O QUE SOBRENADA, SOBRENADA NO CAOS

[*OVERNONE, OVERNONE IN CHAOS*]

ISMAEL MONTICELLI

CURADORIA | CURATED BY

CLARISSA DINIZ

09.07 — 20.08.2022

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VILASECA
GALERIA

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Portas Vilaseca is pleased to present "*O que sobrenada, sobrenada no caos*" (*Overnone, overnone in chaos*), artist Ismael Monticelli's second solo show at the gallery, curated by Clarissa Diniz.

Monticelli brings together a set of new works developed in the last two years, including paintings, sculptures, objects, installations and site-specific interventions.

Taking up the three floors of the gallery, the show is organized in a spatial narrative whose gloomy atmosphere arouses a feeling of melancholy and frustration, amid the celebrations of the bicentennial of Brazil's Independence and the centenary of the Modern Art Week.

In this sense, "*Overnone, overnone in chaos*" is situated at the crossroads of utopias and dystopias within a time full of remembrances and collapse: an invitation to wallow in profanation, debauchery and criticism that are necessary for a life beyond the triumphalism and the celebratory tone of the staggering canons and their weary narratives.

By weaving remnants of ideas, thoughts, sounds and images, Monticelli underlines the fantasies of our own modernity and throws them against the now: a time increasingly interpreted in the light of the Anthropocene.

Split into three parts, the exhibition hijacks Tarsila do Amaral's political-aesthetical constructions to craft a garden, a large Eden whose fabled social harmony is, in its turn, disrupted by a bloodthirsty, carnivorous bestiary that devours others and itself amidst the volumetrically cohesive and chromatically shaded setting found in her works.

Monticelli's strategy consists of not only inserting beasts and wild creatures into the *Tarsila*-esque landscapes, but, mainly, do it from the Medieval aesthetic perspective by means of the direct appropriation of images such as the ones on the Aberdeen Bestiary (England, 1200), and aspects such as the gilding of the surface and the writing, forging an imaginary that is simultaneously modern and medieval.

On the third floor, the paradisiacal pictorial spring is seen infected by thorny snakes that coil around themselves to offer a nest to the eggs that abound throughout the space and that, in turn, emulate a certain archetypal drama that can be glimpsed in Maria Martins' work, thus contrasting – aesthetically and politically – with the two iconic artists.

On the walls of the spiral path that connects the three floors of the gallery, there is an intervention, on which the phrase "*when lightning speaks, it says darkness*" - by philosopher and writer George Steiner - is repeatedly written.

"*Overnone, overnone in chaos*" is on display from July 9 to August 20.

Cover page
Campânula de gás, 2022
[*Gas bell*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché, spray paint and styrofoam
68 x 80 x 64 cm | 26.7 x 31.4 x 25.1 in

PORTAS VILASECA

GALERIA

O QUE SOBRENADA, SOBRENADA NO CAOS

ISMAEL MONTICELLI

CURADORIA **CLARISSA DINIZ**

09 JUL — 20 AGO 2022

Prologue *

I
at around 35 years of age
strayed from the path

I do not know if I slept
or was momentarily unconscious

I woke up in a dense forest
it was night

to leave that place
one needed to find a sunny hill
they said

as I climbed the hill
I would regain the right path
they said

I wandered
lost
Trying to find said hill
wandering and wandering

when
suddenly
the darkness was ruptured
by the light of a silent lightning

this could be a sign

but a sign of what?

besides imminent storms
what does the lightning say?

they said the lightning would unleash
the primary matter
the potter's clay
inducing life

the lightning would wake the lifeless
or sleeping elements
breathing organic vitality into them

wandering through the jungle
I thought of Frankenstein
who was brought to life by a spark

the lightning and the monster…

but what is a monster?

they said the word monster comes from
'monestrum'
derived from the latin 'monere'
meaning 'to warn, foresee, announce'

the emergence of a monster would be the
precursing sign of events
destined to subvert the world's natural order

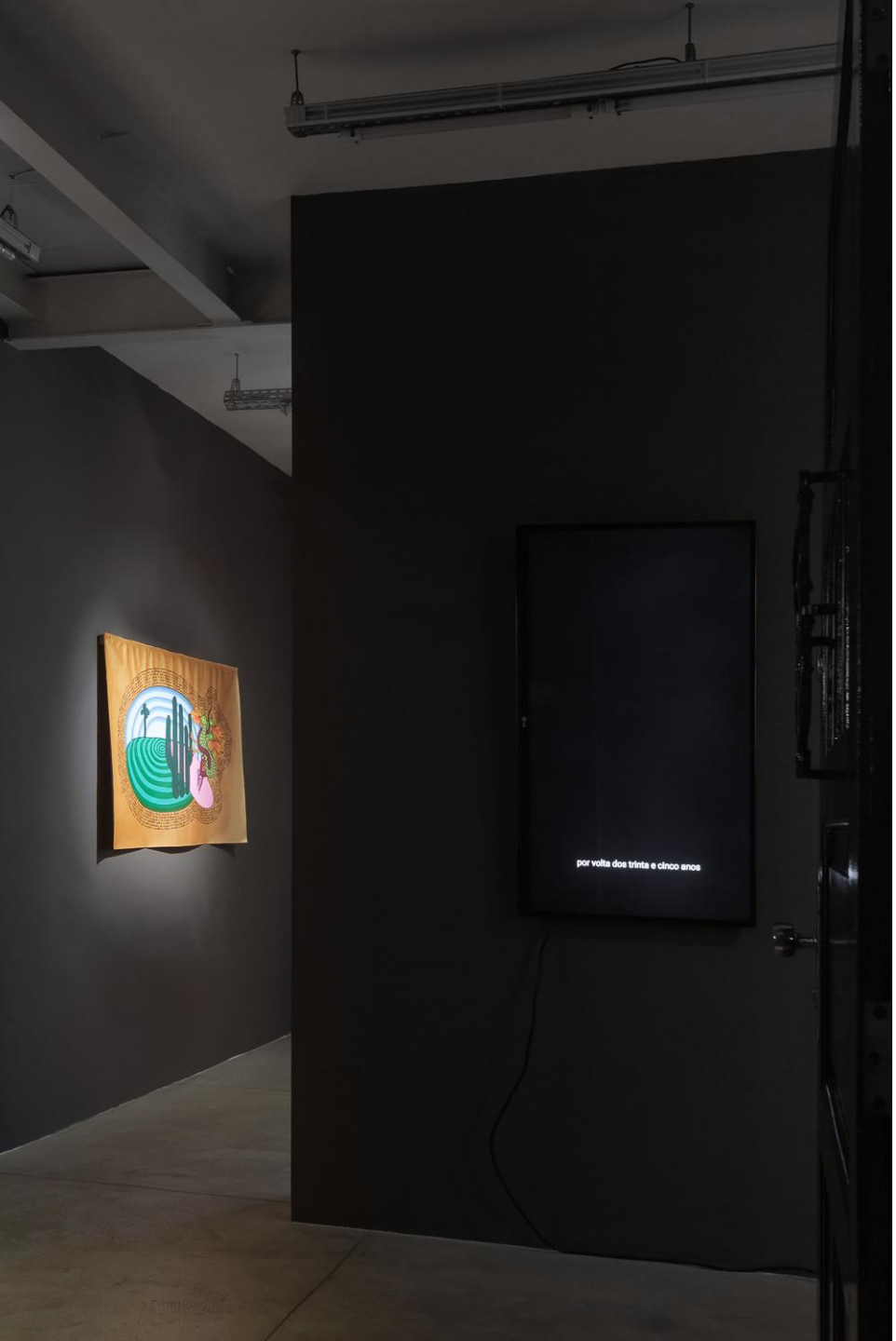
still wandering through the jungle
I thought of the sound of the words 'womb'
and 'tomb'
'womb' and 'tomb'

