

DUCK SOUP



ISSUE 1 AUTUMN - WINTER 2016

Duck Soup is a limited printed magazine and a one person project.

Rossana Mendes Fonseca is the editor-in-chief, the features writer, the editorial designer and the in-house photographer.

THE PEOPLE FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE

Marita Setas Ferro | designer of the brand Marita Moreno
in *DOWN-TO-EARTH SCI-FI* [4]

and also with

Tânia Almeida Santos | manager of CRU Cowork
Ema Sara Ribeiro | owner of Ó Galllery
in *THE NEW CREATIVES* [9]

Inês de Castro | independent visual artist
in *SILVER LINING* [12]

Marta Cunha | independent actress and performer
in *NEWS FROM HOME* [16]

editor's note

On a fine crispy morning, wondering about my recent dreams and projects, a decision to start my own *petite* magazine was made.

Duck Soup is all about myself, my surroundings, the world I stand in and see from this vantage point of mine. It surely seems personal, nonetheless, it may be worth reading it. For starters, I am pretty lucky to hang out with wonderful and creative people with so many stories to tell and things to show. On top of that, I work in a colourful and nice neighbourhood in Porto, inside the coolest coworking space, where there are regular *soirées* and infinite possibilities of re-writing oneself. Make no mistake, even if this may seem like the product of someone's ravings, it is filled with amazing insights from incredibly keen minds.

As you may have noticed by now, I also like printing and paper, and magazines that can be delivered as a beautiful object to keep reading while time fades. Hence this publication. So far, you must have perceived my taste for art, books and coffee, even though the coffee part is not explicit at all. On the other hand, all these anarchic clues can be of use to narrow down the subject of this magazine, which we can imply to be **life itself**. Life itself from the singular point of view of the other.

Finally, with no further due, I really hope you enjoy it, pay great attention to it and scribble a few notes at the back (left blank on purpose to fill in with your own ideas), feeling inspired by it while drinking massive amounts of coffee.

Awfully yours,
Rossana

down-to-earth sci-fi

Marita Moreno's new Fall-Winter collections are here with a folk but edgy approach to inheritance, including raw materials in futuristic shapes and refined details provided by great workmanship.

While *SPACE 1999* translates the past insight of what used to be our future, presenting spacecrafted footwear and practical yet stylish bags with gleamy hints; *FOZ CÔA* admits the possibility of redesigning this very anachronism, by capturing rough earthy textures in highly ornate extravagant designs.

SPACE 1999



FOZ CÔA







the new creatives

Autumn is here, and soon Winter will come. Therefore, there is nothing more relaxing than to get inside the blankets and read a few motivational lines by some of my favourite industrious women from Porto.

Tânia Almeida Santos, co-founder and manager of CRU Cowork, Ema Sara Ribeiro, curator and owner of Ó Gallery and Marita Setas Ferro, designer and the face behind the brand Marita Moreno were summoned to answer the Proust Questionnaire, a very famous questionnaire due to Marcel Proust's answers and popularised over the years by the media. I present to you the answers I considered the most inventive and the most curious.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
[Tânia] To wake up everyday with no alarm clock.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
[Ema] Sloth.

Which living person do you most admire?
[Marita] Yamamoto.

What is your greatest extravagance?
[Ema] Travelling.

What is your current state of mind?
[Tânia] Overbrimming.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
[Marita] Charity (not solidarity or mutual aid).

On what occasion do you lie?
[Tânia] Constantly. To me and to the others: truth is speculative and metamorphic.

Which living person do you most despise?
[Marita] Currently, Donald Trump.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
[Ema] Honesty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
[Ema] Honesty.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
[Ema] «U go girl!»

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
[Ema] Beauty.

When and where were you happiest?
[Marita] When I was a nocturnal student in the Faculty of Fine Arts – I was working during the

day and studying at night – I miss those times a lot!

Which talent would you most like to have?
[Ema] The one of oratory.

Which talent would you most like to have?
[Marita] To draw wonderfully.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
[Ema] My project, Ó Gallery.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
[Tânia] To have learned not to be (so) afraid of failing.

