



GIOVANNA RASARIO

Roberta Bartoli

A first consideration must be made, naturally, on technique. Great canvases, with well-prepared but visible texture, which the colour grasps solidly, not covering but adhering to the support. Colour applied with wide strokes, which leave the incisions of the brush's bristles, breaking up the light. It reminds one of the methods of the Venetian painters of the golden age: the support itself recalls that of the great teleri of the 1500's in the "schools", and the dynamic use of the pictorial material almost sculptured by the brush, while remaining just on the surface. It is clear that a deep historical knowledge precedes the elaboration of these paintings, in which we may sense the development of the artistic tradition of many centuries, from the great fondali of the 1300's to Tiepolo's skies, through Turner and up to the Informal, until – and it is a return most felt in the last production – to the signic painting of Mathieu, and above all, the "nuagisme" (especially of Pierre Graziani and of Frédéric Benrath).

But there is no onirical dimension in the canvasses of Giovanna Rasario. Observing the marks on the surface, one thinks of a febrile realization, rapid, almost a foundation of script over which, with violence, other strips of more intense colour are added, and then others more subdued, almost as if to repent of the chromatic scream that cuts the surface. However, looking more closely, they are all brush-strokes without return, perfect in their own space, each assigned with supreme consciousness, delivered precisely as rapier thrusts: this is no dream, but pure rationality.

The gesture is preceded by an attentive evaluation of the exact point on which to lay the colour, and every touch of the brush is an irrevocable, peremptory decision. Peremptive is also the compositive syntax, the distribution of the "periods" in the great discourse of the painting, where often two, even three, larger chromatic areas, signically full, are illuminated by narrower chalk strokes, counterpointed by a horizontal chromatic caesura of a different and more decisive colour of a "higher" resonance. And here it is, that a vibration irradiates from that nebula, traverses the painting, rips the signic weave, becomes the shock wave, the wound, blood, impetus, scream. It becomes the measure of the virtual space it creates around itself, which we discover to be a cosmos, profound and palpitating with other imperceptible entities, energetic counterpoint and sounding board to that generative nucleus, dense and tight.

We may not consider the discourse concluded inside the limits of the frame of the painting, because from the painting, which has become a calligraphy of colour, a force liberates itself which continues in the companion canvas (when it is a diptych or a polyptych) or upon the wall, in the air itself which surrounds the painting, in the clear light which emanates from it.

It is a powerful, vital spirit which passes from the artistic dimension to that of the living, to the space of the observer, and finds itself attracted suddenly by another shining universe.