I glimpsed a new world
a birth

the birth of a baby

I glimpsed a baby emerging from a tomb and
not a womb

** Presented at the entrance of the gallery on a TV screen, through captions displayed on a black background image.*



“Now there is nothing but flowers”, echoes Caetano Veloso’s voice between two thrivingly ornated paintings on the third floor of the exhibition “*Overnone, overnone in chaos”,* Ismael Monticelli’s solo show at Galeria Portas Vilaseca.

His complaint – an ironic requiem to the fading of a paradise made up of machines, cars, gas, outdoors, freeways, and shopping malls – is a Brazilian take on the song *(Nothing but) Flowers,* by the Talking Heads.

As he cries aways his yearning for the old Pizza Hut, later covered with daisies, the song mocks the primitivist fantasies that now and again plague civilizations with messianic longings for the utter reflorestation of all life, minds, and territories, yielding revolutionary ideologies – albeit often authoritarian ones – that stubbornly devote themselves to rebuilding nations, peoples, ideals, based on a fabled “nature” that could explain all atrocities as stemming from "natural law”, biological determinism or scientific racism.

Today, as Brazil celebrates the 200th anniversary of its independence, the much-needed reflections on the failure of “our nation’s” colonial project eagerly compete for critical outlets against all the hoopla generated by the 100th anniversary of São Paulo’s 1922 Modern Art Week, we device a historical fiction that could tie “modernity” to “independence”, as if one was bound to the other.

o relâmpago e o monstro...

On the canvas it reads: "Desta terra nada vai sobrar, a não ser o vento que sopra sobre ela".
[Of this earth, nothing will remain but the wind that blows over it]

Vento [Wind], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
110 x 123 cm | 43.3 x 48.4 in

It is an unfortunately precedented irony that, for instance, the traumatic photos that document the recent Guarani Kaiowa massacre at Guapoy (Mato Grosso do Sul) have to plead for visibility precisely against the prominence given to *ad nauseum* reproductions of Tarsila do Amaral's *Abaporu*, which, produced six years too late, it's commonly taken as an icon for the celebrations of the Week of 22 (of which, incidentally, Tarsila was not a part of), demonstrating that timeframes – such as the one the cowardly Brazilian courts try to impose on the process of acknowledging the lands of native peoples – follow double standards or, as the wise Brazilian folk adage keenly explains: two weights, two measures.

While genocidal outlooks defend that, despite the emancipatory citizenship project contained in it, the Brazilian Constitution's date of enactment (1988) should be taken as the marker for a timeframe, historiographies and epistemicidal pedagogies continue to inadvertently spawn endless reinterpretations of Amaral's violent and monster-like representation of native-people (the *Abaporu*) before the eyes of our school-age children, as the utopic Brazil – whose peoples and cultures many believe to have inspired Thomas Morus' *Utopia* (1516) – daily flaunt its failures and reversals.

It's never too late to recall: this is not a new development and, on December 22, 1988, three months after the Constitution was enacted, environmentalist Chico Mendes was murdered in Acre with a single rifle shot, gorily rubbing on society's face that the "the Rule of Law failed", as recently stated by lawyer Eloy Terena in reference to the killing of Vitor Guarani Kaiowa and the wounding of many relatives in a massacre conducted by the Military Police following the murder of activists Dom Phillips and Bruno Pereira, in the Amazon.

Thus, to Ismael Monticelli, in 2022 it becomes mandatory to desecrate Brazil: to criticize and even mock its project of civilization, beauty, tropicality, pacifism, colors, myths, its modern art, artist and, therefore, also mock himself.

On the canvas, it reads: "Tiros, chanfalhos, gases venenosos, patas de cavalo.
A multidão se torna consciente, no atropelo e no sangue".

[Shots, blades, poisonous gases, horse hoofs.
The crowd gains consciousness, in trampling and in blood.]

Multidão [Crowd], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
85 x 130 cm | 33.4 x 51.1 in

tropelo e no sangue tiros chanfalhos gases
sangue tiros chanfalhos gases venenosos patas de cavalo a
gases venenosos patas de cavalo a multidão
ciente no atropelo e no sangue tiros
rosos patas de cavalo a multidão no
angue tiros chanfalhos gases

On the canvas, it reads: "A liberdade de ser um parafuso redondo num buraco quadrado".
[The freedom to be a round peg in a square hole.]

Parafuso [Peg], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
85 x 109 cm | 33.4 x 42.9 in

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Although we live in the age of memes and, inescapably, there is a lot of lampooning in the critics Monticelli brings forth, beyond the provocation that gives origin to the cast of works here gathered – whose formal and visual structure emulates the canonic *Anthropophagic* phase of Tarsila do Amaral's work, devised the late 1920's, as well as making a comment on Maria Martins' work -, we find ourselves before not a festive irony, but an overwhelmingly nihilistic one, that even mistrusts the utopia of a fresh start, as sung by Caetano: *I thought that we'd start over/ / but I guess I was wrong/ once there were parking lots/ now it's a peaceful oasis/ you got it, you got it.*

Organized as an spatial narrative whose darkness guides us through a drama in three acts, experimenting with the many triads that structure the Judeo-Christian imaginary – heaven/purgatory/hell, father/son/holy ghost, beginning/middle/end -, Ismael's exhibition hijacks Amaral's political-aesthetical constructions to craft a garden, a large Eden whose fabled social harmony is, in its turn, disrupted by a bloodthirsty, carnivorous bestiary that devours others and itself amidst the volumetrically cohesive and chromatically shaded setting found in her works.

