

Casa Vautrin/Vudafieri

via Melzo 5
20129 Milano

28th March – 3rd April 2017
from 10^{am} to 7.30^{pm}

opening
28th March
from 6 to 9pm



GABRIELE DE SANTIS

CASE CHIUSE #04
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Gabriele De Santis offers an incursion into the iconography of the present, addressing his research to the language, the symbols, the aesthetic of contemporaneity. In his work the artist carries the lexicon that accompanies us on a daily basis, putting into place a sharp and charming portrait of our time. A poetic made of logos, popular brands, symbols borrowed by the digital communication, of puns and rebus, but also appropriations of that conceptual history of art which paved the way to a different use of the word, the act of vision and the interpretative possibilities offered by the artistic gesture. Gabriele De Santis bravely calls into question the codes and the raw material which surround us every day, the one on which our time runs and the knowledge on which our relationships are based: a rephrasing of a system, the construction of an iconography where there is no longer difference between high and popular culture, where the contemporaneity is told and candidly revealed in its more subtle essence.

In via Melzo 5, Milan, following the flight of a parrot, we enter Casa Vautrin/Vudafieri where new works and installations by Gabriele De Santis will surprise you. The parrot will invade the courtyard and the domestic environment in a game of exchanging atmospheres, moods and languages. The communication, the beauty, the irony, the capability of talking without thinking, the act of repetition and imitation, all characteristics of this bird, are borrowed by the artist, employed as a metaphor of the present.

At the end of March in the heart of Milan a private space will offer a new immersive dimension: bizzarre and unusual, surely out of the ordinary. A migration of voices, symbols, legends will cross on a temporary and free ground, a lived location, transformed in evocative for the occasion, a space that invites one to be playful, in which one can let himself go, and follow the free and borderless flight of this magic and mysterious creature that was so often of inspiration for storytelling and past mythology and that keeps exerting a particular charm on collective imaginary.

*I never quite say as much as I know.
I look at other parrots and I wonder if it's
the same for them, if somebody is trapped
in each of them, paying some kind of price
for living their life in a certain way.
For instance, "Hello," I say, and I'm sitting
on a perch in a pet store in Houston and what
I'm really thinking is Holy shit. It's you.
And what's happened is I'm looking at my wife.
"Hello," she says, and she comes over to me,
and I can't believe how beautiful she is.*

*Those great brown eyes, almost as dark
as the center of mine.
And her nose — I don't remember her for her
nose, but its beauty is clear to me now.
Her nose is a little too long, but it's redeemed
by the faint hook to it.
She scratches the back of my neck.
Her touch makes my tail flare. I feel the stretch
and rustle of me back there.
I bend my head to her and she whispers, "Pretty
bird." (....)*

—
Robert Olen Butler,
*Jealous Husband Returns
in Form of Parrot*

*Ecco qui l'uccellatore,
sempre lieto, oh oh, eh eh!
Come uccellatore sono conosciuto
in tutta la regione da vecchi e giovani.
So come si fa ad adescare
e sono esperto nello zufolare.
Per questo posso essere lieto ed allegro
poiché tutti gli uccelli sono miei. (Zufola)
Ecco qui l'uccellatore,
sempre allegro, oh oh, eh eh!
Come uccellatore sono conosciuto
in tutta la regione da vecchi e giovani.*

*Vorrei una rete per fanciulle,
ne acciapperei per me a dozzine,
quindi me le metterei in gabbia,
e tutte le ragazze sarebbero mie. (Zufola)
Se tutte le ragazze fossero mie
allora le allieterei ben bene con uno zuccherino,
e colei che fosse la mia preferita
riceverebbe subito il confetto.
Allora lei mi bacerebbe soavemente,
lei sarebbe la mia donna ed io il suo uomo.
Si addormenterebbe al mio fianco
ed io la cullerei come una bimba.*

—
W.A. Mozart, *Il Flauto Magico*,
"L'uccellatore sono io", Atto primo