

Opening—  
January 25 at 10 pm

Jan 26 – Mar 16 2013  
Tuesday to Saturday  
From 2 pm to 7 pm



RESIDUAL SHARE  
CATARINA DIAS

VERA  
CORTÊS  
ART  
AGENCY

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Havia o preto e o branco. E a Catarina Dias redescobriu o cinzento. É a zona de fronteira, *the border*, é a zona da condição humana. Porque no nosso pensamento, no da Catarina, no meu, vamos até ao fim da radicalidade, até ao fim onde o pensamento é possível. E é o preto e o branco, são os extremos do pensamento e da realidade. Mas o cinzento é a diluição e é lá que estamos. Repare-se como os seus cinzentos são heterogêneos, manchas diluídas por escolha e por acaso. Ela está aí nas imagens que escolhe e mistura, nos espaços que deixam de estar vazios.

A condição humana é a contradição humana. Criadores e destruidores. Fúria e compaixão. Nós próprios estamos entre a interioridade e a exterioridade, impulsionados pelas emoções, sentimentos de morte e sentimentos de vida. E tudo para nós, secreto, escondido, envergonhado. Ou a explodir a preto e branco como faz a Catarina. Quantas paisagens os românticos inventaram! Mas elas estavam lá. Estavam lá? O mesmo século dos românticos é o século da revolução industrial, das ruas escuras, da miséria, das crianças raquíticas. Essa era a exterioridade. Para a Catarina Dias a paisagem humana, a exterioridade violenta, entrou-lhe pelos olhos dentro e operou explosões na sua interioridade. Ela equilibra-se, na fronteira, no *border*, no cinzento. E mostra-nos, vejam lá, essa violência exterior numa mão e os seus sentimentos na outra. Vejam lá, não tem vergonha. Vejam, porque é para verem o que eu vi e como eu vi, diz-nos ela.

Vejo o naufrágio do Costa Concórdia, um pacote, um pacote, de luxo, a deslizar para dentro do mar. Comparo-o com a pintura do “naufrágio de um cargueiro” de Turner exposto nas Idades do Mar. O naufrágio moderno é frio, correcto, o barco faz de conta que é barco ainda. É *clean*, asséptico, a destruição está submersa. O de Turner é dramático, revoltado, é ainda o mar cheio de força, as ondas são ondas e a destruição é grandiosa. A exterioridade agora é raro que nos chegue directamente. Não vemos directamente o mar, como o Turner, nem vemos o mar que nos contam como os românticos. Vemos o mar que nos trazem a casa nos ecrãs, as imagens reproduzidas sem fim, que a Catarina aumenta e aumenta e nos põe diante dos olhos. Como as imagens de morte e revolta que nos trazem a casa. Não vejo da janela. Vejo-as nos seus grandes panos, que são sofridos, recortados, impressos, pintados, colados, um *patchwork* contemporâneo, não já o dos longos dias das mulheres do Oeste mas o das longas noites de uma mulher urbana.

Sem olhos para ver, o macaco que já fomos, não vê nada. Dois buracos. Para os olhos que temos hoje, para o cérebro cheio de circunvoluções a que chegámos, a Catarina mostra-nos esse mundo em derrocada, onde só pode haver revolta. E há revolta porque há vida! A Atenas deste momento, injustiçada pela história da guerra, ocupada, vendida, sem que os velhos e as crianças possam comer os submarinos que foram obrigados a comprar. Nenhuma revolta será suficiente para fazer esquecer a injustiça e a hipocrisia. Tal como nenhuma pedras compensarão as derrocadas, os bombardeamentos, as mortes do país roubado da Palestina, que nos aparece também através das suas imagens. Por trás de tudo o Goldman Sacks vela por nós, oculto, automático, como uma mancha que avança e corrói corpos humanos. Que dor! E nós sem sabermos nada mais que gritar e afastar do écran da televisão este retrato que de nós tiraram.

A vitória que nos resta é a do Obama. Reduzida à sua expressão simbólica e à nossa e dele impotência. E para os pobres da terra não há mais que uma batata, sempre e repetidamente a mesma batata, ameaçada por inesperados escaravinhos.

No outro lado do mundo uma mulher indiana da construção civil transporta à cabeça uma grande pedra, milhares de anos depois do ser humano ter inventado a roda. Transporta o mundo.

E nós todos que estamos a ser transportados pelas manhas de uns e pela fragilidade de outros, não temos alternativa senão olhar com esperança este caminho. Abrir os olhos. E esse é o gesto primeiro: encontrar o fio que mostra o percurso deste labirinto, onde nos meteram e onde nos metemos. Já se ouve o som destes pretos, brancos e cinzentos.

Este grito é o nosso silêncio.

