

AMANITA

Questa sera si recita a soggetto

Daniele Milvio

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Via dei Banchi Vecchi 24
Martedì – Sabato, 12:00 – 19:00

Amanita is pleased to announce the opening of its new gallery in Rome, located at Via dei Banchi Vecchi 24 in the historic Palazzo Crivelli, a distinguished Renaissance palazzo. The gallery inaugurates its Rome program with *Questa sera si recita a soggetto,* a solo exhibition by Daniele Milvio, featuring a new body of work created during his residency at Fondazione Iris in Bassano in Teverina.

IL DOTTOR HINKFUSS: […] Per levare a quello ch'io dico ogni aria di paradosso, v'invito a considerare che un'opera d'arte fissata per sempre in una forma immutabile che rappresenta la liberazione del poeta dal suo travaglio creativo: la perfetta quiete raggiunta dopo tutte le agitazioni di questo travaglio. Bene.
Vi pare, signori, che possa più essere vita dove non si muove più nulla? dove tutto riposa in una perfetta quiete?
La vita deve obbedire a due necessità che, per essere opposte tra loro, non le consentono né di consistere durevolmente né di muoversi sempre. Se la vita si movesse sempre, non consisterebbe mai: se consistesse per sempre, non si moverebbe più. E la vita bisogna che consista e si muova.
Il poeta s'illude quando crede d'aver trovato la liberazione e raggiunto la quiete fissando per sempre in una forma immutabile la sua opera d'arte. Ha soltanto finito di vivere questa sua opera.
La liberazione e la quiete non si hanno se non a costo di finire di vivere.
E quanti le han trovate e raggiunte sono in questa miserevole illusione, che credono d'essere ancora vivi, e invece son così morti che non avvertono più nemmeno il puzzo del loro cadavere.
Se un'opera d'arte sopravvive solo perché noi possiamo ancora rimuoverla dalla fissità della sua forma; sciogliere questa sua forma dentro di noi in movimento vitale; e la vita glie la diamo allora noi; di tempo in tempo diversa, e varia dall'uno all'altro di noi; tante vite, e non una; come si può desumere dalle continue discussioni che se ne fanno e che nascono dal non voler credere appunto questo: che siamo noi a dar questa vita; sicché quella che do io non affatto possibile che sia uguale a quella di un altro. Vi prego di scusarmi, signori, del lungo giro che ho dovuto fare per venire a questo, che il punto a cui volevo arrivare.
Qualcuno potrebbe domandarmi: Ma chi ha detto a lei che l'arte debba esser vita?
La vita deve si obbedire alle due necessità opposte che lei dice, e perciò non arte; come l'arte non vita proprio perché riesce a liberarsi da codeste opposte necessità e consiste per sempre nell'immutabilità della sua forma. E ben per questo l'arte è il regno della compiuta creazione, laddove la vita, come dev'essere, in una infinitamente varia e continuamente mutevole formazione.
Ciascuno di noi cerca di crear sé stesso e la propria vita con quelle stesse facoltà dello spirito con le quali il poeta la sua opera d'arte. E difatti, chi più n'é dotato e meglio sa adoperarle, riesce a raggiungere un più alto stato e a farlo consistere più durevolmente. Ma non sarà mai una vera creazione, prima di tutto perché destinata a deperire e finire con noi nel tempo; poi perché, tendendo a un fine da raggiungere, non sarà mai libera; e infine perché, esposta a tutti i casi impreveduti, imprevedibili, a tutti gli ostacoli che gli altri le oppongono, rischia continuamente d'esser contrariata, deviata, deformata. L'arte vendica in un certo senso la vita perché, la sua, in tanto vera creazione, in quanto liberata dal tempo, dai casi e dagli ostacoli, senza altro fine che in sé stessa.
Sì, signori, io rispondo, proprio così. E tante volte, vi dico anzi, m'è avvenuto di pensare con angoscioso sbigottimento all'eternità di un'opera d'arte come a un'irraggiungibile divina solitudine, da cui anche il poeta stesso, subito dopo averla creata, resti escluso: egli, mortale, da quella immortalità. Tremenda, nell'immortalità del suo atteggiamento, una statua.
Tremenda, questa eterna solitudine delle forme immutabili, fuori del tempo.
Ogni scultore (io non so, ma suppongo) dopo aver creato una statua, se veramente crede d'averle dato vita per sempre, deve desiderare ch'essa, come una cosa viva, debba potersi sciogliere del suo atteggiamento, e muoversi, e parlare.
Finirebbe d'essere statua; diventerebbe persona viva. Ma a questo patto soltanto, signori, può tradursi in vita e tornare a muoversi ciò che l'arte fissò nell'immutabilità d'una forma; a patto che questa forma riabbia movimento da noi, una vita varia e diversa e momentanea: quella che ciascuno di noi sarà capace di darle.
Oggi si lasciano volentieri in quella loro divina solitudine fuori del tempo le opere d'arte. Gli spettatori, dopo una giornata di cure gravose e affannose faccende, angustie e travagli d'ogni genere, la sera, a teatro, vogliono divertirsi.

