

## Pierpaolo Campanini

opening April 6, 7 p.m.

kaufmann repetto is pleased to announce Pierpaolo Campanini's fourth solo exhibition with the gallery.

The subjects of the latest series of Campanini's oil paintings are comprised mainly of plants, bushes and shrubbery, which inhabit the garden of the artist's home and studio. Campanini's deep and stratified paintings often fade in and of ground, creating moments of marked incompleteness and transitional gestures. The canvases are thus left to linger, suspended between representation and transfiguration. As an unexpected light invades the subjects, hardening each curvaceous fold of the organic against the vapid negative spaces in some works or the constructed geometrical supports in others, light and shadows blend generating a multitude of colors. These colors navigate an expansive palette, imbued with an extremity and exaggeration by the human eye.

Campanini's new body of work seems to predominantly arise from a reflection upon sight over the other senses. Here the hunger of the modern, Western man, is a "quest for a bright light that never ceases, he spares no pains to eradicate even the minutest shadow."<sup>1</sup>

Pierpaolo Campanini's research explores the inherent limits and possibilities of painting, flourishing in these fundamental dichotomies. It is impossible to portray light without tracing, simultaneously, a depiction of shadows.

Pierpaolo Campanini was born in Cento (Ferrara), where he lives and works.

His recent exhibitions include *A weed is a plant out of place*, Lismore Castle, Ireland, curated by Allegra Pesenti (2016); *Atelier Pozzati*, Autostazione, Bologna, curated by Antonio Grolli (2016); *Qui non si canta al mondo delle rane*, Ex Mattatoio Matta, Museo delle Genti, Pescara, curated by Andrea Bruciati (2015); *Uno più uno uguale tre*, Museo Archeologico San Lorenzo, Cremona (2014); *Visioni per un inventario*, Fondazione Bevilacqua La Masa, Venice (2014); *Faces*, Onassis Cultural Centre, Athens, curated by Paolo Colombo (2012); *Silences where things abandon themselves*, MSU, Zagreb (2012); *Italics: Italian art between tradition and revolution 1968-2008*, curated by Francesco Bonami, Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago and Palazzo Grassi, Venice (2009).

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<sup>1</sup> Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *In Praise of Shadows*, Leete's Island Books, Stony Creek, 1977. First edition published in 1933.

*Contaci me  
tra quelli a  
cui è venuta  
meno la  
parola, per  
troppa luce*

This poem by Elisa Biagini states that this exhibition cannot be titled.

Count me in, in other words: include me among those who didn't find the arguments and observe bewitched their own blindness.

For countless years already my work has led me to obsessively seek that exact spot, where the solar light is the most intense and where a group of acanthus plants seems to be part of the outpost of a determined resistance to such intensity.

The plant of "laureate poets" (Montale), the exploding plant, scattering its own seeds through the burst of the floral capsules, has taken up residence in the courtyard under my windows, in the cracks of the wall plaster exactly where a summer sun shines and exhausts it.

In the daylight the plant draws and traces its own night. It melts and recreates its bonds.

What happens within her is what happens in sculpture: space breaks its faithful linearity; it gathers suddenly and fastens itself. We are giants and dwarfs.

This brings to mind ancient analogies, which consider the matters of the world as a reflection of those of the cosmos, which make of every plant a terrestrial star which looks at the sky and of every star a celestial plant pointing towards earth.

This constant magnetism between elements reinvents itself under my windows, between empty oil motor cans and plasticized metal nets which draw the mail of a hypothetical infinite, antique but also certainly comic...

Pierpaolo Campanini

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<sup>1</sup> Elisa Biagini, *Da una crepa*, Einaudi, Torino, 2014.