

BORDERLINE

a territory to survive

"Stay alive [...]
Stay alive again [...]"

These and other incised whispers on stakes that can only be read in fragments, almost as if wanting to become invisible in the skin-body of the work itself as matter, are part of articulate operations by the artist Márcia Clayton. They evoke alternative force fields that have been continuously buried by the perpetuation of a pragmatic logic of the status quo's ruling power. Many of us live on the margins or by the margins, in different levels of relationship to the world and tension within it, which is increasingly in a crisis with its own structure as a western society, that is where we are speaking from, and which still invites us to act and live in a modus operandi that constantly distances us from the possibility of producing subjectivities.

In her need to inscribe/write a testimony of this survival, like any artist does in principle, Márcia pulls us inside a flow of signs that become texts and images. She suggests that we "see" in braille through words-of-absence printed on matter or through the holes and lines of mantra-sentences embroidered on the flat surface, to then maybe try to make us attain something that is unintelligible, but that resonates latent inside us: to repeat and to continue, despite everything.



REFUGE #1.#4, #3 (2019)

Artists are usually inhabitants of these kinds of borders and by moving through more freely between the world of ideas and the subtle perceptions, they bring us news from there, thus being able to offer us other ways of seeing and living. By sticking the stake in the ground, and by writing all over its phallic but also circular surface, Márcia places us in a meditative cycle, where knowing what is outside or inside these borders is not important anymore. Everything is, we all are. The stake becomes body, pencil, paper, wheel, thus it becomes a play. It demarcates, offers and returns symbolically the artist's territory to the world.



SUICIDAL/SURVIVOR series (2019)

From the poems written on her stakes that we read in sobs, to the manifesto-shirts that contain thoughts taken from real statements of violent attacks in various schools around the world, the artist provides us with experiences that go against the logic of the current forces and control. By seeing the artist carrying a heavy stake in a photograph that has a security camera's angulation, or by watching her female body pushing huge circular straw bales thus interfering minimally in the landscape - that here becomes also writing, line and sign as image - it makes her sort of an anti-heroine, where, in fact, her super powerful tool is not her physical strength that she apparently uses, neither the effective conquest of a foreign territory when dealing with a place outside her homeland, but actually a creation of that world made through a second order effort that is still today part of the history of the defeated: the logic of the feminine.



POSTING

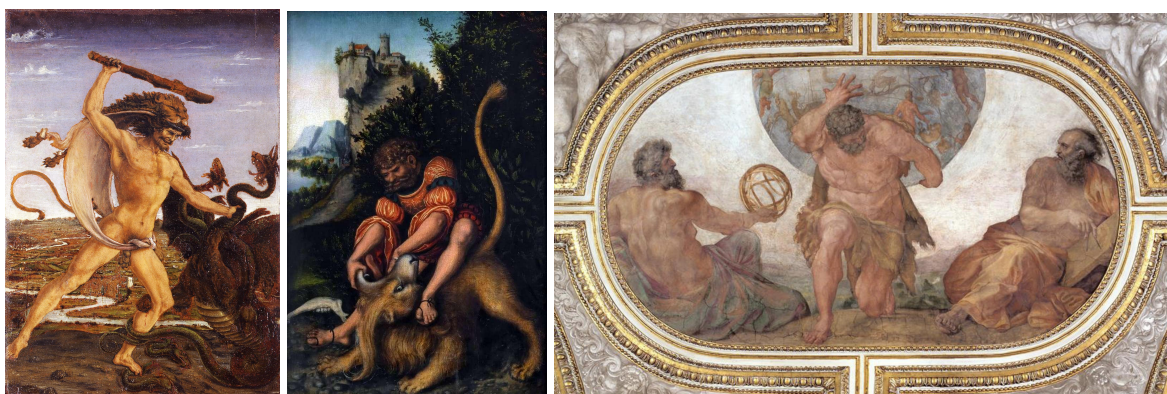


THE WILDERNESS IS KENT. KENT IS THE WILDERNESS (2019)

What weight of the world can a woman bear?