Luigi Pirandello. (1930). Questa sera si recita a soggetto. Milano - Roma: A. Mondadori editore.

DOCTOR HINKFUSS: […] In order that I may not appear to be indulging in paradox, I ask you to reflect upon the fact that a work of art is enduringly crystallized in an immutable form which represents the poet's liberation from his creative travail: a perfect stillness attained after all the birth pangs he has known.
So far, well and good.
Should you say, Ladies and Gentlemen, that there can any longer be life where there is no longer any motion? where all is perfect stillness, and all is at rest?
Life is subject to two opposed necessities, which permit it neither an enduring existence on the one hand, nor constant motion on the other. If life were always in motion, it would never possess any endurance; if it were to endure forever, it would never know what motion is. Yet it is necessary that life should, at once, be in motion and endure. The poet is under an illusion when he fancies that he has found perfect peace and achieved liberation by crystallizing forever, in an immutable form, his work of art. He has merely stopped living his work.
Liberation and peace are not to be had except by ceasing to live. How many who have found and achieved them are under the pitiful illusion of being still alive, when, as a matter of fact, they are so dead as to be no longer conscious of the odor from their own cadavers. If a work of art survives,

it is only because we are still able to take it out of its crystallized state, to dissolve its form within us in a vital motion; and it is we then who give it life, varying from occasion to occasion and from one to another of us; what we have being not one life but any number of lives, as may be inferred from the incessant discussions to which the subject gives rise, and which spring from an unwillingness to believe just this: that it is, indeed, we who give it life, and that it is in no wise possible that the life which I bring to it should be the same as that bestowed upon it by another.
I must beg your forgiveness, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the long digression which it has been necessary for me to make in order to arrive at the point which I wished to reach.
Someone may ask me:
"But who told you that art was necessarily life? Life, as you have said, is subject to two opposed necessities, and for that reason is not art; just as art is not life, for the very good reason that it succeeds in freeing itself from those opposed necessities and in achieving an enduring existence in the immutability of its own form.
"Art, accordingly, represents a state of completed creation, whereas life is, of necessity, infinitely various and incessantly in process of formation and of change. Each of us seeks to create himself and his own life with those same mental and spiritual faculties with which the poet creates his art work. As a matter of fact, the one who is the better equipped for the task does succeed in attaining a higher state of more enduring existence. But it will never be a true creation, first of all for the reason that it is destined to perish and to come to an end with us in the course of time; secondly, for the reason that, having a goal to attain, it will never be free; and finally, because, exposed to all unforeseen and unforeseeable circumstances, and to all the obstacles which others rear in its path, it constantly runs the risk of being thwarted, perverted and deformed. Art, in a certain sense, is a revenge on life, for the reason that in so far as its own life is a true creation, in just so far is it free of time, of circumstances and of obstacles, with no other end than its own proper self."
Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, I agree with you, that is the way it is. And I will also tell you that many times, as it happens, I have thought with an anxious dismay of the eternity of a work of art as of a divine and unattainable solitude, from which even the poet himself, the moment he has created it, finds himself excluded—he, mortal, from that immortality.
Tremendous, in its immobility of attitude—a statue.
Tremendous, this eternal solitude of immutable forms, outside of time.
Every sculptor (I do not know, but I assume), after having created a statue, if he really believes that he has given it enduring life, must desire to see it, as a living thing, dissolved from its immobility of attitude—must desire to see it move and hear it speak.
In which case, it would cease to be a statue and become a living person.
But on one condition only, Ladies and Gentlemen, may that upon which art has conferred an immutable form be translated into terms of life and once more take on motion: namely, on condition that this form receive new motion from us—life in all its variety and under all its fleeting aspects, in so far as each of us may be capable of conferring life upon it. Today, it is easy enough to leave works of art in that divine and timeless solitude. Theatre-goers, after a breathlessly busy and care-laden day, a day filled with all sorts of tasks and annoyances, when they come to the theatre of an evening, wish to be entertained.

