

Ermes-Ermes
Nicola Pecoraro
gold fish

opening reception: Thursday February 18, 6:30 pm
February 18 – March 16, 2016

1.

Undefined location, subjective.

He looks up. Everything out of focus, as if coated with some kind of gelatinous membrane. All he sees is a disc of blue light. Maybe the day has just begun.

Something scraping on his left cheek, sounds like gravel. In his head, a few thoughts appear in the fog, basic functions slowly realigning:

Open mouth. Close mouth. Repeat.

And repeat again. A kind of metallic taste, familiar. A translucent filament connecting to the ground. Drool? Perhaps trying to index the recent brain flashes might help. Not very much comes up: colours, yellow, salmon pink, the aforementioned blue disc. Smells and noise and images get pressed into thin layers, more noise. His eyes still can't focus. There is a sound in his ears, a sort of steady amplified hum. It doesn't help.

The layers get thicker, he starts to extrapolate a scene from gravel, like those Jesus faces on burnt toast: lips parting, smiling, alcohol, a dark room, perhaps a bar. It breaks up again, crumbles in his hand. There is no getting out of this, he thinks as he tries to figure out how to move: more grating and scratching on his cheek and ribs. The disc of blue light has now gone farther away, it's smaller.

His nostrils catch the tail of a scent, its slimy tendril retracting. Almond-y vanilla perfume, pretty cheap. Ninety nine percent, it's a reminiscence. Not real. He gags. He can almost touch his memories now, dig his fingers in, leave some kind of gaping mark with his thumb and index. They look thick enough. More importantly, they look richer, more details, more data. He tries to poke one. His finger goes in, retracts. Goopy coloured stuff gives way, bounces back. Okay. One more try. A higher definition, better than before. A girl, blonde, spoken Russian is heard at the margins of the picture. Cheap LEDs, cheap drinks. Closeup of lips parting, more foul smells, not much else. Apparently he didn't miss a lot. Beams are flashing through the blue disc of light, now stable, the blue more intense. It will turn to pink, he thinks with some comfort, then dark blue, then black. The city catching up, ready to swallow, the din and hum getting denser, like a mounting wave, reaching point break.

Interior, morning, light.

Close-up of a chromed surface. Zoom out. A snaking tube-shape. The leg of a chair. Camera pans upward. Streaks of peroxide blonde descending slowly. Leather covered shoulders. A female head, three quarters from the back. Hand brings cigarette to mouth, repeat. Lipstick, mandatory. Nervous gestures to a metronome. Other hand is holding phone, listening is interrupted periodically by short sentences in accented german. Up to here everything fits. Camera pans around light-flooded room, revealing: black lacquered table, glass ashtray, beige carpets, leather couch, big windows. doors leading to, supposedly: kitchen, bedroom/bathroom. As the camera travels, the german speaking fades or intensifies in volume. We reach the big windows, looking out. The skyline of a big western city, lots of tall buildings like obelisks shooting up. Except that everything is brownish red, coated with desert sand.

Interior, undefined.

You could almost hear the subject matter fall, and the splattering sounds it made when it hit the ground. The man was sitting there, still, like a pillar of salt. The rest of the room was a whirl of liquids that would flow past him. Or a dough being beaten, which occasionally would collide with this rigid object, and rip.

Not to concede anything, so that anybody might be comfortable. Unmoving, eyes on the floor, occasionally nodding, sending all of the dough-people into a state of paranoia.

Nicola Pecoraro (b. 1978) lives and works in Rome and Vienna. Recent solo exhibitions: in 2015 *Lost Form* (with Christoph Meier), Ermes-Ermes, Milan; *Baio*, Project Room, Fondazione 107, Torino; *soft architecture* (with Christoph Meier), Charim Galerie Events, Vienna; in 2014 *tendril*, Ve.Sch, Vienna; in 2013 *Society*, galleria collicaligreggi, Catania; in 2012 *La Tombe des Hommes-Scorpiones*, curated by Luca Lo Pinto, Galleria S.A.L.E.S., Rome; in 2011 Premio Selezione New York, Italian Cultural Institute, New York. Recent group exhibitions: in 2015 *Wax*, Francesco Pantaleone, Palermo; *Outro*, Giorgio Galotti, Turin; *Taverna – We are open*, curated by Ilaria Gianni, Arezzo; *Destination Wien*, Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna; *La scrittura degli echi* – a project by NERO – MAXXI, Rome; in 2014 *To Continue. Notes towards a Sculpture Cycle*, curated by Cecilia Canziani and Ilaria Gianni, Nomas Foundation, Rome; in 2012 *Re-generation*, curated by Maria Alicata and Ilaria Gianni, Macro Testaccio, Rome.

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