



EMANUELE DE REGGI

SCULTURE 1990 - 2010

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Poliàs-Arte
Pietrasanta

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ATHENAEDIZIONI



Vita d'Artista

Emanuele De Reggi

Papi Re e Tiranni, sia buoni che cattivi, hanno chiesto agli artisti per secoli di far sentire alta la loro voce al popolo.

Poi gli uomini, entusiasti di loro stessi, hanno scacciato l'idea di un immenso pollaio. Hanno concepito la Res Publica.

E al momento, dopo aver lottato senza tregua per una supremazia sulle altre specie, si sentono finalmente liberi, questi uomini.

A noi artisti viene chiesto appunto adesso di esprimere cose in maniera "unica" e "originale". Spesso dobbiamo anche divertire. Cose per altro, in cui altri esseri si possano ritrovare. Siamo quindi alla ricerca di fratelli...

E' proprio vero che niente esiste di per sé e ogni cosa ha un aspetto in quanto condizionata da un'altra; l'artista marca ciò che sempre rimane e pur cambia.

E infine. Chi si circonda di opere, non smette di domandarsi il perché di questa nostra vita, come fanno i loro artefici.

Sceglierle è quindi un "manifesto", tanto quanto al mattino si decide di indossare un abito invece di un altro.

Il Re e gli Artisti

Gli Artisti senza Re

Né Artisti né Re

The Artist's Life

Emanuele De Reggi

Popes, Kings and Tyrants, both good and bad, have asked artists for centuries to raise up their voices to be heard thus by the people.

And then men, enthusiastic about themselves, banished the idea of an immense poultry-pen. They conceived the Res Publica.

And at this moment, after struggling without cease to gain a supremacy over the other species, these men, finally feel free.

We artists are now accordingly asked to express things in a "unique" and "original" way. We often have to entertain, too. And make things in which, moreover, other beings can find themselves. We are therefore in a search for brothers...

It's really true that nothing exists on its own and that each thing has an aspect in so far as it conditioned by another; the artist marks what always remains and yet changes.

And finally. He who surrounds himself with artworks never stops asking himself about the whys and wherefores of this life of ours, just as their creators do.

To choose is thus a "manifesto", just like when in the morning we decide to wear one outfit rather than another.

The King and the Artists

The Artists without a King

Neither Artists nor Kings







The breathing core of bronze

Paola Pallottino

Emanuele De Reggi's imposing bronze statues have the Olympian impassibility of pudicity. Before offering themselves to our sight, they urge us to listen to their secret histories. Their nature, as the *Physiologist* would say, becomes cold and solid by the incandescent alchemy of a casting that, in the blue-green sparkle of its oxidation, renders their surfaces pellucid and rippled, smooth and rough, all at one and the same time.

In their oxymoronic but vital immobility, these statues are fiercely and endlessly shaken by contrasts of motion or traversed by an internal shuddering- they oscillate, they rotate, twist, arch, contract, balance themselves in the most fanciful equilibria and stretch to the limits of the extreme just before the moment of a final sprint.

To attain their most perfect and reassuring state of calm, these epic bronzes must hold their breath, but all it takes is a sudden clouding over, a moment of distraction, the closing of an eyelid, and as soon as we abandon them by our final gaze, they become at last free to breathe.

And if we know how to listen to it, this bronze's breathing is a cavernous panting of yearning desire, a telluric gong, a harrowing, haunting siren, a thundering peal of liberty, a planetary roar, an insistent mantra of love.





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