LESS OBJECTS, MORE OBJECTIONS.

IS MORE PHYSICAL AN OBJECT PRESENTED IN AN ART GALLERY OR IN A NOVEL?

MIXED MEDIA: WOOD, PLASTIC HOODS, LCD SCREENS, LSD PILLS, LEMON LEAVES, LEAVES, PAPER, COLLAGE ON PAPER, KAOLIN ON CABBAGES, TOBACCO CAPS, OIL ON CANVAS.

IMAGINE TO STEP INTO AN EMPTY SPACE WHERE THE FLOOR IS COVERED WITH SAND. IN EACH ROOM THERE IS NOTHING BUT SAND. YOU WALK SLOWLY, SINKING YOUR BARE FEET IN THE WARM SAND. NOW YOU SEE THE MIDDAY SUN ENTERING THROUGH A WINDOW AND ILLUMINATING THE SAND CLOSE TO THE WALL. THEN YOU KNEEL DOWN, DIGGING THE SAND WITH YOUR HANDS. IMAGINE TO REACH THE BOTTOM, A COLD AND SMOOTH SURFACE: A MIRROR.

NOT "EVERYTHING IS ART" BUT "ART IS EVERYTHING". NO SUM OR DIFFERENCE. IT'S A REMAINDER IN A BAD MATH.

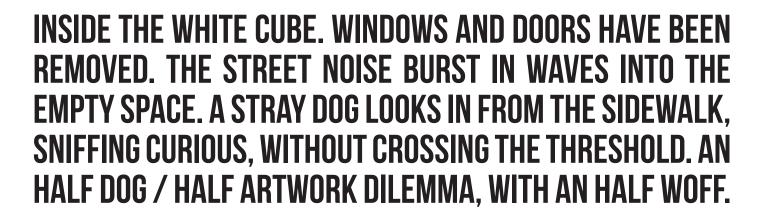
@BANALINTRUDERS, I'M THE #TRUEINTRUDER 8-)><

LOOK AT THIS. A REFRIGERATOR IS STUCK IN THE WALL, HORIZONTALLY AND FACE DOWN, ONE METER FROM THE GROUND. THE FRENCH DOOR IS OPEN, ILLUMINATING THE FLOOR. SOMETIMES ICE CUBES ARE DROPPED OUT, MELTING DOWN UNDER THE LIGHT.

OH-OH-OH DAISY... I'M NOT YOUR HANGING HEART PLEASE TELL ME WHO YOU ARE CAUSE THIS IS B-SIDE ART

A ROOM IS FILLED WITH BALLOONS TRASH BAGS PICKED UP AROUND VENICE. THE LIGHT GOES ON AND OFF, AND EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALRIGHT. JUST KEEP ON BELIEVING THAT ALL THAT GLITTERS STINKS IS GOLD.

ONLY TITLED: "THE LIVING OUTCOME OF OUR ARTIFICIAL EVERYDAY LIFE IS JUST BENEATH THE SKIN AND NOT IN MY MIND"



YOUNG ARTISTS WANTED FOR A GROUP EXHIBITION ENTITLED: "POST-INTERNET EXPLAINED BY CHILDREN"

ARTIST: HERE WE ARE, ANOTHER FUCKING READY-MADE CURATOR: WORKS LIKE A CHARM, PERFECTLY CONCEIVED! ARTIST: I FOUND IT ON EBAY UNDER 'READY-MADES' CATEGORY

CURATOR: REALLY? NO NEED TO CHANGE THE CONTEXT?

AN EMPTY SPACE FILLED WITH WORDS IS STILL EMPTY?

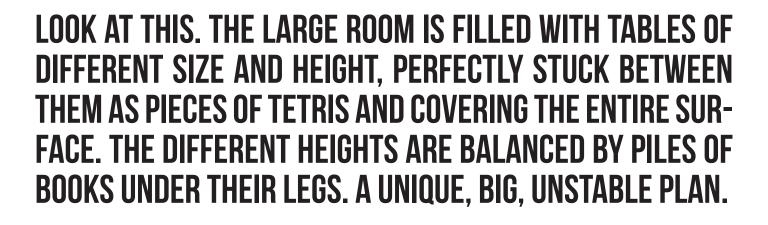
JUST WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES TODAY'S ART SO DIFFERENT, SO APPEALING?

WHAT YOU READ IS ALL YOU GET. SHIFT THE FOCUS FROM THE OBJECT TO ITS VERBAL DESCRIPTION AND MAKE IT UNSEEN. SEEING IS NOT ESSENTIAL IN ART. YET SOMETHING IS SEEN, RIGHT HERE.

I HAD A DREAM. THE PERFORMER GIVES ME A PUNCH, THEN ANOTHER. I'M ABOUT TO FALL WHEN A GIRL IN THE AUDIENCE GRABS ME BY THE ARM. I DO NOT REACT, I THINK IT'S PART OF THE SHOW, THEN HE PULLS OUT A GUN AND SHOOTS ME STRAIGHT IN THE CHEST. I'M LYING ON THE GROUND, BLEEDING, THE AUDIENCE STANDING AROUND ME, STARING AT ME. THEY CALL ME "THE DYING SCULPTURE".

I USED TO PLAY CHESS WITH MARCEL. THE RULES WERE SIMPLE: THERE ARE NO WRONG MOVES, JUST SUBVERT THE RULES DURING THE GAME, CHANGE YOUR PERSPECTIVE, AND SO ON... I GAVE UP PLAYING CHESS AND STARTED TO MAKE ART.