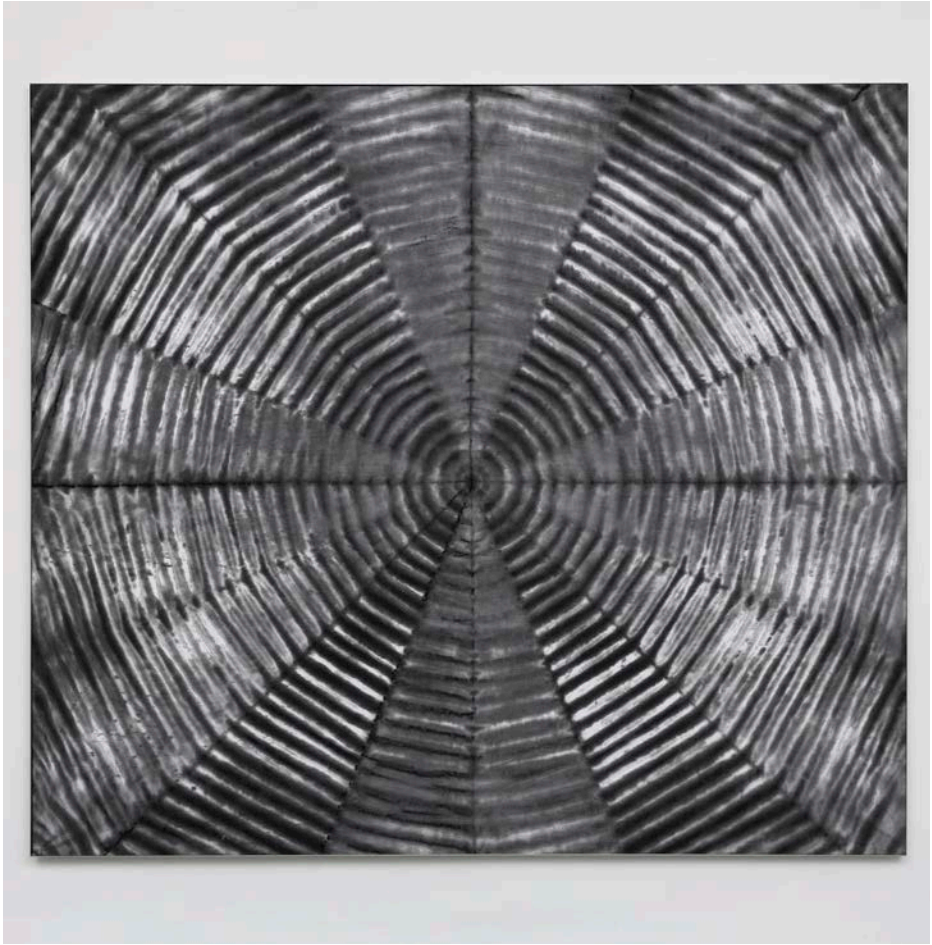
Luigi Pirandello. (1930). *Tonight we improvise.* Translated by Samuel Putnam, E.P. Dutton and Co. Inc.

