

RICCARDO FABIANI

M e m e n t o M o r i

Alchemic Diary Of Beauty And Decay



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Riccardo Fabiani
Memento Mori

Alchemic Diary Of Beauty And Decay



Domenica 15 giugno

ore 20.00

*Ho portato delle arance fresche;
le foglie si sono ambientate:
domani le libererò.*

Dopo: smettere di giocare a fare no.



osselqms / nu

ib eit61p



MEMENTO MORI

alchemic diary of beauty and decay

Riccardo Fabiani

Il guardiano di fucchi



la fabbrica di ruggine

1. natural life

The urge of immortality drives most of our everyday actions: new and more resistant materials are discovered, more durable than their creators. Advanced technologies are researched to slow down the natural decay of the body.

Art is not immune; the wish of eternity is mostly the main reason of creative efforts and visual genesis.

This underlines not only the preponderant ambition to the eternity, but even more, the paralyzing fear of death. The man wants to avoid any time flow, he wants to step aside. Like a demigod, creator not created, with the power of giving, or taking life.

"Only notes of music can proudly carry their own death in themselves as an internal necessity; only they don't exist." J.P. Sartre

There was a time in my life when I had a severe accident, and my own life was at risk. I got saved thanks to the wise use of a kind of metal, which it's been used to partially rebuild my forehead and face. This process forced me to rearrange priorities and internal implication of such an event.

Life = Metal

Living metal.

Il coinvolgimento
lo svincola dal su
trasformandolo
demiurgo del su
sentire.

To get acquainted with the inner life
of every single thing, or being.

A purpose, for someone even a fixation.

It's impossible to ignore the large and
mysterious world of Alchemy.

Finding the process time, synthesis,
transformation, union and change of shape.
Such is the birth of Corrosions.

My primary task is to get back life
into the work, freeing it forever from
any anxiety, any renovation. Free forever
from the fear of eternity.

I think I can do it.

While I was cleaning the back of a plate from bitumen, I dug
my fingers into the scars caused by the acid. I found them
much more interesting than the common dering I did on the front.
If only I could find a way to maintain such unawareness.

2. responsibility

Birth and youthness, maturity and oldness, then death. How is it possible to emulate such a process with a work of art? It's an onerous quest for a person: many other factors have to be included in order to succeed. Time is the first.

Time is not unique.

Kronos and Aion are both in charge to protect the flow of days.

More after, days and hours are human inventions, signs of our fragility.

Most of the Art productions are stones thrown in the flow of Kaos, to prevent the fading of their own creator.

That's not my goal.

Images that contain in themselves germs of change; a work that resembles the course of a life being: a birth (the clear definition of shapes and signs), a life (the daily changes of features) and finally a death (the return to primary status).

On the other hand the Corrosion will live its life undisturbed, without the necessity of being seen.

I'm trying to find a point of contact between Visual Art and Music, taking Nietzsche advices from "The Birth of Tragedy".

It's not possible to analyze a symphony, without loosing it: its realization should always be in progression, and so will be for the Corrosion.

I wish to explore the connections between beauty and decay, and more deeply the consequences of this behavior and its role in contemporary art.

Then what I need is memories. Not distracted, casual memories. But a clever and focused one. When I mark the plate with a living trace, the work is independent and alone. The rust will change daily on the surface, pointing out every small change in the image. So it's impossible to see the complete piece; the viewer can only capture one small frame in the process, using his memory to remember it forever. The view of Corrosions is more like a visit to a friend, which has lived his life thru while you were apart.

The viewers are called directly, it's an active fruition because the decay of the image forces them to confront with the flow of things, with ever-changing mutating life.

"All life has as a foundation, only the desire, the urge of eternal memory. This drives are essential for human being, therefore are absolutely mandatory. Not artistic creation, nor family life can grant this eternal memory. The Memory is Symbol-Creation."
P.A. Florenskij



I need to find some acid. Here the sell is forbidden, but a good friend of mine gave me an address, somewhere in Venice.

Maybe I could get some, I wonder at what price.

My trip is on a small cheesy boat, but in the end I manage to find the old wooden door.

Inside an old man, in his seventies. No questions, he sold me a five liter tank of acid. He takes the money, and I'm back on the street with my bulky load.

Finally I found the right acid concentration. The first tries were depressing, even dangerous. Almost pure nitric acid on the iron ignite an immediate corrosion and emanate a thick deep red smoke. The surface is immediately covered with bubbles and few hours later the plate is literally devastated.

I manage to find out some bushes, more resistant ones. Then I split three different degrees of acid into three water bowl.

