

Clima

Curva di Gallo
Gianluca Concialdi

Curated by Geraldine Blais

Far from those Milan, Rome, Berlin episodes, which saw him perhaps more experimental, and less contemplative, Gianluca Concialdi, back in Palermo, homeland fighting hard the souls, goes back, under happy and brotherly backing, to one of his more resolved pictorial approach: the big spolvero papers, already revealed in 2010. Roughly two meters per two, painted on both sides, so then the opportunity wouldn't pretend to machete thief, and hanged, resembling laundry, laid, humid and droopy from balconies' balusters. Vucciria's main characters, loosey with that causality always surprising the "backstreets intruders", almost having the epiphanic wild card of beauty and ugliness, even if unconsciously unrelated.

His reds are more red, the blues, the whites in particular. The greens, the pinks and so on. Concialdi is a painter before being an artist. Even if many argue on this point, painting comes to him, direct; it's more and before other features. Free among the reasons, it's sovereign over speculations on the being. Potentially, the only one able to portrait profiles and substance of which the subconscious is made of: where the orb of an eye is blind, it looms as the most spontaneous self expression form, valid and coherent only to the one who meets the act. So that, in this orbits' projection where the panorama is translated in shapeless bodies, the painter Concialdi solves, at the peak of his phantasmagoria, the psyche-substance-appearance equation: his own, mute voice talking to phantoms, calls them, and makes them appear in bright figures, suspended and fluctuating. So if these silhouettes fluctuate, even the evidences of the being fluctuate together, as revelations of hazy subjects, not sleepless nights or opium visions, its' spirits escaping the most melancholic and occasional religion of the being, as if all his own universe, psychic and pictorial, was in balance between the side of a rooster and the notch of a toilet brush.

Through the Pizzerie Gargamella, Pazzo Pappagallo, la Taverna Azzurra, il Cimitero dei Rotoli, il Parchetto dei drogati - place-names to which he dedicates the titles of his paintings - many Pollo Fantasma shapes come back, some often, some more rarely, others only in winter, while in the summertime they go sunbathing at Lido Cruciccia. It's a letting go on clouds, not too liquid not to impress the face, not too compact for the glue layer to pass over, of which the color is made, deleted time after time with other color and laid on the surface, with broad, long stokes, almost resembling the athletic gesture of the shot pun.

Would it be the weight of the unconsciousness? The wing bend from which the title of the exhibition takes its name, does not belong to this olympic discipline, is handed to the artists' achievements in the secrets of Palermo.

It is worth asking the artist himself.

Text by Geraldine Blais