

ZERO...

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Enzo Cucchi

ATTENZIONE alla PUTTANA SANTA - BEWARE THE HOLY WHORE

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Can beauty exist without having to get mixed up in paradoxical discourses on the age-old charm of a decadent nobility which perhaps never even really existed?

It's a matter of trust.
An agreement between the anti-ethical.

I think I trust him and I think he does me.

Finding the good that lies around us, and which doesn't lie in the ridiculous mainstream narrative of a nation which doesn't even have the dignity of a geographical expression.
Celebrating a tale which might provide an alternative to that of the hard-working populace that gave away its lean muscle in favor of the pumped-up biceps and succulent thighs of gomorra.

Tight-collared kissing of sacred ampoules.
Note: in this country, children still play in the streets.
While in this city, boys and girls still snog in the basements.
The line across the palm leads in the other way to that wished by Sciascia, it would seem.
We seek a reason to hold an exhibition.

It's not in communication technologies that we find inspiration, and even less so in the slightly werewolfish trend towards neo-franciscanism.

The world of the environmentalists is a world of shit.
Non plus ultra bio, just like shit.

Piero Manzoni.
Inevitable sophistication?
On with the next.

The avant-garde as a wave of consumerism that tries its hand on the path of art.
Work is a bane, but without it, we get bored shitless.
Poverty of the very highest level, like that of the twentieth-century peasants, says Enzo.
The Good Savage.
Antica Gelateria del Corso.
The line across the palm rises.
Bas Jan Ader, where are you?

Rome, the holy city.