

FRICÇÃO CIENTÍFICA

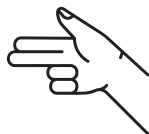
(SCIENCE FRICTION)

EXHIBITION BY BEATRIZ CAPITULÉ

Curated by
João Francisco Reis

From May 25th to September 6th 2025
Monday to Saturday from 6PM to 10PM

Galeria Zé dos Bois
Rua da Barroca, 59, Lisboa
zedosbois.org



A shot. Drrrrrrh. A line. Drrrrrrh.

Like gunshots, all in the same direction.

Gestures that trample the marks on the paper; but after the first shot, a new crack appears.

Let's not fool ourselves. Beatriz is once again trying to stage something, perhaps a new territory, a catastrophe that unfolds and unfolds throughout the exhibition.

I always return to the lines. As if they reveal something. I search for things, objects. But nothing takes shape. The lines dissolve and fade away.

First comes the drawing, on paper and in graphite, sometimes in marker or ballpoint pen, then digital manipulation, printed acetate, overhead projection, redrawing on the screen with dozens of permanent markers, and finally the texture of wool pressed onto the screen. The process is layered and time-consuming.

That's what happens, isn't it? We look at a sediment of decisions. The drawing—already an interval. Then editing, manipulation, the suggestion of control. But control slips away.

And then you have the acetate—a ghost—another interval that will disappear to become something else. In constant motion. Yet they remain fixed; these footprints do not disappear. The work is always suggesting its own trail and trying to glimpse the next step. We see marks, in the present, that converge in different temporalities.

That, and then the projection on the screen, the gesture of redrawing, digging again, not in a nostalgic process, but in a stratigraphic one. Each layer contains traces of the previous one, refusing to clarify it.

Yes, redo first, and only then do.
Always different, always the same.

You can feel it in the tufting process: it is final, but uncontrolled. The wool refuses to obey the design. There is always the illusion of something, not as if we are being lied to; it is geological, though not illustrative. It is not about evoking images—volcanoes, grottos, or caves—but rather the awareness of pressure, of becoming matter. Roger Caillois¹ talks about this, about stones—as if they were writing, or inscribing something, slowly, without knowing it.

It seems to me, then, that there is always a balance between intention and accident, the interval between the line that is chosen and the one that overlaps the previous one. The lines do what they want. One pushes the other, which pushes the other—they betray the source.

And so we arrive — spectators— always late. Searching for signs, symbols, anything, but lost in abstraction, pushed back to the screen and forced to look again.

You can see nails, pen marks, tears, and scraps.
A physical tension is created that tears the surface of the canvas,
creating cracks.
You can see through the crates that accommodate wild gestures.
Not accommodate... they demarcate wild gestures.
Wild, no... um... primitive?

Energetic.

It's not just the images, it's also what makes
them possible.

Screens that reveal a certain territory, emerging from
something they themselves create: their place.

They compete with the order of a river of lava and,
impatient, move in angular shapes, placing themselves face
to face with what is natural to them—the place of their next
destination.

They are matter, just like the lines of wool.

Expanded matter. Perpetual motion.

They too are wild... energetic.

They act in such a way as to fix themselves.

Like the minerals in these rooms of 49, they do so in motion. Their bodies
grow, they take on a sculptural form. They are objects in space.

They contain a kind of heat, a fermentation
somewhere. It is not a catastrophe in a single, apocalyptic
moment, but a slow geological development—
transformation, compression, friction.

Rhythmic repetitions, perhaps.

It is the result of a relentless pressure. This tightness takes time. An insistence that bends, like rocks that slowly collide and form curves, new lines.

The needle piercing the fabric, these insistences, are continuously reenacted..

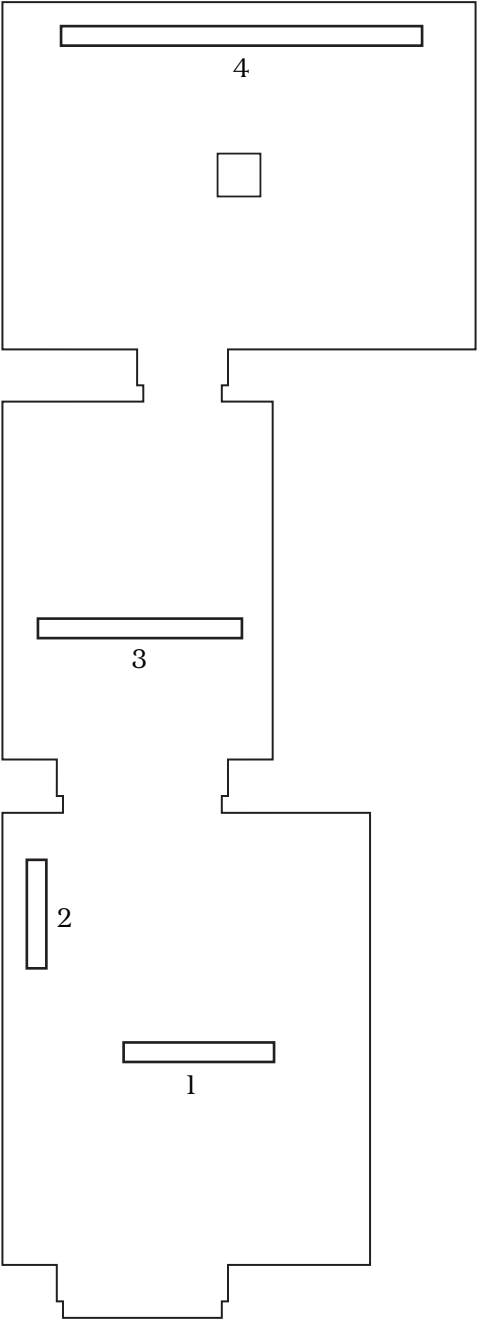
Or maybe it's not even a catastrophe. But then what are we looking at, really?

We are looking at things in transformation, ahead of us..

I'm not sure that's quite right. Maybe it's something that isn't done, or that's undone. Something that refuses to be fully done. It's always being interrupted.

They are creative deformations, excavations of perception and process, the image as an unstable entity. It is abstraction as a slow and material intelligence. A commitment to the unsettling and the incomprehensible, a practice structured in a form of aesthetic geology, not only in motive, but beyond that; in the transformation of works into a stratified record of thought, an architecture of time and pressure.

1. We take the liberty of alluding to Roger Caillois's 1970 book, *The Writing of Stones*, in which the French sociologist examines patterns revealed through the polishing of various sections cut from minerals.



1. *Onda de Choque (Shock Wave)*, 2025

Wool on canvas, aluminum, and nails

240 × 170 × 8 cm

2. *Jackpot*, 2025

Wool on canvas, aluminum, and nails

185 × 148 × 6 cm

3. *Limítrofe (Liminal)*, 2025

Wool on canvas, aluminum, and nails

190 × 220 × 8 cm

**4. *Ligamentos Cruzados
(Cruciate Ligaments)*, 2025**

Wool on canvas, aluminum, and nails

100 × 490 × 3 cm

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Organization & production
Galeria Zé dos Bois

Setup
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