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AVIONOM
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Diapositive

Spiegazione diapositive

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Bibliografia

Selezione immagini

Ricami collettivi

Selezione testi bibliografia

Catalogo *Licheni*, 1997

Catalogo *Claudia Losi*, Luigi Franco Arte Contemporanea, 2000

For Ryōkan Project-One of Seven, 1999-2000

M. Meschiari, *Walkscape*, 2001

Claudia Losi

Piacenza, 1971.

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Born in Piacenza, Italy, in 1971. She lives and works in Piacenza.

In 1996, in cooperation with the poets Francesco Benozzo and Matteo Meschiari, she founded the *Studio Italiano di Geopoetica* (the *Italian Study for Geopoetics*). The association is affiliated to the *Institut International de Géopoétique*, established in 1989 in France by the Scottish poet Kenneth White.

In 1998 she is selected for the *Advanced Course in Visual Arts of Antonio Ratti Foundation*, in Como, Italy, and attended the course run by Hamish Fulton.

From 1996 to 2000 she spent several months in France and U.K.

In 2000 she is in the Italian shortlist for the *International Studio Program P.S.1-New York*.

Solo Exhibitions

- 2001** Milano, Galleria Monica De Cardenas, Project Room, *Dopo il Danubio/le carpe del mercato/guardano gambe*
 Roma, Galleria PrimoPiano, *Puro ossigeno*
 Washington, U.S.A., The Istituto Italiano di Cultura, *Walkscape*
 Brest, France, Maison de la Fontaine, *Rade de Brest, C. Losi, M. Dinahet, J. Durand*
- 2000** Torino, Luigi Franco Arte Contemporanea, *Marmagne*, (curator G. Scardi)
 Bologna, Galleria Zone c/o Graffio, *Danubio*
- 1999** Piacenza, Galleria Placentia Arte, *Cut*
 Stockholm, Sweden, Galerie Pascale Cottard-Olsson, *Over the reef*
 Milano, Galleria Artra, *Alighiero Boetti «territori occupati», Claudia Losi «passaggi»*
- 1998** Torino, Luigi Franco Arte Contemporanea, (curator G. Bertolino, text of L. Perlo)
 Cupra Marittima, Ascoli Piceno, Galleria Franco Marconi, *Tredici giorni +1*
 Bologna, Galleria Zone c/o Graffio, *Orkneys*
- 1997** Bologna, Galleria Zone c/o Graffio, *Cà Rossa*, (text of M. Meschiari)
 Piacenza, Galleria Placentia Arte, *Licheni*

Selected Group Exhibitions

- 2001** Bologna, Accademia di Belle Arti, *Figure del Novecento 2. Oltre l'Accademia*, (curators R. Daolio, A. Baccilieri)
Francavilla al Mare, Pescara, Museo Michetti, *Adriatico. Le due sponde*, Premio Michetti, (curator A. Vettese)
Roma, "S8Zero"-Palazzo delle Esposizioni, *Italian Studio Program 2000/2002-P.S.1 italian bureau selection*, (curator G. Di Pietrantonio)
Quimper, Francia, Galerie Artem, *Rade de Brest. Losi, Dinahet, Durand*
- 2000** Mantova, Casa di Rigoletto, *7 Artisti della Scena Italiana*, (curators L. Perlo, F. Comisso)
Milano, Palazzo delle Stelline, Sala del Collezionista, *Periscopio*, (curators P. Campiglio, A. Madesani, F. Tedeschi)
Stoccolma, Svezia, Galerie Pascale Cottard-Olsson, *Burret, Gustafson, Losi, Gamelon, Jourdain, Oregeret*
- 1999** Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, Inghilterra, Cairn Gallery, The Old Stamp Office, *The Equinox*, (curators S. Macrae, K. Whiteford)
Tirana (Albania), National Fine Arts Gallery, *Onufri 1999*
- 1998** Roma, Primo Piano, *Aggiungerei soltanto qualche osservazione critica*, (curator C. Pietroiusti)
Milano, Viafarini, *Con la pazienza si acquista scienza*, (curator A. Galasso)
Como, ex Chiesa di S. Francesco, Fondazione A. Ratti, *Mostra di fine corso*, (curator A. Vettese, G. Di Pietrantonio)
Castel S. Pietro Terme, Bologna, *Eccentrica*, (curators G. Gianuzzi, M. Manara)
- 1997** Milano, Viafarini, *AB. 12.2, T.I.N.A.*, (curator R. Daolio)
Ferrara, Orto Botanico, *Conversazione in giardino*, (curator G. Pellizzola)
- 1994** Milano, Viafarini, *We are moving*, (curators R. Daolio, A. Garutti)
Verona, Studio la città, *Pensieri*, (curators L. Caccioni, A. Garutti, C. Pozzati)
- 1992** Rimini, Galleria Comunale d'Arte Moderna, *Attention, Art!, Ipotesi a confronto 2*, (curators D. Auregli, C. Marabini)

Events

- 1999** Matera, Biennale Internazionale delle Arti Applicate, *Mater Materia*, 30/IX.-3/X: lettura di *Belgrade Project*.

Selection

2001

- C. CORBETTA, *Front Page*, «Vogue», ottobre 2001, p. 48.
A. VETTESE, (a cura di) cat della mostra, *Adriatico, le due sponde, 52° Premio Michetti*, Palazzo San Domenico, Francavilla al Mare, Charta, 2001.
ID., *Accertamenti terra-terra*, «Il Sole 24 ore», 12 agosto 2001, p. 26.
R. DAOLIO, in cat. della mostra, *Italian Studio Program 2000/2001-P.S.1 italian bureau selection*, Palazzo delle Esposizioni, Roma, Edizioni Castelveccchi Arte, pp. 50-53.
M. SENANT, *Trois artistes, la rade de Brest et deux galeries*, «Progès-Courrier», France, 7 avril 2001, p.11.
ID., *La rade de Brest s'expose chez Artem*, «Ouest-France», France, 17 et 18 mars 2001.
G. SCARDI, *Rade de Brest*, In Galleria, «Il Sole 24 ore», 18 marzo 2001, p. xi
A. PIOSELLI, *Claudia Losi*, «ARTFORUM», New York, March 2001, n° 7, p. 151.

2000

- L. PAROLA, *Quei ricami raccontano una storia*, «La Stampa», 2 novembre 2000, p. 43.
L. PERLO e F. COMISSO, (a cura di) cat. della mostra, *7 artisti della scena italiana*, Casa di Rigoletto, Mantova, Edizioni Casa del Mantegna, novembre 2000.
O. GAMBARI, *Le vasche di Claudia diventano sculture*, «Repubblica», 27 ottobre 2000.
A. MADESANI, in cat. della mostra, *Periscopio 2000*, Milano, Edizioni Mazzotta, 2000, pp. 19-20.
G. SCARDI, *Claudia Losi*, «Flash Art», 220, 2000, p.123.
ID., *Risonanze*, cat. della mostra, *Marmagne*, «documenti L.F.A.C.», n. 16, Torino 2000, pp. 7-12.
P. SOFFIENTINI, *Esplorazioni nei microcosmi dell'anima*, «Libertà», Piacenza, 2 gennaio 2000.

1999

- M. TÖRNER, *Foto, teckning, och textil*, «Falu Kuriren», Svezia, 13 November 1999.
B. DEGERMAN, *De fyras helg*, «Dala-Demokraten», Svezia, 13 November 1999.
AA.VV., *Hamish Fulton*, «Quaderni del Corso Superiore di Arte Visiva, Fondazione Antonio Ratti», 3, Milano, Charta, 1999, p. 133.
G. SCARDI, *Alighiero e Boetti-Claudia Losi*, «art press», Francia, 246, Mai 1999, pp. 72-73.

1998

- F. COMISSO, *Landscape as Mindscape. Le Terre In-Cognite di Claudia Losi*, «Titolo», 28, 1998-1999, pp. 27-29.
- E. TOLOSANO, *Claudia Losi*, «Flash Art», 213, 1999, pp. 130-131.
- T. CONTI, *Claudia Losi*, «Tema Celeste», 71, 1998, p. 73.
- M. MESCHIARI, *Nord*, in *Claudia Losi - Sabrina Torelli* cit., pp. 34-44.
- G. BERTOLINO, C. LOSI, M. MESCHIARI, *Conversazione*, in *Claudia Losi - Sabrina - Sabrina Torelli*, «documenti L.F.A.C. », nn. 6-7, Torino 1998, pp. 7-9.
- L. PERLO, *The Outside is In and the Inside in Out*, cat. delle mostre, *Claudia Losi Torelli* cit., pp. 13-23.
- M. MESCHIARI, *Claudia Losi*, «Flash Art», 208, 1998, p. 125.

1997

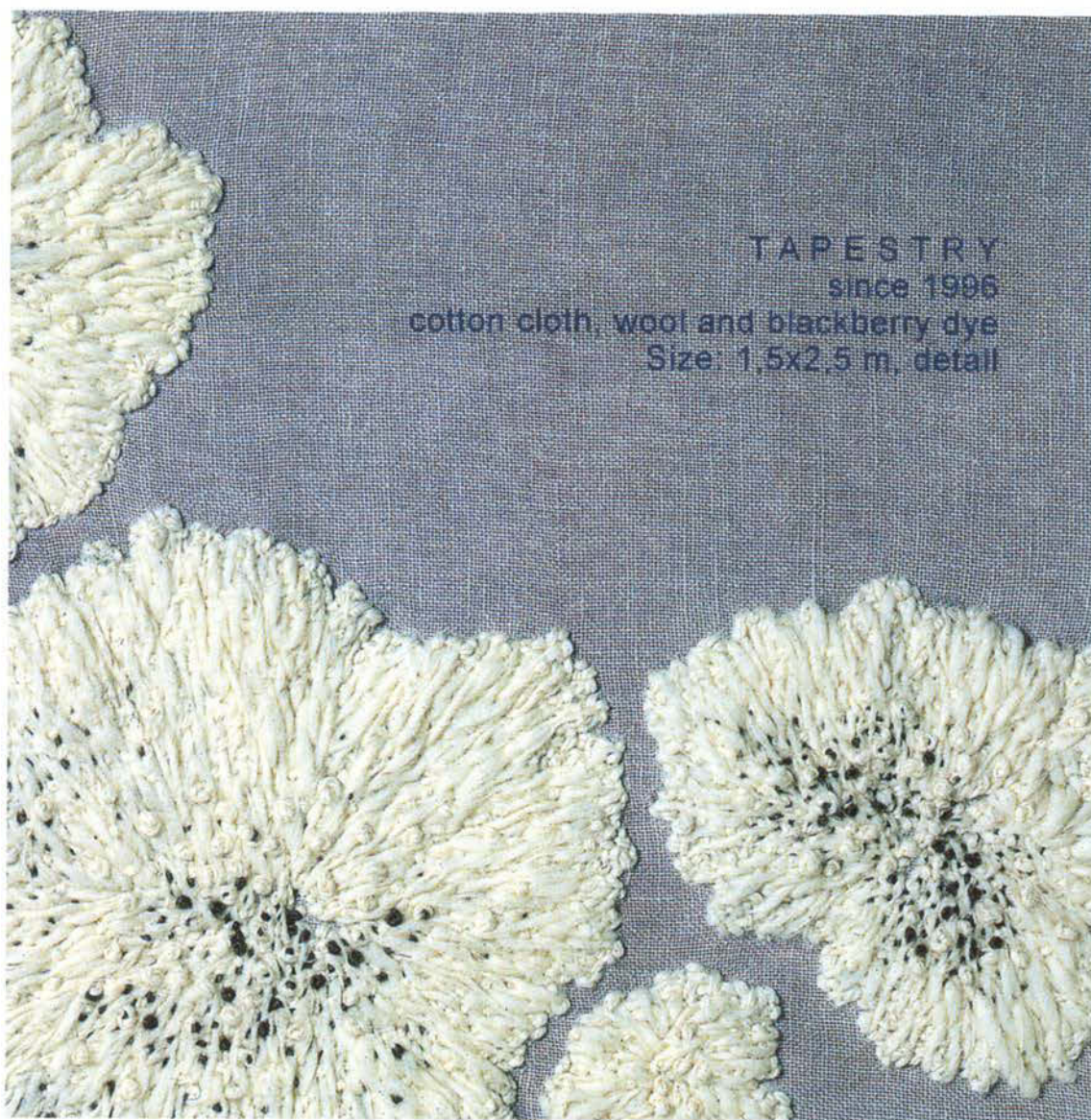
- P. SOFFIENTINI, *La terra vista dai licheni*, «Libertà», 17 dicembre 1997.
- V. BARBIERI, *L'archivio soggettivo e la simbiosi col paesaggio. Mauro Maffezzoni e Claudia Losi alla Placentia Arte*, «Galleria», 4, 1997, pp. 24-25.
- M. MESCHIARI, *Geografie di un lichene*, cat. della mostra, *Licheni*, Piacenza, novembre-dicembre 1997, Modena, Anemone Vernalis, 1997.
- ID., *Pangea*, in cat. della mostra, *Conversazioni in giardino*, 27 settembre-19 ottobre 1997, Orto Botanico, Ferrara, 1997.
- ID., *Ca' Rossa*, in AA.VV., *Zigzag*, Selezione 1996-1997, c/o Galleria Graffio, Bologna, Edizioni Zone, 1997, p. 13.



