

Tamara Ferioli
Suddenly, a magnetic dark
curated by Fabio Carnaghi

Opening Tuesday May 7, 2019, 6pm
May 8 – 17, 2019
by appointment

Mars presents Tamara Ferioli's solo exhibition "Suddenly, a magnetic dark", curated by Fabio Carnaghi.

"Suddenly, a magnetic dark" is the second appointment of a further exposition program hosted in the multiform space of Mars. "Îles de Mars" is a pun, a metaphor for explorers, an ambiguous toponym about a geography reinvented by the artistic experience. Îles de Mars is therefore a dreamed - but never completely explored - land.

Tamara Ferioli's research finds in Icelandic nature a rich source of imagines sometimes in the form of visionary drawings, sometimes in the form of sculptures or installations. The aesthetic and emotional continuity between Iceland and Ferioli's sensitivity is immersive to the point that this approach becomes horizon - both geographic and exploratory - of the artist's research.

Ferioli takes the second stage of "îles de Mars" inspired by plant architecture. The botanical variety *Ascophillum Nodosum* is a seaweed particularly widespread along the northern ocean coasts, very long-lived, suspended on the water and anchored to the rocks of the coast. "Suddenly, a magnetic dark" includes specimens collected by Ferioli in one of his frequent reconnaissances on the Icelandic beaches - in this case near the lighthouse of Grötta Island - challenging the tides. The installation interacts with a photographic repertoire that Ferioli has brought together in an imaginary archive between reality, dream and mystery, between dazzling patches of light and unexpected suspensions in the dark.

Tamara Ferioli (Legnano, 1982) lives and works in Milan. After studies at Ecole des Beaux Arts de Lyon and at Accademia di Belle Arti di Brera in Milan she has exhibited her works in museums and art galleries in Italy and in Europe, such as Italian Pavillion, Milan Expo 2015; 56° Biennale di Venezia; Fabbrica del Vapore, Milan; Centro per l'Arte Contemporanea Luigi Pecci, Prato; MAMbo, Bologna; Acquario Civico, Milan; CCCB, Barcelona; Palazzo Reale, Milan; La Venaria Reale, Turin; Triennale, Milan.

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"Nature turns what we call natural disasters to its advantage. A certain number of species would disappear if the catastrophes that generated their acquired were to disappear in turn" Gilles Clément

Fabio Carnaghi / The opposites of dark and light are boreal prerogatives. The violent manifestations of nature can be read in the traces, signs and outcomes of a phenomenon that could be assimilated to mystery. It is the contrasts highlighted by the darkness that set in motion the belief that meteorology remains the most elusive of all natural phenomena. The volcanic and deep colors of the stone are scenarios of the dark side of a sudden variation, when everything can end and start at the same time.

Tamara Ferioli / For many Iceland is a disease, for me it is a temple. I remember the first time I saw a glimpse of it from the plane, I felt my heart blossom and I had the strange feeling of finally returning home. Once I got out of Keflavik airport, the wind tugged at me, the smell of the embrace, the landscape spoke to me and I couldn't help but lose myself in her.

FC / Tamara Ferioli adds to the mystery of the island nature. Iceland, the island par excellence, is a large deposit, a place of abandonment, of the wild, uncontrollable. In every moment the rain, the wind, beams of light, warm and icy waters, vaporous mists, unexpected darkening meet and leave their shaping sign on the earth. An attractive and respectful magnetism seems to act as a catalyst in determining the fate of the places, re-reading the archetype of architectural geometries and at the same time reaffirming the inexorable end of everything that must be assimilated to the construction of human ingenuity. The basaltic cathedrals with their columns contrast with the banks of crushed shells found on the beaches meticulously divided by species, for an arcane alchemy.

TF / I go home every year. I stay there a month, three months or four days, it doesn't matter. The first thing I do in Reykjavik is to check the Gróttá Tide Table, a ritual that will be repeated every day, such as checking the Icelandic weather forecast, which I also do in Italy, as if, knowing how much the wind is blowing on the island, bring me a little there. Reykjavik - Gróttá Island, I traveled that route more than a hundred times disobeying time, finding myself enlisted to fight in a war of elements, where rain, ice and wind, at a certain point, had nothing to do with it, they had turned into what other. Natural events that refer to spiritual events. I have always been fascinated by simple materials, by the austere dignity that a stone or the shyness of a branch can have. In Iceland, where nature is indomitable and one realizes that the earth is alive, where light and dark are complementary, my search for connections between natural elements and human soul began. Daily solo pilgrimages on desolate beaches amid mountains of beached algae, crumbled shells, fragments of dead marine animals and crumbled stones from the ice have generated attraction and contemplation towards what I was currently living almost as if it were a parallel planet. With the perennial roar of the wind in my ears, I began to collect, draw, photograph and catalog the torn elements that the ocean gave every day as the tide went down. In particular, the *Ascophillum Nodosum* seaweed, apparently fragile but ready to live in extreme environmental conditions, is composed of small knots, small natural lifebuoys that allow it to remain afloat. I like to think that it contains small portions of Ocean, its

memory. Part of a strong body in continuous movement and mutation, as much as my emotions uncovered by the impiety of natural forces that, in desolation, have found shape.

FC / The ephemeral returns as a subtle link between the phenomena. Ferioli follows the natural trend of flows and refluxes in developing a vision that increasingly favors the atmosphere in nature. A ladder, residual and fragmentary architecture, reaffirms the indomitable nature of the organic forms of algae which naturally follow the currents and tides. Their installation in constructive form is for Ferioli a proliferating assembly that changes from moment to moment. The staircase is made of fragments collected from the sea near a lighthouse, exploiting the quiet of the tides to wade a marine insinuation in the cutting wind. The weight of a beached crop carried on the shoulder several times implies respect for a breath of nature. The pneumatic nature of climatic manifestations becomes limited creative time for the artist's thought which must take place in unison with the natural climate, so sudden, so humoral, so violent. The algae ladder, almost a wreck brought from the sea, breaks free and paws without adapting to any sculptural project, rather escaping it and bringing it to collapse. The artist's vision can only count on the documentation of natural macroscopies, fragments of evoked and evanescent nature that illuminate a restless staircase, without access, truncated in its ascending purpose present in every mythical ambition of man.