

The entity that prevents all objects in the universe from touching with each other is the space.

Dramaturgy of a Private Space

Caracters
A Part of a mezzanine
Mark
Juliette
A Visitor

Stage Direction:
The text should be read in a loud voice.

Mark is living here only since 2 months and a half. He travelled a lot and spent a year of his life in India; in a town planned by Le Corbusier. On a showcase with some shelves to the side of a wall, next to the window, there is a series of minerals of quartz. They come from different journeys. I'm recognizing the amethyst. There are some of different sizes. This stone is supposed to be a maiden turned into a statue of pure crystalline quartz by Artemis to protect her from the brutal angry of Dionysus, offended by a mortal. Dionysus wept tears of wine in remorse for his action at the sight of the beautiful statue. The god's tears then stained the quartz purple. This stone protect from drunkenness. I'm remembering I bought it for the first time by the Park of the Dinosaurs nearby Bergamo, when I was a child. Apparently it has got a particular strength which forced it to become most of the time a souvenir. Then, there is a very wide vase, it looks like a bowl, which is hiding some incense's sticks. Everything seems to be implied with travels in Mark's room.

Today, for instance, it was as if I were with him to this little indian town, Chandigarh, completely planned and designed by Le Corbusier. I hate Le Corbusier, for instance. The first time I saw a project by Le Corbusier, it was during a solo exhibition by Tom Sachs, the reconstruction of the model of the Unité d'Habitation in Marseille. An Housing Unity which carries out all the functions of a city. It looks nearly like a prison. The plan of this city recalls me Turin. I was used to be there for almost one year, My first year at the university. The chessboard shaped structure, or "Hippodamian Grid", from Hippodamus of Miletus. The ABC of Urbanistic probably. When I'm writing "Ippodameo" (en. Hippodamian), the software keep on correcting it with Ippocampo (en. hippocampus, sea horse). The Hippocampus, strangely enough, is the cerebral side which is related with the long-term memory and with the orientation of the body in the space. It comes to mind so Juliette when she's saying: *Chant: Oui, j'arriva. (Pour elle-même) ...On essaie très souvent de chercher, d'analyser le sens des mots, mais on s'étonne trop. Il faut admettre que rien n'est plus simple que penser que telle ou telle chose va de soi.* (en. crying: Yes, I'm coming, (to herself) " We often try to analyze the meanings of the words, but we're wondering too much. We have to confess that nothing is easier than thinking that everything goes without saying).

The pictures of the Indian travel inside the PC are very nice. But in the room there's not even a pic of them. I'm just a little surprised, I don't know why, normally the others' rooms are full of pics. Actually, I have not either. For a period I enjoyed taking pictures of tourists who were taking pictures of each other in front of the monuments in Milan or inside the museums. And it occurs to me the big carton boxes where my parents packed hundreds of pics, from the family pics to those of travels and holiday, they were too lazy to pack them in albums. Today an Hard Disk is enough. This will have some consequences for sure on the space of my parents' living room. And the digital system of taking pictures will have some consequence on the space in a larger scale for sure than my parents' living room. In the room where I'm sleeping, I'm remembering two pics: one showing a group of friends (the person who's living this room is for sure among them), and the other one two children. They are before a line of books on the shelf. Despite the pics are framed, they are supported by the books. I've always experienced the book as a support for our memory. Especially the long-term one. And I believe in the fact that our library mirrors us somehow. There are some books by Haruki Murakami. I noticed them immediately. He's one of my favorite author. My favorite one is Dance, Dance, Dance, but it's missing here. I'm supposing the person living here is just a little melancholic. I don't know. Mark's books are hidden instead. At the beginning I thought he hadn't any, because he's living here since a short time. The book as object has got a weight and a volume which let its transportation difficult. This is related with the weight of the memory maybe. Among objects I left in Milan during my relocation to Berlin, books are those which I'm missing the most. And they have been the first items to be packed in the carton boxes, before leaving. Instead, those of Mark are hidden behind the showcase where the minerals of quartz are allocated. Maybe is a means of protection. I've chosen actually very carefully how to show my books in the space, according to the degree of visibility I want to confer them. I prefer some books than other to be viewed by visitors. Maybe some tell better something of me than others, or they tell what I would like they tell about me. Maybe it's something self-centered. These usually are the first objects my friends watch when they come and visit me (if they have permission to go in my room). Those of Mark are inscrutable. Maybe there's no particular reasons, it's only space-organisation; but at the end I can't know what he's reading. They looks a lot, and large size. Probably they are catalogues of Architecture.

