

DESENHOS NOBEL SZYMBORSKA

EDUCATIONAL MATERIAL
VICTOR KURSANCEW GALLERY

GABRIEL
COELHO

galeria municipal de arte
Victor Kursancew

CASA DA
CULTURA
Fausto Rocha Junior



Prefeitura de
Joinville

CULTURA E
TURISMO

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Galeria Municipal de Arte Victor Kursancew
apresenta a exposição

Desenhos Nobel: Szymborska

artista Gabriel Coelho

Abertura da exposição e bate papo com o artista
6/12/2022 (terça-feira), às 19h

Período expositivo
6/12/2022 até 3/3/2023
de segunda a sexta-feira, das 10 às 16h

Local
Casa da Cultura Fausto Rocha Jr.
Rua Dona Francisca, 800 - Saguaiú | Joinville/SC

Galeria Municipal de Arte
Victor Kursancew

CASA DA
CULTURA
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Exhibition invitation, ceated by Glaucya Helena Paul, Designer of the Communications Center of the City of Joinville.

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CURATORIAL TEXT

BY GABRIEL COELHO

DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA

In my work, I engage with a lot of artistic traditions practices. One of these is drawing—linear, black-and-white drawing—but not just any drawing, figurative, narrative drawing of a human figure—my own figure, actually—which I exhibit here in a series of self-portraits, a genre that has been explored by artists like Tarsila, Rembrandt, and Velázquez. In an anti-narcissistic gesture, my self-portraits defy common sense, despite my strong loyalty to tradition. This is because—or perhaps a more honest statement would be—I was led to detest my body. Therefore, portraying myself was an exercise in making myself think about this undesirable, almost trendy figure until I figured out a way to live with it or get over my sensitivity to it. And Szyborska was the person I asked for assistance with this duty. Wisława Szyborska, a Polish poet who lived from 1923 to 2012, wrote poetry that was both lyrical and passionate, sardonic and hilarious, and heavy with the burden of humanity. I veiled myself in her poetry with humility, supposing that she had composed some of her lines specifically for me. Her words allowed me to reflect on who I was. Her creations also became mine, which elevated me.

Desenhos Nobel: Szyborska is the outcome of this process involving performance, art therapy, and drawing. I suggested to live in my own flesh, using the writer's sentences as if they were orders and the drawings as records of these imaginary performances. I am akin to Narcissus, who did not want to see his reflection in the lake but when he did, he saw more than himself. Additionally, the repetitive pattern served as a contemplative gesture, much to when a word gets overused to the point of meaninglessness. In this instance, though, the poem's body and repetition supported my idea, making a palimpsest.

GABRIEL COELHO'S BIO



Fonte: <https://gabrielcoelho.hotglue.me/>

Gabriel Coelho (Itajaí, 1989) lives in Barra Velha (SC). He is a visual artist and educator; he holds a degree (UNIVALI, 2013) and a master's degree (UDESC, 2020) in Visual Arts, and has been developing poetic and teaching activities since 2013. He investigates the dispersion of texts as an artistic procedure, the visual representation of the word in symbolic and typographic aspects, and the interweaving of drawing and editorial platforms. His most recent exhibitions were the group exhibitions *Entre lobo e cão* (2021), *Dissidentes* (Estúdio de Pintura Apotheke, 2020), and the solo exhibition *Cidade Visível: Joinville* (Galeria Municipal de Arte Victor Kursancew, 2019). He was part of issue no. 1 of the magazine [compor] and no. 2 of the magazine *Fruta Bruta*. He participated in the virtual editions of the *Miolo(s) Fair* (2020 and 2021) and the *Nacasa Artistic Residency* (Nacasa Coletivo Artístico, 2021).

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EXHIBITION SETUP: "DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA"

RECORDS OF THE "DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA" EXHIBITION SETUP
BY GABRIEL COELHO.



Photographs of the exhibition setup: GMAVK Team.





OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION

RECORDS OF THE OPENING EVENT OF THE DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA EXHIBITION ,
BY ARTIST GABRIEL COELHO, WHICH TOOK PLACE ON 12/6/2022.



Photographs of the exhibition opening: GMAVK Team.

DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA

THE EXHIBITION "DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA", BY GABRIEL COELHO, TOOK PLACE AT THE VICTOR KURSANCEW MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, AT THE FAUSTO ROCHA JÚNIOR CULTURAL CENTER, BETWEEN 06.12.2022 AND 03.03.2023.

