

NERO



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ZegnArt Public / India

03.03-28.05.2013

Reena Kallat

Untitled (Cobweb/Crossings)

at Dr. Bhau Daji Lad Museum

Mumbai

15.08-15.12.2013

Sahej Rahal

at MACRO "Artists in Residence" program

Rome

ZegnArt / Art in Global Stores

3.10.2013

Nico Vascellari

Ermenegildo Zegna Boutique

Geneva

Next edition

ZegnArt Public / Brazil 2014

ZegnArt

A Project by Ermenegildo Zegna

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when now is minimal

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Mark Handforth

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* Future issues will feature new cuts of the font as they are produced.

Antonello da Messina

dal 5 ottobre 2013

al 12 gennaio 2014

ANTO—
NELLO
DA
MES—
SINA

Antonello da Messina
Ritratto d'uomo, 1475 ca
(dettaglio)
Galleria Borghese, Roma

L'altro ritratto

dal 5 ottobre 2013

al 12 gennaio 2014

L/AL—
TRO
RI—
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Till Freiwald
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RICCARDO BENASSI



MARSÈLLERIA

CONCEIVED AS A COMPENDIUM OF
AUTONOMOUS SECTIONS, NERO IS A
PUBLICATION THAT COLLECTS OTHER
SERIAL PUBLICATIONS WITHIN IT; A STORY
COMPOSED OF VARIOUS CHAPTERS THAT
SHARE NO NARRATIVE LINKS, BUT THAT DO
BELONG TO THE SAME IMAGINARY.
THIS IS AN EDITORIAL MODEL IN WHICH
EACH SECTION CORRESPONDS TO
A PROJECT INTENDED TO ACTIVATE
INTERPRETIVE PROCESSES OR TO RETHINK
THE MODALITIES OF PRESENTATION AND
FRUITION OF THE CONTENTS.
NEW SECTIONS WILL BE ADDED AND OTHERS
WILL DISAPPEAR: COMMISSIONED PROJECTS,
AUTHORIAL JOURNEYS AND PERSONAL
EXPERIMENTS.
A WAY OF THINKING THE MAGAZINE NOT AS
MEDIUM BUT AS OBJECT.

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MAURIZIO MOCHETTI

September - November
ROME

NAHUM TEVET

October - December
MILAN

MAURIZIO NANNUCCI

December - February
ROME

MAURIZIO MOCHETTI

December - February
MILAN

SECTION 1
ROOM AVAILABLE

The number of available pages is the only indication given to a curator, who is asked to autonomously present a project conceived and designed in collaboration with an artist

Supertramp

a story of a vase

By
Virginija Januškevičiūtė
and
Elena Narbutaitė

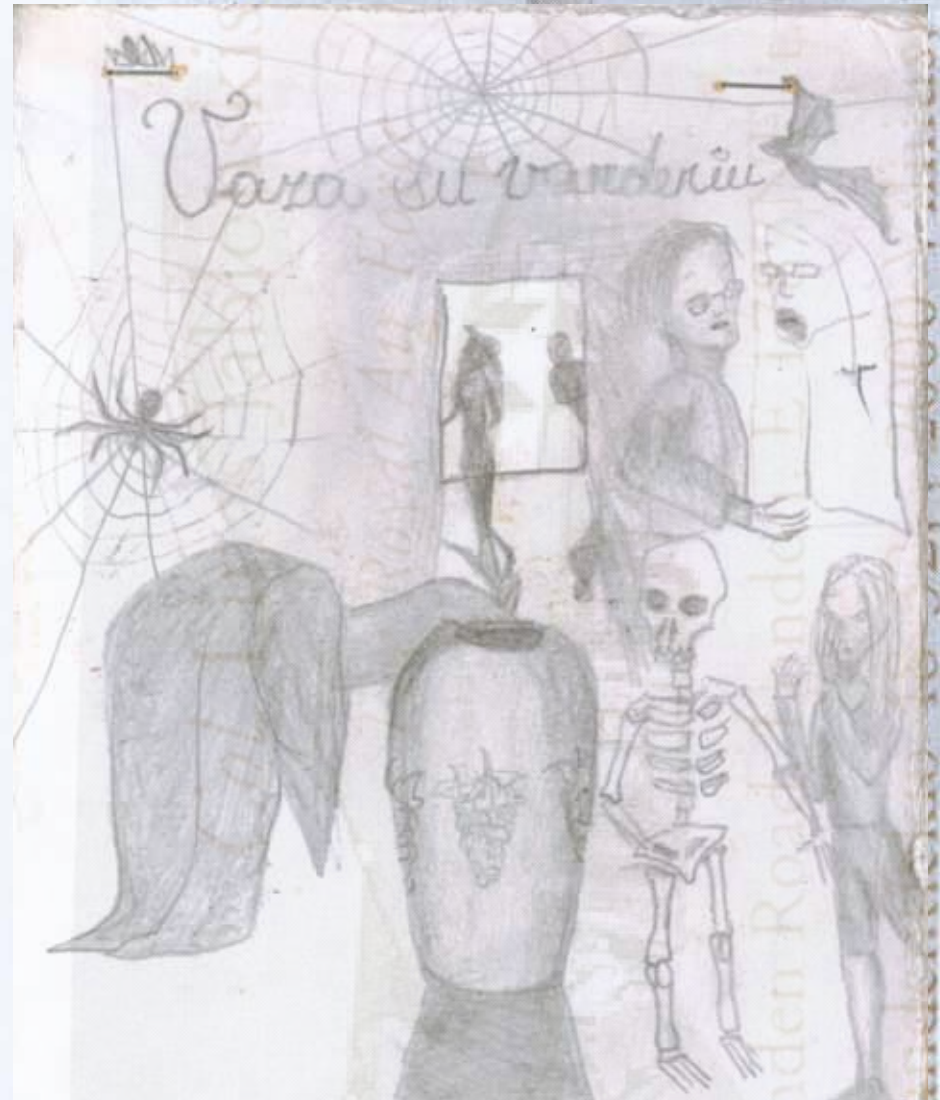
Layout by
Jurgis Griškevičius

Virginija Januškevičiūtė is a curator at the Contemporary Art Centre (CAC) in Vilnius. Her recent collaborations include the exhibitions *Dalia Dūdėnaitė and Elena Narbutaitė: Sleeper* for Peep-Hole in Milan; *gos for kim?* Contemporary Art Centre in Riga; *Panslavisms* for Transkaukazja Festival in Warsaw; and *Illusionists: On Stage Design and Contemporary Art* for the CAC. She also curated Gintaras Didžiapetris’ solo exhibition at the CAC in Vilnius, in 2012, and *Objectif Exhibitions* in Antwerp and the Villa Croce Museum of Contemporary Art in Genoa in 2013.

Elena Narbutaitė is an artist born in Vilnius. She is currently working on the third series of prints in her *Prosperity cycle: Married Man*. The first series, *Roberts* (as in Julia Roberts), was shown in her solo exhibition at the Tulips&Roses gallery in Brussels in 2012. Her group exhibitions in 2013 have included *Fusiform Gyrus*, at Lisson Gallery in London, and *oO*, at the Lithuanian and Cyprus Pavilion at the 55th Venice Biennale.

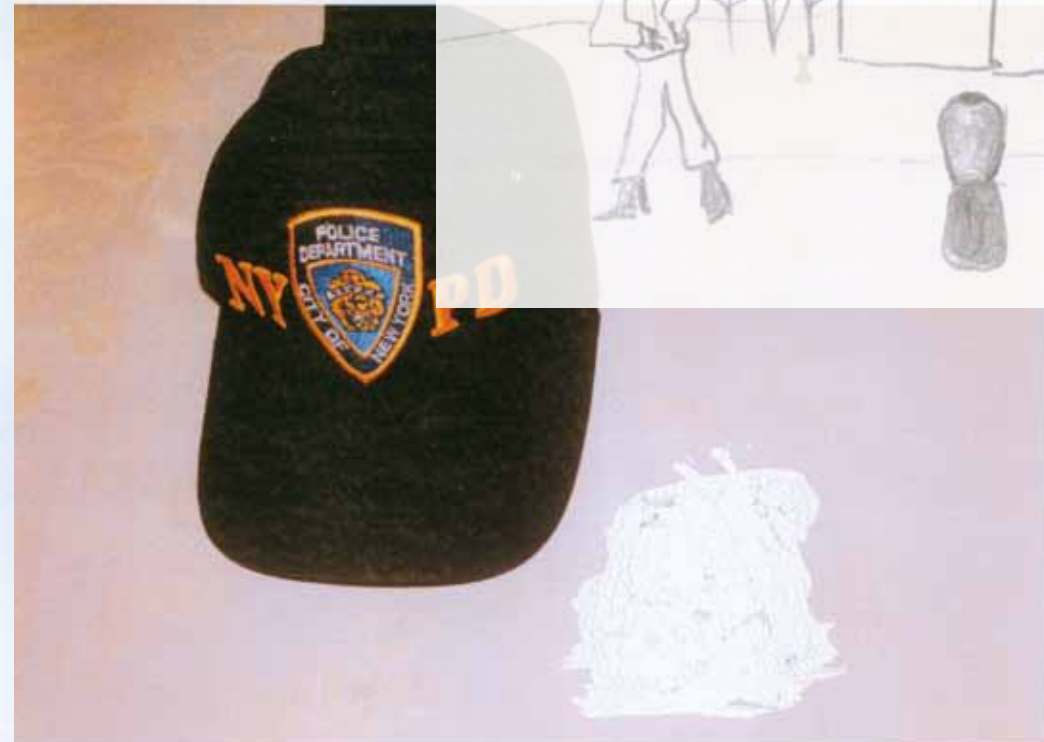
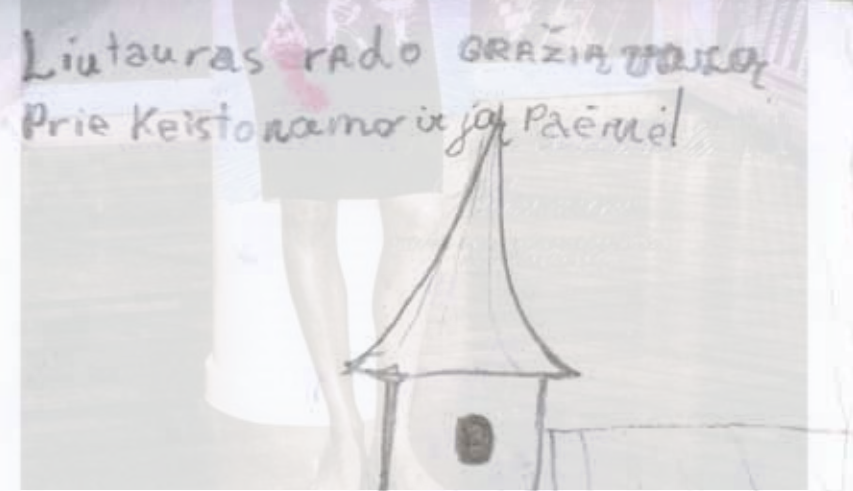
Andrea Puskunigytė was 12 years old when she drew *A Vase with Water*. People featured in the story include members of Andrea’s family, as well as family friends and her own friends: among them are Elena Narbutaitė and her mother Daina Narbutienė. Liutauras Pšibilskis is art critic and curator based in New York. The ‘gallery’ is Artists Space in New York; Gintaras Didžiapetris is one of the artists who took part in *Paper Exhibition* held there in 2009. Jonas Žakaitis is art writer and thinker, he ran the Tulips&Roses gallery (which represents Gintaras) in Vilnius and Brussels between 2009 and 2013.

The collages in the background were made by Linas Jablonskis for an exhibition in Vilnius in 2002. The series was named after an album by Supertramp, *Crisis? What Crisis?* (1975/2002).



A Vase with Water

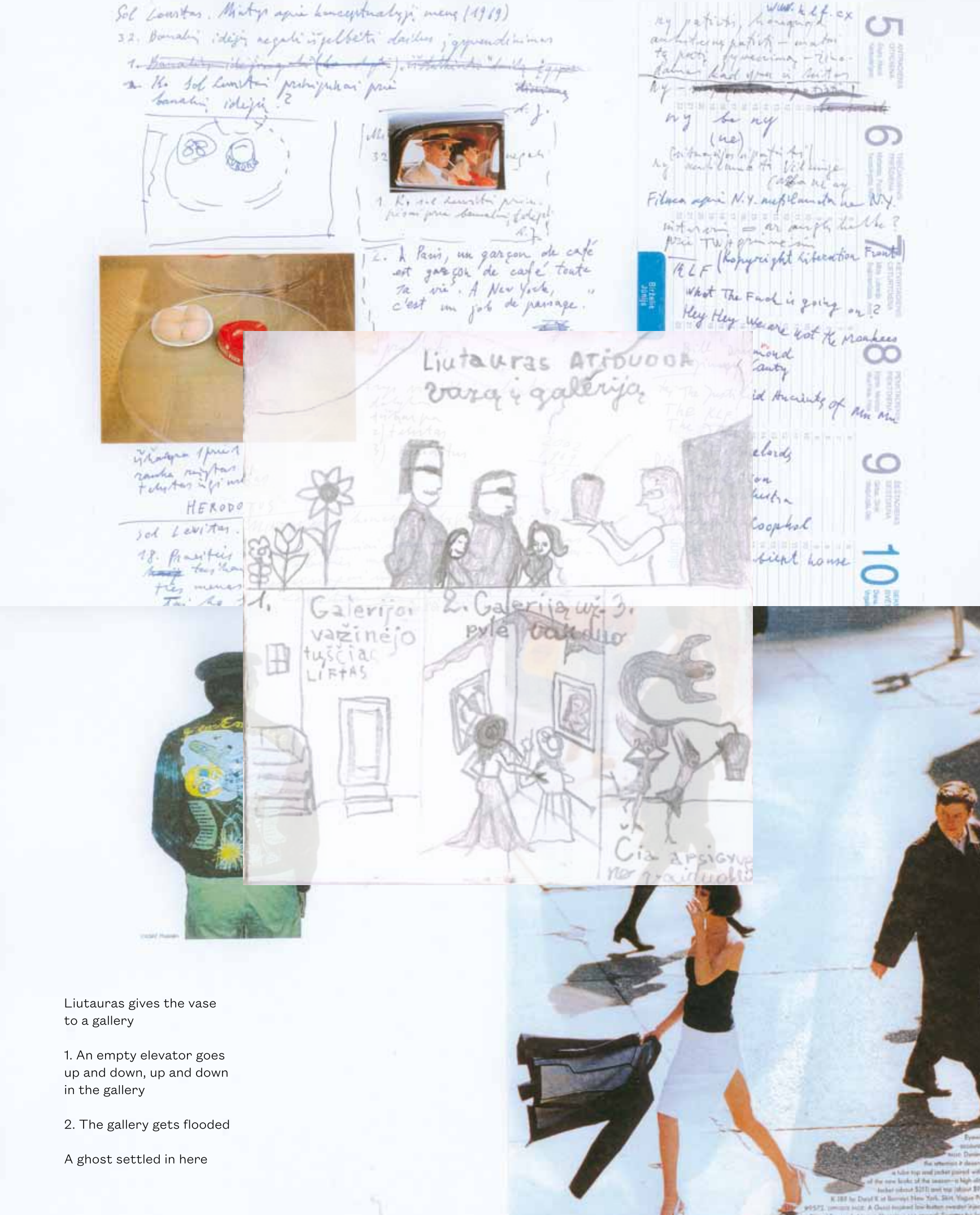
Liutauras found a beautiful vase outside of a strange house and took it



He couldn't sleep
because the vase
started appearing
in his dreams

The vase would
call him when he
showered

Finally, his apart-
ment was flooded
with water



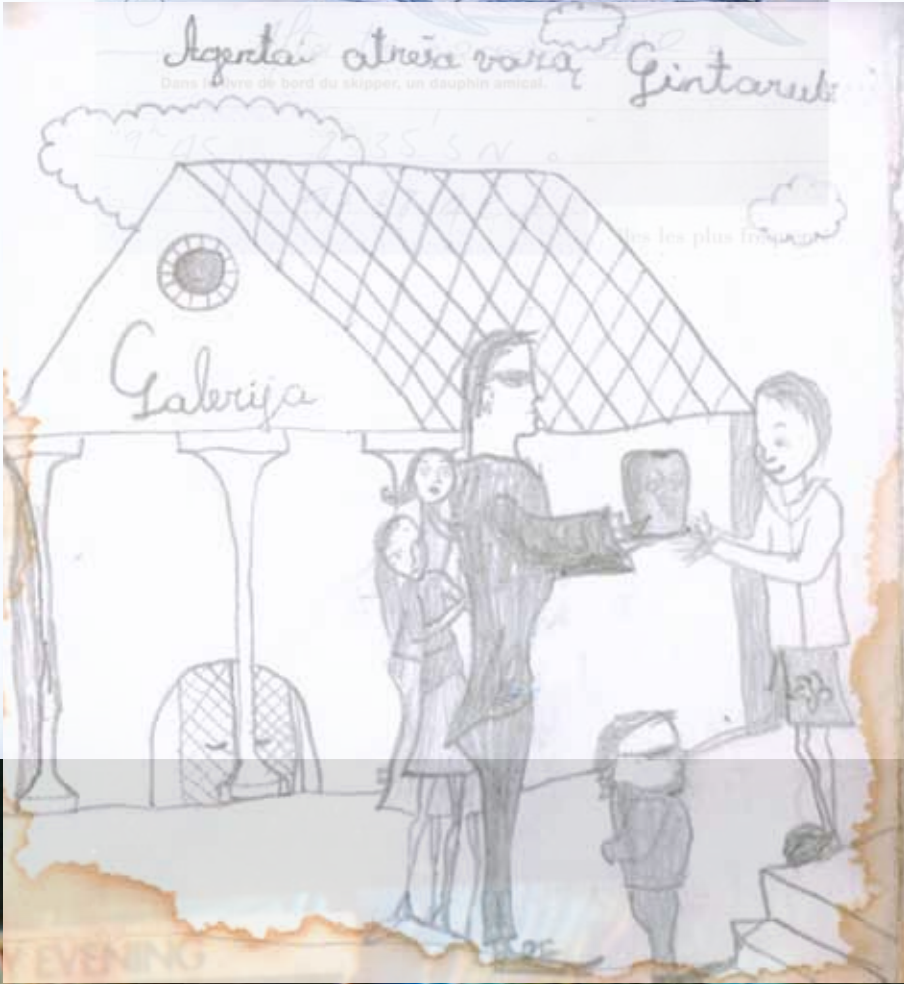
Liutauras gives the vase
to a gallery

1. An empty elevator goes
up and down, up and down
in the gallery

2. The gallery gets flooded

A ghost settled in here

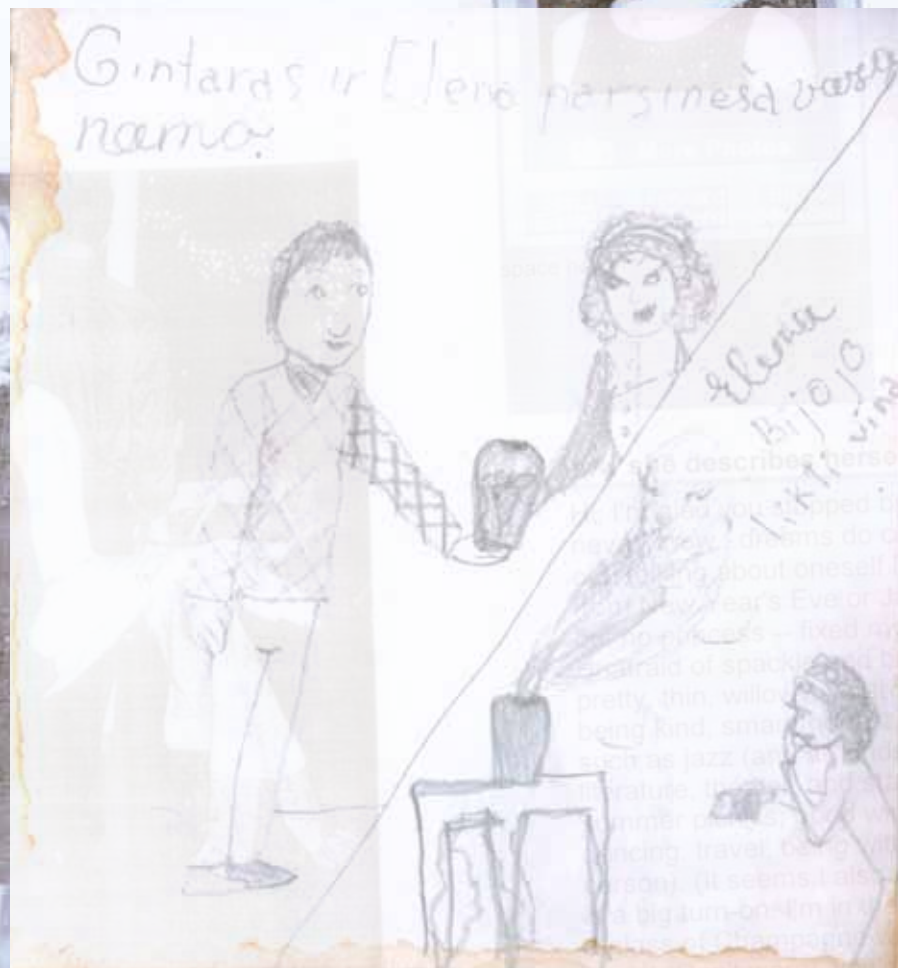
Agents take the vase to Gintaras



Computers and monitors are stolen from Gintaras' gallery

Here's water again...





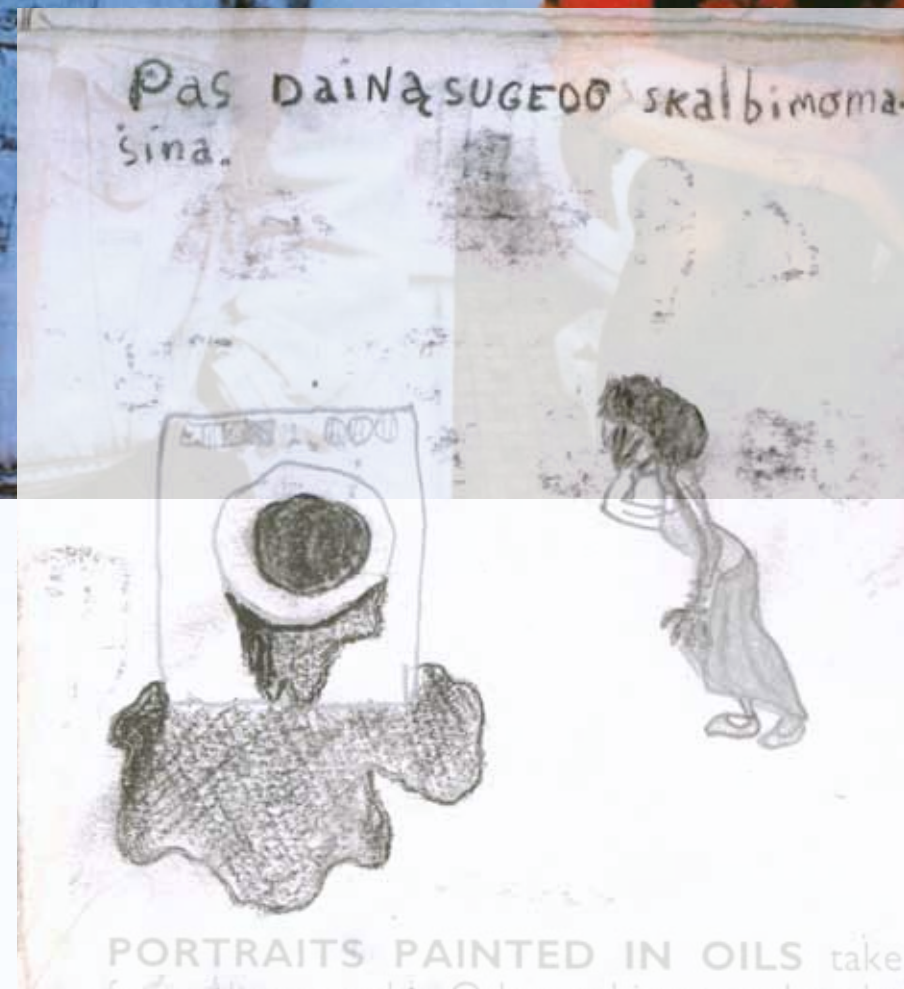
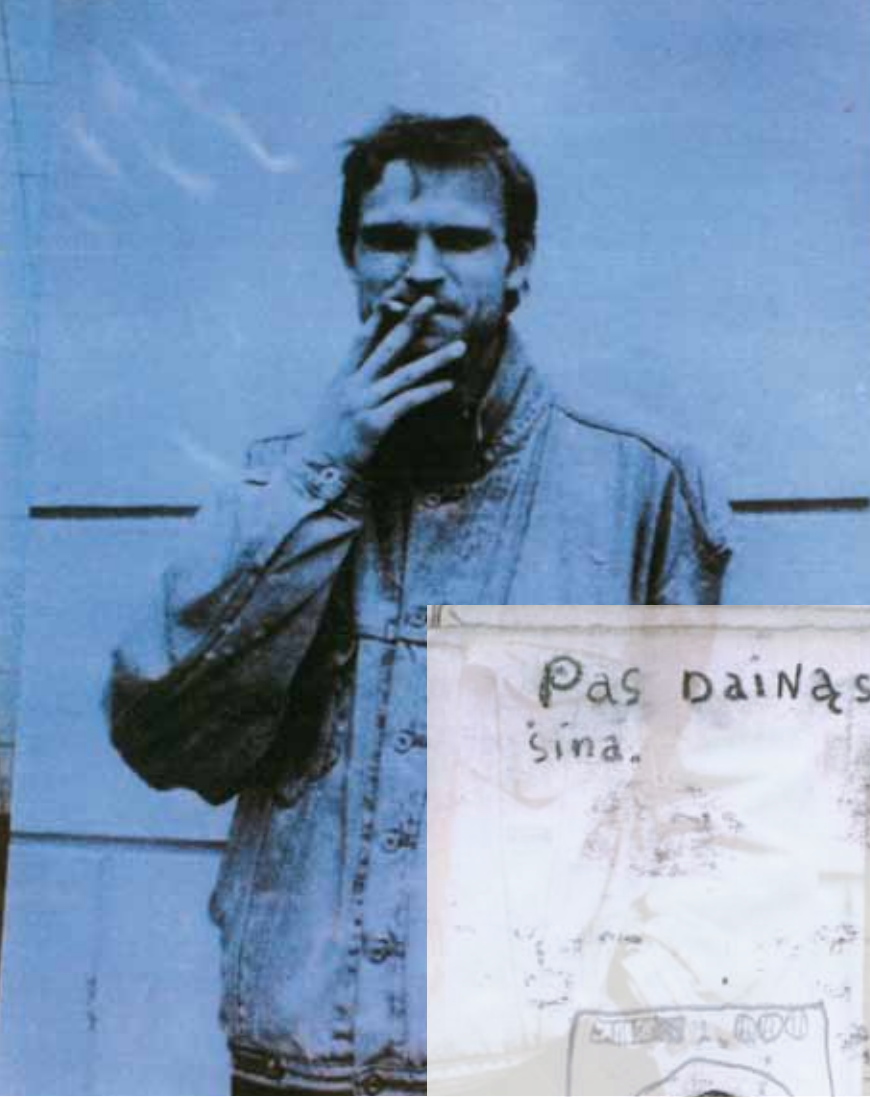
About her

Age: 39
Location: New York, New York, United-States
Hair: Dark Blonde
Eyes: Green
Height: 5 feet 8 inches / 172.7 cm
Body Type: Slim / Slender
Languages: English, French, Italian
Ethnicity: White / Caucasian
Religion: Spiritual, but not religious
Education: Bachelors degree
Occupation: Executive / Management
Income: \$50,000 to \$74,999
Smoker: Don't Smoke
Drinker: Drink Socially / Occasionally
Status: Never Married
Have Children: No
Want Children: Undecided

Thanks for taking a chance -- you know, dreams do come true! Let's see, about me (isn't it like this?) Yes, the photos are recent, from January 2002... I'm a Grace Kelly type, a Year's End or so, sink at 5pm, went to the ballet at 7pm, fixed my hair, and words. I come in a lovely package, a little afraid of spackles, but I'm pretty, thin, willow, and curious. I have many interests, such as jazz (and classical), fine dining (both at home and out), good friends, and kissing (the right kind, like parentheses...) Great conversation, wine industry and would love to share it all with The Right Guy... especially if we can be safe with me... I speak decent French and the waiters rarely mistreat me.) Or Prosecco in Venice? Or even a Sparkling Brut from the Hamptons here home! I'm always learning new things and I have great friends. But my otherwise full life is out of balance without someone special to share it all with. I'm ready to meet the love of my life. Could it be you?

Gintaras and Elena take the vase home.

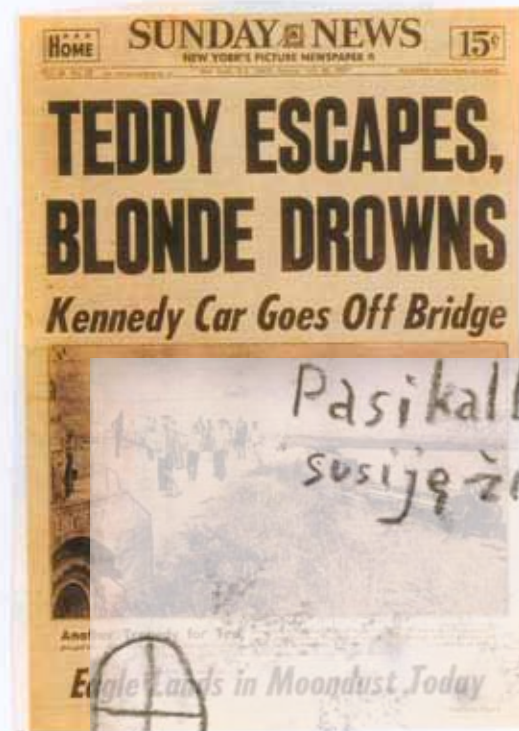
Elena was afraid to stay alone



PORTRAITS PAINTED IN OILS taken from photographs. Other subjects undertaken – pets, houses, cars also reproduction of old masters. Hamilton Fine Art, Greenacre, High Trees Road, Reigate, Surrey RH2 7EJ. Tel: 0737 240950. Fax: 0737 223826.

Daina's washing machine broke down.

Everyone who has a
relation with the vase
has a conversation



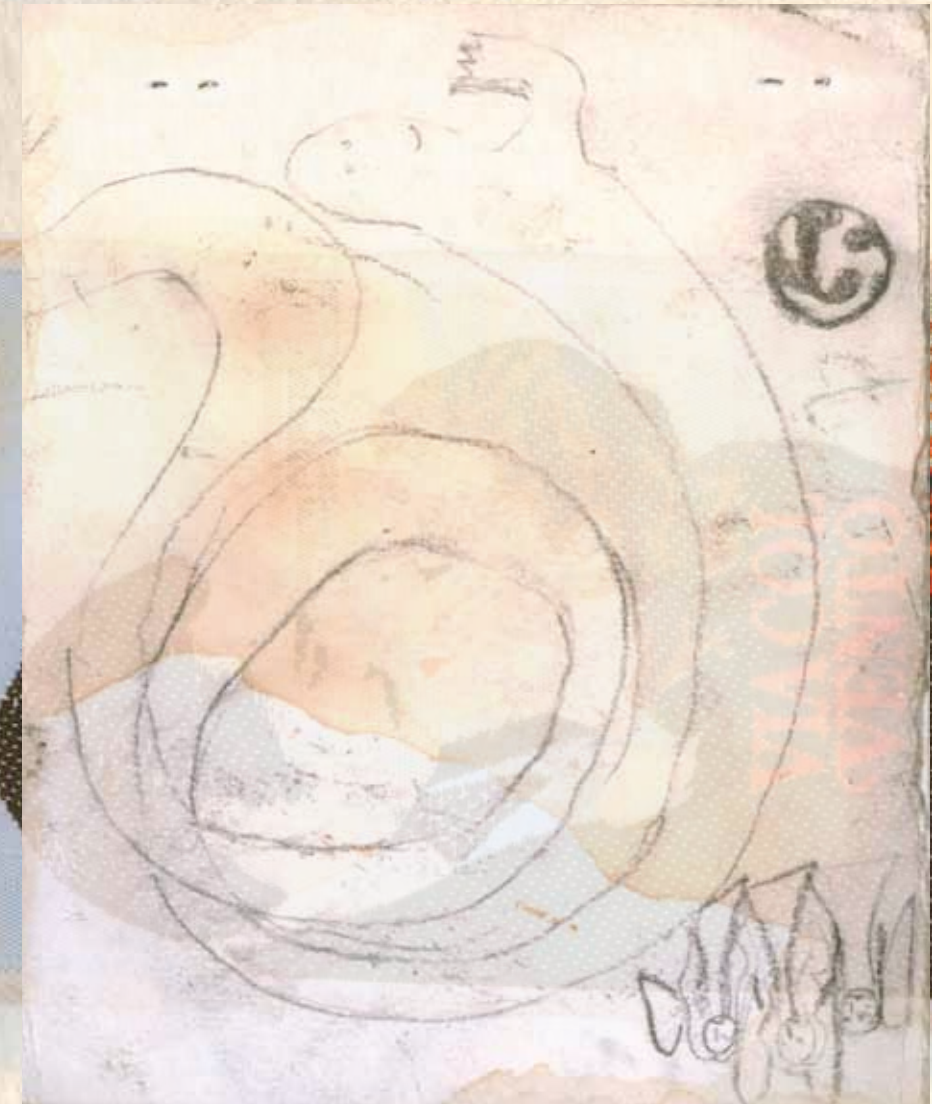
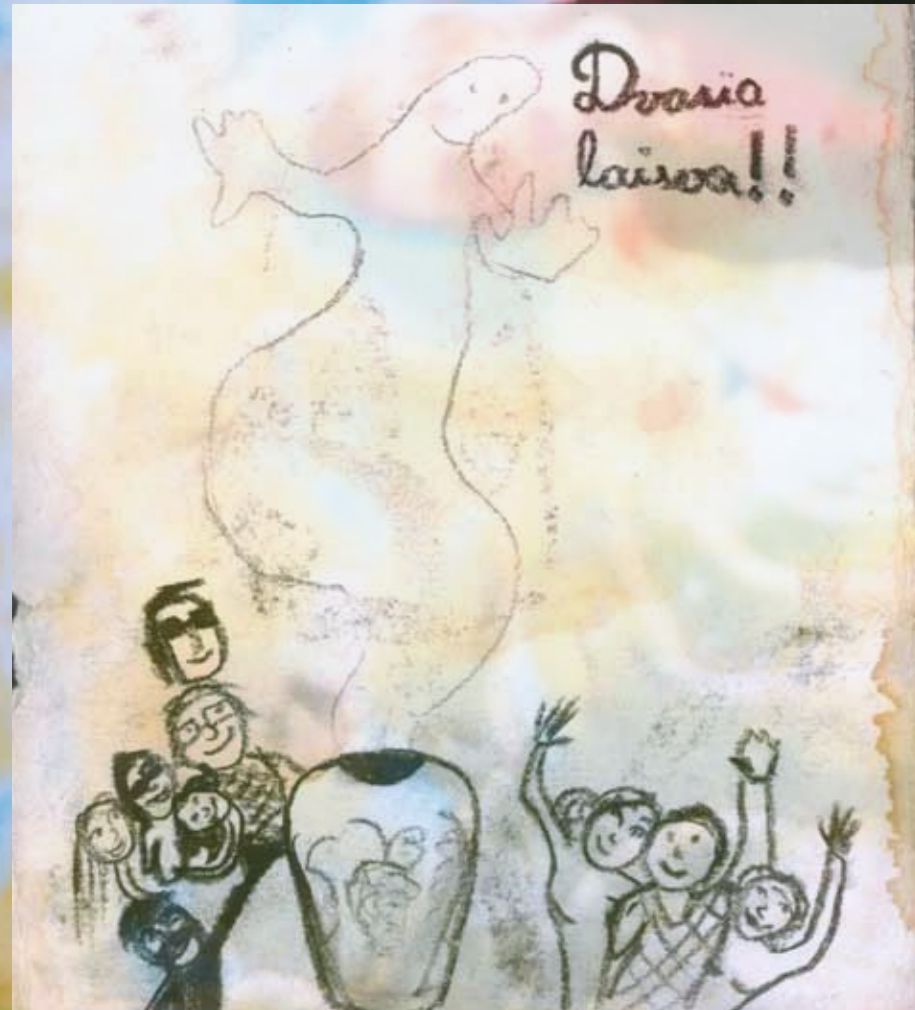
Pasikal Ba visi su vaza
susiję žmonės



They decided to
pour water in it.



