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WITH REGARD TO MY PAINTING: REFLECTIONS BETWEEN LACERATIONS · METAMORPHOSIS AND FOR A CONCEPT OF ANTI-PAINTING

Why these structures suspended in the space, what do they mean? what do they intend to demonstrate?

I started from an analysis:

I was looking at the man in his most beastly, violent and crude attitude, or better I was suffering it, I myself felt a victim, full of anguish and without positive horizons: only violence was real. To go out, I was telling me, not to escape from these anguishes, finding not by chance, but looking at the Negative itself, trying to see its opposite, the Positive.

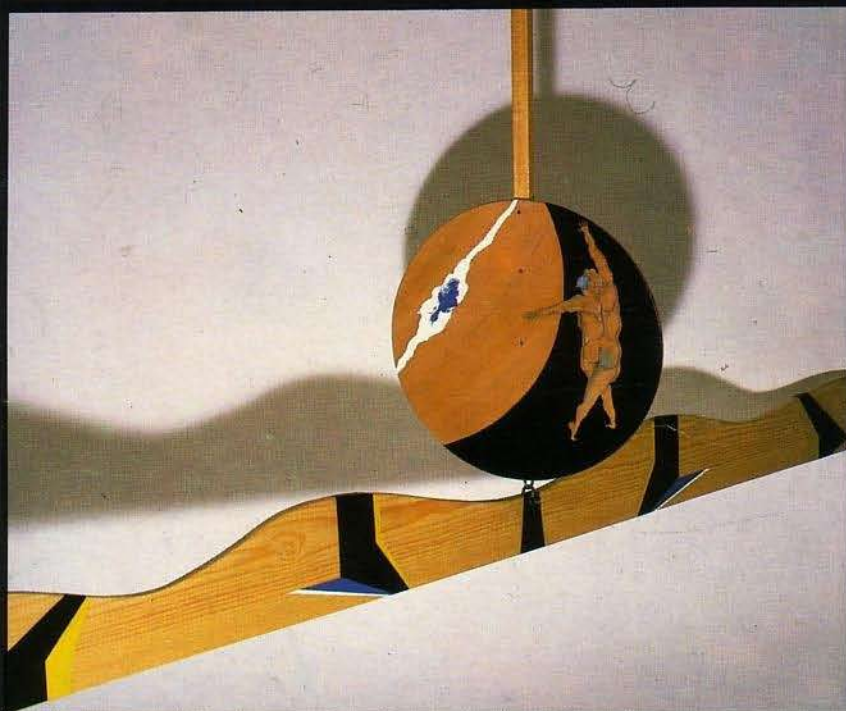
To portray meant, then, to make me better realize and to meditate, to get to the bottom of this antinomy and to bring to light all that I was feeling oppressing me.

There was a central question: I had identified it in sex! What is it? I was telling myself, why was I representing it in such a harsh and authoritative manner?

Each picture was a contrast between freedom and suffocation, between repression and punishment; each image was playing on always contrasting realities: male and female; winner and loser; good and evil, what I wanted to say was the impossibility of a free choice without the catharsis of death in a repressive society such as ours, built on man's fears.

But something at the end, in the same violence as represented, cracks and breaks - tears the surface-story and explodes disintegrating and projecting it in the encompassing space.

To break the painting - is at this point, to seek in the present so anguishing and absurd, something which could give hope again.



"Looking for the space" 1982

Enamel paint on wood · revolving double-face

And in "Pigs and Master" there is the first instinct of my perforating the surface to go to find a way out. Not an escape from reality, but a wish to see if "around the corner" and beyond what appears, there is another reality, another chance of life. And the white wall which can just be seen beyond the opening of that hole is the second element of an equation which takes us again to daily and concrete reality: from here, from this every-day reality, now I can leave for changing my life and history:

Perforated picture : (stays) to the wall = (like)
painted image : to reality.

But it is with "disintegration 1st" that the picture and what it is represented explodes, and really breaks, as if in its interior a device had deflagrated. There is nothing but to observe, then, some of these bits hurled in the encompassing space, lonely "icebergs" which in themselves repeat their umpteenth bloody motive.

Only on one of these, there is a little germ of "Love". Just from here in fact countless ropes branch out to envelope the dispersed residual of a lacerated existence, so as to say that notwithstanding all that

is into effect, there is still "potentially" a hope. From this moment I feel the possibility of a Metamorphosis! Beyond the first surface of the picture, the problem of the space appears.

