

## RUGGERO BARAGLIU - FADE OUT

by **Fabio Vito Lacertosa**

Painting as a moral statute, as the very condition of making art, is the great protagonist of Ruggero Baragliu's first personal exhibition in Sardinia.

On one side, ten paintings of different size, on the other one, an installation in relief that is crossed by a certain dimensional ambiguity (2D and 3D). Primordial, elongated and filamentous figures surround a series of *objects* that the pictorial representation seems to have randomly grasped. Recognizable, unstable sequences, bodies extracted, caught with wonder in a seabed or coldly moved by the ontology *market*.

In this double symbolic representation, in which is synthesized a large part of today's debate on painting, the profound analytical aspirations of Ruggero Baragliu are fulfilled – as well as in the entirely personal search for a constant linguistic mutation.

As if the engine of signification was a natural environment, whose flora and fauna are always untranslatable: new, always *too* new; and as if, faced with this impossible task, the painter succumbed to the temptation of emptiness and silence.

On the other side, there is a participating and almost romantic heart, the instinct of the *public* artist who tries to build a recognizable alphabet with his own story. A rationalist instinct that, clashing with the impossibility of making a universal narrative, ends up highlighting and denouncing a sort of discomfort of rhetoric and, above all, of memory. And so, divided between his two natures, a daily operator of non-edifying obsessions and a researcher of shared values, the artist tries to survive through constant transformation, at the same time resisting and yielding to the mutations, the removals, the insatiable and immoral procedures of the cosmos and of what, to put it in Goethe's words, everything eternally devours. For the umpteenth time, painting really means painting with your eyes closed.

To grasp the fading of forms and their opposites is equivalent to being.

«If it be now, 'tis not to come;  
if it be not to come, it will be now;  
if it be not now, yet it will come:  
the readiness is all.»

Hamlet, Act V Scene II.

*Fade Out* is essentially a meditation on the mutation of painting and life. It is no coincidence that it is set up inside a militant and passionate space, like the E\_EMME gallery. *Fade Out* is also the tail end of a journey *outside*, a ten-year condensation of a stratified experience beyond Sardinia, a story made up of so many excellent paintings that first sought to reach a maturity through fascination and experiences from the German area, from Daniel Richter to the authors of Second School of Leipzig, and then began to sidetrack and to mislead themselves, to seek their own intimate youth backwards, to avoid permission from anyone, to lose any point of reference, thus allowing a multifaceted search and tension marked by an absolute vitality and originality.

First, the artist migrated to woodland and magical landscapes, then to an extraordinary submarine opulence, setting up a system that has almost become a tribute to the *Atlas* of a physical Sardinia.

Then, the keyword became "to subtract".

The fragments of Baragliu are therefore *spin-offs*, continuous displacements, derivatives.

Subtractions and coolings of a certain fascination for the apparatuses, as of a solidified Calder, with branches and generative ribs of other worlds, like a beloved and finally given back Chillida. The ritual of a surreal and slow sexuality between tectonic plates. A very long seduction that sees on the other side of the island not a coast, but a metropolitan area.

However, the art of subtracting refrains from becoming minimalism or even less a neo-*pop* amalgam. From here, a sort of rarefied homage to *street art* originates as a common thread, which in reality is a full spiritual provocation. As one of my teachers said: the most difficult division is when one must learn to divide by one.