Vegetable Plates-Lichens
Since 1995

Plates VI and VII - *Rhizocarpon geographicum*
Size: 18x25 e 17x21 csm



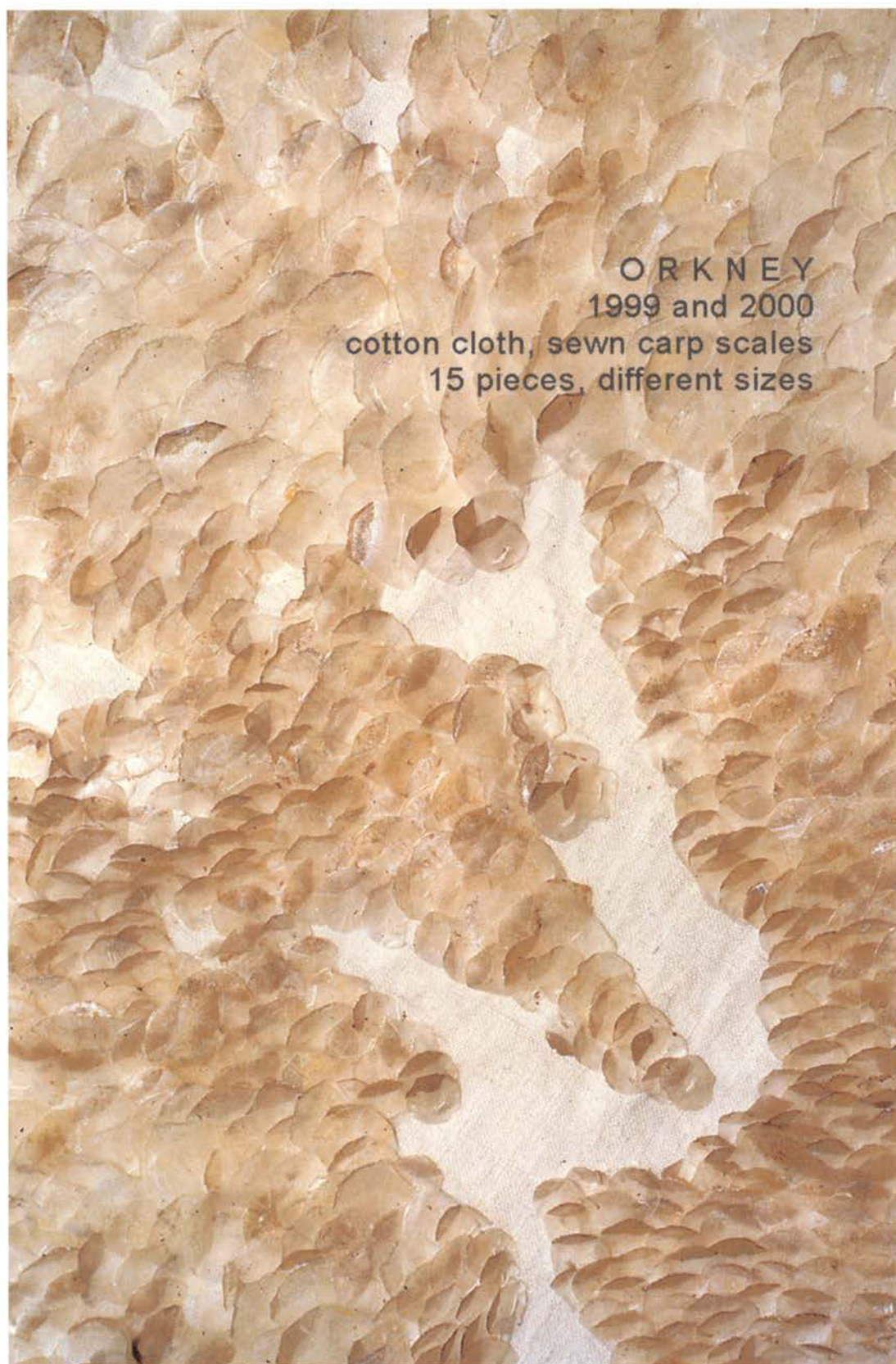


TAPESTRY

since 1996

cotton cloth, wool and blackberry dye

Size: 1,5x2,5 m. detail

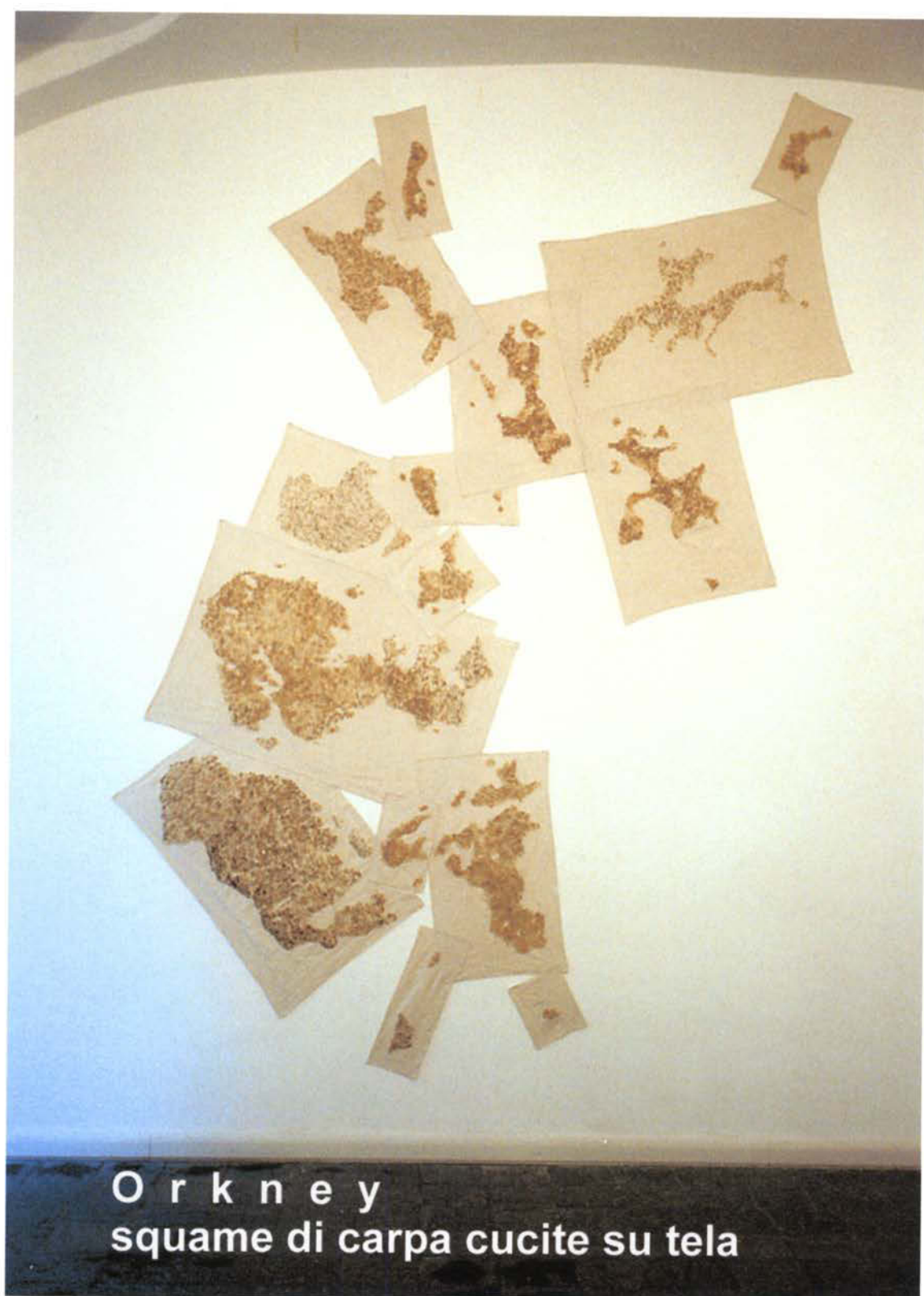


ORKNEY

1999 and 2000

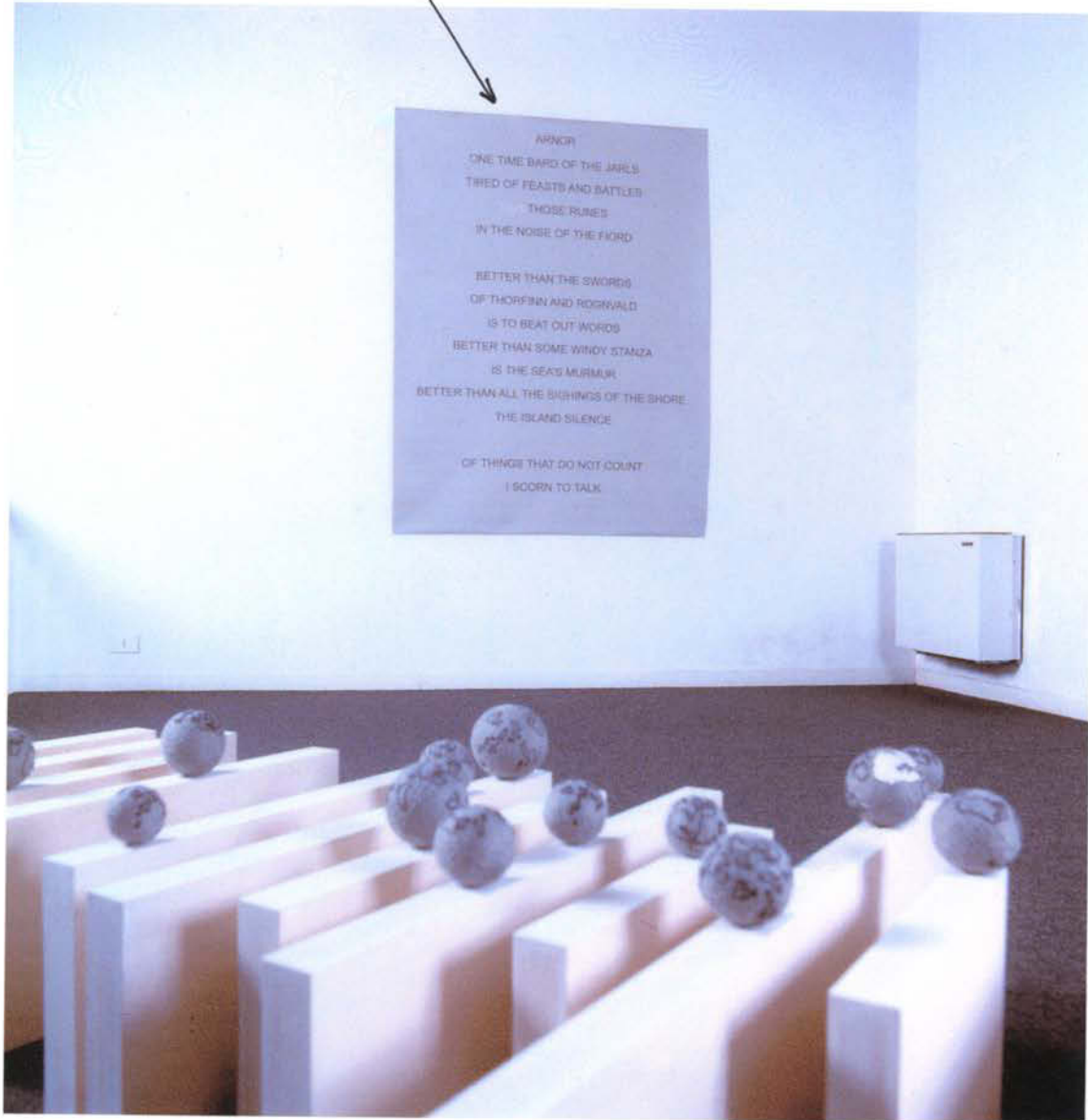
cotton cloth, sewn carp scales

15 pieces, different sizes



O r k n e y
squame di carpa cucite su tela

the word "CUT" has been embroidered by
the same thread of the balls one.



CUT-Orkney

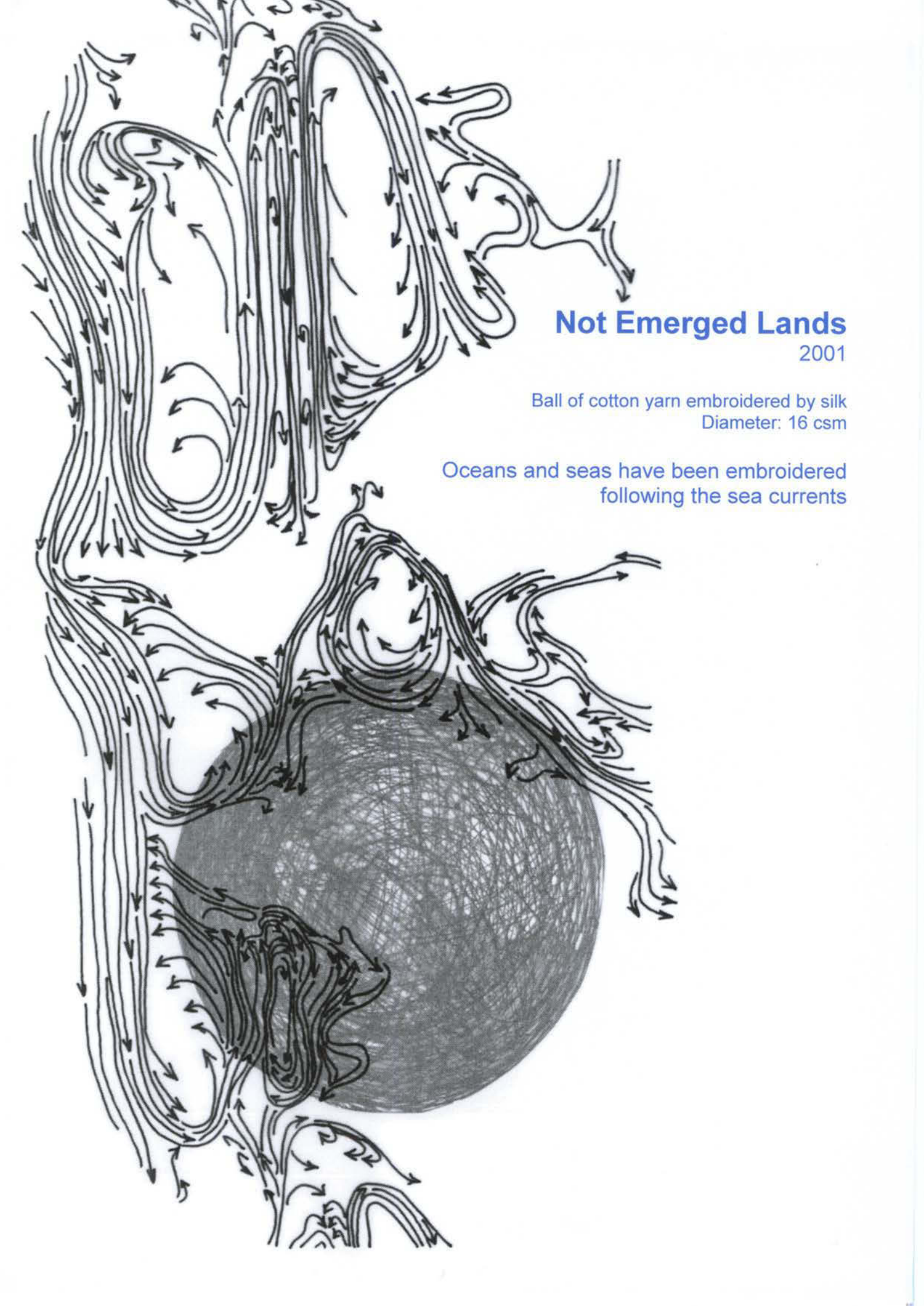
1999

20 woolen balls embroidered by wool and cotton threads, 14 parallelepipeds made by poplar wood
Installation size: 1,20x1,80 m approx.

On each of the balls is embroidered the profile of an island of the Scottish archipelago.
The balls are balanced on parallelepipeds of light wood, that in their layout,
duplicate the visual effect of the flowing of the lines of a poem of Matteo Meschiari.




 The work has been divided in 7 lines
 as the seven walks and the 7 days spent for the realisation

A black and white photograph of a large, spherical object, likely a ball of cotton yarn, with a diameter of 16 cm. The surface of the ball is covered in intricate, swirling patterns of black thread, representing sea currents. The threads are embroidered in a way that creates a sense of depth and movement, with many small arrows indicating the direction of the currents. The background is a plain, light color.

Not Emerged Lands

2001

Ball of cotton yarn embroidered by silk
Diameter: 16 csm

Oceans and seas have been embroidered
following the sea currents



Military blankets,
rags and wool.
Each 'carpe' is quite
heavy.

**Dopo il Danubio
le carpe del mercato
guardano gambe**



Comunicato Stampa
Monica De Cardenas, Project Room
Milano, novembre 2001

**Dopo il Danubio
le carpe del mercato
guardano gambe**

Quando scrissi lo haiku che intitola il lavoro di Claudia mi trovavo a Parigi. Era inverno in molti sensi, il Danubio era stato inquinato da non so quale industria collassata, migliaia di pesci a galla sull'acqua marrone, straccati sulle rive sterili. Da Est le solite notizie selvagge, cuore di una tenebra nostra.

