



Cover: *Kindred Spirits*, 2016  
Mixed media on wood  
78.75 x 59 inches (200 x 150 cm)

# Matteo Montani

*Once Upon a Time Life, Again*

14 April - 17 June 2016

*Texts by*

Marcello Carriero

Marco Tonelli

*Exhibition Curated by*

Isabella del Frate Rayburn

**The Elkon Gallery, Inc.**

18 East 81st Street New York, NY 10028 212.535.3940  
elkongallery@earthlink.net | [www.elkongallery.com](http://www.elkongallery.com)

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## Once upon a Time, Life Again

The distinguishing features of Matteo Montani's work are connected to his treatment of matter, a treatment which often rules out any tactile overindulgence and focuses on transparency. The key passages in the history of Montani's painting may be illustrated by referring to a select number of works, such as *Dall'emersione*, 2000 (mixed technique, 140 x 115 cm) – a work produced through the abrasion of a layer of paint that in a way marks the artist's first cycle of paintings. With *Soffio* (Foster 5125), 2005 (oil on sandpaper mounted on canvas, 188 x 305 cm, mixed technique), Montani took part in the 'Pittori al muro' exhibition at Fabio Sargentini's L'Attico gallery in Rome. On this occasion, Sargentini described the work – a bright and liquid light-blue diorama – as a "landscape of the soul". Montani then took part in the 15<sup>th</sup> Rome Quadriennale with *Il risveglio*, 2008 (oil on sandpaper mounted on canvas, 188 x 305 cm): a fantasy landscape made up of horizontal shades of blue. In 2012, in the Museum of Palazzo de' Mayo in Chieti the artist exhibited *Nei colori del giorno* (oil on sandpaper, 144 x 200 cm), the first work of his featuring the use of gold. In 2014 Montani created the installation entitled *Essere viventi (la fontana della vita)*: 42 works (oil on paper, 40 x 30 cm and 30 x 20 cm) displayed in the Hendrick Christian Andersen Museum in Rome and marking the beginning of a unique reflection on figuration. On this occasion, Matteo Montani exhibited some boards he had used as a resting surface in his everyday work as a painter: within them he detected forms and figures, emerging out of the disorderly marks left by paint jars and painting tools. This accidental encounter led to an emphasis on unconscious data, to an awareness of traces. Montani, however, does not highlight their random nature, in Dadaist fashion, nor does he consider them – from a Surrealist perspective – as the consequence of any flushing out of the unconscious; rather, he reflects on the impressions which these elements evoke in relation to a new pictorial context.

"To have original, extraordinary thoughts, possibly even immortal ideas, it is sufficient to become so completely estranged from the world and things for a few moments that the most ordinary objects and events appear to be wholly new and unfamiliar, whereby their true nature is disclosed." Arthur Schopenhauer, *Parerga and Prolegomena*

The transparency of Matteo Montani's films of paint directs the viewer's eye towards the lower layers – the layers of a liquid, airy paint, which forms a striking contrast with the rough and "stony" surface on which it rests, as light as a breeze. The eye expects a form to emerge from this stratification and searches for it in the milky merging of color and background – searching for some illumination, for a bright glimmer, or for a thickening of the surface which it can cling to. Montani appears to have developed a space within which the viewer's gaze can roam, not in order to find any direct confirmation, but rather to constantly redefine its objectives, aims and points of reference. This journey eludes all barriers – both supple, unstable barriers and solid, insurmountable ones – and unfolds in the darkness of the background through a rustling of fine curtains or by ascending bright, steep peaks. Let us consider for a moment how many times we come across curtains in the history of painting, from the contest between Zeuxis and Parrhasius onwards – possibly also as a way of confirming the covering procedure that is typical of painting. The metaphor of the veil is often used for painting, which is synonymous with both a deceptive depth and the concealment of a surface. The consistency of the painted screen alternates with thickenings and dissolutions, whereby the truth of the painter's work comes from the fiction of the painted image, the memory of his gesture from the oblivion of vision, the shadow of the medium from the light of color. Years ago I wrote that Matteo Montani had an 'orographic gaze', focused on the disclosing of a depth that erases the 'hypotactic' nature of the medium. Today his gaze would appear to be directed elsewhere: I would describe it as an archaeological gaze. Montani is now seeking to bring out a familiar trace from a forgotten repository, an isolated fragment from a cluster of elements, figuratively expressed through painstaking research and excavation. In relation to this, it is worth recalling that Montani's first works consisted precisely in the 'excavating' of layers of color to attain a distinctive iridescence. In his latest works one instead finds the search for a silhouette, which ultimately takes the form of a figurative body, as the confirmation of a presence rediscovered in the scraps of time. This research amounts to an act of defiance against the request for a turbulent renewal of the image within contemporary art: it is an attitude which shuns the forceful attempt to redefine the cultural role of the artist. Montani avoids spectacular performances, reverting to the slow pace of bygone times. Acknowledging the decline of images means restoring a time for vision and criticizing the excess of evidence, primarily on the level of denotation. Once the encounter with an unexpected element has been detected, the image gradually acquires meaning. In his revolt against extreme



