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Labor

Some prefer nettles

Some prefer nettles plays on the opposition between light and darkness, and prefigures a wide resonant space where the nettle becomes a symbol of the paradox and of the conflict generated from the free movement in the global system.

The video-projection of the tridimensional animation that simulates the nettles growth (treated like they were pure shadows), slowly insinuates and occupies the surface of a place, that could be empty or enriched with other presence. In this case, the emptiness is meant as an interstice situated between “crowded spaces”, or better like the distance between the elements of the reality, the area in which they define their relations or connection.

The projection negatively illuminates, nicks and invades any surface or limit that is in opposition to it.

The incessant growth of this infesting plant is the matrix for a reflection on survival, on visibility and on free movement.

For many people nettles are just a weed, something to get rid of. Coming from Europe, resilient and infesting, nettles have always been employed like medicinal herbs or food. Who hasn't met at least one time in the childhood those “persistent fuckers” spread out in every corner of the planet?

Some prefer nettles does not deal with a threat from alien plants, but of the life that appears on the margin, on the boundaries or on the edges, in the interstices, carrying usually a bad reputation.

These resilient nettles that germinate in marginalized spaces despite the efforts put forth to rid of them, provide a strong suggestion to transform, to build in our mind and to cultivate in our culture something that we usually ignore and neglect or we think is not useful.

Labor #2

Labor begins with a static frame; the image of a surface suspended just long enough for us to consider: how does one begin to labor? Even when one endeavors to avoid it she falls back into the process; one must labor to escape labor, expanding the borders of this prison-house. According to Marx, “A spider conducts operations that resemble those of a weaver, and a bee puts to shame an architect in the construction of her cells. But what distinguishes the worst architect from the best of bees is this, that the architect raises his structure in imagination before he erects it in reality.”

In *Labor* hands claw at the surface of the work with no discernable cadence or purpose. Labor, stripped of its ancient definition, is still labor. But, how can we talk of it? We labor daily to experience life; the experience of life is labor. Our confrontation with labor is elemental. But what is labor if not the most elusive of processes while at once the most common and necessary.

Robert Carley