

Pier Augusto Breccia, *Letter to a Friend*

Dear Massimo,

here I am, in my studio taking a break from work, and from the constant intrusions of the infamous Roman traffic cum noise of the construction site next door.

I go back to the day when I first visited your house perched on a hill, half way between Cortona and Montepulciano, set amongst vineyards, olive groves and fields of sunflowers – all cultivated with such care and love. The beauty of this place enchanted my eye and my soul. There, I could hear the silence, and smell the air free of grief and pain.

Your studio and garden, your house and the views it commands, the countryside that surrounds you are as much part of you as they are of this historic place. You are inseparable from it now – it has nurtured you and allowed your creative ability to take form. It is where you planted your roots as man and artist, the roots that go much deeper than those of the trees on your land – this place is your *raison-d'être*. There, you started your sculptor's dialogue with nature, your search for beauty and meaning as much in the contorted shapes of the olive tree as in the nooks and crannies of your own soul. In this process, you have created not only objects of refined esthetics, but a language that recounts many a tale – sacred and profane, original and unique, your own.

When I first saw your works, I sensed immediately this incredible creative force that permeates your art and your passion to create. Believe me, such sentiments don't come to me easily or frequently. Wandering through your house, I discovered some early designs of an artisan, and then objects that reflected your growth as sculptor. I saw the maturing of your natural talent, the refinement of your skill, but above all, your devotion to a life for and through art.

The recent works that inhabit your studio, extraordinary and monumental, are those of a sculptor-poet. I am incapable to describe what I felt facing them. I sensed as if those olive trees wanted to remind me of something within me – that fusion of the material and spiritual, the natural and sophisticated, of innocence and intellect, of the earthly and heavenly. When I look at your sculptures, I think of Daphne, the nymph turned to a tree by the whims of the gods. You Massimo, by the will of the divine called creativity, have made your trees speak, and brought Daphne back to life.

Thank you for that.

Yours,

Pier Augusto Breccia