There was black and there was white. And Catarina Dias rediscovered grey. It is the border area, *fronteira*, the territory of human condition. Because in our reasoning, Catarina's and mine, we go up to the far end of radical reasoning, as far as possible. It is the black and the white, the two extremes of thought and reality. But grey is the dilution, and that is where we are. Notice how diverse her greys are, stains that are diluted by choice and/or by chance. She is *there*, in the images that she chooses and melts with, in the spaces that are no longer empty.

The human condition is the human contradiction. Creators and destroyers. Fury and compassion. We, ourselves lie between interiority and exteriority, driven by emotions, feelings of death and of life. Everything for us is secret, hidden, ashamed. Or is exploding in black and white, as Catarina does. How many landscapes did the romantics conceive? But they were there. Were they? The century of the romantics is the same century of the industrial revolution, of dark streets, misery and stunted children. That was the exteriority. To Catarina Dias human landscape, the violent exteriority, entered through her eyes and operated explosions within her inner self. She balances on the border, the *fronteira*, the grey zone. And she shows us, *there* you see, in one hand that external violence and on the other her feelings. Look at it, she's not ashamed. Look, because it's for you to see what I saw and how I saw it, she tells us.

I see the sinking Costa Concordia, a packet ship, a luxury package sliding into the sea. I compare it with Turner's *Shipwreck of a cargo ship* in the exhibition 'The Ages of the Sea'. The modern shipwreck is cold, correct, the ship still pretending to be a ship. It is clean, *asséptico*, destruction is submerged. Turner's sea is dramatic, turbulent, it is still powerful, the waves are waves and destruction is overwhelming. Exteriority reaches us seldom directly these days. We don't see the sea directly, as Turner did nor do we see the sea that we are told of as the romantics did. We see the sea that is brought on to us into our homes by screens, endlessly reproduced images, which Catarina enlarges and enlarges and puts in front of our eyes. Just like the images of death and anger that are brought into our homes. I can't see them from the window. I see them in her large hangings, which are suffered, cut out, printed, painted, glued, a contemporary patchwork, not from the long days of the women in the West, but from the long nights of an urban woman.

With no eyes to see, the monkey we once were, sees nothing. Two holes. For the eyes we have today, for the brain we developed, filled in by circumvolutions, Catarina shows us that collapsing world, where there can only be revolt. And there is revolt because there is life! Today's Athens, wronged by the history of warfare, occupied, sold, where neither the elderly nor the children can eat the submarines that they were forced to buy. No revolt will be enough to make us forget injustice and hypocrisy. Just like no rocks will make up for the ruins, the bombardments, the deaths of the stolen country of Palestine, which also becomes visible through her images. Behind all of this, Goldman Sacks watches over us, secret, automatic, like a stain advancing and corroding human bodies. What pain! And we without knowing what else to do but to scream and to move away from the television screens, from this portrait that they took of us.

The victory that we are left with is Obama's. Reduced to its symbolic expression and to ours, and his, powerlessness. And for the poor of the land, there is no more than a potato, always and again the same potato, threatened by unexpected scarabs.

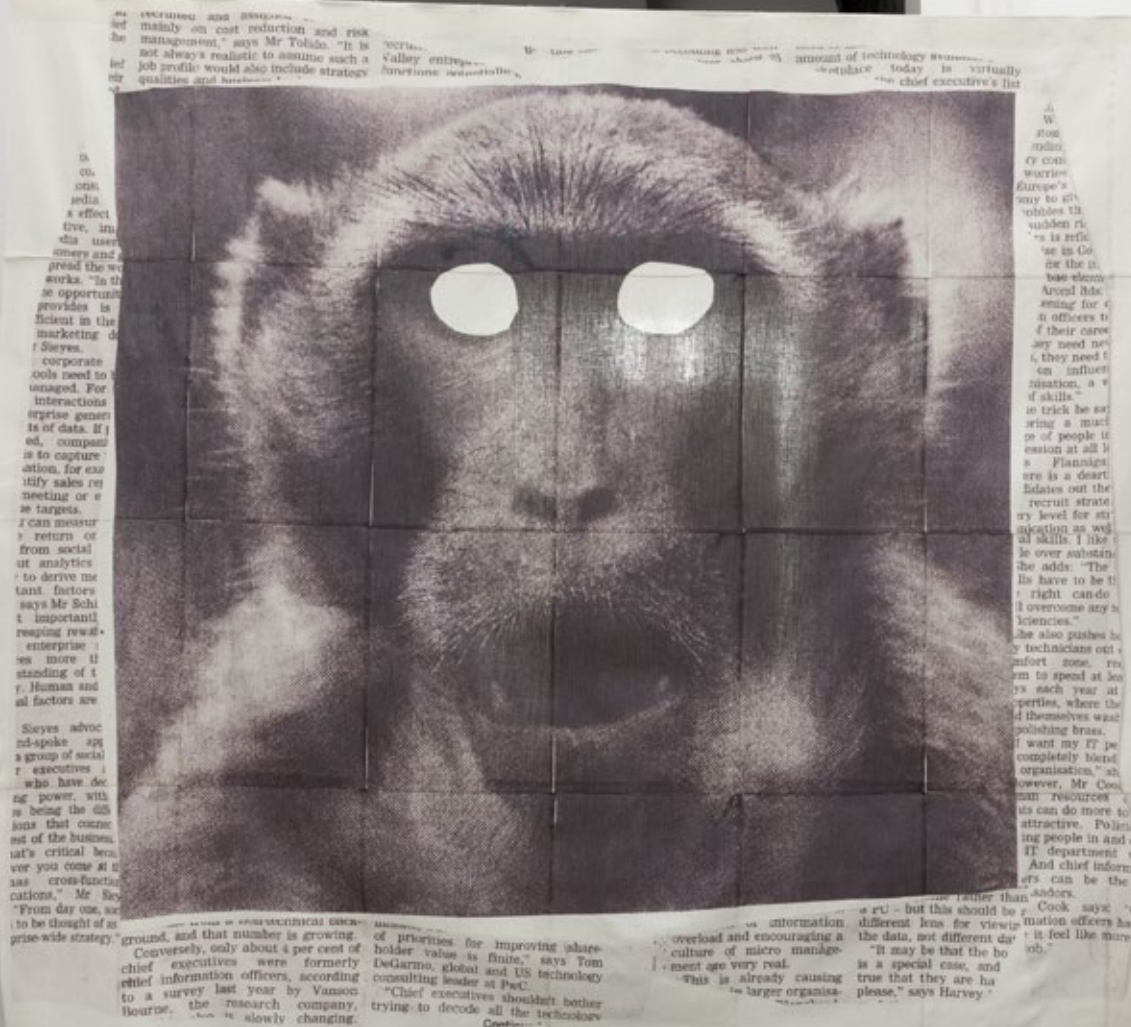
On the other side of the world, an Indian woman working in construction carries on her head a large rock, thousands of years after the human being invented the wheel. She carries the world.