Desenhos Nobel: Szyborska is a series of ten drawings produced from readings of texts by Polish poet Wisława Szyborska (1923–2012), winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1996. In this series, I continue my study on Nobel Prize winners in literature, which began in 2012 and has already included Pablo Neruda, Octavio Paz, and other authors. Here, I create a direct connection between Szyborska's poems and myself, by making all but one of the people in the drawings self-portraits. Doing this serves two purposes: first, I want the drawing to be a mirror in which I carefully, almost meditatively, traced my own steps; and second, I want to experience the writer's texts in my own skin, as if they were performance directions and the drawings were records of these fictional performances.



General view of the Desenhos Nobel: Szyborska exhibition, held at the Victor Kursancew Municipal Art Gallery. The exhibition photos presented below were taken by Camila de Melo Freitas, photographer for the Communications Department of the City of Joinville.



DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA



General view of the Desenhos Nobel: Szyborska exhibition, held at the Victor Kursancew Municipal Art Gallery. The exhibition photos presented below were taken by Camila de Melo Freitas, photographer for the Communications Department of the City of Joinville.

DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA

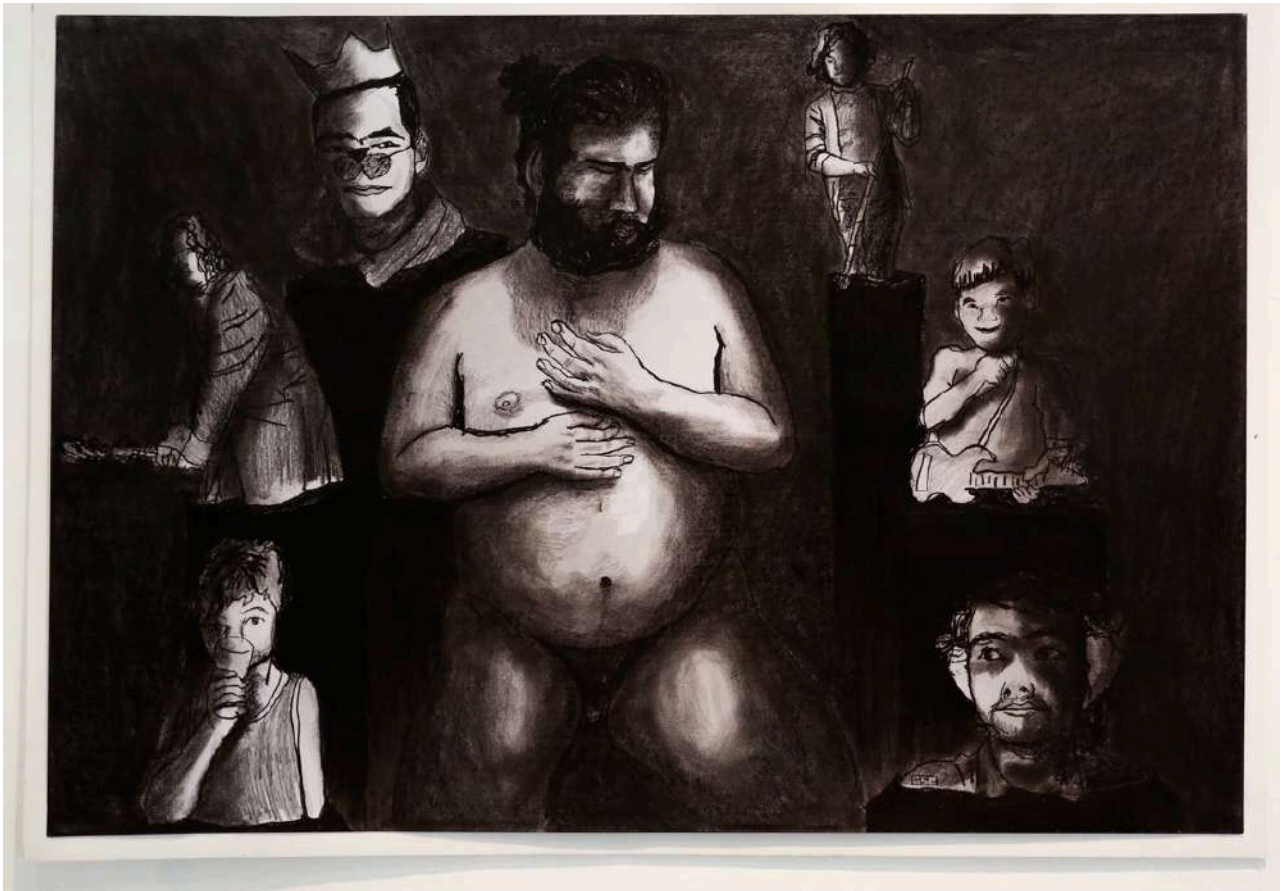


General view of the Desenhos Nobel: Szymborska exhibition, held at the Victor Kursancew Municipal Art Gallery. The exhibition photos presented below were taken by Camila de Melo Freitas, photographer for the Communications Department of the City of Joinville.

DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA

WORKS THAT WERE PART OF THE EXHIBITION DESENHOS NOBEL: SZYMBORSKA, BY GABRIEL COELHO, WHICH TOOK PLACE AT THE VICTOR KURSANCEW MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY BETWEEN 06.12.2022 AND 03.03.2023.





Museum | charcoal and graphite on paper | 66 x 96 cm | 2021

Museum

There are dishes, but there is no appetite.
There are alliances, but mutual love has been gone
for at least three hundred years.

There is a fan — where are the blushes?
There are swords — where is the anger?
and the lute does not even resound in the dark hour.

for lack of eternity
they gathered ten thousand old things.
A musty beadle takes a sweet nap,
his mustache hanging over the window.

metals, clay, bird feathers
silently triumph in time.
only the hairpin of the laughing young woman from Egypt giggles.

the crown survived the head.
the hand lost to the glove.
the right boot defeated the leg.

As for me, I'm living, believe me.
my competition with the dress continues.
and how stubborn he is!
and how he would love to survive!



Funeral | charcoal and graphite on paper | 66 x 96 cm | 2021

Funeral

«So suddenly, who could have guessed?"

"nerves and cigarettes, I told you so"

"more or less, thanks"

"unwrap those flowers"

"the brother was also from the heart, it must run in the family"

"with that beard I would never recognize you"

"it's his fault, he was always involved in something"

"that new guy was going to give the speech, I can't find him"

"Kazek is in Warsaw, Tadek is abroad"

"you were the only one who was smart, you brought the umbrella"

"so what if you were the most talented of them"

"a room for the passage, Baska won't agree"

"of course he was right, but that's still no reason"

"with a little enameled door, guess how much"

"two egg yolks, a teaspoon of sugar"

"it was none of his business, what for"

"only blues and only small numbers"

"five times, and no answer"

"whatever, I could, but so could you"

"thank goodness at least she had that position"

"no, I don't know, maybe relatives"

"the priest looks just like Belmondo"

"I haven't been to that part of the cemetery yet"

"I dreamed about him a week ago, it was a premonition"

"the daughter isn't ugly"

"she's waiting for us all"

"give my condolences to the widow for me, I have to run"

"however, in Latin it sounded more solemn"

"it's gone, it's over"

"goodbye, ma'am"

"how about a beer"

"call me, we'll talk"

"number four or twelve"

"I'm going here"

"we're going there".



Moviment | charcoal and graphite on paper | 66 x 96 cm | 2021

Movement

Here you cry, and there they dance.

And there they cry in your tears.

There is a party, joy

without knowing anything about anything.

Half light in the mirrors.

Half flames of candles.

Half courtyards and staircases.

Half fists, Half gestures.

The informal hydrogen and its partner oxygen.

