
GLIACROBATI

Giovanna Preve - Antonella Trasmundi

Line and sign as a completed work

by **Marzia Capannolo**

The academic codification of Art entrusts to drawing a preliminary and introductory role for the realization of the work: the registration of the form that takes place through the sign unravels in the empty space of the sheet according to the speculative needs of the artist, who chooses, organizes and corrects the graphic structure of the work causing an almost total removal, as the work is finished. The outline becomes memory, the memory becomes presence, and the sense of completeness that the image acquires exudes on the surface. What then remains of the drawing? At what level does it intersect the retinal representation of things? In fact, drawing is the first abstraction exercise carried out by the artist. In nature it does not exist as a physical delimitation of form, instead it imposes itself as an instrument of writing and learning, and as such, generates within it an extremely subjective expressive code, the offspring of an look and a feeling that necessarily claim their heritage. However, drawing also bears a meaning other than the practice most exquisitely related to study and research, in fact it retains a magical-alchemic potential theorized in the definition of a door, a passage that links the shapeless matter of the artist's thought to the elaboration of a concept that is then expressed in the realization of the work.

The lines drawn by Giovanna Preve and Antonella Trasmundi, the artists currently on display at the GliAcrobati gallery, run along diverging paths, united by the constant of drawing as a complete and autonomous expressive form. Giovanna Preve, born in 1982, trained as an architect, awaiting her Diploma from the School of Painting at the Albertina Academy of Fine Arts in Turin, is engaged in an intense production of paintings, mostly portraits, as well as poems and drawings collected in a series of notebooks that constitute a sort of diary organized in a visual and literary key. The images flow page after page, interspersed with cryptograms that amplify the echo of the continuous and indelible stroke that progressively composes small black ink storyboards, with a strident narrative, where mostly female silhouettes float in rooms turned upside down on false perspectives: the delicate contours of these pale figures are juxtaposed with insidious backgrounds obscured by parallel lines, which sometimes take the form of hands, prosthetic limbs and dark backdrops plucked away from the light. It would seem inevitable to give in to the temptation to read into the narration a necessarily self-referential orientation, yet the instinctive expressive harshness of the stories that flow on these sheets clashes with the overall revision to which Giovanna Preve constantly submits her works: the control of form, the measure of full and empty spaces, the organization of the scene, even when it seems to fall into the tension of a non-orthogonal spatiality, giving back to the compositions an objective meaning that transcends the biographical element and that delves into the deep density of the afflictions that pervade the twists and turns of everyday life. The sheets then, like woodcut matrices covered in ink and transformed by acid etching, are imbued with an emotional magma with which the artist grapples. The result is a struggle, a dull tension that moves from the awareness of the gesture and channels the sign towards a clear juxtaposition of light and dark that gives a dramatic feeling to the narration. Drawing for Giovanna Preve is an abyss to be explored, hollowed out progressively through clear jumps from white to black, then descending from the curved line to the broken line, passing from the certainty of the dominance of the stroke to the anguish of the evoked form.

Antonella Trasmundi, born in 1975, is a purely self-taught artist who has suffered a life full of long periods of darkness and catastrophic downfalls. She started drawing as a form of therapy, and after the first fundamentally autobiographical phase, characterised by illustrations of angry wounds and torrents of aggression, she developed a graphic automatism that imposes itself on the study of form and reveals an instinctive inclination to composition. The medium is usually an A3 format drawing sheet and she draws a continuous line that takes root on the smooth surface of the paper and germinates by parthenogenesis. First, with a pencil she draws a mapping from which spatial references and Cartesian coordinates are excluded. Then, when the drawing is done, Antonella Trasmundi begins a process of tracing and hatching over the shapes using coloured pens, choosing to cover, place side by side, reinforce the pencil line that she erases when the work is finished. That original line consists of a sort of hyper-perimeter, extended in every possible direction and open to infinite possibilities of representation: parts of the body like eyes, breasts, sewn mouths, torsos and faces hidden under the immobility of blind masks are cut out and tacked over each other, mixed with iconographic archetypes to create protean compositions, anchored to the composition thanks to the meticulous adjustments of stroke and colour. There is no narrative, but each sheet can be interpreted as the silent chapter of a story that pulsates under the surface of the shapes that burst onto the paper. Something ambiguous snakes inside each figure, the faces are never either fully feminine or totally masculine, the curved line is suddenly betrayed by an acute angle and a broken line, the sense of pain is permeated by multiple expressive registers, ranging from the melancholy of memory to the drama of the violent split, and a completely independent element with respect to the emotional causes that drive Antonella Trasmundi to draw infiltrates the highest and most formally complete works, in a sort of unconscious playful fascination for the way the shapes fit together, for their metamorphic power that proceeds by harmonic dissonances, genetically changing a body, a face, a limb, an eye, into its zoomorphic other: a frog's face that dissolves into the coils of Eve's serpent.