

SYNECDOCHE

A.Piga



Long legs
swooping at the knees
steep his doing,
battered and prudent,
lascivious and surprising,
tall, infinite man,
I swallow and adore,
without obsession and without terror.
Like this, for love of skin
sandpapered and rebellious
yet, how much I yearned for it.
You are mine and you don't know it,
this is my
fatal freedom.



Your back.
Steep and diggings
of unknown worlds
I follow the mistakes
and the voids I do not regret.
High, long, bristling
of cries and errors,
burned by vanity
I furrow in the caress
of infinite love
never lived.
It's your back that calls
smell of tired bones,
shoulders of the giant you were
and maybe
you'll be – if I'll be
ready and guardian.



A mouth of silk
in disguise smiles at me.
Your lips are Burgundia,
open wound with no appeal,
sense and absence for me.
I would like to penetrate
instead of kissing it, take refuge and tell,
about the Gods to whom
you dictated your step,
mild, because is on the sly
that I was yours.



Merely staying awake keeps me safe
dodges the elves and awakens
forest sleepers
and fleeting memories,
Not alone and next, flows away the text
of smoky rest amid moss and virtue
for Arthur's pursue biting escaping,
alarm and however,
Not alone I crossed Kay's face,
the snow of royal perfidy dissolved,
you are ancient, although diligent,
modest and silent,
spirits are clouding
and pains are floating.
Trees, souls and jackets,
are the tweeds supporting my limp lips,
of infinite men and long necks,
lost backs and wasted bones,
fairy marches, luxuriant with thirst,
adorn me with wonder
and he won't notice
but folds, and his sleep falls, no return,
what would I have been
if someone else I had been born.



As long as I'm here,
songs and fear,
academic clovers
and anemic hawthorns.
All at your feet I laid down
with verve and nervous frown,
dancing I came and considered as lame,
in memories with no signs
of notes and worthy leaps,
of a sharp and grateful
youthful girl advanced.
And reckless I danced
by boredom entranced,
by nice and deaf witches
which in their words can be glimpsed
the callous way
that will be mine.
Robbery radiology
others and high trespass already,
on my dry and tired hips,
to move on the same benches,
grim nights and your attention
faints at times. And it suits me.
Equipped and poorly paid
memories on cliffs
on my dance don't spare a glance,
'Cause last year is over,
It's time I see it, inject and change,
and I trick the end.



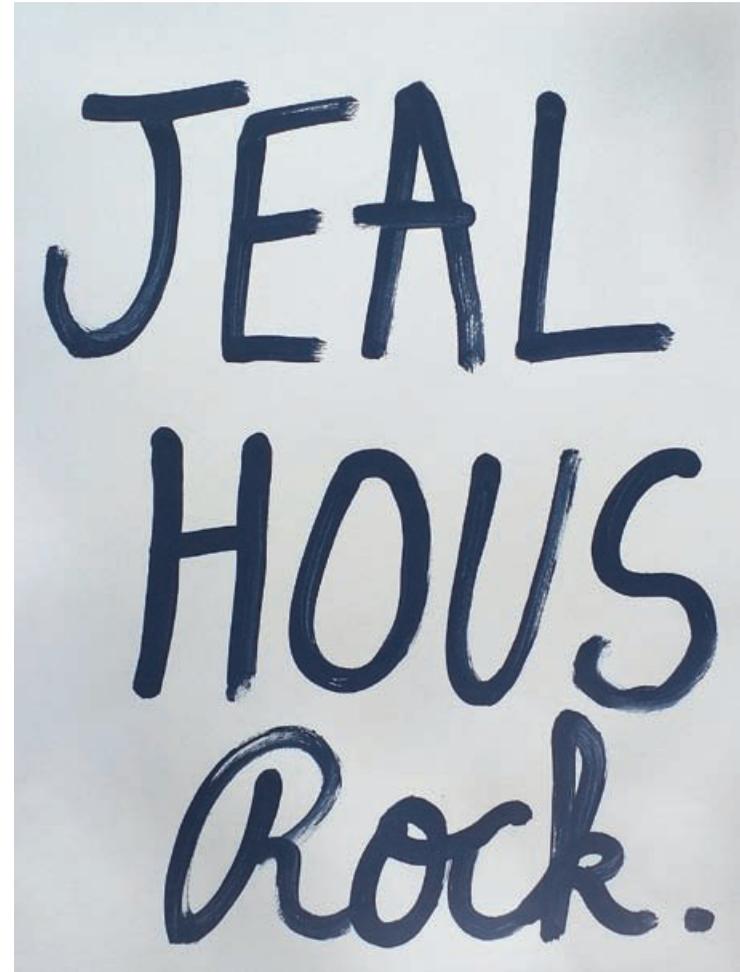
True and fast
you came to my breast,
your pulse is light
of mixed caresses,
you have not plotted aggressions
nor timid assaults,
but alone you came
as careless hem.
Cellulose from childhood, trendy pink shoes,
you fecunded my room,
and my hand out of the blue
held you where your armory ended.
And you are not there.



