

MAGENTA AND CYAN MISTY BEAUTY

“The lost places become spaces of fiction offered to the duel and the reception of a past”.
Michel de Certeau.

The landscape is one of those immediate certainties that things are as they are. Registered by photography, the seductive certainty of what we see thus encapsulates the memory to the direct collision with what was once lived. When it comes to travel landscapes, the images take on even stronger contours. Thick lines of experience through places and contexts become rhizomatic territories, whose possibilities extend beyond what is seen, what enchants the eyes. The experience through landscape, through its aesthetics, modulates itself into falsetto, through a quick fable to the spirit, a bridge to the place of the gaze – from which the subject seeks to understand its existence in the latitude of time, memory and space.

The phenomenon of the encounter with the photograph of another, of a family archive, of the journeys of a life, is a mainstay of *Sobretempo*, research and work of Mariana Tassinari. It is through this that the thought of the senses' perceptions plunges into subtleties, filigrees shapen by aesthetic and affective imagery. *Sobretempo* makes the calculation by trimming. Through the collage, she constructs a harmonious perception, but also paradoxical of what one can, wants and needs to part, break, to then enjoy the narrative of crossing between the artist and the family travel archive of her paternal grandparents.

Sobretempo walks through the tortuous rhizomes, of feeling the subjective freedom of spaces within the perception of landscape. Smoothly and elegantly, through the atmosphere with the smell of the past, with tones of wearied times, the inconcretion of memory expands in contamination by the metalanguage that the artist explores. Mariana Tassinari's particular trace and her already known layers of past works, align themselves in *Sobretempo* with monastic precision, almost in the act of meditation. In such a way, it brings to the imagery surface, imperceptible fractures, gaps, domesticated junctions in blunt poetic-fictional flow. The images become contaminated between themselves by the empty and docile illusion of being so ubiquitous, above all inexorable in their scenery's, scenes and horizons (seized by the inaugural marks / limits of composition).

The risk fueled the beauty of misty memory of magenta and cyan; restored time, under the imprudent and gentle subjectivity of the landscape. It went beyond, however, in breaking with the lethargic state of contemplation. Because the landscape can be the risk of the charm or the cliff, the exile or the perfect place, or even the false and so comforting sensation in exploring our complexity, of feeling and perceiving the world. Either by spaces of affection, reverie or poetry. Just as we expect to be invaded by the world.

Georgia Quintas, writer and anthropologist.