

## A story of spectres and ghosts

by Rapisarda&Galeotti

Here's what we get to do ..... to avoid being cut of for good from this New Era, the Aquarium Age, the Aeon of Horus, today more than ever: the anonymous voice of an entire epoch, which, louder than our cultural sagging, is not sparing anyone and establishes an immediate communication. We are inside a religious-spiritual, magic-scientific kind of experience.

When we show our photos of spectres and ghosts to the public, we open a face to face confront full of visions, histories to be told: everyone has their own, everyone has lived fitful and dramatic experiences of other lives, fantastic adventures about spectres, about ghosts. We end up tearing words out of our mouths: a reborn freedom of speech –today we can-becomes therefore the craving for narration, complete strangers share their common vicissitudes, occurred to every individual, and to each and every one either at the bars' tables, or in shops, or at the exhibitions, and this makes the greyness of our everyday lives fade away in other times: everything moves in a multicoloured universe of histories.

As soon as we show our photos we happen to treat the same topic of the anonymous oral narrator dealing with the ancient myths of epics and heroic poems; histories which got to us through someone else's tales are added to our personal histories. In this era fresh stories get transformed and transfigured in histories told at night around a fire, they acquire their own style and become image, language, a thuggery humour, the quest for anguished or baleful effects: the secret of these stories, of these photos resides in this elemental universality of contents, mainspring for us to have this photographic foreword started by recalling universally shared moods without forgetting that we are talking about Art.

**The project** consists in realising thanks to installations, photos and drawings on tar paper that dimensions of the ancestral memory bound to the before and to the afterwards: our unconscious is aware of what is there before the birth and after life. Might be nothing at all, can be a long tale. Who enters our installations crosses the threshold represented by the red carpet and by a black paper roll hanging on the wall, approximately 3 meters high by 1 meter large presenting a figure, the "threshold watchman". On the opposite side a silver chloride print mirrors the image of the watchman, or several photos describe places ghosts are particularly fond of, as in an attempt to announce the simultaneousness of several dimensions side by side with ours, the one we live as real.

The peculiarity of our work is given by the "perception", it is more a "feeling" rather than a "seeing", the presence of the figures emerges with silence and with the inner listening.

**The photos** tell us about places "with several dimensions" –which may sound– "filled with ghosts" sought through "recalls" that is to say drawings, transparent figures hanging all around. No manipulations take place, neither on the computer, not in the darkroom, where they still are printed with the traditional by hand method.