Slippery Slope

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Leonor Talefe, João Eurico,
Marcelo Reis e Náhir Capêlo
Curadoria de Carolina Fangueiro
e Letícia Costelha
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We have slipped our way here. The path deviates and reality escapes at every step. Things appear in the dark, they merge, reveal themselves, disappear again. Noise becomes image and light, time is drawn on stone. Ancient symbols are collapsed with artifacts of the now, the shelter hosts us so we can imagine new possibilites in these images. Here, time is different, one can not possess it, it has no price nor owner. Doubting makes us stay, without fear of not understanding and with the confidence we will get to the answers we need. We will imagine them, and they will be true. Despite the chance that brought us here, the cave welcomes us and asks us to stay, so that we are here, calmly, together.

"Slippery Slope" is a collective exhibition by four young artists from Porto, with practices that cross the threshold of the real through images, to think other times and unexplored possibilities, reminding us that the path to change requires that we are able to imagine it first.

LEONOR TALEFE (Leiria, 1998) through her artistic practice, she explores questions relating to the space we share and how we relate to each other: working together, learning together, creating a space that is communal between us and what surrounds us. She uses the creative process and shared experiences as part of the work itself, resorting to archives, objects, and collective memory, based on familiar images from everyday life and daily routine, in order to come closer to what that shared space could be.

JOÃO EURICO (Porto, 1995) is an artist born and living in Porto, trained in photography, driven by a primitive interest in the image as language. His work crosses various themes and ideias ranging from chance and symbolism to pop culture, exploring states of consciousness and the way in which humans relate to each other, with technology and the planet. He mainly uses collage, drawing, and painting as sites of projection, mediation, and distortion of the human experience. His practice does not seek fixed answers, but to instead open possibilities, accept contradictions and keep up with the complexity of things—human and non human.

MARCELO REIS (Porto, 1995) is a musician and visual artist. He holds a B.A. in Cinema and Audiovisuals by ESAP, a MFA by FBAUP and he is a PhD student in FBAUP. His body of work focuses on thinking the plastic possibilities of the signal and in what ways transcoding to different supports affects the referent of the message that the signal carries. The resulting message is presented in formats such as installation, sound, and printed image.

NÁHIR CAPÊLO (Sweden, 1994) lives and works in Porto. She attended the Visual Arts and Photography at ESAP (2015-2018) and, in 2021, she concluded a Master's Degree in Visual Arts—Intermedia at FBAUP. Her practice ranges installation, video, photography and sound, often related to themes such as time, nature, and cultural criticism. Her work is developed from the observation of the slow and nearly imperceptible processes of transformation of matter, understanding nature as a hybrid and unstable concept.

I've been dreaming.

I woke up suddenly, immobilized. My fast breathing needed
some time to calm down. While I waited for it to ease,
I mentally went over my whole body, and realized every
muscle was contracted, still frozen by the dream from which
I had just awaken. I gave small orders to each limb, to relax
my toes, my thighs, my stomach, my jaw. There's a moment
in which I'm not inside my body, my consciousness still
left somewhere behind (or above?), stuck to the dream that
had just come to an end. I come back slowly. There is a
specific pleasure that results from realizing that, for a while,
I stay between what I've dreamt and my bed.

It takes trust to fall asleep. It's a tall order, but possible.
That's where what isn't in the first layers of the real is
accessed, somewhere below or between them. It's a kind
of virtuality where rest operates the dream, to dream other
possibilities and bring them little by little to the waking layers
of reality. It is a weird, slippery place. Not weird in the sense
that something seems to be missing, but that despite that lack
(of an explanation, rationalization, ou concrete idea), that
space invites us to dwell in it. If this weird feeling can be a
displacement of the familiar, of the inhabited space, here it
is the opposite: of making the strange return to the familiar.

There are people who need exterior methods to explain them
their own dreams. I don't understand it: I like the doubt, not
getting it, trying to make sense of it or letting meaning find
me much later. I don't mind waiting. And while meaning
doesn't come, what's left behind are the weird, displaced
images, proof of imagination or evidence of other worlds
to which I've had access in dreams or by dreaming them.
I don't care that they're palpable, I don't care wether I find
out where they come from or why I've lived them. Knowing
them because I live with them just as they've come to me,
eventually they'll dissolve into who I am when I'm awake,
for they've never been more than that. Explaining them
when I wake up would be to deny them of the magic with
which they arrived. I'll let them touch me, I'll carry them
with me and I'll stay with them until they open up, I won't
force meaning onto something meant to be discovered
through living. And if I can't carry them to my waking life,
I'll miss the feeling they leave behind, unable to name them.
I'll admire them and appreciate them with no intention to
possess them, for they don't belong to me. I enjoy the fact
that these images have found me, that I've open up a path for
these worlds even if on another plane, and even if I can't go
back. And if what is left are only flash-moments, the glimpses,
awaken along my existing in this plane, in which I tell you
this, that will be enough.

