

PRIMA tutto qui ERA PARADISO

OPENING
12 march
6 - 10 pm

12 march to
28 march

AMY - D
artespazio
via Lovanio 6

EACH WORLD IS A FAILED EXPERIMENT



once all here used to be paradise.
then time poured down from every side.
flowers have died, stars have died,
the earth now wears petals and glimmers.

being born and dying are so alike
(the parts can barely be told apart).
All I know is I wasn't before
and now I am prey to this world
of misunderstood organs and metamorphoses.

each world is a failed experiment

Inside a palace set in a spring garden lives a couple of noble lords. Each day, in the morning, they see a horde of barbarians coming from the horizon; each evening, just before the barbarians burst in, they cut a flower from the garden. The day rewinds, the horde retreats. The lords confine themselves to this time - without - time until the evening when the flowers run out: having retreated to the palace, they await what they believe to be the end.

This synopsis, taken from James G. Ballard's short story *The Garden of Time*, is also the synopsis of the exhibition PRIMA qui ERA tutto PARADISO. EACH WORLD IS A FAILED EXPERIMENT, curated by Kamil Sanders at the research gallery Amy-d Arte Spazio. The exhibition features works by Davide Masciandaro, Eleonora Mognani, Riccardo Ricca, Mariangela Zabatino and music by Nicole Andrea Fontana.

Just after the end of paradise; just before barbaric time breaks in. prima qui era tutto paradiso is composed to investigate the instant of this fall: the crisis. «The crisis consists in the fact that the old dies and the new cannot be born» (Antonio Gramsci, 1930).

All the urgency of this exhibition resides in the suffocating contours of this crisis that permeates our present, situated somewhere between the elitist isolationism of the noble lords and the germination of an inconceivable barbarism, perceived as apocalyptic and forced to inhabit the cracks and banks and slums.

PRIMA qui ERA tutto PARADISO elaborates this boundary as a place of relationship between a simulative, scenographic space and the intrusion of the public. The presence of the audience multiplies relations, requires the works to become personae, producing that ungovernable time situated beyond the coming of the barbarians; a time in which any claim to remake paradise is destined to be kitsch or dystopia.

The audience becomes part of the catastrophe, discovering itself barbarian and intruder; it sanctions the end of the motionless perfection of the garden, and injects into it the incidental fluid of life. What is hoped is that the time of this crisis will become a time of openness and abandonment, an erratic time turned towards what will be next. Let the crisis, our time, be understood as a «joyous apocalypse» (Hermann Broch); with the awareness, unique among many possible, that every world is, in itself, a failed experiment.

Kamil Sanders