

FIRENZE architettura

2.2011



l'indefinibile



Periodico semestrale
Anno XV n.2

Euro 7

Spedizione in abbonamento postale 70% Firenze

In copertina:
Carlo Scarpa, Monumento alla partigiana, Venezia
foto MGE

Periodico semestrale* del Dipartimento di Architettura - Disegno Storia Progetto
via San Niccolò, 93 - 50125 Firenze tel. 055/2055367 fax. 055/2055399
Anno XV n. 2 - 2° semestre 2011
Autorizzazione del Tribunale di Firenze n. 4725 del 25.09.1997
ISSN 1826-0772
ISSN 2035-4444 on line

Direttore - Maria Grazia Eccheli

Direttore responsabile - Ulisse Tramonti

Comitato scientifico - Maria Teresa Bartoli, Giancarlo Cataldi, Loris Macci, Adolfo Natalini, Ulisse Tramonti, Paolo Zermani

Capo redattore - Fabrizio Rossi Prodi

Redazione - Fabrizio Arrigoni, Valerio Barberis, Fabio Capanni, Francesco Collotti, Fabio Fabbrizzi, Francesca Mugnai, Alessandro Merlo, Andrea Volpe, Claudio Zanirato

Info-grafica e Dtp - Massimo Battista

Segretaria di redazione e amministrazione - Grazia Poli e-mail: firenzearchitettura@arch-dsp.unifi.it

Proprietà Università degli Studi di Firenze

Progetto Grafico e Realizzazione - Massimo Battista - Centro di Editoria del Dipartimento di Architettura - Disegno Storia Progetto
Fotolito Saffe, Calenzano (FI) Finito di stampare novembre 2011

*consultabile su Internet <http://www.arch-dsp.unifi.it/CMpro-v-p-34.html>

FIRENZE architettura

2.2011

editoriale	<i>Analogia entis</i> un tentativo di approccio al tema dell'architettura di chiese - Massimiliano Bernardini	2
percorsi	<i>La Tomba di Rocco Scotellaro</i> - Luciano Semerani	6
	<i>Costruire la chiesa</i> - Franco Purini	8
progetti e architetture	Giovanni Chiaramonte <i>L'Altro_Nei volti nei luoghi</i> - Davide Rampello	12
	Paolo Zermani <i>Cappella-Museo della Madonna del Parto di Piero della Francesca</i> - Gabriele Bartocci	20
	Arrigoni Architetti <i>Forme. Complesso parrocchiale del Sacro Cuore a Baragalla, Reggio Emilia</i> - Fabrizio Arrigoni	28
	Fabrizio Rossi Prodi <i>Chiesa di "Santa Maria"</i>	34
	Fabio Capanni <i>Santa Maria a Castel di Lama</i> - Alessandro Masoni	40
	Maria Grazia Eccheli e Riccardo Campagnola <i>"Hic fecit ecclesiam"</i> - Carmelo Provenzano	46
l'indefinibile o del sacro	César Portela <i>Oltremare</i> - Alberto Pireddu <i>El cimiterio de Fisterra: l'idea del progetto</i> - César Portela	52 57
	John Pawson <i>"abitare la solitudine delle cose perfette"</i> - Maria Grazia Eccheli	62
	Alvaro Siza Vieira <i>Ricostruzione della città e ambiguità della luce</i> - Roberto Collovà	74
	meck architekten <i>Di terra e di cielo</i> - Fabrizio Arrigoni	82
	Wandel Hoefer Lorch Architects BDA Urbanists <i>La tenda di Giacobbe Sinagoga Ohel Jakob a Monaco di Baviera</i> - Erik Wegerhoff	88
	eredità del passato	<i>La moschea di Cordova Trasformazioni e logica di un edificio</i> - Daniele Vitale
riflessi	<i>Monumento Lessico ed ecrasi</i> - Riccardo Campagnola	102
	<i>Il colle degli eroi</i> - Michelangelo Pivetta	108
	<i>Un muso d'aereo precipitato su Cagliari. Raffaello Fagnoni e la Chiesa di San Domenico, 1949-1954</i> - Francesca Mugnai	114
	<i>Il sacro figurativo di Ludovico Quaroni a Gibellina</i> - Caterina Lisini	120
	<i>Giovanni Michelucci, Ernesto Balducci Frammenti di un dialogo sull'uomo e la città</i> - Fabio Fabbrizzi	126
	Luciano Matus <i>Il filo segreto delle cose</i> - Andrea Innocenzo Volpe	132
ricerche	<i>Mitopoiesi del cinema. Una lettura di Medea</i> - Sandro Bernardi	140
	<i>Etiche e forme. Architettura e simposio</i> - Maria Luisa Catoni	146
	<i>Una divina indifferenza cosmica</i> - Paola Araldi	152
	<i>Ad animi cultum</i> - Maria Teresa Bartoli	156
eventi	<i>Il viaggio attraverso</i> - Eleonora Cecconi	162
	<i>Il tempio e il tumulo. La dimensione sacra del paesaggio nell'architettura di Sigurd Lewerentz</i> - Carlotta Torricelli	168
	<i>La magia dello scavo</i> - Carmela Crescenzi	178
letture a cura di:	Galleria dell'architettura italiana - <i>Edoardo Detti e Carlo Scarpa - I disegni</i> - Silvia Catarsi	184
	<i>Gli Uffizi di Giorgio Vasari: la fabbrica e la rappresentazione</i> - Olimpia Niglio, Taisuke Kuroda	188
english texts	<i>Michelangelo Pivetta, Eleonora Mantese, Stefano Suriano, Francesco Gastaldi</i>	190
		192

Luciano Matus

Il filo segreto delle cose

Andrea Innocenzo Volpe

Nel rosso tramonto di un'estate romana il chiostro della Reale Accademia di Spagna si apriva alla curiosità degli invitati. Artisti, architetti, storici dell'arte, *connoisseurs*; tutti in apparenza interessati al lavoro di un giovane messicano; tutti in realtà segretamente fiduciosi che la serata potesse trovare il suo vero culmine in un'esclusiva visita in notturna al Tempietto dedicato a S. Pietro.

