

DANIELE CASCONI

Daniele Cascone lives and works in a land of strong contrasts: everything is carnal, recognizable, as if events - be they natural or attributable to man - do not like to be misunderstood. Everything, in the arrogance of appearing for what it is, is therefore dramatically real, and mute as a secret. And yet it is a land in whose chest is great the desire to unravel its voice, forcing those who live there to hear its voice, so that its song is eternally handed down. Everything is true, it was said. His best sons know it well, the poets who have declaimed the violent beauty in verse; the writers know it well, who write of earth and heaven, and of men and things; the photographers who are fed by its light know this well too. None of these resists making a voice: the temptation of the story is strong in the land of Daniele Cascone. The photographers have narrated every aspect of it: from the cruel to the sublime, from the chastity of the sacred to the slipperiness of the pagan with sincere passion but in the wake of a "realist" tradition that sometimes froze the narrative in the bed of the immutable, in the fence of complacency when not of oleography, almost as if forced to perpetuate a tradition forced to perpetuate itself. The Ragusa photographer Daniele Cascone is certainly not one of them. His story is not within the limits of the convention nor does it intend to remain there, and to the representation of reality he prefers the insidious and mysterious path of the dreamlike, of the allusion, of the symbolic, in a single word of the surreal. The challenge is strong, especially from his place. There, net of numerous exceptions, the narration of reality has become enchanted on photography that appears to be jostling to become "unique language" and whose risk of visual homologation extends from street photography to landscape to make the work of one unrecognizable from the other. Cascone's attempt is another. His photography tries to refute what seems to be axiomatic and that is that a photographic image has the objective of "stopping" reality, of placing it within a format and delivering it to an otherwise elusive eternity. Cascone's surrealist photography overturns this concept and elsewhere, where the strict rules of documentary testimony are in force, he responds with images that, in addition to asking for observations, challenge us by asking what we observe. We are therefore in the field of conceptual photography that from Man Ray to Rodney Smith, from Roberto Kusterle (to which I would add the name of the young Russian photographer Oleg Oprisco) has intended to engage with reality a challenge with strokes of symbols, to make the symbol more true of truth. There's more. In Daniele Cascone we feel a sure hand, agitated by the visual breath of Saudek, mistress of the medium and of photographic techniques whose ability is never made available only to a clear and effective reading; we feel a formal discipline at the service of composition, the search for a balance between form and content. His photographs are often allusive, even more often rich in references whose hints resonate in us as distant echoes to be caught in the deep unconscious: bodies devoid of heads, faces bandaged or richly adorned with flowers, supine handmaids, women engaged in a peach so unlikely to fascinate, sadly poured dead or, finally, bodies scorned by the load of household goods move in a sparse, battered context, closed to an incommunicability that makes them incapacitated by any interaction. It's as if the rest, the real, in fact, did not exist - or rather, excluded - because it is not part of the "corpus" of the narrative in which the centrality is occupied by subjects and objects. And to these, in addition to corporeality, we must look: there is no furniture that is not organic, functional to the composition, as if they were additional brushstrokes revealing a story that the wise balance of black and white has the strength to exalt. The dream therefore overcomes reality; the truth is beaten in its own terrain and the deciphering of the symbol - semiotics here could tell a great deal - pushes us into a field in which, to unravel the meaning, it is good to have adequate tools, because the photographs of Daniele Cascone even before with the eyes they must look with our mind.

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