

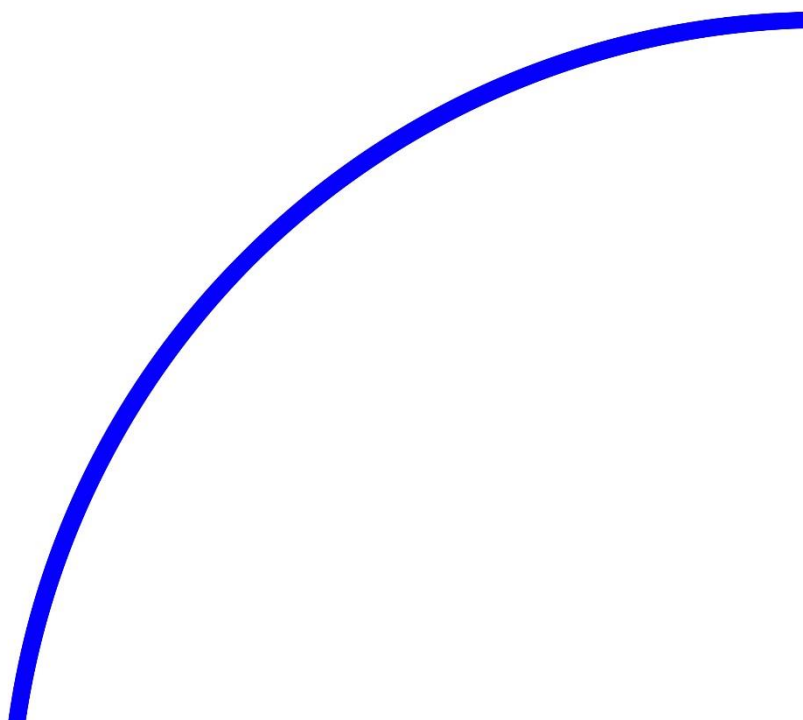
THE VISIBLE *MUNDI* OF GPG

Gian Paolo Guerini—*64 pictures on canvas*—100 x 100 cm

i.e.:

impossibility of perception
visibility of the invisible
certainty of uncertainty
exaltation of error
show the hidden
reveal the inevitable
highlight the paradox
vary the invariable

<supervision of the English translation by Peter Valente>

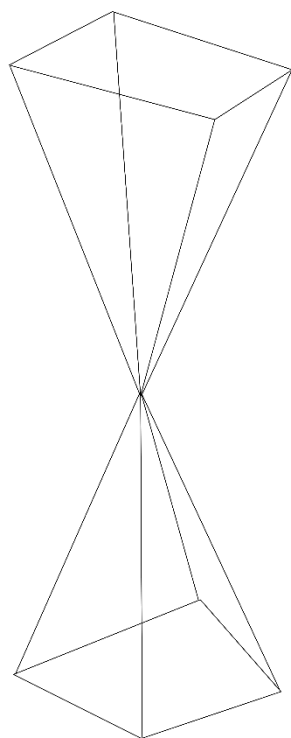


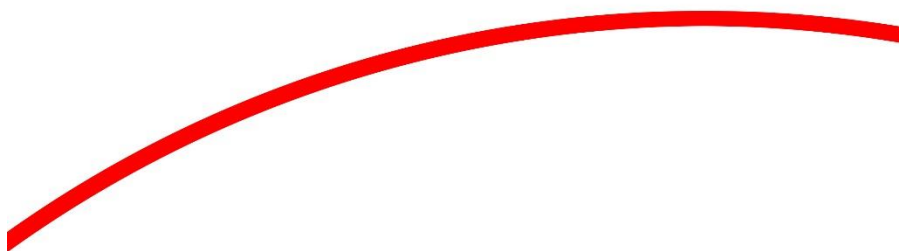


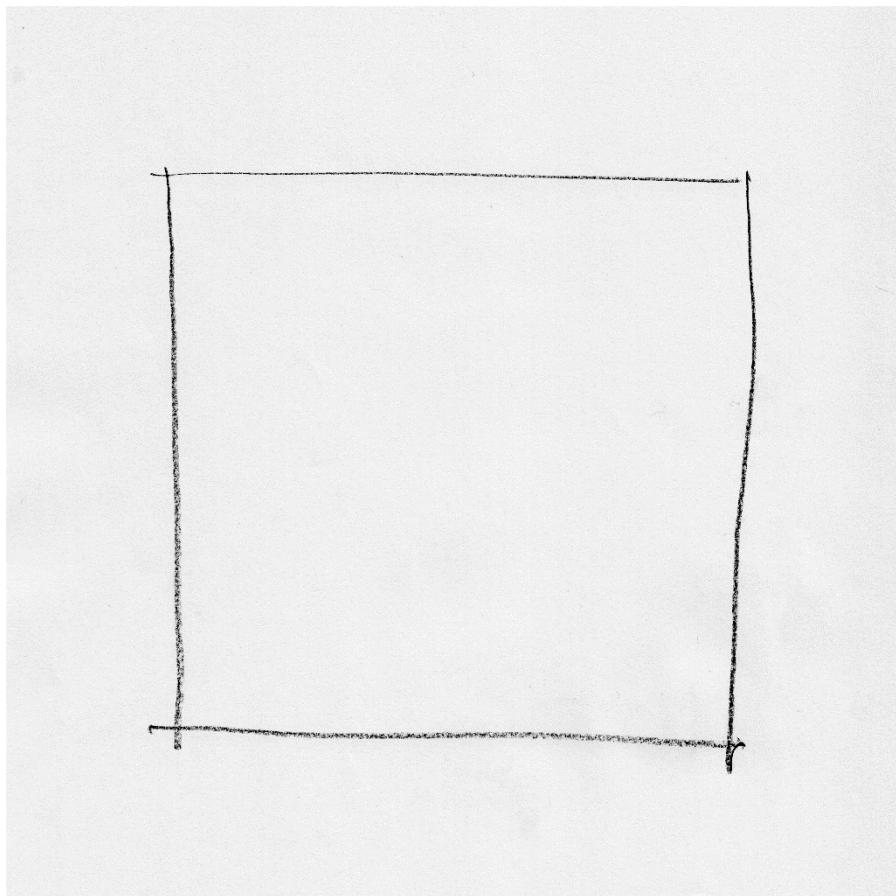
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Plaza del Callao, Madrid, Spain





