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Alfonso Borghi

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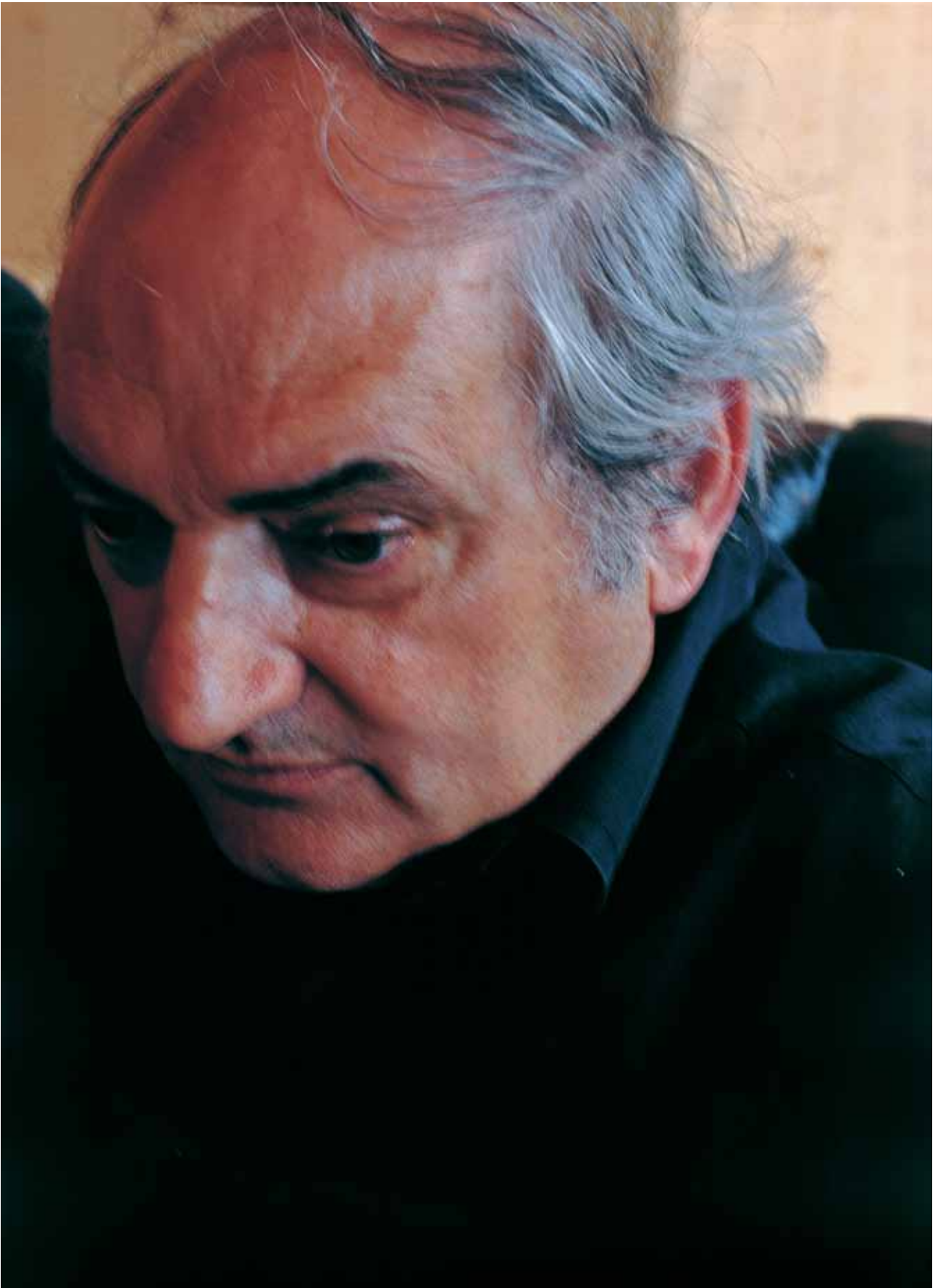
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Alfonso Borghi

TESTO DIRETTRICE CULTURA

A prima vista, il bianco ci appare così intenso e compatto da risultare quasi abbacinante. Ma superato l'impatto iniziale, oltrepassata la soglia, per così dire, che le nuove, gigantesche tele di Alfonso Borghi ci pongono davanti, ci accorgiamo che tutta l'immensa superficie, per esempio l'immensa superficie bianca dell'opera intitolata *I cacciatori nella neve*, è intimamente animata da una incessante, brulicante miriade di eventi lillipuziani, di storie, di fantasie, di attraversamenti e di invenzioni. Non un centimetro quadrato, non una particola di queste campiture così ampie si mostrano semplicemente piatte, semplicemente colorate: tutto è senso, tutto è racconto, tutto è scavo nella materia turgida e densissima del pigmento. Oggi, ad almeno dieci anni di distanza dal conseguimento di quella che tempo fa, scrivendo di Borghi, definivo "pienezza espressiva e aspetto originale della materia", il lavoro dell'artista ci appare più monumentale che mai, ambizioso e consistente. Addirittura potrei dire che Borghi ha definitivamente rinunciato a pensare la superficie per trattare il quadro come un palinsesto, un luogo complesso dove avvenimenti (pittorici), sentimenti e memorie si stratificano gli uni sugli altri, dando luogo a un vero e proprio rilievo pieno di riferimenti interni, tutti da scoprire. Un palinsesto ancora più ricco oggi di incrostazioni e elementi a collage, che aggiungono spessore alla densità del pigmento, urgenza espressiva alla potenza evocatrice del segno. Come ha scritto Vittorio Sgarbi che, insieme a Roberto Sanesi, è stato ed è senz'altro il maggiore e più fedele esegeta dell'artista emiliano «Borghi... s'immedesima spiritualmente in una specie di *Candide* che esplora un nuovo mondo espressivo confidando in una visione ottimistica dell'arte, come se nessuno lo avesse visto prima, come se ci fosse ancora tutto da scoprire». E in effetti, nell'inesauribile mondo di Borghi c'è, ancora, tutto da scoprire. Il senso e il piacere dell'opera, sia per l'artista sia per l'osserva-

tore, non dipende da distacco, finezza intellettuale, non dipende da un atteggiamento prudentemente citazionistico o concettuale, ma da una presa bruciante sul mondo e da una felicità intrinseca della pittura che Borghi vive e incarna come pochi altri artisti contemporanei.

"Non c'è nulla fuori dal quadro", continua Sgarbi. Nel senso che di fronte all'opera dell'artista emiliano, non ci servono le didascalie, gli eventi storici, politici, non c'è bisogno di scandalizzare, né di stupire, di interrogarsi sulla geopolitica, il riscaldamento globale, la crisi economica. C'è da vivere il quadro, farsi tutti occhi, occhi famelici e insaziabili, occhi curiosi e vitalistici, come Borghi stesso è famelico e insaziabile, curioso e vitalistico di pittura. Siamo quindi più che d'accordo con Sgarbi in questo suo insistere sul valore immediato, diremmo fenomenico del lavoro dell'artista e sulla sua incantevole, primaria capacità di fare a meno di tutto tranne che della pittura. Ma vogliamo aggiungere che, pur non essendoci nulla fuori, c'è moltissimo prima del quadro, cioè le ragioni intime, le idee, le ossessioni perfino che alimentano il bisogno di Borghi di ricominciare ogni volta a dipingere.

Prendiamo, per esempio, queste opere recentissime, esposte e pubblicate qui per la prima volta. Con un certo beneficio d'inventario, in esse possiamo riconoscere un ciclo, un insieme relativamente compatto e unitario dedicato ai fiamminghi, a Brueghel e a Bosch. Diciamo "relativamente" perché comunque ogni lavoro di Borghi è un fatto a sé stante, ha la pienezza e l'autonomia dell'evento compiuto in sé, al modo greco dell'aoristo, e non rimanda a nulla e non annuncia nulla. Tuttavia, in questo caso, il desiderio di Borghi, potremmo dire, trapassa da un'opera all'altra e continua a investire di sé, come un'onda d'urto, pezzi grandi e piccoli, schegge abbaglianti e costruzioni monumentali. E quel desiderio è alimentato da un'idea fissa, un ricordo e un omaggio che vive nell'interiorità

dell'artista. «Quando lavoro su un tema» mi raccontava anni or sono «ci penso in continuazione. L'idea mi accompagna ovunque e la porto sempre con me. Anzi, spesso capita che ho fretta di andare in studio per realizzare quello che ho in mente. Ho fretta di mettermi davanti alla tela per rendere concreto il pensiero. È importante iniziare subito il lavoro con colori, pennelli e spatole: il quadro che ne uscirà non è mai esattamente come l'avevo pensato all'inizio perché il quadro ha un dialogo con me...».

Oggi Borghi pensa ai pittori fiamminghi, scoperti in un modo quasi incredibile se non fosse vero. «I miei avevano una merceria», mi dice, «e le ditte che producevano lane e tessuti mandavano ogni anno i calendari da appendere al muro con le riproduzioni dei pittori del Rinascimento e dei fiamminghi...io m'incantavo su quelle fotografie, ho scoperto l'arte così».

Ecco, allora, le favole nella favola, che si raccolgono e vivono negli illimitati spazi interni del palinsesto pittorico. Il colore si presenta invadente, una presenza che occlude. Ricacciato fuori da queste pennellate coese e impregnate di pigmento e, di volta in volta, di oscurità oppure di luce, lo sguardo è costretto ad addentrarsi negli interstizi, a spingersi lungo i bordi delle masse, nel tentativo forse di indovinare il contorno, di decifrare il senso segreto delle cose della pittura. È una pittura piena di bagliori o che, per essere più precisi, alberga moltitudini di avvenimenti pittorici; è sempre complessa, capace di evocare senza descrivere e di raccontare senza raffigurare. Per renderle giustizia la si dovrebbe intendere non come entità singolare e, come tale, riduttiva rispetto alla pluralità dei toni possibili, alla ricchezza di esperienze e di vibrazioni, ma invece come sintesi di un tutto, compresenza da cui emergono senza sosta né limite sempre nuove sfumature, nuove componenti. Alfonso Borghi ha scelto questo colore, questo modo di fare molti anni fa, nel mezzo di un percorso che, prendendo le mosse dal versante più materico e più sperimentale dell'informale, è arrivato puntuale all'appuntamento con un "espres-

sionismo" (potremmo dire, ma senza voler forzare la spontaneità di Borghi in un'etichetta troppo stretta, come tutte le etichette per un artista così sui generis) intenso, talvolta addirittura drammatico e, d'altra parte, monumentale.

Espressionismo: s'intende una pittura di materia ma anche di segno e di traccia, a un'azione quasi violenta che si imprime sulla superficie con tutta la forza di un impulso subitaneo che, pur senza perdere di vista la rappresentazione, un'esigenza di fondo che permane, la sfibra continuamente e la viola. Così l'immagine è affondata nel corpo denso della pittura, ma più che un totem da sfregiare, idolo da distruggere, essa è piuttosto un nucleo solido, anzi una miriade scintillante di nuclei, una miriade irradiante di centri, di fuochi narrativi e visivi insieme. Il referente, il ricordo, è diventato un appiglio emozionale che concentra l'attenzione ma lascia fare alla pittura, alle sue tessiture tese e vibranti eppure spesso morbide, alle spatolate, ai fuochi, alle luci, alle griglie incise nel colore e agli eventi che accadono sotto.

Oggi tutto questo appare ancora più complesso, ancora più grande e più potente, o meglio più ineludibile, grazie alla scelta di formati grandi o grandissimi, appunto come ho già detto "monumentali" che permettono all'artista di dipingere non solo con gli occhi e con le dita ma con tutto il corpo, abbracciando lo spazio in gesti ampi, fronteggiando una superficie concepita per misurarsi con l'uomo che ha davanti, la sua statura e il suo sguardo. Una superficie quindi a misura d'uomo nel senso che non richiede alcuno sforzo d'astrazione (l'immersione metaforica nella famosa "finestra" prospettica o no) né straniamento né, per contro, ricerca forzata dell'intimità, ma si offre tangibilmente al confronto fisico con l'autore e poi con lo spettatore; con chi, in altre parole, le si mette davanti.

