

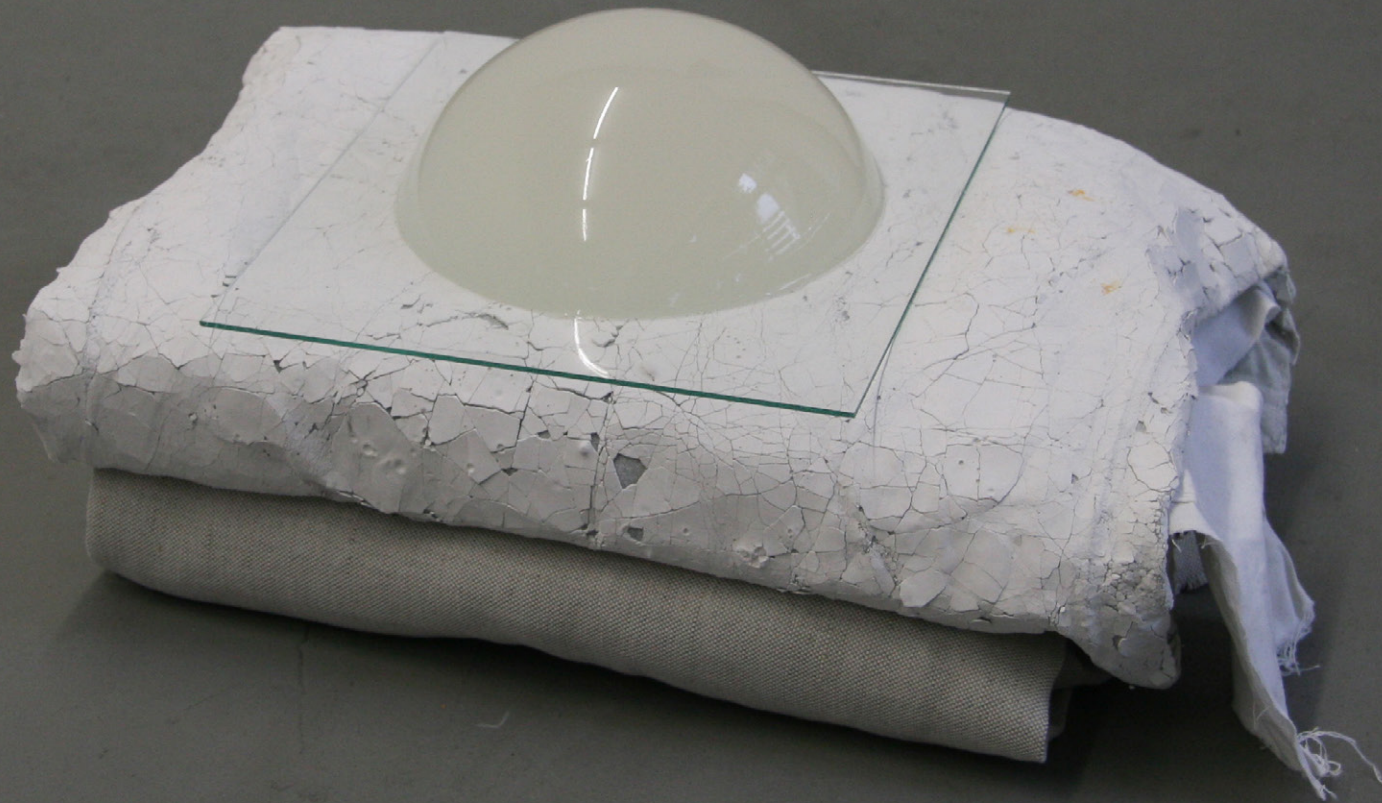


ANGELA CERULLO & GIORGIO BLOCH



*Metylbenzidioxepinone or  
someone to be afraid with\**

2023  
mixed media\*  
dimensions variable  
Installation, Lokal-int, Biel















Previous pages: Detail view Metylbenzidioxepi-  
none or someone to be afraid with  
2023  
cotton, jersey, plaster, glass, physiological solu-  
tion, agar-agar, dimensions variable

Installation partial view Metylbenzidioxepi-  
none or someone to be afraid with  
2023

from left to right: necklace, bracelet, Sabellaria  
sand-tubes, dimensions variable; seashell,  
plaster, tobacco traces, ca. ø 11 cm, depth ca.  
2cm; leather jacket, stone, nigari, 78 x 28 x 18  
cm; cotton, jersey, plaster, glass, physiological  
solution, agar-agar, dimension variable