Daniele Milvio (b. 1988, Genoa; lives and works in Milan) graduated from the Accademia di Belle Arti di Brera. Milvio has exhibited internationally in solo shows such as *Red Herring* (Amanita, New York, 2024), *Le Faremo Sapere* (Federico Vavassori, Milan, 2023), *Melodyne* (Weiss Falk, Basel, 2022); *Danno Erariale*, curated by Gigiotto del Vecchio (Fondazione Morra Greco, Naples, 2022); *Terzultimatum* (Galleria Federico Vavassori, Milan, 2021), and *New Bronzes and Drawings* (Weiss Falk Attic, Basel, 2019).

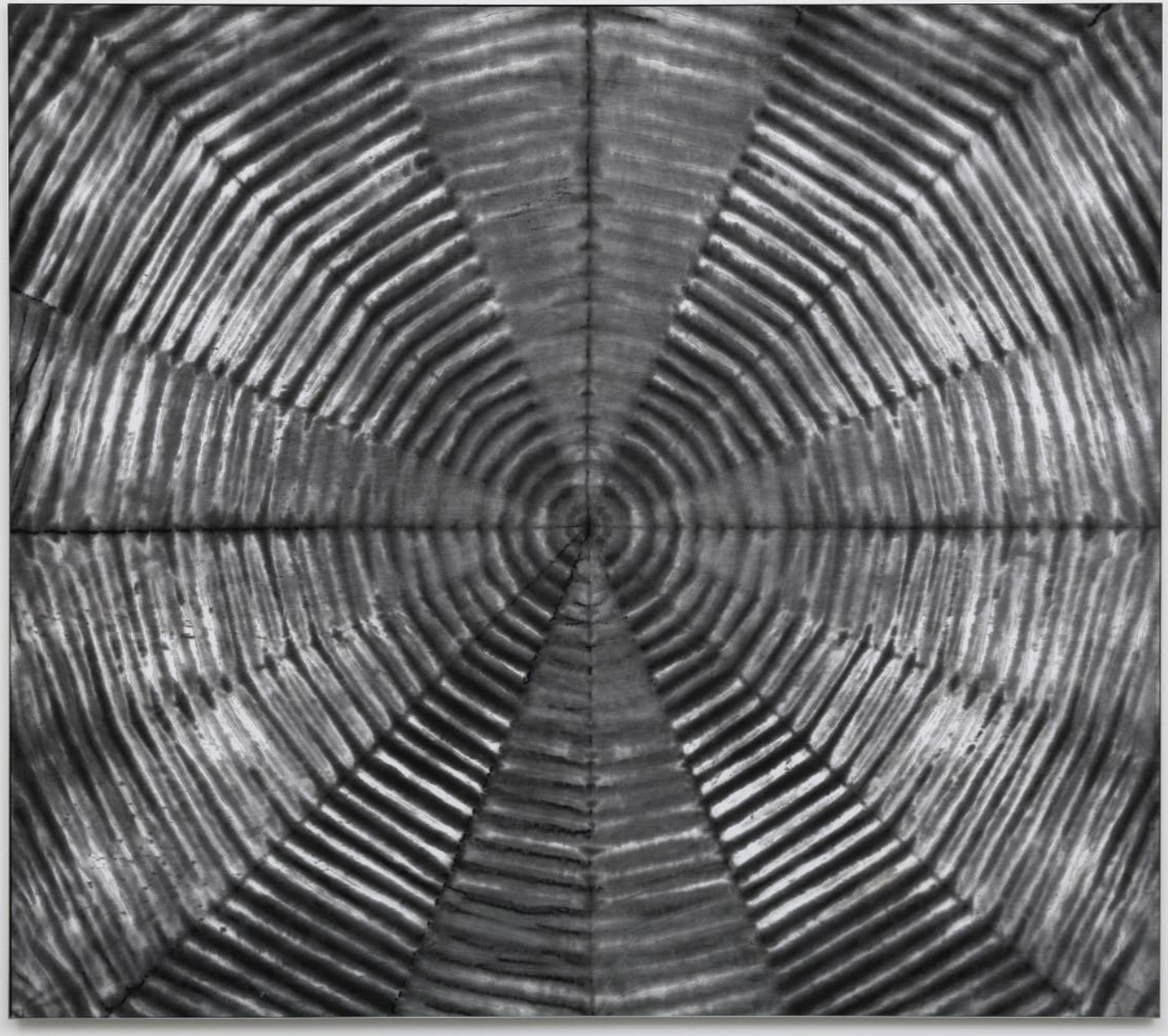
Milvio has consistently pushed the boundaries of figurative painting and sculpture, drawing on historical references to explore new possibilities for the future. Raised amidst the beauty of classical music and trained in the violin, he developed an early sensitivity to harmony and nuance before dedicating himself fully to painting.