visibility, Montani appears to be promoting a radical change of sensibility, understood as the constant fine-tuning of the penetrating power of one's gaze, rather than as the ability to classify data. The image thus produced challenges cumulative and selective memory, eluding it in order to renew itself through an ongoing morphogenesis. This form is rooted in the search for engrams in the desert of the surface, an area abandoned by the 'pictorial reason', which is to say the preordained implementation of a visual project. For Montani it is not a matter of establishing a new vision, but rather of embarking on a process of inspection. The eye no longer falls upon a screen but scans for possible apparitions in a space. The appearance of something, then, coincides with the awareness of finding oneself before a recollected image within a given space. In the tension between form and execution, Montani searches for a means to strike a balance between marks and erasures. His focus is not so much on the juxtaposing of images, as on the detecting of an image by drawing it out of the layer of experiences that builds up over the course of the life of a work. Nevertheless, the operation of observing things, invoked by Leonardo Da Vinci and found again in Marx Ernst's frottages, is not limited to the mere testing of surface effects: Montani goes well beyond this, by searching for the possible causes of what emerges from his ongoing research. He reappraises the subject as *sub-jecto* – in other words, he does not so much rejoice in his finds, as gain awareness of the process of excavation. Appearance, then, is no longer a final act but rather a transient condition of the signifier – a condition that is never definitive, because it represents the ongoing verification of a journey which may always commence anew. The figure one comes across fluctuates between definition and dissolution: it is 'figurative' yet at the same time as solid and elusive as the ghost of Elsinore. From each fresh layer of paint Montani expects a revelation; from each new plunge into the abyss, another abyss to probe. No doubt, all this is reminiscent of mystical apparitions, where to believe is to see and, vice-versa, to see is to believe. Montani's forms, however do not reveal any holy profile, but rather disclose a marvel embedded within the folds of earthly time: a perfectly mundane, human phenomenon. The estrangement envisaged by Arthur Schopenhauer as a means to recover the true essence of ordinary things is in accordance with this sighting, whereby a silhouette meets one's gaze while at the same time raising doubts as to its presence. Montani identifies this figure and restores its importance by providing a place for it. While threatened with dissolution, this figure is the result of an interpretation – a pattern detected in a splotch, in a stain.

"Dear guest, dreams are ambiguous and sly:  
not all that men may see in them will be.  
There are two gates of disembodied dreams:  
the gate of horn and gate of ivory.  
Those dreams that reach us through carved ivory  
bring words that damage us, for they delude;

they promise, but they never will fulfil.  
But dreams that take the gate of polished horn,  
when they are seen by mortals, do foretell  
what is in truth to come."  
Homer, *Odyssey*, XIX, 560-567

Like all figures, Matteo Montani's ones are not inner images. These figures do not interpret a pictorial condition but are rather the outcome of an interpretation; indeed, they *require* an interpretation. Certainly, they are expressions of meaning because they occupy a certain space; at the same time, they are exemplary forms because they are foreign to any assimilation whatsoever. These figures, moreover, do not reproduce any inner need: in other words, they do not stem from the urge to trigger a process of identification through the imitation of a model; less still – as already noted – are they part of an arrangement, the coordinates of a visual field which provides a setting for the perception of the world. Through indeterminateness and the imagination, these images reproduce the multiplicity and vagueness of feelings, which is to say those qualities which distinguish inner images from objective data. Matteo Montani's figures freeze this vagueness only for a moment, marking it out as a particular reflection and likeness. Without becoming fixed as a scheme, they evoke further conformations. These silhouettes are necessary as a means to verify the painter's work. Like shadow for Von Chamisso's Peter Schlemihl, these figures attest to the existence of something: they are mnemonic traces, phantoms which manifest themselves to prevent the truth of memory from being ruthlessly erased in the eternal present of contemporary art. The latter is ruthless when it is conceived in terms of style, when it is envisaged as a system of rigid rules governing social relations and methods of production, but also when it is viewed in terms of the choice of one of the many possibilities offered by a given language or one's own means of expression – or, indeed, when the act of opposition is seen as the celebration of the objectives of transgression and criticism of those norms which are thereby implicitly acknowledged, if not respected, as aims in art. Contemporary art, understood in such terms, is something different

from Matteo Montani's art. To pseudo-industrial workshops, strategies of seduction and heated addresses Montani, prefers the silence of his study; to the cold console of the programmer and the demagogue's rostrum, he prefers the alchemist's den, the "tent of Achilles" in which the hero is awoken by the ghost of Patroclus – the oneiric-mnemonic image of an uneasy love that is only real for an instant. The artist's study is also the setting for a unique kind of science, consisting in the observation and testing of the Homeric "horn" of art. Montani therefore emancipates himself from style and through this withdrawal isolates himself; yet, through his constant pursuit of a phenomenon perceptible in the actuality of its manifestation, he still finds a place in contemporary art.

Now, if we were to define the precise nature of the figures which appear in Matteo Montani's latest works, we might call them bright silhouettes – glimmers. As they do not have an opaque, solid and unambiguously concealing consistency, these forms are made of light, like medieval altarpieces. These luminescent haloes or bright rings bring each figure to the viewer's eye, supporting it in the chaos of sharp sludge greens, sponge marks, circular traces, and flashes streaked with azure touches. This light which appears is a glowing body that signals an imminent dissolution – it signals that what is unfolding before the viewer's gaze is an extraordinary, enchanting event. To paraphrase the myth of Narcissus, the glare of the figure, whose outline we identify with, leads us to leave the earthly dimension behind and enter into the presence or imminence of the realm of desire. What we expect from the shining figure is an embodiment: we expect some kind of space from this brightness, a place in which the language of painting may establish and reposition itself. This desire for repositioning stems from the vertigo of appearance, from its transience; and we attempt to resolve it through the distance required to gain an overall view of the painting, although this makes details disappear, which provide the only real opening into the innermost life of the work. The only useful position, therefore, is the one which enables a 'sighting'. In relation to these works there can be only one position through which to grasp the figure: a visual condition where seeing something is possible but far from certain. Waiting for the image, expecting it to appear as a figure, nonetheless means accepting its absence and elusiveness, or emptiness; it means regarding what remains unsaid as the origin of a presence. This absence engenders a sense of frustration or a mystery which endures as such even with the first figurative glimmer and which therefore acquires an original value, leading to variations in the structure of the painting. This 'unsaid', or rather 'unpainted', undermines the relations between mark and surface, painted layer and background, color and contour. It is both emptiness and a kind disturbance: a disturbance which actually supports everything. Such an undefinable figure represents an erasing of all roles with the aim of favoring even the slightest perception of a form which would otherwise remain indescribable. What is its nature? Why are we gazing at it? What are we gazing at? Is it we who are gazing at it or is it this form which is gazing at us? And are we really sure that it is there? These questions might be given the following answer: the *lumen* of the figure is a brightening, a thinning out of both the painted layer and the surface, a subsiding of both that is bound to present itself as a force governing the former as much as the latter. Because the layers of color and surface actualize this force as a figure, providing a setting for the image, we are forced to acknowledge that the image is in turn subordinated to – and constantly in touch with – these two structural elements, while it distinguishes itself from them as an independent space by opening up a dimension of its own. We continue to gaze at the image because we seek to define its nature by referring to what we know about the paint and the surface. We thus seek to lend the image a name – we gaze at it in an attempt to name and denote it. This much is clear: the mysterious image that stares back at us, constantly engaging with us, carries us away to another place, a place where it can govern a structure of its own. This place is more accessible in the case of the artist's latest works on sandpaper: it is an imaginary place explored by a 'speleological' gaze that moves towards the dark background, touching upon controlled drippings reminiscent of bright concretions – stalactites and stalagmites. The edges of these boards cast a grazing light upon the surface, bringing out its unevenness, with bands of light revealing sharp peaks and steep gorges. This penetration by degrees is but the constant shifting of a horizon, like the sea withdrawing from the shoreline, with the spray and foam lighting up areas of emerald green, bright, poison-like hues, glimmering cobalt blue, light greys and white vapors. These crests flare up in the twilight as though they were challenging the darkness about to engulf them with the sparkle of molten metal. This newly sparked gold forms a web as dense as the tangle of roots in a forest, through which we can detect the colors of sky and earth – an alchemical interlacement designed to capture the eye.

