

F.A.C. ■ FronteAcciaioCromato

After decades of attempts to impress the public, with better designed and perfected works, in a coherent and aesthetic form (which is very tedious and dangerous in the long term in our loving couple relationship), we have taken with joy the decision to commit an artistic assisted suicide.

We founded in 2015, officially and with all the consequences of the case, the "Fronte Acciaio Cromato", acronym F.A.C. Since then, even with retroactive effect, it has become to us synonymous to move on, travel. Creativity is not a big deal, the fusion of our surnames (Krome and

Stahlberg), the creation of a fighting and rebel **FRONT**.

Phonetically F.A.C. certainly reflects our fundamental attitude and is by no means casual. Another important aspect in choosing this name is that we remember to keep our "head" against partners and opponents (head = front) and not give up the temptation to show our ass too many times, even if it's difficult.

F.A.C. has, among other things, the goal of maximizing our potential, while allowing for individual dynamics, to let us to the best of the hypotheses where we have never been so far.

Moreover, F.A.C. shall be understood as a single unit that must evolve, have a history, a personality. It has original from us but must not be limited to us.

Fuck the F.A.C. !

We are not against everything but in these times, when the incidence of sheep and ass-kissers continues to grow disproportionately, in our artistic horizon becomes the only reasonable solution to try to change or to enlarge, according to us it represents an additional way of taking the bull by the horns.

Taking the bull by the horns is the last desperate way to escape the shit. We want to spin so much and so long to waste and scum that the smell becomes so unbearable that all the others will have to help us clean.

Courage! No false respect. The art-cow has become too fat. The ivory tower is full. God is still dead. Cooked by just with water.

We have identified one of the things that brake balls the most to F.A.C. :
the **ARROGANCE** of intellectuals.

We don't want it. Trained artists as the weakest cultural rings lined up against each other and squeezed into the drawers; it's not our philosophy.

Aye, aye, money are shit and capitalism is bad. However, this is not the point. We also want to sell our works, cocaine and caviar should also be ours. The crucial question is HOW.

We want to be independent from speculators, fake curators and fake galleries. There are patrons who are good and capable, which understand, but usually press and newspapers slander them or worse, ignores them.

Hail to selfmarketing!

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Who cries harder will win!

Only 5% of the artists are able to sustain themselves after the studies, the remaining are scraps and they roll down the hill. 5% VS 95% Good efficiency, great investment. F.A.C. is aware of this problem, we tremble at the thought, but poverty awaits us! Since joys and duties are halfway, we will proudly dominate our future and move on our way step by step by taking off all the sticks from the wheels.

F.A.C. political refugee. **Away from Reich!** Alternative!

It took ten years of good undisturbed creativity to make that decision, always surrounded by people whose we never understood our jokes and whose motto was indecipherable. Italy!

The superficiality, the adaptability to the user and the environment fully met our tastes and so we stayed. Since F.A.C. was born from Punk, like many others, from the beloved German Punk of the last corrupt generation of the late '90s, we did not dwell much on traditional

sculpture (apart from working techniques and masturbation schemes)
but we focused on our main competence, plastic type

"BRAKE YOUR BALLS PLASTIC".

What does it mean?

Five pure guidelines:

1. First the sweet and after the salty.
2. M.C. will be our bitch.
3. Pink sucks.
4. Good game doesn't last long.
5. Seen sober, drunk is better.

In our beautiful, new, colorful world where only the appearance is concerned, let's try to exploit this beautiful principle in our favor. The plastic must adhere the passerby at first sight, to attract his curiosity with glittering colors like those of candy, capture her attention. Like the tarantula we put our network and we take the observe play, we are not poisonous, but we bury the raw truth, the game faceted between self-deception and illusion, bu always faithful to our point of view. We are the atomic bomb that is lost, exploded or not, in the end counts only the myth! Kaboomm!

I.

Laugh, ridicule, quench, let yourself go on the path that promises you the privilege of judgment. Judge, analyze, give one answer in one way or another. Art fixes you from its empty cavities and then, perhaps, if you are not careful, it will tear you out of your comfort zone and you'll have to use a lot of energy to find it again. However, in spite of everything, you feel superior, what can ever do, to you, this art. One thing is certain: who always wears pink glasses (who dislikes the sugar) will end up blind. How do you endure this? Moreover, for how long? We all want candies for us and for our beloved ones. Because beauty is tied to the bitter agony of the crap shit that separate us from the true sense of reality. At the end is easy: the dosage. Try to spend a day just laughing and being happy of course without alcohol. Well, easy, isn't it? Then try to do it for a week. It doesn't work. You can't do it.

Often art is being abused as an antidepressant, it's not right. Not even must always lead to profound thoughts. (well done dildo is the confirmation ...) F.A.C. tries to combine his works with

"blablaba", sometimes works, in most cases nothing happens. It's possible that Chinese Cuisine overtakes us.

