

This is not about assuming a model to pass on to others, of preaching the truth, the artist is a free man, who frees things and teaches others how to free them, how to discover. The artist frees those things which have not yet been freed, otherwise there would be no point. Certainly the model, the models, the experiences of the others are by now assimilated as intrinsic conditions necessary to live and work in an knowledgeable way. In such a way different models have put themselves forward again and again according to alternating fortunes. The rationality of Cartesian thought, the utopia of being able to classify reality according to clear and distinct ideas has been unhinged by the Dada and Surrealist Avantguard which reshuffled the cards, rediscovering and contaminating different planes of reality. On the other hand, the other half of the Avantguard at the beginning of the century has reposed the positive schematic utopia, trusting in a real appropriation and transformation of reality. After the hell of war, in Europe, as in America and Japan, a passionate and romantic experience of art had the undisputed upper hand, and which by now belongs to our intellectual and emotional history. But then everything changed, once more Neoconstructivism and, on the other front, the apotheosis of the idea, taken to the coldest conclusions of English conceptual art. and how can one not take into consideration the work of a few Arte Povera artists, so close to us in time and space, passionately idealist and yet intensely physical, like Merz or Kounellis. All these experiences, these models and others before them have brought us to this point. Now what? We are on the threshold of a third millenium, in an epoch of crisis, overturned and disconcerted by an upheaval in the economy, in politics, destabilized socially, we live in an epoch perhaps comparable to that of the aftermath of the Second World War; the challenge is to adapt, or else to roll up one's sleeves and rebuild a new existential and artistic identity. Now more than ever before the need is to free things, to discover reality, to enter into and make a mark on reality.

This is the new kind of work that Salvatore Falci has been carrying on for over ten years, having begun when the emergency was not so compelling. The poetic in the work of Falci can hide, to a distracted glance, its crashing force. But the incisiveness of his work is very clear. The project is to observe reality, to enlarge macroscopically microscopic situations, apparently insignificant, which usually go unnoticed. And it is here that the penetrating viewpoint of the artist comes in. The most appropriate example is paradoxical, because it seems that in which human participation has been almost nullified, it is made up of surfaces of dust. Falci observes and records the ruthless and perpetual depositing of dust on surfaces. He observes the way in which it falls, the obstacles which deviate its falling, for example an object on a table. As the observation proceeds a whole world reveals itself, the dust carries with it signs of the place in which it is, of the time, of the season, of the year, of the human presence which left a trace, maybe by placing an object on a table or creating an air current. Then one begins to observe a process of cause and effect. Then this pane covered in dust will tell a story, a microscopic story, but just as important as other stories, this just as all the others born from an interaction between the different elements, generated by a movement of the universe to which everything belongs. This inexorable falling of dust is not something little, on the contrary it carries with it the history of the universe. But it is not everything. We would like to point attention to the method of the artist. A rigorous almost scientific way of approaching the work, which however brings a great respect for chance, admitting that it exists, and to the naturalness, above all this, of the events. A method which is not a technique, but is the work itself, and a way of living, a way of freeing things, a way of discovering reality. It is here that one finds the strength of the work, putting itself forward as a vital and urgent force, as a way of incising and transforming reality, not according to a model but according to a choice of life, of the artist and of man. It is the proposition of a scheme, of art as a scheme, in the world. Until today, considering Falci's work, the contemplative aspect has been insisted upon, which is without doubt important, but even more important is the strong determined energy of his activities. Therefore, when one goes back and follows the process from the beginning, one gathers the global force of the whole range of the work. The action, which consists of choosing the place to be observed, the method of observation and recording and formalisation, is an indispensable moment, it must be such that the work can continue to live alone and to activate other interactions. The formalisation, the object, is a fundamental part of Falci's work. But which form? The form that takes shape in a natural way from the interaction of the events, which is of necessity that particular way and could not be otherwise. In the Polvere (dust) for example, the pattern that defines itself on the glass is that created by the chance/cause of the falling of the dust. It would be absurd to look for an aesthetic, nothing is further from the actions of Falci. The beauty of the work of Salvatore Falci consists in knowing how to capture the fleeting moment, which has neither time or place, because it is present, past and future, and in that moment, like Faust, possesses and gives form to the beauty which can only be cosmic.

