scream? It sounds exactly like a child. It's the strangest thing to see a rabbit making a sound that sounds like a human baby.It's...unh... it's like they become possessed for that moment, like they're almost about to transform into another being. It freaked me right out.

What got me thinking about that? Oh, right, I used to have a pet rabbit, Bartholomew was its name. Every few weeks I'd have to cut his nails. Of course, in the wild they'd wear their nails down by running around and digging. But with pet rabbits you have to clip them. And one time I clipped it too close to its foot. It took a piece out of his flesh and

it started to bleed. That's when it screamed.

Oh...speaking of blood and feet, do you know about the original Cinderela story? Well, in the original, when the glass slipper doesn't fit the ugly stepsister's foot, the stepmother uses a knife to cut her foot to make it fit. And that's how the prince realizes that the slipper isn't hers. Because he sees the blood to the glass. Dripping over the edge.

Good story, unh? Makes you wonder why they changed it. Well that's a silly question. you can imagine why they changed it: it's because they thought it wasn't appropriate for children. But maybe the story wasn't intended for children. Maybe it was intended as a warning to adults. Maybe the warning was: if something doesn't fit, it's not supposed to fit. Mmh?

Funny how things change. How they evolve... It's just like that rabbit I was telling you about. I mean, I can't imagine what it would be like to scream like another animal. To so completely transform yourself that you become something else. What do you think? Unh? Mmh? A cat got your tongue?

[English in Original]

34
Doppelgänger
2001

LEFT-HAND SCREEN
Woman: Hello
Man: Hello, have you gone yet?
W: No, not yet.
M: Why not?
W: I don't know. It's still early. Why didn't you call sooner?
M: Oh, you know. I had a lot to do. I've got my own problems. You know that.
W: So what? What's that got to do with it.
M: Sorry. Sometimes I forget. I guess I'm an idiot. I start to look at things... to look at the sea, to think of you... and I get caught up. And it's like... like my head's going to explode.
W: What's going on? Are you not feeling well? Why don't you go to the doctor? I get that too sometimes; my head starts pounding and spinning. Like... like... like a fly going in circles looking for somewhere to land.
M: And fever?
W: All the time. My head feels like it's going to burst, noise is almost unbearable, my head spins, round and round and round.
M: Don't be a pain, for fuck's sake. There's always something wrong, some excuse. Fucking hell. Decide what you want to do already.
W: Why do I always have to decide? Why should I decide again? It's always me! It's always me who makes all the decisions!
M: Just because, damn it.
W: Fucking hell, I'm starting to get fed up. You're useless, damn it.
M: We've barely started talking and are already fighting, for fuck's sake! I'm starting to get fed up with this, damn it. You might as well forget about it and not go at all.
W: What's so important there anyway? Why do I have to go? What I need to do is stop fucking around and think about the future.
M: Ahhhh... but this moment now is the moment right before the future.
W: Go to hell, arsehole.

RIGHT-HAND SCREEN
Woman: Hello.
Man: Hello, have you gone yet?
W: No, not yet.
M: Why not?
W: I don't know. It's still early. Why didn't you call sooner?
M: You know. I had a lot of work. I've got my own problems. You know that.
W: So what? I don't see how that's got anything to do with it.
M: Sorry. Sometimes I forget. I start to look at things. I guess I'm an idiot. I start to look at the sea, to think of you... and I get caught up. And it feels like... like my head's going to explode.
W: What's up? Are you not feeling well? Why don't you go to the doctor? That happens to me too sometimes; my head starts pounding and spinning. Like... like... like... a fly going in circles looking for somewhere to land.
M: And fever?
W: All the time. My head feels like it's going to burst, noise is almost unbearable, my head spins... round and round and round.
M: Don't be a pain. There's always something wrong, some excuse. Fucking hell. Decide what you want to do already.
W: But why do I always have to decide? Why should I decide again? It's always me! It's always me who has to make all the decisions!
M: Just because.
W: Fucking hell, I'm starting to get fed up. You're useless, damn it.
M: We've barely started talking and are already fighting. For fuck's sake. I'm starting to get fed up with this. You might as well forget about it and not go at all.
W: What's there that's so important anyway? Why do I have to go there? What I need to do is stop fucking around and think about the future.
M: Ahh... but this moment now is the moment right before the future.
W: Go to hell, arsehole.

REPETITION
LEFT-HAND SCREEN
Woman: Hello.
Man: Hello, have you gone yet?
W: No, not yet.
M: Why not?
W: I don't know. It's still early. Why didn't you call sooner?
M: Oh, you know. I had a lot to do. I've got my own problems, you know that.
W: So what? I don't see how that can have anything to do with it.
M: Sorry. Sometimes I forget. I guess I'm an idiot. I start to look at things... to look at the sea, to think of you... and I get caught up. And it's like... like my head's going to explode.
W: What's going on? Are you not feeling well? Why don't you go to the doctor? I also get that sometimes; my head starts pounding and spinning. Like... like... like... a fly going in circles looking for somewhere to land.
M: And fever?
W: All the time. My head feels like it's going to burst, noise is almost unbearable, my head spins...

round and round and round.
M: Don't be a pain, for fuck's sake! There's always something wrong, some excuse. But fucking hell. Decide what you want to do already.
W: Why do I always have to decide what I've got to do? Why should I decide again? It's always me! It's always me who has to make all the decisions!
M: Just because, damn it.
W: Fucking hell, I'm starting to get fed up. You're useless, damn it.
M: We've barely started talking and are already fighting. For fuck's sake! I'm starting to get fed up with this, damn it. You might as well forget about it and not go at all.
W: What's there that's so important anyway? Why do I have to go there? What I need to do is stop fucking around and think about the future.
M: Ahhh... but this moment now is the moment right before the future.
W: Go to hell, arsehole.

RIGHT-HAND SCREEN
Woman: Hello
Man: Hello, have you gone yet?
W: No, not yet.
M: Why not?
W: I don't know. It's still early. Why didn't you call sooner?
M: Oh, you know. I had a lot to do. I've got my own problems. You know that.
W: So what? I don't see how that's got anything to do with it.
M: Sorry. Sometimes I forget. I start to look at things. I guess I'm an idiot. I start to look at the sea, to think of you... and I get caught up. And it's like... like my head's going to explode.
W: But what's up? Are you not feeling well? Why don't you go to the doctor? I also get that sometimes; my head starts pounding, starts spinning. Like... like... like a fly going in circles looking for somewhere to land.
M: And fever?
W: All the time. My head feels like it's going to burst and noise is almost unbearable, my head spins, round and round and round.
M: Don't be a pain. There's always something wrong, some excuse. Fucking hell. Decide what you want to do already.
W: Why do I always have to decide? Why should I decide again? It's always me! It's always me who has to make all the decisions!
M: Just because, damn it.
W: Fucking hell. I'm starting to get fed up. You're useless, damn it.
M: We've barely started talking, we're already fighting. For fuck's sake. I'm starting to get fed up with this. You might as well forget about it and not go at all.
W: What's so important there anyway? Why do I have to go there? What I should do is stop fucking around and think about the future.
M: Aha... but this moment now is the moment right before the future.
W: Go to hell, arsehole.

[Portuguese in the Original]

37
Lacan's Assumption
2003

Beat the eggs and sugar in a bain-marie, making sure the bowl doesn't touch the water, until they form a thick cream. Remove from the bain-marie and continue to beat until the mixture cools. Beat in the cream. Fold in the flour and the chocolate. Pour into a greased and floured cake tin and put in the oven for twenty minutes. Remove from the tin and allow to cool. For the ganache, melt the chocolate in a bain-marie and put to one side. Dissolve the gelatine in warm water. Add the glucose, passion fruit juice and cognac. Add the chocolate and mix well. Beat the cream and gently fold into the chocolate mixture. Line the same tin you used for the cake with greaseproof paper and put the cake in the bottom. Brush with the passion fruit jam and pour over the ganache. Leave in the fridge for four hours until the ganache sets. Prepare a mould the same size as the bottom of the cake tin and melt and temper the semi-sweet chocolate. Fill the mould with the chocolate, scatter with the passion fruit seeds and allow to set. Invert the cake and cover with the chocolate. Serve chilled.

[Portuguese in the Original]

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cat
That killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That wake the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn

That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the farmer sowing the corn
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn
That wake the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

[English in the Original]

38
Drift
2003

His hands weighed on mine, arm and body weighed on those hands curled up in mine, as if all of him wanted to fall into a pile of dirty clothes at the feet of the chair where he was sitting. It wasn't a nice secret I deciphered, but a vulgar story and he began to cry. Over the shine of his skin, the shine of his tears. He was a man who (XXX) by crying, he didn't carry that extreme pain that leads to withdrawal, to repulsion or to compassion, but a sadness he didn't share. He was just there crying about nothing he knew, his head lowered onto my shoulder and stayed there, soaking my jumper with his tears and shaking with sobs. I said to him: – Wait. I moved his head away and held it in my hands without knowing what to do with it. A horrible bibelot for which there is no place. So I slowly released it and it stayed trembling in the air, disfigured with tears, bathed in a wet shine that to the (...mosaics...) his flattened hair looked like a wool cap, made of knots (???), you could almost see the imprecision of the needles weaving the mesh. The trembling spread to his whole body.
– Stop trembling, damn it, stop!
I went to the bedroom and when I came back he was still sitting, shivering. – Here. I offered him a tenner (...?) listen (?). He was looking at the recently painted ceiling. The face of (... stuck to the paint?...) The note flapped in the wind that came in through the open window. The cat ran to the plane tree, climbed up it and stopped halfway, glued to the trunk, filled with fear, meowing. Its meows echoed in the empty conservatory. I turned my eyes to the wall and there was the shadow of the tree, the shadow of a trunk, the shadow of a cat stuck to it and the shadow of the young man, sitting, shaking, he took the note, put it in his pocket and wiped away his tears with the back of his hand.
– Sorry, he said. And he sniffed. Then, he leant towards me and gave me a kiss. It left a wet patch on my face.

