

In the early nineties, a television serial got an unexpected audience by the teenagers, usually uninterested in spending their evenings watching television. *Twin Peaks*, as was called this project conceived and partially directed by the famous American director David Lynch, offered a strange and surreal plot, with unlikely connections of logic-space-time, a visionary and oneiric apotheosis.

It's not the matter, but how this serial kept the imagination of visual artists, who devoted their attention to this movie. The road sign "Welcome to Twin Peaks" placed at the main street for the tourists, unaware to have come in a crazy country, was literally taken off by the French conceptual Philippe Parreno, re-named *No More Reality* and placed at the entrance of the *No Man's Land* Exhibition in Nice, Villa Arson, in 1991. Now this piece is in the François Pinault's collection.

Thinking of bizarre incipit, my text falls in this category. But what can I do, if some weeks ago Angiola Tremonti gave me a medal depicting *nomen omen* (Tre Monti : Three Mountains) three mountains peaks, which whetted my Proust memory of a Lynch masterpiece.

But let me stop now, there is no reason to look for unthinkable connections between our Lombardy artist and the creative Montana author.

That's only a flash, as you know how always starting a text is something difficult and if you are captured by an image, it's better you follow that.

Angiola Tremonti: this (ex) girl catches you by her glance and an inexorable enthusiasm. She lets you no middle way: either you stay with her, involved into her thousands, mixed creative ideas, or stay out trying to keep track of rationality. Don't expect that she, Angiola, shall help you, she has so a lot of things to do, thinking, projecting, calling people, involving, contacting, she's an enthusiastic tsunami, but everything she asks will be given back to the highest degree.

My mind to those artists who want to impose their personality is almost cold and skeptic. Of course, a writer like me finds easier, with a good calibration of the rhetorical tricks, to narrate what the public enjoys in reading, if there is something special to know. You can also think that someone, like the Piedmontese Pinot Gallizio is firstly a character, then an artist. His painter's work is surely interesting and intuitive but, if this pharmacist from Alba hasn't been so much unpredictable and bizarre as we know, perhaps we wouldn't have been kept by such charm. And let me speak about Joseph Beuys, even if I'm going to say heresy: by me his really important works can be counted on one hand. His wearing with a vest, a "wisdom" hat, some "Indiana Jones" style clothes entered in the art story as well as, or more, his performances and actions.

Shall Angiola Tremonti's biography be considered the driving force in her art? Surely it would be easier in reading: woman, mother, grandma', athlete, teacher, active in helping the suffering persons, effective citizen, politically responsible. A writer in the next months, an artist since so long time. The reader could also know about her voluntary experience in Africa, as well as her support in jails, or with the earthquake victims in L'Aquila, where one of her works was donated. But it could be an injustice. Let me take off from her life and consider her works. Mainly, Tremonti is a sculptor, but her painting raids surprise for her instinctive gift in treating natural colors. She wants to be sculptor in considering an all-round, 360° form for her works that she touches all around. She thinks of the possibility to infuse life into her creations by a breath, but art isn't magic land, so she turns to technology in her performances, using a video to mix images and multi-sensorial induced emotions. I'm thinking now to the work of a Japanese artist: Mariko Mori; her "thermodynamics" sculpture changes colour by the warmth of hands touch. Angiola Tremonti is studying to find a gap obtaining that her sculpture can change its essence by a touch, turning from a static into a dynamic form.

Such origin is far away: fertilization, pregnancy, then motherhood. Woman and art understood as principals of live. A convincing answer to the lots of injection of death and negativity which fill art today.

"Mabilla" is called the image often coming in her three dimensional figures, this mysterious young woman, that when she doesn't bring life into herself, can suddenly fuse into a tree, together with nature and mistery, like a Lucretius goddess or a fairy in a science-fiction novel, as well as a sensual and sweet Avatar.

In Angiola's poetry, everything is female, even the idea that Mabilla can be crucified, wanting to take charge, she - the woman, of the human being's salvation. Neither a provocative nor shocking intention, but only the hypothetical reverse of a written but not so much obvious rule.

Everything is Woman, so I'm saying: the boldness of (so much ironic) metamorphic animals, the cult of pleasure for a piece as well as for the luxury materials, and the simply beauty. Angiola Tremonti, also designer and creator of jewelry, actually some small sculptures, always studies to place her works in the public spaces in a perfect balance of harmony, considering the passing by of the visitors, too.

The theoretical hearth of this important show in Milan is a series of dialectical and complementary relationships: in the inside of the Civic Museum, where the nineteenth-century paintings and sculptures are kept, of course no confrontation with this classical art history, but rather a simple dialogue, surrounded outside by one of the most beautiful Milan parks, where adults can come in only if together with children, and where is allowed to display a non invasive and temporary, not permanent form of art; as art has to be an extraordinary event, not an obligation that disturbs the urban space, forcing a co-habitation with works often imposed.

What concerns the matter modernity-tradition, this is a further argument. Tremonti points out the problem of the many difficulties to make a "figurative sculpture" in our century, avoiding to slip down the *rétro* cliché, the excess

of conservatism. She is asking to herself: Can this language still exist in post-minimalism time, while the sculpture has come something hybrid (design, installation, architecture, public art) losing what is its specific language? There are several answers. But even if she ironically insists to make again a standard of ornamental sculpture, even if it contains some disturbing elements, like the (funny but scaring) cloning between different animal species; on the other side she chooses Minimal Art using thin slabs and not at all redundant images, with the aim to reach an ideal synthesis which won't hinder the realistic and descriptive approach, motivated by the input to express something, and tell that into the most clear and explicit way.

Angiola Tremonti's exhibition will surely surprise the visitors, who don't know her yet. Here she's going to show her sculptural works of this last decade. A *corpus* which has been put together with coherence and diligence, despite constant and several external digressions (mainly in painting, which she keeps a lot on).

Fantasy and rigor, imagination and determination, these are the oxymoron into which the artist lives, in a high concentration of her message and the meaning of her making.

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