

There was once a happy brigade of British farmers who happened to witness a battle between the roosters on the farm; some began to bet on the animal stronger and the evening ended in front of a glass to celebrate the victory of the winning cock; the idea was to not directly consume the contents of some old vintage, but to try to mix with wisdom some liquor and drinks to get results in a delicious blend; there was still one thing though, the appropriate term that defined the new alcoholic invention: someone remembered the fighting roosters that had given the opportunity for gay meeting; and the union of the word cock, meaning rooster, and tail, indicating the animal's tail, was born a new word: cocktails. Memories is the large painting by Gino Berardi who plays the funny this story in a vibrant pictorial language of signs, which rejects the design to take on the texture of the subject of the picture color: the broad strokes and full of movement on the gloomy shades of gray and green create a dense curtain of color, torn by the explosion of pure white and forms violently isolated, emerging from the darkness, as roosters heads, life force of nature, wine bottles, glasses full and glorifying toast, faces and fragments of female bodies barely recognizable in the delirium of color, and a scarlet gush gushing with force and sullies the canvas, creating a thick smear of blood is all that remains after the fierce duel. Berardi cleverly balance form and color with an orchestration of syncopated rhythms and lines that surge, swell, shrink back and launch into a whirling Dionysian movement.

It follows the impatient look, pausing before a color strand and then on another, without being stopped by a dominant focal point: more than draw a shape, the Berardi line itself becomes continuous form.

Contrasts, Fragments, Footprints, Fighting, Cocktail are other works of our author in which the color range is narrowed to a selection of lead-gray, brown, cobalt, leaving the wide-ranging white zones, frayed patches of dull yellow, in the blood-red veins cracks. At this stage of his artistic career Berardi makes his works by pouring, dripping and spraying color on large canvases, in the manner of the brilliant Pollock, creating free and creative signs corresponds only to his instinctive gesture.

What fascinates in these later works of the painter of Abruzzo is not to imitate the appearances of things, not close them in the determination of the form, but penetrate into their physical grandeur of suffering and happiness, is the condense of color and line, rather scratchy, in masses in shock, livid, in a story of perpetual training and melting. It is in short a cognitive impact that aims to secret truth of nature and man, not intuited through a gaze away, but through immersion in the layers and in the toil of the matter: and this truth is precisely the appeal of death in the fibers of life, violence and the randomness of the act of love, the birth as a burst of light but also as a start of an inexorable path towards the end. Berardi celebrates life in the biological sense as energy and creative power: he sings the view from the bowels of nature, in its effort, in his agony, as harshness of thrust and workings of cells; with color, its texture, its material

substance, restores to man the shapeless tangle of moods, smells, passions, feelings, colors, instincts that are so strong autonomous reality to the eye of the beholder, to constitute emotional and physical experience that goes beyond the aesthetic.

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