II.

M.C. : Once Kermit, amphibious protagonist of a TV series for children, said:

"Beauty is in the eye of the observer, but at times it is necessary to beat a blue eye to the stupid or ignorant observer."

With a few words he hit the target. This will be our measure. Not the clumsy Hitler like provocation or the eating children one or so on, which have always seemed questionable to us. The majority of people are not any longer attracted by too stupid slogans or by coercive stylistic measures. Okay, okay, we've all been young (after the age of 35 youngsters become more bearable), and in the end it's also fun to crack off the bad works (thwart the alleged evil around our ears), but we keep M.C.'s subtle subtlety. With his work and his actions he hit the center our thinking, inspires us, gives and forgives us and gives us hope for our banal existence. If life is a shit, it will be our bitch! We do not want to dwell on everything he has done, for us is important how and with whom. At this point, we congratulate with him for its original reality. His playful authentic **FUCK OFF** attitude that always delights the day and warms our souls. A good lesson for all conformists in the art market. Strangely enough, however, that now his works produce millions of cashes; he deserves them.

The fact that in a nation like Italy, rich and proud of its art history, both Renaissance and Classical, but also proud of its landscapes, one like M.C. manages to enrage a good part of art lovers, well, in our view, proves that despite many oppositions, this nation is still able to produce great avant-gardists.

Of course, we respect the old, the déjà vu, other realities, dreams, propaganda and unrealized projects are what defines us. This multiverse of our origins has a heavy defect: it is far away, it's OLD. Yours and our world are different. Well, M.C., since we chose you as our model, we are not able to give an objective assessment and however it was not our intention! M.C., a kiss!

III.

PINK - Approach to our way of life

Pinkfication is much more than clothing for little pussy, transvestites and gender with exaggerated prices. It is much more than the color of the Palermo football team shirt. Let's not forget that PINK is the first color we see with our own eyes, before we born, from inside! If you feel PINK, it's the color that probably everywhere on our crowded planet gives you a smile. You have to take advantage of this! To your absolute advantage. Instead, the sex variant is simply derived from the color canon of preschool age. The shepherd after the first penetration. How boring. Much more interesting is the fact that in this way the foundation for penetration in the traditional sense begins. Unfortunately, PINK is not a strong color. The person who penetrates has more value than the one who is penetrated, a machinist code, yep, if you haven't a key you cannot open any lock. We cannot put it in this context the question of whether it is better to stay out of this or not. PINK unfortunately is completely underestimated.

Which of you who loves Hello Kitty, Barbie and company is not familiar with the sparkling white and red colors? That's right! We will change it! We will derail the princesses, who, however, are dull until the end of their existence. The industrial military system has decided, unlawful in our view, that little beasts without a dick mu define their brand through our favorite color.

PINK SUCKS FOREVER!

IV.

What to do when all cemeteries are full of people who thought that without them the world could not live? Defend our place in our post-war society requires more and more professional commitment, self-reliance, deprivation of chocolate. ONLY CHILD'S policy of creative artists has already surpassed its peak, we have fallen. God has given us free will and for a long time has been the fundamental truth, including, above all, to not procreate like rabbits will not protect us from punishment. My body is my temple, loves your neighbor as yourself, the ten good tips bu rather we like to behave like pigs in the mud. Most of us should probably admit without a word that we have faile Here is our philosophy.

They say it's not so bad to give up some civilization's achievements, only until you can continue to fuck in the mud of course. The great and the little ones, in faith and in love, will fight with the same weapons. These mortal sins - our incarnation!

Refreshment phrase:

Love your life, love the lives of your loved ones, and eat dog shit!

Refreshment phrase:

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck

V.

Hangover! Hangover! Hangover!

The art of excessive drinking is to continue to do it as long as possible. Survive to, perhaps one day, indicate as profession "specific alcoholism". Fully loaded is intended. When love ends, youth fades, health vanishes, the irrepressible will to end up in that state does not deny. . Don't try to resist, you'll not be happy anyway.

Only with disciplines and programmed plastered days you can control the **C2H5OH**, otherwise it will devour you In any case the little

TROLL is always welcome and indissolubly linked to our creativity. If we had not always be drunk, we would not be where we are today. PINK and **BOOZE** come to a standstill, as is shown by several studies in the case of moderate consumption of alcohol even in an aggressive way, while wearing pink glasses, the risk ruining reputation for generations rises exponentially, but it is also true that the risk of recalling it the next day decreases proportionally. So all right. There is a figure of speech in German that translated means that in doubt you have to drink until things get back to normal, thanks to that we were able to overcome many difficult times while others might be lost in work and self-denial. If in our culture every fun is artificial if it is obtained without t consumption of alcohol, then we are captives of our paradox of contentment. If you really want to know us, you must get drunk with us. It is an old and proud tradition in our country. Among

other things, you do not have to lo much, unless you hold your virginity in the philosophical sense. You naughty! Of course, in the end, You rational beings, like elves, will say that we've brought this upon ourselves; when you'll turn 87 you will be there decorate with your beautiful clothes, mingled with happiness, adorned with a tofu shield. You should win, as good always triumphs here on earth, considering what it has to do with alcoholism, but the bill will be paid by us, you are nothing more than ignorant! **CHEERS!**