1. E OKA.
(records notes theory artistic research salvatore falci)

What kind of things happen in the world as people go about their daily lives and unavoidably come into contact with various things and situations?

1. We do certain things deliberately in order to fulfill certain aims and these are often quite conventional.
2. As we do this, we set in motion a process of other things that happen as well, usually these are secondary and unconsidered, they go unnoticed and often are invisible.

The aim of my research is to surpass objects, to surpass subjects, to visualise these "OTHER THINGS" in an "OTHER" way, a way that is to be found in this very daily contact....so, what?

In order not to be distracted from my chosen path, I established certain principles of verification, for all my experiments to substantiate, keeping in mind the fact that these might well need altering depending on the results of my experiments.

1. When materials leave the studio to be placed in determined situations they must have a neutral appearance, with no aesthetic value whatsoever.
2. The results of these experiments must not be determined by any action carried out by:
 - only a single person.
 - only natural or social factors.
 - or only by myself.

It is 1983, we have (Fontana, Modica and I) finished the experiment "sosta 15 minuti" (15 minutes stop/rest). We arranged 5 wooden coloured chairs (white, black, yellow, red, and blue) in Populonia (in Tuscany, the province of Livorno) and observed how people used and reacted to them. The next stage, in order to confirm the results of the experiment, was to put them outside the gates of the entrance to the public gardens used during the Venice Biennale, at the 1984 inauguration ceremony. The label on the base of the chairs "sosta 15 minuti", invited the passers by to sit down and rest, but the fact that the chairs were coloured and labelled meant that they also became objects of contemplation. The results of this experiment were documented on slides and three graphs (silkscreened on glass) demonstrating the various lengths of time that people chose to rest, and the choice of colours. ...so what next?

How has this experiment contributed to my understanding of these "OTHER THINGS"? What have I understood from this? It's true, neither only one person, nor only one factor, nor only ourselves have determined the results. But the chairs (the cause) and the graphs (the effect) are separate and nobody looks at the graphs, everybody wants the chairs, the objects. We haven't yet truly found this "OTHER". But the ground is fertile because this type of natural interaction allows one to perceive a lot of things. The people didn't just sit down, they didn't just contemplate the chairs, the human being is not an automaton that only carries out functional activities! I must find a way to materialize and highlight this "other"! I must bring cause and effect closer together! I must distance myself from the object, since when it is there, it takes the lion's share, and this "OTHER" can only be perceived intuitively.

I want to start up a "metropolitan conversation". I have often seen 'strangers' responding to indirect messages, in toilets, in telephone boxes, on walls and benches. It has to do with penetrating this communication and stimulating responses. I prepare a sticker with "PULITO SI PUO" (Clean is possible) printed on it and a tracing of a street map, and paired it up with it's printed negative. Lets find out which stimulus brings the most direct responses. The possibilities are many, they might scratch away part of the image with their nails, they might respond to the written message, or play around with the images of the streets, lets look and find out! I stick 400 of these up in places where one would expect these things to happen and I wait, at intervals checking how these responses were coming along. I already feel that something is not right, the night that we stick the stickers up everything goes wrong, there's a tense and heavy atmosphere, we run into those employed to stick up political campaign posters... maybe

it's the wrong moment, maybe it's the people I'm with or maybe it's my own uncertainty! I'll only know afterwards, therefore I must go on. Someone standing beside me, seeing my perplexity asks:

- what right have you got to provoke people? As I reflect on this comment I wait for the responses. After three days the actions start to be definitive and I notice that the freshest responses are those on the black part of the sticker near the margin, doodles, marks, names written by scratching away the black ink silkscreened on white, with keys or nails (Luckily the surface of the sticker was plastic so the ink hadn't adhered properly!) So, not only did I not have the right to provoke people but it went against my aims, stimulating meant receiving reactions, not ACTIONS. It would be much better to collect actions by placing a neutral surface underneath actions that people would do naturally!