The spirit is free!!



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SECTION 2 ADAPTATION

Between paper and the internet, reversing the usual roles of the two media: an online
show commissioned by NERO and presented here through its press release

An Online Exhibition of Recent Online Exhibitions

AN ONLINE EXHIBITION CURATED BY
HANNE MUGAAS

OPENING AT
[HTTP://WWW.NEROMAGAZINE.IT/AOEOROE](http://www.neromagazine.it/aoeoro)
NOVEMBER 18, 2013 - JANUARY 18, 2014

Hanne Mugaas (1980) is the director and curator of Kunsthall Stavanger in Norway. She has worked as a curatorial associate at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York, and is the founder of Art Since the Summer of ‘69, previously the world’s smallest gallery, located on the Lower East Side in Manhattan, and currently a mobile project.

Cat Videos 1999 – 2002 by Frances Stark

In Frances Stark’s Cat Videos 1999 – 2002, the artist’s cats are featured playing and lounging in her apartment. The videos are the result of Stark being inspired by the visual pleasure of watching her cats and the way their movement changed her perception of her domestic surroundings. By utilizing the soundtrack of one diegetic song per video, the life of the domestic cat – which usually involves no plans or action – is framed, and then elevated to a work of art. The videos, produced pre-Youtube in 1999-2002, predict our current extensive consumption and emotional responses to online cat videos, and unintentionally explore the rise of rapid attention span as a response to current technologies.

Remoji by Tara Sinn

Titled Remoji, the work is an interactive burst of emojis that will take over your browser as you move your cursor over it. After a few seconds, the emojis disappear and you can start anew.

30 Going On 13 by Micaela Durand

Dear Sally,
OK, you’re not gonna believe this but SUMMER CAN LAST FOREVER.
Nothing else will last.
Except the songs that Taylor Swift and Demi Lovato sing.
Battling very public personal issues on Twitter.
Even in federal women’s prison they talk about Taylor Swift.
Apparently here in New York we all get a second chance.
Joey & Dawson to Joey & Pacey to Joey & Dawson to Joey & Pacey.
Moving on to the next thing. Sketchy relationships. Chuck. Blair.
Everyone wants to be your bad girl. From Laguna Beach to The Hills to The City. Sex and the City.
Nobody wants a Charlotte. But I’m a good girl and I know it. Drake.
Whenever you’re ready Feel the rain on your skin.
No one else can feel it 4 u Nobody loves no one.
Growing up. I’m wasted.
Let the future pass but don’t let go of 13, Thirty.
Yours,
Felicity

La Grande Bouffe by White Zinfandel

White Zinfandel curates a playful video and website series to go with their latest issue, La Grande Bouffe. The issue is set to launch at Phillip Johnson’s Glass House on October 13, 2013. Video contributors include Korakrit Arunanondchai, Davide Balula, Daphne Fitzpatrick, and Jonathan William Turner of Yemenwed. La Grande Bouffe is based on the seminal 1973 film directed by Marco Ferreri, in which food is “the last hope hidden in the despair of living.” Artists responded with loose interpretations that engaged with the rigor and discipline of pushing boundaries.

Opening on November 10: Kunsthall Stavanger and Performa Present: Practicing Haydn by Lina Viste Grønli, Peter Child, and Elaine Chews

Practicing Haydn (Piano Sonata in Eb, Hob XVI:45 finale) will be Performa’s first intercontinental work, simultaneously performed at both the Performa Hub and at the grand opening of Kunsthall Stavanger in Norway. Led by artist Lina Viste Grønli and her collaborators Elaine Chew, a concert pianist and digital media professor, and Peter Child, a composer and professor of music at MIT, Practicing Haydn is a new piece for solo piano that refracts the last movement of a sonata by one of the most prolific and prominent composers of the Classical period, Joseph Haydn. A practice session by Chew has been transformed into a performable score – including all the repetitions, errors, halts, and interruptions – within the deft hands of Child. The score of Practicing Haydn will be revealed on the Kunsthall Stavanger’s website.

Party with us_

ten years after

a cura di Valentina Bruschi

27 settembre - 15 dicembre

Adalberto Abbate
Julieta Aranda
Per Barclay
Alessandro Bazan
Manfredi Beninati
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Francesco Simeti
Sissi
Gian Domenico Sozzi
Italo Zuffi



SECTION 3 HERE BEFORE

A one-way dialogue between artists of different generations, in which the young testifies
to the influence of the old

Elastic Calcification

Nicola Martini on the work of Jorge Peris

in collaboration with
Vittorio Cavallini and
Jacopo Menzani

Nicola Martini (1984) lives and works in Paris. For Martini, materials and their modification are both the point of departure and the culmination of the artistic process. His work leans toward the creation of sculptural forms and installations, but its real specificity resides in its development. He has participated in numerous solo and collective shows internationally.

The Tao that can be told is not the eternal Tao. The name that can be named is not the eternal name. The nameless is the beginning of heaven and earth. The named is the mother of ten thousand things. Ever desireless, one can see the mystery. Ever desiring, one can see the manifestations.
Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*, VI sec. a. C.

This text is intended as (the story of) a position.
Position: a posture that we sometimes choose to assume, feeling and experiencing the disequilibrium that ensues from it, until it becomes increasingly silent and causes us to forget it, only to return later in a changed form, revealing the impact it has had on us. The interpenetration of activities of a group of people who have never met, but who, through an acceleration of events, find themselves performing the same act, independently of each other. Just like three percussionists can strike a drum, completely in sync, in three distant points in space.

I met Jorge Peris in Florence in 2007, during a workshop he organized at Base/Progetti per l'arte. In that period, my research was talking to me in an idiom I could not read, interpret. I was speaking a language that I did not know, or, better, that I did not remember ever having spoken. That screamed procedure was a language that other people were speaking. Jorge Peris was one of them.
This sort of internal cacophony was beginning to take the shape of a chorus; Vittorio Cavallini and Jacopo Menzani were emitting the same sounds...
From then on, every choice began to be dictated by an entity, which made independent decisions, and which we routinely followed... the work.

Jorge was preparing Marte in Gaia

e Cosimo (ZERO... Gallery, September 2007) and we were there. The smell of the sand blown by two high pressure compressors, 7.5 horsepower, the plaster heated up to dust, a sound like cooking. Sand and plaster sucked and blown from two different floors (basement and first floor), against gravity, then descending again, leaving deposits. Experiencing the machine's functioning, a kind of marveling at something already seen, in full power.
It was not a choice that we dictated; everyone felt that it had to be done; the reason was never questioned.
We talked about trust, about faith, about alcohol, about how, incredibly, everything can remain empty without this strange, necessary faith.
"We don't really know what we're doing... but we have to continue doing it, always with the utmost dignity." Jorge repeated this often, at regular intervals.

We repeated the concepts that we needed frequently, as if to remind ourselves of them, but also to remind all those who were present. I felt that the physical fatigue, often exhausting, was a confirmation that we had gone down the right path.
We proceeded by trial and error, not by proofs: no act was ever discarded; it was a trail to remember or a trail for remembering.

The white powder of the quartz sand and of the plaster were mingled together into a compound, thick as a smell, the vibration frequency of the high-pressure spray was emitting a sound in our bodies; poor visibility, always keeping one hand in contact with the scaffold, waiting for the dizziness. I tried to keep these little details in mind as much as possible, but it

was hard, my instinct was waiting to take over; hence, pause. We talk, we start again, new words in our language, the effort to find them, repetition, increasingly longer metaphors.

Those smells are talking to me now, as I write, burned in my memory like a childhood experience. Sea, yogurt, plaster dust heated by the abrasive impact of the sand, cold, wet clay, mold, molecules that sometimes sting the nostrils, sometimes annoy, sometimes, though seldom, intrigue.

Then it all ends, we experience the fatigue of slowing down, of falling into a dynamic with a different density, but equally frenzied. Vittorio, Jacopo and I continue to recite verses and verbs in this language.
We find ourselves in Vittorio's studio, which soon becomes our studio, a barn in Marti, Montopoli in Valdarno (Pisa); and it still is, somehow.
We realize that we are putting the same amount of effort into laying the cement for the studio floor as into this pursuit of the verb.

The work falls on the forest next to the studio, on the clay pits; one person's effort is everyone's effort, no sacrifice.
Word, thought, and action were finally a single act, the work was beginning to take shape, I was starting to know how to listen. During this time, we are aware that our meeting has not occurred by chance, that it was pulled together by the work: this will happen more and more often in the future.
Like in elementary school, when the day comes to introduce the concept of tangent. We found ourselves drawing straight lines on a sheet of paper. Now we believe that a straight line, in a notebook, is never drawn by chance.

Especially if it then has to go bumping into others. There were some fuses and there was a decoy. It ended exactly like in the elementary school notebooks with the straight lines.

Fairy, *Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo (February 2008), it happens again.*

A month of work, a house in Via Belfiore 65 in S. Salvario, Turin, big bed, but uncomfortable divided in three.

17 tons of clay on the walls and ceiling of a prepared room, isolated by fiber cement boards, (I ponder the effective possibility of isolating a space), vaporizers, the environment always moist; hard not to be distracted by extraneous elements.

The language is the same.

Constant travels between Turin and the studio in Marti, where other things are happening, other situations.

Long trips, in the car, often during the night, I remember the miraculous effects of Nunzio's gentian. The cold that paralyzes the hands and the suffocating heat are not relevant, nor is the accumulation of hours of lost sleep, or the pain brought to your attention by muscles and bones. Thought moves only toward a feeling of contentment that, for a moment, calms the demon inside, that one that gives no peace, that knocks on the inside of your head day and night, blaming and provoking. I have yet to figure out if it is we who are scaring him. The system is open, porous in its grains, and, in some way, protected.

I meditate on Jorge's words, the remark that he could hear me thinking about my work while I lifted the various panels of clay and welded wire mesh, which we fixed to the ceiling, more or less a hundred pounds each. It was true, the body worked on a repeated action, but the work kept on talking to me, increasingly, and it was impossible not to listen to it. Each of us was independent, we always knew that. It was and it had to be that way. There lies the great generosity of Jorge. Our relationship has always been equal, we all learned to speak this language, every day in a new way. The events, many of them; the focus, always acute, sometimes distant. Thought, always open to hearing so as to understand even the most imperceptible signs. Now, I feel the impact of those meetings; I no longer

try to remember. I don't feel the need to; those sounds that went on to become language have now gone back to being free frequencies, unknown and familiar at the same time. The posture is restabilizing itself toward another calcification. I continue to listen to something that I don't know, and, once again, I'm not the only one.

Artissima Internazionale d'Arte Contemporanea, Oval, Torino Hall Pink A – Booth 3

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Gea Casolaro - Still here
30.09.2013-16.11.2013

Marco Strappato - Not yet titled
22.11.2013 -09.01.2014

Julia Brown/Chto Delat?/Jacopo Natoli
Oliver Ressler and Ana Pečar/Alessandro Rolandi
Subterfuge
curated by Mike Watson
18.01.2014-15.03.2014

Florian Neufeldt
22.03.2014-17.05.2014

ARTISSIMA > november 8-10/2013
ART 14 LONDON > february 28-march 2/2014



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SECTION 4 RUINS OF EXHIBITIONS

A quasi-scientific presentation of seminal exhibitions from the past, through primary evidence such as original texts, images, clippings, scans, transcriptions

RETRACE YOUR STEPS: REMEMBER TOMORROW

10 December 1999 – 25 March 2000
Curated by Hans Ulrich Obrist
Sir John Soane’s Museum, London

Contents:
1 press release
1 introduction text from the leaflet
1 map from the leaflet
1 original transcription of a conversation
between Hans Ulrich Obrist, Margaret
Richardson and Cerith Wyn Evans
7 installation views

Notes:
Sir John Soane's Museum was formerly the home of the neo-classical architect John Soane. It holds many drawings and models of Soane's projects, and the collections of paintings, drawings and antiquities that he assembled. The Museum was established during Soane's own lifetime by an 1833 Private Act of Parliament, which took effect on Soane's death in 1837. The Museum’s collections contain many important works of art and antiquities, including Hogarth’s *A Rake’s Progress and An Election*, *Canaletto’s Riva degli Schiavoni, looking West*, the alabaster sarcophagus of Seti I, 30,000 architectural drawings, 6,857 historical volumes, and 252 historical architectural models, as well as important examples of furniture and decorative arts. In 1999 the museum hosted the exhibition *Retrace Your Steps: Remember Tomorrow*, for which the curator, Hans Ulrich Obrist, invited artists like Steve McQueen and Cerith Wyn Evans to respond to the collection. Douglas Gordon suggested the title. In keeping with the way Sir John Soane displayed his collections, the works on view were not labeled. There were no didactic panels or sound guides; visitors were encouraged to move through the rooms as they wished, encountering unexpected works of art in unexpected places. Hans Ulrich Obrist (1968) is Co-director of Exhibitions and Programs and Director of International Projects at the Serpentine Gallery. Before that, he was Curator of the Museum in Progress, Vienna, from 1993 to 2000, and has been a curator at the Musée d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris since 2000. Since 1991, Obrist has curated and co-curated more than 200 solo and group exhibitions and biennials internationally.

Press release:

Gilbert & George, Douglas Gordon, Anish Kapoor, Steve McQueen, Richard Hamilton, Rosemarie Trockel, Cerith Wyn Evans, Richard Wentworth, Rem Koolhaas and Herzog & de Meuron are among the artists and architects whose work will be featured in *Retrace your Steps: Remember Tomorrow*, the first major exhibition of contemporary art at Sir John Soane’s Museum.

The exhibition was initiated by the young Swiss curator Hans Ulrich Obrist and leading British artist and filmmaker Cerith Wyn Evans, whose work has featured in major exhibitions including *Sensation* at the Royal Academy, London, 1997. The exhibition is curated by Hans Ulrich Obrist, best known for his cutting-edge exhibitions at the Musée d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, *Take Me (I’m Yours)* at the Serpentine Gallery, 1995 and the *Cities on the Move* show at the Hayward Gallery this summer. The exhibition has been arranged to coincide with this autumn’s major Soane exhibition at the Royal Academy. The artists have all been inspired by Soane in some way, and have selected the locations where their works will be displayed in the museum. The exhibition juxtaposes contemporary works with Soane’s historic artefacts, allowing visitors to experience the arrangements in a personal way and to be inspired by them, as Soane intended.

Many of the works have been created specially for the exhibition: Anish Kapoor is creating a mirrored, rotating table sculpture which will reflect light; a new painting by Richard Hamilton will be “infiltrated” behind the moveable planes in the Picture Room; Douglas Gordon is creating the title for the exhibition, which will also be displayed as a work of art; Richard Hamilton is designing the exhibition poster and Gilbert & George have created a work of art and the postcard. Cerith Wyn Evans, who is creating the exhibition guide, will also replace the bells on the rope which separates the private office area in the museum from the public area, an intervention “on the edge of the invisible.” Performance events by Christina Mackie and Tom Gidley will be presented on video and there will be a kitchen lecture by Cedric Price. Bruce Mau’s internet-inspired project, two works from the nvisible Museum and Lucius Burckhardt’s work on Soane’s garden pavilions will also be featured.

The artists participating are: Lucius Burckhardt, Yung Ho Chang, Katharina Fritsch, Tom Gidley, Gilbert & George, Douglas Gordon, Joseph Grigely, Richard Hamilton, Jacques Herzog & Pierre de Meuron, Koo Jeong-A, Isaac Julien, Anish Kapoor, Rem Koolhaas, Christina Mackie, Bruce Mau, Steve McQueen, The Museum of Jurassic Technology, Nanomuseum, Cedric Price, Liisa Roberts, Rosemarie Trockel, Richard Wentworth, Cerith Wyn Evans and nvisible Museum.

This is the first in a series of contemporary art exhibitions at the Soane Museum, which will continue in 2001 with an exhibition of loans from the Invisible Museum.

Exhibition Leaflet:

I was always very stimulated and inspired by the relationships, the interstices in the Soane Museum, the conversations that are happening between various narratives, various objects and these extraordinary vistas that you come upon by accident and then you catch a reflection of yourself. It is an incredibly complex, stimulating place and no one visit is ever the same as the next visit.

Cerith Wyn Evans in conversation with Margaret Richardson and Hans Ulrich Obrist, London 1999

People often say when they come through the Front Door, “which way should I go?”, and you have to say, “Well, you can go there or you can go there, it’s a choice.”

Margaret Richardson in conversation with Cerith Wyn Evans and Hans Ulrich Obrist, London 1999

THERE IS A PLACE YOU MUST KNOW

At a meeting at the Musée d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris in 1995, Cerith Wyn Evans told me a lot about Sir John Soane, which inspired me to make a first visit to the Museum of the same name. Cerith and I began to meet regularly in the Museum. After a while, the idea of an imaginary exhibition began to take shape and, in the course of the following two years, it crystallized in conversation with Margaret Richardson, the Curator of the Museum.

VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE

Numerous are the posthumous museums and memorials devoted exclusively to one artist, architect or author and designed to preserve or artificially reconstruct the namesake’s original working or living conditions. Much rarer are the museums conceived by artists in their lifetimes as a *Gesamtkunstwerk* and preserved as such. Sir John Soane’s Museum is a case in point. In 1833, four years before he died, Soane established his house as a museum and negotiated an Act of Parliament to ensure its preservation after his death. His holdings fall into four main categories: antique fragments, paintings from Canaletto to Hogarth and Turner, architectural drawings (such as Piranesi’s) and Soane’s own work in the form of architectural models and drawings. Although Sir John Soane’s Museum has regular opening hours and attracts some 90,000 visitors a year, it has acquired a reputation primarily by word of mouth. The paradox of a well-guarded and yet public secret as well as the permanent pull between visibility and invisibility are the considerations that motivate the coming exhibition. Cerith Wyn Evans questions the distinction be-

tween public and private space in a museum by making his intervention on the staircase almost invisible. The work slides into the existing context as it subtly changes the sound of the bells. Seen in a different perspective, the familiar becomes unfamiliar. This oscillation between the familiar and the unfamiliar leads us to Steve McQueen whose work will only reveal itself at a second glance. A table rests on a mirror creating a paradox in the sense that the mirror demands an image. Via the mirror, McQueen puts viewers in a situation where they are sensitive to themselves watching the piece. It is also very physical; it makes you aware of your own presence.

LINCOLN’S INN FIELDS – FOURNIER STREET

Since the Museum has the dimensions of a home, visitors do not have the same relationship to the works on display as they would in monumental museum architecture. The gulf between the Museum and the world of living experience, criticised by Adorno, has been bridged. Gilbert&George spent an afternoon in the Museum drinking tea out of Soane’s cups. The resulting photograph is framed and placed in the Library – Dining Room. Gilbert&George show a kinship with Soane in the way they investigate the infinite complexity of life in their own organically growing and steadily more compact home in Fournier Street, where things accumulated from the present and from the past are allowed to coexist side by side. Similarly Isaac Julien has painted his studio in a Soanian yellow – as shown in photographs in the South Drawing Room.

THE PICTURE ROOM

But do we know exactly where the room stops, where it bends, where it separates and where it joins up again?

Georges Perec in *Espèces d’Espèces*

The use of space in the Soane Museum reminds us of Heinrich Kuerz, the young (fictional) painter in Georges Perec’s *Un Cabinet D’Amateur*, who painted the beer brewer and collector Hermann Raffke over 100 times in over 100 pictures in his collection. Perec speaks of the staggering spirituality of the eternal second coming, of a complex game of authenticity and fraudulence and of the magic charm of smaller and smaller repetitions. The complexity of Perec’s convoluted rooms and images takes us into the Picture Room of Sir John Soane’s Museum. For the duration of this exhibition, there is a new attraction in the Picture Room, a painting by Richard Hamilton, to be premiered here. Visitors can see the painting only when the movable planes of the Picture Room are

open. This flexible mode of hanging not only has the advantage of saving space, it also allows paintings to be viewed from different angles. On the way to the Picture Room, in the Colonnade, we also see Marcel Duchamp’s glass model which appears in the painting.

THREE MUSEUMS WITHIN THE MUSEUM

The nvisible Museum is a collection of paintings, drawings, sculptures, video installations, photography and mixed media, lent out to friends, artists and museums: a museum without walls, a nomadic collection of contemporary art with no home. To this exhibition the nvisible Museum is lending two works – by Katharina Fritsch and Liisa Roberts.

The idea of the Russian doll leads us to the Nano Museum whose architecture is a tiny double, silver frame (2” x 3”) where artists present very small diptych-like exhibitions. In the context of the Soane Museum, if functions like a museum within the Museum. Every museum can hide another museum. The exhibitions in the Nano Museum will change on a weekly basis. The first show will be by Hans-Peter Feldmann and further programs will be announced later. The Museum of Jurassic Technology, which has many parallels to the Soane, is also included.

SOANE IS LIGHT

We boast our light, but if we look not wisely on the Sun itself, it smites us into darkness, the light which we have gained, was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge.

Milton, *Areopagitica*

Soane achieved his effects not through ornamentation or ornamental reduction but through space, color and light. Scholarship on Soane has recently begun to recognize the importance of light in the architect’s work, in Arata Isozaki’s book, for instance, which has unleashed a veritable Soane boom in Asia. For example, using common materials and basic construction, the work of the Beijing architect Yung Ho Chang shows us the Chinese belief in an introverted universe mirrored in Soane’s universe. His “view collector boxes” suggest ways in which Soane might have considered the views outside his windows. The Museum reveals various superimposed and merging states of light constructed by Soane. Visitors encounter direct, indirect, reflected, broken, dispersed or refracted light. (I bow to master list-maker Georges Perec). Light also plays an important role for artists in their dealings with the Museum. Richard Hamilton’s response to the complexity of lighting in the Soane Museum is manifest in his poster for the

exhibition in which the gaze penetrates several layers of glass and space. Disparate structural elements come together in startlingly unexpected combinations in Soane’s labyrinth of convoluted meanings with links opening up in all directions like the staircases mirrored into infinity in Piranesi’s *Carceri*. Similar to Hamilton, Rosemarie Trockel’s photograph shows us the participatory dimension of *pars pro toto* in Soane’s approach so that, surprisingly, no sensory passivity results despite the incredible overload, in contrast to a curio museum. This derives from the fact that the architectural fragments are not closed off, that the direction of the visitor’s tour is not predetermined and that there is room for possible additions to the arrangements, which is emphasized by the placing of Douglas Gordon’s cast of his own hand. Joseph Grigely’s drawings, which are displayed on the small tables in the South Drawing Room, emphasise the Museum as a conversation piece. Grigely’s way of showing text and displacement shows that “a specific text can have many different forms, all of which express a degree or variation. The variation is rarely merely arbitrary but, rather, reflects the possibilities of human intention.” Anish Kapoor has planned a dynamic standstill: a table sculpture with a yellow mirror proves on closer inspection to be a container of colored water revolving at extremely high speed. Koo Jeong-a’s works echoes the density of the Museum. Her crystal vessel is constantly filled to the brim and close to inundation.

UNANTICIPATED PERSPECTIVES

Bruce Mau projects images onto the existing display, thereby enhancing the associative potential. The Mississippi Museum and the Coca Cola Museum that he and Frank Gehry have proposed are both influenced by Soane. Mau’s installation extends Soane’s practice of ignoring the hierarchy of important and unimportant exhibits by showing significant objects next to worthless “found” items. Mau’s work catapults Soane into today’s internet. The exhibits will be embedded in a material network. Like Bruce Mau, Richard Wentworth reflects upon the Soane Museum from an angle of shifting perspectives. Lucius Burckhardt, a regular visitor to the Soane Museum since the sixties, has come up with an equally unexpected twist. His project deals with John Soane’s little know garden follies, *Designs in Architecture*, 1778, and why he chose to produce such a modest little volume on garden buildings. Rem Koolhaas exhibits his competition model for a new Museum of Modern Art in Rome, where he uses the Soane Museum as a typology within his museum. Along with the Whitney and the Guggenheim museums, Sir John Soane’s Museum becomes one possibility, one truth among the myriad truths that must be

included in undertaking a museum of contemporary art. Within the framework of Koolhaas’s Museum of Typologies the Soane Museum stands for delicacy. Jacques Herzog and Pierre De Meuron are building a new museum for the American private collectors Pam and Dick Kramlich. Like the Soane, it will be a collector’s private house which will become a foundation or museum. As it is a collection of video and new media, there will be many projections, for example, video walls. In the words of Herzog and De Meuron, “*The works are bound to the walls and can be seen or not depending on whether you switch the light on or off. So it’s related to Soane’s closets and the aspect of hiding and revealing ...nature, people and images will melt together to form a space.*”

Herzog and De Meuron interviewed by Hans Ulrich Obrist

“DESIRE IS THE MOVEMENT OF MEMORY”

from Isaac Julien’s film *Frantz Fanon*

The exhibition brings three film-related works to the Soane. Tom Gidley and Isaac Julien will make short films in the Museum. These works are less nurtured by objects than by events and intensities, which brings us to Patricia Falguières’ comparison between the Soane Museum and the Schwitters Merzbau. Artists find that the Museum is a place where they can work creatively to produce films which in turn will trigger the imaginations of viewers. Christina Mackie’s images are of a ruined European city, post-war and of the American mid-nowhere. As she says, “Recognising someone else’s psychological landscape: what you see there is filtered through your expectations.”

THE EXHIBITION AS A MEDIUM

To make every element of the exhibition into a cohesive whole all the artists have contributed in the following ways: Richard Hamilton has designed the poster, and every artist has created a postcard which will be on sale in the Museum. The works on view in the exhibition will be numbered but not labelled – to be in keeping with the way Soane displayed his collections. Instead each visitor will be given a fold-out leaflet, conceived by Cerith Wyn Evans, with plans by Christopher H. Woodward. There are no didactic panels or sound guides but visitors will be encouraged to move where they wish through the rooms encountering unexpected works of art in unexpected places. Douglas Gordon has created the title of the exhibition, which will be displayed in two parts. Cedric Price

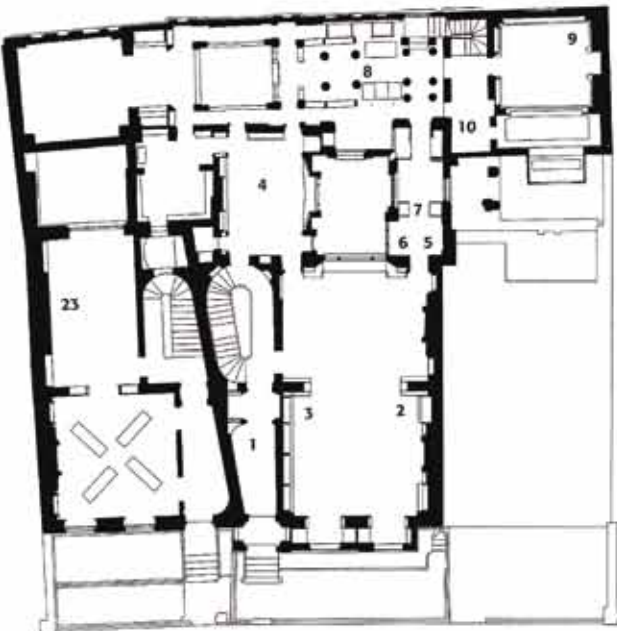
has created symbols for the show, which will act as floating signifiers, and will also give a lecture in the Old Kitchen entitled “Time and Food.”

Hans Ulrich Obrist, curator of the exhibition

List of works exhibited in the Museum

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Douglas Gordon
"Retrace your steps: Remember Tomorrow"
Title of the exhibition displayed in two parts | 15 Douglas Gordon
"Fragile hands collapse under pressure (study for a self-portrait)", 1999
Cast of the artist's hand |
| 2 Gilbert & George
Photographed by Nigel Shafran having tea in the Museum, 1999
© Nigel Shafran | 16 Joseph Grigely
Untitled conversations, 1998–1999
Five drawings in polyurethane frames (15.3 x 10.2 to 38.1 x 22.9cm) |
| 3 Kwon Jeong-a
"About inundation", 1999
Glass (10.9 x 9.9 x 13.9cm) | 17 Isaac Julien
The artist photographed at home in Great Russell St, 1999
© Steve White |
| 4 Anish Kapoor
Parabolic Waters II, 1999
Plywood, aluminium, water and electric motor (18.5 x 66 x 66.5cm) | 18 Steve McQueen
Soane, echo, system, i
DVD with two speakers |
| 5 Katharina Fritsch
Madonna, 1989
Painted plaster multiple (40.6 x 7.8 x 6.4cm)
invisible Museum | 19 Steve McQueen
Soane, echo, system, ii
Table and mirror |
| 6 The Museum of Jurassic Technology, Culver City, CA
Museum timelapse sent in the spirit of digital collaboration | 20 Rem Koolhaas
Model for MOCA ROMA: Museum of typologies, 1998 (Museum of Contemporary Art in Rome) |
| 7 Nano Museum
Frame, open (6.6 x 9.6)
This small museum has hosted 12 exhibitions from 1995; it will host exhibitions of the work of Hans-Peter Feldmann, Christian Beldamki and others at weekly intervals at the Soane. | 21 Herzog & De Meuron
Model for the Kramlich Residence and Media Collection, Oakville, California, USA, 1997–98 |
| 8 Marcel Duchamp in collaboration with Richard Hamilton
The oculist witnesses, 1968
Minor silver in laminated glass (63.3 x 50.8cm) | 22 Cerith Wyn Evans
Modified threshold, 1999
Existing bells altered in ring at a slightly higher pitch |
| 9 Richard Hamilton
The Passage of the Bride, 1998–99
Oil on chromochrome canvas (103 x 127cm) | 23 Liisa Roberts
study for 'Here', 1998 (15 minutes 21 seconds)
Stereo CD with two speakers
invisible Museum |
| 10 Richard Wentworth | 24 Yung Ho Chang
"View collectors"
in the form of wooden boxes (15 x 15 x 15cm) placed on various window sills in the Museum. |
| 11 Anish Kapoor
Vortex, 1999 | 25 Christina Mackie
Misrecognition, 1999
Two monitors and DVD players
On display in the Crypt |
| 12 Bruce Mau
LOVE FOR SALE
An installation of 1,000 computer images culled from the world of on-line auction houses | 26 Tom Gidley
Soane's bones
16 mm film transferred to video |
| 13 Lucius Burkhardt
"The Follies of John Soane"
Two landscape watercolours (23 x 31cm), text and John Soane's Designs in Architecture, 1778 | 27 Isaac Julien
Video film

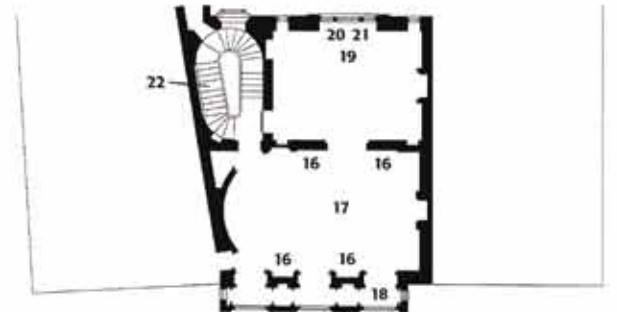
Both films can be seen in the Old Kitchen |
| 14 Rosemarie Trockel
"An envious colleague", 1999
Photograph (13 x 13cm) | |



Plan of the Ground Floor



Plan of the Crypt



Plan of the Drawing Rooms

Designed by Studio Mitchell, Libson, Price, Madsborough



Douglas Gordon, *Fragile hands collapse under pressure (study for a self-portrait)*, 1999
Cast of the artist's hand



Steve McQueen, *Soane, echo, system, II*, 1999
table and mirror



Gilbert & George, Photographed by Nigel Shafran having tea in the Museum, 1999



Cerith Wyn Evans, *Modified threshold*, 1999
Existing bells altered to ring at a slightly higher pitch

Anish Kapoor, *Vortex*, 1999



Douglas Gordon, *Retrace your steps: Remember Tomorrow*, 1999
Title of the exhibition displayed in two parts



Richard Hamilton, *The Passage of the Bride*, 1998-99



the numbers were still only about 30,000 or 40,000 people a year as opposed to 90,000 that we have today. So you can see the kind of difference. But it was a rather shabby place and people liked it for that and liked the fact that they were finding things and I think then with the changing influences towards a post-modern approach to architecture particularly Robert Venturi's book, *Contradictions and Complexities in Architecture*, that sought complex situations in architects and particularly Soane and the Museum came back into favour. Dulwich Picture Gallery particularly came into favour, Lutyens, the Edwardian architect. People became concerned about spaces and about intricate planning and things like that and the Museum was a perfect example of all that and so I think that was the trend through the 60s and 70s.

