



G. Paolini, *Figures / Intentions* (vol. 1) and *Images / Index* (vol. 2), Villeurbanne: Le Nouveau Musée, 1984.

This two-volume set with slipcase, entirely designed by the artist, documents a selection of writings and interviews (largely drawn from the portfolio *Les fausses confidences*, 1983) printed over images from various sources (vol. 1); and a collection of works with descriptive notes and comments (vol. 2). The second volume is subdivided into nine thematic sections which correspond to those of the anthological show at the Nouveau Musée di Villeurbanne, on which occasion the set was published: "Untitled", "The Space of Time", "The Code and the Cipher", "The Reflected Image", "Idem", "On Intelligible Beauty", "Conversation Scenes", "Hierapolis" and "The Place of Representation".

Well, here I am, 43 years old and a few months, these few notes, as many illustrations...

What more is there to say that's neither too much nor nothing at all; it concerns me personally no more than it does the "bitter knowledge" of everybody else.

What meaning does an artist ascribe to continuity (his own continuous inconsistency), experience repeated in the trajectory of time? And why, if we are speaking of time, do we so consequentially look for the evolution of a line although endless?

Having discarded the task of examining the causes of this need, I preserve for myself the barely tenable illusion of following a path where calculating your own footsteps becomes itself the material in which to get lost.

[Volume *Figures / Intentions*, p. 69]

Revised version of previous English translations published in *Markus Lüpertz, Giulio Paolini: figure, colonne, fenestre*, exh. cat., Rivoli: Castello di Rivoli, 1986, p. 106; *Contemplator enim*, Florence: Hopefulmonster Editore, 1991, in the enclosure with English text.

Just what is the value of *Mona Lisa*? Greater than the sum of the numerous copies it has inspired, less than the guarantee of its own authenticity, equal to the value of a painting which tries to be inimitable but ends up being only identical.

[Volume *Figures / Intentions*, p. 71]

Slightly revised version of Lesley Fagan's English translation published in *Markus Lüpertz, Giulio Paolini: figure, colonne, fenestre*, exh. cat., Rivoli: Castello di Rivoli, 1986, p. 107.

Sculpture is neither always nor necessarily the fixing of a nucleus, the sublime crystal of a centripetal force. Sometimes it is the centrifugal giddiness of a surface, the disquieting make-believe of the earth: *Les Bourgeois de Calais* still demonstrates this.

A few more steps yet, they are well worth the immediate experience to be had, in the Musée Rodin garden, of another evident demonstration: one proof among many of the contradictions between modernity and chronology. How can an aesthetic emotion be referred to, or actually inscribed on the blind pigeonholes of a synoptic table? How, for example, can one say that Henry Moore would not have existed "without" Auguste Rodin, if Rodin managed not to do what Moore wouldn't manage to avoid?

[Volume *Figures / Intentions*, pp. 72-73]

Revised version of Lesley Fagan's English translation published in *Markus Lüpertz, Giulio Paolini: figure, colonne, fenestre*, exh. cat., Rivoli: Castello di Rivoli, 1986, p. 107.

That the artist inhabits obliquity and eludes the call of centrality seems obvious to me: his condition is a state of non-belonging, of distraction and scepticism which the rule in force, conservative or revolutionary as it may be, is ready to interpret as provocative.

Betrayal, not only of reality but also of his cultural perspectives and even of himself, has always been the stake of the artist. That is to say, the artist has always fed upon linguistic illusion, the only place on the social chessboard that belongs to him.

Paradoxically, however, this transgression is so expected and necessary that it runs the risk of becoming systematic. And it is here that the decisive move is made: art theory is not a cover for the word but a deceit, sometimes even opportune, against which the artist must measure himself. His only imperative, if one exists, is to forget everything, even the most prudent incentives to be himself.

[Volume *Figures / Intentions*, p. 75]

Translation by Paul Blanchard published in *Contemplator enim*, Florence: Hopefulmonster Editore, 1991, in the enclosure with English text.

The most appropriate and conscious encounter with Japanese art that I have experienced was the Idemitsu Collection at the Petit Palais in Paris.

The grace and charm of the pieces on show tended to give a somewhat overall effect, derived equally from each one individually. What we in the West call the “mystery of the Orient” but is actually the representation of imposed limits, beyond those of space and time, sharing the same secret nature as the work itself.

So too in Amsterdam and Giverny we cannot avoid asking ourselves whether those Japanese prints really are the object of our vision or if we are merely exchanging glances with Van Gogh and Monet, who took up the subject and studied it long before us.

[Volume *Figures / Intentions*, p. 77]

Revised version of Lesley Fagan's English translation published in *Markus Lüpertz, Giulio Paolini: figure, colonne, finestra*, exh. cat., Castello di Rivoli, Rivoli, 1986, p. 108.

– The artist, having forgotten his first work, stands aside and a certain gentleman appears in his place: all the paintings subsequently shown will take up position as though to form an immense frame around that empty square. The point is to attribute a time and place to that first instant...

– I'm not sure of that, maybe the opposite is true: it's the artist who appears in the end, it is he who remains! Otherwise, to whom would the traces belong which now permit us to speak?

[Volume *Figures / Intentions*, pp. 78-79]

Translation by Paul Blanchard published in *Contemplator enim*, Florence: Hopefulmonster Editore, 1991, in the enclosure with English text.

If “in politics that which appears is, and therefore the discussion which causes something to appear is the being of the politician”, it follows that in art, that which does *not* appear is (I didn't say that which appears is not).

[Volume *Figures / Intentions*, p. 81]

Translation by Lesley Fagan published in *Markus Lüpertz, Giulio Paolini: figure, colonne, finestra*, exh. cat., Rivoli: Castello di Rivoli, 1986, p. 109.

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