

EXPERIMENTUM CRUCIS 2024

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY ART

TITLE	EXPERIMENTUM CRUCIS 2024
CURATOR	Rosa Anna Musumeci
ARTISTS	Gianfranco Anastasio, Paolo Angelosanto, Matteo Attruia Younes Baba-Ali, Francesco Balsamo, Priscilla Beccari, Maura Biava, Davide Bramante, Stefano Cagol, Gianluca Capozzi Tiziana Cera Rosco, Alessandro Costanzo, Marco Dalbosco Venia Dimitrakopoulou, Pietro Fortuna, Eva Frapiccini Giovanni Gaggia, Lior Gal, Alice Grassi, Francesca Grilli Antonio Guiotto, Gianluca Lombardo, Claudio Maccari Claudio Marini, Elena Mazzi, Leopoldo Mazzoleni, Mattia Ozzy B., Daniele Pario Perra, Isabella Pers, Tiziana Pers, Maurizio Pometti, Michele Spadaro, Sara Tirelli, Miha Strukelj, Adam Vačkář, Sasha Vinci, Serena Vittorini, Void, Francesco Voltolina Jingyun Wang
OPENING	Sunday 28.07.2024 18.00>23.00
VENUE	EX-CASERMA CASSONELLO via Giuseppe Garibaldi 1 Noto (SR)
DURATION	28 July>31 December 2024
OPENING HOURS	July-August wedn - sun 10.00>13.00 or by appointment September-October thurs - sun 11.00>13.00 or by appointment November-December by appointment
ORGANIZATION	ARTECONTEMPORANEA cultural association
COLLABORATIONS	Collica & Partners Gallery Catania Galleria Umberto Di Marino Napoli Marina Bastianello Gallery Venezia Graci Collection Mantova Afrodite Oikonomidou Torino
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<Without contraries, no progress>. Blake's saying dates from the XVIII century, but is equally applicable to the spirit of the contemporary artworks shown in Experimentum Crucis 2024. An exhibition at odds with whatever negligence, discrimination, ravage affecting men, animals, still world. To begin with, transhomophobia and differently ables, then animals, namely so-called <beasts for slaughter>, then earth itself, from vulcanos to the oceans. Stefano Cagol, Tiziana Cera Rosco, Venia Dimitrakopoulou, Eva Frapiccini, Giovanni Gaggia, Alice Grassi, Claudio Maccari, Elena Mazzi e Sara Tirelli, Mattia Ozzy B., Isabella Pers, Tiziana Pers, Miha Strukelj, Adam Vačkář, explicitly deal with the conflicts among men, as well as men and nature (her own body nature in Cera Rosco), with metaphors and allegories both powerful and thrifty, free of declamations and redundancies, as stringent as effective. In counterpoint, Michele Spadaro invites at listening to the Etna voice, while Maura Biava, Francesco Voltolina, Jingyun Wang praise man-nature integration (by sound, images, visual poetry), and Francesca Grilli expounds the beauty of a disability that her video tale transfigures into healing, redeeming, strength.

But men are also fighting, and looking for conciliation, with themselves, and other artists turn inward critically or reflexively, if not driven by an anthropologic distress: Priscilla Beccari, Alessandro Costanzo, Lior Gal, Gianluca Lombardo, Maurizio Pometti, Simone Tunbridge. With another twist, the postures, ironic, dramatic and clairvoyant, of Younes Baba-Ali and Matteo Attruia, Antonio Guiotto's tragicomic selfdeprecation, Davide Bramante's and Gianluca Capozzi's paradoxical overlapping of painting, photography, sculpture. And while Sasha Vinci dehumanizes the most basic human food, Gianfranco Anastasio, Francesco Balsamo, Leopoldo Mazzoleni, and The Void launch a quasi-experimental test on the reaction out of the mixing of heterogeneous materials, expected to result into a surprising, unusually poetic visual or sonorous (The Void) synthesis.

Last but not least, Claudio Marini's abstract cry against the war, Daniele Pario Perra's critique of the marriage rituals, and Angelosanto's selfidentification with the divine share the umpteenth facet of the art targets: the established institutional and values domain. While Pietro Fortuna opts for an anarchist posture by rejecting all sorts of representation.

That's enough for catching, in addition to the scope of the space of artistic creation, its inner differentiation by a host of topics and, of course, of media (painting, sculpture, photography, video, computer, sound, live performance, and what next?) To be sure, the artworld does not risk the banality of standard commodification, or at least is still able to counter such risk with the endurance of the proper names of its women and men against the collective names of categories and classes that are the keystones of scientific knowledge. Even if it were sure (and it isn't) that to say art is to say representation, the least common denominator is deceiving because it is equally possible to represent the impossibility of representation (like Pietro Fortuna in this show) alongside quasi-descriptive, materic, abstract, oneiric, virtual, representations. The mistake, however, is to dub this confusion, whereas the right word is complexity. A complexity that artists accept to deal with, thus rejecting the illusion that to simplify mean bringing order and, by bringing order, to attain understanding. Against the usual convention, they aim at catching complexity by their integrity, i.e by saying on the world the truth, all the truth, within themselves. And precisely this common attitude feeds order, understanding, and knowledge, while not giving up any peculiar identity.

