

# DARK, LIGHT, SPACE

Giorgio Galotti

*Space is only noise if you can see  
See, I want to write a story about two long lines  
Two pretty lines that fall in love  
Two little spaces, they're filled with echoes  
One point below to each space  
Did the lines ever intersect one another  
At a moment in time?  
Or have always crossed like this?  
Have you always crossed like this?  
Have you been this way all the time  
Or were you always trying to get here with me?  
With me? With me? With me?*

Nicolas Jaar, *Space is only noise*

There must be some kind of astral contingency that finds me here, now, writing about Giovanni Ozzola's work while the rest of the world—physically distant from us—wages war with the same lightness with which it observes distant satellites.

It is that need to continue doing what we know how to do, in order to feel like living organisms on a planet that no longer seems sufficient—or perhaps no longer wants us. And in this persistence, in this “continuing to do what I know how to do,” I find yet another confirmation: art will not save the world, nor will it be useful for the conquest of space. Yet, in the meantime, it may help us understand the present—by observing it from the right distance, enough to momentarily distract us from the imminence of the future.

Perhaps it is precisely the perception of distance—corporeal distance between these energies—that becomes the most appropriate frequency for entering into contact with reality, and with Giovanni's work, which itself oscillates between reality and unreality.

Only in this way does the space generated between body and mind become noise—echoing Nicolas Jaar, whose words resonate beneath this text, and in turn connect to John Cage's 4'33" of mental silence. Sound / non-sound = space / non-space.

Giovanni lives in Tenerife, a remote island in the Canary archipelago, as if to underscore that what happens beyond his horizon should not interfere with his radius of action. Just as we relate to our present.

He has chosen this land in the middle of the ocean to preserve his gaze—to prevent the paradoxes of contemporaneity from interfering with his imagination. And yet he observes, as we do; perceives, as we do; listens, as we do—at a distance.

Creating a space between ourselves—between us, Giovanni—and reality is no longer necessary, because that space already exists. It is enough to know that the present is there, unfolding, while we navigate our daily obligations.

Time will intercept us—unexpectedly. We will jolt. Freeze. Attempt to grasp it, conquer it, immerse ourselves in it, listen to it—and try to move within it, with an extremely slowed focus.

To sound/non-sound and space/non-space is added seeing/non-seeing—perhaps the most powerful dimension, within which Giovanni moves.

Reworking his images, the world appears motionless—a residue of itself, sedimented in the perfect instant, just as we might wish the present to be: both mystical and mythic.

*Albedo* proposes a reflection on distance—visual, emotional, sonic, spatial, sentimental—through a sequence of intermittences that appear along the path like epiphanies, simulating pulses of light: real, yet here imagined, generating an alternating current. The works reveal themselves in close dialogue with the architecture that hosts them, offering a contemplation of the present in tension with memory.

At the center of the project stands the large video installation *Matteo*, which welcomes the viewer and immerses them in a perspectival passage—from the entrance to the canal—inviting them to cross it and access the room where the large video wall unfolds.

One is tempted to walk on water just to reach it, or to turn back like Orpheus, wondering whether those bells—motionless at the threshold—will begin to resonate with Matteo or dissolve into their latent noise. *Dust on My Memories* evokes the beginning of a warning sound—a sonic lighthouse that testifies to the presence of a body without revealing it. An image of danger transformed into a harmonious concert, like a solemn annunciation.

“Matteo is a visual monument: a statue in motion.” Giovanni speaks of him as if he were physically present beside us. “Proprioception—often defined as a ‘sixth sense’—is the body’s ability to feel itself in space.” Merleau-Ponty wrote: “*The body is not in the environment; it is the environment that is organized around it.*” Giovanni perceives that environment, makes it his own, and reworks it toward a shared purpose. Once again: sound / non-sound, seeing / non-seeing, reality / unreality.

A leap into darkness reveals a second eye: *Faro 7, a night in March – Venice*, inviting us to cross a second threshold and enter a space where real windows are obscured, yet others open onto parallel worlds: *La vida y la muerte me están desgastando* and *Sunset with Faith* await—irresistible, like sirens at sea. One longs to pass through them as if through a water door, to discover what lies beyond.

Then, the faint flame of *Candela* appears—drawing us back home, to an intimate and domestic dimension—introducing yet another question: Is night day?

As I write, Magritte’s *The Empire of Lights* comes to mind, affirming that day does not exist separately from night. Light is nothing without the darkness that completes its cycle.

Everything depends on what we choose to believe. If we connect this to the images recently released by NASA, we realize how timeless Giovanni’s work becomes: the darkness we immerse ourselves in is nothing other than cosmic space—made vital.

The project emerges as a complex optical device, divided into two spaces—separate, yet connected by a canal. Lines that observe and interact with one another, like the Moon and the Earth—*two pretty lines that fall in love*, as Jaar would say. Two places seeking one another, interpenetrating.

It resembles the interior of a control cabin, an aquarium-like room suggesting multiple versions of the same reality—multiple doors opening onto recurring themes in human history. Just as Caspar David Friedrich invited us to identify with the wanderer facing the sea, Giovanni Ozzola places us within these horizons, because he considers them universal.

And within the darkness that envelops the works, memory emerges once more—alongside another eternal symbol: Kazimir Malevich’s *Black Square*, where a single tone asserts dominance over all others, annihilating them in order to regenerate: “*From zero, in zero, the true movement of being begins.*” Silence. Darkness. Light. Space.