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It's 1984, everything seems clear but it must be verified. I must work by subtraction, no stimulus, these exist in nature, in every man, in every environment. Lets use that which is already there! Many people distractedly fiddle away at tables, but how exactly? Is a pub the same as a station? And what happens in a school? Lets try it out! I take some sheets of glass and I paint them uniformly black and I put them on top of public tables, as I had found out from the the plastic stickers, the paint does not adhere perfectly and therefore it will record any markings and signs of wear. In deciding the right time to remove the glass from the public tables - and consequently , judging them to be finished - I want to avoid behaving in an arbitrary manner. Therefore there are two possibilities: either I decide on a standard exposure time or I could define the moment in which the glass is completely saturated with actions. The first experiments show how every environment has it's own time and, how the actions-of-the public follow a movement similar to that described by the curve of the cycle of isteresis. It is therefore possible to detect, as soon as the interventions begin to follow one after another in a very slow rythm, the saturation point of the glass, and act accordingly. I must however note that the sheets of glass removed from elementary school classes 1a, 2a, and 3a constitute an exception to the rule: in these cases, once the saturation point is reached, the curve of saturation does not represent a plateau but a small vertical which concludes, after a few hours, when all the paint has been removed. Once the sheet of glass is finished, without any further manipulation on my part , I do something which I deem necessary, I exhibit it back to front, ie turned by 180°. If I weren't to do this, attention would be focused on the content of the words written on the glass, by turning it back to front I put off the process of translating the content for a few moments, thereby giving importance to the graphic aspect. It is 1985, I am satisfied, the sheets which come out of the studio are completely black slabs, at most, any aesthetic reference one could make would be to the tops of bars or desks, the determiner of the results is the environment made up of different people and situations. The type of marks left by people standing, as one can see on the glass called "STAZONE" (Station) for example, are different from those left by people sitting down, as on the glass called "PUB". But the experiment wasn't conceived with the idea of finalising these things, it interests me only because it enables me to find out how interaction works.

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It is 1986 and there is a factor which forces me to carry on, writing has its own meaning therefore I have to turn everything back to front by 180 degrees. Yet another thought flashes across my mind: there are four arts and isn't the point of contact between us and our world underneath our feet? That is where I must search! I must abandon the glass, nobody would put a sheet of glass on the street, and furthermore I won't have to turn things upside down, sheets of masonite are perfect, light, rigid and thin, the same sort of material that someone would use on the street. Now I have to find a way to make the paint removable and unfortunately my previous experiences don't help. It is easy to write about now but I spend months finding the solution-in a light layer of wax before painting the boards black. I am ready! I watch as the black boards leave the studio, they are even more ugly than the sheets of glass, to top it all the people who drop in at the studio ask if we are doing carpentry! The esthetic value is practically zero! I put the boards in various places of a similar type to the ones already investigated, a station , a bar, an arcade, a telephone booth, an elementary school etc. As in the sheets of glass I don't want to collect prints of marks except for those undulating ones that we make when we are talking on the telephone, small nervous scratches when we are in the lift, sharp heelmarks when we are talking briefly in groups in the arcade, crude marks made by the chairs when we get up from a table... When I take a floor away and I put it on the wall it becomes something else, but at the same time it is still a floor, it doesn't SEEM a floor, IT IS ONE! And it tells the story of the life of that place without becoming something that was recuperated because before it wasn't

there, but neither is it a momentary creation that I only rendered visible. I must however be careful, if I carry on it would be easy to fall into recuperating things, maybe it is time to add more verification points to the preceding two!...Now lets recapitulate.

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It is 1988, in five years I have done two works, it isn't much but the problems to be resolved are many and not all my thoughts are clear. One should go back over one's ideas often, moreover I might deviate from "what am I looking for" to "how do I go about getting this formal result?" That would be terrible! It is the biggest danger, and I would never find this "other". I therefore add two more principles of verification. Recapitulating:

1. No esthetic value before the interaction.
2. The determining factor of the results must be relative to the interaction.
3. The project must stem from the desire to visualize an every day action and not to materialize a visual effect that I already knew about or that I had found.
4. Looking at "what already exists" which we find in everyday life, as a starting point for the the project, and gathering from it, not the formal aspect, but the imprisoned energy just waiting to show itself.