C'è, c'è sempre stato qualcosa da raccontare in questo lavoro: Margherita, per esempio, e Greta la pazza, i Cacciatori nella neve e il conturbante e peccaminoso Giardino delle delizie, ma anche il profumo del fieno (sì, proprio il profumo che

sembra sprigionarsi da quel giallo perentorio del dipinto *La fienagione*) e quegli Angeli ribelli che precipitano fra pesci e mostri tentacolari, figurini eleganti e perduti nel mare burrascoso e impervio del colore steso a spatolate, del colore frantumato e tormentato. Eppure l'esigenza narrativa non spezza la tensione del segno, il compatto dilagare della pittura, il suo dominio del campo operativo. Arrampicandosi virtuosisticamente sul filo della memoria, sul filo di un'emozione lontana, l'artista è risalito fino a momenti emblematici della sua infanzia, appunto la scoperta della grande pittura, quell'incontro folgorante avvenuto appunto nel negozio dei genitori, sulle pagine del calendario illustrato, una circostanza se vogliamo così umile eppure così vera. Borghi non ha bisogno di rendere posticce, falsamente aristocratiche, le circostanze formative della sua speciale creatività: non si fa pregare per ripartire a inventarsi il mondo o per entusiasinarsi di qualcosa. La natura, per lui, vive e respira insieme alla memoria, il racconto dei quadri antichi si intarsia dell'emozione di un tramonto, la torre che si staglia sull'apparizione di un cielo infuocato e quasi scompare e si dissolve dietro a quel cielo, ora rosso carminio e poi, più tardi rasserenato e raccolto nel dilagare di un blu annuncio di notte (*La Tour au coucher de soleil* e *La Tour pendant la nuit*, un dittico dal sapore questi impressionista): come accade, alle volte, nel cielo della Pianura Padana. Non c'è sistema né calcolo dunque, c'è proprio la vita di un pittore che metabolizza e travolge tutto ma tutto conserva nel corpo accogliente dei suoi pigmenti e delle sue materie. I quadri di Borghi sono dipinti tra presente e passato, memoria e attualità di un tutto che è istante, occasione, sensibilità. Il ricordo, infatti, dei calendari o degli antichi maestri, non produce appagamento né malinconia, piuttosto nuove occasioni di fare. E forse, al fondo di tutto, c'è una specie di pacificazione da cercare ancora, una stabilità intuibile magari per una via tutta lirica, ma non afferrabile nella consistenza definitiva di un'immagine data, così come nella pienezza di un attimo che li contiene tutti e che, di fatto,

potrebbe coincidere soltanto con quello finale. La pittura no, la pittura invece è piena di accensioni, di intuizioni, di speranze, di bellezza anche, quella bellezza a cui Borghi non ha mai rinunciato. Non a caso le stazioni di queste impressioni e di queste memorie, terre e cieli e racconti sono lacerate da tensioni antagoniste, sono incontri provvisori con una forma tanto accogliente quanto provvisoria. E la storia continua.

Direttrice cultura



Boule ceramica



Alfonso Borghi and Vittorio Sgarbi

Vittorio Sgarbi

BORGHISPEAK OF THE SOUL

One day Campegine, a small country village in the province of Reggio Emilia, might be renamed Campegine Borghi, just as Arquà became Arqua Petrarca and Castagneto became Castagneto Carducci. This is possibly a risqué suggestion, as few people have heard of Alfonso Borghi, an artist by profession, whereas everyone has heard of Petrarca and Carducci. However, things must be examined from a different perspective; it is not so much the actual importance of an artist that matters, but the relationship he or she has succeeded in establishing with a particular place. Petrarca was not born in Arquà, nor was Carducci born in Castagneto; those places were chosen by the two poets and thus became part of their world and of their poetic universe. On the contrary, the image of those places has been nourished by the memory of these poets to the point of becoming something essential to them, like a monument or a natural beauty.

Nowadays, it would be impossible to think of Arquà without remembering that such an outstanding poet thought of it as his latest, new, blessed Helicon.

Likewise, we cannot think of Castagneto without bringing to mind "the towering and slender cypresses stretching from S.Guido to Bolgheri in double rows." Campegine is adopting its citizen Borghi, just as Arquà did with Petrarca and Castagneto with Carducci. Campegine looks upon Borghi as the embodiment of its *genius loci*, just as other towns in the past have done with their famous sons and daughters.

Borghi is considered a treasure to be cultivated, backed and encouraged.

Campegine municipality has set up an anthological collection from which a Foundation will be established. The collection has already got all the characteristics of a museum, the Borghi Museum, as it allows the visitor to experience the different

stages of the artist's work. Campegine municipality has also encouraged Borghi to experiment through the commission of the Monument to the Grist-Tax Fight, in memory of his fellow citizens, who, over a hundred years ago, paid with their lives for their civil disobedience against the payment of one of the most infamous taxes in the history of Italy, the grist-tax, at a time when grist was all that farmers could eat. Borghi's monument stands out against the mediocrity and futility of most contemporary memorials in Italy. Its straightforward symbolism is simple; its formal composition combining different materials, ancient and modern, is effective. Campegine public institutions were not alone in sponsoring him: an important private firm went on to acquire a collection of works by Borghi, including recent paintings devoted to Fellini, Whitman and a few great architects of the 20th century. In short, Campegine is starting to belong to Borghi just as much as Borghi belongs to Campegine. Such a symbiosis must develop more and more with new initiatives involving his fellow citizens more and more. Such a symbiosis would not limit Borghi's artworks to the strictly local dimension. Borghi does not depict Campegine, nor is he directly inspired by it; his paintings have more universal themes. He paints his and our soul; his and our memory, his and our imagination. Borghi maintains that art's greatest resource is that of enabling him to soar above the physical boundaries of any place and beyond the chronological limit of any time, enabling him to establish a spiritual contact with that which otherwise would be impossible to reach. That is why, more than belonging to a certain place or time, Borghi's artworks soar over Campegine, over Emilia, over the world, reaching a sphere where present, past, future, matter, spirit, life, death, reality and fantasy become concepts devoid of precise distinctions, intertwining in an endless continuum. It is the sphere of lyrical ex-

pression, thanks to which Borghi can touch Whitman, Verdi or Fellini as if they were in front of him, in a place without place, in a time without time, without resorting to the direct channel of words, but through the medium of signs, colours, gestures and of art materials. In this respect, Borghi's paintings can be compared to rites, whose celebrant is a modern evocator of the world's great soul, wherefrom everything comes and whereto everything will return. Borghi looks for this soul along unknown meanders of his mind, finds and awakens it, makes it known to us, urges us to find ourselves in it, both individually and collectively, but also to lose ourselves in it as if in a "sweet wreck" that does not terrify, but fascinates, causing us a secret, acute pleasure. This soul lives in us and we live in it, caught in a "Stilnovistic" rapture. Borghi paints his and our soul, but he has not always done this in the same way. His first works, in fact, differ greatly from the present ones, to the extent that it would have been hard to guess his work's later developments from his earliest work. I refer, for instance to his landscapes dating back to the end of the '60s, which are still instinctive in their attempt to establish a simple relationship of identification with nature.

At first, these paintings are infused with vague echoes of post-Impressionism and later on with a specific reference to Cézanne. We are still faced with mainly didactical studies that are therefore susceptible to unpredictable developments. But at the same time, nothing seems to be able to undermine Borghi's confidence in a rather traditional painting style, based on the most common subjects a painter could possibly think of, and on a privileged relationship with his native land. During the '70s, his first disconcerting "leap forward" takes place. It was to be the first of many, but definitely the first to contradict once and for all our previous impression. Borghi develops new artistic, cultural and political interests, that lead him to concentrate on the human figure.

Expressionistic features prevail, with an alternation of tones reminiscent of Guttuso in the decorum

of both drawing and composition (Le comari, i.e. The neighbours), with the re-proposition of the Neue Sachlichkeit, of the Corrente movement, of Duamier, or even of the pauperistic realism dating back to Pitocchetto's 18th century art, exasperated in his proposing hallucinations and disquieting visions, in the clumsy crudeness of his forms, drawn with vigorous lines and earthy colours (Il capricorno, i.e. The capricorn, Il guanto rosso, i.e. The red glove). And yet, together with his Expressionistic tendencies, and along with his sincere and immediate Humanism, we discover his original interpretation of Futurism, of Constructivism, of Cubism, of Surrealism, maybe even of certain Pop Art following Allen Jones's model, leading Borghi to find more complicated solutions, whereby he experiments with lyrical dimensions that are more and more distant from realism.

Borghi creates human figures who resemble strange robots, assemblages of both human and metal elements, that only correspond to the casualness of his creative instinct (Il guerriero, i.e. The warrior, La regina Elisabetta, i.e. Queen Elizabeth), or fantastic sceneries inspired by Léger, taking the shape of an imaginary city, recalling the cities by Savinio and Foppiani (La nuova Babilonia, i.e. The new Babylon). On another occasion, Borghi appears to take his cue from an absolute masterpiece of art history: The man with a red turban, by Van Eyck, transforming it into a surreal artwork, where the man no longer has a hat on, whilst its colour has filtered directly into his skin. Even when his paintings appear extremely realistic - as is the case in a portrait of a horse - Borghi is not interested in natural details. On the contrary, he is interested in the search for formal abstraction, on which the fantastic atmosphere surrounding the painting's subject depends.

During the 80s Borghi seems to be willing to settle down and probe into his subject-matters. This attitude marks the turning point from the "mare magnum" of the preceding decade. He now decides to explore the means of Surrealistic transposition. Unexpectedly, during the '90s, upon his return

from his first important exhibition abroad, namely in Paris, Borghi takes a further "leap forward" full of new surprises, as if he felt the need to start all over again, to stake his all once again without taking anything for granted. His "Musiciens Voyageurs", with its bright chromatism and the elegance of its soft linearity, marks the attainment of Borghi's first stage of maturity. From then on, the painter is more inclined to comply with a painting technique that is finally free from the overangularity of his first Expressionistic works.

This phase cannot be considered as a goal either. Borghi's new ability to master the building up of spaces ensuing from Futurism, leads him to conceive a painting technique that verges more and more on Abstractionism, without breaking off all links with nature's appearance. Extremely bright kaleidoscopes with thousands of facets, provide a mental image of Paris, Venice, Camogli, Spain, but also of fictitious places and figures drawn from memory. We have already reached the dawning of Borghi's most informal phase, when he has become aware of his own maturity.

The latter phase opens with Versilia (1995), an essential, skilful and wellbalanced work in the predominance of pure colours, as well as in the spectrum of wide signs reminding us of Stael, Afro and Vedova. The most surprising thing about Borghi's informal works is their anachronism; Borghi adopted informal art at a moment when it was facing an irreversible crisis elsewhere. Borghi was indifferent to the criticism of those who maintained that there was a connection between a particular painting style and a particular generation, whose ideas arose from having survived the drama of World War II. It is his juvenile enthusiasm, his desire to participate in contemporary art history, without generational ties, disregarding the everchanging oscillations of art criticism and market, which is the main factor in Borghi's enviable freshness of inspiration, as if he had to account only to himself for what he rightly believes to be the most advanced and up-to-date art frontier.

Borghi keeps looking for a painting formula that

might open up unexplored formal horizons to him. He is firmly persuaded that there is an analogy between art and poetry, wherein gestures, matter and colours form an inexhaustible variation in their mutual relationship. We might even venture to say that Borghi has finally reached a safe harbour, the most significant in his career and the most suitable for his creative cast of mind. Nevertheless, who can say whether Borghi's adventure has really come to an end?



Alfonso Borghi con Martina Corgnati

Martina Corgnati

THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS

At first, the white canvas appears so intense and compact as to be almost dazzling. Once we recover from this initial impact, once the threshold, so to speak, has been crossed, the new, gigantic canvases of Alfonso Borghi present themselves before us and we realize that the immense surface, for example the whiteness of the painting *I Cacciatori della Neve*, is really animated by a myriad of Lilliputian events, stories, fantasies, inventions, all criss-crossing in a riot of detail and colour. Not one square inch, not one tiny bit of these great spaces is simply two-dimensional, simply a bit of colour: all has meaning, tells a story, all is carved from the thick, dense pigments.

