

Marsèlleria

permanent exhibition

Alessandro Di Pietro invites Enrico Boccioletti to contribute to his solo show Felix on the occasion of the Miart Art Night Non Profit Spaces on Saturday 14 April 2018.

Felix was still a name, when Alessandro asked me for a music for this exhibition, on which he was working. We would have presented it on a special occasion, as a soundtrack for a non-existing movie, that will not be produced (and that, even if it would be produced, no one would look at).

Now Felix is there and will hover in Milan for a while, inside the space of Marsèlleria in via Rezia, which has been dismantled and changed so much because of his desire, and which is a bit something of his own now, even if he did not show himself completely. Maybe Felix will be visible at some point, but as for now I'm happy to imagine how he will sound.

For this composition I decided to be disrespectful towards the expectations. How does an invented character sound? It does not show itself, I think, it is never complete.

I started this way, with extemporary sketches, just a few notes at a time, played on the keyboard of some virtual instrument, or a trial, or different versions of a midi sequence with added or snatched half-notes. How comes that a glitch become a rule?

This music has to sound as everything, and as nothing at the same time: I delegated much to my computer, to get rid of the author's nausea, but in the end I couldn't help myself bothering it all the time.

It's an eternal fight, against its dynamics, its algorithmic nature; what does it think, with its geometries, that its reasons are more important than mine? I could say that, if there is a balance, it could be the one among free improvisation, imposing limits to one's own creativity, the heed of the machine intelligence, and repeating, repeating, varying, ostentatiously repeating, stubbornly repeating.

So, seven themes can be declined in more than hundred variations (and who knows how many more), leaving the helm of the performance to the computer, an executor which is mindful of my participation.

As I was telling you, this music sounds almost like nothing, it's never completely something, nor something else. There are many, maybe too many, different tones, perfectly simulated instruments, that could maybe sound as real, or that reveal their digital ghostliness through prepared-by-the-millimeter attacks and pauses or impossible virtuosities; music instruments really played, masked as distant ancestors or hypothetical great grandsons; the memory of a human voice: breathes, vocals, velar and guttural sounds.

Felix is an ostensibly possible character in an improbable four-episodes series: this composition is *for Felix*, it should last five hours, but it could also be a lot longer (but also a lot shorter).

What is important is, to be *for Felix*, that it could continuously change.

Enrico Boccioletti
Per Felix, 14 April 2018