

for Antonia Di Giulio

On the appearance of the sun but the clouds seemed light clarified all doubts.

There were, in the sense that there were, as masses on the thread of memory; not distracted clouds layers rather carnal, sensual cirrus clouds, in their apparent solidity.

White with a scream ripped through the color; this in turn was flying down, plunging to the hyperbole of the sky. There's something creepy in the fog, forced to count the deeds in the evolution of painting.

The Icarus flight is towards the light, but his fate is drawn into the sea. And why art - if the reason is - they are not so far. They require only different eyes and words

Antonia resets the reality until it swallowed by a black vortex; hyperbole of memory: on the edge of a seemingly ethereal surface unravels the question of a single concept of abstraction, where the mental equivalent in terms of meaning to a cross-art practice but never oblique.

Cross, crossing plans, it affects the possible shadows radiating light with a sudden gesture and lightning. Moving out of the logic means being able to see a foot further on his nose, sensing the existence of possible places where you can finally let go, surrender and wait.

Here the shadows come to life by challenging the implied reality of the world. Game and construction. Structures and not paintings. Structures that act in the space physically and mentally, they impose destabilizing the traditional format parameters: painting that looks the observer and this raises a number of questions.

It 'a painting that goes beyond the measure of the body itself: the act of composing on the surface requires the tension of having to double the size of your arm. Loss of center. In terms of the meanings each zone acquires primary value and coplanar letting the proper functioning of an open space in constant mutation.

The fatigue masses retain swirl that stirs in the underlying shares. Thickening and thinning as far hum, noise from the bottom.

These seem to be the two major movements of Antonia Di Giulio painting.

Voltage and sinking make the surface of the soil of the precipice, precarious equilibrium place.

Antonia moves into the territory of vertigo and dell'Incastro.

Here, among the ectoplasm, antimatter seems to defy gravity in the world of laws, builds his lone maze.

And painting is merely a painful vein.

Lidia Reghini di Pontremoli

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