

Paraty

Rui Chaves

Paraty

Could you read
& listen ?

The recordings
are inside.

Paraty

Could you read & listen?

Rui Chaves

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Could you read this book
in
order
to

listen ?

Please,

**Please,
get comfortable**

**get a pair
of**

head phones

Now,

**don't
try to
clear
your
thoughts**

Actually,

let them

speak

**as loud
as possible**

**As if you were trying
to**

**have a conversation
with
me**

Performance

“...Performance isn’t “in anything, but between”.

Let me explain.

A performer in everyday life, in a ritual, at play, or in the performing arts does/shows something - performs an action.

For example, a mother lifts a spoon to her own mouth and then to a baby’s mouth to show the baby how to eat the cereal. (...) To treat any object, work, or product “as” performance - a painting, a novel, a shoe, or anything at all - means to investigate what the object does, how it interacts with other objects or beings...”¹

1- Schechner, R., (2002:24). Performance studies : an introduction, London; New York: Routledge.

Duration

Move with me

Position

Editing

I got on an early bus from São Paulo heading to Paraty.
It was a warm day, but my sunlight was being filtered by the bus windows.
My seat was very comfortable.
They started playing movies.
American movies, dubbed in Brazilian Portuguese.
For about an hour the bus stayed on a highway.
I could see from my window a sprawl of buildings and houses.
After a while this changed.
I got bored and started looking at people's faces.
We stopped to eat.
The movies continued playing and suddenly it was about a country singer and her personal dramas.
Gwyneth Paltrow was playing the main role.
She was a declining star with alcohol and drug problems.
The was also a love triangle.
A character had fallen with a rising young star, who in turn, fell in love with another person.
I could see the coast.

We arrive at Paraty.
It was evening and I didn't have the right address for the hostel.
I entered an icecream shop and asked if they had internet.
They tried to help me, but they couldn't find the place either.
I entered an internet cafe and the girl asked me if I needed someone who spoke english.
I said I was portuguese and that I was just looking for a hostel nearby.
I finally found the place.
I was underwhelmed...
The spanish girl working there, said that they didn't get many portuguese.
This is not going to be the trip I thought it would be.
The summer had also passed way.

I bought dinner and cigarettes.
I ate and smoked by the porch.
I got the opportunity to talk to two english boys
that were taking their sabbatical year before
university.
I think they were already bored with all that
travelling around south america.
I barely saw them leaving the hostel computer,
where they were constantly chatting on
facebook.
I couldn't connect to the hostel wireless network.
I couldn't sleep and I went for a walk.
It seems the town maintained its colonial
features.
It felt strange to travel alone.
I really wanted to go to the beach.
I sat by my bed and looked at the ceiling.

Let them

speak

**as loud
as possible**

inside

outside

moment

recorded

me

remember

I probably had a few drinks.
When I opened or closed my window, I could
hear so much happening inside and outside.

Remember

I am trying to
remember if this
happened all in the
same night or all at
the same time

I probably had a few drinks.
When I opened or closed my window, I could
hear so much happening inside and outside.

There were some religious celebrations going
on. I thought about a Luc Ferrari moment.
A french composer that created a piece said to be
recorded from a hotel window.
I imagine that he had someone with him, in bed.
I had no one with me. Presque rien. Maybe, this
is an homage. I love the cover of his CD.

I am trying to
remember if this
happened all in the
same night or all at
the same time

“...I give Image to the head, we can see what you want. Develop this kind of Dramaturgy. I make always many things with electronic instruments. What is memorized...for me it's very important. I can propose a very realistic ...noise, for me it's a dialectic between abstract and realistic. I like to play with that, because it's a position in which we can make something with psychology, emotion and I try to do that; because I don't understand the body, other people...I don't understand how it works. My music is the possibility to try to understand, to touch something, to touch my body...”

(Taken from interview with Pedro Rebelo, 2005)

After you done that, imagine there is person behind you that wants you very much.

- 1- Open a window in your house.
- 2- When you open, imagine that there is someone inside, behind your field of vision, that wants you very much.
- 3 - Close the window.
- 4 - Did you notice the difference?
- 5- Repeat several times, if necessary.
- 6- Write down the effect of this action.
- 7 - Play this recording through speakers, lay down in bed and read what you wrote out loud.

**have a conversation
with
me**

I am lying down in my bed, again. Thinking

about going to the beach.

Thinking that I need shorts and a towel. That

I need sunblock.

That I am being optimistic.

That I already

have flip-flops.

That I need a car, but I don't have a driver's
license.

That the coast

is far away.

I came here because someone told me this was going to be

Picturesque
& authentic

They also say they have great shrimp here. I love shrimp. I was drinking again. I could listen to the distant sound of music and fireworks.

Vasco da Gama (a football team) had won the regional championship.

I left my bedroom. I wanted to be closer to what was happening.

