

A short guide to a vision
Sabina Ghinassi

“Perhaps only in a world of blind people will things be what they really are.”
José Saramago, *Blindness*, 1995

We arrived late. Eleonora and Giulia had already left on their bicycles after a day in the cold, taking care, like two little Gatekeepers, of the comings and goings through the small door. The door has always been there, like Edgar Allan Poe's stolen letter: obvious and yet hidden.

No one notices it. If they do, the most likely interpretation is that it is the warehouse/storage room of the bar-pastry shop next door. A mundane place. Instead, it is a secret passageway between the folds of the city, one of the removed parts that continue to exist while pretending not to be there.

All cities have several of them, serenely and duly concealed. They tell and open up other stories.

I think it is fortunate, from a certain point of view: the gift of this exhibition/strange event/immersive and *emerging* installation (like Clément Mitéran's mosaic works) is also that of losing one's usual bearings, of making everyone return to being a beginner in vision, forced to flânerie, to get lost, even if one believes to have the answers.

A privilege.

There is no time to prepare, gather information.

Clément Mitéran, artist-philosopher, is the demiurge of probable visions; in pointing them out, he embraces the unpredictability of possibilities, the reckless opening of other doors, seeking them out and accompanying you there.

When you enter the space, you entrust yourself; you welcome the enchantment and the uncanny, you walk the edge, sinking into comfort and discomfort, necessarily taking on the responsibility of being the protagonist of a story, your story in there, another space, womb or cave, refuge or prison, beginning and end.

In the darkness, there are those who are afraid and those who feel protected and safe.

Entry is for one person at a time.

You are given a carriage lantern with a flickering candle light, halfway between Jack the Ripper looking for his next victim in Whitechapel and the Hermit of the Tarot Readers White (this happened to me).

Then they let you in. Alone.

You may:

feel completely alone

experience blindness and regain your sight

learn to look again, allowing yourself plenty of time

decode, giving yourself the freedom to construct your own story through images

live your limits

fall in love with the shadows

fall in love with the light
fall in love with gold, precious and pulsating, rising slowly from the black wings
(the English 'to fall in love' resembles a romantic fall into the things of the world)
falling into the gold that vibrates, that beats like a heart and trembles with light and
shadow, that crackles with fire and becomes the soul-skin of a world reborn
invent the images you see
forget them and go back (to see them differently)
invent the sounds you hear
sharpen all your senses
stay in Plato's cave and understand nothing
stay in the cave refuge of Amaterasu, the Japanese Sun Goddess, and not want to
leave
mistake fireflies for lanterns to discover that they are new creatures, firefly-lanterns in
fact, and they are beautiful
become Borges' Droctulft and Jung's imaginative Baptistery of the Arians
perceive that "in our house there are many spaces besides the room we are in, and
that other people live there", as James Hillmann said: the other people are there, on
the damp walls, and you can see them for a brief moment, perhaps even talk to them
go out to see the stars again and feel nostalgia for that strange place

be certain that Clément Mitéran is a great artist and be grateful for an experience
that is not just an exhibition, but an intense journey through the dense time of vision.
Which reconnects the gaze to the heart, to the body and to all the nights and dawns
of the world.