HO With Charles Jencks also?

MR With Charles Jencks, Issaki indeed, with Charles Moore, you know who designed the Piazza d'Italia, whose own house is rather similar in many ways in being a collection, Michael Graves who based his own house very much on parts of this one. And Jencks picks up on all kinds of things which were very important to Soane, things like symbolism, the placing of objects, and the idea of objects which could reflect victory over death for example is one idea that is expressed in several ways in the Museum. It isn't just the object in itself but how the object relates to other objects symbolically that was very much picked up by people. And then quite separately other artists were coming like David Hockney for example, studied Hogarth working on his stage sets for The Raké's Progress. And people were coming in that the Museum didn't know about. It was all quite secret, people would come in and be stimulated by the Museum and nobody here knew who was coming so that that, in a way, must have been a very exciting period. You also then get the development of the Museum - the new museums - museums being designed as works of art.

HO Perhaps that's rather 90s?

MR It actually goes back quite far. In Germany for example there are a lot of new museums being built.

HO Interesting that ... who launched a new museum in Munchen Gladbach ... opened a bridge for many of the artists who eventually also, museums of the 80s and 90s. ? I recently spoke with him, has a very great admiration for Soane actually agreed to write a text. And what is interesting, I think, is that somehow probably things will have changed. I'm not sure what the change is, if one looks at the post-modern discussions which are very much about objects and often relations of objects and the way how Roman or different kinds of histories here are, multiple histories are visited and one can navigate this incredible density or mixture of large and small things, of ancient things in Europe which Soane drew together which was actually different from any interest which is drawn out of the Soane Museum which has a lot to do with the Museum also the medium, the Soane being a very interesting model for this current museum discussion. I mean I think it's very interesting for example, Ren Koolhaas did a project for Rome for

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TAPE OF CONVERSATION BETWEEN HANS O BRIST, MARGARET RICHARDSON AND CERTH WYN EVANS ON 16 MARCH 1999

HO I wanted to start. This is basically because the origin of the project was that 2 or 3 years ago when I came a couple of times to London, Certh mentioned that ... there is a place you must know ... Maybe we could talk about this ... about artists, architects being fascinated or much more than fascinated, even obsessed with this place. Maybe you have your own thoughts about this. Maybe Margaret could ... obviously the artists over a very long time ...

CE It's much the same story really. I can remember being a student at St Martins School of Art studied at the sculpture department there and being brought to the Soane Museum by an artist, my tutor at the time, John ? who similarly had that kind of - there's this marvellous secret place which if you don't know it's a good place to fall in love with - a way of sort of saying to a friend there's this extraordinary thing that if you don't know about it then it's a bit like sort of giving someone a sort of wonderful present really, bringing them here. Really knowing that another person would find this place really interesting - I don't know, its wealth and complexity of different - it's an extraordinary thing, I don't know, I never really get over the amount of stuff and somehow there's a. At first I knew very little about Soane, I knew very little about his times, the history - he was an architect, I knew that, various buildings. The initial thing I can remember finding out a little about - such a shame so many buildings had been knocked down and somehow this becoming the heart of it all, the repository of all things that he collected, some kind of extraordinary madness, all the fragments that arrived here from all over the world from all these different collections and all his obsessions, his fascinations with different people, the various sales that he went to and in a sense the kind of extraordinary kind of generosity that this being there for other people, the fact that this was a, in his day wasn't his private house, that this isn't my collection and I'm going to kind of keep this for myself, there were students and architects that he taught. It was always in some way a laboratory of some kind. [Thinks the tape may have stopped recording.]

HO There's a big question also of the history of the place. Last we spoke with ? who wrote this wonderful book, *Design is Invisible*, he's very much of a kind of a very big invisible influence on the kinds of exhibition which I have been organising since the early 90s, a couple of exhibitions in very changed or loaded place, places like the ?, a monastery library, this very strange kind of ? museum in the city of Zurich which ... things like that which somehow ... about the exhibition is almost invisible in such a setting, the ? kind of thing that ? of different realities and it's not taking anything away from the

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the Rome competition which is the work which will be here for the exhibit which is a ?. It didn't win the competition but it was a finalist in Rome. He actually developed a typology of museums for Rome so there would be the ? as one possible typology or the Guggenheim as one possible typology. So the Soane

CE Or Dulwich which is the first.

HO Yes, but he took the Soane as a typology. He actually called it the typology of the ? and the idea that within a very big museum there could be sort of almost zones or zones which are that I think is very interesting that even in the Soane today is a very very public situation, an artist comes here to be quiet alone within the collection and celebrate his birthday which is a very private activity.

MR But also I think the idea of random spaces, asymetically arranged, that have come about really incrementally without necessarily a purpose, in terms of planning I mean, is I think to some people now extremely attractive. Because you see, what has happened is that in museums you go to lectures now if you are an architectural student and you learn how to approach museum design. I went to one several weeks ago from a well-known exponent of this subject and you are taught several things, that is for example, there must be a natural and well-defined route around a museum. Well, that in itself, when you think about it is something that manipulates the public. Museum designers are thinking about circulation, they are thinking about many, many practical things but they are not thinking in the way that Soane did which was that the prime object was to inspire people, and in a sense to create surprise, to create views, to create all the kinds of picturesque things that were part of his period - and the Museum I think - that's why when people come here they, there isn't a route. People often say when they come through the Front Door, "Which way should I go?" and you have to say, "Well you can go there or you can go there, it's a choice. Or you can go upstairs if you want to". That's very liberating in many ways that this stands as an example of something that hasn't been predetermined either by museum planning or by any of the other things going on in museums at the moment where students again go to courses where they study Museum Studies and the courses tell them what they should do.

HO That's actually really interesting in terms of what you told me last time we met in terms of the labels and you said that it's a real struggle to keep the labels away and you said that museums more and more through sound guide, through labeling, through also the ? in museums become actually runaway situations like airports. In this sense the Soane becomes a very important zone of resistance. I wonder if you could tell us a little bit about this label discussion that affects ... and then that would afterwards link to Certh in terms of the labelling or not labelling our show.

MR Quite, well Soane never had labels of any kind. He didn't even have inscriptions on the bottoms of frames. The frame inscriptions that you see in the Museum now were actually added by his first Curator, George Bailey. There was a tendency I think in the Victorian period to try and label something. What Soane had was an

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Museum because the Museum functions very well as it is and it's rather happening in between spaces - I've also written down the creation of ... he wants his art to look like something else not artistic yet beautiful, simple. I don't want it to be the opposition because something which is the opposition also supports - I mean this idea that art can basically look like something else not artistic is obviously very more possible in such a setting than it is possibly in a ?cube or in a gallery where everything is this sort of artistic statement. The other thing is, I mean then P says that when he prepares this kind of work that he tries to emphasise the place to show it specifically are - and he thinks, sees this is as a kind of collage, I mean the collage could be another aspect of this show in which his activity is set in an atmosphere from whose approximation the effectively charged objects set free ?from emotion. I mean somehow the ... when he came here in the 60s, when he came here at the very beginning of the 60s ... somehow it was completely desolate, completely empty, it was like visiting a private house - at the same time, now it is a much more paradoxical situation of still being secret and at the same time being very, very public, sometimes there are even queues at the same time it's still clandestine it's actually a very interesting paradox. Then what I've also observed is that now actually artists are often - it actually wouldn't necessarily be his idea to go there and once discover a hidden place but it would be like a re-tour of artists who go back here on special occasions. Recently when I was here with ? who came here because it was his birthday, so what does he do on his birthday, he comes to the Soane. So I wondered if Margaret, you could tell us a little bit about your experience of artists.

MR One thing that's fascinating for those of us who work here is, in fact, to trace the way the Museum has been interpreted since it was founded. And, I think one finds that in the Victorian period I think it gradually came to be known as a kind of old curiosity shop. It was a very dark and gloomy place at that time and there was a mixture of criticism of the Museum particularly in the 1870s because it was too dark. People wanted to come to see the things and they genuinely couldn't see them, particularly in the Crypt. There was a strong leaning at that time to antiquarianism, in other words people would come here really to see the Egyptian sarcophagus and to see the antique cinerary urns and things like that - the archaeologists were coming over from Germany particularly and they couldn't see these things. The Curator in the 1880s, James Wilde, he had to put in a tremendous number of new windows down in the Crypt and try and lighten it in some way, which of course to us is a shocking thing because now we want to return to the dark - in fact there's a strong movement to return to the dark. But then in the 20th century - one must remember of course that the Museum at this period, through the 19th and early 20th century was only actually open 3 days a week, 6 months in the year because it was still run according to Soane's original endowment which was that that was the stipulation in the Act which he set up. There was no more money anyway to employ anybody else to be here at other times, but after the second world war, the Museum lost - it was quite damaged - it lost all its glass, its coloured glass, it was in a shocking state, it was a very, very shabby place and Sir John Summerson, the Curator at the time in 1945 he managed to get a government grant which would enable it to be open 5 days a week all through the year and that made a very big difference to the Museum and I think then people started to come in greater numbers even though, as you say, it was still a very kind of private place,

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that you could gain access to this house by ticket, you had to get a ticket, from about 1815 onwards. So it was semi-public and that had an effect on Soane's collecting, certainly with the collection of architectural drawings. You can see an acceleration of accessions towards the later years as he was gathering up all the drawings he could from - by Wren, by Dance by Adam, all the great people in English architecture - some of them modern collections [loud noise on the tape] so that he had this wonderful paper collection which is in a sense invisible, no-one actually sees it much of the time. And then again on the book side, that was rapidly growing. And then with the works of art, he was constantly, right towards the end looking for supreme examples that would somehow illustrate the passing of ages like the sarcophagus which is really his finest work, that came in '25

CE When were the Hogartis bought? Because they were bought for a huge amount of money.

MR They were. They came in two lots, one in 1801 and another quite later in 1823. So again he was building up collections within collections as I think Hans has said but he was building up collections of - for example, English painting became obviously something of an obsession.

HO ...even the discussion we had with architect MacCormac showed me this whole story of the tombstone, this fantastic story of the tombstone where basically you see the tombstone of Sir John Soane within another box, within another box, - to this idea of obviously Russian 'matruska. This leads us on to our exhibition where you have things within things, within things and basically this idea where there will be things will be things which are time based, Gilbert and George will do a living sculpture this afternoon which ultimately will be seen as a postcard. And maybe this leads us to Cerith and something I wanted to ask you in terms of your ideas of how we will make ' of this exhibition because it being a zone of resistance and contemporary art exhibitions anyway of also being a zone of resistance against this museum which is happening at the moment. I think it's a very interesting challenge in terms of how to invent a way of - I mean this idea of basically the freedom of the person having a walk that Margaret described so nicely. I mean this idea that there is not a ' path that everybody chooses his or her own path - this idea of freedom in navigating and linking the different fragments that connected the basically multiple elements. What is interesting is that actually science or general memory or how our brain works is actually reached at a certain point. If one reads ' recent idea about dynamic notions of complex dynamic systems or dynamic contextual memories where basically memory is contextual where human memory is always relative which in this Museum is very visible. I think - the relativity of things, the relativity of also the mind basically that the memory is temporal and spatial relationships which I think is also the idea that the Museum almost I mean it functions - in this sense it's also a kind of pre', a kind of thing that it functions almost like a brain or it functions almost like its, it can be a neurological reading of Soane's reactions. The bits it then asks you to pick up - who always hated museums and said museums are cemeteries but who also said the head is round in order to be free to change direction.

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Inventory listing all the works of art very simply. That was available on the Dining Room table and there was of course his own *Description* which is a sort of guidebook and people could read that if they wanted to; it wasn't for sale or anything but they could read it. Otherwise, the Museum was entirely for interpretation, self-interpretation rather. You were meant to go round and you were meant to be inspired by the juxtapositions. Now, today the position is becoming awkward. Although I think that the people who for example find the Museum, we are funded by government by the DCMS, they are very concerned that everything should be accessible (that's their word) to the general public and the public that they are most concerned about are the socially excluded. So, we are in a very awkward position in a way. What am I to do about that? It has been suggested that the easiest approach is to provide sound guides because there you don't interrupt anything in the Museum itself, you allow somebody to have an expert commentator telling you about what you are seeing. I have been finding out a little bit about the sound guides and I think they are quite worrying because in actual fact you don't get an expert commentator. What you get is that the company who provides the sound guide, provides somebody, somebody with the right kind of voice, and that is a nice, accessible voice - friendly voice - even perhaps a media person - who will take the text that the Museum provides and somehow make it easier to understand to take people round the Museum. So I am opposed to it in the sense that I think there is some dumbing down going on there but I am also opposed because what it does is limits people's imagination, they just listen to what they have been told, they don't think any thoughts of their own, they don't do what Soane wanted them to do and so I'm kind of trying to resist that and I would much prefer to provide, as we do provide, all kinds of different levels of guide books - we have a leaflet, we have postcards, we have a very good detailed guide book and I would much prefer that, that people should have that and go round. Unfortunately, not everybody buys a guide book.

HO That ' can be also relevant to the function of the guide book as well very interesting the idea of ...

MR Because I genuinely feel that people are perfectly capable of having their own creative thoughts and funny enough when you go to an exhibition, of shall we say modern art like the Invisible Museum in Edinburgh, there's absolutely nothing there to help you to understand those works of art. You are given a list which just gives you a title and an artist's name and nothing more and you go round and it's, I think, a very stimulating experience, sort of trying to think what one feels about the various pieces and I'm sure everybody does it completely differently but while that's acceptable in modern art when it comes to an historic building, and we're in that category, it doesn't seem to be acceptable, which is very fascinating. What's going on in society I don't know, but I think it's a problem so my aim is to try and keep the Museum as it was in Soane's day - that's what he wanted, he wanted it to be kept exactly as it had been.

CE But you said something about in 1833 that the Act was passed?

MR Yes

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CE I think, what Margaret you were saying earlier about this remit - the problem that you find yourself with of labels or in some way kind of overdetermine the collection of objects by saying well what is that exactly. I mean, certainly a book can do that and it seems to me that the great pleasure that I've got over the years of visiting this place has come from not feeling that there's this tremendous pressure for me to absolutely have to understand what every single thing is. There are extraordinary relationships that are set up between objects and if you look at the objects very closely you think, 'Well hang on a minute that's surely ... (change to other side of tape) it does look like it might be 3,000 years old and there's an extraordinary relationship - to that extent I was always very stimulated and inspired by the relationships, the interstices in the Museum, the conversations that are happening all the time between various narratives, various objects and these extraordinary vistas that you come upon by accident as it were and then you catch a reflection of yourself, it's an incredibly complex, stimulating place and no one visit is ever the same as the next visit. I mean there are certain moments in which things happen of course - it's totally spectacular in the Picture Gallery when the walls open up and for the first time - you're never, ever going to forget that - you're in the middle of this extraordinary room that becomes a book and there are all kinds of scales that the Museum works out also. To that extent my initial enthusiasm, my kind of evangelical role in introducing Hans Ulrich to the Museum was just knowing that he would understand, that he would find this hugely stimulating. To that extent there's really no - to look too closely to the kind of motives, why it would be kind of nice to mess about with this place, it doesn't need any messing about with frankly, but, I feel that the smallest possible gestures may be the most effective in the context of just bringing another angle in on

MR I think that the other angle is - I think too that one of the things about the Museum that many people have commented on in the past too is the fact that it is actually a house, a private house and it has the scale of a private house. In a way that predisposes most visitors to liking it better than a more institutional building for example like the British Museum or the National Gallery. The other thing about it is that it is a random collection and some of the things aren't particularly good - they are not all of them key works of art, no-one's under any - and I think people accept that pretty rapidly. You know, there's an old chair in the Hall, the Dining Room chairs are a bit scuffed and there are marks on things and some of the things aren't great masterpieces so it's that sort of mixture that people like as well - that I like - I mean I always like that and you spoke about the ways of hanging things, little bits of wire - I love that, always loved that - we are trying to keep that going, that something can actually hang on a hook without feeling that you've got to have it screwed to the wall in six places with an alarm system behind it. It's all - it's those sort of contrasts that excite people. Some of the comments in our 'Visitors' Books are quite interesting. One or two that I read about a year ago just said, 'How wonderful to be free', which I thought was a tremendous thing.

HO But that's a lot I mean this Museum was in a private house that actually museums usually aren't free - that 'Paolozzi called the museum being very much a prison, museum architecture being very much linked to prison architecture, and somehow his idea

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CE How was that? I mean I can understand that he was a very notable, very famous person at the time. The collection was known at the time but how it came about that the Act was passed. I mean I know very little about it but this seems to me to be quite unique that an Act of Parliament was passed in order to keep this place as it was. Maybe something about a longer and more complex question about the - how it somehow survived as an energetic and creative place and not become mummified and stultified by an Act that says 'you can't move that, you can't touch that' somehow the fact that it's been preserved has borne fruit as opposed to

MR Well, how the Act came about originally was that Soane was desperately anxious to preserve the Museum and he had the threat of his eldest son, George, I mean they were poles apart on everything they did. George had very much betrayed his father earlier in 1815 by writing an anonymous article criticising Soane's work - Mrs Soane had died as a result of that - it was called moral blows, she hadn't been well and that was the end for her. Then the eldest son, John, died a bit later in 1823 which meant that George, really the impossible character that he was would inherit all of this so there were personal reasons why Soane wanted - and also, parallel with that, Soane had become Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy, that was in 1806. He gave lectures there regularly for the benefit of architectural students. This place, which was open to students as early as 1812, came to be seen increasingly as an academy for architecture. It had a first rate library, which the RA didn't have at the time, it had a collection of 30,000 architectural drawings, some of them from comparatively modern masters like Robert Adam which could be used as exemplars for anyone studying as an architect, and it had things that no-one else had, say the RIBA hadn't been set up, so the Act was a mixture of things. One, it was the preserving of the personal collection, but it was very much looking to posterity, this was for the benefit of the public, for the benefit of students. It had a strong didactic thread really and he managed to negotiate this Act and Parliament accepted it because in a sense the Museum was a gift to the nation you see, even though it was to be administered by Trustees. The Act went through and this very, very careful description of what should happen - it was to be free and to be open on a certain number of days in the week, the Curators were all to be architects, it was to be kept exactly as it was. You know it had a didactic thread and so on and so on. That happened in 1833 and it came into force as soon as he died.

HO The house was built as a private house and at the same time as you describe soon after and it was somehow never used as a private house but much more as a museum, it is interesting to talk about this very graphic and

CE You have the growth, there's also the kind of organic growth of the different spaces.

MR Well, I think what happened as soon as it was seen as a public building, a semi-public building and it was a semi-public building from 1812 onwards. In fact we have various guide books here from the second decade of the 19th century which shows

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HO But that's what ? means which is dynamic non-stop memory - the highly dynamic - even such contemporary ... another thing which also came to my mind yesterday which is this idea of the conversation piece. I found in the literature how Issaki calls the Soane Museum, a kind of conversation piece a family property without the family and I mean which can also be ? who called it the conversation piece. This also leads us basically - we talked a lot about the relations of objects ... but also that what we are doing is to show ... a relation, a conversation piece in terms of people. I mean if you think Gilbert and George will have tea here this afternoon, on the other hand Richard Hamilton will spend some time here on a day when the Museum is closed and take some snapshots and Certh will create an object which is totally in relation in terms of much more a relation of the objects

CE But the thing that I am proposing is very little actually to do with Soane but more to do with the life of the Museum as it is day to day and in a sense there's a sort of wilful lightness of touch there that absolutely aims to keep Soane totally happy and those things in place because my aim was to in some sense - all I'm doing to a certain extent is, I hope, on a certain level perceived as absurdly frivolous and, on another level, actually genuinely quite serious in relation to how spaces are used, what the whole volume of the Museum is, where you can where you can't go the extraordinary generosity of it and the invisibility of - in a sense to appreciate the work is to just even look at the postcard or think about it - a sort of little ?hike of a piece which sort of slides in sideways into the extraordinary conversation which is going on.

MR Well those are the things which I think one appreciates most in the Museum ... and one can only speak for oneself but I'm sure that other people do to some extent. It isn't the main works of art that one likes but the smaller things - I can't really think of an example but you know the little things.

HO ... something I had never known. I have spoken to the guards who told me there are 187 murals ... complexity ... always find the Museum within the Museum. Again different issues, there is one issue of the conversation piece ... many artists in the 90s were much more interested in objects, they were interested in objects which trigger relations. If I think of all the objects I think of relation and in fact I think it is true for me, other artists are thinking it might be an interest which has more to do with a relation of an object ... but I think what is also interesting is that there are some other topics which are relevant, I think the idea of the obsession, I mean if one thinks of ? obsession with houses and when things are in kind of a ? way - also this question, what is today the gospel which ... I mean this idea - could you as an artist imagine this idea of a ? could an architect today imagine this idea of such a cumulative thing or is it a very old idea to bring everything in one place.

MR I think that architects like Charlie Jencks, if one looks at his house interiors that he has many of those Soane ideas in the sense of - he's redone a couple of his rooms twice over, he has works of art in them which he continues to collect and move around. Lots of works of art have got symbolic values, you know and so on. So that I think it is

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is actually that freedom is to do with the fact that people seem to be free here to discover which they seem not to be in other museums. I think it has also to do how also all the other museums or most of the other museums

MR I think so. There's a new museum opened in Scotland recently, the Musuem of Scotland, which I think is a wonderful design because it's all random nooks and corners. It's in Edinburgh, the Museum of Scotland, built by Benson Forsyth, the architects, and it's to house the national scottish collection. So, it's vaguely like a castle in some ways, but that is very pleasant too and when you go round you feel you can discover things.

HO But also this idea that there isn't a hierarchy ... on the one hand I think it's interesting in terms of a contemporary show here I mean talking more and more about the complexity and this century has been the century of ever-growing complexity, I mean more and more science used to understand complexity - this idea that it's no longer about mastering a certain kind of master plan but it's much more that this is an incredibly complex setting and it will be very interesting to see how different artists are challenged by this idea of making an intervention within complexity which in this sense is the opposite of the ? and the second thing which came to my mind which Certh in our recent discussion pointed out - a book, *The Culture of the Copy*, with this wonderful chapter, Once more with Feeling, towards the faith ... the replication as a means to arrive at the truth. And I mean this idea that somehow ? decided it's the repetition or it's the insistence and she obviously would go for insistence. There is a problem with repetition and difference. I mean what is also very interesting is this idea is that it's not a hierarchy between the original Greek or Roman culture and the very ?

CE That accounts for the copy of - to that extent I think it's really interesting because you have an extraordinary - this sort of smashing up of so many things that's happened here. I always have this kind of fantasy that Soane was some kind of magnet somehow, things collected together in this zone that became his house, that's slightly amorphous and slightly moves about a bit and shifts. Always there's this re organising of different things. What's the conversation that the cup's having with the glass? This sense of somehow feeling that this room must be somehow right now because it's full and then all the marvellous kinds of gaps between things. When you look - one of the things that excited me when I first came here were the - what happens between the wall and the floor really is very, very exciting especially in the Hall where you have these kind of glass partitions, you have - somehow it's an extraordinary place because wherever you look there's another aspect that kind of opens up and all of this will have been considered by him. To that extent I think it's important to - you don't even have to kind of study it, it's apparent when you come here if you are excited and stimulated by these things it really, really works

MR We recently gave a series of talks for the public, just simple lunch-hour talks, how some of the principal rooms have evolved because again one wants to break down the idea that each room is the perfect masterpiece. Soane in his period, shall we say from

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possible. One thing we can do here, one's thinking in government terms about how to help the general public, you know, the public who might not come to museums that's what they are very interested in at the moment, is show them these comparatively small spaces in the Museum, and some of them are very small spaces indeed, just like the spaces they might have in their own homes and make suggestions that they could do something with those spaces, they could do something with the downstairs cloakroom or something like that, you know, in quite a creative way if they just felt like it. And I think the awful thing about - people's lives have become awfully sterile because of the way that they expect their houses to be which they see in magazines and so forth but places like this might help them to be a little more creative and I think that's one of the reasons people like coming to places like the Soane actually, there again there's the scale thing isn't there?

HO ... scale it down in terms of what is very interesting you see architectural magazines such as ? ... it's a really live context, I mean it's a house which has the size of a house, that's an inhabited space but at the same time the architectural magazine - that's also something which for artists, for many artists is interesting the whole ? scaling down which

MR And also to try and evaluate the collections properly. I mean, for example, the circular mirrors which are downstairs actually came from an optician's shop in Soane's day - Dolland and Aitchison which started in the early 19th century - they weren't specially made works of art, they weren't specially made art mirrors. And for example that model over there which is of a power driving machine, that is what is called a patent model. It isn't a model created for architecture or as a work of art it's something that was created as a patent, someone was trying to get that particular construction system patented and Soane acquired it, we don't know how, so that not everything here are art works in themselves and I think there's quite a lot of work to be done on the Museum in the future interpreting how - a lot of very intellectual things have been said about the Museum but there is another approach to it which is in fact how very popular it was in Soane's day. There was a tremendous fashion, for example, for dioramas and panoramas and things like that both in Paris and here, that is where people would go and see changing stage scenery effects with changed lighting. There would be a lamp and then different coloured gauzes would be put in front of the lamp so that one had these different lights and that was the equivalent of the cinema then, very very popular. There were popular exhibitions, for example, Napoleon's horse was brought here and put on show in the Egyptian Hall and Soane downstairs, thought he had Napoleon's pistol - he didn't have but he thought he had, he made it a centre piece of his Breakfast Parlour - so those were all kind of frightfully popular things that we would be rather shocked about if we had the equivalent here today, and I think there's quite a lot of work to be done on that here actually.

HO But also ... different roles which make things very contemporary, very interesting was the fact that he was a typographer, he was an architect, he was an? he was a museum founder, he was a cook. I mean that kind of thing ... is also true for ?

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about 1813 when he moved into No 13, this house, and when he died - the Library/Dining Room, the main room on the Ground Floor, that's fascinating because it went through so many periods of change. He moved furniture around, he moved pictures around, added mirrors, he painted the ceiling, he changed the windows, added curtains, he took them away again, he put blinds and if one were to do a kind of flip book where you could see these changes it's absolutely amazing. He was never settled, never satisfied.

HO So it's really about basically fluctuation, fluidity which makes it so contemporary.

MR Yes, and now of course, again, this is a problem again - and it is a bit of a problem that, I think curators now, when I say 'now' I mean in this era of conservation because we are now in a kind of conservation - we are certainly not going to make personal interventions in the Museum, the Curators I mean. For example in the 1900s the fashion at the time was very much dark green paintwork. This was considered very very acceptable and the whole of the staircase with the wonderful marbling that was all painted green in 1900, it was changed back to its marbling in the 1920s. That's an example of how a curator can make a personal intervention through taste, for example in 1947 John Summerson was bringing many of the objects back into the Museum after the war when they were moved out. He had made a personal decision not to put so many things up on the walls because that was the period, in the 1950s when everybody painted everything grey and pale blue, that you didn't put too much on the walls - well, he had a bit of a problem in this Museum - but he did take down quite a bit which we are now putting back. So, I think the kind of exhibition that you are both organising is a marvellous opportunity to add something for an interval, a short period of time, which will be stimulating in the sense that it will evoke contrasts. I am sure it will make people look at the works of art around the object.

CE Hopefully heightening something about the space in itself. What you are saying is very interesting because do you ever feel that - what's important here ... similar to notions of translation if it's not possible to get the absolute right word then it's important to be in the spirit of the person who wrote that original text. So for instance it may be that in a period whereby our hands-off approach will be in 50 or 100 years time when the Curator will be sitting here behind your desk will think, 'Well, of course, Mrs Richardson at the time of the millennium, at that time of course it was permissible that there was this particular approach to it', even the approach might seem like non-intrusive kind of approach. To a certain extent - what I'm interested in is the fantasy that this law was passed for whatever reasons and the reasons that you spoke about in 1833 and what happens because the space in a sense, how marvellous a space - the space isn't a museum, the space continues in some way to be alive even though the objects - and we can count them, there are x thousands amount and they don't change very much, one might leave, one might come back, little small change might come about - the carpets have to be re-dyed because they've worn out or there's this sense

MR There is a constant change even after Soane, you're quite right

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MR I think we are very very lucky here in the sense that we do have a wonderful surviving documentation to back up many of the things one says and I don't think there's any place actually in Britain that has such a large archive that would back up not just the purpose of every architectural drawing. In Soane's drawings we tend to know exactly why these drawings were made - that's wonderful to have that. I think that's really one of the most important things about it in lots of kinds of ways, it's another kind of level.

CE The foundation of the place that's also another kind of level because the reason why to a certain extent all of that information is fundamental to the way the whole serendipitous thing all came together. You have Soane's reason, you have it all on paper, you have it all numbered.

MR Yes, that's right. And then you have to kind of work on the different interpretations which have only really just started, I think. You have the Summerston interpretation in the 50s which is one of pure form and abstraction really, the forms themselves and now one's getting views coming through all the time, people are writing something different about the house. One very interesting article recently wrote just about the facade, you know it slightly projects in front of the house and the study was about why should it project, why should he want it to project. The answer, of course, is partly for picturesque reasons, he didn't want the anonymous terrace line, he wanted to break it

CE This is the loggia

MR The loggia, yes, he wanted to break that and make something a little unexpected and then he wanted to have the idea of the character of the house, that is the Museum perhaps, or a house of an antiquarian architect expressed with the caryatids on the front, that expressed the character and then the Westminster corbels stuck onto the front also demonstrated something. Every little bit of it can be interpreted.

CE There's this customising, a bit like when teenagers have a pair of jeans and they sew on another patch or

MR Yes, exactly

CE And the way in which there's another thing that's added on and added on and it's changed all the time, it's refreshed all the time, it's very strong here and I think when people come, when artists see this place, this sense that this stuff is in the air, it may have stopped on a kind of big level but there's somehow these amazing relationships that are being?

MR What's interesting is that I think the public react extremely generously and well to exhibitions of contemporary art. It's really quite surprising when you think about it, when you think how complex it is, the public feels quite braced up to it. Whereas you know something in the past they are frightened of, they think 'no, I would never

understand that', you know it frightens them, so that if you can bring something of the present into the Museum I think that's really rather important in that way

CE Well, it potentially breaks that cycle of embarrassment surrounding the fact that you know, 'oh blimey what century's this from? Am I going to make a fool of myself if I say isn't that wonderful?' Whereas in fact it ...

HO ... where you have hundreds of thousands of objects in one embroidery so a Buddhist will find Buddha, a Christian will find Jesus Christ, a Romanesque specialist will find a Romanesque church, so in this sense you find this idea that the Soane's Museum has something of that you know ... boxes within boxes, museums within museums being an incredible part of both the permanent past ... you know at the post-modern time it was read in a post-modern way, now you have the museum-boom it's highly relevant for the museum discussion. Then there are the eternal themes like light, you know, the direct light, indirect light, the reflective light the refraction, the dispersed light, all the different kinds of light which basically are? Anish Kapoor wants to work on this sort of relation of light, 'translative light by actually making it ... this idea that light has fascinated artists of any kind so there are these permanent things that it changes but it can always be irreducible.

MR But funny enough the idea of looking at the Museum in terms of light is something that only really started in the last 10 years here, that's what's so interesting.

CE Considering the amount of illiteration and play and mirrors, the extraordinary kind of, well, sophisticated, but fun Soane must have had with placing. I mean you look at the Library, the main room downstairs and it always struck me that it's so extraordinary that these ... that can't walk into the main space, that there are these mirrors set up at the level of the high cornice at the top where it's hard to tell whether there's an actual space growing through there or whether it's an illusion of a space which he then? on and then plays with? these various urns and symmetrical forms in there to sort of trick the eye and stimulate a certain kind of intellectual doubt and play in the mind as to whether something is a real space or a virtual space or reflected space so that these kinds of plays are a kind of illiteration of spaces. It adds to, again, this kind of fluidity, in a sense a very specific kind of liquid hierarchical structure - it flows, it doesn't necessarily mean that we know where we are on the ladder.