Marcello Carriero





## *The ineluctable modality of the visible*

... these majestic landscapes streaked by flashes of light, as in a dream. Streams of color, of awareness, unstable marks left by our cyclical, frenzied living and lost beauty. The cruelty and ecstasy of painting (as in Gustave Moreau), the decadent eroticism of the visible.

Fluids and liquids, not so much starry skies as streaked ones, condensing nebulas. I remember a conversation I had with the author as we stood *gazing at the stars* on a clear, dark night in the Etrusco-Roman countryside where he has chosen to live, far away from the din of the city (a tiny fragment of a lengthy exchange begun in 2004): “That is Sirius”; “No, it is Orion”; “Or is it Jupiter?”. Fickle and flickering yet intensely bright and hypnotic specters, which strike us as the starry sky did Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus the night of 16 June 1904 in Dublin:

*What spectacle confronted them when they emerged silently, doubly dark, from obscurity by a passage from the rear of the house into the penumbra of the garden?*

*The heaven tree of stars hung with humid night blue fruit.*

Is that of Montani a form of painting? He does not paint as much as caress rough, grainy sandpaper and silicon powder, letting things happen and stratifications emerge. Through the marvel of events he lends shape to an epiphanic kind of painting. He arranges the night sky in his studio, cuts it to measure, concentrates it and fixes it on a canvas: “to make the blind see I throw dust in their eyes”, states Dedalus in Joyce’s *Ulysses*.

Painting is such if it is a process, if it is seen as a process and not as an image, if we can detect stories, juxtapositions and stratifications of being within something fluid. And if what we have is a process, everything falls within the work: the possibilities which manifested themselves, if only for an instant, and were then rejected – but which nonetheless existed – and also the finished things, which were incomplete before being completed.

But is it actually possible to complete a kind of painting which is not illustrative but essentially evocative?

If everything falls within the painting, even the worktable – on which the painting extends beyond the limits of the sandpaper (the limit of some Pillars of Hercules or of the whole possible universe?) – is the painting, a trace, and testimony. And if the sheet has a recto and verso, both will be the painting and the process, the painting and the event.

Montani dreams and, breathing, paints by conveying what is visible, as though in a trance. His painting is a kind of celestial asthma, a Byzantine iconostasis with its dirty gold, golden heavens and royal blue (a feeling of dizzying heights, of a greatness lost) – a possible coexistence of the two. We find phantoms of figures, a sacrificial apparition, a flight, a face, a...

Montani paints by following routes which are still unknown but which he can already see. Is this seeing without knowing a premonition or a hallucination? Is Montani a painter illumined by a dark light in the age of LEDs and lasers?

That of Montani is a kind of painting made up of vibrations and music, like that of the great Mikalojus Konstatinas Čiurlionis, the first truly abstract painter of last century. Montani displays the same startled reaction to the invisible, the supra-sensible and the energy of frequencies as Čiurlionis (also a composer). He shows the same respect for beauty, which in order to be such must be beautiful, for it knows no intermediate degrees but only peaks. Montani’s painting, however, does not have the kind of formal structure which his predecessor’s painting has, since this would prove useless in his world of indistinct juxtapositions. Still, both are visionary painters...

“Ineluttabile modalità del visibile” (“Ineluctable modality of the visible”): a statement that encompasses the visible and the invisible, visions, dreams, realities and representations that are put into perspective (but what perspective?), from afar (but how far?).

Painting *can* take the form of a breath, a caressing of the surface, a violent gesture, a rational project. But it *must* be a vision of otherness, a vision of that which lies beyond what is visible, an *ineluctable* transparency to be overcome, despite the stubbornness of the surface, of the frame, of the wall, of the worktable. Veils, curtains, screens: might this be the most profound meaning of Montani’s latest paintings?

How can we see beyond the visible? The visible is a vibration, a frequency of electromagnetic waves. The stars of the night sky are not all visible because of the cosmic dust, yet the stars shine for us (anthropic principle) precisely because of the surrounding darkness. Montani, a painter and light-bringer (*photophoros*), loves the darkness which

makes his light shine: he always takes the surrounding darkness into account. His is no phobia of white canvases or sheets of paper: the artist has always ignored this whiteness, but not rejected it. What he feels is the thrill of a cosmonaut, the figure which probably best exemplifies the man of the future that is now dawning, the first man of tomorrow, the absolute, most advanced witness of a new age, surrounded by real darkness and dazzled by real light. Giulio Turcato had dreamt of painting colors that would express the marvel experienced by the astronaut beholding new skies, new surfaces, and new worlds.

Those of Montani are not webs but layers of time, since painting is its own time, separate from ordinary time. His paintings are like primordial sandstorms, cascades of instances of time, a concentrated time that is slow enough to be observed in its flow. His painting speaks of hourglasses that have captured a time past, a fluid and irregular time with sudden peaks, yet at the same time one that is continuous, like a string symphony that starts slow, gains momentum and then gradually dies out – like Samuel Barber's *Adagio for Strings*. In Montani's painting we find the same feeling of something great that can overwhelm, overpower and obliterate us after raising us to dizzying heights.

