

Strata
by Caterina Almirall
for Sala Muncunill, Terrassa
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Strata is the plural of stratum, which in geology means a layer of sedimentary material that has been shaped in a natural or artificial way, and which represents a continuous deposition of the same type of rock. The plural is therefore the sum of geological layers that occurs over billions of years. That's why in these layers we can read the material history of the planet. With the movement of strata, the layers of matter fold over each other, giving time a non-linear narrative. The folds generate situations in which the ancestral materials meet contemporary materials, putting in contact elements that had not been in contact before and infusing movement to what seemed inert.

Ariadna Guiteras' proposal reads the folds of the geological strata from its organic movement and from a feminist perspective to decentralize the hegemonic discourse. Can a geological time be a proposal for a feminist temporality? Displacing the human eye from the centre and establishing new premises in the relationship between the elements that compose an organism or ecosystem. *Strata* sets in motion a system that serves as the structural basis for constructing a story that transcends the limits of our perception. It challenges the limits of what we can see and feel, giving way to other modes of being and interacting in a given environment.

Strata is a living organism in constant transformation. It has the form of an installation that self-manages its needs in an almost autonomous ecosystem that needs energy from the outside to function, but maintains an internal logic. *Strata* feeds on the voice without organs of a story under construction that is developed over the course of the two months of the exhibition and takes the time and the space of the exhibition as the very work material. A story that no one will be able to hear completely as it is an open story. It unfolds during this undulating time, like stratigraphic folds and is organised in the movement and transformation of the materials that sustains it. In oral transmissions of knowledge, stories are producers of reality. There is no beginning nor end because stories are nobody's as they are in constant movement and transformation.



The story, the voice and the body that sustains it are composed for a certain moment to give it form, but they don't belong to each other,

they are circumstantial. Transmitters and connoisseurs of history are part of this body that transcends the limits of individuality and thinks in an eco-systemic way.

By need *Strata* is in synchrony with other places, the organism is also established in a time and a space beyond the room. Faced with the impossibility of having her body present in the room during the entire exhibition, Ariadna Guiteras develops an investigation on how to be present, thinking about the body and its limits, looking for other ways to make it possible. Throughout the entire duration of the exhibition the text will be spread from different places, and can be heard in the exhibition space through the installation. We have to be aware and listen to it, even though we already know that it is as unreachable as geological time.

The systems are questioning themselves, the stones came out of the earth and against all odds they float on water. Water erodes the soil and feeds it. Time is not linear, strata are not temporal, history is not a single story, and boundaries are not definitive. Error is inclusive, it is an engine. When the sun sets, energy stays inside. When the energy finishes the device shuts off, other forces are then the ones that move what was apparently still. Theory feeds the poetry that shapes the world. Biology is poetry, which is the fiction that shapes the story of the world. The spores that we breathe fertilize in the floating rocks, which like islands collect the germ of the future while nobody looks. La Veu (The Voice), as an universal music, disagrees with the voices that accompany her and there is no physical body that can contain her. A mass is shapeless until it finds a receptacle that contains it. The form is circumstantial. Words are boundaries that serve us to point the direction, the intention. In this case, it couldn't be clearer: to escape from a center that retains more than it generates, and to think from a feminism that is not only ours but that finds in the ecosystem a way to make us more different, more confused, as conglomerates.