



ESPRONCEDA
INSTITUTE
of ART & CULTURE

DUST MIGHT

an exhibition by Gabriel Ribeiro / Curated by: Ian Gavião



Those were the hottest days of summer, when dust mites compulsively ate the edges of a poem until they reached the center. Here, the sun that gradually reveals images of lives invisible to the naked eye is the same sun that annihilates them. The herbs on the edge of the precipice were melted. Daylight reveals, engraves and sculpts what the wind brought: dead skin cells, hair, pollen, or any other matter that has been reduced to dust. These images were processed for days under the sun, and are similar to those seen with eyes closed during a feverish delirium: a sweaty body rests on a piece of foam on the roof, as a moist pattern begins to form on its porous, yellowish surface. It was a 20-day long fever.

The traces on top of and within the foams are vectors of microscopic life that became increasingly brighter as the sun aged their surroundings. This almost primitive image-making technique resulted in abstract but objective solar drawings. They are naturalistic by essence, and warped, zoomorphic and yellowish by intention. *Yellowing Poems For Dust Mites* can be seen as dedications or tributes to the tiny beings that live clandestinely among the dust carried by the wind. Beings who invade bodies, houses and objects in order to declare their incessant fight against matter. These creatures of approximately 0.25 mm breathe can deeply into one's eyes and skin before gnawing them, initiating allergic reactions.

For the porous body on the roof, the inhalation of this cosmic and lethal dust reached the lungs and, consequently, the brain. When the thermometer reached 40 degrees, another block of sand and dust rose sharply from the ground on the horizon. Over the course of this delirium, this itchy skin fed the mites that in turn multiplied within the cellular density of the foam. Unforeseen rock-engravings hovered right above their head. There was no longer any air circulating through the inner airways. And what seemed harmless suddenly became deadly.

A forgotten memory is revisited in a dream. Below the roof, a *Ventilation Shaft* is positioned – the light and shadow helices are presented in a rhythmic and continuous manner. In the attic, still in a reverie, things were gradually enveloped by a veil of dust, soon becoming small and large time capsules. Dust prints time onto the world and the burnt yellow confirms its passage. Following hallucinating variations in time and space, everything remains ever developing.

There is a void in DUST MIGHT, and it is precisely in this lack of completeness that Dust can be anything. These soft structures usually harbor thousands of dust mites, but they are suddenly not here. What remains are mere luminous traces, evidencing an imagined combat between sun and matter, each with its own motivation and territory. But beyond two Suns, new dust bunnies were born. And beyond all the fighting, something disappeared. You see me, don't you see me. While sunlight worked to bring this clandestine life back into transparency, the hypochondriac body awakened from terrifying dreams. It is true that mites do not prey on fire. And it is also true that they hide invisibly inside things, where the sun does not reach them, and continue to act gradually towards some end.

Ian Gavião