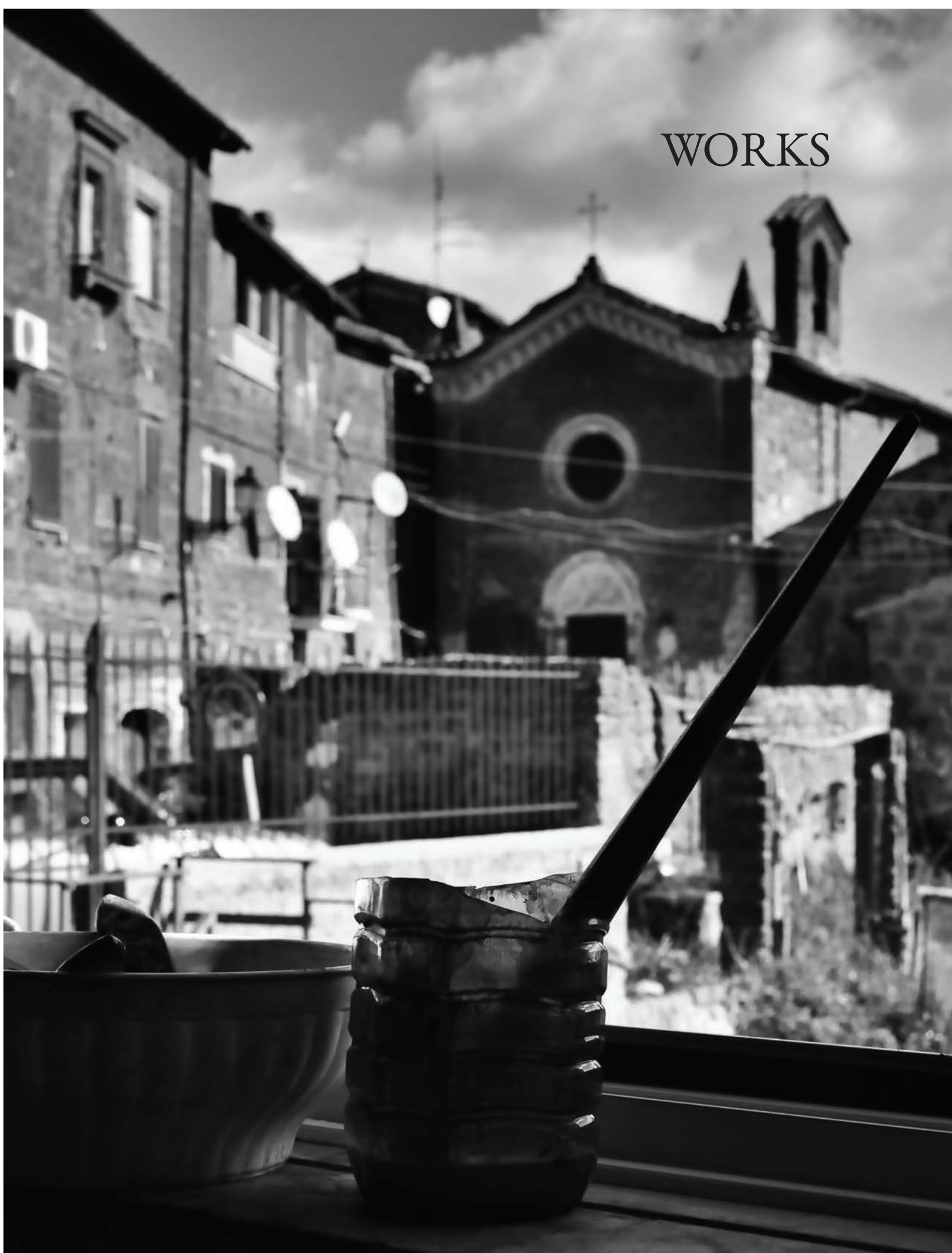
What we have are contemporary iconostases, painted by monks (Andrei Rublëv is gazing down at us), like prayers, like apparitions darkened by the smoke of mystical candles – because only in isolation can we be truly receptive, unless we simply wish to mimic reality.

Montani's painting concretely takes shape within the solitude of non-urban horizons and silences: on a not very crowded (and hence sensitive) island – but at the crossroads of busy and almost initiatory inner paths. A kind of painting that is not so much isolated or desolate as de(i)solate(d): a bright and shining constellation for those who believe in the ineluctable *modality of the visible*. Giorgio Morandi did, in the solitude of his studio in Bologna or in the dust which over time had forever settled on his bottles; but all windows were blind for Morandi, because he did not like gazing at horizons. Mark Rothko's juxtaposed or fluctuating horizons were instead dramatically walled up, yet at the same time evanescent and bathed in a metaphysical light. Rothko ultimately paid for this with his own blood, since there was no longer any possibility of myth and metaphysics re-entering the cycle of history. An atmosphere created by a peeling wall, a stain foreshadowing imaginary worlds, a dreamlike, decadent shapelessness, layers of paint formed across the ages, the act of bringing things to light (painting as light-bearing): despite its precarious nature, Montani's latest works are a sublime manifestation of greatness. The voice of *Ulysses* echoes once again through the folds of our text: "neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity".

That of Montani is a spectrographic and spectrometric sort of painting: spectrography reveals the make-up of planets, including ones that currently lie beyond our reach. Each frequency corresponds to a color, and each color to a chemical element: light, a metonymy for the divine, flows through matter and breaks up into bands with different frequencies. Montani's window – not an alchemical window but a chemical or even geological one – is not blind (if anything, it is blinding); nor is it tragic (although it evokes apocalyptic flashes and revelations reminiscent of His Eminence Joseph Mallord William Turner), but is lit, especially at night. Pillars of light, of hallucinatory smoke and vapor, of mirages, of the yearning for a distance which must endure in order to be close and true. What we have here are the seasons of our inner time, which never take shape... There is something ancient, and not merely Byzantine; something submerged which is struggling to emerge, to manifest itself: phenomena perceived in their starkness, in their truth, by letting them occur as though they were primordial events, as though we were not yet aware of being there, as though we were experiencing simply the effect of refraction – opaque mirrors, corroded by time, by gazes, by the history of art and its memory, retrieved from a royal tomb that had remained closed for thousands of years, so that the ineluctable modality of the visible, now freed, disclosed and unleashed, may trigger a startled reaction at the sight of...