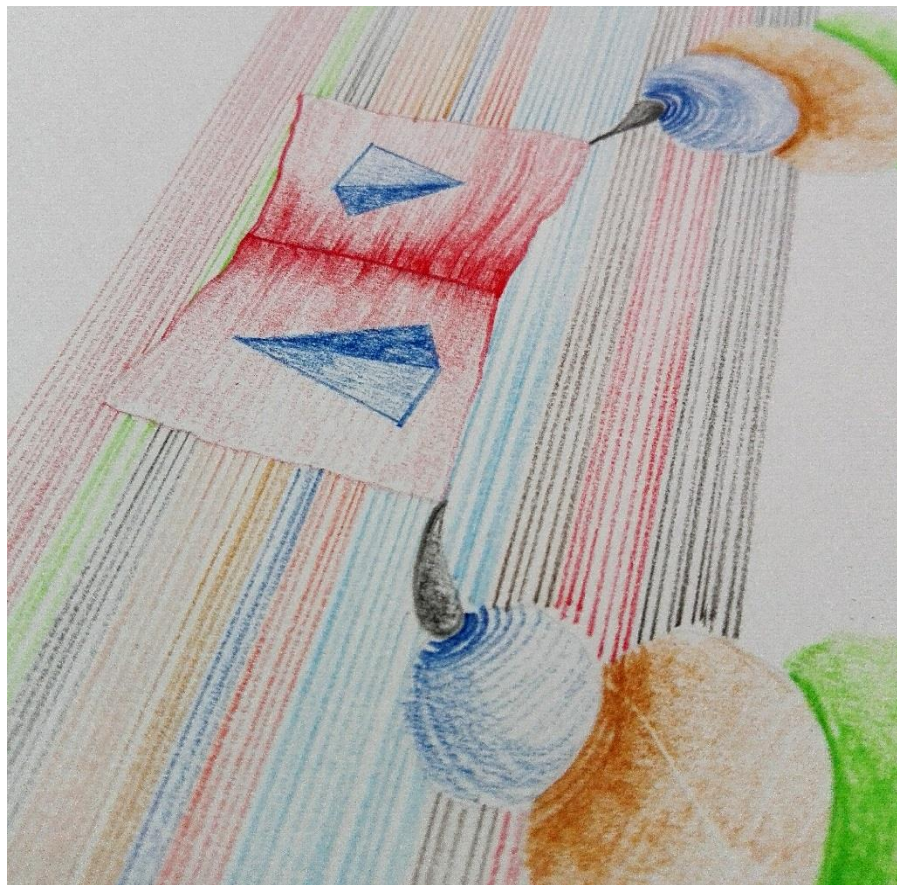


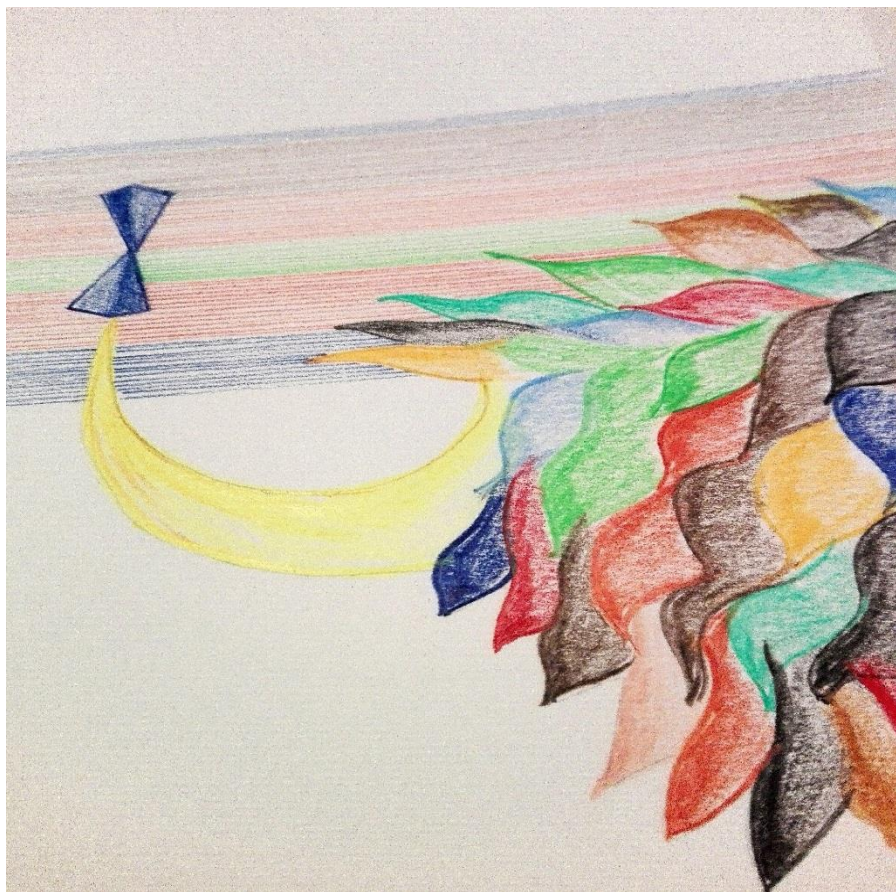


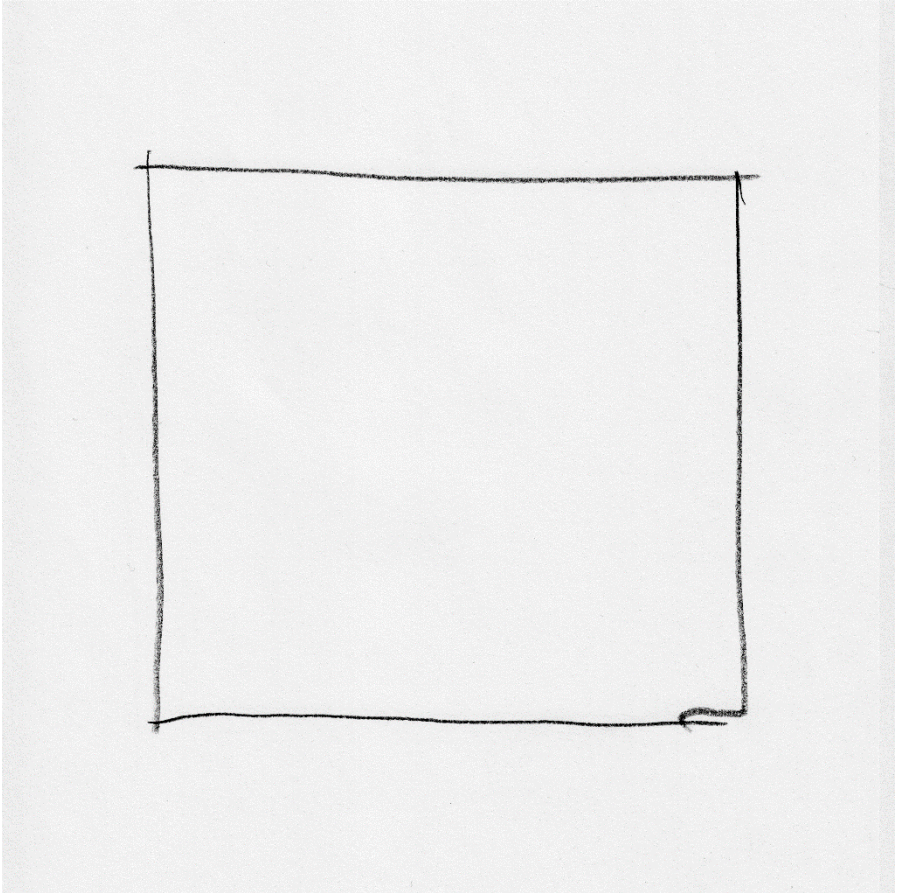


Av. Gral. Eloy Alfaro, Quito, Ecuador

Jl. Letnam Boyak, Bangkinang, Sumatra

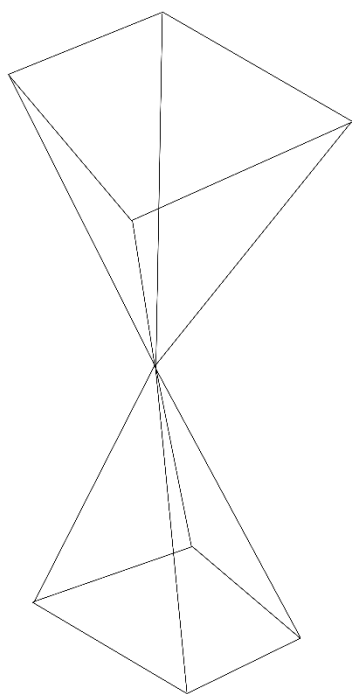


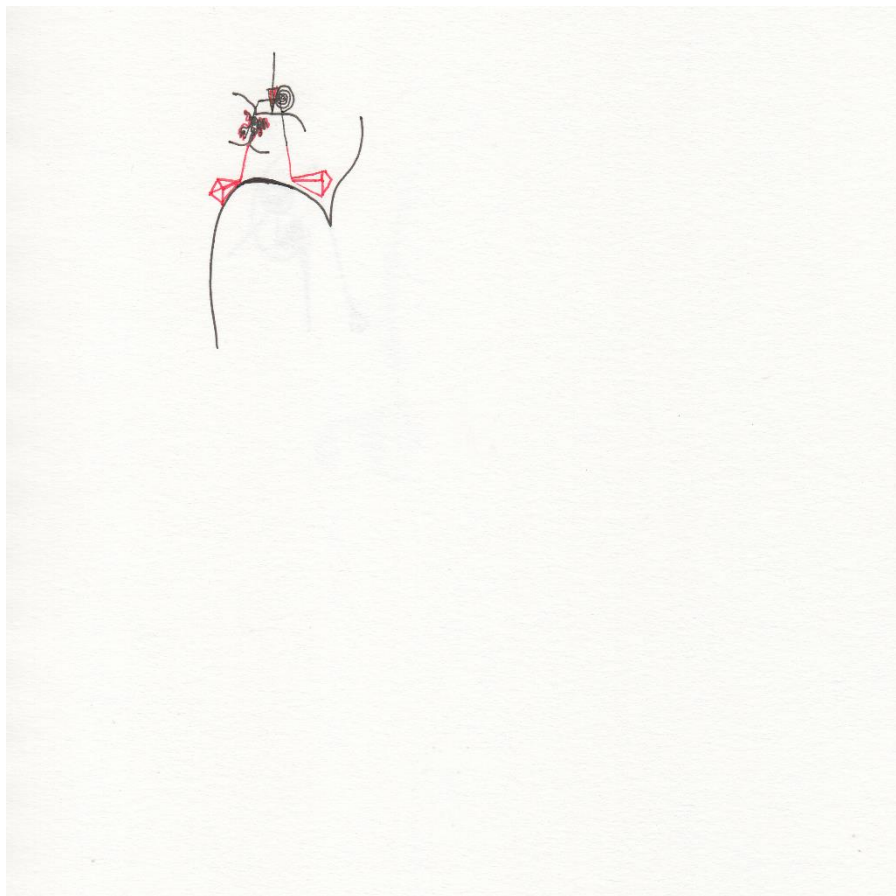










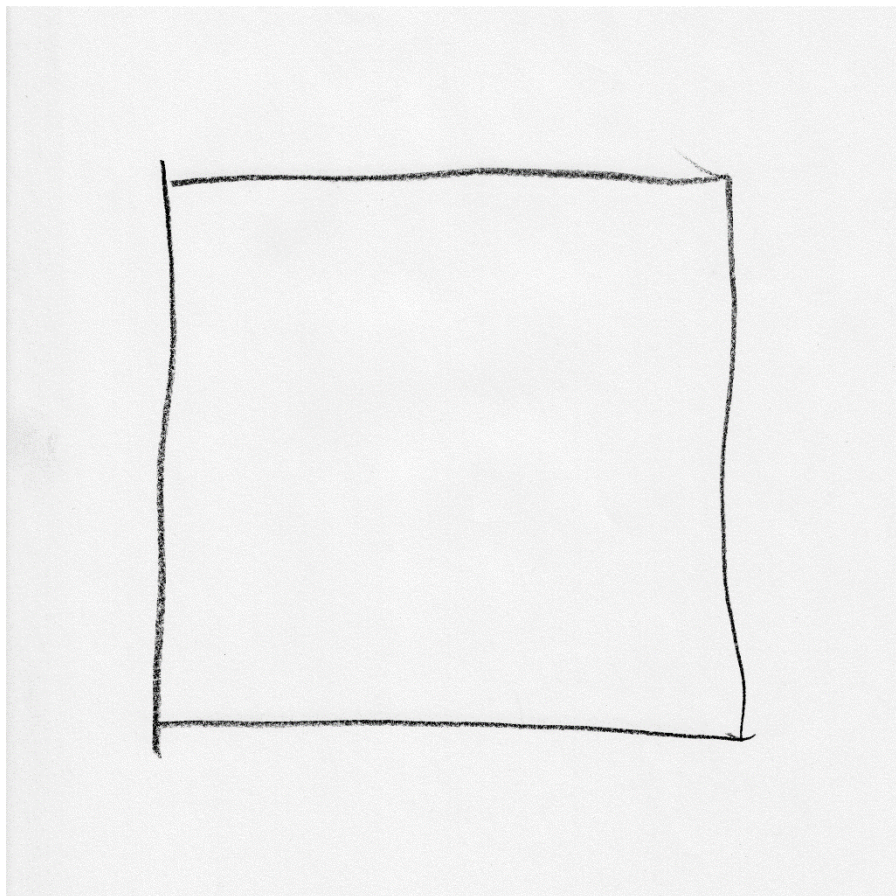


