

## The meaning of a life

...and so you keep telling me it's normal.  
But that doesn't help me at all!  
Even so, I can't avoid looking  
at the expanse of clear grass  
flying through bridges of bricks reversed  
under the plains.  
And if life has a meaning  
for me alone,  
what justification can I give to that sea  
flat and green,  
grey from the sky of the water valleys  
and the sharp needles of a pine  
if it isn't all horizon?  
What need would I have  
for these absurd bridges  
to see from such a small height  
with no fear of falling into the flat green  
of my sea,  
in canals and white roads  
that are the veins and the blood  
of a land that precedes  
solitude,  
where ancient palafittes tried to dominate  
from inexistent heights?  
Besides, for me the meaning of a life  
is only water  
mixing and boiling  
and bubbling away in a river;  
a river running from the Ghirlandina,  
with innocent mortality,  
to its love, further on, with the Po.  
No, it is senseless  
to seek solidarity in men  
since nothing exists  
but small goblins,  
spectres of scarce consistency,  
rotten egg dirty waters  
with the sour taste of bad cucumbers.

This poem I wrote, which was selected and published on the catalogue of the 4th International Genoa Poetry Festival, on July 3<sup>rd</sup> 1998, contains all the principles I base my recent work and research on, concerning the value and the reading of the landscape.

The landscape is a flat expanse, where land and the sea create a natural and continuous horizontal line; here, the artificiality of man's living and industrial environment is apparent.

...Have you ever been, on a summer evening, in the plains of Romagna, in the area around Ravenna? When, to the faraway nighttime rumble of a motor, to the drone of a remote reactor, or in the distant glow of the factories, in a flash everything becomes velvety and hard, frozen and incandescent...

In the words of Francesco Arcangeli, writing about Mattia Moreni, in his work in two volumes: "From romanticism to informal style" and so I relive with a true thrill all the letters that the "critic poet" exchanged with my grandfather Roberto, a refined and intelligent collector and close friend of Arcangeli, which I jealously keep guard of in the family archive.

The passage reported above describes the landscape and the places that are dear to me.

However, my painting doesn't stop at what can be simply seen, but rather becomes itself sensory and tactile.

It compenetrates itself with the elements of the very land such as sand, rust, fragments of shell and small pieces of brick, returned and smoothed by the sea.

Blends of industrial enamels that reconstruct "grills" and symbols reminiscent of palafittes, platforms, buildings...

On these structures I operate, thanks to the feverish and expressively physical experience of informal style, with tar and burns, then with the very corrosion of the transience of human works.

Landscapes and symbols, deconstruction and reconstruction, ancient local structures (palafittes) that recall the modern ones in the sea (platforms).

These actions are all taken without the brush, but rather with other instruments such as screws, drills, spatulas and flame.

Paper glued with white glue made in the same factories of the landscape; a landscape that is by the same right natural and human.

Human geography.

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