Io, in una Parigi onirica, così lontana, oh così lontana, avevo in mente la fotografia che Claudia aveva scattato al mercato di Belgrado qualche anno prima: una vasca all'altezza delle gambe dei passanti, un'acqua torbida senza ossigeno, e le bocche dei pesci che dicevano prigionia, soffocamento. Lo stesso clima irrespirabile di Belgrado in quei giorni, certamente anche oggi. Un'immagine che senza volere mi porto dietro, come se avessi visto quella vasca in sogno.

E lei, da anni, con una tristezza e una caparbieta dolcemente femminile, prova a dare ossigeno a quelle carpe, a dare voce a certa gente zittita dal chiacchiericcio occidentale, gente che muore molte volte per mancanza di ascolto. Prima tre donne serbe, poi cinque donne serbe e cinque albanesi, poi altre donne magrebine e peruviane, unite da progetti che qui, per comodità, chiamiamo arte. Tutte hanno ricamato per Claudia e per se stesse, contribuendo a un lavoro artistico e a un bilancio familiare, vedendosi arrivare frammenti di paesaggi non visti, come il mare di Lerici, la Scozia, l'Etna in eruzione, e mandando a casa di Claudia frammenti della loro terra mentale, parole, fotografie, nomi.

Scrivere da esterni di cose come queste è quasi idiota. Non so cosa Claudia abbia visto davvero, oltre ai racconti che mi ha fatto, tutti i dettagli che ho perduto per riserbo suo o per stanchezza mia. Qualche volta Claudia ha scritto, per il primo lavoro belgradese, per l'Albania, per tutto il resto. Aspetto sempre quello che scriverà. Taccuini neri in una borsa di lana.

E io ero a Parigi, ed era inverno in molti sensi, e scrivevo quell'haiku solo per ringraziare Claudia di avermi tirato nel suo mondo. Davo al suo lavoro la cosa meno bella. Come ora, che aggiungo solo parole. Ma ho conosciuto pochi modi di fare vera arte, e vera resistenza civile, e un po' come un cartellino legato a una valigia, mi piace attaccarmi a quello che va lontano.

