

A LOVE LETTER TO FIERCE 2015

Our next object of Sunday worship is Fernando Belfiore with the unpronounceable AL13FB<3. Creating after Joseph Beuys, we see the felt blanket of Beuys' grey and brown world thrown into the neon future universe of Belfiore where he is wrapped tightly in crackling tin foil. The substance is important. The transubstantiation is important. Fernando mechanically glitches, stutters and repeats, an abstraction that disrupts the communication into form itself. There's a sensuality and equality between the forms and energies of objects and Fernando's body. He crouches ape-like, perhaps pre-human or perhaps after all human life has ceased to exist, a mirrored mask creating the illusion of the absence of the head, violently smashing a piece of tin foil through the air; as the reflective surface travels under the multi-coloured lights above it creates a fleeting transient rainbow around him. There's a sense of being transported to a post-human, post-digital cosmos, a place where the real and the virtual have leaked into each other, where the remains of any civilisation are just form, sound, light, glitter and the echoing of Sia's Chandelier.

I'm gonna swing from the chandelier, from the chandelier

I'm gonna live like tomorrow doesn't exist

Like it doesn't exist

I'm gonna fly like a bird through the night, feel my tears as they dry

– Sia, Chandelier, 2014

By Phoebe Patey-Ferguson