Detail Metylbenzidioxepinone or someone to  
be afraid with  
2023

lead sheat, copper wire, egagropili, 76 x 48 x  
21 cm

On this page: detail view Metylbenzidioxepi-  
none or  
someone to be afraid with  
2023  
necklace, bracelet, Sabellaria sand-tubes,  
dimensions variable

**\*Olfactory note "Metylbenzidioxepinone"  
present within the installation**



Detail Metylbenzidioxepinone or  
someone to be afraid with  
2023  
detail lead sheat, copper, egagropili, 76 x48x 21cm



Detail Metylbenzidioxepinone or  
someone to be afraid with  
2023  
detail leather jacket, stone, nigari, 78 x 28 x 18 cm





*Methylbenzidioxepinone or someone to be afraid with: beached materials displaced and potentially displayed by the sea ready for being re-organ-ized: fragments of sand-tubes formed by sabellaria: sediment-shells abandoned for other organisms once the worm has outgrown its architectural envelope; neptune grass shaped by the rock and roll of the waves into fluffy balls fertilizing the shore; lost jewellery resurfaced from the deep: vomitated chains of now forgotten memories and relationships to renew with other meanings; a found Perfecto someone unlined doubling the skinning in the production of the leather jacket; like a tied knot in one's handkerchief: a flesh-like sea stone in the pocket recalls something that happened or could happen; curtains and T-shirts: layers covering or to be stripped of; the shape of a futuristic cupola built for a famous couple of the 60ies Italian auteur film industry: an architectural shell one can listen to the sound of the Costa Paradiso; an isotonic jelly dome one can eat: a salty solution the body is mainly made of; an odor of a patented molecule accidentally spotted during the synthesis of valium remembers the smell of a teenager in the early 2000 sprinkled with a perfume recalling ocean's breeze: Methylbenzidioxepinone.*

Above: detail view Methylbenzidioxepinone or someone to be afraid with  
cotton, jersey, plaster, glass, physiological solution, agar-agar, dimensions variabel  
Photo: Chri Frautschi

Left: Methylbenzidioxepinone or someone to be afraid with  
plastic bag, unfiltered clay, ca. 15 x 10 cm



*Tutti cantavano, tutti...*

*(...but if I prick myself with a pin, you don't bleed)*

2021  
mixed media  
dimensions variabel  
Installation, Grand Palais, Bern  
All photos: Karen Amanda Moser







The concept of similarity seems an essential mode of human perception. If we look at an object or our surroundings, we try to find a matching image or experience in our head, to better understand what we see. Sometimes a face we don't know reminds us of someone we are familiar with, sometimes lines become a sign. Seeking similarities as a method to generate knowledge is often critically questioned, as the conclusions of analogical reasoning do not follow with certainty. Nevertheless, it might be interesting to ask what we consider as familiar, what as the other. What/who do we develop empathy for, what/who do we exclude and feel (in)different towards? And eventually can art, which confronts us with variations of the everyday as well as the strange, expand our capability for empathy; empathy for other beings, but also towards our environment? Empathy, after all, does not always need to be built on knowledge alone and could as well be the result of curiosity or affections beyond explanation.

[...]

A lamp with tufts of hair, half design object, half palm tree stands next to a reclining lamp that, even if the mind denies it, seems to be balanced by a dried sponge. Both cluster around a third object, made of seaweed and bone glue, hanging from the ceiling. A little further away from the centre, a bent square tube is attached to the wall. Mechanical processing formed marks on the inside, almost as if they were fingerprints from a hand that never touched it. Angela Cerullo & Giorgio Bloch are interested in precisely these (im)possibilities of contact between human beings and environment, between other beings, materials and objects – experienced as other and yet potentially sentient.