His work channels sarcasm toward contemporary society, creating eclectic and contradictory imagery where classical compositional techniques merge with ironic commentary. Fables, myths, and archetypal motifs are simplified to speak directly to the viewer, inviting reflection on the absurdities and ironies of modern life.





Daniele Milvio
Radio Mestizia, 2025
China ink on canvas, aluminum frame
90 3/4 x 103 1/8 in
230.5 x 262 cm









Daniele Milvio
Per voi il lavoro è un breve fastidio tra un aneddoto e un altro, 2025
China ink on canvas, aluminum frame
82 3/4 x 51 1/8 in
210.2 x 130 cm

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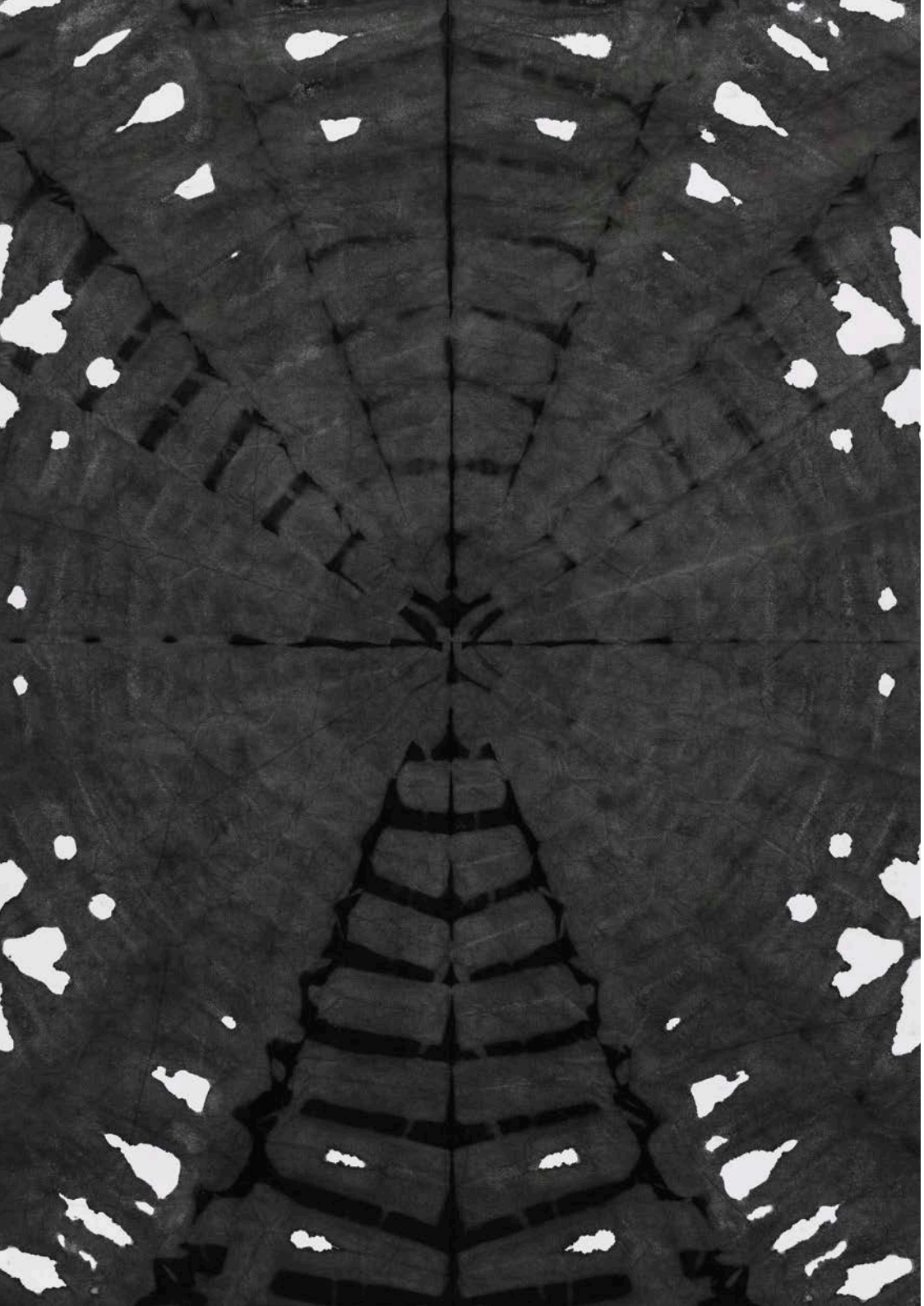
Daniele Milvio
Il sogno di Coleridge, 2025
Wood, two-way mirror, mirror, lighting equipment, ink, cellophane, steel foil
83 1/2 x 45 1/4 x 21 5/8 in
212 x 115 x 55 cm

