

Federico Pacini - Style - 89books - Carola Allemandi

Creating a personal mapping of one's territory is not a simple undertaking at all, although it is sometimes felt as necessary to find those threads that bind us to it and on which we rely to stride majestically forward in the world.

Federico Pacini transforms his Siena into an existential space, seeking within its detail gnawed by time, ruined by the weather, shaped by man, the semantic center so as to be able to define it as well as rediscover it.

"Stile" (Style), the work contained within the pages of Pacini's recent publication for 89books, presents itself to the eye as a magmatic manifestation, as a visual massive flow of consciousness, totally devoid of useful references to orientation, indications, numbers, and titles: geography is outlined, when outlined, from page to page, continuously changing, with the typical intermittence of memory and the inconsistencies of the renowned place as relived and perhaps even re-experienced in a vivid dream. Even the saturation, the lights, the shadows seem to follow the intuition of the "glance", of the recorded data at the exact moment in which it profoundly detonates in the person who catches it. Apparently, the aesthetic effect of Pacini's images, actually has no indication of having been sought after, affected or premeditated. With the naturalness that one has in walking and strolling down one's own streets, being able to catch their meaning precisely because one has already traversed them as well as been acquainted with them on other occasions, or even just guessed them, the images in the book seem to be moments captured at the turn of a corner. The moment in which you can understand the perfect geometry of what you thought you had already grasped so well.

In fact, it doesn't matter if the instant in which the knowledge comes to fruition is excessively overshadowed due to lack of lighting, or with predominant greens or blues; to have knowledge is a process that requires transcending luminous, climatic, aesthetic contingencies. Knowing - Pacini seems to suggest - only lies between what we seek and what we really have before us.

Even the cut of the images given by Pacini follows the criterion already dealt with, indulging more into a perceptive of truth not bent on contemporary aesthetic dogmas but on the representation of a meaning synthesized in its superficial patina.

Thus, a car brutally cut at the height of the wheels or interiors too dark to be able to distinguish any outline only take on the meaning within the perspective of the search for this sense, perhaps of an acrid and occasionally welcoming breath that the earth - especially one's own - gives her son who truly comes back to visit her.

The decadent urbanity that constellates Pacini's Siena is the subtracted portrait of the presence of the man who's lived it and who rarely needs to appear in order to be heard. There are few men, often portrayed singularly, who appear in these pages as raw, dry, synthetic findings and memories in their naked manifestation not to mention in the eyes of those who try to inhabit them.

The operation that Federico Pacini performs ultimately results in a two-way look, both directed to the outside and inside of one's being in space: photography is in itself the practice whose pivot is unquestionably the result of an unidirectional path - inside and outside - to which the eye follows. It is from the result of this path where one is then potentially able to go back to the source by following the footprints left on the ground.

Thus, Pacini's intention may seem fundamentally reassuring to us in expressing something that ultimately unites all of humanity, rather than to seek the meaning among the human and

historical legacies of one's own territory- if not the message - of that delimited geographical space and what he adopts in relating to it.

Little do we know about the photographic technique adopted by Pacini in recording this journey: Occasionally, the flash itself which abruptly appears in the center of the shots further suggests that the stylistic signature does not want to be sweetened in any way, but rather presents itself to the eye with that same frankness like all the rest.

And it is precisely in that "remainder" that the journey ends and finds its fulfillment, what remains on the edge of that gaze, which also means consideration. Placing one's sensitivity on what is given no or little importance is offering a gesture to the nature of a place, paying homage to its completeness at the expense of easy pleasure and quick compromise; it means touching something that would hardly be cataloged and placed in the column of existing things. In conclusion, a work conducted in this way can be defined as a photograph capable of producing that absolute human feeling of indulgence that can only be generated by a look given to something that has not received attention for some time.

Carola Allemandi