

## Art is Evil

Advertising keeps its promises, and often exceeds expectations (that's because we are cheap dreamers, and the Market knows it) What it can deceive us on is only its charity being regulated by the awareness of our misery, thus by our devastating vulnerability. Sure, it's all true about the advantage being taken on us, but the fact remains that Market loves us, cares for us, wants to see us happy, starting by the last pair of fair shoes we bought (the way we buy is the only faint trace of our soul, the only spiritual remains of our concealed dignity of suffering beings).

In these artworks by Angela Maria Piga, words and things, or words by themselves, engage in a work of disillusionment, making art evil every time, unbearable its dedication to reality, and its playing a waste of time weaving offenses and spite and untying the knots of our credulity. That's disrespectful for all the darkness waiting for us, and for the fact that, anyway, and art cannot fail to keep this in mind, it will end badly.

With the end of the readers era, visual art was born as a technological language (this is the name at once indicated by Lamberto Pignotti) with a clear intent: to make use of the same efficacy and power of body-copy publicity, its visual-verbal strength for a semiological war against its world, to send back messages and vouchers to the sender with a triggered bomb causing the deception and fiction of the story told to explode, and disturbing the dances redeeming the free words of the futurist magisterium, mortified to only sell chocolates and drinks, to organize moments of lucidity. Unmasking all grammar as a modality and order of profit.

Angela Maria Piga plays with a language without promises brightening at least some horizon of satisfaction: to unveil the imposture, the wicked pact between logos and things, or better still between words and promises produces apostasy. The works on paper have the sweetness of a game and of a struggle that should give us back for a moment a reading without seduction and charity and ulterior motives.

Calligraphy betrays a candor that is not there and that turns the words or their parts in motion and in disarray in the sense of disobedient attitudes: puns unfortunately always unmask the power mechanisms of ordered language, tampering with idioms is threatening and destabilizes commonplaces, the agreed linguistic truce: thus language generates misunderstanding and that is an excess of meaning.

We find ourselves playing with things and words, in a runaway, angry and distraught abcedary or alphabetic book that more than indicating the real throws it off (all painting's history, after the Conversion of Saint Paul by Caravaggio teaches us the fall and the view from the ground).

It's only in this art that words no longer have to be embarrassed or ashamed of what they say or indicate. Rebuses reveal the reality of things and for a moment they awaken us from the linguistic drowsiness.

Visual poetry ideologically has faith and hope but not charity, unlike publicity and propaganda, which by offering purchasable goods, often in installments and with deferrals, offers happiness and satisfaction and a promise, albeit momentary, of fulfillment and for the possession of life.

Futurism embraced modernity precisely out of a charitable desire for revolution and accord and to let people march at their own pace, offering an explosive and exciting

tomorrow, like all advertising of the future.

The Bengal light and the futurist rockets, deranged in the skies of the best poetry, have luckily become weapons for a war against present.

Angela Maria Piga's artworks trace a catastrophic environment and the mortifying effects of the market and power's language, like a speech that destroys the soul and in which things are worth for words.

All art languages for salvation – concrete, visual poetry, and plus those of excellence without even the kindness of forms (such as philosophy) lack of charity – hence their failure.

What does the advertising language possess that's more powerful and present? Charity. Market is more merciful than god.

Here, instead, there are no freebies nor special offers, the inconvenient status of commodity relegates these works to things producing absurdities, but among the most irrefutable absurdities is the epiphany that these papers are then found in a gallery, they are goods and are on sale, they have a price, which glorifies who buys them. We buy words and things with no charity nor comfort.

Luckily there's nothing beyond the goods: words, advertising, things, and the artwork itself, in these rooms, it's on sale, and hopefully will be sold dilapidating for good the little money we have, and here is the ransom: he who buys, or rather: he who spends, is always innocent.

The fact that the artwork is for sale makes it, in accordance with its statute and with what has been said, the most suspicious of goods; without the alliance of profit, the helpfulness of money and the dullness of investment, whoever buys it does not have to do business, but to produce a chasm in its accounts, a precipitous way to escape economic reasonableness, an uncomfortable escape to avoid earning while playing and joking with money and market. The artworks we buy must de-legitimize our economic titles and honors, show a crack in the financial amortization system, make us look splendidly reckless, naive and worse than children. In this the great art market is, with all its holy christs, a ship of the wise that leaks from all sides and where the horizon of happiness is a drift.

Not anti-commodity, but super-commodity, which by denouncing the deception of commodities in reality reveals with its own incarnation a value for perdition, but from the opposite bank, on the other side, in the lands of the end of all prudence, like children who are insatiable with toys whose price cannot be justified and which, hopefully, will cause the ruin of the house.