And all of us that are being carried insidiously by some, and by the fragilities of others, have no alternative but to look in hope at this path. To open our eyes. That is the first move: to find the thread that shows the path through this labyrinth, where we were put in and which we got ourselves into. We can already hear the sound of those blacks, whites and greys.

That scream is our silence.







Sem título

Untitled

2012

Impressão jacto de tinta sobre pano

Inkjet print on fabric

114 x 139 cm



Sem título

Untitled

2012

Impressão jacto de tinta sobre pano

Inkjet print on fabric

114 x 139 cm

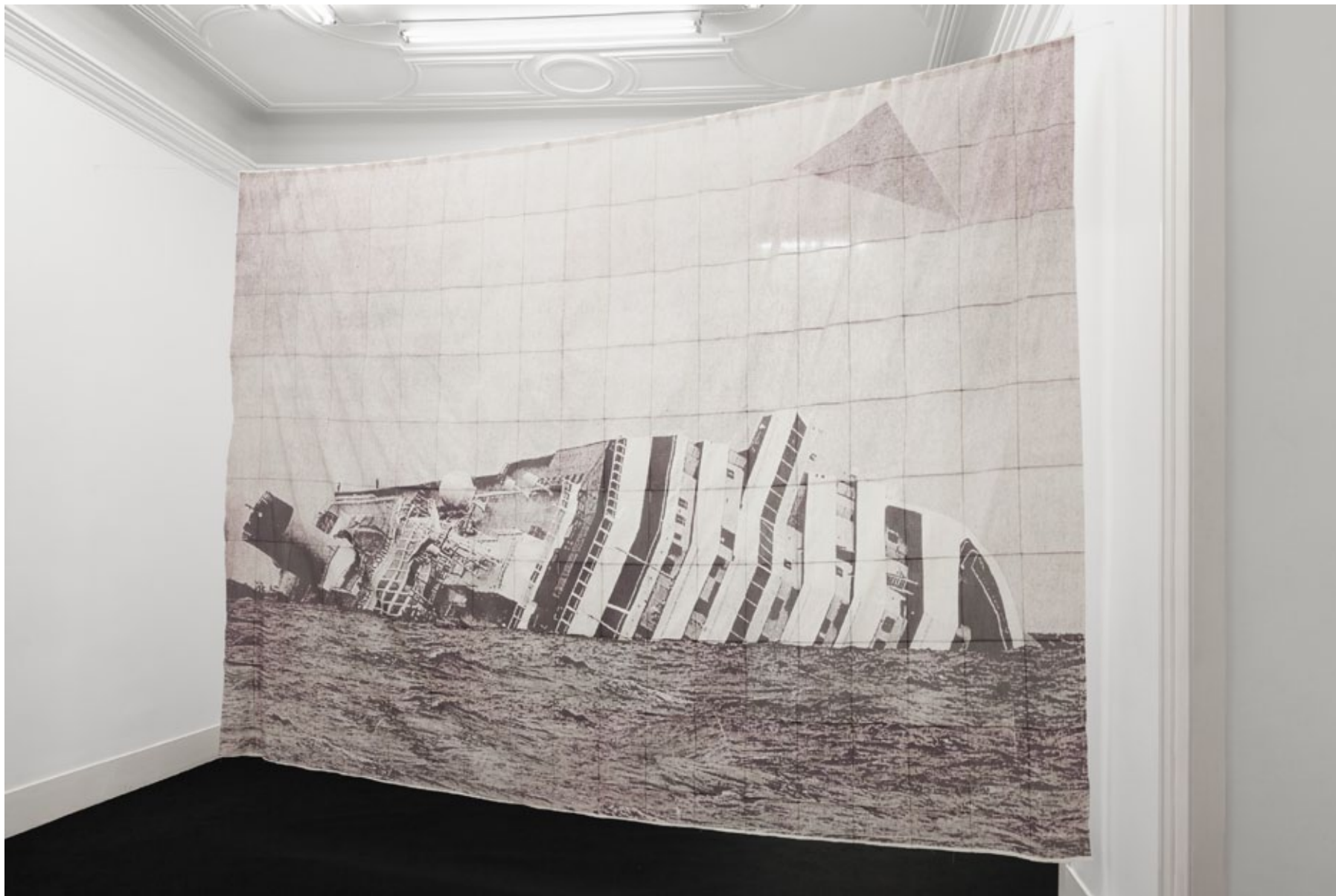






Sem título  
 Untitled  
 2012  
 Impressão jacto de tinta sobre pano  
 Inkjet print on fabric  
 267 x 160 cm





*Sem título*  
*Untitled*  
2012  
Impressão jacto de tinta sobre pano  
Inkjet print on fabric  
280 x 399 cm

