



Plastic Food Contaminations

Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy

Dedicated to my daughter Viola and to the memory of Massimo Bacciocchi MAX, artist and friend.



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Regione Umbria

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“Plastic Food” Contaminations

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Tale of plastic food

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An all-embracing act of affection for nature, for things, places and people. This is the spirit and the attitude with which Umbertide hosted the installation of land art “Plastic Food”, created by the artist Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy and enthusiastically sponsored by the City Council. The message found its mark, many people have started to reflect in front of the field that hosted the land art installation, in Morandi street in Umbertide. We need a reflection above the originality of the artistic idea, but also above the message that the same opera pretended to convey. This is a message played on the combination of future-present. St. Thomas wrote: “Time is a way of dividing the energy to manage it.” We produce waste in a confused and selfish way, we use our time in the worst way, we are not dividing the energy, but we’re devouring it. The result of this behaviour could be that our “present” wheat fields could be the landfills of the future. Potsy’s land art installation (made of plastic presses in Morandi street in Umbertide) it’s a sure sign that we must be prepared for the worse.

Plastic Food let us thinking over the much more inconvenient you can imagine: our development model does not work anymore. Potsy wants to give us an imagine of our future.

Fortunately the future is not written yet, and we are able to make it better just by acting in a better way in this present.

The Mayor Gampiero Giulietti



The work of Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy masterfully reflects the daily activities that GESENU company performs.

Graziano Antonielli chairman of GESENU SPA



Regione Umbria

Region of Umbria is always pleased to sponsor initiatives like Plastic Food. It focuses the attention on a very important social issue: the problem of waste reduction. Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy uses art as a direct form of communication towards the citizens and he is able to transpose into an art form a matter of great interest and importance to our society. Institutions such as the Region of Umbria proposes to a daily awareness campaign, Plastic Food is a part of this important mission.

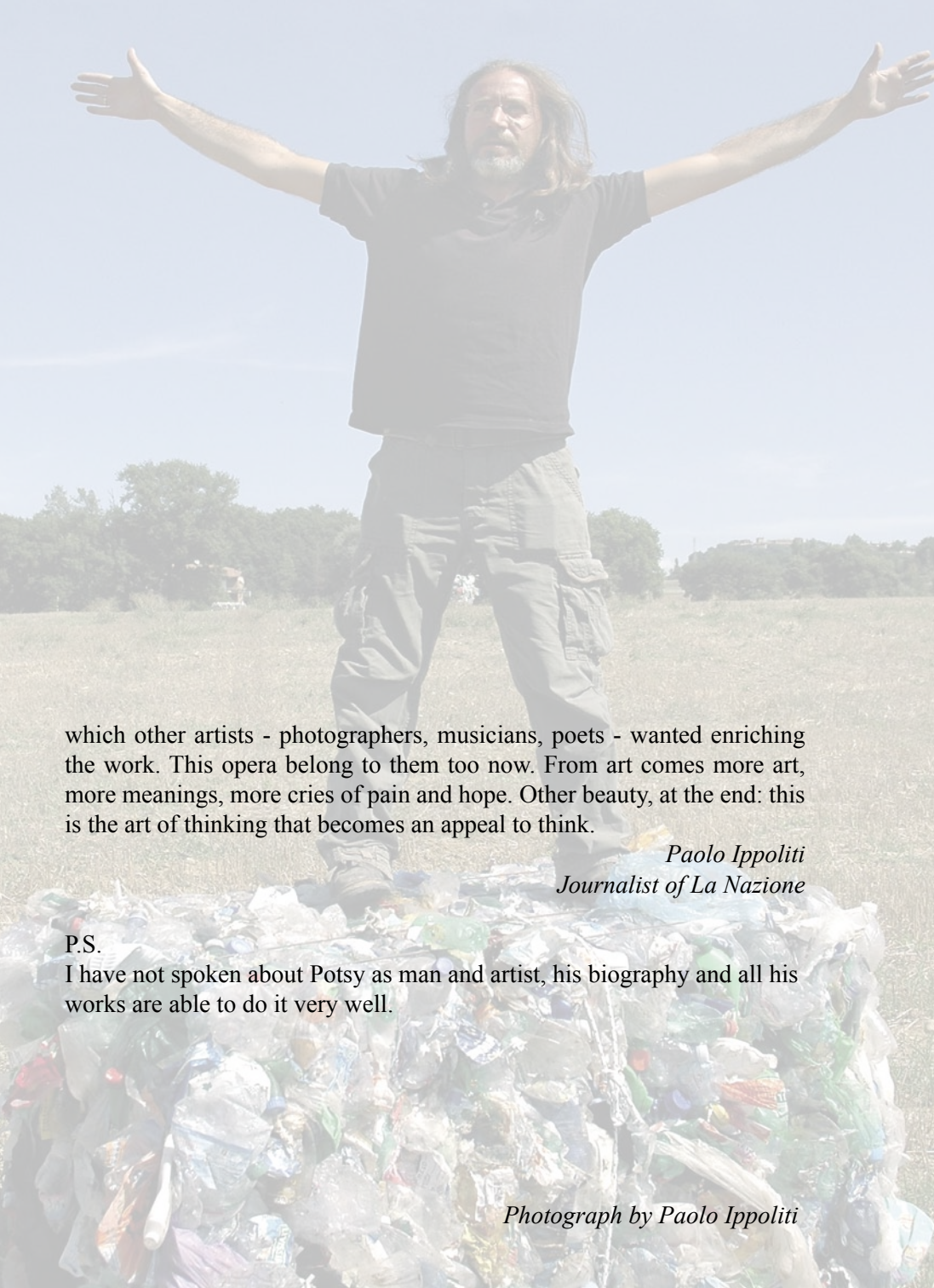
Councillor for the Environment Silvano Rometti

Potsy's art is really garbage, plastic "lumps" and rubbish, but only on the surface. The real dirt is much (too much), is ugly, pretentious, self-referential, incomprehensible, stand-offish and it takes the shape of the contemporary art exhibited in shows and reviews just because the artist is usually "democratically" fashionable. So here's enchanted reviewer's comments, on the glossy catalogues, too often paid with the money of other people who would live also without this kind of art. People do not understand it, and do not understand because this sort of art doesn't say anything to them. It's sometimes trivially trasgressive and it only pursues the fame of a newspaper articles, both pleased and shocked. Piero Manzoni in 1961 sealed his own feces in 90 tins of preserves, he was creating "Artist's Shit". It was certainly a flash of genius. From then on, too many spaces and art exhibition have been invaded by crappy art (very far from Manzoni's art) that has been working only to advantage of artists and curators. Of course, this writer is not an art critic, for heaven's sake, but who would ask him what kind of license allows him to assume such a caustic and dangerous vocabulary, I answer it's the one of user and taxpayer of this kind of art. Often for work I'm user, and in spite of myself witness puzzled, bored, annoyed, if not disgusted by what you want to pass for "creation". Some time ago, a contemporary artist crucified a frog: it was about "ars gratia artis" (the British would say, "Art for art's sake) or just a triviality to catch the attention of the media?

Those are products without a meaning and a soul. On the contrary I find a real essence on Plastic Food by Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy. This opera it's not beautiful in its form neither in substance (Potsy uses rubbish) but it is able to contain meaning and significance at the same time. It is simple and it allows everyone to understand the message, it has the power to kick-start the brain, to evoke something. Plastic Food we have a sense of salvation because without any pun it communicates the viewer: "My friend, this is your destiny. You should forget the lovely, smelling hay bales that you could see on the fields for a long time. Change your way of life, because soon the shit will invade the streets, and it won't be the one of an artist, but the same that you produce by yourself everyday."

At the end, unfortunately, Naples teaches, and Potsy can find in the daily banal chronicle the final revelation of his prophecy. That's because Plastic Food is a job that can save us: it is as an alarm bell that rings just before the danger, the drama or the tragedy.

Just look at Facebook's to understand the success that Plastic Food had, just read the comments and especially evaluate the contamination with



which other artists - photographers, musicians, poets - wanted enriching the work. This opera belong to them too now. From art comes more art, more meanings, more cries of pain and hope. Other beauty, at the end: this is the art of thinking that becomes an appeal to think.

*Paolo Ippoliti
Journalist of La Nazione*

P.S.

I have not spoken about Potsy as man and artist, his biography and all his works are able to do it very well.

Photograph by Paolo Ippoliti



The visual impact is “solid” as the material that creates this work. The bucolic scenery, typical of the Umbrian countryside, is an open field lying on a beautiful green hill where, however, you are not able to touch lightly reach a ear of wheat or a olive trees, but only a series of presses not made of straw, but of plastic. Almost a lunar landscape, seemingly light

years away from the pristine beauty that reigns supreme around here. The message that you get is loud and clear a “body blow”: if you do not want that fields like this become reality, stop with plastic and stop with waste. Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy sounds the alarm, he is an eclectic artist who created Plastic Food in order to shake hearts and minds. This is the latest in a series of installations started in 2000 characterized by the use of plastic materials.

This art work is an invitation to reflection, that pushes you to act, to do your part to prevent the materialization of a scenario like this, in a future-present that none of us would want to see on their own home garden. What can we do? Change lifestyle, stop producing waste in order to conserve and recover a balance with nature.

This is the explicit sense of this work, that it is not a provocation, rather than it represents a reality that is around the corner, a future and possible scenario, if we cannot resolve in time the profound mismatch between what our real necessities are and what we consume everyday. Plastic Food will be soon reality if we do not change our behaviours and we don't choose, for example, to shop in eco-friendly perspective rather than according to the rules of consumerism.

The basic idea of this installation comes from the from the need to recover and preserve an ancient way of life, the same that previous generations have already experienced: a positive contact with nature, according to the cycle of its time and events, a lifestyle that we are losing.

Through the work of Potsy we can look to the present and to the near future: each of us must be more sensitive to the issue of waste to avoid leaving an embarrassing heritage to our children, they will have to erase our indifference toward the environment and, at worst, they will have as neighbours piles of rubbish that have no other place to go.

With this latest work of land art Potsy has made a plea, not an ideologic one, but an appeal to make our daily life better, making the right choices and respecting the habitat around us. We have the duty to catch it.

*Journalist
Giorgio Pezzanera*

Press Office “Beat Bop A Lula” (www.beatbopahula.it)

The warning of Potsy

On the recently harvested wheat field, on the background of the grove of Civitella, have mysteriously popped up (from alien worlds or from the future?) cubes of plastic rubbish compressed in a clumsy tangle. The old oak tree supports frightened the intrusion of those “stacked” coffins.

The oak, the stubble, the presses and the source, give us another provocative message that Pierluigi Potsy Monsignori wanted to express.

The elderly community live with the disappearance of the scythes, and of the grain accumulated that were sacrificed in the rite of the threshing day. They forgot they were singing songs in the fields, choked by the sound of more and more powerful tractors. They accepted the compromise between efficiency and emancipation by fatigue, without realizing that they went too far, swallowed in an alienating vortex.

People are addicted and spellbound in front of the acceleration of the standard of life and to the expansion of the measure of things. Paths are highways now, the hay bales have been replaced, the carriages become buses, the handcarts transformed into trucks. They pursue the maximum of productivity in a frantic rush towards the unknown, they are unaware of the consequences.

Potsy wants to wake people up, anticipating an ineluctable future that will be marked if we don't improve our lifestyle on.

Everybody feels confused in front of the apocalyptic scene of Plastic Food, that's the confirmation that this ecologist artist got the point: he has sounded the alarm. A warning to the modern society that is careless and inattentive.

But the message wants only to give us a providential warning, without falling into despair.

On the contrary, the technology must continue to be the engine of development and welfare, as long as in the respect of harmony.

Initially, ten years ago, Potsy's works seemed to be only the bright idea of a creative, exuberant, eclectic, bizarre, protester guy. Potsy was generally judged with skepticism by the fellow citizens, it's so easy to snub local artists when we are misled by daily contiguity.

But his creative fecundity, that has been enriched as time goes by - Campi Plastici, Plastic Minds, Natural White, Plastic Flowers, Plastic Food - defines more and more the true artist, who spurs the emotions and the thoughts of others by using his intellect. The courage to think and the conviction of his ideas led him to found the cultural movement of “Ignavismo”, sup-

ported by a philosophy on which we must think about. “We must use art against sloth, that throws people in a crusade against the “live in peace” ... Our uncertainty determines the suspension of young people between their desires and their dreams, so they feel crippled....

