

THE ART OF THE PLACE

emanuel

2

dimas

0

de

melo

0

pimenta

5

title: THE ART OF THE PLACE

author: Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta

year: 2005

publisher: ASA Art and Technology UK Limited

© Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta

© ASA Art and Technology

www.asa-art.com

www.emanuelpimenta.net

All Rights Reserved. No, text, picture, image or part of this publication may be used for commercial purposes or related to any commercial use, by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, any kind of print, recording or any other information storage and retrieval system, without prior permission in writing from the publisher. In case of permitted use, the name of the author and photographer must be always included.

Friendship creates a community of interest between us in everything. We have neither successes nor setbacks as individuals; our lives have a common end. No one can lead a happy life if he thinks only of himself and turns everything to his own purposes. You should live for the other person if you wish to live for yourself.

Seneca

It was the year of 1991 when I met Lucrezia De Domizio Durini for the first time.

I was in Locarno, as it happened every year, with René Berger, Rinaldo Bianda, Vittorio Fagonne, Basarab Nicolescu, Lucio Cabutti, Giorgio Alberti, Lorenzo Bianda, Matilde Pugneti, Pierre Levy, Francesco Mariotti... it was as, if in some sense, they were, in fact, my true family.

Every year it happened there the Video Art Festival and the Electronic Art Festival.

It was when Giorgio Alberti told me he was friend of a unique personage, a person I should know – an enigmatic and enchanting figure of the contemporary art, a Baroness.

Lucrezia.

However Locarno is near Milan, in that precise moment it was not possible to meet her.

I was living in Lisbon at that time and, from there, I sent her my book on *virtual architecture* – it had been launched a few months before.

Later, Lucrezia would tell me that the book arrived when she was with Buby and Maurizio De Caro, provoking some surprise.

It was only then I knew that she had intensely collaborated with Joseph Beuys. A formidable identity – Beuys had been an important reference for me when I still lived in Brazil.

In the beginning of the decade of 1980, Fernando Zarif and I – he was a Brazilian artist, a great friend, my partner in diverse projects – made a concert and an installation at the Image and Sound Museum of Sao Paulo, dedicated to Beuys.

It was titled *Concert for Twenty Television Sets and a Priest*.

The people, among the audience, were transformed in antennas and directed themselves a part of the concert also through remote control of the television sets.

Everything happening together, also with recordings of a fundamentalist priest performing an act of exorcism. These recordings were worked in a laboratory.

Fernando and I profoundly admired Beuys.

The piece was dedicate to him – but we did not know him in person – and we left secret the dedication, only registered in the books of the Museum, to never become confused with advertisement or self-promotion.

Beuys disappeared in 1986.

Now, magically, it appeared that mysterious Baroness, with so many spiritual common identities!

Some months later, Luciana and I were again in Locarno and Ascona. Giorgio Alberti, a little as a surprise, put us in contact.

She left a message in the hotel we were – «I'm waiting for you in Milan».

It was an order, or it looked like an order.

We followed to her loft at via Mecenate.

It was hot and the sun was clear and strong.

It was very humid.

After a long meeting, very friendly, after having talked about practically everything, we had a lunch in a small restaurant, very near the loft, in the other side of the avenue.

We had simple pasta, with tomatoes, followed by vegetables and pepper.

I had wine, red wine.

Lucrezia and Luciana preferred water.

Buby was in Bolognano.

She told us about his researches and I planned to compose a concert with his mathematical equations on the internal temperature of flying butterflies.

Lucrezia dressed in black.

It seemed to us to have been already with her for one century, or more.

At that epoch I was together with John Cage, Merce Cunningham and David Tudor.

I had concerts in Japan, Canada, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Brazil, Portugal – not counting with those made with John – exhibitions in Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, Brazil, Portugal, some compact discs and six books already published.

But, until then, I had no work made in Italy.

Lucrezia was astonished.

Nothing in Italy!

My grandmother was Italian and I had never made anything in the country.

- We need to change this. Quickly. How it is possible you never had made anything here?

So, gradually, step-by-step, I started to collaborate with her.

During these almost fifteen year, when our friendship was always characterized by a spirit of free collaboration, I made about twenty texts for RISK and her books, three concerts for three films on Beuys, other six concerts for events she elaborated, many hundreds of photos, I wrote and directed a film on her, I created an Internet site about her and another one for RISK – always looking to help her in everything it was at my reach.

Thus, among other events, it happened the first Art and Culture World Forum in Bolognano.

Through ASA Art and Technology, in London, I worked to have a divulgation of some of her events to more than two hundred thousand journalists spread out in all over the world.

Lucrezia invited me to make an exhibition on John Cage at MART – the Modern Art Museum of Rovereto and Trento. Beyond an amazing curator she also made the whole graphical design of the book and coordinated all conferences before the event. But, even before, she also introduced me Fabio Cavallucci, and with him I made an interesting concert in Florence, later also in Trento. She introduced me to Alberto del Genio, through whom the Holotopia Festival was born near Naples.

