

## A BODY WITH TOO MANY ORGANS

There is a risk of perceiving this set of paintings as a family in decline, united by the weight of repetitive customs sustained by inhabiting a common space. The way I see it, they should be appreciated for their collective and functional strength, as a result of repetition of the same game, even though they appear to follow different rules, given the various qualities of the images.

I see Rui Castanho as an unhinged scientist, insistent on repeating the same tests, the same procedures, scientifically destined to fail by choosing objects of study without resorting to any tools other than emotion. Such is the way the world speaks to me. It says so as in the shared sense of the emotion lived, as in the collective sense of the experience of emotion and as the inconsistency of which arises the choice of the images-motif.

Within his incoherent scientificity, Rui structurally replicates his program, beginning each time, with a different initial image. As a result of the rigor with which he follows this same program, he finds a different pictorial result with each laboratory test.

The violent mystery of this emotion ignites up the images in which the painting begins, but it is worth noting that this scenery was not fictitious; the emotion already traversed the artist, all the sentient beings and, in a transversal way, all that can be experienced. The emotional content that permeates them is what brings them together, what makes them work as an exhibition, and not the technique within the subject to which they belong. The emotional charge recovered for themselves is humanoid because, they too, feel and are aware of what they experience. They are also prone to snooping and intervening in the same conversation, producing a dysfunctional cacophony, given that each of them has a unique language code.

Gathering images from different universes and begging the question "which emotion is this?" - it is the way Rui has found to leap into the unknown, to take a step towards the search for scientific truth outside himself, motivated by the laughable craving to foresee the future that, redundant as the phrase may be, is yet to come. From my perspective, the body is being built with too many organs. A body inverse to the one emptied of its organs. A body that not only functions but excels, given its excessive machinery. Through the processes and operations followed thoroughly, Rui sewed organs on to each other and found this emotional exhibition that he now shares with the rest of us. A frustrated, excited, confusing, pleasurable, mysterious exhibition.

With each effect a particular organ brings to the body, the technique changes, mirroring the specificity of that same organ, and this functional shift marks the very program for constituting a body of painting. The origin fades: initial images and affections multiply, crossed by ghosts, reproductions and transpositions of images with media and materials, and by the recognition of a potential for the painting. Simply put: Rui gathers images from various universes - a frame from a movie, a screenshot from a video clip, an old drawing, a photograph inconsequentially captured - then subjected to several contradictory operations to fix it in a state that the latency for the painting is at caramel point. Only then action-painting begins, with brushes rubbing against the surface of the canvas, even though process-painting began in a much earlier time frame, even prior to the selection and cutting of these images from a much more extensive archive of images collected by force of assignment. It becomes evident that what matters in choosing these from a much larger universe of images are the qualities of the image itself and how they can be brought into the circumscribed space of the painting. Consequently, such questions become evident: how would the *gaseous* state of this image be translated into

### THE PLACE WHERE THE LIGHT IS BEST SEEN RUI CASTANHO

19.04.24 to 01.06.2024

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a painting? The structural ellipse recalls mechanical systems, gears and the coordination of manufacturing gestures.

Returning to the study, the laboratory of these experiments, the surprise of the maintenance and results of these operations, processes and systems is renewed every day. "What is this shit, how does it feel? I am still unveiling", he confesses. The definition of the structure is the challenge and spark of the gesture, the disruptive unknown in the encounter of difference and similarity, what moves the various and renewed beginnings. From the moment of approach to what is not yet known - this scientific search for knowledge of the intangible - hypothetically it is possible to open the way to other people's fields of affection. If, in other moments of his career, Rui found the motives for painting in his own practice - in old drawings or in the virtuality of the interior images that constantly haunt him - he now decides that the painting starting point resides outside himself, outside his place of knowledge and prediction of technical action, he now allows himself to act in the field of discovery. Not from the image, but from the language, and from the language in the various dialects, idioms, and sounds that the specificity of painting allows: Babel in a canvas.

In Rui's journey, this is a summary exhibition - a processual accelerationism longing for what will come as a body of work. And he asks: Where are we all going together? (And so, where am I going?); How will we still get emotional? (And so, how will I get emotional?). The exhibition is a sign of the times: the confusion, contradiction and political-emotional polarization that we live in, screams and shrieks rumors.

What is there is Nothing.

It does not seek mimicry, but the understanding of the fairest matters for each flesh, for each body, for each image. The control attempt is undone in the dialogue with the material. Those are the processes that define the painting: they are the body with too many organs. All remain in constant update as a new organ is added to the functioning of this organism.

What this means is, if we consider a traditional body, the structure of this body is completely dysfunctional, as if the mouth were already in the middle of the intestinal tract. The body, the flesh of the body, the skeleton of the reference image, and all the functioning organs are in constant tension between the distance that the viewer places between themselves and the window, Rui's painting. We see from licking to spitefulness - each organ seen up close - the entire landscape: this body with too many organs.

Is there a meaning to emotional existence? Rui is looking for this answer in these paintings. He names despair with titles that have long been mentioned in journals and notes, symptoms of the premonition that allows him to continue his chimerical science. Still far from discovering the consequence of this new scientificity in its programmatic structure, adding organs, so that the above body functions, hoping that *functioning more* could entail *feeling better*.

Catarina Real

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