Desiderio più che legittimo, visto l'assedio continuo ed incessante portato dai turisti al Gianicolo durante le calde ore diurne del Giugno 2004.

Del resto, come sovente accade nella stagione dei vernissage nelle Accademie, è consuetudine andare a vedere gli atelier degli artisti, le loro opere, le loro installazioni cogliendo quest'opportunità per visitare o tornare a visitare luoghi che generalmente sono chiusi al pubblico. Luoghi straordinari come Villa Medici, sede dell'Accademia di Francia; luoghi che a volte sovrastano il lavoro degli stessi artisti residenti.

Certo quella sera nessuno si sarebbe immaginato di dimenticare così repentinamente quell'inconfessabile desiderio bramantesco. Nessuno avrebbe potuto pensare di provare un così grande stupore una volta varcata l'ultima soglia che li separava dal lavoro di Luciano Matus. A pochi metri dall'enigmatica miniatura architettonica di Donato, nel cortile maggiore dell'antico Convento di S. Pietro in Montorio si rivelava un fenomeno che per qualche sconosciuta ragione avrebbe reso di lì a poco tutti gli astanti silenziosi e attoniti. Appena mossi dalla leggera brezza notturna i cavi di nickel, che andavano a formare la grande ragnatela tessuta con pazienza da Matus, ondeggiavano lievemente producendo un suono ipnotico.

A suggellare la fascinazione era il modo con cui Matus aveva posto in tensione l'intero apparato. Posizionati in modo da risultare immediatamente visibili ai visitatori, i magneti ne catturavano l'attenzione, inesorabilmente. Sferiche terminazioni del dedalo di cavi metallici che, fluttuando lievemente, brillavano illuminati dalle luci artificiali. Magnetismi che pur attraendosi non riuscivano a toccarsi in virtù del calcolatissimo gioco di lunghezze e misure che lasciava volutamente irrisolto lo spazio compreso fra di loro. Irrisolto ma sufficiente a fare funzionare quel surreale meccanismo.

Il chiostro rinascimentale, racchiuso in tale, aerea, struttura, improvvisamente pareva liberarsi della secolare sudditanza verso il cortile vicino; di carattere architettonico certamente minore ma divenuto nel corso dei secoli il più importante del Convento perché eletto a scrigno del periptero circolare costruito nel luogo del martirio del primo Papa.

Istintivamente, di fronte a quel paradosso strutturale così squisitamente e scientificamente esatto, tutti i presenti cominciavano a compiere il medesimo gesto, inserendo a turno le dita nell'impossibile interstizio. Spinti dall'urgenza di verificare quale potesse essere il trucco, perché un trucco doveva sicuramente esserci. E quale meraviglia nel constatare che niente accadeva, che niente si modificava, che niente era falso.

La fragile ragnatela metallica resisteva all'attacco degli scettici, imprigionandoli definitivamente dentro di sé. Nella sua misteriosa magia. Bizzarra perché non ne ottenebrava i sensi, ma al contrario li esaltava, consentendo loro di vedere finalmente le molteplici possibilità che quello spazio era disponibile a contenere.

1
Pisac, Perù, Luglio 2003
foto Olivier Debroise

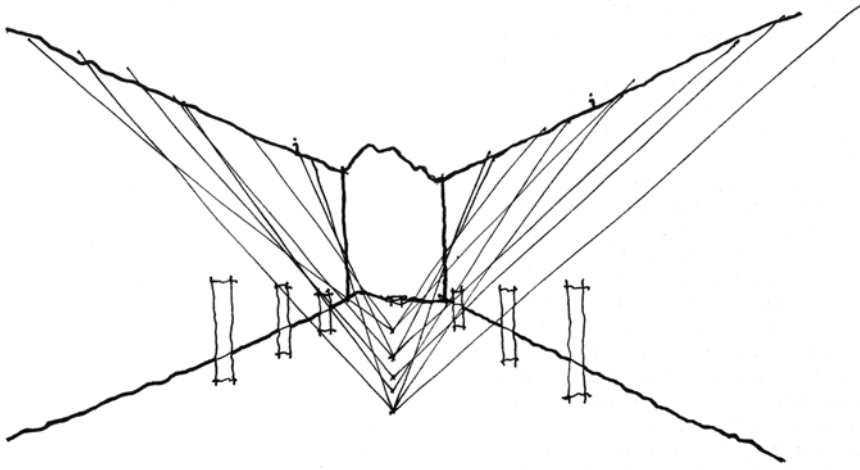
Pagine successive:
2 - 3
Schizzi per l'intervento nella missione Gesuita di Jesús de Tavarangüe
4 - 5
Installazione Reconocimiento del espacio Misión de Jesús de Tavarangüe, Paraguay, Agosto 2003
foto Olivier Debroise

6
Nel Pantheon, ore 17.46 e 23" Luglio 2011
foto Luciano Matus

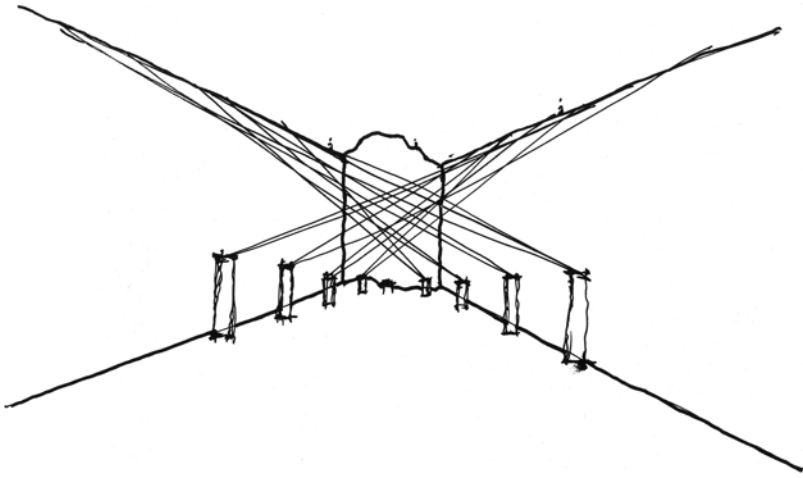
7
I raggi di sole concentrati tramite due specchi sulla Piedra del Sol. Installazione Tiempo de Luz, luz de tiempo, de tiempo luz, de luz tiempo, Museo Nacional de Antropología, Mexico City, Agosto 2010
foto Luciano Matus
8 e 10
Installazione Reconocimiento del espacio, Museo Nacional de San Carlos, Mexico City Aprile 2007
foto Carla Vereá

