

The exhibition at Frutta introduces a refreshing alternate to the story of the exhibition, specifically models of exhibition making and methods of art presentation that have been chartered to this point in history thus far. Introducing the work of two artists,

Jacopo Miliani

and

Gabriele De Santis

to an audience – both of whom are still young and whose practices have yet to be thoroughly exposed to a global audience – the exhibition, however, decidedly goes beyond the standard showcasing of work. Vitally, there is no indication within the exhibition as to what work is by whom.

One might considered this to be alarming, considering that the work of these artists is not well acquainted with audiences just yet. For what might seem to be a handicap from the outside, there is a very a fruitful impulse and good intentions as well as potential positive gain behind opting for such a move. On the hand, it clearly heightens the role of the viewer, underlining their position within the exhibition.

COSMIC GAME OF UTTER SPECTACLE

CHAPTER I

PLAYMAKESPLAY

I and the show, manifest a **stream of consciousness**. The flux of associations and references are present in every step of my production. It is different from a structured research and even it is not properly clear in the result. For me it is one of the fundamental approaches for the potential viewer to make an encounter possible, or many encounters – even better!

When I start to think on a project, I often have visions: it a kind of lucid-dream – I have actually recently experienced the practice of 'rêve-éveillé' myself.

I thought about a new work in the gallery and I remembered one of my favourite pieces in the recent art-history: *Piedi* by Luciano Fabro. The forms and the allusion to some gigantic birds have always obsessed me. Birds or even better Parrots are one of my other **obsessions**. Their look, their association to freedom and then their way to just repeat the same sound forever and ever.

They are indeed very representative, they work as art

in a platonic way: the **mimesis**. How we can escape from mimesis? Should we escape from it? When I tend towards an escape, I always find myself running in a mirror maze and the logic of infinite representation starts a never-ending movement.

A free association: what it is? I don't know, but I am trying directly to explain the encounter of this visual apparition in my mind; it is totally a **performance**, and when you try to describe it disappears. So, about works of Luciano Fabro, I always wanted to make a **remake**, like in cinema; and then I thought about a movie with another bird involved in it: *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* by Dario Argento. A 'giallo' movie from the '70s is a piece in which sounds and visions are totally connected. They are the discovery of one another. The first murder scene of the movie happens in a gallery, in Rome, like now in Frutta Gallery! There are gigantic sculptures and one of that could be **IRREVERENTLY** connected with the work of Fabro. I might use the sculpture to make my personal remake of the movie. What is a remake? Does it still have something to do with the mimesis? I don't believe so. I want to use the publications of Luciano Fabro, they are teaching something even without browsing through

the pages. One of the titles is *Arte torna Arte*. It is similar to the title I see for my show **PLAYMAKESPLAY**, is it a coincidence? Is it a game? Now I have to concentrate on the material form of my instruments, and the bird, where is it gone? It is a scene of the murder so I should kill him, but not leaving any evidence. **PLAY MAKES PLAY MAKES PLAY MAKES PLAY ...** So I google, ... and when I enter 'play makes play' another coincidence awaits me, I feel possessed! I am not a dull boy!

J.M.

CELESTIAL DREAMS POINTING AWAY FROM THE MOON, TURNING THE TIDE

The door opens to a long corridor with marble walls. It is not the curvature that makes it impossible to see the entrance to another room but the accumulated darkness within the high ceilings. You might choose to walk or not dare, although you end up following your footsteps slowly entering the void. The corridor becomes the room, a place of retreat. Like that of John Cage's experience of arriving at a realisation of the fact that there never is an absolute silence at the isolation room of a museum in London, you are on your own – left in a physical deprivation from

other pulsating bodies, where the sounds and vibrations of your own body are at stake. It is not only the moment – never so, and what it has in reserve for yourself. You do carry the others in the picture. The duration prolongs your associative drive with your visual memory, let alone the sensual. Though there can never be a duality of sense of sight versus sense of touch or articulation of experience as emotion. JUMP CUT. You tear off the darkness as you reach a blinding whiteness – the horizon of senses. Bumping your body unintentionally at a column, rather the colossal. The encounter with sublime as such, fills your ear with whispering sounds that formulate an utterance on the strength of your imagination. You recall having been there before, not necessarily by that specific column in that specific space-time frame – or shall we rather call the frame of entropy-gravity? SACRED ADVERTISEMENT*: Your imagination may be the best gift you've been given. It's the source of your creative power. If there's a particular experience or object you want to bring into your life, the first thing you've got to do is visualise it. The practical actions you take to manifest your dreams always refer back to the pictures in your mind's eye. And so every goal you fulfil, every quest you carry out, begins as an inner vision. Your imagination is the engine of your destiny. It's the catalyst