Today, at least ten years after my writing that Borghi succeeded in "full expression and original use of his medium", the artist's work seems grander than ever, ambitious and consistent. I would even venture to say that Borghi has finally gone beyond thinking of the canvas as a simple surface, but more as a place in which pictorial events, feelings and memories are layered to create a complex work of many facets, there for us to discover. An increased use of collage and layering add thickness to the density of the pigment, as well as a certain expressive urgency to the evocative power of the images. Vittorio Sgarbi, who, together with Roberto Sanesi, was and is without a doubt the most important and faithful interpreter of Borghi's work, has said "he (Borghi) defines himself spiritually as a sort of Candide who explores a new expressionist world, firm in his optimistic vision of art, as though seen for the first time, as though everything was still to be discovered." And in the inexhaustible world of Borghi there are endless possibilities of discovery. The meaning and the pleasure of his work, both for the artist and the observer, do not depend on intellectual detachment or analysis, nor do they depend on a conceptual approach, but rather on an instinctive and

immediate grasp of the artist's world and on the pure happiness that Borghi encompasses as few others in the contemporary art world are able to. "There is nothing outside of the painting," continues Sgarbi. Faced with this artist's work, any captions, historical or political references, discussions of geopolitics, global warming or economic crisis are unnecessary. There is no need to shock or amaze. We must *experience* the painting, devour it with our eyes, approach it with curiosity, just as Borghi himself is insatiable and ravenous in his creation. We are therefore of a mind with Sgarbi when he speaks of first impressions, of a unique connection to the artist's work and of his enchanting and intuitive capacity to do without anything but the painting itself. Still, we want to add that even though there is nothing "beyond" the painting, there is much that comes "before" its creation. The intimate reasons, the ideas, even the obsessions that feed Borghi's need to paint again and again.

This brings us to his recent works, now being shown and publicised for the first time. Following the guidelines of an index to the pieces, we are able to recognize a fundamental theme - that of Flemish inspiration in works that are dedicated to this particular school, to Brueghel and to Bosch. The connection is, however, "relative", since every painting of Borghi stands alone as an independent and fully realized project - it does not recall nor does it preview anything. However, in this case, we can venture to say that Borghi's desire is a continuous thread winding from one piece to another, creating a sort of tidal wave that leaves his signature on canvases both great and small, in dazzling shards and monumental constructions. This desire stems from an *idée fixe*, a memory and a tribute that are intrinsic to the artist.

"When I work on a certain theme," Borghi told me some years ago, "I think constantly. The idea fol-

lows me everywhere and I always bring it with me. It often happens that I rush to my studio to be able to realize what's in my mind. I'm in a hurry to sit down in front of that canvas and put down my thoughts. It is important to begin immediately with paint, brushes and spatula: the end product, the painting itself, is never exactly as I had planned in the beginning because there is a constant dialogue between me and my work."

Today, Borghi tends toward the Flemish painters whom he discovered by chance in a most indirect way - strange but true. "My parents had a notions shop," he told me, "and the manufacturers of wool and fabrics would send us wall calendars every year, illustrated with photographs of reproductions of Renaissance and Flemish paintings as a theme. I was enchanted by those photos, and that's how I discovered art!"

Here, then, are the tales within the tales that are gathered and given life in the seemingly unending spaces of the pictorial arena. Colour presents itself as an intruder, an obstructing presence. Our gaze is perforce drawn to the chinks and crevices and along the borders of the expanse of colour, driven by strong brushstrokes heavy with pigment and, at times, with light or darkness, in an attempt to fathom the edges, to decode the secret sense of the work. This is painting that is dazzling and bright, or, to be more precise, which harbours a multitude of pictorial events, It is always complex, able to evoke without describing, to tell a story without depiction. To be fair, it should be seen not as a singular entity and, as such, too essential regarding the plurality of possible nuances and the spectrum of experience and vibrations, but rather as a synthesis of many aspects from which new meanings and new components emerge continuously and without limits.

Alfonso Borghi chose his colours and his method many years ago, following a path which, approaching from a standpoint more material and experimental than informal, brought him perfectly on time to an appointment with a certain "expressionism", (let us not fall into the trap here of labelling

the artist's *spontaneity*, as this is *damaging to any artist sui generis*), intense and at times dramatic and monumental as well.

Expressionism: The painting of substance but also of signs and traces, an almost violent action which imposes itself on the surface with all the strength of sudden impulse that breaks down and violates the subject without losing sight of it. Thus the image is sunken in the dense body of the paint – but more than a totem to be scarred or an idol to be destroyed, it is a solid nucleus or, better yet, a shining myriad of nuclei that radiate outward in stories and visions like fires. The subject, the memory, has become an emotional pretext that draws attention but allows the paint and its interweaving of colour, strong and soft at once, the strokes of the palette knife, the fire and light of the medium, and the underlying events to work their magic.

Today all this seems even more complex, even greater and stronger, or better yet, unavoidable, thanks to the choice of larger and larger formats, which I have referred to as "monumental" and which permit the artist to paint not only with his eyes and hands but with his entire body, embracing space in ample gestures, confronting the blank canvas which serves only to measure itself against the person standing before it, with his stature and his gaze. The canvas seen on a human scale in that it requires no effort of abstraction (the metaphorical immersion, or not, in the perspective "window") nor estrangement nor, on the other hand, an invitation to intimacy, rather it is a tangible offer of physical contact with the author and later with the spectator; with whom, in other words, it is confronted.

There has always been a story to tell in these canvases: for example, *Margherita*, *Greta la Pazza*, *I Cacciatori nella neve* and the sinful and disturbing *Giardino delle delizie* speak for themselves, just as one also catches a scent of hay emanating from the strong, decisive yellow in *La Fienagione*.

And again the *Angeli Ribelli* falling down amongst fish and tentacled monsters, elegant figures lost in a stormy sea saturated with thick paints applied

with strokes of a spatula, the colours broken and distorted. Even so, the narrative quality does not interrupt the tension of the work, the compact spread of the medium, its dominance of the canvas.

Following the maps of memory, a faraway emotion, the artist has returned to the emblematic moments of his childhood, precisely to his discovery of great works of art through the pages of those illustrated calendars hanging in his family's shop, a humble but clear and pure circumstance. Borghi has no need to embellish the formative aspects of his creativity with false nobility: he doesn't need any coaxing to invent his own world or be enthusiastic about something. Nature, for him, lives and breathes in his memories, the works of the old masters blend with a certain sunset, a tower stands out against a fiery sky that slowly dissolves into the blue of night (*La Tour au coucher de soleil* and *La Tour pendant la nuit*, two pieces that verge on the impressionist) as it does sometimes in the real sun-setting sky over the Po valley.

There is, therefore, neither system nor calculation, but the life of a painter who transforms, yet at the same time preserves, all that he depicts through his medium, his pigments and his materials. Borghi's paintings bridge the past and present, memory and contemporary thought, in an immediate and yet sensitive manner. The memory, in fact, of old calendars or old masters does not provide either satisfaction or melancholy, but rather material for new creation. Perhaps, when all is said and done, there is a sort of reconciliation yet to be sought out, a stability evidenced in a poetic manner but unattainable as a definite image – as in the fullness of an instant that contains them all and which, in fact, could coincide only with that final one.

The paintings, on the other hand, are brimming with intuition, hope and also beauty, a beauty which Borghi has never relinquished. It is not by chance that the expression of these memories and impressions - earth and sky and stories - is torn by contrasting tensions. Here are chance en-

counters with an art form that is both welcoming and temporary. The story goes on...

Martina Corgnati



Alfonso Borghi con Luciano Caramel

Luciano Caramel
INTERPRETING ELIOT

"Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things [...].

The emotion of art is impersonal.

And the poet cannot reach this impersonality without surrendering himself wholly to the work to be done." These are the words of Thomas Stearns Eliot, in *Tradition and the Individual Talent*, 1918, which I have taken from David Gascoyne's substantial preface to the 1983 Italian edition of the Anglo-American poet's writings in the translation by Roberto Sanesi (1). It was this translation that introduced Borghi to Eliot, encouraged by Sanesi himself, who devoted many an enlightening page to him, flanking him with nourishment that derived from a constant dialogue, open to art and to poetry. Borghi has drawn on poetry for many years, absorbing it in his approach to painting and not only in terms of his topics. Rather more, he has employed it to elaborate sensations and evocations that solve the intensity of the relationship in the corpus of painting and, beforehand, in the motivations and tensions that generate them. Hence paintings and, indeed, entire cycles dedicated to Blake, Donne, Dickinson, Whitman, Eluard, Prévert, Garcia Lorca, Alexandre, Dylan Thomas, Quasimodo, Shelley, to Sanesi himself and now also to T.S. Eliot. The decision to embark on this work was one of profound participation, consequent, as it could not have failed to be, on the occurrence of a coincidence of circumstances of creativity and thus also of life. Which gradually induced Borghi, who is by nature inclined to effusive expressiveness, to an increasingly evident psychological and equivalently operative concentration. Not towards denying presence in the world and in its problems, towards closing inwards into the impenetrable depths of

the individual microcosm. No, on the contrary: for the purpose of saying words that aim at an absoluteness rooted in contingency, yes, but that is empowered by the detail to aspire to as sweeping a message as possible. Which is well suited to the ultimate goals of an artistry that aims to confirm its refusal to be reduced to utilitarian functions, even only for the purposes of illustration. In the direction indicated by Eliot in the piece quoted above, of an "impersonal emotion", which a closer look reveals has actually always been the objective of artistic creativity, sometimes explicitly, others less so. With the obvious exception of allowance for due proportions, Borghi's connection to the great poet is clearly evinced by the intense series of paintings created by the artist in recent months and presented here for the first time with the declared aim of referring not only to the thinking of the author of *The Waste Land* or of *The Four Quartets*, but also to making what is actually written in verse come true, along the lines of the concrete objectivisation of images capable of stopping what the artist feels and experiences and transmitting it in terms as understandable as possible, on the plane of the "objective correlation" that Eliot theorised and practised himself. At the stage reached by the evolution of Borghi's painting, this is the point of arrival of a process that first started around 1988, when the artist, then still concentrating on the presentation of bodies, faces and landscapes, started focusing primarily on curved and diagonal chromatic dynamisms, gradually elected as protagonists for weaves of force lines, whose ascendancy was Futurist yet whose colours were strongly Expressionist. To quote a few of the many paintings done between 1988 and 1990, this is what we find, then, in *Roman Landscape* and in *Montmartre*, dated 1988 and 1989 respectively, or in *Village of the Storks* and *The Night of the 14th July*, both done in 1990, which are reproduced here

as examples of the periodo More such paintings can be examined in the catalogue of the personal exhibition held in September and October 1988 in the Carriage Hall of the ex-Stalloni area in Reggio Emilia, which covered Borghi's progress from 1973 to that year: "a period of time that saw the artist extraordinarily concentrated on man's problems," wrote Gianni Cavazzini, who has always been one of the most assiduous reviewers of the painter's work, "his existential discomfort, his loss of intimacy with the world; problems that Borghi mirrors in his paintings through the reflections of his imagination and the reverberations of memory" (2).

First intense, alarmed figurings, where the urgency of the contents restrained the liberation of form and its internal expressiveness. Then gradually pursued in images whose tone is memorable and symbolic, where the very rhythms and directions of sinuous, closely woven lines hint at evocative ideas that the artist entrusted less and less to iconic notation. With results that proved to be more direct, on the one hand because of psychologically activated mechanisms and, on the other, for the free mutation of the scope of the linguistic innovations of Cubism and Futurism. As Cavazzini recognised in the essay already quoted above, where he wrote: "once he had reached the critical point of his recon-naissance of 'experience', Alfonso Borghi went about a veritable 'gear-change': in his re-interpretation of the experience of the early twentieth century avant-gardes, in the way he underlined the specific values of form" (3). In actual fact, there is evidence of the influence of the Boccioni who painted the first and second series of the States of Mind, but also The City Rises, just as there is of Marc with compenetrations of animals and landscapes, charged with an energy that called French Expressionism into play in the person of Marc himself. While we are on the subject of the art of the first few decades of the twentieth century, there is no shortage of evidence of more synthetic and relaxed compositions either, of a distinctly abstract stamp, such as, again from 1988,

the Composition - also reproduced here - whose title is already a significant move in this direction: as a matter of fact, this title is actually quite atypical of Borghi, who usually makes use of the potential input of his titles to intensify his message. At that time, his message was spreading in a sort of horror vacui that generated a spatial occlusion that was both congenial to the artist's expressive intentions and at the same time a method of experimenting with closing the "Albertian window", with all the connotations of camouflage that implies.

Hence the irrepressible proliferation of Borghi's urban organisms in those years, which have certain aspects reminiscent of the Italo-American Joseph Stella's vividly lively and visionary cityscapes, including their Orphic tension, although the cohesion of their figures is different. No coincidence, then, that our artist adopted the title *Mégalopolis* for an exhibition of his works held at UNESCO, in Paris, about which Sandro Parmeggiani wrote in the same year "about Borghi's arrival at a form of painting in which tension and the comparison between form and line on the one hand and disorder and instinctive impulse on the other seems to have been solved better" (4). "These are paintings that look as though they were done effortlessly, with swords of colour and swathes of light," continued Parmeggiani, "where the forest of the planes and perspectives achieves synthesis and harmony and the veils remain as the result of the gesture that lays colour over colour in broad applications" (5). These are comments that acutely capture the gestation, and in part also the birth, of a new, denser, more floating way of spreading the colour that made more striking inroads into the contrast between light and shadow already active in his previous paintings.

