

EARTH RAWMATTER

YOU ARE INVITED to participate to the Mail Art project ***EARTH | rawmatter*** by sending **one or more clods (maximum 3) of earth from your country**... yes, good old soil, a piece of sod with your creative artistic or poetic intervention.

These 'naturalistic finds' will compose an exceptional worldwide artistic puzzle which will be presented **at the Università del Melo Gallery in November 2016.**

- The **size** of each clod is **free**, but it should however be **no larger than 40x30 cm**
- Free technique, but it is important that the artistic work be made directly on the real earth
- **Deadline: September 15th 2016**
- send to:

Ruggero Maggi C.so Sempione 67 - 20149 Milano Italy

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I was little...in the country, warm sun on my face, new scents appeared before my senses, hands in the humid clayey earth...I had a sense of well being while empathically bonded to the world while nature breathed around me. In the city the ground is concrete, cold vetrified asphalt, contact with the element-nature is almost non existing.

Creating new territories re-designing the shapes of the continents and nations, maintaining configurations and recognizability intact, taking advantage of the fractal potential offered by the continental drift that in millions of years moulded their actual shape, but is at the same time in constant change. Deep ridges from immense primordial cataclysms have raised huge mountains, sunk whole continents, forming oceans and seas...the small cracks in a clod of earth hide an unavoidable truth that in the theory of chaos is called internal homothety (similarity of like structures on different scales). The single parts-continents-countries of the big mosaic (Earth) will be created as much as possible using their own clods, their own soil. Because earth/ soil is the raw material of our existence, the base element fundamental to our life on this planet, named Earth not by chance. *(Ruggero Maggi)*

RAWMATTER: THE LAND, THE EARTH a planet to live

EARTH over the walls of the home, the nation, the religion, over the walls of prejudice, fanaticism and indifference. On EARTH, walls that time and history have destroyed and new walls that rise to separate men and cultures. Men in search of new LANDS where they can live a human life again and LANDS that have always been lived in that became too inhospitable for the deepest expectations of man. War and metropolitan deserts for a migrating humanity that has not stopped searching over the wall for the signs of a promised LAND. A LAND to live with dignity and hope, a physical and spiritual space where one can build the home of his identity and tend to the field of a life that is born, grows and ages. Which LAND for man in the animal brotherhood where every species has found its territory to fight the battle of life, its living space and its refuge? Which habitat for those who no longer have a LAND or a home and which habitat for those who have a home and a LAND, but have lost their sense of belonging to the involuntary but inescapable human community? Which habitat for the restless tenants of planet EARTH, that has survived the terrifying turbulence of the galaxy, but not that of his warmongering inhabitants? Which LAND awaits us over our mental and material walls? Which is that LAND where our days flow and for which we work every day? And at last which is the RAW MATTER, THE LAND, THE EARTH that we would like to be? *(Marco Predazzi)*