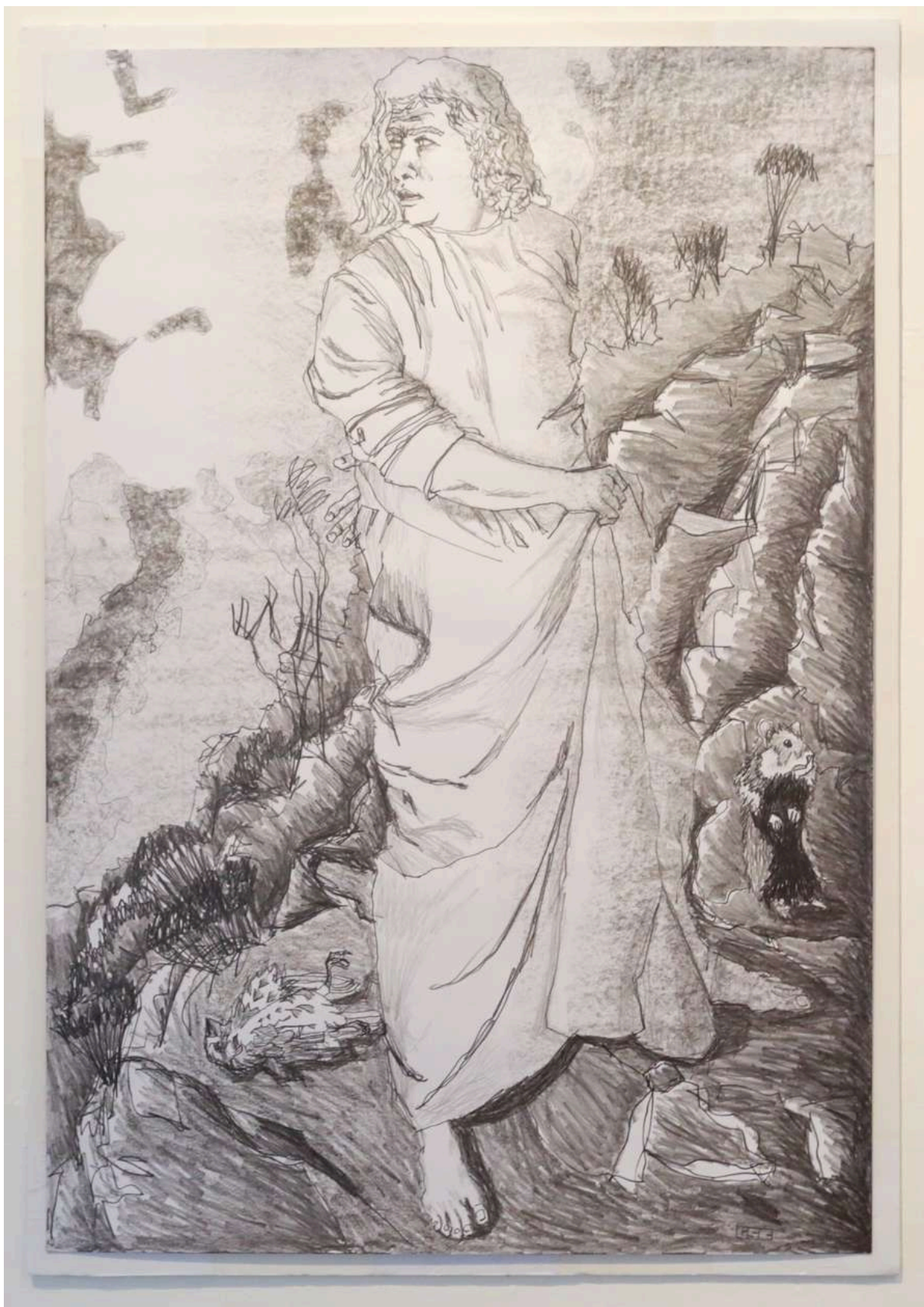
The rogues chlorine and sodium.

This abyss of nitrogen in procession that rises, evaporates
turns and turns under the sky.

Here you cry, with this you play.

Eine kleine Nachtmusik.

Who are you, beautiful mask?



Lot's Wife | charcoal and graphite on paperl | 96 x 66 cm | 2020

Lot's Wife

They say I looked back out of curiosity.
But who knows, maybe I had other reasons too.
I looked back out of pity for the silver bowl.
Out of distraction – tying the strap of my sandal.
To avoid looking at the virtuous neck of my husband Lot.
Because of the sudden certainty that if I died,
he wouldn't even slow down.
Because of the disobedience of the meek.
Aware of persecution.
Affected by the silence, hoping that God had changed his mind.
Our two daughters were already disappearing beyond the top of the hill.
I felt old age inside me.
The distance.
The futility of wandering.
Drowsiness.
I looked back as I put my bundle on the ground.
I looked back because I was afraid of where to step.
Snakes,
spiders, wild rats and baby vultures appeared on my path.
They were no longer good or bad – simply everything that lived
slithered or jumped in panic together.
I looked back in loneliness.

Out of shame for running away in secret.
Out of a desire to scream, to go back.
Or was it only when a wind hit me,
tousling my hair and lifting my dress.
I had the impression that they saw me from the walls of Sodom
and burst out laughing, over and over again.
I looked back in anger.
To satisfy myself with their enormous ruin.
I looked back for all the reasons mentioned above.
I looked back without wanting to.
It was just a rock that turned over, rumbling under my feet.
It was a crevice that suddenly cut off my step.
A hamster trotted along the edge, resting on its two paws.
And it was then that we both looked back.
No, no. I kept running,
dragging myself and getting up,
until darkness fell from the sky
and with it the burning gravel and dead birds.
Unable to breathe, I twirled around several times.
If anyone saw me, they would certainly think I was dancing.
It is conceivable that my eyes were open.
It is possible that when I felt my face was looking at the city.



Parable | charcoal and graphite on paper | 66 x 96 cm | 2020

Parable

The fishermen pulled a bottle from the depths.

