



ENRICO MANCINI - MARCO RUBBERA

PA.NOVA
GALLERY MILANO

“Mostra in Cantina” 6th may - 6th july 2019

Project by
PA.NOVA Gallery Milano

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Is an education of the gaze possible?

Being a spectator is a much more active role than is believed, which involves rights, but also duties, towards the vision of an artistic manifestation.

The work of the viewer is creative in terms of receiving and elaboration of what he observes, which requires not only an arrangement of conscious reasoning, but also an openness to emotional reactions.

Thus there is a dynamic relationship made up of exchanges: the spectator defines art, he analyzes it and he studies it, meets it according to his own skills and sensitivity, and the work of art pulsates with all the looks that have observed it, educating them. The aware spectator knows that the first possibility with which he can express himself is silence.

In it the interaction becomes a place, sacred and ritual, of reciprocal influences.

Learning to listen to the image: it speaks with us and for us. Its infinite communicative potential is only possible if attention is paid to what it means, but it is a very vulnerable moment, in which we often tend to take the freedom of expressing our own expressive needs, both unfounded and misleading and which respond to a selfish desire and blind affirmation, rather than accepting the presence of the work as such.

We often talk about democracy of art and we forget about respect and relevance to what is looked. Every line, every form, point, color, shadow has an ontological dignity that belongs to it since it exists, only and only in that way, without the judgment of the individual assuming an intellectual authority without legitimacy. There is no freedom: art must be accepted as it appears, it is an full face impact, together with everything that revolves around it, balancing our feelings with its communicative power.

The elaboration and intimate experience of the individual is much more meaningful than any desire to explain a work.

So the viewer becomes the guardian of the vision when he looks at it, and this is what makes the image alive. Respecting the impressions that it arouses is the way in which he takes care of it, taking note of his presence, and welcomes it into himself.

The image itself provides us with everything we need to understand it.

Reading an image is anything but obvious, because it lives thanks to its own ambiguity. From the artist's inability to copy reality as it is, as well as to reproduce it as he sees it, art ends up proposing itself, for what it simply is, in its unique form, without the ego of the artificer becomes the motive for subsistence.

All the teachings that art absorbs from the sources that generate it, flow into it. Even before the historical truth to which it belongs, a work of art is part of that long and complex dialogue that is the history of the arts, a starting point that the artist cannot ignore. The works speak to each other, before with us, they refer to the images that preceded them and to those that will follow, in a flow separated from all other human conventions.

Yes, it is the artist who creates, according to his head and his time, but what derives does not belong to him anymore, the work remains alone, and it is enough.

Art has a history, a path of its own, guided by the variation of concepts of life and world, in which artistic expressions are constituent elements of a specific tradition.

Great art transcends all cultural limits, of space and time, belongs to everyone and to no one.

This is why we must never forget the presence of what we observe: reflecting on the artist, on the past, on the intrinsic social message, on the historical impact is a risk that leads to the drift and distract from forms, colors, pure lines in the their undeniable presence.



The unconscious boost towards the understanding of what is observed is instinctive. Immediately we try to rationalize, to bring back natural urge to formal considerations. Explain, pigeonhole, catalog.

To yearn knowledge is an extremely productive activity.

Considering own judgments as absolute truths is potentially destructive.

It happens often to direct emotions into standardized principles, considering the emotional moment only as a phase of a cognitive process that must be overcome, when instead it should be placed as the starting point of an argument that, not necessarily, has as a goal comprehension. Questioning himself about the work of art, the viewer questions himself, what he knows and what he still has to learn. This is his task: to receive a teaching. A teaching that does not necessarily have to mean something, have an end, but occur only because so it is. Usually what attracts us is what we don't understand. To pretend to understand is denaturalizing the essence of oneself, ignoring how much a work of art indeed has an impact, without necessarily interceding the codification of the same.

Since the beginning of the last century, all art has undergone an irreversible deviation on the vast and dispersed area of meaning, bringing down the concepts of beauty and ugliness, anachronistic and limitative. Art is conceptual. It is reality that coincides with it, but also with the author, with us, a unique fusion of basic factors whose pivot is the concept. Whether this concept is expressed or not, accessible or not, it is not important, but it is necessary to make art real.

And that its reality coincides with truth is not a priority, because nothing else is needed but its reality in the world, in that space, at that time.

It is the appearance of what is going to be.



How can we explain the need to penetrate the sensible, to feel you are feeling? Is there another truth to look for or is it what appears in front of our eyes?

There is a passage to face, that is to evolve from seeing to feeling, or rather from the limit of what one sees, to the experience that one has of it, raising the image no longer to just a representation, but to a wider and universal meaning.

The resulting impressions are absorbed by our eyes and an openness to them is necessary to ensure that it is art that defines us, stimulates us, without our preconceptions encapsulating it in definitions.

Indefinability is necessary in an image, it guarantees the success of its communicability, which otherwise would be devoid of any artistic denotation.

Not all explanations are accessible with words. Feelings are paradoxically more tangible than any rationalism.

But we must not be greedy of these sensations, nor of the images, which, if excessive, end up draining the sight, blending together, in an overload of visions that make the distinction between what is art and what is not more difficult.

Learning to listen to art allows it to show itself as a perennial revelation, for which we can change only by opening our eyes.



What attracts us to a body? That it is animated, the living presence of otherness within it. What is missing here is the definition of a body that we would like to have there, its absence brings us closer and takes us away at the same time, on the edge of doubt given by the unanswered question, or rather, with too many answers.

The perception of emptiness is reflected from the work of art to the viewer, leaving a hole, a chasm that cannot be filled, because there is no possibility of recognition and identification.

There is nothing.

Only a fragile, unstable and fluctuating casing, which remembers only the semblance of the strength that may have been, but which is now no longer. A residue of a body.

And it is here that the incredible and fascinating process of everyone's mind starts, in the search for everything that invades that great void, which becomes progressively and antithetically more and more full of so many fragments, always in different combinations. Empty and full interact creating an illusory but tangible material.

As pure and distant sounds these amplified dimensions reflect and bounce off surfaces, light swims between shapes.



There are no identities that aren't the result of all the other identities with which they have had contact. The uniqueness in itself means nothing, as the sum of all the images, the experiences, the relationships that determine its composition.

What is difficult is the maintenance of this identity, the will to hold many faces of a whole, taking the maximum strength from each of them, recognizing in each one the motivations and the circumstances that made us assume it.

In each one the action is reflected, the thought of others. Developing sensitivity to understand this in itself enriches empathy, the connection of one's own person with others.

The enveloping dimension of these amplified thoughts and feelings, are poured into the artistic experience, into the luminous images, full of vivid color that unite works, people, looks, which are reflected in one and in the unit, in a space where even from the ground it is possible to see the sky.



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