

6 DECLINATIONS OF THE LANDSCAPE

Saturday 21st July 2018

With Francesca Conchieri, Mauro Cossu, Alessandra Eramo, Gruppo Sinestetico, Alessandro Ligato, Steve Piccolo

It is nine o'clock in the morning and we have just reached the castle of Brescia. The night shower gave us back a gray day that promises more rain. Inside the walls was placed the first steam locomotive used in the railway track that, starting from the city crossed the Camonica Valley, along the Iseo lake; a path that we will do, up to Sellero.

Around you do not see so many people, apart from some athlete who goes running, who walks the dog and some tourists in need of information.

We mount two lecterns and 4 motion sensors about ten meters from each other, like a quadrilateral, to the left of the locomotive. Someone passes and the sensors are activated: shot the audio of Steve, Alessandra, Antonio and even mine! The sound attracts passers-by, someone approaches, hears, asks, consults the catalog.

Guarda il video: <https://vimeo.com/281292707>



It's the moment of my performance, *the last train*. Peel a banana, another (indirect breakfast live), bypass the protective grating and place the skins on the rail....

Guarda il video: <https://vimeo.com/281299768>



Francesca observes and resumes. Now it's his moment: in one hand a pink can, in the other of the black insulating tape, with which he wraps the object, now a dark cylinder that shakes and tears / untaps in a *phuf*: we set sail !?

Guarda il video: <https://vimeo.com/281309745>

It is 11:30 and we are in Iseo. Having identified a space at the pier, on the belvedere, we install sensors and lecterns. Pandemonium breaks out in just a few minutes. No, we are not the cause, no fear. Between the general flight, violent showers of water and gusts of wind, is born - by intermediation of the sky - a masterly work, the floating letters: from the posters, now soaked, emerge as floating debris, broken letters, depriving the reading of a precise meaning. To posterity the arduous task of decoding the signs ...

Guarda il video: <https://vimeo.com/281283191>



Here we are in Pisogne: it is 2 pm. The train station is practically deserted. A train arrives and registers its sweaty stridor until it re-starts. Fortunately, it stopped raining! Not far away, at a glance we identify our exhibition space: a building with neoclassical pretensions, in a state of total abandonment. The entrance is rather captivating: a flight of stairs, a large balcony with guard railings around a Euclidean colonnade, surmounted by a solid roof. At the top, adhering to the vault, a chandelier with a square base, coherent and austere. What is it, what will it have been? According to oral sources gathered on site, it is not a disused factory but a school. Well, it is still a place dedicated to culture, functional to the cause! The set-up is solved in a few minutes.



We centrally place the two lecterns on the balcony. We feel at ease and proceed with the reading of the texts in the catalog while the 4 pre-recorded audio spreads from the 4 sensors placed at the corners.

After a leaflet leaping, inviting to participate, the appeal is collected with pleasure and curiosity, thus repaying our efforts. In the general buzz, the sounds of our audio files tend to amalgamate, defining a new soundscape. I believe that the epiphenomenon itself, according to a visual paradigm, can be found in the consultation of the catalog-artist book-hall booklet....

We arrive at Breno around 16, late on the roadmap (the only one, to be honest) but consistently guilty of having forced the wait for the only follower (declared) having accepted our invitation!



The station is small but welcoming, functional and equipped. On the bright board appears a message announcing the strike of the staff and the consequent suppression of the races starting from 21 hours until the following day: in solidarity with the workers (and fatigue accumulated in travel), I would be inclined to join but I do not yield. In a few moments the space is set up. There is a certain way off even if at times I have the impression that we are observed as if we were aliens precipitated by an asteroid. Do nothing, be kind to everyone and available for dialogue. There is no shortage of visitors, appreciable comments, intriguing observations on human perseverance to action.

19 hours and we are at 3 T, our local office, in the municipality of Sellero. From the local to the global, it makes me think of how each place acquires centrality when one has something to say and is said, to be done and done, with simplicity, awareness and reason. We are here for an aperitif, without mass participation, documenting this new adventure. Good evening everybody.

M. C.

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