



## **“The double” - Gili Mocanu**

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Galeria das Salgadeiras

In the same manner in which it is a quest, art also has an end. It is consumed in the concrete, although it feeds off the ideal. A painting is a panel that is to be manufactured, but producing it isn't merely construction work, but also artistic rennet that stands to testify more than anything to the fact that no still image pins down the ideal, that it is boundless, that no matter how intense, subtle and able the fight is, something still eludes us. After all the combat with the angel or legion, after disquiet and roaring, insecurity and finally making it, quake and pain, silence falls once more, and in that temporary truce, The Artist has time to pull out a few painted panels from the process' masticator. They are utterly essentialized visions. Initially, I'd seen them as an attempt at platonic technical drawing, which means a proposal for an idea's final image. The pure idea cannot have a single image in the platonic vision. If it has, then things adhering to that idea aren't possible. More specifically, if there is a perfect rose, then all other roses no longer have any sense in existing. Or, in other words, the idea has no face, it only has meaning. Objects have a face, and only imperfectly join in the meaning. The artist first makes the effort of maximum synthesis, but not encircling an idea, but a vision. The vision is usually a dream born either in the workshop, or on the sea shore. The adventure is only now beginning, the vision is diffuse, unclear, a lash burnt by another world's poignancy. The artist insists in making the concealed visible. It's practically the inverse path of a demiurgic effort, Divine Creation has embedded all infinite attributes into a finite reality. The artist is attempting to make the immutable visible. It's a dangerous sport, that is both desired divine synthesis as well as logic. And, still, there can be no succeeding here. The process of translating vision into act can only be negative towards life. The artist shakes down all the irrelevant data off the figure, takes out all detail that lends concreteness to an object. Then, he stages the metaphor that makes vision manifest.

A square, a measuring tape, the Saturnine force that watches over the shipwreck at the horizon, the final monument, the defleshing of the kernel, the circle encompassing all the rest, human project, sounds project, cypher project, world project, language project, Saturn in human, the discession of the masked character, torture of power, the world as a hopeless log, the sun-steer rising over a crooked horizon, a limping swastika, a collective family monument, a grave-house, disaster monument project, weapon of virility, mock-up for an exit into the scenery, the offering of the wrecked house, all coming together within the gesture of initial construction.

Why are there always two works? Because the vision cannot become concrete. The quest for it is not work, work concludes with a finished product. The quest for vision is called art. It is the agitation of creation in front of the creator. It is the tension of the finite attempting to speak through infinite mouths, trying to see with infinite eyes. The approximation of such a desire cannot have only one formula. It can only have the formula of 'neither this, nor this'. It is a double, an aspiring, yet unsanctioned symmetry.

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