9
Installazione Reconocimiento del espacio, Museo Nacional de San Carlos, Mexico City 2005
foto Carla Vereá





2



3



5







6



Grazie al lavoro di Matus tutto era finalmente diventato chiaro, logico, naturale. L'operazione artistica finiva per coincidere senza contraddizione alcuna con l'architettura del chiostro rispettandone la regola per differenza. Quello a cui si assisteva era dunque un perfetto esercizio di *riconoscimento dello spazio*. L'ennesimo compiuto dall'architetto. Poiché quella prima installazione europea di Matus era in realtà l'ultima di una serie di lavori compiuti in Messico e nel continente sudamericano secondo un tragitto in cui fortuna e precisa programmazione si erano intrecciati indissolubilmente.

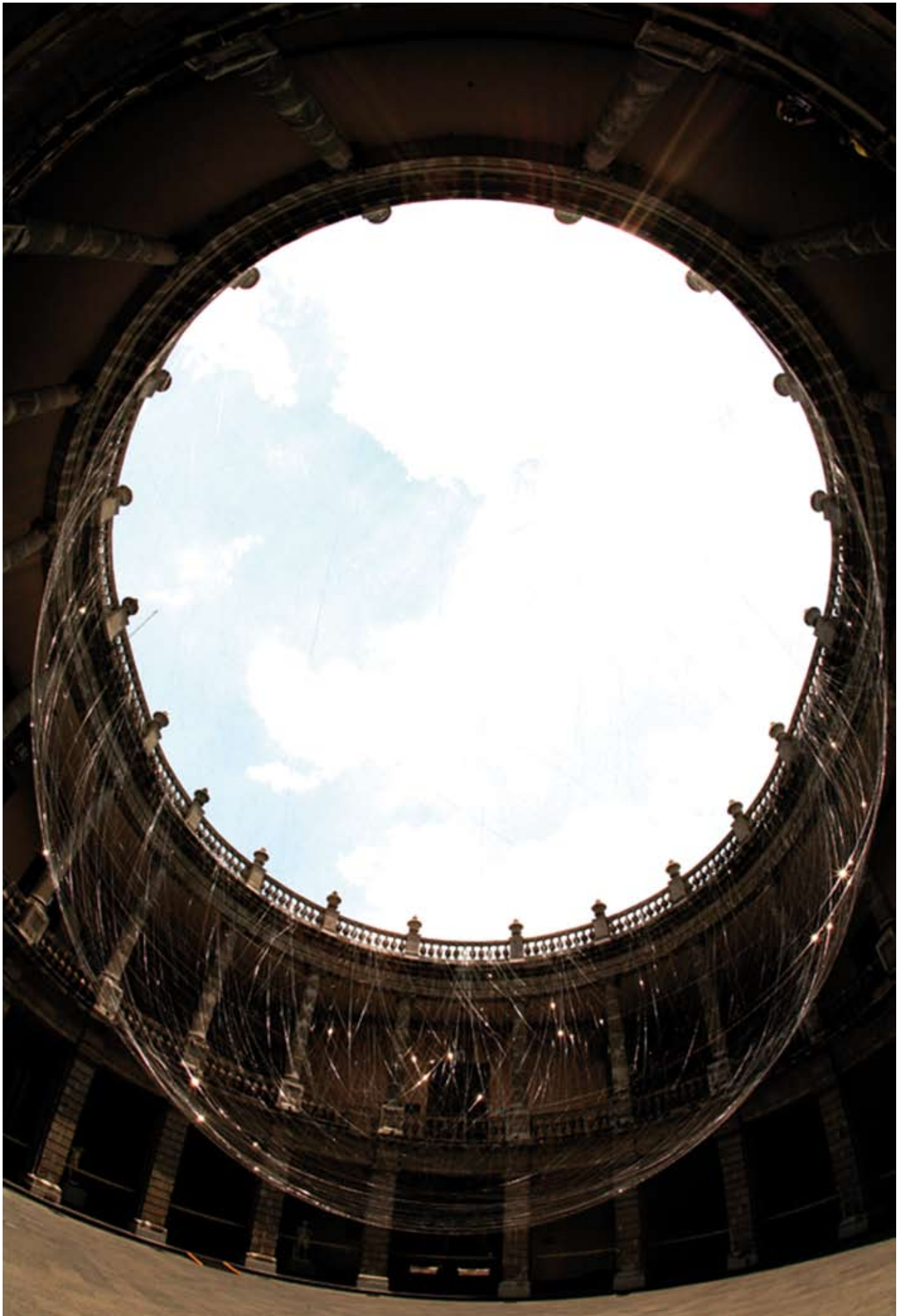
A partire da uno dei primi lavori del 2002 nell'ex-Chiesa di San Augustin¹ a Città del Messico, Matus avrebbe poi ripetuto il suo rito nel corso delle successive stazioni. Rito ogni volta uguale ed ogni volta diverso perché sapientemente declinato sui caratteri del luogo e dei tipi architettonici incontrati nel corso di quel viaggio patrocinato dalla A.E.C.I.: l'Agencia Española de Cooperación Internacional che nel 2003 invitava l'architetto messicano a cimentarsi con altri

