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Rivers

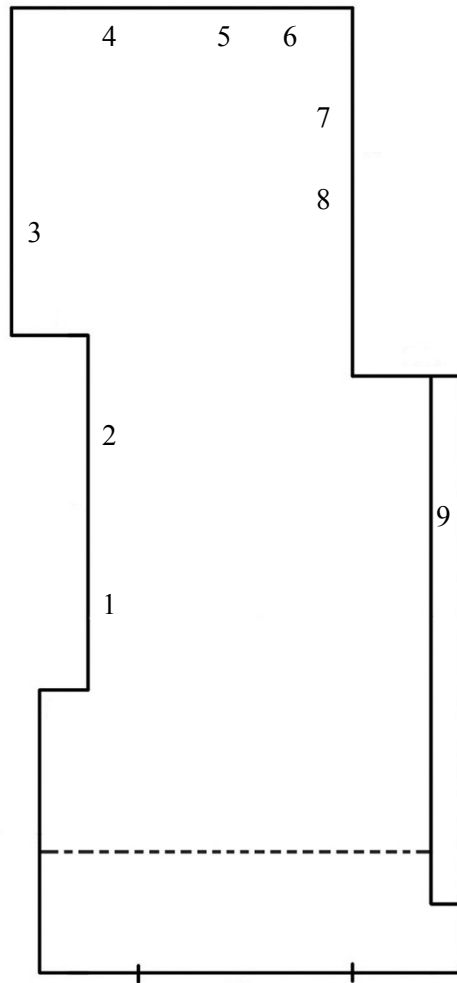
June 21 - July 20, 2024

If the decision was made to replace human figures, the recurring subject of these canvases, with maps it was mainly out of a need for clarity. Bonding the painting to a tool like the map has some advantages. First of all, the map and its contents entertain a specific relationship in which use and representation establish an essential meaning, further more, this relationship always refers to the surfaces the maps unfold. Each map is sort of a maritime map, or at least in these kinds, a quality common to all others becomes even more evident. This is because in topology the sea is made to correspond to the level zero, beyond which all differences in elevation are distributed. But all the images of peaks or of the abyss that we may encounter are never detached from the surface on which they continue to insist. They are an effect of it or a passion that according to proximity we move between, sliding in the adjacency of one area to the other or from one effect to another. It is precisely by virtue of this cancellation of difference in altitude that each map rediscovers its coastal dimension, its inherent nature as an instrument of the surface. Moreover, this equalization seems to agree with the bureaucratic nature of this instrument. All of the subjects in these paintings, in fact, come from hydrogeological survey database concerning their respective nations and are freely available for anyone to consult. They are presented as an ideal common territory, standardized according to a necessary form of language that is based on their function. That is why it was right to begin with the sea, from that area where merchant shipping routes proliferate and where language undergoes standardization through the effects of communicative necessity, an analogy of the common language that saws away all that is specific and in the minority.

Indeed, the sea is merely one stage among the many that the river traverses, just one of the passions that compose the river. As fundamental as it is to reaffirm the characteristics of that event, the river is made up of others and it could also be said that it is itself a series or a trail described by connecting specific topological events. Therefore the decision to go upstream against the current of the river was taken, making the progression of events coincide with the actual realization, in an attempt to reach the source. In a sense this may sound like a promise to return to completeness, whole at last, and it almost seems like you can hear it calling us, indicating to move forward. Such an outcome, however, should be ruled out, not only because each source has deliberately been taken out of the maps but also because by continuing to follow errors and to proceed despite them, we end up getting lost along the trail that stretches on through acts of clumsiness and extends, creaking, an opening along the surface.

Everything here seems to want to escape, to run as far away as possible. Yet, the source that was prescribed to us was not omitted because of some strange form of sadism, but because it was in fact never really attainable. The source-event seems to resonate with a much more internal wound, terribly intimate and yet so indifferent to us, the more we try to express it in ordinary language the more it escapes us. The attempt to become whole again is ultimately impossible. In this way, every mistake or disappearance produces intensities that are spread all over the surface, like an echo. For it is only in the failure of such a common language that we can identify this wound manifesting itself in its intensive forms, not through a representation of it. What is paradoxical is perhaps this desire that we aren't tired of reaffirming and that we continue to propose as a solution, which is the undoing or estrangement of language and purpose. In the direction in which it is pursued the destruction of ourselves by ourselves is in favor of something essential that cannot be said but only verified consequently in the very undoing of representation, as an effect of surfaces.

What we are ultimately left with here, on the border of things, is nothing more than a series of effects and intensities that approach the wound, opened by a series of failures that make them possible. As they flow along their trail, they become a minor escape route compared to the use of common language determined by representation. The kind of clarity we were looking for had to guarantee in some way that the surfaces focused on could have an instrumental talent that was also ready to be tampered with, constituting a field in which it is possible for intensive forces of the real to emerge independently from conscious will. In this sense a dyad defines a horizon by revealing-detecting such forces. Each of the topologies confirm nothing more than this possibility, which would otherwise not exist because it subsists in no other dimension other than the surface itself. After all, there has never been any form of inner depth to explore and everything has always been a question regarding the surface.



1.
Spring n°3, 2024
Photosensitive paper mounted
in metal box
37 x 27 x 7 cm

2.
Kiso-gawa, 2024
Oil on canvas
40 x 160 cm

3.
Jägala, 2024
Oil on canvas
58 x 77 cm

4.
Jökulsá, 2024
Oil on canvas
150 x 50 cm

5.
Rio Grande, 2024
Oil on canvas
40 x 110 cm

6.
Kikori, 2024
Oil on canvas
40 x 120 cm

7.
Spring n°1, 2024
Photosensitive paper mounted
in metal box
37 x 27 x 7 cm

8.
Spring n°2, 2024
Photosensitive paper mounted
in metal box
37 x 27 x 7 cm

9.
Ombrone, 2024
Wall paint on canvas
100 x 100 cm