

Subject. Object. Abject. Formats.

If I take the road on my left I run into a mountain, the one on the right a swamp.

I move in concentric circles and the distance grows ever greater.

My role consists in forgetting. The techniques I use to do it are constantly changing. I associate places with proper names, nouns with objects, articles with animals, adjectives with people. I construct a perfect system, a forgetting machine. The end is never an end and the game is always renewed. The names are infinite, as are the spaces that can be associated with them and the events to be forgotten. I preserve memories by wearing them away. The space I use in my mind is icy cold. It is not a nice place, there is no noise. The processes to which I subject myself to make sure that the operations are carried out in an effective manner are multiple, unhealthy, joyful, erotic. I cannot explain the meaning of what I do, I cannot establish its value. It is not political but would like to facilitate the inhabitation of a world. To be specific, this one. It is not rhetoric or at least is not meant to be. It is not religion even though the figures that I encounter sometimes ask me for veneration.

I rebuild the perimeter of my circular pantheon. Every colour is matched by a mother – each speaks a different language and works to her own secret code. To each picture corresponds a code that cannot be revealed and limited to a single image. Sometimes the image possesses a double, an alter ego whose language states the same thing but reformulated the other way round. The phrases coincide in part, and contradict each other in part. They are immobile deities that do not wish to exercise power. Deities without a realm, queens without a people. This is why the tongues they speak are indecipherable and can be understood by only one person.

Images without a code, with meaning.

The rules of the game have been erased. They were written on the first page of the book, but it has been torn out. A game without rules is a game that doesn't finish, that doesn't start. There is no winner, no one is guilty. And the part of my mind involved in the process is a part that is healed, silent. The part that does not subjugate, the part with no power.

The world I'd like to create is a temporary, fleeting world, one that is formed in unity for the space of a few minutes. A world in which systems are not built and so don't have to be destroyed.

I regard painting as a means of sounding out the obscure parts of the mind, what it is not possible to explain in words but that exists and becomes matter, then an object and then a real presence among things. This constant desire to name and bring to light something that could be left in the dark is part of my journey into abjection.

Reconstructing a shadow by illuminating it.

Each picture is linked to the next and creates connections between my private story and the history of art. The history of the images of man (the male), with whom I interact to get my revenge and to pay him tribute. To thank him and to laugh at him.

Each picture is at once a closed world and an open image.

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