In it was a piece of paper, and on the paper were written these words: "People, save me! I'm here. The ocean threw me onto this desert island. I'm on the beach waiting for help. Hurry up. I'm here!"

"There's no date. It's probably too late. The bottle must have been floating in the sea for a long time," said the first fisherman.

"And it doesn't say where the place is. We can't even tell which ocean it is," said the second fisherman.

"It's neither too late nor too far away. The island Here is everywhere," said the third fisherman.

There was an uncomfortable feeling. There was silence. That's what general truths are like.



The end and the beginning | charcoal and graphite on paper | 66 x 96 cm | 2021

The end and the beginning

After every war
someone has to do the cleaning.

Things won't
fix themselves.

Someone has to remove
the rubble from the streets
so that the carts can pass
with the bodies.

Someone has to clear a path
through the mud and ashes,
the springs of the sofas,
the shards of glass,
the bloody rags.

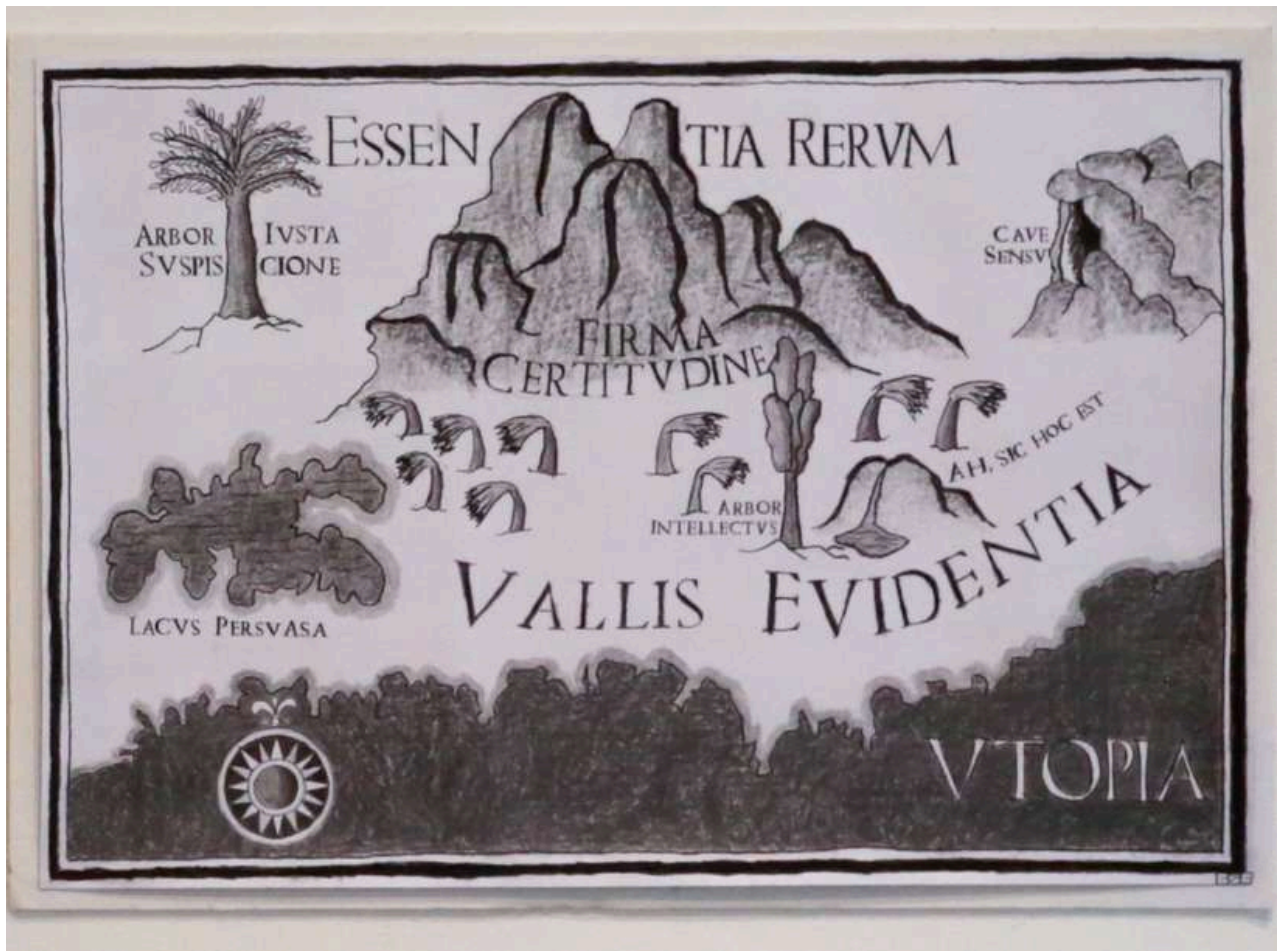
Someone has to drag the post
to raise the wall,
someone has to glaze the window,
put the doors back in place.

