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To write on *painting* in the end of the 20th century, beginning of the third millennium is, to say the minimum, a risky work. Even more to someone who is not a specialist on painting, neither an art critic. That is... to speak about a two-dimensional image as artwork, after to have lived the permanent deconstructions made by Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Beuys...

But! We still *see*, we still have this perceptive gift that is to approach everything at a single time, as if we would be dealing with an *yantra*. What means that to make an artwork thought painting became a much more difficult, much more subtle.

Everything we *see* is impregnated with what we *are* – this is our capacity to *see*, to apprehend the *form*. When we admire a mountain, a canvas by Caravaggio or a drawing by Hosukai, will also have there the television, computers, telephones, life in big cities, everything we love and everything we don't tolerate. It is the mirror of the mirror. Because everything forms our *schemata*, everything structures what we perceive, what we *are*. Everything is *intelligence*.

The laws of Nature are, before all, our ways to know things – to remind Emanuel Kant and Werner Heisenberg.

The *difference* isn't on what we *are* – with which we imagine what Nature is – but in the moment what we *see* breaks, in some way, such axe of symmetry at a cognitive level. That is, the difference is in what is the mirror of the mirror, where there is the mystery, the surprise, the untouchable dimension of our souls, of our delight, or in what is easy and vulgarly called *love*.

Omar Galliani's works: large surfaces where gold surprises itself with quasi-photographic images, frozen moments, flashes, lighting daily life, time without time.

In a certain sense I remember the automatic writing process, the world of dreams, the eternal conflict established by René Magritte, Jackson Pollock's powerful traces *without thought*. Everything together. As if the human mind would make close-ups on details of bodies, lights, shadows, movements, arms, eyes - everything frozen in a unique moment, in a geography which scale doesn't permit obvious, direct, clear or simple *readings*.

It is the most direct *reading*, absolutely direct, so direct that we can easily find the traces of *schemata*, television, computers, telephones, the life in big cities, and everything we *are not* yet. Particles of other existences, life that forms our *ideosphere*, but in another time, another place. This *time space*, which is also ours, but which, paradoxically, still is not – and that makes us to be amazed with a thing we judge belonging to, which is common to us, but that didn't exist before.

«Do you know that the spectator is the last of the rings, receiving its power from the original magnet, passing through one to the next one?» – Socrates asked – «Through all these, God sways the souls of men in any direction which he pleases...».

Facing Omar Galliani's works we are, again, spectators of Nature.