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I feel strange, since I have been doing these zooms on every day actions I am losing a more general view of things! I would like to see how a city moves, a vast territory...I feel the need to zoom back in time, to no longer look at the rays of a star, but at all the constellations! We are in Venice, I am looking down from a bridge and I see some soap bubbles coming out of a refuse pipe as they float around in the water. They float slowly according to the movement of the tides but then a motorboat comes along with a whole load of tourists on board and disrupts this order. The urban movements in Venice are different, the streets are made of water and people move around in boats. Not only this but, in this context I can visualize the interaction between the human element and the natural environment of a whole city. I prepare 2000 small wooden tiles, 400 of each colour (the same three primaries plus the two non-colours), I study the tides in order to find the neutral point between the high and the low tide and I throw the packets of tiles, divided up into colours, from the bank of the Gardens. As soon as I abandon them to the waves, they move slowly towards the middle of the canal, a vaporetto goes by, the blue packet breaks open, it forms a rose of colour, immediately afterwards the red packet breaks open, they begin to mix together and every time a craft goes by a few tiles are thrown into the rose of another colour while the natural flow of the canal carries them off all together. After an hour they have all disappeared out of sight, I can follow them only with my thoughts...The next day the second phase begins. Together with a boatman and a nautical map we scout all the canals looking for the tiles. Where will they have ended up? How many will have mixed in with each other? How many will let themselves be found? I will know only after the search! For a week we navigate the lagoon and every colony found is given the name of the place, "Fondamenta S. Elisabetta", "Giudecca", "S. Marco"...I find 25 colonies, all variegated, the shuffling that they have received from the city is incredible, on the other hand if I were to zoom in on 10 square meters I would find 2 Japanese people, 1 German, 2 Americans, 1 Italian etc. If I had done this 400 years ago the colonies of tiles would have been for the most part monochromatic, and the zoom of 10 square meters would have contained 9 Venetians and maybe 1 Chinese person, the potter!

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I must formalize the results. It is 1988, the operation of zooming back in time is finished, before formalizing I must let everything settle, this type of result is different from the usual ones, it can't be taken as it is and exhibited, but neither do I want to manipulate it! Lets wait until we have understood a little better!

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Lets go back to watching direct actions! It is time to watch other types of actions, we don't only leave marks when we walk, but also when we lean on things, when we sleep, when we lie down to relax on a palliase we move our whole body according to how we feel, according what we're doing in certain

places, according to our social relationships...Usually mattresses and armchairs go back into shape after having been used, and the only thing that tells us about their use is their age. I must invent a mattress which doesn't go back into shape, capable of recording all the actions which it receives!

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Lets look for the materials! I immediately think of the fidelity of the recording, I need a sensitive material but it can't be delicate, soft but capable of becoming hard after it has been used... I buy kilos of plaster, clay, plasticine, they are quite faithful but we're not there yet. In this way the last actions annul the previous ones, the last action determines the whole result, the second principle: 'THE DETERMINER OF THE RESULT MUST NOT BE RELATIVE TO ONLY ONE ACTION; NOR ONLY BY ONE SINGLE PERSON.... isn't being respected, these materials are no good!

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I know what doesn't work, and that is already quite something. Surely the right material exists, but stubbornly searching it out could bring me to spend a whole load of money that I don't have! Instead of searching, I have to concentrate on recognising it when I meet it. The Venice tile operation and the mattresses seem to be progressing parallel to each other, O.K. Lets alternate! I have 25 colonies, Venice restored them to me divided up and grouped like this, this must be respected and therefore presented like this. But how? In rows, in order, in piles? Each way would be arbitrary. The only way is to present them in moving water with no predestined position, but separated into 25 tanks. But how big should every tank be? It's simple, how big is the surface of every colony-at-the beginning of the operation? 400 tiles, 5cm by 5cm, would add up to a total of 1 square meter. How-high-should they be? The minimum height in order for them to float above the water pump, 7 cm. of water, 10 cm of tank. Out of what material should they be made? Transparent, because any other colour would be arbitrary, glass since it is as natural as the wooden tiles and the lagoons of Venice. Some tiles have been lost, they will lose their colour, they will disintegrate and become part of the natural circuit, but in the tanks we refer to them as well since it is their empty space which allows the present ones to move about.