These confused young suggest the term “Ignavismo”, that embodies one of the greatest dangers that we must defeat at all costs, we have to fight against the greed that scares us in front of a “minor” future.”

So sorry if these thoughts are empty and if the desire of diffusion represent only foolish ambitions!

*Journalist
Mario Tosti*



I'm glad to write this presentation about the artistic work of Monsignor Pierluigi Potsy. In my opinion Potsy is a "pre-modern thinker" (not a post-modern one!), a man who wants to get back to his own roots, to the earth, to the simplicity, to the concreteness and to the abstractness at the same time. It's not a pun, but it's an effort to describe the complexity of Potsy, he is a man, an artist and a poet. He really is a living oxymoron. He is seemingly irreverent, cheeky and loquacious, but he is also shy, reserved and intense deep down. All his artistic and human production, shows his complexity.

In the year 2010 he realises Plastic Food, a true warning against rubbish production, he put many plastic presses in a field in place of hay bales. The message is straight, if you don't want that fields like this come true, stop with the plastic and with rubbish production. In the same year, he creates "Don't throw what you could drink", artistic installation inside Umbertide's municipality. This work reflect the politic of sensibilization for the reduction of plastic bottles for food and domestic use.

- In 2008 he realizes the land art work "Natura Morta". It is the expression of the malaise that we feel towards the present age, we live in a way that has no more respect for the basic values of the existence.

In the same year he creates a series of photographic video clip: tribute to Mimmo Rotella (the subjects are the circus posters ripped out by the process of time); another dedicated to the material elements; another one about the Deposition of Signorelli, located inside the church of Santa Croce in Umbertide.

- In 2007 he realized two more landart works, with the first, "Natural White", Potsy makes an inner analysis in order to rediscover colours and forms of the nature, with the second one, "Plastic Flower", he wants to launch a message to young people, they are bombarded everyday from mass media with stereotype of beauty, they would like to be like the people they see, and they use cosmetic surgery to become different and in them opinion better. Potsy with this work is very forward-looking, in fact in 2010 has been passed the law that forbid cosmetic surgery for underage people. In the same year he makes some photograph, as friend, to Emanuele Filiberto di Savoia.

- He made the photo book of "RARO", a cashmere firm of Perugia. The photos were made in Montone, one of the most beautiful village of Italy. In the same location he organized the staging of pictorial exhibition for the artists Zahir and Fabio Mancini, he also performed the photographic backstage of the movie "Braccio Fortebraccio da Montone". • Potsy also

donated a crucifix on canvas, to the church of Mato Grosso mission. It was made with one of his artistic photos.

- He contributed as stage photographer for various works of Edoardo Angeo Zigrino, the art director of "Politheater". "Politheater" is a theatre company based in Città di Castello, they put on historic and social works. In those occasions Potsy could photograph Valeria Marri, the winner as best actress of art contest "Prendiamo la Parola" in Torino. • Potsy was also the photographer of "Rock in Umbria" music show in Umbertide for three consecutive editions.

- He created the musical duet "Absinthe". He also made a music Cd "SOA", that has been traduced in English and played (by a guitarist and a gospel singer) for a concert sponsored by Marsciano municipality.

- He organized a concert for the master Gian Piero Reverberi, in San Francesco church in Umbertide, one of a kind, and he gave the takings to the renovation of the artistic works inside the church.

- He organized in the civic museum of Santa Croce in Umbertide an event in which visitors were invited to move freely all around to the sculptures of Romano Alberti (called the "Black") shrouded by live music by N. Paganini.

- "White Night" in Perugia, participated to the realization of the event "Divinations" in the Rocca Paolina.

- He collaborated with the Umbria Tv Television.

- He organized the closing concert of the Feast of the Wood in the town of Montone.

- He organized the event "Vasari tells about Signorelli's life" in which the music of the strings was blended with dance for representing some works by Luca Signorelli.

- He created Plastic Minds, another landart social work in which he described the human solitude by using a dummy. People have a strong and innate need to communicate but often this is denied to them.

- He organized an exhibition for the artist Massimo Bacciocchi in the church of San Francesco in Montone, the guest of honour of this event was the master Gian Piero Reverberi, to whom was dedicated the opening concert of the exhibition.

- He invented "Potsy ArtBox", a show organized in association with "Metronome". In this occasion Potsy made a video clip for "The Tip Tones" six American saxophonists, he projected some images on the wall of the Rock of Umbertide and outside of the castle of Civitella Ranieri.

• In 2005 he began to working with the prestigious monthly magazine *Fuaié*, through which he has the opportunity to organize high-level cultural events. He worked closely with the artistic director of “Ondesonore *Fuaié*”.

• The music of Monsignori Pierluigi is used for programming broadcasted by the network televisions “Rete Sole” and “Umbria Tv”. Potsy used his music also to producing and directing a soundtrack for a social video against discrimination. At the same time he composed a song for “Coop Umbria”.

• In 2003, he finished to writing his book “Stereogramma” composed of about 7000 poems, in which is hidden the ferocious introspection that characterize this artist. This book set in opposition feelings like hope, hate and love, in many forms, creating a travel all around the world. In the same year he debuted as a presenter at Radio Tiferno, as “The Duke and Count of Altamira” and further he created another music video out of his song “Torna a volare”, in collaboration with the model Eva K.

• In 2002 he created a spot against the indifference towards disabled people.

• In 2001, organized the land art work “Campi Plastici”, another social work that express the human loneliness, our life is characterised by the possession of “cold objects”, we reject feelings and sensations and at the end we really own nothing, we are lonely and we go astray.

• In 1995 started the musical composition “SOA” and he terminated it in 2000. He shot a music video in Italy and in Tunisia with the model Alissa Gouze, out of the song “Vaghi Pensieri” from (SOA Speranza Odio Amore - Hope Hate Love).

• He began his artistic career as singer, at first with the band “Trend” and then with the “Idraulika”. But the most important band with which he collaborated was the “Blues Band Setting Belts”. They performed mainly in theatres for more mature and attentive people. He ended his career as a blues singer in the band with the release of their first blues CD “Something Somewhere”.

A quick overview, we hope exhaustive, over the multiform activities of Potsy, who candidly said that he would never have achieved concrete results like this, without the help of Carlo and Giampaolo Monsignori, respectively his father and his brother.

Potsy works with them in a family business, they have been dealing with use of alternative energy and water purification for more than 30 years, and they want to spread a conscious use of the water.

In Potsy’s opinion, art is nothing more than expression of his own ideas and vitality, we are able to express our selves through the works. Art doesn’t belong to any ideology or stereotype, it must come from our inner, and it can really improve our lives. The decision to use art to emphasize the social issues, shall be determined by the fact that an artist has a preferred channel for communicate with the citizens who are often distracted from everyday stress. Art is not a dress that you can wear in the morning and takes off in the evening, art is life.

Therefore “Art is not fashion, but it is the spirit and the thought.”

What the more can I say?

*Journalist
Fabrizio Ciocchetti*

*In the background: Tribute to Mimmo Rotella
Posters
Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy*

“Plastic Food”, a dirty sublimation of self

Our encounter with Pierluigi Monsignori, known as Potsy in the art world, was illuminating in terms of the man and his progress. In him we find the themes of the great art denunciation that looks right at men's ontological routes without sparing him, or his presumed conquest of civilization, anything it begins with the great unrequired love between humanity and plastic a feeling of attraction and repulsion that is the contradiction itself of a modern society. His Plastic Food is a landart installation in the fields that slops towards the city a collaboration between the artist and the Municipality of Umbertide and Gesenu, a local garbage disposal company. Anyone with a knowledge of aesthetics knows that as far as art is concerned, ugly is often more desirable than beauty since it is in a position of provoking a crisis within the system of rational certainties that form the person.

This check against habit, order and harmony is able to rock an authentic swell of truth since unhinges the mechanism of self-preservation imposed by our preserving and polymorphous self thus we are able to look into to the abyss that is absolutely blinding, resembling perhaps a theatre of the absurd with thousands and thousands of misunderstandings and the only impalpable truth of being that lives in the here and now. The bales of garbage set in a field on the outskirts of Umbertide are able to arouse an anti-bourgeois feeling, or rather forces us to reflect on the most unseemly thing we can imagine: our modern development, a dirty sublimation of self. It is a monumental allegory of lifestyle that is by now unsustainable and that is based on the action of the archetypes of profit and consumption. It is a stupefying mechanism that has changed us radically and has made us similar to unintelligent polymers. Potsy throws us a punch in the gut by bringing natural beauty nearer to artificial ugliness and connecting plastic to the same humanity that has lost its primordial integrity. What made us superior to nature or knowledge, to be precise, has now transformed us into bipeds with neither taste nor morality, incapable of moulding technology into a true evolutionary advantage. In his magnetic kingdom of Campaola, on the very edges of the Umbrian Appennins that the artist finds the propulsive force that renews him upon each awakening, as though within a lotus flower. “This place is the epicentre of all my thoughts. In my fields I live in osmosis with nature, a constant syllogism between the human being and his material alter ego”. This first statement clears the field of affected and conventional interpretations and then becomes stronger. “I live art! For me it is not an outfit I put on but my very existence”. It is an absolutist conception that does not separate life from work, where the artist as Carmelo Bene

says, becomes the masterpiece and the art regains its ancient validity, from the letting verb *agere* or to intervene upon the world or act.

Plastic Food, the most recent among many outdoor installations, represents the most radical passage of thought that alludes to a new structure of being. “At the end, we will resemble this polymer or plastic itself. This really frightens me; we are cannibalizing certainty. We have made carnivores out of herbivores and nature is responding with pandemics that are ever more serious and extensive”.

(Remember the animal feed that generated the Mad Cow disease? Ed note).

And if you look carefully at the guiding principles, you will see an alignment of prime symbolic value. The bales of garbage point straight at Civitella Ranieri, a monument to history and architecture where the beauty of form meets the genius of thought and to the artist's very heart, the hills of Campaola a suicide arrow that is a message of salvation from a generous Prometheus who presents men with the fire of revolt.

A final greeting from the artist goes out to his family, the heart of conciliation that has always supported him - and it cannot be easy! Ed note - a specially to his brother, Giampaolo and his father Carlo Monsignori.

Simone Bandini

Valley Life, Paneuropean magazine (www.valleylife.it)



Through the “Land Art” artistic expression and then with Plastic Food, the artist of the century Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy, criticizes our slow but inexorable loss of contact with nature and with the wonders of creation. The philosopher Spinoza said: “Deus sive natura ... God that is nature”. Above all we are losing the contact with our inner that is the “self”. We are psychically structured to have contact and relationships with other people and the reality. It’s this reality too far from simple and natural things that Potsy criticizes.

Technology has become a huge and autonomous body, that is created by the human will and it is now dissociated from that. This system is escaping from the control of the Creator, and is without ethics and moral.

The Creator is therefore a victim of a creature that is acting now with independence of thought and is moving away from the aim for which it was created.

We are more and more prisoners of the cages that ourselves have built, we are able to communicate through e-mail or SMS but not talking with our voice to other people. Only the voice has its own color and warmth and with this we can express our emotions and our mood. According to Potsy, all this determines isolation and a loss of contact with the self.

We are overwhelmed by rivers of non-biodegradable plastic waste, we see pictures of cities overrun by garbage that the system can’t dispose of, the proof that the creature that has taken over the Creator.

With Potsy we were talking about flavors and fragrances now lost, going back to our childhood, in small towns dominated by an agricultural economy, with which we respected the nature. We were remembering the smell of freshly baked bread, which was lasting for weeks and the smell of wheat fields and of the hay presses, now replaced by bales of plastic waste in Plastic Food work.

With his decadentist vision, Potsy is moving with the times, his criticism in front of this immense machine appears to be present and truthful, we lost

smells, tastes, and we transformed our selves into the cold metal gears of this system.

