



THE COLOURS OF LIGHT

Antonio Natali

[...] Giovanna's current painting, instead, is of light. Hers are the colours of the sky, of the atmosphere and the air, which assume different tones, timbres and vibrations according to the hour and the inclination. They are the colours which the eyes perceive, but which the heart transfigures. They are the landscapes of the soul. And it may be also that we discover a certain sameness with true nature: now the yellow grain which glows under the high suns of summer; now fiery sunsets behind slowly descending ridges; now expanses of seawater ruffled with foam; now open skies troubled by torn clouds; now long fields one after the other separated by intermittent cliffs. But these are impressions of those who observe. This however does not mean that they are fatuous perceptions. Everyone hears in poetry, whatever it is that his life suggests to him. That at the end, the sensations of the reader may be the same as those of the poet is, after all, secondary. As it is, conversely, secondary, that which the poet actually intends to communicate.

There remains only expression. And from that same expression will flow forth the emotions and memories of the generations of all times, with all that which precisely the changed times bring of new and more. Regarding memories, seeing Giovanna's canvasses, it would be difficult for one of my generation to not think of another expressionism from across the seas: be it in the gestuality (when her brush leaves the signs of nervous sword-thrusts) or in that of patches of colour (when her canvasses are ripples of one tint only, or are offered in two or three truly collared spaces); the first reminding one of the vibrant layouts of Pollock (these also, done in one go, seemingly casual but then recalling states of mind, if not even objects and places) and the second, the Rothko's airy chromatic patterns (whose disposition seems to me more in syntony with Giovanna's poetry).

There are two recent large paintings: one in tones of yellow, one of orange.

I went to see them in the Borgo Jacopo studio before the paint was dry. From the street below rose rare street noises. From a window across the way came the cadenced, slightly obsessive notes of a piano. From the armchair where I sat, I could only imagine the blue sky of that sunny day. Yet those two open visions, leaning against the large wooden easels, still without the elegant frames that Giovanna chooses for her works, bore the reverberations of another sky invisible to me, as if they were two flashes of light which had vehemently entered the room, to expand and scale the walls. And I had the sensation of colours of the air, almost as of a luminous stripe bouncing off the glass of the window onto the street, had broken up, the way it does traversing the facets of a diamond. Two canvasses that instinctively one would include among an expression born of the last century's American culture's sixties and seventies, consistent however with a modern and current Revisitation, and yet vibrant with a poetry with the sound of an authentic Greek lyre, warmed by a Mediterranean solarly: similar to the effect of the trembling and yet fiery refraction of a vast marine canal around an Aegean island. And on second thought, I ask myself if those of Giovanna are the colours of air and sky, and not also of water; for their ethereal and shimmering liquidity: now transparent and gentle, now austere and threatening.