HO The liquidity of ... who is a catalogue of typology of this typology but the? are liquid or fluid

[Pause and some discussion about the tape]

HO The brochure being you know a brochure designed by Cerith Wynn Evans part of the display of the Museum. It would be very nice if this conversation which would be printed would have kind of an innuence [or innuence] and might end with some kind of discussion about you know, but if we can add also later if it's too early for you now to

KUNSTHALL STAVANGER

O P E N I N G

NOVEMBER 10, 2013



Tinging
LINA VISTE GRØNLI
Nov. 10 — Dec. 15, 2013

Thinging III, 2013. Copper and stickers. 25 x 35 x 19 cm

SECTION 5
FELDMANN PICTURES

THERE'S A RIOT GOIN' ON

"There's a Riot Goin' On" is a missing piece from Sly and the Family Stone's 1971 eponymous album. Simply mentioned on the album cover, it suggests, by its silence, a riot without a manifesto, seemingly appearing only through interstices.

The project "There's a Riot Goin' On" that I am proposing to you today consists in a dispersed "cover version" of this missing track. If you feel like participating, you would have to insert the title "There's a Riot Goin' On" in the track list of one (or several) of your forthcoming albums, or in the table of contents of one (or several) of your forthcoming books, magazines, etc. A plain textual addition, a simple anonymous insert alluding to the discreet slogan. The reference would only concern the album cover and/or booklet, or the table of contents, without any other form of explanation, nor credit mentioning the project.

You are free to send me a copy of your release/publication, mentioning this track, so as to archive its manifestations, but this is not necessary for the project to exist.

Matthieu Saladin, 25 rue des Panoyaux, 75020 Paris, France
riotgoinonproject@gmail.com
Production CAC Brétigny, www.cacbreigny.com

Artists share works they've kept hidden away until now. This section is inspired by Hans Peter Feldmann, who once, on the occasion of an exhibition, asked Fischli&Weiss to send him images of works that they had never intended to publicly show

BY ALEJANDRO CESARCO

Alejandro Cesarco (1975) is an Uruguayan artist based in New York. He is interested in cataloguing, classifying, appropriating and reinterpreting texts. Cesarco addresses his recurrent interests through repetition, narrative and the practices of reading and translating. Using different conceptual strategies and a range of media, including prints, books, videos and installations, he explores the various meanings of words and images in relation to context, experience and subjectivity.

Cesarco's practice shares Conceptualism's abiding concern with reading and with the relationships between words and images. In his work, text tends to prevail over image – often replacing or transforming it – as evidenced in his ongoing project of unwritten books that map the development of his interests, readings and preoccupations.

He also conceived and edits *Between Artists*, an ongoing series of conversation-based books.

File Under: Cesarco, lists, in progress, “a work that is not a work of art?”, memory aid, catalog, classify, order, desktop, miniaturize, fragment, methods, Perec.

“In every enumeration there are two contradictory temptations. The first is to list *everything*, the second is to forget something. [...] Thus, between the exhaustive and the incomplete, enumeration seems to me to be, before all thought (and before classification), the very proof of that need to name and bring together without which the world (‘life’) would lack any points of reference for us. [...] There is something at once uplifting and terrifying about the idea that nothing in the world is so unique that it can't be entered on a list.”

Georges Perec, “Think/Classify,” in *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces* (London: Penguin, 1997), p. 198.

**Some Quiet Conversations
Why Don't You Dance?
The Genius of Others
Go Away Closer
Searching For the Right Words
A Serious Talk
One More Thing
Inside Pocket
The Hungry Futurity of Youth
Cruel Optimism
Shoes Off
Another Rainy Season
And Others
Twenty-Four Regrets
Unrehearsed Beauty
Sleep Tight
On Tip-Toes**

**Punctured Pride
Thwarted Expectation
Faithless
Show-off
Hard Hit
Never Again**

**Robert Ashley
Jay Batlle
Tom Burr
Nathan Carter
Mathew Cerletty
Guy de Cointet
Shannon Ebner
Michelle Elzay
Jack Goldstein
Wade Guyton
Matthew Higgs
Matt Keegan
Alex Kwartler
Nick Mauss
Sarah Morris
Michaelangelo
Pistoletto
Lari Pittman
Stephen Prina
Adam Putnam
Eileen Quinlan
John Stezaker
Cheyney Thompson
Garth Weiser
Christopher Williams**

**I'll be home at 8.
I didn't do it.
It was B.
I think so.
Nothing.
I don't know.
I'll see you there.
No, I don't mind.
I'll be going with a friend.
Yes, I read it.
I remember.
I only ate two.
It doesn't hurt.
I'm not blushing, I'm hot.**

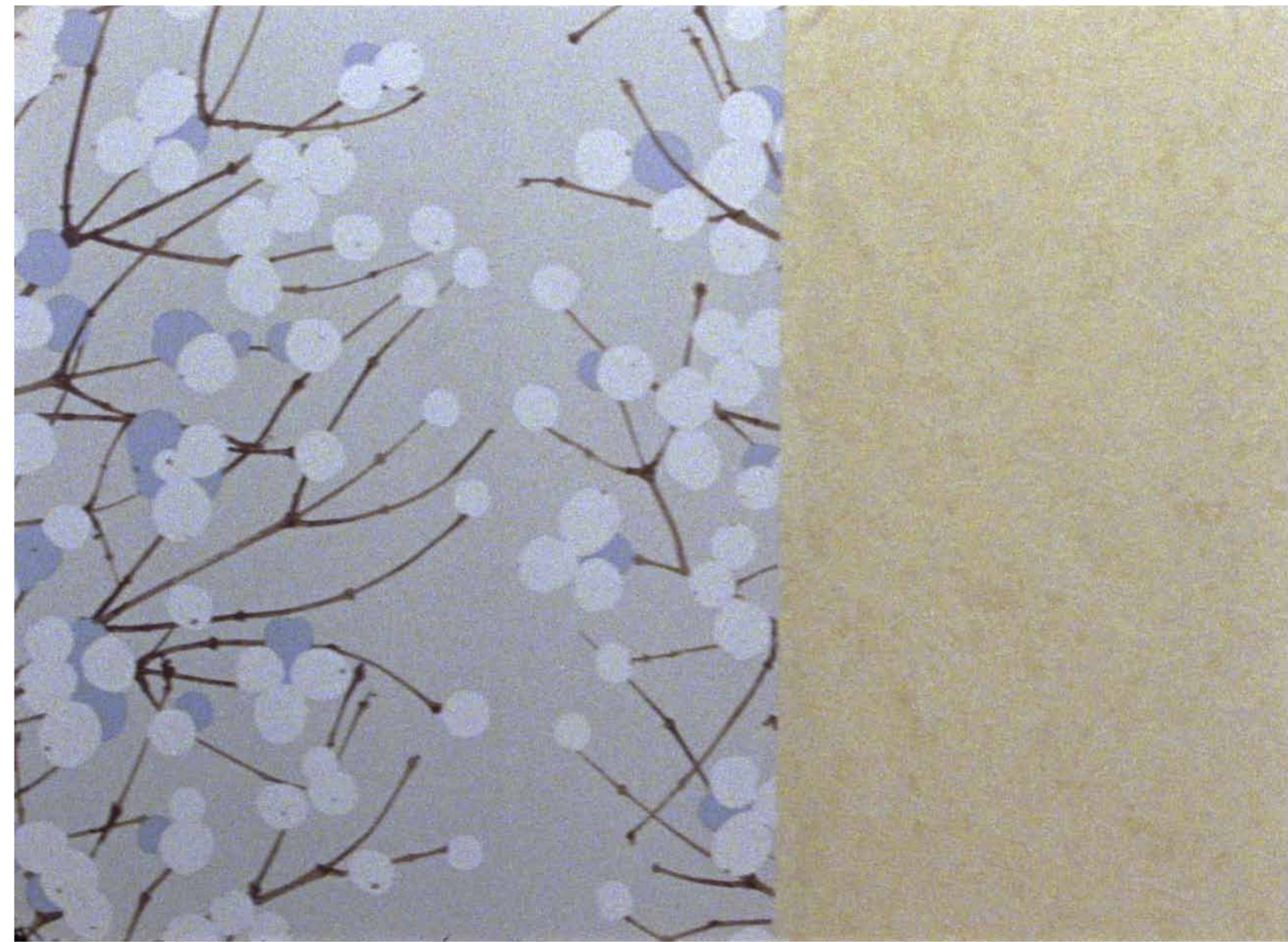
**Heart Burn
Eczema
Flu
Night Sweats
Alcoholism
Infected Nose
Insomnia
Ruined Nerves
Chronic Cough
Aching Teeth
Shortness of Breath
Falling Hair
Cramps In Feet
Tingling Feet
Cirrhosis of the Liver
Stomach Ulcers
Depression and Melancholia**

**The Bar on the Seine
The Engagement
Tropic Moon
The Man Who Watched Trains Go By
The Strangers in the House
The Hotel Majestic
The Widow
Three Bedrooms in Manhattan
Act of Passion
Dirty Snow
Pedigree
The Man on the Boulevard
Red Lights
The Rules of the Game
The Train
The Widower
A Man’s Head
The Bottom of the Bottle**

**Mac Adams
Robert Breer
Elina Brotherus
Omer Fast
Ryan Gander
Mark Geffriaud
Július Koller
Jiri Kovanda
Deimantas Narkevicius
Roman Ondák
Dominique Petitgand
Pratchaya Phinthong
Pia Rönicke
Yann Sérandour**

Family Breaks up. It leaves mark on three children, two of whom ruin themselves keeping a family together and a third who doesn't.

Exhibition Titles
Horses' Names
A group show curated by Matthew Brannon
in 2008
Lies
Troubles
Some Georges-Simenon titles
Gallery Artists (gb agency, Paris)
An idea for a play.



anna franceschini
before they break, before they die

14.12.2013

~~28.02.2014~~

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AVEC LE SOUTIEN
DE LA
VILLE DE GENEVE



Pablo Bronstein
Pair of Houses a la Grecque, 2011
Courtesy Herald St, London
and Galleria Franco Noero, Torino

SECTION 6
EXERCISES IN COHERENCE

A post-surrealistic experiment juxtaposing visual artworks and literary sources that
apparently have nothing to do with each other

WORDS

AMELIA ROSSELLI

BY

PHOTOS

PETER HUJAR

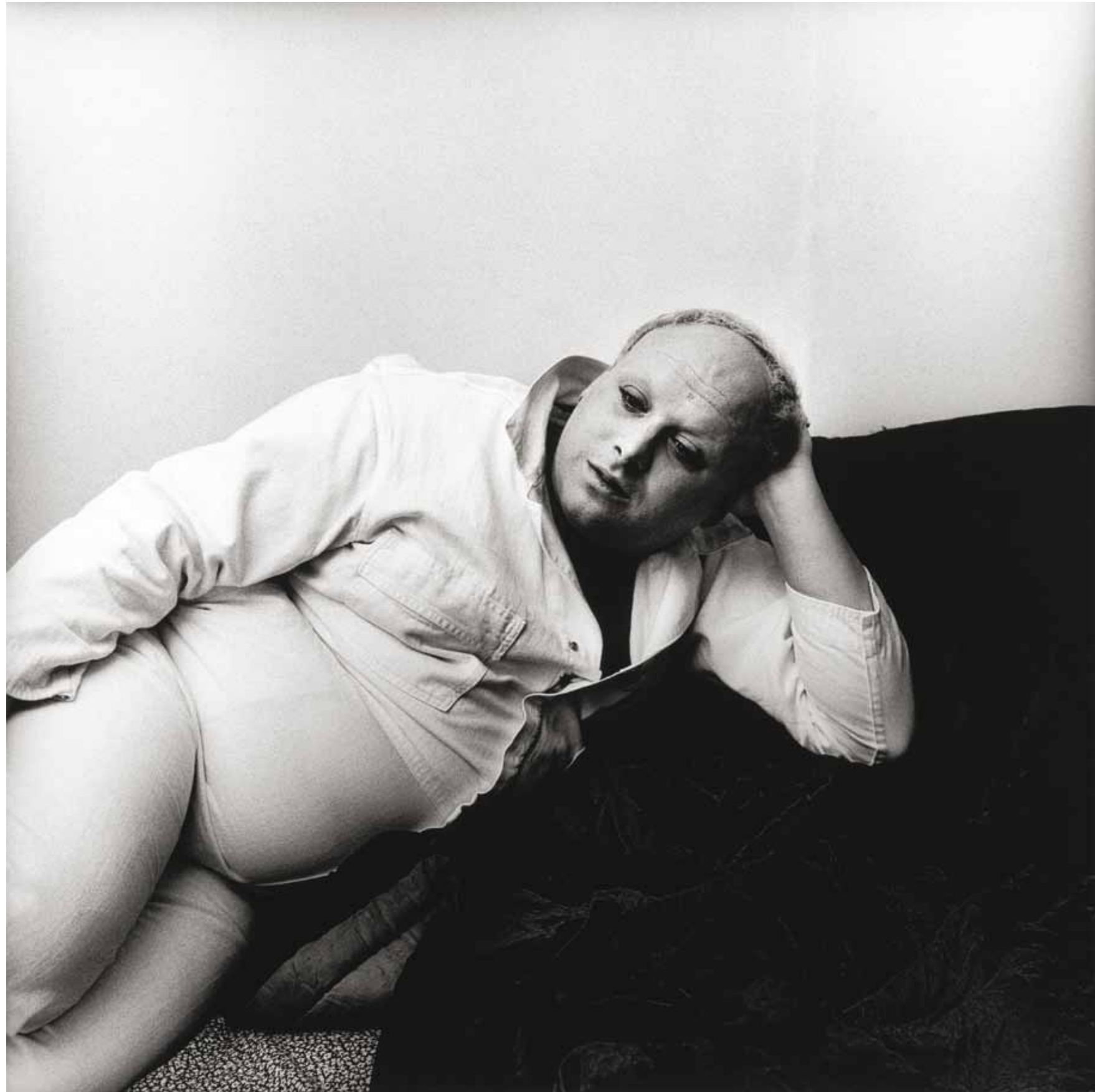
Translations by
Tijana Mamula

Peter Hujar (1934-1987) is an american photographer. He was a leading figure in the group of artists, musicians, writers, and performers at the forefront of the cultural scene in downtown New York in the 1970s and early 80s. He is most associated with his black-and-white portraits but his subjects also include nudes, animals and the streets of night-time Manhattan.

Amelia Rosselli (1930-1996) was a poet and musician, part of the so-called “Thirties generation” alongside some of the most important names in twentieth-century Italian literature. Pier Paolo Pasolini defined her writing as a “poetics of lapsus.” She herself said that “the language in which I write is a single one, while my aural experience follows an associative logic that belongs to all people and is reflected in all languages.” Her poetry collections include *Variazioni belliche* (Garzanti, 1964), *Serie ospedaliera* (Il Saggiatore, 1969), *Documento (1966–1973)* (Garzanti, 1976). Rosselli committed suicide on February 11, 1996, in Rome.

Peter Hujar, *Robert Bending*, 1977; courtesy of the Peter Hujar Archive





[Untitled]
from *Variazioni belliche*

The mystique of the brain. The devil's light raised dust
in the impure eyes of my fecundity. I shook with envy
but the ray of sun also raised love stories tenuous
like the pear tree with its enchanted flowers, like the bread that
nightly ingrains itself in our affairs of love and compassion
and hunger and squaring of the wicked circle that we elevate
above all knowledge.
Incautious I turned to the beyond but was quickly seared by
envious hands. My own hands brought me back to earth
my own nails raised from earth the star of
happiness. The saints and wise men carry the light in their hands, in their
minds the negroes and the schoolteachers and the girls returning
from the agriculture schools.
Doomed to pretend I raised myself from the dust soon enough
and knelt down at the fountain of the prosperous. By then the protestants
no longer prevailed upon my ingenuous youth and in
all candor I forgave the boors, for ancient fasts. Fasting
heart, step away from anger and remain a powerful
lord.

*There's something like pain in the room
from Documento (1966–73)*

There's something like pain in the room, and
it's partly overcome: but the weight
of objects wins, in meaning
weight and deprivation.

There's something like red in the tree, but it's
the orange of the lamp base
bought in places I don't want to remember
because they also carry weight.

As I can know nothing of your hunger
precise in their will
are the stylized fountains
well placeable is the overturning of a destiny
of men divided by oblique noise.

Peter Hujar. *Self-Portrait, Cindy Sherman Suite*, 1982; courtesy of the Peter Hujar Archive





[Untitled]
from *Variazioni belliche*

In the grip of a brutal shock, wretched
and close to your heart I sent smells of incense into
the circles under your eyes. The Ardeatine caves combined beliefs
and dreams – I had left, you had come back – death
was a crescendo of violences that didn't vent
in your head of delusion. The black waters of
my disillusion were burnished by your happiness and by
my having you in hand, close and far away like the surge
of the summer stars. The night wind went
and dreamt great things: I rhymed within my powers
and took part in the void. The backbone of
your sins fuelled the crowd: the train stopped
and it was in its talk that the truth paused.
In the encounter with the fairytale the bandits dwelled.



Peter Hujar, *Paul Thek on Zebra*, 1965; courtesy of the Peter Hujar Archive

*The flowers come as gifts
from Documento (1966–73)*

The flowers come as gifts and they dilate
silenced by a sharp surveillance
never get tired of gifts.

The world is an extracted tooth
don't ask me why
I'm so old today
the rain is sterile.

Aiming for the blighted seeds
you were the withered union I was looking for
steal someone else's heart to then use it.

Hope is a possibly definitive injury
the coins ring harsh in the marble
of the hand.

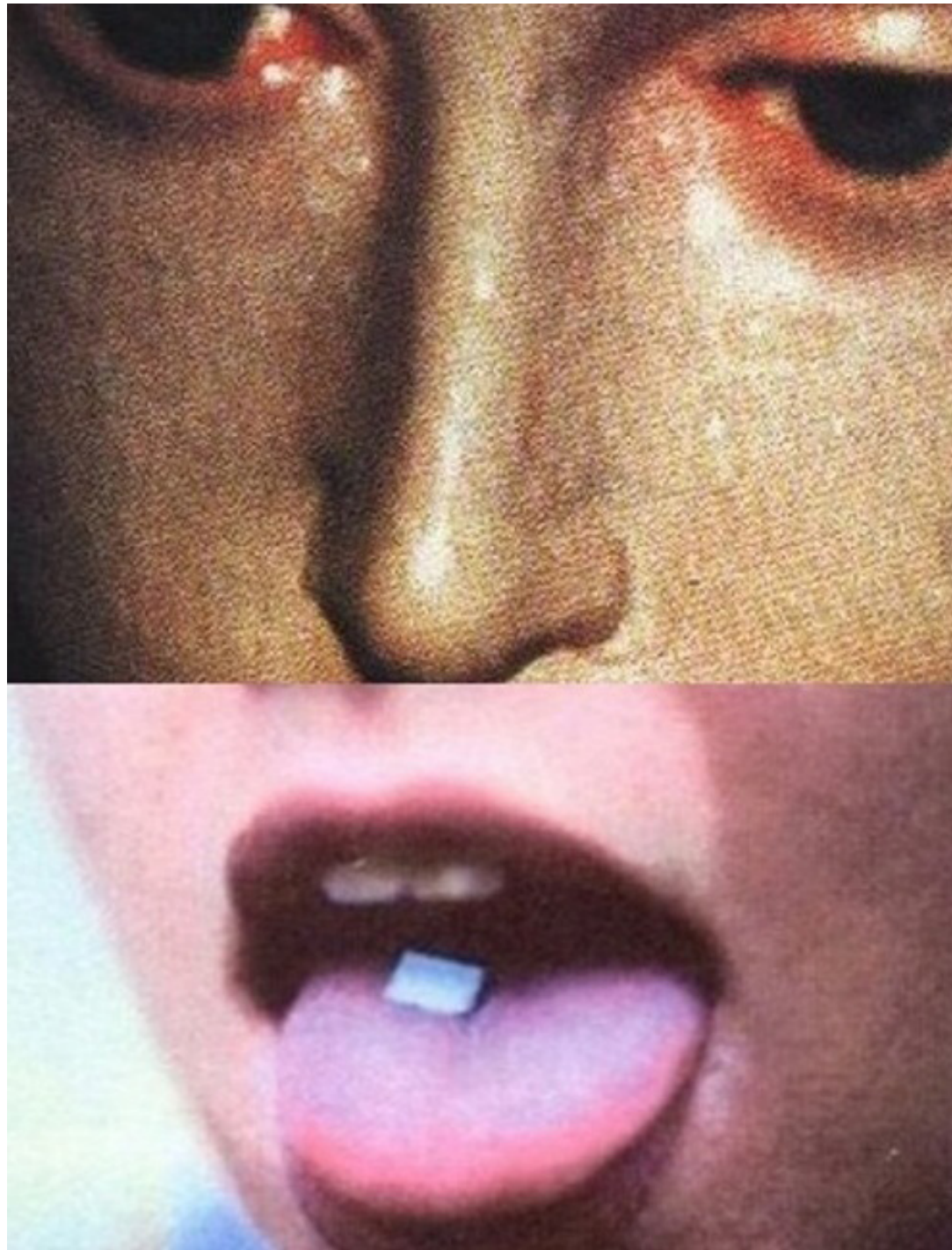
I was convincing the monster to withdraw
to the clean rooms of an imaginary hotel
there were tiny embalmed vipers out in the woods.

I made myself up as priest of poetry
but I was dead to life
the viscera getting lost
in a brawl
you die of it swept aside by science.

The world is thin and flat:
a few elephants wander it, dull.

We thank the Fondo Manoscritti of the University of Pavia for kind permission to print Amelia Rosselli's poems.

JEANETTE HAYES

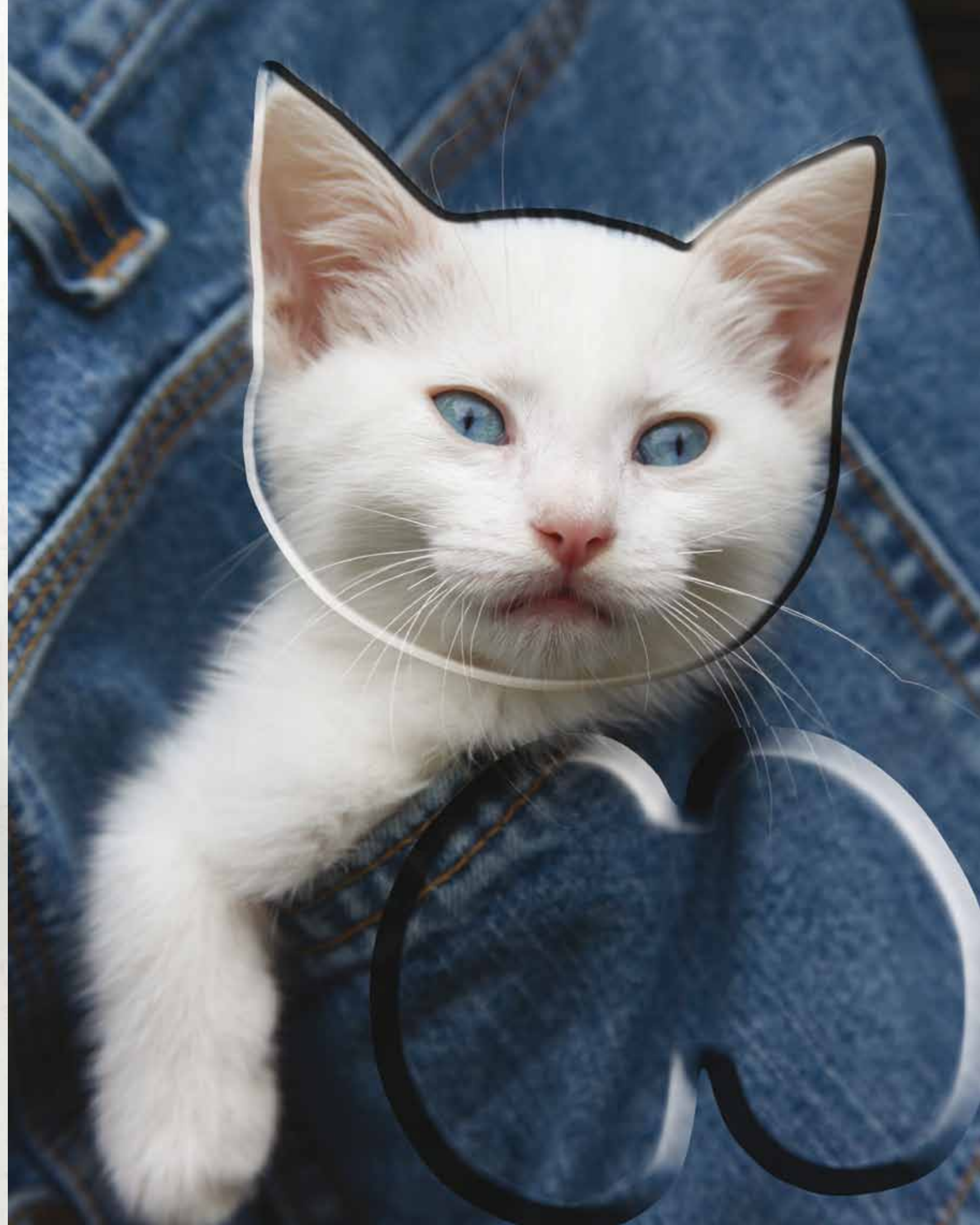


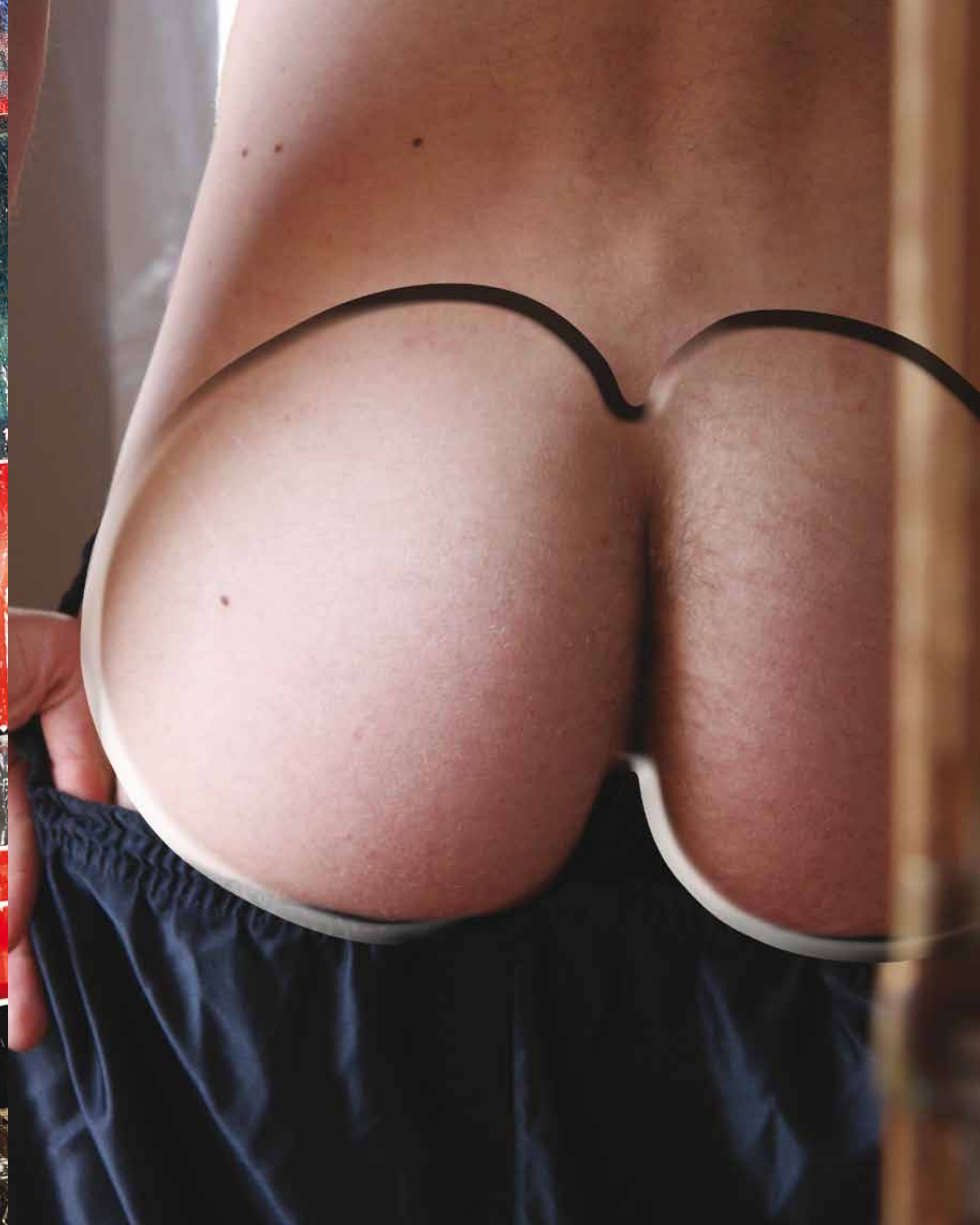
FABIO QUARANTA LADIES

SECTION 7
ARTIST PROJECT

A project conceived for NERO n.33 by Antoine Catala









L'ARCHITETTURA DI TUTTO IL MONDO TRA IL 1900 E IL 2000

SECTION 8 WORDS FOR IMAGES



6
regioni del mondo

97
paesi rappresentati

699
architetti

750
più di 750 edifici

4000
oltre 4000 immagini

824
pagine

31 x 45
cm

In an exploration of some of the possible relations between words and images, writers are asked to react to photos whose origins are obscure to them. The only guideline is that the text be somehow related to the images

Dialodramas

Words by
Giordano Tedoldi
Images by
Enrico Natali



All images are from the series *Detroit 1967–1970*; courtesy the artist

Enrico Natali (1933) was born in Utica, New York. He started taking photographs in 1960. In 1972 he published *New American People*, a book of portraits, and, in 1991, he collaborated with fellow photographer Mark Sandrof to create the volume *American Landscapes*. In the late 1960s he began a meditation practice that eventually became his primary focus and culminated in his abandoning photography, until the year 2000. The photos presented here are from the series *Detroit 1967–1970*.

Giordano Tedoldi was born in Rome in 1971. He made his fiction debut with the short story “Steinbeck,” published in the anthology *La qualità dell’aria* (minimumfax, 2004). This was followed by his collection *Io odio John Updike* (Fazi, 2006), the story “Antinoo” in the anthology *Padre* (Elliot, 2009), and the ebook *Deep Lipsia* (Amazon, 2012). In 2013 he published his first novel, *I segnalati* (Fazi).

A: Well would you look at that...
Pause.
A: Well would you look at that...
Pause
A: Shameless. Completely shameless... Yes, it’s double-breasted, it’s tailor-made, do you understand? I didn’t buy it from Wanamaker’s. Do you ever go past Wanamaker’s? If they ever saw you near Wanamaker’s they’d spray you with ddt. Who knows if you even know what Wanamaker’s is, you look like you were born yesterday. I’m sure you don’t know the big organ at Wanamaker’s, as a child I used to go hear concerts on the big organ at Wanamaker’s, but my clothes are custom-tailored. You know what a tailor shop is...
C: There’s more assholes in this city than thoughts in my head.
B: Here’s the inevitable bum approaching... I’m not giving you anything pal...
A: Does he really have to... and today too, when it’s so... if he takes another step... he’s fucking wasted, he’s wasted.
C: There’s more cavities in my mouth than natural-born citizens in this fucking shit country.
B: There he is... There he is, he’s coming... right in front of us, iceberg ahead, man, with his shopping cart full of personal effects...
C: There’s more bums than cops, that’s a fact, a statistic.
A: Disgusting, it’s a woman. He was so dark, and dirty, and... hairy... looked like a man but it’s a woman. I can’t believe it... guys... that man’s a woman.
C: There’s more women who look like men than men who look like women, it’s a statistic, a reality.
B: There he is. There she is. There’s it. Incredible. I look at it and I can’t tell if that’s what I’m really seeing. One thing I do know: I’m not giving you anything sweet-heart. Today you’re fasting.
C: We need to accept it. That’s how it is.
A, B, C: In the end, they think they can just come out of the sewers and touch you.
A: The collar.

