

Milena Rossignoli

Repeat Bend Coincide

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One Two Three Three Two One

By Àngela Bonadies

You know, sometimes I say to myself, if every single day, at exactly the same stroke of the clock, one were to perform the same single act, like a ritual, unchanging, systematic, every day at the same time, the world would be changed. Yes, something would change. It would have to. One could wake up in the morning, let's say, get up at exactly seven, go to the bathroom, pour a glass of water from the tap, and flush it down the toilet. Only that!

The Sacrifice, Andrei Tarkovsky

An apprenticeship

Let us scratch the etymology of *sculpture*. Let us lie down on the ground to scrape it, absorb it and realise that there is something else down there: an essence, a form, a method, a spirit that welcomes us when we sculpt and fall. This is what Milena Rossignoli proposes: an apprenticeship. Knowing how to fall before flying, preserving the wings whose wax melts in the sun, like those of young Icarus, like those of young people seduced by balconing, hurling their bodies into the air, dazzled by the sun, touched by the bright wound shown by Christian Avilés in his short film *Daydreaming So Vividly About Our Spanish Holidays*: burnt.

Rossignoli suggests beginning the journey from below, avoiding the glare and observing flying artefacts as structures that sense flight, recognising the ground as their ultimate aim, as arrival. Turn your eyes again to the dust that will slowly or hastily welcome us, learn and grasp — for what hangs in the sky will end up on the earth — and follow the writings of that illiterate woman who, possessed, wrote prophecies with a nail on the prison floor. Writing, sculpture, illumination? The transient, the fragile, the illuminated: launching oneself

into flight from below and absorbing the ground, not resisting, being at once fragile and resistant.

I listen in dreams:

'The better you absorb, the better you fall: whatever the fall. If you absorb well, the damage does not arrive. If you imagine a leaf falling, it goes

left right
left right

as it falls in a zigzag pattern. The first thing to fall is not necessarily the first thing to touch the ground: a landing or a passage. Perceiving the body with a centre: a curvature that is the belly. Falling with your whole body inflated like a circle: in this way you will always fall well. From a still position: raise your arm by turning that connects your arm with your leg. Cycles, circular. The body's shadow reaches the ground before the falling body. So does the spirit, and it does so with the hand of someone who writes words he or she does not know how to write. A pointer, a song, that of the hand that does not know — and knows.'

In this low flight, Milena Rossignoli allows herself be carried away and recounts a few tales that she tells me and I salvage, in which three situations occur that can better explain her work and this exhibition, because they insist on 'repeating bending coinciding' and falling in order to continue trying.



Ajuntament de
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LACAPPELLA

Two tales by M. R.

The master and paragliding

A martial arts master attempted to fly by paragliding and was hindered by three obstacles:

I

The first time, he ran so much and so fast from the take-off area that, after many minutes, he reached the bottom without ever lifting his body off the ground, although the glider remained inflated in the air. He reached the edge of the sea and tried to stop. It was the job of his companions to slow him down to prevent the inertia from drowning him.

II

On the second attempt, the master became entangled in the ropes, in the lines or cords of the device and fell rolling down like a spring roll wrapped in the sail and wing of the paraglider. It was the job of his companions to carefully unwrap him to prevent him from drowning.

III

At last, on the third attempt, the master took flight and during his initial ascent, he crashed against a small yet sturdy tree, from which he hung like a piece of fruit seated in his swing harness. It was the job of his companions to lower him carefully down to avoid a heavy blow, a fracture or an unexpected hanging.

Not arriving at the place for which a journey was undertaken

An artist travels to a city to familiarise herself with the exhibition gallery where she is due to hold an exhibition and fails to do so because:

I

When she arrives at the house of a friend where she will be staying, he invites her to celebrate his birthday in style at a new place where exhibitions are also staged. The artist decides to accept because she is going to spend three days in the city, enough time to familiarise herself with the place where she will display her work. Besides, she hasn't partied for a long time because she works as a waitress in order to be able to work on her show. The partying goes on and on into the night, and she arrives home late at the place where she is staying (almost at dawn).

II

She wakes up late the next day, has breakfast and goes to the exhibition gallery to which she must go, but it is closed because she has arrived at the time when the staff there have gone to lunch. She decides to have lunch and come back later, but she bumps into a girlfriend on the way who is also an artist. She wants her to see her new sofa and home. They head off to see them. They both sit down, get something to drink and snack on, smoke and talk. She glances at her watch and tells her friend that she has to go. Her friend decides to accompany her, so they walk together. They arrive at the exhibition gallery, but it is already closed until tomorrow. The friends continue chatting as the evening wears on.

III

It is the day of her departure, the third day, although she still has time to explore the gallery. As she sets off, she bumps into three friends sitting at a table on a bar terrace. One of them introduces her to his son, who was born just over a year ago. She decides to stay and spend some time with them, until she realises that her train is leaving soon: earlier than expected. She rushes off to the station – in a taxi – and returns to the city where she lives without having set foot in the gallery where she will be exhibiting.

Three actions

The number three must be important in the process of flying and falling, lifting off and flying. As well as in any method or system. The three actions that therefore drive Milena Rossignoli's pieces:

Repeat: the act of trying is part of the process. Not going directly, not thinking that the first time is enough: crossing again, turning, bending again.

Bend: making time, the body and the materials bend in on themselves and fall back to the same place: coming together in a circular movement, coinciding.

Coincide: falling two or more times at the same point, making the same movement, over and over again: arriving and repeating.