

"LIFE, LIFE"

by Ryuichi Sakamoto

From the album, "Async"

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Voice: David Sylvian

"And this I dreamt, and this I dream  
And some time, this I will dream again  
And all will be repeated, all be re-embodied  
You will dream everything I have seen in dream

To one side from ourselves, to one side from the world  
Wave follows wave to break on the shore  
On each wave is a star, a person, a bird  
Dreams, reality, death, on wave after wave

No need for a date, I was, I am, and I will be  
Life is a wonder of wonders and to wonder  
I dedicate myself, on my knees, like an orphan  
Alone, among mirrors, fenced in by reflections  
Cities and seas, iridescent, intensified  
A mother in tears takes a child on her lap". Arsenij Aleksandrovič Tarkovsky, *Life, Life*  
poem

Arsenij Aleksandrovič Tarkovsky (Ukrainian origin was born in Elisavetgrad 1907 – Mosca 1989), was the father of the russian director Andrej Tarkovsky, author of *Nostalghia* film that I have watched several times.

Thus began a letter of mine addressed to Mr. Ryuichi Sakamoto. A letter that was lost.

敬愛する坂本龍一様。

私はローマ在住のアーティスト、フェデリカ・ルッツィと申します。

私が憧れを自覚するようになって、坂本様の「Playing the Orchestra」の素晴らしい筐を手にしていました。音と映像と触覚の絶妙な組み合わせ。その音楽を聴いている間、私の想像力はずっと筐の中に隠された自然力に掻き立てられていました。

私は子供の頃から植物の種を集めていて、それを写真に撮るようになり、やがて「Tsutsumu」という作品が生まれました。包むものとしての種子。睡れる美といえましょうか。その後に来る立体の連作「Shell」のインスピレーションとなり、それらは縦糸織りや結び目を連ねていくマクラメのテクニックを使って作られています。

今私は次の個展に向けて、天井から吊るした大きな翼のある種を作り終えたところです。リネン糸で織られたこの作品は、光を浴びることでその儚さが際立ち、同時に閉じ込められた部屋の外へと伸び広がっていく可能性を秘めています。12 set 2021

Some my works were made immediately after the Covid confinement, when finally walking in the evening in a small street in the center of Rome I was enchanted by the brightness of the splendid flowers of small magnolias in the dark. Further illuminated artificially by the light of the street lamps, or by the headlights of passing cars, they were like an apparition to me. More than the flower, which has always struck me for its petals which crumble to the touch despite their flashiness which is so attractive, what strikes me is that they are bodies but of an ivory white suspended in the dark as required by the story which tells of this flower an invisible, star shaped entity, and an external, visible one. Two magnolias is one, the invisible dormant and lying under the bark (from the extract of which an active ingredient that induces sleep is obtained). My drawings of magnolia on paper is a tribute to the works "The farewells, Those who go and those who stay" by Umberto Boccioni and a tribute to the states of mind expressed by him in those railways carriages, transparent containers of bodies intersected with each other, and to that something immaterial that permeates transitory things (in a nostalgic vision of simultaneity of states, in the passage of time).

Every now and then I passed by those parts where over time, I don't know when, several small trees of that Japanese species had been planted. In some neighborhoods, residents self-finance the planting of trees and this is a beautiful initiative.

The large wing seed woven by me on a vertical loom during the confinement, suspended from the ceiling I exhibited it in Nuova Pesa gallery Rome. On that occasion I asked the secretary to invite visitors to the exhibition to lie down on the floor under my sculpture to observe the sinuous movements of the fabric ("on weave after weave").

Now it has landed in Japan; for me it is a very important vision and connection between the inside and the outside. As if a wing seed had landed inside from the outside. Similar to a large leaf into which a breath of wind has entered, it shows in filigree the entire structure of its veins. As if imprisoned in space, the large seed here can also be seen at night.

The title of the exhibition in Japan is *Shell, Nostalghia*.

*Shell* is the title I have given to all my production of works for years and it means not only seed but shell, bark, electronic layer, project, coffin and so on. I never change the title of my works. Depending on the context, these express their meaning each time in their multiple appearances. So I thought it could be the right time to connect to Sakamoto's last nostalgic act not only with regards to his project of planting and preserving more trees and his letter sent to the governor of Tokyo Yuriko Koike. For my exhibition in Osaka, this time I did not want to be introduced by the writing of an art critic. But I feel I have to connect to that letter of Sakamoto and I invite you to reread it to remember "our ancestors spent 100 years protecting and nutring" trees of Ginkgo. And to listen to the "soave" (in italian language), meaning suave, gentle and persuasive, regenerating voice of David Sylvian; it is a daydream.

What is more nostalgic than a thought, a dream, an action that you experience and that you already experienced in the past or that you believe you have experienced but never experienced?

The seed, initially enclosed within itself, is an open tegument and is formed as reality flows into the dream and vice versa. And like when during the confinement, my only horizon line was my body; my moles converted into stardust. I already dream as an adolescent when I covered myself with magnolia leaves.