The Rio Grande do Sul-born artist's gesture, therefore, emulates the work of the artist that came from a landholding family to fracture, from the inside, its appeasing ideology, on whose bosom the abyssal social and ethnical/racial inequalities of Brazil were depicted as natural: the flowering of peoples, hovels, and crafts as if they were mangos, avocados or *sapotis.*

His strategy consists of not only inserting beasts and wild creatures into the *Tarsila*-esque landscapes, but, mainly, do it from the Medieval aesthetic perspective by means of the direct appropriation of images such as the ones on the Aberdeen Bestiary (England, 1200), and aspects such as the gilding of the surface and the writing, forging an imaginary that is simultaneously modern and medieval.

With the double aesthetic historicity of his paintings – that are, in fact, the first in his trajectory -, Ismael Monticelli's interest does not lie in forging, into them, an a-historical feeling of "time standing still", but effectively bestows them with a strangeness by means of anachronism. With this friction with the medieval, the artist disturbs the modernist imaginary that is so familiar to us and that, recently, was recalled by the (bi)centennial of the Independence and the Week of 22. In doing it, he pokes at the current historicist mood with its flowery fabulation, reminding us how fictional is the horizon that supposes itself to be, like Brazil, as independent as it is modern.

Besides the extravagant aesthetic of the paintings, the artist causes heaven and hell to converge in them, making the cosmo-theological dichotomies ambiguous as their dystopian dimension is confirmed by the sentences that surround the paintings of emblematic nature – presages, prophecies, plagues, conjurations, confessions, warnings.

Formas [Forms], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
224 x 168 cm | 88.1 x 66.1 in

On the canvas, it reads: "E as velhas formas entram em colapso".
[And the old forms begin to collapse.]

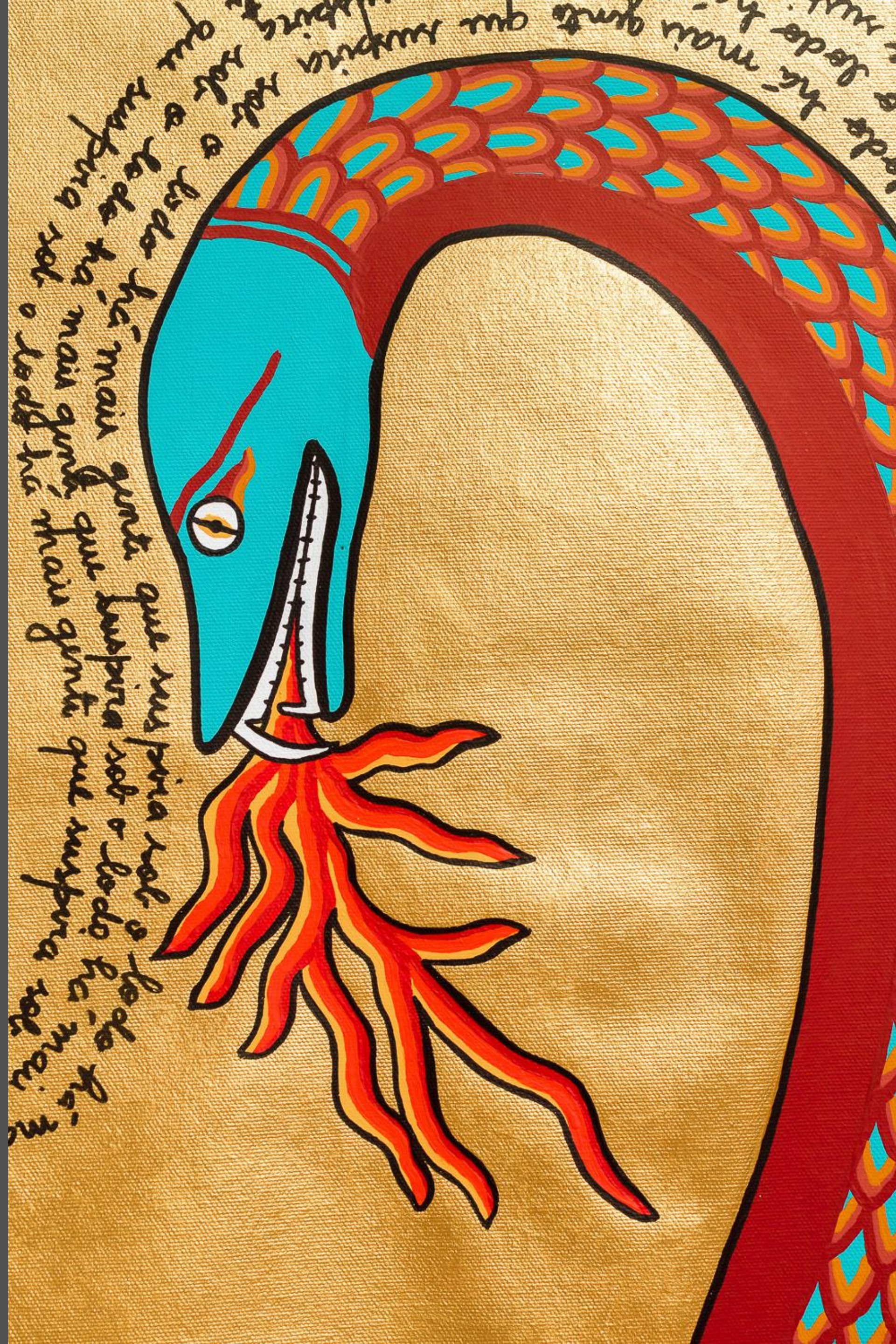
em colapso e as velhas formas entram em colapso e as velhas formas entram em colapso e as velhas formas

On the canvas, it reads: "Todos os animais são iguais, mas alguns animais são mais iguais do que outros."
[All animals are equal but some are more equal than others.]