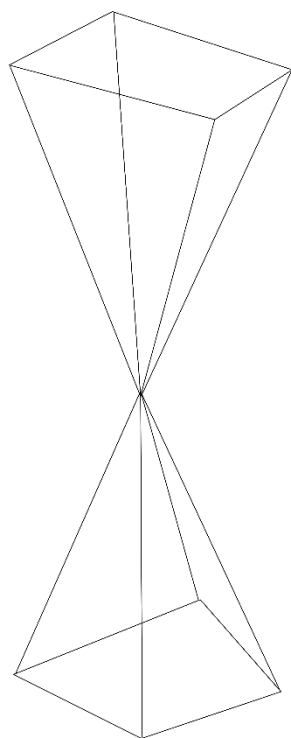


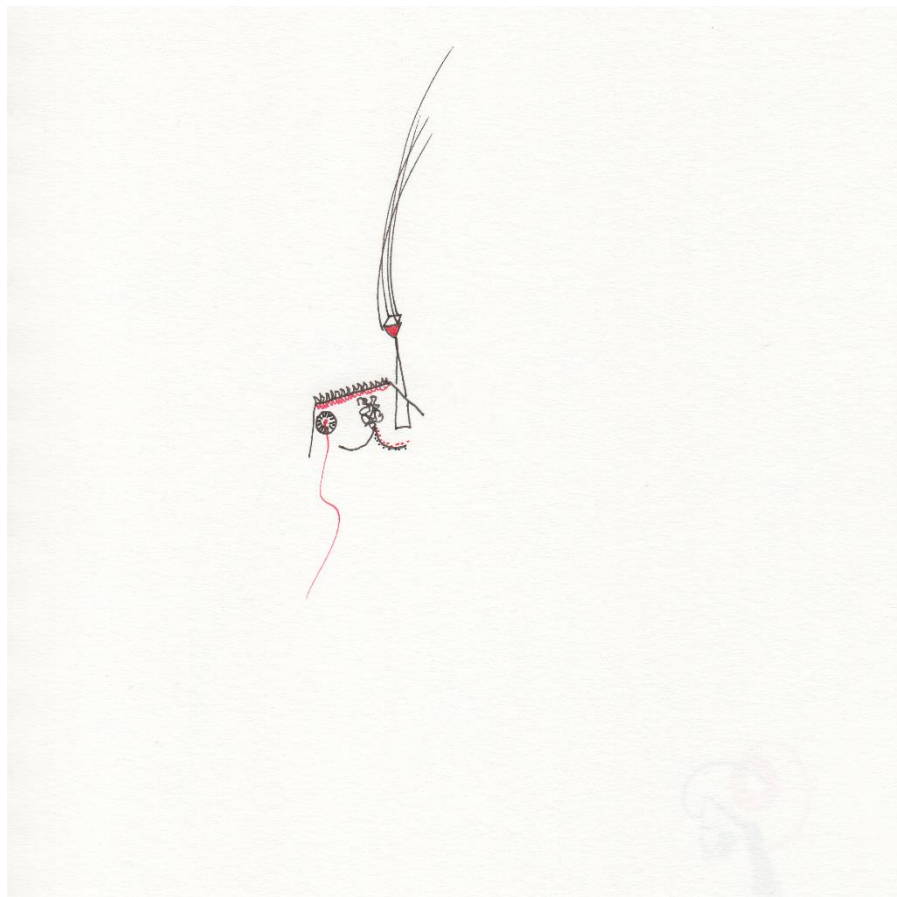


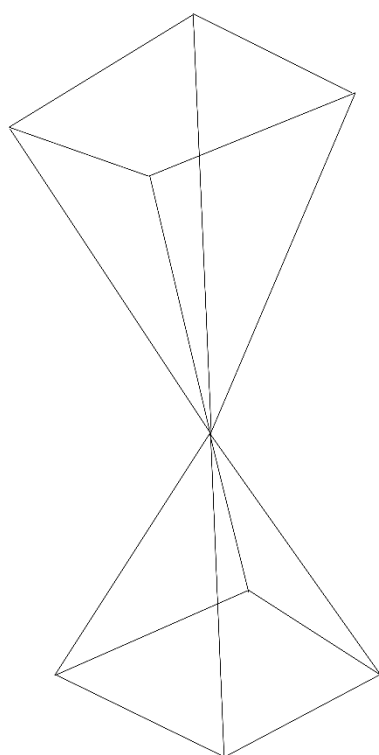
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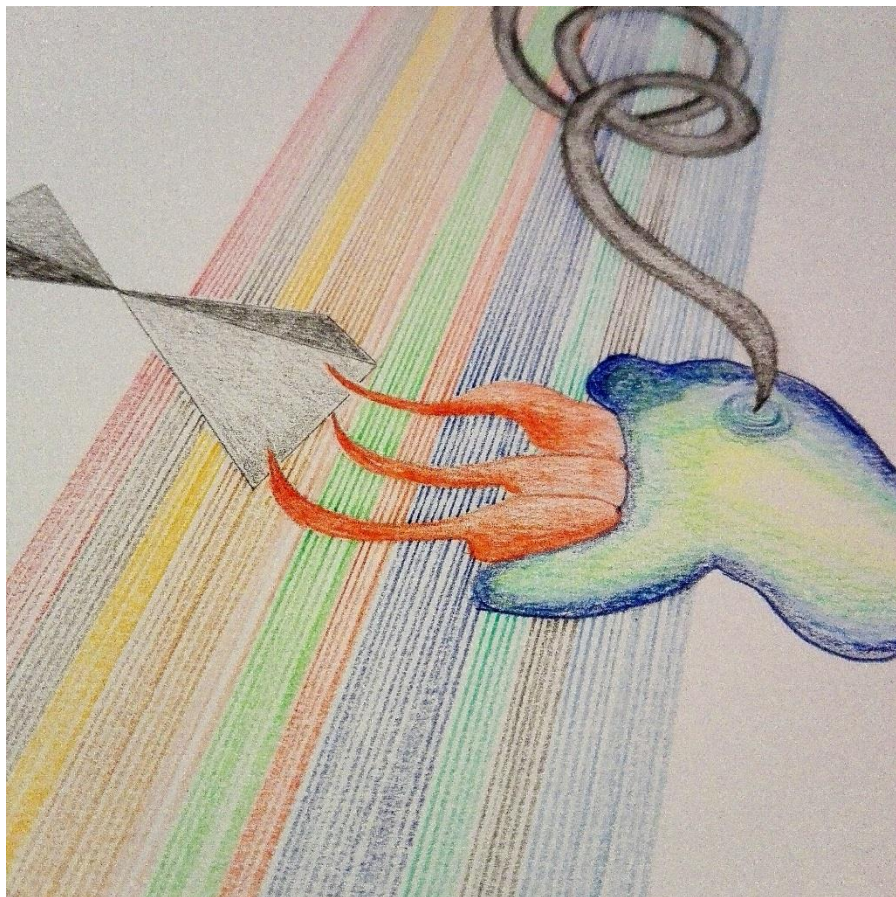
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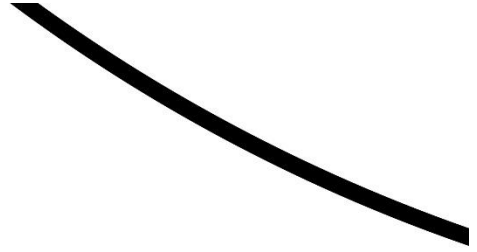