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It is already 1989, but the exhibition is ready! Just as I was talking to some friends about this and other works I see a person playing with a piece of synthetic sponge used for flower arranging, I recognise it, I ask for a piece, I poke it and I am given confirmation that this is the right material! So sensitive as to register even fingerprints, softly malleable but rigid and above all it allows for actions to add to each other, one after another, one on top of another, but it doesn't nullify the previous one. There is another problem to be solved. How do I imitate these beds or sofas in the environment? I spend a lot of time in these places and watch, a bar, a beach, a gym. Where would the owners put them? What colours are their counterparts? I must get this information in such a way that I do not alter the ambience, so I choose blue for the gym, black and white for the bar, yellow for the coast and red, the same colour as the night lights, for the garconniere where clandestine couples go to make love. After this interaction, "I change the sheets", I remove the material and spray three microns of powdered material which covers the mattresses without changing the imprints made, clearly the same colour used when I put them in their environments. The problems are solved, soon the other exhibition will be ready, I can present them together, they are, after all two complementary aspects of interaction.

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Due to the work in Venice a new prospective for research had opened up, I want to continue in parallel investigating realities visible both to the microscope and the telescope. There are also some actions that, done today, will have an effect only after some time has passed, or else actions which will show effects only in the moment when they meet reacting elements. I prepare 100 ping pong balls in the five colours, I throw them in the river and in the evening I go back to collect the balls that have remained imprisoned in plastic bags, amongst brushwood, trapped by landslides. I call this "Effetto lago" (Lake effect). I then prepare eight hundred balls, just like the others and, differentiating their departure time by an hour, I throw four hundred from the source and four hundred from the previous place where there are refuse pipes, landslides, deviations, dredging places...all actions and interventions which do not apparently stop the flow of the river. So, of the four hundred which followed the natural flow, upstream of the intervention of man, I found 270, of the four hundred of the second lot, only 75. During the tests I had

noted that a lot depended on the make-up of the floating object, if it was too light it reacted to the wind, if it had sharp corners it became trapped because of its structure. A ping pong ball with two holes of one millimeter, diametrically opposite, could be the best solution, since its roundness is able to adapt itself to the undulating of the waves and the two holes enable the water to enter, and fill the ball during its journey, making it heavy enough to float on the level of the water but with an airgap which prevents its sinking. After collecting them I close the holes up with glue, retaining inside the water taken on during their journey, the same water that in its flow erodes the banks, satiates the animals, remains in droplets on the hands plunged into it. In exhibition? As before, using the same method I choose glass channels, with measurements in proportion to the dimensions of the balls and the number of pieces.

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It is the end of 1989 and a piece of news makes me think. I am to participate at the Venice Biennial in 1990. It is a chance to realise a work on Venice, but I have already done this. I think about taking the tiles I made two years earlier, but what would be the point? What more would I learn? A friend, even though she liked my tanks, encourages me to challenge myself once more, and I accept the challenge.

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During the experiments of the balls, seeing these inert elements behind a bush, stuck in the mud, or blocked between plastic bottles, I thought about researching into an element with its own energy, capable of manifesting itself, but I put the problem off, it wasn't of any use to me then. Now perhaps is the time! If I find this element I can explore daily actions which instead of visualizing themselves become the cause for a subsequent manifestation. In this way I can melt the previous experiences together, go back to direct actions of the people but with effects that are both immediate and posthumous.

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We are back to the same old problem, there is nothing worse than searching for the right material! Some memories intrigue me, a friend of mine had some seeds in a pot and when she had given up all hope, after two years, they began to grow. When I was little my brother and I threw fruit stones into the garden, once a small peach tree grew. Here, in a seed, is an element that has a structure which seems apparently immutable and rigid, but with an enormous potential. The problem remains of how to put it into an urban context and what sort of environment could accept it as a Trojan horse.

