

Allegra ma non troppo

When I met Sonia Andresano, almost a year ago, and we started thinking about an exhibition project, we fell in love with this idea of transforming an architecturally beautiful and extremely stimulating space as AlbumArte into a domestic environment, which well describes that intimate and alienating sensation that Sonia has experienced many times while changing houses, moving from one point to another with the awareness, every time, of a new beginning.

With this spirit we decided to include some works of the past within the exhibition path, as *mio padre e suo figlio* (2017), *per filo e per segno* (2018) or *trammammuro* (2018), which somehow represent the baggage of emotional memories the artist brings with her every time he moves. We also felt the need to make room for some new works as *che ci faccio qui?* (2019), *veicolo cieco* (2020) and *allegra ma non troppo* (2020), an extraordinary exploration carried out immediately after the end of the lockdown in the empty spaces of AlbumArte.

To connect the past and the present there are various incursions of a small sculpture with the appearance of a fly accompanying works like *mosca bianca* (2018), *sopraluogo* (2019) or *fall* (2020). Through this element, which I like to think of as a device that activates new forms of experiencing a space, Andresano recounts the attempt to always and again establish a relationship with places, be they exhibition or research spaces, abandoned factories or private contexts (Viafarini, Ex ceramica Vaccari, AlbumArte). The body connect these explorations, sometimes exhibited in the performative gesture as in *mio padre e suo figlio*, the shared action of breaking down a wall that becomes a metaphor for a meeting; other times concealed as in the case of *che ci faccio qui?* or of the many incursions of the fly in which the artist gives the ability to generate new points of view to a foreign element. In the first case, the movement is apparently random, the camera is placed on the body of a common robot vacuum cleaner, awkwardly following its movements even when failing, an obstinate attempt to go beyond the physical limits of the walls; in the second case, the fly eludes the possibilities of the human body, inserting itself - thanks to its small dimensions - even in the most hidden corners. Yet behind each one of its motion there is always Sonia's gaze, delicate, intimate and incisive.

Each movement of the white fly eloquently refers to this double nature of our relationship with dwelling, which is made of both transit and rest, curiosity and suspension. In *trammammuro*, Andresano chooses the action of getting on and off an elevator to narrate all the places where she has lived. When we take an elevator we move from one point to another, yet we stand still, absorbed in our thoughts and expectations, thinking about what we leave when descending and what we will find when climbing.

In *veicolo cieco* the artist returns to sculpture, her expressive starting point and first element of physical connection with the space; the work, a faithful cast of the rear view mirror of a truck, is made of semi-transparent opaque resin. If the reflective surface, in particular that of a truck, sends us back in time, showing us what we leave behind, the sculpture suggests instead a crossing and at the same time denies us a clear look at the future.

Ideally the path ends with two works: *allegra ma non troppo* and *fall*.

The former, which is also the last in order of production, gives the title to the exhibition, alluding to the musical language from which the artist derives the idea of movement, both physical and internal, guiding thread of all her research. The observer is faced with a metacognitive experience, looking at the space in which he is immersed through other eyes, rediscovering its interstices, folds, sounds and silences.

The latter, suspended in its expected metaphysics, presents the fly hovering on a trampoline (opera *Our brief eternity* by Pierluigi Fresia) ready to fly or plunge into the void, a look to the future, an invitation to look elsewhere, towards the next stage of this continuous movement.

The exhibition, conceived before the health emergency, evolved into a reflection on what we have experienced during these long months. Each one of us has been immersed in the intimacy of his home, that slowly acquired a new nature, halfway between prison and shelter, in a dimension of perennial expectation where the very possibility of moving was lacking. Inevitably reopening the doors of AlbumArte, as well as of our lives, represents a significant moment of which the exhibition itself is a result: all of Sonia's work seems to testify that with each new look, nothing is as it used be anymore.

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