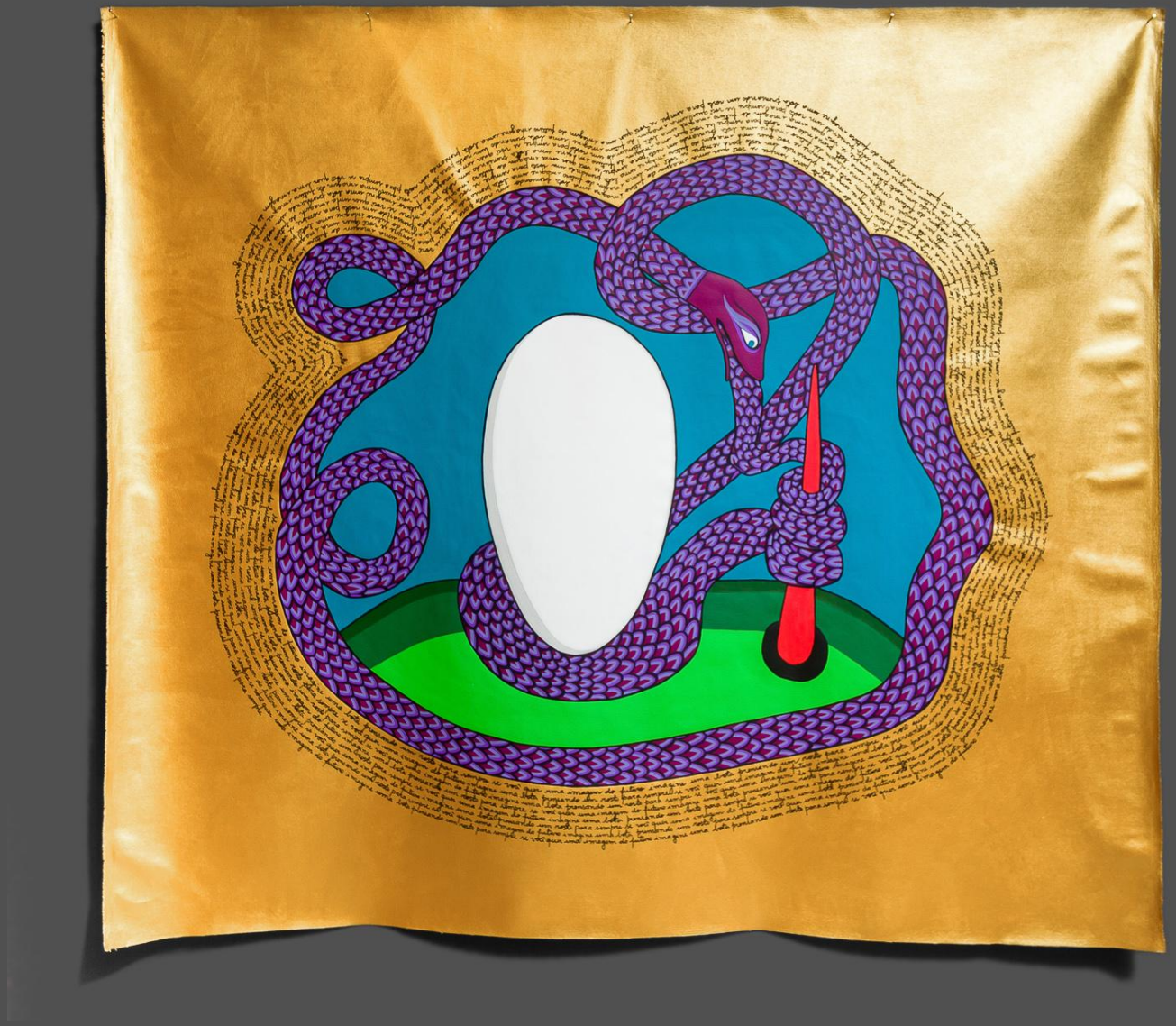
Animais [Animals], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
110 x 143 cm | 43.3 x 56.2 in

On the canvas, it reads: "Sob o lodo há mais gente que suspira."
[Beneath the sludge are more people who sigh.]

Lodo [Sludge], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
142 x 60 cm | 55.9 x 23.6 in



o todo há mais gente que suspira só o todo há mais gente que suspira só



On the canvas, it reads: "Se você quer uma imagem do futuro, imagine uma bota prensando um rosto para sempre."
[If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face – forever.]

Bota [Boot], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
148 x 168 cm | 58.2 x 66.1 in

Duplipensar [Doublethink], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
59 x 134 cm | 23.2 x 52.7 in

On the canvas, it reads: "O poder de sustentar duas crenças contraditórias na mente simultaneamente, aceitando as duas."
[The power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them.]

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simultaneamente aceitando as duas o poder de sustentar duas crenças contraditórias na mente
as duas o poder de sustentar duas crenças contraditórias na mente simultaneamente ac

On the canvas, it reads: "Os lugares mais quentes são reservados àqueles que escolheram a neutralidade em tempos de crise."
[The hottest places are reserved for those who, in a period of crisis, maintain their neutrality.]

Neutralidade [Neutrality], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
108 x 149 cm | 42.5 x 58.6 in

os lugares mais quentes são reservados àqueles que escolheram a neutralidade em tempos de crise os lugares mais quentes são reservados àqueles que escolheram a neutralidade em tempos de crise os lugares mais quentes são reservados àqueles que escolheram a neutralidade em tempos de crise os lugares mais quentes são reservados àqueles que escolheram a neutralidade em tempos de crise

Extracted from books or narratives considered to be dystopian and juxtaposed with scenes that are part of the drama of *Overnone, Overnone in chaos*, the sentences become a kind of interpretative text, suggesting a political and moral atmosphere that, following the scribing in the stairway that read *when lightning speaks, it says darkness* (George Steiner), leads us to the gallery's third floor.

On the third floor, the paradisiacal pictorial spring is seen infected by thorny snakes that coil around themselves to offer a nest to the eggs that abound throughout the space and that, in turn, emulate a certain archetypal drama that can be glimpsed in Maria Martins' work, thus contrasting – aesthetically and politically – with the two iconic artists.

Serenaded by Caetano Veloso singing (Nothing but) Flowers, at the center of the installation, as if at an altar, a sullen golden baby spins, in a fetal position, over a snakely ornated pedestal. Its continuous counterclockwise movement goes hand in hand with the spiraling turning of time, evoking pregnancy itself, or the intermission that is necessary to hatch, under the heat of the sun or of gunpowder, what is to be.

Lullabied by the verses *From the age of the dinosaurs/ Cars have run on gasoline/ Where, where have they gone?/ Now, it's nothing but flowers,* the baby seems destined to be born going 'round and 'round temporality, searching for a past that cannot be lived by him, but that has already been nostalgically taught as an ideal to be rescued.