Potsy is a sociologist artist, and he wants to awake the minds of visitors by using Plastic Food, he thinks that we must keep our grip on reality and on ourselves. We must not be dummy without a soul anymore, we must take the control of the system again and we have to rediscover the lost flavours of simple things and of life.

We have to wise up to a “present - future”.

Equinox

Plastic Food is the culmination of an artistic career that Potsy began in 2001, characterized by the use of plastic materials in open spaces, it is the conscious evolution of being an artist every day. Over the years, through various Land Art installation, Potsy has touched every facet of the human component, loneliness, exclusion, emulation. All this has moved us away from nature, that has been transformed in a desolate ground covered by waste, we are living now in virtual worlds without human glow. We are now plastic parts of “cold machines”, we will soon become obsolete and handled as waste.

Plastic Food let us understand what we are now, and what the future will be if we don’t change our lifestyle. This knowledge comes from years of reflections, sorrows and revisions of a system that is now collapsing.

For the artist Potsy, Plastic Food is not the end of a career, it is just another step, because at the end “The main thing is not where you are going but the trip”.

Barbara Filippetti


“Campi Plastici”

Potsy



15/12/2000 - 10/01/2001

Campaola – 06019 Umbertide PG



“Siamo torri poste su colline poco distanti
proprietari orbicolanti
del nulla che non accade
esseri soli alla deriva dell’Io”

A world that loves and suffers.

“Plastic Fields” dreams stars.

“Plastic Fields describes the human loneliness, an overlapping of unnatural values that dominate the background.”

At first glance, Plastic Fields is a series of digital photographs of white plastic chairs arranged on the side of a hill, in a setting of the countryside. The pictures follow one another while the background music is permeated by a vague Eastern flavour. “The plastic chairs,” says Potsy, “have seemingly a random arrangement, but they mysteriously draw form the Big Dipper, along the side of the hill. “This is a metaphor of the human condition: we are as towers placed on not far away hills, we are alone, surrounded by our objects and by the fences that we created, and wear masks with which we greet or fight every day. Humans are the only beings that live against nature, killing each other

only for a sense of ownership ... We are only Plastic Fields at the end “.

The special shots and the mounting of Potsy give the sense of the message, he created a video-work: a series of ethereal light objects that progressively isolate themselves on natural backgrounds, the light by the other side draws impressive games on the plastics surfaces.

“We are the owners of the nothing that never happens. Every day we create new fencing, that are only inventions for a massive destruction, the same fenceings are simply frenzied hallucinations with which we accumulate objects everywhere, objects that take our breath away, the breath of life”. We are every day much more alone and increasingly distant, searching in the object that serenity that we can’t find between people anymore.





The extreme isolation as a reward of civilization without a soul. Greediness become a purpose: we are fierce conquerors of freedom that does not belong to us.

“The Indian music that dominates the background allows the viewer to follow the thought vibrations of the horizon, while the objects are not that helpless masses, static enclosures where the spirit is kept away from the star, strongly anchored to the ground, although these stars try to imitate the shape. I tried in practice, to entrust the dynamism of the scene to the music, rather than to images. “ The chairs in the frames seem spy on each other: each observes the immovability of the other in a continuous motionless chase.

“We are lonely beings to drift of ourselves, in our Modern myth of Technology, our ego is fragile without values anymore and it’s dominated only by the


monitors with which we dialogue.

Our faces are transfigured through the Net and into a giant global theater, where works are born lonely, lifeless, cold ice cubes ready to melt the first blackout. “

“By day we are blameless, at night we turn into ‘LoveBit’, we become inveterate telematics amateurs.”

Plastic Fields is not an episode to himself in the artistic life of Potsy. Like other video productions that preceded it, it is part of a plan works in which the central theme is the social unrest. The sensitivity to issues of solidarity is always present in Potsy’s art, perhaps hidden behind a veneer of apparent cynicism and melancholy anger that are directed against a world too cold, in which people and feelings don’t count anything, in favour of value as possession and victory. At the end we must have something still before to be someone in our





innermost self.

People unfortunately live the most of its existence in concrete boxes in which weaves its relations of life. In this boxes the human beings sleep, eat, work, pass their free time and they constantly watch with envy other concrete boxes that belong to other people. All this deprive persons of the sun and the daily light that are very important for their body and their souls, also the blowing wind is important to charge our batteries, our body and soul with the energy that comes from the revitalizing relationship that we should have with nature, we must live as all other living things of the planet.

“In my opinion it’s right that artists use their creativity to create sensitive works” Potsy concludes, “although this often leads to misunderstandings between the group of those who create and those who live the real distress on their skin and that of people who prefer the silence on certain topics.”



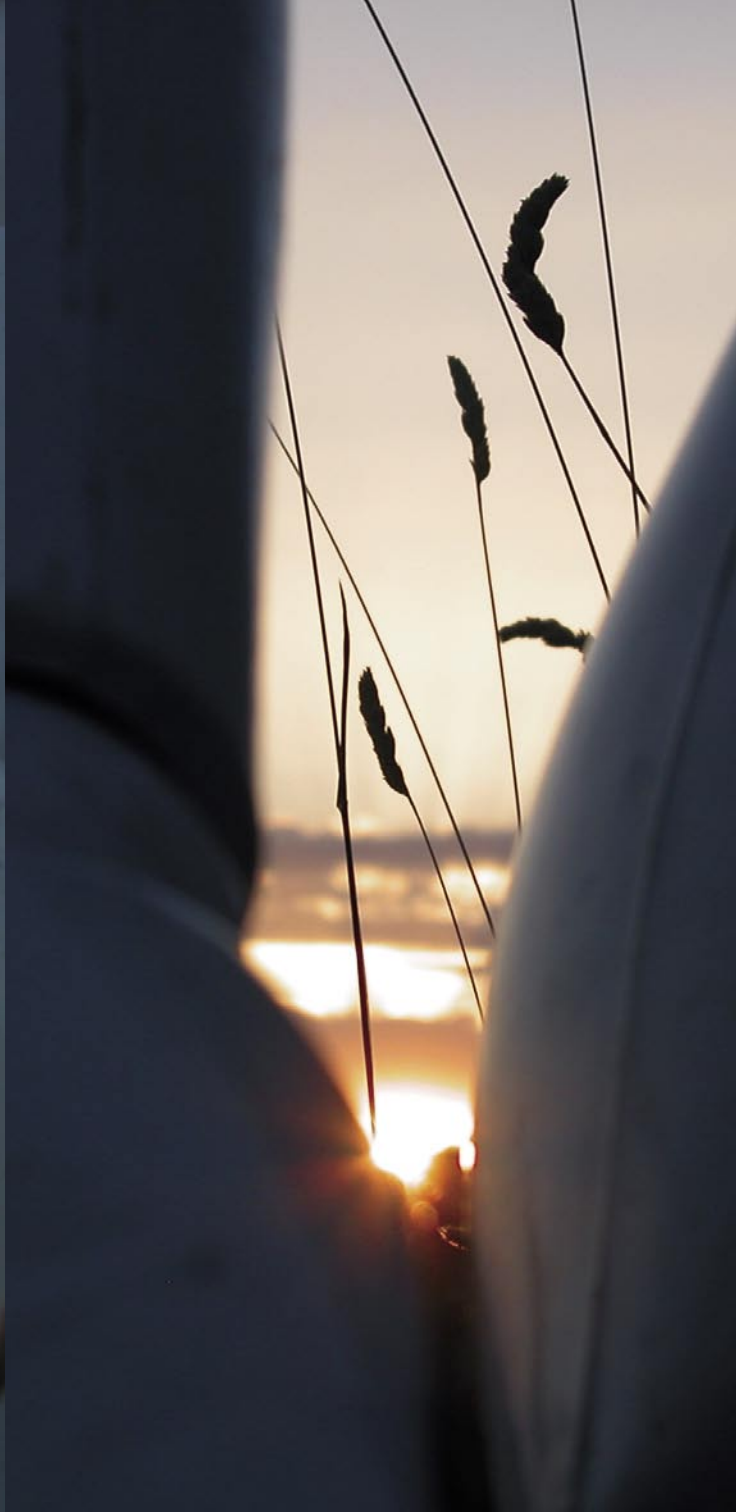
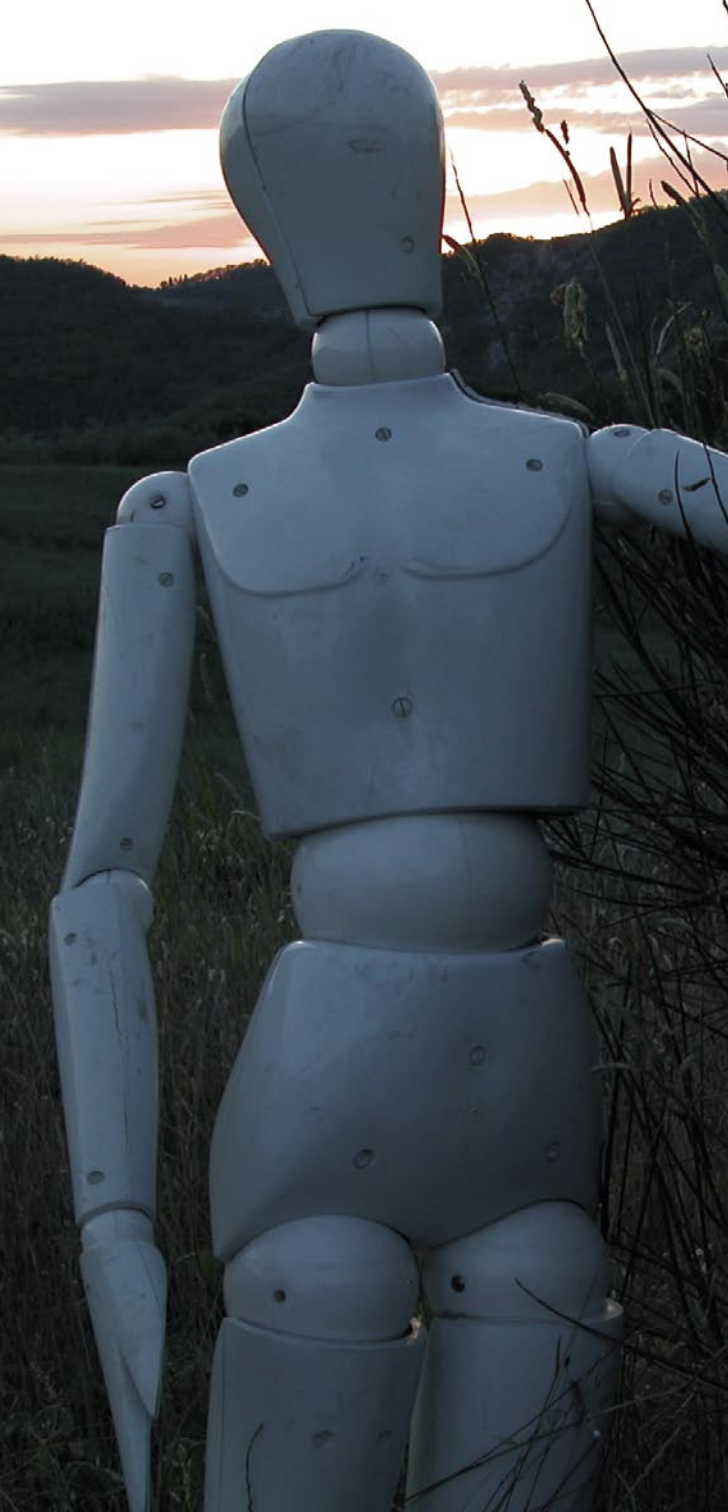
Plastic Minds



Potsy

01/03 - 25/03

06019 Umbertide loc. Campaola







Plastic Minds

In Plastic Minds's we can find the research of the others as a form of essential and vital for survival, there is an unbridgeable need to communicate himself to others. These plastic dummies represent our research of standardization to the other human beings, motivated by fear of loneliness and marginalization that results from the simple and natural diversity that is inherent in everyone.

We are gradually becoming no more containers filled with the essence of a real human being, but the stereotypes increasingly distracted and constantly bombarded by values based only on the appearance at the expense of essence.