[Portuguese in the Original]

And so they say it's a straight line from here directly to the south pole. I don't know if I should believe that. I don't know if I can.
Obscure horizon.

Somewhere beyond the sea
Somewhere waitin' for me
My lover stands on golden sands
And watches the ships that go sailin'

Somewhere beyond the sea
She's there watchin' for me
If I could fly like birds on high
Then straight to her arms I'd go sailin'

It's far beyond the stars
It's near beyond the Moon
I know beyond a doubt
My heart will lead me there soon

We'll meet beyond the shore
We'll kiss just as before
Happy we'll be beyond the sea
And never again I'll go sailin'

I know beyond a doubt
My heart will lead me there soon
We'll meet, I know we'll meet,
beyond the shore
We'll kiss just as before

Happy we'll be beyond the sea
And never again I'll go sailin'

No more sailin'
So long sailin'
Bye, bye sailin'
Move on out, captain
So long, ensign
If in fact the horizon is a determination of any sort at all. If in fact the horizon can determine anything at all. When does the horizon determine anything at all? In fact the horizon determines not a thing at all. The horizon determining not in fact anything at all. The solace of the horizon still determines not a thing at all.
– Hello, hello, hello, sir. Meet me at the grocer. Yes, sir. No, because I've got to go, sir.
– I'm here, I'm here. Sky, I'm here. Sand, I'm here. Sea, I'm here.
If in fact the horizon is a determination of any sort at all. If in fact the horizon can determine anything at all. When does the horizon determine anything at all? In fact the horizon determines not a thing at all. The horizon determining not in fact anything at all. The solace of the horizon still determines not a thing at all.

[English in the Original]

– One tiger, two tigers, three tigers.

Put your arms around me,
Take me to a cinema of continuous showings,
Where there's no beginning or end,
But only us.
Put your arms around me,
Let's try the night of these avenues,
Where there's no beginning or end,
But only us!
This night's not a night,
it's not a night for sleeping.
Neither this nor the next,
nor the one after that.
Our nights will never be nights for sleeping.
Put your arms around me,
We don't care what anyone says.
That we're crazy, with no beginning or end,

We already know.
This night's not a night, it's not
a night for sleeping.
Neither this nor the next,
nor the one after that.
Our nights will never be
nights for sleeping.
Mhhh, Mhhhh, mhmhmhmhmhmh.
[That we're crazy, with no
beginning or end,
We already know. – don't sing]

[Portuguese in the Original]

Draw a bucket of water for my
lady's daughter. 1 in a rush,
2 in a rush, please little girl,
bob under the bush.

[English in the Original]

Beat the eggs and sugar in a bain-marie, making sure the bowl doesn't touch the water, until they form a thick cream. Remove from the bain-marie and continue to beat until the mixture cools. Beat in the cream. Fold in the flour and the chocolate. Pour into a greased and floured cake tin and put in the oven for twenty minutes. Remove from the tin and allow to cool. For the ganache, melt the chocolate in a bain-marie and put to one side. Dissolve the gelatine in warm water. Add the glucose, passion fruit juice and cognac. Add the chocolate and mix well. Beat the cream and gently fold into the chocolate mixture. Line the same tin you used for the cake with grease-proof paper and put the cake in the bottom. Brush with the passion fruit jam and pour over the ganache. Leave in the fridge for four hours until the ganache sets. Prepare a mould the same size as the bottom of the cake tin and melt and temper the semisweet chocolate. Fill the mould with the chocolate, scatter with the passion fruit seeds and allow to set. Invert the cake and cover with the chocolate. Serve chilled.

[Portuguese in the Original]

Standing here at this point the horizon obscures our view of the south pole and as there are no other obstructions the horizon obviously obscures.

With the earth as base (as base as base can be). The sun in the morning. The moon in the night.

– Hello. Hello, hello, sir. Meet me at the grocer. Yes, sir. No, sir. Because I've got to go, sir.

[English in the Original]

I was naked. And he made me more naked, as if nudity itself could be undressed. Because modesty is like clothing. And he stripped me so carefully of all that remained of my modesty. So that solitude, at its deepest, became a being together.

[Portuguese in the Original]

Note: Gabriela Schaaf, *Põe os teus braços à volta de mim* (1978), Bobby Darin, Beyond the sea (1947).

42
Toile
2006

I
The winter evening settles down
With smell of steaks in passage-ways.
Six o'clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,
And at the corner of the street
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.
And then the lighting of the lamps.

II
The morning comes to consciousness
Of faint stale smells of beer
From the sawdust-trampled street
With all its muddy feet that press
To early coffee-stands.
With the other masquerades
That time resumes,
One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms.

III
You tossed a blanket from the bed,
You lay upon your back, and waited;
You dozed, and watched the night revealing
The thousand sordid images
Of which your soul was constituted;
They flickered against the ceiling.
And when all the world came back
And the light crept up between the shutters
And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,
You had such a vision of the street
As the street hardly understands;
Sitting along the bed's edge, where
You curled the papers from your hair,
Or clasped the yellow soles of feet
In the palms of both soiled hands.

IV
His soul stretched tight across the skies
That fade behind a city block,
Or trampled by insistent feet
At four and five and six o'clock;
And short square fingers stuffing pipes,
And evening newspapers, and eyes
Assured of certain certainties,
The conscience of a blackened street
Impatient to assume the world.
I am moved by fancies that are curled
Around these images, and cling:
The notion of some infinitely gentle
Infinitely suffering thing.
Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;
The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

(...)
The tiger springs in the new year.
Us he devours. Think at last
We have not reached conclusion, when I
Stiffen in a rented house. Think at last
I have not made this show purposelessly
And it is not by any concitation
Of the backward devils.
I would meet you upon this honestly.
I that was near your heart was removed therefrom
To lose beauty in terror, terror in inquisition.
I have lost my passion: why should I need to keep it
Since what is kept must be adulterated?
I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch:
How should I use it for your closer contact?
(...)

Note: T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land* (1922)

46
Leporello
2010

Nota: 4 simultaneous monologues

AMIRA CASAR

(Sigh) (snap fingers) (silence) (bites hand)
Well, I walked in uh... in the room... I remember my heels on the floor, uh, made a weird noise, that was all, the floor was all lacquered, gray, clear... cold, the place was very cold. Uh. And, hum, there were two sofas, uh ... vaguely chic, rattan like that uh, in the back, uh, part of the room. And, uh... I was dressed in light colors... And uh... a boy who was away came up to me and uh... wanted to start a game. Uh. Okay, I had my glasses on, eh, I got out of work so, uh, there you go, I had my skirt, straight, long, down to the knee, uh, my glasses, from work, my hair pulled back, uh ... And this... boy comes up to me... and says, um, show me something and he says "well that's an accessory".... (long silence) But the ... (long silence) I wasn't too sure ... (long silence)
It was a, a, a latex mask. And he said to me: "no, come on, uh, we're going to play teacher; the student and the teacher and you, you, you, you put on the mask "hmm, so, uh, well, he takes off my glasses ... He takes them off ... Fairly delicately ... (aspiration) And, hmm ... He said to me, uh, "But these are props, let's come and play, uh".
I ... put on the mask ... (long silence) I changed, I took off, uh, my town clothes; and I put on a dress... tight... (aspiration) with high heels... I go down, I still remember the, the, the ground, it was, it was – it was cold, it was hard ... I was a little cold... And, uh, I go down the steps... (aspiration) I couldn't breathe with my nose, everything is... it was blocked, I had like: "hole" in the eyes, and, and the mouth. And I go down, with this mask that covers my head, a little Spiderman, and uh (drinks) ... They me... Two boys, like that a little beefy, muscular, vulgar... commonplace, ugly, shaved, tattooed... shaved, hairless... they approach me, and, uh... start to, to... push me, to me... at the beginning gently violate me, rush, rush... I... I let myself be... and, uh... they start... to bend and pfff... (long silence) to, to introduce themselves, want me to, that I, here, that I take them in the mouth... (long silence)
There was no, uh ... emotion, but I felt hidden ... They hadn't seen my face, until then, I was masked; but I couldn't breathe, I only breathed through my mouth... And (swallows)... Both of them threw themselves on me... They uh... I had to... suck them, but they... they were very... I don't know, I found them vulgar, muscular, commonplace, hairless, ugly, tattooed. Me, I found myself superior to them... They had... they said such banal words to me, so stupid... "Go ahead, go ahead, be the teacher, yeah yeah go ahead, oh yes you are, you are good, oh yes the teacher you are, go ahead go ahead you are good the teacher "..." Yes yes teach us! ", As if I was some kind of big Sister Superior (laughs)...
But... I was strapped. By the, the, the neck, and they were pulling me like a dog, they made me get on all fours. And I have, I have, um ... I was crawling, I was crawling, I was crawling. My knees hurt on the floor... (breathes). I don't know why... the ground was so cold... And, I heard the sound of my heels; and, this poor chain, shabby... which dangled... and then... they tried to brutalize me, to, to force themselves inside me, to, to enter my body... by the mouth... (long silence) Both; barely bandaged... And um... (long silence)
I let myself go... Yeah I let myself go... After... they hit me, I was in pain, my right thigh, my right thigh was, was all the time red, pink, it was like ham... Uh, they were hitting me... I let myself go, I wanted to bite them... (long silence)
I think, they must have been in the building ... maybe masons? ... (long silence)
At the end of the day, they were stocky. They forced themselves on me, they had no subtlety. They kept repeating that word, uh ... by, pulling my neck, uh, me, forcing me to dislocate, twist, my body ... But I felt nothing ... (long silence)
And it lasted, it lasted, it lasted. It was long ... It was long. It was ... grazing. It was, pff, too long... And uh, they tried to grab me, guy, if they could have pulled me away, uh... (long silence) In... forcing themselves inside me, I had want to throw up, I can't, I couldn't breathe, it was, it was my face, my nose, I couldn't... breathe and they were forcing themselves on me and, and uh... they said: "More, come on take me more more more more more!"... And I, I, I was choking, I couldn't... breathe, I, I felt, um, my head was spinning, my thigh was red, my head was spinning, um... (long silence) And uh... this game lasted, lasted... It stretched, stretched...
But, I was starting to ... get bored ... because ... it was going on, it was too long. My neck hurt, they totally broke my neck ... And, uh ... two little students, silly, silly... come in like this, without panties uh... (giggles twice)