Carolina Fangueiro

on my way up to the studio I quickly passed a worm in the dirt,
in the middle of the city, a brief moment that took me somewhere
else, that opened a temporal portal: when I played with the dirt
and found worms, grasshoppers, woodlice, spiders or ants. that
quick glance transported me to the smell of wet soil, the texture
of dirty hands and a peeling stick. these are flash-moments, that
escape through our hands but remain forever between our fingers
and we try to grasp them on our daily lives, in moments of greater
doubt. those are permanent, the doubting is permanent. I don't see
doubting as a problem that must be solved, but as a necessary state
for something to keep happening. when everything is too clear there
is no space left for intuition, for deviation, for attention. living in
an urban center gives us a feeling that we have everything under
control, that everything can be solved at the reach of a click
on the phone or an online payment. where are the fearful
moments? the end of a long walk on the mountains,
the feet on creek, the trembling moment of
a nearing storm, a shiver down the spine
that brings us the dread, that dread that
brings our consciousness back to the
present moment. i want to step on
that slippery slope, i want to
attempt to step on that
terrain and not to slip,
i want to step on
that terrain
and eventually
do it. but i also
want to wish for and
to have the guts to step
on that slippery slope. away
from home, here, it has gone
dark just now, the night light comes
through the windows on my studio-home
and illuminates every corner, like a full moon
night—it's a lie, it's artificial light. that doesn't keep
me from dreaming, i'm walking through a place similar
to cave, I don't dream, beams of that artificial moonlight
light up my path, showing me sounds I've never heard, i'm not
sure I'm really hearing them, I'll most likely never truly hear them,
but that's ok, I like to listen to them anyway. i feel like I'm in this
state of surrender to fate, a faint feeling of certainty and insecurity
washes over me. how good it is to slip between the threshold
of feeling my body present and my mind falling into a daydream.

Letícia Costelha

1 João Eurico

1a. *Arquivo*, 2015-2025
Collection of collages, drawings and poems
21 x 29,7 cm

1b. Untitled, 2019-2025
21,5 x 26,5 cm
Series of paper cutouts, leather, gauze, acetate film, cardboard, glass, 4 leaf clover, dyed fabric

1c. Untitled, 2019-2025
9 x 13 cm
Series of paper cutouts, leather, gauze, acetate film, cardboard, glass, 4 leaf clover, dyed fabric

1d. Untitled, 2019-2025
Series of paper cutouts, leather, gauze, acetate film, cardboard, glass, 4 leaf clover, dyed fabric
Dimensões variáveis
(19,5 x 21,5 cm/21,5 x 26,5/21,5 x 30,5 cm)

2. Marcelo Reis
Couros #2, 2026
Backlit print, paraffin wax, lightbox
180 x 60 x 23cm

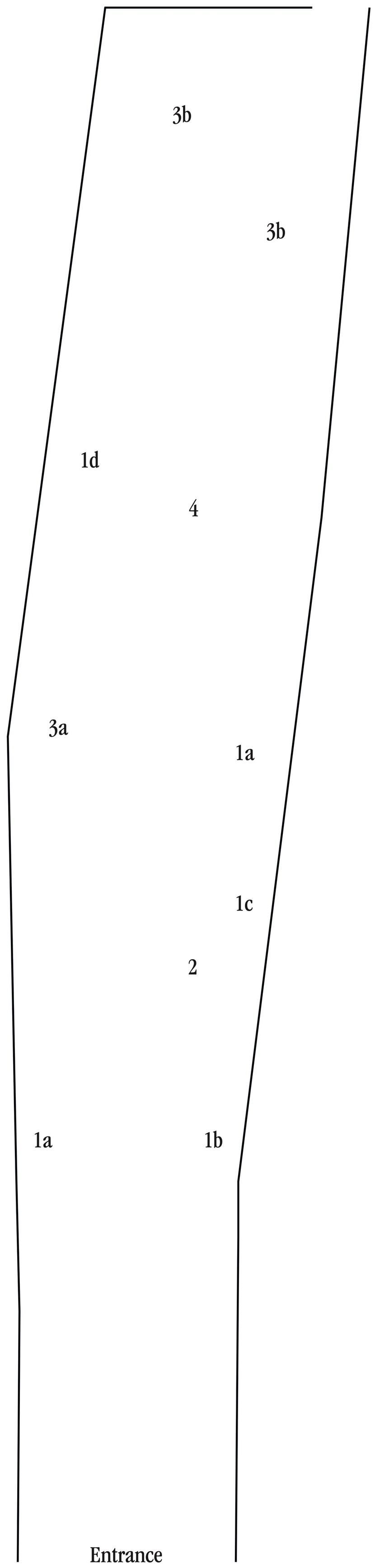
3. Náhir Capêlo

3a. *Echoes*, 2023
Metal bowl, rocks, water and live plants
Ø100 x 28 cm

3b. *Cobra verde*, 2026
Sublimation printing on polyester fabric
200 x 100 cm

Color video-projection
5'20"

4. Leonor Talefe
we will keep joining in circles, 2026
cotton fabric, rope, wooden slats, sand, acetate print, and overhead projector
220 x 300 x 180 cm



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