Text by Karen Amanda Moser

**From the exhibition text of “I like you for the things I know about you, but love you for the ones I don’t”, 2021, Grand Palais, Bern.**

Left: detail Tutti cantavano, tutti...  
 (...but if I prick myself with a pin, you don't bleed)  
 2021  
 steel square tube, ca. 25 x 3 cm

Preview page:  
 Detail Tutti cantavano, tutti...  
 (...but if I prick myself with a pin, you don't bleed)  
 2021  
 steel square tube, lamp socket, cable, plug, light bulb, sea sponge, ca. 180x 45 x 45 cm





Left: Detail view of Tutti cantavano, tutti... (...but if I prick myself with a pin, you don't bleed) 2021  
steel, lamp socket, cable, plug, light bulb, sea sponge, ca. 180x 45 x 45 cm

Right: detail view of Tutti cantavano, tutti... (...but if I prick myself with a pin, you don't bleed) 2021  
Front: steel, lamp socket, cable, plug, light bulb, vegetable material, ca. 180 x 90 cm; Rear: steel square tube, ca. 25 x 3 cm





Left: detail of Tutti cantavano, tutti...  
 (...but if I prick myself with a pin, you don't  
 bleed)  
 2021  
 bone glue, algae, leather, jute, stainless steel,  
 wire, ca. 60 x 25 cm

Right: detail view of Tutti cantavano, tutti...  
 (...but if I prick myself with a pin, you don't  
 bleed)  
 2021

Next page:  
 Detail Tutti cantavano, tutti... (...but if I prick  
 myself with a pin, you don't bleed)  
 2021  
 seashell, palster, tabacco traces, ca. ø 11 cm;  
 depth ca. 2cm









# Carne del possibile\_ Ep.2\_Cannibalism of Gold

2019  
mixed media  
dimensions variabel  
Installation, Spazio In Situ, Rom  
Photo: Marco De Rosa



# SOUNDTRACK <https://soundcloud.com/user-36337407/carne-del-possibile/s-lGRvn>





On this page:  
Detail Carne del possibile, Ep. 2\_Cannibalism  
of Gold  
2019  
steel square tube untreated, heat treated steel  
square tube, c. 500 x 90 x 300 cm

Previous page on the bottom:  
Carne del possibile (Soundtrack), Episode 1+ Ep.  
2\_Cannibalism of Gold  
2018  
speakers, media player, audio file, 1' 19", loop

*The installation also includes an acoustic element. It is an excerpt from Antonioni's film *Za-briskie Point* (1970). It sounds like a glockenspiel (our research has proven to be Soleri's bells) mixed with the murmur of a stream.*

On the next page:  
Carne del possibile, Ep. 2\_  
Cannibalism of Gold (Performance)  
2019  
Performance with and by Pascal Sidler and  
Angela Cerullo & Giorgio Bloch  
c. 30 min.; Photo: Marco De Rosa;

*The performance consists of a live performance by Pascal Sidler with a module synthesizer and a choreography of the elements of the installation. The Soundpiece combines audio recordings from the production of the bells in Arcosanti with other sounds from the synthesizer that reminds underwater sounds.*

*The performance takes place within an abstract interior formed by the arrangement of the elements and with its 6m2 cubic floor plan referring to the one-room concrete architectures of the Arcosanti camp. This space is dissolved during the performance by moving certain elements in the room. Pascal Sidler wears a jacket, which is integrated into the installation after the performance.*

**<https://soundcloud.com/user-36337407/sample-performance-with-and-by-pascal-sidler-and-acgb-cdp-ep2-cannibalism-of-gold/s-4BK36>**

