

Riscos na Matéria (Eng. *Tears in Matter*)



Dear Ma,

I want to make a film about you. I want to make a film about you because you're just an ordinary girl in an ordinary world. You cry, just like others cry. You have your joyful moments and your hardships in life. You're nothing special, but I don't mean that as a criticism. It is why I have chosen you. To show the complexities of a human life, I need an average human being. Because although you're normal, you're not just a face in the camera. You are profound. Complex. A never-ending maze of mysteries. I want to take you apart. I want to take the single pieces of your very existence, hold them under a microscope and I want to analyze every inch of you.

You won't let me at first. At first you will resist. I will let you resist. I will let you play the game of life. But as the story unfolds, so will you. Time will create cracks and tears in the fabric of your appearance, through which we will then be able to see the real you. The blackest parts of you. I am going to use you. Like a puppet. I am going to use you to play out the scenes in my head that I was never allowed to play out in person. You will be my confession. My admittance.

I will turn you into my very own grotesque unraveling of sanity. You will be my therapy. I want people to see you. I want people to see the fears. The insanity. The struggle of holding it all together. The loneliness. The insecurities. The need for validation. And you will go even further. In lieu of becoming the grotesque monster you've always feared you'd become, you will tell yourself stories. You will become so arrogant as the sun goes high. Living an illusion you created. For this will be your only salvation. And in your arrogance you will find comfort.

You will lose yourself completely. And once the unraveling is done, you will smile. And I will learn to love you.

Sincerely,

Stephanie M.

Dear Stephanie,

How dare you? Why would you do that? Why would you want to see me suffer so? You hurt me. Why would you embarrass me so? I don't like cameras. I don't like being exposed. I keep a very private life. I hide my insanity before the crowds. You are using me. Spare me the suffering, the pain, the brutality of it all. I think you overestimate me. You have given me a great role, a rather large task. Why would you go so far as not only to make me bear this suffering but then to expose me in such light? It scares me. To show myself to the outside world. But then yet again. Do we not all have our own inner monsters?

I'm not any different than any other "normal" person, whatever normal should mean. I know that now. In an absurd way I understand you. I understand your intentions. What you are asking me to do is not only for your own benefit. You are giving me an opportunity too. An opportunity you would never provide in any other given situation. To give me such an opportunity, I see you have reached a certain trust. Or perhaps can we call it acceptance? You are giving me the opportunity to revel in expressionism. A thing that few have ever had the chance to do. You are creating the script and through that, the safe space in which I can lose myself and never get lost.

I am torn. I fear the massive task you have given me but also recognize the freedom in it. I know a part of you envies me. There's a part of you that deeply hates me and always has, before the script was even put on paper. But also, you are doing this in my name. A love hate relationship I would say. Twisted. Grotesque. Manic to some degree.

But I trust you. You have given me your trust and I will give the same in return. And I shall do as you ask.

Sincerely,

Ma



Image Reference: "Eel", Venezia, 1978. FRANCESCA WOODMAN © GEORGE AND BETTY WOODMAN

## **Definitions //**

### *Alter ego*

an alternative self, which is believed to be distinct from a person's normal or true original personality. Finding one's **alter ego** will require finding one's other self, one with a different personality.

### *Isolation*

a condition of being apart from all human beings or of being cut off by wish or circumstances from one's usual associates. Isolation stresses detachment from others often involuntarily.

### *Diary*

a book, audio or video in which one keeps a daily record of events and experiences.