What weight of the world can a human being bear?

It certainly is not the same weight of Samson, Hercules or even Atlas, but it can be like the weight of the card 11 of the tarot: Strength, in which the female figure doesn't need to have any muscles to carry the world, kill a lion or destroy a temple for revenge. All she needs is her sensibility and hands that seem almost to caress, to care and to enchant the beast. . . hands to embroider, to sew, to write, to point out ways, to circumscribe territories that invite you in, to wander, to share and thus, in your own way, to resist.



1. Antonio del Pollaiuolo. *Hercules and the Hydra* - Tempera on panel - 17x12cm (c.1475)

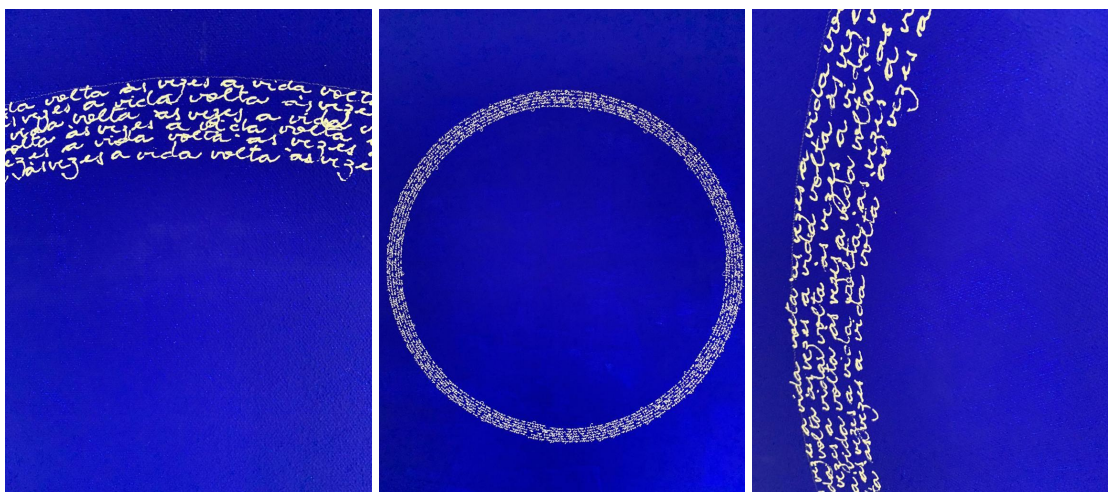
2. Lucas Cranach, the Elder. *Samson's fight with the Lion* - Oil and tempera on panel - 58x38cm (1520-25)

3. Annibale Carracci. *Hercules holding the world* - Fresco - Galleria Farnese - Roma (séc.XVI)



"STRENGTH". Several representations of the TAROT card 11, considered the female version of Hercules and Samson.

Márcia doesn't assume we're capable of reading everything she writes, far from it. When her writing flow reaches us, it becomes something else. Very often her texts, poems and random words work as simple visual elements or a metalanguage like in her works of the series BLUES. Her constructions are, actually, camouflage and excuses for hypertext games. Sign, meaning and mental images intertwine in a free connection when given to the viewer/reader, and fly into the world like the prayers on the wheels and the flags in the buddhist temples that so fascinate her.



BLUES #2 (2020)

Getting in touch with Márcia Clayton's work is like having the sensation of also being, in a certain way, meditating through circles, passing from one artwork to the other, from one word to another, through these constant and rhythmic soft sparkles of light that slowly takes us into this territory that has such an altered and unusual sense of gravity, strength and weight. And so, very sensitively and in a very human way, the artist invites us to take more breath in order to continue to survive, even if apparently subverting, in almost a passive way, this logic that perpetuates itself continuously and that tries to control, define and destroy us repeatedly. . . *again and again and again.*

Cristiane Geraldelli
 Artist and Art Historian
 July | 2021