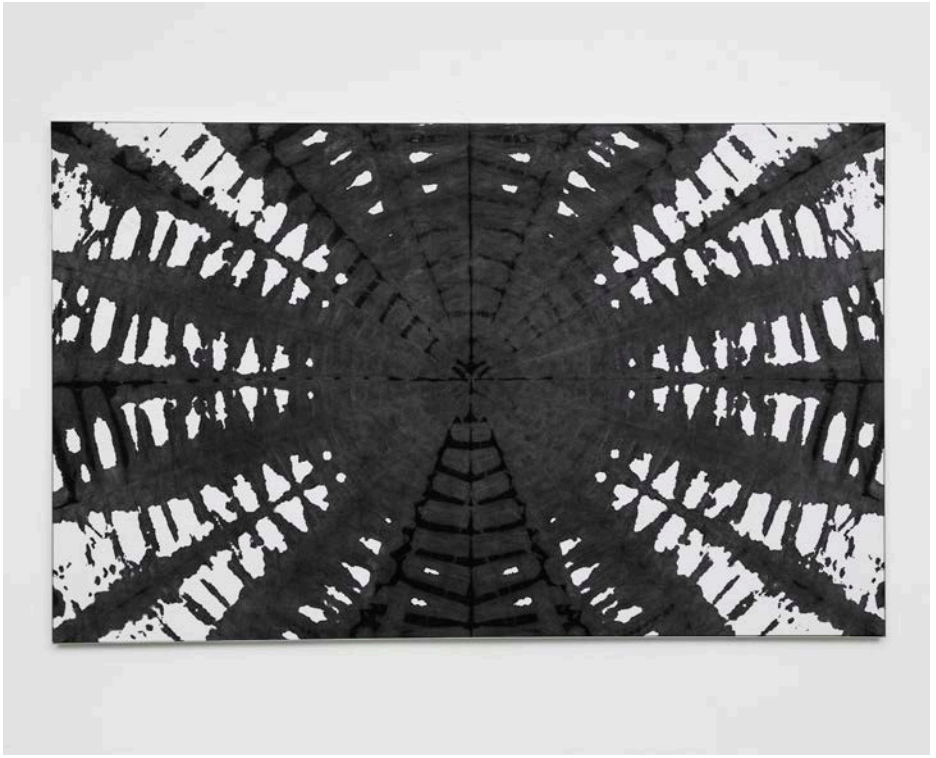
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