Marco Tonelli

# WORKS









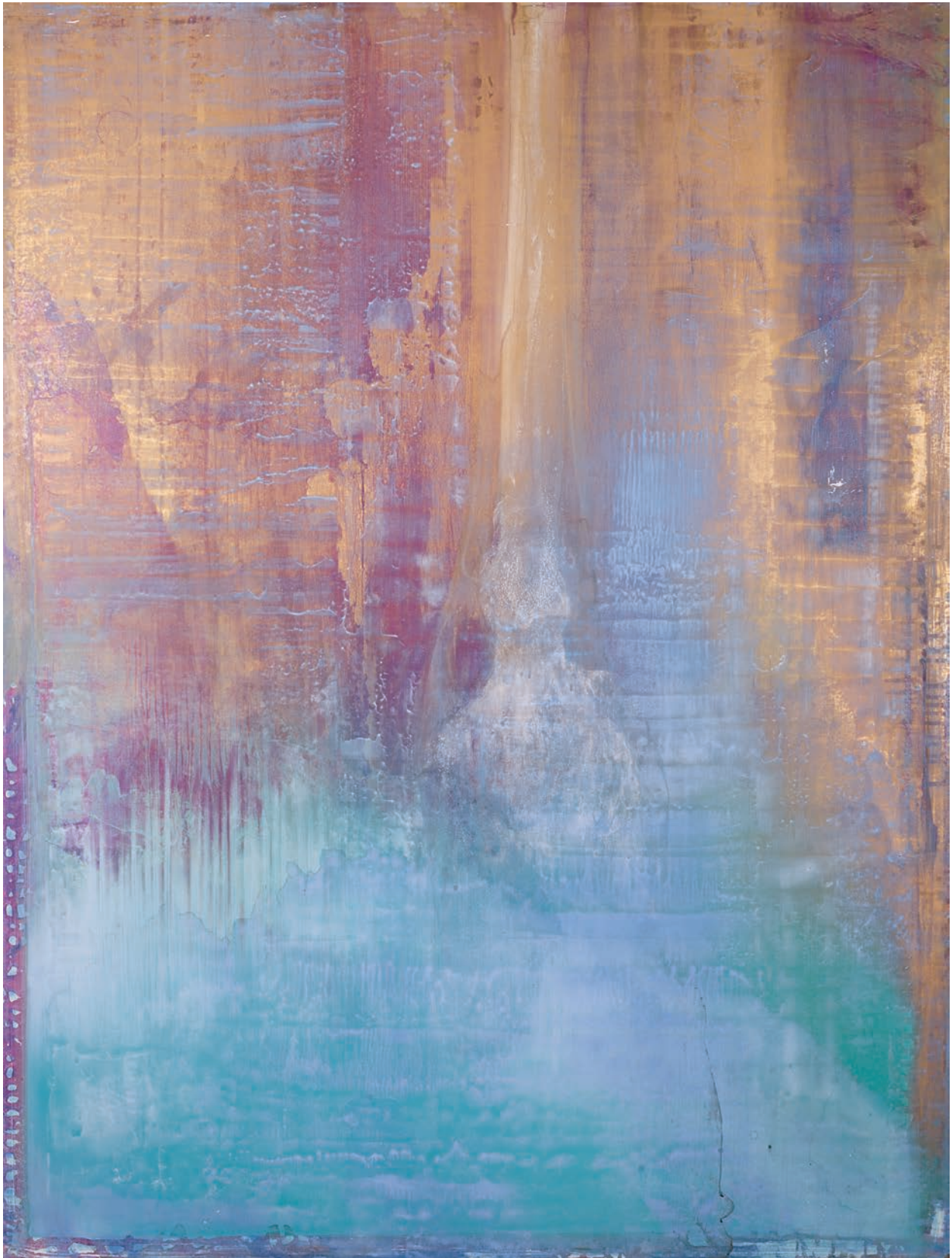


FIGURE ON THE THRESHOLD, 2014-2016, 78.75 x 59 inches (200 x 150 cm), mixed media on wood







