

A.A.M. ARCHITETTURA ARTE MODERNA VIA DEI BANCHI VECCHI, 61, 00186 ROMA tel. 0668307537
28ARCHIVIO DEL MODERNO E DEL CONTEMPORANEO
Centro di Produzione e Promozione di Iniziative Culturali, Studi e Ricerche
www.aamgalleria.it info@aamgalleria.it

CICLO "PERSONALE D'AUTORE"

GIANCARLO LIMONI

"NON HO TEMPO"

"LEZIONI DI TENEBRA: OPERE DAL NERO"

Curated by Francesco Moschini

Coordinated by Francesco Maggiore e Gabriel Vaduva

Monday 19th October - Saturday 28th November 2009

Gallery hours: 4pm to 8pm, seven days a week

Monday 19th October, at A.A.M. Architettura Arte Moderna, sees the inauguration of an exhibition dedicated to Giancarlo Limoni. A few years on from his previous one-man show at the same gallery, the artist presents approximately twenty recent works in large and medium formats (oils on canvas) which represent the result of the last two years of intense and cohesive work under the heading of twin themes. The first, entitled "**Non ho tempo**" ["I haven't got time"] presents a sort of homage to **Evariste Galois**, founder of modern abstract algebra; a romantic figure who died at only twenty years of age and an emblem of how all too often mediocrity triumphs over genius. His work, even his very last which was written in the terrible hours of desperation before dawn on the day of the duel, "still constitutes a stimulus for reflection and research for modern mathematicians". Whilst the second theme with the title "**Lezioni di tenebra: opere dal nero**" ["Lessons of darkness: works from black"], clearly refers to **Roger Caillois** the extraordinary writer and essayist who, with his works from 1938 onwards, left his mark on international culture at its most refined, and of whom it is worth remembering, at the very least, his superb suggestions regarding the pleasures of *automatic writing* as the only truly free method for writing (*Le fleuve Alphée*, 1978), along with his definition of "hypertelia" - the exaggerated and sterile development of certain organs - leading to the loss of meaning thanks to the over-development of the sign. But the dual spirits which, as we mentioned above, guide Limoni's work here, do reach an extraordinary degree of integration. This derives not so much and not only from the fact of the pieces having in common a black and bituminous ground, from which lumps of brighter paint seem to rise like sudden explosions of light and material, as, rather, from the patient and layered execution of the works themselves, which seems to measure out the work's progression over time, leading, through successive thickenings to an epiphany, and suggesting that only time, intervals, interruptions and then reprises can give life and sense to a patient and obstinate labour aimed at searching for the work's own reason for giving and for proffering of itself. But the offering that transpires in these pieces is disturbing because there is a very direct sensation that they all allude to the possibility of an imminent annulment, a closing-in, if not to a subtle equilibrium between *Eros and Thanatos*, as if behind those luxurious and sumptuous flashes of colour a domineering idea of consumption insinuates itself, the idea of an ending, of a death. It is no coincidence that the entire series of paintings presented in the exhibition seeks a sort of continuity with the roots of the painting of the most existential of periods, that of the late 1950s, in which there is a very strongly felt equilibrium in the tension among artists whose language was based on emotion, on the sense of a possible ending, on the difficulty of living, connected with expressive categories such as "sign", "gesture" and "material". And is it this existential precariousness that **Giancarlo Limoni** seems to be considering whilst his own poetic language evolves, almost as though sudden, disguised fears had slipped into that moment of self-confrontation, without any consoling explanations, without purposes or teleology that can be ascribed to anything or anyone apart from the Self. Thus the artist professes his own solitude and that of any individual facing the choices fundamental to his own existence, but at the same time he reiterates his own centrality when he reclaims the possibility of and the responsibility for his own decisions, in this way alluding to his own, contradictory, collocation somewhere between "humanist" vocation and "individualist" condition. We cannot but be alone - alongside other solitudes - as we defend our own essence as men, despite the darkness that seems to hover over an ever-more acute sense of the dissolution, if not the end, of humanity itself. This does not, however, mean that the artist is looking backwards, but, rather, that there is a clear desire to reunite the broken threads of a tradition that has been perhaps too soon consumed and liquidated, a desire almost to reconstruct a dialogue with that painting in which the sentiment is a subtle equilibrium between polar opposites, as in Nicolas De Stael, to whom Limoni seems to refer with his return to an idea of painting that borders on disintegration, as the only possible way of entering into contact with the world itself, as if the act of painting were a way of manifesting his own connection with the world, of expressing his own desires, with a tense emotional participation to which every stroke of the brush bears witness, destined to come to an abrupt halt only when faced with the sudden entrance of the tragic, of the unknown, of the indecipherable.

