

Pots and pans rattling, cutlery screeching on steel, a knife knock knock on the wooden cutting board, butter sizzling in the pot: just turn on the TV at any time of the day (or night) and you'll find on the screen a kitchen-set and the formidable spectacle of processing ingredients into courses. This is known as *food show*. Simple ingredients that become an extraordinary course. In this age of foodies, TV - like many other media - has helped transforming kitchen from something you do into something you look at.

And social networks convey the same concept: we are attracted by *food porn*, food is digital, food is on Instagram, food is clicked, food is looked - but never, ever eaten. The importance of taste, of flavor, of what we feel when we eat - who cares?, maybe only TripAdvisor reviewers - we shift the focus on what happens before. Before swallowing (when we take a picture). And, in certain cases, when cooking.

It is worth keeping in mind that watching others cooking is not exactly a new human habit. Many of us have happy memories of watching their mothers in the kitchen (I definitely do, since I was born in the seventies) doing something quite magic: inanimate and distant commodities - put together, assembled, processed - became delicious colorful sculptures in many forms: soufflé, roast, lasagna, cakes!

Still, even the most common dish follows almost the same stages of transformation. Each course contains not only culinary ingredients, but also narrative ones: a beginning, a development and an end.

That's why the show of cooking hypnotizes us. I cannot take my eyes in front of someone who cooks. Because cooking is a perfect story in three acts – according to great tradition of Greek tragedies. A before and an after, separated by a while in which the creative and manual process just happen. There we have skills, tools, techniques that allow the transformation: ingredients become something more than the sum of different parts.

It is starting from this observation that Giulia Bonora asks herself whether it is possible even for art to shift the focus from looking at art to doing art. If you can tell the spectacle of transformation, of the creative process: that before, that after and that while which makes it possible for an artist to complete his/her work.

Attracted by the stage and sculptural presence of food, Bonora captures the beauty and not the taste, the attractiveness and not the flavor. In Bonora's mind food is a sculpture. It is already sculpture in those recipes of the seventies (*Il Club della Cucina*, by Arnaldo Mondadori) when women still cooked, when ovenware had not given way to the monoportions, the food already put on a plate - possibly in a square, which is better for Instagram. Thus she chooses eleven recipes/sculptures from culinary tradition (pay attention, we're not talking about creative or molecular cuisine - we have spaghetti all'amatriciana, fritto misto, struffoli di Natale, timballo alla ferrarese, lasagne al forno, faraona alla creta, pollo in gelatina, cappello da prete con lenticchie, torta di tagliatelle, spiedino alla zingara, minestra con verdure) and she cooks/sculpts with ingredients/materials.

Sculpting is cooking, cooking is sculpting: it is about materials, craftsmanship and creative process. Flour is plaster, homemade pasta is latex, tomato is red wax but aren't we here to observe the sculptural process, the act of cooking? Aren't we here, all of us, hypnotized not by the food we eat but by the food we look? Uninterested in its taste, but attracted by the magic of its preparation? Aren't our noses stuck to our smartphones liking photos of virtual croissants for breakfast and spaghetti for lunch? Aren't we stuck to our couches watching yet another episode of a food show?

Well, here we come: Bonora cooks/sculpts in streaming. And she keeps us stuck there, in that ancestral tale that we never have enough of. The story of how man can transform inanimate matter into energy. Whether it is food. Whether it is art.

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