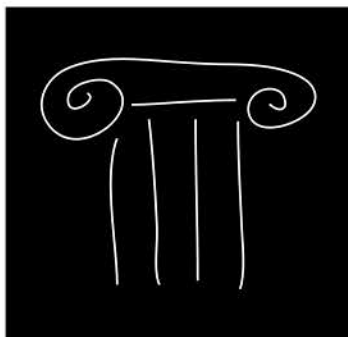


# ...si bruciano il polpaccio



*they burn their calf*



**Fiorentini**  
art studio  
John Cabot University

Director  
**William Pettit**

**Thursday,**  
**April 16, 2015**

**from 5 to 7 p.m**

Rome,  
Largo dei Fiorentini, 1

Curator  
**Serafino Amato**

It's difficult to say something that wouldn't be too much. But it would be too little to let these photographs, similar to others, speak for themselves. The group of photographers of the collective Phoca of Modica (Sicily) used primarily for this work one of the new functions of the new digital tools of photography, the "record" function. Recording, more than documenting, because even without pointing the camera, they were able to capture, in color, strange and estranging testimonials of their co-citizens. The cord that from month to month has become tighter around immigrants has made the subjects mute, at times unreachable, always farther away: separated by barriers, surgical masks, and latex gloves. Of course, there are several, who through capacity or experience, have produced images of great intensity. Andrea Scarfò has seen many of these boat landings, and his images need no further explanation. Also Giorgia Migliore, with a passion for photography, who by profession and compassion is always close to the most fragile, was able to get closer than the others to the daily lives of those in captivity.

As the video tells, there have been different phases in the process of these arrivals, from a timid, spontaneous welcome, to a gradual and rigid separation of the immigrants and the inhabitants.

Dead or alive, they pass through the small port of Pozzallo, and no one can forget the most tragic moments. It happened also in the summer, among tourists busy with a sun tan and tour operators worried for poor seasonal earnings. These are the most common paradoxes, along with valuations of hospitality. Most of the time the speakers begin with a phrase like, "I am not a racist, but..."

The images of the funerals are the most devastating, those beautiful girls with a pink rose in their hands, where did they get the rose? They look like students from a new study abroad program yet to come, transfers from another college, while Europe day in and day out builds new gates to defend themselves from all types of danger, virus of biological origin, or those of pseudo-religious origin. A document, this *They Burn their Calves* (the child who confuses "calves" with "fingertips" makes the situation rather comic, meaning that to not be identified, some immigrants burn their fingertips), that will remain a testimony to a cultural mutation, an irreversible change in consciousness.

Whoever was present, or merely brushed by the desperation of those men without luggage, but also ourselves, distant inhabitants in the confusing European apartment complex, could not help but find similarities with the desperate flight of a people across pain.

**PhoCA** is a collective that revolves around the world of art and photography.

*Founded in Modica in 2013, its objective is to promote courses, meetings, events, and collaborative projects.*

Giusi Bonomo  
Letizia Bonomo  
Ilaria Caruso  
Elisabetta Denaro  
Mario Di Raimondo  
Antonella Failla  
Francesco Lasagna  
Giorgia Migliore  
Irene Minissale  
Andrea Scarfò

PH  
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