

## WHENEVER

Whenever standing in between whites

*In recent times I have often done works whose origins derive from ideas that are occasionally time in its broadest sense, or the infinite, the invisible, or everything, perhaps simply because I am an earthling and thus limited within time, within space, and within the particular. (Giovanni Anselmo, 1972)*

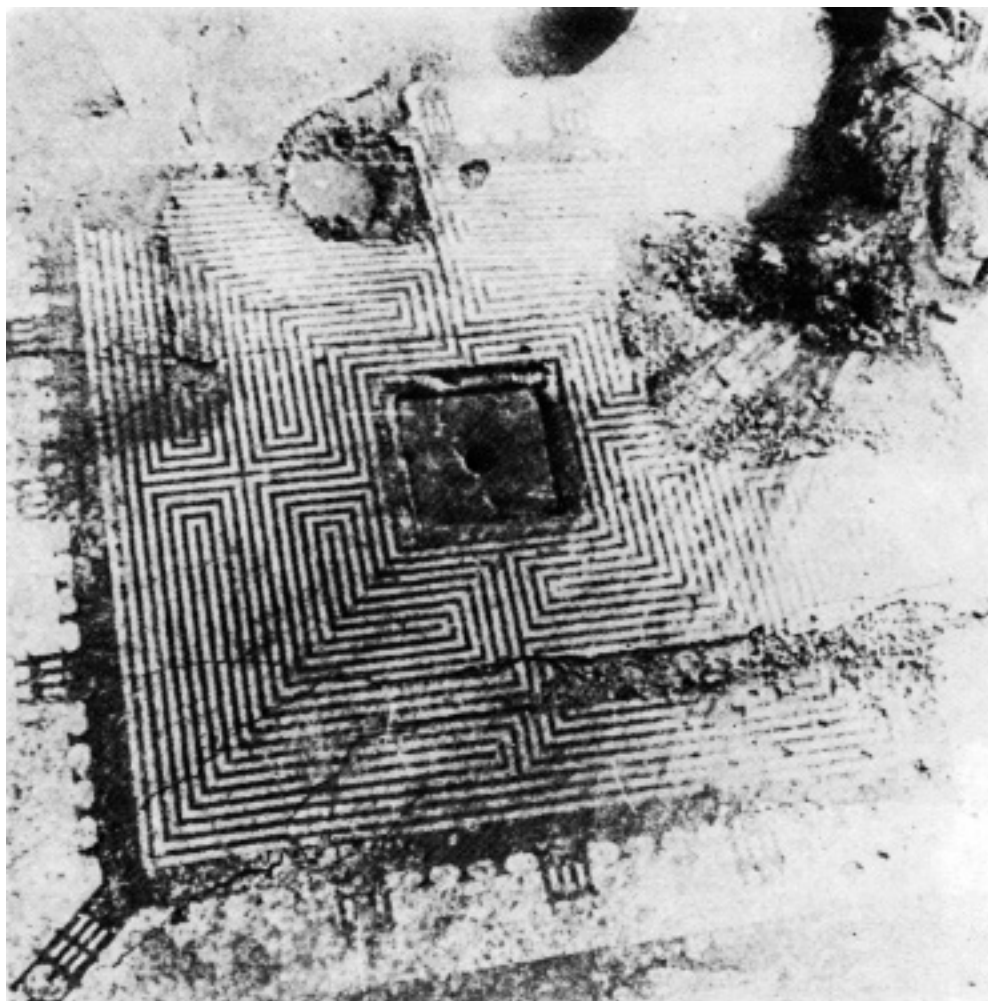
There are three marks in space: a vertical one, sculptural and potentially habitable, a horizontal on the floor, and a small image, somewhere on the wall, at the height of the eyes of the beholder.

