



TIME OF WAITING

It was through close friends that I soon knew about the idea of this exhibition that was growing in the discrete silence in the workshop and in the heart of Teresa. The news was whispered in my ear, in an exciting tone, as one says that an egg was just implanted and that someone is pregnant again. I was pleased.

From time to time I knew about the gestation, and thinking positively, refusing the gossip of scans, I was sure that everything was going ok, right and perfect and that after sometime we were going to have News, the word just came to my mind, while I am writing. It meant that a new child was born in someones house. It slipped accidentally into my mind, thinking about my childhood in the country when in the Houses of Mata da Caridade many children were being born and soon there were many brothers, sisters and cousins. Good! It meant more companionship and more time to play.

And news seemed to me a good word to announce this exhibition. News at the Botanical Garden! Could well be the motto of this exhibition. Besides, gardens are the ideal place to learn and teach that such things so beautiful and lively as these chairs that Teresa so carefully preserved and saved from the unavoidable erosion that our consuming society had voted them.

And some were not beautiful, above all when brand new in the chromed-plated brightness of the arming and in the shying contrast of the seats and back upholstered in corny colours. Pratical things that have served their time.

The kind of lumber pilled the decoration shops, pubs and hairdressers, when Lisbon, three or four decades ago was not as big as today. Used and more or less rusty they were going to end up in some ecological wasting modern site if Teresa had not seen them.

Alas! But others were much better in its esthetic and materials: they could even have come from a design of Daciano Costa.

Like the Bauhaus decree the style was not to have any style at all but to be strictly functional. It was essential in furniture metallic design to explore the noble qualities like resistance and solidity of metals. Each model was made for production. The result were things, almost remote, but of good esthetic modern quality and, imagine, comfortable to be useful to us both in our houses and in our work places.

Among us this aseptic style lasted and still lasts in certain doctors waiting-rooms and less well-off and not so modern hospitals. Unfortunately almost everytime for the worst. Luckily for us this was not the case of the artist. She even renovated it. She transformed the old into new as happens in each garden that according to Lavoisier's motto nothing in nature is lost but, all is transformed.

When we are looking at this new work of Teresa Pavão, we begin sensing something peculiar! At the door, suspending in the air, we recognize immediately the familiar shadows of ordinary chairs. And chairs they are indeed! We can confirme it by its volume and shape of its shadows on the white walls.

When we get closer, and through Teresa's craft by her fertile creation and control in every material and thread each and every chair is initially recognized, in it simple shade and comes to us like an object. Chairs after all the needed support of precious ornaments that the artist worked in a precise way with some opulence.



Most of them are discrete little pieces that contain an ancient memory of weaving art; each one has the stamp of the artist in its good known virtues: soberness, clearness, simplicity and connection.

We can see once more the invite work of the artist. First, obviously the opposition oldnew like the right reference of waiting time. After we have opposition between lasting and ephemeral: from the rusty of the arming metal serving as weaving threads made of silk and gold even knowing that all solid dissolve in air.

And finally this is an always present good taste and elegance both in assuming natural forms and in human artifacts, as we can see in the unexpectedly elegant little sculpture that adorns the only solid chair made of wood turning it into a piece of art.

These objects are both simple and rich and we long to have them.

If I could I would take them all home with me, so that I could last the pleasure of looking at them.