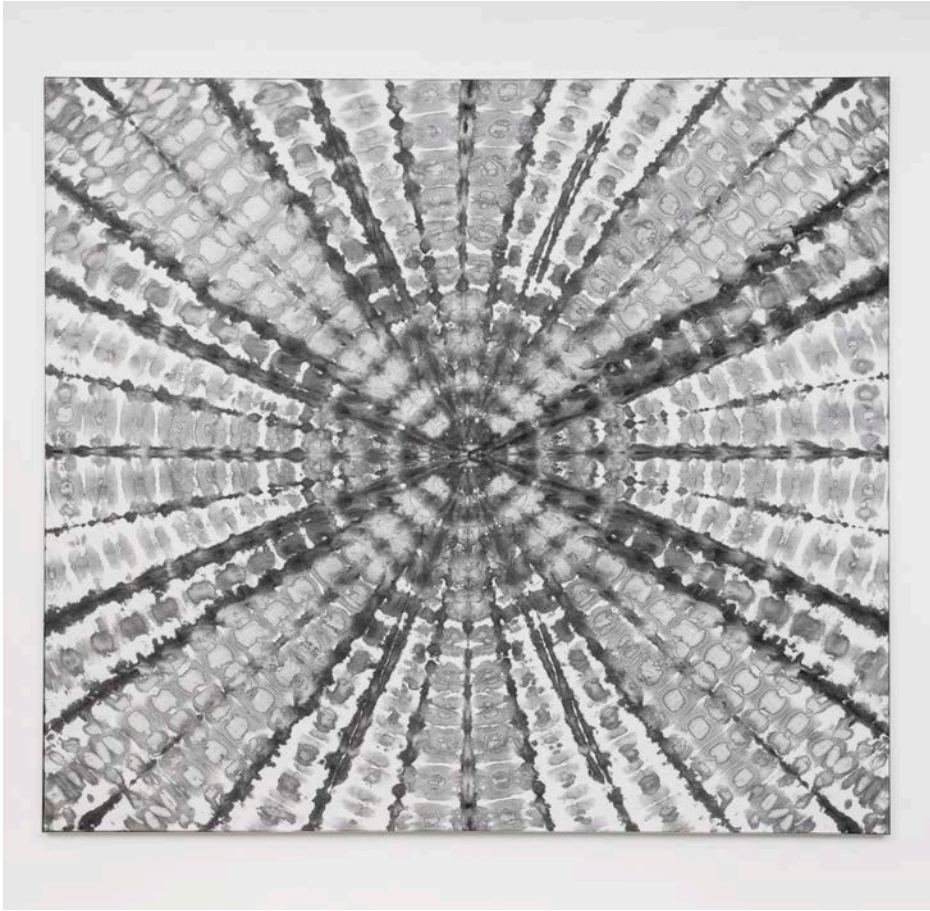