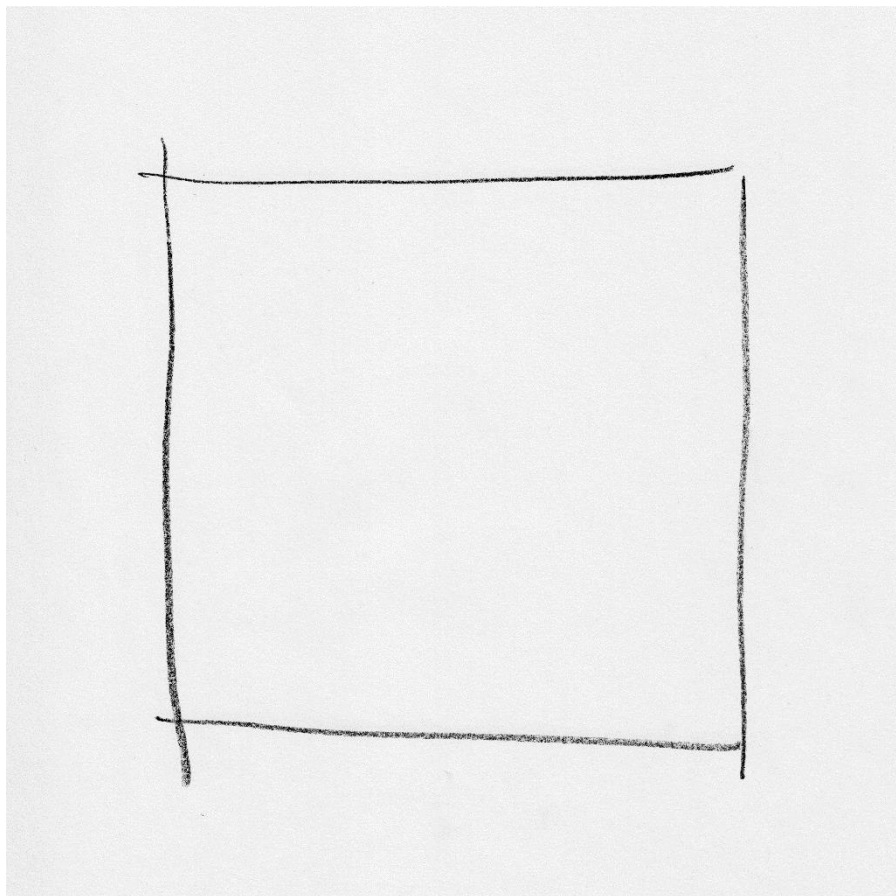






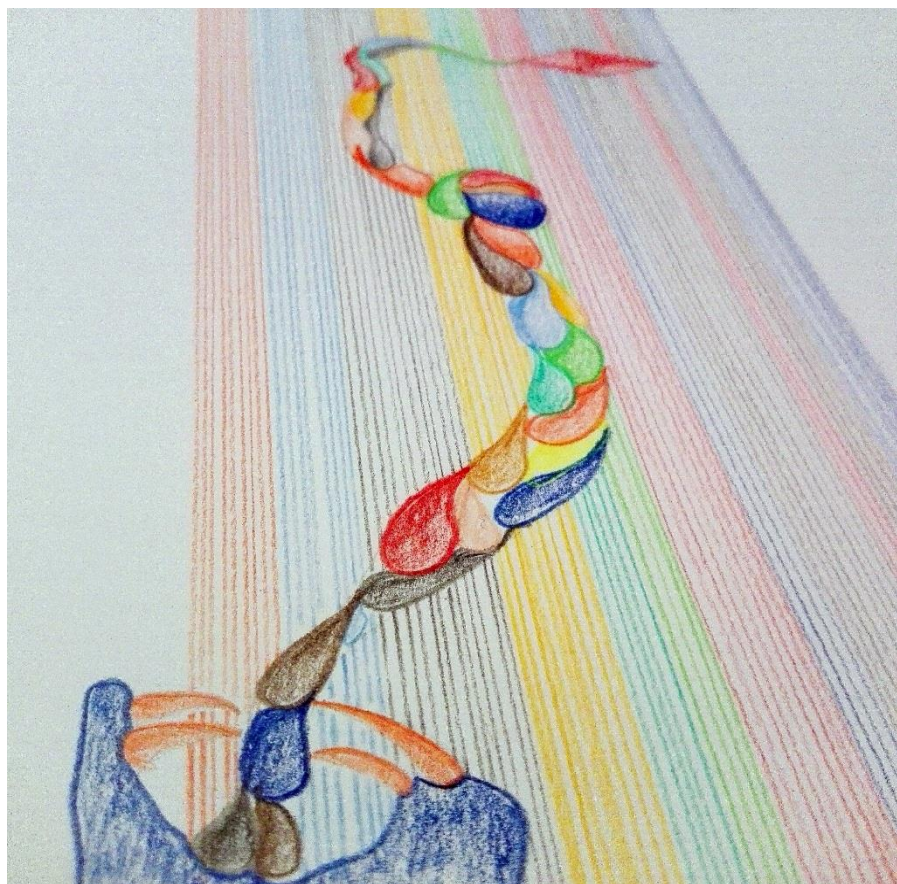




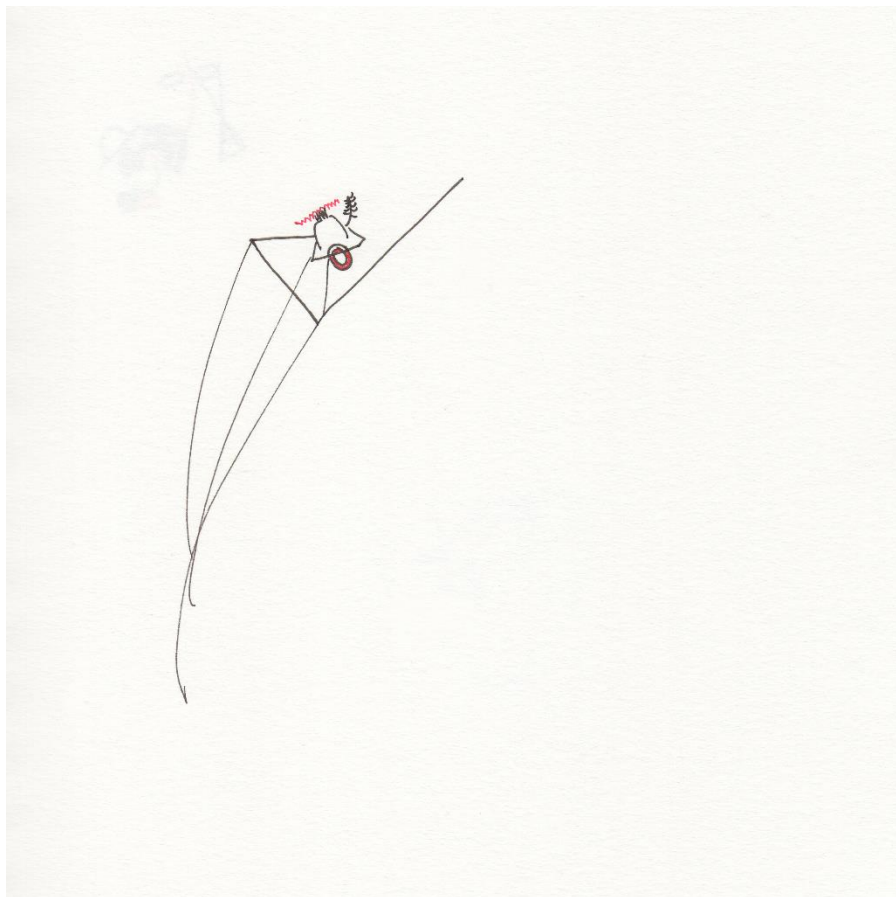


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Ziying Ganqu Rd, Jieshouzhen, Jiangsu, China

