

Alessio Barchitta

Distance allows for a critical, necessary gaze.

A free-body needs space, a fluid mind needs time.

During this period I have asked myself several times if the production of an object, which we call a work of art, was necessary, but above all for whom.

I didn't give myself any answers, I didn't think about the meaning of life, the nest, and the end of the world, I took time and space, I took a distance.

I spent weeks tidying up, cataloging objects, and rethinking the spaces around me, I was at the same time cynical and romantic, analytical and unregulated, in constant apprehension for the time I had available which I did not know the duration.

I already felt excessive pressure, like a temporal hysteria that necessarily had to observe everything but not settle on anything. I imagined a suspended time, I created a machine that spits skies over and over and reconverted the seriality into unrepeatable frames, I wanted to go over to the user, I demanded more attention.

I never wanted to experience a pandemic, but a few months earlier I wanted a less stingy flow, time to time.

What returns in my works is the attention to first impressions, often naive, within everyone's reach, it is clear from the outset that this is a sky and that a lamb, but the first impression is only a slogan that has the goal to attract attention and later reveal themselves in a more intimate relationship that needs time.

I looked away.

I took the required time to do it.