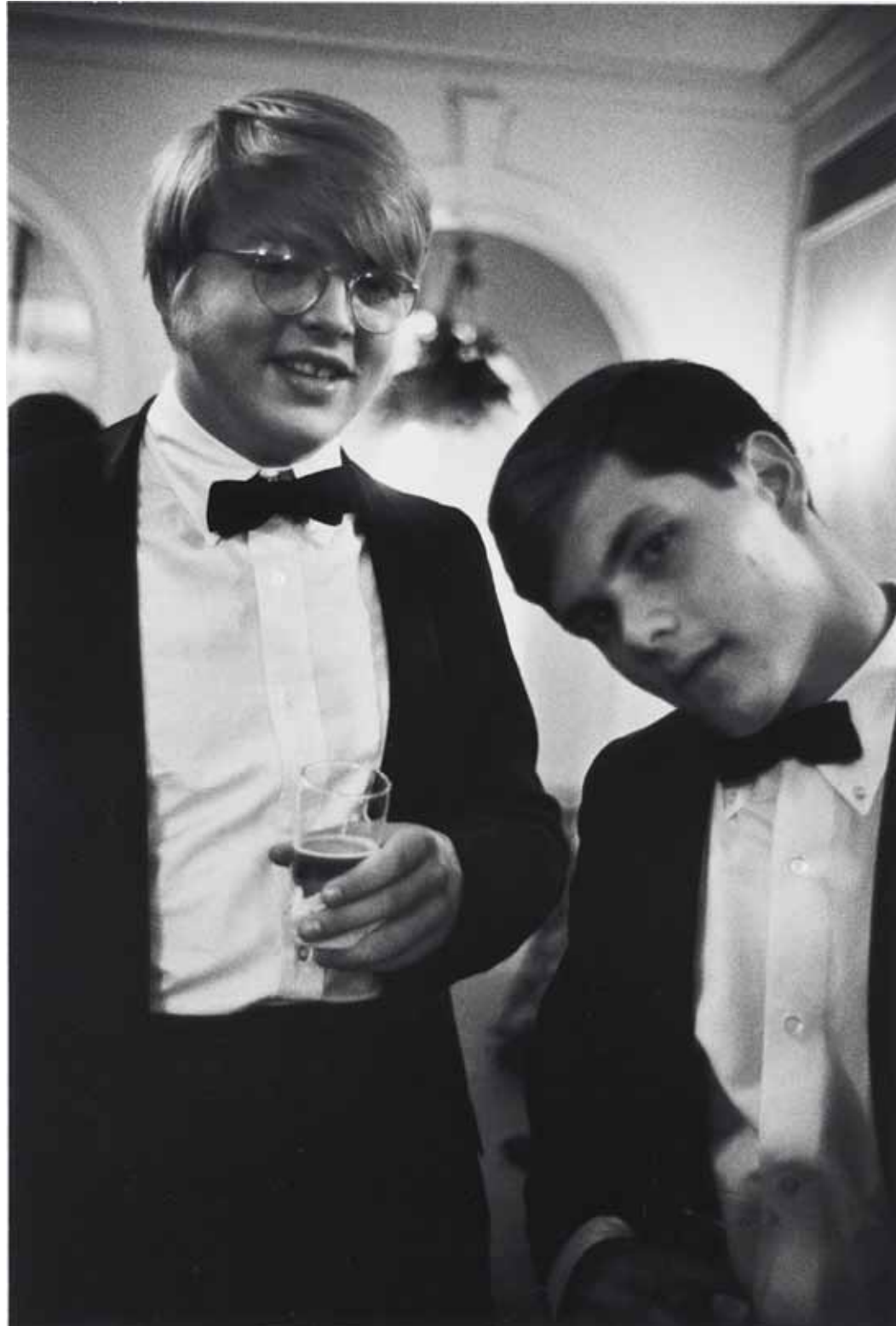
B: The glasses.
C: The nose.
A, B, C: And in a split second, you’re just like them.
C: This
B: is
A: a terrible
D: disgrace.



His hand: What about the glove?
Her hand: What about the skin?
His hand: I wish she would hold me a little...
Her hand: What about the way I hold you?
His hand: Hold me tighter.
Her hand: Do you know the song?
His hand: What song, baby?
Her hand: Willie Nelson's.
His hand: You just don't hold me tight enough, I don't... I really don't feel like you would hold me close. Please hold me tighter. I still remember.
Her hand: You jerk!
His hand: What do you expect? I'm just a hand. I have no brain, I'm retarded.
Her hand: That's why you...
His hand: I what?
Her hand: It's just that you're so... well... moist.
His hand: Moist, me?
Her hand: Well you are.
His hand: How can you tell that through the glove.
Her hand: Don't be angry honey, I'm sweating too.
His hand: Where the hell are we going, anyway?
Her hand: Ask him. He should know.
His hand: Don't feel like talking to him.
Her hand: Whatever.
His hand: It's so hot.
Her hand: It's a beautiful evening.
His hand: I would dip into a fountain if there were any.
Her hand: Just wait till we arrive where this party is supposed to take place and...
His hand: And what?
Her hand: We'll have a bath together.
(His hand blushes)
Her hand: Anything wrong with what I said?
His hand: You mean like... me washing you and you washing me?
Her hand: I mean like I'm going to take off this glove.
(His hand caughs, then clears his throat)
His hand: Do you love me? Because I think I do more than *he* loves *her*.
(She holds Him tighter)



M: Relax, love.
W: Sure, with this headache.
M: Is it that time of the month?
W: Sorry I can't hear you, it's noisy.
M: I asked if it was that time of the month.
W: Yeah it is.
M: So maybe that's why.
W: And you?
M: I what.
W: You?
M: I what?
W: Ok, now they've put some music on.
M: What?
W: What is it? You hear it too?
M: What.
W: My nipples hurt.
M: Where.
W: This sweater scratches.
M: Where?
W: I think we got our legs in the wrong positions.
M: How.
W: Mine are spread, yours are crossed.
M: It's normal. They've always been like that.
W: You've always been so scandalously... relaxed. It's indecent. In public too. Legs crossed. People will wonder: what does that guy have to be relaxed about? Is the world doing that well? Are these days so happy? Nobody's got anything figured out and this guy thinks he's the only one who does.
M: It's really strange, this new technology.
W: It's not technology, it's a therapy. And anyway I liked it better when you were relaxed. Now my nipples burn. You think it's a side effect?
M: Maybe. Maybe that and the fact that it's that time of the month.
W: Do you love me?
M: I've always loved you. I've never called you by a nickname.
W: That's true. Tomorrow I'll talk to the doctor about the surgery. I promise.
M: You'll be more awful than ever.
W: Anything, so long as you get out of my sight forever.
M: They sat us close to each other.
W: Hold me tight, during the surgery.
M: I won't just hold you. I'll suck you.



A: I can't see anything out of my right eye anymore.
 B: So you can keep my left one company.
 A: You can't see out of your left eye?
 B: It's glass.
 A: I'm sorry. How did it happen.
 B: It didn't happen.
 A: What do you mean?
 B: I was born this way.
 A: What?
 B: I said I was born with a glass eye. From my mother. From her belly.
 A: You were born with a glass left eye?
 B: Yes, why are you so shocked? Were you born with glasses?
 A: No, moron!
 B: So why are you surprised that I was born with a glass left eye? Were you born not seeing out of your right eye?
 A: No, just a little out of focus, I think, for example...
 B: Exactly. But do you really not see anything?
 A: Out of my right eye?
 B: Yes.
 A: No.
 B: But have you tried?
 A: Like what?
 B: Like left closed right open, then right open left closed. Maybe you can't see out of the right because you can't see out of the left either.
 A: No, I see out of the left. For instance, now I see, in front of us, there, there's a... no... a... girl... but who is she?
 B: My aunt.
 A: Your aunt?!
 B: Yes, aunt Juliet.
 A: But she can't be more than fourteen!
 B: Maybe younger.
 A: Your aunt. What an idiot!
 B: I'm telling you she's my aunt.
 A: I don't think you see well.
 B: Out of the left no, but right yes.
 A: Have you ever tried?
 B: Like what?
 A: Like, you gouge out the left and keep the right, then you put the left back and gouge out the right.

B: No, I see out of the right. It's aunt Juliet.
 A: Will you introduce me? She looks like... no... Introduce me?
 B: Yeah, but don't act like an idiot, don't tell her she looks like... I don't know what. Lots of people already tell her that.
 A: No, I'll just smile. If you want I won't talk.
 B: There's a good boy, eat your tongue, like the cat did.
 A: Robbie's?
 B: What.
 A: The cat, Robbie's cat, you remember, she didn't have a tongue. I didn't know she ate it.
 B: No you idiot, it's an expression. We'll never know why Robbie's cat didn't have a tongue.
 A: No tail either, who knows why it was missing.
 B: Either she was born like that, or it got bitten off by, I don't know, Tommy's dog.
 A: Your aunt is leaving. Come on, introduce me, so funny, she looks like a... a little out of focus.
B: I told you don't be an idiot! Now where's she gone? I can't see her anymore... it's too late.



No: Language exists on a communicative level, it exists on a poetic level, it exists on the level of conflict, it exists on the level of conciliation, language is like a house built on a hill, it rises to different heights, that's what I'm trying to explain to my friends, if they want to be my friends, because I can't understand friendship that isn't based on a philosophical agreement, on a linguistic agreement, on a common belonging and a solidarity of thought, of affect, a solidarity of thought and affect that manifests itself in burglaries, in baseball games, in our ancestors' struggle for rights, humiliated, chained, forced to listen to blues in endless cornfields, corn that pricked them and infected them more than the iron of their chains, and these are the things that I reveal, on a linguistic level, so that my friends might embrace them on an affective level, assuming of course that they want to be my friends, and not to betray me, shut me off, isolate me, stop giving me dope, in short, to treat me like a brother, with all the ambiguity of that word, the prejudices, the history of injustices and justices, which are...

- N1: Look at him he's still there rehearsing the speech.
N2: He's always been an eccentric.
N3: No, the right word would be exhibitionist.
N4: What does exhibitionist mean?
N5: It means confession, martyrdom.
N6: He's losing it because it's getting dark.
N7: How many of us are there? Why are we increasing? And what does this idiot want?
N8: That's the goal of the brotherhood.
N9: How many are we supposed to be?
N10: I don't know, a thousand, two thousand, ten thousand, twelve thousand, a sufficiently high number to be able to...
N11: To... to...
N12: Again. Can we move on.
No: ... which are all fruit of the same tree. And that's the really important thing, brothers, understanding that we're hair on the scalp of history, of the nation, of Africa, of the origins, and so, brothers, going back to the source, going back up the river, until the dawn, the desolate dawn...
N13: Not again, dear God...
N14: He'll never stop...

- N15: He won't rest unless...
N16: What?
N17: *You know... natural death, premature, consumption. Septicaemia. The kind of stuff that founds a religion.*



B: Did you read him the indictment?
A: Half an hour ago, maybe more.
B: What did he say?
A: That we don't know what we're talking about. That it's all false.
C: I don't think he's got anything to do with it.
B: Maybe. But can we afford the risk?
C: I really don't know, maybe we should vote.
A: Vote, the three of us?
C: Yes.
A: Anyway, even if he's innocent he definitely knows more than he's saying.
B: What makes you say that?
A: Today it looked like he lowered his head, like this, you know like he was bending over to pick something up, and then smiled. Like he was thinking about screwing us over.
C: I didn't notice anything, he always looks so out of it.
A: I watched him carefully.
C: I didn't see anything.
B: I have to go back up there soon, and this time it's gonna be a while. So, what are we doing?
A: I told you, if you ask me we can let him go.
C: I'm not so sure anymore.
B: Shit, now you're making me have doubts.
C: What can I do. The way he lowered his head, you know, as if... it's not like there's anything there on the ground, in front of him.
A: Where.
C: In front of him, on the ground. Maybe he was really looking for... or picking up... something.
A: What do you think's there, the pavement.
C: Nothing else?
A: No. There's the tiles. The tiles. There's nothing, nothing at all.
C: Then... why?
B: Why what?
C: The smiles, the looking down, the shielding.
B: Shielding?
C: He knotted his eyebrows, to hide his gaze, it was very distinct.
A: I was looking at him the whole time, he always seems so out of it.

C: Not when you read the indictment.
A: No, that's true.
C: That's when he bent over, hid behind his eyebrows, shielded himself, and smiled.
B: I'm going up, let's wait a little longer, we can't let him go if he's involved. I'll try to come back in an hour tops, I'll invent some excuse.
C: I think it's the right thing to do.
A: It's true, I didn't look at him when I was reading the indictment. Strange, but natural.



S: I hold my staff, my magic staff, and I am going to cast a very powerful spell. A spell so powerful that the whole world, as we know it, shall come to an end. Not with a bang, not with a whimper, and not even with a knock. Of all the powerful ends of the world as we know it, I have chosen end number five. You could ask me why end number five, and not end number seven, or number twelve. Well, it's just that my magic staff, the staff I hold in my right hand, my black right hand, my white, shining, wooden staff inscribed with runes, runes invisible to the uninitiated eye, this wonderful staff that I hold with my ebony hand, my basalt hand, it's just that this staff and this hand together decided for a spell so powerful, so mighty, that it will end the world as we know it, just following the ways of the end, so to speak, of the end planned in the magic spell book, and that is end number five, which is the most apocalyptic of all ends, the most definitive, that one that ends it all forever and ever, never to begin again, not with a bang, not with a whimper, not even with a knock. Light turns off, darkness turns on, that's spell number five, just that, and everything is going to end, even my staff will be annihilated, even my hand, even my hair, my eyes, the whole of creation, light becoming darkness, darkness becoming light, the opposites destroying the opposites, thoughts against thoughts, words against words, nothing capable of adding up, everything a subtraction, but not gradually, all of a sudden. So this is the answer to your question, why end number five, and why I'm going to cast the spell that follows the ways of, so to speak, end number five: because it's all of a sudden, that's what my hand and my staff and myself wanted: all of a sudden, not gradually, not slowly. No, not slowly, you won't even have time to... not even... it will be... all of a sudden. Not... not... slo... wly but... eaten... in... one ... mouthful.

Thanks to Luke P. Brown from ARTBOOK | D.A.P.

SALVE

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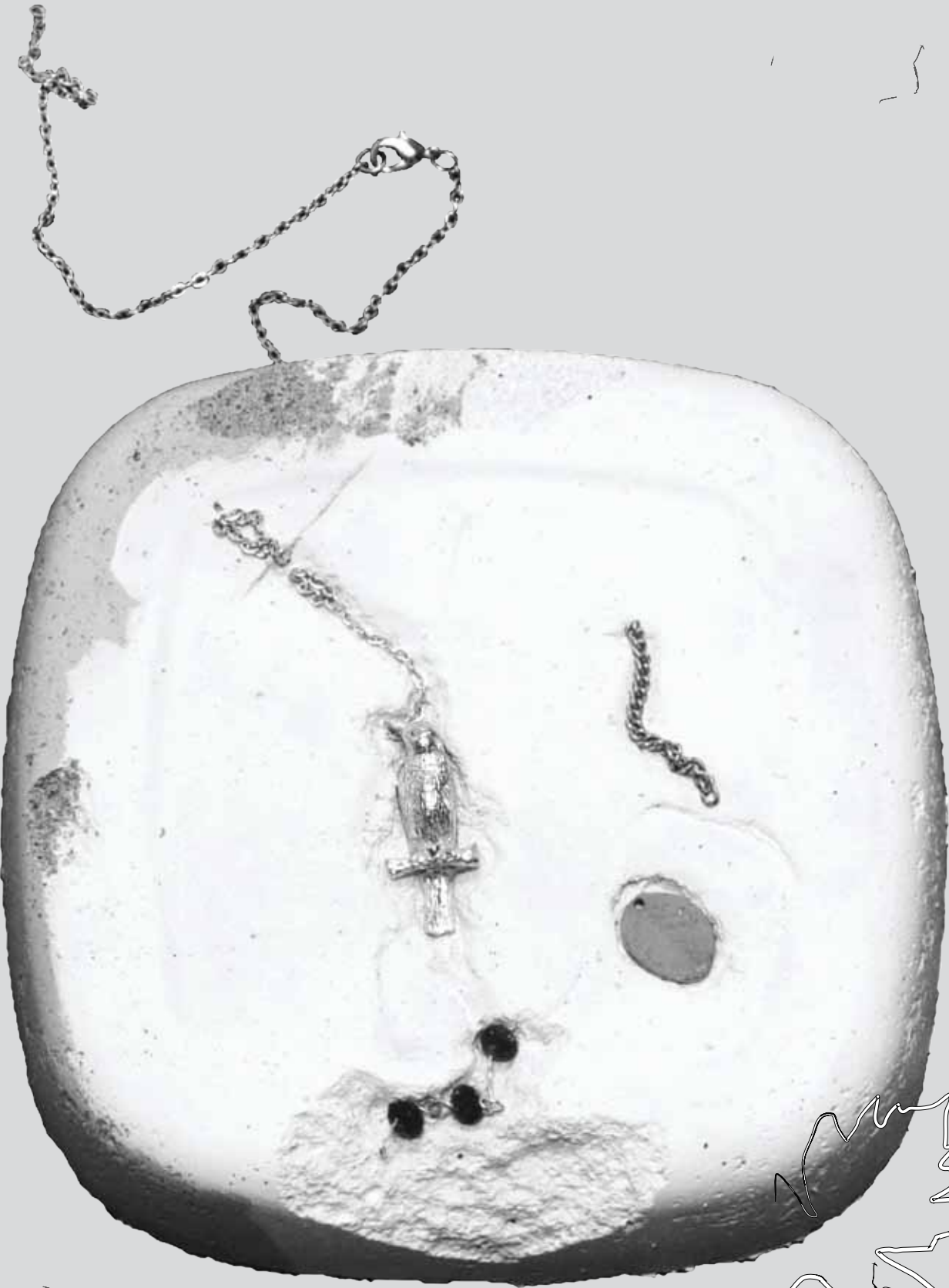
SLAVE

Intriors II

by Jasper Spicero

🎵 To fully enjoy this text, please go to <http://neromagazine.it/intriors> and play the audio file as a soundtrack

Jasper Spicero (1990) was born in South Dakota and received his BFA from the Pacific Northwest College of Art and Design in 2013. His work has been exhibited internationally and through digital platforms, with recent solo shows including *Intriors II* (American Medium, NY) and *Plant Display* (bubblebyte.org). He is the founder and curatorial director of Generation Works gallery in Tacoma, Washington, and organizer of *Open Shape*, a series of three season-specific exhibitions utilizing Kompan playgrounds as a backdrop and showcasing artist-designed 3D-printed objects. He currently lives and works in Brooklyn, New York.



FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Falling from an overcast sky. Leaves blowing towards a house. They are changing from green to orange to brown. It is sunny. Snow falls. Then rain. Flowers come and go. The house is two stories, white with a black roof. For a moment the wind subsides and the leaves fall at the front door.

TITLE OVER: INTRIOIRS II

The leaves rise and continue to change colors. We follow them.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A windowsill. A perspiring cistern water pump. Three cement stepping stones inlaid with pebble mosaic in the shape of birds.

EXT. BACKYARD

The blowing leaves fall onto an oval patch of flattened grass in the backyard. As *Inn Theme* ends a man's voice blankets the scene.

MAN (V.O.)

*Even if the doors are locked I'm not empty.
There's a person inside.*

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The Man's voice belongs to Gordon, tall, white hair with pale blue eyes, well built and wearing all grey with bare feet. He sits arched over a low oval table scattered with tiny metal parts. His face wet with tears.

GORDON/MARIA

*A scattered dream that's like a far off memory.
A far off memory that's like a scattered dream...*

He presses a puff of cotton onto an 18-note music box comb.
The room darkens slowly to a grey dawn.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - WINTER

Closing in on a five year old boy. He sits with his knees on the toilet seat and elbows on the tank. The boy presses a puff of cotton onto his ear. A woman's voice passes through the room.

JULIA (O.S.)

(out of breath) Ivan...

Ivan turns his head toward the bathroom window and squints his eyes. From downstairs Gordon speaks loudly.

GORDON (O.S.)

I was Gordon I should Cherish my love.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

On a countertop at the farthest end of the room is a purple orchid in a white vase. Pale light opens on the flower. Specks of dust appear like pollen in the sun. A moth lands on the orchid.

INT. GORDON’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens for us. At the foot of the bed is a storage container labeled “Lulu.” A moth descends onto the lid from above.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Baby Blue, a medium sized black, brown and white dog, asleep in a pile of fresh laundry. A mix of solid colors: blue, red, yellow, orange, grey and white. Gordon’s hand reaches into the frame to pet Baby Blue.

GORDON

What do you do when you’re lost?

BABY BLUE

...

GORDON

*You stay still and someone will come and find you.
You have that memorized?*

Gordon grabs at a piece of grey fabric poking out from beneath Baby Blue’s body. He pulls out a knit cap. Baby Blue opens her eyes. One eye is all blue the other is brown with blue dots.

INT. IVAN’S BEDROOM

Gordon stands near an unpacked box. There are plastic parts organized on the carpeted floor.

MONTAGE

Gordon’s hands assembling the mess. Parts fitting together without resistance. His order of operation exact. Pan across his face. Shuts his eyes.

END MONTAGE

GORDON’S P.O.V.

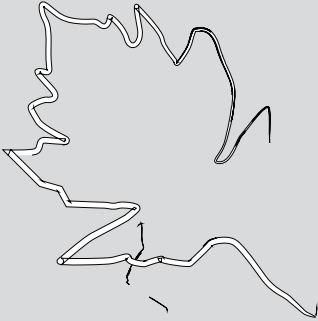
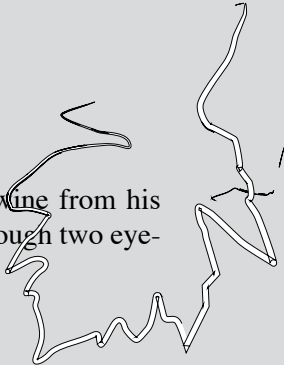
A plastic cubby laying on its back. Gordon pulls a length of dark twine from his pocket. Kneels down. Stands the cubby upright. Threads the twine through two eye-lets. Lifts the cubby to the wall at face height.

BACK TO SCENE

FADE TO:

CUT TO:

CUT TO:



We can’t find Gordon. An owl cut out is on the wall.

FADE TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - FALL

Ivan stands in front of a convex washing machine door looking at spinning, wet, red and yellow clothes. Gordon enters and kneels to Ivan’s height. The green wall panels inside are now flecked with yellow and brown.

GORDON

You have accompanied me for a thousand years...

Gordon looks at Ivan then back to the clothes.

GORDON

Do you know what pipes are?

IVAN

...

GORDON

*Houses have pipes, they’re, like, tubes and they’re behind walls
and under floors everywhere and---*

IVAN

...

GORDON

*It’s okay. They just carry water to and from sinks
and bathtubs and toilets and---*

CLOSE IN on the cycle of clothing.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MONTAGE

Gordon smashing dishes, mugs and other ceramic kitchenware. Gordon’s face screaming. All we can hear is music. The scene is cut rhythmically to the bass hits of *Distant Promise*.

END MONTAGE

Gordon stands bare foot surrounded by broken ceramic.
Green dominates the walls and ceiling.

GORDON (V.O.)

This puts emphasis on the hero, enduring love and life and death.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Ivan climbs into the washing machine with a load of wet laundry. His face looking out through the convex door.

GORDON (V.O.)
What goes through my mind when our town runs out of water supply.
I hope and pray that it gets normal soon.
Then I found solutions.
Isolated closed water supply systems.
Rooftop rainwater harvesting.
Well water. Yet...
the washer runs on municipal water. Usually the cycle
is weighed down, one way or another,
by a body of wet clothes.

Ivan presses an open hand on the glass to flatten a few drops of water. Outside the laundry room window it begins to rain.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A flying tour of the house.

IVAN’S BEDROOM

JULIA (V.O.)
*I have lost touch with Gordon...
I understandmyself least of all. The last time I looked into your eyes
it was like looking into the windows
of an empty house.*

GORDON’S ROOM

LULU (V.O.)
*It felt as though we were confined to the interior
of a hotel with no exits, without even balconies... None of my carefully
designed surroundings or daily routines could hasten
the end and now... am I only remembered inside this box?
Six months inside a hotel, with never a walk outside.
Inside it was late summer, and the days were long.*

DINING ROOM

MARIA (V.O.)
*A scattered dream that’s like a far off memory.
A far off memory that’s like a scattered dream.
I want to line the pieces up...*

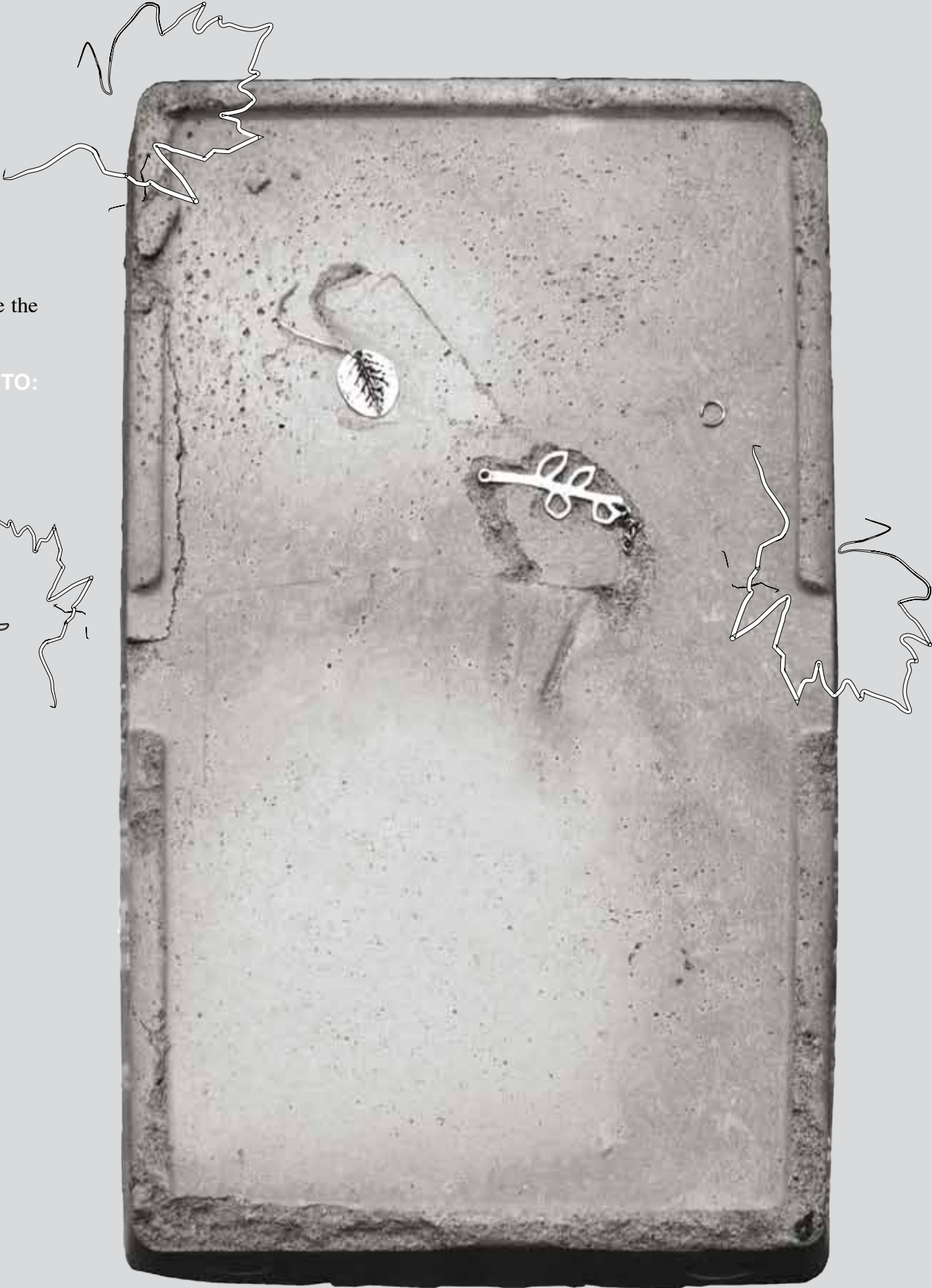
LIVING ROOM

IVAN
...

KITCHEN

GORDON
...

CUT TO:



INT. GORDON’S BEDROOM - DAWN

Clammy, pale, exhausted Gordon lies shirtless in bed. His torso sticks out from under the down covers. His knit cap slipping off his head.

GORDON
*I don’t even know how long she’s been gone.
It’s like I’ve woken up in bed and she’s not here because
she’s gone to the bathroom or something---*

INT. HALLWAY

GORDON (O.S.)
*---but somehow I just know she’s never gonna
come back to bed.*

Sleepy Ivan sits with his back against the wall. Hearing the sound of Gordon’s voice his eyes widen. He stands and walks towards Gordon’s bedroom.
The ceiling is painted a gray-blue like the winter sky.

INT. GORDON’S BEDROOM

Ivan enters and stands beside Gordon’s bed. He watches the palm of Gordon’s hand.

GORDON
*If I could just reach over and touch her side of the bed I’d know
that it was cold but I can’t. I know I can’t have her back
but I don’t want to wake up in the morning thinking she’s still here.
I’ll lie here not knowing how long I’ve been alone. So how...
how can I heal? How am I supposed to heal if I can’t feel time?*

Ivan places his hand in the center of Gordon’s, flattening a few drops of sweat. Gordon closes his eyes. His body turns grey like stone.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the living room only a low, oval table remains. The walls are painted dark blue. Ivan enters with his eyes fixed beyond the sliding glass door on a white, brown, and black puff sleeping in the yard. Blankets of snow cover the ground. Ivan stands close to the glass with bare feet. The room darkens slowly to a grey dawn.

EXT. BACKYARD

Baby Blue curled up in the snow. Her face turned away from Ivan. Her eyes are wide open. Her torso sinks and rises slightly.

JULIA (V.O.)

My senses dim and this world grows dark.

FADE TO WHITE

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SECTION 10 A NEW REPORTAGE

The photo reportage of yore relives through the direct experiences of artists, writers and musicians

Get Lucky

Words by
Sofia Infascelli
and
Umberto Mortari

Images by
Lorenzo Castore

Lorenzo Castore (1973) is a photographer born in Florence. He has shown his work in numerous exhibitions in Italy and abroad. Since 2003 he has been represented by the VU' agency and gallery. His work is characterized by long-term projects that focus on the concept of memory, personal and collective. He has published two books: *Nero* (Federico Motta Editore, 2004) and *Paradiso* (Peliti Associates, Lunwerg Editores, Actes Sud, Edition Braus, Apeiron, Dewi Lewis Publishing, 2006), which won the 2005 Leica European Publishers' Award. In 2012, his first film, shot together with Adam Cohen, won the award for best short documentary at the Camerimage Film Festival, Poland.

Umberto Mortari (2002) was born in Rome. He is in the sixth grade at the Ambrit International School in Rome.

Sofia Infascelli (2004) was born in Rome. She is in the fourth grade at the "Giardinieri" public school in Rome.



Sofia: Last summer we left on August 8 to go to very beautiful and mysterious places. Both in the fresh forests of countrysides and mountains, and into the water at the seaside. Every time we got into the car the radio was always playing the same hit of this summer which is called *Get Lucky*. The first holiday was at a friend of Lorenzo, called Umberto, close to the hotel of his mother, called Marie Louise. We were in a pretty little house where the sea was wonderful. One evening I, Umberto, Lorenzo and my mom went in the piazza to play a game where you had to shoot pellets at cans of Coke, Fanta and Sprite with a pop-gun. In the evening we put a tent in the garden and I, Umberto and Lorenzo fell asleep in there but then during the night a huge storm broke out and we had to run home. The last holiday after eight other holidays that I'll tell you later was at the Park of one hundred lakes in the Appennines of Emilia-Romagna. One afternoon we were walking in a little road in the woods and Umberto was in front of us and suddenly we hear him screaming so we get closer and there was a huge snake eating a frog I got really scared and we ran away but Lorenzo stayed there and took pictures that you will see in the magazine. Then we went down the path and saw a beautiful small waterfall where you could drink. It was very good and fresh drinking water.

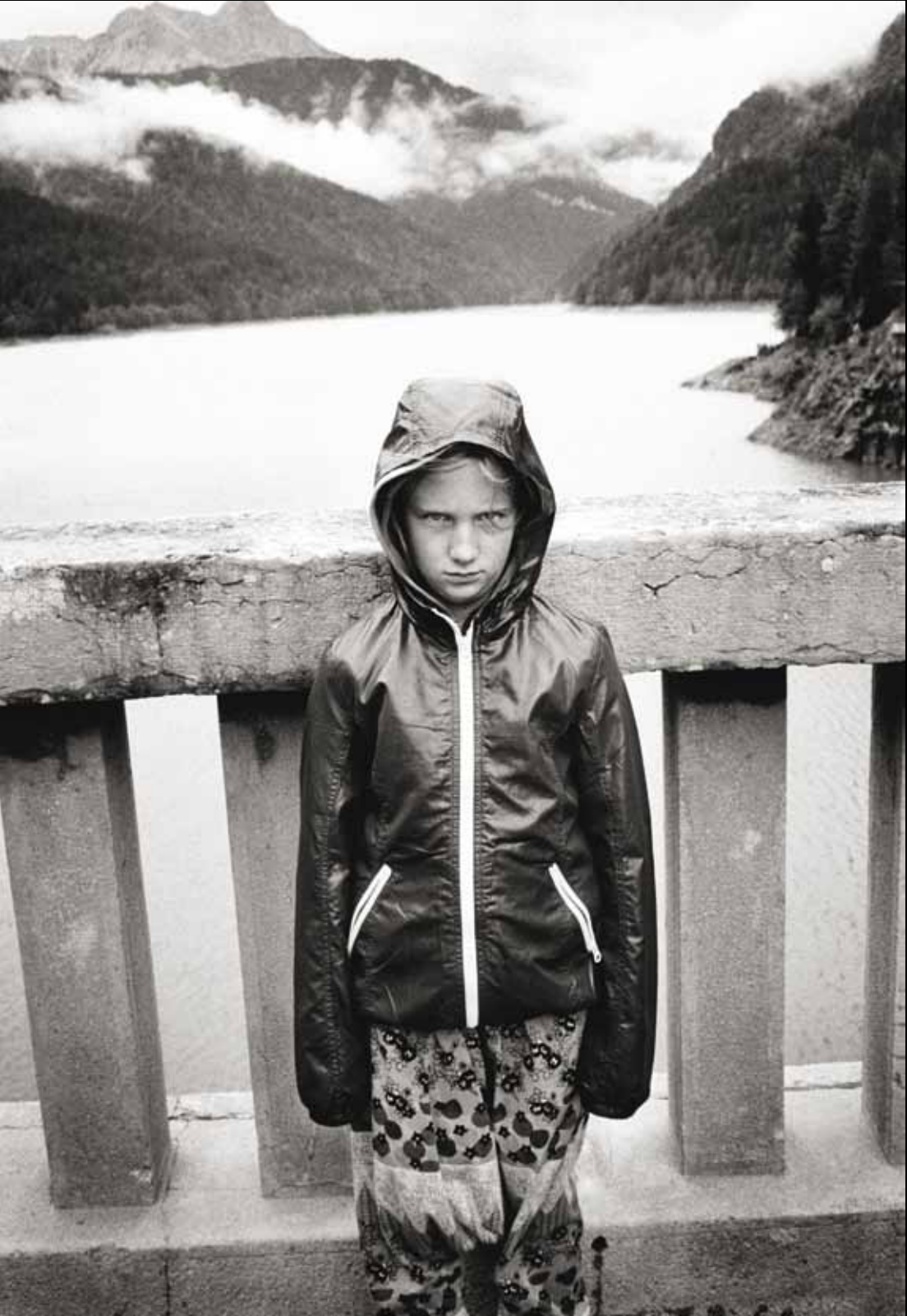
Then in the evening we went to sleep but I was the only one who didn't sleep because I wasn't so used to staying up all night in the woods and I got a little scared. I heard a lot of mysterious noises at night including families of wild boars. We went to really beautiful places moving many times. Going back in the summer, before the Park of one hundred lakes we also went to Abruzzo to Annalisa's house where there was my uncle Paolo and a very nice thing that we did was following a path up in the trees with a boy named Giorgio, then in the Marche to Anna's and Matteo's house where I fed the chickens and they took a photo of me with a giant and very old camera, then Venice where there was the Biennale and then we went to Ia who is the nanny of my grandmother, of my mother and of my uncle in Friuli and they hadn't seen her for such a long time actually since I was born. It was beautiful up there, we went through some beautiful roads with the car, and we also went to a village full of clocks and on the chairlift and did two rides in a row. One day we stopped by a lake where you could swim but when I went in I didn't manage to stand for even five seconds, the water was freezing! It was called Lake Barcis. We had a lot of fun but then I had to go back to school.