Matteo Meschiari



Belgrade Project - since 1998

WORKS

Collective embroideries

Belgrade Project

Three Serbian Women

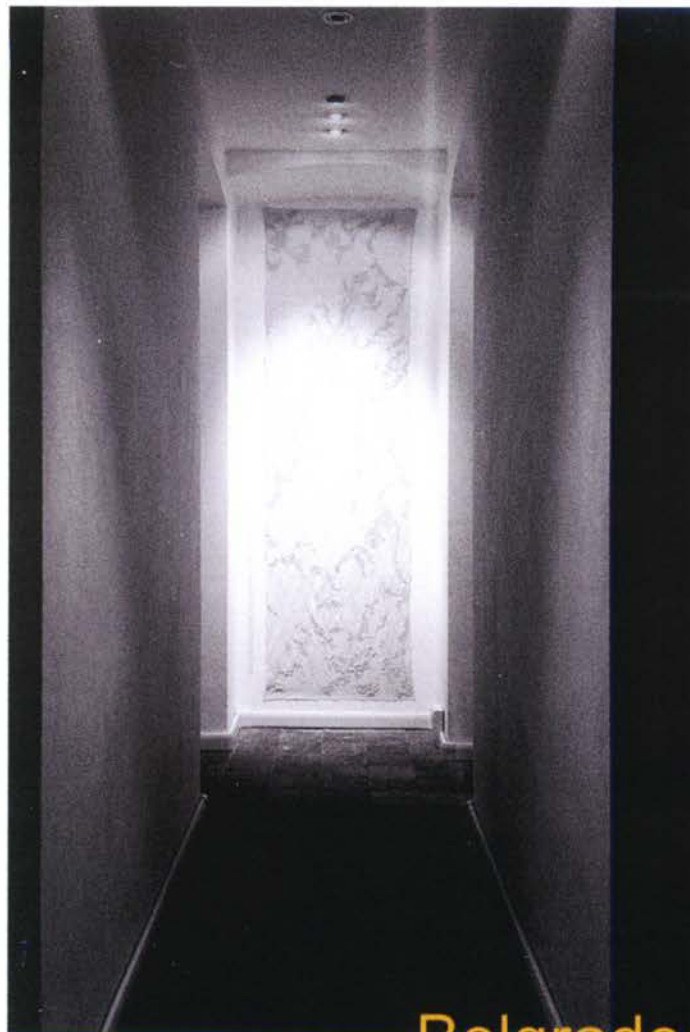
Annex: [Belgrade Project](#), Text of C. Losi

Arthur's Seat Project

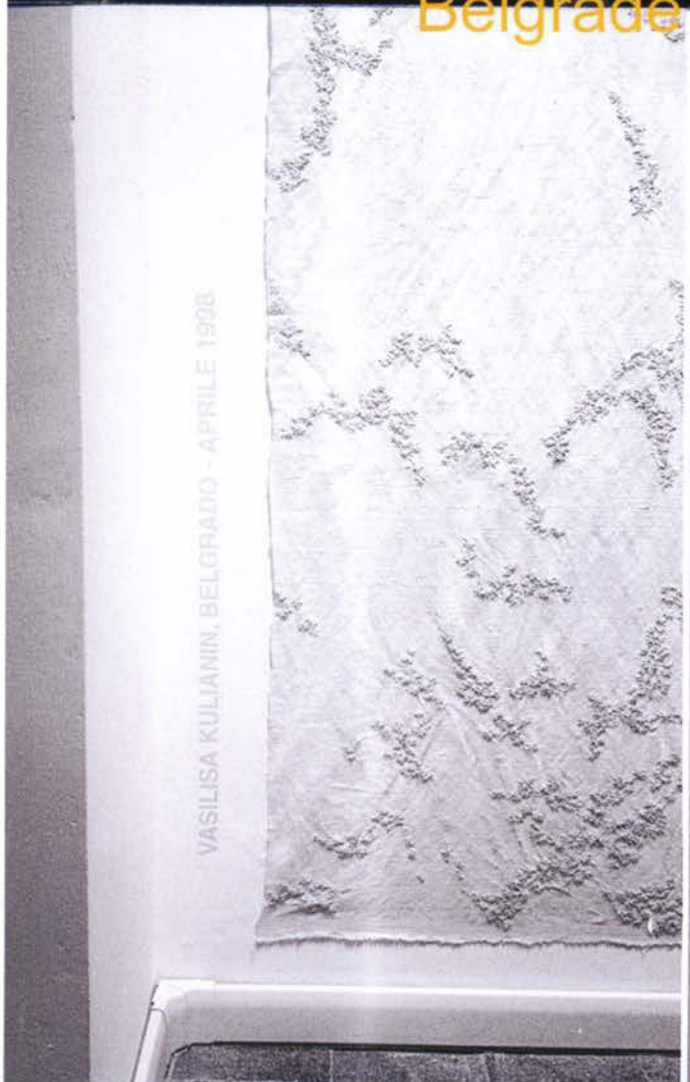
Six Serbian Women and six Albanian Women

Etna Project

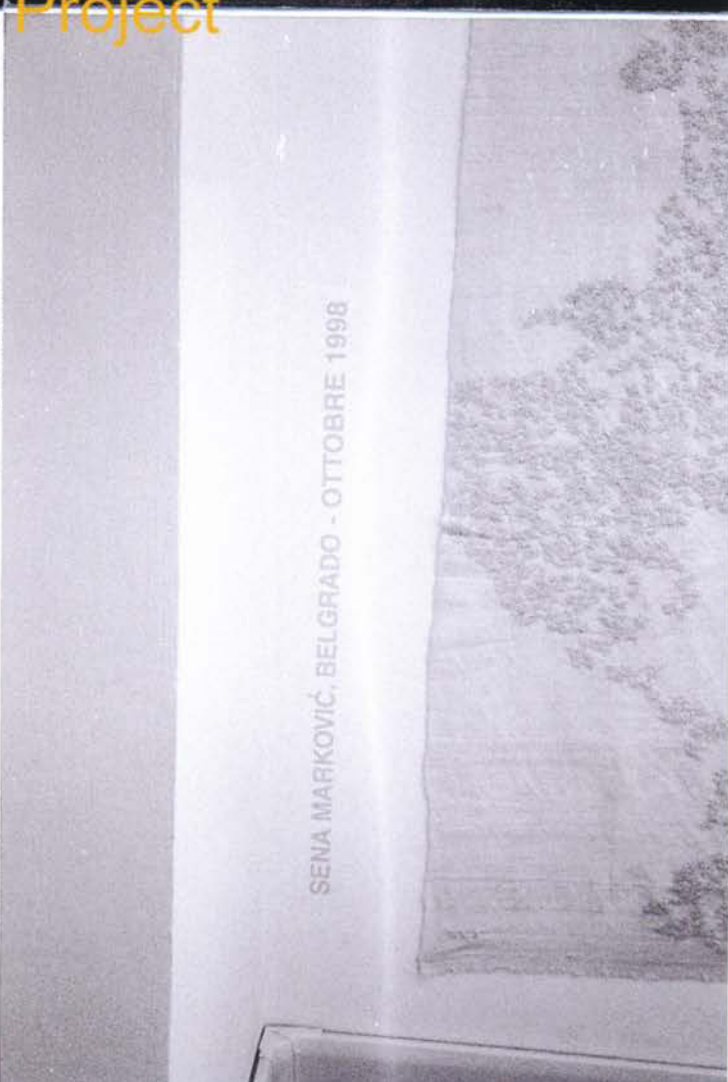
Eight Women from Peru and eight Women from Marocco
(still going)



Belgrade Project



VASILISA KULJANIN, BELGRADO - APRILE 1998



SENA MARKOVIĆ, BELGRADO - OTTOBRE 1998

BELGRADE PROJECT

From the beginning of 1998 to the end of 2000

To
Sena Marković
Vasilija Kuljanin
Milena Bojanić

At the end of the last Winter I met an old man. While we were looking towards the roundish brown mountains of Hoy in the Scottish archipelago of the Orkney Islands on the other side of the strait, he asked me "where do you belong to?".

"Where do you belong to?".

Many of the works I realised in the last years are tied to a precise story and place, but without any programs. They belong to some places. They keep a story.

Because the final result, the work that will be exhibited is not worth much in itself, as a finished object. Its value is given by the events, by the places and by the emotions gathered and kept between weft, warp and embroidery stitches.

In the beginning of March 1998 I left for Belgrade. There, I had to meet some Serb women from the refugee camp situated a few kilometres from the city. They were sheltered there (and most of the people with them were kids and elderly people) since the end of the conflict that made the geopoliticians talk about an ex Yugoslavia. They came from Croatia, from Slovenia and they had abandoned everything. They were Serbs, but pariah among the Serbs. When I arrived I was hosted in an apartment that had been turned into the operative centre of a group of women pacifists, the *Zene u crnom*, the Women in Black. In those very days they were preparing a demonstration of protest against the violence, that had just began, of the Serb troops against the Albanians from Kosovo.

There was a young Turinese woman with me, Milena Zulianello: for a few years she's been working for a humanitarian organisation in Belgrade, and she provided an important support to the group, and not only. (*By the latest news I have from her, up to a month ago, she was on the boundary between Macedonia and Kosovo giving psychological aid to the thousands of Albanians escaped from the massacres*). She's the one who has materially and morally made it possible for me to realise this project.

In 1997 I read an add in the newspaper that said that a humanitarian organisation was gathering woollen yarn and fabrics in order to start a series of initiatives with the women of the refugee camps in Belgrade. For example, the creation of small self-managed productive activities, allowing these people to earn something without depending on any external structure. So, I sent a short letter in Serbia where, without counting much on it, I mentioned the will to create some collective embroidering.

I left from Milan towards Triest. Then Zagabria and from there I took a bus across Pannonia, the recent boundaries between Slovenia and Croatia. I had absolutely no idea of what expected me there. I didn't know the places and I couldn't even imagine them. And besides this, for most of the trip, the landscape was immersed in a thick fog, very white for the sunlight.

I had three long jute and cotton cloths with me. I bought the fabric the year before in Bologna. A nice fabric, loom-made, maybe 70-80 years ago. Then, many skeins and a few photos to show to the women. For this first collaboration, I chose a project, *Waves*, which was waiting to be realised for months – this is the destiny of many of my works. It deals with reproducing the foam of three moments of the surf of a wave, stylising it. I took three pictures with a short interval of time between

until evening. Large wholes of butter, metal and plastic buckets with sweet smelling white cheese. There were old ladies selling only some turnips. But it was the market, and everybody seemed a bit more happy. Under a fishmonger's bench, boxed in a cement structure, I saw some tanks. There were enormous fish crammed inside of it. The water didn't circulate in the right way and those carps, carps from the Danube, were gasping on the bottom, with their big scales sticking up and their gills becoming always harder to dilate.

The same not well hidden atmosphere of agony that I perceived in the city streets.

And here is the symbol of this project.

I met the embroideresses just a few days later. I didn't have the possibility to go to the camp, because it's hard to get in and you need time for the permits. We met at the headquarters of the organisation for which Milena works. Vasilisa, Sena and Milena B. I think the first two are over sixty years old, the third is around forty. They've all had big problems and they needed money, as Vasilisa continued saying, to bring home something more than only the humanitarian aids, since that you couldn't find a job. "We're tired of depending on the others".

They weren't professional embroideresses. Vasilisa asked me if by chance I needed a tablecloth with little roses embroidered on it to bring back to Italy. "Well no, not exactly". The girl who was translating started explaining what I needed, how much they could have earned, and what I would have done with their cloths. Sena, who seemed to be the only one who understood the spirit of the job, asked me if it would have been possible to use other colours, maybe a little bit of blue, like the sea.

We shook hands, knowing that we wouldn't have seen each other very soon. I left cloths, skeins and several needles. I had absolutely no idea of when I would have received the completed work.

I could only wait and count on Milena's help.

The extension of the geographical theme to the social-political sphere, passing through the filter of emotionality.

I think that is exactly what happened.

"Where do you belong to?"

I left for Serbia in March, 1998. At the end of April, a friend of Milena returned from Belgrade with the first cloth. We exchanged it in the Modena train station, and I entrusted her an envelope with some marks. I hoped that Vasilisa would have received them quickly.

I decided to expose *Waves* in a personal exhibition in Turin in November, 1998. Up to the day before the opening I didn't know if I also would have received the second cloth. But it was, just like others of my works, a work in progress, without time, or better, with dilated time, sometimes casual. The internal time of the work. The short time and the long time of the landscape.