This is an allegory to the production of primitivistic fantasies that, as a cycle, frequently befall the arts with an uncontrollable desire for that which supposedly took place before our current state of affair. Easy preys to the evolutionism over which art history was built along with its deranged hypothesis of a continuous overcoming between artists, periods, places, and movements, we're steeped into a specific kind of salvation-inspired longing: which expects, from an Other situated in another time-space, our own salvation.

While hijacking Tarsila and Martins' modernist imaginary – which precipitates, furthermore, a closer look at gender issues in Brazilian Art -, Monticelli's show underlines the fantasies of our own modernity and throws them against the now: a time increasingly interpreted in the light of the Anthropocene.

This concept, due to its environmentally implied, and even apocalyptic, dimension, seems to rekindle a few primitivisms that, in the Brazilian case, once fabled the forest and its native peoples as sources of hope from whose strength the future would be erected, as exemplified by Oswald de Andrade's ideas, which, from an native perspective, envisions a civilizational future based on matriarchy and the abolition of property, among other aspects he believed would aid our diseased occidentalized societies.

It is precisely from Oswald, author of the *Anthropophagic Manifest* (1928) and married to Tarsila do Amaral – who gifted him with her infamous *Abaporu*, the title for the show. From the text *The march of utopias* (1953), the expression emerges at the bosom of his (self)criticism to primitivism, which he acknowledges as a symptom of the hegemony of the *adult, white, civilized male* who, back in the 19th century, had not *heeded Marx's prophetic roars, Nietzsche's new sun, and Freud's outer abysses*. For Oswald, these and other epistemological and political movements *would lead, little by little, to white demoralization* and, with it, the understanding that all primitivisms are a perverse, fetishist fantasy of those who imagined themselves to be on the opposite pole of the dichotomic equation: who considered themselves to be "civilized".

And so, Oswald acknowledged that the Anthropophagy he himself had coordinated with various partners beginning at the late 1920's was equally a symptom of a supremacist whiteness whose utopias are an authoritative civilization project: *and what were the various forms of what we call "fascism" if not also mass movements and authentic utopic movement? (…) Who could deny that Mussolini and Hitler, as abominable as they might have been, dragged behind them the people's desperate mass? And what were these volcanic layers but the enormous primitivist residues, deliberately left behind, by the "superior and distinguished" classes who alone enjoyed the benefits of capitalism? (…) Anthropophagy, yes. Anthropophagy could have only one solution: Hitler! (…) They (the anthropophagists) sang of the technical barbarian! What is Hitler but a technical barbarian?*

Therefore, Andrade concluded that the authoritarianism seen in that half of a century (that, today, is once again epidemic in the world) was implied in the primitivist perspectives that *for not taking the conviction of their primitive souls to their ultimate consequences* – that is, for not having dismantled the primitive/civilized, I/Other, etc. binominal, infringing their own civilizing fiction – ended up producing a *reaction*, *raging pincers*: indignant, collective furies of "the masses", outraged for having been *deliberately left behind* as *primitivist residues*. In the end of his argument, Andrade enigmatically states that *overnone, overnone in chaos*.

The disorder we experience daily, the one that is also expressed by this country's presidency and the state's racist violence, is probably one of the traces of this civilizational supremacy process based on the Other's primitivization.

Perhaps what still floats, hovers, or sustains itself in this chaos should be, effectively, desecrated, devoured, destroyed. So that hell ceases to exist for the 99% of the population that unequally share the remaining 60% of the cash that was not taken by society's wealthiest 1%, urging us to desecrate heaven.

As he states in the prelude to the exhibition, whose structure mirrors the *Divine Comedy*'s (1304-1321) opening, the imaginary there gathered, in its counter-endemic, anti-pacifist monstrosity, announcing that *the emergence of a monster would be the precursing sign of events*.

However, as foretelling as the monstrosity sign might be, the Frankensteins produced by our worlds are assemblages of their remains, their fragments. Its very existence arises from destruction, the ruin, when we come to give birth to alternatives and paths for our worlds, which won't come from the perspective of a birth, but that of a funeral: *womb and tomb. I glimpsed a baby emerging from a tomb and not a womb,* asserts the prelude of Monticelli's show.

On the canvas, it reads: "A história se repete, a primeira vez como tragédia e a segunda como farsa."
[History repeats itself, first as a tragedy, second as a farce.]

Repetição [Repetition], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
142 x 175 cm | 55.9 x 68.8 in

On the canvas, it reads: "A repetição da história disfarçada de farsa pode ser mais aterrorizante do que a tragédia original."
[The repetition in the guise of a farce can be more terrifying than the original tragedy.]

Disfarce [Disguise], 2022
Acrylic on canvas
142 x 175 cm | 55.9 x 68.8 in

It is in that sense that the drama of *Overnone, overnone in chaos* imposes a grim atmosphere to the show, theatrically tailored to melancholically thwart the apology and celebration of the ephemerides amidst which we find ourselves.

From its gloomy character and the counterclockwise wise movement that magnetizes it, comes the very potency of transformation: one that is not made up of hope in the future or any kind of messianic summoning to a saving Otherness that will restore our lost paradise, but a willingness to wallow in hell to the point it deposes Eden and, consequently, its antagonistic duo: darkness.

As announced by one of Monticelli's paintings, in which, set against the landscape of Tarsila do Amaral's *Antropofagia* (1929), we find necrophagy scene – birds devouring a dead dog under the terrified gaze of other dogs – *the old forms begin to collapse*.

Clarissa Diniz
Curator

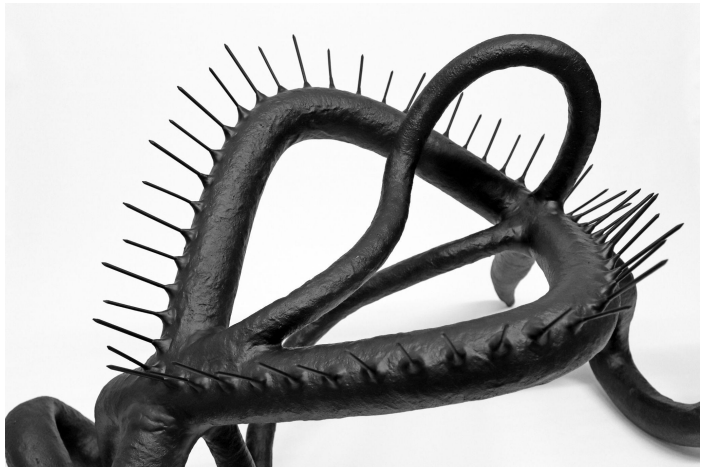
Tábua das horas, 2022
[*Hour board*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
92 x 54 x 47 cm | 36.2 x 21.2 x 18.5 in