Can you imagine me in the middle of a group that was *dancing* and celebrating?

For best results

You should cook and
eat this recipe while
listening to this
recording on repeat

Shrimp recipe

- 500 gr of shrimp
- lemon
- 2 or 3 cloves of garlic
- salt
- Black Pepper
- Palm Oil

Clean and devein the shrimp. In a medium heat pan, add palm oil and garlic. After 2-3 minutes, add the shrimp and season it with pepper and salt.

It is ready to eat when you feel it is ready to eat.

**Don't
try to
clear
your
thoughts**

I needed to get one of those *guided* tours.
I find a great promotion and end up buying two.

Afterwards, I sat by a bench in a square.
A man sung. Teenagers discussed a soap opera
plot and characters.
Moving in and around the surrounding streets.
Each local shop had their doors open with music
playing.

I even find a *donkey* and I remembered my
short trips on the back of this animal.

Now

If you want

- 1 - Go for a walk and listen.
- 2 - Think about this recording.
- 3 - Think about the sounds around you.
- 4 - Do you feel something?
- 5 - When was the last time you felt something for a space?
- 6 - Write about it.

Optional

- 1 - Send an e-mail to someone with what you wrote, alongside a copy of this recording.
- 2 - Initiate a conversation by asking that person this question - "when was the last time you felt something for a space?"

Actually

vibe going on.
boat had a pirate vibe going on.
It was a bit cloudy and not that warm.
They asked me if I wanted lunch.
I decided just to have a few beers.
I had a swim in the sea.
I felt hungry afterwards.
It felt good.
I played football with the boat crew.
They called me a tiozinho.
Something about being a young upperclass burgeoise.
There was an old lady with sun glasses and her middle-aged daughter.
They were definitely tiozinhas.
Breakfast in the hostel.
I could hear so many speak english or french.
I didn't spoke with anyone.
I felt like a foreigner with foreigners, but less foreign than the others.
I felt like a tourist.
Maybe I was a tourist.
I went for a walk.
I found a Market, which was located on a temporary structure.

A huge tent placed on top of gravel.
It was so colourful and I think I heard
Beyonce playing on a small radio.
Later on, on that morning I went on a guided tour on a boat that had a pirate
vibe going on.
boat had a pirate vibe going on.
It was a bit cloudy and not that warm.
They asked me if I wanted lunch.
I decided just to have a few beers.
I had a swim in the sea.
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It felt good.
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Something about being a young upperclass burgeoise.
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If you want

- 1 - Close your eyes.
- 2 - Imagine a donkey ride from where you are to the nicest place you can imagine.
- 3 - You can bring a partner.
- 4 - Record the sounds along the way.

from wikipedia:

Paraty (or Parati) [pronounced Par-a-CHEE]

is a preserved Portuguese colonial (1500-1822) and Brazilian Imperial (1822-1889) town with a population of about 36,000.

It is located on the Costa Verde (Green Coast), a lush, green corridor that runs along the coastline of the state of Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil. Paraty has become a popular tourist area in recent years, renowned for the historic town and the coast and mountains in the region.

Paraty was founded formally as a town by Portuguese colonizers in 1667, in a region populated by the Guaianás Indians.

After the discovery of the world's richest gold mines in 1696 in the mountains of Minas Gerais, Paraty became an export port for gold to Rio de Janeiro and from there on to Portugal. The ensuing gold rush led to the construction of the "Caminho do Ouro" or "Gold Trail", a 1200 kilometer road, paved in steep areas with large stones, which connected Paraty to Diamantina via Ouro Preto and Tiradentes.

Not only was it used to transport gold to Paraty, but it was also used to convey supplies, miners and African slaves by mule train over the mountains to and from the gold mining areas. Two substantial sections of the Caminho do Ouro have been excavated near Paraty and are now a popular tourist destination for hiking.

I got on another bus.
I was looking for a place with a nice beach.
It was fairly sunny.
It felt a bit strange.
I was looking for somewhere I could be alone.
I had to walk a bit.
I finally found a place.
I wanted something intimate.
A couple showed up and sat close to me.
I started to miss someone.
I left after a while.
It wasn't that warm.
Maybe I can't being alone.

*I wanted to go to a beach.
Enjoy my last days in Brazil.
After all, I lived in Belfast. I don't know if this sequence of events is
right. I was near the water.
I was near a boat. I was near a church. I was near someone working.
This is not one moment.
These are several moments. Condensed.
All of these recordings are.*

If you want

- 1 - Transfer all the recordings to a computer.
- 2 - Play them on repeat.
- 2 - Unfold the illustration on the next page.
- 3 - Put it in a ceiling or a wall.
- 4 - Lay or sit down.
- 5 - Open your eyes.
- 6 - Put your headphones.
- 7 - Breath.
- 7- Look and listen, ~~until you feel overwhelmed~~
~~with joy.~~
- 8 - Stop.