There is a wonderful ancient violin case hanging at the wall. I'm supposing it is for a violin, I said violin and he nodded, so it will be for a violin. I didn't tell him my grand-father convinced himself to be able to play the violin and despite the melody was not the best one for a violin, this melody was so pleasant.

who knows if the original owner will ever think about that the case of his violin would have been acquired the aura of those object which are in charged of telling the past. It looks like as a frame or a pedestal bring him outside from the stream of the common objects in the room. and It's saying: I come from another time from another ancient place. I was something to tell that I will never tell to you. Again Juliette claims in the hotel room: *C'est de substituer un effort d'imagination à l'examen d'objets réels. Dire quelque chose... Vouloir dire quelque chose. (Elle regarde vers le couple hors champ.) Oui... peut-être, ce sont les formulations de la vie musculaire et nerveuse. (Musique.) Par exemple, je dis... (Fin de musique.) Je vais aller chercher Robert à l'Elysée-Marbeuf... et, maintenant, j'essaie de le penser sans paroles... ni à voix haute, ni à voix basse. (en. We have to change the examination of real objects with an effort of imagination. Say something, want to say something, (she looks toward the couple out of sight) Yes. Maybe These are the phrasings of the muscular and nervous life. (Music) For instance, I say... (End Music) I go and look for Robert at the Elysée- Marbeuf... and now I try to figure it out, without words. Neither in a loud voice, nor in a whisper).*

We have to take care of it because it is supported only by a light plastic string, it's not fixed at the wall, I didn't notice it at all.

On the desktop of Mark's Computer there is the surface of a form. Then I found it's the surface of a building. Actually, it's a factory for chairs. I like Mark's chair very much. The harmony of its form recalls me a huge insect. My chair in my room in Milan was the object of my desire for long time, until when a desire whit open bar was settled with hundreds of these chairs in front of the Piccolo Teatro. It was the occasion for the gay film festival probably, or something queer for sure. we were all so drunk that at the end of the night, around 4 probably, a friend of mine came with his car and we carried one. Finally I got the chair of my dream. I should ask to Mark where he found his one.

Music takes up a very important space. On the cabinet along the wall there are different devices to reproduce music, from vinyl record player to an iPod. There are lots of discs in the below part, probably it's a collection. Travelling, of course, is something not only connect with the movement in the space. The vinyl record player and the iPod at so few centimeters from one another let me do a temporal travel to the time when I was used to run to buy CD. Music I liked was most of time impossible to find. Then, I listened to it for several months obsessed. Now I'm buying a Cd with the same attitude of a collectors, who chooses a piece for his collection. Probably I'm listening to it once and then I'm packing it together with the others. Forever maybe. A vinyl record player next to an iPod makes me strange, I don't know the reasons why. Anyway, I don't think we can speak about Aura also for the vinyl record player. It's something different. Probably because it still

manages to carry its functions out (actually I didn't try it, maybe it doesn't work). The essence of art lies in its immateriality and uselessness, which let it be a risk but never a failure. Besides, music was able to reshape the space around me when I was teenager. Especially when I was listening to one of my favorite tracks, I let it be mine and I had to face suddenly a Musical practical lesson, but as soon as I was starting to be the star of my own space, the world recalled me back to the backstage. Despite I was known worldwide in that temporal-spatial frame, I needed lots of privacy. Anyway, all the titles are covered from two pictures on wood, propped on the cabinet (actually they don't prop, they stand by themselves, on the edge below of the cabinet). the only visible title is inside the Vinyl record player, titled Bursting Out by Jethro Tull. Label Crysalsis.

The desk is a drawbridge. The fixed hooks on the wooden surface fixed on the wall let the desk be transformed in a new structure, as a wooden prolongation of the wall in the space. Transforming the space has been said to be wholesome and good for our health and moods. Because it refreshes us. I suppose this is more related with issue of learning how to live a space, the know-how in its transformation and learning at looking at it in all its possible geographies. It's not standing in the middle of the space that we are supposed to living it. Instead, exploring it, looking for its declination we can own it. Sure, we can also intervene, better interact. In a dialectic way. The Genius Loci should be that spirit of the place who teach us how to live that certain place. I'm convicted no-one could teach to someone else in one way, simply an exchange takes place. A place hardens the man as the man hardens the place. There should be a subtle effort in listening to one another. But things are never so easy as they seems. Morin and the theory of complexity. Maybe it's not so easy to lift the desk up and down. It could be an continuing stress of the space. Or it's boring. Mark doesn't do it since long time. As "since long time" it's meant in this well-defined space since two months and a half. All of this recalls me the Japanese philosophy, in which the dwelling has an extreme minimalism to recall us the distinction between the domestic shelter and which welcome and protect the man's rest and the hysteric bombing of objects and pictures from the world outside. Sometimes I question myself if we actually need other pictures or if the artist should go through subtraction. It's dealing more with analysis than with production. Sometimes I'm feeling as if I added something more, I will be forced to escape to an unknown place not be drowned. There is Juliette who's saying to Marianne: *Je pensais à des choses. Je ne sais pas comment elle sort entrées dans ma pensée. (A Marianne) Dis donc, c'est grand ici. (en. I was thinking some things. I have no idea how I thought that. (To Marianne): there's a lot of space here. Marianne says: Oui. (en. yes)*