And, uh... they strike up some sort of discussion with these boys... (swallows) It was... ridiculous. And, they, uh, the boys are... having fun with them, on them; one of them was - the redhead - was uh, but a wild girl, I don't know where that one came from but she's, she's a ten-hole woman! She let herself be er, she gave herself, she screamed it was ... And I was sss next to the sofa, I was watching, I was watching ... It was ... strange ... to see that. And the other one, he threw himself on the little blonde one. I think they were Russian ... And uh ... they were fierce ...

I was exhausted, my neck hurt, they broke my neck. I'm crouching near the sofa, I'm looking... And uh... (long silence) The two, there, they were, uh, wild, um (laughs)...

It was contrived, it was wrong ... it was overkill; but they were very open... And at the end they came to kiss me. I let it go ... But, um, the boys, the Martians, there ... they were, pff, mechanical. I found that the girls gave a lot more. They were active a lot more ... And I looked, they kissed me, there was an exchange of saliva, liquid, ... there is one who has fa ', fails, almost throws up, little kid, she spat from time to time... Because they were... without, these two boys were without... without subtlety, without, well they were abrupt and bestial... They had no poetry; just beasts... The girls would spit from time to time... But... it looked like they had been doing this all their lives...

Do you want some tea?

[French in the Original]

JERUSA FRANCO

Hi

yesterday I went to the gym
to teach a class,
after lunch
I got there and there was Fredie,
you know,
"the" Fredie
and he showed me an outfit he had
there on a hanger, like that one in
the corner
he asked if I had ever seen an
outfit like that
I went to look and it was one of
those S&M clothes, you know
a black outfit
an outfit like that of
dominatrix
then I said "yes"
and then he showed me a mask
a mask of
black latex
rubber half
asked if I had ever seen a mask
of those
I said:
"not"
he asked if I wanted to try it
I said that:
"oh, I don't know"
Everything was kind of weird
he said:
"try the mask. put the mask on,
to see"
then I said, oh.....
he said: "you are scared"
he asked if I was afraid to put
and I said: "I have no fear"
then he put
he put the mask on my head like
this, a very tight thing, like this
it had two holes like that,
for the eyes
two little holes for the nose
and a mouth space
he put that in me and squeezed
my throat like that
and I felt kind of. . . horny
I put on the clothes that were there
on the hanger
I had a collar
when I went down the stairs there
was another guy there that I don't
know who he was
all tattooed
and he pulled this collar
and I was getting on all fours
crawling,
in the floor,
as if I were a
bitch
he started to take off his pants
and he was already crazy
his dick was already a little hard
and he started jacking off and
pulling me
and I started to crawl, on the floor,
and the other guy
also, already opened his pants
and took off his clothes
he had a hard cock
and they pulled me as if I was a
bitch
and started to put his cock
inside my mouth
he put it on, took it off, the other
guy put it on, took it off
and they put stronger and stronger
to the bottom, like this, of my throat
nonstop
and I started to feel,
I felt that I was having a pleasure
doing this
I kept crawling
and one of them went from behind
and started nailing me
while the other one put the cock in
my mouth over and over
he took it and he put it, very deep,
and it was kind of suffocating,
but I felt something
that I've never felt for anyone,
not in a moment
something that suffocated,
but that gave me a hard-on,
one thing
I was totally dominated by them
I didn't feel any fear
this guy started to take his cock
and sticking it in my mouth, and
taking it out
and the other guy took his cock
and hit my head
he lifted my dress from behind,
and he started hitting my ass like
that,
while Fred opened, like this,
my dress in front
and hit my chest like that,
hard
he didn't hit slowly, no

he pulled me to the sofa, from
there, from the waiting room
he put me on the couch
he lifted my leg, like this, up
and started to suck my cunt
while the other guy, who I don't
even know who he is
kept sticking his dick in my mouth,
and put and took
then I asked them to fuck me
he lifted my leg
and started to push harder
and harder,
and more strength,
and more strength
while the other guy pulled the
collar around my neck like that

without taking the cock out
of my mouth
it was a choking thing, you know
he said if I liked it and asked
me to open my eye
he wanted to see my eye under
that mask
and asked me to shove his cock
deep into my throat
he said: “put it all in, suck it all the
way through, stuff it all into your
mouth.”

I stayed there with them
it was a violent thing, very strong
really strong
then he stopped, he took
Fredie took his cock out of me
and started to suck me in a way
that looked like it was going to rip
my skin off
you know, he stuck his mouth in,
like this, and his tongue in there
and pulled
Very strong
then he started to suck my ass
nonstop
he took his hand, like this,
and stuck a finger in,
the other,
three
I don’t know, he stuck his whole
hand inside me
and the time when I was totally
possessed by the two
my two students arrived
and they threw me, like that,
on the ground
beside the sofa
this sofa in the waiting room
and I stayed there and they started
to ask where the teacher was
and they didn’t say anything
there one of them,
the youngest, my youngest student
went there and caught me, like,
on the ground,
and she said: “you are the teacher”
she recognized me
and when she saw it was me
dressed like that
she ran and grabbed a whip and
started hitting me
he took the whip out of her hand
and said she wasn’t supposed
to do it like that
that she didn’t know how to do that
that she wasn’t supposed to hit me,
that she could hurt me
he opened her clothes and made
her suck his dick
and she started to suck his cock
the other little blonde girl, I can’t
even remember her name
started to suck this other guy’s cock
and they started,
the two couples
and at that time I stayed there
in the corner,
from the couch
play, as if it was,
nothing
floor cloth
there an animal
no, not even that
I stayed there as if I was nothing
subdued
I was totally overwhelmed
while they fucked, I stood there
thinking
what was I doing

I don’t know if I felt bad
I felt an emptiness at that time
I do not know
maybe because they were both
taking me in a violent way
not even violent,
brutal
aggressive
and at this moment
I wasn’t doing anything anymore,
I was nothing else
I don’t know, it gave me an
emptiness, an urge to cry
as if I,
like I don’t care anymore, you know
they didn’t stop
in fact, they were coming,
they didn’t care about me
this younger girl
started to suck the guy’s cock
and she screamed a lot, a lot
she stuck his cock up her throat
and made a sound like she was
really a bitch
I thought I
I was there looking like a bitch,
but not
she screamed
and he stuck his dick in her mouth
over and over, you know,
getting stronger
and she kept roaring like she was
going to suffocate
a sound came out, like this
kinda — grrrrraaaaaaa — I can’t
explain
the other girl got this other guy,
I don’t know who it is
on the couch
also sucking his cock
and he already started to
fuck her hard
but this girl who was on my side
on the side of this sofa,
she asked the guy to eat her
she sat on his dick
she asked him to make it stronger
and stronger
and he did
getting stronger,
while I was lying there
I only listened in the beginning
but then I,
I felt like starting to look, you know
I kept looking to see what he
was doing that she was enjoying
so much
that she screamed so loud
then she asked him
to eat her ass
he sat on the couch
and she sat on him, just that hard
and at that time,
she saw that there was that whip
she had hit me at the beginning
took the whip and besides
the guy was eating her ass
she started to get this whip
and beat herself
she hit her cunt, hard
while the guy fucked her
nonstop
and asked “more, more, I want
more”
with a voice, like, kinda
high-pitched
looking like something like that.
half animal, really
at that time I started to get
horny again
they looked at me like that
and pulled,
my collar
I had a collar
they pulled this collar and I kept
looking very closely, you know
very close to where they were
and she said: “go stronger,
stronger”
and hit with that whip,
nonstop
then the guy came out of her
and started sucking her cunt,
and her ass
nonstop

and she lifted her legs backwards
and with her own hands she
started to open, her ass
and. . . I cannot explain
I never saw it
she started to open up whole
and I looked into that,
from that hole, it looked like an
abyss, you know
a deep thing
it looked like you could see inside
her ass
you could see this girl from
the inside
as if it was a thing that had no end
I could see the girl inside out
the guy was so crazy, Fred
that he started to cum inside her
ass, like...
and at that time she looked at me
and said she wanted me to suck
the fuck off the guy
on her ass
and I sucked

I started to suck the cum
the guy left
inside her ass

the other couple was there
fucking non-stop
the girl screamed a lot
he fucked her and she was skinny
with a thigh, like this
and he wouldn't stop screwing her
stuck his finger, like,
the whole hand inside her mouth
oh, there was a part in the
beginning where he pulled
me by the collar
and I started to crawl like an
animal, like this
and he said he wanted me
to suck his foot
I started to suck his foot
and he said, "I want you to
suck my finger."
and I started sucking his toe

while the guy fucked me

this couple that was on the side
the guy came in her face
and passed the cum all over her
face, you know
then Fredie called this girl to come
stay with us

the two were with a face full of cum
and he took off my mask
and he said that I had to
that I had to suck their fucking face
and we started kissing and I started
sucking, like this
licking their faces,
the mouth
I started to suck the fuck of both
guys
this guy, then, Fred got so crazy
that he started jacking off again
he got very horny
and this young girl
who screamed, who liked it a lot
she started to shove his cock
again, into her mouth
with a strength
you know, like she wants to swallow
that dick
he was holding me by the collar
and he took this chain and rolled
it around his cock, like this
he kept holding this collar
this chain around his dick
and she was so crazy, so crazy
horny
that she wanted to stick the guy's
dick in her mouth again,
and she started sticking and
he took his dick
for me to suck again and she
started to suck the chain,
the collar chain

we were kissing there at the end
and I was sucking all that cum
in their faces
and I liked
and I liked
to feel like crap
I liked the guy to fuck me in a way
that no one has ever fucked me
I even liked being left over there
like....
nothing

do you want to drink something?