Rather than just relating primarily to weaves of a linear nature, albeit always incarnated in colour, but with the occasional graphic vocation, this approach also bound his pictorial continuum more closely to the spread and counterpoint of his brushstrokes and mixtures of pigments, which were gaining in material substance and acquiring a new,

more sensitive pulsation. Borghi already gave us a preview of this in 1967 (the date is undoubtedly surprising, not only for the evident figurative “memories”, but because this work was shown at a time that was above all suspicion, in 1986, along with the paintings of Borghi’s first creative period) (6) with his *The Windows*, an oil in which the houses overlap each other on the surface with practically no perspective progression, except for the roofs of the two “realistically” positioned buildings in the foreground. But there’s more: the façades and roofs of the buildings that cover nearly two thirds of the painted surface look to the observer like continuous bands - although the variation in the quality and saturation of the colours gives them some rhythm - running from top to bottom, almost dissolving the relationship with the objective reference and actually transfiguring it into mobile outpourings of light. There is no doubt that we find these methods reapplied in his later paintings, although the stress on material is beyond comparison.

This being said, however, the sense of concentration that we find in *The Windows*, which can also be compared to the climate in Borghi’s current work, is quite absent from the paintings he did in the first half of the nineties, which appeared to be enlivened by an internal, panicky vitality. Nevertheless, this vitality gradually evolved into forms less pungent as they melded progressively and were entrusted to the tones of the colours and their interactions, revisiting the Informel in a key of gesture, yet a controlled one. In fact, “at bottom, there is always the solidity of the compositive structure that accompanies the intimate scan of every work, in a sort of mobile balance that guarantees the right responses in the unitary space wherein painting lives” (7). The writer, here is once again Cavazzini, in an essay written in 1993, in the midst of this period, when Borghi was combining Action Painting’s speed of sign with the thoroughly Italian transparency and elegance of an Afro. With results that possess a certain refined value, in which - and this is the new feature,



Lo studio

which Cavazzini picked up in real time - "enters material, with the substance that vibrates on the echoes of Futurist experiences and ultimately settles down in the exact conjunction of thicknesses" (8). It was this physically increasingly evident use of material that was to enable Borghi to reach the full maturity that for now is culminating in this cycle of works about Eliot. Yet this cycle cannot be understood fully, even in its continuity with the path that we are now striding along with such confidence, if we fail to consider that Borghi's entire opus maintains a dialogue with vegetable, animal and human nature. This dialogue is not necessarily evident in apparent form: it is sometimes concealed within the concert of lines, forms and colours, "behind the emotion and the imagination that challenge and nourish each other reciprocally" (Parmeggiani, 1994) (9).

But it is also sometimes open, in different ways and to differing extents, with more or less evidence and decipherability. And not infrequently, at least after a certain point in time, in a context in which music and poetry play a far from secondary rôle, with their specific forms and contents.

This was the situation in 1996 when Borghi discovered Verdi, a native of his home region and an ideal sounding board, by virtue of the painter's in-born love of the composer's music and ability to experience it - as indeed he is capable of experiencing the music of other composers - as something that is alive in the present, even while he is aware of its remote origins. Already here he was abiding by a belief that was to find support in his contact with Eliot, who completed the text which I used as an introduction to this essay by stating that the poet "is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living" (10). With repercussions, dating from this discovery of Verdi, on the individual compositions and operas that the artist chose to bring back to life through his painting, which he has always achieved without ever being reduced to mere nar-

rative, nor to singling out the individual characters of a melodrama, but by rising to the challenge of considering what the story and the characters convey through their depiction in the music, or, to quote Eliot again, as an objectivisation of contingent, though not necessarily supernatural, realities that can be perceived by the senses, realities that the present and the fragrantcy of existence strengthen, expanding on their consistency and significance. It is no coincidence that, already in 1996, Borghi concluded his cycle of paintings inspired by Verdi in the same way as he was to do five years later, in the exhibition dedicated to Verdi on the occasion of the centennial of the composer's death, in 2001, with the Requiem Mass. In his first approach, he wove a dissolving web on the yarn of elusiveness, whose consequent epilogue was a painting projected towards Eternity. In 2001, as I had occasion to mention at the time (11), his meditation about mankind's ultimate destiny and the eternal ontological questions resulted in an afflicted rhythm of painting, all effused in a remembrance based on the presence of absence. In both the first and the second case, his decision was not only aesthetic, but primarily ethical, motivated by intimate experiences that he had sensed as a stimulus towards a metaphysical expansion and evolution. Which is what we find again in today's "interpretation" of Eliot and, earlier, in 1999, of the seventeenth century - metaphysical - preacher and poet John Donne, much beloved also by Eliot in his youth, which explains why Borghi was most probably attracted to him, maybe with a helping hand from Sanesi. There is actually a common denominator that runs through many of Borghi's choices when it comes to poetry: from William Blake, the extraordinarily visionary painter and poet of the Songs of Innocence and of Experience that were exemplary - and for Borghi particularly inspiring - because of their use of the dual register of the word and the image, to the equally exceptional Emily Elizabeth Dickinson, whose close inner contemplation reflects a sensitivity different from that of Borghi, as it is also different from

the sensitivity of Blake - and opposed to his Utopian "prophetic" extroversion - yet the model of an intensely shared critical questioning resulting in a lyric that touches on mankind's profoundest problems. Then there is also the different Romanticism of a Novalis or a Shelley, and the participatory energy, once again differentiated, of Walt Whitman and Dylan Thomas, or of Garcia Lorca, to whom Borghi has once again turned in recent months, despite devoting them primarily to Eliot. Whom he has treated impetuously, as usual, enhancing his by now typical use of vividly pregnant, yet flexible, material and colour, suitable for conveying subtle spiritual surprises and peremptory appropriations, memorable lingerings and enlivened plunges into everyday life. The speed of execution is astonishing, considering the artist's lengthy psychological, emotional and conceptual preparation, which is not the same as a conventional design. It is a preparation that unravels in the heart and in the mind, in the consciousness and in the subconscious, not in the sketch or the draft, so as to prepare the ground for comparison with Surrealist automatism, albeit outside its defining coordinates. Borghi's immediacy is not actually improvisation, but the result of an inner maturity that generates significant, revealing gestures, quite apart from existing rules and conventions: they reveal his ego and how it relates to others, in a condition at once physical and spiritual. Once again, we find some affinity with certain aspects of the Informal, but outside their - dramatic, troubled or complaisant - sinking into material and gesture. Which means, as Maurizio Calvesi was correct to note, that Borghi is distinguished from the "accent on material's existential nature, feeling colour as an intrinsic property, no more analogical, but radically expressive" (12), that marked such a large part of the Informal experience and that of the situations deriving from it. "What we have in Borghi, on other hand," continued Calvesi, "is a relationship between colour and material that is somehow turned on its head, from the nether regions (of the world) to the lofty realms of the inner echo. We are not looking at

a colour that serves and connotes the material, but a painting material that serves and exalts the colour, with its thickness, density and wrinkles; a material that captures the light, makes it vibrate, you could almost say excites colour's emotional quality" (13). Thus did Borghi learn the lesson of the Informel and surpass it in an original manner, by reversing the perspective of the problem that nevertheless safeguards consideration of the "worldly vocation of art and of artists" in the sense attributed to the term by Husserl, of whom Giulio Carlo Argan wrote, in medias res, in his justly celebrated essay *Salvezza e caduta dell'arte moderna* in 1961 and again, in 1964, in his equally significant essay *Progetto e destino* (14). Drawing on Husserl's *The Crisis of European Sciences and Transcendental Phenomenology*, published posthumously in 1954, the great historian noted that "also art has now the 'world of life' as its field or, to use Husserl's words, the 'realm of the subjective phenomena that have remained anonymous'" in the situation that was coming about, then postulated the rediscovery of the value of design in the only way still possible, in an "art in design" that reveals "in design the mobile structure of existence", defending, in its "process-design", "social and historical life, in its everyday dealings with eventuality and chance" (15).

The starting point in Borghi is focused primarily on individual existentialism, but the ultimate goal, the guarantee of those individuals' actual destiny, is collective, social, general, even cosmic in him as it is elsewhere. Hence the liaison with Eliot, developed in an attentive reading of his poetry and culminating in the reification of painting and its results, the objective manifestation of a reflection both theoretical and existentially compromised, involving the "impersonality" mentioned at the beginning of this essay, which can be evaluated appropriately, after studying the evidence that has been described of more than a decade of the artist's work, not as a denial or a restriction, but as a conquest: a conquest of consciousness and, inevitably, in painting. Which develops primarily around

the two central nuclei of Eliot's poetic thinking: the one focused on his absolute masterpiece *The Waste Land*, 1922; which addresses itself in bitter and often irate and raw tones to the decline of a society and a civilisation uncertain of their own destiny; the other where his conversion and faith instil in him the new hope that innervates *The Four Quartets*, an opus created between 1936 and 1942 that documents a process of meditation enlightened by mystical accents. There are four large paintings inspired by *The Waste Land*, two of which were painted to relate to the epic fifth section, *What the Thunder Said*, which closes the poem. Here Borghi has chosen the central passage, where dramatic scenes are evoked that have once again become very pertinent to the times we are living in, based on the bitter realisation of a sense of being impotently caught in checkmate as Western civilisation falls into ruins. "What is the city over the mountains / Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air / Falling towers / Jerusalem Athens Alexandria / Vienna London / Unreal": these are verses that Borghi has objectivised in a first painting, wounded by profound furrows cut under a dark, looming blade of sky. Meanwhile, other verses, which follow very closely on the first extract, conjure up a horrifying spectacle, like the one we all saw last September when the collapse of the Twin Towers became a macabre media show: "And upside down in air were towers / Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours / And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells": an unsusceptible cross-fertilisation of past and present, as a leaden future dawns. Which the following verses, highlighted by Borghi in his copy of Eliot's poetry in the translation by Sanesi, possibly in view of another future painting, anticipate: "In this decayed hole among the mountains / In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing / Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel / There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home. / It has no windows, and the door swings / Dry bones can harm no-one". The other two paintings inspired by an "interpretation" of Eliot's *The Waste Land* refer

respectively to the first and the second section of the work, *The Burial of the Dead* and *A Game of Chess*, where we find the verses "Unreal city, / Under the brown fog of a winter dawn" and "Huge sea-wood fed with copper / Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone, / In which sad light, a carved dolphin swam". But the painter stops here, at the first verse, which is already quite sufficient, however, to establish the dominant "climate of infertility" (Sanesi) (16). While the first reference makes cryptic assumption of the "crowd of the living damned" (Sanesi) (17), omitting the horrifying sequel, whose sculptural simplicity could have been inspired by Dante: "A crows flew over London Bridge, so many, / I had not thought death had undone so many. / Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled, / And each man fixed his eyes before his feet". The focalisations and sudden shearings practised by Borghi are tools for highlighting the fragments detected by the artist in this small poem's complex construction, both charged with symbolic references, with multiple meanings, with figures and personages explicitly evoked or merely hinted at, and at the same time a window onto a personal path through Eliot's labyrinthine hypertext, which allows for a variety of routes and directions, as masterpieces so often do. A personal path that is all so picked out by the preferences expressed in Eliot's early collections. Such as *Prufrock and Other Observations*, 1917, from which Borghi has chosen the opening verse of *Portrait of a Lady* ("Among the smoke and fog of a December afternoon"), which he probably preferred because it evokes that gloomy landscape, rendered with straightforward efficacy on the canvas, two situations to a certain extent connected to Eliot's leading themes that give rise to two intense paintings: the first, from the *Preludes*, focused on the solitary interior reflection of "The morning comes to consciousness", the other, from *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, where the story told is again one of solitude: "Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets / And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes /

Of lonely men in shirtsleeves, leaning out of windows?.. " And the same again for the 1920 Poems and for his youthful verses.

