

Sailing, sailing without listening the sea's noise

Alessandro Moreschini builds his own “home” with creativity and programs it with a new weaving. The space close to him becomes “alive” thanks to his magic wand that recovers everything with sharpening decoration. The new skin of the space around him just starts from the small @ of the e-mail which can be considered like a stem of a rose. This new technological flower opens the doors to an imaginary world where it is possible to sail in never ending space and sea. Red on a blue background, the small @ “sends” all of us in a wonderland made of shining decorations which become a dynamic mandala. Mandalas take place in space, objects, furniture, people, etc. That's the way **Alessandro Moreschini** gives a second skin to anything which could be forgotten. So, no more powder, but a new skin, very new, kitsch, chaotic, made of “too much” or “not too much” with fourteen century patterns which remind us of Della Robbia's sculptures, or with roman and baroque motifs. All of this finds a logical conclusion after an obsessive paratactic operation that links the several and different parts of the global village as they were betwitched cards of a new electronic mosaic. Actually we know that we are living in different times than in the Sixties and Seventies.

The artist in those years was like a wanderer, so this he settled down with his minimal-tribal “home” wherever he wanted. So he crossed the “cultivation” because he wanted to reach his roots and his freedom and purity. Today artists are deeply different, living in an any not-place, knowing that he's living a disjointed reality.

A process happened of zero setting and levelling: every space has the same meaning of another space so that the difference between house, airport, station, office just fall. For that reason the modern artist understands that the moment to leave again has come, looking for a new alternative “home”. The spell of a personal neoplanning takes place to make spaces and objects charming as they were.

Alessandro Moreschini has left for a new sea and I want to join him there as soon as possible on that “desert island” in that breezy and very cultivated sea*.

By Alessandra Borgogelli

*Critical text, Zoo Arte Contemporanea, Bologna, Italy, May 1998.