

OUT OF THIS WORLD

More than twenty years, the desire to know, away from home.

Their eyes, my eyes.

Welcomed in amazement into their lives, shared space, shared food, joy, and sadness.

Who are you?

Out of this world them, or me? or us?

Fascinating differences, nature changes, climate changes.

Leaving the land where you were born, humanity is on the run with few possessions in a suitcase, sometimes in an envelope.

War. Blood and shit.

The mirage of having an education, and medical care.

To Photograph, how to appreciate and discover unknown lands.

The world now runs too fast, stay longer in places to discover a real life, a feeling of community that we have lost, to rediscover a sense of greatness and dignity, not poverty.

Faces you can never forget

Marco Palombi

Marco Palombi's work focuses on the search for marginalized Peoples, affected by wars, out of the world, from which this beautiful exhibition takes its title. Marco cannot be defined as a simple reporter but he is a true artist, with his shots, and his photographic cuts, but above all, he manages to render a dramatic situation full of poetry and beauty. His portraits have enormous strength and are often instant shots, which cannot leave you indifferent but capture you. With Marco there has always been a great artistic and human feeling, he is the one who has created many sketches for my works with his shots, always whom I have called to take pictures of me or my works, my esteem is great and I can only thank him. I truly love his work because it is as authentic as he is.

Francesca Leone

Artist

Photography is one of the most cunning and unfortunate forms of storytelling in the fight against time as Leonardo Sciascia has already said. The framing that fixed a place, a face, the scene of joy or tragedy, outdoes in skill and expressive effectiveness other shrewd and luckless ways of narrating: from literature to storytelling. We talk about shrewdness because there is a try, successful or not, to represent a fragment of reality to perform a "whole": present, past, but also future. We talk about bad luck because the photo, thanks to the immediacy of its message, can win the "competition" with the other forms of storytelling. But it is an ephemeral victory. Marco Palombi, my irreplaceable exploration companion in the countries of Africa, Asia, and Latin America, in describing the complex world of international cooperation managed, with his quick and empathetic gaze, to "play" the game with the time, transforming each shot into a faithful story, sometimes chilling, but always supportive, warm and never complacent.

Carlo Ciavoni

La Repubblica

The other face of development.

In 1970 the Aswan dam gave electricity to Egyptian families and doubled the country's arable area, but the price for all this was paid by the local populations forced to leave the lands where they lived for millennia and the ecosystem of the whole region.

The great Lake Nasser, originating from the dam, completely submerged the territory of Nubia, located between northern Sudan and southern Egypt have considered one of the first cradles of civilization. To accommodate the Nubians in Aswan, condominiums were built but these were never accepted by the displaced, get used to living in villages organized differently from modern western apartments. Those peoples, unable to return to their lands submerged by water, have since then lived as displaced persons on the edge of what had been their world for millennia.

The three dams that have been built in Ethiopia in recent years are instead drying up the course of the Omo River and Lake Turkana, forcing the many tribes of farmers and fishermen (Hamer, Karo, Mursi) to leave their lands in search of water.

Antonio Giammarusti

architect, designer, museographer

those who have the courage let themselves be swung, their boots pulled down on the branches as if ferns and leaves opened in a radial pattern covered by an elastic membrane. Underneath is only black. That It's not mud can be understood from the smell of petrol: it penetrates the nostrils and goes to the head. Marco Palombi's boots are also black with tar. He snaps, and doesn't stop for a moment: with one hand he holds the tripod, and with the other, he holds the camera. We are in the lands of the Sekopai, and again in those of the Secoya, the Cofan, and the Waorani. Natives of the Ecuadorian Amazon afectados, victims, of Chevron Texaco. The North American oil multinational has left behind rusty towers and toxic pools from which drain pipes carry crude oil and chemical waste directly into the waterways. Here, *Fuori dal mondo* is perhaps the story of another world. Who resists, and doesn't give up. Through the Union de Afectados por Chevron Texaco, the Sekopais sued the multinational and were recognized by an Ecuadorian court the right to compensation for nine and a half billion dollars. However, all the pressure and conditioning power of Chevron and the United States was unleashed against the sentence. And the point, these photos testify, is not the money.

Vincent Giardina

Journalist Dire Agency

Fuori dal Mondo, from our world, at every latitude, on the edge of every big city, in the darkness of the forests, in the boundless spaces of the deserts or the narrow spaces of reserves and refugee camps, live, or too often survive peoples' heirs of millenary cultures. Men, women, and children coerce to escape to avoid war, hunger, and drought.

Our world keeps them out, hides them, and seems to want to forget them until their inevitable disappearance. Marco Palombi's eyes help us to pierce that veil of darkness that covers them. His photographs tell of a world that on the one hand belongs to us, in the memory of these ancient peoples there are the origins of our civilization and the roots of our history as human beings, on the other, we try to avoid so as not to deal with the causes that push them OUT OF THE WORLD.

Marco Palombi's images restore the dignity of existence to the last and the forgotten. They are also an invitation to get to know those who are only apparently extraneous to our small world, to our daily lives, that indispensable knowledge to choose to act and try to prevent millions of human beings from being definitively taken OUT OF THE WORLD.

Mauro Pompili

Journalist based in Beirut

I look at the faces shot by Marco one by one and I regret having forced him, during our wanderings through the streets of Beirut, to climb the steep paths of Wadi Qadisha, the endless series of columns, towers, reliefs, and monoliths among the great temples of Baalbek. I regret having forced his gaze to linger on stones and monuments. Inanimate artifacts, observable and observed by those who suffer, like me, from an unhealthy passion for the remains of the past, but are not able to return looks, and expressions. I, therefore, subtracted time and energy from Marco's true art, which wants to make people talk, which demands answers like those, unsettling, launched by the eyes of the Yemeni shepherd or by the frown, already veiled by adult skepticism, of a small "inhabitant" of the refugee camp by Zaatari. Once we see those out-of-this-world looks, ours need not and can never be the same as before. As for Marco, on the other hand, I am consoled by the idea that, perhaps, having to follow me through brambles and ruins, allowing himself a little rest from the fatigue of those too many inquiring looks wasn't so bad after all. ..

Andreas M. Steiner

Director

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