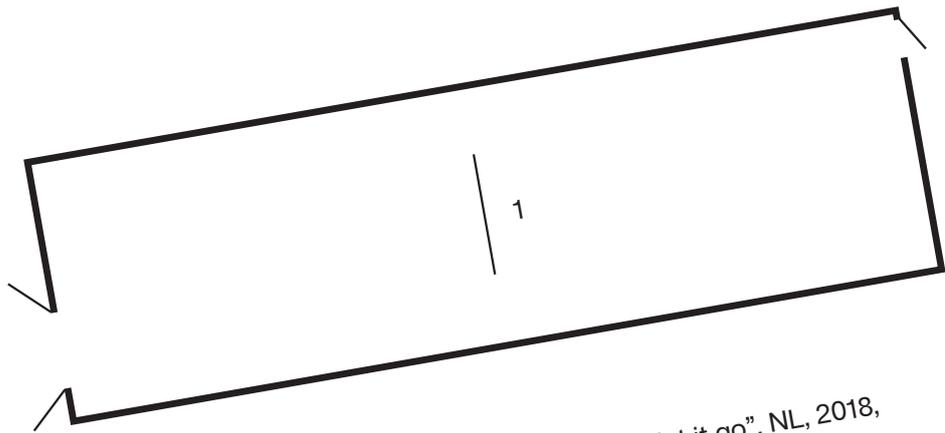
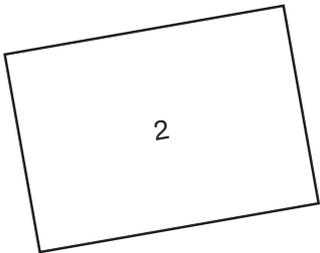


01.02 – 23.03

EXPO

Nora Turato Diffusion Line



- 1 "i don't need to make sense, i just need to let it go", NL, 2018, single channel video, 22'58", 16:9
 - 2 "i'm happy to own my implicit biases", NL/IT, 2018, steel structure
 - 3 "the good, the bad and the viscose", 2019, 25', performance
- | | | | |
|----|-------|-------|----------------|
| FR | 01.02 | 20:00 | Opening Night |
| SA | 23.03 | 17:00 | w/ Performatik |
| SA | 23.03 | 20:00 | w/ Performatik |

With her confessional 'content', performance artist Nora Turato (b. 1991, Zagreb) holds up a selfie-cam to today's frenetic, internet-driven culture, revealing the anxieties at the foundation of our attention-deficient society. Her monumental installation of cold, black steel hints that the root of our 'totally wired' collective state of mind may be significantly institutional.

Turato's performative practice draws on her punk-music background as well as her studies in typography at the Werkplaats Typografie in Arnhem. With her recent performances she has created verbal distillations of internet-age language, sharing the collected self-chatter in aggressively relentless monologues. Her affected rhythms and recitative-style delivery serve to create a critical distance between the artist and her seemingly autobiographical accounts. Turato documents each performance with text-based videos that capture the caffeinated essence of her work.

The viewer who approaches Nora Turato's work from the comfortingly-familiar outsider perspective of the voyeur may find their feathers ruffled and their identity confronted. The reflected objects and sentiments may be closer than they appear, drawing out unrecognised misogynies and other animosities.

Born in Croatia but based in the Netherlands for the past ten years, Turato followed Graphic Design at Amsterdam's Gerrit Rietveld Academie, before going on to study Typography at the Werkplaats Typografie in Arnhem. She held a two-year residency at the Rijksacademie in Amsterdam from 2017 until 2018. In addition to exhibiting her work as part of group shows across Europe and the USA, Turato has exhibited solo in numerous European countries, including in Italy at last summer's Manifesta 12 in Palermo.



“The better you look, the more you see.”