In Naples she also was curator of my project *Kirkos – A Dialogue Between Marcel Duchamp and Josqin des Prés*, which was an enormous success.

She wrote three formidable texts about my works – one for the book on John Cage; an introduction for other of my books – *Teleanthropos, the Dematerialization of the Material Culture*; and, finally, the presentation of a cd-rom with one of my photographic essays: *Souls*.

She helped me, in a unique and uninterested way, in the reconstruction of my small house in Bolognano, which would become the *House of the Music*. And she brought my works to Sarajevo, to Sicily, among other places.

Our relationship was, always, designed by a mutual and free collaboration.

Free – without pressures of any type.

In the middle of the decade of 1990, when I participated and collaborated with the Montreal's *CyberFestival*, in its Lisbon edition, I invited Lucrezia for a conference. Even had spoken in Italian, she received a long, emotional and animated ovation from the audience.

About ten years ago, approximately at the same time of the *CyberFestival*, when I was curator of a Meeting for a university in Lisbon, I invited her to give a lecture. It was transmitted through the Internet to all over the world, in *real time*, in an epoch that such thing was very rare. The impact of her words, of her charisma, was immediate. People from diverse countries sent emotional messages about her.

A power of communication that reminded me Emerson, who had so strongly magnetised Walt Whitman.

In 2002, when she was in New York – especially to attend to my concerts at the Lincoln Centre Theatre, together with Merce Cunningham, I introduced her to Merce, to Takehisa Kosugi, to William Anastasi, to Dove Bradshaw, to Denardo Coleman – Ornette Coleman was not in the city at that moment – to Laura Kuhn and to many other good and old friends that where, all of them, profoundly enchanted with her brilliant intelligence and energy.

She always believed in my work – like me, always, profoundly and sincerely believed on her one.

The work consolidated our profound and respectful friendship – but did not limit it.

When Buby Durini tragically disappeared in the Indian Ocean, Lucrezia passed some time in our home in Lisbon.

She saw Laura Filipa, our daughter, grew up.

Lisbon became, also, her city.

There, in the several times she returned, she met a countless number of people.

In the passage of the year 2000, Luciana, Laura Filipa and I visited Seychelles, at her home, and we were able to share, in the place, all enchanting histories lived in many years.

She is, as she always was, a powerful thinker, with a unique intuition – a brilliant mind and soul.

However, in a certain sense, there is something that overpasses all these events.

A thing that unveils itself as if we would be dealing with a network that emerges from the most profound relationships among human beings.

It was with Lucrezia, and through the meetings that she always magisterially orchestrated, that I met with marvellous people – people who would constitute a good part of my soul, in a permanent radical and luminous way.

Saverio Monno, Vitantonio Russo, Mario Bottinelli, Harald Szeemann, Ingeborg Luscher, Renzo Tieri, Dona Ornella, Lino Federico, Pierre Restany, Claudio Sarmiento, Mario e Marisa Merz, Aldo Roda, Filippo Rolla, Marco Bagnoli, Giuseppe Scala, Stefano Odoardi, Massimo e Raphaella Doná, Umberto Petrin, Susie Georgetis, Marco Cardini, Leonello Tarabella, Peppe and Rafaella Morra, Pippo Gianoni, Omar Galliani, Gerardo di Crola, Ferruccio Fata among so many others... stars that form galaxies.

Names that do not follow to any type of order, no temporal neither of judgments of value, nor even an alphabetical order – because they are all free, they were always free.

In these last fifteen years, through her fast hands, it happened RISK, the loft, the innumerable editions, books, exhibitions, conferences, the cure of the most diverse artists, the Palace in Bolognano – a fabulous master piece launching herself into the illuminated Italian thought of the Renaissance – the transformation of Bolognano in a fantastic open air museum, and much more, to do not mention the gigantic work on Joseph Beuys along about thirty years.

Even had followed the huge projects in these fifteen years, what it seems me to be the most profound, most gigantic of her masterworks is in the human beings – thinkers, artists, people from everywhere united in a common and invisible project, whose form is beyond any strict and reduced definition.

They are, these human beings, magical pulsars, all formed under the sign of freedom, of the respect, of the mutual admiration, of love, of peace, of generosity and creativity, what designs her big work.

This is, in fact, the true *place of art* – her huge spiritual sculpture, the big silent revolution.

All people, in each small trace, in each moment, are the true design of Lucrezia De Domizio Durini's great work.

A truly monumental work.

A work for which there are not *one direction* ways, neither acts of false generosity, or personal interests.

There are no places for what is not true.

In this freedom, united to an intense capacity of catalysis, but immerse into an aesthetical and attentive eye, in a magical intuition that draws human relationships, composing an eternal spiritual building, there is the meaning of the *place of art* – that also is place of Nature.

All this constructed without help from the State, without support from the authorities, everything made by simple human hands, directly, without intermediaries.

Everything breathing, always, freedom.

Everything composing a landscape of full diversity, of permanent oppositions, reminding Schiller when he defended that it is in the action of both the intuition and the reason, together, that freedom is born.