

Amàti
by Paola Nicita

More effective than a philosophical essay on the incommunicability between man and woman, or more synthetic than statistics on separations, the small characters invented by Rita Casdia are fluctuating lines with an extreme weight, just hinted signs, furrows in the surface, stratching straight to the heart.

Forty drawings lined up on the wall stand out in front of us like single pages of abbreviations of the wrong lexicon: they are the cycle of life, and to know that it is enough.

Our experience of the other is made of physicality of our bodies, and our *beloved* have various physiognomies, even if they share – unconsciously – the same question which nobody can give the answer to.

Rita Casdia has been wondering for some time about the invisible, interposed, very powerful relationships between two human beings. By a whispered expressive search and an extreme minimalism, she obtains the opposite effect of a bombastic deflagration, perhaps because of unexpected, hidden among the folds of joyful colors and barely sketched creatures, *ur-humans*, tadpoles and larvae of changing, complex, painful feelings. These drawings are bearers of unheard or misrepresented dialogues, of unaccounted gestures.

To meet with other is to work on the construction of common simulacra, by making space, taking care welcoming. Nevertheless the desire to possess can sometimes implemented through an excess of introjection and an emotional cannibalism. Lost in the labyrinths of feeling, at the mercy of a drift that can lead to a mechanism turned towards cancellation.

In order to define the space of the other, in which the bodies act, is finally constructed the architecture of a controlled space constructed with limits, barriers, enclosures. And at the end you declare your love, obsessively. The bodies ask again about their relationship, and so, as happens in the video *Be Loved*, the adoration of one becomes the cancellation of the other. I love you so much until I eat you. The body disappear under the blows of the tongue and will lose forever its object of adoration.

Amàti, precisely, in the unbridgeable caesura of the epiphany already fulfilled.