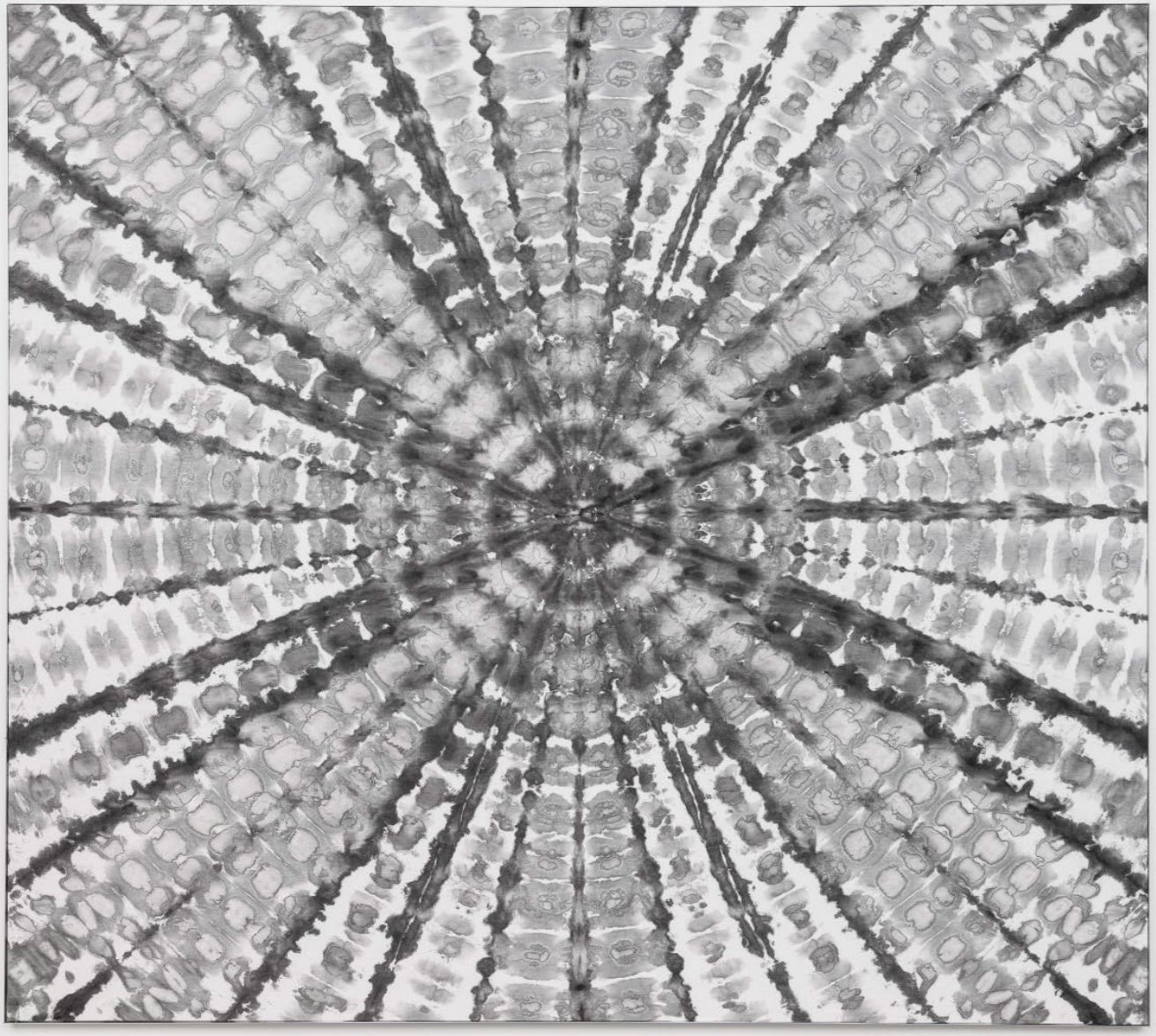




Daniele Milvio
Untitled (ragnatela), 2025
China ink on canvas, aluminum frame
51 3/8 x 82 5/8 in
130.6 x 210 cm



Daniele Milvio
Meatmare, 2025
China ink on canvas, aluminum frame
89 5/8 x 100 1/4 in
227.5 x 254.7 cm







Daniele Milvio
Kubla Khan, 2025
Wood, two-way mirror, mirror, lighting equipment, ink, bamboo, steel foil
84 5/8 x 36 5/8 x 15 3/4 in
215 x 93 x 40 cm





Daniele Milvio
Non guardare il mare che ti vengono i pensieri, 2025
China ink on canvas, aluminum frame
86 5/8 x 97 3/8 in
220 x 247.2 cm