[Portuguese in the Original]

PAMELA BUTT

Hi, how are you?

Hello
what I have to tell you
is a fact that happened yesterday
eh... it was on a recording
and I'll tell you why I found it
a little bizarre
eh... this recording
was where in the beginning... eh
the appearance of the place was
like a big entreprise
a stadium, uh... a small stadium,
for example
a gym, right, but very beautiful
the chairs were very beautiful,
like this
anyway
the place was nice, right, the stairs
I thought it was cool
when the director talked to me
at the beginning
how would the scene be
I thought it would be calm, normal
but how to pass it, I thought it got
a little bizarre
I had to wear a mask
and this mask was latex
you know, she pulled like that
my face looked a little suffocating
but anyway the clothes, they were
made of very beautiful vinyl
boots...
a sensual air,
taking off the mask,
the air was sensual
anyway, I went down the stairs
where the actors were waiting
for me on set
and the beautiful actors,
manly men
strong
and we started the scene
eh... the scene started so pleasant
at the beginning
but a little uncomfortable
this mask, she, wow,
at the same time she was exciting
for men
right, because I saw that they felt
euphoric
horny
and it passed onto me
at that moment when he introduced
the penis in my mouth
that, there, was making me nervous,
a little

but as a good actress, we have
to do our job, right
and the scene was like that
eh..., during the scene it was
a little aggressive,
'hard' I can say
I also wore a collar,
a collar with a chain,
that when I was like this in
the position of four
like a dog, they pulled me,
crawled me
they pulled my hair a lot
beat me
you know, something like that,
uh... normal, normal like some
'hard' scenes
but this one was a little bizarre
And the time
there was a time, that the guy
introduced his finger, his big toe
introduced it in my mouth
how disgusting
we were a little disgusting
but imagine the guy, putting
his finger in your mouth
if at least it was the woman
the woman is more delicate,
cute little foot,
but a man, oh
anyway
the scene was rolling
you know, there was a time I didn't
know if I felt like an inflatable doll
because that mask looked like an
inflatable doll
because I just had my mouth out,
my eyes, only
right, and it was black, like rubber
so, at some moment, I felt like
an inflatable doll
later, uh... I had
after that it was a lot, the scene
was great
I thought it was going to be quiet,
short, but no
it was long
after a lot of sex with me
I was being used a lot
eh, I didn't have the pleasure
they didn't give me pleasure,
they were just feeling pleasure
I was like an animal, practically
they also,
they were horses
they seemed to do like that,
a year they didn't see a woman
in front of him, right
a doll, a monster, I was feeling there
but as the time passed
I didn't know what was going
to happen
Hum
two high school girls entered
beautiful, beautiful, beautiful,
beautiful, beautiful, wonderful
and they got into the biggest
euphoria
you know they were laughing a lot
willingly and they threw me aside
I stayed in a corner like this
eh..., that's where I felt like an
animal
you know, i was played
eh..., I had to keep looking, right
I looked at them, right in the corner
sometimes one of them would pull
me, as I was with that collar
they pulled me to look at me,
I think it was their pleasure, right
my suffering there
like a thrown animal, discriminated
against
I don't even know how to express
and they with the girls and lots
of sex
they screamed a lot, screamed,
screamed
they didn't moan, they screamed
so far, I thought I looked
and I said, "my god, are they feeling
pleasure or is this pain"
because they were screaming,
not moaning
but they had to see the scene very
well, you know
at the same time, I thought are
they liking it or not
I was in doubt, right, I was in doubt
but, hey, you know at the same
time I kept looking
and I didn't know, that was turning
me on, I wanted to see if it turned
me on
but not
you know, I don't know if and why
I got that impression of the mask
that mask on my face, right, without
being able to do something cool
and a moment, when one of them
ejaculates on the girl,
in one of them, in one of the girls
the non-redhead girl, half brown,
clear eye, beautiful the girl
I thought she was wonderful
and young
I thought she was what,
about 20 years old
hum, he ejaculates in the girl's
anus,
and she opens it like this,
and he ejaculates
and then he pulls me and makes
me lick all his cum
you know, I had to lick everything,
and licked everything, everything,
had to lick everything
OK
then there was the other couple,
which was further away
they pull me, he also comes
in my mouth
ejaculates
in the end, the three of us
we keep kissing
one of them takes off my mask
I get the face, guys,
my face is destroyed like this
it seems that I cried so much, it
seems that I suffered so much there
that my face looks like this, wow,
finished, right, finished
I think so, because of the sweat,
right, from the latex
my makeup is almost gone
only my eye is all blurry, right
then he asks, if it was cool
anyway, I said "yes, it was, it was"
and we kiss
we end up kissing all three of
them full of cum
in the face, in the mouth and
they are loving it, you know
they are finding this the best scene
that they did
because it's people, I found it
a little bizarre, right
you imagine, right?
what is it you shouldn't be
thinking about it

All right then.

Do you want a coffee?

[Portuguese in the Original]

SASHA GREY

You won't believe where I just came from. The adult school where I teach, one of the students' really good friends is a pornographer and he invited me to go to his house for dinner, which I was a little skeptical about anyway. I pull up in this very industrial area and I didn't, I didn't think it was his house and sure enough I walked in and it's a warehouse. It's a refurbished warehouse with white lacquered floors, stark white walls and all the beams in this place were painted a really beautiful blue color and one of the first things I notice when I walk in is a, it was almost like a clothing rack with masks and whips, I guess you would call them? Different sizes, different shapes, and two guys with their shirts off in jeans and really horrible tribal tattoos on their arms.

You know, I didn't smell any food cooking and I figured, you know, I might as well have fun. He showed me the mask that was hanging on this rack and asked me to try it on. He put it on over my head and it smelled god-awful. I don't really know how to describe the smell, but it was ten times worse than any latex glove that, you know, the doctor wears. He just said to me, he said to me: 'Our actors didn't show up today' and he pulls out a camera and I told him 'this can't be seen by anyone'. So he gave me some clothes and he asked me to go change and I walked up this huge chrome staircase. The room upstairs was the exact opposite of the room, of the main room in this warehouse. It was almost like an office, you know the warehouse has a main floor and the offices are usually upstairs, there was this very small room, completely black with sex toys just lined up just so neat and so perfect as if it was an art gallery or something.

I put the clothes on, very, something that's not my taste. It was a vinyl outfit with a button that came around the neck. So, it was a dress but there was a big scoop-neck, more of a circle than a scoop neck and fish nets, naturally, and a leash. I was surprised they didn't help me put that on .I thought that would be part of the process. So I had to put the leash on by myself and re-adjust the mask, put the mask back on, and these crazy vinyl boots with a heel that must have been six or seven inches. I walked back down the staircase, was very, very nervous. Actually thought I might fall with these boots. I come down the staircase and the two men take the leash that is around my neck and they bring me to the floor and at this point the other guy has a camera pointed at me. They take the leash and bring me on the floor like a dog, not really saying much.

It was a little... I really didn't know what to expect. They had me kneel, get down on my knees an one of them came from behind me and the other one was in front of me. He unbuttoned the top of the dress and zipped the front zipper down and I mean, I've had rough sex but I've never had my breasts slapped that hard. Just... (she makes a slapping gesture with hands), it was shocking but it felt incredibly good. The guy behind me leaned me over just a little bit, but enough so the guy in front of me could still play with me, I guess and he started smacking my ass while the other guy was slapping my breasts. It lasted for a long time, I don't think, I don't know, it was interesting.

They both pulled out their dicks and one of the guys had really red balls. It was a little off putting. I don't know if he was waxing too much, but they were very red and the other guy smelled. I don't know what was worse: the mask or this guy. Funny enough, you know, he was either shaving or waxing every square inch of his body so you'd think somebody like that would know basic hygiene.

They took turns shoving their dicks in my mouth but the mask wasn't on properly. It was probably two sizes too big anyway. The mask had a cut out for the mouth, cut out for the nostrils and cut outs for the eyes, but all very small and the bottom of the mask started to raise up on my lips, so if you tried even a finger, let alone a dick, could barely fit in my mouth, and he just kept trying to jam his cock in my mouth. You know, common sense, he couldn't pull it down and they had my hands behind my back so I couldn't say anything or reach around and pull it down; but at this point I was still very excited, so I guess I was so into the moment that it really didn't matter that much.