One of the mannequins was collected from the rubbish bin and used as a cornerstone of the installation, although it was visibly damaged. Those injuries are nothing but the indelible marks of time and of an experience, we have the same with signs but we try to hide and decline them, only because the essence is no longer fashionable.

Our society treat elderly and people with disabilities as a broken dummy, they often suffer because they are isolated and sidelined by a society that does not allow the progress of the age and diversity.

In the case of elderly people i firmly believe that their historical memory and their experience should be valued and placed at the base of the educational system of each of us. They are isolated just because they haven't access to new technologies and because we are increasingly accustomed to a communication developed through social networks rather than face to face. People who have not access to the technology have neither present nor future in the present time, we are so accustomed to communicate in this way that we don't realize that our brain is overloaded with information and we spend most of the time to program and use machines, subtracting time and energy to the real needs of the human body. Young people are as machines and computers, they are fresh and elastic, but as such they require maintenance, but the thrust of information generates a constant accumulation of bugs in our operating system, it paralyse us, our expectations are disarmed in the face of superheroes who do not belong to our daily lives. This generates anxiety and social ills that cause to depression and isolation.

We are nothing but outdated and too slow machines in which have to run too fast software We have not upgrade options.



A photograph of a white metal frame structure, possibly a drying rack or a minimalist bench, situated in a lush green field. A white cloth is draped over one of the horizontal bars of the frame. The structure is composed of several vertical and horizontal white-painted metal poles. The background is a dense, vibrant green field of tall grass or reeds. The lighting suggests a bright, sunny day, casting soft shadows on the ground.

Natural White

Potsy

dal 01/03 al 15/03

06019 Umbertide loc.Campaola



Natural White

Also this land art work of the artist Monsignori Pierluigi Potsy is characterized by the use of polymeric structures leant above the earth in a field in the Umbrian hills, and a shirt, which is also synthetic, which is ephemeral human form clinging to the structure at the merchies of natural forces.

This work marks a sharp break between nature and the disharmony of what we use in everyday life.

The lightness of plastics leads us into temptation, shines in our eyes and we can't help it more. We cover us with polymer, if we remove the plastic from our houses would remain only the walls, the white structures leant on the green grass represent a view with no interior walls.

The light weight of the polymers and the shirt rocked by the wind seem inoffensive, benevolent, the shirt caresses our bodies, but our crazy love is unrequited and it denies our existence to breathe naturally.

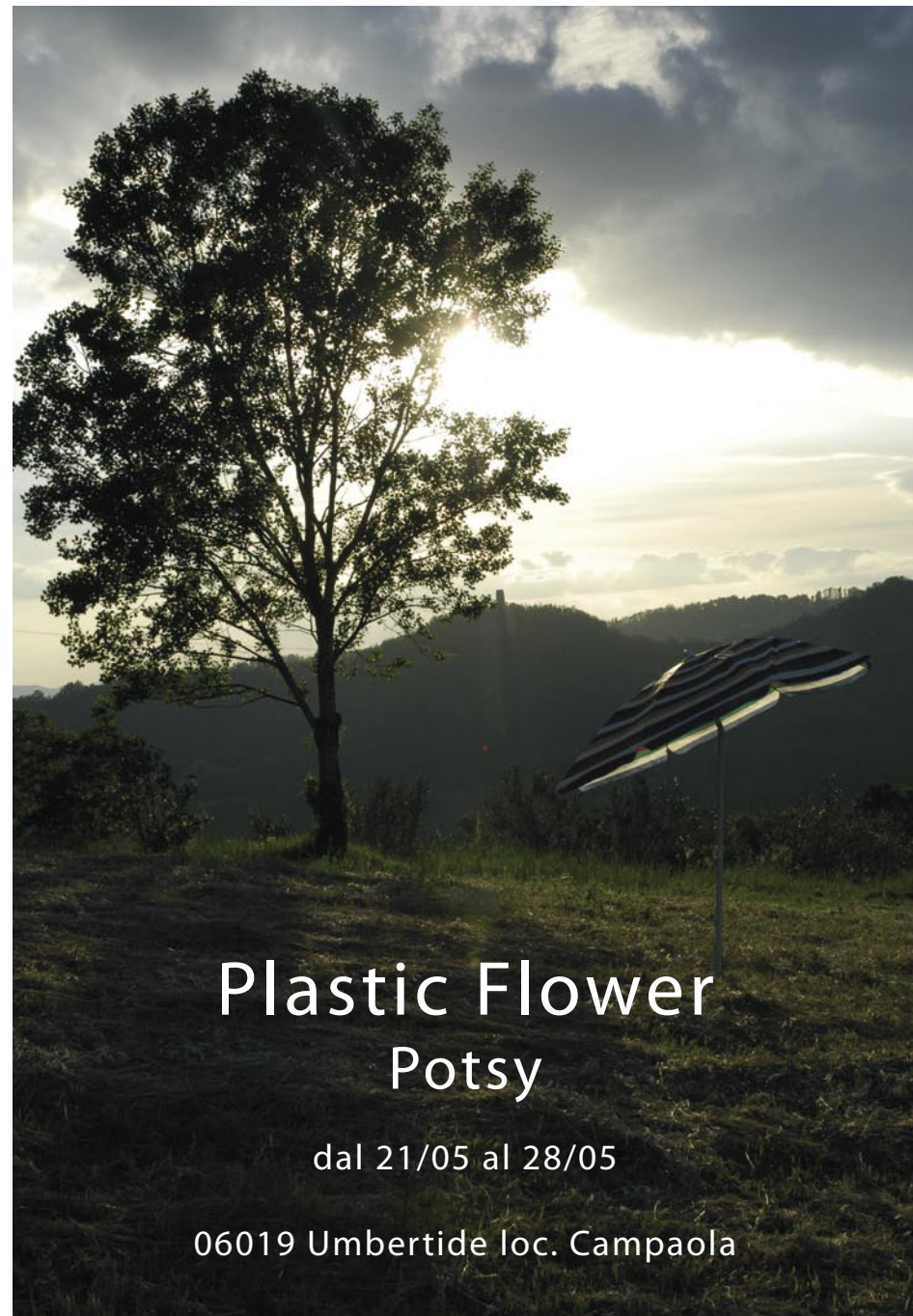
The call to the nature is strong in this installation, our fields are the same that have given us the life in the past, but we are ungrateful and we are no longer able to come into contact with the earth that brave and tortured continues to support us every day.

This situation can not continue forever.









Plastic Flower Potsy

dal 21/05 al 28/05

06019 Umbertide loc. Campola

Plastic Flower

As first impression and with a glance without reflection this new installation of Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy may seem a beach simply transposed into our green Umbrian countryside. It make sense from a logical point of view, in Umbria there is not the sea, but a vision of this kind is too far removed from the deeper meaning that the works of Potsy always wanted to convey in terms of philosophical and social meaning, it would be a trivialization of what the artist wants to convey with this work.

The wind that crosses the beach umbrellas is not the scent of sea breeze, but the real vehicle of a vibration determined by the acceptance of our selves, we not have to look like other people, to far for us, at any cost, the same persons we see every day through cold flat screens.

Looking deeper, in fact, we understand that there are so many intrinsic meanings than the conception of the event. A singular umbrella protect us from climate adversities but in this case can also be understood as wanting to protect against life's adversities. Visitors may feel enraptured by the sight of so many "plastic flower" places in a field in the village of

Umbertide Campaola (PG), for it's psychological characteristics this location bring us back to the desire to rediscover a different socialization, in this community to maintain relation with other people is still very important. Comes the need to explore unusual forms of expression: these trends result in the Landart whit which you must conquer outer space, making them the fruit of our society, to retain ancestral memories despite the complex technology also makes the existence of man confused. This form of communication is far from the commodification of art and it is far from profits, rather tends to make us enjoy what belongs to our existence for a moment we feel the nature and we are part of it before the return to the technology of everyday life, but after all also plastic flowers are technology. Speaking with the artist this is his thought: a plastic flower lives without a season in the extreme opposite of nature, placed alongside poor and muddy puddles. Plastic Flower is not that a future not far away, the epilogue of a dramatic impoverishment of the mother earth that is not able to create new fruit anymore. This is the third installation of this surface and the players are again the polymeric materials that with their colours clutter the field, we wear these materials and more often they replace parts of body. They show







that we are getting closer and closer to resemble the plastic, here is the gist of plastic flower, natural elements are processed and made unrecognizable to the nature that surrounds us, land feeds us but it can't recognize us anymore. Unfortunately many people, in an attempt to mimic stereotypes of rubber, constantly undergo themselves to cosmetic surgery treatments to avoid the natural and beautiful flowing of the time on them body. Increasingly we use polymers to make cosmetic changes, so the loved and heated polymer become a part of our body and instead of beautiful flowers, even with our flaws that distinguish us from one another, we become same as the plastic flowers. When we will die our progeny will find in our human remains the fruit of our vanity, not being more biodegradable when we die we will have to be disposed of as special waste in the same way of the other polymers.

