



Guimarães, 17/12/2016

Enter: a staircase leading nowhere; a horse in the middle of the room, surrounded by dark wood panels, tiles, and painted walls and bricks. The horse as both a remainder to the space's previous life as a stable, and a way of injecting a new life into the room.

It is a sculpture in the classical sense, which has lost its pedestal and is wandering around. White, alive and warm, its stillness disturbed by a twitch in its black eyes; conjuring both docility and unpredictable tension; rather than as an image, it stands as a physical entity, plastic and nervous.

Turn right, up another staircase, into a room; the objects on show here consist of organic, non-orthogonal shapes placed on two thick squares that separate these volumes from the wall. There are layers of clay that seem as if a body had pressed them against the wall, transferred with photographic images, which have been stripped of their previous intent in order to become sculptural material.

Like an arch in tension, the work of Luisa Gardini (born 1935 in Ravenna) seems to be taken by something similar to that of the horse: a *pensée sauvage*, or a position towards something present, not possible to organize here in words but possible to ingest and envision in a series of quick actions and gestures, which rendered the intensity that is in front of us.

'Intensity' as something that will affect matter; that will be received by another body and deliver, through sensation; like an analogue tongue impossible to decrypt, yet precise and sharp.

The fast and erratic act of making these works is time that was sulk into the stomach of the artist, and later into ours. Like a diagram, it seems to compress, all the events, works and possible references that one could bring here, with a sense of urgency and inquietude towards the quotidian.

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