

The image shows a close-up of a dark, heavily textured surface. The texture is uneven, with various shades of black and dark brown, interspersed with lighter, tan-colored specks and fibers. There are some small, irregular holes or indentations scattered across the surface. The overall appearance is that of a rough, possibly organic or recycled material. The word "PEZZO" is printed in a clean, white, sans-serif font, centered horizontally and slightly above the vertical center of the image.

PEZZO

PEZZO 1

Why did I believe you would come out of nowhere? Why with all
That the world offers would you come only because I was here?

[...] Too much symmetry would impair the demonstration.

I work myself till I cannot near my work

Juxtaposing sheets of matter, knowing the risk of a constant, empty remorse that leads only to
the action that follows in a purely temporal sense, is a form of glue.

Forgetting the moment in which we are allowed to see the powerful nature of an action that must
be done; it would be useful to have other figures speak, when found tangential to one's own.

Establishing this tangency is a way of making the Work speak again, it is also an act of overinter-
pretation, it is exploitation, it is polite.

Maybe an object is what serves as a link [...]

I give up. I give up
An you will have none of it because already I'm beginning
again without anything.

If the last word of a book doesn't fulfill me, if it doesn't fit my hope, that is growing in me, I can't
read that, I can't be disappointed, I can't accept it [...]

The ground. Down THERE, is never too close to you. It's such a compact surface, coating, a
surface in which all the things go back to. It's the place of all matters, in which chaos refinds order,
letting go, sometimes, small figurative suggestions of how it's been created (came to life?). The
ground it's total, it's all and always, forever.

It is the exact direction, it's the goal of the force.
And scenes from the past, when they surfaced again,
Looked not as they had, but ghostly and white
Among false curves and hidden erasures;

The wind attacks the listless, the most delicate. It enters their bodies through the nostrils or other
orifices, or settles on their heads. It makes their bodies hot and rigid; their teeth clench, their
heads ache. And so they say and do senseless things. Left untreated, it can be fatal. It is not mad-
ness, but can become that.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out if this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images [...]
And the dry stone no sound of water [...]

For us, too, there was a wish to possess.
Something beyond the world we knew, beyond ourselves,
Beyond our power to imagine, something nevertheless
In which we might see ourselves; and this desire
Come always in passing, in waning light, and in such cold
That ice on the valley's lakes cracked and rolled,
And blowing snow covered what earth we saw,

[...] the time of those merletti it's not stable, on those façades, it's already been flushed by the sea.
il tempo di quei merletti non è stabile, su quelle facciate, se lo è già portato via il mare.

The consciousness of how one's attention to perception is diverted and expanded without the
necessary tempering time can lead to phenomena which obscure how one constructs the world's
identity; we should never become conscious of this, because there is no turning back, but rather
sideways; until the Wind finds some other surface on which to settle or until we find the shelter
of forgetting;
though all of this is biologically internal and inherent to our body, the contemporary conscious-
ness of multiple situations and actions is the matter that drives me.
The surface is without representation.

You! hypocrite lecteur! – mon semblable, – mon frère!

PEZZO 2

I always have the feeling that things have to be seen from far away, a distance relative to their size, to their capability to fill a space. Every time I go to visit a place or a thing, I try to don't face it directly, but to take the longest way: a distance that let me experience the most extended and slow view.

It can happen that the desire for something we heard about, it's so strong to grow a sort of fear while we are getting close to it. A fear related to the possibility to destroy an idea, the idea we made during the wait that precede the truth of that [...], which aroused the hope to find, finally, something that is pertinent to us, to our constant research.

Since I do not like illusions, I always try to keep a foot in the side of the illusion-breakers: when I hear about certain cities, works or places, where is happening what I was looking for, I react in a negative way. "No enthusiasm", I repeat to myself, "don't trust them, they are just nice words." I take my time, I trample on emotions, and I don't let illusion affects my pilgrimage from *where* to *where*.

Along the way I don't know if my destination will satisfy my desire. I slowly try to contextualize the material of my observation, its reaction to a background, until I arrive next to it -sometimes in it- pleased or not by what I found.

I cannot avoid to think about the *Dying City*, ones again.

A place that I know deeply but still, I keep taking the longest way to get there. After all, who knows if something has changed, all of a sudden.

Civita leans on a high plain in a badlands valley, a land destined to crumble, to slowly disappear. What we see, year after year, is the residue of what has been, a visible promise of destruction. The city does not struggle to last, that will be useless, therefore its walls start to follow the profile of the land. The houses are open where the clay stops, the rooms are stripped of a wall that cover them, the stairs are interrupted by the void of the precipice. The limits of geometrical architectures have surrendered, straight lines have lost their definitions to become suspended traces in the space, fragmentary drawings that are now able to accept the non-visible parts which compose them. Civita suggest us its missing part, it shows what it lost and what will become. Civita accept the alteration of the shape and the lie of its limits.

