

LA STAMPA

Biennale, what to see and what to forget

The Venetian event is visible to the public. The experts have visited here is what struck for better or for worse our critics and judgment of the director of the Museum of Rivoli



REUTERS

Scaling beyond the chromatic land is the American installation artist Sheila Hicks title in the color Pavilion in the Venice Arsenale for the exhibition Viva Viva Art Christine Macel



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FRANCESCO BONAMI

The antispettacolare Melvin Edwards

I liked the work by American artist Melvin Edwards 70 Years in Space Force Construction exhibition curated by Matthew Witkovsky and Katerina Chuchalina the new anti exceptionally special and spectacular space of the Russian Foundation Vac to rafts. Yet the work of anti Edwards is spectacular and soothing in a Venice hijacked by Hollywood parody of Damien Hirst. However this work installed in a corner of a small room in front of the picture of a sea of Wolfgang Tillmans is the best monument or comment to the exploitation of human beings by other human beings. Few of barbed wire strands ranging from one wall behind which hang from the ceiling or recline on the floor of the chains. Holocaust and slavery, two permanent stains the history of civilization, in silent dialogue between them.

The problem of the horse is really monstrous

The title of Claudia Fontes in the Argentine Pavilion at the Arsenale The Horse Problem is, the horse problem. But the real problem is being able to forget one of the most monstrous things ever seen in a Biennale since the vertical canoeing Fabrizio Plessis front of the gardens. Hard to believe that someone in Argentina may have thought that such a reproach could give luster to a country that gave birth to Borges, Fountain, Pope Francis and Messi. Perhaps the curators were inspired by the famous bathtub shaped like a shell of the Camorra brothers Giuliano Fork in Naples where Maradona was photographed. The work so screams vengeance to God and to the world that even a part of the sculpture

to bring in a desert and check out their "memory" of snow. Magnificent Finnish Taanica, which corrodes books scavandovi abyss, while a relentless rain floods the real Georgian dacha Chachkhiani: pure Stalker Tarkovsky.

Names mat and social ricattini

Well, there is bad lot, too. Indeed, useless, of bloated, boring of white collar. As if art were a decoction Bank job, in both senses of the term. Aesthetics bazaar, dust, blacks holes, woolen, "gutta caveat testicula." Artists perplexed under the circus tent, to disturb the Kluge dressed Prada. But the worst is the pomposity critical and dida botched, which fans the birth of the Pop Art in the 30s! Abusing always the same formulaic interchangeable, wasting innocent names-mat, Pasolini, Borges, Foucault (even Serres, newcomer!). With the usual tired lightning blunt: Down with oil dollars and colonialism. In terms copied from Weekendpedia, including worn rhymes "utopia-dystopia-otherness-empathy-entropy." And vulgar social ricattini, maybe clogs migrants in the flesh.

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Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev *

Guston, Cuoghie the German Pavilion

On the exhibition Viva Viva Art curated by Christine Macel I especially enjoyed the Gardens part series which sees the spaces of the American Dawn Kasper, performer and musician in a punk rock band (led here his recording studio), the danese Olafur Eliasson (Green Light an artistic workshop is the title of his work where a group of refugees and migrants builds lamps designed by the artist) and ends with Hassan Sharif (Supermarket evokes the retail exposure methods: there are his sculptures as products a supermarket). This sequence expresses the artist's condition in Globalization: nomadic, unstable, homeless. Among the foreign pavilions I have struck the German, Romanian and the turkish: a chaos isolation that makes us feel what they feel deaf. I really liked the Italian pavilion at the work of Roberto Cuoghi, because his Imitation of Christ is dramatic cruel and precise as are our times. Then I recommend to everyone to visit the exhibition of Philip Guston Academy: I found it elegant, intelligent and poetic at the same time. Do not miss Anselmo at the Querini Stampalia: how he always manages to combine the particular and the universal.

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