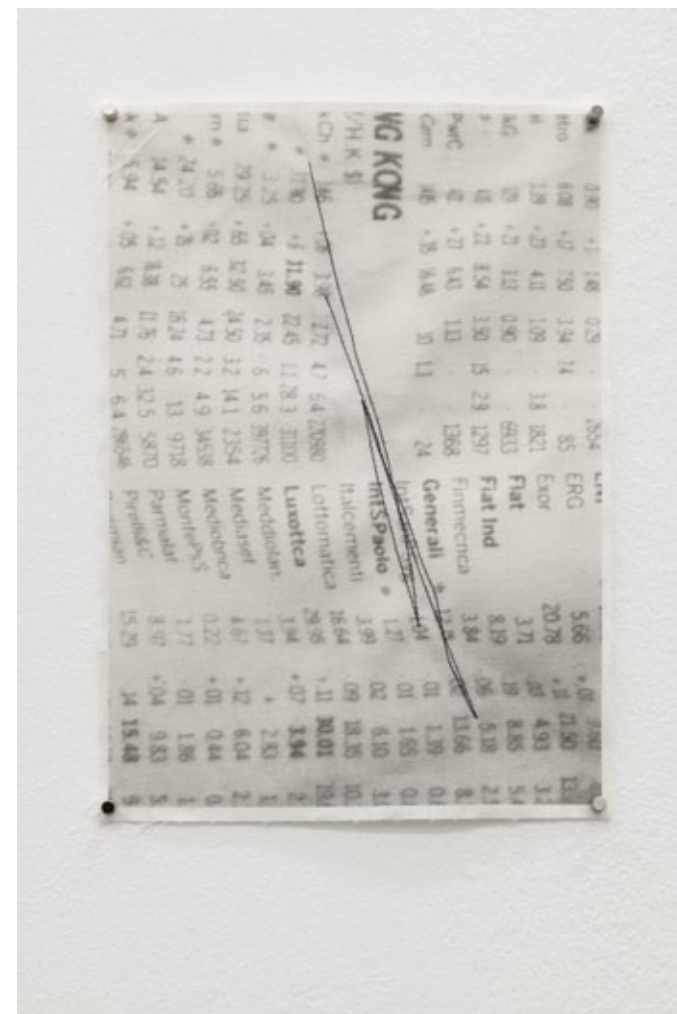




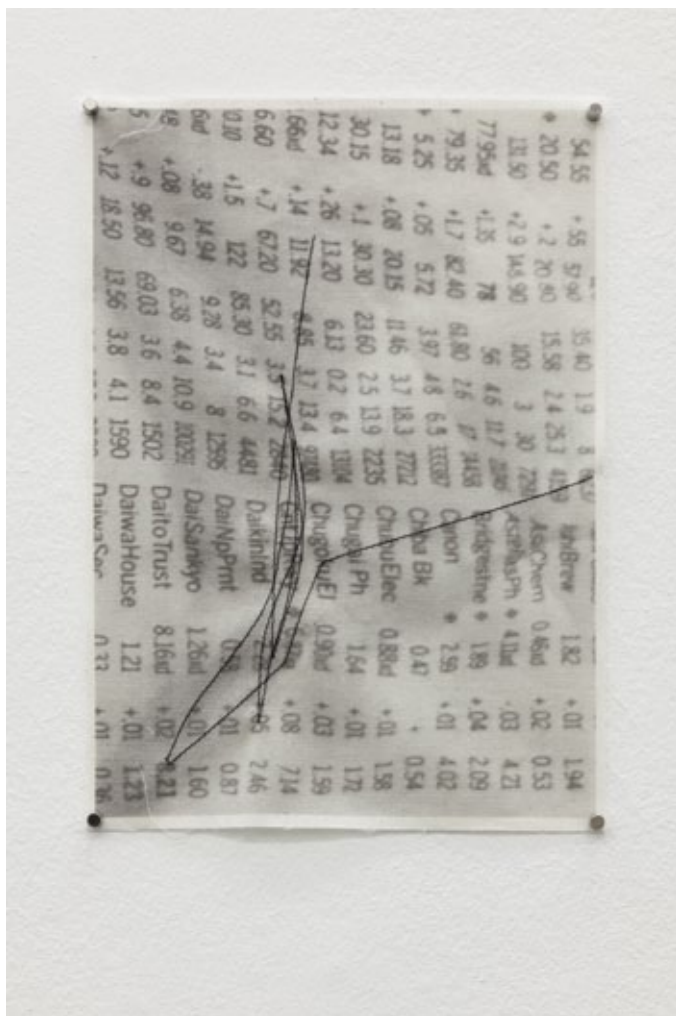
*Sem título*  
*Untitled*  
 2013  
 Impressão jacto de tinta  
 sobre pano  
 Inkjet print on fabric  
 29.7 × 21 cm



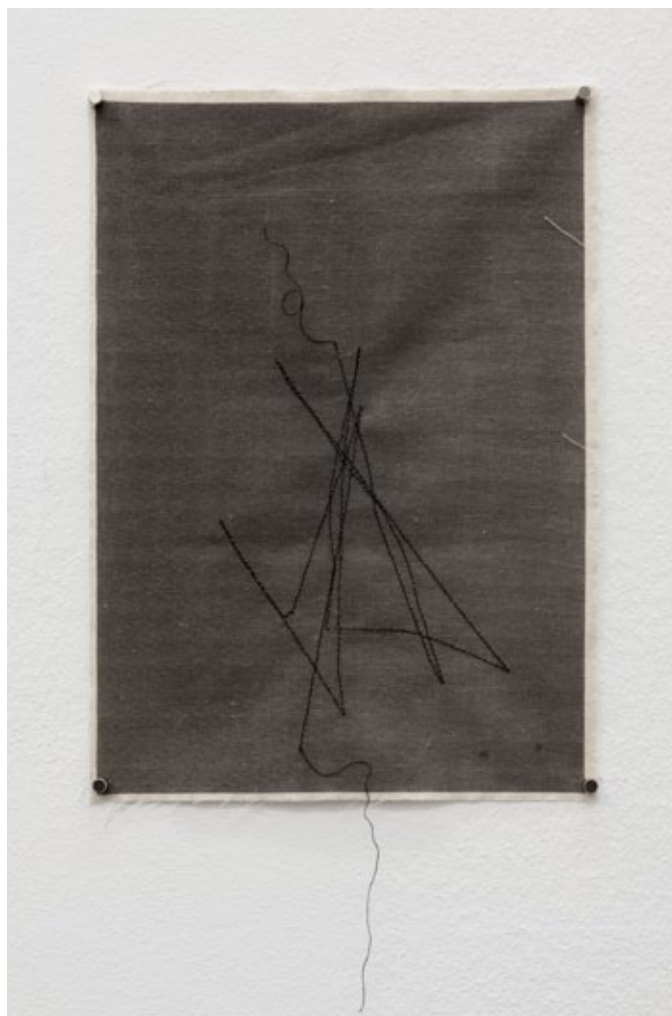
*Sem título*  
*Untitled*  
 2013  
 Impressão jacto de tinta  
 sobre pano  
 Inkjet print on fabric  
 29.7 × 21 cm



*Sem título*  
*Untitled*  
 2013  
 Impressão jacto de tinta  
 e linha sobre pano  
 Inkjet print and thread on fabric  
 29.7 × 21 cm



*Sem título*  
*Untitled*  
 2013  
 Impressão jacto de tinta  
 e linha sobre pano  
 Inkjet print and thread on fabric  
 29.7 x 21 cm



*Sem título*  
*Untitled*  
 2013  
 Impressão jacto de tinta  
 e linha sobre pano  
 Inkjet print and thread on fabric  
 29.7 x 21 cm





RESIDUAL SHARE IS PART OF AN ECOSYSTEM OF WORKS THAT CAN BE TRULY SHARED WITHINLAND. WITHINLAND IS WHERE  
WORDS AND WORKS CONNECT.  
RESIDUAL SHARE IS AN ESSENTIAL COMPONENT THAT BRINGS WITHINLAND TOGETHER. IT IS THE SUM OF THESE WORKS  
THAT FORM THIS WITHINLAND. IT GROWS WITH ITS COLLECTIVE  
THEY ARE ALL PART OF A BODY FORMED OR SHAPED BY ITS DIFFERENT PERCEPTIONS AND CONCEPTS.

