

## Momtomb by Wolfgang Natlacen

Under the shadow of sharp peaks, rocky or snowy mountains, next to silvery lakes, crisscrossing the valley, carving the mountains, gushing from tunnels bathed in orange light, a tomb is crossing and travelling through the Italian Alps to join the small Seine-et-marnaise town in Mons-en-Montois, France. What a funeral and surreal vision that of a closed tomb, beyond the grave residence, prototype of a sepulchre to come, circulating at fast speed on the highway.

This vision is titled *Momtrip*, video from a visual arts, sculpture and multimedia project by Wolfgang Natlacen, a young French-Italian artist, author of numerous experimental websites and conceptual mail-art pieces. In one of his recent photographic artwork titled *fiori oscuri* (obscure flowers, 2009), the viewer discovers through text and polaroids, the city of Milan, flowered city of funeral flowers, a tribute to road fatalities. Continuing his work on the issue of disappearance, the artist in 2010, creates a new piece of funeral art entitled *Momtomb* : mother's grave.



Minimal in appearance, archaic, primitive or proto-historic remains to nothingness, the after-life or metempsychosis, installed in the cemetery of Mons, *Momtomb* is practical for the contemplation of the deceased loved ones, and therefore hospitable to the living. Influenced by the Filipino funeral rites, Natlacen designed and commissioned a tomb in which from each side, the visitors can meet, sit and have lunch on a stone bench, circular rim carved out of the limestone tomb.

Here, in tribute to the deceased, the grave becomes picnic and the banquet funeral. Project both artistic, intimate, domestic and familial, Momtomb reminds us the original relationship that exists between the artwork created by the living and the dead. Creation finds its origins in the monument, practice, ritual or funerary performance.

The famous *Cimitero Monumentale* in Milan has its grave carved by artist Lucio Fontana, the one of Mons-en-Montois, has now his tomb signed by Wolfgang Natlacen.

text by Alessandro Mercuri, August 2010

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