



## **Pizz Buin**

Inferno: apareceu em Rio Tinto

29th January until 21st March 2009

Pizz Buin is a group formed by Irene Loureiro, Rosa Baptista, Sara Santos and Vanda Madureira in 2005, in Caldas da Rainha, Portugal.

Until now, this collective has been presenting proposals towards creating discussion about various moments in art: placement of the artwork, its livelihood/sacredness, previous references to the artwork, the history behind it, how it is seen now, the vernissage situation, the exhibition, etc. The several forms of acting (manipulation, appropriation, out of contextualisation, the cut up) will also influence the construction and direction of the proposal, making more sense when presented in a space prepared for art reception.

Recent exhibitions: Espaço Avenida galley (2008), Arte Contempo gallery (2007), EDP New Artists Awards (2007), Ajuda Palace (2006).

*I got on the train from Munchenhausen to Bocksbergforten (...) After lunch, Chiara accompanied me to my carriage, none of us liked napping and her brother didn't see any problem in leaving the two of us alone. As soon as she sat down, she smiled and confided me she had stolen one of the dessert silver spoons. She showed it to me, hidden in her pocket. I pretended to disapprove of such action, but neither she nor I believed in my attempt to lecture her (...) In the meanwhile, the train drove past the Viberg mountain (...) The landscape was only marked by the fluctuation of lines that marked the space and allowed to distinguish between sky and earth, one mountain from the next. Nothing apart from a previous knowledge could assume the white background in the landscape wasn't a homogenous plan. Chiara had slowly fallen asleep; her head leaned on my shoulder. I didn't want to move. I didn't want to stop that physical contact, but also didn't us to have to confront ourselves with that unusual event. That turned out not to be a problem since Mr Pitt came into the*

*carriage, which made her woke her up without even thinking about her position (...) Giovanni played his card and stared at my shoulder; I then noticed Chiara's powder had left a stain on my shoulder.*

Hans-Joakim Skollenberg, "Samarcanda"

*John Knowles entered the room and the remaining police officers moved away from the king size bed where the arched body of a young, skinny woman lay on top of several layers of clothes stained with blood. Instead of surprising him, the scenario wasn't Dante-esque. He had seen larger blood stains in less likely places before. (...) As usual, he stayed in the lab until way after everyone had left (...) [John] spread the sheets and blankets on the floor. They filled the room. He analysed the edges of the blood stains and tried to identify the pieces of the puzzle of the bed game and recreate the original position of the body. When he finished, he realised that it had been the blood pressed against the body that had printed the traces on the panels (...)*

*He switched off the lights and jumped on the chair. The infrareds revealed not only the congenital and clotted plasma in the tissue and the human fat of an unknown number of people, but also a splashing profusion too disperse and in a too larger amount to have been made by human secretion.*

Steve Botnick, "C.S.I. Las Vegas: Os Melhores Casos"

*(...) Since I couldn't sleep, I knocked on my dad's door. He opened the door surprised to see me and we sat down on the sofa. We talked about a few books (...) and he suggested I should go to zoo.*

*I found it hard to drive since the sleepiness caused by the opium was triggered by the car's pace. (...) The tiger scratched the glass and was about 15cm away from my face. I tried to establish some kind of visual contact but the tiger's movements were constant and recurrent, not motivated by our presence. Dad turned away to see the mammals from his childhood and I stood there looking at the shadows of the three animals lying in the sun.*

*From the information available at places like this, we learned a couple of trivialities: the rhino's horns are made of fur, monkeys are almost like men and tigers never have the same spots. In this feline speciality, it would eventually be possible for a Tiger Ching if we could put it next to more than 70 others in the same room. Any sultan will probably have done something similar before.*

*I promised myself I would prepare the structure in case my financial future allows it. I would have an enormous room with 70 tigers; a Chinese man would have previously given a trigram to each. One or two times a day, I would shout my worries to the heavens and would launch something with such impact as a live peacock thrown to the tigers and the first to eat it alive would reveal the machineries of my destiny.*

Flavio Chini, "O Sermão de Sta Apolónia aos Leões"

*The little book Ramón had left forgotten inside his gym bag was about Numerology. Laura was intrigued. Usually she had little time for mysticisms and things like that; it didn't match her profile of a busy modern woman to waste time with such customs typical of insecure girls. But curiosity was stronger and minutes later, Laura had a paper full of sketches in her kitchen table. Her day of birth was the 2<sup>nd</sup>: duality and femininity, if one is a good God, two is the combat between good and bad, the vagina that adapts itself to the penis' penetration. Was it right, after all, to go through her new lover's things? She searched Ramón's number and found the seven, considered one of the most sacred and magical numbers of the Jew-Christian tradition. Hadn't God rested on the 7<sup>th</sup> day? (...) Ramón took off the jacket he wore to ride his motorbike and held Laura in his arms. "You are a seven, I'm a two", said Laura. He threw her onto the bed, noticing his opened book on the kitchen counter.*

Federica Montseny, "Há uma luz que nunca se apaga"



Translated by Maria José Anjos