

STEFANO CALLIGARO

U reallyWnna ClimbThStairkaseOfSUccess MuffnLicker?!

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Why do we need to make things, build things, fill our rooms with things when we have paper and pockets? I've always been skeptical about art: objects piling; parasites subletting our already little spaces. Ego-Items born to be Ca\$h-ed, not more not less: Underwear ready to be worn and fart in. Why do we need them? Why do we ask for them? Why to protect them? Why the need to justify them? Poeticize them? Collect them? In One word: CA\$H !—? There are many ways I could use to hide behind words and cultivate my little excuses; our little excuses: Art? Irrelevant. And I'm not just writing about big resin-sculptpollutions, I'm writing about canvasses, foam, ink, coated paper, metal, frames, digital files: Trash, all the words we use to justify, elevate, promote, evaluate: our little sweet intellectual commodity. Background noise for our pretentious lol-social-affairs. DISTRUST = My only brush: DISTRUST virtuosity, DISTRUST talent, DISTRUST concepts, DISTRUST institutions, DISTRUST likes, DISTRUST approbation, DISTRUST relevance. Who do we want to please? Our little-hypocrite-pretentious goals maybe: engrave the elite, become elite, conform to elite. There's nothing relevant in art, No, not such thing. Don't be upset: Deny. We are just used to make-it-easy. We are just used to keep it clean, in order: Is there something else to write about? For whom? For what? So...why to make? To challenge!? The rest? Impositions, surplus, obligations, pollution. ~~Labels to sell our crap to others: Make them feel content and happy in their little understanding.~~

- Stefano Calligaro, Cologne, April 2017

MÉLANGE is puzzled and happy to host Stefano Calligaro's (*1976 Cividade del Fiuli, Italy, based in Cluj, Romania) first solo show in Cologne.

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