The Land Art installation Plastic Flower in 2007 is three years ahead of

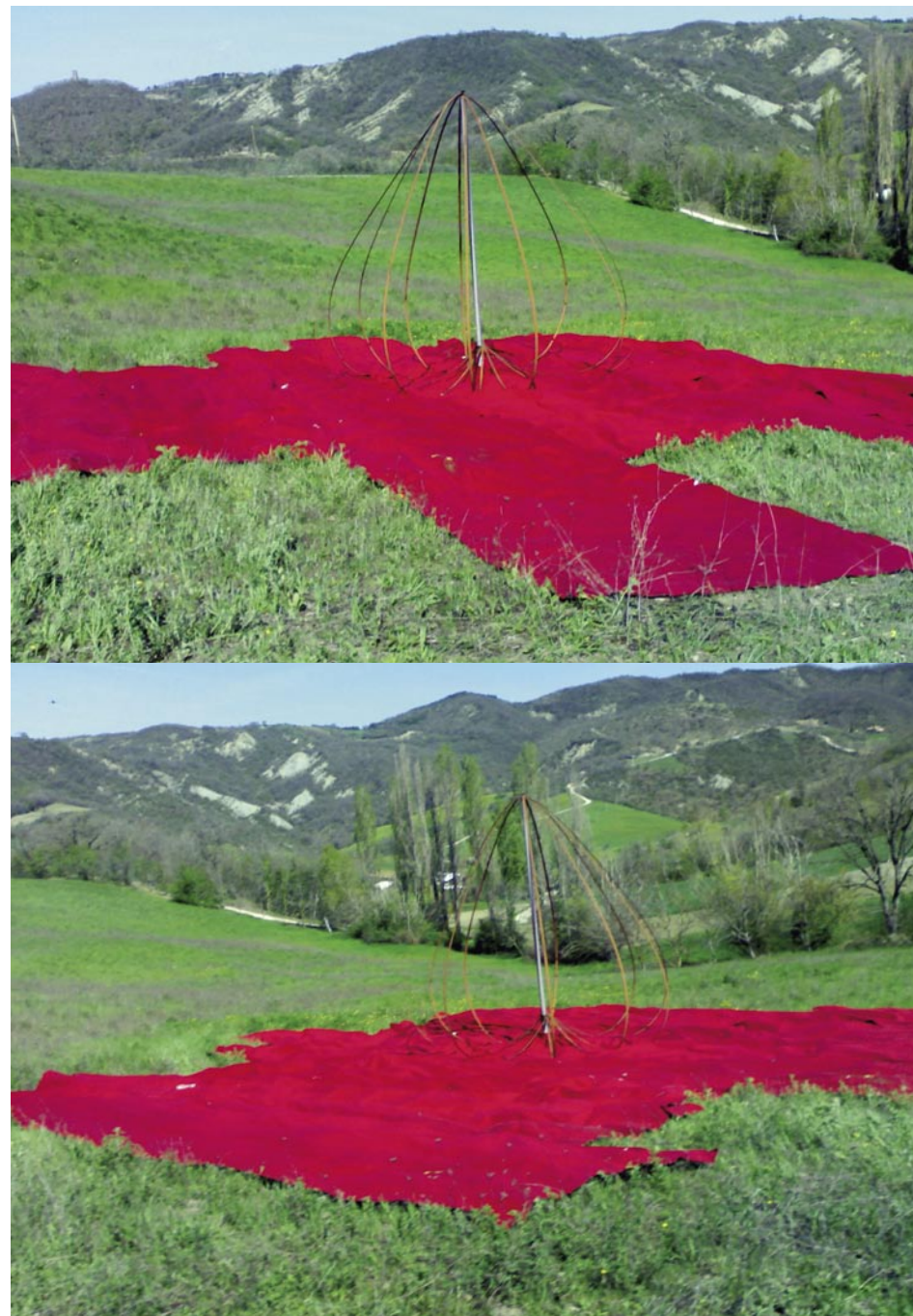
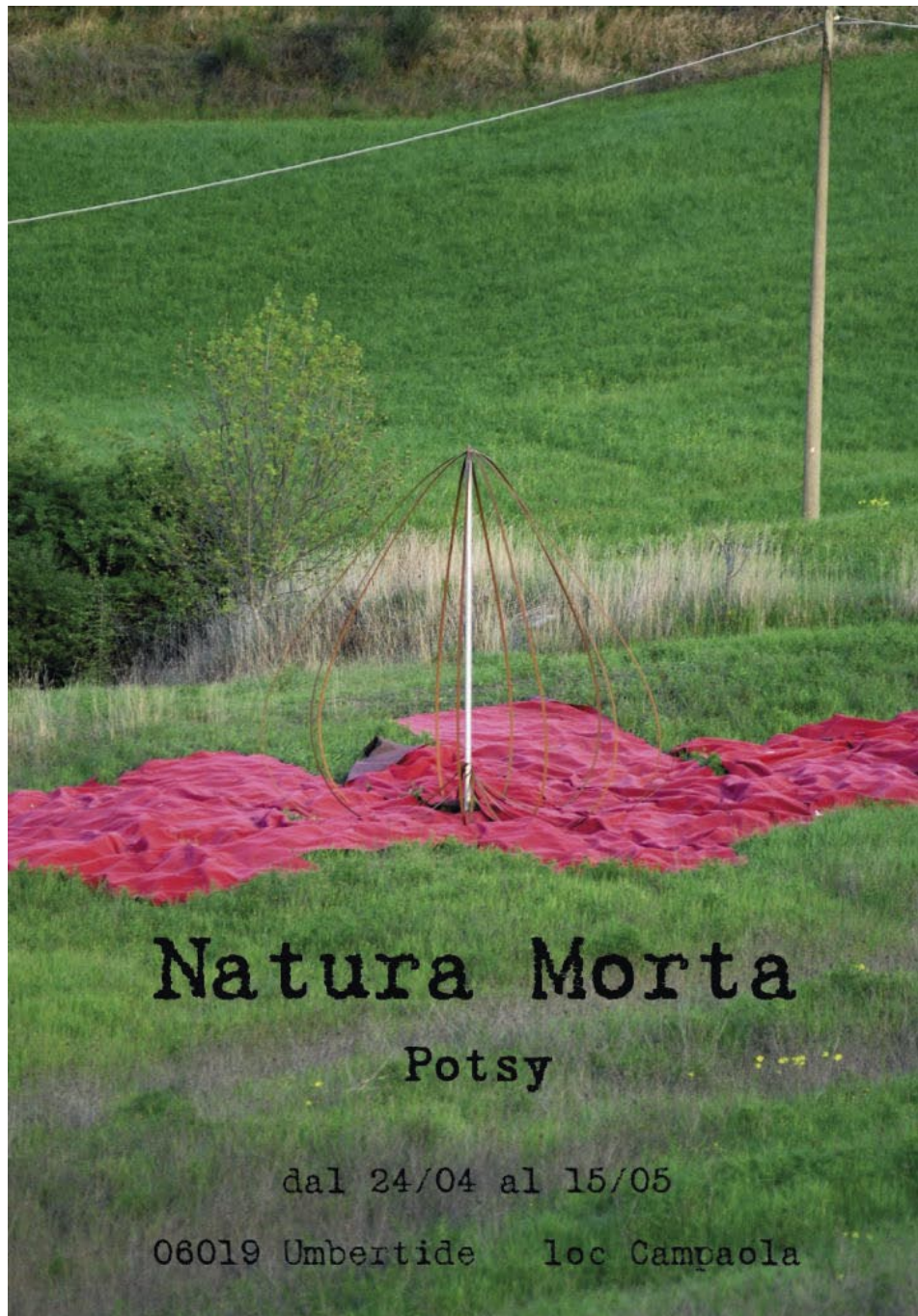
the bill presented in 2010, that will ban plastic surgery cosmetic purposes on children who want to look like the star of the moment stereotyped by the media.

We are increasingly alone in the human evolution, much more in contrast with our originally nature, so we are slothful polymers immersed in an incomprehensible sunset in recent years we live in a total replacement of all natural elements in our artificial habitat.

Reflect.







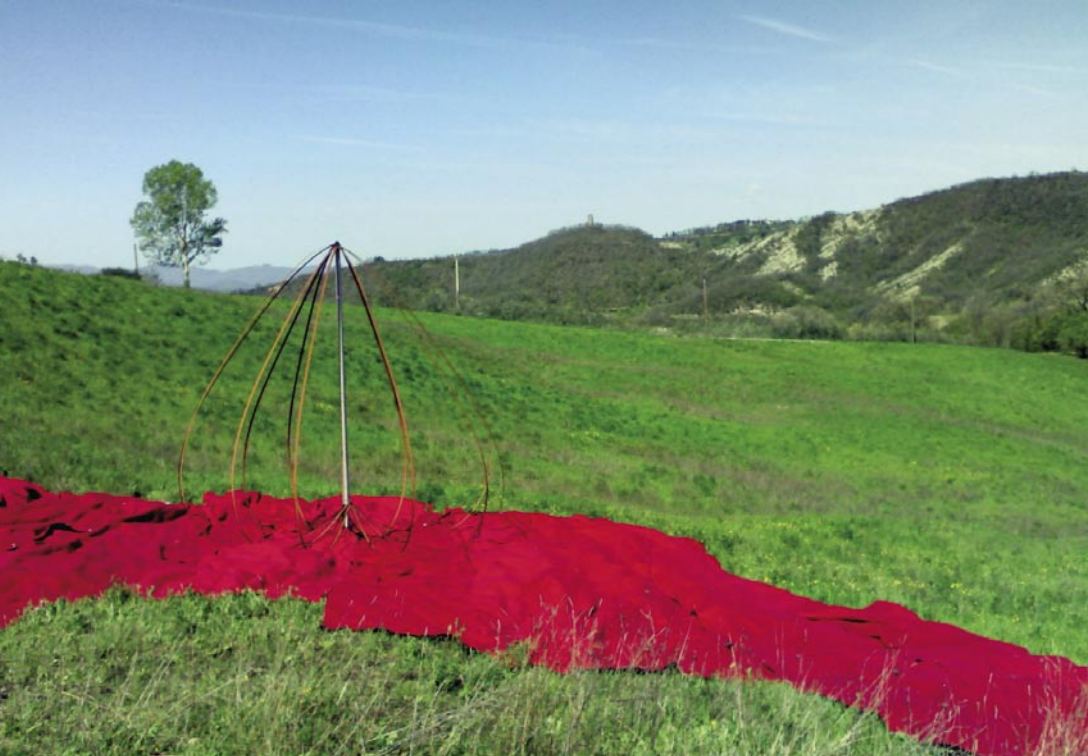


Natura Morta

Plastic Food, come before Plastic Food Land Art installation, the artist, Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy, with this art work shows his discomfort in not recognizing him self with the corruption of modern society, devastated by educational stereotypes that reaffirm the notion that everything must be corrupt and corruptible.

This work communicates the silence, his canvas is the earth, where everything can take different forms. Whether in music, writing, photography and land art, stands the new form of a decadent futuristic, nine years after founding the cultural movement of Ignavismo, in an age like this one, characterized by screaming silence of a Natura Morta, the depth of which expresses a life in which we cling to the earth in motion. The materials used are nothing but the fruit of our beloved waste, Potsy has been proposing this current theme for years, every once in his works. The waste leant above the green grass, we start to think if at the end one it is more natural a red polymer lying on the ground rather than the grass itself, now poisoned and polluted by years of indiscriminate exploitation and production, GMO crops and aflatoxin that we eat every day unknowingly.

The same grass could be genetically modified and acid rain are nothing but the beginning of the end of our future..



"Plastic Food"

Potsy

20/08/2010 - 31/08/2010

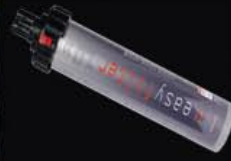
Via Morandi 06019 Umbertide PG



GESENU
AGENZIA AMBIENTALE

**Gruppo
GESENU**


Regione Umbria
Giunta Regionale





Plastic Food

“Plastic food” born in 2010 and this is the last of a series of installations that begins in 2000, all characterized from the using of plastic materials. Last time the artist simply replaced hay bales on a wheat field with plastic waste presses. Potsy is convinced that people live an unpaid love with the same plastic that has become marvellous and irreplaceable. This artwork was nothing more than an invitation to make a walk through a landscape that is futuristic and present at the same time. We think that it’s far away by our marvellous Umbrian hills, but it’s not real so distant. This artwork come from a very easy consideration, we must reduce our production of rubbish. We can’t wait unaware anymore, the future is in front of our eyes and we aren’t be able to see it because our lives are distracted from many useless things. The big problem is that in future, our children will not be able to enjoy a landscape and a style of life that are so normal for us but not so obvious in future. We can walk quietly walk in a field smelling the perfume of the fresh green, we can feel the delightful fragrance of the hay bales, so we can recover our contact with the nature everyday. This is the inheritance that we must live to the future generations.

“Plastic Food” represents what we will live, what we expect and that unfortunately is past and present at the same time in other regions.

“Plastic Food” is an invitation to producers and consumers to develop an eco-conscious attitude regarding the production of waste. There are already eco-friendly packaging that could substantially reduce the use of plastic, with a consequent reduction in the use of a valuable resource such as oil. It causes worldwide conflicts and it has also helped to raise the temperature of the planet with its processing and disposal of products. We should go back in time using natural materials to look into the future in a perspective of sustainable consumption. This process should not necessarily take advantage of developing countries. We have to shake off our hypocrisy, we turn up our noses in front of world hunger and we buy the latest suggested and made by people who do not even have a bowl of rice a day.

The nature implodes in itself frustration and creates illnesses that become pandemic events. Walk through the installation of Potsy will project you in a snapshot, that can make you understand how it could be disharmonious to live close to our daily waste, splashes of colour out of tune, in fact we are accustomed to see the wonderful installations of some distracted agricultural workers.

It’s a journey that will allow you to embrace different presses of a future that none of us would want in his own garden.