RESIDUAL SHARE SPREADS OUT PROBLEM QUESTIONS. ALL THE WORKS ARE BASED ON QUESTIONS. BUT WHAT IN REALITY  
CONCERNED WITH IS WHERE THE ACTIVE READER AND WRITER ARE POSSESSED WHEN FORMING THEIR READING.  
THE WORKS SOMEHOW PLAY WITH THE PERFORMING OF THE READER ALLOWING US TO ENTER A SCENE THAT CHALLENGES  
OUR PERCEPTIONS.  
IT IS NOT THE EXHIBITION WITH ONE GROUP OF WORKS. IS PART OF A FLOW OF A CONTINUOUS BEING OF  
RELATIONSHIPS WITH THE WORLD. SOME OF THEM ARE TIED TO US. SOME OF THEM WANT TO FORM THEMSELVES. SOME  
DO THE POINT WE ARE ALL LOST AND HAVE TO FINDING OURSELVES TOWARDS EACH AND EVERY OTHER. SOME  
THERE ARE NO FIXED IDEAS. NO PROGRAMME. INTERPRETING OR FORMS. BUT AN ATTEMPT TO FIND A WAY TO CONNECT  
LIMITED BY THOUGHT-RELATIONS BETWEEN THINGS. NOTHING IS STABLE.  
PATTERNS. ZONES. FORMS. PERCEPTION AND FORM.  
THESE WORKS ARE BEING. SPACES AND MOVEMENTS IN THEMSELVES. BECOMING OF MOVING EXPERIENCES AND/OR  
ELEMENTS OF A WEB THAT STRETCHES TOWARDS A CONSTANT CONNECTION. THING TO FIND A WAY TO CONNECT  
DESIRE TO REALITY.

RESIDUAL SHARE IS PART OF AN ECOSYSTEM OF WORKS THAT CAN BE TRAILED TOWARDS HINTERLAND. HINTERLAND IS WHERE VARIOUS WORKS CONNECT.  
RESIDUAL SHARE IS AN ESSENTIAL COMPONENT THAT MERGES WITH HINTERLAND TYPOLOGY. IT IS THE SUM OF THESE WORKS THAT FORM THIS HINTERLAND; IT EXISTS WITHIN ITS COLLECTIVE.  
THEY ARE ALL PART OF A BODY, FORMED OR DEFORMED BY ITS DIFFERENT PERCEPTIONS AND STRATEGIES.

RESIDUAL SHARE STRESSES OUT PARTICULAR QUESTIONS. ALL THE WORK IS BASED ON QUESTIONS. BUT WHAT I'M REALLY CONCERNED WITH IS WHERE THE ACTIVE VIEWER AND MYSELF ARE POSITIONED WHEN ASKING THESE QUESTIONS.  
THE WORK SOMEHOW PLAYS WITH THE POSITIONING OF THE VIEWER, ALLOWING US TO ENTER A SCENERY THAT CHALLENGES OUR PERCEPTIONS.

IT IS NOT 'ONE EXHIBITION' WITH 'ONE GROUP OF WORKS'. IT IS PART OF A FLOW OF A CONTINUOUS BUILDING OF RELATIONSHIPS WITH THE WORLD. SOME OF THEM ARE PLUCKED UP. SOME OF THEM WANT TO PLUCK YOU UP. SHAKE YOU. TO THE POINT WE ARE ALL LOST AND HAVE TO REDEFINE OURSELVES TOWARDS EACH AND EVERY CONTEXT.  
THERE ARE NO FIXED IDEAS, NO PROGRAMME, METAPHORS, OR THEMES. BUT AN INTERMITTENT STRING OF ASSOCIATIONS LINKED BY THROUGH-RELATIONS BETWEEN THINGS. NOTHING IS STABLE.

PATTERNS, ZONES, INQUIRY, PERCEPTION AND PLAY  
THESE WORKS ARE IDEAS, SPACES AND MOVEMENTS IN THEMSELVES. GENERATORS OF MULTIPLE EXPERIENCES AND KEY ELEMENTS OF A WEB THAT STRIVE TOWARDS A CONSTANT CONNECTIVITY, TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO CONNECT DESIRE TO REALITY.