This lasted for a few minutes until they threw me on this couch, and I always thought porn movies were notorious for having ugly furniture but this was actually a really nice place and in it really nice modern couches. Not a big yellow leather couch. So they throw me on the couch and bend me over in doggie style and this is kind of when I realize, if not both of these guys but one of them has to be at least a hundred percent total fag. I have nothing wrong with that but I knew he wasn't into me so it was a little bit uncomfortable and I kind of understand why somebody that wasn't sexually turned on by a woman would want to have sex with a woman just for money. Cause you can have sex with men for money, too.

He bent me over and just went straight for my ass. He didn't... vagina? What vagina? He just went straight for the ass. He started tonguing my ass while the other guy was still having me suck his dick. He finally found the glorious vagina and he went for it, which I was surprised. I thought he that he was going to try to shove it in my ass, but he could probably tell it was too tiny and it wasn't going to fit. So yeah, I mean, they way, the way he fucked me was, it wasn't angry but it was totally disconnected. At that point I just, I didn't feel, I didn't feel like any of us should be there, but at the same time it was so exciting, that I just tried to get rid of that feeling and enjoy the present moment.

The other guy was ok for a while. This guy had not only these horrible tribal tattoos but when they pulled me out and put me on my back on the couch, I noticed he had a tweetie bird, cartoon tweetie be bird tattoo on his hipbone. So I think that just further proves my theory; I don't know if it's code for something, but they

took turns fucking me on the same couch and brought me back down on my knees and right before they were about to put their dicks back in my mouth two girls walk in. I was leaning, I was on the ground, but leaning against the seat of the couch and at that point I finally kind of had a moment to breathe and look around at my surroundings.

The lights were so hot, because they had all these huge lights set up. I just got really dizzy and the girls walk in and they're acting like they know me. They're in these, their outfits were worse than mine, these plaid schoolgirl uniforms.

One hot pink and black and the other one red and black, with the clear stripper heels and they call me 'teacher, teacher!' Ok, this is very awkward. They were a little bit younger than me but I had never seen them before and they said, " teacher, she's my teacher, she's my teacher". So obviously they're in their little fantasy world and that's when it kind of started to get exciting again. But then they tortured me and made me watch. So they made me sit on the side of the couch, while they each took one of the girls and I just sat there.

One of the girls was really nasty. She, for a minute she sounded like a coyote when she was screaming and moaning and it was, it went from sexy to funny in about two minutes flat. Then she got back into it and the sound of her sucking this guy's dick was so loud, so incredibly loud, but they just would not let me join in. They made me sit there and watch. He actually ate her pussy so I was a little surprised. He put her on her back and let her enjoy herself for a minute after she sucked his cock. They, I don't know, they fucked her in her pussy for three or four minutes maybe and as he's doing this he's leaning over her and she said "slap me in the face". So he slaps her in the face and out of the corner of my eye I could just see her mouth open and as she opened her mouth he spit straight in her mouth. The next thing she says, I can't remember how she said it but she wasn't American. She said, the way she asked him to slap her again was so clinical sounding. It wasn't " again", it wasn't "please more, more". She said, oh god I wish I could remember how she said it, but it was very bizarre.

That only lasted for a few seconds before she asked him to... she was very clinical. She said, she said, oh God , I can't remember, but she asked him to put his dick in her ass and she really seemed to enjoy it. She actually seemed to enjoy it more than when he was fucking her pussy, and I'm sure that's because he probably enjoyed it more, too. They were just right there in front of me and wouldn't let me join in. I think he finally flipped her around into doggie and he took his dick out of her ass and had her suck it. Then she came to me and she finally picked me up and I thought I was going to be able to join in finally. She made me suck his dick and she said, "deep throat, deep throat, deep throat. I'm going to teach you to deep throat. Do it, please. Deep throat, please." It was funny but at the same time it was kind of charming. She was trying to teach me to do it like a professional, I guess.

After about a minute she just shoves me back on the ground and she lets him fuck her again while I have to sit there and watch. About five minutes later she takes both of her hands around her ass and spreads her ass open and there he just comes all on, not really in her ass, but around it. She grabs me by the leash and has me lick it up and she kept saying: "lick it, lick it" but she was pushing my face so hard to her ass I couldn't get my tongue out of my mouth. I was trying and I wanted to, I was trying to, but she was holding me down. She had more strength than both of those guys put together. She was holding me down so hard I couldn't do it.

The other couple who was on the couch right next to this one, they finished up a few minutes later and the guy came all over the girls face. She walked over to me and right when she was walking over, the other guy started jerking off again.

So he came twice and he came in both of our mouths and the other girl walks over with sperm just covering her face and has us take turns licking it off. That was, that was the end of it and the one girl just seemed so, she seemed like she was trying to be dirtier than both of the guys and she was really fulfilled that she was kind of able to out-fuck them if that makes any sense. Sorry, I 'm rude. Do you want some juice or coffee or anything?

[English in the Original]

47
Cromlech
2010

Introduction:
This descriptive report refers to the project of a single-family residence located in São Sebastião da Giesteira, in the municipality of Évora. The house is situated outside the limits of the village on a rural plot with a gentle southeast facing slope. It consists of two levels: the ground floor, the main level, which includes the bedrooms and social areas, and a semibasement containing the other ancillary spaces.

Main principles:
The ground floor defines a level terrace that extends beyond the house and dominates the surrounding area. Volumetrically it consists of three sequential arms, perpendicular to one another, forming an exterior courtyard, the nucleus of the house. To the southeast this opens onto the landscape, limited by the plane of water of the swimming pool, which is also the limit of the terrace. Above, an oblique virtual plane intersects the prismatic and pure volumetry of the house, imposing its geometry on the design of the roof. It contrasts with the serene and almost conservative stability of the house, leads to distortion of perception, and deforms and agitates the exterior space.

Organisation:
The area of the ground floor is 225 m2. The southwest arm contains the study and the living room,

the latter with a direct connection to the courtyard. The northeast arm contains four bedrooms and their respective sanitary facilities. To the northwest, open onto the courtyard, swimming pool and landscapes, are the kitchen and dining areas. On the lower level, in a semibasement measuring 100 m2, hidden under the terrace, are the garage, utility room, wine cellar and a technical area.

Constructive solutions:
The building adopted a common solution of reinforced concrete slabs, pillars and beams and brick masonry walls. The exterior walls are covered in *Duracril* rendering; the interior walls, like the ceilings, are covered in stucco. The majority of the floors are Scots pine, except the floor of the lower level for which polished screed was used with an epoxy paint. The exterior doors have aluminium frames with sliding double glazing and sliding interior wooden shutters; the leaves of both the doors and the shutters slide into the walls.

[Portuguese in the Original]

48
R.O.C. (40 plus one)
2011

1. A language-game: report whether a certain body is lighter or darker than another. – But now there's a related one: state the relationship between the lightness of certain shades of colour. (Compare with this: Determining the relationship between the lengths of two sticks – and the relationship between two numbers.) – The form of the propositions in both language-games is the same: "X is lighter than Y". But in the first it is an external relation and the [proposition] is temporal, in the second it is an internal relation and the proposition is timeless.

2. In a picture in which a piece of white paper gets its lightness from the blue sky, the sky is lighter than the white paper. And yet in another sense blue is the darker and white the lighter colour (Goethe). On the palette white is the lightest colour.

3. Lichtenberg says that very few people have ever seen pure white. So do most people use the word wrong, then? And how did *he* learn the correct use? - He constructed an ideal use from the ordinary one. And that is not to say a better one, but one that has been refined along certain lines and in the process something has been carried to extremes.

4. And of course such a construct may in turn teach us something about the way we in fact use the word.

5. If I say a piece of paper is pure white, and if snow were placed next to it and it then appeared grey, in its normal surroundings I would still be right in calling it white and not light grey. It could be that I use a more refined concept of white in, say, a laboratory (where, for example, I also use a more refined concept of precise determination of time).

6. What is there in favor of saying that green is a primary colour, not a blend of blue and yellow? Would it be right to say: "You can only know it directly by looking at the colours"? But how do I know that I mean the same by the words "primary colours" as some other person who is also inclined to call green a primary colour? No, – here language-games decide.

7. Someone is given a certain yellow-green (or blue-green) and told to mix a less yellowish (or bluish) one – or to pick it out from a number of colour samples. A less yellowish green, however, is not a bluish one (and vice versa), and there is also such a task as choosing, or mixing a green that is neither yellowish nor bluish. I say "or mixing" because a green does not become both bluish and yellowish because it is produced by a kind of mixture of yellow and blue.

8. People might have the concept of intermediary colours or mixed colours even if they never produced colours by mixing (in whatever sense). Their language-games might only have to do with looking for or selecting already existing intermediary or blended colours.

9. Even if green is not an intermediary colour between yellow and blue, couldn't there be people for whom there is bluish-yellow, reddish-green? I.e. people whose colour concepts deviate from ours – because, after all, the colour concepts of colour-blind people too deviate from those of normal people, and not every deviation from the norm must be a blindness, a defect.

10. Someone who has learnt to find or to mix a shade of colour that is more yellowish, more whitish or more reddish, etc., than a given shade of colour, i.e. who knows the concept of intermediary colours, is (now) asked to show us a reddish-green. He may simply not understand this order and perhaps react as though he had first been asked to point out regular four-, five-, and six-angled plane figures, and then were asked to point out a regular one-angled plane figure. But what if he unhesitatingly pointed to a colour sample (say, to one that we would call a blackish brown)?