I'm reading *The Cut*, on Deciem CEO Brandon Truaxe's psychotic breakdowns posted live on his Instagram Feed and in the next browser have New York's *Sex Diaries* open. Thank you Nora. But that's not all, I'm also looking for corrective bikinis, new glasses, a not too boutiqueish Spanish hotel, a cheap flight to Dubai, where I can get my new face cleanser, cheaper and at How To Get The Most Out Of Your Next Coaching Session. I've got Nora's script the good, the bad and the viscose (2019, 25') – of her most recent performance – open and am switching back and forth between it and my browsers... About halfway into the script of she writes:

she prefers thank you over sorry
I stop all searches there.

Imagine that. Consistently choosing thank you instead using sorry – what would it entail, what are the consequences? Should I try it? I promise myself to contemplate that later while I pull out Bret Easton Ellis's novel *Glamorama* from my shelves, lay it on my glass desk and then decide to google it instead of go through the actual book. And even though I have to admit that my bedside table now holds very different literature (*The Seven Spiritual Laws Of Success* by Deepak Chopra, *The 7 Habits Of Highly Effective People* by Stephen R. Covey, *21 Lessons For The 21st Century* by Yuval Noah Harari). I have to think about Victor, poor Victor who finds himself in the quake of his hazardous media centered life unable to stop the rush of the trivial, the transitory where pseudofamous looks and acts the same as famous. And maybe that's the difference between 1998 and 2019: there IS no difference anymore between pseudo and non-pseudo, there is no need for capitulation; to speak with Harari: we're beyond the “global stories” we're in the “Trump moment” hand in hand with the Brexit period. We're in the land of the deep fake nihilism. But still...

Ellis, through his portrayal of dizzy Victor, touches on things (issues? concerns?) Nora – too – depicts: morality, materialism, agency, accountability. The question is: is she attempting, as Ellis may have been endeavoring in *Glamorama*, to write a cautionary tale?

Maybe...Maybe.
She says: be polite but terse

A polite but terse rant, elongated complaint, revelatory monologue, disjointed sermon–hers is like that voice in your head–sometimes loud and sometimes so faint you manage to forget it–but it's always there. It's always computing the morning obstacles, the tweets, the feeds, the lateness, the constant rush rush against

the clock, the worry, the pants bought a size too small in the hopes the diet, the workout, the detox would (finally) work, the face cream decisions (this time natural), the promise to the city, the planet, to your/all abstract children that you WILL bring the plastic to the plastic containers, you will bike not drive, you will go to bed on time, you will read, you will want to have sex 5 no 6 times a week, you will learn to meditate, you will smile more, listen more, you will wish people good things (even silently–thank you Deepak Chopra) you will become highly successful, you will become very thin, you will be strong and healthy and strong and understanding and calm and balanced and funny and smart and ecologically concerned, and a friend, a good friend.

Think Andrea Fraser fast-forward, Gena Rowlands on crack, what Brad Troemel meant when he called his generation (the millennials) *Athletic Aesthetes*. In a flow, in an avalanche, Nora pitches us jet streams of words, which we can grab onto and suck up. On which to throw acidic mental enzymes fast enough before the next appears.

I should mention that Turato's practice does not only comprise performance. There are objects, ‘props’–like the piece i'm happy to own my implicit biases (2018), seen here at the *beursschouwburg*–that are sometimes involved in her live performances (pieces that suggest and function as furniture or space dividers; and, of course, carefully selected clothing); she also creates flat graphic works that depict chosen pieces of writing–quotes from her written narratives; as well as the odd silk scarf. Her video works are separate pieces and mirror her performances in terms of sheer power. They translate her writings into full-screen droning, purring, twirking ‘subtitles’.

During her performances, she stands (often) with a large plastic water bottle in one hand, in an outfit we'd all love to wear, and speaks to the audience, to the air between she and them, quick, quicker and then slow. Sometimes she sings, shakily, sometimes high pitched, out of breath, she yells at us, to herself, she mutters, she paces, she stops, gulps water, looks into the eyes of viewers. She makes us laugh. She accuses. She is, in a word, the *Very Present Tense*.

She says: It feels like the end of the world is near but not near enough
She says: You need to learn shame to be a performer

Thank you Nora Turato.

Maxine Kopsa

beursschouwburg.be