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**c h i a r a   f i o r i n i**

**l'œuvre récente . recent work**

**21 juillet - 22 août 1981**

ouvert de 10 h à 13 h et de 15 h à 19 h sauf dimanche et lundi  
open from 10 h - 13 h and from 15 h - 19 h except on sunday and monday

## INTRODUCTION

There are painters who view the world first through a fine and delicate veil of silence, alone able to convey the very special atmosphere of solitude and distance that haunts and obsesses them.

This strange and secret veil is apparent in Chiara Fiorini's painting. It shrouds the restrained violence, unavowed desires and rising tide of the soul's torments. It is the point of equilibrium of the scales tipping invariably from the said to the unsaid, from the figurative to what we are allowed to glimpse of the filigree.

Above all, Chiara Fiorini speaks the language of a world apart, imprinted in the memory, poised but tense, in expectation. She speaks of a poetised and melancholy past/present, of those beaches and small harbours of the North Sea and the Channel, envelopped in mist, lost in the dusk, deserted; she looks out of her window and sees the Swiss mountains as yet brutal but already announcing their gentle death in the Italian valley; she sees the houses and the church steeples encrusted among the gigantic rocks looking vaguely like faces; or sees the geometric wave of the Parisian roof-tops, the song of the chimney pots and smoke; she dives with tenderness and abandon into the world of still lifes, these scenes of the interior, of day-dreams, of the indecipherable anchored in everyday life.

The radiance of her painting is outstanding: a blot of red sets the canvas aquiver, shakes the structure and condenses it; a brighter blue draws attention to a precise point. Her palette covers a whole range of ochres, of muted and arid terracottas slowly vibrating through a subtle web of greens, purples, blues.

Everything is there, in the almost imperceptible passage between the rage of the knife smearing on the matter and the tenderness of the gaze, in this invisible bond linking austere figuration with the urge to burst out.

Chiara Fiorini's painting is the moment in time just before the rumbling of thunder and the flash of lightning. For the time being all is calm, all is petrified. Yet, here and there, the hint of a crack heralds the coming of an earthquake.

Egidio Alvaro, July 1981