

The fifty years of artistic career and professional kind of Gino Berardi, (the teacher to generations of students who have to drink at the source of his knowledge), say a lot about zetetic path that led him to achieve major awards and achievements all over the world.

Gino Berardi has gutted the reality in all its essence, ever won by that desire for the infinite that makes every artist a true artist. There is, and this is confirmed by the artist himself, first of all a strong and powerful philosophy of history in his works, a sort of circular view of time, life, and even of the world that we think one of the main keys of reading of his search. Circularity of Vico Master, Greek, but always circular, where the events of consciousness lapping in that familiarity which the artist with the time of life, almost accidental phenomenon in the whirlpool of eternity, in the desire to think the 'infinite, if not to live it well.

The observer of the works of Gino Berardi of this soon becomes aware, or is aware that the artist takes you by the hand and makes you plunge into this abyss of consciousness where he is estroiettato every thought, every emotion becomes color, and the soul seems shatter, wrap and wrap themselves in a timeless time, in a space with no room for a poetics of light and infinity that make the master Berardi significant Entonauta, perhaps because the artist often lives time of beauty through a strong deconstruction of landscape that explodes in obvious chromatic emotions, dense, sometimes violent, where prevails the absolute dominion of the light and silence. Clearly, the landscape is place of soul, where the artist seeks himself, seeks peace in the peace of nature, live, dare I say, a feeling of panic membership, with restless soul that reflects its essence in the deep sea, because life is like the sea: apparently immobile yet always moving. Gino Berardi of these landscapes, these landscapes, these landscapes, absorbing the silence, chewing the deep complexity of creation, insert symbols, such as the rooster, which today have become the subject of study of criticism and art history. And then Berardi in these meanders is introduced with the strength of one who wants and knows how to interpret the reality and history because, with Jean Georges: "Some signs have gone through the history. How certain waters petrify what they find along their course, time has loaded them with meaning and turned into symbols. Others have sunk into oblivion, they have returned to the state of conventional signs. But over time it reads the ability of a sign to anchor itself to the history of a people, to register, as a symbol, in the collective memory. " Time is the quid of this extraordinary way of beauty, as long as you do, as mentioned, enigma, mystery, which often fades in color and light, with the artist get enough of exegesis, never sated palette of ' soul, a strong emotional metaphysics of time, forward-looking assertion of an extraordinary contemporary philosophy. Of course, the moment becomes the object of this prince itinerarium mentis, always in and consciousness, the moment that the paintbrush and palette plumb, lapping, fix, maybe grab, in a decisive kite artist's metaphor, dominating with his vision any other view, in a vertical vs. horizontal, high vs. low, vision vs forecast that only those who do not believe that life is what you see and know has to give. Gino Berardi knows what

life is, this ephemeral composed of letters, this breathe on the second ridge, this empty the reservoir of memories, where the affections never set, where languishing sighs, where tears become ethereal, "and do not know who is afraid / of being alone in the dark ", in the words of Quasimodo.

Then Master wishes for fifty years of artistic activity and for seventy years of condensed and never hidden emotions.

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