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## **Edoardo Miola - *Chords***

*by Gigliola Foschi*

A photographer who, year after year, with his slow and careful wandering, has observed and investigated the world in the capacity of a sort of an anthropologist keen to understand, portray and witness not only its beauty, but also its sufferings.

Then this photographer, globetrotter and architect, i.e. Edoardo Miola, meets another man whom, faced with his boundless catalogue of images and stories, intervenes, selects and pairs a certain image with another even though the choices, initially, seem to be completely unrelated to each other; only to discover, a posteriori, that the second image actually acts as counterpoint to the first one and perfectly harmonizes with it.

This “second man” is the critic and art historian Philippe Daverio. He is the one who has liberally reassembled a few of Miola’s crystal clear images in new diptychs and triptychs.

The result of this encounter is a new, uncanny artistic duet, where every image, set side by side to another, starts a sort of dialogue that goes beyond the utterance of a sentence and creates instead something akin to a chant made of harmonies, chords and mind-blowing resonance.

Times and places, perhaps very far away from each other, meet, defying geography and chronology, in order to create a new kind of proximity. It is thus that such times and places become triggers to emotions and reflections born from unusually derived relationships. Thanks to this

concept, for example, the corroded surface of a night stand in the former psychiatric hospital in Cogoleto appears in harmony with the corrugated skin of a group of elephants.

Each and every image, rather than simply referencing its intrinsic story, points instead to other stories, other worlds. It places itself in motion and leans outward, toward an “otherness” outside of the self.

Such diptychs and triptychs forge bonds between different realities; between Sweden and Namibia, between Qatar and maybe Italy, in order to reveal how such distant worlds may “regard” each other, confront and mutually reply to each other.

Born of a gesture of profound and true freedom, as the one of entrusting completely his own archive to the curious sensitivity of Philippe Daverio, Edoardo Miola’s exhibit is a sort of open invitation to new possibilities; to new ways of assembling and breaking up realities, with his photographs as a starting point.

His exhibit, in fact, is meant to be a work in progress, an experiment, not a definite statement. Miola is “only” the author of the shots; however, who after Daverio will enjoy himself and be the next playwright to rearrange his images?