In the end it arrived, sent with a carrier by the mayor of a town in the province of Bologna. He's a friend of Milena, and he brought the embroidery with him from Belgrade. He got back to Italy the day before. What a coincidence!

The cloth was wrapped in aluminium foil, like the one used for Easter eggs.

Unexpectedly, inside I found a small cut out piece of paper fastened to the cloth with two pins. It was a poem by Sena, translated into Italian, to which she added the pen written title in Serb. It was a few years old. It talked about earth, children, loved and abandoned places. Sena lived through two wars, and she's tired.

I unrolled the cloth, just like one of those Chinese roles of silk: you unroll it and you can see the passing of the four seasons. Next to the edge, on the bottom right corner, I saw that Sena had embroidered her name, without having me ask for it. It was the most beautiful gift she could have given me. Yes, she well understood the spirit of this project.

I installed the two cloths. Next to each one, I painted on the wall the embroideresses name and the date I received the cloth. There was also Milena B.'s name, on the third section. But without a date. Without a cloth.

At the end of last July I received a letter. It was from Milena B. I had stopped hoping since a while. Also because I had no news from my friends in Belgrade, and I was worried for all of them. A short letter in English. "only now that this crazy war is over I can write to you", I read. She had serious health problems and a few mournings.

The embroidery had been ready for months.

one another, from the promontory of Portovenere, in Liguria. On the jute cloths I prepared the base by pencil: a simple and easy to realise drawing.

I chose the waves.

The chaos of air and water of the foam reminds me of the slow movement of superimposition, of the death and birth of corpuscles, seaweed and fungus, which compose lichens. The short time and the long time; inanimate and animate dynamics. Embroidering, I thought, can 'trace' both of the structures.

Confusion of stitches. Chaotic matter. Order of the needle and thread of the cloth.

The outskirts of Belgrade: how could I ever have imagined it, big cement beehives '70's style. A lot of grey around, and damaged cars. Memory of the Tito era, "a great dreamer", a tall and proud woman about eighty years old told me. She used to be a partisan and she fought with the field marshal about fifty years ago. She came to demonstrate with us, a few days later.

I met a lot of people down there. Many of them had a tough and disenchanted look in their eyes, but they knew how to laugh strongly, honestly.

I spent a lot of time with Milena, the Italian girl. She loves this city and this people. And she can't make out the hate that still spreads more and more among the younger people. Yes, because the elders are those who are more resigned. An Italian teacher at the University of Belgrade talked to me about his students' conversations, all of them were ready to justify what was happening.

The television news. The Serb ones talked about the suppression of dangerous terrorists. Pornography, propaganda. The Italian news instead showed a slaughtering of innocent people. Does this make sense?

There was a continuous coming and going of people at the headquarters of the *Women in Black*, where I slept. They would talk, or better they talked about politics, and about the way to act and communicate to the world what was happening. A group of Americans, a professor and two students of the last year of Political Science at Harvard, stayed over for one night before going to a town in Kosovo, to "see personally". They kept on teasing them. Treated kindly, with the kind of courtesy used for braggers who would like to do something good.

We drank cups and cups of very strong Turkish coffee. You must be careful to make the dregs deposit.

Many couples and young people were in the streets. Not many mature men.

The air breathed there was heavy. Detained tension. Something imminent, about to blow up. It was as if everybody were conscious that the precarious stability was about to collapse.

I walked, looking the passers by in the face. And I asked myself exactly what did I come to do in a situation like this. Everything was almost born by chance: a few letters sent like messages in a bottle, a phone call by Milena in which she said "Yes, ok, we can do it". And a few months later there I was, with a suitcase full of fabric-thread-needles, the hope to make the women I would have shortly met understand that I wasn't simply interested in giving them a commissioned job, but that I would have liked to create something different, only what a personal relationship can give birth to.

In the meanwhile I kept on walking, because it's the only thing I can do when I want to find an answer, or calm down the many questions that don't have any.

All of my work is based on observation, on doing some 'reconnaissances', recognitions in some natural places, to understand a little more of what ties us to the earth, to its dynamics, to its times. To attempt some poetic cartographies through, for example, embroidering or paraffin melting. To attempt a synthesis of the landscape, the natural one, the mental one, mindscape-landscape.

Yet there, this almost 'scientific' glimpse seemed to pass in the background. I was in an emergency place, a sort of front line, where everything you do and are, even if only for a few days, is re-dimensioned and collates itself with a clear tragic reality.

I went back to the market situated a few tens of metres from the apartment. Milena explained to me that now on the shelves you can find things that were impossible to find only a few months ago. It was full of people that came from the country with bunches of Spring flowers. They would stay there

But also in this case I have to use the internal time of the work: I don't know when I'll receive this last cloth, and I don't know how to send her the money. In this moment you can't enter Serbia without a visa.

[September, 1999]

October 4, 1999. Here's a postcard by Sena. It shows the "artists' street" in Belgrade. She wrote: "*Maybe you never don't know how you touched our refugees heart*" and then, a P.S., "*Please, you don't trust when they sead that all Serbs is bad*".
What should I do? Or say?

Once again: "[Where do you belong to?](#)".

[December, 1999]

In Spring 2000, I received a postcards and a letter from Milena Bojanić. She was asking me how she could send her work. The embroidery was finished. At the moment it is in Sarajevo. She gave it to a woman of *Women in black*. I am waiting for it.

In August I had news from my Italian friend, Milena Z. She was with her baby, Alice, a little brown-haired wonderful baby, in Belgrade. As usually, she anticipated the money to the next embroider, Milena B.
It is very hot there, in Summer.

In September 2000 Alice is 7 months old and her weight is about 8 kilos. Her eyes are brown-green.

October: Milosević is out of Serbia now, waiting to be judged guilty on crimes against humanity. A soft revolution. One year later in Belgrade none seems remember this 'liberation day' : the economic situation doesn't changed. It is worst now.
After the apocalypse in New York... the apocalyptic 'answer' in Afghanistan...

There are different priorities.

On the 29th December 2000 I meet Milena Zulianello's friend (who I met in the same place for the same reasons 2 years ago) in Modena train station.
She gave me Milena Bojanić embroidery.
It smell her hands: food smoke sweat.
It is something true.
Opening the plastic bag, at home, I can smell a piece of reality.

Belgrade Project, after about 3 years, is finished.

[Belonging to our own story.](#)

[October, 2001]



Belgrade Project - Waves
Milena Bojanic Sena Markovic Vasilija Kuljanin



Arthur's Seat Project

1999-2000

Six Serbian Women and six Albanian Women

Cotton cloth, threads and tick felt

12 pieces

Size: about 170x80 csm.

Etna Project



ETNA PROJECT

Eight Women from Peru and eight Women from Marocco

Kanza Ahrdan
Livia Alva Asencios
Karima El Moubariki
Claribel Morales/Cladi Vera/Hesnon Vera
Latifa Lacker
Hermelinda Alva Asencios
Loubna Harmaz
Aide Villareal
Saloua Bencharki
Sonia Loayza Alva
Fatima El Khayati
Georgina Alva Asencios
Naima Mansouri
Maria Trujillo
Aicha Benkabbour
Evelyn Campos Alva

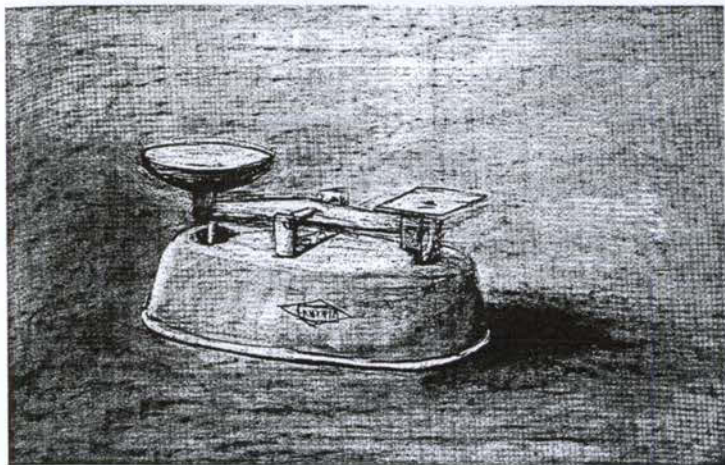
Each answered to the following question:

QUAL ES LA COSA QUE TE REPRESENTA MEJOR?

MA HI A ALL HAJJA ALLATI TOIBOHA AKTAR AO TOMATTILOKA

Many Tanks to Soad El Khelfi and Magdalena Alva Asencios

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY



William Kentridge. «Pesar i desitiar»

coal and pastels, and the animation obtained by adding or subtracting (erasing) elements, so as to greatly reduce the number of original drawings needed for the film. In contrast to the kind of cells produced by the animated film industry, Kentridge puts less emphasis on a clean continuity of movement and more on the compression of time and the expressiveness of his line (continuing a tradition that runs from Goya to Hogarth to Beckmann).

His recurrent themes are suffering, guilt and confession, and post-colonial domination and emancipation. His chosen techniques may seem obsolete to contemporary aficionados of computer-generated graphics. His highly urban narratives are similarly out of sync with the Zeitgeist, especially in terms of the antiquated dress codes affected by his protagonists. The most celebrated of these is the real

estate speculator Soho Eckstein and his alter ego, the artist Felix Teitlebaum. But when Kentridge subtly intercuts this metaphorical story with archive photos of bloody clashes between Black workers and the South African forces of order, viewers find themselves suddenly plunged into the icy waters of the contemporary world (*Ubu Tells the Truth*, 1997). This is the first major show of Kentridge's work in Europe.(2) It affords an opportunity to appreciate the relevance of this artist, born in Johannesburg in 1955, who is also a writer and a theater and opera director. His is a genuinely popular and political art.

Joerg Bader

Translation, L-S Torgoff

(1) See *art press* no. 242, January 1999, pp.69-70.

(2) After Brussels, Munich and Barcelona, the show will travel to London's Serpentine Gallery in April and May and the Neue Galerie in Graz (Austria) next fall.

milan

ALIGHIERO E BOETTI CLAUDIA LOSI

Galerie Artra

15 février - 20 mars 1999

Pour Alighiero Boetti (qui signait Alighiero e Boetti), la carte géographique et la toponymie pouvaient révéler un invisible réseau relationnel. Dans le manifeste réalisé pour l'exposition d'arte povera *Città di Torino* (1968), il avait demandé aux participants d'indiquer sur le plan de la ville où se trouvait leur propre atelier et d'y apposer leur signature, soulignant ainsi une sorte d'esprit de groupe, tout en garantissant l'intégrité des individualités. Entre 1967 et 1971, dans *Dodici forme dal giugno 67* (Douze formes depuis juin 1967), Boetti a gravé sur douze plaques aux mêmes dimensions que celles utilisées pour l'impression du quotidien *la Stampa* datées du jour auquel la carte a été publiée à la une du quotidien turinois.

Claudia Losi s'inspire également de la cartographie pour évoquer des territoires mentaux, et utilise pour cela des techniques diverses, dont la plus courante demeure la broderie. Les cartes représentées dans *Passaggi* sont soit brodées de fils couleur camouflage sur des tissus bruts, soit dessinées sur les murs. Dans *Tavole* (Planches), elle souligne au fil rouge un certain nombre de détails tirés de photographies prises au cours de ses promenades, établissant ainsi des corres-

pondances entre le paysage et sa propre perception de celui-ci. Dans *Licheni* (Lichens), elle obtient, par la superposition de plusieurs couches de points de broderie, une épaisseur de fil qui évoque l'aspect, la matière et la lenteur du développement de ces formes végétales. Cette lenteur est d'ailleurs une composante importante de son travail : vue comme une pratique cognitive, elle permet de mettre en relation les processus de formation naturels, et ceux qui sont propres aux développements de la pensée. Ses *Licheni* ressemblent à des plans insulaires, à des paysages synthétiques, et conduisent à réfléchir sur les liens entre microcosme et macrocosme.