*Sem título*

*Untitled*

2013

Tinta da china e spray sobre papel

Indian ink and spray on paper

190 x 227 cm



*Sem título*

*Untitled*

2013

Video, Pal, 16:9, p/b, sem som, 6'21" (loop)

Video, Pal, 16:9, b/w, silent, 6'21" (loop)

Ed. 3 + PA

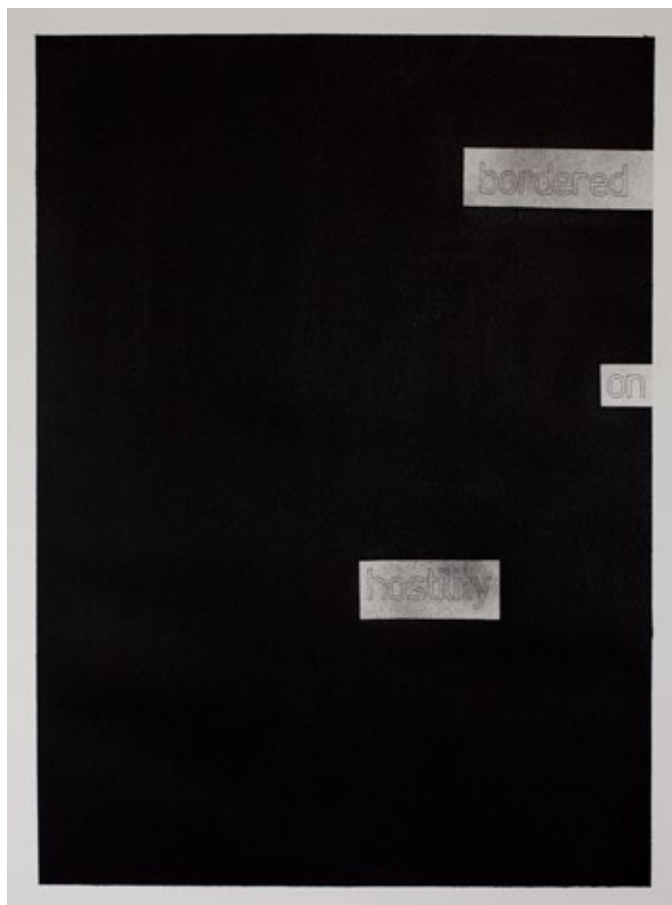












*Todos os trabalhos desta série*

*All works from this series*

*Sem título*

*Untitled*

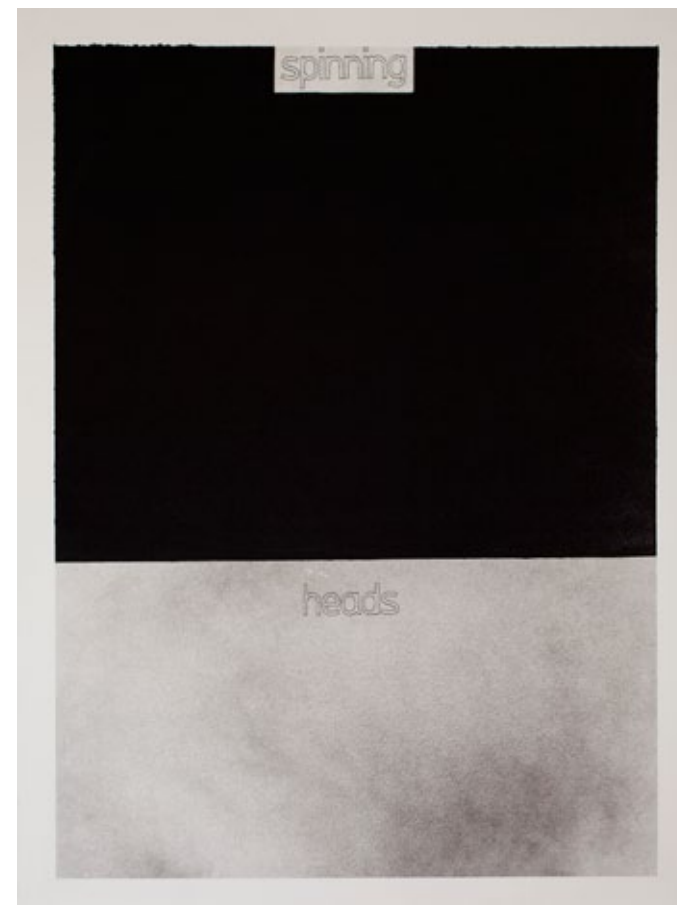
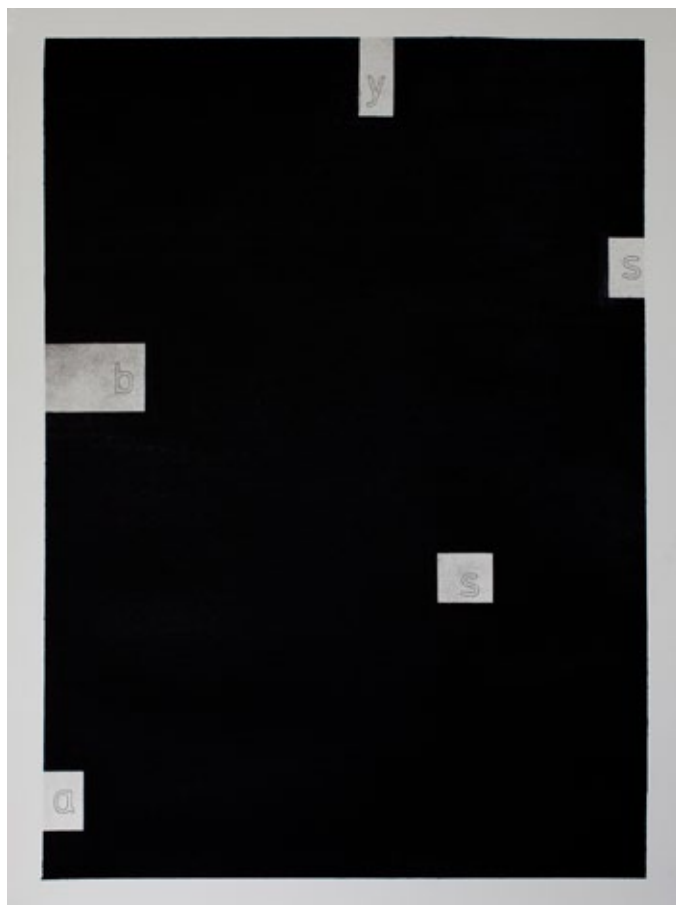
2013

