

Interview by Manuela De Leonardis

How relevant is randomness of the materials that you play with, manipulating them and making them yours, through an acquisition of "shapes, colors, words, symbols ... chewed, and chewed again and spitted out, sometimes"?

The materials are random, but not that much. Meaning that I choose them considering how they could "work out" my speech. In the "Kaboom" case I have chosen them for their lightness and for the way they could communicate between each others. For example, for wooden poles there was the color/heat, and, especially, the length that reminded me of the stick or spear. As for weapons at rest.

In (Wrong) Arm-rest (also called Braccioli Sbagliati), you move from the foam to the gypsum...

Yes. In this case, for me, it was interesting the form of the foam, found by an upholsterer, who did explain to me that they came from two armrests for a sofa that, by mistake, were produced badly. I really liked the fact that they were two arms of a sofa that could not exist anymore, a factor that was not premeditated but that included an idea of failure. The failure is also part of many of our ideas and intentions. A project failure often leads to something unexpected that can also be very positive. It makes us humans, and opens to unpredictable dimensions.

Recovery and collection belong to your poetry ...

I put things aside to save them or to change their meaning. I often look at pictures or objects as signs of a private and public speech and I feel that I need to "move" them physically or conceptually, to re-read them. They belong to a private archive, while they are often directly connected to a social imaginary.

Among the works is also "Mask or mirror", made of crochet of black wire. A memento mori in which you reflect yourself, but turning it into tipping challenge?

On death more than a challenge I am looking for a dialogue. And I do it the more light or instinctive as possible. I thought about a mask, to try to see how I can look with the skeleton on the face; as bringing to the surface what's underneath. I crocheted it with black thread, because it is similar to make a drawing. Relating to the idea of death, which is one of the centers of reflection and even taboo of human being and society, the attempt is just to talk and look for a familiarity.

In an oscillation between minimum and maximum size, talking about works that can be monumental (such as wooden poles that come to measure 2 meters tall) or small enough to get in the palm of your hand, is there also a reference to the scale, in terms of musical language?

Yes, but more than in music, I am very interested in sound. While making a work, or texture, you feel the rhythm. I am very interested in the fact that the sound may be, in some way, harmonious or discordant, disturbing, annoying, family or acid. I am also interested in the sounds I make while working. Use, for example, the jigsaw on the novel I like not only while working, but also the time that I have the job and do so that this sound remains the most possible "visible".

Love is a theme that you faced up many times in your artistic journey, from Lovers / Fuckers, I love you so, up to the Global Sisters and the more recent interventions on romance novels. It seems that what is

attracting you is not so much the ideal of love, but the way it is the core of relationships between people, animals and things . Is it like that?

It seems to me that love has been defined as something unique and fixed, as if it were a moon in the sky. A sort of god. Pages and pages are filled by writings about love, but in reality - perhaps - love does not exist . There are human relations , or those between things. And that is what interests me : the connections and relationships too. The relationship between two human beings or between a human and an animal or a city, are indefinable . Only by seeing them live, and then in a continuous flow, you can somehow perceive them. Relationships that may be small or big; relations as familiarity, closeness, or sharing of power that we exercise on things, animals, other people, or that someone else exercises on us, always alternately. Then there are power relations between governments, States, companies that affect our daily lives as much as the closest things .

In your recent work “I don’t know you, but I remember well” you use photography ...

In this case it is a found photograph. Found in a flea market, in an album of memories of some kind of unknown family but I immediately felt it familiar. The woman in the pic could be me, or a sister, a mother, an aunt... dead, a ghost. A personal or collective memory (like the picture hidden behind the photo). The foam device is a device to look at it, to understand the vision. A woman with cat, which I do not know ... but I remember it well.

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