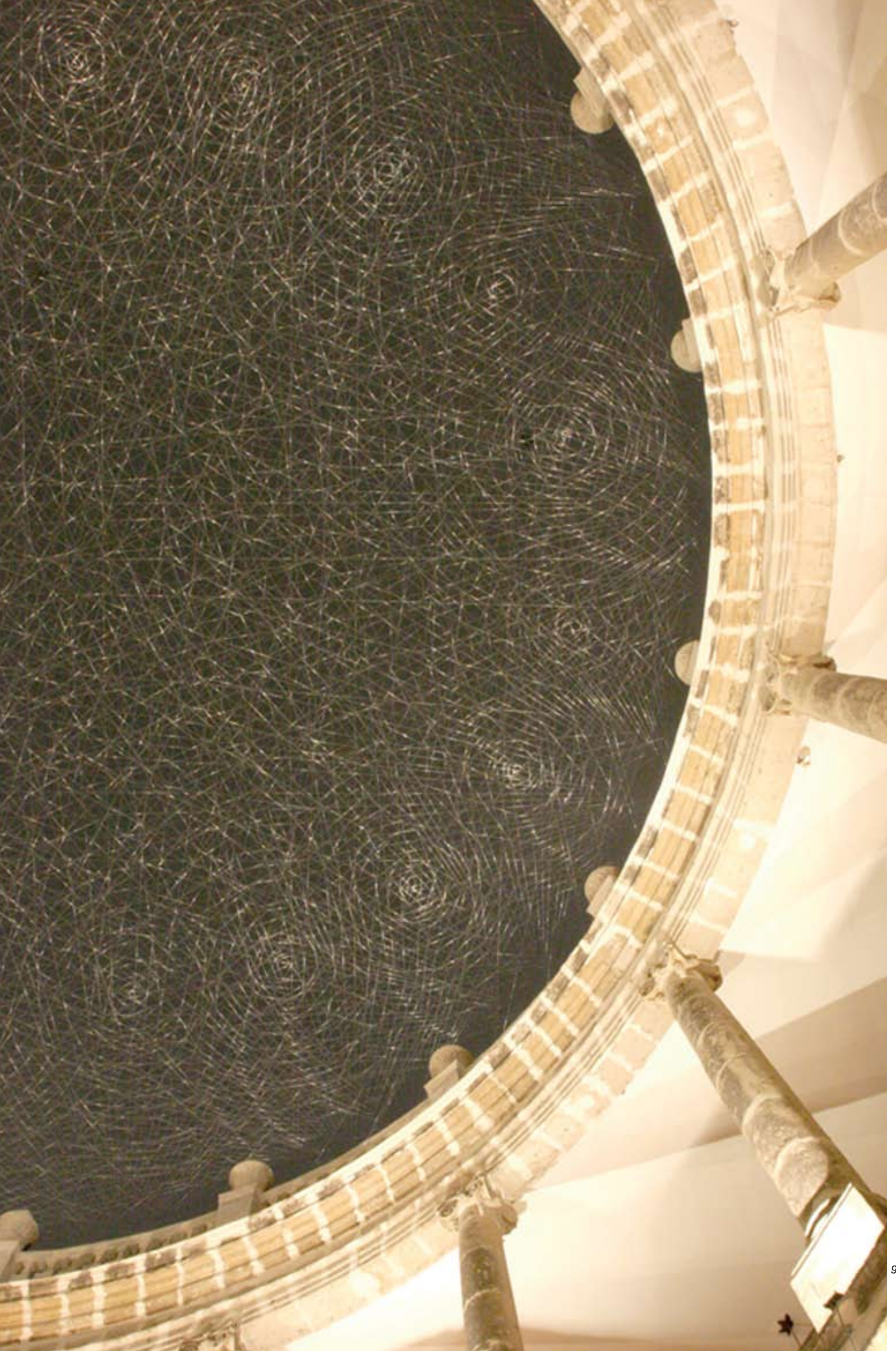
siti di particolare importanza storica o archeologica - dei quali l'ente aveva promosso il restauro - quale segno tangibile di interesse culturale ed evidente risarcimento dell'antica occupazione coloniale dei Paesi latinoamericani.

