

Organising this exhibition is an act of deeply nurturing freedom because these squares can be read and seen by anyone, from any corner of the world, of any age, of any gender, from any cultural perspective or belief.

These squares don't belong to us, even though they are the result of intimate and anonymous acts. That's why they travel the world and don't come back, but rather become the heritage of the Other who receives them.

Organising this exhibition - and any other of this Textile Cartographies Project, I dare to say - is an act of deeply nurturing freedom because it exudes humanity.

A year ago this group was moved by a square left in the 'Cascade' - the name we lovingly give to the red installation that is splashed with white squares with words.

Veiled in anonymity, someone wrote: 'I am not missed'.

A perfect mastery of the words that bring us silence, this square.

Slowly, each one of us tried to fit into that drawn words, into that square from which something as immense, as it was overwhelming, was spilling out.

Organising this exhibition is an act of deeply nurturing freedom because it is also the assumption that we all have this power to create something that touches the Other.

And if we all have this power to create something that touches the Other, it doesn't matter how old we are. Active ageing cannot just mean being and keeping busy. It can and, above all, must mean that we are present in each Other's lives.

Slipping into this thought, I say to you: I look at this group of women and one man as the Future. They are the Future because they carry with them this desire to mean something, because they have a Life to tell, because they have the availability to be present in the Life of the Other, transforming it.

The words that follow are theirs, and they carry with them a request:

Carla Martins, 24th of February 2025