Compreensão antinatural, 2022
[*Unnatural understanding*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
48 x 108 x 27 cm | 18.8 x 42.5 x 10.6 in

Noite ensolarada, 2022
[*Sunny night*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché, spray paint and polystyrene
85 x 95 x 28 cm | 33.4 x 37.4 x 11 in

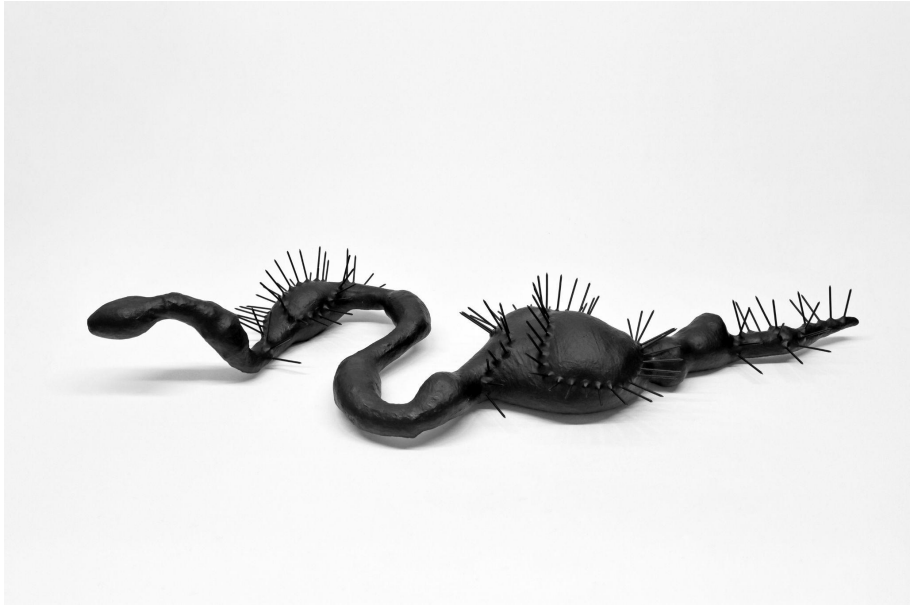
Piso frio, 2022
[*Cold ground*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché, spray paint and polystyrene
30 x 45 x 55 cm | 11.8 x 17.7 x 21.6 in

Raiz irracional, 2022
[*Irrational root*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
100 x 70 x 65 cm | 39.3 x 27.5 x 25.5 in



Alma incurável, 2022
[*Incurable soul*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
63 x 95 x 122 cm | 24.8 x 37.4 x 48 in

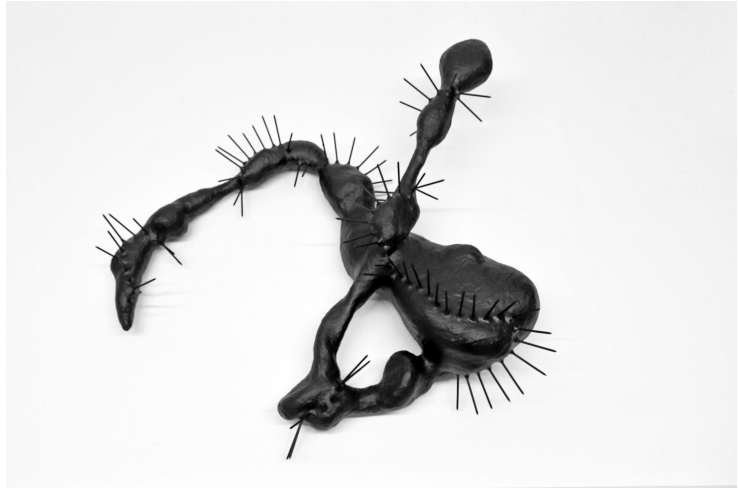
Campânula de gás, 2022
[*Gas bell*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché, spray paint and polystyrene
68 x 80 x 64 cm | 26.7 x 31.4 x 25.1 in

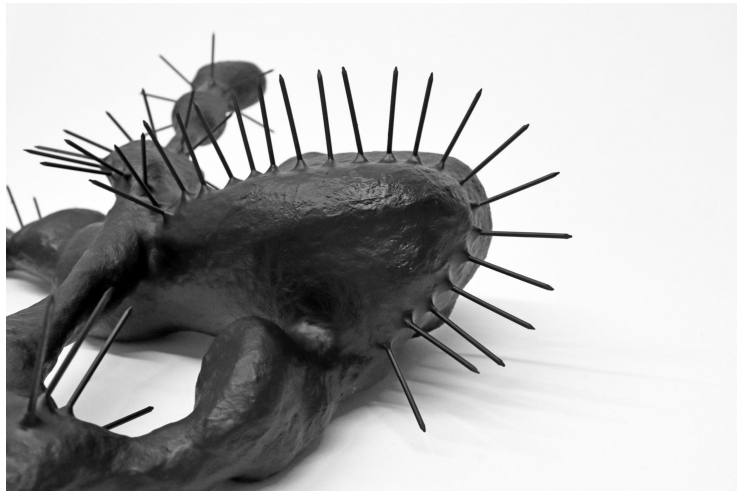


Onda entorpecida, 2022
[*Numb wave*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché, spray paint and polystyrene
65 x 142 x 19 cm | 25.5 x 55.9 x 7.4 in

Sombra bidimensional, 2022
[*Two-dimensional shadow*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché, spray paint and polystyrene
38 x 76 x 65 cm | 14.9 x 29.9 x 25.5 in

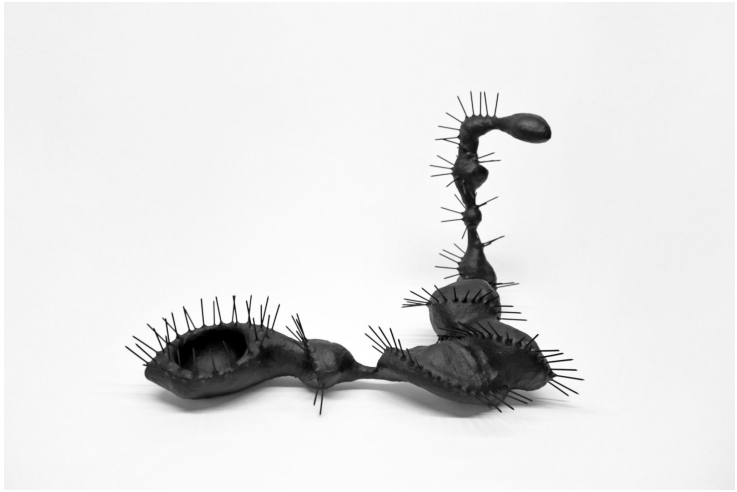
Colisão de trens, 2022
[*Train collision*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
100 x 67 x 95 cm | 39.3 x 26.3 x 37.4 in

