

## le vite

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*Dipinti e oggetti dipinti*

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I believe that one of the main problems in art today relates not only to saying something through a work, but to constituting a field within which this statement can take a tangible form. What we call a "painting" is an object consisting of a surface (a primitive concept of a plane) that is painted by hand (not mechanically reproducible). In order for this surface to be real, it needs a concrete support structure, a frame for example, which makes the painting a painted object. Both natures, the two-dimensional and the three-dimensional, are strongly connected to each other, since one would not exist without the other. In a painting, it is the surface that is given a title. The measurements provided to us are two not three, so the third dimension is not contemplated as part of the work, neither while looking at it nor in reproductions. Depth is an additional dimension, perceived both physically and linguistically outside the work. Its qualities as an object have been taken very seriously in modernity, to the point of considering a painting solely in that sense. However, if the question one wants to understand is what a painting is, then a reductionist or a holistic attitude is unsuitable for such an investigation. In my opinion, the best attitude would be to consider it both a surface and an object, thus taking into account both its peculiar language and the fact that it is a material part of a shared reality: the reality of things. It therefore becomes necessary to precisely narrow down the field of pictorial research. Attempting to explore these kinds of problems requires an adequate reduction of what is given consideration, to the point of separating every element within a painting- historical, stylistic and poetic - from what it strictly is. That very freedom in painting is achievable only if one is aware of what one is doing. Every pictorial work is tall, long, but not deep: this characteristic makes it immediately and integrally perceptible. Depth can only be represented in an illusory way within these two dimensions, beyond the surface any discrepancy or tension between form and content becomes a lie, as it shifts the attention to something other than what it really is. For this reason, we have not yet witnessed a non-illusory painting. The presence of content that contrasts form, other dimensions besides height and length, the presence of an author as an ontological necessity and its reason to be are the causes of an insincere nature. However, the attempts so far to define its own dimension have participated in seeing painting free itself throughout history from various false necessities of both formal and political nature.

In a circular painting measuring 100x100 centimeters with a surface covered 100% in oil with no color, I found the possibility to reconstruct a formal pictorial language starting directly from its most successful aim, that was achieved through an exaggeration of its founding elements and followed by a crisis of meaning inherent to language. What I have looked for is a coincidence between form (which is reduced to format in the absence of anything else to refer to) and content (which is reduced to a single material that covers the entire canvas). In this way, one hopes to allow what a painting is "for us" to coincide with what a painting is "in itself", reducing it to those primary qualities that are measurable and independent of the witness' presence. On the one hand, it is necessary in practical terms for someone to make a painting in order for it to exist, but if this is reduced to characteristics that are indifferent to a subject, then the presence of a "signature" becomes superfluous. Therefore, the attempt at making a work more autonomous from its author is executed not by will but by principle. Although we are far from something that is truly unassignable, we are perhaps a little closer, having understood that the necessary part is the executor's while the other part which despite being considered more often, is entirely contingent upon the existence of the painting: the artist's. If form and content are so coincidental, then once the measurements have been apprehended, the content can be traced directly to them and vice versa, even the title corresponds to itself, becoming a repetition of the materials and measurements in the caption. Having reached this point, the question arises: is it necessary for a painting to carry the title of a work of art or not (any painting, even in its own small way, doesn't seem to have any other role) or is this also an additional purpose? Is it possible to make the first painting that is not an artwork? If it were possible to do so, without transforming it into something else, we would be faced with a sort of "linguistic void" revealing a sense of immediacy that would not only be perceptible but mystical above all. In regard to the surface, we know that the structure is an external part of the work that gives it support and places it within its limitations allowing it to be existent and particular. These four functions are not only carried out by the structure, but also by the person who executed it with their vitality, and since it is impossible to eliminate that part of a painting, then it is also

impossible to eliminate the life in it. To place my expression within the thickness of its borders, is an invitation calling on this life source to sustain and make this kind of work real, by attempting to highlight the connections, ambiguities and independent features that both this part and the other entertain, by locating and getting to know these obscurities and transparencies, these limits and relationships, and by committing itself to solving the solvable and to dissolving in the unsolvable. Attempting to expose a painting certainly cannot lead to the heart of its meaning which remains its own, but it does lead to its skin which constitutes both its material and spiritual nature, as well as the point of access without needing to emphasize any illusory depth between itself and the person experiencing it. With a less superficial approach, the surface reveals the mysterious qualities of existing, perceiving and thinking. This skin is material in its presence, pigment, identification, singularity and as a primitive concept it is also immaterial and timeless. When speaking about a painting's "skin" the intention is not to vitalize the latter, but rather to show the artistic qualities that are already part of life, considering that even our own living skin does not limit its worth to material value. This isn't meant to promote a cold abstinence in self-expression, but rather a sense of freedom that expresses greater respect for the dignity found in matter which will not be loaded with meanings in order to become a window framing a world (that never really is the world), alternatively, this attempts to align our gaze in a similar direction as those living in the world itself. In conclusion, it seems important to me to emphasize that I do not wish for the return of a modernist mentality. My only aim is to give a sense of purpose to its fall which despite the enthusiasm regarding its deconstruction doesn't seem to matter, and although its ruins are seen as cursed, the tools with which it was deconstructed prove to be inadequate in order to fully elaborate and overcome it with that purpose. Like the first jazz musicians who moved towards the city and recovered abandoned musical instruments that used to accompany wartime marches, I too have tried to recover instruments left behind, highlighting the potential they hold which has yet to be fulfilled. Similarly, these paintings like the clarinets and trumpets will no longer perform the same melodies nor will they enact the same aims, they may produce the same notes but the fingers playing them have a different color skin.