Umberto: What's up readers my name is Umberto Mortari but everyone calls me Umby or Burt. This summer I did a lot of fun things like summer camp, going to Amsterdam and Greece, but my favorite thing was camping in the nature. I went camping in a forest far away from everything with my godfather Lorenzo, his girlfriend Eugenia and her daughter Sofia. When we arrived we went inside the cabin, put our things away and got ready for a hike. I started walking faster then the others leaving the group behind until got face to face with a snake! I screamed like a little girl – for one second I thought I peed in my pants – I ran back to the group and screamed A SNAKE A SNAKE!, when the group caught up with me Lorenzo told me it wasn't poisonous and there I started calming down until I see a frog in his mouth! When we passed the snake we reached to a small river so I go to drink, after I drank I sat down on a broken tree and I think that I don't have to be scared of the snake scene because it's nature and I can't do anything about it, so I went back to look at it and he still didn't finish eating the frog. Thirty minutes passed and I'm pretty sure we were lost, we didn't know the way back until we heard a car about fifty meters from us. I followed the sound and told Lorenzo to come. When the guys in the car arrived we asked them if they could bring us back to the cabin they said sure but there isn't enough space so we went in the back. When we went back to the cabin me and my friend Sofia wanted to see wild boars but be-

fore that we wanted to make a tree house so we did it: it took about one hour to build it. When we finished building the house it was already dark we couldn't see much so we got torches and then we started looking for boars, half an hour passed until we heard a noise and that meant we were getting lucky, they were close. After we heard the boar I was chilling on the tree house until Sofia screams A BOAR A BOAR! She climbed back on the tree house and I jumped down and ran to the cabin and told everyone there was a boar out there. We went to the only restaurant around to eat and played with the horses of the mountain fair then went back home. Early in the morning we went to Attilio Bertolucci's house (Lorenzo told me he was a great Italian poet and also the father of Bernardo and Giuseppe two very cool guys). The house was very dark and full of pictures and books. It was exactly the opposite of the house we were in because it was way bigger with a lot of rooms. It was really weird Attilio's son Bernardo grew up and used to live in such a small village and then move to Rome and winning Oscars in LA. Another day we went through a forest with a river and found a little frog and we gently picked it up. What a different destiny two frogs can have. I liked going in the forests because I liked to climb trees and this because I feel free and peaceful. It was really nice camping in the nature, I learned and saw a lot of things and animals. I hope to go back there.











Bianco Serif New

Wolf:

Hai visto signorina?

Rispetto! Mi rispettano tutti
perché io ho *carattere!*

Raquel:

Anch'io ho carattere!

Wolf:

No, tu hai un *caratteraccio*.
Non vuol dire che tu
abbia carattere.*

Sometimes in fashion, as in life, the details are more important than the whole. In this section Dutch-born designer and creative Julia Frommel (1978) selects and pairs images, extrapolating unexpected visual patterns.







Benoit Maire, spiaggia di menzogne (Lying Beach) - installation view at Fondazione Giuliani, Rome, 2013 - Photo: Giorgio Benni

spiaggia di menzogne (Lying Beach)

Benoît Maire

4 October — 14 December 2013

Fondazione Giuliani

via Gustavo Bianchi, 1

00153 Rome — Italy



Despite Our Differences

curated by Adrienne Drake

8 October — 15 December 2013

Hippocrène Foundation

12, rue Mallet-Stevens

75016 Paris — France

Gianni Piacentino

curated by Andrea Bellini

7 February — 5 April 2014

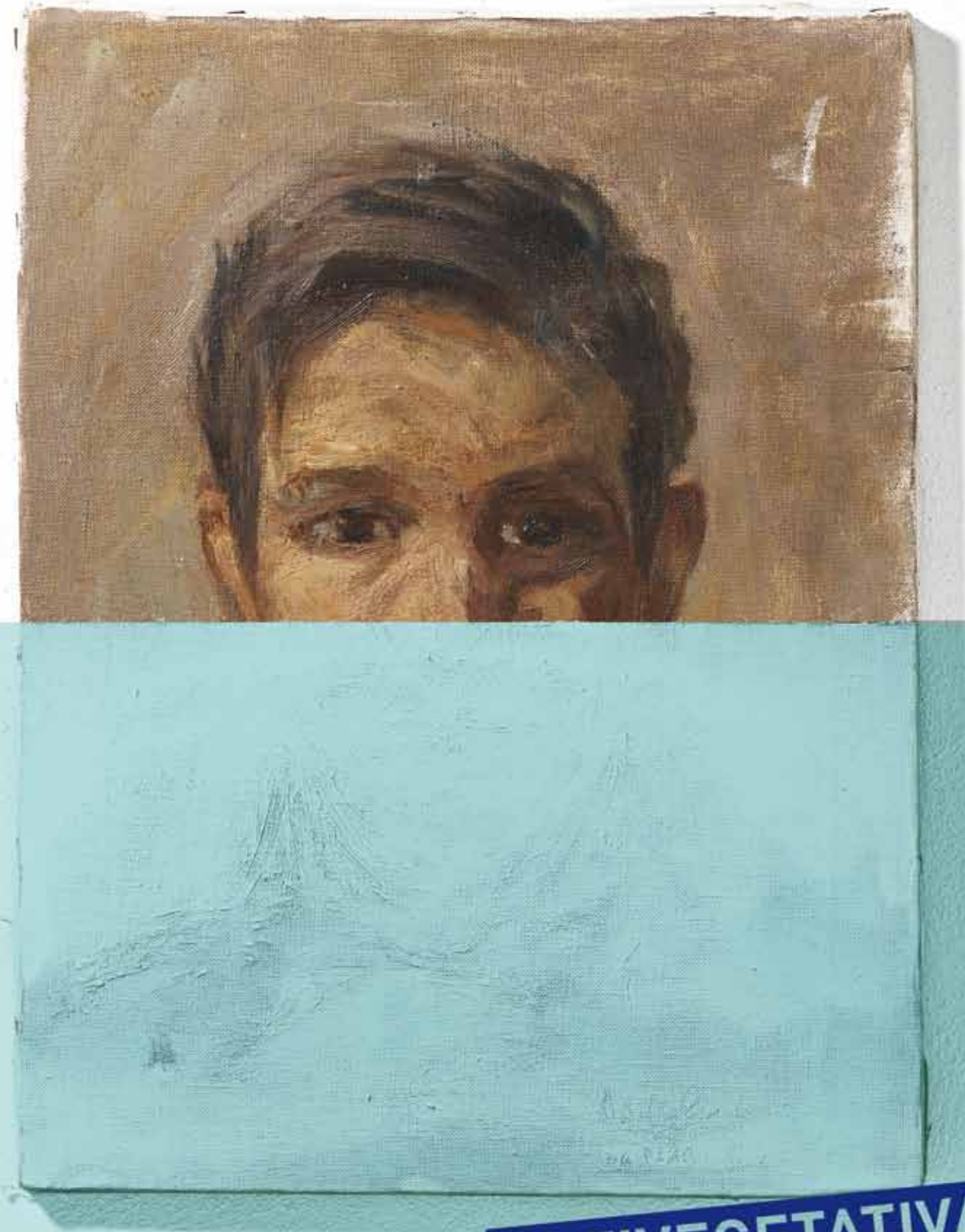
Fondazione Giuliani

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00153 Rome — Italy



SECTION 12
THE EXTRA SCENE



Interferences in the memory of famous movie scenes, by
artist and filmmaker R  di Martino (1975)

ANNIE HALL

Drawings by
Donato Sansone



ANNIE You see, like you and I...

ALVY You are extremely sexy.

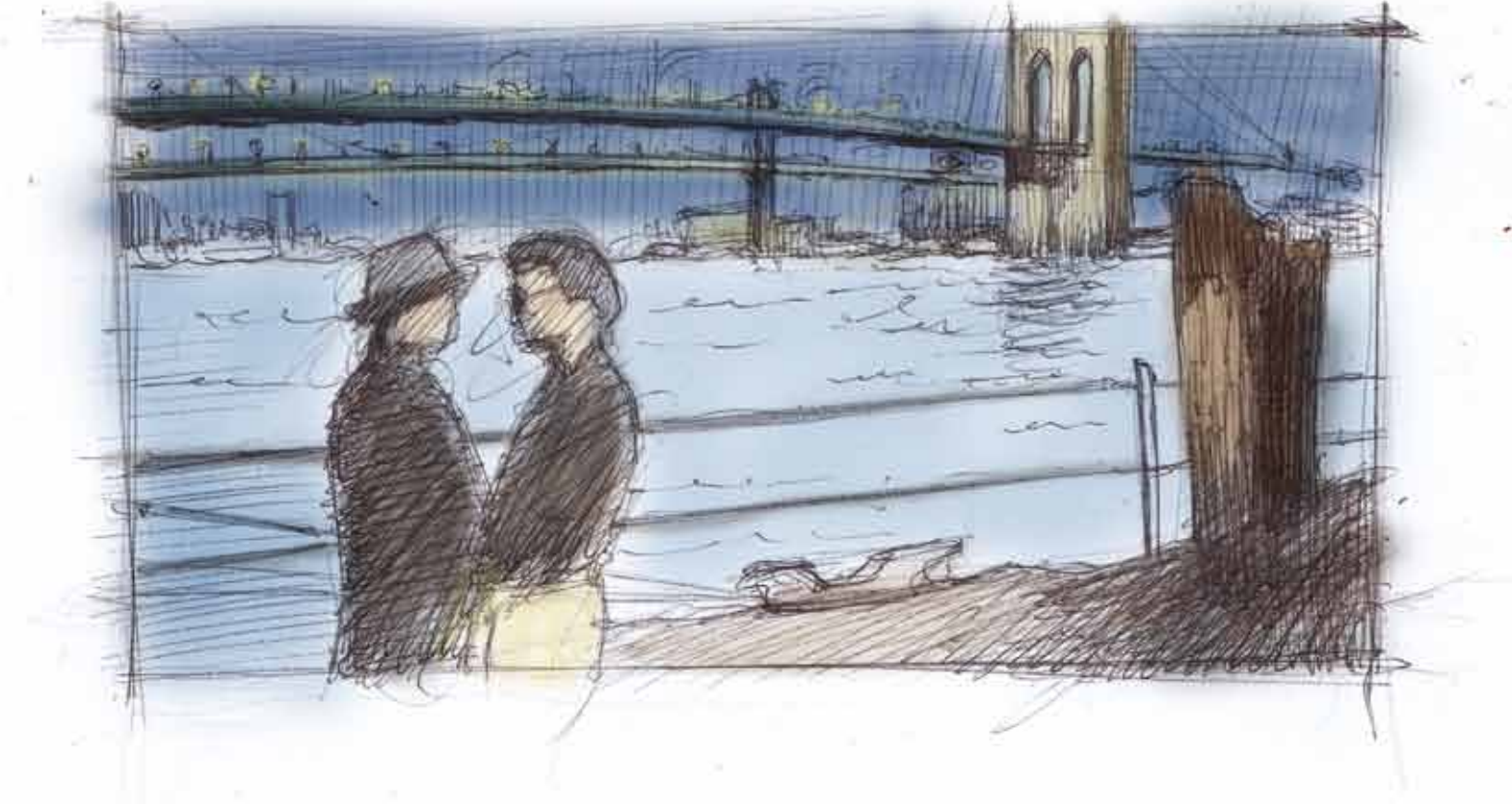


ALVY Unbelievably sexy. Yes, you are.
Because... you know what you are?
You're - you're polymorphously perverse.



ANNIE You see, like you and I...

ALVY You are extremely sexy.





ANNIE Well, what does—what does that mean? I don't know what that is.

ALVY Uh ...uh, you're—you're exceptional in bed because you got -you get pleasure in every part of your body when I touch you.



ALVY You know what I mean? Like the tip of your nose, and if I stroke your teeth of your kneecaps ...you get excited.



ALVY You know what I mean? Like the tip of your nose, and if I stroke your teeth or your kneecaps ...you get excited.



ANNIE Come on.



ALVY I - uh, love is, uh, is too weak a word for what...

ANNIE Yeah.

ALVY Don't you think I do?

ANNIE I dunno.

INTERNAZIONALE D'ARTE
CONTEMPORANEA
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MAIN SECTION

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CAROLINE ACHAI NTRE → ARCADE, London; XAVIER ANTIN → CRÈVECOEUR, Paris; ALESSANDRO BALTEO YAZBECK → GREEN ART, Dubai; ANDY BOOT → EMANUEL LAYR, Vienna; FATMA BUCAK → ALBERTO PEOLA, Torino; GIULIA CENCI → SPAZIOA, Pistoia; PATRIZIO DI MASSIMO → T293, Napoli, Roma; ALFREDO ESQUILLO, JR. → TIN-AW ART, Manila City; JOSH FAUGHT → LISA COOLEY, New York; CHARLES HARLAN → JTT, New York; ADELITA HUSNI-BEY → LAVERONICA, Modica; YEE I-LANN → MAP KL, Kuala Lumpur; ELLA KRUGLYANSKAYA → KENDALL KOPPE, Glasgow; JUMANA MANNA → CRG, New York; CHRISTOPH MEIER → COLLICALIGREGGI, Catania; CEREN OYKUT → X-IST, Istanbul; VALERIE PIRAINO → NIGHT, Los Angeles; FLORIAN & MICHAEL QUISTREBERT → JULIETTE JONGMA, Amsterdam; SORAYA RHOFIR → NOSBAUM & REDING, Luxembourg; NORA SCHULTZ → ISABELLA BORTOLOZZI, Berlin; CARA TOLMIE → ROWING, London; NED VENA → SOCIÉTÉ, Berlin / REAL FINE ARTS, New York; MATTHEW WATSON → JOE SHEFTEL, New York; STUART WHIPPS → EASTSIDE PROJECTS, Birmingham

BACK TO THE FUTURE

LETIZIA BATTAGLIA → CARDI BLACK BOX, Milano; MARY BAUERMEISTER → 401CONTEMPORARY, Berlin; MCARTHUR BINION → KAVI GUPTA, Chicago, Berlin; IAN BREAKWELL → ANTHONY REYNOLDS, London; STUART BRISLEY → MUMMERY + SCHNELLE, London / DOMOBAAL, London; ULISES CARRIÓN → DOCUMENT-ART, Buenos Aires; HELEN CHADWICK → RICHARD SALTOUN, London; HENRI CHOPIN → RICHARD SALTOUN, London; JIMMY DE SANA → WILKINSON, London; GER VAN ELK → LÜTTGENMEIJER, Berlin; LEÓN FERRARI → PAN AMERICAN, Miami; CONSTANTIN FLONDOR → BARIL, Cluj Napoca; GENG JIANYI → SHANGHART, Shanghai, Beijing, Singapore; PIERO GILARDI → GUIDO COSTA, Torino; CHANNA HORWITZ → AANANT & ZOO, Berlin; DOROTHY IANNONE → AIR DE PARIS, Paris; MARCELLO JORI → BIANCONI, Milano; GARRY NEILL KENNEDY → DIAZ, Toronto; BÉLA KOLÁŘOVÁ → RÜDIGER SCHÖTTLE, Munich; GUY MEES → VALENTIN, Paris; KAZUKO MIYAMOTO → EXILE, Berlin; ANDREI MONASTYRSKI → CHARIM; Vienna; UGO MULAS → CAMERA16, Milano; RICHARD NONAS → P420, Bologna; BRIAN O'DOHERTY → THOMAS FISCHER, Berlin; LYGIA PAPE → GRAÇA BRANDÃO, Lisbon; SALVO → MAZZOLENI, Torino; MLADEN STILINOVIĆ → MARTIN JANDA, Vienna; EDUARDO TERRAZAS → ALMINE RECH, Paris, Brussels; ULAY → MOTINTERNATIONAL, London; ANA VIEIRA → GRAÇA BRANDÃO, Lisbon; KRZYSZTOF WODICZKO → PROFILE, Warsaw

ART EDITIONS

CENTRE D'ÉDITION CONTEMPORAINE, GENÈVE, Geneva; EDITALIA, Roma; LRRH_, Cologne; SUDEST57, Milano

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GREGOR MUIR
JOANNA MYTKOWSKA
LETIZIA RAGAGLIA
FILIPA RAMOS
BEATRIX RUF
ANDREA VILIANI
JOCHEN VOLZ
...

REPERTORY

a cura di Gary Carrion-Murayari

PALAZZO CAVOUR

Ericka Beckman, Ian Breakwell,
Heidi Bucher, Steven Claydon, Isabelle Cornaro,
David Haxton, Elad Lassry, Christian Mayer,
Arthur Ou, Karthik Pandian, Carmelle Safdie,
Andreas Schulze, Erin Shirreff, Sue Tompkins,
Andra Ursuta, Andro Wekua

ILLY PRESENT FUTURE AWARD EXHIBITION

a cura di Andrew Berardini,

Gregor Muir, Beatrix Ruf

CASTELLO DI RIVOLI

MUSEO D'ARTE CONTEMPORANEA

Naufus Ramírez-Figueroa,

Vanessa Safavi, Santo Tolone

IDEAL STANDARD FORMS

a cura di Anna Colin

GAM GALLERIA CIVICA

D'ARTE MODERNA E CONTEMPORANEA

Edward Allington, Pablo Bronstein,

Matthew Darbyshire

ONE TORINO

EDIZIONE #1

7.11.2013 – 12.01.2014

LA NUOVA GRANDE RASSEGNA ESPOSITIVA
ANNUALE A TORINO E IN PIEMONTE

WAYS OF WORKING: THE INCIDENTAL OBJECT

a cura di Julieta González

FONDAZIONE MERZ

Stuart Brisley, Enzo Mari, Mario Merz,
Felipe Mujica, Mai-Thu Perret, Falke Pisano,
Charlotte Posenenske, Tobias Putrih,
Gabriel Sierra, Mladen Stilinović, Superflex,
Andrea Zittel

VEERLE

a cura di Chris Fitzpatrick

FONDAZIONE SANDRETTO RE REBAUDENGO

Federico Acal, Nina Beier, Goda Budvytyte,
Liudvikas Buklys, Frank Chu, Trisha Donnelly,
Peter Fischli & David Weiss, Ceal Floyer, Isa Genzken,
Halflifers (Torsten Zenas Burns & Anthony Discenza),
Euan Macdonald, Mahony (Andreas Duscha,
Stephan Kobatsch, Clemens Leuschner
and Jenny Wolka), Eva Marisaldi, Giovanni Oberti,
Julie Peeters, Post Brothers, Rosemarie Trockel,
Anne-Mie Van Kerckhoven, Erik Wysocan

ONE TORINO 2013 PRESENTA 5 MOSTRE COLLETTIVE
NELLE PRINCIPALI ISTITUZIONI E SEDI ARTISTICHE DELLA CITTÀ



NERO N.33 / VERSIONE ITALIANA

CONCEPITA COME UN COMPENDIO FATTO DI SEZIONI AUTONOME, NERO È UNA PUBBLICAZIONE CHE RACCOGLIE ALTRE PUBBLICAZIONI SERIALI: UN RACCONTO COMPOSTO DA DIVERSI CAPITOLI SENZA NESSO NARRATIVO, APPARTENENTI PERÒ AD UNO STESSO IMMAGINARIO. UN MODELLO EDITORIALE IN CUI AD OGNI SEZIONE CORRISPONDE UN PROGETTO PENSATO PER ATTIVARE PROCESSI INTERPRETATIVI O RIPENSARE LE MODALITÀ DI FRUIZIONE DEI CONTENUTI: PROGETTI COMMISSIONATI, PERCORSI AUTORIALI ED ESPERIMENTI PERSONALI. UN MODO DI PENSARE LA RIVISTA NON COME MEDIUM MA COME OGGETTO.

SEZIONE 1
ROOM AVAILABLE

IL NUMERO DI PAGINE È L'UNICA INDICAZIONE DATA AD UN CURATORE CHE PRESENTA, IN PIENA AUTONOMIA, UN PROGETTO PENSATO ED IMPAGINATO IN COLLABORAZIONE CON UN ARTISTA

SUPERTRAMP, A STORY OF A VASE
di Virginija Januškevičiūtė
e Elena Narbutaitė

(immagini pp. 26-37)

Andreja Puskunigytė aveva 12 anni quando ha disegnato *Un vaso con l'acqua*. Le persone ritratte sono suoi parenti, amici di famiglia o semplici amici, tra cui Elena Narbutaitė e sua madre Daina Narbutienė. Liutauras Pšibilskis è un critico d'arte e curatore che vive a New York. La "galleria" è l'Artists Space di New York; Gintaras Didžiapetris è tra gli artisti che hanno partecipato a *Paper Exhibition*, che si è tenuta qui nel 2009. Jonas Žakaitis è un critico d'arte e un filosofo, dal 2009 al 2013 ha di-

retto la galleria Tulips&Roses (che rappresenta Gintaras) tra Vilnius e Bruxelles. I collage sullo sfondo sono stati realizzati da Linas Jablonskis per una mostra del 2002 a Vilnius. La serie ha preso il nome dall'album dei Supertramp *Crisis? What Crisis?* (1975/2002).

Virginija Januškevičiūtė (1979) è curatrice al Centro d'Arte Contemporanea (CAC) di Vilnius. Tra le sue recenti collaborazioni: Dalia Dūdėnaitė and Elena Narbutaitė. Sleeper per Peep-Hole, Milano; 90s per KIM? Centro d'Arte Contemporanea di Riga; Panslavisms per il Transkaukazja festival di Varsavia; Illusionists. On Stage Design and Contemporary Art presso il CAC di Vilnius. Ha inoltre curato la mostra personale di Gintaras Didžiapetris al CAC di Vilnius e Objectif Exhibitions, ad Anversa e al Museo di Villa Croce di Genova.

Elena Narbutaitė (1984) è un'artista nata a Vilnius. Al momento sta lavorando a Married Man, la terza serie all'interno del suo ciclo Prosperit. La prima serie, Roberts (come in Julia Roberts) è stata mostrata in occasione della sua personale presso la galleria Tulips&Roses di Brussell, nel 2012. Nel 2013 ha partecipato, tra le altre, alla collettiva Fusiform Gyrus alla Lisson Gallery di Londra e ad oO – Padiglione della Lituania e Cipro all'interno della 55ma Mostra d'Arte Internazionale di Venezia.

SEZIONE 2
ADAPTATION

TRA LA CARTA ED INTERNET, INVERTENDO IL RUOLO DEI DUE MEDIA: UNA MOSTRA ONLINE COMMISSIONATA DA NERO VIENE PRESENTATA SULLA RIVISTA ATTRAVERSO IL SUO COMUNICATO STAMPA

AN ONLINE EXHIBITION OF RECENT ONLINE EXHIBITIONS
una mostra online a cura di
Hanne Mugaas

Opening at
<http://www.neromagazine.it/aoeoroe>
18 Novembre – 18 Gennaio, 2014

Cat Videos 1999-2002
di Frances Stark

Con *Cat Videos 1999-2002*, Frances Stark mostra i suoi gatti mentre giocano e gironzolano per casa. I video sono stati ispirati dal piacere visivo che l'artista ha tratto osservandoli, e dal modo in cui le movenze dei gatti hanno modificato la sua percezione dell'ambiente domestico. Grazie all'uso di una canzone diegetica come colonna sonora per ciascun video, la vita del gatto domestico – che di norma non prevede alcuna pianificazione né azione – viene delineata e poi innalzata a opera d'arte. I video, realizzati prima dell'avvento di YouTube, tra il 1999 e il 2002, hanno precorso i tempi, anticipando l'attuale e massiccia fruizione dei video online di gatti e le reazioni emotive che essi suscitano. Involontariamente, hanno anche messo in luce il modo in cui la soglia di attenzione va riducendosi in reazione alle tecnologie contemporanee.

Remoji
di Tara Sinn

Intitolata *Remoji*, l'opera è un'esplosione interattiva di emoji che riempiono lo schermo del computer seguendo i movimenti del mouse. Dopo qualche secondo gli emoji scompaiono, permettendo così di ricominciare daccapo.

30 Going on 13
di Micaela Durand

Cara Sally,
non ci crederai ma L'ESTATE PUÒ DURARE PER SEMPRE.
Non durerà nient'altro.
Tranne le canzoni che cantano Taylor Swift e Demi Lovato.
Discutono di questioni molto personali

su Twitter. Anche nelle prigioni federali femminili si parla di Taylor Swift.

A quanto pare, qui a New York tutti hanno diritto a una seconda possibilità.

Joey e Dawson, Joey e Pacey, Joey e Dawson, Joey e Pacey.

Andiamo avanti. Relazioni incerte. Chuck. Blair.

Vogliono essere tutte cattive ragazze. Da *Laguna Beach* a *The Hills* a *The City. Sex and the City*.

Nessuno vuole una Charlotte. Ma io sono una brava ragazza, lo so. Drake.

Quando vuoi Senti la pioggia sulla pelle. Nessun altro può sentirlo x te Nessuno ama nessuno.

Crescere. Sono sbronza.

Lascia che il futuro passi ma non abbandonare i 13, Trenta.

Tua,

Felicity

La Grande Bouffe di White Zinfandel

La Grande Bouffe di White Zinfandel

White Zinfandel propone un allegro video e una serie di siti per accompagnare la sua ultima uscita, *La Grande Bouffe*, che sarà presentata alla *Glass House* di Philip Johnson il 13 ottobre 2013. Al video hanno collaborato, tra gli altri, Korakrit Arunanondchai, Davide Balula, Daphne Fitzpatrick e Jonathan William Turner di Yemenwed. *La Grande Bouffe* si ispira all'influente e omonima pellicola francese del 1973 diretta da Marco Ferreri, in cui il cibo è “l'ultima speranza che si nasconde nella disperazione della vita”. Gli artisti hanno risposto con libere interpretazioni che riguardano il rigore e la disciplina dell'osare.

La Grande Bouffe di White Zinfandel

Inaugurazione 10 novembre: Kunsthall Stavanger e Performa presentano: Practicing Haydn, di Lina Viste Grønli, Peter Child ed Elaine Chews.

Practicing Haydn (Sonata per pianoforte in Mi bemolle minore, Hob XVI:45) sarà la pri-

ma opera intercontinentale di Performa, e andrà in scena al Performa Hub e in contemporanea in Norvegia, durante la grandiosa inaugurazione della Kunsthall Stavanger. Eseguita dall'artista Lina Viste Grønli e dai suoi collaboratori (Elaine Chew, pianista e docente di digital media, e Peter Child, compositore e docente di musica al MIT), *Practicing Haydn* è una composizione inedita per pianoforte che riprende l'ultimo movimento di una sonata di uno dei compositori più prolifici e famosi del periodo classico, Franz Joseph Haydn. Un'esercitazione della Chew è stata trasformata in una partitura vera e propria – che comprende ripetizioni, errori, pause e interruzioni – dalle abili mani di Child. La partitura di *Practicing Haydn* sarà pubblicata sul sito della Kunsthall Stavanger.

Hanne Mugaas (1980) è direttrice e curatrice della Kunsthall Stavanger in Norvegia. Ha lavorato come curatrice associata al Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum di New York, e ha fondato la galleria Art Since the Summer of '69 nel Lower East Side a Manhattan.

SEZIONE 3
HERE BEFORE

DIALOGHI AD UNA VOCE SOLA TRA ARTISTI DI DIVERSE GENERAZIONI, NEI QUALI IL PIÙ GIOVANE TESTIMONIA L'INFLUENZA DEL PIÙ VECCHIO

Practicing Haydn (Sonata per pianoforte in Mi bemolle minore, Hob XVI:45) sarà la pri-

CALCIFICAZIONE ELASTICA
Nicola Martini on the work of Jorge Peris (in collaboration with Vittorio Cavallini and Jacopo Menzani)

Il Dao di cui si può parlare non è il vero Dao. I nomi che si possono nominare non sono i nomi per sempre. Innominabile è ciò da cui ha origine cielo e terra. Ha un nome la madre dei diecimila esseri. Perciò costantemente senza desiderio ne contempi il mistero, costantemente con desiderio ne contempi i limiti.

Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*, VI sec. a. C.

Questo testo vuole essere (il racconto di) una posizione.

Posizione, postura che a volte scegliamo di mantenere, sentendo e subendo il disequilibrio che ne consegue; fino a che non diventa sempre più silenzioso, arrivando fino a dimenticarsene; per poi tornare indietro come modificata, svelando l'impatto che ha avuto su di noi.

La compenetrazione di attività di persone che non si sono mai incontrate, e che poi come in un'accelerazione di eventi si ritrovano a compiere uno stesso atto, ma tutti indipendentemente, come tre percussionisti possono percuotere una membrana completamente in sincronia in tre luoghi lontani nello spazio.

Ho incontrato Jorge Peris nel 2007, a Firenze, durante un laboratorio che stava organizzando a Base/Progetti per l'arte. In tale periodo la mia ricerca mi parlava con un idioma che non riuscivo a leggere, a interpretare.

Parlavo una lingua che non conoscevo, o meglio che non ricordavo di aver mai parlato. Questo procedere urlato, era il linguaggio che usavano altre persone oltre a me, Jorge Peris è una di queste.

Questa sorta di cacofonia interna adesso prendeva la forma di un coro; Vittorio Cavallini e Jacopo Menzani emettevano gli stessi suoni...

Ogni scelta di qua in avanti inizia a essere dettata da un'entità, che prende decisioni autonome, e che seguiamo puntualmente... il lavoro.

Jorge stava preparando Marte in Gaia e Cosimo (*Galleria ZERO...*, *Settembre 2007*) e noi eravamo là.

L'odore della sabbia soffiata ad alta pressione da due compressori da 7,5 cavalli, l'intonaco scaldato fino a polverizzarsi, un suono come di cottura.

Sabbia e intonaco aspirati e soffiati da due piani diversi (piano interrato e primo piano) contro gravità, per poi discendere nuovamente, lasciando depositi.

Esperire il funzionamento della macchina, un meravigliarsi di qualcosa già visto, in potenza.

Non era una scelta dettata da noi; ognuno sentiva che doveva essere fatto; il perché non è mai stato messo in discussione. Parlavamo di fiducia, di fede, di alcol, di come incredibilmente tutto possa essere vuoto senza questa strana fede, necessaria. “Non sappiamo bene quello che stiamo facendo... ma dobbiamo continuare a farlo, sempre con molta dignità”, Jorge lo ripeteva spesso, a cadenze regolari.

Ripetevamo spesso i concetti che ci servivano, come per ricordarli non solo a noi stessi, ma a tutti i presenti. Spesso ho sentito che la fatica fisica, spesso estenuante, era una conferma del giusto cammino intrapreso. Il nostro era un andare avanti per tentativi, non prove: ogni atto non veniva mai scaricato, era una traccia da e per ricordare.

La polvere bianca della sabbia quarzifera e dell'intonaco si mischiavano in un composto fitto come un odore, la frequenza di vibrazione del getto ad alta pressione che usavamo, emetteva un suono nei nostri corpi; visibilità scarsa, tenere sempre una mano a contatto con il trabattello, che poi arrivano le vertigini.

Tentavo di tenere queste piccole accortezze in mente il più possibile, ma era difficile, l'istinto era in attesa di prendere il sopravvento, allora pausa.

Si parla, si riparte, parole nuove nel nostro idioma, fatica nel trovarle, ripetersi, metafore sempre più lunghe.

Proprio quegli odori mi stanno parlando adesso, mentre scrivo, incisi nella memoria come l'esperienza dell'infanzia. Mare, yoghurt, polvere di intonaco scaldata dall'urto abrasivo della sabbia, argilla fredda, bagnata, muffa, molecole che a volte bruciano le narici, a volte infastidiscono, altre volte, di rado però, incuriosiscono soltanto.

Poi tutto finisce, esperiamo la fatica del rallentare, del rientrare in una dinamica con densità diversa, ma ugualmente concitata.

Io, Vittorio e Jacopo continuiamo a recitare versi e verbi di questo idioma. Ci ritroviamo nello studio di Vittorio, che presto diventa il nostro, un fienile a Marti, Montopoli in Valdarno (Pisa); ancora lo è in qualche modo. Ci accorgiamo che mettiamo la stessa forza nel gettare il cemento per il pavimento dello studio, che usiamo per questa ricerca del verbo.

Il lavoro cade sul bosco adiacente allo studio, sulle cave di argilla, lo sforzo di uno è lo sforzo di tutti, niente sacrificio. Parola, pensiero e azione erano finalmente un unico agire, il lavoro stava prendendo piede su tutto, iniziavo a saper ascoltare. In questo periodo abbiamo la consapevolezza che il nostro incontro non è avvenuto per caso, il lavoro era il collante: ciò accadrà sempre più spesso in futuro.