[Não diz o número] 11. Someone who is familiar with reddish-green should be in a position to produce a colour series which starts with red and ends with green and which perhaps even for us constitutes a continuous transition between the two. We would then discover that at the point where we always see the same shade, e.g. of brown, this person sometimes sees brown and sometimes reddish-green. It may be, for example, that he can differentiate between the colours of two chemical compounds that seem to us to be the same colour and he calls one brown and the other reddish-green.

12. Imagine that all mankind, with rare exceptions, were red-green colour-blind. Or another case: everyone was either red-green or blue-yellow colour-blind.

13. Imagine a *tribe* of colour-blind people, and there could easily be one. They would not have the same colour concepts as we do. For even assuming they speak, e.g. English, and thus have all the English colour words, they would still use them differently than we do and would *learn* their use differently. Or if they have a foreign language, it would be difficult for us to translate their colour words into ours.

14. But even if there were also people for whom it was natural to use the expressions "reddish-green" or "yellowish-blue" in a consistent manner and who perhaps also exhibit abilities which we lack, we would still not be forced to recognize that they see *colours* which we do not see. There is, after all, no *commonly* accepted criterion for what is a colour, unless it is one of our colours.

15. In every serious philosophical question uncertainty extends to the very roots of the problem. We must always be prepared to learn something totally new.

16. The description of the phenomena of colorblindness is part of psychology: and therefore the description of the phenomena of normal vision, too? Psychology only describes the *deviations* of colour-blindness from normal vision.

17. Runge says (in the letter that Goethe reproduced in his *Theory of Colours*), there are transparent and opaque colours. White is an opaque colour. This shows the indeterminateness in the concept of colour or again in that of sameness of colour.

18. Can a transparent green glass have the same colour as a piece of opaque paper or not? If such a glass were depicted in a painting, the colours would not be transparent on the palette. If we wanted to say the colour of the glass was also transparent in the painting, we would have to call the complex of colour patches which depict the glass its *colour*.

19. Why is it that something can be transparent green but not transparent white? Transparency and reflections exist only in the dimension of depth of a visual image. The impression that the transparent medium makes is that something lies *behind* the medium. If the visual image is thoroughly monochromatic it cannot be transparent.

20. Something white behind a coloured transparent medium appears in the colour of the medium, something black appears black. According to this rule, black on a white background would have to be seen through a "white transparent" medium as through a colourless one.

21. Runge: "If we were to think of a bluish-orange, a reddish-green, or a yellowish-violet, we would have the same feeling as in the case of a southwesterly north wind. . . . Both white and Black are opaque or solid. . . . White water which is pure is as inconceivable as clear milk."

22. We do not want to establish a theory of colour (neither a physiological one nor a psychological one), but rather the logic of colour concepts. And this accomplishes what people have often unjustly expected of a theory.

23. "White water is inconceivable, etc." That means we cannot describe (e.g. paint), how something white and clear would look, and that means: we don't know what description, portrayal, these words demand of us.

24. It is not immediately clear what transparent glass we should say has the *same colour* as an opaque colour sample. If I say, "I am looking for glass of *this* colour" (pointing to a piece of coloured paper), that would mean roughly that something white seen through the glass should look like my sample. If the sample is pink, sky-blue or lilac, we will imagine the glass cloudy, but perhaps too as clear and only slightly reddish, bluish or violet.

25. In the cinema we can sometimes see the events in the film as if they lay behind the screen and it were transparent, rather like a pane of glass. The glass would be taking the colour away from things and allowing only white, grey and black to come through. (Here we are not doing physics, we are regarding white and black as colours just like green and red). – We might thus think that we are here imagining a pane of glass that could be called white and transparent. And yet we are not tempted to call it that: so does the analogy with, e.g. a transparent green pane break down somewhere?

26. We would say, perhaps, of a green pane: it colours the things behind it green, above all the white behind it.

27. When dealing with logic, "One cannot imagine that" means: one doesn't know what one should imagine here.

28. Would we say that my fictitious glass pane in the cinema gave the things behind it a white colouring?

29. From the rule for the appearance of transparent coloured things that you have extracted from transparent green, red, etc., ascertain the appearance of transparent white! Why doesn't this work?

30. Every coloured medium darkens that which is seen through it, it swallows light: now is my white glass also supposed to darken? and the more

30. Every coloured medium darkens that which is seen through it,
it swallows light: now is my white glass also supposed to darken?
And the more so the thicker it is?
So it would really be a dark glass!

31. *Why* can't we imagine transparent-white glass, - even if there isn't any in actuality? Where does the analogy with transparent coloured glass go wrong?

32. Sentences are often used on the borderline between logic and the empirical, so that their meaning changes back and forth and they count now as expressions of norms, now as expressions of experience. (For it is certainly not an accompanying mental phenomenon – this is how we imagine "thoughts" – but the use, which distinguishes the logical proposition from the empirical one.)

33. We speak of the "colour of gold" and do not mean yellow. "Gold-coloured" is the property of a surface that shines or glitters.

34. There is the glow of red-hot and of white-hot: but what would brown-hot and grey-hot look like? Why can't we conceive of these as a lower degree of white-hot?

35. "Light is colourless". If so, then in the sense in which numbers are colourless.

36. Whatever *looks* luminous does not look grey. Everything grey looks as though it is being illuminated.

37. What we see as luminous we do not see as grey. But we can certainly see it as white.

38. I could, then, see something *now* as weakly luminous, *now* as grey.

39. I am not saying here (as the Gestalt psychologists do), that the *impression of white* comes about in such-and-such a way. Rather the question is precisely: what is the meaning of this expression, what is the logic of this concept?

40. For the fact that we cannot conceive of something "glowing grey" belongs neither to the physics nor to the psychology of colour.

53. There is no such thing as phenomenology, but there are indeed phenomenological problems.

[English in the Original]

Note: Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Remarks on Colour* (1977)

50
Snow Dancing
2012

… We are in a big building and an event is taking place.

You can find this kind of architecture in many cities. The building's original function has been forgotten but it still retains a certain aura.

It is resilient and appears to have had many different uses. It is a slightly troubled place.

You could say that the building has been preserved because of how it was designed, when really it is because of its size and location.

It has become a place for alternative events, although there is never a clear or distinct use for such a structure.

Now the building is old and belongs to the city.

Most of the time, things happened here by chance.

In mathematics, you start by saying 2 + 2 equals 5 in order to consider the possibility that 2 + 2 equals 4. Or if every x is y, and every y is z, therefore every x is z.

There is an incompleteness theorem that demonstrates that if an infinite number of propositions are underivable from the axioms of the system, they nevertheless still have the value of "truth" within that system.

By chance, we end up with a building with no clear function, a building that persists. Architecture by default.

This place could have been a hospital, a school, or any other kind of municipal building. Unsurprisingly, the interior is painted white. A faded white. A dirty and inconsistent white.

Shadows never really appear in this type of environment. The quality of light is uniform, even, and clear.

The overall whiteness and the number of light fixtures elude the possibility of shadows.

The effect is not dissimilar to the lighting on the set of a TV sitcom. You are not supposed to notice much difference among the characters. Careful consideration is required before a shadow is cast.

Shadows create the potential for disguise and can conceal or reveal the true appearance of objects and people. Shadows add complexity. The even quality of light in the building allows everyone to participate on an equal level.

This reflects an ideological commitment. If you start playing with the lighting, the effect is extreme. A party could quickly turn into a nightmare.

This is the kind of building that is chosen for renovation. Any architect would inevitably decide to keep the basic structure while applying a new set of aesthetically sympathetic refinements.

Buildings like this are the legacy of industrial decline. Places that are left behind. A bankrupt place.

Our building is a large, flexible space that has recently been vacated. You sense an assembly line may once have operated here. There is little evidence of it now. Only the feeling that things were once produced in this space.

There is a sense of people coming together to engage in various activities. It is a new sort of assembly line. Not a machine aesthetic, yet there is a sense of interaction that projects something on a grand scale.

Because of its vast emptiness, it has many possibilities. This building allows special things to happen.

Although it was never intended to be an exhibition space, it has somehow become a place where art or people can be displayed.

Perhaps there is a comparison between the nature of this building and the nature of the party/promotion/event proposed in this book.

You can see traces of the past – functional debris, plugs, switches, and machines. Heavy machinery has left indents and marks across the floor.

Memories of the building's past have to be excavated, not concealed. Skylights and riggings punctuate the ceiling.

There are places on the walls where things used to be hung, well-made holes, and remnants of a false ceiling. You can see that large areas have been painted and repainted many times.

Temporary walls have been built and removed - traces of different trade exhibitions and fairs. Painted outlines remain.

Think of the way an animated film is constructed. Visible marks are the outlines of a forgotten cartoon. It may take some effort, but the past can always be reanimated.

Clumps of ultra-thin fiberglass fibers fix the light an attract attention like angels' hair .Pale dust has fallen where plaster, wood, and paint have been sanded.

Think of the storeroom as the attic or basement of an old house where you find things that evoke memories, stacked up in no particular order.

The storeroom reveals the history of our building in a disorganized yet very specific way.

Smoke clouds produced by a power plant construct dreamscapes – a cloud factory. It is a place where images as powerful as those prompted by scudding clouds can be generated and used.

It could be said that the ghosts of the previous tenants have left tracks. At the same time that you confront a series of precise images you must face blurry traces of the past.

Concerts seem to have taken place here. Remnants of blackout cloth lie on the floor.

Every now and then, you come across a fragment that appears to have separated from a giant stage built for a specific event. Each one is painted a different, bright color, yet much is missing. These micro-stages give the feeling of an amusement park.

At times, people have attempted to reinvent simple tools for forgotten jobs.

If we imagine a children's Christmas party of the past, one of the balls used to decorate the tree might now have a new life as a doorknob.