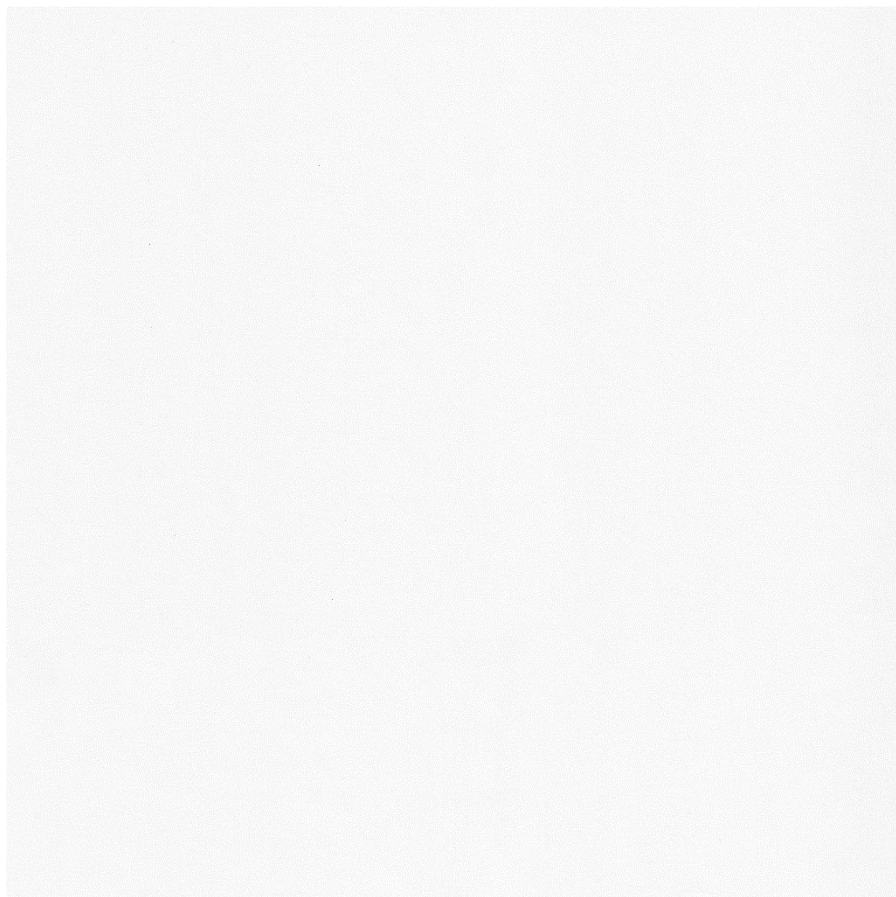










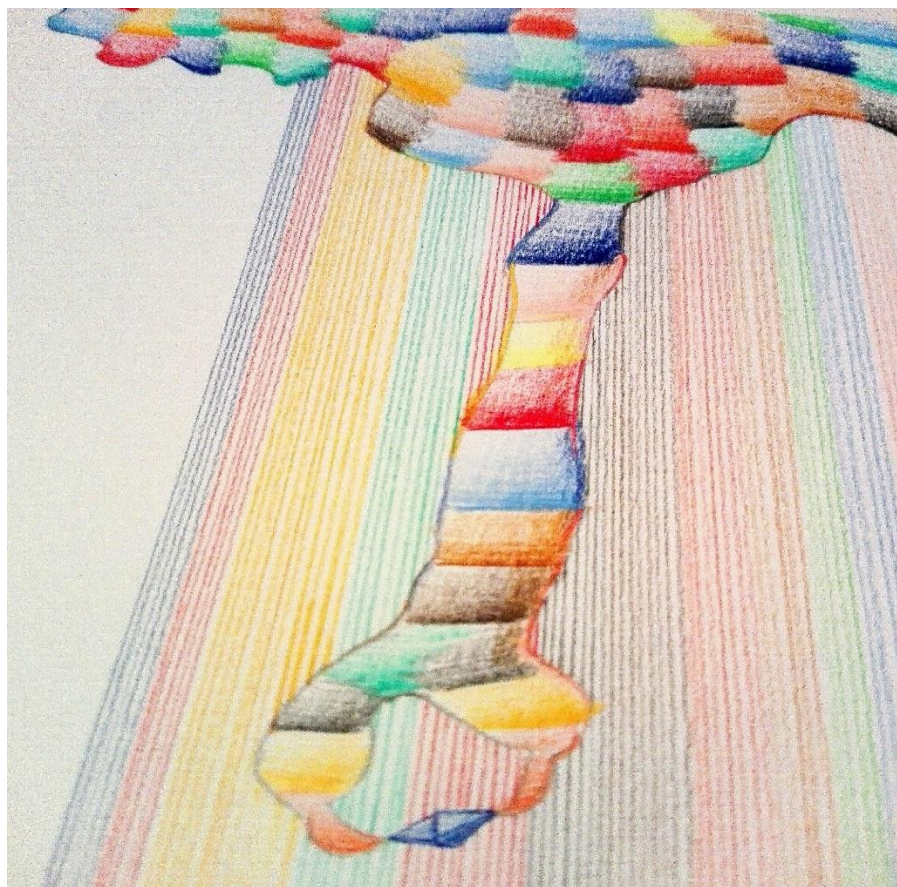


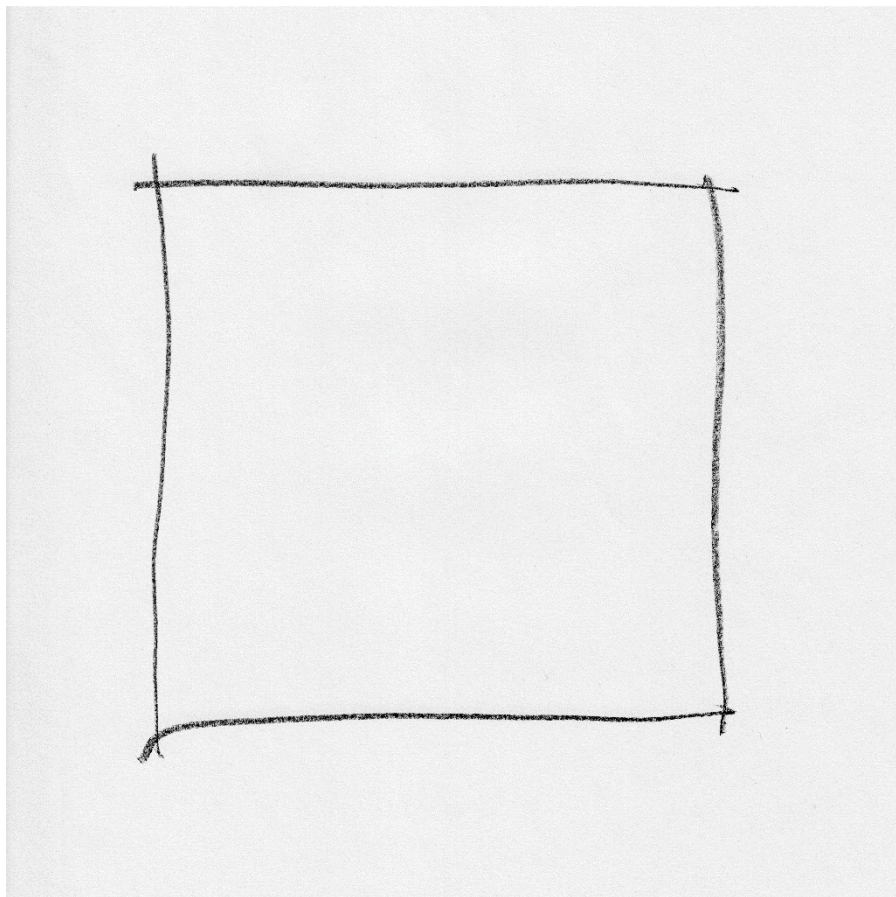


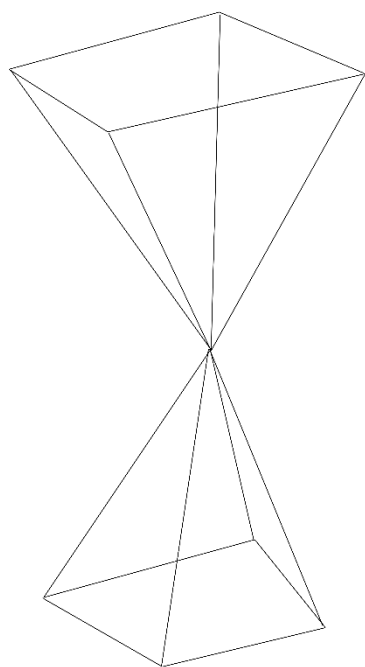
Armando Sanhueza, Punta Arenas, Chile

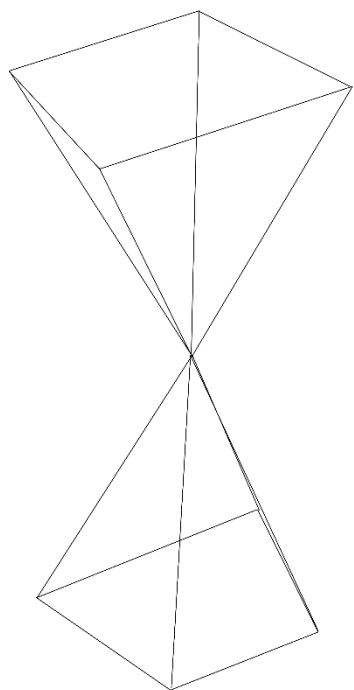
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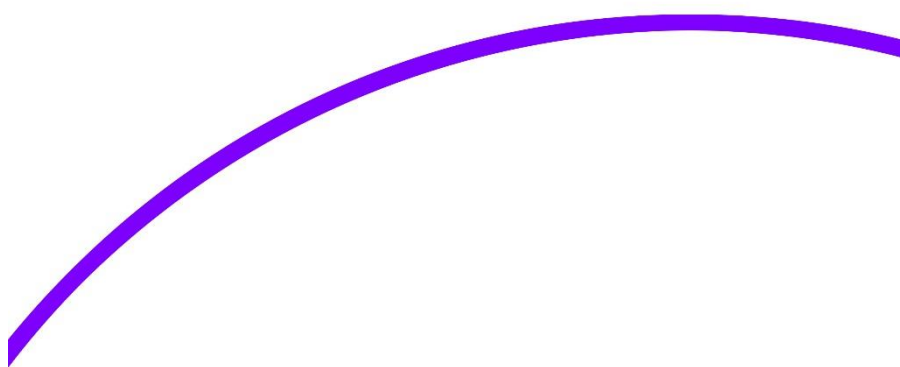