Le travail de Claudia Losi trouve ses origines dans la pratique de la promenade, où les dimensions spatiale et temporelle se fondent. L'expérience directe de la nature est un élément fondateur, une façon particulière de vivre l'espace de l'intérieur à travers l'effort physique, dépassant ainsi la simple relation photographique à laquelle nous sommes habitués. L'œuvre qui en résulte permet de visualiser une sorte de géographie mentale, comme un territoire à parcourir par la pensée.

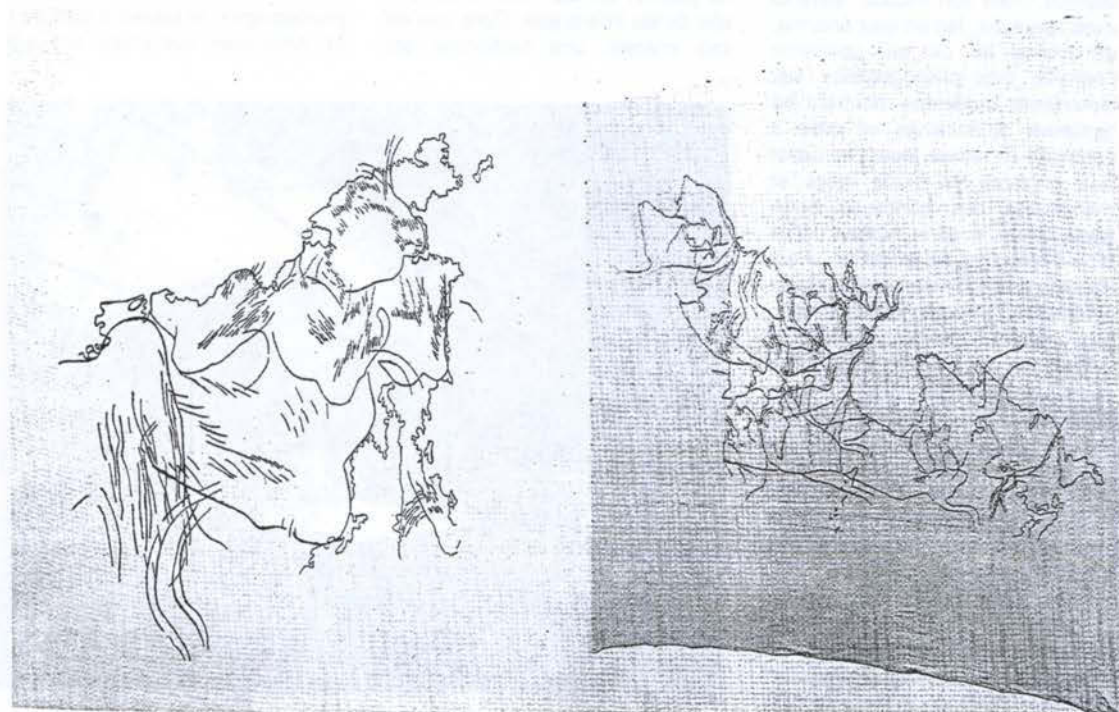
Gabi Scardi

Traduit de l'italien par Maria Grazzini

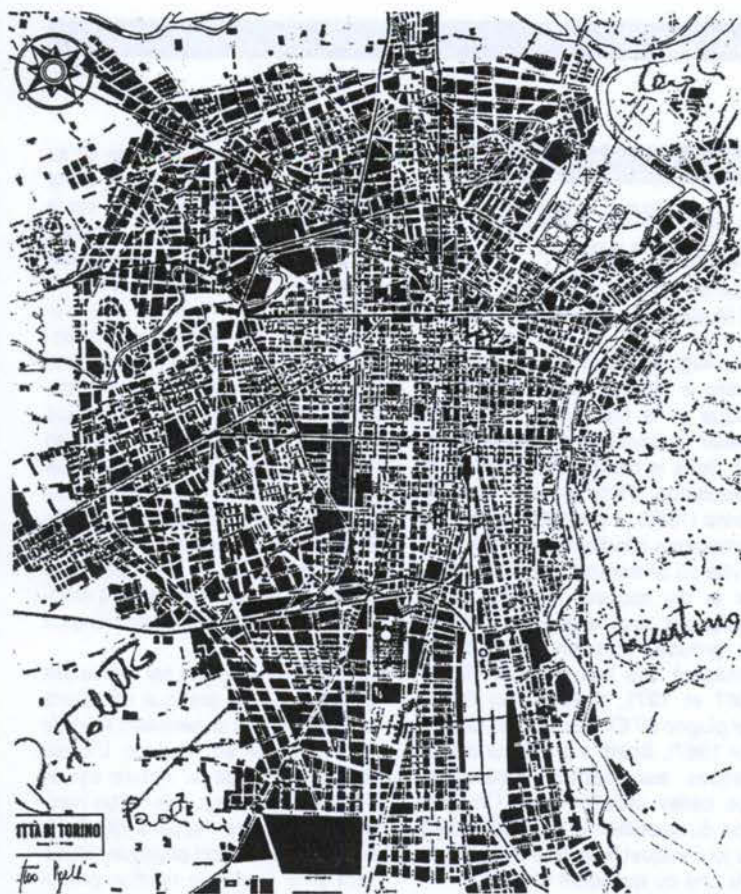
Claudia Losi élabore actuellement un projet avec Hamish Fulton en Ecosse.

For Alighiero e Boetti, maps and place names can serve to reveal an otherwise invisible network of relationships. In his manifesto for the Arte Povera exhibition *Città di Torino* (1968), he asked the participants to sign a map of the town so as to signal the location of their studio. This procedure was a way of emphasizing a kind of group spirit while respecting individual identities. Between 1967 and 1971, in *Dodici forme dal giugno 67* (Twelve Forms Since June 1967), Boetti traced the outlines of twelve warring countries taken from maps published in *La Stampa*, and engraved them, complete with the dates of their original appearance, on plates of exactly the same size as those used to print the Turin daily.

Claudia Losi also uses maps to evoke mental territories. Of the many different techniques she employs, one of the most common is embroidery. The maps represented in *Passaggi* are either embroidered in camouflage colors on untreated cloth or drawn on the walls. In *Tavole*



Claudia Losi. «Passaggi». 1998. Broderie sur toile et sanguine sur mur. "Passages." Embroidery on canvas and sanguine on wall



Alighiero e Boetti. «Manifesto Arte Povera». 1968. 60 x 50 cm. Technique mixte sur carte
"Arte Povera Manifesto." Mixed media on board

(Boards) she uses red thread to emphasize certain details extracted from photographs taken on her walks, thus establishing correspondences between the landscape and her own perception of it. In *Licheni* (Lichens) she superimposes stitches so as to suggest the appearance, texture and slow, accretive development of these vegetal forms. This idea of slowness is an important element in her work. Losi draws a parallel between the formation of natural growths and the evolution of thought processes. Her lichens are like maps of islands, hypothetical landscapes. They stimulate ideas about the relation between microcosm and macrocosm.

Losi's work grows out of her experience of walking in which the dimensions of time and space merge and an inner experience of space is gained as a result of physical effort. This direct experience takes her beyond the sort of simple photographic relation to which we have grown accustomed. The resulting work suggests a kind of mental geography, a sort of territory to be explored by thought.

Gabi Scardi

Translation from the French,
C. Penwarden

Claudia Losi is currently working on a project in Scotland with Hamish Fulton.

GREGORY CREWDSON

Emily Tsingou Gallery
6 février - 27 mars 1999

Gregory Crewdson, originaire de Brooklyn, a depuis peu élargi le cadre de ses opérations. L'objet de sa critique ne s'est que légèrement déplacé, mais son *modus operandi* a, en revanche, fait un saut énorme, du moins en ce qui concerne l'échelle. Des photographies aux dimensions modestes montrant les banlieues américaines en proie à l'entropie (la nature jouant au saboteur grignote les bords lisses et manucurés des banlieues bourgeoises) de la série *Natural Wonders* (Merveilles de la nature), il est passé à des mises en scène quasi-cinématographiques. Parallèlement, ses visions prophétiques de la décadence des banlieues font elles aussi un saut quantitatif : ne se contentant plus d'en ronger les limites, la nature s'introduit dans les living-rooms et les cuisines, lance des assauts en règle contre des quartiers entiers. Les interventions furtives ont cédé la place à des actes ouvertement subversifs.

Dans sa série *Twilight* (Crépuscule), l'incursion de la nature a désacralisé les autels de la propreté, de l'hygiène et de la grâce ; ses déprédations ont franchi le seuil de pavillons de banlieue qui furent autrefois immacu-

lés. Ici, nous avons jadis saccagé le jardin de la nature en lui imposant une régularité répétitive ne tolérant aucun désordre, mais elle a repris le dessus. L'invasion par l'univers naturel (qui fut soudaine et sans doute cathartique, à en juger par tous les signes et symptômes que Crewdson montre de façon si imagée) a fait craquer le vernis de l'harmonie et du bonheur domestiques par un brutal retour des choses. Dans une des photos (intitulée comme toutes les autres *Untitled*, 1998), les rayons du soleil tombent sur une clairière jonchée de détritus, fruit de l'activité des hommes et des bêtes sauvages. Sous une branche pendante, un grizzly s'est arrêté pour observer la scène et retrouver son gîte, qui n'est autre qu'un salon de banlieue souillé par l'invasion de la nature sauvage – lieu dont l'inquiétante étrangeté prend un caractère surréel. Au premier plan de ce paysage chaotique, du lait s'écoule d'un berlingot renversé, libation qui donne à la scène une résonance sacrée. Cette image étrange et dérangeante est typique de la série : des événements se sont produits ici, mais leur signification nous échappe, nous ne pouvons que supposer que nous assistons au premier acte d'un jeu fatal.

