

**With Antonio Teruzzi. Together.  
To rebehold the stars.**

*One can get lost in Antonio Teruzzi's paintings. And when these intersect with Dante's narrative in the Divine Comedy, the task becomes difficult. A dialogue at a distance begins between two free and open spirits who draw inspiration from reality, promptly sublimating it – each through their own means and sensibility – into a language that is at once provocative and reflective, cautionary and celebratory.*

*Each possesses their own worldview, converging in some respects. Dante expressed his through words and sequences of words, while Teruzzi builds upon a black background that first turns into fiery red and then into gold, a transformation through which light gradually acquires substance and ultimately consolidates into a starry sky.*

*No words need be said about Dante's verses. His poetry has no equal and has been extensively discussed in every known language.*

*Instead, let us consider the way in which Teruzzi approaches Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso, distantly resonating with Dante's approach, especially regarding the final exit from all three "places" (1. "to rebehold the stars", 2. "to mount onto the stars", 3. "The Love which moves the sun and the other stars"). The depth of Teruzzi's thinking seems evident to me. He delves deep into these three readings of man's condition and contradictions.*

*Initially, these paintings reveal a suffering that seems to be drowning in pages consumed by an all-consuming fire-blood, in the configuration of the bars of a large prison, and, finally, in the expanse of ashes containing the traces of a bygone humankind. Hence the first step towards rebeholding the stars: as pitch darkness gives way to dawn, semblances of bodies arise with light, followed by rising bodies that come to life and, once they stand upright, recite words evoking the forest dark and*

*the straightforward pathway. Bodies that become spirits, ready to mount onto the stars.*

*Upon reaching the highest step, Teruzzi surprises me. I expected a burst of golden splendor, but instead, light only shines through a sequence of filters, as if the artist and the man were yet unprepared to fully immerse themselves in it. Blackness is still there. But then, bodies-spirits appear in the serenity of light. Transparency seems to be the most authentic quality that allows one to partake in the glory of Him who moveth everything / doth penetrate the universe. In the Love that moves the sun and the other stars lies the tranquility of the humble man who gazes up at the heavens, yearning (and ready?) to rebehold the stars together.*

*Luigi Cavadini*

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1. Thence we came forth to rebehold the stars (*Inferno XXXIV, v. 139*),

2. Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars (*Purgatorio, XXXIII, v. 144*)

3. The love that moves the sun and the other stars. (*Paradiso, XXXIII, v. 145*)