

LATE NIGHT SHOW \ CRASHIN' ON THE "OTHER" SIDE by Fabiola Naldi

It would be enough to say that Marco Ceroni meets and clashes with spaces he goes through to resolve in a few words a part of his research. Nevertheless, we also know very well that as soon as a text for an artist is finished, the same artist has already gone beyond or perhaps he is actually gone, leaving behind him remains and "fragments" of a relentless speed when moving to something else.

That something else, of which one could talk endlessly, for Marco Ceroni is first and foremost his way to observe what stands beside him, around him and what goes through him daily. Then, a possible presentation of this frenzy could be to dwell for a moment, a brief moment, in which, together with him, we can bump into a possible "accident while crossing" that is actually what happens on a daily basis, sometimes without realizing it, when we experience the urban space.

This is perhaps the first milestone of Marco Ceroni's process of aesthetic materialization through a series of experiences that makes him enter and exit from different realities, in a way of acting very close to the Situationist International one. For the activists of this Movement, the concept of everyday life and vitalistic experience is an actual theoretical asset in the search of trying to actualize utility and internal potentialities with the desire to promote not only a new way of making also art, but also and above all a new way to live the city. The analysis of the experience and the reclamation of everyday life through its own banality and triviality, even in the methodical, passive and alienating scan of the urban space, are the starting points for Lefebvre's theory of moments that he developed simultaneously and in conjunction with the theory of the construction of situations (Henri Lefebvre's *Critique Of Everyday*, 1961). Equally interesting is a fascinating text on the architectural problem by Michel Colle *Vers une architecture symbolique*. It focuses on a strong critique of functionalist architecture of the time and represents the premise of the discipline that was conducted methodically since 1953 in the International Movement for an Imaginist Bauhaus and, during the same period, by the Lettrist International, namely Psychogeography. Drift is the key instrument for psychogeographic research, defined by the Movement as «the mode of experimental behavior linked to urban society conditions, the technique of rapid passage through different environments.» Thus, we are witness of the pulsating desire to form a new aesthetic based solely on behavior and inferred experience.

In these historic steps, we could find, with the necessary conceptual and time lag, one of the signature characteristics in Marco Ceroni's practice, conscious of being, in spite of himself within an urban setting more complex than his predecessors. To better delve into his work, therefore, we try to borrow a term from another field of action in which the crossing and trespassing beyond the architectural spaces of the city itself become an underground discipline, brought to the success of the public in the Nineties. Parkour consists in performing a path, overcoming any kind of obstacle with the greatest possible movement efficiency, adapting the body to the surrounding environment, whether natural or urban. Going back to those years and reading what was starting to be written in order to describe it and perhaps even to analyze it, the first words used were «art of displacement» (*art du déplacement*) and «path» (*parcours*). But the term that maybe lends itself to trace in part Marco Ceroni's work is the one coined by David Belle and Hubert Koundé in 1998 that derives from *parcours du combattant* (fighter path), in other words the obstacle course used in military training proposed by Georges Hébert. In the word *parcours*, Koundé replaced «c» with «k», to suggest aggressiveness, and removed the silent «s» because it was in contrast with the idea of efficiency of parkour.

Obviously, what we want to emphasize here is not the nemesis with such discipline. We want to highlight the possibility of a new type of *traceur*, no longer in his/her "sport" function, but as an excuse to visually configure the approach that people can have when relating to spaces, more or less metropolitan, able to temporarily define places that by now have the same characteristics of use and perception.

So then, we are in the first room of GALLERAPIÙ, or rather the visual presentation of a conceptual overturning within a specific place that has nothing to do with the urban experience often implemented by Marco Ceroni.

We as audience are now *traceur* or better "territorialists of the visual" tested by the author himself who asks us to "transform" with him the alienating experience to come and go quickly from fields, functions, contexts and collective memories, focused on a representative explosion within the same gallery.

What we are suggested to do is to imagine ourselves being just out of the darkness of the cinema, still inebriated or stunned by a "cinematic journey" that creates a real "frequency noise" as soon as we physically are in the entrance (or exit) hall of the anonymous multiplex. Alternatively, we might be in the same large and equally anonymous car park outside the mega cinema, suddenly surrounded by those "usual" four kids who use that big undefined space for their own amusement. Skate, souped-up motorbikes, challenges as in American "tv shows" of the Eighties, that suddenly return to be so current, perhaps because they have never ceased to be.

In balance between a travel within the collective memory with *Please don't go* - a sequence of almost continuous movie posters (of cult movies of the Seventies and Eighties) modified in presence and in absence of some parts with the coverage of a luminescent gold leaf - and *Moonwalk*, a urban "barrier" that becomes a sculptural element of our times - thanks to the dual presence of two yellow marble of Siena bases joined to a present-day parking deterrent; Marco Ceroni ventures a declaration of love to his alienating paths - both physical and mental - with *L'Amour Toujours*, resin presences that could be at the same time the residue of a clash of two souped-up motorbikes (pieces of motorcycle fairings for example) and the stain of oil interpreted as a real "crime scene."

What immediately appears as a strong author's choice is precisely the imbalance between fiction (in all its forms) and the residual of a tangible experience in which transformations, flashbacks, dreams or nightmares - required for recoding individual experiences - merge.

A landscape consequently redefined by Marco Ceroni himself who tries to crash within the perimeter boundaries of the space all these elements so distant from each other. The challenge, the game, perhaps is exactly this: as *Spirit* proves, a muzzle out of its function as engine cover, it turns into a character to the point of disturbing. A great portion of the experiences that the author asks us to do with him on this occasion could easily collapse inside it.