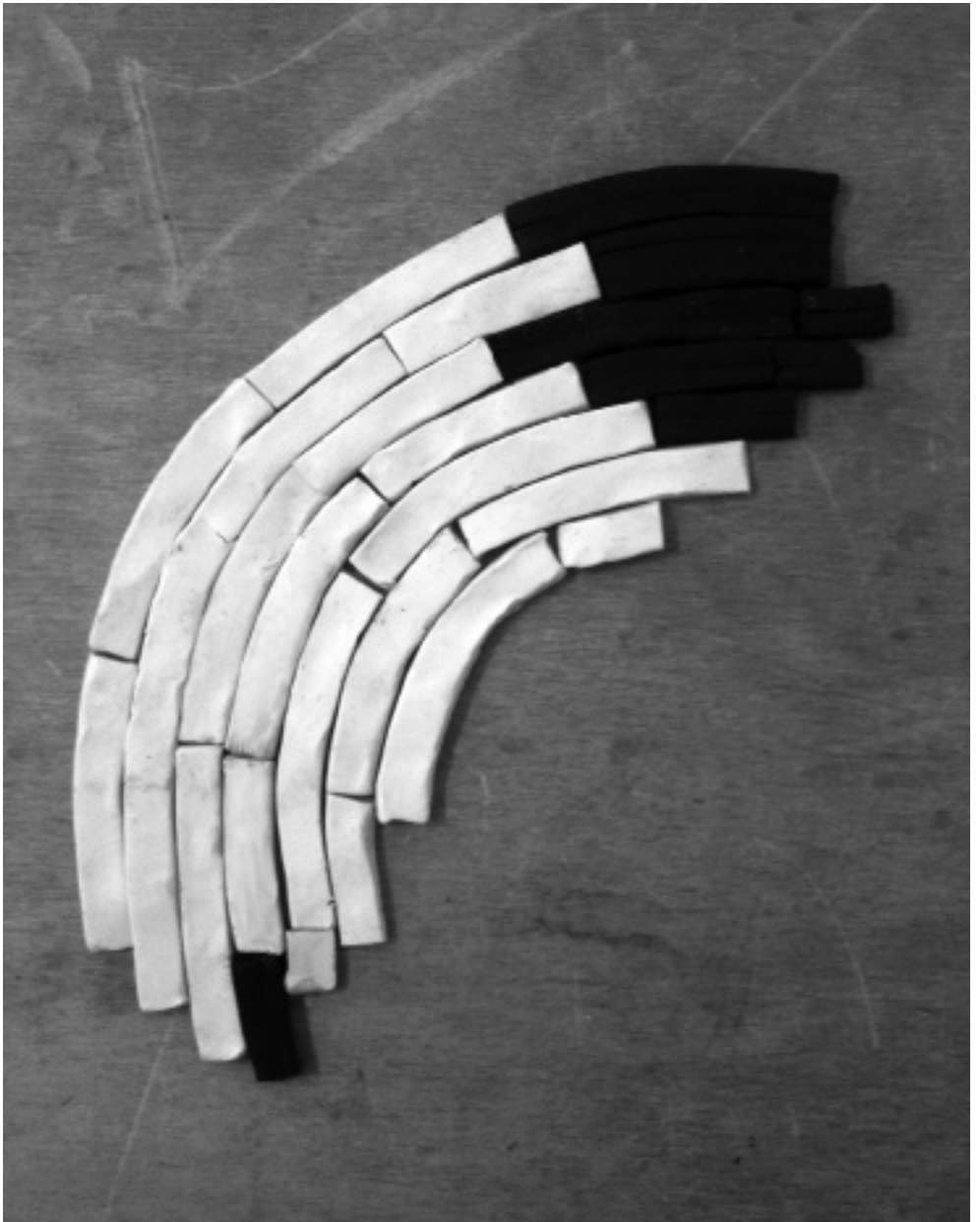
The vertical element comprises a reflective background, a fragment of a house of mirrors, which maybe could have been traversed in its entirety (elsewhere, in another time). Like a sort of relic of a playful and alienating experience, this screen with a broken line, instead of restoring a sense immediately apparent at a glance, it reflects the surrounding reality in partial visions, oblique snapshots that the observer is each time asked to reassemble. The title of the work is *The Mirror House (about multiple truths and the real reality of real time images)*. Stating a paradox, it speaks of non-univocal truths, of the simultaneous coexistence of various interpretations of reality. Affirming the possibility of a subjective view, it reminds us of the surprising relativity of things, even when one's barycentre or point of view moves just a little. All these questions interest me, and I insistently return to them in my work over the course of time. The piece, created with a dismountable structure in aluminium and modular sheets of shatterproof mirror, has a brilliant and finished front side, but has a much more precarious back, as if it were not intended for public view, being simply made to support the front. It is like a theatre's backstage, which exists for the performance and inevitably marks the invisible border of a dark territory, that shady zone between the real world and the world of images.

The horizontal element positioned on the floor is a labyrinth, or better, a three-dimensional representation of the elements that would compose its image. The black segments are the full spaces, the framework, the dividing walls, while the white ones are the empty zones. The difference in this layout as compared to the usual configuration, is that the order of the segments in space follows an arbitrary, chromatic criterion, which, grouping black with black and white with white, certainly makes the original image even more present from a mathematical point of view (due to the shape and the number of elements that compose it), but also momentarily suspended and illegible.

## STANDING

Similarly, it also suspends the idea of movement to which any labyrinth silently invites us. However perhaps it doesn't matter, if we think of the labyrinth as an image, before and beyond than as a space? So like with *The House of Mirrors*, the point is not whether an object corresponds to the function for which it is normally conceived (to be crossed, to challenge the sense of direction, to head to a centre), but rather whether, just in the absence of any obvious practical function, it is able to create a reverberation of potential, to make a shadow emanate from itself. In this case too, I like to think of the labyrinth in the space as a kind of archaeological relic, a ruin belonging to another place, a classical element out of its time, and joined together within all time. Ideally,





BETWEEN



## WHILES

as a possible way to relate to the present: as a space to be traversed, a time of quick sequences to be reassembled, a variable quantity of choices to make, a series of elements to associate, but of which also to gather a single changing reflection. There are no answers, solutions or certainties. Just two instruments for seeing which silently suggest to the viewer another type of subjective, non-linear, open, and questioning orientation.

The wall mark is a framed print, *Untitled*. A real scenery, that brings the space back to a more narrative, human-scale dimension. But whatever its story, it stays off-screen.

Individually and together, all three works are in a certain sense places of transit, elements that are in between. What they share, the silent relationship between them, it is the idea of limit and of potentiality. They implicitly invite us to go beyond the visible, to challenge and at the same time to trust our own perception, to complete a journey that is in every way and in every moment a search for meaning and an unpredictable, changing and shimmering awareness. Objects stand in space, silent as timeless ruins, to indicate a limit, a threshold that needs to be crossed to re-appropriate the pleasure of the composition, of the sense that we choose to give each clue, of the assembly by fragments through which we narrate ourselves every day, as we design our personal mosaic of the world.

