

## PROJECT TITLE: SOMETHING IN BETWEEN

*Something in between* is a pictorial project that was born in Stockholm during summer 2018 following the accidental launch of a dart on the map of the Swedish city, which allowed me to discover a large botanical garden in the neighborhood of Gamla Magelungsvagen and to meet a female elk in the surrounding clearing. These two facts showed that something extremely powerful and strongly similar was moving through the three poles (the plants, the elk and myself) highlighting its appearance, not totally identifiable. The pictorial language has allowed me to investigate through the dichotomous expression between dark and light, empty and full, the multiple possibilities arising from this open energy, as to create an ontological path aimed at seeking a natural osmosis between living things.

For Z.one, whose theme of this edition is the track, I propose the attempt on site of a pictorial work of small/ medium/ various sizes/ shapes that investigates the Guardia area and all that will be given to meet in the place.

Here are three extracts of some of the readings that are accompanying the research:

*"The awareness that each thing is connected to all the others does not imply that it immediately identifies with the others, but that each thing, in its particularity, in its specific characteristics, is constituted by all the others". G. Pasqualotto Ten lectures on Buddhism, 2008 Marsilio Edizioni in Venice, cit. p. 146.*

*"The being of language appears by itself only in the disappearance of the subject. How to access this strange relationship? This thought, which is kept out of any subjectivity in order to make its limits arise as from the outside, to declare its end, to make its dispersion sparkle and not to grasp that the invincible absence, and at the same time, is kept on the threshold of every positivity, not so much to grasp its foundation or justification, but to find the space in which it manifests, the void in which it is located, the distance in which it is constituted and where it escapes, as soon as you look at it, its immediate certainties - this thought constitutes what could be called in a word thought of the outside". M. Foucault, Il pensiero del fuori, tr. it. by V. Del Ninno, SE, Milano 1998, cit. pp. 17/18.*

638. *The wanderer. - Those who have reached even just relative to the freedom of reason, on earth can feel nothing but a traveller, - even if not a traveller directed towards a final destination, which is not there. But he will look well, and keep his eyes open to all that is truly happening in the world; for this reason he is not allowed to unite his heart too closely to any particular thing; there must be something nomadic within him, who rejoice in change and transience. Of course, bad nights will come for such a man, when he will be weary and will find the door of the city closed, which should give him rest; and perhaps, in addition to this, the desert will come unto that door, as in the East, and the beasts of prey will now cry out far away now near now, and a strong wind will rise, and the thieves will steal his draft beasts. Then the terrible night will fall for him on the desert as a second desert, and his heart will be tired of wandering. But when the morning sun rises, red as a god of wrath, the city will open, and in the faces of the inhabitants he will see perhaps even more desert, filth, deceit, insecurity than before the gates - and the day will be almost worse than the night. This may well happen once to the wayfarer; but then will come to reward him the joyous mornings of other countries and other days, in which already in the greyness of light he will see the swarms of the Muses dancing beside him, in the mist of the mountains, and in which then, when silent, in the morning harmony of the soul, he passengers under the trees, from the peaks and recesses of the fronds will fall around him only beautiful and clear things, gift of all those free spirits that are on the mountain, in the forest and in solitude and that, Like him, in their now joyful way now meditating, they are wayfarers and philosophers. Born of the mysteries of dawn, they meditate how*

*the day can have, between the tenth and the twelfth touch, a face so pure, so transparent, so serenely radiant: - they seek the philosophy of the morning".* F. Nietzsche "Human, too human. Volume One" 1878/80