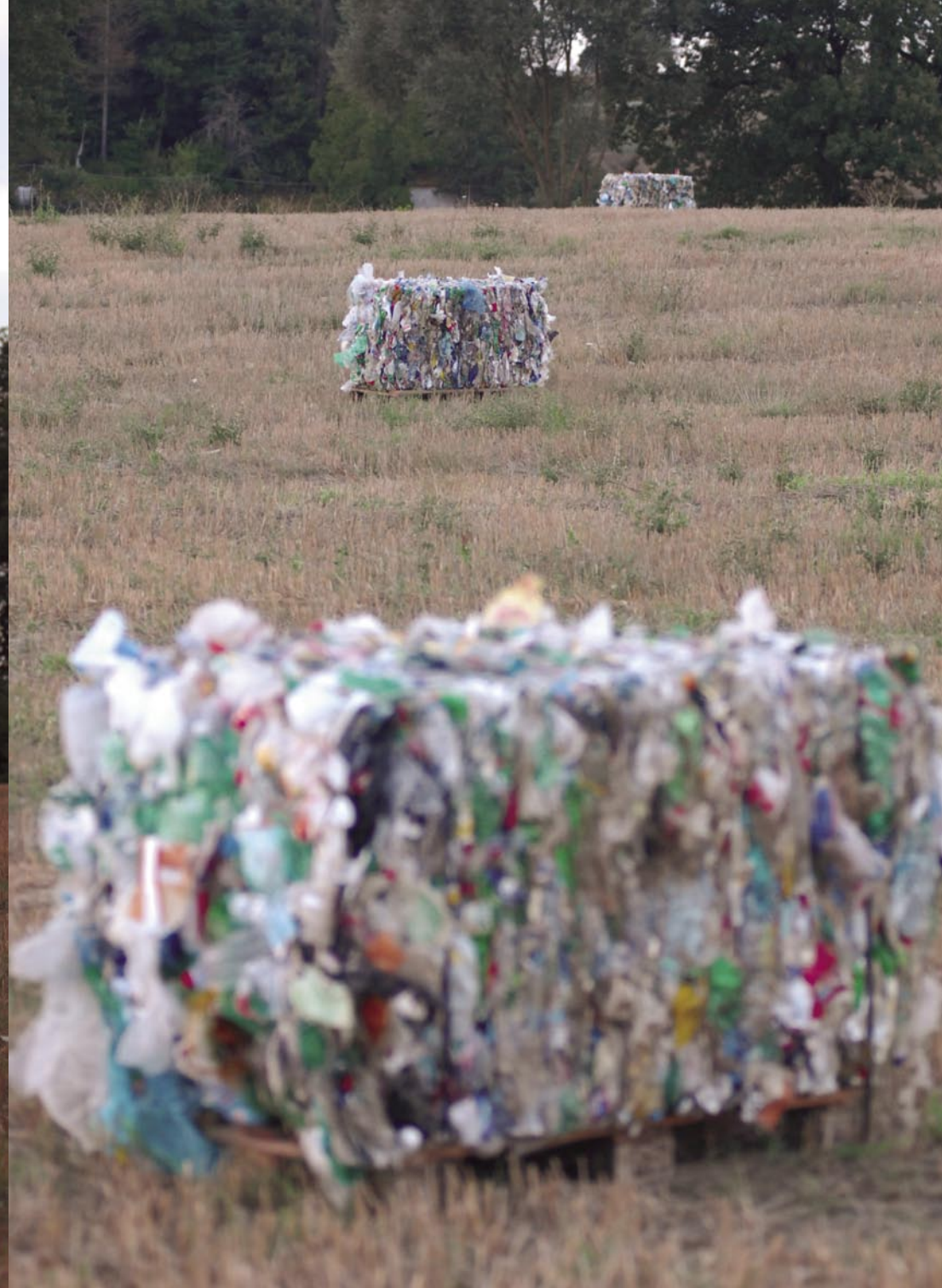














The field in which it is installed Plastic Food was not a random choice. It has in fact very specific features: the landscape and the territorial connotations reinforce the message that this work of art conveys. In fact the communication is not given only by eco-presses (leant on the field and that tell us not to continue our waste production) but also by the context.

There are three main areas that belong to the installation, one of which is present in the photograph on the side: the Castle of Civitella Ranieri on one of the hills that surround Umbertide (PG).

The castle overlooks the installation from the top of the hill, it doesn't represent only a human building, and consequently an action by the human being on the nature and the world around us, but it is a very strong symbol of our historical memory.

Our forefathers created a work that apparently nothing can break, it seems to be immortal, but it is actually threatened by our own waste, which are at his feet. In the same way our memory is threatened too. We have the feeling that everything is eternally and indissoluble, but the daily activity takes us away from the ancient values. A simple cornfield was a place in which people could share together common interests coming from the work of the land.

In the same field in which is Plastic Food now, people cultivated wheat and families gathered in the special occasion of the harvest of the wheat. These moments of union of the community have been replaced by the lifestyle we lead. Now we feel isolated and we drifted away from what our ancestors tried to hand down to us, obviously without any result.

To lose our historical memory it would be like to break down the castle, that is of course something made by the work of man but made of stone, a natural element that will suffer the erosion of time. The man has done nothing but use existing materials to assemble it, without resorting to synthetic ones. For this reason the castle is a work that integrates seamlessly with the surrounding landscape and with the ancient values. It is nothing but a structure that lives and breathes as the man who created it.

The second meaning of this work of art, is expressed by the oak tree that dominates the field. It represents nature, we can still observe a natural thing that is living, when it is not destroyed by our actions.

The oak is there since time immemorial, has withstood to the seasons following his natural rhythm that begins in the spring, then in the hot summer days put the sprouts, and we can find rest under the shade of its leaves. In autumn leaves begin to change color and then they fall down. In the cold winter months it goes in hibernation waiting again for the awakening of spring.

It represents life, the flow of time, what usually happens to us all, we evolve we are born, we die and we become something else that is reabsorbed by the nature that surrounds us. We become a part again of the life cycle, the bales of plastic instead if they had been left under the oak tree, they would have seen the passing of the seasons until the plant. But they would have seen the death of the oak tree. It is not natural that something left at the mercy of the weather will remain the same plastic does, we can't continue to pollute the nature that surrounds us with something that will survive to our own children.

The oak tree is a living witness of the progress of humanity, which sometimes unfortunately inclines to evolve in thought and to regresses with the actions, the result is the plastic block placed at his feet.





As third important contrast, we can see the beauty of the field, the waste and the industrial area all together (the latter represents our company). in this photo is summarized in a comprehensive manner the current present-future and, unfortunately, past and present in other contexts. In the evolution, not satisfied by the materials that we have in nature, we have gone to search for future-perverse, however, unsustainable from our planet, with which we should be an integral part and not an invasive one. The transformation of a natural element such as oil, has resulted in the magnificent setting of the polymers, which are of great importance in many areas of human existence. Unfortunately, in view of a reckless spending and eco-consciousness free, perhaps we have reached a point of no return. A human invention that would improve our condition, such as plastic, is quickly throwing the human evolution in a dustbin.

Hence, those who produce polymers, should have a strong eco-consciousness, and also people who consume, so we are able to create a syllogism that would result in a consumer at zero environmental impact.

The human being has been living on Earth for thousands of years, over time has evolved in line with the needs of the planet, in the last hundred years, in order to accommodate the logic of profit, this trend has reversed. Now humanity and its way of life is a plague for nature itself. If attitudes do not change this will be our new passion. In little more than a century, we succeeded in destroying all the best of the nature that surrounds us.

A Picnic in landfills

The tent is the connective element of all installations. In every work the social distress of human being emerges through the polymer. He is attracted by an inexorably fleeting happiness that throws him in loneliness (Campi Plastici - Plastic Minds) and his body is more and more distant from him natural setting (Plastic Flower). A tent could not miss in this installation, as it has taken the place of a plastic bale. For the artist it has been very important to live in the tent, because he took part to the new strange form of our bodies and to the discomfort, so he himself has taken the place of the missing plastic block. With this the artist wants to express the concept that we ourselves are eco-bales, in the sense that when we will die, we will no longer only organic elements that belong to the natural cycles of our ecosystem, but oppositely, we will become "Nature Morte". All this only because we decided to change our bodies in order to agree to the stereotypes conveyed by our society . We are nothing more that jarring notes as the plastic bales are (they replace hay bales). We are not living anymore according to nature, we have become unrecognizable to life itself. The social class is fixed by the polymers that we wear. We have no more a genuine scale of values that can make us recognizable for what we really are, but often our judgement is based on the value of the polymer that we wear (Natural White). In our age we live in a duality that blocks our actions, we are all unconsciously part of the movement of "Ignavismo". It throws people into a ruthless crusade against live in peace, our uncertainty let us being suspended between our desires and our dream, we are paralyzed. We must reject our greed, it makes us tremble scared by a "minor" future. We are naturally attracted by the earth mother, and at the same time we are far away from it because of the objects we possess. These objects inhibit our true belonging to the animal kingdom.



Plastic Food Contaminazioni Potsy

dal 20/11/2010

Al 08/12/2010

Ingresso gratuito

Mirco Guardabassi
Nicola Mariucci
Bartek Truszkowski
Carla Lastoria
Andrea Spigarelli
Fabio Paltrinieri
Gabriele Spaccini
Barbara Filippetti
Michele Ragni
Uliana Piro
Emanuela Giannelli
Francesco Pastore
Fabio Rossi
Fausto Trippolini
Massimo Romagnoli
Rosi Maddalena
Ezio Bani
Davide Peli
Andrea Tocchi
Tania Turchi
Enrico Milanesi
Paolo Ippoliti
Francesco Cecchetti
Marco Tosti
Romina Ciribilli
Gianluca Rosi
Fernando Marchetti
DigitalTop

www.PlasticFood.it

Centro Per l'Arte Contemporanea Rocca

06019 Umbertide PG

Inaugurazione ore 12.00 con aperitivo offerto dall'Enoteca Bani



Plastic Food Contaminations

A work of art as like Plastic Food is like a child for the artist, he explained him the basic rules for surviving then he let him go alone in the world, free to learn by him self, making good and bad experiences. The artist Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy launched an appeal to the other artists in order to use their communication skills to contaminate the installation and help the planet. It has given a surprising results. Many people contaminated the installation, they spoke about it, they touched it, they photographed it, they made videos, they used it as a musical instrument, somebody loved it, someone else hated it. Everybody contaminated Plastic Food in his own way and it is positive because now Plastic Food is a art of work for everyone.

All these artists became an indelible part of Plastic Food and they understood and they conveyed the deeper meaning of the work.

All this becomes the “Plastic Food Contaminations” art exhibition that integrates the original one, and it’s now inside the “Rocca”.

Some of the many artists who have contaminated Plastic Food with their works are: Mirco Guardabassi, Nicola Mariucci, Bartek Truskowski, Carla Lastoria, Andrea Spigarelli, Fabio Paltrinieri, Gabriele Spaccini, Barbara Filippetti, Michele Ragni, Uliana Piro, Emanuela Giannelli, Francesco Pastore, Fabio Rossi, Fausto Trippolini, Massimo Romagnoli, Rosi Maddalena, Ezio Bani, Davide Peli, Andrea Tocci, Tania Turchi, Fabrizio Ciocchetti, Enrico Milanesi, Paolo Ippoliti, Francesco Cecchetti, Marco Tosti, Romina Ciribilli, Gianluca Rosi, Fernando Marchetti, Luca Migliorati, Valerio Rosi della DigitalTop of Umbertide.

This section is devolved to all of you.



Enrico Milanesi



In 1980 Milanesi was among the founders of the Photo Center Tifernate, that he still presides. In his opinion the photography as an hobby and an art form that requires constant commitment and desire to achieve more and more levels of expression. Because of this he developed a style in which you combine the wit in visual perception and the high technical quality. Numerous persons have benefited from his passion for photography and they approached to this form of expression - others improved themselves by attending courses held by him for the CFT.

He strongly promoted the project of the Photo Library Tifernate, he piloted the CFT to through a new challenge also thanks to its expertise in information technology.