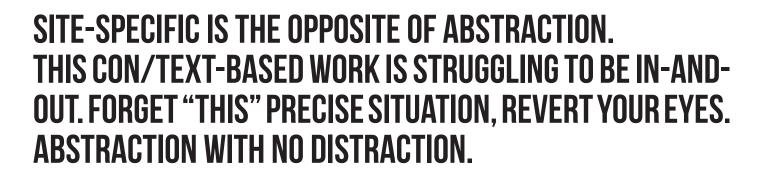
WITH THIS STATEMENT I FEEL BETWEEN BEN VAUTIER (#JESUISBEN, "JE SIGNE TOUT") AND LUCA ROSSI, WHO IN THE U.S. WOULD BE CALLED JOSH SMITH, KNOWN FOR HIS NAME PAINTINGS. AN ART WITH NO NAME, NO MAN'S NOMEN, OMEN.

DANIELE, HOW FAR CAN I PUSH MYSELF IN THE CONTEXT MANIPULATION? HAVE I TO MAKE THIS ALL PERSONAL WITH AWKWARD ALLUSIONS, OR TO STAY THE COURSE BY CREATING COMFORTING ILLUSIONS?



FORMAL CONCERNS, LET ME ALONE... THE NUDE, BLACK-ON-WHITE TEXT MUST BE CONNECTED TO THE ORIGIN, THE FIRST-EVER IMAGE. IT'S NOT A ZERO-DEGREE, RATHER A THIRD-KIND.

ART WILL END AT INFINITY



ARTWORLD IS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS

I HAD A DREAM. I HAD INSTALLED THE FIRST EVER ARTWORK ON A SPACE STATION. A REPLICA OF MORRIS'S FELTS IN ABSENCE OF GRAVITY. THE FELTS WERE QUITE PERFECTLY FLATTENED, FLOATING IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS LIKE MAGIC CARPETS.

HE SAID HE WOULD HAVE MADE A POWERFUL WORK, EVEN POLITICAL, SIMPLY STACKING ROTTEN WOOD ON A LARGE RED PLASTIC SHEET.

DAMN COOL DAN COLEN DANACOL

IMAGINE AN EMPTY SPACE CONVERTED TO UNDERGROUND SWIMMING POOL, THE TOP LIGHTS OFF AND THE BOTTOM LIGHTS ON. YOU ENTER THE WATER BAREFOOT UP TO YOUR KNEES, WALKING ON ROCKY SHAPES THAT REPRESENT THE CONTINENTS ON A WORLD MAP. REGIONS AND STATES HAVE DIFFERENT TEXTURE AND DENSITY, SOME ARE ELASTIC OR PLEASANT TO TOUCH, OTHER ARE SAGGY, OOZY OR SHARP. STAY AWAY FROM THEM.

THE ARTIST IS PRESENT, ART IS ABSENT.

CURATOR: OH, THAT SCULPTURE IS SO WEIRD AND UNMONUMENTAL!

ARTIST: DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON WITH IT

CURATOR: IT BREAKS WITH FRONTAL PERSPECTIVE AND TRADITIONAL VIEWS

ARTIST: I THINK SO... ISN'T IT TOO MUCH ACADEMIC?

FOR THE BIENNALE I PROPOSED TO REMOVE ONE OF THE MANY PAVILIONS OR COLLATERAL EVENTS. THEY REJECTED MY PROPOSAL AND SENT ME HERE, INTO AN EXHIBITION WITH MULTIPLE AND SCATTERED LOCATIONS.

ONLY TITLED: "THE SLOW DANCE OF LOST CAUSES. PART I: HOW TO BE REJECTED WITH A COLOURFUL MOOD"

IVAN DAL CIN \ OBJECT/IONS #35 \ WORDS ON PAPER, 2015

INSTITUTIONAL CRITIQUE? MMH... DONE!

LOOK AT THIS. WOODEN BOXES OF VARIOUS SIZES ARE ON THE GROUND HERE AND THERE, WELL SPACED FROM EACH OTHER. EACH BOX CONTAINS A COLLECTION OF OBJECTS CLASSIFIED BY RANDOM COMBINATIONS OF COLOR, MATERIAL, ORIGIN AND USE. AN EXAMPLE: RED OR GREEN OBJECTS FROM NEPAL OR ALABAMA USED IN MEDICINE, JEWELERY OR RODENT CONTROL.

INSIDE THE WHITE CUBE. THE SPACE IS UPSIDE DOWN.
ALL THE TILES HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM THE FLOOR TO COVER THE CEILING IN EVERY ROOM, WHILE THE NEONS WERE INSTALLED ON THE GROUND. THE FLOOR IS WHITEWASHED, AND ALONG THE CORRIDORS DEMARCATED BY NEON LIGHTS THE SHOE FOOTPRINTS STAND OUT ON A BLINDING WHITE.

IT WOULD BE GOOD IF MANY PEOPLE BOUGHT ARTRIBUNE.
ARTRIBUNE HAS GOOD PICTURES AND A LOT OF GOOD
WRITING ABOUT MANY THINGS. IT IS INFORMATIVE AND
GOOD TO HAVE. IT IS NICE TO SEE IT TOO. A GREAT NUMBER
OF PEOPLE ALREADY BUY ARTRIBUNE. IT WOULD BE GOOD
IF MORE PEOPLE DID. ARTRIBUNE IS A GOOD MAGAZINE.
(AFTER RYMAN)

A PICTURE WORD IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS PICTURES.