

Just Because.

In The Blink Of An Eye.

Rosa Tharrats and Dorian Sari

Curated by Andrea Rodríguez Novoa

15.09 – 19.11.2021

ENG

Just Because.

In The Blink Of An Eye.

As time goes by.

As things happen.

For no reason, for plenty of them.

As a love story arises.

This is how I like to think of this, as a story of affections, emotional. Because everything here is born from intuition, which is still a form of love for what is to come, for the unknown.

To love (each other), period.

By a coincidence of destiny, thanks to Joana and Bernat, and Margot, and Sira, a group of bodies and souls find themselves feeling and reflecting together. Dorian and Rosa have (re) modeled their individual subjectivity in recent months to prepare what is somehow a blind date, in which I have been little more than a chaperone. In this sweet, latent, exhibition space they finally meet, and from the choral trust a material, sensory space is born, which welcomes as much as it rejects, which does not leave indifferent.

Dorian Sari and Rosa Tharrats are restless, curious beings who constantly question nature and nurture and how they both affect bodies and minds and the relationships that are established between them. That is also moved by emotion, and the connections between beings of multiple nature. And indeed there are many kinds of love.

Dorian is brilliant, generous, modest, sharp. With these tools, he questions the hierarchies of the political and the social, the balance between the individual and the collective. This is translated into artworks of a refined aesthetic in black and white, in which he gives voice to figures for whom it has been denied, and where the strokes of color calmly and firmly cry out bitterness, with a poise and an insight that come from experience. Rosa lives in the folds and their sparkles, serene and lively, listening to a whisper. She explores instinctively the patterns and balances between mineral, vegetable, industrial creatures, ourselves ... and weaves constellations in which memory comes into play, sagacious, with an halo of nostalgia that dreams of the future. She uses fabrics as her main language and she threshes it to write sentences that are statements, and unravels it to reconstruct spaces that shelter, without truce.

The space they share is inhabited by a florilegium of elements, of characters, who seem to free themselves from a hush imposed by the silent cinema in which they live and that threatens to settle among us. With intensity and candor, they offer us touches of color on a white background and they do so from the firm tenderness that only intelligence can provide.

In this way of artistically embodying emotion there is something dilettante, as if it was not possible to only love one discipline and one had to drink from all possible sources, but above all in the Italian sense of dilettante: "the one who delights".

They share the fact of having rich, meandering backgrounds, which translate into multiple artistic forms with two different aesthetic languages. Together, they create us an unexpected place, some sort of journey that levitates between tenderness and violence. They both take the time to affirm - to wait for - a possible, desirable, necessary transformation.

Barthes¹ already said it, where there is waiting there is love.
Everything can change all of a sudden.

Andrea Rodríguez Novoa

LINK TO THE PLAYLIST OF THE EXHIBITION



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¹ *Am I in love? – Yes, since I'm waiting* (pag. 39) in *A lover's discourse*, Roland Barthes. Hill and Wang ed., New Yor