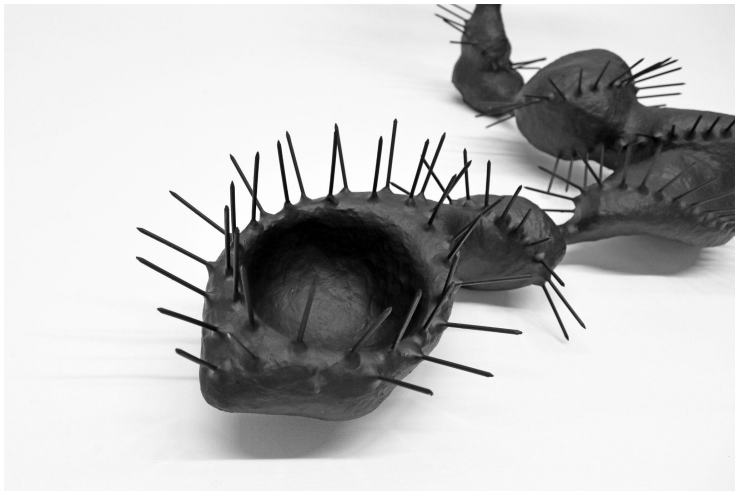




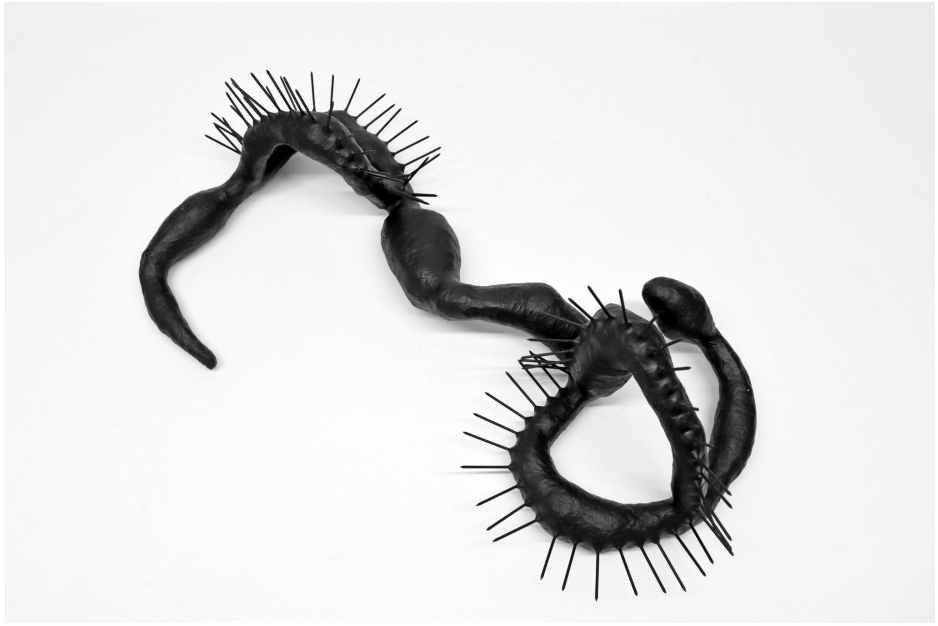
Função útil, 2022
[*Useful function*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
24 x 69 x 65 cm | 9.4 x 27.1 x 25.5 in

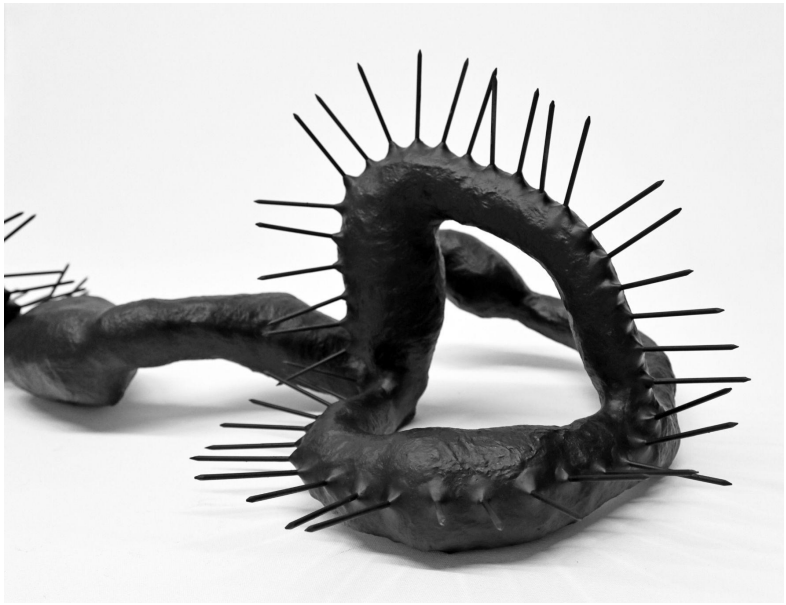
Mar espelhado, 2022
[*Mirrored sea*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
80 x 50 x 30 cm | 31.4 x 19.6 x 11.8 in





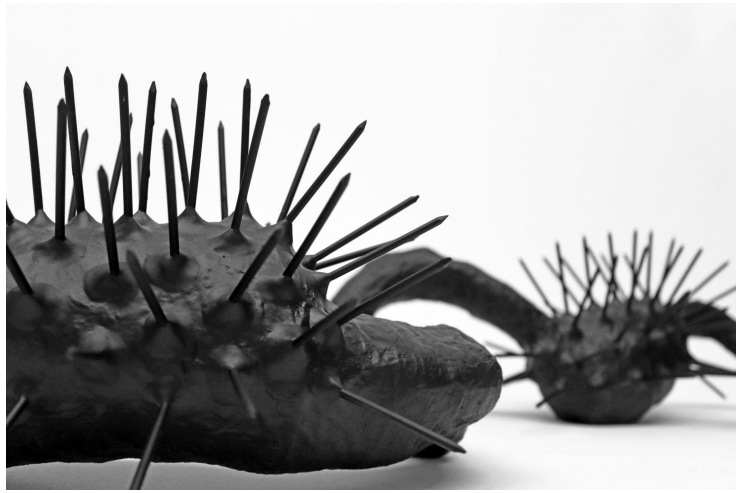
Grande operação, 2022
[*Big operation*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
60 x 105 x 80 cm | 23.6 x 41.3 x 31.4 in