Enrico Milanesi





Davide Peli



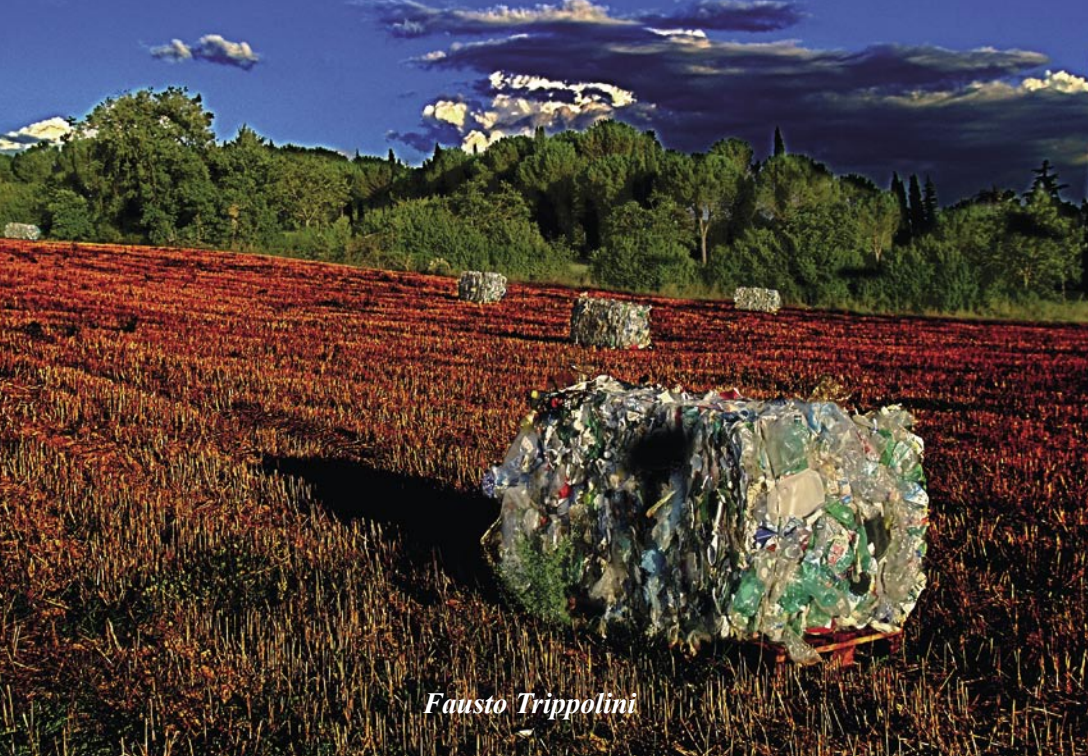
Ezio Bani



Fabio Paltrinieri



Fabio Rossi



Fausto Trippolini



Fernando Marchetti



Francesco Pastore



Gianluca Rosi



Maddalena Rosi



Marco Tosti



Massimo Romagnoli



Michele Ragni



Davide Peli



Romina Ciribilli



Fabio Rossi



Fernando Marchetti



Francesco Cecchetti



Gabriele Spaccini



Michele Ragni



Fabio Paltrinieri



Romina Ciribilli

Music and video contaminations

The music contamination was truly an experience full of emotions, nothing in writing, all born there in the middle of Plastic Food installation, thanks to the genius of the trio of percussionist Andrea Spigarelli, Andrea Tocci (guitar and voice) and Uliana Piro who performed filming and photography.

These are people rich in creative ideas who have dedicated their art and sensibility to contaminate positively, with authentic sounds, the art installation.

The music itself is an art form with no barriers and boundaries that comes anywhere there is a human being willing to listen and recognize its essence.

The videos that have made communicate joy of doing and simpleness, something very rare these days.

Mirco Guardabassi, Fabio Paltrinieri, Rosi Valerio, Gabriel Spaccini, Stefano Cerrini, have dedicated videos to the installation, each of them with different way of communication, enhancing both the beauty of the colour mix of music and effects, and both the drama and the positive message with which we must react. We move from video, to video documentaries, to journalistic photography and to pure art forms. A complex work that has allowed to Plastic Food to grow and communicate in different ways his message.



Tania Turchi

Happy Trash Purity

Potsy welcomed me in his “plastic dream” as the few true artists can do. He gave me a real stage, his scream, a new spur. He thinks big and the big is expressed. Happy Trash Purity. Here’s the first thing I thought looking plastic Food outside the window of my car. I understood that it would have been a great afternoon. The cymbals in the spotlight of the sun, slalom-sounds, awareness of being there. Potsy sleeps and cries in the womb of his works.

He can abort and he can give birth. Happy Trash Purity.

Andrea Tocci



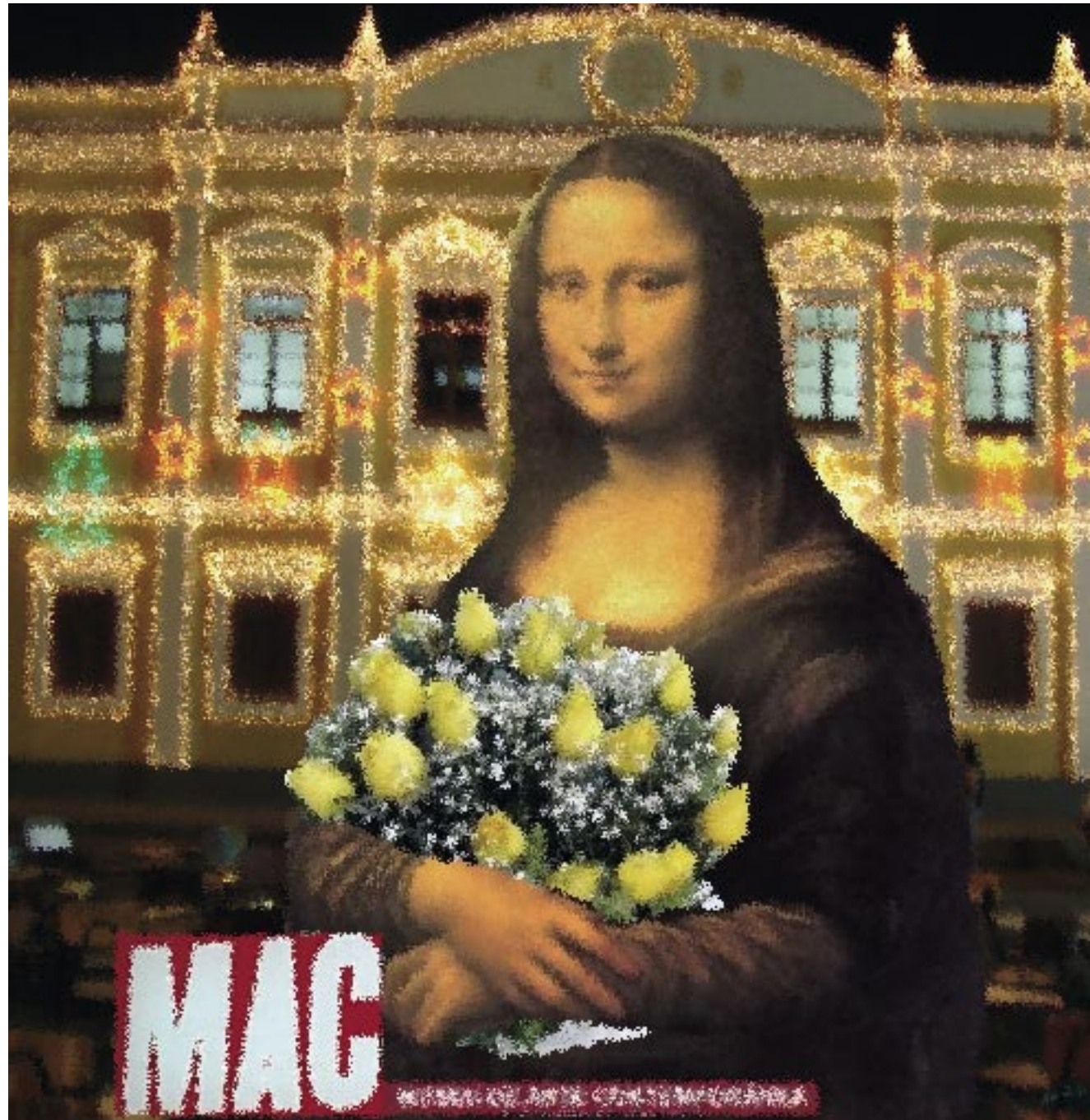
Plastic Food in Brazil

Exhibition From January 2011 at the Museum of Contemporary Art of Bahia (MAC)

The Museum of Contemporary Art - MAC in Senhor do Bonfim - BA, the first in the region, has been supported by Daniel Rangel, director of DIMUS (Directorate of Museums IPAC) and was opened to the public in February 2010 with an exhibition organized to launch the best contemporary artists in the country.

According to the representative of the MAC, Simone Lobao: "This initiative is of paramount importance for the cultural development of the region as an attempt to restore history, art, culture and preserve the memory of the country. The city had already undergone a process of architectural restoration and renovation of houses, buildings and squares. The Museum of Contemporary Art has as its objective the preservation, study and dissemination of the culture of the region, development of strategies for communicative interaction with contemporary art, exploring the communication as a means of interaction between artists and the public. We strive to create activities and programs for different groups, in order to educate the public and encourage visits to museums. We divide our actions on multiple fronts: MAC - MAC and School - Community.

The program includes moments of integration between children, youth and adults through play activities motivated by the exhibits, as well as art workshops, music, poetry, theater and dance. Our goal is to involve the local population in the Museum for the Visual Arts, in order to expand their repertoire aesthetic, cultural and contribute to the development of income generating activities, in order to make the museum self-sustaining. The activities of the MAC and its suburbs, schools and community centers, including mini-courses, workshops, guided tours of the exhibitions on display at the Museum and other institutions, chat with artists and audiovisual sessions that motivate and contextualize





topics treaties, as well as social meetings for educators from the Museum's exhibitions. From the context and deeper analysis, the selected works and the artists become points of reference for the creative transformation and interaction of each.

Simone Lobao

Plastic Food to breathe requires synergy and external contamination of other artists.

The aim was to "pollute" the scene as much as possible. Guardabassi Mirco has participated with one of his videos and a sculpture, "Filled plastic Cannolo" (photo at the right). In January 2011, the creator of Plastic Food and the artist Mirco Guardabassi will continue this path and going to the MAC (Museum of Contemporary Art C) of Bahia, Brazil, where there is an exposure of Guardabassi already in progress. They will realize together a collective in a wing of the museum MAC, bringing their voice overseas.

Mirco Guardabassi is a self-taught Umbrian artist, he born in December 1978 in Umbertide. He took his first steps towards painting at 15 years.

he is a dynamic artist , dedicated to the study of material painting, and abstract sculpture. The material painting is the technique that has affected most.

"A sewn thought, an emotion to hold.

Cut the past and mend the past here is the future.

It struck me very deeply touched the scar ... "

These are just some of the comments that people whispered behind me. During my travels and my exposure I created a sort of rift in the ideas of the people. A gap that I hope to fill with my explanation.

It is difficult to explain my ideas to people, especially if they seem meaningless. The truth is that my cuts are stitched up a world for me and I can only talk trough them. With them i can go straight to the good stuff. Usually I talk about social problems and more deeply personal emotions through my painting . My art is mainly interpretative, surely it is not always easy to interpret it, however, I like it. What has made me a personal characteristic is my way of painting and interpret art.



Mirco Guardabassi
"Cannolo Ripieno" (Materiale: Plexiglass)

Our future will depend on the education that we will give new generations.

The tale of “Plastic Food”

Once upon a time a Small Bale of Hay, she was enjoying a beautiful sunny day and savouring the sweet smell of freshly cut grass dozing in a field at the foot of a castle, that the kids thought was inhabited by elves and fairies. She was absorbed by the stillness of nature around her, when, at one point, she heard sudden noises that disturbed the peace and quiet. Rolling around on the grass, very slowly, she approached to the source of the noise, peeped from the edge of the field and saw that the lawn next to his, where until a few minutes before there where her friends Balletta and Ballina, something strange was happening. His playmates were gone away, and the deafening noise he had heard was that of a truck with his crane. It was unloading something on the ground, something that she could not identify. She was wondering to herself: “What will ever be those coloured cubes that give off a smell so foul? And where are Balletta and Ballina?”

Failing to give an answer, she started to wait quietly that the men would have ended their work and when the night came, quietly and very slowly she decided to move closer to the cubes. She thought that they was new and friendly neighbours. So she rolled close to the edge of the country road that divided the two fields, she look good before crossing. She was suspicious but she approached to the cubes. They were fascinating under the moonlight, but scary at the same time, then she said, “Hello my name is Small Bale of Hay, I’m your neighbour, are you also bales, do you come from another country?”. Receiving no answer, and thinking maybe they spoke a foreign language, she started to rolling back and forth trying to attract their attention. Nothing happened and since it was almost midnight and Small Bale of Hay was usually at bed at that hour, she decided to return to her field and to defer the matter to the next day. Who knows, maybe they were fast asleep after the long journey they made from their country of origin and they didn’t heard her.

The day was coming and at dawn, she was awakened by the voices of some people who were walking along the path. He came out and she recognized the little Andrew with his sister Viola. Every sunday they used to enjoy the cool morning air and the tales of their grandfather, who was telling them how was the life when he was their age.

The Small Bale of Hay wanted to get closer to the two children to ask an explanation about what was happening, in fact, even if the grandfather did not know it, Andrew Viola had fun with the Small Bale of Hay, jumping up and down and rolling on the fresh grass, they also had snack together very often, talking about what had happened during the day and about school. They also usually ran around the castle to find the fairies and goblins who lived there.