TRANSMISSION, 2009-2016, 39.37 x 59 inches (100 x 150 cm), mixed media on wood





UNVEILED, 2014-2016, 78.75 x 59 inches (200 x 150 cm), mixed media on wood





REVERIE, 2012-2016, 78.75 x 59 inches (200 x 150 cm), mixed media on wood





KINDRED SPIRITS, 2016, 78.75 x 59 inches (200 x 150 cm), mixed media on wood





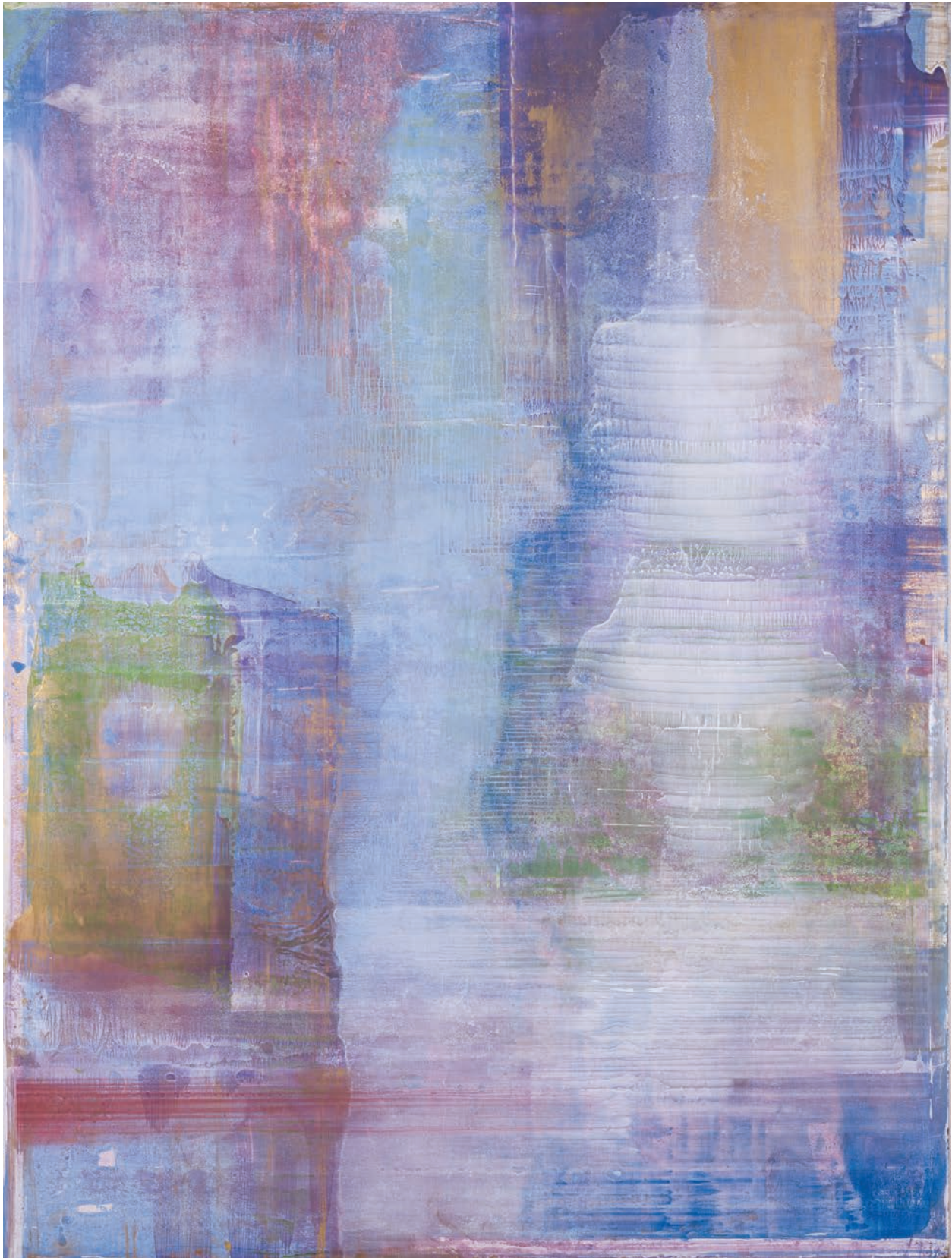
ONCE UPON A TIME LIFE, AGAIN, 2009-2015, 78.75 x 59 inches (200 x 150 cm), mixed media on wood





IN BETWEEN, 2015-2016, 48 x 36.61 inches (122 x 93 cm), mixed media on wood





THE EVIDENCE, 2015-2016, 78.25 x 59 inches (200 x 150 cm), mixed media on wood





EMERGING, 2015-2016, 65,55 x 36 inches (166,5 x 91,5 cm), mixed media on wood



SAINT MARTIN, 2016, 78.75 x 47.25 inches (200 x 120 cm), mixed media on wood





THE TALE OF THE BEGINNING, 2016, 29.52 x 19.88 inches (75 x 50,5 cm), mixed media on wood





THE TALE OF THE RIDERS, 2016, 29.25 x 19.88 inches (75 x 50,5 cm), mixed media on wood



THE PAINTER'S HOUSE, 2009-2015, 15.75 x 22 inches (40 x 56 cm), mixed media on wood





FLY, FLEW, FLOWN, 2009-2015, 59 x 39.37 inches (150 x 100 cm), mixed media on wood