When I look at the *Dying City* I have the feeling that the first man that started to build it wanted to leave a reverse monument, a way to desecrate all the traces of a glorious past. I cannot imagine someone triumph over Civita but just grovel over it... constantly checking if there is still a piece of ground under his soles, to sustain him.

The best spot to observe Civita is in Lubriano, from the square-parking of one of the most sad town of Italy, Civita is visible from its profile. Therefore I can look at the concrete bridge, built

when the last street that connected Civita has collapsed. The bridge is brutal over the landscape, massif if related with this crumbly town, but I always like to imagine how it will be when the city will be more eroded and the bridge will stand there still, to bring nowhere.

At this point I also start to grovel over that bridge, to approach this conglomerate of materials that keeps moving, from a place to an otherone. The bridge is meaningful to understand what Civita represents: for 300 meters my body is suspended over a flaccid expanse of land, remains of a collapse, vegetation that grows inconstant above fragmentary layers of ground. From the bridge I look at the chaos below me until I identify myself with it. I get closer to the city, I recognize the failed and excavated profiles. I perceive what is missing in Civita, now, it is deposited in the chaos under my feet. Civita never disappoint me.

P E Z Z O 3 VAGUS NERVE AND AMORPHOUS SYNTAGM

The wind attacks the listless, the most delicate. It enters their bodies through the nostrils or other orifices, or settles on their heads. It makes their bodies hot and rigid; their teeth clench, their heads ache. And so they say and do senseless things. Left untreated, it can be fatal. It is not madness, but can become that.

Piero Coppo, 2007

I believe in an amorphous Syntagm where heads and modifiers are interchangeable. Ungluing perceptions established and constructed as one's own, visual systems of reference that each fit into the previous one expand and lose their natural elasticity. Building structures like tempered glass and then forgetting all about them. Tempered glass is kept in extreme tension by molecules that push outward, while the molecular stresses within it are dispersed. Constructing and designing the extremities and interiors of a system, tracing its root structure. Juxtaposing sheets of matter, knowing the risk of a constant, empty remorse that leads only to the action that follows in a purely temporal sense, is a form of glue. Forgetting the moment in which we are allowed to see the powerful nature of an action that must be done; it would be useful to have other figures speak, when found tangential to one's own. Establishing this tangency is a way of making the Work speak again, it is also an act of overinterpretation, it is exploitation, it is polite. All of this is a psychoanalysis session of and by four subjects, in different rooms in different places. It was set off by a spark, of which the traces have been lost. I will overinterpret once more, as fuel to proceed. Little deviations, which become constants stretched out by static discharged like tracks, like the symptoms of the vagus nerve and its complexes; matter itself branches through the body and feeds different matters with different functions, enclosed in a single system, it is a modifier-head; the metaphor of the syntagm has become cacophony. Form the encephalon, to the jugular cavity, to the heart, to the stomach.

The vagus nerve, the tenth of twelve paired cranial nerves, is responsible for the heart rate, gastrointestinal peristalsis, sweating, the muscles used in speech and to keep the larynx open when breathing. It also picks up many sensations from the outer ear, and part of the meninges.

The consciousness of how one's attention to perception is diverted and expanded without the necessary tempering time can lead to phenomena (the Wind for the Dogon in Bandiagara) which obscure how one constructs the world's identity; we should never become conscious of this, because there is no turning back, but rather sideways; until the Wind finds some other surface on which to settle or until we find the shelter of forgetting; though all of this is biologically internal and inherent to our body, the contemporary consciousness of multiple situations and actions is the matter that drives me. The Plane is without representation.

It's an image that incite always something, I have always seen it as a clean gesture, a good one. I don't know, somehow it has always reassured me, the obsessive research of a certain kind of cleanliness, inner not formal, the research of a modus operandi of an action, of how to do it and how has to be done... The power that the work has to bring a certain kind of persons to you.

The hand becomes trowel, the trowel becomes material, the material becomes the building, the building becomes again material... And the reality: dirty, broken, corrupt; but is exactly our reality. In this gesture, it seems that the reality returns to be a part, there is always something missing, there is always something to add, to replace, to rebuild. It is metter.

I'am interested in this point: "reality returns to be a part, there is always something missing, there is always something to add..."

This is the modus I was looking for and, maybe, I am still searching for it... There is always something missing, and there is only addition; removal does not exist, we always remove something from, and matter never disappears.

I don't know if removal does not exist, I would say that removal and addition are the same thing... They are different moments of the same process. Parts that changes position, status, features. I think about the stone that leaves the quarry (it's removed from it) to arrive at your studio. You transform it, you add, you add it both to something and to somewhere. Or, the material I remove from an object, I throw it away and, maybe, it will build a new quarry (well, that will be a disgusting one, a great dump...).

But if I understand what you mean... in the artistic gesture we add always something, even subtraction adds a new quality.

In a field
I am the absence
of field.
This is
always the case.
Wherever I am
I am what is missing.

When I walk
I part the air
and always
the air moves in
to fill the spaces
where my body's been.

We all have reasons
for moving.
I move
to keep things whole.