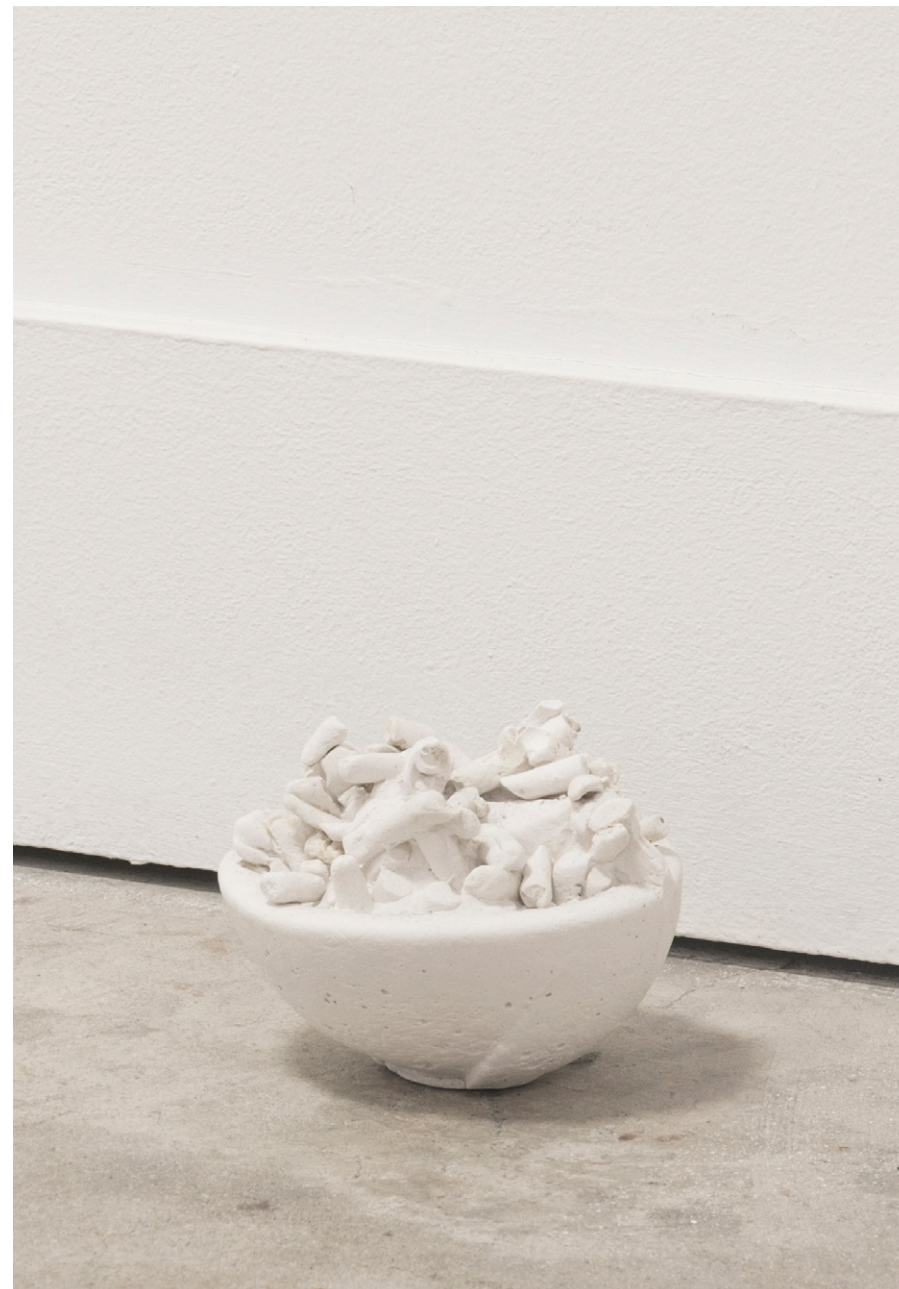








Detail Carne del possibile, Ep. 1 + Ep. 2\_  
Cannibalism of Gold  
2018  
oxidized brass, steel, hanging device: steel rope,  
slide rail, object c. 189 x 150 x 20 cm



Detail Carne del possibile, Episode 1 + Ep. 2\_  
Cannibalism of Gold  
2018  
plaster, tabacco traces, c. ø 150 mm, height 150  
mm; Foto: Marco De Rosa





Detail Carne del possibile, Episode 1  
2017  
printed cotton jersey, quilt;  
160 x 110 cm  
Installationview (detail), Die Diele, Zürich;  
Photo: Livio Baumgartner

*Carne del possibile* is a growing installation in episodes. The title is taken from the philosopher Paolo Virno who leaning on Merleau-Ponty's definition of „chair du monde“ describes the sensible world the humankind inhabits but in fact isn't fully part of it. This condition, on the other hand, allows to manipulate the sensible but in the same way the human is demanded to renew his/her/their present constantly.

While visiting several architecture and art projects that came up in the 70s in the deserts of the USA which conceived the desert as a place of decentralization and dealing with the idea of the future, Paolo Soleris Arcosanti caught our attention. Arcosanti is a laboratory for ecourbanity, a model for an autonomous economic system and a new form of community in which work and life can not be separated. However, it has not been built since the eighties; so most residents live not in Arcosanti itself, but in the so-called camp, a kind of precarious periphery originally built as a provisional accommodation for volunteers for the construction phase, where unlike in Arcosanti – where the Foundation after Soleris's death (2013) focuses mainly on the preservation and marketing and not on the further construction of the city – is allowed to shape and modify the environment.

