

Giuseppe Cordoni, Art Critic

The Quest for a Sculptured Theatre

Anna Chromys painting goes beyond the curiosity of sight! It does not stop at simply illuminating or illustrating a cream-like situation. Her expressive vitality overflows far beyond the narrative or the merely descriptive. She aims at making us feel the tangibility of her fantastic kingdom, almost as if she wants to free herself from the flat form of the monodimensional image and flee from the dramatic perspective of an abyss which nullifies us. This is the reason she employs such decisive tactile values on canvas and all the characters who populate and animate her virtual space are always finely modelled. They give us the illusion of painted sculptures! This quest for perfection of form and passionate love for the beauty of rhythm, this visceral attention towards the ferment of volumes already hid the fine forming hands of a potential sculptress. A sculptress who has finally come to light in the most unusual and unexpected of ways, that of satisfying another one of Anna Chromys irrefragable interior needs: her unfulfilled passion for the theatre. An actor never puts on a mask in order to hide behind it: he uses it in order to reveal to us a deeper mysterious truth about himself and ourselves. He wants to highlight our ambiguity: 'We do not know ourselves: we are many personalities without being aware of it!

We would need the innocence of a child to pass with agility from one role to another, performing them to the end without anxiety or remorse, totally immersed in the surprising magic of an inexhaustible and happy freedom.

From her earliest childhood Anna Chromy discovered the cruel rules of this game which so rapidly becomes impracticable. In those times in her native city of Krumlov in Bohemia, a castle revealed to her all the wonders of its treasure of fabulous images.

Magnificent mural paintings, the first she ever admired in all her life, showed her the engaging figures of a joyful world. They advanced and courted amiably: they mingled with: all the omnipresent characters of the Commedia dell'Arte, there to remind us that the theatre is life which mimes life. Who knows if this great festivity ever really took place in a far-off past or whether it had simply been dreamed of. Elegant young clergymen and distinguished gentlemen hid their faces beneath a mask which every now and again they took off only to share with this child, overly sensitive for her age, the useless illusion of an art of living long forgotten. Meantime the whole of Europe sank into the barbarity of war.

That shattering epoch of tragedy tore the dazzled gaze of the little Anna away from the multicoloured wonder of Krumlov. But in her flight wherever these dramatic events dragged her family, she guarded its memory like a precious treasure. No child could ever adapt itself to interpreting one single role only: and Anna felt that the scene of conflict horribly simplified human existence. Imposing on every face the monotonous mask of terror and desperation.

The barrowng sigas were to be sceneverswhere. Under the majestic bridges of a once happy city. the water ran dark. all the proverbial blue of its muths had been stolen.

During those winters of destruction, staring along the river at il those poor sculptures whose spectacle no longer interested anybody and that nobodr looked at any longer. Anna asked ierself if thevtoo suffered the cold, froze or wept like so many other abandoned creatures: if the original pose that the artist had given them was still enough to render palpable te dismay that corroded them in silence.

But it was above all in Prague, her mother: native cit, that Anne became aware: of the liberating qualities of the theatre. What a cursed prison if lite were to oblige us to enter into the skin of just one single: character! Kalka hadl brillantly foreseen de absurditvofa similar fate: -Confession and falsehood are the same thing. To be able to confess one lies. One cannot express what one is because one is it; and one canot communicate what one is not: hence falschood.

Thus the actor does not want to be identified because he ignores his essence. On the contrary, he wants to be loved for what le appears to be. Ele is therefore obliged to simulate whatever is missing. Whatever thie sentiment or attitude he interprets. be onli aims to enchant. Mysterious prodigy! He succeeds in manipulating the empimess of his own heart giving it a convincing form and appearance and imposing it on the sensibility of others. The actor is a seducer wlo wants to magnetise all those ho surround bins: passing through eroticism and vanity, he burns to attract universal sympathy.

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