

## **"We, who will always be waiting"**

By Ricco Garcia, 2016

I leave home only with an image on my head, the invitation: an empty bench, under the words "I, who am waiting". I cannot imagine that since then the work has started, because I was waiting for a company to arrive in Botafogo, and he said he was not going. I began with the expectation of not knowing who will be waiting for me, what we will do, what I will hear and talk about.

I arrive at Casamata and the logic of work is reversed. There is no one waiting for me. A blank room where I find only the title of the work on the wall and a waiting list. Mariana appears, puts my name on the list. I say that I will be waiting at the door of the Comuna. I begin to deal with the anxiety of waiting. I do not look at the clock, but by my notion of time, which I cannot get away from, I know that after fifteen minutes Isis calls me and I get a note. There are more gaps, blank lines than text. So, I believe that the "performance" will fill the gaps in this manuscript.

I encounter Ze Azul, with his blue boots, leaning on a pole. I already read his note, I do not know how to answer his question and now I feel lost. Zé Azul, blue boots, blue eyes, a handsome man. That's all I know so far. I'm unstable, sad, I could say. I only hope that Zé gets me out of there, I hope I do not hear the buzz of the place, a lot of people drinking beer, oblivious to the challenge I have in hand, to the astonishment of receiving a ticket for a meeting with a stranger.

Zé offers me a hug that I hesitate to accept. He does not ask me the question that was on the note, maybe because he does not expect me to respond. Then he shoots: why did you come here? I respond, now without any hesitation: because I want to know the reason for always waiting, for someone, for an event, for an outcome, for love, more than anything, for love.

After some silence that seemed like an eternity, Zé asks if I want to stay there or to go somewhere else. I want to walk, walking is the only way to face what lies ahead.

So we talk about love. About being, being an artist in the world. The practice - because I must disagree that it is a performance - becomes metalinguistic, we talk about waiting and the meeting itself, we talk about the reason for walking through the streets of the neighborhood, I talk about Anna's work. I try not to condense anything, avoiding my mania to synthesize things. As it is not my intention with this text, I do not want to synthesize anything. I speak, I leave gaps so that Ze can fill. It's about my life. Between reflections on art, existence, desire, I talk about my story with love. I am amazed once again when I understand that everything is permeated by that word. We also talk about the sentence of the written word. About hypermemory. I speak of my work as an artist. I leave the gaps, Zé agrees with me and speaks of his own life, of his own artistic work, of his story with love.

At this point, Zé starts putting some of my convictions in check. That was what I expected but I feared too. Now I'm exposed. I opened the nucleus, let my sensitive body jump out of every

rationality that I try to maintain as a way of survival. I open myself to a stranger who, as I walk, tries to look into my eyes. I avoid looking in the eyes, as it seems more dangerous. Until we sit on a ladder in front of a building that seems to be abandoned. Residents of the street approach and interrupt us, we must listen to what they say. And a speeding man on his bicycle passes by singing a song: "we can only discern the sharpest note, love". We smiled and we were silent. A homeless man sets a tangle of wires on fire, just a few paces from us. There we remain mute, watching the flames grow, the encounter is coming to an end.

We went back to the door of the Comuna. One more hug, I thank Zé for all that reverberates for me as a subject. I congratulate him on the courage to wait for an unknown person for six days in a row. I tell him that I would not have the courage. He disagrees: "you had the courage, you've been willing". A friend appears and says she would love to have participated and asks me to introduce the artist. So Zé tells us that he is a person and that I am also a person. We are the subjects of this meeting, I conclude. Zé is not the performer and I'm not the spectator. This concludes our encounter, which lasted almost three hours. Ze's words trigger and confirm my hypotheses about Anna's artistic practices, about which I had already spoken along the way.

When we speak of this post-historical art, which has no name yet, which is in the effort to enter the twenty-first century, Anna's artistic practices advance with perspicacity and manifest themselves as subjects of this effort. They have suppressed the object (a problem already elaborated by the last vanguards), there is no doubt about that. But there are characteristics that go beyond: her works completely destabilize the difference between artist and spectator. They put the notion of space-time in an unknown place, a place that is impossible to be understood in the rational sense of the written word, I would say. What remains, then, in Anna's work? The relationships of affection, the quest to bring forth our sensitive body. The artistic practices return to the other the question about what it is like to be in the world, what it is like to be an artist at that moment where the artist has already given you this role. I could still make a lot of remarks about Anna's work, but because I wish many people could still be subjects of their practices and inevitably reflect on them, I close my writing here.

I am very grateful to Zé and Anna for everything, I congratulate the other participants who conduct the practice, like Zé. I wish that we are always waiting for such powerful encounters to happen and hope that we will provoke these encounters, the only reason for our existence in the world.