

Che fare? FATE PRESTO, WHY?!

In the Bay of California, Alcatraz is cut off from the rest of the world, or rather, cut off from the rest of the world on this island were those individuals more commonly known as multi-murderers, wife-killers, serial killers, special delinquents or common delinquents.

FATE PRESTO is a work, and also a format, a form of words; it is an echo to Andy Warhol and Argento Migliore's work. It is amplified, multiplied within the architecture of Alcatraz.

In one of his most violent poems, Dino Campana cries out: "I am searching for a word".

In this form of words, words have lost propriety, FATE PRESTO, is no longer necessarily from Andy Warhol, the front page of *Il Mattino* or Argento Migliore, just as *Che fare?* is no longer from Mario Merz, since even he borrowed it from Lenin to promote an image rather than a simple query...

Entering the space of Alcatraz, we penetrate its architectural nudity. Central to the order of two colonnades, a long dance platform of the colour of the architecture declares itself to be a functional presence; rather than being designed as a dais, this springs from the floor and is slightly lifted on four ramps of the square, rising only a few inches from the ground.

Initially all the architecture changes under blue lighting, two dancers dance their multiplied choreographies, in succession, with a background musical carpet with no moral, from the architectural amplification. The musical carpet already seems part of the space, just as the dancers seem to have become part of the architectural space.

The dance performance appears as permanently included in that space, it appears to have had no beginning, nor will it have an end.

Everything is quite clear: the lights are not as low as those we find in theatres, nor as strong as those we see in art centres or museums; we feel we are in the *centre of the dance*.

Behind the dancers we glimpse the page of the *Il Mattino* daily, lit by a profile spotlight; the words FATE PRESTO jump out at us.

While the two dancers distract our gaze with choreographic shifts, behind them we are always aware of the image illuminated by a wall light with the words *Che fare?* boldly lit.

The dancers continue to dance and we wander around them in this great architecture where at times something distracts our attention. Around the central aisle of Alcatraz there is a row of cells; inside one of these we glimpse a projection of strange squatting dolls, coloured yellow, red, green, blue, plastic? They are coming towards us...

But let us return to the central hall, where the dancers continue their ceaseless dance; it is a piece of music that distracts us rather than a repeated word, mongoloid, mongoloid; in that moment bewilderment should be enough to disorientate us to the point of wondering whether it is the memory of De Dominicis or the projection of the work that scandalized the Venice Biennale in '68.

The dolls projected on the walls are, however, a memory of Vito Acconci's great exhibition at the Prato Museum.

In another cell the light wavers, candles light up and filter the projection of a great ape lying on a beach, the smoke from the burning candles veils the twin towers that were the background to the film *Ciao Maschio*, Marco Ferreri's 1978 masterpiece.

The statues in the wax museum have now all melted in the fire; if we approach the candles melting in Alcatraz we see that the colour sails across the altar panel, a painting that is magmatic and archeologically pure.

WHY?! wonders the young Depardieu being raped by a group of girls dressed as dancers.

In Alcatraz, the dancers go on dancing, the air current they cause might leaf through Valéry's work "Dance and the Soul", the breath of air they raise turns another page of the book.

In front of the dolls, someone is losing the taste for it, masticating chewing gum after chewing gum.

A small screen frames outside scarlet lips, trapped in the bit of piercing that seems to skewer the cheeks from one side to the other; a large nose, two dreadlocks alone separate the fragment of countenance from the screen frame. That oral orifice seems to be an ideal receptacle wherein to knead the matter that will bring the sculpture alive, turned out, dampened by an ancestral liquid, sculpted under the blows from nailed fingers. Another stick of chewing gum at once renews the taste to replace the previous one, by now over-confident. Looking back, it seems to me that those young fingers are desperately scrolling on the curved surface of a mouse, as in so many Korean films...

The days at Alcatraz pass, yet the dancers untiringly continue their dance, but when they have left the stage a group of ten young people come on, one by one onto the platform with the light now simply white. The youngsters all have white t-shirts, and one by one they slowly start to move shoulder to shoulder and we have a pogo. Yet this pushing of one another is not like a pogo, the movements are too concentrated, too measured, they evoke one single note, I know it is called departure and return... they come and go, whatever have they lost? Opportunities? What expectations? Van Gogh's Prisoners Exercising are within the walls of Alcatraz, yet I have never thought about that painting, it has always terrified me.

It is tomorrow already. The day after, Alcatraz eventually turns red, it seems the profile of a painted figure. The profile of a man sitting behind a red desk, his strong, inflexible voice outlines a story exactly, his amplified tones becoming more and more metallic. It reminds me of Gino De Dominicis's profile or is it an attempt to fly that shadows this man who is speaking? It was just last year in the Minerva Hall of the Florentine Accademia di Belle Arti that we rehearsed this "Lecture", *lectio magistralis* they are called, we have kept several photos of the conference, they are of very low quality; only apparently very low ...

Poor Campana cried: "I am searching for a word / A single word for: / Spitting in your face, breaking you down [...] / Crap - for the moment / to the chemist who will find something better / May he be given the Nobel prize: / One word - fetid dynamite / That shall muddy the scarlet of your swinish blood / And crush your spine / That you may die in the muddy vomited slime of your marrow."

Massimo Barzagli