The canvases that relate to The Four Quartets are more poised, obviously, yet not at all without pathos, starting with the exceptional Triptych, which is alone capable of testifying to the harmony enjoyed by today's Borghi with the Eliot who experienced that new phase, no longer mired by the awareness of an irreversible crisis, but focused on investigating the meaning of time past, present and future, in a dilated opening towards a timeless timeliness. Which Borghi has encapsulated in his Triptych, pouring the intellectual and spiritual emotion of the opening of the first Quartet (Burnt Norton) into the paintings: "time present and time past / Are both perhaps present in time future, / And time future contained in time past. / If all time is eternally present / All time is unredeemable. / What might have been is an abstraction / Remaining a perpetual possibility". The Triptych is no vision of Eden. It draws its nourishment from material and suffering, the "door" for hope. Just as he did not love the lyrical dimension, but preferred the epic, so Eliot avoided hypothesising gratifying celestial visions, but embraced the cross of the suffering Christ to seek purification and salvation in the difficulty of existence. It is no coincidence that his first important work after conversion was the poem *Ash Wednesday*, on which he worked between 1927, the year when he turned over that new leaf, and 1930. Borghi only tackled this last station at the end of the undertaking described here. The paintings are still fresh with colour and reiterate all the intensity of involving in painting a commitment of knowledge and awareness of the limits of that knowledge. Once again, here are the blades of light that cut furrows through the dense dark material, but this time they are not the lightening flashes of a storm. It is the intention of a different time scale that is reached through the experience of birth and death: "In my beginning is my end. Now the light falls / Across the open field, leaving the deep lane / Shuttered with bran-

ches, dark in the afternoon," as the second verse of the second Quartet (East Coker) recites, which Borghi has chosen as the stimulus for another of his works in this series, also published here. Like the other one whose title and inspiration derive from the opening of the fourth part of the third Quartet (The Dry Salvages): "Lady, whose shrine stands on the promontory, / Pray for all those who are in ships, those / Whose business has to do with fish, and / Those concerned with every lawful traffic / And those who conduct them." Is this a symptom, also in Borghi, of a hope for the time beyond time? That's as may be. But it is certainly a condition that blocks the way for the mannerist selfreflection that is the joy and the torment of so much contemporary art, from the so-called historical avant-gardes of the early twentieth century to the present day. The risk of aesthetic complacency that looms in the handling of material so dear to Borghi has been laid to rest. Like aiming low at a material that is self-sufficient and, therefore, totalising.



Photo Calvesi

Alfonso Borghi con Maurizio Calvesi

Maurizio Calvesi
FROM CROWDED ORIGINS

In abstract painting it happens not infrequently that the titles given to the works are pure pretexts, or perhaps it would be better to say "posttexts," in the sense that they are created following the elaboration of the pictorial texts and are simply added or applied to them, without having any function in the genesis of the work. In the case of Alfonso Borghi, however, one has the totally opposite impression of a precise reason that dictates the inspiration of the painting and then remains fixed in the title, even though the almost total lack of figurative elements makes it difficult or impossible for the viewer to recognise the theme in terms of iconography. But then, where does this impression come from? I think it comes from the naturalistic vocation of Borghi's painting which, in

the colours, the movement of the forms, the density and breadth of the material itself, always reveals its original stimulus of "truth," the sympathetic assonance with the colours and forms of nature, of reality. His painting is not an entirely mental or purely formalistic construction to which, when all is said and done, the eye of the artist himself can look with detachment and curiosity to search for random emergences that may suggest a title. (2000)





Alfonso Borghi con Giuseppe Amadei

Giuseppe Amadei

After the great success it enjoyed in Sabbioneta, where the exhibition was – for the first time – solemnly inaugurated in June of this year and admired by crowds of visitors, all of the paintings Borghi showed at the Palazzo Ducale – at the behest of the MAGI 900 Museum – will be transferred to Pieve di Cento. Obviously, as the headlines confirm, the works are there to celebrate the ancient splendour of this Mantovanian city and to renew the spirit of Sabbionetta's founder, who challenged the passage of time and brought the name of Vespasiano Gonzaga Colonna (1531 - 1591), who, according to Torquato Tasso, is worthy of comparison to the "best and most glorious princes of the past and founder of the city which, for its original urban features, was dubbed "little Athens", back to the forefront.

Vespasiano perhaps had, as his point of reference, Bernardo Rossellino, the architect of Pienza; or Biagio Rossetti, who redesigned and radically enlarged the city of Ferrara or Andrea Palladio, who renovated and reconstructed the monumentality of Vicenza. According to Vespasiano "man can gain importance and nobility in two ways: through arms or through literature", and he should know, having done both. In fact, on the statue Leone Leoni erected in his memory at the Incoronata church, he is depicted in his warrior's armour and with one hand on an open book, probably Vitruvio's "De Architectura", which he always carried with him.

The Duke could also bear witness – for the many works of art he had collected – to the fact that there is also a third way to become famous, that is, through art. Alfonso Borghi took this third way. All through his works one senses an enormous liberating sigh which gives us the possibility to feel alive through art. The number of exhibitions of Borghi's art are too numerous to count, and not

all of the requests can be satisfied.

After the one at the Grand Palais in Paris, which lasted four months or so, he is now showing in Munich, to then transfer to Vienna and, in September, there is the show in Modena, followed by Frankfurt. The success of his paintings is, therefore, undeniable. In all of his works, but especially in these, there is an obvious partiality and lively taste for the materials and colours he uses, and I am convinced that each of his gestures when constructing his art is non-casual and the only way in which it could have been done.

His paintings have a very special spatial solidity wherein the coloured masses are one with the luminous masses.

The material he uses make the colours more sensitive and transparent, they are not angular, nor tormented, while the minute fracturing of his lines places the shapes in space as they imbue the whole with a permanent tension.

The paintings here interpret – amongst other things – the battle in which Parma fought Ottavio Farnese and Vicovaro's siege against Pope Paul IV; the column at Pallade; the Ducal Palace, its magnificent ceilings and the Hall of Myths of the Garden Palace; and Cardinals Ercole and Pirro Gonzaga.

Borghi here has unleashed all of the power of colour and material.

Even when he paints a battle scene or the ceiling of the Ducal Palace, he never describes reality but one of the many interpretations of reality, a mystery hidden behind each stroke. The artist's perceptions are infinitely more precious than the most faithful depiction of reality. We must not forget that what Luigi Veronesi (who participated in the first exhibition of Italian abstract art in Turin in 1935) said is also true for Borghi, and that is that the lines and forms are only 'true' if among themselves they are in perfect harmony 'on the canvas' and

'with the canvas', above and beyond any comparison to the lines and forms of reality.

Borghesi does not depict nature, nor the sensations of life, but expresses himself through lines, colours and surfaces, that is, using all of the tools of painting. Abstractionism becomes a sort of interpretation which awakens in him – who is drowning in colour, materials and light – the means with which to feel all of contemporary art.

Sabbioneta was founded during the times of Giorgio Vasari (1511 - 1574) and 'il Parmigianino' (who died in 1540 at Casalmaggiore, a few kilometres from Sabbioneta). The architects and artists of the time had invented many new things and created many precious works of art, but it is not hard to imagine what Vasari, seeing Borghesi's paintings, would have said five hundred years ago when he was already, and for a lot less, complaining that some artist or another had "exceeded extravagance with new capricious inventions and bizarre whims".

I think that Il Parmigianino, however, "beginning to study the things of alchemy" and conducting experiments with the magic of colour, of reds, mercury and combustion, was not far from the burning reds of Borghesi, which seem to want to bore holes into space. There are no schemes of perfection in the mythical art of the past with which to judge present day art. The schemes remain dead. Only the present is alive. It can bring life to the past, but the past cannot serve as a basis for the rules for the present. If the present were to conform to the past it would no longer be the present and it would no longer be alive.

The essential reason of painting can be sought in tradition, but only through the logical evolution of its forms over time.

The conception of art, over the last few decades, has undergone remarkable variations. Borghesi, like all the great abstract expressionists, makes paintings with fields of colour. It is art that disturbs, surprises and enchants, so much so that after having intensely studied one of his paintings one needs a break, a quiet moment to calm emotions.

The splashes of colour can be broad, dark or luminous at different times, silhouetted against the backdrop of the canvas, seemingly made of an interstellar material that absorbs and expands light. His material seems as though it were made with electrum, that fusion of gold and silver which in antiquity could be found in its natural state in the sandy beds of certain rivers. Each colour spreads and blends into the other until it seems as though they want to slip off of the canvases, large canvases where the colours freely expand on the surface like a slow overlapping of chromatic layers that glide one over the other.

Borghesi's colours shout, just like he does when he paints; daily life bursts through onto his paintings, the vividness of his colours overwhelms the strict design and form and, from an artistic standpoint, each of us can have an interesting and undeniably modern experience when we look at and enjoy his paintings. (2006)





Melodie della terra
oil on canvas
2010 - cm 100x120





Spesso i boschi sono rossi
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 180x80*





Aracne
oil on canvas
2008 - *cm 180x80*





Abiti talari, (omaggio a V.Poli)
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 100x120*