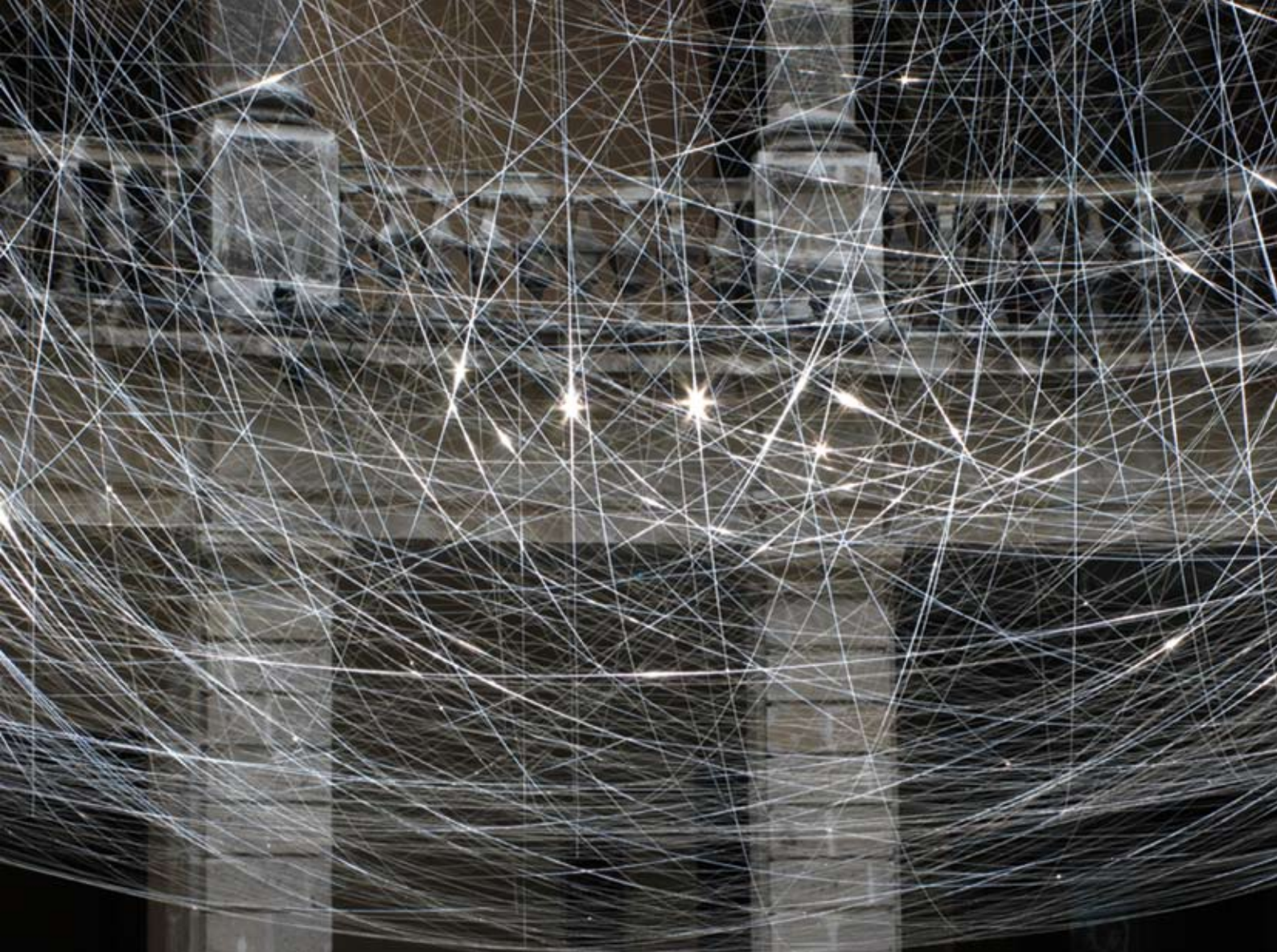
E così dal Convento de Capuchinas ai ruderi dell'Iglesia de La Recolectión ed alla Compañía de Jesus in Antigua, Guatemala, passando per il Convento di Santo Domingo e il Museu Naval di Cartagena de Indias in Colombia; dalla Casona de San Marcos a Lima, al sito archeologico Incaico di Písaq, alla Chiesa della Merced e alla Cattedrale a Cusco in Perù; dalla Missione dei Gesuiti di Santos Cosme y Damian a quella di Jesus de Tavarangüe in Paraguay, si dipanava un unico filo che legava tutti questi luoghi giungendo fino al cuore della sua remota origine: Roma. La città dove il senso dell'operazione trovava a posteriori *correspondances* precise (a dire il vero sempre state presenti *in nuce* nel lavoro di Matus) oltre a quelle di naturale riferimento per i critici d'arte contemporanea. Così alla memoria della *Scultura da viaggio* di Marcel Duchamp

del 1917, dello storico allestimento della prima grande mostra americana delle avanguardie artistiche europee a New York, *First Papers of Surrealism* del 1942 o dei lavori dell'artista brasiliana Lygia Pape, finiva inevitabilmente per sovrapporsi l'immagine del michelangeloesco affresco della *Creazione di Adamo*, che sulla volta della Cappella Sistina fissa una volta per tutte il dramma indefinibile della condizione umana. Una medesima indicibilità era inscritta per analogia nella porzione di spazio racchiusa fra i due magneti. Tesi l'uno verso l'altro ed inevitabilmente separati nella drammatica fissità dell'istante; non più solo dipinto, ma reale, fisicamente presente nell'esperienza di ciascuno.

Nel silenzio, denso, pesante, appena interrotto dalle vibrazioni metalliche dei cavi improvvisamente un suono lontano di violino. Un'altra sorpresa che Matus regalava ai suoi ospiti. L'invisibile violinista Raquel, anche lei residente in Accademia, ci ricordava la presenza di un'altra stratigrafia di riferimenti e di tracce. Dall'antica cisterna romana sulla quale il







chostro era stato costruito le note risalivano in superficie, ponendo in risonanza la ragnatela che catturava ricordi ed emozioni degne di un film di Fellini.

La presenza dell'antico evocata in questo modo poeticamente surreale, si traduceva nell'immagine dell'ossessione ultima di Luciano. Il Pantheon, lo spazio assoluto per eccellenza, il cui raggio di luce filtrato dall'oculo si trasformava qui nella riverberazione tremula dello scintillio dei fili metallici.

Il Pantheon come metafora della perfetta fusione di luce, spazio e tempo. Un tema che Matus esplora anche nei lavori più recenti; sempre più enigmatici ed al contempo chiari, assoluti.

La cupola rovesciata ricostruita ed evocata con la medesima tecnica dei

cavi e dei magneti nella corte ellittica del Museo Nazionale di San Carlos di Mexico City, il raggio di sole catturato e concentrato tramite un gioco di specchi sulla celebre Piedra del Sol, il calendario circolare atzeco conservato nel Museo Nazionale di Antropologia della Capitale, il coraggioso tentativo di cambio di scala nell'esplorazione di ciò che non è mai stato ma è ancora lì, presente nella grande Piazza dello Zocalo, luogo più che mai simbolico della megalopoli messicana essendo sorta sul sedime della Plaza Major dell'antica Tenochtitlan.

Lavori che ripetono con ostinazione un unico solo concetto. Collegare, unire, continuare a tessere l'infinita rete dei riferimenti e delle connessioni che formano il substrato comune presente nelle diverse

culture e nei diversi luoghi. Ritrovare, con ostinato stupore, il filo segreto che lega tutte le cose.

