

There are instants or days particularly suited to more mechanically recordable transfigurations, prompting us to lurk in wait for more exact alignments between fragments of everyday life and the reality of our feelings. This instinct to select, unconscious at times, may already be at work when we decide to put on a hat or helmet, come out of our hiding place, and make our way through the disorder or secret order of creation. But this poetic moment of discovery and action may come at any other time: it may precede or coincide with the shot, act intermittently, be still latent or in full flush when we pull that slippery, dripping sheet from the tray after an anxious series of operations, throughout which a photograph can still be shot any number of times. A series of operations that are seemingly mechanical, but which can each become, some or all of them, so consummately subjective as to render unrecognizable the element of nature that was their emotional starting point or pretext.

[...]

This transfiguration and recreation in our own image, as a view of our inner landscape, can now, after the digressions noted above, be summed up in its mere technical essence as a selfevident condition in which selector and subject are intentionally or accidentally positioned in simple or combined relation to each other, in space and time. It is thus always a selection, predisposed to take on a life of its own; a demiurgic manipulation of the substance of nature, hence of sensations, which is not unique to photography, but shared by all the arts.

[...]

The spirit of motionless things, the secret of an ordinary face, the secret breath of clustered trees and flowers, of stones, of a form of light, all the fleeting life that seems to camouflage itself as commonplace under our snooping, suspicious gaze, is surprised and revealed by him as if in a successful nighttime ambush; nor do we care if in this moment of understanding, which is not the motionless ecstasy of “metaphysicists”, at the fringes of desire and of what is normally confessable, we find ourselves caught in the noman’s land of the fashionable subconscious and the flood plain of torrential automatism of the “trance”, that is, the dubious stomping grounds of surrealists.

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