It's not photogenic
and it takes years.

All the cameras have already gone
to another war.

We need the bridges
and the train stations back.

Shirt sleeves will wear thin
from being rolled up so often.
Someone, broom in hand,
still remembers how it was.
Someone listens and agrees,
nodding with an unscathed head.
But there will be others nearby
who will find all of this
a bit boring.
Every now and then someone still
has to dig up rusty evidence
from under a bush
and drag it to the trash.
Those who knew
what it was all about,
have to give way to those
who know little.
And less than little.
And finally to those who know nothing.
Someone has to lie there
on the grass that covered
the causes and consequences,
with a blade of grass between their teeth
and their gaze lost in the clouds.

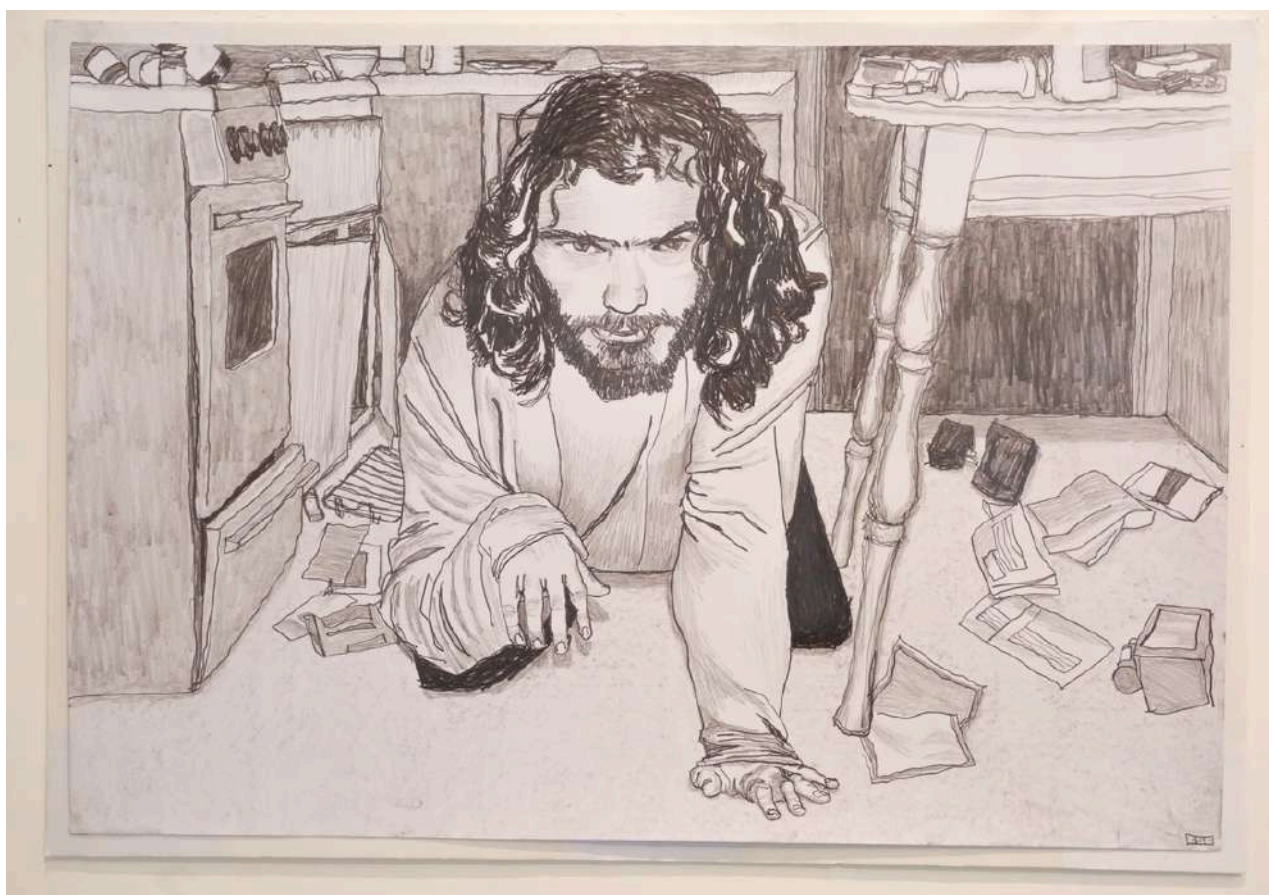


Utopia | charcoal and graphite on paper | 66 x 96 cm | 2021

Utopia

Island where everything is clarified.
Here one can tread on the solid ground of proof.
There are no roads but those of arrival.
Even the bushes bend under the weight of answers.
Here grows the tree of Just Supposition
with branches untangled since ancient times.
The tree of Understanding, fascinatingly simple
beside the fountain called Ah, So That's It.
The denser the forest, the wider the view
of the Valley of Evidence.
If there is any doubt, the wind disperses it.
The echo takes the word without being called
and willingly unravels the secrets of the worlds.

On the right, a cave where meaning resides.
On the left, the lake of Deep Conviction.
Truth rises from the depths and gently comes to the surface.
The Unwavering Certainty dominates the valley.
From its peak, the Essence of Things unfolds.
Despite its charms, the island is deserted
and the tiny footprints seen along the beaches
turn without exception toward the sea.
As if from here one could only leave
and without returning, submerge in the depths.
In the imponderable life.