¹ Il Tempio di San Augustin è uno dei luoghi simbolo della *Reforma* messicana. Così si definisce il periodo successivo alla fine dell'Impero di Massimiliano d'Asburgo in cui si gettano le basi dell'attuale assetto dello Stato del Messico. Conseguenze immediate di questo ribaltamento dello scenario politico furono la riforma agraria, mediante la redistribuzione della proprietà delle terre, la serie di politiche sociali volte ad accrescere le opportunità educative per i poveri e la separazione fra Stato e Chiesa, a cui seguì la secolarizzazione dei beni ecclesiastici. La barocca Chiesa di San Augustin divenne così il Tempio di San Augustin. Un Tempio civile destinato ad ospitare la Biblioteca Nazionale messicana il cui fondo librario di oltre 100.000 volumi proveniva per la maggior parte dalle biblioteche dei monasteri soppressi. Tale riconversione portò oltre alla demolizione del convento, alla sostituzione in navata delle statue dei santi e degli apparati decorativi barocchi con analoghe decorazioni civili e statue di Platone, Aristotele, Newton, Leibniz e Kant. Matus nel 2002 allestisce in questo spazio icaistico per dimensioni e pregnanza storica il primo dei suoi interventi di *Reconocimiento del espacio*.

monolithic character of the building: an experience that Antonio Canova in Frari's church could only suggest. This experience – Etruscan at the beginning and even possible in the near St. Callisto's Catacombs – is almost foreshadowed in the baroque San Carlone in Arona where, entered into the Saint's body, the landscape becomes attemptable only through the eyes of the Saint. An identification or a suggestion prompted by old gravestones?

- and thus to enter into a universe that a meticulous, expressive pietas – which has been compared to the subtle optical corrections of Greek temples – wanted anti-perspective, changing the measures of the thin loop of light that placed to suspend the cover from reservoir within the earth, avoids any hierarchy among the tombs; - and thus to be blinded, once inside, by the light of the outside world, just before it turns into a sort of indirect illumination of bodies and their order (a kind of revenge for the indescribable disorder of their deaths?); - in the meantime – still unable to give reason to the sense of the world we entered – the feet test, insecure, a not visible ground that is sloping perceived and never horizontal that the blindness due to outside light arrange in a treacherous and limping space. - after a while, the eyes, accustomed, welcome with relief the imperceptible double curving of the lower surface of huge gravestone; the enormous weight above become slight: a last pathetic act toward an innocence devoid of any guilt...

Signs: That is the title of a fundamental chapter of the book "*Système des beaux-arts*" by Alain (Emile Chartier).

Do not be misled by the title: in his mild and poetic mythology, Alain, the mentor of a recognized onerous and responsible intellectual freedom and the exegesis of a now impossible classicism over and over times and places, can still find a character of the architectural sign.

A definitive text, in my opinion, that fails to account, in our case, the significance of the archetypal sign at the Fosse Ardeatine, in which:

"A single glance grasps the whole, entangled and immobilized, but it is nevertheless possible to have a second sense. This kind of reading is excellent, the only one that can develop the thought instead of developing only ideas; of course, it takes time, but only to make an inventory of an asset that you have already completely from the beginning. And the beauty of these signs is always to proclaim nothing but themselves. Allegories are a little frivolous gossips and easily; on the contrary (it seems) of the fine works that have a rule to hold the imagination in them, to restrict it within their own boundaries, to fix it and leave it by a sovereign perception."

Translation by Bruno Gerolimetto

1 This is a decisive step in the Aldo Rossi "*The architecture of the city*", where the book attempts to find meaning to the idea of "*singular spaces*" as a basis of understanding, if not the soul, the individuality of the cities 2011, Sunday 12 June

The Heroes Hill by Michelangelo Pivetta



(page 108)

"*Vita mortuorum in memoria est posita vivorum.*"

"*The life of deads is the memory of alives.*"

Marcus Tullius Cicero (*Philippicae*, IX, 10)

The Redipuglia Memorial

This that could appear like one hypertrophic monument like many

other similar ones for aim, in reality is very more generous in the intrinsic sense that in own geometric dimensions. An carved stair in front of the Sant'Elia Hill conceived by Greppi and Castiglioni, a plans run, terraces that scan space and time of climbing; a symbolic distance devised to physically engage the content drama. To get itself tired in order to catch up the top is a small pays to the memory of who run, under the enemy fire, along the near hills flankers of Carso.

One hundred thousand are the fallen soldiers here to which we come to carry own homage; from every rank, every age, every origin. All equal ones in front of the war tragedy and own outcomes, all to confirm in the eternity own being be and own being "present".

Here the architecture becomes territorial and the territory vice versa is placed to the architecture like a lap on which mould on new but not unknown geometries. The same one lap that for being conquered has expected perversely the sacrifice of many men, after to be marked from the violence of the trenches and explosions craters, is meek and available to receive the work of the man; at this time a sacred work of peace, quietness and memory.

The monument, realised in a period where the tribute to the fallen soldiers was also a canvass, comes off from this last one in such way not to leave trace of some rhetorical, only placing the visitor attention on the true *memory place* sense and not on a barren war symbology.

The site becomes building, cancelling the usual scale passages that induce the architecture to become like a model of the reality. The architecture here, on the contrary, is a model in real scale of all those territory writings and re-writings that it wants to reply: Carso, Goriziano, Isonzo and Piave. Covering the gradonate come back to the memory immediately the war geographies of the trenches, their intensive but discontinuous reticulum, where the land orography becomes victory and survival opportunity.

The current complex, finished in the 1938, is the monumentalization and expansion of original war cemetery, placed close to the Sant'Elia Hill, where, by the

reason of the fallen soldiers number it was necessary probably built terraces up the hill with an agrarian method usual to who was the author of such piteous work. In fact the reconstruction of a Mediterranean agrarian landscape "*pàstini*", a friulian dialect word, appears to be the formal outcome of that anyone would have wished: to return to house, own fields, between own vineyards, own olive trees. The Memorial is also a theatre, a theatre to the Greek way, lay down and carved in the hill flankers. On the contrary of the usual, the spectators of this theatre are the heroes that in spit of them, they made possible; the actors on the scene instead we are, as if there were an inverse tension in wanting to place under the judgment of who has given all, our contemporary action.