The Waste Land, The Monument, Notes from Underground, The Fall, Le Fondamenta degli Incurabili (The Foundations of Incurables), *Argia* (in *Invisible Cities*)...

I could add something more, but it seems to be enough. I was talking about these books in our quick conversation, when I told you, ironically, that I choose the books I want to read from their titles. Well, not just from their titles, but also from the last word of them: it is a small key. If the last word of a book does not fulfill me, if it does not fit the hope that is growing in me, I cannot read that, I can't be disappointed, I cannot accept it...

After what I wrote you about Civita, while I am seeing those titles in the line above, I don't feel there is something more to explain about the order, the sense and the research that establish my reading. Without asking myself why, I keep looking for that unknown that those books invoke.

The ground. Down there, it's never too close. It is a compact and opaque surface. All the things go back to it. It is the place of all the matter, the place where chaos finds an order, letting go -sometimes- small and figurative suggestions of what has been. The ground is total, it's all and it's ever, for ever.

All these books and their authors have dug down there. They have faced the last and lowest surface available to look for answers.

They did not seek as archeologists, no... That is not the way to look for certain things. They did it as worms, as moles, they have dug with the head and the eyes, letting their lungs fill with a soil made out of the bones of their brothers and the dust of their houses. These authors never brought what they found up to the surface, that would not make sense.

This surface, so penetrable, it's never a wall. When I think about those books, I imagine all the truths emerge to the surface. These truths are not hidden anymore, neither invisible nor interrupted. They come out trembling but consistent images, as the power that bring them down there.

The Monument of Mark Strand is not visible on the surface since is placed inversely, underground. April, in *The Waste Land*, it's the worst month because it deceives us with fake truths, made by Lilacs growing out of the dead land.

The space of the *Notes from Underground* it's the only liveable place for the creator of novels, images and thought; since this is the space of shame and truth.

The north sea, along Amsterdam's coasts, it's cruel.

It brings back to Mister Clamence the scream of his murder on the Sein. It brings him back the

truth of his continuous gesture, it appears as a rumble from the bottom of the sea and it reverberates on the water's surface for the rest of his life.

The beauty designed by the human being, embroidered on solid Venetian architectures, it comes undone on the surface of the canals. Once again, the surface destroys the object of Brodskij's observation. The time of those elaborate laces is unstable on these façades, it's already flushed by the sea.

P E Z Z O 7 THE IDEA

For us, too, there was a wish to possess
Something beyond the world we knew, beyond ourself,
Beyond our power to image, something nevertheless
In which we might see ourselves; and this desire
Came always in passing, in waning light, and in such cold
That ice on the valley's lakes cracked and rolled,
And blowing snow covered what earth we saw,
And scenes from the past, when they surfaced again,
Looked not as they had, but ghostly and white
Among false curves and hidden erasures;
Until the night wind said, "Why do this,
Especially now? Go back to the place you belong";
And there appeared, with its windows glowing, small,
In the distance, in the frozen reaches, a cabin;
And we stood before it, amazed as it binged there,
And would have gone forward and opened the door,
And stepped into the glow and warmed ourselves there,
But that it was ours by not being ours,
And should remain empty. That was the idea.

for Nolan Miller

P E Z Z O 8 THE REST

"...The ceramicist Butade Sicionio was the first to develop the art of modeling portraits in clay. He made this discovery in Corinth and owed his invention to his daughter, who was in love with a young man.

Because the young man had to go abroad, Sicionio traced the shadow of the man's face outlined against a wall by lamplight. The ceramicist molded clay along the lines of shadow he had traced and copied the face before firing it in the kiln together with the rest of the day's vases"

Pliny the Elder (Naturalis Historia, XXXV, 15 e 151)

This text it's hanging in my studio, next to it some leftovers of previous works lie on the floor, some residues are attached to the wall. My grinder pushed them there. The plastic was still hot when it ended there... The shapes which it has taken are a result of the power of the machine and of the weakness of the material against the tool. My gesture was almost useless; while I was pushing the button to start my action, I did not consider the rest, something outside my intentions. The material has settled where the space is defined, that's another effect. My plan has been transformed by this range of consequences.

Does Time consider where the ruins of Civita will fall?

I look surprised at this involuntary panorama and at its wisdom realizing that I'm an awful observer.

"Where is the rest? The rest of what?"

My sculptures are now somewhere else, I start to think about the gap between the two components of the same object, the sculpture there and its remains here. There is not difference, they are both incomplete parts of something. It's the same for the quarry and the stone, the City of Civita and the chaos down there, under the bridge.

I recognize the mimesis of the gesture, I understand the timeless quality of a sculpture, which is not based on a face impressed in a stone or in a wall (the young man of Pliny's history will not survive its portrait), but in the continuous gesture of its maker, which keeps moving material, from *where* to *where*.

PEZZO

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Thomas Stearns Eliot, Jean-Luc Godard, Nicola Martini, Pliny the Elder, Mark Strand
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