Dans une des trois vues panoramiques aériennes (prises par Crewdson du haut d'une plate-forme du type de celles utilisées pour cueillir les cerises), les services de secours s'efforcent de découvrir les raisons de la catastrophe, et si possible sa signification. La confusion est totale : les indices sont nombreux mais rien ne permet de les relier entre eux afin de les interpréter. Dans une de ces images, une recherche est

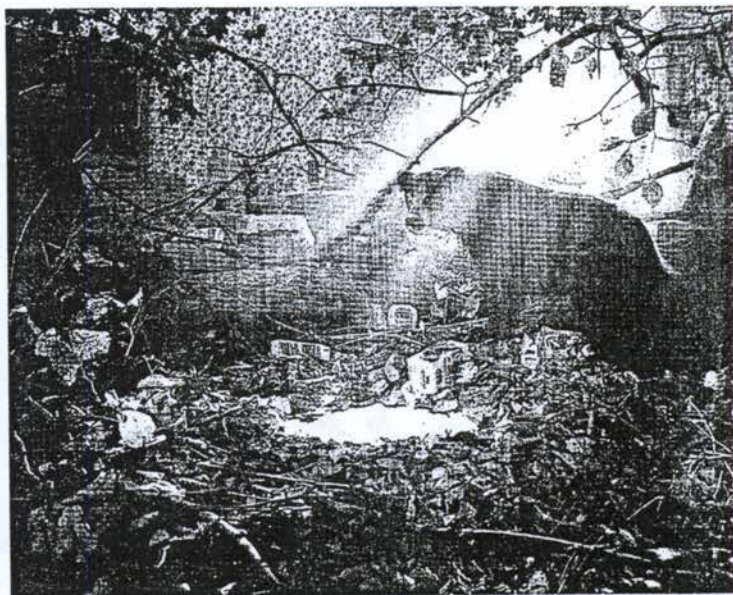
organisée dans tout le quartier ; à l'avant-plan, une voiture de pompiers stationne à côté du cadavre d'une vache. S'agit-il d'une fausse piste ? La banlieue se perd dans des limbes énigmatiques. Dans une autre scène, c'est la nuit ; entouré de petits nuages de fumée, un minuscule personnage se tient dans l'allée, devant une série de pavillons bon marché à un seul niveau. Tout indique qu'il y a eu un « incident » ; un projecteur éblouissant est braqué sur lui, depuis un avion ou un hélicoptère situé hors champ, scène évoquant les *Rencontres du troisième type* de Spielberg. Diverses images contiennent également des références subtiles aux films de David Lynch et de Cronenberg.

Pour bien faire comprendre son propos, Crewdson utilise l'insolite, assorti d'un humour grinçant et d'une grande force émotionnelle. C'est dans ces espaces où le discours peut s'introduire entre réalité et illusion, espaces où réside cette inquiétante étrangeté, que ses images prennent vie, sans le moindre artifice superflu. De l'absence surgit une présence dont le message prophétique s'impose à nous.

Roy Exley

Traduit par Frank Straschitz

Gregory Crewdson, who hails from Brooklyn, has recently souped-up the scale of his operations. The site of his critique has shifted sideways only slightly, but his *modus operandi* has made a quantum leap, scale-wise at least. He has graduated from photographs of tabletop tableaux of American suburban entropy



Gregory Crewdson. Sans titre. 1998. Photographie couleur. 26x 150 cm. C-print

fotografica in bianco e nero delle varie operazioni. Il discorso di Bertuzzi si esprime probabilmente al meglio nelle azioni, così aliene dalla realtà presente, che risultano capaci di risvegliare sensi e memorie dimenticate. In questo caso l'effetto si ritrovava ancora all'interno della galleria, grazie all'odore pungente delle foglie morte che impregnava gli ambienti. Ma la dimensione più tecnologica scelta dall'artista a scopo documentativo rischia — soprattutto nei video — di astrarre le azioni smorzandone eccessivamente i contenuti ed il grado di coinvolgimento.

Vittorio Barbieri

CLAUDIA LOSI

Placentia Arte, Piacenza



Claudia Losi, Cut, 1999. 20 gomitoli ricamati, 14 parallelepipedi, 110 x 200 cm.

Venti gomitoli grigi sono appoggiati su altrettanti parallelepipedi di legno chiaro che, nella loro disposizione, replicano l'effetto visivo del succedersi delle righe di una poesia campeggiante, in grandi dimensioni, sul muro retrostante. La poesia narra di Amor, poeta di corte rifugiato nella solitudine delle isole Orcadi. Su ognuno dei gomitolini è ricamato il profilo di un'isola dell'arcipelago; solo tre di queste isole sono colorate all'interno e sono appunto quelle di cui Claudia Losi ha percorso, a piedi, i confini. Su alcuni pannelli in tela grezza sono applicate lucide squame di carpa, a comporre di nuovo la sagoma di alcune delle Orcadi. La riflessione e la pratica artistica di Claudia Losi hanno così origine nell'esercizio fisico della camminata e nell'interesse per la cartografia. L'osservazione diretta della natura agisce come una leva sul pensiero e rappresen-

ta un modo per rivitalizzare, vendendo dall'interno, un rapporto che oggi tende piuttosto a essere legato a una prospettiva esterna, a un approccio letterario o alla dimensione fotografica o satellitare. Le mappe insulari, realizzate con materiali naturali e organici, dai colori mimetici, richiedono un lavoro meticoloso i cui tempi dilatati corrispondono ai ritmi dello sviluppo biologico e cognitivo e dei processi formativi in natura. La dimensione intellettuale del lavoro e la minuziosa concretezza della fase di formalizzazione corrispondono perfettamente, e convivono con una qualità poetica e con una raffinatezza formale rare.

Gabi Scardi

GIASCO BERTOLI MONICA CAROCCI

Newsantandrea, Savona



Monica Carocci, Senza titolo, 1999. Stampa fotografica. Foto Emanuele Biondi.

Monica Carocci opera da anni con la fotografia intendendola semplicemente come mezzo d'espressione, al di fuori di ogni schematismo tecnico. L'opera dell'artista è volutamente imperfetta, sia in fase di ripresa sia di stampa, e tende palesemente a ricreare quell'aura di unicità che tanti teorici hanno voluto negare all'arte tecnologica e riproducibile. In quest'occasione espone stampe macchiate, sporcate e corrette, che abitualmente rifotografa e riproduce su grande formato. Il risultato è una sottile e discreta galleria di paesaggi, umani, naturali e, soprattutto, mentali, dove la distorsione sfuma nel ricordo e assume, per ciascun fruitore, un tono soggettivo: terre di tutti e di nessuno dove l'acqua e la riva si fondono e si dilatano in un oblio pericolosamente amniotico, dove teorie di alberi o di lampioni ottocenteschi sfumano in una nebbia che non è solo

fisica, dove la città e il vissuto urbano perdono ogni caratteristica definita. Al piano superiore della galleria, Giasco Bertoli presenta invece alcune foto di architettura e paesaggio, algide, impersonali e leggermente inquietanti, che introducono al vero fulcro dell'operazione: un libretto di autoscatti intitolato *Madame Bovary c'est moi*. Donne, anonime e identificabili soltanto dalla provenienza geografica — realtà, finzione, gioco voluto? — scritta sulla maglietta, si autospongono, si esibiscono, a volte si annientano, fotografando l'intimo del proprio corpo con amore, orgoglio, noncuranza, imbarazzo o rifiuto. Sottile voyeurismo, angoscia, isolamento e un sano edonismo egocentrico si fondono in un'operazione che è sicuramente più esistenziale che compiaciuta.

Elisabetta Rota

YUMI KARASUMARU

Luigi Franco, Torino

La mostra prende l'avvio da un grande inchiostro su carta, riproduzione fedele della foto di gruppo di una tipica famiglia giapponese. Da questa arcaizzante icona, ispirata al culto giapponese degli antenati, si passa poi alla memoria tragica del secondo dopoguerra con due vedute di Hiroshima devastata dalla bomba atomica, dipinte ad acrilico su tela con colori tenui, evanescenti, come se affiorassero da una lontana, ma indelebile memoria.



Yumi Karasumaru, Bunshin, 1999. Performance. Foto Emanuele Riccio.

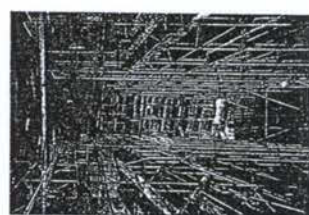
Il percorso espositivo prosegue nello spazio sotterraneo della galleria con due serie di fotografie. La prima, denominata A+B, è costituita da autoritratti di Yumi Karasumaru nei quali al volto dell'artista viene sovrapposto il viso di una persona sfregiata dalle radiazioni nucleari, oppure le "maschere" dei personaggi dei fumetti Manga. Sempre adottando il procedimento di fotografare sé stessa, proiettandosi addosso immagini in diapositiva, nella seconda serie, X+Y, Karasumaru entra nei panni di eccentriche teenager di Tokyo, diventate negli ultimi tempi il simbolo di un Giappone che cambia rapidamente, dimenticando o forse rimuovendo il passato. Yumi Karasumaru, invece, vuole ricordare e per questo propone una contaminazione tra quel lontano Oriente, dove lei è nata, cresciuta ed è stata educata, e l'Occidente dove vive e lavora da molti anni.

Guido Curto

RYUJI MIYAMOTO

The Box, Torino

Una città devastata e desolata. Nel cielo plumbeo, alla *Blade Runner*, si stagliano soltanto fabbriche e capannoni industriali sventrati da una forza immane, con i possenti pilastri di cemento armato sgretolati, spezzati come fossero di cartapesta. Interi caseggiati sono inghiottiti da oscure voragini che s'aprono dal sottosuolo. Si tratta di Kobe, la città del Giappone, fotografata subito dopo il terremoto del 1995.



Ryuji Miyamoto, Stampa fotografica

Le immagini, fredde e dure per l'uso di un contrastato bianco e nero, sono di Ryuji Miyamoto, artista-fotografo, nato a Tokyo nel 1947, Leone d'oro per il miglior padiglione alla Biennale di architettura di Venezia del 1996. Ma non c'è solo l'apocalisse di Kobe nel lavoro

NET GAINS
A ROUNDTABLE

N A T I O N A L

THE

ARTIST'S ROOM



Claudia Losi, *Marmagne* (detail), 1999–2000, ten black-and-white photographs on canvas with embroidery, dimensions variable.

were in our enthusiasm for the rediscovered pleasure of painting. Today Longobardi continues to paint—that is, to affirm the necessity to act and the validity of an expressive tool beyond its momentary success. This might seem normal and natural for the American public; in the country where Longobardi works it is anything but. Here painting is almost a mortal illness.

—MM

Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.

TURIN

CLAUDIA LOSI LUIGI FRANCO ARTE CONTEMPORANEA

Claudia Losi takes walking as a point of departure in her work. For her, “walking the terrain” doesn’t just mean going about on foot in nature, but also listening to places, investigating analogies between processes of growth in nature and structures that organize the formation of thought. Or, better, intuiting more than investigating, for Losi’s research is by no means scientific. While she may call on such disciplines as geography, cartography, geology, and ethnology (her projects stem from a collaboration with the writer and geographer Matteo Meschiari), works like those in “*Marmagne*”—which comprised *Marmagne*, 1999–2000, and *Moribana*, 1999—take shape from the direct experience of perceiving space with the body, feeling it physically and psychologically and thus also intellectually.

During one of her reconnoiters, in Burundy, the artist discovered an abandoned trout farm. She shot exactly ten photo-

graphs of the hatchery’s cement basins. She printed them in black and white on large-scale canvases and then embroidered their surfaces. Using white thread, she wove into each photograph an image of one of ten hypothetical phases in the process of continental drift, the threads running in and out of the stratifications and superimpositions of plant elements and water reflecting the sky. Thus in *Marmagne* the unfathomably distant time of a remote geological era merges with the infinitesimal, with the minimal and imperceptible time of the slow, everyday mutation of things: a passing cloud, dry twigs floating by, a flower, the ruffling of the surface, the nature that lines the water sinking into the vegetation filling one of the basins.

