

Son of She-Wolf Tips Golden Hat Over Meshes of Golden Hair

My lupine friend with his long face and pointed ears lopes around Rome.

On the tilt, lunging forward on foot or fiercely pedaling, he loops and spirals about the city in his mind. He prayerwheels about the center of the universe on a bicycle, revolving his pedal mantras. And wolfishly questing he metaphors "research," as the European art commentators scientifically term it, but cool appraisals are not his line.

Impetuousness activates his vision and his works, not themselves arenas, do not have to assume the horizontal to come into being. The action coincides with cerebration, not the primal howl, and his "strategy," in the word of the old New York painters, is to let the hand call to mind what has already flashed into it.

His lap-top fantasy subscribes to fashionable fuzzy logic and, no cyberninny, he delights in his visionary material: the qualities of canvas, smooth and rough paint, dashing and clotted line, stone mosaic, iron and marble. With metabolic and metadiabolic finesse the means are transubstantiated into flights of metalurgic mectoplasm.

He calls his message to the outer world, "Rome Transported on a Golden Hat or Hair."

Rome borne on a golden hat or hair? The hatter is as mad as a fox, I mean a wolf, and his creation is as airborne as a tea-tray in the sky. Insubstantial crafts such as these, obviously stuff that dreams are made of, craftily propel their identity along a course ranging from the hat the man mistook for his wife or the ones thrown into the ring or over the mill.

So the hat does not lid but takes off dizzily with its overwhelming cargo, metecstatically golden to preclude any practical thought of the feasible. This pneumofoil levitates its age-old load of the saintly and miraculous and holds it suspended like holy images over whitely invisible high rises, highways past and present and ruins of arenas.

Down below, if there is a below, cartloads of the past stall in the foreground of Rome, the great scene shifter of all time, theater of what was, contemplating its navel in bent conviction that it is still the hub of the universe.

But the lycanthrope does not suffer from nostalgia, and belonging to the cast of Doctor Caligari's Cabinet calls up long sloping ovals. Looping forms elongate, turn round or interweave meshed appropriations from old master drawings of hair and water.

Figures are peopled unexpectedly aloft in flight or when a long colonnette, lying down, turns right, or left, and grows a head of hair, or the hair produces a head. Ripples and rivulets stem from the mind, as the scale abruptly shifts from the close and colossal to the distant and diminutive.

Vast white expanses are cloud cuckoo or overweening sky and in this environment, like a paradigm of a Borromini interior, the elements organically interplay in all their material variety.

The whites alone run the gamut from flat support for burried directions and forms blackly sketched, to rough cloudy atmospherics and the congenially shaped objects in crisp but warm Carrara marble.

In the painted foreground, a couple of great hands are at the receptive ready. They are cupped, I suppose, in case someone comes along and passes the golden hat.

It alights by the Hudson to unload a cargo of updated traditions vitalized with sapient wolf's gait by our friend Enzolupus Lycocucchi.