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The Wedding Show

About a year on from the *Scopo - Matrimonio* performance, I marry “for real”.

I marry for real in the Town Hall. My dress is red and black, and I wear it that evening to co-present, with the actor Enrico Campanati, the inauguration of the Suq (a programme of multicultural events devised by Carla Peirolero).

My husband and I take part in a television programme, conceived and directed by Michele Serrano, a journalist for “La Repubblica” and a TV presenter. The programme is broadcast on the Telegenova channel.

Titled *Prima o Poi (Sooner or Later)*, the programme aids and abets the participants’ presumed desire for transformation by means of aesthetic surgery, counseling, Beauty Centre, coiffeur, shopping stylist ...

We both declare our desire to undergo transformation: he because his spouse is younger than him, me because I want to feel “up to” a proposal of marriage.

The cameras follow us separately until, in the Beauty Center, after solo therapy, we meet over a joint shiatsu massage and reveal how our histories converged.

My version overstates on various accounts, such as clothes, attitudes and declarations which are at times scarcely true and scarcely credible.

Some notes on the previous footage:



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My appointment at the Bentley Hotel with Michele Serrano bursts in and finds me still in my slumbers, unapologetic for my extreme tardiness....

The simulations are thought out a few minutes before the shooting, the interactions are all spontaneous and improvised.

Mouth treatment in Dr. Tiziana Lazzari's surgery consists in the injection of a tiny amount of hyaluronic acid and leads me to try out my *Scopo-Matrimonio* wedding dress. The result is "authentic" emotional imbalance, that very same night, the day after, and on until the swelling passes. I for my part perceive only the slightest of differences.

The experience leads and stimulates me to reflect on my relationship with my body, with my appearance, and on self-acceptance.

A recognition/acceptance perhaps so laborious that the woman, the artist, the person cannot admit even the least interference, without a sharpening of unease, fears, uncertainties.

Inspired by this "authentic" unease that I have experienced, I go to the counselor's appointment with my mouth annihilated by foundation cream and covered by a black headband.

During the appointment, Gabriele Baroni, the counselor-sociologist oversees my gradual acceptance of the change and invites me to remove the headband and clean my mouth.

With a mirror and deep gulps of breath for support, I have to describe my feelings.

I reseal my lips with highly visible, red lipstick.

Descanting on the difficulty of maintaining seductiveness in my capacity as a woman but not as an artist, I leap up and apply lipstick around my mouth, with increasing insistence, until I create a red stain that covers the entire lower half of my face.



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My hands passing over the lipstick and on down to my neck complete the drama of my self-appropriation.

The shooting finishes in November, and the footage, mine and my husband's, goes on air in December, on Telegenova, Teleliguria, Teletoscana, Telereporter and www.canale10.it

On 19th July the Wedding Show unfurls on a lawn to the following timetable:

16.00 hours, guests are welcomed with sangria from the "I'm very WELL" well.

17.00 hours, the "fake" ceremony, coordinated and directed by Michele Serrano, begins (speeches, performances, talent-shows, creativity and affection are welcomed and encouraged....)

A little aside: my work is often self-referential, it refers to my emotions, to my needs and to my experiences.

Events happen to the extent that performance imparts sensitivity and involvement, not least of the aesthetic sort; and performance derives its legitimacy and credibility from "real" experience.

Since my emotions and experiences can assimilate with those of other human beings, and since those of my needs that I see are the needs that affect groups too, I believe that at some point my work opens itself to other people.

Other people are indeed often physically involved in my performances.

No wonder, then: performed life, social life, TV, real wedding, fake wedding – everything slips, overlaps and intermingles, and in the process blurs surroundings and confines.



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My white/cream dress of the Wedding Show is composed of bits of lace, cloth and ribbon given to me from their existing stocks by lady friends and lady from the artistic entourage; gifts, then, that bear their own history of assimilation and fusion with my own.

Naturally, everyone thought it was another performance: “Is this another of your antics, or are you *really* getting married?”.

The envelopes deliver gifts that are movingly delicate and beautiful, and enclose spontaneous messages that describe the origins and the history of the “tangible affective contribution”.

This is the appeal for the dress.

I ask you for

Lace, ribbons, flowers, beads snippets of white or cream material already

in your possession, with its own history and provenance, whatever this may be

Because I would like

to adorn my wedding dress with a patchwork of your tangible affective contributions.

The result will be shared on the day of the Wedding Show.