



laboratório d'Estórias[®]

Press information **September 2020**

“Butterflies don't fly. Just skip through dunes of space”

Launching the piece “Hope in the Life of Butterflies”

“From the time when we expected to be able to fix the lightness, the colours, their simple magnificence”, Hope in butterflies life.

The story

A result of a trip to childhood memories - “when we ran after butterflies ” - resurrected by a visit to the Constância Butterfly Garden, this piece is the 20th with the signature of Laboratório d'Estórias and spread its wings in early 2020 during Maison et Object. Successor of the cricket, the ladybird and the grasshopper, is the fourth figure of the family insects and helps to remember the transformation, the simplicity and the freedom.

“Butterflies don't fly. Just skip through dunes of space. The goose looks at them and concludes:

- You cannot have weight on your hands to to be able to look at the sky.”



Hope in Butterflies life

The unfolding story...

As soon as "The hope in Butterflies life" is born, the 20th piece of Laboratório d'Estórias, the Portuguese brand that is inspired by stories from Portuguese popular culture to reinvent traditional objects and, through them, tell new stories.

The project by Rute Rosa and Sérgio Vieira adds points to old and new tales since 2013.

Unique pieces that combine ceramics with illustration and writing.

The story that embraces this piece tells you about a taxidermist goose and is by Elvira Santiago and the illustration has the trace of Pedro Seromenho. Made of earthenware, the wings are manually and transparent glazed already in seven colours: prussian blue, pink, orange, serene blue, yellow, green and matte white. The body is in natural or oxidized brass with manual casting in sand mold. This piece can be hung or placed on a flat surface.

Hope in Butterflies life

Today, my little Maria Jorge said to me: "Mom, you look like a dying goose!" It's the most amazing sentence I've heard recently. It sounds beautiful, and the image it brings to mind is colossal.

That's when my inner goose, black goose, white goose, remembered the butterfly package. Or rather, the day the mailman left it a box of butterflies at the door. My goose looked at them and became suspicious. It went about its business, crestfallen, something to which its anatomy has increasingly been adapting, withering thumbs and its entire immune system.

Nevertheless, it wondered: What is a goose, anyway? Does anyone know?

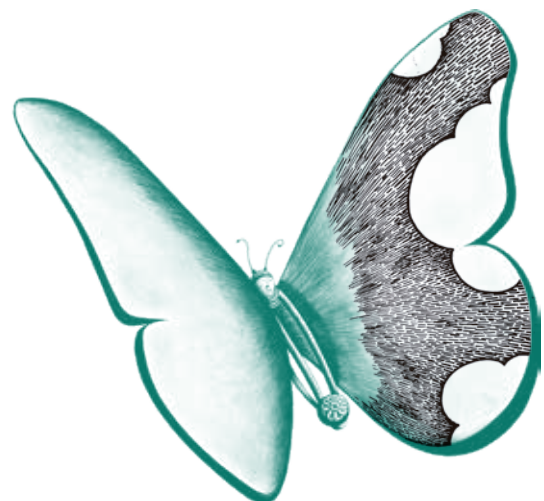
- One word: Goose or Ghuse. (It's the same. Goose is a sound, even if they call it a syllable in other orchestras).

- Two colours: white and black. (The goose has been defined: one thing or the other.) Other than that, we're left with the goose's walk, which is defined by something rather important: As you know, for a goose to move around, it must first learn to balance its behind.

Two sounds. The mailman knocked on the door. Two colours. He wants the butterflies back. Two sounds, again. The butterflies, or the almighty bang of a cow being run over. A broken neck, or an execution on the end of a sharp blade. A group of witches, the red ones, standing around rubbing their hands gleefully, standing around, standing around. With no honour among them. An aluminium bowl of boiling water, nice and ready to sanitize death. And yes, it is coming soon. And yes, Maria, the witch story has been promised, but it got stuck. The containers, the chickens, the geese, the feathers, the stumps, the bones, the saliva, the salt, the sands, the humus, the weeds and the glassy eyes of all the toads, plus frog acne (...)

You can't be holding weight in your hands if you want to be able to look at the sky.

text :: Elvira Santiago



Illustration

:: Pedro Seromenho