

SBANDARE

04.02. - 01.04.2023

with Adrien Chevalley, Noemi Pfister, Margherita Raso and Marco Rigoni

Curated by Giada Olivotto

My hair hurts

My hair hurts¹ as I run my fingers along its length. I try to decipher the information. During the night I wake up approximately every two hours to check. I often fear that the proteins may decide to break, to let go of their millennial embrace, thus waking up catapulted into a January day as I fly toward what I later discover to be the glass of a window.

The shadow left by the sudden impact on the glass is a winged stain that is very difficult to look at. This is what I think about as I write; how hard it is for me to distract myself from hyper-accelerated thoughts. A nightcore² modification, imprinted in my genetics by the artificial light of the screen that illuminates my nights.

When I received the artworks from the artists invited to SBANDARE (skid/slide), I thought about how much the ensemble of these works, a concatenation of images and forms, led me back to a feeling of nostalgia and recrimination. Similar to the pain in the hair.

The artistic productions of Noemi, Margherita, Marco, and Adrien add some heart to *corecore*³. It is not an aesthetic proximity with this specific term but mostly a common perception of reality -material or digital-. *Corecore* presents itself as the antithesis of the genre itself; its content can be anything and its creators can use any kind of media to convey

a central premise. The tendency of this phenomenon "plays with the -core suffix creating a 'core' from the collective consciousness of all 'cores'⁴." A collective consciousness oversaturated by avaricious content has led us to live in a romanticized madness. In this crowded domain of imagination, we are confronted with codes, scenes, and images that seem to foretell a future different from the present we are experiencing.

A hopeful slide, this exhibition, which opens with Margherita Raso's *Transcript*. A work that is the leftover of a code, read and digested by a Jacquard⁵ loom, whose legibility is concealed by the weave of the plot. The hallucinated machine⁶ weaves, over and through, leaving us with blue threads to testify its operation. Immediately to the right clings to the architecture *A Fateful Rendezvous (Tartan trousers, Beers and poison voices)* the work of Marco Rigoni. As if extrapolated from an unknown text, these three capital *I*'s support each other in hoping to be

¹ The misunderstood words of Giuliana, the protagonist of *The Red Desert* played by Monica Vitti. The latter claimed to have stolen them from a verse by Amelia Rosselli. In fact this verse does not exist but there is a very similar one: "The ruff strings my hair, gluttony hides / the vice of winking brown eyes" from "The Menabon of Literature" (1963).

² A nightcore modification is a version of a song that increases the pitch, speeding up the source material by 35 percent. This produces an effect almost identical to playing a 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm vinyl record at 45 rpm.

³ The term invented by user muttgirl on Tumblr in 2020 went viral on TikTok in 2022. It is an aesthetic that has spread under the hashtag "#corecore" nothing more than the montage of stylized videos and meme collections, of glitzy, moldy, fried shitpost videos akin to schizoposting and Gen Z signifiers.

⁴ knowyourmeme.com

⁵ The Jacquard loom is used for weaving complex designs. A machine is added to the loom that allows automatic handling of individual warp threads. One of the most important inventions in the textile industry for applying the use of a perforated card, in fact it is also considered the ancestor of the calculator.

⁶ The term in technical jargon is used when an AI independently establishes nonexistent correlations between real elements.

recognized as functional elements. Their shape recalls the dawn of time when they were columns⁷ of marble. Hidden among the entablatures of the large *I*'s, we catch a glimpse of Margherita Raso's *Untitled*, which reveals a glimpse of an intimate image. Like voyeurs we can morbidly observe the nudity of this back. Innocently, some flowery elements appear, shifting our attention to a lacustrine memory. *Canards* is a work by Adrien Chevalley that celebrates the simplicity with which ducks assume funny positions in order to feed on aquatic plants. An underwater neck stretch that might remind us of the absurd positions we assume when we immerse ourselves in the digital world. In the surrounds, overlooking, Noemi Pfister's drawings. Set in a parallel time or dystopian future where we live with mutations. Almost a suspended time in which the characters and their numbed bodies are liberated, happily living together in small groups. Interspersing this carellation of tender and playful moments is Chevalley's *Vevey - Lugano*, a series of small ceramic bas-reliefs. The feeling of descending into a dream world, singular and collective at the same time, as the figures in them are present in the same, but different places.

It is precisely this familiarity of forms, landscapes, and inhabitants that populate this heart-stopping slide. A gathering of contributions that share interests, moods, lifestyles, and dislikes.

⁷ The capitalization of the characters echoes the Roman capitalis monumentalis, the inscription on Trajan's column (114 A.D.).