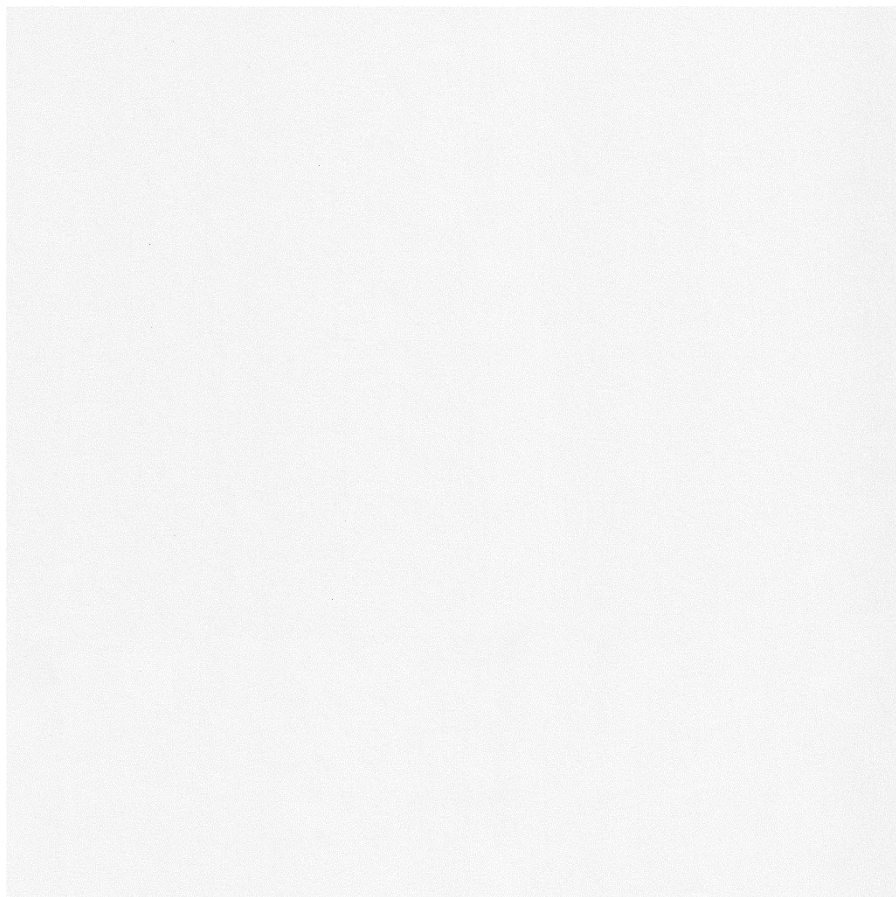


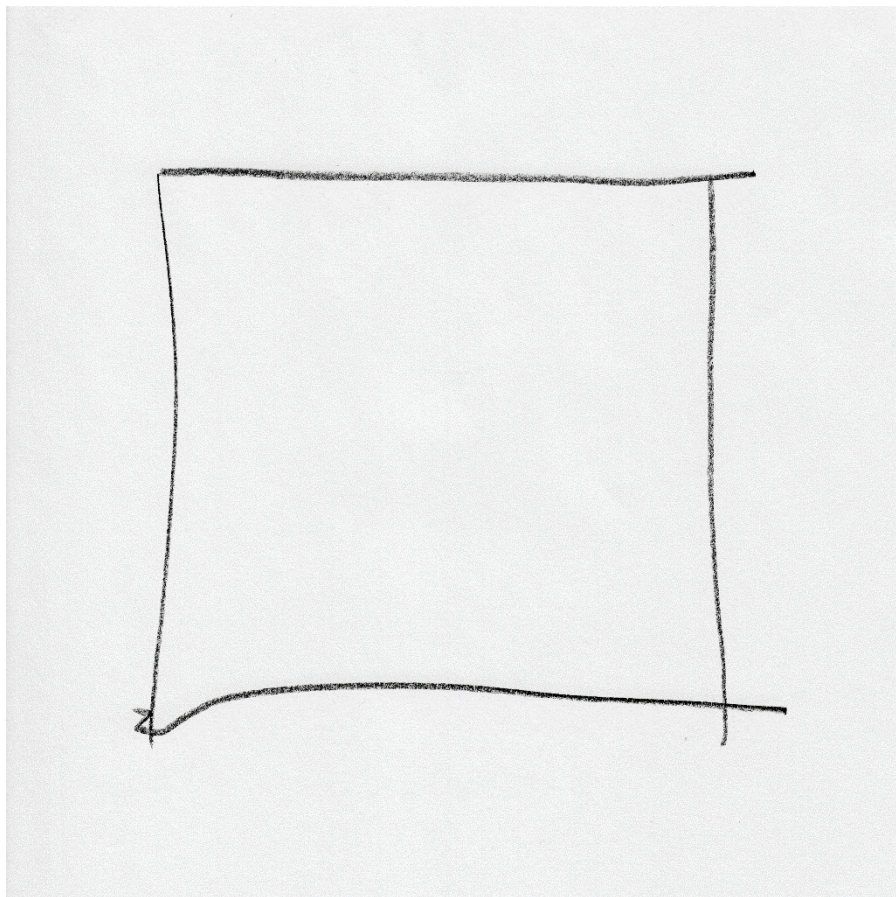


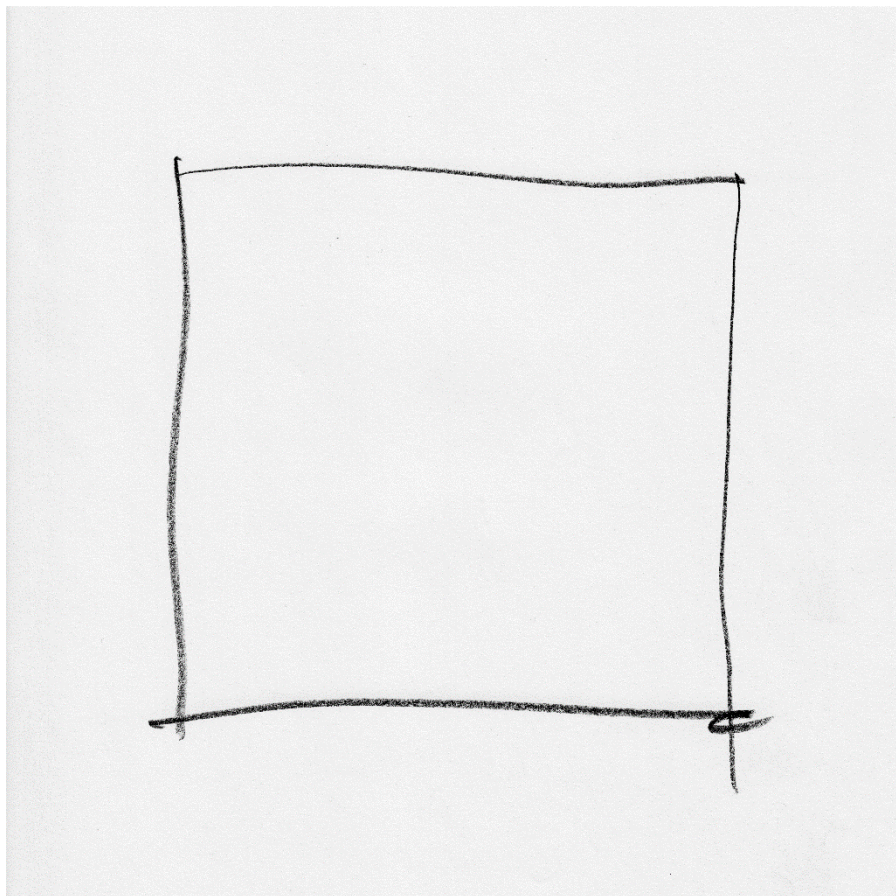


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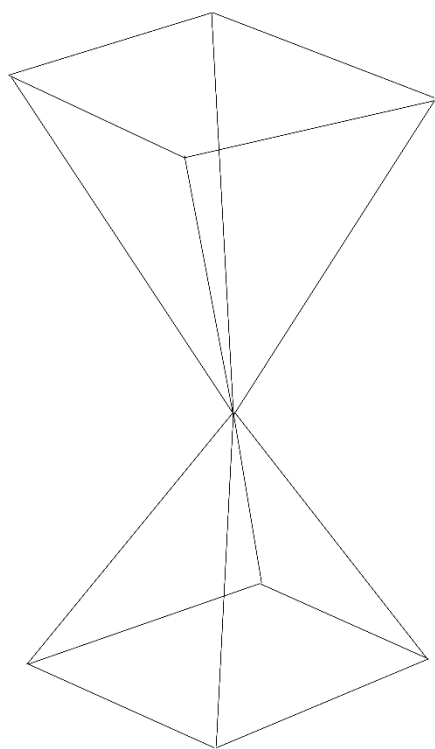
Metehara, Oromia, Etiopia

