

TURNING (G)OLD
Andi Kacziba

RAFFAELLA DE CHIRICO ARTE CONTEMPORANEA
Torino

July 3rd – September 15th 2018

Everything we think have buried inside us comes back to the surface after a certain time: defects, vices, obsessions. The most obvious imperfections we think we've 'corrected' return, somewhat disguised but just as annoying as they were before. Emil Cioran, "Il Funesto Demiurge, 1969"

On 3 July, the Raffaella De Chirico Arte Contemporanea opens *Turning (G)old*, a personal exhibition by Andi Kacziba, an artist born in Hungary in 1974, who initially came to Italy in 1997 to work as a model, and later dedicated herself to photography. It is therefore natural that her artistic research revolves around issues related to the image, to beauty and our obsession with losing the latter. But only apparently.

The exhibition's curator, Angela Madesani, in the text accompanying the show, underlines how her works (which is also on show at the PwC in Milan from July 12th to September 15th) are suggestive of a fairy tale world, in which we can find weaving and archery, evil queens who cannot accept they are growing old, magical mirrors that steal our image, and long ropes that help us find the right path.

Not surprisingly, one of the most recent works by Kacziba, shown here for the first time at the exhibition, are a series of Polaroids that: *"always show her face in the same frontal position: repetitions and differences"*. It's impossible not to be reminded of Roman Opalka, the Franco-Polish artist, and his Self Portraits and obsession for documenting the passage of time on himself **This artist however, has inserted into her wrinkles a mixture of PVA glue and gold, so that the signs of time passing are even more evident: she is a woman, she is an artist and she is spirited.** Kacziba knows the world that's connected to image well, and understands exactly how to use her own beautiful face.

The gluey gold effect that's used in some of her works, is gently torn from her face using a mask, like a fresco, and then placed onto a glass mirror. It's a trace of time, a footprint, a footprint that's been set free from its image. In Turin, a series of oval, round and three-compartment mirrors were on display. **People who position themselves in the right way in front of the mirrors will see Kacziba's wrinkles reflected in their own faces, as the mirrors perform a game of removals and substitutions, and make the golden wrinkles appear in an object (a mirror) that serves not only as a symbol of vanity par excellence, but also as a symbol of fear.**

To make the mirrors, she has used antique glass, which has been damaged and scratched here and there. Drawing a parallel between the object and its content. The mirror also reminds us of the omnipresent *'Selfies'*, a

phenomenon that's turned into the burden and delight of our times: "I photograph myself - therefore I am".

A means by which to affirm ourselves, and confirm we have been present in certain places and situations.

Also on show are some tapestries, made with materials already used in her research, including jute and rope, mounted onto wooden frames. The result is wrinkled skin, hardened by time, and perhaps tanned by the sun, that fascinates her due to its shape and as a material, far more than through its colour.

In each of her works, whether photographic portraits, wrinkles on a glass or in a mirror, she weaves the threads of her experiences and life, which day after day are affirmed by the precious, even if rather annoying, signs of time passing.