Bells hang everywhere in the camp – remnants of their production – which, through the wind, become invisible but audible traces of labor. Dumb concrete modules stand apart as witnesses of intimacy and authorship, of a creator of utopia whose authority is too strong even after his death to allow life in Arcosanti to take its course. Skizophrenic states creepingly cover the unfinished city of Arcosanti! Oscillating between the production site and conservation or between showplace, suspended failure and the archetypal, between action and rigidity, between the now and the imagination.

In Julio Cortazar's short story 'Axolotl,' the narrator finds himself obsessed with the title-giving Mexican salamander he is visiting every day in the Aquarium of Paris' Jardin des Plantes. But, like in so many of Cortazar's stories, it is the identity of the subject that is jeopardized. In fact it is the axolotl himself who tells this story, or rather the human narrator turned into an axolotl. The theme of the metamorphosis presupposes, in fact, a new and final invasion, that of the narrative 'I', the self, first obsessed, then possessed, dispossessed, and finally dissolved in a "cannibalism of gold", how the Mexican author would put it. In our contemporary reality we move and perceive more and more in virtual space, ceding somehow to the capitalisation of our bodies. We face new models of production and labor, where the space between life, product, and labor is constantly less defined. We are all somehow axolotls, insofar as the effective mechanisms of power are inscribed in our bodies. Like the human protagonist we constantly seem to strive for our transformation into consumable images. But to be an axolotl means also that there is a space between subject and reality, where personality comes into being.

Being perpetually in the larval state allows the aquatic salamander to regenerate almost every part of its body and to accept transplants from other individuals. To be an axolotl is the possibility of a re-thinking that is also new. It represents the potentiality of an attempt to address the status of subjectivity and even to formulate new forms of perception and socialization.



# Technical Sweetness

2017  
mixed media  
dimension variable  
Installation, Liquid Fertilizer, Kunstverein Freiburg;  
Photo: Marc Doradzillo





Part of the background to the project "Technical Sweetness" by Angela Cerullo & Giorgio Bloch is their research on the high-rise development "Tours Aillaud" in a suburb of Paris. The ensemble's 18 residential towers built in 1977 were designed by architect Emile Aillaud in the shape of a cloud. Fantastic elements of the architecture, such as the sky-like camouflage pattern of the towers, seem like a picturesque shell, that cannot obscure the power structures inscribed in the architecture and the social reality of the settlement.

In the gallery, ACGB worked with a light installation that dips the long corridor into a warm, cozy light and at the same time tilts the atmosphere into the uncanny. As if by accident, individual objects are scattered in the corridor. A tile-clad lamp takes up the cloudy layout and architectural elements of one of "Tours Aillaud". A slatted frame of aluminium and cement contrast with a children-sized blanket. On the sheet is a camouflage pattern, composed of cloud representations of the painter Fernand Léger. From their inhabitants, the "Tours Aillaud" are also trivializing called „Nuages" („clouds"). Clouds are constantly changing, fleeting and intangible. They resemble societal structures and their spaces, which become more and more fluid, flatten, and where systems of control and power are atomized and obscured.

The title "Technical Sweetness" comes from an unrealized film by Michelangelo Antonioni. In the final scene, after an exhausting march through the Amazon rainforest a man falls into a trap built by children. The children, unaffected by his suffering but captivated by their curiosity, watch him dying.

„This dumb dialogue between the young man and the children extends over long moments. And then he does not even have the strength to hold his head or his arms. So he lets go, stays like that on his back, looking at the sky, which is getting more and more blue and this blue, which is getting pinker. The pink focuses on a spot that takes the form of a house: it is the pink house and at the threshold is a silhouette in which we recognize the young girl.

Then everything turns black."

(Michelangelo Antonioni, *Technicamente Dolce*, 1966)

Text by Heinrich Dietz

**From the exhibition text of the group show "Liquid Fertilizer",  
Kunstverein Freiburg (D)**

Detail Technical Sweetness  
plaster, tiles, acrylic paint, plexiglass, lamp;  
c. 35 x 33 x 50 cm;  
Photo: Marc Doradzillo