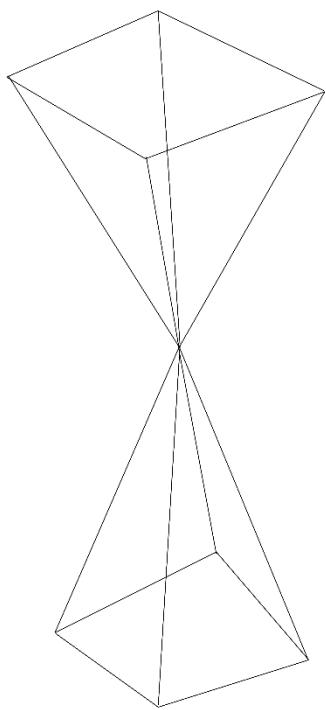




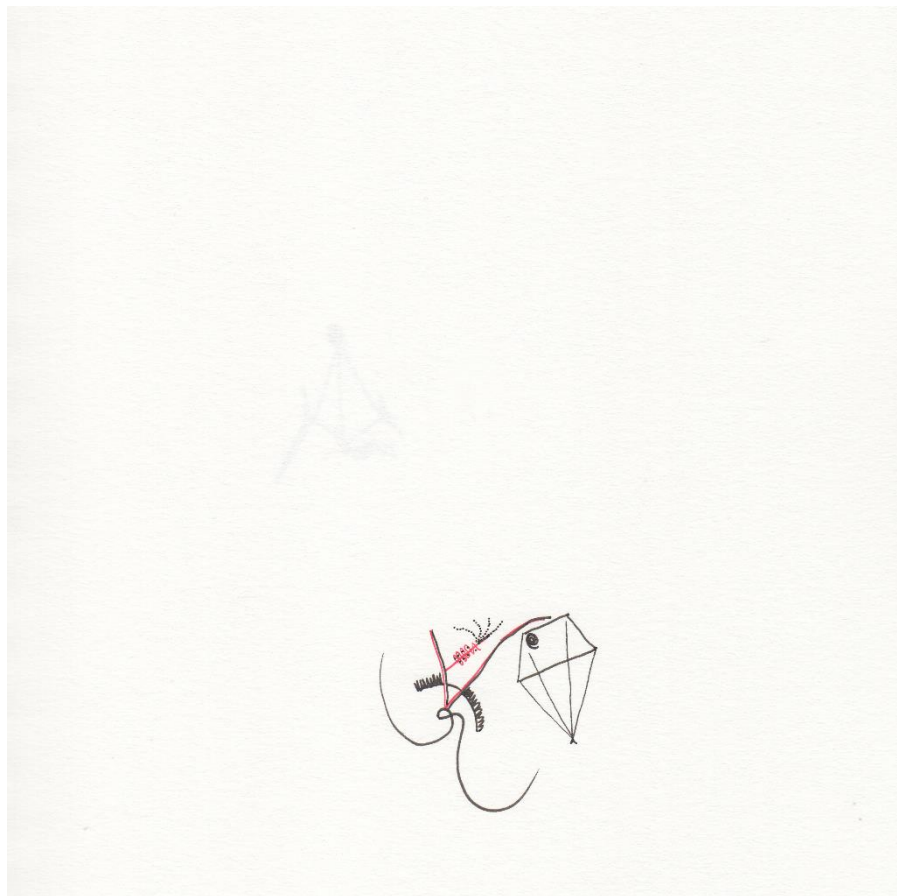






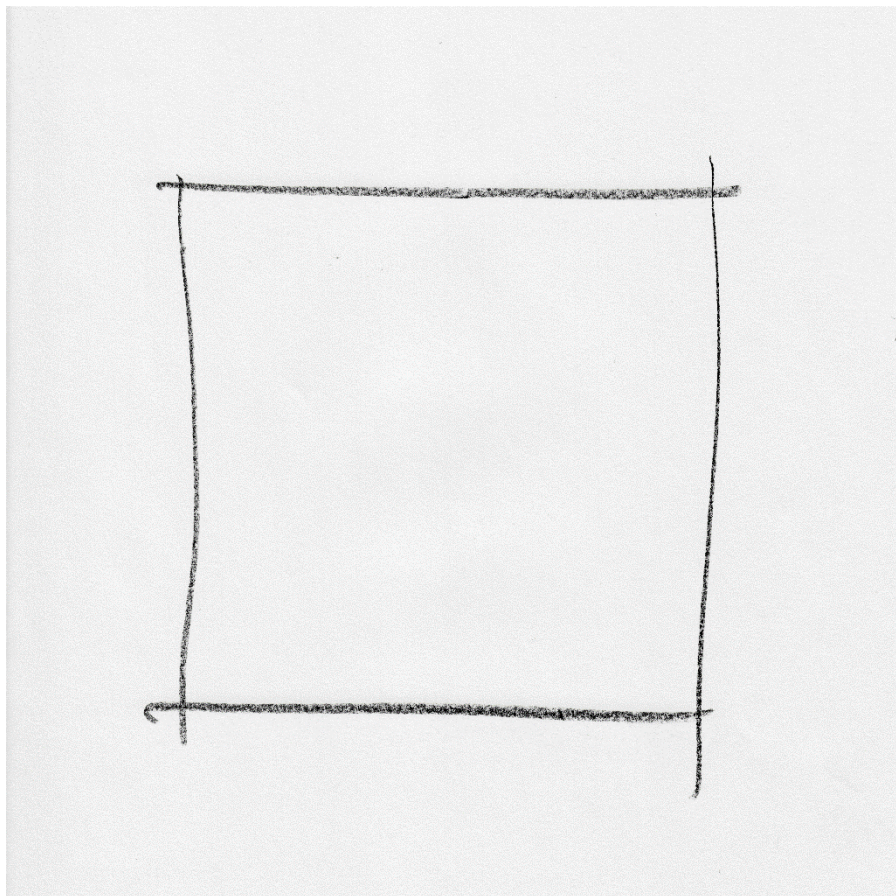






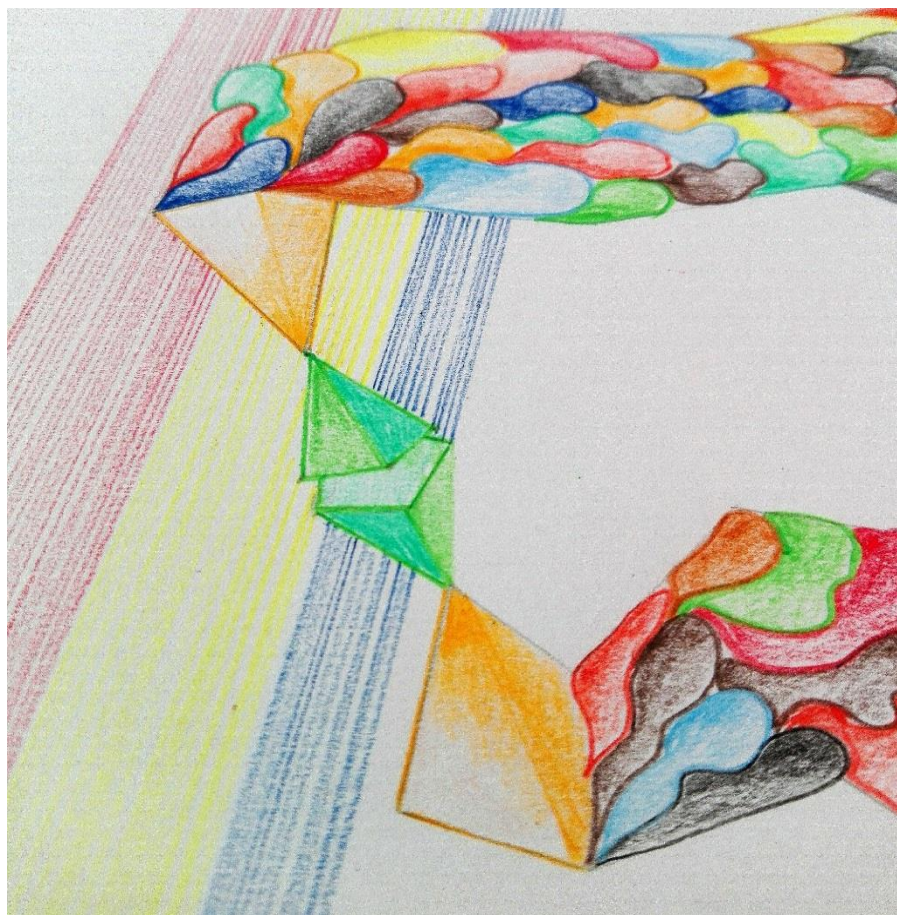
Jennings Rd, Flatts Village, Bermuda

Stirling St, Perth, Australia



Sexing Rd, Xingpingzhen, Shaanxi, China

Gral Bulnes, Santiago del Chile, Chile





A PERFECT TINY WHITE POINT ON A WHITE CANVAS FREEHANDED IN A SPLIT-SECOND
(100 x 100 cm—white pencil on canvas)

PAGE 4-15-16-17-40-41-42-54

This attempt to “pass through” the vacuum as a haruspex (even as an Etrurian, a foreigner in Rome), from the very beginning proves to be vain and hopeless: it is like squaring the circle, like a pyramid and an obelisk...Well, like devastating the ruins, it is such a “vain and hopeless” attempt, that ultimately promises the abandonment by the white, where the saluting, guarantees a well entangled skein. Eventually, out of this white the refined imprecision of the “mask” flickers; a *dramatis personae* greening over the dryness of initial trips, taken by the hand, unto which the origin leaps from the black hole of identity and inflames the “understanding” of the inveterate dementia of “grasping concepts”. Only such distance from the words allows them to keep themselves so close to each other. This suspended voice—where points are waves—not adhering to itself, directs a tremulous compass hand toward other points without a purpose, abandoned from the origin, a sky falling to earth, the invisibility that exists...Forget “understanding”, here, either you’re lifted or the levitation of white keeps whirling—alas—around the gravity of the symbolic. Thence, writing that separates thought from action, yielding to the all grinding machine of the fluid, slips to a healing fever: you fool yourself into speaking, filling the void—inaccessible but absolute—of a place where words would like to dwell. A cave painting... Once abandoning the initial gap, here, where sole and pavement compress the air (on a pilgrimage everything emerges...), one has to creep: on this bank the form, on the other, the content. When resolving to determine nothing, everything becomes available. As always, Meister Eckhart comes to our aid: “If you can see God, that’s not God”.

(*Julia Taverné*)

COPY FROM LIFE

(100 x 100 cm—oil on canvas)

PAGE 3-9-24-31-38-39-50-60

A copy is a return, a circular act, like the idea of the world in a twilight culture; like the word *mundi*, which seems to rise, beginning with a vowel escaping the reserved embrace of the lips, in a circular motion, a cycle, returning to two prominent consonants, closing the word, making it self-sufficient. But *mundi* is first and foremost an opening out. Before a world takes place—in as much as everything which takes place is a result of language—it is as if nothingness opened itself up to something, only to return into itself and disappear. There is nothing prior to this opening up: a nothingness disappearing in order to leave something behind has no “before”. In this sense time is a convention: it establishes and settles a “before and after”, to identify states which co-exist within the world, in the absence of time which we call the “present.” *Mundi*, however, is a closing off. It defines a world by excluding what is not in that world; it rends a world to make it closed and self-ordained. A world may tend towards the infinite by including more and more, but the more it counts things in, the more indefinite is what it leaves out. So a world is an opening out and a closing off. Time and space cannot exist side by side, but only one inside the other. You are right when you say time does not exist but deploys things: time cannot be displayed, cannot be *outside*, it cannot have a separate dimension, even a “temporal dimension” (the space of the soul); this would be a contradiction in terms. Death, for example, which is deployed by time and is time without measure, is a disappearance, a removal of space to an eternal elsewhere, without an eternal visibility; are all the signs left by an omnivorous fish—a carp—on the river bed, not an unhealthy polymeric, a resolution of space? Unhealthy because tradition has it that—to admonish us—it is also a supreme waste of time. If space is resolved, time is wasted; when I return to myself, after quitting this paper and pen, I’ll re-appropriate space within myself; I will be a copy of myself and will return to a point from which I did not set out. I will have left nothing behind but will find a self; in the meantime I will have written this note, asking words to do—despite the *logos*—something they cannot do. You do not return to yourself: ever since mankind has had a language, he has no longer returned to himself—either by phylogenesis or ontogenesis. A return to somewhere you’ve never been, completing something never given: this is what copying really means.

(Tiziano Ogliari)

SEA WITHOUT WAVES—THEATER WITHOUT SHOW

(100 x 100 cm—graphite on canvas)

PAGE 10-18-26-33-47-55-56-63

There is little left of our *ultra naturam* forest, *lucus transiliens*, fighter forest; little of our animated youth; a few of the consequences of our absolute patronage; the other tips are rare; worse for others; because this little is just, as well as all that has transpired here, of a generous life, of the wide open Alliance, where historical philology crushes bureaucracy: where they put their paralytic hands, they will find only our provocative, illative, Nothing.

(Emilio Villa)

YOU MUST BE CAREFUL TO OWN DISTRACTION

(100 x 100 cm—black ink on canvas)

PAGE 8-21-27-29-48-49-58-59

Things are ideas, as in *esse est percipi*, one says while pouring ideas and things on each other, wondering what warrant should be granted so that ideas could actually be described as things. In our existence, it isn't actions that last, rather, it is what you do not think of. However, one does not think of "the how" either. It is impossible to breathe during these two moments, nor is it possible to draw a clear distinction between them. We accept the fatal redundancy of asceticism: no thought can be a thought without anything whatsoever. The double unveils its enigma: usually, "the how" surpasses things, those same things which surpass "the how". The world can't help being larger than any opinion. The real difference is not between an inside and an outside: the breach is not beyond, it is on the borderline, insensitively ethereal, a vulgar trick saying that "now" repeats. This borderline is made of paltry "heres" and "theres", the realm of what doesn't happen; it tracks the footprints each time this isn't necessary, exculpating the act from turning into an event: between elsewhere and nowhere arises their not-being, which precedes any possible state. (*enso* "circle" in Japanese, the absolute in Zen iconography, the perfect circle drawn after lengthy meditation), *ensoph* ("without end" in Yiddish, the unknowable divine principle, absolute perfection without distinction or differentiation). After transcending the symbolic, the subject becoming one with *its* / *no longer its* object, and mistakes it. The difference between the body which leaves its traces and the corpse within us, is very slight: could this fragment be a tomb?