Tinta da china e spray sobre papel

Indian ink and spray on paper

47 × 35 cm





Todos os trabalhos desta série  
 All works from this series  
 Sem título  
 Untitled  
 2013  
 Tinta da china e spray sobre papel  
 Indian ink and spray on paper  
 47 x 35 cm



*Sem título*

*Untitled*

2013

Tinta da china e spray sobre papel

Indian ink and spray on paper

190 x 140 cm

Catarina Dias  
Born in London, 1979  
Lives and works in Lisbon

Education

2002-2003  
MA Fine Art, Byam Shaw School of Art,  
University of The Arts, London

2001-2002  
Advanced Course Fine Art, Ar.Co, Lisbon

1999-2001  
Drawing course, Ar.Co, Lisbon

1996-1999  
Escola António Arroio, Lisbon

Solo Exhibitions

2013  
Residual Share, Vera Cortês Art Agency,  
Lisbon

2010  
– MYSTIC DIVER, Black Pavilion at the  
Museum of the City of Lisbon  
– clone MYD, basement at Espaço Avenida,  
Lisbon

2007  
Resto (REMNANT), Vera Cortês Art Agency,  
Lisbon

2006  
Layers / Estratos, Vera Cortês Art Agency,  
Lisbon

**Selection of Group Exhibitions**

2011  
EDP Prize New Artists, Lisbon

2009  
Portuguese Artists Abroad, EDP Foundation,  
Lisbon

2008  
13, Avenida 211, Lisbon

2006  
Plano#2, Casa do Alentejo, Lisbon

2005  
Reóstatato, Interpress, Lisbon

2005  
Plano #1, Rua do Alecrim, Lisbon

2004  
Empire, R.K. Burt Gallery, London

2003  
Did you feed the ducks, former Nylon Gallery,  
London

Residencies

01–2009  
Espaço do Tempo, with the project Again  
From The Beginning, Montemor-o-Novo,  
Portugal

12–2008 / 03–2009  
ZDB, Zé dos Bois Gallery, Lisbon

**Scholarships/Grants**

2006–2007  
Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon,  
Research Grant for Art Practice

2002–2003  
Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon  
(Scholarship of Masters Degree, London)

2001–2002  
Carmona & Costa Foundation, Scholarship  
(Ar.Co, Lisbon)

2000–2001  
Mary and João Lobo Antunes Scholarship  
(Ar.Co, Lisbon)

**Selection of Collaborations**

2012  
– Out of Any Present, Sofia Dias & Vítor Roriz  
– Arremesso IV, Sofia Dias & Vítor Roriz

2011  
A Gesture That Is Nothing But A Threat, Sofia  
Dias & Vítor Roriz

2008/2009  
Again From The Beginning, Sofia Dias & Vítor  
Roriz

2005  
25 Virsegadska, Sofia Dias & Vitor Roriz  
[www.sofiadiasvitorroriz.blogspot.com](http://www.sofiadiasvitorroriz.blogspot.com)

Projects

Since 2011  
Fossil – independent publisher, [www.fossilbook.blogspot.pt](http://www.fossilbook.blogspot.pt)

**Editions**

2011  
– clone MYD 3 – I n t e r s p e r s e d, Catarina  
Dias, self-published  
– clone MYD, self-published

2010  
– Mystic Diver, with texts by Cíntia Gil, Ruby  
Paloma, Sofia Dias, Shimta R.  
and an intervention from Kaputt, self-  
published  
– Mystic Diver (vynil), with sound by Alex  
Impey, Sofia Dias, Vynil and silkscreen,  
self-published

2007  
Catalogue Resto, self published