GLORIA, 2015, 30.31 x 32.28 inches (77 x 82 cm), oil and brass mounted on canvas



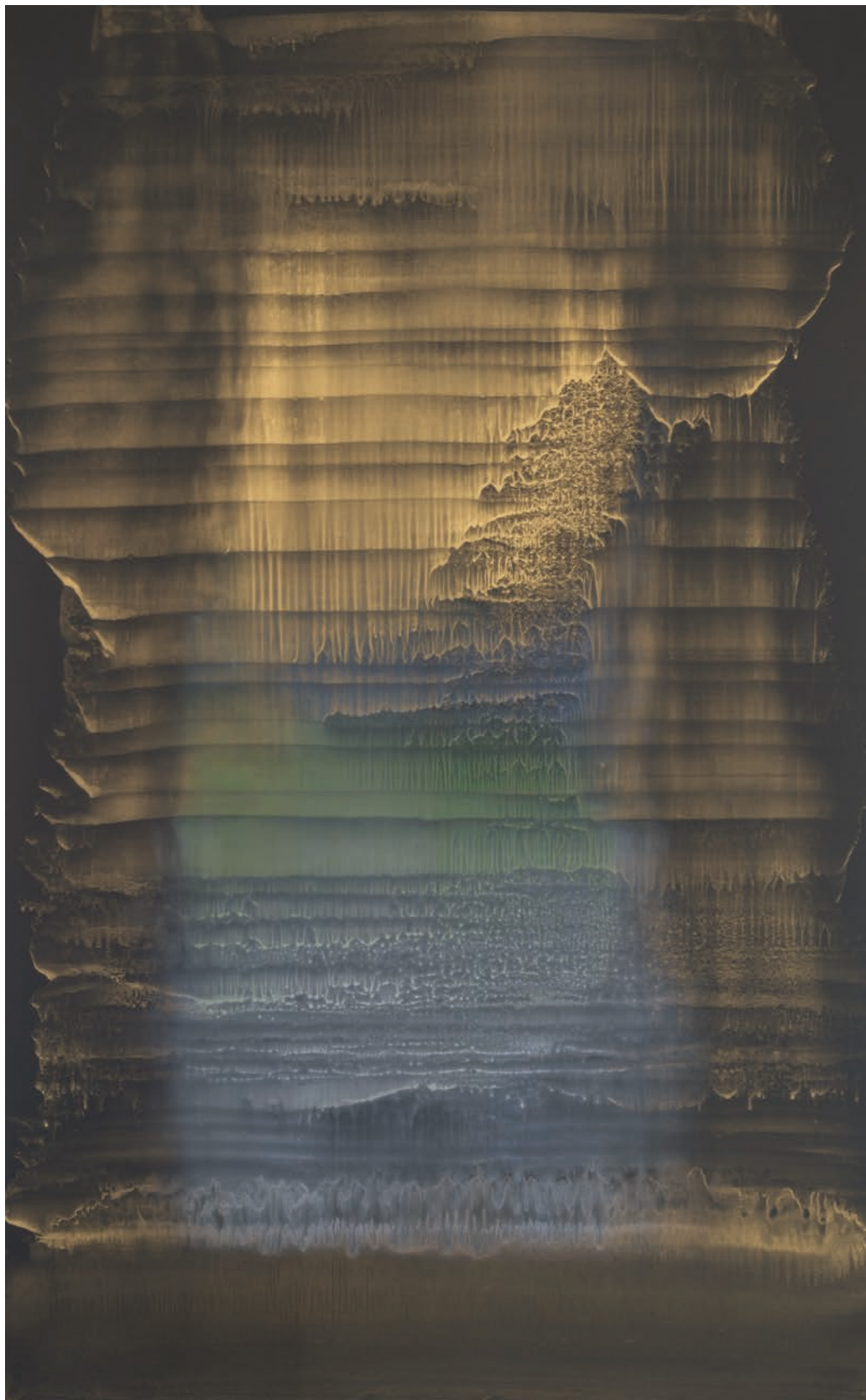


MEANDERING ECHOES, 2015, 78.75 x 56.69 inches (200 x 144 cm), oil and brass on sandpaper mounted on canvas





DRIFTING ALONG, 2016, 56 x 36.43 inches (142 x 90 cm), oil and brass on sandpaper mounted on canvas

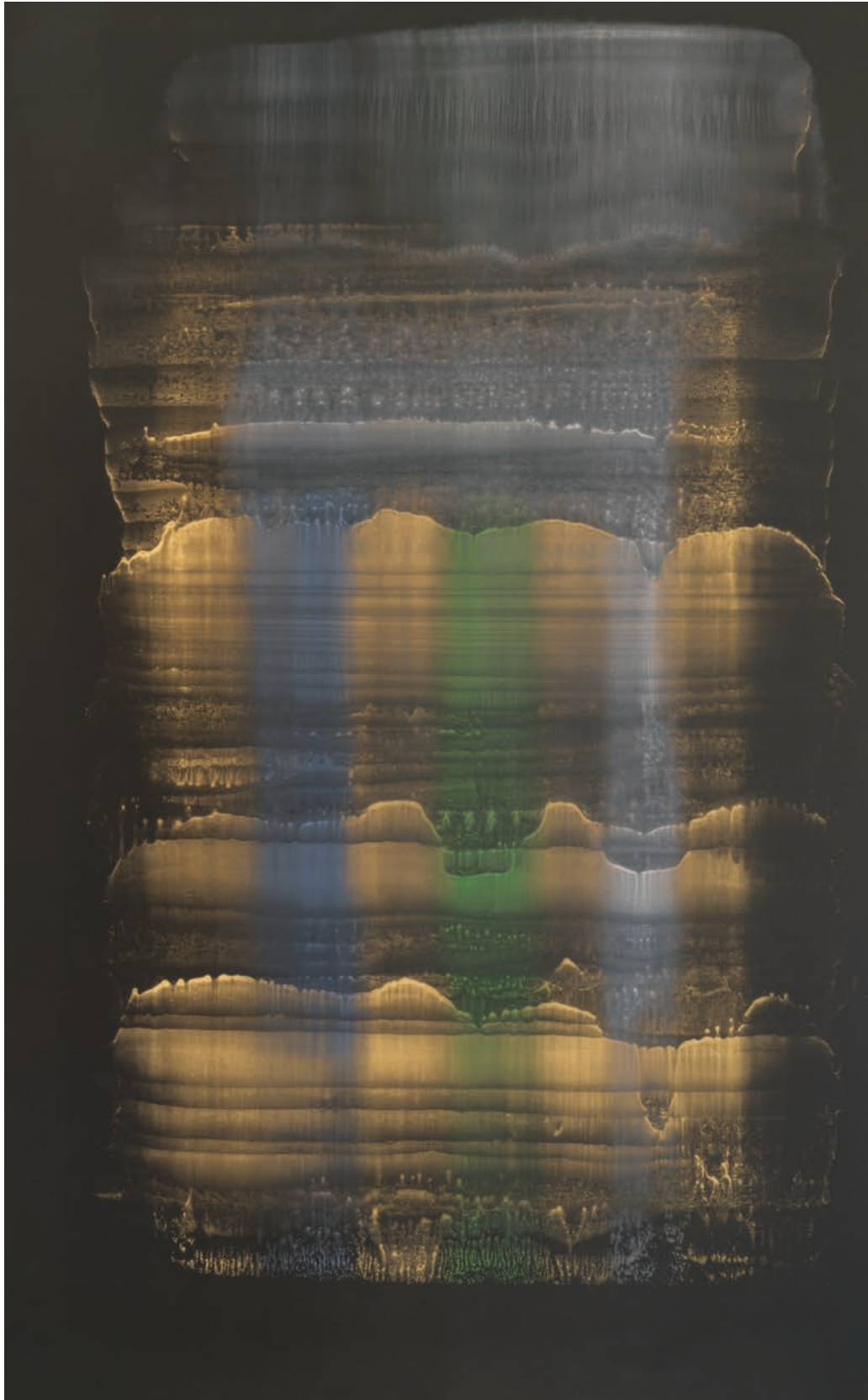


REACHING THE PROMISED SHORE, 2016, 56 x 36.43 inches (142 x 90 cm), oil and brass on sandpaper mounted on canvas





COUNTERPOINT, 2016, 56 x 36.43 inches (142 x 90 cm), oil and brass on sandpaper mounted on canvas



THE PATH, 2016, 55.9 x 35.43 inches (142 x 90 cm), oil and brass on sandpaper mounted on canvas





A HIDDEN PLACE, 2016, 56 x 36.43 inches (142 x 90 cm), oil and brass on sandpaper mounted on canvas



COMING UP FOR AIR, 2016, 78.75 x 56.69 inches (200 x 144 cm), oil and brass on sandpaper mounted on canvas





THE TIME OF THE DAY, 2015, 78.75 x 56.69 inches (200 x 144 cm), oil and brass on sandpaper mounted on canvas







Matteo Montani was born in Rome in 1972.