(Ulla Fourier)

THE EASE OF THE GRAVE (THE GRAVES OF JUAN DE LA CRUZ)

(100 x 100 cm—label on canvas)

PAGE 6-12-25-34-44-53-62-64

Juan knew the god of the orange trees solmisated throughout the streets of Cordoba; the solmisated streets with oranges trees were gleaned in a design of light, such that not even a voice from around the corner would have troubled it, like a grated Roman dial, or hammered at the perpendicular gaze of the orange trees, the perfume. From the screened street in Cordoba, in the synaptic street of Cordoba, you do not see, you do not know, that there is the Guadalquivir and the egrets, in the evening a hundred of the Arab mills are melting, you do not know that the landscape widens and the little Sierra, he can move his nostrils away from the vapour, if it winter, of the warmth of living bodies, or if it is immediately hot. It is not possible to know why the god is so absolutely tremendous, such that he is confused with the breeze by the *rabo de toro*, defeated on the ground in an imprint of a non-human step, even in the face that turns as soon as you call a name, not your own, he turns around because a name is answered. The god does not fear anything, not Abraham, not even Isaac, with his head reclining; to Juan, the god fears nothing, even the iron-will revealed in the desolate look of his destiny, moonless in the narrow street, is not even afraid of the Guadalquivir; Juan expects nothing, there is nothing to say, but to wait until all the names are equal to the same face, to call the same name for all the faces. He speaks to Juan because he is spoken to. Heliotrope, selenotrope. He would like to be anything, God or his own self, with that talent of sub-atomic disobedience that moves the progeny of the universe; all in a body that will get lost without direction. God is too much of a man, his excess and mine; we always lose our direction, because of excessive familiarity, intemperance, the emptiness of a chance meeting, where one recognizes oneself, remembers oneself, in a trope. Yet Juan does not care about the asceticism; he does not want wings but cubits of earth, a planet to travel through, not in his skies but by the earth, because it is on the ground that chasms open up, and falling is abandonment, falling into a deep abyss that opens up in the bowels of the highest peaks. If you walk looking down on the earth, it is not for the precaution of taking careful steps, but waiting for an opening to emerge, so as to plunge, into one's own ascent, falling where God is and where there is no language. So where God is absent, there the language opens up and so you can never know God from the language or the language from God; if God and language will never join, come with your hands joined in prayer, so that this year the coming together, the union, the message of piety for the existence of God and the language, will be a union like the joining of two hands in prayer: to understand this, understand the thread of man's destiny which becomes ungraspable, like a joke of the carousel *rabo de toro*, the minotaur, the labyrinth, the monstrous elusiveness. Praying signifies this fragile carnality, these hands held together to reach God and language, reaching so that God receives the message of man—swaying the environment with words—and in the language God remains in the breath, the time of the soul's rest, which is called eternal, for care and comfort in the heaven of the universe. Prayer bespeaks the sense of an atheistic condition, of the god who is absent, yet in abandoning us, we receive the gift of language. But in saying God's name, he himself is not absent as everything is absent from him, because what is absent is everything except God, because language is the absence of everything and there is language because God is absent and therefore God is missing because of his absence, withdrawing not to let a world exist in its place; but in abandoning us to the language that is the absence of everything, God leaves us, in his absence, a greater absence, because God permeates us and speaks to us. So language is the absence that we are, in the absence that we are not, and that we call God, hands that reach out, closing in *me* a circuit of absences; what they are and what they are not: language and God; the circuit of absence that is *my* death. For this reason, Juan died in life, joining his hands because no virtue is given to the man except the greatest mortality, because my absence reconciles God and language in the prayer for death. The man prays to die as never having been born, again and again born as the same, the eyes shut, there is only darkness, before coming into the world and after leaving it. As the sandstone perishes, it spreads dust around, and as the gypsum, and the lime perish, they become something other, not even returning to themselves and not yet, like us, but never born again.

(Tiziano Ogliari)

UORINAL

(100 x 100 cm—black ink on canvas)

PAGE 7-19-20-32-43-51-57-66

Once it is ascertained that the oral does not exist, we still hang on to its passing, believing we are skimming through its pages, still deluded, still thinking we are killing the oral. Once it is ascertained that the oral kills us (not because it rhymes with urinal; rather, because two coffee cups in the morning don't give you all the heart to live), we cannot live our life, nor can we live life along with others. "Now" is already "later". Wiggling about in the passing of the oral causes the crystallization of action; you never fell, you're elsewhere, you wind up myriads of minutes without making an hour, delude yourself into believing that belief is a delusion etc. etc. Those who fart about the body's immortality have never got their own souls' fate up the ass, and their souls are lost in the infinite forbearance to the... oral? Well, never mind lost souls, you'd better empty your siphon instead. Does the oral guarantee something which the orinal does not? Yep: the intolerability of life. Life owes to the oral the fact that the oral pretends to exist. One thinks one can listen, yet one realizes one cannot even live one's life.

(Ulla Fourier)

SMOKING UNDER SKIN—SKIN UNDER SMOKING

(100 x 100 cm—colored pencils on canvas)

PAGE 5-13-14-30-35-45-46-65

The eye dwells on the value of what is difficult and mysterious in the drama of each individual's existence: the lines. We know nothing of those the lines; indeed their anonymity is an important aspect. Although logic tells us they have been brought together for the purpose of being looked at, they do not look as if they have been directed to act in a certain manner. They remain inviolate, acting according to their own desires and needs which have no relationship to our constraints. The lines notate a kind of chaos, the beginning of time or the end: are we staring at things at the moment of their collapse or at the moment before everything coheres? We only know that more is happening than we can understand, perhaps more than we can bear. The lines are like words in the mind before they are pronounced: you suddenly speak them, but where were they the moment before?

(Ulla Fourier)

EVERYTHING IS EXACTLY WHERE IT IS NOT—NOTHING IS EXACTLY WHERE IT IS
(100 x 100 cm—red and black ink on canvas)

PAGE 11-22-23-28-36-37-52-61

The sheet is spread open so much so that the page tears and hangs on. I don't just see the open hand but I see it opening and closing the mysterious origin of the river mouth. You cannot roll up the shade even though the cape is light, the night is not strident in the whiteness. One day, pending another step, hanging from the clock chain, the hands suspended from a turn gained. If the flame can perforate steel, the colours can make it flare when the mountain engulfs the sky. Stamens and pistils and leaves and wood, where everything is lulled without wind, globules of meat are attendant to wait. I see only the brilliance of darkness, an arrow indicating another arrow, both directed towards the dark. If the cilice was not reclining on the cliff, the same glass could reflect the light like silicon. The dazzling red of these flowers is a carpet of peonies, peonies that shower 'til the shadow levitates. We could even swallow this paper if only the greens that feed us could convey it to the tungsten of a star. Here the fish flashes, springing up the mainmast of the breakers, and sprays a brief embroidered maelstrom. Do not turn on these hands that dominate the darkness and beyond, because beyond there is only their blood.

(Julia Taverne)

Das innere des Ohrs entzünden (personal exhibition), Exo-Galerie, Berlin
 Are you experienced?, curated by Guy Bleus (with others), Vrije Universiteit, Brussels
 Fészek Galéria, curated by György Galántai (with others), Museum of Artpool, Budapest
 Nowhere-Now here (personal exhibition), piazza Duomo, Milano
 XIV Biennale di São Paulo (with others), Brasil
 Figura/Partitura, curated by Giovanni Fontana (with others), Lecce-Salerno-Roma-Bergamo
 Poesia Experimental Ara, curated by Bartolomé Ferrando (with J. Blaine, M. Butor, J. Hidalgo, A. Spatola and others),
 Sala Parpalló, Valencia
 World Art Atlas, curated by Guy Bleus (with others), Warande, Tumbout
 Visioni Violazioni Vivisezioni, curated by Enzo Minarelli (with others), Ferrara
 Schedi Galery (with others), Thessaloniki
 Aerogrammes, curated by Guy Bleus (with others), Stedelijk Museum, Tienen
 Galleria Multimedia (personal exhibition), Brescia
 Contoterzi, curated by Elisabetta Longari (with P. Almeoni, M. Airò, D. Kozaris, L. Moro, L. Quartana and others), Sincino
 Studio Leonard, curated by Chiara Guidi (personal exhibition), Genova
 Pianofortissimo, curated by Gino Di Maggio (with Arman, J. Cage, G. Cardini, D. Lombardi, N. J. Paik, D. Spoerri,
 B. Vautier, W. Vostell and others), Fondazione Mudima, Milano
 Improvvisazione libera, curated by Giuseppe Chiari (with M. Cattelan, T. Tozzi, L. Di Lallo and others), Museo Pecci, Prato
 Scuola d'obbligo/Compulsory Education, Fuori Uso, curated by Achille Bonito Oliva (with A. Boetti, W. Burroughs,
 J. L. Byars, E. Cucchi, M. Knizak, Y. Ono, N. J. Paik, V. Pisani, M. Schifano, W. Vostell and others), Pescara
 Milano Poesia, curated by Gianni Sassi (with S. Lacy, Zev, U. Block, D. Prigov, P. Vangelisti, L. Ballerini and others), Milano
 Vanna Casati curated by Tiziano Ogliari (personal exhibition), Bergamo
 Uno per uno, for Biennale di Venezia, curated by Rosanna Chiessi and Roberto Melchiori (with C. Ciervo, F. Garbelli,
 A. Thomas, A. Zapalorto), Castelfranco Veneto
 Omaggio a Joe Jones (with W. Marchetti, D. Mosconi, W. Vostell), Fondazione Mudima, Milano
 Lo stato del dove/The Condition of Where (personal exhibition), Fondazione Mudima, Milano
 Galleria Graffio, curated by Andeo Radovan (personal exhibition), Bologna
 Progetto Oreste, curated by Mario Pieroni (with S. Falci, E. Fantin, E. Marisaldi, G. Norese, C. Pietroiusti, A. Radovan,
 N. Teodori, L. Vitone and others) Paliano, Frosinone
 Galleria Zone, curated by Andeo Radovan (personal exhibition), Bologna
 Bau 2 (with V. Baroni, J. Blaine, G. Broni, D. Poletti, W. Xerra and others), Palazzo delle Papesse, Siena
 7th International Performance Art Festival, curated by Nicola Frangione (with J. Giorno, B. Ferrando, T. Kemeny,
 P. Albani), Monza
 The Second James Joyce Graduate Conference, Musical adaptations of Finnegans Wake, Università Roma3, Roma
 “Parabol(ich)e dell'ultimo giorno - Per Emilio Villa”, Edizioni Le Voci della Luna, curated by Enzo Campi (with
 D. Bulfaro, T. Cera Rosco, M. Campi, M. Sboarina, J. Ninni), Poesiafestival13—Unione Terre di Castelli, Biblioteca
 Comunale di Castelfranco Emilia (MO)
 Titoli possibili Rischiare / Azzardare / Azzardi o qualcosa del genere..., curated by Gino Gianuzzi (with A. Andrighetto,
 E. Grazioli, H. Goni, N. Guglielmi, A. Radovan, R. Sinigaglia, A. Tola), Casabianca, Zola Predosa (BO)
 <che tipo di artista è? lettera C!>, curated by Edoardo Camurri, Rai Storia, Bolzano
 Alfabeto 1979-1988. Prove d'artista nella collezione della Galleria Civica di Modena (with G. Baruchello, A. Boetti,
 G. Dorfles, E. Isgrò, G. Paolini, L. Patella, A. Spoldi and others), Galleria Civica, Modena



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