Now the images are pretty much clear at the beginning.

They can be born.

3. anatomy and autonomy

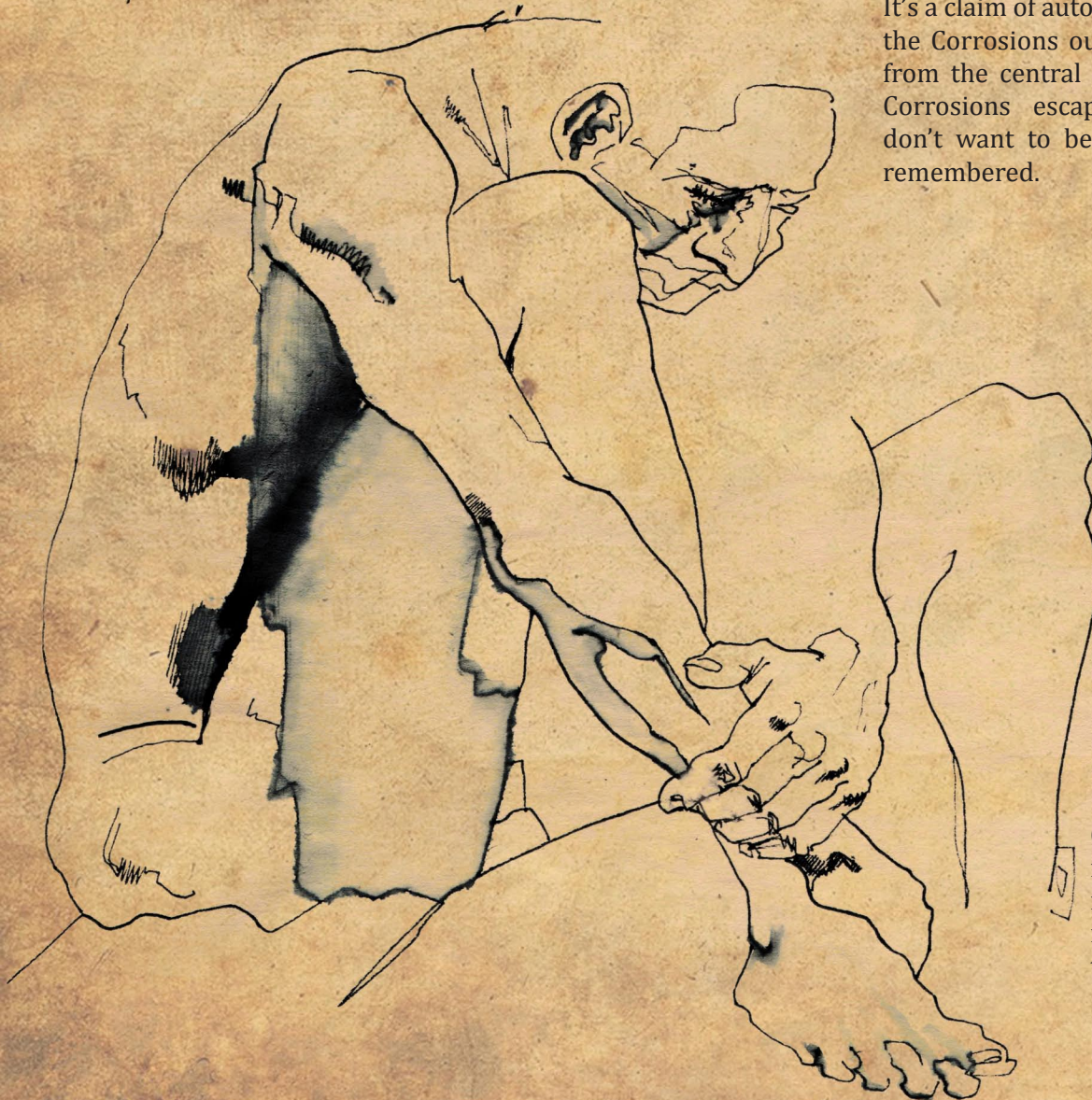
Huge metal plates still recall my soft traces, while they leave in a silent crackling rust; the scarlet agent of mutation.

Corrosions are refractory to the anthropocentrism: human presence is absolutely insignificant for the work itself. They are a mimesis of nature, which follow the flow, uncaring of reality. Autonomous, self-sufficient entities, which relegates the viewer in the realm of pure coincidence, and randomness.



I want something even more uncontrollable, a trace, maybe a simple mark. Bodies. Sure I can't use nitric acid in this phase; I need an alternative.

