

# Clima

Gianluca Concialdi

## *Enrique*

03.06.2020 – 31.07.2020

*A story for Gianluca's Exhibition*

by Pietro Librizzi

Once upon a time amongst many Gianluca was taking me to his studio, at the top of the stairwell of an abandoned palace in Vucciria, no electricity but plenty of daylight, so to work like plants by absorption from soil, water and air. Here Gianluca plays the Demiurge with ancient magic and experiences of the now, mundane adventures in the name of our lady Art. Incredible humanities yet seen and felt with eyes and skin: a populace suited for abstract painting, the double concentrate of smoothed slates and stones dried by the sun, the sum of poets or who like them has synthesized the pulse of the city.

We go down, mumbling on apotropaic rituals, the little spirits and the choreographies of the brush cane. The walk through the alleys is full of characters and objects. Sensational discoveries, submerged by obviousness, threaded as they are in existence, accompany our steps amongst the desolation of rubble, asphalts, gravel, ground and mud. I listen from Gianluca the life costumes of world populations, precious uses threatened to disappear under the decomposition of complex garbage. 'We consume each other from a neurosis to the next, swiping the finger on the catastrophe, having but apocalyptic thoughts' says Gianluca and I pull him back from the diversions in the deep negative. There is this that is beautiful, and this too.

We arrive at the tavern, door always open. Mythology now surrounds our disoriented bodies. The bottle opener opens the beer, but the opening continues inside, it melts you with the environment, heavy yet solid and materially coherent, like brass and cast iron. An extreme densification of thoughts, polished from all distractions of the rumbling city. All roads lead to the tavern and it is true, we meet illustrious figures, we chat resolutely, we organize events. Thank you for that, I love you, how is that thing going? How are you? Gianluca says hi to everyone, bears cheerfulness and, above all, physical presence. Tenderness is an overlooked quality. I think of what Jaakko Pallasvuo wrote somewhere: 'Why are we captivated by those who hurt us? Who will be the first nice genius?'

Then, walking off to check the progress at the blacksmiths, we harmonized the state of mind, because Palermo continuously evokes ghosts and findings of ancient and current people that are so radically different, toponymies of destructive happenings, wilting of the mad material of plastic and cement. With great faith in others and moving to glorify the small workers who resist, Gianluca blends the intentions of projects with the variables of stubborn artisans, who infuse their ancient learnings in what is now a choral piece. The blacksmith is not in today. Oh well. We go through the back door, we come out to little corners of peace where kids play ball. I still wait to visit Mr. Sarro master of cast iron, who melts old radiators in ambitious creations, and all the other impossible Borbonic workshops, forgotten in a calm and persistent cry for help.

'Public doors for an access to an open thought'. It's sunset time. We revive idyllic memories of the Madonie, peace, the silence and power of nature, Etna. Ecology is a gentle master, superhuman law, let's even say divine for what is possible for us to imagine. Everything leans to love, affection and gratitude, delicacy of a millenary evolution, invisible and precise, gratitude, gratitude, tender side.

Roma, 29 May 2020