

U R A N U S
R E N Z O T I E R I
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title: URANUS - RENZO TIERI
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year: 2003

Renzo Tieri
publisher: ASA Art and Technology UK Limited
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There are some beings in our planet that do not belong us.

In other words, they belong to the highest dimension of cosmos – like when we see the stars and judge to know that one day a flying saucer will descend to rescue us from the conflicts, from the sadness and wars, from the treasons, preserving those who we love, who are part of this impossible dream, magical aspiration.

Who judges that such a dream is a true utopia, a distant place, *u-topos*, doesn't know the soul of those who dream.

It happens always when a small and brilliant human eye *sees* the *miracle* of art, because it is not about other thing: *miracle*.

The word *miracle* appears from the Latin *mirari* that meant to *admire something*, to be profoundly amazed – as if we would immediately remind the enchantment of discovery that to Socrates is the very first sense of *Illumination*.

Like *Illumination*, *Enlightenment*, *mirari* has a close relation to the eyes – it is not about to be *amazed with the ears*, but yes to be *marvelled with the vision*.

From this we have the French word *miroir*, which is *mirror*, *looking glass*.

In the vision of the stars, and *departing* to them from the top of a mountain, where the vision *walks*, clear and fast, through sidereal space, there are the *movements* of what it is not saw – winds, gravity, fields of forces, everything that establishes an indomitable cosmic order.

To see inside himself looking outside, meeting in this interior dialogue the universal order – an order that escapes us at all moments and that demands that the dream continues, always.

Reverse of Narcissus, species of spatial and visual Echo made with light and invisible orders.

This is the history of Uranus, considered by Orpheus as the son of the mysterious and indomitable *Night*.

There is no star without night.

Uranus is, to the magical Greek world, the nocturnal sky.

Uranus marries to Gaia, the Earth.

Fearing Uranus' heavy embrace, Gaia implores to her sons to put out the powerful father. Only one of them helps her: Chronos, the *time*.

Time separating sky and Earth, killing our capacity to freely fly, in our dreams, with the stars and cosmic orders.

Other myth tells us that Uranus was the first king of the Atlantes – cultured and sage people that disappeared in the middle of the Ocean, inside a world transformed into island succumbed with the form of a mountain in the sea, before been eternally devoured by revolted waters.

Renzo Tieri seems to be one of these beings, from Atlanta, dreaming with the stars and cosmic orders, with Uranus, on the top of the mountain, aspiring to return to his natural condition, but impeded by the time.

When his hands touch stones and crystals, metals that are stars, and invisible lines revealing the air, we touch the universal cosmic order.

In his works everything is cosmic drawing and, unexpected, we find with him the brilliance of the past projected in the futures, as if Chronos, the time, had never existed.

Renzo Tieri doesn't belong us, he is part of those mysterious beings of light that walk through the darkness of *Night* – before, we all pertain to him, as essential part of his image in action.

Imagination.

His works are the magical and atemporal projections of Uranus and Gaia.