

## Illiterate

Flatness and its bluntness, allowing flat systems to become nonlinear dynamic entities.  
Organisation through the obstinately linear.  
Obstinately and obtuse until it becomes attractive, until its consistency joins practice and life, staged and reality.  
Flat actions and flat surfaces, video and drawings, movement after movement, day after day.  
Drawing as just another of these gestures, as blowing or running, jumping or skimming stones. Parallel practices, continues and continuously accidental as the very same idea of being an artist, as the very same idea of producing work.  
These actions and these surfaces are synonyms, talking the same language to express similar ideas. Two independent and absolutely coincident sets, separated just by their technicality: a casual encounter – a stumble – for the flat actions, a planned activity – a system – for the draw flat surfaces.  
Their difference embodies the fullness of the artistic practice in continues balance between the studio and the world, the programmable and the unexpected.  
The serial nature of this production transforms each simple sign into lexicon. Repetition becomes important. Repetition becomes a rhetorical device.  
There is usually nothing good about flatness. I suppose that's the point though. Boredom and restlessness mutate inside this system of pure and uniform repetition.  
Instead this flatness is attractive, in all its steadiness and all its stubbornness.  
Flat surfaces, as not every surface is flat, but anything flat is a surface.  
Flat actions as inconceivable immobility and yet pure outburst.  
Every contradiction transforms the work into an extension of life, reducing production and experience to a unique common denominator.  
It could go on and on, never ending spiral of work about living the work as life.  
Moments of development, steps out of the circle: the solid shapes and the performances.  
Solid shapes delimitating new possible spaces through colours. Incongruous as the drawing and frail as the actions, they once again challenge the object's finiteness and preciousness by analysing it three-dimensionally for the first time.  
Performances as the natural adhesive, life transmutation into work and work redistributed into life. They are the first incipit for any flat action and, at the same time, the sources for most of the flat surfaces becoming solid shapes.  
In this sense, performances are the central nucleus of the work being closest to life in its straightforwardness, simplicity and immanent absurdity.  
The artist performs the different rules of making work so that work and life become closer one another.  
If making cinema is building your life, day by day, making art follows similar rules.  
It is not like looking at the final object. It is like looking the artist in the eyes.  
I suppose that's what the work requires.  
Actually it has been said that art should be looked at straight on. That's how we should read this flatness, the surfaces of common actions and the repetition of the simple.  
It is not the art of scholars. It is the art of illiterates.

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