It's a claim of autonomy, with proud arrogance the Corrosions ousts the viewer, depriving it from the central position towards the work. Corrosions escapes from the glare, they don't want to be eternal, they prefer to be remembered.



Corrosions are a progressive ineluctable rarefaction of the image, they demand to the memory a quest to supply to the visual perish.

I think about etching, engraving: I need to protect some zones of the plates. But how?

Vaseline, fat. This could work. I do some tests.

Yes, it's working. Nitric acid still bite, but vaseline slows down the process; it will take months before it disappears completely. Perfect.

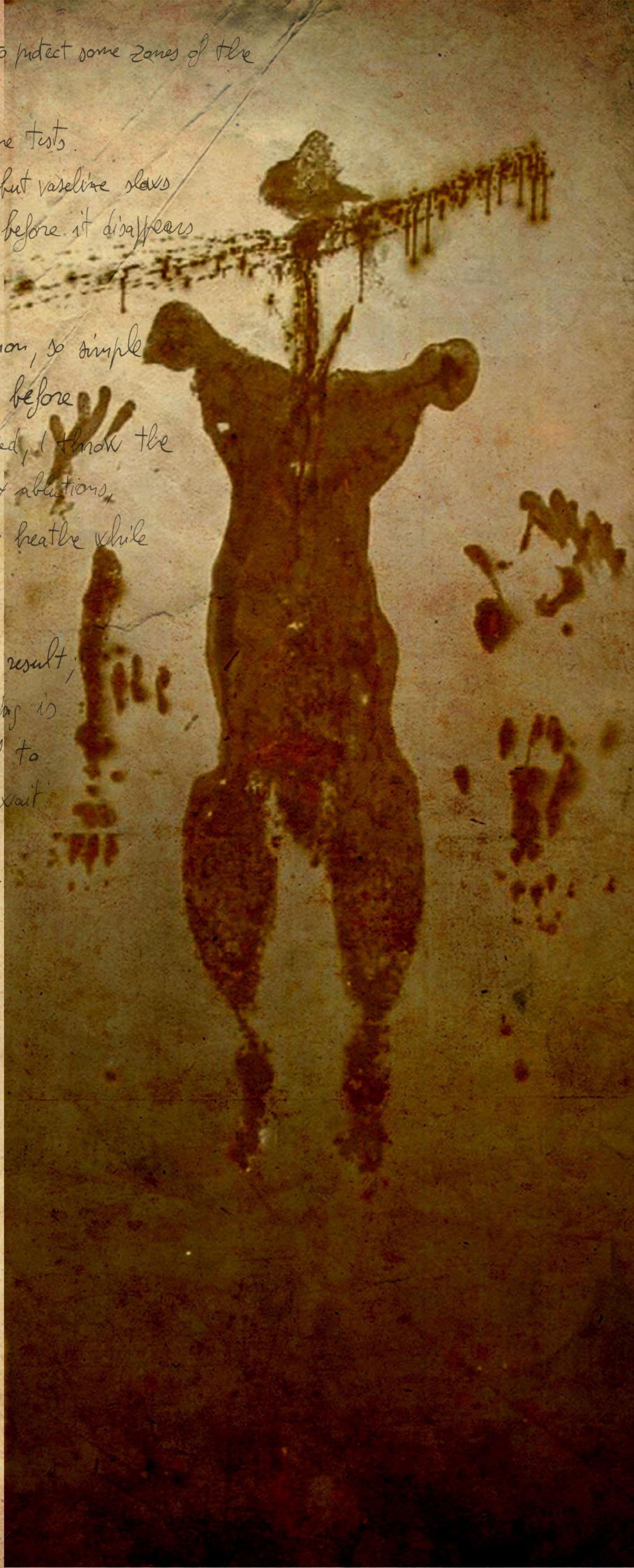
Positive and negative. Water, salt, lemon, so simple. I wonder why I didn't think about it before. I need to test it on myself. I get naked, I throw the iron plates on the floor. I take salty ablutions, then I lay on the cold iron. I slowly breathe while my skin itches and the water drips.

When I raise I take a look at the result; I'm tense. What a letdown. Everything is just like before. I'm almost convinced to leave the project, but I choose to wait a little.

So I take a shower, and some beers.

Time needs time.

This morning I opened the studio door, ready to throw everything away, and the trace, the shroud was there. Light, almost invisible red halo, but there is no doubt.
It's alive.





About the Author:

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Riccardo Fabiani - Memento Mori - Alchemic Diary Of Beauty And Decay

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