Title: Arida Notte (Arid Night)

Artist: Francesco Pacelli

Curated by: EMERGE Project Space

Where: EMERGE Project Space, Via Tiburtina, 75. Pescara (IT)

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Photography: Pierluigi Fabrizio, Courtesy the artist, EMERGE and PARALLEL Comunicazione Visiva

Text: by Maurizio Vicerè

Francesco Pacelli: Arid Night

It is the night that strips the curve of its wholeness, granting us only a fragment. The rest endures beyond the threshold of the visible. The curve never describes a place; rather, it turns it into a liminal condition—a point of inflection where space and time lose their narrative specificity.
It is through these perhaps elusive words, jotted down in the immediate summer stillness of a night, that we approach the work of Francesco Pacelli (b. 1988, Perugia. Lives and works in Milan). Establishing a center of gravity for this exhibition is no easy task, just as it is difficult to narrate it without running the risk of providing a mere marginal commentary. Indeed, these exhibited works initially appear to disperse, turning their very elusiveness into a focal element.

Upon closer inspection, however, each of these interventions seems to possess a distinctive wake—a more or less innate component that marks a path and, consequently, its own natural mutation. To use the artist's words, it is "floating, an archipelago of isolated ideas, yet connected to one another."

It is precisely within this uncertain mutation that Pacelli's research reveals its deepest nature as a truly post-exotic practice. The works on display do not present themselves as definitive; instead, they act as plastic narrators of a collapsed, yet surviving ecosystem. They are fragments that, through accumulation and juxtaposition, attempt to embody a gothic archaeology of tomorrow by following unstable trajectories. A prime example is the cast pewter alloy infiltrations scattered across the fireplace: traces evocative of silver frames, liquefied by the action of a temporal radioactivity.

Pacelli manifests an interest in the polarization of matter. His research belongs as much to an abyssal biology as it does to an alien cosmology. Yet, one can appreciate a human centrality in certain grotesques, which reappear throughout the sculptural details and the oil pastel frottage on semi-transparent fabric. This site-specific work, akin to a tailored garment, drapes the wall, simultaneously inhabiting two antithetical environments. The morphology of the surfaces—whether masterfully handcrafted or rubbed with oil pastels—guides the viewer toward an alchemical elsewhere, a space through which to experience a kind of vertigo.

The wake of fleetingness the artist speaks of clashes here with a centripetal force that attempts to restrain it. This formal tension finds a radical impetus where matter ascends to a luminous vector: a flexible light embeds itself within the body of the artwork (or perhaps emerges from it?) only to reclaim the surrounding space through a series of curves—an energy-fueled elsewhere that expands beyond the exhibition margins. Widening our gaze, the heterogeneous nature of the interventions—from the plastic presences to the quasi-images of the floating work on fabric—does not fragment the vision; rather, it amplifies its archipelago effect.

The layout thus becomes a narrative ecosystem where the distance between one artwork and the next is charged with the same ancestral density as the matter itself. It is this very matter that returns transformed, lived-in, and shaped by the breath of the heavens. Sun-scorched to the point of erosion, it is ultimately weathered smooth by the wind.

In short, Francesco Pacelli's entire research reveals itself as an obstinate pursuit of a vanishing point. Like the physics formula that opens this text, each of his works is a geometric and poetic body subjected to space-binding forces, yet its intimate trajectory desperately strains outward—towards a formal liberation that always lies a millimeter beyond matter. Pacelli does not decorate the collapse of the world, nor does he seek consolation in a futuristic imagery. Instead, with the patience of an argonaut, he positions himself at the exact vertex of the curve, and operates from there with meticulous caution.

CAPTIONS

1 Artist portrait
2,3,4,5. Exhibition View
6 Fuocherelli (interessi di confusione) Pewter Variable dimensions 2026
7 detail
8 Abbagliaggine (tra il plausibile e il sospeso) Clay, steel, epoxy resin, PVC, aluminum, flexible LED light approx. 4.3 m x 3 m x h 35 cm 2026
9,10,11 detail
12 Exhibition View
13 Mistero Tempo I Sand, ceramic powder, epoxy resin, pigments 27 x 27 x 5 cm 2026
14 Mistero Tempo II Sand, ceramic powder, epoxy resin, pigments 27 x 27 x 5 cm 2026
15 Mistero Tempo III Sand, ceramic powder, epoxy resin, pigments 27 x 27 x 5 cm 2026
16 Or just a vague sense of nostalgia Oil pastel on voile fabric approx. 9 m x h 40 cm 2026
17 Or just a vague sense of nostalgia Oil pastel on voile fabric approx. 9 m x h 40 cm 2026
18, 19 ExhibitionView
20 Altare (how rare is true poetry?) Clay, epoxy resin, synthetic clay, PVC, aluminum, spray paint 41 x 87 x 29 cm 2026
21 detail
22 Exhibition View
23 Exhibition View
24 Exhibition View
25 Above all, the initial potentiality of all things Colored pencils on paper, frottage, edition 1/7 43 x 31 x 4 cm 2026
27 Exhibitoin View (outside, terrace)
28 Mistero Tempo (IV) Sand, ceramic powder, epoxy resin, pigments 16 x 16 x 5 cm 2026