

MY ROOM ON  
**mar**  
Devis Venturelli  
Objets d'Amour

**In the Mood for Love**  
*by Fabio Carnaghi*

*La Terra vista dalla Luna.* The Earth seen from the Moon. The Fiumara suburb in Fiumicino - shacks and waste. The moral: "Being alive or being dead is the same thing". In his new decadent house, the fresh bride Assurdina navigates her way through heaps of abandoned objects in a metaphorical reconstruction, as her hovel, in its extraordinary primitive beauty, comes to embody a masterpiece of installation art unbeknownst to the mind of a silent, green-haired woman. A grotesque Technicolor miracle made of makeshift assemblages, a way of surviving that does not give up on decoration as a spontaneous attitude. Reassembled objects, which were first rejected and then embraced, without any apparent consistency – plastic toys, a military transistor radio, a Charlie Chaplin poster, household knick-knacks, bottles. Everything is transformed into a part of the Pasolinian habitat, expressing the primary feeling of survival.

The preamble addresses in a surprising way the theoretical and artistic work of Devis Venturelli, which centers on architecture and its spatial implications. Architecture is an unconscious, visionary fact, insubstantial but for the texture of fabric – it is an architexture, an architectural procedure.

Practices of quasi-utopian self-construction and freedom, having to do with the exploration of a subculture of building and shaping things, have always fueled an interest in experimental domains, in which the final rigidity of planning is constantly hampered by an aero-plastic epic or by the surreal instability of a swaying scaffoldings that are made of fabric, and are just as shiny. Whether they were drawn from fashion or from thermal insulation, they are invariably soft, informal, pliable, nomadic. Throughout his whole, substantial output, Venturelli has always come up with peculiar abacuses, born indiscriminately from the medial encounter between moving image, sculptural debris and installative extensions.

*Objets d'Amour* is a radical installation – both literally and theoretically – which builds its own architecture by seeping into the rigid forms of an interior space. In a synonymical constellation, fabric, membrane, film, screen, and hence skin, make up a glossary of words to define a piecemeal surface that turns into volume. The *couture* of Spandex remnants creates the structure of a textile architecture that hovers in space, spreading its tentacles. The building process thus acquires a taylor-like quality, which is directly related with the montage practice in film, and is peculiar to Venturelli's *poiesis*. The screen, like a shell, preserves the survival of exhausted objects, saved from abandonment and rejection. The end of an object becomes its beginning, in the manner of Pasolini.

In the literal sense of the idiom *Putting one's house in order*, what happens in practice is that objects cram, penetrate or infiltrate space, get stuck, hit or brush against each other, overlap, following the laws of contact statics. The return to existence involves sacrificing the singularity of form, so that the chance nature of the motionless object vaporizes, and plunges into bold metaphysical abstractions.

Thus similitudes, suggestions, impressions emerge. It is only a small step from dressmaking to pork butchery: multi-colored hanging entrails contain waste-free stuffing. But once again architecture filters in between transfigured pillars which recall the anatomy of digestion, and morph into unexpected entases, escaping the manipulation of design. The environment immerses us in an archaeological landscape, in which any prescribed corrections collapse, and which no anastylaxis can ever turn into a project again. You can sense the living movements of the structures with their changing silhouettes, whose surface is the aesthetic meeting point between the outside - first, and the inside - later. The thing, or *res*, also seen as reality, is an object of love, which preserves the thing in another life, in a second skin. And under the skin, a deep architecture is revealed: the setting for an e-motional, propulsive environment, which moves despite its apparent, recumbent immobility, makes the processes in the arteries, seen as a vascular tangle or a cardiac labyrinth, a *terra incognita*, an inscrutable place of corporeity, an anatomy lesson that visualizes the invisible, the unplannable – in which the cutting of autopsy is nothing but an unconscious film cutting.