A curious issue for a Feng Shui expert would be the fact that Mark is sleeping above the door. According to the Feng Shui tradition, we should not sleep with our feet or head towards the entrance door of our room. not to lose the control of the space. But if we sleep above the door? I'm always quite curious about this new brand space above: It has almost a sacrality and I'm imbarassed in invading it (I asked permission to Mark to go upstairs and he agreed but I stayed on the ladder, raking from the edge). And this space above traces in the atmosphere a sort of border. It' ok for me. Actually, I don't like so much to sit on or to lean on someone else's bed, except if I have a good confidence. It deals with the issue that this object/space represents a sort of border/limit with the spatial representation of that individual living in that space. Almost each member of the house is sleeping above their entrance door to their room.

Anyway, everything seems to tell about a journey in this room, probably that one to India. He came back since few time, maybe he didn't come back yet. There are two big Photos printed on canvas which Mark did himself. He seemed he was not so convicted to let hem hanged on. I'm wondering which the limits in representation of the others are, before they become stereotypes, especially in those culture which are so far from ours. A part for the whole. In one of the picture a big wall doesn't allow to me to see beyond. There is an old man, obviously he looks like a wise man, and he's staring at the sky. But above the entrance door which let the go in to Mark's room, the same old wise man is watching his own hands. Is it a pose? Or which one of these 2 actions is following the other? Do we look the sky to mirror it in our own hands' route or do our hands give us indications and suggestions to understand which direction we have to follow in a space without fixed reference, at least during the day? It would be supposed to being daylight in the pic. *(pour elle-même) Savoir quelque chose, c'est quoi? (Un peu fort.) Robert, amène-moi Solange, s'il te plaît... (Se tournant vers la caméra.) ...Montrer mes yeux... Je sais que ce sont mes yeux parce que je vois avec. Je sais que ce ne sont pas mes genoux ou autre chose, parce qu'on me l'a dit... (A Christophe.) Reste tranquille un peu... écoute! (en. (to herself) what does it mean knowing something? (a little louder) Robert, Bring Solange to me, please. (she turned towards to the camera) Show my eyes. I know they are my eyes because I see through them. I know they aren't my knees or something else because I've been told so. (To Christophe) Please, be quite, so listen!)*

On one of the big photographs printed on canvas there is a black scarf which's hanging from the upper angle on the left. The image portrays a group of Indian girls with their traditional dress; probably this scarf is more a souvenir than a scarf in itself. Maybe because of the strong appeal I'm feeling between the subject of the image and the scarf itself; this let me discard the hypothesis that the scarf is simply leant, as if the canvas were a hanger, waiting to be worn. Also in this case, it seems that function let its place to the Aura. Furthermore the fabric of the scarf is silk, probably typical from these territories. I'm listening in my mind the echoes of RASA. In the Indian philosophy the concept of rasa is fundamental to many forms of indian art including dance, music and literature and according to its tradition it would create an Aura around the people who's enjoying a certain piece of Art. This Aura would have different colors following the state of mind created in the viewer. Alma, the choreographer of the dance group which I belonged many years ago to, always spoke about it. To each member of the company she assigned a book to read. The Mistress of Spices, by Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni, anovel/fairy tale in which every spice has a beneficial power. The Mistress of Spices was able to scan anyone's scan and recognize the best spice necessary. At the supermarket I'm always fascinated with the serial lines of spices packagings and their aesthetic power. In the book, spices have been sold inside little pocket cartons. I could picture the Mistress of Spices, so charming, with this black scarf around her neck. I'm feeling something melancholic related to this scarf, like for the books of Murakami. Or in the fact it's such a long time I didn't had the chance to dance anymore. I bought my first book of Murakami, actually, because of the title. Dance Dance Dance. This I omitted probably.

Voice out of sight
Maybe an object is what serves as a link between subjects, allowing us to live in society, to be together. But since social relations are always ambiguous, since my thoughts divide as much as unite, and my words unite by what they express and isolate by what they omit, since a wide gulf separates my subjective certainty of myself from the objective truth others have of me.