#### MAIN SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 2016 *Once Upon a Time Life, Again*, curated by Isabella del Frate Rayburn, The Elkon Gallery, Inc., New York
- 2015 *Things Behind*, presentation by E. Viola, Luca Tommasi Arte Contemporanea, Milan, Italy
- 2014 *Andarsene*, curated by G. Simongini and M.G. Di Monte, H.C. Andersen Museum, Rome, Italy; *Matteo Montani (with Peter Flaccus)*, OTTO Gallery, Bologna, Italy
- 2012 *Bendini - Montani: Così vicini così lontani*, curated by G. Simongini, Carichiati Museum, Chieti, Italy; *I luoghi dell'immagine (with Marco Grimaldi)*, Nuova Galleria Morone, Milan, Italy
- 2011 *Seelenlandschaft*, curated by D. Sarchioni, Museum Am Dom, Würzburg, Germany; *Ausstellung*, Italian Cultural Institute, Köln, Germany; *Ausstellung*, Italian Cultural Institute, Wolfsburg, Germany
- 2010 *Il Guardiano della soglia*, Kalfayan Galleries, Athens, Greece; *Matteo Montani*, curated by Isabella del Frate Rayburn, Casa Italiana Zerilli-Marimò, New York, USA; *Naturaldurante*, Galleria Marilena Bonomo, Bari, Italy; *Matteo Montani*, OTTO Gallery, Bologna, Italy
- 2009 *Abbassare il cielo agli occhi*, Paci Contemporary, Brescia, Italy
- 2008 *Il bacio e altre strade per le stelle*, Galleria Valentina Bonomo, Rome, Italy; *Matteo Montani*, curated by M. Tonelli, Museum of Art, Ravenna, Italy
- 2007 *Fostèr*, Galleria L'Attico - Fabio Sargentini, Rome, Italy

#### MAIN GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2016 *Skin*, curated by FONDACO, Officina, Brussels, Belgium
- 2015 *Duets*, Luca Tommasi Arte Contemporanea, Milan; *Imago Mundi*, Benetton Collection, curated by L. Beatrice, Fondazione Cini, Venice, Italy; *C'è chi dipinge...*, Galleria L'Attico - Fabio Sargentini, Rome, Italy; *In Abstracto*, curated by M. Rossi, Galleria Alessandro Casciaro, Bolzano, Italy
- 2014 *Biennal China-Italy*, a cura di M. Bu, 798 Art District, Beijing, China; *Vasto Prize*, curated by G. Simongini, Vasto (CH), Italy
- 2013 *Blue*, Kalfayan Galleries, Athens, Greece; *Michetti Prize 64th edition*, Francavilla al Mare (CH), Italy
- 2012 *Al principio del vedere*, curated by M. Galbiati, Castel Arquato (PC), Italy; *Quaterna*, Galleria L'Attico - Fabio Sargentini, Rome, Italy; Neue Sammlung, Mittelberg, Burg Museum, Germany
- 2011 *Il Santo Momento*, curated by D. Sarchioni, Museum Am Dom, Würzburg, Germany; *Scritture*, Galleria Marilena Bonomo, Bari, Italy; *Nuova creatività italiana*, Officina Italia2, curated by R. Barilli, Bologna-Milan, Italy
- 2010 *Oltre il trompe l'oeil*, Galleria L'Attico - Fabio Sargentini, Rome, Italy; *A perdita d'occhio*, Galleria L'Attico - Fabio Sargentini, Rome, Italy

- 2009 *Clicking the cosmos*, Contemporary Art Museum, Vespolate (NO), Italy; *1+1*, Galleria Marilena Bonomo, Bari, Italy; *La testa tra le nuvole*, curated by M. Carriero, Convento dei Carmelitani Scalzi, Viterbo, Italy; *Falsi Astratti*, Galleria L'Attico - Fabio Sargentini, Rome, Italy
- 2008 *XV Quadriennale d'Arte*, curated by L. Canova, D. Lancioni, C. Spadoni, Palazzo delle Esposizioni, Rome, Italy; *Spore, Atomi, Stelle*, Galleria L'Attico - Fabio Sargentini, Rome, Italy; *Cairo Prize*, Triennale di Milano, Milan, Italy
- 2007 *Lissone Prize*, Contemporary Art Museum, Lissone, Italy; *Serrone Biennalegiovani*, Serrone della Villa Reale, Monza, Italy
- 2006 *Pittori al muro*, Galleria L'Attico - Fabio Sargentini, Rome, Italy

#### MAIN COLLECTIONS

Artefiera collection, Bologna, Italy; Benetton collection, Treviso, Italy; Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna, Rome, Italy; La Quadriennale Foundation, Rome, Italy; MAR, Museum of Art, Ravenna, Italy; Museum Am Dom, Würzburg, Germany; Museum Burg, Miltenberg, Germany; Novartis Corporated, Whippany (New Jersey), USA; Unicredit collection, Milan, Italy; VAF Foundation, Italy

#### DOCUMENTARIES

- 2015 *Matteo Montani. Sotto la superficie*, directed by Christina Clausen, duration 9m,55s, produced by Rai Radiotelevisione Italiana
- 2010 *The Making of: Matteo Montani*, duration 3m,05s, produced by Rai Radiotelevisione Italiana
- 2007 *Matteo Montani*, durata 15m,35s, produced by LeonardoTV (Sky Art)

#### PRIZES

- 2013 Winner of the special jury prize at Michetti Prize, Francavilla al Mare (CH), Italy
- 2009 Finalist of Lissone Prize, Lissone, Italy
- 2008 Finalist Talent Prize, Rome, Italy Finalist Cairo Prize, Milan, Italy
- 2001 Winner of Premio Suzzara, Suzzara (MN), Italy



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*Photography*  
Niccolò Ara, Rome  
Alessandro Vasari, Rome (p. 8)

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Via di Novella, 22 - 00199 - Roma  
tel. 06 32650712 - fax 06 32650715  
e-mail: [libreria@delucaeditori.com](mailto:libreria@delucaeditori.com)  
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