

For Antonia Di Giulio

The year 2000 opens for our gallery, with the presence of an artist who is alien to the stage lights, to the lights of presentism, but solid and harmonious in the chromatic and composing choices of her canvases: Antonia Di Giulio.

Our desire/bid to give new vitality and impulse to abstract art, or to use a more fashionable term, non-iconic, continues with the proposal of a figure of "painter-painter" who refused the easy temptations of the prevailing trend, especially in Italy, towards the technological image or of the return to late-romantic literary "manners".

The choice of Antonia Di Giulio is total and not without difficulties: the continuous use of white shows that she doesn't fear comparison with superficial onlooker, who feels by the colour of infinity.

The glazes and transparencies, the monochromatic bands are similar to the mythical veil of Maya, which has to be uplifted to reveal the immateriality and vacuity of form and matter.

But this series of paintings is also a great musical score, transmitting a feeling of great lightness although it does not absence of reality, life drama or the passing of time, as for instance the title of the exhibition. On the contrary it is a synthesis between the reason of the mind and those of the instincts, as it used to happen in the XVII century world of music.

The works of Antonia Di Giulio, as well as in Scarlatti's sonatas, there always are two recurring themes, in shades only apparently different, while the harmonic development through a story of modulations which reaches, in the end, at the reopening of the central theme, at the reappearance of the original themes, both in the prevailing tone, which is the end definitely stated.

The paintings of Antonia Di Giulio present, to me, an easy and harmonious architecture where the unexhausted fancy is guided to the triumph of abstraction by a neat and propositional intelligence, thirsty of conciseness and logic.

As a seventeenth-century artist Antonia never bores.

Wit, malice, a loving tenderness, pastoral serenity, sudden melancholia's shades immediately scrolled by a smile: this is her feasting world, elegant but thirsty infinity.

To conclude an expressive art, though strictly musical, which get rid of any debris of late romantic or conceptually iconic literary inspiration.

Elio Rumma

Rome, January 2000