Penhasco zero, 2022
[*Cliff zero*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
31 x 90 x 75 cm | 12.2 x 35.4 x 29.5 in

Mão de ferro, 2022
[*Iron hand*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
104 x 63 x 94 cm | 40.9 x 24.8 x 37 in



Harmonia quadrada, 2022
[*Square harmony*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
60 x 85 x 21 cm | 23.6 x 33.4 x 8.2 in

Selva da lógica, 2022
[*Jungle of logic*]
Metal, cardboard, foam, papier-mâché,
spray paint and polystyrene
100 x 70 x 75 cm | 39.3 x 27.5 x 29.5 in

ISMAEL MONTICELLI

1987 - Porto Alegre, RS, Brazil
Lives and works in Brasília, DF, Brazil

The artist holds a PHD in Art and Contemporary Culture / Contemporary Artistic Practices from the State University of Rio de Janeiro - UERJ. He also holds a Master's Degree in Creative Processes and Everyday Poetics from the Federal University of Pelotas and a Bachelor's Degree in Visual Arts from the Federal University of Rio Grande do Sul - UFRGS.

Monticelli's artistic practice starts from a sensitive observation of the immediate surroundings (such as the house where he lives) or from a specific context (such as the museum that will house his exhibition or the art fair that will present his work). Based on in-depth research involving interviews, historical documentation and different materials, his works unfold in a sort of rational ordering - arrangement, methodical disposition or organization. In undertaking these actions, the artist seeks to present spaces, objects, materials and narratives in other ways, revealing what is not perceived or easily seen, weaving other relationships between appearance and reality. Such experiments have generated propositions in different media, such as objects, installations, photographs and printings, without restrictions on one technique or category.

One of the topics that has interested Monticelli the most in recent years is the relationship between fiction, art and history – mainly micro-stories. He often uses his personal Instagram account as a kind of open studio, where it is possible to access part of the research process of his most recent projects, including thinking of the application as an archive, in which he collects, organizes and publishes images and information related to his work. of each job. Eventually, he creates works especially for Instagram.

RECENT SOLO SHOWS

- *Exercício de Futurologia*. Curatorial support: Clarissa Diniz. Paço das Artes PRojects Season, Museu da Imagem e do Som, São Paulo, SP, Brazil(2018)
- *Monumento*. Curatorial support: Daniela Name and Marília Panitz. Marquise - Entorno, Funarte, Brasília, DF, Brazil (2017)
- *Le Petit Musée*. Curated by Raphael Fonseca. Portas Vilaseca Galeria, Rio de Janeiro, RJ, Brazil (2016)

RECENT GROUP SHOWS

- *Against Again: Art Under Attack in Brazil.* Curated by Nathalia Lavigne and Tatiane Schilaro. Anya and Andrew Shiva Gallery, New York, USA (2020)
- *Lost and found: imagining new worlds*. Curated by Raphael Fonseca. Institute of Contemporary Arts - LASALLE College of the Arts, Singapore (2019)
- *Molt Bé!.* Curated by Raphael Fonseca, Portas Vilaseca Galeria, Rio de Janeiro, RJ, Brazil (2018)

AWARDS

- 7th Marcantônio Vilaça Award (2019)
- Artist Residency Scholarship for South American Artists, "*Coincidence*" Program, Pro Helvetia Foundation, Switzerland (2019)
- Foco Bradesco ArtRio Award - Residency Scholarship and Acquisition Award (2017)
- IX Açorianos Visual Arts Prize (2015)
- Funarte Award for Contemporary Art - Visual Acts (2015)

COLLECTIONS

- Museu de Arte do Rio - Rio de Janeiro, RJ, Brazil
- Museu de Arte Contemporânea do Rio Grande do Sul - Porto Alegre, RS, Brazil
- Pinacoteca Aldo Locatelli - Porto Alegre, RS, Brazil

For full CV, click here.

CLARISSA DINIZ

1985 - Recife, PE, Brazil
Lives and works between Magé and Rio de Janeiro, RJ, Brazil

Curator, writer and art educator. Graduated in Arts at UFPE, Master in Art History at UERJ and PhD student in Anthropology at UFRJ. She is a teacher at the Parque Lage School of Visual Arts (Rio de Janeiro). Previously, she has worked as an editor of the Tatuí magazine (revistatatui.com.br).

In addition to some published books and catalogues, Diniz has texts included in magazines and collections on art and art criticism, such as Creation and Criticism - International Seminars Museu da Vale (2009); Visual Arts – contemporary Brazilian essays collection (Funarte, 2017); Art, censorship, freedom (Cobogó, 2018); Latin America: arts et combats (Artpress, March 2020).

She has been working as an art curator since 2008 and, between 2013 and 2018, she worked at the Museu de Arte do Rio – MAR, where she develop projects such as *From Valongo to Favela*: *Imaginary and Periphery* (co-curated with Rafael Cardoso, 2014); *Pernambuco Experimental* (2014) and *Dja Guata Porã – Indigenous Rio de Janeiro* (co-curated with Sandra Benites, Pablo Lafuente and José Ribamar Bessa, 2017). Among other works in curatorship, we highlight: *Todo mundo é, exceto quem não é: 13a Naifs Brazil Biennial* (Sesc Piracicaba and Belenzinho, São Paulo, 2016-17); *À Nordeste* (co-curated with Bitu Cassundé and Marcelo Campos. Sesc 24 de Maio , São Paulo, 2019); *Raio-que-o-parta: fictions of the modern in Brazil* (Sesc 24 de Maio, São Paulo, 2022).

Between 2018 and 2021, she coordinated at the Parque Lage Visual Arts School the *EAV Training and Deformation Course,* together with Ulisses Carrilho, a 'not concluded' process that led to the exhibitions *Estopim e Segredo* (2019) and *Rebu* (2021), among several other actions.

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O QUE SOBRENADA, SOBRENADA NO CAOS
Overnone, overnone in chaos
Ismael Monticelli

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