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The neighbourhoods of Palermo are scattered with boroughs with prestigious names: Acqua dei Corsari, Bellolampo, Boccadifalco, Sferracavallo, Monreale. They seem to be drawn from stories of Norman kings, of barbarian pirates, or even from fantasy stories. Definitely misleading. Monreale Abbey overlooks a wide valley that was once golden but is now merely cement; Sferracavallo's view is spoiled by the villas built on the hill. Boccadifalco is ruined by military planes flying over it, meaning there are no longer noble birds of prey. Bathing is forbidden at Acqua dei Corsari due to pollution... and, as everybody in Palermo knows, Bellolampo's name –in English “Beautiful Flash”- is definitely contradicting, as it would not be described as beautiful nowadays. This almost metaphysical concept of celestial light, actually labels the main city garbage dump, an unbreathable Gehenna where seagulls and other winged garbage collectors use to hover around.

But that is the way it is. This is Palermo, where tons of waste lie disseminated among noble buildings in ruins, thousands-year-old churches, Baroque oratories and dark alleys *where even angels fear to tread*- even though the worst that could happen to them would be treating an unauthorised car-park attendant to a coffee. Here rubbish reigns supreme and takes on epic proportions, which would shock Schwitters, whose works-of-art, made of reusable materials, did not exceed the volume of a small villa; not to mention Pistoletto and Arman. In Palermo, rubbish is lava-like, potentially able to submerge your heads, choking you like Pompei's calcined bodies; if it were not for the intermittent service provided by sanitation workers units, sent by remote city hygiene managers, on the basis of impenetrable logics. And, floating on the lava, sofas, headboards, mattresses, crippled tables, baby-strollers, bikes with no wheels, amputated dolls, toys, bottles, cans and then lots of organic waste overflowing the street markets; an immeasurable amount of disposable artefacts, of any possible size, all that human wit has been able to invent in order to light up rooms, take pictures in the dark, contain detergents or boiled legumes, blow noses, clean incontinent infants- and any other transitory good without which our physical existence would relapse into dark ages. And all of this becomes prey to both flying, crawling or barking animals or even to the poor, who all live on the waste we squeamishly abandon on the street corners, as if to enhance consumerism and creative destruction. That being the case, the two exhibiting artists - Panormitan by birth the former, by her homeward voyage the latter- could not help but draw from this universe of recyclable materials, in order to shape their image of life, death and destiny. “Bellolampo” is a visual play in which poor objects, found in this endless urban deposit, tell a lot about us, as if they were our witnesses and avatars.

And since the reality of Bellolampo contradicts its own name, here come small soldiers acting like citizens (or citizens acting like small soldiers, which is the same), or protecting our borders from poor people's terrible invasions; dead insects living in family; money that takes straight to the grave; shared values that are made of plastic; poor Jesus is born over and over; and death overcomes everything. Until the moment when all of us ascend back to paradise, no matter if it is earthly or not, where we will be living as plastic dummy toys, having birth in the morning to end chopped to pieces in the evening, in a constant circle, as if Eden were meant to be a Valhalla for office workers

You should observe these works-of-art at close range and through a magnifying lens, to discover how Serena Giordano and Maurizio Ruggiano have miniaturized their own personal obsessions: contamination, nostalgia, death and rebirth- by the handling of dancing skeletons, cheap figurines , lost angels, skinned teddy-bears, captive little monkeys, stoned insects and so on. And all of this sharing the same seriality-based aesthetics.

Backworks-of-art that are impossible to define , planks, microsculptures, installations and so on , in a passionate display of contemporaneity and much more: holy and sacristy art, José Guadalupe Posadas's calaveras, Schwitters and Arman's accumulations series, Warhol simulacra, Haring's action figures and many more- with a definite feeling of ex-votos, graffiti, stencils , street art and art for shops.

You can have some fun in spotting the ancestors of these poor materials, reconstructing family-trees, analogies and origins, which can be distant, such as Los Angeles Museum of Jurassic Technology or within reach, like the Pasqualino Museum or Serpotta's angels.

But after watching these craftworks, and letting their meanings rest in your mind, perhaps the project will reveal itself so merrily subversive as it is : the two artists were influenced by what is labelled as outsider art , both for materials and for bricolage.

They embraced techniques and inner meaning of it, absorbing this art and importing it under a Baroque sky.

From the moment they recognised it , it is like they were saying to you: let us get it over with labeling/etiquetting for once.

May customs and markets tell the insiders from the outsiders, if they must, but we do not care. We are all insiders and outsiders until we live in a common land and we share the world of imagination and art.