Come quando alle elementari è arrivato il giorno in cui hanno spiegato il concetto di tangenza. Ci siamo ritrovati a disegnare delle rette su un foglio. Adesso abbiamo la convinzione che una retta, su un quaderno, non ci viene mai disegnata per caso. Soprattutto se poi deve andare a sbattere contro un'altra. C'erano delle micce e c'era un'esca. È finita proprio come sul quaderno delle elementari con le rette.

Fairy, *Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo (Febbraio 2008), accade nuovamente. Un mese di lavoro, una casa in Via Belfiore 65 in S. Salvario a Torino, letto grande ma scomodo diviso in tre. 17 tonnellate di argilla su pareti e soffitto di una stanza preparata, isolata da pannelli di fibrocemento (rifletto molto sull'effettiva possibilità di isolare uno spazio) vaporizzatori, ambiente sempre umido; faticoso non farsi distrarre dagli elementi estranei.*

La lingua è la stessa.

Costanti viaggi fra Torino e lo studio, a Marti, dove accadevano altre cose, altre situazioni. Viaggi lunghi, in auto, spesso durante la notte, ricordo gli effetti miracolosi della genziana di Nunzio.

dove accadevano altre cose, altre situazioni. Viaggi lunghi, in auto, spesso durante la notte, ricordo gli effetti miracolosi della genziana di Nunzio.

Il freddo che paralizza le mani e il caldo che toglie il fiato non sono rilevanti, come non lo sono l'accumularsi di ore di sonno perse o i dolori che i muscoli e le ossa ti fanno presenti. Il pensiero va esclusivamente a una sensazione di appagamento che per un attimo placa il demone che c'è dentro, quello che non da pace, giorno e notte bussa dentro la testa, accusando e provocando. Devo ancora capire se non siamo noi a spaventarlo.

Il sistema è aperto, poroso nei suoi grani, e in qualche modo, protetto.

Rifletto sulle parole di Jorge, che notava di sentirmi pensare al mio lavoro mentre sollevavo i vari pannelli di argilla e rete elettrosaldata, che fissavamo al soffitto, più o meno di una trentina di chili l'uno.

Era vero, il corpo lavorava su un'azione ripetuta, ma il lavoro continuava a parlarmi, sempre più spesso, non ascoltarlo non era possibile. Ognuno di noi era la ed era indipendente, lo abbiamo sempre saputo. Era e doveva essere questo il modo.

Qui sta la grande generosità di Jorge. Il nostro rapporto è sempre stato paritario, imparavamo tutti a parlare questa lingua, ogni giorno in modo nuovo. Gli accadimenti, tanti, l'attenzione sempre molto alta, a volte distante. Il pensiero, sempre rivolto a udire, per cavare anche il più impercettibile dei segni. Adesso, sento l'impatto di quegli incontri; non cerco più di ricordare. Non ne sento più il bisogno; quei suoni che poi sono diventati linguaggio adesso sono tornati a essere frequenze libere, sconosciute e familiari allo stesso tempo. La postura si sta riassestando verso un'altra calcificazione, continuo ad ascoltare

qualcosa che non conosco, e ancora una volta, non sono il solo.

Nicola Martini (1984) vive e lavora a Parigi. I materiali e le loro modificazioni sono allo stesso tempo il punto di partenza e il culmine del suo processo artistico. Il suo lavoro ha a che fare con la creazione di forme scultoree e installazioni, ma la sua reale specificità risiede nel processo e nello sviluppo di esse. Ha partecipato a diverse mostre personali e collettive a livello internazionale.

SEZIONE 4
RUINS OF EXHIBITIONS

UNA PRESENTAZIONE QUASI-SCIEN-
TIFICA DI IMPORTANTI MOSTRE
DEL PASSATO, ATTRAVERSO FONTI
PRIMARIE COME TESTI ORIGINALI,
IMMAGINI, RITAGLI DI GIORNALE,
SCANSIONI E TRASCRIZIONI

RETRACE YOUR STEPS:
REMEMBER TOMORROW

(immagini pp. 55-66)

10 dicembre 1999 – 25 marzo 2000
A cura di Hans Ulrich Obrist
Sir John Soane’s Museum, Londra

Contenuti:
1 comunicato stampa
1 introduzione tratta dal foglio di sala
1 mappa tratta dal foglio di sala
1 trascrizione di una conversazione tra
Hans Ulrich Obrist, Margaret Richardson
e Cerith Wyn Evans
7 immagini delle installazioni

Note:
Il Sir John Soane’s Museum è stata l’abita-
zione dell’architetto neoclassico John So-
ane. Ospita numerosi suoi disegni e mo-
delli di progetti, nonché la collezione di
dipinti, disegni e oggetti di antiquariato
che ha raccolto.
Il museo è stato istituito nel 1833, quando

Soane era ancora in vita, da un decreto
del Parlamento, che entrò in vigore alla
morte di Soane nel 1837. La collezione del
museo annovera molte importanti opere
d’arte, tra cui *La carriera di un libertino* e
La campagna elettorale di Hogarth, una
Riva degli Schiavoni del Canaletto, il sar-
cofago in alabastro di Seti I, 30.000 di-
segni architettonici, 6.857 volumi storici,
252 modelli architettonici storici, oltre a
importanti esemplari di arredi e arti de-
corative.
Nel 1999 il museo ha ospitato la mostra
curata da Hans Ulrich Obrist intitolata *Re-
trace Your Steps: Remember Tomorrow*, per la
quale sono stati invitati artisti del calibro
di Steve Mc Queen e Cerith Wyn Evans af-
finché interagissero con la collezione. Dou-
glas Gordon ha concepito il titolo.
In linea con il modo in cui Sir John Soane
aveva esposto le sue collezioni, le opere in
mostra non erano etichettate. Non c’era-
no pannelli di spiegazione o audioguide;
i visitatori erano incoraggiati a spostarsi
come preferivano tra le sale, incontrando
così opere d’arte inaspettate in punti ina-
spettati.
Hans Ulrich Obrist (1968) è il condirettore
delle mostre e dei programmi e direttore
dei progetti internazionali alla Serpentine
Gallery. Dal 1993 al 2000, è stato il cu-
ratore del Museum in Progress di Vienna
e, sempre dal 2000 è curatore del Museo
d’arte moderna della città di Parigi. Dal
1991, Obrist ha curato e co-curato più di
200 mostre, tra personali e collettive e
biennali internazionali.
Comunicato stampa:
Gilbert & George, Douglas Gordon, Anish
Kapoor, Steve McQueen, Richard Ha-
milton, Rosemarie Trockel, Cerith Wyn
Evans, Richard Wentworth, Rem Koolha-
as ed Herzog & de Meuron sono alcuni
tra gli artisti e gli architetti le cui opere
saranno esposte in *Retrace your Steps:
Remember Tomorrow*, la prima grande mo-
stra di arte contemporanea del Sir John
Soane’s Museum.

A dare inizio alla mostra sono stati il gio-
vane curatore svizzero Hans Ulrich Obrist
e l’artista e regista di fama Cerith Wyn
Evans, inglese, le cui opere hanno parte-
cipato a mostre importanti, tra cui *Sen-
sation* alla Royal Academy di Londra nel
1997. La mostra è a cura di Hans Ulrich
Obrist, noto per le sue mostre all’avan-
guardia al Museo d’Arte moderna della
città di Parigi, per *Take Me (I’m Yours)* alla
Serpentine Gallery del 1995 e per *Cities on
the Move* alla Hayward Gallery la scorsa
estate. La mostra è stata organizzata in
modo da coincidere con la grande espo-
sizione di Soane che si terrà alla Royal
Academy questo autunno. Tutti gli artisti
hanno in qualche modo subito l’influenza
di Soane, e hanno scelto i punti del museo
in cui esporre le proprie opere. La mostra
accosta opere contemporanee ad artefatti
storici di Soane, permettendo così ai vi-
sitatori di vivere la disposizione in modo
personale e di lasciarsene ispirare, pro-
prio com’era nelle intenzioni di Soane.

Molte delle opere sono state create appo-
sitamente per la mostra: Anish Kapoor
realizzerà una scultura specchiata e ro-
tante che riflette la luce; un nuovo dipinto
di Richard Hamilton verrà “infiltrato” die-
tro i pannelli mobili della sala dei dipinti;
Douglas Gordon sta creando il titolo del-
la mostra, che verrà esposto anche come
opera a sé; Richard Hamilton disegnerà
la locandina della mostra e Gilbert & Ge-
orge hanno realizzato un’opera e la carto-
lina dell’evento. Cerith Wyn Evans, che si
sta occupando della guida della mostra,
sostituirà i campanelli sul nastro che, nel
museo, separa la zona privata dello studio
dall’area aperta al pubblico, in un’azione
“al limite dell’invisibile”. Verranno pre-
sentate in video performance di Christina
Mackie e Tom Gidley, e Cedric Price ter-
rà una lezione. Inoltre, verranno esposti il
progetto ispirato a internet di Bruce Mau,
due opere di nvisible Museum e l’opera di
Lucius Burckhardt sui padiglioni da giar-
dino di Soane.

Questa sarà la prima di una serie di mo-
stre di arte contemporanea presso il Soa-
ne Museum, che proseguirà nel 2001 con
una mostra di prestiti presi da invisible
Museum.

Foglio di sala:
*Sono sempre stato molto stimolato e ispirato
dai rapporti e dagli interstizi del Soane Mu-
seum, dalle conversazioni che si instaurano
tra narrazioni e oggetti diversi, e dalle pro-
spettive straordinarie che si incontrano per
caso e rispecchiano un riflesso di noi stessi. È
un luogo incredibilmente complesso e stimo-
lante, e ogni visita è una nuova esperienza.*

Cerith Wyn Evans in una conversazione
con Margaret Richardson e Hans Ulrich
Obrist, Londra, 1999

*Quando entrano, i visitatori chiedono spesso:
“Da che parte vado?”, e tu rispondi: “Puoi an-
dare dove vuoi, è una tua scelta”.*

Margaret Richardson in una conversazio-
ne con Cerith Wyn Evans e Hans Ulrich
Obrist, Londra, 1999

C’È UN LUOGO CHE DEVI CONOSCE-
RE
Durante un incontro al Museo d’arte mo-
derna della città di Parigi nel 1995, Ce-
rith Wyn Evans mi ha parlato a lungo di
Sir John Soane, spingendomi a visitare
l’omonimo museo. Cerith e io abbiamo co-
minciato a vederci regolarmente lì. Dopo
qualche tempo, ha iniziato a prendere
forma l’idea di una mostra immaginaria
che, nel corso dei due anni successivi, si è
definita nelle conversazioni con Margaret
Richardson, curatrice del museo.

VISIBILE E INVISIBILE
Esistono molti musei postumi e memoria-
li dedicati a un solo artista, architetto o
autore, progettati per conservarne o rico-
struirne artificialmente l’opera o le con-
dizioni di vita. Sono invece decisamente
più rari i musei che gli artisti stessi hanno

concepito in vita come *Gesamtkunstwerk* e
che sono stati mantenuti tali nel tempo. Il
Sir John Soane’s Museum ne è un esempio
perfetto. Nel 1833, quattro anni prima di
morire, Soane istituì la propria abitazione
a museo e ottenne un decreto del Parla-
mento che ne garantisse la sopravvivenza
dopo la sua scomparsa. Le sue proprie-
tà si dividono in quattro macrocategorie:
frammenti antichi, dipinti di Canaletto,
Hogarth e Turner, disegni architettonici
(per esempio di Piranesi) e opere di Soane
stesso, come modelli architettonici e pro-
getti. Benché il Sir John Soane’s Museum
abbia orari d’apertura regolari e attragga
90.000 visitatori all’anno, deve la propria
reputazione soprattutto al passaparola.
Il paradosso di un segreto ben custodito
e insieme pubblico, nonché la costante
spinta tra visibilità e invisibilità, sono le
considerazioni alla base della mostra im-
minente. Cerith Wyn Evans mette in di-
scussione la distinzione tra spazio pubbli-
co e privato nel museo situando il proprio
intervento su una scala pressoché invisi-
bile. L’opera scivola nel contesto esistente
mentre modifica il suono dei campanelli.
In una diversa prospettiva, il familiare di-
venta estraneo.
Questa oscillazione tra familiare ed estra-
neo ci porta a Steve McQueen, la cui ope-
ra si rivelerà solo a un secondo sguardo.
Un tavolo appoggiato su uno specchio
crea un paradosso: lo specchio esige
un’immagine. Attraverso lo specchio, Mc-
Queen mette i visitatori in una situazione
che li rende sensibili a loro stessi mentre
osservano l’opera. È anche molto fisica,
poiché rende consapevoli della propria
presenza.

LINCOLN’S INN FIELDS – FOURNIER
STREET
Poiché il museo ha le dimensioni di una
casa, i visitatori stabiliscono con le opere
in mostra un rapporto diverso rispetto a
quello che si verrebbe a creare all’interno
di un’architettura museale monumentale.
L’abisso tra il museo e il mondo dell’espe-

rienza vissuta, criticato da Adorno, è stato
colmato. Gilbert & George hanno trascor-
so un pomeriggio al museo bevendo tè
dalle tazze appartenute a Soane. La fo-
tografia che li immortalava è incorniciata e
appesa nella Libreria/Sala da pranzo. C’è
un’affinità tra Soane e il modo in cui Gil-
bert & George esplorano l’infinita com-
plessità della vita nella loro casa, più pic-
cola, di Fournier Street, che cresce orga-
nicamente e in cui gli oggetti del presente
e del passato coesistono gli uni di fianco
agli altri. Analogamente, Isaac Julien ha
dipinto il proprio studio di un giallo soa-
niano, come mostrano le fotografie nella
Sala sud da disegno.

LA SALA DEI RITRATTI
*Sappiamo con precisione dove la stanza fini-
sce, si piega, si separa e si riunifica di nuovo?*
George Perec in *Espèces d’Espèces*

L’uso dello spazio nel Soane Museum ci
ricorda Heinrich Kuerz, il giovane (e im-
maginario) pittore della *Storia di un qua-
dro* di Perec, che dipinge più di cento vol-
te, in più di cento quadri, Herman Raffke,
magnate della birra e collezionista. Perec
parla della sconcertante spiritualità del-
la seconda venuta, di un complesso gioco
di autenticità e disonestà, e del fascino
magico delle ripetizioni sempre più pic-
cole. La complessità delle stanze e delle
immagini intricate di Perec ci portano
nella Sala dei ritratti del Sir John Soane’s
Museum. Nel corso di questa mostra, qui
ci sarà una nuova attrazione: un dipinto
di Richard Hamilton che verrà mostrato
in anteprima. I visitatori possono vederlo
solo quando i pannelli mobili della Sala
sono aperti. Questa modalità flessibile di
appendere il dipinto non ha solo il van-
taggio di far risparmiare spazio, ma per-
mette inoltre di osservare le opere da di-
verse angolazioni. Sulla strada per la Sala
dei ritratti, dal Colonnato, si vede anche *Il
Grande Vetro* di Marcel Duchamp che ap-
pare nel dipinto.

TRE MUSEI NEL MUSEO

nvisible Museum è una collezione di dipinti, disegni, sculture, videoinstallazioni, fotografie e tecniche miste prestata ad amici, artisti e musei: un museo senza muri, una collezione di arte contemporanea nomade e senza fissa dimora. A questa mostra nvisible Museum presta due opere di Katharina Fritsch e Liisa Roberts.

L'idea della matrioska ci porta al Nano Museum, la cui architettura è una piccola cornice doppia d'argento (2" x 3") in cui gli artisti presentano mostre molto limitate, simili a dittici. Nel contesto del Soane Museum, funziona come un museo nel Museo. Qualsiasi museo può celarne un altro. Le mostre del Nano Museum cambieranno ogni settimana. La prima sarà di Hans-Peter Feldmann, e la programmazione futura sarà annunciata in seguito. Anche il Museo della tecnologia giurassica, che ha molti punti di contatto con il Soane Museum, è compreso.

SOANE È LUCE

We boast our light, but if we look not wisely on the Sun itself, it smites us into darkness, the light which we have gained, was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge.

Milton, *Areopagitica*

Soane ha ottenuto i suoi effetti senza usare la decorazione o semplificandola, ma grazie a spazio, colore e luce. Da qualche tempo, gli studi sull'architetto hanno cominciato a riconoscere l'importanza della luce nella sua opera; il libro di Arata Isozaki, per citarne uno, ha scatenato un vero e proprio boom in Asia. Per esempio, l'opera dell'architetto pechinese Yung Ho Chang, che utilizza materiali comuni e costruzioni semplici, riflette la credenza cinese in un universo intimo nell'universo di Soane. I suoi “scoli pluviali” suggeriscono il modo in cui egli potrebbe aver considerato la vista che osservava dalle proprie finestre.

Il museo rivela diversi stadi di luce, sovrapposti e fusi tra loro, costruiti da Soane. I visitatori incontrano luce diretta, indiretta, riflessa, spezzata, diffusa e rifratta. (Mi inchino di fronte al maestro delle liste Georges Perec.) La luce gioca anche un ruolo importante per gli artisti che si relazionano al museo. La risposta di Richard Hamilton alla complessità dell'illuminazione nel Soane Museum è evidente nella locandina che ha realizzato per la mostra, in cui lo sguardo penetra diversi strati di vetro e spazio. Elementi strutturali eterogenei si fondono in combinazioni sorprendenti e inaspettate nel labirinto di Soane, fatto di intricati significati dotati di aperture in ogni direzione che ricordano le scale riflesse all'infinito nelle *Carceri* di Piranesi. Come Hamilton, la fotografia di Rosemarie Trockel ci mostra la dimensione partecipativa della “parte per il tutto” nell'approccio di Soane; così, sorprendentemente, non emerge nessuna passività sensoriale nonostante l'incredibile sovraccarico, al contrario di un museo di curiosità. Questo perché i frammenti architettonici non sono chiusi, il percorso del visitatore non è predeterminato e c'è spazio per eventuali aggiunte nella disposizione, come sottolineato dal posizionamento del calco della mano di Douglas Gordon. Le opere di Joseph Grigely, poste su tavolini nella Sala sud da disegno, sottolineano come il museo stesso sia un brano di conversazione. Il modo in cui Grigely mostra testo e dislocamento evidenzia che “un testo specifico può assumere molte forme diverse, e che tutte esprimono un livello o una variante. Di rado la variante è puramente arbitraria, piuttosto esprime le possibilità dell'intento umano”.

Anish Kapoor ha progettato un arresto dinamico: una scultura da tavolo con uno specchio giallo che, a un'ispezione più accurata, si rivela un contenitore di acqua colorata che vortica a velocità estrema. Le opere di Koo Jeong-a fanno da eco alla densità del museo. Il suo contenitore

di cristallo è sempre pieno fino all'orlo e prossimo all'inondazione.

PROSPETTIVE INATTESE

Bruce Mau proietta immagini sullo schermo esistente, potenziandone così il potenziale associativo. Il Mississippi Museum e il Coca Cola Museum proposto da lui e Frank Gehry sono stati entrambi influenzati da Soane. L'installazione di Mau porta avanti la pratica di Soane dell'ignorare la gerarchia tra opere importanti e trascurabili, mostrando oggetti rilevanti accanto ad altri “trovati” e privi di valore. L'opera di Mau catapulta Soane su internet. Le opere saranno inserite in una rete di tessuto. Come Bruce Mau, anche Richard Wentworth riflette sul Soane Museum da un'angolazione fatta di prospettive in movimento. Lucius Burckhardt, un assiduo frequentatore del Soane Museum fin dagli anni '60, ha proposto una svolta altrettanto inaspettata. Il suo progetto affronta le poco conosciute follie da giardino di John Soane, *Designs in Architecture* (1778), e il motivo per cui ha deciso di realizzare un libro tanto modesto sugli edifici da giardino. Rem Koolhaas espone il suo modello per un nuovo Museo d'arte moderna a Roma, in cui il Soane Museum costituisce una tipologia. Insieme al Whitney e al Guggenheim, il Sir John Soane's Museum diventa una possibilità, una verità tra una moltitudine di verità che deve essere inserita nella progettazione di un museo d'arte contemporanea. Nella struttura del Museo delle tipologie di Koolhaas, il Soane Museum emerge per delicatezza.

Jacques Herzog e Pierre De Meuron stanno costruendo un nuovo museo per i collezionisti americani Pam e Dick Kramlich. Come quello di Soane, si tratta di un'abitazione privata che diventerà una fondazione o un museo. Poiché si parla di una collezione di video e nuovi media, ci saranno molte proiezioni, come per esempio video wall. Nelle parole di Herzog e De Meuron, “le opere sono destinate ai muri e possono essere viste o meno in base alla

luce, accesa o spenta. Quindi è collegato agli armadi di Soane e al nascondere e al rivelare... La natura, le persone e le immagini si fonderanno insieme per creare uno spazio”. *Herzog and De Meuron intervistati da Hans Ulrich Obrist*

“IL DESIDERIO È IL MOVIMENTO DELLA MEMORIA”

dal film *Frantz Fanon* di Isaac Julien

La mostra porta al Soane Museum tre opere basate su film. Tom Gidley e Isaac Julien realizzeranno dei cortometraggi nel museo, opere che non si ispirano tanto a oggetti quanto a eventi ed energie, il che ci porta al confronto di Patricia Falguières tra il Soane Musuem e il MERZbau di Schwitters. Gli artisti ritengono che il museo sia un luogo in cui poter lavorare in modo creativo per creare film che a turno solleciteranno la fantasia degli spettatori.

Le immagini di Christina Mackie ritraggono una città europea in rovina, post-bellica, e una terra di nessuno americana. Come racconta lei stessa, si tratta di “riconoscere il paesaggio psicologico di qualcun altro: ciò che vedi è filtrato dalle tue aspettative”.

LA MOSTRA COME MEDIUM

Per trasformare ogni elemento della mostra in un tutt'uno integrato, gli artisti hanno contribuito come segue: Richard Hamilton ha disegnato la locandina, e ciascun artista ha realizzato una cartolina che sarà in vendita nel museo. Le opere in mostra saranno numerate ma non etichettate, nel rispetto del modo in cui Soane ha disposto le proprie collezioni. Ogni visitatore riceverà una brochure concepita da Cerith Wyn Evans, con piantine di Christopher H. Woodward. Non ci saranno pannelli esplicativi né audio-guide; i visitatori saranno incoraggiati a spostarsi come preferiscono tra le sale, incontrando così opere d'arte inaspettate

in punti inaspettati.

Douglas Gordon ha creato il titolo della mostra, che verrà esposto in due parti. Cedric Price ha realizzato dei simboli che saranno utilizzati come indicatori galleggianti, e inoltre terrà una lezione nella Vecchia Cucina dal titolo “Tempo e cibo”.

Hans Ulrich Obrist, curatore della mostra

<div>SEZIONE 5</div> <div>FELDMANN PICTURES</div>
<div>CHIEDIAMO AD UN ARTISTA DI CONDIVIDERE DELLE OPERE CHE TENEA NASCOSTE. QUESTA SEZIONE È ISPIRATA AD HANS PETER FELDMANN CHE, IN OCCASIONE DI UNA MOSTRA, CHIESE A FISCHLI&WEISS DI INVIARGLI IMMAGINI DI LAVORI CHE NON AVEVANO MAI VOLUTO MOSTRARE IN PUBBLICO</div>
<div>BY ALEJANDRO CESARCO</div>
<div>(pp. 72-80)</div>

Alejandro Cesarco (1975) è un artista uruguaiano che vive a New York. Si interessa di catalogazione, di classificazione, di appropriarsi e di reinterpretare i testi. Cesarco sviluppa i suoi interessi ricorrenti per la ripetizione, la narrazione e le pratiche di lettura e traduzione. Attraverso diverse strategie concettuali e una varietà di media, tra cui stampe, libri, video e installazioni, esplora i vari significati di parole e immagini in rapporto al contesto, all'esperienza e alla soggettività. La pratica di Cesarco condivide con il Concettualismo l'attenzione costante verso la lettura e verso i rapporti tra parole e immagini. Nella sua opera, il testo prevale sull'immagine – spesso sostituendola o trasformandola –, in un progetto in progress di libri non scritti che delinea lo sviluppo dei suoi interessi, delle sue letture e preoccupazioni. Ha inoltre fondato e dirige “Between Artists”, una serie, attualmente

in corso, di libri fondati su conversazioni tra artisti.

Archiviare sotto: Cesarco, liste, *in progress*, “un'opera che non è un'opera d'arte?”, promemoria, catalogo, classificare, organizzare, scrivania, miniaturizzare, frammento, metodi, Perec.

“In ogni enumerazione sono presenti due tentazioni contraddittorie. La prima è quella di elencare *tutto*, la seconda quella di dimenticare qualcosa. [...] Di conseguenza, tra l'esautivo e l'incompleto, mi pare che l'enumerazione, prima di qualsiasi ragionamento (e classificazione), sia la prova di quel bisogno di nominare e associare senza il quale il mondo (“la vita”) non avrebbe per noi nessun punto di riferimento. [...] C'è qualcosa di edificante e insieme spaventoso nell'idea che nulla al mondo sia così unico da non poter essere inserito in una lista.”

George Perec, *Think/Classify*, in *Species of spaces and Other Pieces*, (London: Penguin Books, 1997), p. 198.

<div>SEZIONE 6</div> <div>EXERCISES IN COHERENCE</div>
<div>UN ESPERIMENTO POST-SURREALISTA CHE ASSOCIA LAVORI VISIVI E FONTI LETTERARIE CHE NON HANNO APPARENTEMENTE NULLA IN COMUNE</div>
<div>WORDS BY AMELIA ROSSELLI</div> <div>PHOTOS BY PETER HUJAR</div>
<div>(immagini pp. 85, 86, 89, 90, 92)</div>

I fiori vengono in dono e poi si dilatano da Documento (1966-1973)

I fiori vengono in dono e poi si dilatano / una sorveglianza acuta li silenzia / non stancarsi mai dei doni.

Il mondo è un dente strappato / non chiedetemi perché / io oggi abbia tanti anni / la pioggia è sterile.	[Senza titolo] da <i>Variazioni Belliche</i>
Puntando ai semi distrutti / eri l'unione appassita che cercavo / rubare il cuore d'un altro per poi servirsene. /	In preda ad uno shock violentissimo, nella miseria / e vicino al tuo cuore mandavo profumi d'incenso nelle / tue occhiaie, Le fosse ardeatine combinavano credenze / e sogni – io ero partita, tu eri tornato – la morte / era una crescita di violenze che non si sfogavano / nella tua testa d'inganno. Le acque limacciose del / mio disinganno erano limate dalla tua gioia e dal / mio avverti in mano, vicino e lontano come il turbine / delle stelle d'estate. Il vento di notte partiva e / sognava cose grandiose: io rimavo entro il mio potere / e partecipavo al vuoto. La colonna vertebrale dei / tuoi peccati arringava la folla: il treno si fermava / ed era entro il suo dire che sostava il vero. / Nell'incontro con la favola risiedevano i banditi.
Convincevo il mostro ad appartarsi / nelle stanze pulite d'un albergo immaginario / v'erano nei boschi piccole vipere imbalsamate.	
Mi truccai a prete della poesia / ma ero morta alla vita / le viscere che si perdono / in un tafferuglio / ne muori spazzato via dalla scienza.	
Il mondo è sottile e piano: / pochi elefanti vi girano, ottusi.	
<i>C'è come un dolore nella stanza da Documento (1966-1973)</i>	
C'è come un dolore nella stanza, ed / è superato in parte: ma vince il peso / degli oggetti, il loro significare / peso e perdita. /	[Senza titolo] da <i>Variazioni Belliche</i>
C'è come un rosso nell'albero, ma è / l'arancione della base della lampada / comprata in luoghi che non voglio ricordare / perché anch'essi pesano.	La mistica del cervello. La luce del demonio sollevava polvere / negli occhi impuri della mia fecondità. Io ero tremante d'invidia / ma il raggio solare sollevava anch'esso storie d'amore tenue / come il pero con i suoi fiori incantati, come il pane di / sera che s'ingrana nelle faccende nostre d'amore e di pietà / e di fame e di quadratura del circolo infame che noi solleviamo / al di sopra di ogni sapienza. Incauta ricorrevo all'aldilà ma fui ben

presto scottata da /
mani invidiose. Le mie proprie mani mi
riportarono a terra /
le mie proprie unghie sollevarono da
terra l'astro della /
felicità. Torgono in mano i lumi i santi
ed i sapienti, torgono /
in mente i lumi i negri e le maestre di
scuola e le rinvenute /
dalle scuole di agricoltura. /
Condannata a far finta mi risollevai dalla
polvere ben presto /
per inginocchiarmi alla fonte delle
benestanti. Le protestanti /
non attecchirono ormai più la mia
freschezza ingenua e con /
tutto candore perdonai ai più villani,
vecchi digiuni. Cuore /
che tanto digiuni scostati dalla rabbia e
rimani potente /
signore.

Si ringrazia il Fondo Manoscritti dell'Uni-
versità di Pavia per la gentile concessione
delle poesia di Amelia Rosselli.

*Amelia Rosselli (1930-1996) è stata una poe-
tessa e musicista italiana che ha fatto parte
della generazione degli anni Trenta, insieme
ad alcuni dei più importanti nomi della lette-
ratura italiana del ventesimo secolo. La sua
è stata definita da Pasolini una “poetica di
lapsus”. Lei stessa afferma che “la lingua in
cui scrivo volta a volta è una sola, mentre la
mia esperienza sonora logica associativa è
certamente quella di tutti i popoli e riflettibi-
le in tutte le lingue”. Tra le raccolte poetiche
si ricordano Variazioni belliche (Garzan-
ti, 1964), Serie ospedaliera (Il Saggiatore,
1969), Documento (1966-1973) (Garzanti,
1976). Muore suicida l'11 febbraio del 1996 a
Roma.*

*Peter Hujar (1936-1987) è un fotografo ameri-
cano. È stato una figura cardine nel gruppo
di artisti, musicisti, scrittori e performers del-
la scena downtow di New York degli anni Set-
tanta e inizio Ottanta. È per lo più conosciuto
per i suoi ritratti in bianco e nero, ma tra i*

*suoi soggetti figurano spesso nudi, animali e
le strade notturne di Manhattan.*

SEZIONE 7 ARTIST PROJECT
UN PROGETTO DI ANTOINE CATALA PER LE PAGINE DI NERO N.33
UNTITLED
(pp. 96-103)
SEZIONE 8 WORDS FOR IMAGES

PER ESPLORARE ALCUNE DELLE
POSSIBILI RELAZIONI TRA PAROLE
ED IMMAGINI, UNO SCRITTORE È
MESSO DI FRONTE A DELLE FOTO
DI CUI IGNORA L'ORIGINE. L'UNICA
RICHIESTA È CHE IL TESTO SIA IN
QUALCHE MODO LEGATO AD ESSE

DIALODRAMAS <i>immagini di Enrico Natali</i> testo di Giordano Tedoldi
(foto p.106)
A: Ma guarda tu se questo... <i>Pausa.</i> A: Ma guarda tu se questo... <i>Pausa.</i> A: Impunito. Impunito proprio... Sì, è un doppiopetto, e è di sartoria, capito? Non l'ho preso da Wanamaker's. Ci passi nei tuoi giri davanti a Wanamaker's? Ma a te se ti vedono nei dintorni di Wanamaker's ti spruzzano il ddt. Chissà se sai cos'è Wa- namaker's, hai l'aria di essere sbarcato qui con l'ultima infornata. Certo non conosci il grande organo di Wanamaker's, io da bambino andavo a sentire i concerti al grande organo di Wanamaker's, ma i ve- stiti me li faccio fare su misura. Sai cos'è una sartoria...
C: Ci sono più pezzenti in questa città che pensieri nella mia testa.
B: Ecco l'inevitabile homeless che si avvi-

cina... non ti do niente bello...
A: Ma guarda tu se questo deve... poi
oggi che è una giornata che proprio... se
fa ancora un passo... è spacciato cazzo, è
spacciato.
C: Ci sono più carie nella mia bocca che
cittadini nativi in questo fottuto paese del
cazzo.
B: Eccolo... Eccolo che viene... dritto da-
vanti a noi, iceberg a prua, ragazzi, col
suo carrello di effetti personali...
C: Ci sono più barboni che poliziotti, è un
fatto, è un dato.
A: Disgustoso, è una donna. Era così scu-
ro, e sporco, e... peloso... che sembrava un
uomo ma è una donna. Non ci posso cre-
dere... ragazzi... quell'uomo è una donna.
C: Ci sono più donne che sembrano uomi-
ni che uomini che sembrano donne, è una
statistica, è una realtà.
B: Eccolo. Eccola. Ecco cosa. Incredibile.
Lo osservo e non riesco a capire se è dav-
vero quella cosa che vedo. Una cosa però
la so: non ti do niente bella. Oggi stai a
stecchetto.
C: Accettiamolo. È così.
A,B,C: Alla fine, pensano di poter uscire
fuori dalle fogne così come sono e toccar-
ti.
A: Il bavero della giacca.
B: Gli occhiali.
C: Il naso.
A,B,C: E in un niente sei come loro.
C: Questa
B: è
A: una grande
D: disgrazia.

