

Giulia Marchi

Bildungsroman

On the bedside table had an urgency, scattered in the form of n+1 books stacked; not only buildings of words, but pillars bearing a cathedral.

That urgency was the exercise of memory.

That cathedral was the architecture of memory.

It is like in that story by Raymond Carver, he thought, in which a blind man asks a friend of his to make him understand what a cathedral is, and he draws it for him by treading the line and allowing him to feel, under the fingertips, the pressure of the pencil, so that he can imagine it.

Feel + Imagine = Feel the image.

Here is the fundamental equation for those who wanted, like her, to live authentically of art: images should not be swallowed, like those soluble by social that overload the ability to imagine, but decanted and enjoyed. Deeply felt. In the stomach, muscles, back. In that almond of the brain that is called the amygdala and that, from imprinted in the retina, carries them straight into the memory - making full aesthetic experiences, not instant anesthetic. Mentally touching how much the culture knows how to make prophecy he remembered Heidegger, who already in 1938 - that is, almost a century before the number of images produced on an annual scale by the present mankind was made known: a trillion - he called modernity the epoch of image in the world.

One trillion, one billion billion, 1,000,000,000,000,000. Somewhere he had also read that a medieval man came into contact, throughout his life, with about forty images produced, in contrast to the contemporary one for which the number splashes to twelve billion. The one in which we are immersed is no longer a biosphere but an iconosphere, as it was defined by another prophet who knew it very long and who answered the name of Gillo Dorfles. In the great feasting of iconographic junk food, we are constantly subjected, willy-nilly bulimics-sopic, if the image is our daily bread, we must free the table from the pre-packaged and chewed garbage, because the training (which in German is called Bildung) can never end - *condicio sine qua* not for the famous life lesson of Eduardo De Filippo, as well as for a fully lived life. In order for the image to become imaginary, and thus to sprout in memory, it must happen that «The gaze is imbued with colour, the ear becomes imbued with sound. There is nothing in the mind that is not in the senses. There is nothing in the idea that is not in the image. I become the blue of Olga's portrait, I become the dissonant of a chord, a dance step. I am no longer a question of myself. Cogito becomes Imago».

He pointed out in pencil these words of Three essays on the Image which accompanied her at that time, and which came from another oracle with an Intruder in his body, and momentarily placed that book on the cathedral of his bedside table, messy and perfect, sacred by virtue of the call to which they fulfilled all those Bildungsromane - those training novels that shape your posture in the world and of which that table was crowded because, basically, she loved the company of those who always had a new story to teach her, even when that story was always the same. Memory is a matter of repetition, selection, space, and exercise, and she carried out these precepts with the discipline of a soldier (choose well the words, in times doped of creation of the enemy) of a lover.

If Nancy knew how to become the blue of Olga's portrait, in the same way she could become, at alternating stages but also simultaneously, the overseas blue of the mantle of the Annunciata di Palermo by Antonello da Messina and the ivory white of that of Bartolomeo Apostolo del Greco, the pastel green of the waters of the Jordan in the Baptism of Christ by Masolino da Panicale and the powder blue, the flesh pink, the golden yellow and the ocher orange of the clothes draped by Pontorno in the Transport of Christ. At certain moments, stripped and necessary, she had managed to make herself also empty box of Deleuze. But what color is the void? Because colors - like smells, like madeleine for Proust in another, imposing Bildungsroman - facilitated accomplices to memory, and memory was its urgency. It is the urgency of anyone who proposes to never stop learning.

So what color is the void? He needed to find out. He needed to fix it. He needed to «build a stable plan to locate his memory», he confided in me on a sunny day at the end of November. Those rippled in which we live are times governed by clickbait, sniffing out which it is said that humanity is divided into those who only look at the images and in those who go beyond, reading the words (which does not mean only the titles or in art only the captions); culpably, however, one forgets who knows how to read the images, as well as look at them. Who can hear them, we said. She knew how to do it, she knew how to read them and grasp the sacred, which is not in the beaten chests but, sometimes, only in a color, in a drapery, in a volume, in order to make memory of it. If the image is sacred, the memory is his temple, he thought, while he was performing his personal ritual of coffee: black, bitter, boiling. As long as I've known her, I know that's how she is: point to the essence, because that's where the sacred is. It acts as a synecdoche, a part for the whole, mindful of the aesthetic lesson of Adorno: for an image to be called art it must know how to make enigma, exceeding its own form. «Say all the truth but say it obliquely / Success lies in the circuit», wrote Emily Dickinson in Poem 1129.

It was from these thoughts - scattered in the form of n+1 works, kept in the cathedral of his memory - that Giulia Marchi prepared to write with light her personal Bildungsroman.

appendix

(in strict alphabetical order)

Alfonso Cuarón, *Roma* (2018); Angelo Maria Ripellino, *Praga magica* (1973); Antonello da Messina, *Annunciata di Palermo* (1475); Aby Warburg, *Bilderatlas Mnemosyne* (1929); Derek Jarman, *Wittgenstein* (1993); Eduardo De Filippo, *Gli esami non finiscono mai* (1973); El Greco, *Bartolomeo Apostolo* (1614); Emily Dickinson, *Poesie* (1947); Gilles Deleuze, *L'immagine-tempo* (1985); Gillo Dorfles, *Nuovi riti, nuovi miti* (1965); Halldór Laxness, *World Light* (1969); Henry David Thoreau, *Walden ovvero Vita nei boschi* (1854); Ivan Aleksandrovič Gončarov, *Oblomov* (1859); Jacques Rozier, *Blue jeans* (1958); James Joyce, *Ritratto dell'artista da giovane* (1916); Jean-Luc Nancy, *Tre saggi sull'immagine* (2002); Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *La vocazione teatrale di Wilhelm Meister* (1785); Joris-Karl Huysmans, *Controcorrente* (1884); Lalla Romano, *Una giovinezza inventata* (1979); Lewis Carroll, *Alice nel Paese delle Meraviglie* (1865); Marcel Proust, *Alla ricerca del tempo perduto* (1914); Martin Heidegger, *L'epoca dell'immagine nel mondo* (1938); Masolino da Panicale, *Battesimo di Cristo* (1435); Michael Ende, *La storia infinita* (1979); Nan Goldin, *The ballad of sexual dependency* (1986); Peter Jackson, *Amabili Resti* (2009); Pier Paolo Pasolini, *Ragazzi di vita* (1954); Pier Vittorio Tondelli, *Altri libertini* (1980); Pontormo, *Trasporto di Cristo* (1528); Rainer Maria Rilke, *I quaderni di Malte Laurids Brigge* (1910); Raymond Carver, *Cattedrale* (1983); Theodor Adorno, *Teoria estetica* (1970); Thomas Mann, *La montagna incantata* (1924); Virginia Woolf, *Orlando* (1928); Voltaire, *Candido, o l'ottimismo* (1760); Wes Anderson, *Moonrise Kingdom* (2012)

Fabiola Triolo