The artist then abandoned thirty paraffin forms in the water at the trout farm. Shaped like landmasses subject to continental drift, they were left to the mercy of another drift, thus representing the extremely slow separation of the continents. (*Moribana*, a term that refers to the Eastern art of arranging plants in water, is the title of this action, documented on video.) Losi has long focused her attention on geographic sites or plant elements—a glacier in *Vorland*, 1998, the polar cap in *Nord* (North), 1998, the Orkney islands in *Orkney*, 1999, for example. Using materials such as paraffin, stones, fish scales, locust-tree thorns, and cotton thread, embroidering profiles and landscapes on balls of thread or other supports, her work can be extremely refined formally. Her cartography is not pure transcription or representation.

First of all, the image of drift expresses an idea that is organized in constellations, floating memories that associate one with another, migrate and mutate. The activity of embroidery, another constant in Losi’s work, functions similarly to walking: A slow, repeated gesture becomes a form for explicating an idea, for narrating time, for organizing mental maps. Embroidering is a way to review and revive the physical and mental experience of traversing space and time much as one would measure it with one’s footsteps. Embroidering images of lichen on raw canvases, as Losi did in an earlier work, *Tavole vegetali* (Botanical plates), 1995, or weaving the drift of continents in *Marmagne*—mimetically repeating, point after point, the growth of plant organisms or the invisible but incessant movement of the earth—Losi gives shape to time and thereby to memory, to history, and to the complexity that time engraves within the structures of both place and thought.

—Alessandra Pioselli

Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.

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i volti dell'arte

Quei ricami raccontano una storia

*Ascoltano il mondo e ne registrano i cambiamenti
Lo fanno Claudia Losi e le sue donne di Belgrado*



LISA PAROLA

Esiste un'arte che guarda e parla degli altri, che racconta le loro storie. Un'arte che nasce da rapporti e relazioni. Un modo di ascoltare il mondo e registrare i suoi cambiamenti. Un processo che passa da noi agli altri attraverso un tempo lungo come un ricamo. Claudia Losi, artista di Piacenza, espone il suo lavoro alla Galleria Luigi Franco. Raffinati ricami realizzati da lei, che riproducono le isole Orcadi, oppure ghiacci e generi differenti di muffe e licheni. «Il mio lavoro si basa sull'osservazione», durante lunghe passeggiate «per capire un po' di più cosa ci lega alla terra, alle sue dinamiche, ai suoi tempi». Un lavoro di mani

che richiede concentrazione e silenzio. Ma ai ricami di Claudia, negli ultimi anni, se ne sono aggiunti altri, per conoscere ancora, incontrare di nuovo, ricordare di più. Tele ricamate che raccontano storie che si intrecciano ad altre storie.

«Nel '97 ho letto su una rivista che un'organizzazione stava raccogliendo filati di lana e tessuti per avviare con le donne dei campi profughi di Belgrado piccole attività autogestite». Una notizia per la quale Claudia decide di partire: «Da Milano per Trieste. Poi Zagabria e da lì in corriera attraverso la Pannonia, i confini recenti tra Slovenia e Serbia»; porta con sé tre tele di juta, cotone e le fotografie di un'onda scattate in Italia qualche mese prima che diventeranno il soggetto del

ricamo. Claudia arriva a Belgrado: «Cammino guardando in faccia i passanti. E mi domando cosa sono esattamente venuta a fare in una situazione come questa». Una valigia piena di tessuti, aghi, fili «e la speranza di far capire a quelle donne che non mi interessava solo affidare un lavoro su commissione, ma qualcosa di diverso che solo un rapporto di tipo personale può far nascere», anche in un clima d'emergenza, «dove tutto si ridimensiona». Claudia incontra le donne dopo qualche giorno: Vasilisa, Sena e Milena B. «Le prime due hanno, credo, più di 60 anni, la terza è sui 40. Non sono ricamatrici professioniste. La ragazza che traduce comincia a descrivere quello che voglio, quanto potranno guadagnare e che



CLAUDIA LOSI

cosa poi farò con le loro tele. Sena ha capito il lavoro e mi chiede se è possibile usare anche altri colori. Alla fine ci siamo strette la mano, sapendo che non ci saremmo riviste molto presto». Siamo nel marzo '98, Claudia torna in Italia e aspetta. A fine aprile, un'amica di Milena, una ragazza che lavora all'organizzazione, rientra da Belgrado e con lei la prima tela. Uno scambio veloce alla stazione. A novembre Claudia decide di esporre il lavoro in una mostra. La seconda tela arriva, quasi per caso, il giorno prima dell'inaugurazione, mandata da un sindaco di un comune vicino a Bologna. La tela è avvolta in una carta argentata accompagnata da una poesia, e sul bordo la firma di Sena. Le due tele sono esposte con il nome e la data di arrivo, della terza compare solo: Milena B. A luglio '99 Claudia riceve una lettera. E' Milena che le scrive i suoi «grandi problemi di salute e qualche lutto». «Non so quando riceverò la tela né come mandarle il denaro. Per ora non si può entrare in Serbia senza visto».



PROVINCIA DI MANTOVA

Il Presidente Tiziana Gualtieri

L'Assessore alla Cultura Marzio Uberti

7 Artisti della Scena Italiana
Sculpture e Installazioni nella stanze di Rigoletto

4 - 26 Novembre 2000

MANTOVA

Casa di Rigoletto

Piazza Sordello 23

Il lavoro di Claudia Losi origina dall'analisi delle relazioni esistenti tra i processi che regolano la vita in natura e la forma del pensiero, alla ricerca delle segrete corrispondenze tra micro e macrocosmo. L'operazione di avvicinamento alla natura passa attraverso la pratica di camminare luoghi, come lei stessa la definisce, postulando la transività del verbo camminare. La geambulazione, condivisa con Matteo Meschiari, lo scrittore e geologo con cui porta avanti da tempo una comune ricerca, apparenta Claudia Losi agli artisti inglesi Richard Long e Hamish Fulton, che hanno fatto della camminata il loro principale strumento operativo. Se per Richard Long essa ha come obiettivo il piacere intellettuale e si traduce in una traccia, per Fulton non è necessario che venga materializzata in un lavoro artistico. Questo accade anche per Claudia Losi, secondo cui camminare luoghi significa innanzitutto camminare pensieri. È un modo di cartografare, di definire uno spazio che oltre a essere fisico, quantificabile, ha anche una qualità mentale. Quando ha tentato di coniugare definizioni inerenti ai processi formativi del pensiero a luoghi reali, come l'America del Nord o l'Artide ha dato loro forma mediante la qualità traslucida e duttile della paraffina, ma più spesso ha utilizzato lo strumento del ricamo. La lentezza del ricamo consente all'artista di porsi in corrispondenza, in una sorta di ripetizione del tempo biologico, con i processi di crescita e proliferazione naturale. Ad esempio di quei licheni che, simili a mappe, nelle sue *Tavole vegetali* visualizzano il rapporto tra pensiero e percezione dello spazio. *L'arcipelago delle Orca-di*, realizzato con squame di pesce, è lo stesso che, una volta percorso dall'artista, è andato a costituire materia di un lavoro dove venti tra le isole che lo compongono sono state ricamate su altrettanti gomitoli. In alcuni di essi compare "in bianco" la traccia delle camminate effettuate lungo le coste, là dove l'infinitamente grande si rispecchia nell'infinitamente piccolo, come insegna la geometria frattale di Benoit Mandelbrot. Praticato solitamente in prima persona, con il progetto *Onde* il ricamo viene affidato a mani altrui. La scelta nasce dall'incontro a Belgrado nel 1998 con alcune donne di un campo profughi, a cui Claudia Losi chiese di ricamare tre momenti della risacca di un'onda, evocando l'Alighiero Boetti cartografo e i suoi planisferi eseguiti dalle donne afgane. All'anonimia boettiana Claudia Losi contrappone la dichiarazione dell'identità delle esecutrici, sottolineando la soggettività dei singoli apporti, come accade per un lavoro ancora in corso, dal titolo *Arthur's Seat Project*, affidato a sei albanesi e a sei serbe che insieme ricostruiranno un'unica geografia, il vulcano spento di Edimburgo. L'esperienza nella ex Jugoslavia ha suggerito a Claudia Losi anche la realizzazione dell'installazione esposta in questa mostra, dove la visione di una vasca saturo di carpe agonizzanti, in un mercato della capitale serba, dà vita ad un'allarmante metafora della condizione umana di quei luoghi.

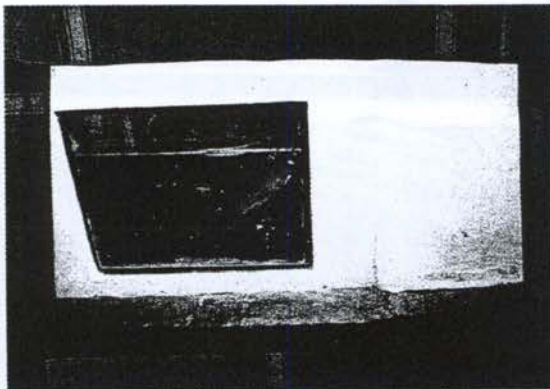
Luisa Perlo

Claudia Losi

Claudio Losi's work has root in the analysis of the relationship between life in nature and thought patterns, a research of the the secret correspondence between micro and macrocosm. The operation of getting closer to nature is carried out through the practice of walking places, as she defines it, postulating the transitivity of the verb "to walk". This geo-wandering is also practised by Matteo Meschiari, the writer and geologist with whom Losi has been working. This groups Losi with the English artists Richard Long and Hamish Fulton who have made walking the main instrument of their work. For Richard Long the activity has a certain intellectual pleasure and leaves a trace in an artistic work, whereas for Fulton an end artistic work is not necessary. And so it is for Claudia Losi in the sense that walking places really means walking thoughts. It is a way of mapping, of defining a space that other than its physical aspect also has a mental one. When she tried to combine the inherent definitions of the formation of thought process in relation to places, like North America or the Arctic she gave them form in the translucent and pliable quality of wax, but more often she chose embroidery as an

instrument. The slow process of embroidery allows the artist to put her herself in contact with the natural process of growth and proliferation through a sort of repetition of biological time. For example the moss in *Tavole vegetali* visualises the relationship between thought and the perception of space. The archipelago in *Orcadi* is made with fish scales and is similar to a work done by the artist where twenty islands were embroidered on twenty balls of wool. On some of these the track of the walk along the coast appears in white where the infinitely great is mirrored in the infinitely small as

instructed in the fractal geometry of Benoit Mandelbrot. Usually this practice is only done by the artist herself but in the *Onde* project it is entrusted to other hands. This choice was made in Belgrade in 1998 in a meeting with some women in a refugee camp. Claudia Losi asked the women to embroider three moments of the back wash of a wave, evoking the cartographer Alighiero Boetti and his planispheres done by Afghan women. Claudia Losi doesn't respect the anonymity of the executors in the same way as Boetti does, but goes further and underlines the subjectivity of each contribution. This happens in the present work entitled *Arthur's Seat* where the executors are six Albanians and six Serbs who together are reconstructing a single work, the extinct Edinburgh volcano. The experience of ex Yugoslavia inspired Claudia Losi for the installation in this exhibition, where the sight of a tub full of agonising carp fish in a market in the Serb capital presented an alarming metaphor of the human conditions there.



Dopo il Danubio / le carpe del mercato / guardano gambe, 2000. fotografia in b/n, cornice di coperte militari, particolare dell'installazione



Dopo il Danubio / le carpe del mercato / guardano gambe, 2000, coperte militari, stracci, lana da materassi, cinque elementi, cm 190 x 80 ciascuno, particolare dell'installazione Carpe