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I must clarify what I want: to register daily actions which instead of visualising themselves, as in the floors of the glass, I start a process which will manifest itself, telling of a primitive action, therefore no more false floors, or paint, but seeds. I look at different types of seeds, there are so many. But first I must define the material which can become their vehicle in daily life, then I will choose the most suitable. I think of polystyrene balls that florists use, at most I could record people rubbing their hands in a bowl, and I would have to use fruit stones, maybe another time, now I need an element that is palusible in more than one context and which at the same time can be the cradle for the seed. It is a word! I stop everything and as usual try to push myself out into the environment, with a spirit of research more internal than physical. Together with two colleagues I am in Venice for a preview of the "corderie" to see the exhibition spaces and right in front of the main entrance I see sawdust spread and used as a detergent cum absorbent. It is the same colour as English grass seeds, the same texture, it absorbs and contains water, being powdered wood it has natural nutrients and somehow it seems as though the seed had become a shrub, had lived, had been worked on, used and turned into sawdust! It is perfect. Lets try it! I prepare some sheets of rigid plastic, (they must not become deformed by water), they are more expensive but even more plausible as platforms to be trampled on. Using these I cover the pavement of an arcade outside an enormous electrical shop, and then I spread a mixture of seeds and sawdust (but it looks like only sawdust) which is what happens when one needs to clean a large surface area. The shops open, the first pedestrians appear and thus the dissemination begins. The housewife with her broom, the loading and unloading of goods, window shoppers, clients at the entrance, everyone in the daily hum drum of life, interact with the sawdust (photograph 5) containing the seeds, continually shifting the mixture. Every action apparently annuls the previous one, but seeds and sawdust have a different specific weight, and therefore every action creates different aggregations, similar to those that happen in the sieves of gold seekers. At the end of the day, when all is at rest, I spray everything with water, which allows me to carry the platforms away without

moving anything, even by a millimeter. I take everything into a greenhouse. I water it and wait. In the places where many seeds had collected together conspicuous tufts of grass grow, reinforcing and underlining the different jostlings of the day. In exhibition the piece is green, many are worried about what will happen when it dries, everybody is watching the blades of grass, but for each blade there is underneath a root which has twined itself around the other and and swallowed up the sawdust. Moreover it has stuck onto the plastic like a leech giving body to a fullness which will not change anymore. The material aspect may change, but not the borders created by the actions. Of course in the gallery it changes, the grass dries out, it curls up and if it is hot and dark, it remains green. If there is a lot of light it turns golden, it transforms itself whatever happens, it is part of the cycle. This contains precise instructions for the continuing of the operation even though I don't know where it will take me. I consider the grass carpet a first generation and rather than look to freeze this result I want to move together with it. Let's wait for the transformation, then I will understand.

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It is March 1990. I must now find the right place to realise the operation in a part of Venice. I need a place where, despite the tourists, the daily life is present with all its ingredients, children who go to school, people going to the market, errand boys and passers by. The Saint Eufemia bridge on the Giudecca Island is perfect. There are a few tourists but the determining factor is the daily life of the canals. As for the arcade I prepare the covering of forex, sawdust and seeds. During the day, judging from the comments of the passers by I understand their ideas: - The council is restoring the bridge -. Perfect, there is no provocation on my behalf, therefore I will register actions, not reactions. The comparison with the arcade is interesting, each place, like a battle ground tells of the past fight. It is necessary to have more than one verification point and therefore I realise the same project in telephone boxes, general markets, pedestrian areas, working areas.. Just like the floors every situation has its own specific.

