

DAVIDE MACULLO

## LA PAGINA

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Places should create architecture. These pages consider very small places, or holds, life produces to resist. We could define them with a term by the French psychiatrist Jean Oury: architectonies

Giornico

Anything an effect of rivers the rust of the Adriatic, the delta, the plain.  
The sooty plain seems endless, weaves its way through the grey mountains  
beyond the Prealpi lakes and stretches out. And beyond the Lake Verbano forks off  
and narrows to end in the pebbly widening of a big foundry.

Giornico.

Giornico is the extreme, the jump of a remote glacier that breaks the valley.

It is the last vineyards, the tower, the woods, the bridge, the churches, the quarry.

A place where streams fall from that bit of sky that is not held

by the mountains. It almost shades off into nothing, into the dark of the factory, it fades away.

It is only a noise of rails sometimes.

A place of stone and sharp people to wear out the foundry workers

come from far volcanic island. The only way to inhabit it is to go away and elsewhere to imagine it  
less hazardous, to flee as one would do when young, young architects of dreams. One can live it  
only streaming towards the river Po

Giornico.

Giornico is the ruinous waters of the Fòuda, of the Baròugia and the snowslides

of Lagasca, to forget, that erase the paths. Anything a passing

of seasons that for evermore wears out even the most resolute thoughts and thins them out,

breaks them. A primigenial strength that stirs certainties. One has to escape

the matter to take root.

Not to surrender one has to go away, to clutch at the dreams and at the imagination

like Davide. He fled without hesitation Davide, but in his gestures remain

the steep places. Every time he draws lines of fabulous architectures

it is as if he found again an archaic world. It is inside the simplest words

Giornico.

Davide's Giornico hides in a journey notebook, in the resistance

of the paper that the telluric rush of the pencil will never win,

in the empty spaces of the drawing maybe: a nodal point, a blue demarcation,

a direction clear enough to seem inevitable. A vortex of signs

maybe, to unravel.

A very small place, by now a flat place of paper, safe, where finally

the geometrical abstraction grants solidity and immutability. The designs of the houses betray  
the character of that rocky world and transform it.

Set free from the erosions it has become an imperceptible impulse of the memory

Giornico.

Giornico, that is blast furnace, tree, field, waterfall, pressure pipeline,

crystal, red lichen, rock, stone wall, wandering cloud, earth

shelf, track, tower, vine stock, pylons, and always rock, wood, water, wind. The boundary and the  
granite and the grey that cross the places

of other worlds. Athens, Milan, Kyongsong.

To be born in the rust like Davide, and to inhabit it also for a short while, means to pick up the  
restlessness

of the workers and travellers. From that side

of the river, where the trains, the Fòuda and the desolate foundry are, even today

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the mountain would frighten whoever from the plain wanted to come up and cross over Giornico.

*Note.* West of river Ticino the places are affected by the subterranean water pipes and the long-distance power lines from the Leventina power stations. Places like Sacco and Baroungiasch cause a sense of "flow" that makes the departure emblematic. The designs by Davide, architect born in Giornico, are the attempt to find again their fixity, their enclosures.