



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF (L. Mauta 2014)

by *Luigi Mauta*

“A book must be the axe for the frozen sea within us.”

1. Franz Kafka

It would be worthwhile to read those alphabetical impressions, silent words turning an ancient, close-gated temple into one of the most powerful liberating tools. Between man and book, two solitary universes, a slow gradual rebirth is happening, a new life donated by Annalù to ounces of paper, to ink, to glue. Trembling hands turn the pages: an unexpected wave pours down, so deep one can plunge into it.

All of a sudden it flows down the leaf bend, slips on its back, into the farthest corners of the bookbinding, carrying in its trail soot, nymphs' legacies, cement, impressions of leaves and petals. An ocean drips down from the lines and quickly changes its direction, flowing back to the centre of the work and up into the artist's heart, then it explodes before the viewer's eyes. Witnessing this ritual, tears nearly stick to the dark surface of the paper background, creating light pearls of foam. Water overflows, golden and indigo flowers sprout, inscribed within thin whirling rows of petals.

Centuries are but a gust of wind among ancient passages, forbidden texts which, instead, burn quickly and bend as a shot arrow transfixes the very idea of freedom. Never could this idea of sudden violence, bursting untamable, be achieved in such a clear and immaculate way, but by Annalù's absolute refinement and poetry. Breeze runs through the pages, with its scents and its tail of ghosts and dreams that turn, as fates do, towards the adoring viewer. And there the man shuts the gates, by now wide open, of the ancient temple, putting it away with care. He turns back and hatches, reborn as a butterfly, and flies away.

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