The approach to the Memorial is distinguished by two phases: the first geographical, in which the monument becomes a complex and articulated territory integrate part, the second individual, where the visitor comes been involved in the approach to climb between himself and the work. Central perspectives and false plans in which far echoes of baroque artifices resound, place the dipped visitor like in a building that of this it does not have the customary typological characters. The unexpected cancellation of the preponderant surrounding territory, the closely spaced succession of not obvious but naturally induced paths, makes that the feeling is of being "within" the monument. So passed the monumental tombs of Duca d'Aosta and Third Army Generals in their granite monoliths, sort of real foyer, the twenty-two steps are not only like a climb instrument to the re-published Golgotha, where in top the three crosses appear so near, but real tombs on which the anonymity, in which every war event induces, is represented from as many anonymous and always equal bronze plates. Over of these, the corniche quotes obsessively the "*presente*" word.

Like the war is a continuous contrast, also the Redipuglia Memorial lives in itself a continuous tension made by the conflict of own architectonic principles where natural landscape becomes artefact, the expanded dimension exchange in the visitor intimacy, the common memory and thinking are translated in the individuality of a pray. Psychological and physical experiences that intentionally gnaw the visitor and that place the attention on the only objective that this Memorial, like and more than others, wants to catch up: to make, through an architectonic experience, the man conserving in itself and over a long time span the sacred memory of own fallen soldiers, comes back in the world witness of the tragedy and madness of every war.

Luciano Matus

The secret thread which ties together all the things

by Andrea Innocenzo Volpe



(page 132)

In the red, summer, sunset of Rome the cloister of the Royal Spanish Academy was opening its doors to all the invited guests. Everyone apparently interested in the work of a young mexican artist. Everyone in reality longing for an exclusive night time visit to the Tempietto. A secret wish justified by the amount of tourists assaulting the Gianicolo during the hot days of June 2004.

But that night no one among the guests was really imagining how quickly that Bramantesque desire would have been forgotten. No one of them could have never ever thought to experience such wonder in the presence of Luciano Matus' work.

Few meters away from Donato's enigmatic architectural miniature, in the major

courtyard of the Monastery of San Pietro in Montorio, an astonishing phenomenon was ready to be revealed.

A spiderweb of shiny nickels cables, gently moved by the wind, produced a strange sound hypnotizing all the visitors.

If this fragile structure by itself was strong enough to seduce the audience, its joints were able to literally amaze the guests. Placed in the foreground, the magnets that allowed the web the proper tension were magically separated by an empty space. A surrealistic hiatus ready to be filled up with countless interpretations.

Istinctively the fingers of the visitors started to explore that impossible, paradoxical, space. But nothing happened, nothing changed, nothing was fake, because everything was real, structurally logic and apparently durable.

Caged in such system of wires, the Renaissance cloister was now free to express the potentiality of its space. A space now enriched by multiple possibilities, clearly visible thanks to that shiny fabric.

The first installation in Europe by Matus, was in reality the last of a long series done in Mexico and in South America. A strip of works in which fortune and organization has been undoubtedly tied together.

Matus in 2002 installed the first piece titled *reconocimiento del espacio* in the Tempio de St. Augustín in Mexico City. A former Baroque Church of the homonymous -demolished- Monastery. An impressive sacred space later transformed during the Reforma years into the Mexican National Library.

That first ritual ceremony was then repeated many times in 2003 thanks to the support of the A.E.C.I. (Agencia Española de Cooperación Internacional). From

the Convento de Capuchinas to the ruins of the Iglesia de La Recolectión and the Compañía de Jesús building in Antigua, Guatemala. From the Convento de Santo Domingo and Museo Naval, in Cartagena das Indias, Colombia to the Casa de San Marcos in Lima. From the Incan archaeological site of Písaq, to the Iglesia de la Merced and the Catedral de Cusco in Perú. Until the final stage of the journey: the Jesuits missions of Santos Cosme y Damian and Jesus de Tavarana Güe in Paraguay. One single nickel thread linked all these places reaching in the end its secret origin: Rome. The eternal city, where the work of Matus was now charged by a new/old, system of correspondences.

Art critics usually talk about Luciano's work citing the 1917 Duchamp's Sculpture for Travelling, and the 1938 exhibit design for the New York First Papers of Surrealism show or making comparisons with the researches of the Brazilian artist Lygia Pape. But now, in Rome a new -powerful- image had to be placed besides those magnets, since the analogy with the iconic detail of Michelangelo's fresco The Creation of Adam in the Sistine Chapel was dramatically evident.

If there Michelangelo painted once and for all our tragic relationships with the Divinity. Here a similar mystery was comprised in the empty space left between the magnets. Both tensed towards each other, both tragically separated in an endless instant: not painted but real, present in everyone's living experience.

In the silent cloister suddenly the sound of a violin. Another gift Matus was offering to his guests. Raquel, the invisible violinist -resident as well as Luciano in the Real Academia Española- helped the audience to remember another suite of references. From the ancient Roman cistern lying under the Renaissance cloister, the sounds of the archeological stratification of Rome were reverberated gently in the air, like in a Fellini's movie

The presence of the past evoked in such poetic way well depicted the ultimate obsession of Luciano: the Pantheon as the perfect metaphor of space, time and light. An obsession that Matus constantly explores in some of his recent works in Mexico City where the shiny nickel threads are transformed in a reversed Cupola (in the piece installed in the Museo Nacional de San Carlos) or into a sunbeam (captured with a system of mirrors and projected on the famous Piedra del Sol in the piece conceived for the Museo Nacional de Antropología).

Works, like the recent intervention in the gigantic Zocalo square (the former Plaza Major of the ancient Tenochtitlan), which constantly explore the hidden network of references that links different cultures and different places. Weaving the infinite web which forms the deepest strata of the invariable continuity of the architectural phenomena. Finding every time the secret thread which ties together all the things.