Nient'altro che scabri precipizi
oil on canvas
2004 - cm 150x40





Contemplo questa strana architettura
oil on canvas
2004 - *cm 150x40*





Portare la nostra parte d'aurora

oil on canvas

2004 - cm 140x70





Il carro di fieno
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 100x100*





Tour magne le matin huile sur toile
oil on canvas
2007 - cm 100x70





Viaggio a Brooklin
oil on canvas
2005 - *cm 100x70*





Misterioso coro del vento

oil on canvas
2006 - *cm 80x80*





(2) Omaggio a V. Poli
oil on canvas
2010 - cm 100x80



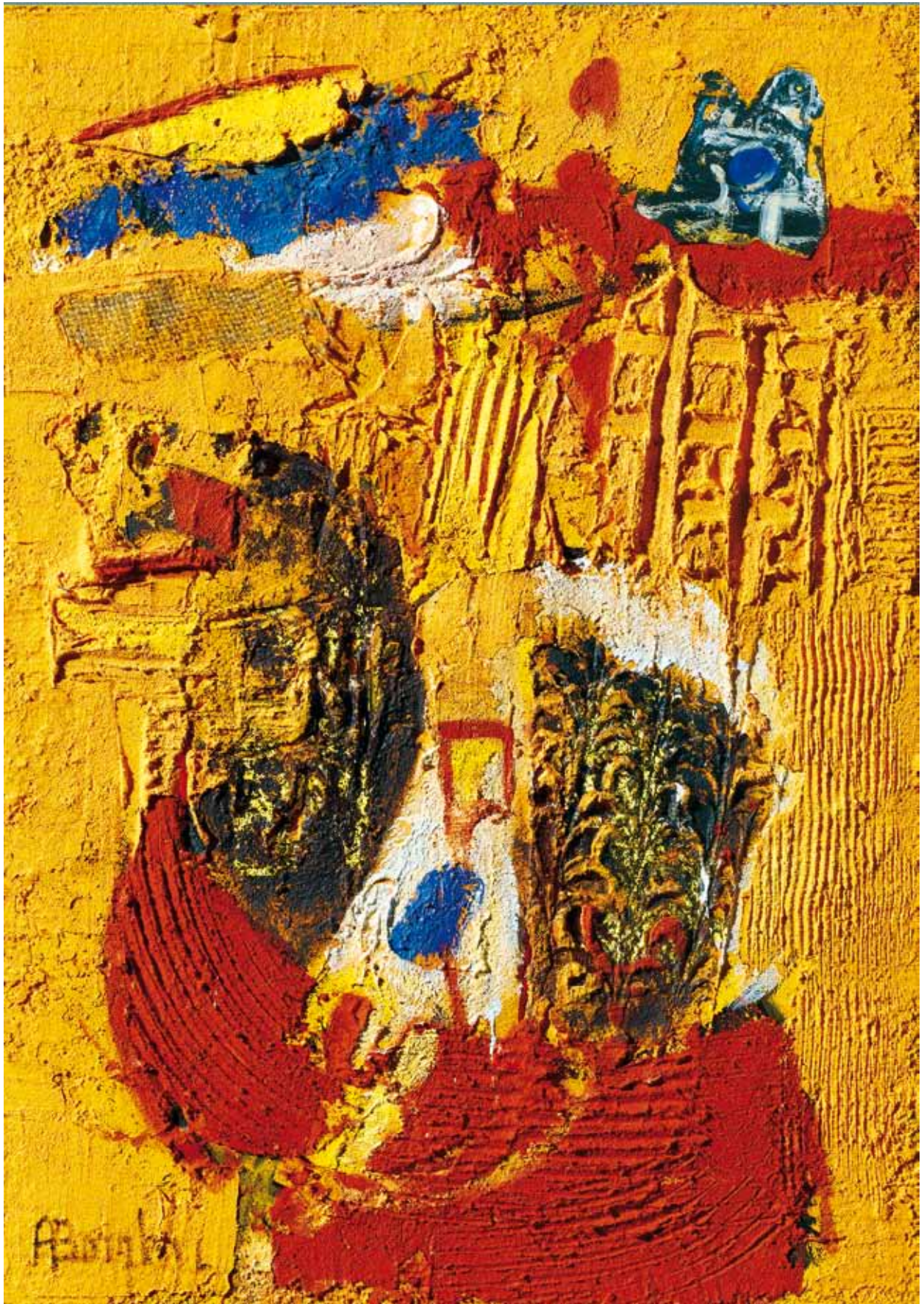


Omaggio a V. Poli
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 100x80*





Fienagione
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 70x50*



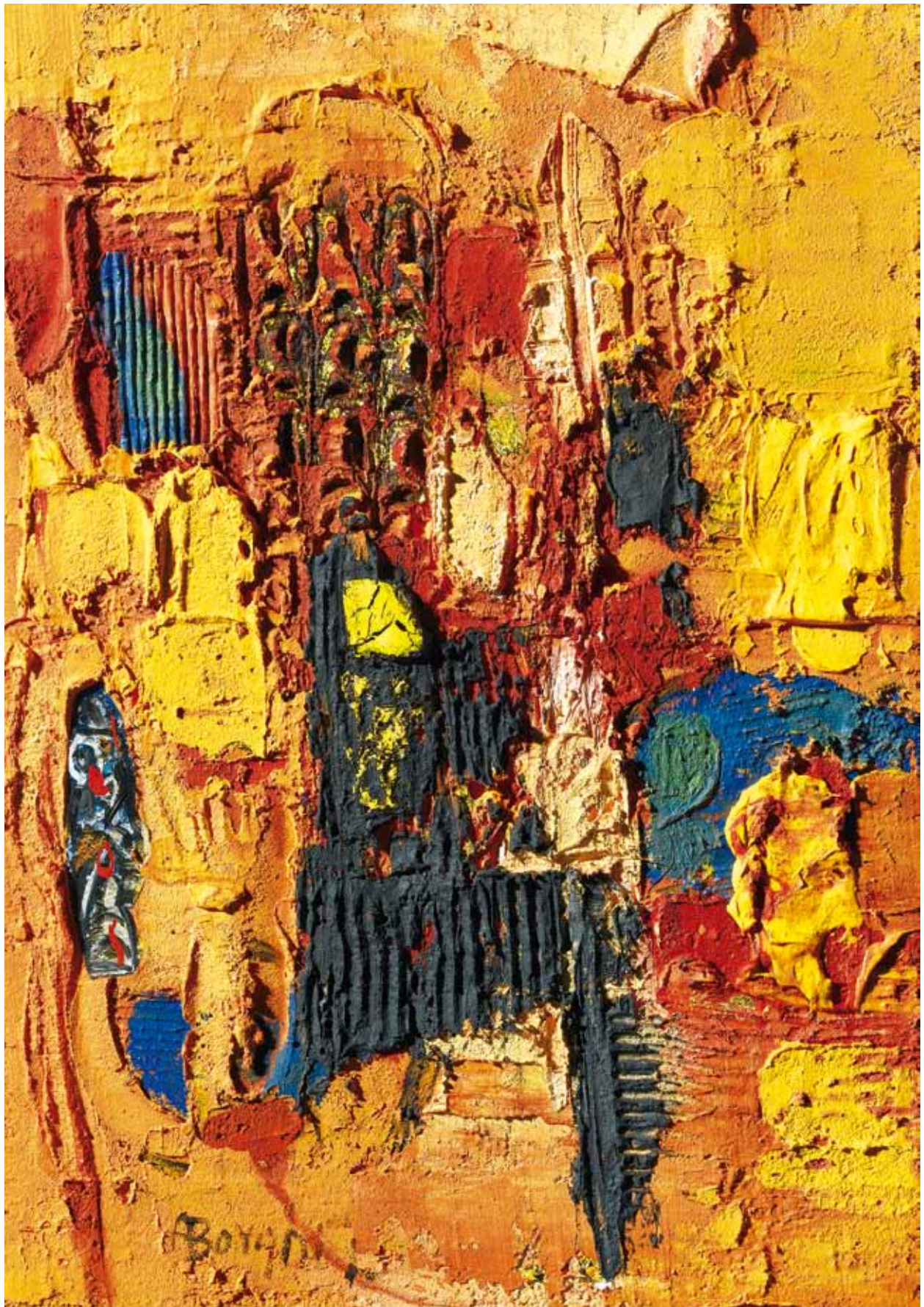


Le mattine di Primavera sull'Arno
oil on canvas
2009 - *cm 70x50*





Mietitura
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 70x50*





Veduta di Lione
oil on canvas
2010 - cm 60x40





Combattimento fra carnevale e quaresima

oil on canvas
2010 - cm 60x40



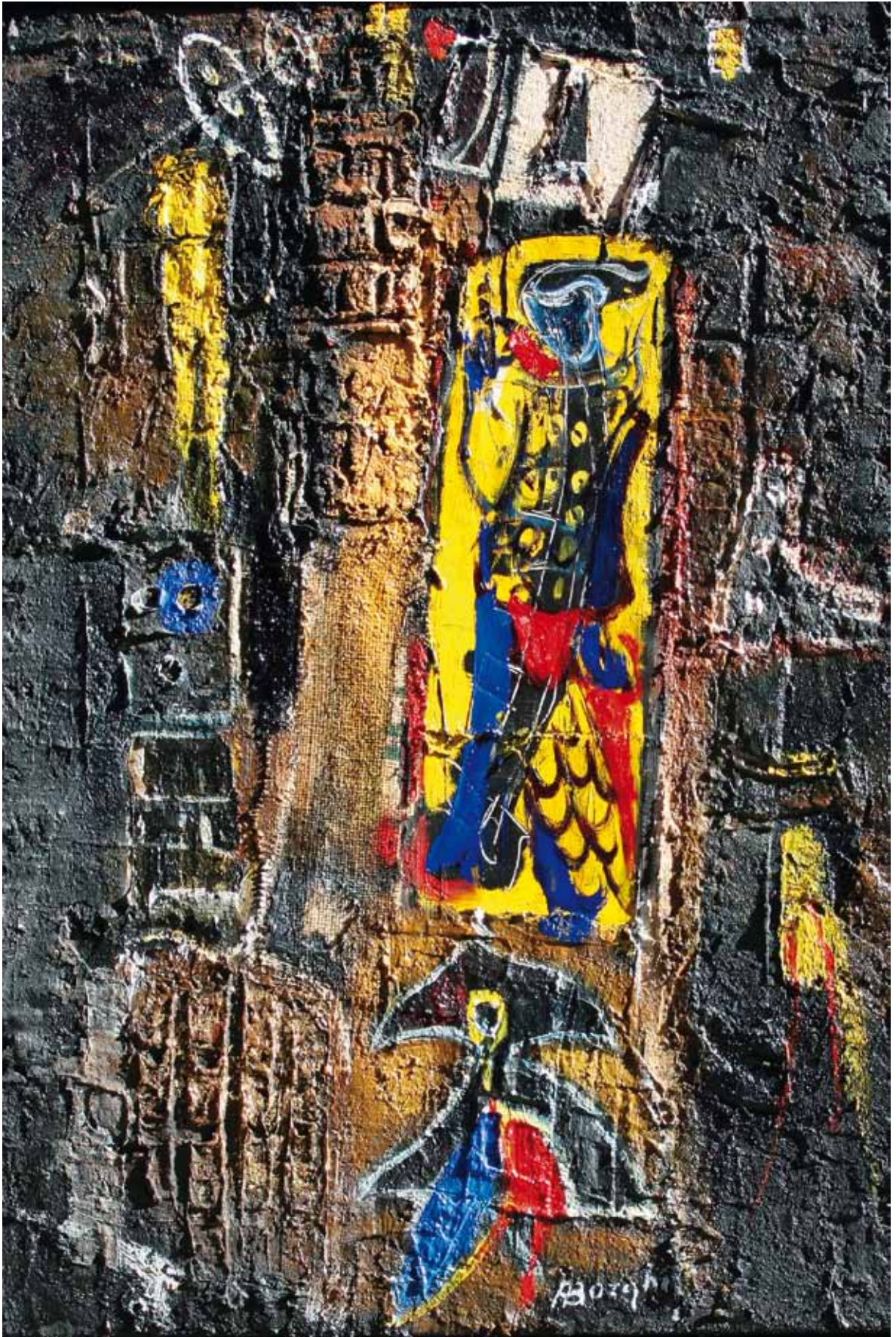


Paesaggio con incendio
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 100x50*