[illegible]

with which you design your future. Do you know where it comes from? Do you have any idea how powerful it is? PUNCTUATIONS AS DECONSTRUCTION. Jacopo Miliani works with images that have a certain past of existence, that belong to an enlivenedness as such. Spanning from dance to theatrical manifestations, Miliani seeks the motion – rather the force of movement, which have been conveyed through the images. (The fact that the writer, at this very moment is experiencing a form of déjà vu or basically a seemingly repeating moment shall have no role in this text!) The archaeology of visual consciousness manifests itself at the depicted imagery while Miliani recomposes a relationship that has not taken place before. The familiarity hence is succeeded by strangeness. The striking relationship of what is of value and redeemed of significance, hence visibility, manifest itself in the monochrome imagery. The collection of moments/movements of a past articulation is brought in a present tense of reality. The trichotomy of structure, sign and play conclude with the as yet unnameable which is proclaiming itself in the formless mute, infant, and terrifying form of the liminal. The encounter marked in the place of a gallery or a publication marks a repetition as a rejuvenation of articulation. CALL MY NAME WHEN AT THE DOOR, I WILL

COME DOWN FOR A WHILE. The moments of procrastination while waiting your peers to show up for an instantaneous engagement of some sort oscillate between terrifying and exhilarating. The continuous rehearsing of speculations on what is to take place span the spectrum of that very moment of prolongation. The condition of being neither here nor there puts you on a halt: at an utter lingering. THERE IS NO REPETITION. There can never be a repetition. The recuperated or re-enacted or reinvented through parroting always is a reinvention. Neither the songs you keep singing nor the acts in the rituals of everyday you keep formulating stake at a repeated state, though sheer resemblance. *Hint:* The list of premises as propositions do end up at a theorem where the proof follows via reductio ad absurdum. KNOWLEDGE IS SUBJECTIVE WHERE INFORMATION IS NOT. Mental phenomena such as thoughts are not purely abstract; they can only work with energy. The forces of presence of the subject as such are at play at the formation of thoughts, hence articulations. As Luciano Fabro claims: "All our senses are set in movement, our whole body reacts when we are interested in something, when we come into contact with something or someone else." ART STIMULATES/ SIMULATES REALITY AND AT THE

SAME TIME APPROPRIATES IT. The destructing act has long gone. The remnants of the terrifying encounter oscillate in the air, as you hear the colours and lick the marble wedding souvenirs. The disappointment of not receiving what you expected, let alone the bitterness in your mouth locks you in silence. Verbal responses would not be satisfactory, nor cerebral involvements. You find yourself acquiring the value of moments of experience and not of finite conclusive acts like Fabro. Fabro. Fabre. Fable. Can one reduce thought to one sole type of expression?

Systems of knowledge are composed of physical and cerebral actions while synesthesia opens the closed doors - due to adulthood, of a new horizon unless experienced otherwise. SURFACES OF POTENTIAL IMAGINARIES, SUBJECTIVE INTERPRETATIONS OR RECREATIONS. Duchampian *infra-mince* as the dialectics between emptiness and fullness, visible and invisible, experience and articulation might expose itself as the dust accumulated in your pocket or the warmth of someone unknown that you encounter through taking the seat they have temporarily inhabited on a bus ride. COSMOTIC PRESSURE. To present updated global fits of the constrained minimal Supersymmetric Standard

Model (cMSSM), including the most recent constraints, the robust analysis takes into account both astrophysical and hadronic uncertainties in direct detection experiment. The consequences for neutralino Dark Matter, observe an increased compatibility statistical perspective. Prospects for indirect detection are further reduced. FROM STEIN TO JACK. You find yourself sitting on the marble floor, listening in your thoughts while a slight headache starts to manifest itself. A IS A. The rehearsal for an image is an image while a parrot never repeats herself!

F.U.

*SOURCE: www.freewillastrology.com/horoscopes/gemini.html

29.02.2012

SACRED ADVERTISEMENT*

One of life's bounties is its changeableness, which ensures that boredom will never last very long. You may underestimate the intensity of your longing for continual transformation, but the universe doesn't. That's why it provides you with the boundless entertainment of your ever-shifting story. That's why it is always revising the challenges it sends your way, providing your curious soul with a rich variety of unpredictable teachings.

Neuroscientists have turned up evidence that suggests you love this aspect of the universe's behaviour. They say that you are literally addicted to learning. At the moment when you grasp a lesson you've been grappling with, your brain experiences a rush of a natural opium-like chemical, boosting your pleasure levels. You crave this experience. You thrive on it.

*SOURCE: www.freewillastrology.com/horoscopes/sagittarius.html

FIRST DRINK THE STARS, AND THEN GRUNT AMID THE MIRE

FIRST 20 MINUTES

It has been days over nights that my strength has been down. Could it be that I have been falling behind myself while proceeding forward with other things? Whatever is the case, the emotional stratum of my sky is rather blue. The excitation threshold of me producing tears is no longer high. The remnants, I sit with their picture. The tool and the leftover. Derrida says a tool is only a tool when assigned with a function at its activation. Hence a hammer is only an object and becomes specified object as hammer when used to nail things on the wall. Hence function precedes name while name defies the potential.

