

ZHOU ZHIWEI

With an amazing technique and the poetic delicacy of a keen gaze, Zhou Zhiwei, today fifty-three years old, who came to us almost thirty years ago, perfected his talent and his studies at home in the frequent attendance of our great contemporary masters of figurative accuracy. Alternating between Pietro Annigoni and Gregorio Sciltian, he practiced the careful and affectionate study of the work by Giacomo Manzù and, above all, he worked for sometime in Riccardo Tommasi Ferroni's atelier. Therefore, the most solidly and suggestively figurative, iconic, "post-Renaissance" can be said, however, combined with its vaporous, rare piece, highly concentrated love for a nature of foggy distances and mysterious mountains, of plants and flowers exotic Asian, fabulous, dreamy. And all this without any apparent effort or forced conciliation, in a sort of amazing, almost miraculous balance between the great tradition of Chinese painting and our most resolutely figurative one.

In fact, in him, there is something that transforms the seduction of painting in the sense of an infinite question: something that permanently recalls the vivid feeling of a *vision*, like the breath of a dream. But it is a vision, precisely, transfigured, that is, conducted on the calm and absorbed thread of a lyrical metaphor.

The fact is that Zhou Zhiwei has been able to find, and then develop, the intertwining of many and dense coincidences of value with his perceived sensitivity as a profound narrator of atmospheres, bodies and natures. Atmospheres and bodies that become in his works a sort of epic story, sometimes almost an aphorism of the present, with its symbols, its icons, its emblems slowly overturned on the surface of the painting, to spread throughout its seasons its very coherent pictorial story and also in these more recent paintings a sort of luminous grace, of chalking of light and shadow as on the edge of the twilight, on the limit between day and night, between the real and the intangible, between the news and the dream. Between the truth of the world and the magical allusion of painting.

Giorgio Seveso (Born In Sanremo/ Italy 1944)

Italian Art Critic