Limoni's works present us with an extraordinary and constant application in their desire to penetrate into colour, an intense chromatic interest based on radiant tonalities in the artist's rapid brush strokes, and the same constancy is to be seen in the attentive observations of nature that have always been one subject of his research. But nature, for Limoni, is also the continual evocation of a depth reached without dispersions and without apparent apprehensions; even if anxiety does lurk behind the flowers and represents, in any case, an aloof or hidden quality in the artist. The whirling signs in many of the works represent Giancarlo Limoni's confident relationship with his own tools, his skill with the means of expression that he has always pursued. With these certainties/necessities, the spaces of Limoni's canvases are arranged, initially according to a criterion that is complex and imaginary, in flowing lines of chromatic substance, then converted into walls of thick and sumptuous colours. A similar evolution, a thickening of the emptiness, a condensing of the field of colour, borders the external edges of the figures until they coincide. The artist's sign becomes more inconsistent, less bold, and the result is a youthfulness to the lines that become more obliging, a serener spontaneity, a self-assurance, therefore, which feels like the spirit of an awareness, of a new capacity, as an artist, to feel emotion. Certainly the artist's more recent work has experienced a sort of "*coup de fouet*", a real fillip. In this phase of his work there also lingers the fixation/obsession with the filled space as though a curtain or at any rate a hedge were forcing our gaze to linger on the work in order to reveal ever more detail in a kind of kaleidoscopic blow up. But this very obvious *horror et amor vacui* now begins to make way for a few moments of more diluted rarefaction: a baroque wind, like Benjamin's angel, ruffles any attempt at fixity. Right up to the end of the millennium, in Limoni's works there used to linger high horizons, glimpses of landscape that acted as barriers through which, however, there peeped occasional, if partial, hints of "backgrounds", and even if this alluded to a deliberate suspension of time, in a sort of limbo, nowadays increasingly frequent flare-ups and whirling dynamics suggest a specific desire for an expressionist deformation of the whole. A baroque disorder insinuates itself, opening up veritable "mystic gulfs" with the rapid gestures that apply the pictorial material, its fury at first creating gentle ruffles on the surface and then bubbling like erupting lava. Pure ghosts surfacing from the background seem to indicate the fittest route for Limoni's current research, in which the act of painting with the alternation of dense and diluted material leads his work back towards a condition of pure apparition that is both explosive and fugitive.

Giancarlo Limoni was one of the protagonists of the **Nuova Scuola Romana** (New Roman School) during the 1980s, alongside **Bruno Ceccobelli**, **Gianni Dessì**, **Giuseppe Gallo**, **Enrico Luzzi**, **Nunzio**, **Claudio Palmieri**, **Piero Pizzi Cannella** and **Marco Tirelli**, many of whom worked with **Fabio Sargentini's** gallery, **L'Attico**. He participated in many of the most important group shows of the period: "Nuove trame dell'Arte" at Genazzano, "Anni '80" in Bologna, "La nuova scuola romana" at Graz, "Trent'anni dell'Attico" in Spoleto, "Capodopera" in Fiesole and "Post-Astrazione" in Milan. In 1986 he moved his studio to Rome's Prenestino district. He lives and works in the city of Rome.