

Leconte encantada – “sin fin” by VestAndPage, a movie of the different kind

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The colour is blue. Not Jarman’s death-rattling one, and neither the trustful blue of Chagall. Not the one glaring from Mirò’s canvas (as if any shades of heavenly blue converged in Barcelona), not the disarming, perhaps ultimate one of Antonello da Messina. Not the one chosen for Chatwin’s Patagonia book cover in Italy, and not even the lapis-lazulian blue of the Cathedral of Palermo. Here, in the core of VestAndPage’s movie “sin fin”, the blue is threshold of the infinite—it’s sky steeped into sea—a wittingly borderline blue closer to



celluloid than to the digital eye. It is precisely the blue that enlightens a degenerate film work, as libertarian as the authentic experimental art must be. Capable of enchant you into digressions of a certain tactile blue, in which is portrayed a mysterious yet familiar world extending from the remote Chilean Patagonia to Tierra del Fuego. You find out that this blue is now lying within your own eyes, carried away like an unexpected stranger kidnapped in some faraway unknown province. So “sin fin” hits you straight in the heart. Hence it deserves to be told what the heck the apples of those eyes have seen.

It doesn’t matter that the movie is overseen by the famous Shakespearian lunge “All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players: they have their exits and entrances”. Shakespeare himself carved it in “As You Like It” and then recycled it in “The Merchant of Venice”, when Jacques soliloquies, “I hold the world but as the world, a stage where every man must play a part”. No matter again, because here we’re not questioning the genius of the bard, nor the *esprit d’aventure* of

VestAndPage. Moreover, watching this series of performances shot “on location”, it’s evident that the stage is the planet Earth, at least as the audience is planetary. The movie, however, defies stylistic classification: it is not based on film script; it’s neither a documentary; nor docudrama. It might better be said that it presents two crazy enough artists roaming far and wide, Verena Stenke and Andrea Pagnes, who prefer to tell us what these extreme lands make you think of, instead of explaining us what they are made of. It is roughly the same the great Orson Wells did in his marvellous “Around The World With Orson Wells” (especially in the episode on the Basque pelota).



la scrittura come materia organica

If it's not too much of an inconvenience, though, we would venture to say that in "sin fin" there is something more intimate: a testimony which is more geophysical than anthropological, somewhat Fluxus. In its essence a "spherical research", as the same two artists have called it, which congeals and scatters them in a harvest of flesh that is surely avant-garde, but that here and there oozes with sweetness. In spite of currents, shamanic ecologies and surrealism, comes out a covert then increasing sensation of a pure, popular, irreducible sweetness! You can't hold it when the bodies of the two performers seem to melt into the same nature where they are set. The sequences of pure flesh are exciting, epidermic, somewhat orthopaedically poetic, when inks are printed and objects rage onto bared skins, tightened with gauzes, shaken by subtle, imperceptible muscular spasms or signs. The letters, words, the writing itself is assumed as organic matter. And all this paraphernalia—always brilliant under the imprint of scenic invention—goes well with impossible landscapes, worthy of any words in spite of Chatwin. Therefore it is easier to think of contrasting followers: the cynical rigor of Magritte, the nervous pace of Carolyn Carson, the consumerist satire of Hipgnosis, to name a few. After all that's no coincidence, because if you investigate on Verena and Andrea, you come across a string of artistic experience ranging from visual art to performance, from poetry to sculpture, painting and dance.

Years ago, in Catalonia, at the Biennale of Young Artists from the Mediterranean, it was shouted the slogan "més art que mai", more art than ever; and it is precisely that art, as evidenced by their repertoire, the only way to attain knowledge. The only way for the artists to bear the indifference of the system remains therefore the search. "I ask questions", Beuys said, "I put on paper forms of language, as well as forms of sensibility, of intents and



una vendemmia di carni

ideas, and I do so in order to stimulate thought. Furthermore, I would like to not only inspire others, but also provoke". In "sin fin" luckily there are more questions than answers and it should not be overlooked that the whole work is filmed with exemplary technique (photography, editing and cutting of the shots), despite the precarious means of self-production. The strength of VestAndPage is lying in their transversality, an ability to move effortlessly between different latitudes and concerns, knowing that art survives even to itself, and that the path of a true explorer is within that quixotic ridge between wisdom and folly that leads to abstraction. One is reminded of the resurrected Adam of Yoram Kaniuk: "Sanity is pleasant, calm, amusing, but it lacks greatness, it lacks true joy as well as the awful sorrow which slashes the heart".

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The movie trailer

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J1vtzqaVc50>

<http://www.sinfin-themovie.de/>

<http://vest-and-page.de/>

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/VestAndPage/155744097788144>

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