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October 2013 - Italian Film Director *Pupi Avati* introduces the contemporary art exhibition titled “Humans Among Aliens” held in Singapore, showcasing three Italian contemporary artists – Berruti, D’Apice, Troilo.

Just before we fall asleep, in that latent state that progressively shuts down the activity of the cerebral cortex until we enter a state of total passivity, we become receptive to a fluctuating collage of dreamlike images that have nothing to do with our lives, our experiences, or even our imagination. Visions of faces, places, buildings and cities which, though utterly foreign to our lives, our subconscious allows us to glimpse in strobe-like flashes. Flaring gashes of inexistence. And in this inter-realm between waking and sleep, these images parade in a succession with no rhyme or reason, propositioning themselves to our inner eye in complete freedom, with no obligation to give them names, or to feel affection or disdain, simply generating the immense attraction that each of us experiences when confronted with the unknown. The extreme boundaries of our consciousness.

All the restless "saudade" evoked by that unrecognizable territory that has manifested in my life, can be found in the

works of these three *spellbinders*. Because it is the workings of an enchantment, a magic spell, that is able to paint the in-existent. Expanding the world of reason, of addition and subtraction, breaking down traditional boundaries to let in the fresh air of energy, creativity and brash courage. The brashness of **Troilo**, who, with superlative technical ability, launches his plastic body like a bullet to face the inexplicable. The scintillating ability of **Berruti**, who in celestial gardens, with the dust of comets, paints children evoking the fresh smell of books on the first day of school.

And then..the hyper-surrealism of **D'Apice's** sublime works, capturing the simultaneous magic of those great illustrators of terror who populated our childhoods with ogres and fairies. To all three, I feel obliged to offer my humble acknowledgement, for having confided their nightmares, their obsessions, enchanting us all in the process.

Pupi Avati