

READYMADE METAL BOOK



unstable zones

page one (that could be the page two) - page two (that could be the page one)

supporting surfaces - trapezie - book spine

sizes in cm - 49 - 32,5 - 13 - 4,5 - 49 - 33

visual aspect

page one: rust corrodes metal, orange on blue - page two: rust corrodes metal, blue on orange

Orange color stands out of the metal wreckage pile, the book is evidently different from every other piece over there.

TERRITORY EXPLORATIONS AND RECORDINGS THROUGH HANDS

LEFT HAND - page one

Beginning at the corner farther from me: at first touch, ring finger pad is stuck in a sharp tip of metal surface...I gradually wriggle by avoiding hurting, I go to reunify the whole of the hand along the edge.

Edge is thick and solid, presenting trace of an hastily cut made by an angle grinder, probably due to the need of take in pieces for the scrapping.

...

I encounter (this time with little finger) an other torn edge, particularly embossed. I cannot proceed without hurting my finger. Then I reset my direction, starting again from the thumb.

From the blue smoothness I overcome rusty limit; the hand, that is cooled by metal, finds now different surface temperatures. Some zones are warmer.

...

Rust has complex rhythm, it slows down adherence between hand and surface. I feel my hand warms on, making more pressure in order to avoid corrosion, reaching anew the blue zone.

...

In what seems a fall, I find again the metal cold: no possibility to fix the transient feeling. Corrosion interposes between my skin and the blue, wolping the hand through micro hot bites.

RIGHT HAND - page two

Hand at the center - rust to every direction.

Unable to get in the way, I decide to stay longer in that position; warm seems to be less variable and more diffuse, surface informations seem well defined now and the irreversible activity of corrosion seems thinner.

I go further. Fingers meet soon the boundaries between rust and metal, that liminal zone of the surface where the relationship between the 'eater' and the 'eaten' is ongoing.

The hand, little crumbling the rust, produces a certain resonance, minimal but enough to inform me of the way. Cold increases, then rust is by now at the wrist level, returning to me its corrosion action on metal through abrasions on the skin I feel as last.

...

Surface becomes more safety since I don't meet more sharpe torn edges; I move the hand faster with circular motions, in order to produce a subtle resonance.

...

I increase the circle, so to include the rusty zone and listen to the difference in level, the boundary between blue and orange.

...

Moving on, my fingers beat on three or perhaps four heavy parts, smooth points almost liquid.

Welding points, sparks between a multitude of sparks are now fixed on this surface and are deforming the skin of my hand.

COLLECTING

...Despite the book shape unfolds into wide resonance potentials, its own configuration cannot permit any active use. Overall, its peculiariy cannot permit potential control, that is what produces a sound instrument. After several attempts to lead the book toward a family framework for my practice in order to recognize it as instrument, I accept the uselessness of my effort. Now I listen to the surface through the tactile. Fingertips and hand palms are like microphones recording our reciprocal movement, I record without playback. Everytime I have to start over again.

...No relationship has ever forced me to attention as in this case, expectation about sound is almost fade away but a part is still there: unintentionally I continue to look for a comfort zone where my hands can feel a familiar use. Through the contact I tend to defining a movement able to optimize sound.

No possibilities allowed; the book folds me, revealing my expectation to the audience. When my attention, distracted by expectation, tears by the 'temporary zone' of contact, the object surface becomes so hard by folding my fingers. At that moment no movement neither relationship are no longer sustainable. I start over again.



P L A Y

FIXED SOUNDS FIXED ACTIONS

A room is on my left a room is on the right

Occasionally I move from one space to the other, standing in the way between my body in the speaker and the sound coming out from it, reaching me