Il viaggio attraverso by Eleonora Cecconi



(page 162)

"There is only one possible journey: the one we do in our inner world. I don't believe one can travel more on our planet. Same way I don't believe that one travels to come back. A man can never come back to the same starting point, because in the meantime he himself has changed".¹

What is a journey?

We could answer recalling images of places, presenting cities and monuments but we will hardly focus on the essence of the route. The contemporary idea of a journey excludes the importance of the route itself, careless of places and their peculiarities it resolves all its essence in the technical detail of moving from a place to another.

The great tradition of travelers, which is originated in pilgrimage, is relentlessly lost, devoured by the predominance of time and speed on space.

On the contrary, at the dawn of the year one thousand, when Sinergico of Canterbury travelled through Europe to receive the *Pallio* from Pope Gregorio XV, the journey and its time were measured upon the path and not upon the stop. The Archbishop covered 1600 kilometers in 79 days across Italy, Switzerland, France and England following what is today called the *via Francigena*. He wrote a short diary of this journey listing the 79 stages (or *mansio*) that he went through on his way back from Rome to England.

The awareness that such a journey was an extraordinary deed was the true meaning of the pilgrimage itself: one was leaving his own life and habits to go through the sacred and *not to it*; you were making a stranger of yourself and leaving behind every sense of belonging in order to walk those paths were no men lived, to become one who goes *per-ager*, a pilgrim.

People believed that leaving a consolidated human environment, proper of the city, looking for ascetic detachment, they would find places where no human artifice would exist; but it wasn't so. In fact, in contrast with the medieval believe that the *ens creatum* was the creative cause of everything, man and his work are the centre of the construction process of the territories crossed and still ruled by the path. Its eternal presence is shown across the 21 stops in Tuscan territory reported in English archbishop's itinerary, were it still probably is the greater *artificer* of the landscapes.

The course of the Road crosses the region from North to South, along a path mostly made of narrow valleys where not even ancient consular roads passed. Earlier Etrurian and Roman crafts were almost lost under a silent mantle of woods that covered the once farmed lands, such lands were looked at with awe and would later become a clear reference to *Dante's dark woods*.

Such territory, where history appears to have erased what used to be, is one of the many stratifications where fragments and forgotten pieces emerge from the wood; ruins of buildings where pilgrims could find rest during their journey, even a long time before the road was called *Francigena*. This mystic and wild territory for us symbolically crossed for the first time by Sinergico, represents the cradle of all that Architecture of hermitages and loneliness, build by the very same monks who would later erect the big abbeys along the road:

"God's fortresses", for they are as big, steady and massive as Fortresses and castles of that time ... they are not erected for the believers, but to celebrate God's glory.²

Architectures with solemn volumes and harsh lines, expression of God and his mightiness, are born according to man, relating to the measure imposed on the territory by a path that lasted centuries. The dimensions of the landscapes that man has built and measured across the *Francigena* was, and still is, dictated by the morphology of a territory which appears as a crackle with not well defined clods.³

Through the experience of the pilgrimage man becomes aware of the quality of his relation with earth. Conciliation and detachment between the many sensations and feelings generated by the variations of the landscape.

Still today, retracing the stops indicated by Sinergico, we could see the traces of that indissoluble bond that varies together with the landscape.

Starting from The Cisa in Acquapendente, down through the Magra Valley where the ruins of the *pievi*, of the *spedali* and of the *xenodochi* lay, we continue following the direction imposed to us by the rugged peaks of the Apuanian Alps, southward we find the Lucca plain where a rhythmic succession of spaces measured by an Ippodamic scheme spreads from the fortified City. Then the white waters of the Elsa river that runs along a narrow valley where man has drawn an unintentional mosaic of farmed parcels up on the hills. We rest by the feet of Montemaggio: here, unaltered in almost ten centuries, the village of Abbadia ad Isola opens itself on the path, almost being part of it. At last Siena, generated itself by the Path and by the ancient axis that leads to Maremma, their intersection gave shape to the city and to Campo. Beyond the city the desert, a cosmic landscape that appears almost violent in its silence and in his essential nudity. Landscapes, pictorial images stratified across the centuries by the hand of man, architectures bonded to the territory and to the traces of the land, all is part of drawing which is constantly evolving. *Per-ager*, going through the fields; indifferently of what is your destination, Rome, Jerusalem or Santiago, this is the place of the pilgrimage and his meaning. Through the holiness of a metaphysic path more than a physic one. A path that appears to rediscover the forgotten conciliation between man and God, nature and artifice.

¹ Andrej Arsenević Tarkovskij, *Voyage in Time*, 1983.

² A. Hauser, *The Social History of Art*, Vol I, Torino 1955. pag. 192

³ F. Purini, *La misura italiana dell'architettura*, Bari, 2008, pag. 106.

The Temple and the Burial Mound Landscape's Holy Dimension in the Architecture of Sigurd Lewerentz by Carlotta Torricelli



(page 168)

"The world of spirits looks like a valley between mountains and rocks, with the odd hollow and hill. The openings and the doors that enter into these heavenly worlds may only be seen by those who are ready for the hereafter and by no one else".

Emanuel Swedenborg, *De coelo et inferno*, 1785

When, in 1921, the cemetery authority entrusted Sigurd Lewerentz with the task of creating the second of the minor chapels of the new South Cemetery of Stockholm (subsequently known as the Woodland Cemetery)¹ – later called the Chapel of Resurrection - the young architect decided to place a classical temple, built of white stone, at the end of the Way of the Seven Wells, the long straight path cut out of the high, dark mass of forest.

The architect decided this course of action after having considered a variety of different projects.

Such a declaration was clear enough: in a cemetery where all the tombs are equal and where they spread out as far as the trees themselves, the location of this rite has to speak a universal language that everybody can recognise within the geographical extent of the place. In this way, Lewerentz, by showing something that was completely different, that does not belong to the world in which it is located, creates a *hierophany*.² The classical *pronaos* located in the coniferous wood is intended as being an *object with a poetic reaction*. It alone is the synthesis of the ancient spirit of the divinity and it enables the viewer to recognise, in merely a glance, the monument.