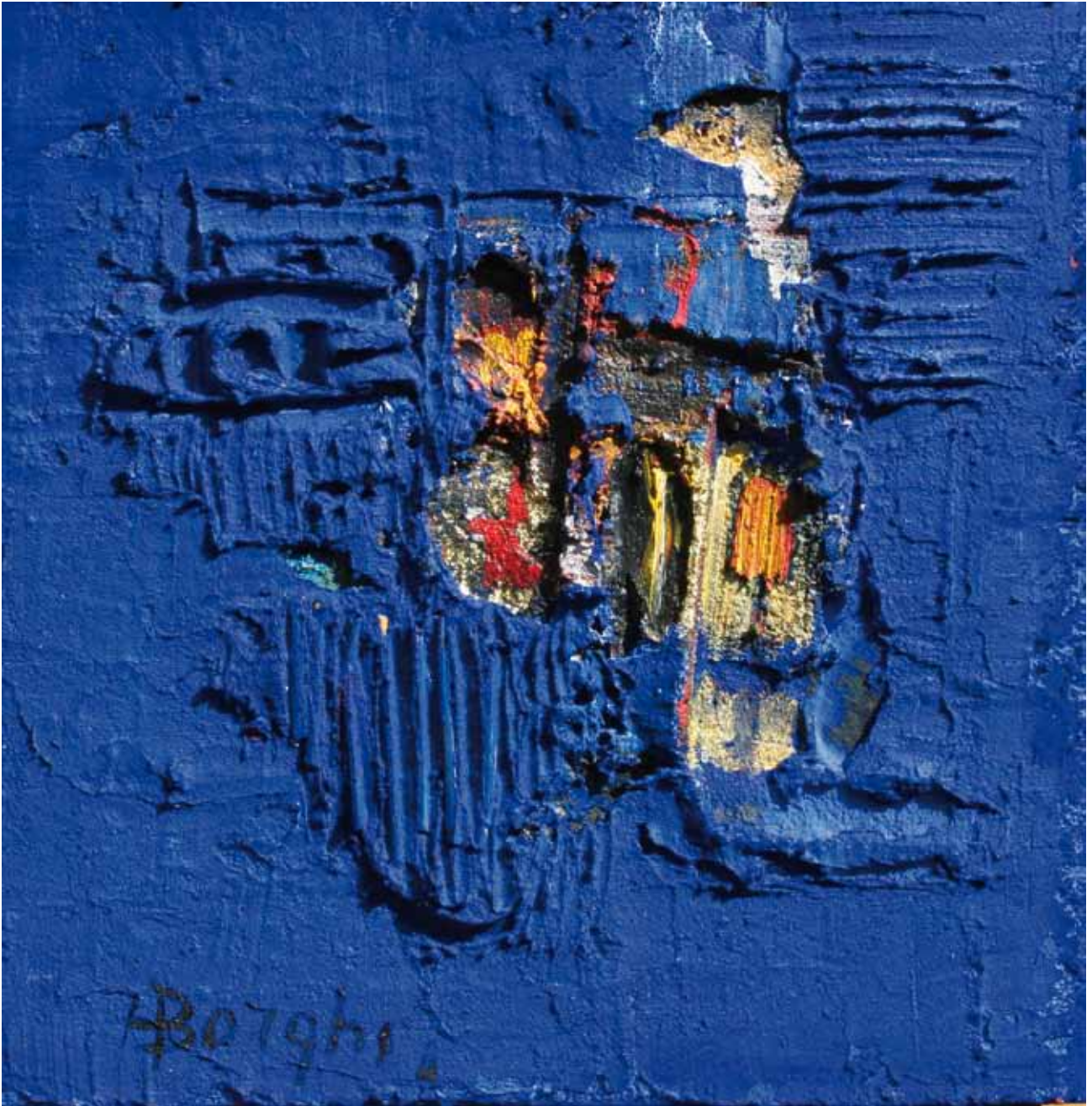


Ils traversent ainsi le noir illimité
oil on canvas
2007 - cm 100x70



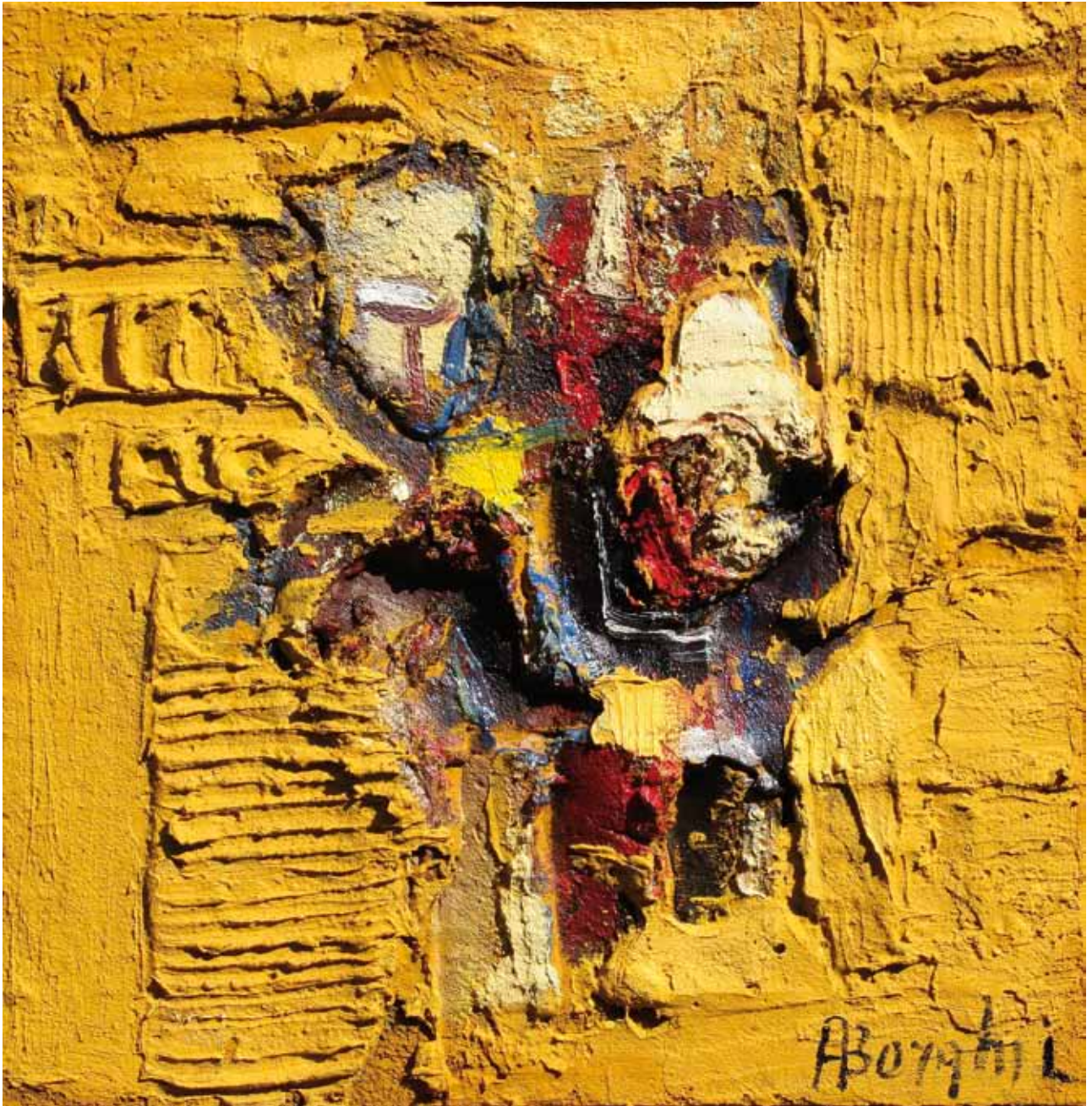


(6) Arcobaleno
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 40x40*





(8) Arcobaleno
oil on canvas
2010 - cm 40x40





(9) Arcobaleno
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 40x40*





(4) Arcobaleno
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 40x40*



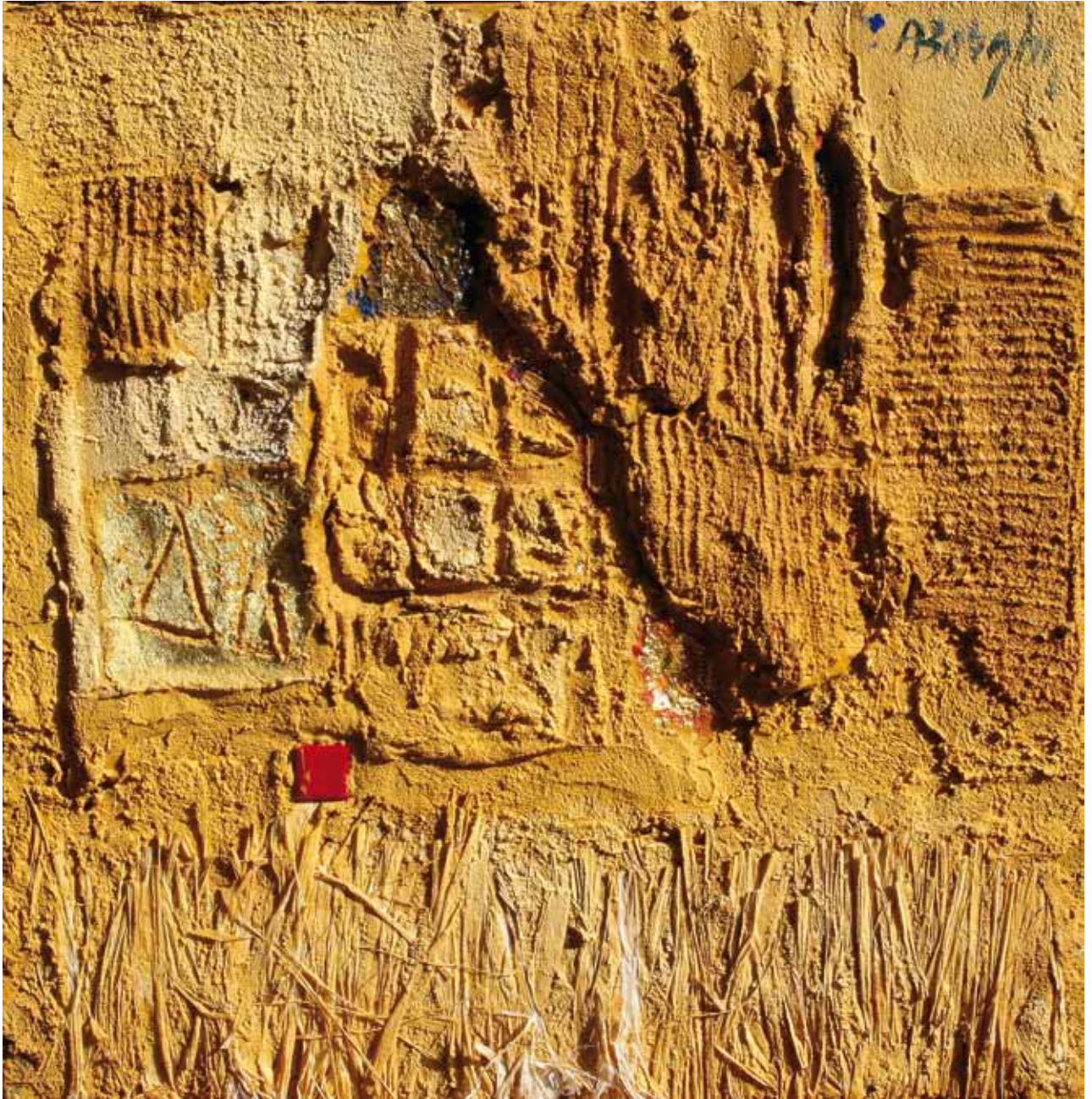


(1) Arcobaleno
oil on canvas
2010 - *cm 40x40*





Il tempio di Esculapio
oil on canvas
2008 - cm 40x40





Giardino spettrale
oil on canvas
2009 - cm 40x40





(3) Arcobaleno
oil on canvas
2010 - cm 40x40





Sera d'estate
oil on canvas
2009 - cm 40x40





La nuvola nera conduce lontano

oil on canvas
2009 - cm 40x40





Vecchia città
oil on canvas
2009 - cm 40x40





Aurore boreali
oil on canvas
2009 - cm 40x40





La fortezza dello spirito
oil on canvas
2009 - cm 40x40





Arcipelago 5
oil on canvas
2009 - *cm 40x40*







BIOGRAPHY OF ALFONSO BORGHI

Alfonso Borghi was born in Campagne, Reggio Emilia, on December 3, 1944. His first exhibit took place when he was just 18 years old, thanks to the support of a collector with whom he later travelled to Paris, where he briefly studied Cubism and Picasso, in particular. Upon his return he met George Pielmann, a pupil of Kokoschka, and through expressionism he discovers the wide range of possibilities of material and gestural expressiveness. Self-taught and with a great inherent sensitivity and technical discipline, Borghi, after forty years of constant work, has created a pictorial style of indisputable fascination.

His early years are marked by a figurative Morandian style which then transformed into a lacerating surrealism in the 80's and futurist abstractionism in the 1990's. Today, Borghi's art is a synthesis

of sumptuous and expert use of materials with an extraordinary and superb use of colour.

In 1997 his work is the object of a series of exhibitions in the most exclusive Italian galleries, gaining him the attention of experts from all over Europe (Marseilles, Berlin, Barcelona, Madrid, Lugano, Antwerp, Vienna and Paris) as well as from North America (shows at New York City's Design Centre and in Los Angeles).

In 2005 he is commissioned by the Justice Department of Milan to create three large canvases to enrich their already impressive collection (Sironi, Carrà, De Chirico, Martini, Fiume etc.).

In 2006 the art critic Vittorio Sgarbi presents an important showing of his work at the Ducal Palace of Sabbionetta.

In 2008 he is chosen by a Finance Ministry commission, together with other important Italian and international artists, to decorate the New Year's lottery ticket. The resulting painting is now part of the Ministry's collection.

In 2009 the Milan Justice Department once again calls on the maestro, this time to paint frescoes to adorn one of the courtrooms. In September 2009 a very important exhibit is organised at Galleria Margutta 102 in Rome, as well as an anthological exhibition in Vicenza at Villa Bonin Maistrello.



Alfonso Borghi e Gian Carlo de Magistris a Vienna, 2007

His works can be found in important public and private collections, as well as in museums in Italy, France, Belgium and Sweden.

2010 A maggio una mostra al Palazzo dei Principi, di Correggio "La giostra della vita".

Nel 2011 in aprile la città di Guastalla inaugura Palazzo Ducale, con una mostra antologica, "Colloquiando con Ferrante Gonzaga".

Nello stesso mese una importante mostra, "Recent works", all'Istituto Italiano di Cultura, a San Francisco, poi ritorna a Parma a Palazzo Pigorini, con una mostra dedicata ad Attilio Bertolucci.



Parigi, Borghi alla Art Paris, 2007

EXHIBITIONS

1967

Campegine (RE),
Sala Consiglio Comunale.

1968

Correggio (RE),
Palazzo dei Principi.
Reggio Emilia, Ente Provinciale
del Turismo.

1969

Parma, Galleria Petrarca.

1970

Carpi (MO), Sala Gialla.

1971

Reggio Emilia, Ente Provinciale
del Turismo.
Brescia, Galleria A.A.B.

1972

Parma, Galleria Petrarca.

1973

Parma, Galleria Petrarca.

1974

Torino, Sala Bolaffi.

1982

Suzzara (MN),
Galleria Premio Suzzara.

1983

Castelnovo di Sotto (RE),
Chiesa Monumentale della Ma-
donna.

1984

S. Benedetto del Tronto,
Galleria Il saggitario.



Vicenza, Villa Bonin Maistrello, 2009

1986

Campegine (RE),
Palazzo Comunale,
"Vent'anni di pittura".

1988

Reggio Emilia,
Sala Carrozze Area Ex Stalloni,
"Opere 1973-1988".

1989

Tokyo, Collettiva.

1990

Torino,
Studio d'Arte Esperide, "Borghi".
Marsiglia, Galleria La Litographie,
"Alfonso Borghi".
Milano, Palazzo della Perma-
nente Triennale, "Sesta triennale
dell'incisione" (collettiva).

1991

Parigi, Spazio Mirò UNESCO,



Milano, Alfonso Borghi con Roberto Sanesi e Bruno Bertani, 1999



Parigi, Borghi con José de Guimarães, 2008

"Mégalopolis".

(Acquisizione di una tela esposta in permanenza nel museo privato Pierre Cardin, Parigi).

Parigi, Galleria Endrouot, "Les couleurs et les sons".

1992

Parigi, Galerie de Charmes - St. Germain de Près, mostra personale patrocinata dall' Amministra-

zione Provinciale e dall'UNESCO.

