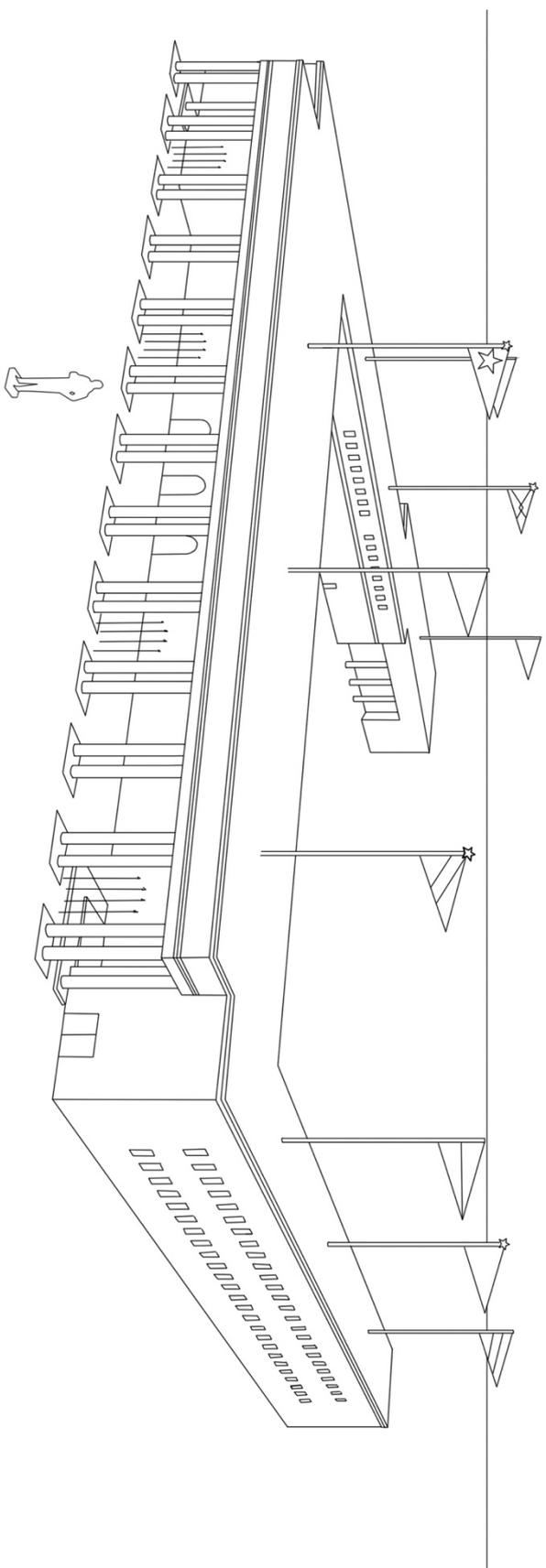


Dear Dave!



Pigeon pr

This press release was penned exclusively in Italian:

As much as I am willing to understand I's inclination to look down and read this text, Renée Paule would prefer I looks up instead. For RP's new experiment – yes, experiment, that's the word – leave this page for what it is, raise I's head and direct I's eyes not *outside* but *above* the institute and wait.

How high precisely?

Well in hard figures or circa's a height won't say much. This upward-looking lets itself be measured by the level of inconvenience. The *elevation* known to fuck with your neck, like when I finds I-self staring at a church ceiling for too long. (The baroque I's are the absolute worst – demanding of both tourist and non-tourist a baroque endurance. The baroque ceilings *were* the worst, at least, before mirrors came to meddle; enabling, normalizing, facilitating I to cheat on the ceiling. Cheat on the ceiling staring contest. Now oeils can be trompe'd without having to risk looking up, once. Upside-down, baroque ceilings fail to suggest *there is no ceiling*, they fail to be forgotten or mistaken for architecture that breaks open in a sneak peak of heaven. Looking down into these mirrrs just makes heaven look fake. The fate is I's own reflection blocking the access.)

RP knows it's risqué to ask I to look up and asks I to do so anyway. *Pigeon pr* is a “mostra *supra-muros*”. Why settle for semi-neutral museum ceilings, shameless limits on which I fails to discover even the illusion of heaven, stupid ceilings that fail to promise ascent, even if for a small second? Reserving the museum's air rights (“ad coelum”), RP vertically reconnects the art temple with the capital-c creation and the paradise beyond.⁶

What does I see up there, should I feel like fucking up I's neck for art?

If you've stopped reading in time you'll discover, out of nowhere, a big party of pigeons spelling out a sky message with the human alphabet. On the mystic writing pad that is the sky, RP doesn't just write *with* the pigeons. She doesn't make the pigeons sign the sky *in her name* but makes them write *to her* instead. What I fucks I's neck up for is not a monologue – a preach – but an opening line of dialogue that God knows continues where...

The I who's made it to this point on the page has likely missed the pigeon-perfect communication. (A safe assessment without being too blind to the statistical evidence that in all likelihood I has skipped a paragraph or two). If I does I's best, I might still scout a few pigeons left and right doing their best to uncage themselves from the frameless sky, flying free as if no experiment took place here, ever, and no experiment will, ever again. Either way it never was about the process (the reading of this text, the positioning of the pigeons), the point was always the picture.

⁶ Note that you can't spell “paradise” without RP, which is not true for “inferno”.