What is your most treasured possession?
[Marita] My knowledge/creativity.

What is your most treasured possession?
[Ema] The photographs I took and the ones left by my parents and my grandparents.

What is your most treasured possession?
[Tânia] My memory.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
[Tânia] To live with/in fear.

What is your favorite occupation?
[Tânia] Any activity that involves manual labour and construction.

What is your favorite occupation?
[Marita] To create.

What is your most marked characteristic?
[Marita] Being very persistent.

What is your most marked characteristic?
[Tânia] Determination and positive thinking.

What do you most value in your friends?
[Tânia] The ability to influence me in a positive way, even when they're not around.

Who is your hero of fiction?
[Marita] Wall-E.

Who is your hero of fiction?
[Ema] Peter Pan.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
[Marita] Van Gogh.

Who are your heroes in real life?
[Tânia] My mother.

What is it that you most dislike?
[Ema] Falsity and humid and shady places.

What is your greatest regret?
[Marita] Not having believed in my capacities earlier.

What is your greatest regret?
[Ema] Never finishing anything I started.

How would you like to die?
[Tânia] Loved.

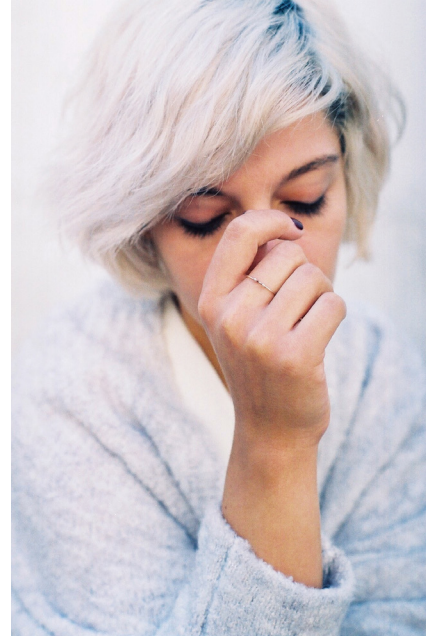
silver lining

Saturday morning in a hidden patio in Porto. Me and Inês, we follow the rules of an Autumn day, adorning myself in grey and soothing colours, and dancing according to the light.

Inês de Castro photographs in film, extracting smooth tones and soft shades, while focusing on delicate details and acute compositions. She says inspiration comes in different ways, either from movies or from books, but mostly from the people she meets.

«This time it was a girl with a touch of silver in her hair.»





news from home

Beautiful and charming, Marta came to me with that allure of an actress from the old days. Moving from a more classical technique as ballet to several contemporary approaches in dancing, she then made an incursion in performance and theatre, which led her to search for an education in London. As her nomadic spirit brought us together, time revealed our love for words and endless conversations. And now that she is far, but finally at home, she sent us a letter.

negative space

red, yellow, caramel
grapes in my mouth
brown, green, orange
the colours are falling down.
the colours are falling down again.

use them to paint my body
as if you were telling me a secret
whisper me a tender line, an angle
what is behind me now?
confess me a sin, a square
what is behind me now?
I can't look you in the eyes, stranger,
come, come closer, there's too much light.
I can't look you in the eyes, stranger,
stand back, here is the night.

start from the negative space.

(can you see it?)
start from the negative space.

red, yellow, caramel
grapes in my mouth
brown, green, orange
the colours are falling down.
the colours are falling down again.

here is my breast, chest and leg
here is my arm, shoulder and neck
cut them gently and focus on your screen
what is besides me now? hm?
help me with the boundary (I'm in between)
what is besides me now?
I'm looking at you, stranger,
come closer, everything is white.
I'm looking at you stranger,
embrace me, here is the night.

I know I'm changing the lines
I know I know
I'm changing the lines again.

red yellow caramel brown green orange falling down.
liquid. my body is liquid. is falling down.
bring me back my look, my gesture
my pleasure,
give me your draft.
I'm looking at you stranger.
I've crossed all the city
and those colours are falling down again.

***read these words again
now with sound**

*In Autumn, when the
leaves are brown,
Take pen and ink, and
write it down.*

— Humpty Dumpty