Parigi, Galerie de Chaulnes, "Borghi, l'art et la mode".

1993

Palermo, Galleria Ars Nova, "Borghi".

1994

Reggio Emilia, Teatro Valli, "Alfonso Borghi, dipinti 1990-1994".

1996

Berlino, Galleria Pinna.

Lugano, Galleria Eos.

1997

Cremona, Biennale d'Arte.

1998

Morges (Svizzera), Galleria Pro Arte Kasper, "Peintures récentes".

Verona, Galleria Prisma, "Alfonso Borghi incontra Salvatore Quasimodo".

1999

Milano, Spazio Linati, "Visioni".

Ravello, Chiesa S. Maria a Gradillo, "Eros e Thanatos: Alfonso Borghi incontra Richard Wagner".

2000

Milano, Fondazione Stelline, "Alfonso Borghi, opere 1996-1999".

Reggio Emilia, Galleria 2000 & Novecento,

"Alfonso Borghi, opere recenti".

Reggio Emilia, Methis Coopsette, "Amarcord, omaggio a Federico Fellini".

Bologna, ArteFiera, Galleria Marieschi.

Barcellona, Artexpo, Galleria 2000 & Novecento.

Sassuolo, Galleria Barbera & Frigeri,

"Alfonso Borghi".

Gualtieri, Palazzo Bentivoglio, "Reggio - Cent'anni d'Arte" (collettiva).

Gent (Belgio), Galleria 2000 & Novecento, Lineart.

2001

Pesaro, Galleria Andromeda,
 "Alfonso Borghi, opere recenti".
 Bologna, Roma, Milano, Torino,
 Verona, Locat,
 "Il canto della materia".
 Morges (Svizzera), Gallerie Pro
 Arte Kasper,
 "Borghi - Shelley: The waring
 moon".
 Parma, Galleria San Ludovico,
 "Alfonso Borghi - Giuseppe Verdi,
 i colori della musica".
 Gent (Belgio), Galleria San Carlo,
 Lineart.

2002

Madrid, Galleria Lazcano,
 "Omaggio a Federico Garcia Lor-
 ca".
 Milano, Galleria San Carlo,
 "Interpretando Eliot".
 Bologna, ArteFiera, (Galleria San
 Carlo).
 Milano, Miart, Galleria San Carlo.
 Milano, Miart, (Galleria 2000 &
 Novecento).
 Padova, ArtePadova, (Galleria
 2000 & Novecento).
 Gent (Belgio), Lineart, (Galleria
 San Carlo).
 New York, Galleria Jill Clark.

2003

Bologna, ArteFiera, (Galleria San
 Carlo).
 Reggio Emilia, Galleria 2000 &
 Novecento,
 "La petite promenade".
 Montichiari (Brescia), Expoarte,
 (Galleria 2000 & Novecento).
 Padova, ArtePadova, (Galleria
 2000 & Novecento).
 Correggio (RE), HotelPresident,

"Oscillazioni mutevoli".

2004

Bologna, ArteFiera, (Galleria San
 Carlo).
 Milano, Galleria San Carlo, "I folli
 desideri esorbitanti".
 Francoforte, Galleria Raphael,
 "I folli desideri esorbitanti".
 Belgio, Galleria Serge Scohy,
 "I folli desideri esorbitanti".
 Gent (Belgio), Lineart, (Galleria
 San Carlo).

2005

Bologna, ArteFiera, (Galleria San
 Carlo).
 New York, New York design cen-
 ter, (Galleria Baker).
 Los Angeles, Los Angeles design
 center, (Galleria Baker).
 Parigi, ArtParis, Museo Louvre,
 (Galleria San Carlo).
 Milano, Galleria San Carlo, "La
 Giustizia giusta".
 Milano, Galleria San Carlo,
 "Non c'è futuro senza presente"
 (collettiva) (Ceramiche).
 Gent (Belgio), Lineart, (Galleria
 San Carlo).
 Londra, May Fair, (The Air Galle-
 ry).

2006

Bologna, ArteFiera, (Galleria San
 Carlo).
 Parigi, Grand Palais, ArtParis, (Gal-
 leria San Carlo).
 Sabbioneta (MN), Palazzo Duca-
 le, "Sabbioneta rivive un rito an-
 tico".
 Modena, Galleria Il divano di Ge-
 orge, "Studia Humanitatis".
 Pieve di Cento (BO), Magi'900

(Museo d'Arte delle Giovani Ge-
 nerazioni).

Reggio Emilia, Galleria Radium
 Artis, "Umanesimo".
 Francoforte, Galleria Raphael
 Frankfurt, "Studia humanitatis".
 Verona, Art Verona '06, (Galleria
 San Carlo).
 Strasburgo (Francia), Start, (Gal-
 leria San Carlo).
 Gent (Belgio), Lineart, (Galleria
 San Carlo).
 Monaco, Fine Art, (Galerie Inter-
 national).

2007

Vienna, Gallery Kro Art,
 "Hommage an Gustav Klimt"
 Parigi, Grand Palais, Art Paris,
 (Galleria San Carlo).
 Milano, MiArt, (Galleria San Car-
 lo).
 Mosca, The Moscow World fair,
 Bel-Air Fine Art.
 Salisburgo, Salzburg World fair,
 Bel-Air Fine Art.
 Verona, Art Verona'07, (Galleria
 San Carlo).
 Strasburgo (Francia), Start, (Gal-
 leria San Carlo).



Alfonso Borghi con Gianni Iotti

Albissola Marina,
Galleria IBR-ARTE,
"Ceramiche e installazioni".

2008

Milano, MiArt, (Galleria San Carlo).
Parigi, Grand Palais, ArtParis, (Galleria San Carlo).
Parma, Antares, "Borghi Story".
Leno (Brescia), Villa Badia,
"Alfonso Borghi, sotto l'epidermide delle apparenze".
Vienna, Gallery Kro Art,
"Art Internatinal Zurich".
Verona, Art Verona'08, (Galleria San Carlo).
Modena, Galleria Il Divano di George.
Gent (Belgio), Lineart, (Galleria San Carlo).

2009

Parigi, Grand Palais, Art Paris,
(Galleria San Carlo).
Milano, MiArt,
(Galleria San Carlo).

Verona, ArtVerona '09, (Galleria San Carlo).
Vicenza, Villa Bonin Maistrello.
Roma, Galleria Margutta 102.
Reggio Emilia, Agenzia Principale Assicurazioni GENERALI, "La forma aggredita diventa urlante ed impetuosa".
Poviglio, Gruppo Litografico Graphic Partners, "L'Arte... Dove si stampa."

2010

Reggio Emilia, Spazio Gerra,
"Da un viaggio è nata una scuola in Etiopia; da una mostra nascerà un poliambulatorio".
Milano, MiArt, (Galleria San Carlo).
Milano, (Galleria San Carlo).
"La caduta degli angeli ribelli".
Correggio (RE),
Palazzo dei Principi,
Correggio Art Home,
"La giostra della vita".
Parma, Agenzia AZIMUT,
"I Borghi di Borghi".

Verona, ArtVerona '010,
(Galleria San Carlo).
Parma, Atelier Mazzali,
"Arte e Design".

2011

Bergamo, Arte Fiera 2011 BAF,
(Galleria San Carlo).
Parma, ArtistinMostra 2011.
Guastalla, (RE), Palazzo Ducale,
"Colloquiando con Ferrante Gonzaga".
San Francisco, (USA), Istituto Italiano di cultura.
"Recent works".



Borghi con Vittorio Sgarbi e amici nel suo studio

PUBLICATIONS

1967

"Pitture di Alfonso Borghi 1967-1986", Centro Stampa Poviglio, (Reggio Emilia).

1988

Gianni Cavazzini, "Alfonso Borghi, opere 1973-1988", Centro Stampa Poviglio (RE).

1991

"Longchamp, opere grafiche 1981-1991", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

"Mégapolis", Centro Stampa Poviglio (RE).

1992

Gianni Cavazzini, "Alfonso Borghi. Opere recenti 1992", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

1993

Gianni Cavazzini, "Borghi", Centro Stampa Poviglio (RE).

1994

"Collezione Alfonso Borghi", Centro Stampa Poviglio (RE).

Gianni Cavazzini, "Alfonso Borghi, dipinti 1990-1994", Electa, Milano.

1996

Cavazzini - Dall'Argine, "Un viaggio per le vie della pittura", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

1997

Gianni Cavazzini, "Un itinéraire à travers les chemins de la peinture", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

1998

Roberto Sanesi, "Borghi incontra Salvatore Quasimodo", Grafiche Step, Parma.

Roberto Sanesi, "Visioni", Arti Gra-



Milano, Alfonso Borghi con Umberto Veronesi, 2010

fiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

1999

Agazzani, Daziano, Sanesi, "Eros e Thanatos a Ravello. Alfonso Borghi incontra Richard Wagner", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

Maurizio Calvesi, Alberto Agazzani, "Alfonso Borghi. Opere 1996-1999", Grafiche Step, Parma.

Alberto Agazzani, "Alfonso Borghi. Opere recenti", Grafiche Step, Parma.

Roberto Sanesi, "Antologia critica", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

2000

Maurizio Calvesi, Marzio Dall'Acqua, "Amarcord, omaggio a Federico Fellini", Grafiche Step, Parma.

2001

Domenico Montalto, "Il canto della materia", Locat Leasing, Milano.
Marzio Dall'Acqua, "Borghi-Shel-

ley, the waring moon", Grafiche Step, Parma.

Luciano Caramel, "Giuseppe Verdi-Alfonso Borghi, i colori della musica", Grafiche Step, Parma.

2002

Marcos Ricardo Barnatan, "Alfonso Borghi", Gema-Lazcano (Galeria de arte), Madrid.

Luciano Caramel, "Alfonso Borghi. Interpretando Eliot", Industria grafica Signum, Bollate (Milano).

2003

Luciano Caramel, "Alfonso Borghi. La pétite promenade", 2000&Novecento edizioni d'arte, Reggio Emilia.

Vittorio Sgarbi, Giuseppe Amadei, "Alfonso Borghi. Oscillazioni mutevoli", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

2004

Martina Corgnati, "I folli desideri esorbitanti", Industria grafica Signum, Bollate (Milano).

Rolando Bellini, "Alfonso Borghi" (allegato "Arte").

Editoriale Giorgio Mondadori.

Giuseppe Amadei, "Anachronique", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

2005

Benedetta de Magistris, "La Giustizia giusta", Galleria San Carlo-Industria Grafica Signum, Bollate (Milano).

2006

Davide Barilli, Giuseppe Amadei, Emilio Zucchi, "Certe volte sul Po", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

Vittorio Sgarbi, Giuseppe Amadei, "Sabbioneta rivive un rito antico", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

Vittorio Sgarbi, Giuseppe Amadei, "Alfonso Borghi", Arti Grafiche De Pietri Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

Maurizio Sciacaluga, "Alfonso Borghi. Studia Humanitatis", Arti Grafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

Sandro Parmiggiani, "Alfonso Borghi. Umanesimo", Radium Artis, Reggio Emilia.

2007

Silvia Kro, Alexandra Matzner, Giuseppe Amadei, "Hommage an Gustav Klimt", Kro Art, Vienna.

2008

Vittorio Sgarbi, Giuseppe Amadei, "Borghi story", Artigrafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).



Alfonso Borghi con Mario Biondi e Claudio Rovacchi, 2010

Maurizio Bernardelli Curuz, "Alfonso Borghi, sotto l'epidermide delle apparenze", Staged, San Zeno (Brescia).

Alfonso Borghi, Domus Aurea, "Labirinto del mito", Artigrafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

2009

Vittorio Sgarbi, Giuseppe Amadei, "Alfonso Borghi", (Allegato "Arte").

Editoriale Giorgio Mondadori.

Vittorio Sgarbi, Katia Golini, "Borghi", Artigrafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

Vittorio Sgarbi, Giuseppe Amadei, "Alfonso Borghi"

"La forma aggredita diventa urlante ed impetuosa", Artigrafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

2010

Giuseppe Amadei, "Borghi", "Da un viaggio è nata una scuola in Etiopia; da una mostra nascerà

un poliambulatorio", Artigrafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

Martina Corgnati, "La caduta degli angeli ribelli" Artigrafiche De Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

Vittorio Sgarbi, Giuseppe Amadei, "La giostra della vita", Artigrafiche de Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).

Giuseppe Amadei, "Colloquiando con Ferrante Gonzaga", Artigrafiche de Pietri, Castelnovo Sotto (Reggio Emilia).



Mostra "Omaggio a Gustav Klimt" alla galleria Kro Art di Vienna



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Via L. Spallanzani 9

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