I have been with a void, a space that has been marked with the absence of Fabro. Monochrome. The deceased had a colourful manifestation. Not I, but my invisible enemy who seeks to drain me dry, must have taken the picture. It arrived in an envelope without a stamp, though with traces of circular marks. Could it be possible, or more frustratingly was it delivered at my door by the very self?



I received three books on the same day, in the same bunch of post. One of which is in a language I do not speak, hence I lied on my bed with that book: Its body of knowledge next to mine. Almost like a ritual of empathy or of foundation of familiarity, or just a friendly greeting, we both stood still breathing in and out. Witold Gombrowicz's *Cosmos* and mine were lying in parallel to one another while we both share the same domain of the universe. The only thing that remains striking is the cover picture where a fly has been shot dead by a needle.

SECOND 20 MINUTES

Allworknoplaymakesjackadullboy allworknoplaymakesjackadullboy allworknoplaymakesjackadullboy allworknoplaymakesjackadullboy makes a novel as *The Art and Craft of Approaching Your Head of Department to Submit a Request for a Raise* is one other. Though they differentiate from one another through their methodology in production of text as a text. The former recalls the aesthetics of Gertrude Stein's *Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose* prose. Though Stein's articulate repetition circulates around the notion of subject and multiplicity of a tautological proposition while King's subject is doomed within a complete system of presence

where the universe outside of its premises is an element of the system. The acceptance neither the acknowledgement of a manifestation, nor the exposure to the knowledge as such might always lead to a furthering of the present condition. While Perec's novella is a motion without movement or movement without motion, or force without action. Thus a parrot repeating a single word without a context while the word oscillates between Jack and rose, Perec and Stein.

A parrot is a device for recording sounds that have an accumulative reality, a parrot only parrots when its function is devised to be in use, otherwise it is a bird like any other that imitates and responds to the sounds in the surrounding. Let us be more precise. The illusion of a communication between a parrot and yourself, in the specific case between me and Fabro, has a conditioned nature. The faculties of understanding and association are fooled by the familiarity of sounds that more than the body, the mind tricks in. Let us be even more precise, as the language is a composite of sounds – let alone the gestures, the parrot is a parrot as a mirror. The truthful production of sounds is the production of language deprived from its semantic dimension. As there is imitation thus the repetition of production of energy or force as



such, there is a production of a closure where a repetition is never a re-presence as before but a reproduction alike.

To provide you an exit from the complicated state of things I suggest a spherical fish tank, where the density of the tank – differed from the one circulating it via the water contained, allows you to explore the state of multiple universes while John – the pet fish, criss-crosses from visible to invisible and back.

THIRD 20 MINUTES

A sculpture does not always rise above the ground, though mostly it is the case. The materiality and the composition are melded with the intention and sensuality, though mostly it might not be the case. A trace, a ritual, a shape might define content, though not the overall manifestation. It can be this, though not necessarily that. A posture and a book, a body pictured in relation to one another might display not only the physical encounter but also the cerebral, though might be only the former or the latter. The act of exhibiting includes the form of the exhibited let alone the context of the exhibitor. The linearity of layering one on top of another, can lead to multi-dimensionality without coordinates positioned

perpendicular, as the latter is mostly the case. The case of reading a book or studying its visual manifestation can be both productive, though mostly the former has been granted as of value. A film can be a soundtrack while a song can be a film playing on the mind of its receiver. Tom Waits might be right or wrong in 1+1. Test run of prints can be the prints while the test run always indicates a potentiality for the production to come, and even more it displays the production as such. Rehearsing a speech while delivering one might be a juxtaposition of delivering while rehearsing. Etching a footprint might be an etching without reality or a footprint without imagery. Referencing is the quantum constant of the universe of re-enactment while re-enactment is an island of repetition that never repeats itself. This parrot is a dead parrot.

F.U.



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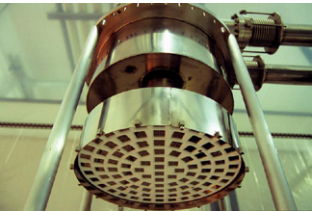
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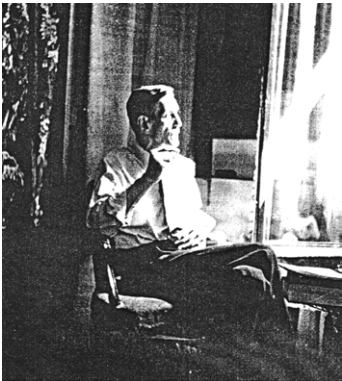
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Gabriele De Santis

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