This reveals that there is a degree of recycling going on. Not just recycling objects, but reprocessing events and adapting things for temporary uses.

These experiments have left a series of clues that can be used to create future memories. There is a serious element to this reuse, giving the various components a new life.

Leaflets lying around on the floor or torn and faded posters are still visible in quiet areas. They allude to a carnival from 1978.

Plastic flippers for people to wear and glasses, which bear Flipper the Dolphin's smiling aquatic face, dedicated to the memory of this '70s television star, are lying around. If you read the signs carefully, you realize that a sea-bound mammal had once been of great importance.

You can come across a room full of old fairground equipment, stuff that was probably too bulky to take away or became obsolete during the winter carnival break. Beach balls, kites, parasols, and windsurfers ready for summer litter the storage spaces.

We are considering a secular space that is waiting for something to happen – used for everything and nothing. An illusion of tolerance exists within the fabric of the place. Something inherent in its availability means whatever goes on inside poses no challenge to society.

You can find a list of regulations written by the city department to define uses of the building. The list is very similar to the book *A Brief History of Time*.

Reading these regulations reveals the peculiar non-functionality of the non-program. *A Brief History of Space*.

Carefully designed flyers and leaflets with different logos are scattered everywhere. Some of the best are framed and hang behind the various bars around the building. Yet the logos do not give a clear indication of the social goals of the people who have used this place.

At the event, each bartender displays photos or former customers, but only after they have died. Examining them, one can follow the shifting images of the groups that have used this building. These memories take pride of place alongside the framed logos and flyers.

Outside on the building is a billboard showing what it could have been – a proposition to renovate the site. These large painted and printed wooden panels were a common sight during the '80s.

There is an important distinction between a billboard that promotes the city's intentions and a banner that provides a fully illustrated guide, something that tries to sell the project. In this case, we are looking at an ideal proposal.

The computer-generated rendering shows a transformed place with glass curtain walls and neo-industrial detailing – a perfect third – generation postmodern artifact at night, or a TV channel's headquarters,

or an architectural reference to domestic appliances that has been overstated.

The whole impression is similar to the effect a Pink Floyd album cover made in the late '70s.

The building is draped in a large banner, an image of what it could have been if only someone had cared.

Additionally, there is a large sign welcoming the architect. It is clear that the city has been waiting for a long time. In fact, it has been waiting for this architect since the early '80s.

The place has no name and this loss of fixed identity denies the building a specific role in the community and reveals a loss of political will on the part of the city, transferring responsibility.

There are no official street signs in the neighborhood or anywhere else that tell you how to find the building. It becomes the responsibility of each event organizer to provide directions to its citizens.

Events take place during the day as well as at night. When there is nothing scheduled, the building is used as a parking garage. It is perfect for this.

An old man employed as a caretaker. He has a little shelter where he can sit and wait. This shelter was the terminus of a forgotten bus line. No one can remember the bus number, yet the bus shelter is always covered with information.

The street signs for our event are all handwritten. The directions are painted over signs from past events. These handwritten signs are like the bus line that no longer runs.

If you choose to follow these signs, you will find the building. Yet none of these signs leads directly there.

The practice of putting up street signs is known as the purloined letter. It is a form of subversion that is practiced openly. This whole process has nothing to do with pretending. A letter always reaches its destination.

People travel haphazardly around town, like they were on a treasure hunt. Their movements leave a trace on the city.

The outside walls of our building are covered in layers of political slogans. As a result, you might say the building can speak.

It could tell us something.

Most of the graffiti was made with a stencil rather than freehand, so pieces of stencils with different spray-paint colors lie on the ground like unintelligible fragments. Old posters have been cut up to create new images. Publicity slogans explode the poster format.

Despite its status as a ward of the city, the building could be described as schizophrenic.

Once you have anthropomorphized a place, you need to describe it in psychological terms. The building has a multiple personality disorder.

You have entered a closed environment, with all the paranoia that results from a sealed situation. We are in a place that has all the elements required to form a community.

Think of the building as a small metropolis, with a network of streets and a town squared. Over time, through the application of a city model, it has been transformed into a usable city.

If the building is a city then it must have a name. Or maybe a whole series of names – proper names like Angela, Edouard, or Jack. Now the place has a personality that somehow reflects the participants.

The building has everything that is required to proceed with a narrative.

The building has been resistant to any clearly defined political program. The space is a projection of the people and vice-versa. The people who take part, whether actively or passively, are manifested by the building and thus by our event.

All these traces, people ideas, and objects exist inside an abstract explosion.

To continually reinvent a form of the social is to avoid domestication.

When someone organizes a promotional event for a new electronic product, they might make a large version of the object out of Styrofoam. Broken pieces of Styrofoam are spread around the building as if you were inside the product. The object cannot be avoided.

Everyone is operating within an exploded product, like Jonah in the belly of the whale.

The building is experienced as if it were a large-scale version of the product or service that is the subject of this promotional event.

Everything operates through corporate identity.

A game is being played, which requires deciphering. The game must be played for the pleasure of playing.

There is one doorway in the building. It functions as both the entrance and the exit. When you stand outside, you see an illuminated EXIT sign and when you stand inside, you see an illuminated ENTRANCE sign. The colors used for these signs are not the usual colors so they do not provide the familiar cues.

There is no difference between the way in and the way out. The result is that it is quite simple to come and go.

We must now describe the people attending the event. They are eclectic, yet an eclecticism that

has become the standard. In other words, diversity is normal.

As with the building itself, there is no dominant style for the people who happen to be here. If you start to try and define a dress code for them, everything collapses.

People are dressed in a way that indicates effort has been made, but without intending to produce real meaning. Details are not discussed but accepted as long as they create diversity.

Everyone's appearance is precise. A degree of sophistication is visible in a clear visual language capable of being read by everyone.

Baggy, shapeless, faded jeans that make people appear blurred and ill-defined are popular. This corresponds to a way of seeing the world like a soft focus fashion spread. Some people are wearing eyeglasses, not to correct their vision but to blur it slightly to mimic a popular form of fashion advertising.

It is pleasurable to see the world slightly out of focus. It helps one come to terms with marketing.

Think about a washing detergent advertisement where two items of clothing are washed in different detergents. One remains clear and colorful; the other is left faded and ill-defined.

At the event, some people are faded and other people are dressed in a rather rigid way, wearing stiff clothing. It is almost as if their jackets are too exacting for them, as effect that you get when you put on new clothing for the first time.

Some people like their jackets or trousers to always be new, expensive-looking, and slightly uncomfortable, clothes designed by famous fashion designers or convincing fakes.

Other people enjoy the padding found in cheap anoraks. They deliberately tear these coats to reveal the thick, white, cotton interior.

Everyone is the embodiment of a dress code. Although there are many different styles of clothing, it is clear people have thought hard about the way they should look.

Imagine a dinner attended by people from several different countries. They all might agree to speak a common language in order to be understood. Or they might decide to talk in a mix of languages.

You can always participate. You don't have to be like anyone else. You are supposed to be at the same time similar and dissimilar to everyone else.

IDENTICAL AND DIFFERENT is a slogan that you can see in many rooms. People want to be like other people while at the same time maintaining a strong identity.

You can see people with a hairstyle that is long at the back but short and neatly cut at the sides and top. Soccer players used to have this look. It's a haircut that has been carefully considered; this haircut reveals an identification with the working class.

The people who do not have the energy to create a hairstyle wear wigs that don't require so much effort. At the party, there is a place to buy a wig so people can change their look at any moment.

Some people are wearing big heavy engineer's boots, while others are wearing the kind of footwear that you might put on to go scuba diving. Others wear a kind of boot that would be worn to play basketball.

Each type of footwear completely covers the foot and ankle. Like the shapeless clothes that disguise the body, it is difficult to see the foot with any degree of precision.

You can visit a shoemaker at the party. The shoemaker will cut revolutionary slogans into the soles of your shoes.

People leave tracks in the dirt and dust on the floor, reminiscent of the first footprints on the moon.

The shoemaker works fast, taking about a minute to do soles.

People can get keys cut at the same time. The locksmith generally cuts the same key over and over. By the end of the party, he may have made five hundred copies of the key that opens all of the doors, cupboards, and drawers in the building.

The place belongs to the community, so if you lock a door, anyone can open it.

There are other shops where you can put together a look. People pick out different items to compose an outfit. The shopkeepers ignore you.

Some people choose Day-Glo clothes, like the kind of luminous vests worn by railway workers. Safety clothes workwear.

Like in Formula One, people are covered in logos.

Inevitably some people at the event look as if they are sponsored, with color schemes derivative of various labels.

Most of the participants at the party are locals. Even the people coming from a long distance look like they are locals.

People dance a lot. Maybe this defines their level of commitment. Others just drink. There are no children. They stay outside and wait in cars or buses looked after by an old man.

It is important to consider the ages of the people at the event.

People are often divided up this way. This event is populated by people living in the first half of any particular decade – people between

twenty and twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five, forty and forty-five, and so on.

Everyone seems able to spend the same amount of money. Wealth is not revealed by people's spending habits. Maybe this is because everything here is free.

However, there is a difference in the way people speak. It does not necessarily betray class. And anyway, a lot of people can alter their accent.

Homogenization is helped by the fact that people are wearing so many layers of clothes that it is hard to tell if they are beautiful or ugly.

Some might say that everyone is perfect. The general impression is that people are handsome, charming, and sexy, but maybe a bit fat, tall, or short.

People carry cigarettes but don't smoke, referencing movies from the '50s and '60s. Smoking is part of the look, maybe taking a couple of drags and then throwing the cigarette away. This gesture is appreciated. It is symbolic and demonstrative of the perception that people have the ability to change their minds.