Space is what is surrounding us, it is the empty which is around us, it is the hole not covered by our substance! I have to meditate around this first concept!

Beyond that hole, another surface, another possibility to intervene, to live.

It is the possibility found again!

I feel suspended like a planet or a sun, alone in the universe, without points of reference, a microcosm which little by little becomes aware of its own identity. I, suspended-image, compare myself to the spectator who is going around me.

And the spectator is the second element of my relativity!

Suddenly, I revealed to myself as a nonentity in front of the immense cosmos around, and the perimeter of the picture vanishes bathing in the infinite.

And just starting from this "pascalian" intuition, I realize the possibility of a profound metamorphosis, in which the violent ego compared with the empty space, conceives his own opposite.

It is the moment of works such as "Towards the birth" and of the Cartesian axes like "The absence and the juggler" where the awareness of what is missing and the going and going away from the point of origin, along the negative abscissa, causes the exigence (also on the part of who is

looking) to modify one's own destructive behaviour for something more positive. I have discovered the possibility to turn over the tablet changing the image. Now I am quite in the unbounded space and start again my search identification. It is the moment of works such as "Meditation" "You and me together, looking for, balance balanced in the space altered by every movement of ours" "Symphony 9 Th: for To Silvia", "Image of man - image of woman", "Looking for the space" "I with you will look for" "The great horizon" in which I try to put in relation at first different situations and moments, where each image or character in the inward of himself looks for (comparing himself with the space by which he is surrounded) one's own maturity; then the possibility of going out from the single ego to meet and to relate himself to the plural, seeking a logos-unity.

Only if I move, (in this case around the picture) I can discover the relativity of that absolute which I thought dominated me: false absolute, since behind me and beyond me, I discern another relative-absolute.

First, "the violence" was absolute, "the death"; absolute because it did not see any way out; now I bring to light the relativity of that absolute! More and more pressing it is now the exigence to find a unity in this twofold-manifold aspect of the existence.

The knowledge is acquired by the approach of contradictory things or images, each one placed in its own absolute dimension, but which

looking each other or contacting each other "put in being" at first the need to understand them, then discover their intrinsic- absolute and relative essence.

Every reality has its space, and in that space its own loneliness, every loneliness seeks another loneliness, to seek is to understand - to know to embrace this great universe which seems to have

no horizons, because every point and every line is an horizon to which I aim and every horizon is end and beginning together.

The problem is now to find and equilibrium between finite-and-infinite, between what is beginning and what is ending, in conclusion between line and death!

It is the period of the latest works, such as for example "the death" where, through a broken tablet, placed on a long diagonal I try to express all the tragedy of this human and cosmic event.

The death is the interruption of something who is being born and is being built; a blue sun (it was the beginning of the project of the picture) to which some other element, it does not matter which, would have followed: everything was possible.

Suddenly "the death event" (this breaking of the picture with the relevant breaking of the image) flashes this reality when becoming, and block it, freeze it.

The death is the breaking of a line which theoretically is endless. But why this happens!

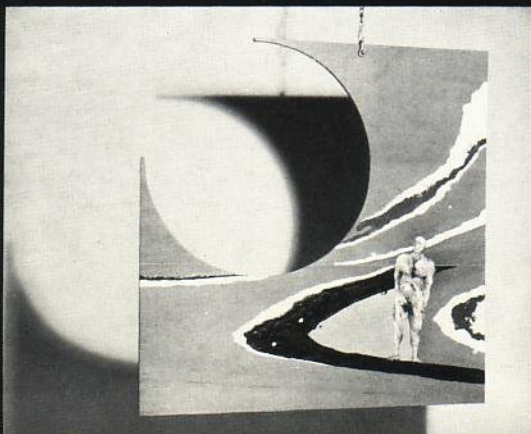
This work is born just to give me the chance to meditate and to find a valid sense to this event always so cathartic.

But it is in the work that follows "After death - I am born" that I find the explanation to the "death - event".

The breaking, the interruption of this unity, is not the end-limit from which nothing more can be born, but on the contrary this breaking germinate something as its opposite: the beginning. And "beginning" in fact is the new image that recomposes itself.

Two moments, two sequences, a way to overcome the event, to understand. Every broken-reality is no longer a broken-reality but the starting of two new possibilities of reality.

The Breaking, the end of something, or the death, from this moment on, become realities which transform, modify themselves, reality in becoming which overcome the concept of End - of Death.



"Image of man" 1982 - 83

Enamel paint on wood
revolving double-face