Cat in an empty apartment | charcoal and graphite on paper | 66 x 96 cm | 2020

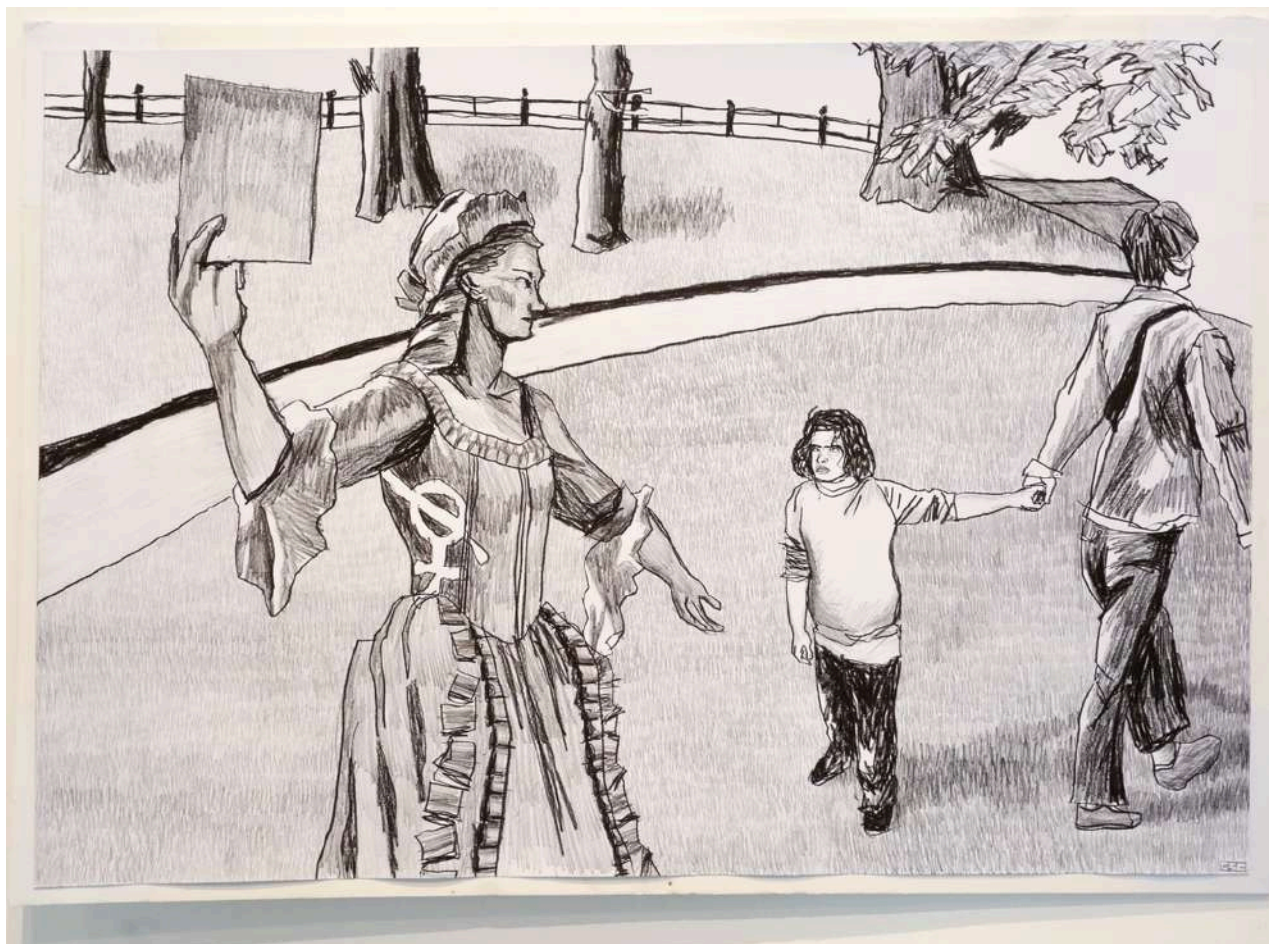
Cat in an empty apartment

To die - a fate unbecoming of a cat.
What's a feline to do in a vacant flat?
Scale barren walls.
Brush 'gainst empty chairs.
Nothing here seems amiss,
yet something is amiss.
Nothing seems disturbed,
yet all is perturbed.
And nighttime's lamp remains unlit.

Footfalls ascend the stair,
but they're not the same.
The hand that serves the fish
is not quite the same.

A rhythm's off, a beat's askew.
A presence once was, now is few.
A void where someone used to be.
A vacancy of you and me.

Each cabinet ransacked, every shelf explored,
Even beneath the rug, the search soared.
A rule was broken, papers scattered wide,
What's left to do but wait and hide?
Wait for his return, his gentle tread,
To learn this treatment is ill-bred.
Approach him slowly, paws quite sore,
As if nothing happened, nothing more.
No sudden leaps, no mournful cries,
Just quiet hope that he'll realize.



In the park | Charcoal and graphite on paper | 66 x 96 cm | 2021

In the park

"Oh!" - the boy exclaimed in surprise - "Who's that lady?"

"That's the statue of Mercy, or something like that,"
his mother replied.

"And why is she so... so battered?"

"I don't know, as far as I can remember, she's always been like that.
The city hall should do something about it,
either remove it from here or restore it.
Come on, let's go."



Pi number | charcoal and graphite on paper | 96 x 66 cm | 2020

Pi Number

The Marvelous Number Pi

Three point one four one.

All its successive digits are also initials,

five nine two because it never ends.

It cannot be grasped six five three five by the eye,

eight nine by calculation,

seven nine by imagination,

nor three two three eight in a joke, that is, in comparison

four six with anything

two six four three in the world.

The longest snake on earth ends after a few meters.

The same, although a little later, do the snakes of fables.

The parade of digits that make up the number Pi

does not stop at the edge of the page,