A lot of discussions take place, but nothing of any great significance is said.

Some of the people are really engaged, almost as if they are being paid to have a good time. This is not dissimilar to Euro Disney, where you cannot tell who is being paid to work and who is a customer.

Some people are the motor of the event. At our event, you don't know exactly who animates whom.

Everyone is part of the same story. Like in Manga, where each character has a complex formulation that frequently changes from episode to episode or from story to story. Narratives are stretched and the stories have no specific end.

The active people sometimes prefix a name with "our" as in "Our Wallace" or "our Hugh." Each participant could be the son or the daughter of another person at the party. These relationships give some of the interactions a history and a storyline.

There are also passive groups, those who take observer status. They don't react. They read a lot, talk a great deal, and sometimes exchange pictures taken during the event. In the same way that children make collections of things, the passive groups pass photos around.

It is not clear what they say to each other. Mumbling a bit. Conversations are difficult to overhear. The passive people stick together.

There is a young postman moving around the building. He has rather bad skin. In fact, he has an extremely red face.

A bit like a disc jockey, instead of music he distributes information such as leaflets advertisements. You can rationalize his presence if you bear in mind the significance of the postman in certain naïve art and art brut.

He moves around giving things to people for no apparent reason. Conversation starters. He points out that the flyers are very beautiful as he hands them out. Inventing stories to backup the promotional material. Mail with no words, only images from Sony, Agfa, or Fiat.

He is a central figure, part of a metaphor of the building as a city. The postman has the news in his hands rather than projected like a TV newscaster. He deals face to face with the citizens.

People at the event enjoy playing. Games remind people of their constant interaction and existence. For them, play allows access to power.

These are not ordinary games but abstract ones, where the rules can always change. It is hard to control a situation where the rules change constantly. Rules, etiquette, and the nature of game-playing are discussed continually.

Dominant power structures in society like government and bureaucracy are not successful games because they do not understand the potential of play.

During our event, everything is viewed in terms of gaming. It is a general view. By extension, all existence must be seen in these terms.

The entire world is the domain where the creative impulse of the party can be deployed. Think about the re-soled shoes; then you can start to imagine that the whole community is linked together by playful but not imposed ideals.

This is the key to the revolutionary impulse of this promotional event.

The way work is organized gives some clue, for it seems as if the impulse is to devote energy to the creation of the idea of community.

This seems to be the only fixed rule.

Establishing a separate group provokes the implosion of society as a whole.

Sometimes men adopt a fighting stance when they greet each other, like the way they feign punches when they meet in a rowdy bar. Although they look as if they are about to fight, it never happens.

Some people kiss the wind when they meet.

People eat as much as they drink. Everyone is drunk, but nobody wants to let it show. Does this mean that nobody is drunk?

Staying alone is difficult. The loner always attracts attention. You have to keep moving because if you remain still, everyone notices.

There is a form of body language where people are constantly touching their ears, mouth, and eyes. They appear to be nervous, rearranging and checking their appearance, as if some facial features were not fixed or were prosthetic.

Many people wear headphones and sunglasses out of habit. They are used to wearing headgear. After a while, perhaps they consider their features to be accessories purchased from Sony.

Money is rarely discussed and, if so, only metaphorically. People talk freely and openly about sex and love. This introduces a level of slang that blurs the distinction between rich and poor.

To be creative at a party is indicative of control over a situation. Through continuous play comes pleasure.

There is a collection of old Coca-Cola bottles from the '50s to be admired on top of a bar. Wheat beer is popular. There is also a collection of illegal spirits, absinthe, poteen, and moonshine.

Bloody Marys are available for people who have hangovers. If you get sick after drinking, these it looks like vomiting blood, as if there were no difference between the interior and exterior of the body.

There are many types of herbal infusions. Smart drinks are popular. Milkshakes and broccoli juice also sell well.

Insults are freely traded, but are insignificant. No one takes offence. You can call someone names, but they will probably just offer you a drink.

In certain festivals in Italy, old objects are thrown out of the window when they are replaced by something new. This ritual is a form of symbolic renewal, a fireworks display of domestic objects.

A lot of the furniture at the event is made of balsa wood. The bottles and lamps are also designed by high-profile designers and made out of sugar. Like the furniture, they are made to be broken. If people feel like breaking things, they just go ahead and throw or smash them.

There is a collection of rare Beach Boys tracks; each track has its own player. There is a whole wall of Compact Disc players and cassette decks. An old man is in charge of setting the machinery and turning on each deck. He works his way across the room from left to right.

The volume is variable. Sometimes it is very loud, at other times it is extremely quiet. This is an unpredictable process.

Much of the music is remixed to work against the convention of classic rock; remixes of concrete music from the '60s, re-mastered Boulez, recordings of different noises played back, ambient remixes. Sometimes there is no music at all; then for three minutes or so, there is silence.

It is like a soundtrack to a movie without images, an effect not dissimilar to the music that accompanies cartoons on television. Without looking at the pictures, it is possible to imagine what is going on.

There are discreet and effective small loudspeakers. But in order to create a stronger impression, there are also really big speakers placed around the building to make people feel good, even though they are empty and silent.

From time to time, everyone leaves the dance floor because some of the music is not danceable, as it is too brutal, too slow, or just inappropriate. The decision not to stop dancing is hard to predict.

The music is interrupted in three different ways. One changes the mood of the audience through additional noises. Another alters the sense of where you are by the use of filters.

A third type of sound alters the perception of time, using the kind of noises heard at Christmas, like sleigh bells, holiday songs, church choirs, party noises, and snoring.

Changing the music alters the environment, which might become like a swimming pool, a train station, an airport, a school, or the countryside.

Various graphic equalizers are used to remove parts of the music. Elements like the vocals, the bass, the drums, or even parts of the ambient environmental atmospherics can be isolated.

One of the mini-stages is dedicated to a microphone on a tripod. People who wear personal stereos go on stage and hang their headphones over the microphone so others can hear what they are listening to. Although it sounds quite distorted, it is another way of sharing music at this event.

People are driving around the local area in cars, sounding horns and klaxons that make animal noises. Some cars have sound systems that take up the entire back seat. This produces a car concert with a mess of sound.

Sometimes the music is interrupted to promote products. The DJ speaks at length in a very precise way. When promoting Sega, for example, there is a description about the video games and all its features, rather than a visual presentation of the computer itself. You hear about the product rather than seeing it.

There are mainly technical presentations by the DJs. Some presentations explain the social benefits of the promotional object or product. Most of the time, the audience is unaware of which product or service is being pitched.

Some people listen. Others read books, especially this book.

There are people who like to talk about the weather. This is a common conversation. Sometimes, through the main door, you can see snow, rain, or even lightning, with all the sound effects to heighten the sense of the weather.

People even go outside to see if it is really snowing. This experience is all part of the dynamic movement that surrounds the event.

There are advertisements for impossible products, such as television screens that can be used like pieces of paper. You can scrunch them up and throw them into the trash, or fold them up and put them in your pocket – a sort of cross between a newspaper and television.

There are other promotional campaigns for surface cleaners, products for wiping down smooth surfaces, where the demonstration is the reason for the product to exist.

These items are circulated and swapped. There is great demand for new products as people at the party rapidly consume ideas.

It is important to understand how to arrive and leave the event. There is no big announcement of *the end* like in a movie. The event might have started at any time, with no specific opening hour.

The windows can be manipulated, like when shooting a movie. Projections of sunrises, sunsets, and other atmospheric changes, visible through the entrance/exit doorway, make it feel like it is any time of day or night.

A booth promotes Radio Reality, a radio station hosted by a blind Stevie Wonder fan. It records and broadcasts simultaneously. There are no commercials, but clothes are given away that carry advertising for the radio station.

Radio Reality is the only programmatic event of the party.

The recording will be rebroadcast everyday at the same time. Every day you can hear the same predictable show.

Cameras and video recorders are not allowed. Retaining a clear memory of the event will be extremely difficult. The only record of the party is sound-based. Only through imagination and participation can people take an image of the event away.

Sometimes the music stops and people begin moving toward the door, but suddenly it starts again and everyone streams back in. the event ends when music stops in mid-track. Everyone leaves immediately.

There is no announcement. People have no idea whether this party will last for one hour or twenty minutes. Because the length of the event is unknown, everyone is always ready to leave.

There is a doorman at the entrance who is very good at recognizing people. He is also a good judge character based on facial appearance. However he is blindfolded.

A colleague who is unable to move is next to the doorman, tied to a chair, incapable of any physical activity.

At the right time, when the music has finally stopped, people stream out past the doorman and his immobile colleague. The mood is subdued.

People just leave, not making any fuss, not rushing, just moving away. There isn't a lengthy period spent milling around, talking, and looking at cars. Nobody hangs around discussing the event.

At the end of this party, there's just a group of people quietly going on their way...

Note: Philippe Parreno, *Snow Dancing* (1995)

[English in the Original]

EXPOSIÇÃO / *EXHIBITION*

Sala de Exposições / *Gallery*
Escola das Artes / *School of Arts*,
Universidade Católica Portuguesa
Porto, 02.07.2019 — 11.10.2019

Curadoria / *Curator*
Nuno Crespo

Coordenação / *Coordination*
João Covita

Direção Técnica / *Technical Direction*
João Pereira
José Vasco Carvalho

Montagem / *Installation Team*
Ana Amorim
Artur Ruivo
Carlos Lopes
Hugo Sá
João Ferreira
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Margarida Dinis

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João Pedro Amorim

Design Gráfico / *Graphic Design*
João Pereira

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