Absorbed in his thoughts the Small Bale of Hay did not notice that Viola and Andrew had been astonished to see that, instead of Ballet and Ballina, there were other things that might look like bales of hay, but at first, they were not, in fact, they recognized immediately that they were plastic bottles and other objects tied together crushed and abandoned there, second they also gave off a pungent smell and it was so bad that they could not describe it. It really was very different from that of hay that they were accustomed to hearing during the morning walking.

So Andrew and Viola worried and bewildered asked in unison to their grandfather, “Granny, what’s that smell? Why they have sent away the bales of hay? What are these things?”

The grandfather did not answer on the spur of the moment. He had always lived in the countryside and he had seen the season passing on those fields, the wheat grow, and when he was little he had seen fairies and goblins having rest in the shade of large oak tree that kept watch on the majestic nature which had hitherto surrounded. For some minutes he kept silent, then with the corner of his eye he noticed the Small bale of hay that was watching them and listening in silence from the edge of the near field. So he said, “Dear Children, look there’s your little friend, she is still there but unfortunately the other bales of hay were removed to make room for these bales more modern, more colourful, but they have an unbearable smell. If people bring here more of these bales, wheat will not grow anymore, water will be polluted, and



the great oak tree will die. In addition, the fairies and elves that inhabit the castle will be forced to leave because of the bad smell and because they will be no longer able to eat the fruits of the land poisoned by contaminated water. “

All three turned to the Small Bale of Hay, at that point she decided to get closer, he could not know that the grandfather, when was a child used to play in those fields, just as Viola and Andrew do now, and that he had as friends the bales hay who lived in the area below the magic castle many years ago. Even the children were surprised, but happy, to share with their grandfather the friendship with the Small Bale of Hay. So they asked to The Small Bale of Hay what it was happened the previous day. The Little Hay Bale told what he had seen, asking for explanations about why those smelly cubes were planted there, and especially why they did not spoken to her despite his kindness.

The grandfather with shining eyes sat on the ground next to Small Bale of Hay with his grandchildren, thus began his tale: “Small Bale of Hay, dear children, when I was a kid my parents and me cultivated these lands, we ate their fruit, we made flour with the wheat, the cows could graze around the castle, and every morning we drank fresh milk. With blackberries and blueberries we made cakes and jams, and in summer we could freshen up bathing in the river that you can see over there, and that is polluted now. “

The children and the Small Bale of Hay that had never experienced such a life, were

listening carefully to the story of the grandfather, who was talking about a magical place that they didn’t know. Viola, the girl most curious of the world could not wait until the end of story and immediately asked: “Granny, what happened to the fresh water and why there are no cows anymore and why we can’t pick blackberries and blueberries ... and why.”

The grandfather stopped her and said to them: “Children, unfortunately now we can no longer live like when I was little, because those plastic cubes you see in the middle of the field, where Balletta and Ballina lived first, have polluted the land and water and they have been created with the waste that we throw away every day in the rubbish bin, and more serious, that many people throw on the ground. “

And Andrew said: “Granny, but why they put them in this beautiful field, sending away Balletta and Ballina?”

The grandfather answered: “Because, unfortunately, have no place else to put them, we are producing so much waste that the only empty place they have, is the country around the city.”

So the Little Hay Bale asked worried : “So they will send me away! And the field around the magic castle will be filled with those new bales that don’t speak to anybody! And the elves and fairies who inhabit the castle, will be forced to leave too!”

Andrew, who was a strong and tenacious little boy, said: “We will not allow this to happen!”

Viola, who had understood the gravity of the situation said: “Grandpa you have more experience than us, so you have to tell us how we can avoid it!”

The grandfather happy for the reaction of his grandchildren said: “We can all do something to avoid this, you will speak to your friends and classmates, tell them to tell their parents not to throw waste on the ground, and that at home would be better to have different bags for plastic, glass, paper. So they can be transformed back into something useful to all people and they will not be dispersed in the fields close to the city. Only in this way the Small Bale of Hay will be able to live in this field and the elves will not be forced to leave the castle. “

The Small Bale of Hay asked the children to give help to save this wonderful place and even the elves and fairies, who until that moment had never approached a human being came out shouting: “Hurrah for children, Andrew Viola bring here all your friends, and if you will help us, there will be a magic gift for everybody! “

Andrew Viola who did not want anything happen to the goblins, the fairies and least of all to their friend the Bale Hay, decided with the grandfather to come back home immediately. They promised that they would come back the next day with their friends to find a solution.

They greeted the Small Bale of Hay, the elves and fairies and walked home, still sickened from the stench emanated by new grumpy tenants of the near field. On the

way back they noticed something that had never noticed before, the roadsides were littered with bottles and all kinds of waste papers. So they decided to propose to their friends to clean up this wonderful place. Viola and Andrew recognized among the various waste, the paper of the snack that the previous week had thrown on the ground without being seen by the grandfather. Now, instead of leaving them to the road, because there were no garbage bins, they decided to put it back in backpack and throw it at home.

The next day the two children with the help of their parents, grandparents, uncles, friends, came back there, equipped with gloves and bags in which they collected all the waste that were ruining the landscape and nature. Viola recommended to her friend to put the plastic with plastic, paper with paper, in short, everything had to be done to perfection otherwise they would have find those same waste, piled up in front of the fairy castle!

The Small Bale of Hay, the elves and fairies of the castle were watching from a distance because they was scared by the adult, but their heart was full of gratitude for what they were doing for them.

That was a beautiful day, the grandfather could see the road cleaned again, but he still regrets for those smelly plastic cubes that remained there on the field adjacent to the castle. Unfortunately for those nobody could not do anything, those cubes were the result of years of accumulation of waste by all, but families, horrified by the spectacle and stunned by the stench emanated by the waste, began to throw away less and started to be worry about how and where their waste would be disposed of.

Viola and Andrew with their friends and all the children involved were able to save the castle, the goblins, fairies and the home of the Little Hay Bale. The elves and fairies kept their word and a few months later, having escaped the danger, they saw Viola and Andrew with their grandfather and the Small Bale of Hay and told them: “Children, you have helped us to save the nature that protects us, it’s the time to give you the magical gift that we promised to you, come here tomorrow with all your friends! “

The next day when they arrived in front of the castle, with their surprise they found the door open, the drawbridge pulled down and they were invited to enter by joyous fairies and onlookers elves. Viola and Andrew were the first to come in and they immediately realized what would have been the magical gift from the inhabitants of the castle.

Behind those walls there was a magical world, untouched, where the most good and sweet fruits grew up, where there were gushing fresh and clear water springs that you could drink and where you could swim. None other the grandfather when was a child, had ever experienced anything like it and the flavour of the fruit was so true as to turn their heads for goodness.



As a reward, all children and the grandfather would have had access to the wonders of the castle on condition that they would have kept it pure and intact as it was before.

Even today, after so many years, those children become adults bring their children and grandchildren to the castle, the Little Hay Bale is still there and live with the elves and fairies.

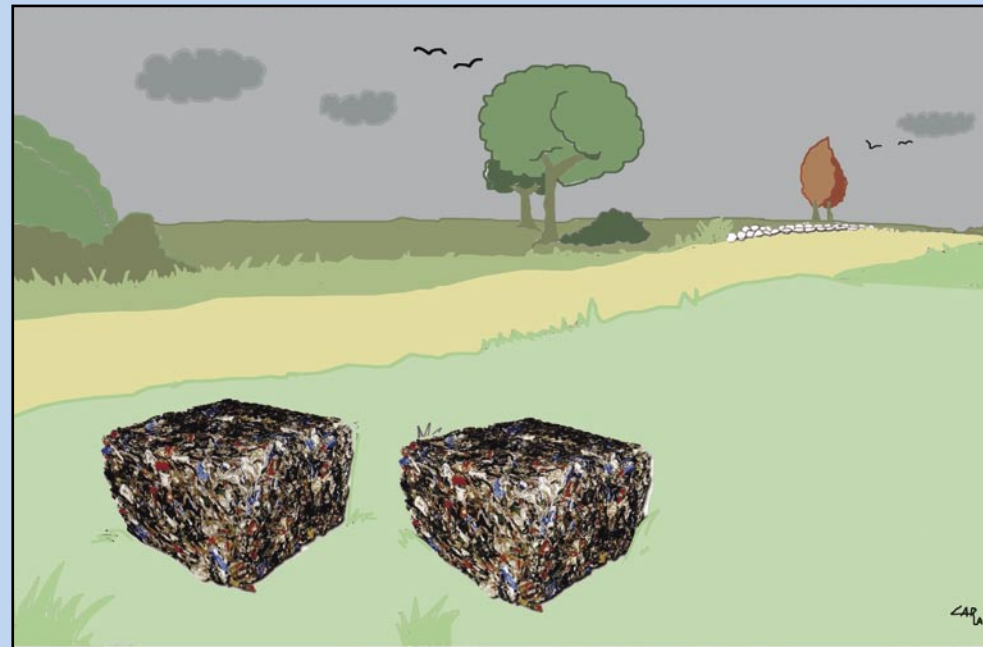
The plastic cubes that had been put on under the big oak, are also still there, after years of rain have lost their smell, but they will stay there for many years yet, as a warning to everybody. People passing in front of them, can tell how scared they were from those plastic bales and what they had to do to fix the problem. The big oak tree still keep an eye on the nature, she was saved but it would not have survived without the help of Viola, Andrew, the grandfather and all the children.

The Small Bale Hay has tried for years to make friends with his neighbours made of plastic, until she realized that they would never have answer to her! He understood that the bales of plastic did not come from another country and did not sleep all day as she had thought at first. They simply could not communicate because people had create them, but they did not gave them the gift of speech. Rather the nature communicate to us everyday that it is part of our lives and the Small Bale of Hay, thanks to Andrew and Viola was able to explain it to all of us.

Text by: Barbara Filippetti, inspired by Plastic Food

Pictures by: Carla Lastoria

Born in Milan, where he still lives, artistically starts writing some stories for children, participating in a local contest with the novel entitled “The Stone Angel”. Then the writer knows and works with Marina Joffreau for which explains some passages of his book: L’ Ile d’Antas and other fairy tales promoted by the same author. The true literary success comes, however, in 2006 with the fisherman of the snow, her debut novel, which won for the first Chamber Opera, “IV International Prize for Poetry and Fiction” organized by the publishing house Albatros. The publication of the book is followed by several presentations in Milan, Naples, Turin Book Fair 2007 and the subsequent interview on Radio Monte Carlo in the section led by Berrino Luisella: “Will Writers.”



www.plasticfood.it

Web site created by: Nicola Mariucci, 05 | 03 | 1972 - Husband - Father i BELIEVE In common sense, in profundity of thought., in art, in non-violence in the family, in sharing, in the awareness not to be satisfied, in quality, in disorder, in simplicity in consciousness, in defeat, surely in ideas but less in chatting and much more in the facts. I believe in a unique and revolutionary message of Jesus Christ. I DO NOT BELIEVE In the easy money, in dishonest gains, in earnings. In the friend of all, in horoscopes, in luck. In too much easy things, in flashy people, I THINK I'm living beyond my needs, to be tormented by the trivialities. I think I have a duty to know, delve into the world, I think it's better a hen tomorrow, is better a needle in a haystack than an empty haystack, it is very unlikely that we are alone but we would be. I think you can lose after having participated in and sometimes you can win only by losing. I AM a graphic, a webmaster, a designer.

Nichola Mariucci

Plastic Food is the materialisation of a decade of land art installations by Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy, many people have interacted with the work and have enriched it. Without them would not exist neither the exposition nor this publication. A special thanks goes to the webmaster of the website, Nicholas Mariucci which allowed us to disseminate and make available to all emotions of life transposed into art. On the site you can find all the video and photographic material relating to the installation.

Plastic Food is the latest of these installations, but not the last, the journey goes on and will welcome any future contamination of those who wish to participate in order to broaden the message.

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In a historic moment where all certainties are lost, the art has a vital role in trying to relocate the hope at the centre of our daily lives.

Pierluigi Monsignori Potsy