

Bupkis
GAM Turin
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Taking refuge in a dark hiding place also means refusing to fuel the maniacal production of dazzling, seductive images, content, and objects. It means generating entropy.

I would like to sabotage that polished beauty which goes hand in hand with an anxious return to darker times. With the headlights of civilisation turned off, attention shifts instead to visual comfort.

Because if such blatantly false ideals reconquer the world, then we are not their accomplices.

Perhaps we are simply speaking another language.

The ghost appears to Hamlet demanding vengeance and warning him, while the Mayans gaze at the night sky to divine times of war and peace.

Today we illuminate everything: every detail, every pixel must be rendered magnificent, every available space coloured (without ever straying beyond the edge) – all without once asking ourselves the reason for this endless communication.

So why not turn off the light? Why not start again from darkness, summoning ghosts? Why not begin from the forgotten and the marginal, forging paradox and turning the misunderstanding between us and our interlocutors into both narrative and weapon?

Like silent black cats, intent only on offering an alternative to the mirage, trying to shatter the mirror with our slippers.

And then: just seven years of bad luck, nothing more.

After all, no one knows if the cat inside the box is dead or alive – more often, it embodies both states.

It is therefore logically probable that the best vantage point from which to accomplish (not to lead, but to accomplish) any evolution is the embrace of paradox.

Chaos. Antinomy.

Thus we have created images for an infinite fall.