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Controlled amazement and awe without the ogres heaving at the gates of commitment, structuring sensitivity without the scansion of vulnerability, demystifying with graceful pauses as debarred irony is marooned from its defensive ecumens. There is no critique but elliptical foreshadowings, the theorem has lost its nametag and geometry impassibly walks, clean, crisp, with the candor of its unnegated objectness, with the proprietary elegance of silent purpose. No advertising, no adversity, no admiration unless it partakes of the objectum, finally freed from the subject, but also finally freeing the subjectum to roam and range through the expanses of difference, rekindling aesthetic vision and voyages, unthreatened, unscathed. Here anxiety is a force field of the past, an archive, a ROM disk, there is no turning away from, and no lurching forward to, either, there is only standing in-position there, a givenness in neutral stupor, a wink perhaps at the sublime, but hardly a symbol that bespeaks of history and even fewer ambivalent signs that haul in the Grand Tradition. Waddling outside the construct is figuration not pursued, the purring of neurons through the sieves of cognitivism, or any and all metaentries of a quick nomenclature: for there's nothing to map out there, and all possible geographies are semiotized, chartered. Pure and impure surfaces point to texture, shape itself is become *topos*, arrangement, relationship, phenomenism courting phenomenology. Conceptual: partly, and against its will, it couldn't be otherwise because it stirs reflection on composition, if not on context, then on coherence, on construction, on the will to make which precedes representation itself. But it is not pop, it is not sarcastic,

parodic, grotesque, contextual. Minimalist: not really, not at all. Is it poor? obviously not. Application: none. Metaphysical icons are practically lacking, at most they are quotidian, nothing more grandiose than a statement about the essence of existent materials, the forms, the configurations, deft patterns with aristocratic dignity. Message: as if art ever really communicated anything . . . save what from meandering mossy ways pragmatic astuteness devised if not divined in abstracto, in vitro, in virtual self-propelling spirituality. Technology: standard tools of the trade; and no, no statement on it, only on technique, on the praxis of an enduring presence. Social Body: only in the sense that the materials are meditated products, but the bricolage is not Duchampian, the craft is original, the hand of the artist intervenes not as metaphoric gesture, but as willed instrumentum, technically, it labors, planes, hones, polishes, recasts and finally re-presents the re-produced component-element before (and while) it translates into light or vision or cornice or symbol or love or signifying vase or formulation or suspension. Ornament: yes, partly, and why not? but with twist: a detemporalized re-MATTERIALIZED signature as such, thoughtful extravagance, style (not écriture) reborn, primary values such as chromatism, materials shorn of rhetoric, hinting at wonder without enchantment, exile without loss, residue without nostalgia, stoic melancholy, austere precision, de-conceptualized objectivity, corrosive abstraction, studied casualty, slack indifference, finally even mysterious, supple, archaic echoes embedded in a pure proposition aware of and undisturbed by dislocation in a cultured, institutionalized, econominded contemporary milieu, still hypothetical for all its cosmopolitanism, degrounded to the hilt. Even more cogent postmodern potentialities of weak art may be grasped in its unwillingness to mortgage history, or to capitalize on ideology, or to delude itself that it draws us nearer to some master ego or mystical truth, or that there is such a thing as an ideal spectator. Rather, by making no claims for emancipation, but no exaggerated claims for the autonomy of art either, devoid of the fanaticism for aesthetic disembodiment without being indifferent either to what used to be called, simply, the beautiful, the installations of Alpegiani, Antinucci, Ghiazza and Pagliasso are, simply, beautiful, beautifully simple, quasisculptures that for all their rigid luster and material impenetrability yet internalize meaning softly, becoming toned-down hyperframes, a variant of post-appropriation discourse which leaves the viewer free to dance away the parabolas of subjectivity, contradictions withstanding.

Renato Alpegiani: *Oblio*, 1990 (p. 57); untitled, 1990 (p. 58)

Luigi Antinucci: *Naufragio*, 1990 (p. 59); untitled, 1990 (p. 60)

Renato Ghiazza: two untitled works, 1990 (pp. 61-62)

Gian Carlo Pagliasso: *Cage*, 1990 (p. 63); untitled, 1990 (p. 64)