Heavily rebounding
are ancestors words,
duties and pains
of dismal loves.
Letters here and there,
devoid of who knows
what slender nobility fair.
Where did I come from I was precocious to say,
where was I going to only the blackbird knew,
that of the tawny morning
when good weather is almost brushed.
My path was unwelcome,
skimped on phosphate,
and always punctual I was deprived
of a certain amount of Rococo.
Here I am, full of historical data,
and lymph-free to avoid the dice
someone drew
without God pointing me.
Cerberus was glad, to condone me with dill,
and I sent back to hell, the source of their troubles,
I was left with thick gloves,
I don't wear to peel prawns,
when death comes let it dawn.
Won't have your eyes nor your lovers,
only my by now distant laments.



Hours and hairs
of heavy and nameless doughs
invade my willow ways
aged with wineskins and slaves.
Without number you invoked me,
and without looking you remembered me.
Strenght, vegetables and glories,
the mean advances in the ice
of your missed smile
you went in rolls and balls,
of aromas and red rivulets
of sporadic menstruations,
powerful, with fragile clamors.
You were a woman, and I never knew it.



JEAL
HOUS
Rock.

Intra-View PP (Piga / Pratesi)

PIGA It is said that the artwork expresses a regression to childhood by the artist. It is the result of an infancy that has to be rebuilt or of an adult age from which to flee?

PRATESI I don't really agree on this concept. I'd rather think that many of the artists' researches sink their roots in the memory of their childhood as a privileged and intense moment of their life.

PI. "Synecdoche" is a figure of speech in which the part indicates the whole, it originates from the Greek *sin* (together) and *dechesthai* (to welcome). Significant and meaning, together. If form and meaning are conceived separately, there is the risk of making a didactic illustrative artwork. For example, hasn't an excessive importance been given in conceptual art to meaning, to detriment of significant, of the mere artistic object?

PRA. In the most significant artworks form and meaning are inseparable. In conceptual art the artwork can take on any form, also because in AngloSaxon world the content, and therefore the meaning, precedes the form. We Italians are often too in love with the form and we often forget the content. In medio stat virtus!

PI. Today more than ever, or perhaps it has always been so, it is said that the set-up is all. An appropriate set-up can include turning a weak work into a jewel and viceversa, a preparation unsuitable for the spirit of the times risks to hide the objective value of a work. Is there a risk of an aesthetic of the space that could distort the reading of the item?

PRA. Unfortunately in the era of images in which we are immersed this risk exists and is very high, especially for the artists of the recent generations, who sometimes come to think in terms of "Instagrammable" artworks. I think it's a dangerous trend, a sort of digital mannerism to be fought.

PI. The twentieth century was characterized by artists "against", who, that is, intended to counteract a dominant idea of art or a present current. What can an artist today be opposed to?

PRA. Perhaps precisely to that "digital mannerism" I was talking about before. I would be very intrigued by a young artist who refuses to exist on social media: a Mario Draghi of art.

PI. Arriving too early is like arriving too late. In what does that intangible quality of work fit for his own time consist, sensing a taste that is not too far away nor too blatant of his time?

PRA. I believe it's the sensitivity of great artists that makes them capable to be fully in line with their time: that's how masterpieces like Pablo Picasso's *Guernica*, the *Grande Cretto* by Alberto Burri in Ghibellina or the *Rothko Chapel* in Houston were born.

PI. The ambiguity of the artist's relationship with power seems to settle on an apparent dissent which, however corroborates consent. Is the artist a prudent dissenter or a disguised court jester?

PRA. Neither of them. The artist thinks the world and can be interested in doing so in contact with the society of his time (and therefore with power) like Raffaello or in a solitary and meditative way like Francesco Borromini.

PI. What is conventional in art today?

PRA. Homologation in all its aspects.

PI. Is there a question you would like to ask me?

PRA. Are you more of an artist or a poet?

PI. Artist, who uses rhythm according to the mental moment, the rhythm of words or the condescension of clay, to assemble or to separate the ineptitudes of existence.

- PAGE 1 *Autoritratto flessibile* (Flexible Self-portrait)
2020, watercolor on paper 300 gr, cm 31 x 41
- 3 *Stripe-tease*
2020, watercolor on paper 300 gr, cm 31 x 41
- 5 *Matter of Time*
2019, acrylic on paper 300 gr, cm 41 x 31
Luigi Mannella collection
- 7 *Sogni Indaco* (Indaco Dreams)
2019, watercolor on paper 300 gr, cm 23 x 31
- 9 *Siblings*
2019, acrylic on paper 300 gr, cm 30 x 40
- 11 *Autoritratto inflessibile* (Inflexible Self-portrait)
2020, watercolor on paper 300 gr, cm 23 x 31
- 13 *Siblings*
2019, acrylic on paper 300 gr, cm 31 x 41
- 15 *Matter of Time*
2019, acrylic on paper 300 gr, cm 31 x 41
- 17 *MANI Festa*
2021, acrylic on paper 300 gr, cm 61 x 45,5

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