

*Julius in Torino, springtime 2001*

Everyday when I went back to the Julius installation in my space, I found out that all the works were sunk in a sort of suspension quite alike a sleep, as they were silent and still. I quickly switched on the six cd players, one after one, feeling as someone who, delicately as well as steadily, tries to awake someone who's sleeping, a beloved one, somebody to talk with, to listen to, to make *alive* again... So, in a few seconds, an entangled system of disparate sounds began to work once more and, as in a conversation, distances between the various works did cancel out, that were much evident, clear and defined, when in silence. The graphite powder over the four "Volcanoes (hanging)"'s woofers started again to pulsate, the "2 x black"'s monologue - like a dance of courting, as acted by an invisible bird of paradise - began again to hover above that thick, thin sound texture. And in the meantime, inside the two pots of "Breathing", a choked, distant wind returned close and present just raising up the two covers. Life, again, always new, recognizable and unpredictable as well, and connected to other lives there, and outside, heard and seen in the same moment. Once, by chance, I found out some traces that something inexplicable had left in the installation, imperceptibly altering it. The first one I saw, over the larger of the two 'blacks', was a small spot on the surface - a thin layer put on panel of glass. The other trace, which I noticed a little after, black on the white wall facing the corner where the work was situated, several metres afar, was instead quite clear and one could recognize the legs, one wing, and the body of a fly. Which arose from the glass where it settled for a moment and, after a long flight through the space, finally landed on that wall, leaving there that small amount of pigment removed from the glass. This fact, which I reconstructed this way, seemed to me like a *dream of the installation*: an event nobody could attend in person, but that certainly left some traces of its ephemeral existence.

Carlo Fossati, 2001