

# JULIET

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REVIEWS

## LIE TO THE STATE! *La Quarta Prosa*

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In the night of the 13th of May 1934 two police agents from the Soviet Union knocked at Mandel'stam's door and after searching his home, the poet was arrested and let free again with a three years conviction. From A. Achmantova's diary: "Perquisition lasted the whole night. They were looking for poetries. They took him at 7 in the morning". Komsomol Central Committee was directing the intellectual life of the Country and *La Quarta Prosa* by Mandel'stam, published a year after his death, was the violent and dark answer to intimidation and restriction suffered, to the sad destiny of poetry, downed to "dog's blood and total condescension" to the regime.

Social prohibition and body regime in the party crystallize in a insubstantial transformation, or better in a insubstantial power of intense materiality, in a variation, or a need of variation that bashes against central language (becoming a language itself, a new stigma). This stigma lives in the State and survives with his spectral harms, with his appearances enlisting a new militia, an evanescent one, like a spectrum exorcising the same communist ghost. We may talk about discipline, castration of our own desire, using Negri's words, or an opacity organizing in new techniques of resistance. Coming back to a hypothetical myth, intensive and extensive celebration to destroy the marxist ghost of the After 17th October in a schizophrenic desire of rebellion of the State through the State, is nothing but a totalizing police arriving to fill a hole, in a body partially ready to capitalization.

This intangible power, this opposite-to-the-order (a sentence to death in its own) is a variation, an experiment of the different. Red Mantra is a chain, repetition and hybridization of presences, bodies, extremities of diviners bodies: the only way of defeating death is to transform it in hanged variation, exhausting it in a repetition of holes, holes that Akhunov reduces to celebration of ghosts, monolithic repetition, uniformed. Photography, print, mantric ritual of writing as artificial immortality, but also a bag full of repression, borders: in the repetition the object is freed from his primary function, a release of the image through the image itself: inflation of the image of propaganda, manipulation and pollution deriving from this are exorcised with the exasperation.

Upon the dust of marxism-based States, upon the practice of autonomy as molecular weapon, starting from samizdats and from refusal of artistic practice as organ of production, Martek (Group of Six Artists) connects and invades the controlled space with fluxes of action and makes it above certain limits and certain contingencies that the State-Machine imposes. I raised my hand to poetry actually subscribes that urgency of operating in the name of poems, an urgency to procede inside of it, than out of it in order to dissipate it, spread it, subvert it in the collective expression, in the streets, between bodies and forces between bodies, or in a square. Revolutionary activity is nothing more than that one that pushes down, denuncia, and modifies stalized spaces of artistic practice. Among founders of moscovit conceptualism, reactive to a certain process of anonimia of Soviet Media (70-'80), Prigov stereotypes State Grammar, verbalization of a visual space through the manipulation of the language, Pravda's one for example, crossed by his Cliché, from his specifically and structured lexicon. Prigov goes back to authenticity, and he does it destroying void semiotic of lead.

In *Screaming Cantata* (*Who Killed Statlin*), a voice of imperatives to sacrifice and finally accept was created in the name of obedience and will of the people, brutalization of the killer itself. It was said " *The point is not who killed him – just, killed and / killed! The point now is how we're going to agree. Let's / sing, O.k., so let's all do it together: Yes! Yes! Yes! / Yes-yes! Yes! – you answer me, but somehow discordantly / and without confidence... / ... O.k., once , only all together: / You killed!*". Then on the inter-zone build by Badalov mutation is identified, line of fugue of the zone temporally autonomous hoped, and we totally get it. Here there is no centre, because there is no space. We're talking of a sonic wildness, primitive, freed, because not just we are literally talking, but we literally understand it, we live it literally.

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Vyacheslav Akhunov, Babi Badalov, Vlado Martek e Dmitriy Prigov

La quarta prosa. a cura di Marco Scotini

Laura Bulian Gallery via G. B. Piranesi 10, Milano



V. Martek, *Lie to the state* (Action, Biennale opening 1984, Venice Giardini), 1984-1997



Babi Badalov, *Refugee, Refused*, 2015, ink on paper, cm 32 x 24, Courtesy Laura Bulian Gallery



*The victory of Communism is inevitable!, Karl Marx. The triumph*



V. Martek, *What is an art to this being*, 1976