it manages to extend across the table, through the air,

over the wall, leaf, bird's nest, clouds, straight to the sky, through all
the extension and depth of the sky.

Oh, how short, like a rat's, is the tail of a comet!

How tenuous is the ray of a star, which curves with each space!

And here two three fifteen thirty nineteen

my phone number, the size of your shirt
the year nineteen seventy-three, the sixth floor
the number of inhabitants sixty-five cents
the measure of the hips two fingers riddle and cipher,
in which my nightingale flies and sings,
and furthermore, one is asked to keep calm,
and also the heaven and the earth will pass away,
but not the number Pi, not that, nothing of that sort,
it's still there with its possible five,
a not bad eight,
a not last seven,
inciting, oh inciting the indolent eternity
to last.

SUPPORTING MATERIAL:

ACCESS THE SUPPORTING MATERIALS FOR THE EXHIBITION

"DESENHOS NOBEL : SZYMBORSKA.

VIDEO MEDIATION



GABRIEL COELHO

Gabriel Coelho (Itajaí, 1989) lives in Barra Velha (SC). He is a visual artist and educator; he holds a degree (UNIVALI, 2013) and a master's degree (UDESC, 2020) in Visual Arts, and has been developing poetic and teaching activities since 2013. He investigates the dispersion of texts as an artistic procedure, the visual representation of the word in symbolic and typographic aspects, and the interconnection between drawing and editorial platforms.

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PUBLICATION



WISŁAWA SZYMBORSKA

Poet, literary critic and translator.

Wisława Szymborska (1923–2012) was a Polish writer who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1996. A poet, literary critic and translator, she lived in Kraków

ACCESS VIA QR CODE OR
LINK BELOW



bit.ly/poemas-escolhidos

Access the booklet "Szymborska, Selected Poems" via the QR code or link and discover the texts by Polish poet Wisława Szymborska, which guided the drawings that are part of this exhibition.



AKNOWLEDGMENTS

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THE EXHIBITION "DESENHOS NOBEL : SZYMBORSKA.

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