(foto p.108)
Mano di lui: E questo guanto?
Mano di lei: E questa pelle?
Mano di lui: Vorrei che mi tenesse la mano un po' più...
Mano di lei: Che ti tenessi la mano come?
Mano di lui: Tienimi più stretto.
Mano di lei: Conosci la canzone?
Mano di lui: Quale canzone piccola?
Mano di lei: Quella di Willie Nelson.
Mano di lui: È solo che non mi tieni

abbastanza stretto, non... davvero, ho la
sensazione che non vuoi tenermi vicino.
Per favore stringimi più forte. Ancora mi
ricordo.
Mano di lei: Imbecille!
Mano di lui: Che ti aspetti? Sono solo una
mano. Non ho il cervello. Sono ritardata.
Mano di lei: È per questo che tu...
Mano di lui: Io cosa?
Mano di lei: È solo che sei così... be'...
umido.
Mano di lui: Umido, io?
Mano di lei: Sì proprio tu.
Mano di lui: Come fai a dirlo attraverso
il guanto.
Mano di lei: Non arrabbiarti tesoro,
anch'io sto sudando.
Mano di lui: E comunque, dove diavolo
stiamo andando?
Mano di lei: Chiediglielo. Lo dovrebbe sapere.
Mano di lui: Non ho voglia di parlargli.
Mano di lei: Come ti pare.
Mano di lui: Fa così caldo.
Mano di lei: È una bellissima serata.
Mano di lui: Mi immergerei in una fonta-
na se ce ne fosse una.
Mano di lei: Aspetta di arrivare lì alla fe-
sta e...
Mano di lui: E cosa?
Mano di lei: Facciamo il bagno insieme.
(La mano di lui arrossisce)
Mano di lei: Ho detto qualcosa di male?
Mano di lui: Vuoi dire... io lavo te e tu lavi
me?

Mano di lei: Voglio dire che mi toglierò il
guanto.
*(La mano di lui tossisce, poi si schiarisce la
gola)*
Mano di lui: Mi ami? Perché penso di
amarti più di quanto *lui* ami *lei*.
(Lei lo stringe più forte)

(foto p.110)
U: Rilassati, amore.
D: Un parola, con questo cerchio alla te- sta.
U: Ma hai le tue cose?
D: Scusa non ti sento, c'è rumore.
U: Ti ho chiesto se hai le tue cose.

D: Ce le ho.
U: Allora forse è per quello.
D: E tu?
U: Io cosa.
D: Tu?
U: Io cosa?
D: Ecco ora hanno messo una musica.
U: Cosa?
D: Che musica sarà? La senti anche tu?
U: Cosa.
D: Mi fanno male i capezzoli.
U: Dove.
D: Punge, questa maglia.
U: Dove?
D: Secondo me abbiamo sbagliato la posizione delle gambe.
U: Come.
D: Io larghe, tu incrociate.
U: È normale. Fanno così, da sempre.
D: Sei da sempre così scandalosamente... rilassato. È indecente. In pubblico poi. Gambe incrociate. La gente si chiede: cos'avrà mai da rilassarsi quello? Il mondo va così bene? Sono giorni così felici? Tutti sbagliano i loro calcoli e quello li pensa di essere l'unico a farli giusti.
U: Davvero strana questa nuova tecnologia.
D: Non è una tecnologia, è una terapia. E comunque preferivo quando eri rilassato. Ora mi bruciano i capezzoli. Dici che sarà un effetto collaterale?
U: Forse. Forse quello e le tue cose.
D: Mi ami?
U: Ti ho sempre amata. Non ti ho mai chiamato per soprannome.
D: È vero. Domani parlo col dottore per l'operazione. Te lo prometto.
U: Sarai più orribile che mai.
D: Qualunque cosa pur di farti sparire per sempre dalla mia vista.
U: Ci hanno messi vicini.
D: Stringimi forte, quando mi opererò.
U: Non mi limiterò a stringerti. Ti succhierò.

(foto p.112)

A: Dall'occhio destro non vedo più niente.
B: Così terrai compagnia al mio sinistro.

A: Non vedi niente dal sinistro?
B: È di vetro.
A: Mi spiace. Com'è successo.
B: Non è successo.
A: Che vuoi dire?
B: Ci sono nato.
A: Che?
B: Sono nato con un occhio di vetro. Da mamma. Dalla pancia.
A: Sei nato con l'occhio sinistro di vetro?
B: Sì, perché sei tanto stupito? Tu sei nato con gli occhiali?
A: No, che cretino!
B: E allora perché ti stupisci se sono nato con l'occhio sinistro di vetro? Sei forse nato senza vedere niente dall'occhio destro?
A: No, solo un po' sfocato, mi pare di ricordare, ad esempio...
B: Appunto. Ma proprio non vedi niente?
A: Dal destro?
B: Sì.
A: No.
B: Ma hai fatto una prova?
A: Tipo?
B: Tipo sinistro chiuso destro aperto, poi destro chiuso sinistro aperto. Magari non vedi dal destro perché non vedi nemmeno dal sinistro.
A: No, dal sinistro vedo. Per esempio ora vedo che davanti a noi, ecco, c'è una... no... una... bambina... ma chi è?
B: Mia zia.
A: Tua zia?!

B: Sì, zia Juliet.

A: Ma avrà quattordici anni!

B: Forse meno.

A: Tua zia, che cretino!

B: Ti dico che è mia zia.

A: Secondo me non vedi bene.

B: Dal sinistro no, dal destro sì.

A: Hai mai fatto le prove?

B: Tipo?

A: Tipo, ti cavi il sinistro e tieni il destro, poi rimetti il sinistro ti cavi il destro.

B: No, dal destro vedo. È zia Juliet.

A: Mi presenti? Sembra un... no... Mi presenti?

B: Sì ma non fare lo scemo, non dirla che somiglia a... non so cosa. Glielo dicono già tanti.

A: No, le sorrido e basta. Se vuoi non parlo.
B: Ecco bravo, mangiati la lingua come il gatto.
A: Quello di Robbie?
B: Cosa.
A: Il gatto, il gatto di Robbie, ti ricordi, era senza lingua. Non sapevo se la fosse mangiata.
B: Ma no cretino è un modo di dire. Non lo sapremo mai, perché il gatto di Robbie non aveva la lingua.
A: E anche la coda, chissà perché mancava.
B: O c'era nato, o gliel'aveva morsicata via, che so, il cane di Tommy.
A: Tua zia sta andando via. Presentami dai, che ridere, somiglia a un... un po' sfocato.
B: Non fare lo scemo ti ho detto! E ora dov'è? Non la vedo più... troppo tardi.

(foto p.114)

N0: Il linguaggio esiste a un livello comunicativo, esiste a un livello poetico, esiste un livello di conflitto, esiste a un livello di conciliazione, il linguaggio è come una casa addossata a una collina, si eleva a più altezze, è questo quello che sto cercando di dire ai miei amici, se vogliono essere miei amici, perché non concepisco un'amicizia che non sia basata su una concordanza filosofica, su una concordanza linguistica, su una comune appartenenza e una solidarietà di pensiero, di affetto, una solidarietà di pensiero e affetto che si manifesta nelle rapine, come nelle partite di baseball, come nella lotta per i diritti dei nostri progenitori, umiliati, incatenati, costretti a ascoltare blues in sterminati campi di mais, mais che peraltro li pungeva e li infettava più del ferro delle catene, e queste sono cose che, a un livello linguistico, io riferisco, perché i miei amici le abbraccino a un livello affettivo, sempre che vogliano essere miei amici, e non tradirmi, rinchiudermi, isolarmi, smettermi di darmi la roba, insomma trattarmi da fratello, con tutta l'ambiguità che la parola fratello si porta con sé, con i pregiudizi, con la storia di ingiustizie e giustizie che sono poi...

N1: Guardalo è ancora lì che prova il discorso.
N2: È sempre stato un eccentrico.
N3: No, in questi casi la parola giusta è esibizionista.
N4: Cosa vuol dire esibizionista?
N5: Vuol dire confessione, martirio.
N6: Gli dà alla testa che fa buio presto.
N7: Ma quanti siamo qua? Perché aumentiamo? E che vuole questo scemo?
N8: È lo scopo della confraternita.
N9: E quanti dobbiamo diventare?
N10: Non lo so, mille, duemila, diecimila, dodicimila, un numero sufficientemente grande da poter...
N11: Poter... poter...
N12: Ancora, andiamo avanti.
N0: ...che sono poi tutti figli di una stessa cucciolata. E questa è la cosa veramente importante, fratelli, capire che siamo capelli sul cuoio capelluto della storia, della nazione, dell'Africa, delle origini, e così, fratelli, risalire la sorgente, risalire il fiume, finché l'alba, la desolata alba...
N13: Di nuovo, santo Dio...
N14: Non si fermerà mai...
N15: Non avrà mai pace a meno che...
N16: Cosa?
N17: Sapete... morte naturale, prematura, tisi. Setticesima. Quelle cose che fondano una religione.

(foto p.116)

B: Gli hai letto il capo d'accusa?
A: Mezz'ora fa, forse di più.
B: Che dice?
A: Che non sa di cosa parliamo. Che sono tutte falsità.
C: Secondo me non c'entra niente.
B: Può darsi. Ma possiamo permetterci di correre il rischio?
C: Non lo so davvero, forse dovremmo mettere la cosa ai voti.
A: Ai voti, noi tre?
C: Sì.
A: Comunque anche se è innocente di sicuro sa più di quello che dice.
B: Perché lo pensi?
A: Ogni tanto mi è parso che abbassasse la

testa, così, sai come se si chinasse a raccogliere qualcosa, e poi sorridesse. Come se pensasse di fregarci.
C: Io non mi sono accorto di niente, ha sempre quell'aria stravolta.
A: L'ho osservato bene.
C: Io non ho visto niente.
B: Tra un po' devo tornare di sopra e stavolta sarà una cosa lunga. Allora, cosa si fa?
A: Te l'ho detto, per me lo possiamo lasciare andare.
C: Io non sono più tanto convinto.
B: Merda, metti il dubbio pure a me.
C: Che posso farci. Quel modo in cui abbassava la testa, sai, come se... non è che c'è qualcosa lì per terra, davanti a lui.
A: Dove.
C: Davanti a lui, a terra. Magari stava veramente guardando... o raccogliendo... qualcosa.
A: Cosa vuoi che ci sia, il pavimento.
C: Non c'è niente?
A: No. Ci sono le piastrelle. Le piastrelle. Non c'è niente, proprio niente.
C: E allora... perché?
B: Perché cosa?
C: I sorrisi, guardare in basso, schermirsi.
B: Schermirsi?
C: Aggrottava le sopracciglia, per nascondere lo sguardo, lo faceva in modo molto marcato.
A: L'ho avuto sotto gli occhi tutto il tempo, ha sempre avuto quell'aria stravolta.
C: Non quando gli hai letto il capo d'accusa.
A: Ah no, in effetti, no.
C: È allora che si è chinato, si è nascosto dietro le sopracciglia, si è schermito, e ha fatto un sorriso.
B: Vado su, prendiamoci ancora un po' di tempo, non possiamo lasciarlo andare se è coinvolto. Cercherò di tornare al massimo tra mezz'ora, inventerò una scusa.
C: Credo sia la cosa giusta da fare.
A: In effetti, non l'ho guardato, quando leggevo il capo d'accusa. Strano, però naturale.

(foto p.118)

S: Stringo la mia lancia, la mia lancia magica, sul punto di lanciare un incantesimo potentissimo. Un incantesimo così potente che il mondo intero, così come lo conosciamo, avrà termine. Non con uno schianto, non con un lamento, e nemmeno bussando. Tra tutte le potenti fini del mondo così come lo conosciamo, ho scelto la fine numero cinque. Potreste chiedermi perché la fine numero cinque, e non la fine numero sette, o la numero dodici. Be', il fatto è che la mia lancia magica, la lancia che stringo nella mano destra, la nera mano destra, la bianca, lucente, lancia di legno incisa con rune, rune invisibili a occhi non iniziati, questa portentosa lancia che stringo con la mano d'ebano, la mano di basalto, è solo che questa lancia e la mano insieme hanno deciso per un incantesimo così potente, così formidabile, che porrà termine al mondo come lo conosciamo, proprio seguendo le vie della fine, per dir così, della fine prevista nel libro degli incantesimi, e cioè la fine numero cinque, che è la più apocalittica di tutte le fini, la più definitiva, quella che porrà termine a tutto nei secoli dei secoli, e nulla tornerà mai a essere, non con uno schianto, non con un lamento, e nemmeno bussando. La luce si spegne, le tenebre si accendono, questa è la fine numero cinque, solo questa, e tutto avrà termine, perfino la mia lancia sarà distrutta, perfino la mano, i miei capelli, gli occhi, l'intera creazione, la luce diverrà tenebre, le tenebre luce, gli opposti distruggeranno gli opposti, pensieri contro pensieri, parole contro parole, nulla che produca una somma, ogni cosa una sottrazione, ma non gradualmente, all'improvviso. Così, è questa la risposta alla vostra domanda, perché la fine numero cinque, e perché sto per lanciare l'incantesimo che segue le vie della, chiamiamola così, fine numero cinque: perché tutto avverrà all'improvviso, ecco ciò che la mano e la lancia e io stesso abbiamo deciso: all'improvviso, non gradualmente, non lentamente. No, non lentamente, non avrete nemmeno il tempo di... nemmeno...

sarà... all'improvviso. Non.. non.. le.. nta... men... te ma mangiati... in... un... boccone.

Si ringrazia Luke P. Brown di ARTBOOK | D.A.P. per il suo aiuto.

Enrico Natali (1933) è nato a Utica, New York. Ha iniziato a fotografare negl anni Sessanta. Da quel momento ha vissuto e fotografato viaggiando di continuo in diverse parti degli Stati Uniti, producendo la serie di ritratti dal nome New American People (Morgan & Morgan, New York, 1972) e poi, insieme al fotografo Mark Sandorf, il libro American Landscapes (Panopticon Press, Boston, 1991). Da fine anni Sessanta ha iniziato un percorso di meditazione che lo ha portato piano piano al completo abbandono della fotografia fino all'anno 2000. Le foto presentate in queste pagine sono tratte dalla serie Detroit 1967-1970.

Giordano Tedoldi (1971) è uno scrittore nato a Roma. Ha esordito con il racconto Steinbeck pubblicato nell'antologia La Qualità dell'Aria (minimumfax, 2004), al quale sono seguiti il volume di racconti Io Odio John Updike (Fazi, 2006), il racconto Antinoo per l'antologia Padre (Elliot, 2009), la novella Deep Lipsia (Amazon, 2012). Nel 2013 è uscito il suo primo romanzo, I Segnalati (Fazi).

SEZIONE 9 OFFLINES
PROGETTI E SAGGI NATI E SVILUPPATI ONLINE, TRASPOSTI SU CARTA, COME SE FOSSERO FOSSILI DEL WEB
INTRIORS II di Jasper Spicero

(Nota: Per una completa fruizione di questo testo, si consiglia di andare all'indirizzo <http://www.neromagazine.it/intriors> e azionare l'audio player con la colonna sonora)

DISSOLVENZA IN ENTRATA:

EST. CASA – GIORNO
In caduta da un cielo nuvoloso. Foglie spinte verso una casa. Cambiano colore, dal verde all'arancio al marrone. C'è il sole. Nevica. Poi piove. I fiori vanno e vengono. La casa è a due piani, bianca con il tetto nero. Per un attimo il vento cala e le foglie ricadono sulla soglia.

TITOLO IN SOVRAIMPRESSIONE: INTRIORS II

Le foglie si alzano in volo e continuano a cambiare colore. Le seguiamo.

EST. LATO DELLA CASA – CONTINUAZIONE

Un davanzale. La cisterna di una pompa idraulica gocciolante. Tre gradini di cemento intarsiati con un mosaico di ciottoli che raffigura degli uccelli.

EST. CORTILE

Le foglie sospinte dal vento cadono su una chiazza ovale di erba appiattita in cortile. Mentre l’“Inn Theme” finisce, una voce maschile ammantata la scena.

UOMO (VOCE FUORI CAMPO)
Anche se le porte sono chiuse, non sono vuota. C'è una persona, dentro.

STACCO SU:
INT. SOGGIORNO - MATTINO

La voce maschile appartiene a Gordon, alto, capelli bianchi e occhi azzurro chiaro, robusto, vestito interamente di grigio e a piedi scalzi. È chino su un basso tavolo ovale disseminato di piccoli pezzi metallici. Ha il viso bagnato di lacrime.

GORDON/MARIA
Un sogno frammentario simile a un ricordo molto lontano. Un ricordo molto lontano simile a un sogno frammentario...

Infila un batuffolo di cotone in un carillon 18 note. *La stanza si oscura lentamente fino a un'alba grigia.*
INT. BAGNO DI SOPRA – INVERNO

Zoom su un bambino di cinque anni. È seduto con le ginocchia appoggiate sulla tazza del water e i gomiti sulla cassetta dello sciacquone. Il bambino si infila un batuffolo di cotone nell'orecchio. Una voce femminile attraversa la stanza.

JULIA (OFF-SCREEN)
(senza fiato) Ivan...

Ivan si volta verso la finestra del bagno e strizza gli occhi. Dal piano di sotto, Gordon parla ad alta voce.

GORDON (OFF-SCREEN)
Ero Gordon dovei Prendermi cura del mio amore.

INT. CUCINA – NOTTE

Su un piano di lavoro al capo più lontano della stanza c'è un'orchidea viola in un vaso bianco. Una luce pallida si dischiude sul fiore. Granelli di sabbia compaiono come poline nel sole. Una falena si posa sull'orchidea.

DISSOLVENZA SU:
INT. CAMERA DI GORDON – CONTINUAZIONE

La porta si apre davanti a noi. Ai piedi del letto si trova una scatola etichettata come “Lulu”. Una falena si posa sul coperchio.

STACCO SU:

INT. LAVANDERIA

Baby Blue, un cane di media taglia nero, marrone e bianco, addormentato su una

pila di biancheria pulita. Un miscuglio di colori forti: blu, rosso, giallo, arancio, grigio e bianco. La mano di Gordon entra nell'inquadratura per accarezzare Baby Blue.

GORDON
Cosa fai quando ti perdi?

BABY BLUE
...

GORDON
Stai fermo dove sei e qualcuno ti troverà. L'hai mandato a memoria?

Gordon afferra un pezzo di tessuto grigio che spunta da sotto il corpo di Baby Blu. Estrae un berretto fatto a maglia. Baby Blue apre gli occhi. Uno è completamente blu, l'altro è marrone punteggiato di blu.

STACCO SU:

INT. CAMERA DI IVAN

Gordon è in piedi di fianco a una scatola non imballata. Sul pavimento rivestito di moquette sono disposti dei pezzi di plastica.

MONTAGGIO

Le mani di Gordon che assemblano quel caos. Pezzi che si incastrano tra loro senza resistenze. L'ordine dei suoi gesti è perfetto. Il dolore gli attraversa il viso. Chiude gli occhi.

FINE DEL MONTAGGIO

P.D.V. DI GORDON

Uno scaffale steso a terra. Gordon estrae da una tasca un pezzo di filo scuro. Si inginocchia. Raddrizza lo scaffale. Insinua il filo in due asole. Appoggia lo scaffale sul muro all'altezza del viso.

RITORNO ALLA SCENA

Non riusciamo a trovare Gordon. Sul muro c'è la silhouette di un gufo.

DISSOLVENZA SU:

INT. LAVANDERIA – AUTUNNO

Ivan è in piedi di fronte all'oblò convesso di una lavatrice e osserva vestiti rossi e gialli, bagnati, che girano. Gordon entra nell'inquadratura e si inginocchia all'altezza di Ivan. Adesso i pannelli verdi che ricoprono i muri interni sono chiazzati di giallo e marrone.

GORDON
Mi accompagni da mille anni...

Gordon guarda Ivan, poi di nuovo i vestiti.

GORDON
Sai cosa sono le tubature?

IVAN
...

GORDON
Le case hanno le tubature, sono delle specie di tubi che stanno dietro i muri e sotto i pavimenti e...

IVAN
...

GORDON
Non importa. Trasportano l'acqua dentro e fuori da lavandini, vasche da bagno, wc e...

ZOOM sul lavaggio dei vestiti.

STACCO SU:

INT. CUCINA – GIORNO

MONTAGGIO

Gordon sta spaccando piatti, tazze e altri utensili da cucina in ceramica. Gordon sta urlando. Noi sentiamo solo della musica. La scena è ritmata sulle note di basso di “Distant Promise”.

FINE DEL MONTAGGIO

Gordon è in piedi, scalzo, circondato da ceramica in frantumi.
Il verde domina le pareti e il soffitto.

GORDON (VOCE FUORI CAMPO)
Dà enfasi all'eroe, sopportare l'amore, la vita e la morte.

INT. LAVANDERIA – GIORNO

Ivan si infila nella lavatrice insieme a un carico di biancheria sporca. Guarda fuori attraverso l'oblò convesso.

GORDON (VOCE FUORI CAMPO)
Cosa mi passa per la mente quando la nostra città esaurisce le scorte d'acqua. Spero e prego che le cose tornino presto alla normalità. Poi trovo delle soluzioni. Sistemi di rifornimento d'acqua chiusi e isolati. Raccolta dell'acqua piovana. Acqua dei pozzi. Tuttavia... la lavatrice usa l'acqua cittadina. Di solito il ciclo, in un modo o nell'altro, è appesantito da una massa di vestiti bagnati.

Ivan preme il palmo aperto contro il vetro per schiacciare delle gocce d'acqua. Fuori dalla finestra della lavanderia, comincia a piovere.

STACCO SU:

INT. CORRIDOIO – NOTTE

Un tour aereo della casa.

CAMERA DI IVAN

JULIA (VOCE FUORI CAMPO)
Ho perso i contatti con Gordon... Ancor meno di tutto il resto, capisco me stessa. L'ultima volta in

cui ti ho guardato negli occhi è stato come guardare attraverso le finestre di una casa vuota.

CAMERA DI GORDON

LULU (VOCE FUORI CAMPO)
Sembrava di essere confinati in un hotel senza uscite, senza nemmeno un balcone... Nessuno dei miei ambienti progettati con cura, nessuna delle mie abitudini quotidiane sono riusciti ad accelerare la fine, e adesso... vengo ricordata solo dentro questa scatola? Sei mesi in un hotel, senza mai fare una passeggiata all'esterno. Dentro era fine estate, e le giornate erano lunghe.

SALA DA PRANZO

MARIA (VOCE FUORI CAMPO)
Un sogno frammentario simile a un ricordo molto lontano. Un ricordo molto lontano simile a un sogno frammentario. Voglio allineare i pezzi...

SALOTTO

IVAN
...

CUCINA

GORDON
...

INT. CAMERA DI GORDON – ALBA

Gordon, sudato, pallido, esausto, è sdraiato sul letto a petto nudo. Il suo busto spunta da sotto le coperte. Il berretto fatto a maglia gli scivola dalla testa.

GORDON
Non so nemmeno da quanto tempo se n'è andata. È come se mi fossi svegliato a letto e lei non fosse con me perché è andata in bagno o qualcosa del genere...

INT. CORRIDOIO

GORDON (OFF-SCREEN)
...ma in fondo so che non tornerà mai più a letto.

Ivan, assonnato, è seduto con la schiena contro il muro. Quando sente la voce di Gordon, spalanca gli occhi. Si alza e cammina verso la camera di Gordon.
Il soffitto è dipinto di blu-grigio, come il cielo d'inverno.

INT. CAMERA DI GORDON

Ivan entra e si mette di fianco al letto di Gordon. Osserva il palmo della sua mano.

GORDON
Se potessi allungarmi e toccare il suo lato del letto, saprei che è freddo, ma non posso farlo. So che non posso averla di nuovo con me, ma non voglio svegliarmi pensando che sia ancora qui. Resterò sdraiato senza sapere da quanto tempo sono solo. E allora come... come posso guarire? Come posso guarire, se non riesco a sentire il tempo?

Ivan mette una mano in quella di Gordon, schiacciando delle gocce di sudore. Gordon chiude gli occhi. Il suo corpo diventa grigio come pietra.

STACCO SU:

INT. SALOTTO – GIORNO

In salotto rimane solo un basso tavolo ovale. Le pareti sono dipinte di blu scuro. Ivan entra nella stanza con lo sguardo fisso su un batuffolo bianco, marrone e nero che dorme in cortile, oltre la porta scorrevole di vetro. Un manto di neve ricopre il terreno. Ivan è vicino al vetro, a piedi nudi. **La stanza si oscura lentamente fino a un'alba grigia.**

EST. CORTILE
Baby Blue raggomitolata nella neve. Il muso non è rivolto verso Ivan. Gli occhi sono sgranati. Il suo petto si abbassa e si alza appena.

JULIA (VOCE FUORI CAMPO)
I miei sensi si affievoliscono e il mondo si fa buio.

DISSOLVENZA IN BIANCO

Corsivi con * – Red Mars di Kim Stanley Robinson

Jasper Spicero (1990) è nato in South Dakota e ha conseguito il suo BFA presso il Pacific Northwest College of Art and Design nel 2013. Attualmente vive e lavora a Brooklyn, New York. Il suo lavoro è stato esposto a livello internazionale e attraverso le piattaforme digitali. Tra le sue mostre personali ricordiamo Intriors II (American Medium, New York) e Plant Display (bubblebyte.org). È fondatore e curatore della galleria Generation Works a Tacoma, Washington, ed ha organizzato Open Shape, una serie di tre mostre “season-specific” utilizzando come sfondo i parchi gioco Kompan nei quali venivano esibiti oggetti disegnati da artisti e stampati in 3D.

SEZIONE 10
A NEW REPORTAGE

LA CLASSICA FORMA DEL REPORTAGE RIVIVE ATTRAVERSO LE ESPERIENZE DIRETTE DI ARTISTI, SCRITTORI E MUSICISTI

GET LUCKY
testi di Umberto Mortari e Sofia Infascelli
foto di Lorenzo Castore

(immagini pp.131-141)

Umberto: Come va lettori mi chiamo Umberto Mortari ma tutti mi chiamano Umby o Burt. Quest'estate ho fatto un sacco di cose divertenti tipo il campeggio, sono andato ad Amsterdam e in Grecia, ma la cosa che mi è piaciuta di più è stato il campeggio nella natura. Sono andato in campeggio in una foresta lontana da tutto con il mio padrino Lorenzo, la sua fidanzata Eugenia e Sofia, la figlia di lei.

Quando siamo arrivati siamo entrati nella casetta, abbiamo messo via le nostre cose e ci siamo preparati per una camminata. Ho cominciato a camminare più veloce degli altri e mi sono staccato dal gruppo ma poi ho incontrato un serpente! Ho gridato come una femmina – per un attimo ho pensato di essermela fatta addosso – sono corso dagli altri gridando UN SERPENTE UN SERPENTE!, quando il gruppo mi ha raggiunto Lorenzo mi ha detto che non era velenoso e allora mi sono calmato un po' ma poi ho visto che aveva una rana in bocca! Dopo che abbiamo superato il serpente siamo arrivati a un piccolo fiume così vado a bere, dopo aver bevuto mi sono seduto su un albero spezzato e ho pensato che non dovevo aver paura del serpente perché fa parte della natura, così sono andato a guardarlo e non aveva ancora finito di mangiare la rana. È passata mezz'ora e secondo me ci siamo persi, non sapevamo come tornare indietro ma poi abbiamo sentito una macchina a cinquanta metri da noi. Ho seguito il rumore e ho detto a Lorenzo di venire con me. Quando le persone in macchina sono arrivate gli abbiamo chiesto se ci accompagnavano alla casetta e loro hanno detto sì certo ma non c'è abbastanza spazio e così siamo saliti nel bagagliaio. Quando siamo tornati alla casetta io e la mia amica Sofia volevamo vedere i cinghiali selvatici ma prima volevamo costruire una casa sull'albero e così l'abbiamo fatto: per costruirla ci è voluta più o meno un'ora. Quando abbiamo finito di costruirla era già buio e non vedevamo niente così abbiamo preso le torce e poi abbiamo cominciato a cercare i cinghiali, dopo mezz'ora abbiamo sentito un rumore che voleva dire che ce l'avevamo fatta, erano vicini. Dopo aver sentito il cinghiale avevo freddo sulla casa sull'albero ma poi Sofia ha gridato UN CINGHIALE UN CINGHIALE! Si è arrampicata di nuovo sulla casa sull'albero e io sono saltato giù sono corso alla casetta e ho detto che c'era un cinghiale. Siamo andati nell'unico ri-

storante che c'era lì vicino per mangiare e abbiamo giocato con i cavalli della fiera di montagna e poi siamo tornati a casa. La mattina presto siamo andati a casa di Attilio Bertolucci (Lorenzo mi ha detto che era un poeta italiano famoso e che era anche il padre di Bernardo e Giuseppe due ragazzi in gamba). La casa era molto buia e piena di foto e libri. Era l'esatto opposto della casetta dove stavamo noi perché era molto più grande e con un sacco di stanze. È stranissimo che Bernardo, il figlio di Attilio, è cresciuto in un paesino così piccolo e poi è andato a vivere a Roma e ha vinto gli Oscar a LA. Un altro giorno siamo andati in una foresta con un fiume e abbiamo trovato una piccola rana e l'abbiamo presa facendo attenzione. Che destino diverso possono avere le rane. Mi è piaciuto andare nella foresta perché mi è piaciuto scalare gli alberi e fare parkour perché mi sento libero e tranquillo. È stato molto bello fare campeggio nella natura, ho imparato e ho visto un sacco di cose e di animali. Spero di tornarci.

Sofia: Questa estate siamo partiti l'8 agosto per andare in dei posti molto belli e misteriosi. Sia in campagna e montagna in mezzo al bosco al fresco, sia al mare nell'acqua. Ogni volta che entravamo in macchina la radio suonava sempre la stessa canzone dell'estate che si chiama Get Lucky. La prima vacanza è stata dall'amico di Lorenzo che si chiama Umberto vicino ad un albergo della sua mamma che si chiama Marie Louise. Stavamo in una casetta molto carina dove c'era un mare stupendo. Una sera io, Umberto Lorenzo e mia mamma siamo andati a giocare in piazza a un gioco dove dovevi sparare dei pallini con una pistolina a delle lattine di Coca, Fanta e Sprite. La sera abbiamo messo la tenda in giardino e io, Umberto e Lorenzo ci siamo addormentati lì dentro ma poi di notte si è scatenato un temporale fortissimo e siamo scappati di corsa in casa. L'ultima vacanza dopo altre otto vacanze

che poi vi racconterò è stata al Parco dei cento laghi nell'Appennino dell'Emilia-Romagna. Un pomeriggio stavamo camminando in un vialetto nel bosco e Umberto era più avanti di noi e all'improvviso lo sentiamo che urla ci avviciniamo a lui e c'era una mega biscia che mangiava una rana io mi sono spaventata molto e siamo corsi via ma Lorenzo è rimasto e ha fatto delle foto che vedrete nel giornale. Poi siamo scesi lungo il sentiero e abbiamo visto una piccola cascata bellissima dove si poteva bere. Era acqua potabile molto buona e fresca. Poi la sera siamo andati a dormire ma io ero l'unica che non dormiva perché non ero tanto abituata a rimanere tutta la notte in mezzo al bosco e mi sono un pò spaventata. Si sentivano tanti rumori misteriosi di notte tra cui anche delle famiglie di cinghiali. Siamo andati in dei posti bellissimi spostandoci tante volte. Tornando indietro nell'estate, prima del Parco dei cento laghi siamo stati anche in Abruzzo a casa di Annalisa dove c'era mio zio Paolo e una cosa bella che abbiamo fatto lì è stato il percorso sugli alberi con un bambino che si chiama Giorgio, poi nelle Marche da Anna e Matteo dove ho dato da mangiare alle galline e mi hanno fatto una foto con una macchina fotografica gigante e vecchissima, poi Venezia dove c'era la Biennale e poi siamo andati dalla Ia che è la tata di mia nonna, di mia madre e di mio zio in Friuli che non vedevano da un sacco di anni anzi da quando io sono nata. Era molto bello lassù, facevamo delle strade in macchina bellissime, e siamo stati anche in un paesino pieno di orologi e sulla seggiovia e abbiamo fatto due giri di seguito; un giorno ci siamo fermati in un punto nel lago dove si poteva fare il bagno ma quando sono entrata non sono neanche riuscita a stare 5 secondi, l'acqua era gelata! Si chiamava lago di Barcis. Ci siamo divertiti un sacco ma poi ho dovuto ricominciare la scuola.

Lorenzo Castore (1973) è un fotografo nato a Firenze. Ha esposto il suo lavoro in numerose mostre in Italia e all'estero. Dal 2003 è rappresentato dall'agenzia e galleria VU'. Il suo lavoro è caratterizzato da progetti a lungo termine che hanno come oggetto la memoria, personale e collettiva. Ha pubblicato due libri: Nero (Federico Motta Editore, 2004) e Paradiso (Peliti Associati, Lunwerk Editores, Actes Sud, Edition Braus, Apeiron, Dewi Lewis Publishing, 2006) che ha vinto il Leica European Publishers' Award 2005. Nel 2012, il suo primo film, girato con Adam Cohen, ha vinto il premio come miglior documentario corto al Camerimage Film Festival, Polonia. Umberto Mortari è nato a Roma il 10 Aprile del 2002, frequenta la prima media alla scuola internazionale Ambrit di Roma.

Sofia Infascelli è nata a Roma il 1 Luglio del 2004, frequenta la quarta elementare alla scuola pubblica "Giardinieri" di Roma.

SEZIONE 11
MUSTER

A VOLTE, NELLA MODA COME NELLA VITA, I DETTAGLI SONO PIÙ IMPORTANTI DELL'INSIEME. IN QUESTA SEZIONE, LA DESIGNER DI ORIGINE OLANDESE JULIA FROMMEL (1978) SELEZIONA E CONTRAPPONE VARIE IMMAGINI, RENDENDO ESPLICITI PATTERN VISIVI INASPETTATI

(immagini pp. 144-148)

SEZIONE 12
THE EXTRA SCENE

INTERFERENZE NELLA MEMORIA DI FAMOSE SCENE DEL CINEMA, RIPENSATE DALL'ARTISTA E FILMMAKER RÅ DI MARTINO (1975)

ANNIE HALL

(pp. 152-157)

Jason Dodge
A permanently open window

permanent installation
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