

Devour me or I'll decipher you... not to be mistaken with decipher me or I'll devour you!

An exhilarating experience, not to say almost hallucinogenic, is a possible way to try and describe the visit to Fernanda Galvão's studio. She presents to us in high-speed gestures, words, temporalities, actions, and mishaps - and different layers of references and temporalities - her work processes and parts of her current production, the result of six months at the studio 1422, as it is known the atelier maintained by FAAP at the Cité Internationale des Arts in Paris.

Many are the layers and perspectives that unfold in the 40-square-meter studio/atelier/home. Amidst a multitude of images - cut-outs, prints, dried flowers, and other references for production - finished paintings stand out and transport us to the artist's diverse experiences in different cultural, geopolitical, topographic, and climatic contexts which stem from her participation in artist residencies and exhibitions.

Not that it is possible, with this pictorial reference, to evade the invitation to glance at the almost hidden graphic experiments installed on a small wall at the studio. This experience has fascinated the artist and made her question both technical procedures as well as work processes that returning to printmaking - which had been abandoned since the time of her visual arts course - has allowed her to experience. The transpositions of desires that until then had been resolved in the "solitude and individualities of pictorial decisions" have now clashed with the professionals' experiences on whom she needed to rely to carry out her experiments with lithographic production.

The interaction, time, and displacement from her place of comfort and certainty were fundamental to developing the production's perception and, specifically, to the potential that graphic images had as a source of uneasiness for the artist's work.

If I were to detail the processes of experimentation to which she has been exposed and which she set out to perform, a reference to other abandoned procedures would be necessary - such as modeling and ceramics. The desire to expand the processes of thinking about two-dimensionality in painting forms and giving them spatiality has opened other perspectives for research that has begun with clay, firings, and pigments.

In an artist residency process as the one carried out by Fernanda Galvão, opening oneself to experiments and embarking on investigations and exchanges dismantles certainties, which would mean opening up to possibilities and potentialities, and the seed-plants will take time to germinate and will remain fruitful for a long period while ideas will reverberate for many other times.

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Looking closely at the pictorial images that cover the atelier's wall, some indelible landscape painting marks and their inanimate beings are still noticeable and, in some way, connected to an

aqueous, humid, and organic environment that presents a personal ecosystem inhabited by forms that overflow with visuality. They do not wish to represent nor describe but instead reveal a dreamlike and unique visual world proposed by the artist.

In other fragments of this journey, small canvases guide our thoughts and looks toward a thinner, drier atmosphere in which, even though still reminiscent of plants, still strive to assert themselves through color, form, and matter, engaging our gaze in the complicity of their autonomy and affirming themselves as more than survivors but as the conductors of our attentions. Due to their delicate and fragile appearance, they could be submissive and controlled by the act of contemplation. However, they do not surrender so easily as they are prepared to capture and not release their victim. As a desire, they intoxicate more than our sense of smell and our attention and we can no longer stop relating to them, once we've been imprisoned.

Digressing through this painting's recent past that is being reconfigured and enhanced in a way to involve and devour us, much like carnivorous or devouring plants, perhaps even more, sucking our fragile gaze that tries to free itself from its deep and hypnotic blues, the intoxicating wines and burgundies that she entwines, weaves and plots with color on the canvas. It is in vain, this attempt to escape, once captured in this scenic fiction, it has let us be carried away, dive, submerge, coexist, immerse, and resurface in personal dimensions provoked by Fernanda Galvão. These are not presented as definite images of the world but as resulting worlds of her desires to propose ways of thinking about this world. She also suggests we reflect upon our desires and impulses which can either devour us or propose to decipher us.

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Paris, January 2024