

## ***Mega Hair* — Romy Pocztaruck**

Text: Renato Rezende

What immediately stands out in Romy Pocztaruck's work, more than the technical precision of her images (in the case of the photographs) or the synthetic, almost monochromatic materiality of her objects (such as the sculptures in the exhibition *Mega Hair*), is the high poetic voltage with which she, in a controlled manner—we might say with a serene gaze and body—elaborates and expresses the concept of ruin. In an interview early in her career, the artist refers to ruins in a simple yet richly meaningful way: "I am fascinated by the meaning they hold for cities; I think it is an interesting way of looking at the past and projecting the future while, at the same time, reliving feelings and events." It was in Berlin, far from her country of origin, that she discovered the symbolic force of abandoned places—sites somehow outside of time, as if forever suspended, potential points of encounter and confrontation between past and present. In Berlin, Romy produced the video *Traumberg* (2010), and the following year, as an artist in constant itinerant process, the photographs of the series *Fordlândia*, about the traces (the houses, the roads, the abandoned offices) of the failed American industrial project in the heart of the Amazon rainforest.

In the architectural dismantling of ruins, building materials reveal themselves—wood, bricks, window frames, cement blocks—and the human presence, like a loud and piercing cry, is invoked precisely through the force of its absence, through the silence imposed by those inhospitable places. For the testimony of ruins is also, necessarily, the testimony of expatriation and exile. Once

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destroyed, turned into wreckage and rubble; once a wall ceases to be the wall of a room or office and begins to recover its identity as bricks; once a table ceases to be a table and reveals its primacy as wood, it is human fragility and temporality themselves that are unveiled—we, plastic and versatile beings in a constant process of itinerancy and reconstruction. Romy's most recent exhibition, *I Have Never Been to Japan* (2024), elaborates on this human capacity for resignification by portraying the identity metamorphoses of the Japanese community in São Paulo.

Without any tie to Japan beyond an elective affinity, Romy Pocztaruck is able to add complexity to the experience of a population that immigrated several generations ago; and we could profitably debate how and to what extent the artist is informed by the Mono-ha movement, or how, on the other hand, the works displayed in *Mega Hair* enrichingly tension the concepts of weight and lightness, architectural space and body, organic and inorganic materials, culture and nature. But I believe that, beyond the fruitful tensioning of these supposed pairs of opposites, the poetic power of Romy's work—and the sculptures of *Mega Hair* are notable examples of this—proposes a point of incidence and demonstration. Everything is construction and, therefore, everything is brief, in suspension (some sculptures, lacking a precise point of support, seem to float); the cement blocks acquire the lightness of hair (which is not natural, nor would it need to be). Organic and inorganic matter not only meet but become equal. Culture would not merely be a second nature—it would be the only nature possible for the contemporary person.