STE

29.08.1980 / European / female / blue-green eyes

"A pure and faithful woman with an indomitable Slavic soul"

Stefanie Krome spent her childhood in the town of Hildesheim, where she grew well protected. Things changed drastically when the "young women" age was reached in the late 1990s, and she fell into the files of the disintegration of the latest Post-Punk generations. The Oi was at the door, just to say. The average of the vote's high school was greatly affected by the lootings of which we proudly mention the one in the chaotic days of August 1995 in Hanover. Shitty police! Doesn't matter, from the depths of the NO!Future Generation, STE came back with a two-year unfinished training to become a tutor, following a three-year training course to become a sculptor. After winning some European Union scholarships for cultural exchange with Italy, she moved to Carrara / Italy in 2005.

Admitted to study at the Academy of Fine Arts in Carrara graduates in 2012, following specialization at the Carrara ABK Sculpture Department with completion scheduled for 2018. With the Erasmus project she studied f six months at the University of Leipzig , in Germany. During his studies, she has participated in numerous sculptural symposia in the world, Thailand, India, Italy, Mexico, Austria, Greece, Romania, Belgium, China, Scotland, Israel, San Marino. In this context, we will not mention all the projects and exhibitions. Since 2016 Cofounder of FAC in Carrara.

The warm sun of a northern girl could not be influenced by the southern sun even after years. Without constrain and genuine. Italian by choice,

however. When she feels the lack of home and distant countries because of provinciality and the absence of Teutonic companies she raises her heels and goes on tour. No matter where, ju enough to be outside the marble town. Thanks to this exit strategy, there is a desire to come back and can be inspiring for art to art. The Art. The advantage of living abroad is that it focuses on a particular perspective on t locals and those in the country of origin. The disadvantage to not underestimate, however, is that in a foreign country you never really feel complete while you feel your roots vanish. Forever. Cultural Hermitage rather than cosmopolitan deer! An increasingly difficult decision.

DO

20.11.1977/Europe/male/brown eyes

"Undisputed Champion of Russian-Franch-German VodkaBummBumm in Jerusalem / Oldtown 2014"

Dominik Stahlberg has experienced difficult times in the slub of the ghettos in the north-German provinces, but we'll not talk about it here. Everything has changed since 1995 in a non-political, but semi criminal, event in the capital of the state. Being now equipped with a beautiful woman, trained in stone craft and mentally restored, he followed the call to leave his homeland. As part of an ingenious reward process, in 2007, he got his first dog, an Italian dog, named Ragnar. 2012 was an extraordinary year for Stahlberg because he had the chance to kiss an Italian woman for the first time. Like a silver man, he continues to strip in the background, but nobody knows anything about it. It is certainly considered the founder of the FAC Laboratory in Carrara, it does not disdain the NO!art movement and he is officially designated as a life assistant.

INVOLVED ARTIST

Erika GAO Chinese Graphic Designer, [more](#)

VOICES

Fronte Acciaio Cromato, a program name that may be broadcast on the PINK666 TV channel. An artistic chrome plated steel duo behind of the curve for more than twenty years. A couple in art and in life like "There is a sock every old slipper". Two singular characters coming from the cold Germany with a fixation in the brain, a pink fixation.

Pink is known as a color of life but also of intimacy. A color that can be as sweet as violent. Violent in this case.

A special case of two people, Germans, artists (mainly sculptors), post-punk, drinkin'beer, No! Future. Two youn people (who makes art is always young) who have decided to start their climb down from Carrara with the foundation of Fronte Acciaio Cromato A.K.A. FAC, a phonetic reminder of what they think of contemporary art mechanisms as much as an advise to stay out of the door of their lab if you are unable to translate the message that their works transmit.

Works where, of course, Pink makes its master. "Pink painted even on the marble! Sacrilege! " Would be the thinking of many of you who do not, however, consider the fact that in ancient Greece the marbles were colored and came to us white, corroded by the passing of time and we, from the renaissance onwards, made us cradle from this false truth of white as a symbol of purity. Bullshit! Make way for FAC! Make way for the pink that will invade your eyes catapulting you to a world that at first impact may seem very playful but hides, behind a false veil of grotesque comicness, an all-round denunciation against rampant ignorance, the rotten market of contemporary art, the bigoted prejudices of goat-artists and of course anything that does not work in this beautiful peninsula. --- MARCO CIRILLO PEDRI, CARRARA 2017