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It is 1991, many grasses have been exhibited, green, dry, with a material aspect relative to environmental conditions, in some cases I try regeneration, it is possible. By indiscriminately distributing new seeds they germinate only where the first generation exists and do not show at all on the bare plastic. But why should they be regenerated? Should this new element appear because this continuity is possible? We shall see! Now the most urgent problem is to continue to visualise the interaction in its different situations. With the ping pong balls we saw actions created in the past which change the present, with seeds, actions are the beginning of a process which, once started transforms itself but does not exhaust itself, now I ask myself if it is possible to visualise a presence even after it has physically disappeared! There is an image which intrigues me, I used to live on the seventh floor and the piazza below was full of parking places, the cars from that height seemed to be modules in a composition but the rainy days produced what they left behind, the dry outlines like islands in the wet told of the past presence of a car, it doesn't matter that one can't see the colour or the make, that form was determined by the real presence. And then, how many times have we touched a chair and been able to perceive from the warmth that until a few moments ago someone had been sitting there..., maybe all actions leave a trace which goes over and above the physical presence, we can also prescind from the object, there will always be a verifiable memory. I ask myself if final situations are relative to a process which has already happened.. Often in the mornings I look at the table where the previous evening there had been a dinner between three friends, and I find a strong correspondence between the final aspect and the type of evening spent. (photograph 6) I want to combine these two experiences. If the last objects on the table, the disorganised chairs tell of the objects that are no longer present, it must be possible to visualise the event even over and above these. Certainly I can't, as in the parking lot wait for the rain, neither can I water the table with water, flour or anything else! It would be banal, not simple! But the simplicity of natural events is precious, I remember that Sherlock Holmes recognised his documents by the amount of dust that was on them.,... there, I don't need to act but to wait! I prepare some sheets of glass painted black on the back (black glass is the most appropriate both for covering a table and for capturing and visualising dust). I put these sheets on the tables of bars, restaurants, waiting rooms and I stick anti-slip rubber coasters under the chair legs, the whole environment is layed with carpet, in the positions in which I then find them, I then unstick the chairs, I wait for the dust to settle which visualises the silhouettes of the objects that had been left behind and then I remove the objects. Of course we no longer know if there was any wine or water left in the glasses, but

surely the situation did not happen by chance therefore the order is such because of what has been consumed.

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It is the beginning of 1992. The grass gets dryer and dryer even if the outlines are well defined. I feel very similar to them, it is a moment of stalling and everything around me takes part in this moment. Sometimes I think that not only art and life are not separated but that life itself is a work of art! We must however materialise, otherwise it remains a concept. And one must needs do so in stages. The small fact of having put pressure, occupying a space, lets energy out, not only when we do amazing things but always! I am in London, it's cold and I stamp my feet on the ground, the soles of my shoes are quite thin and I feel the difference between the various street surfaces, man hole covers, paving stones...how many other people have occupied this precise point of the earth, one can see this because part of the writing has been worn away. this matrix contains in itself all the energy of daily life, historical, social, the words - POST OFFICE- and the last two worn letters are the coordinates of a precise geographical and historical point, my sixty kilograms can feel this! Lets look to exploit this visualising energy! The concept of printmaking can help me. I prepare a black sheet of material which will come into direct contact with the the matrix, immediately on top of that a pad soaked in white paint, and on top of that, in view, a rubber floor covering that one finds used in the urban circuit. Potentially every point could be printed, it's obvious, but only there where the flow of the daily coming and going of life puts pressure, will the reality underneath be visualised. (photograph 7). The patch of white paint could take the shape of a foot but it isn't only the footprint, within this a pre-existent situation is described. We no longer have an action which visualises itself, not even does it start a process, now we are at the meeting point of two actions. One, which from an indefinite past creates a premise, the street surfaces are like the skin of a person, with scars, wrinkles, facelifts, they tell of their own experiences, their social rank, their quality of life...The other visualises everything, but only at the point where you are. I spend two years trying to solve the technical side and only in 1994 are the first pieces born.

Perhaps I have reached the moment in which to digest everything, to look back on all the works together, a meeting where each tells its own story and not only of the works but also the people who have found themselves amongst this circuit... There, in this occasion we can regenerate the grass, only those who have a collectionist who will take care of them, the collectionist himself (together with me the first time) will sew the seeds on the piece, in an indiscriminate way, since they will only generate where the first generation has already lived. Those outlines are indelible. Those who regenerate today are enthusiastic, others feel regret and would like to have the piece back which they have sold! Surely it will be maintained green for a while, then life will bring it to be neglected, it will dry out transforming itself until the next bout of enthusiasm comes along! It isn't a drama, it's life!

John