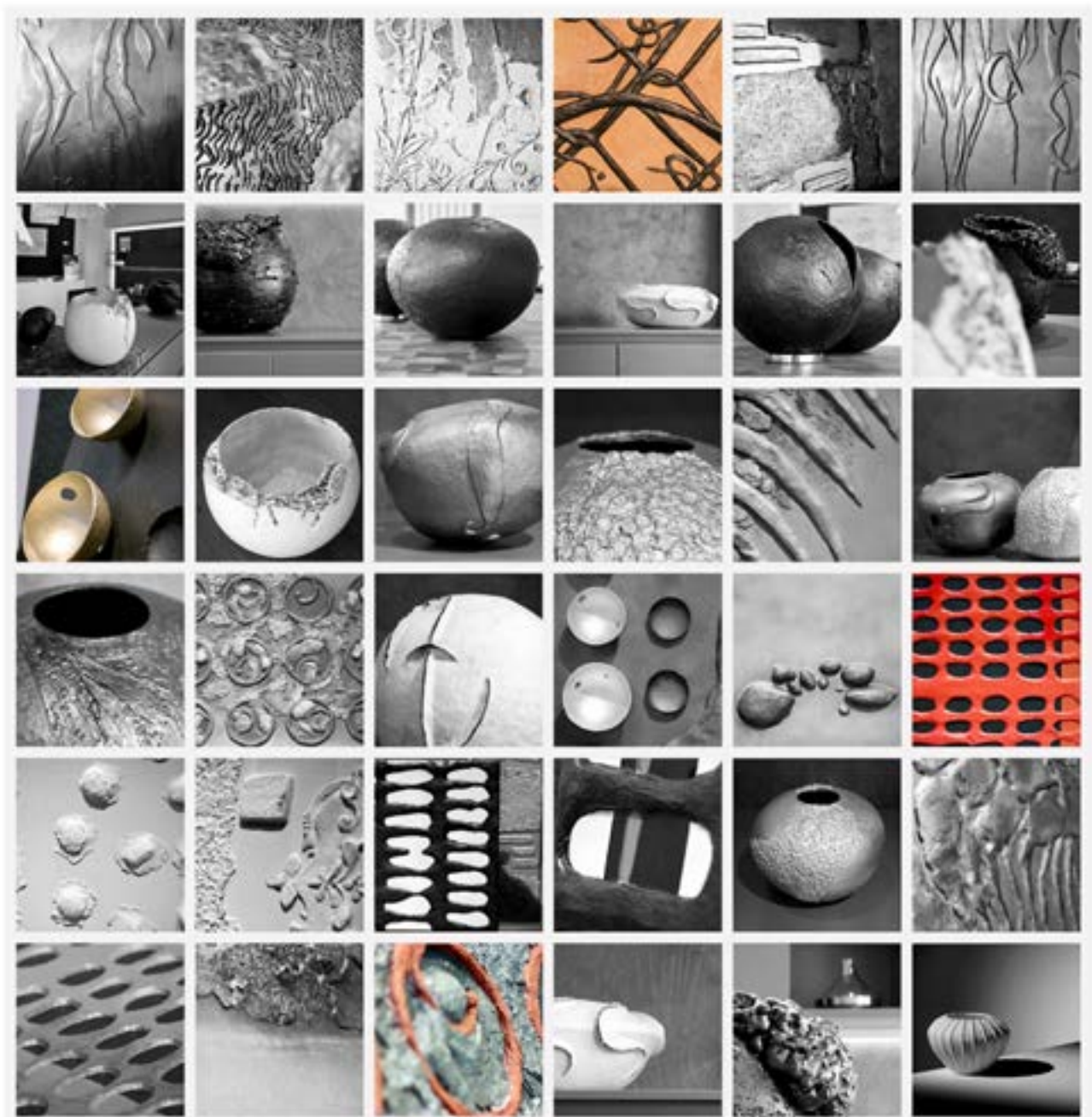


A close-up photograph of a tree trunk, showing the intricate, rough texture of the bark. The bark is light-colored with dark, vertical fissures and small holes. The background is blurred, showing more of the tree's surface.

Antonella Tana

*matter mater*



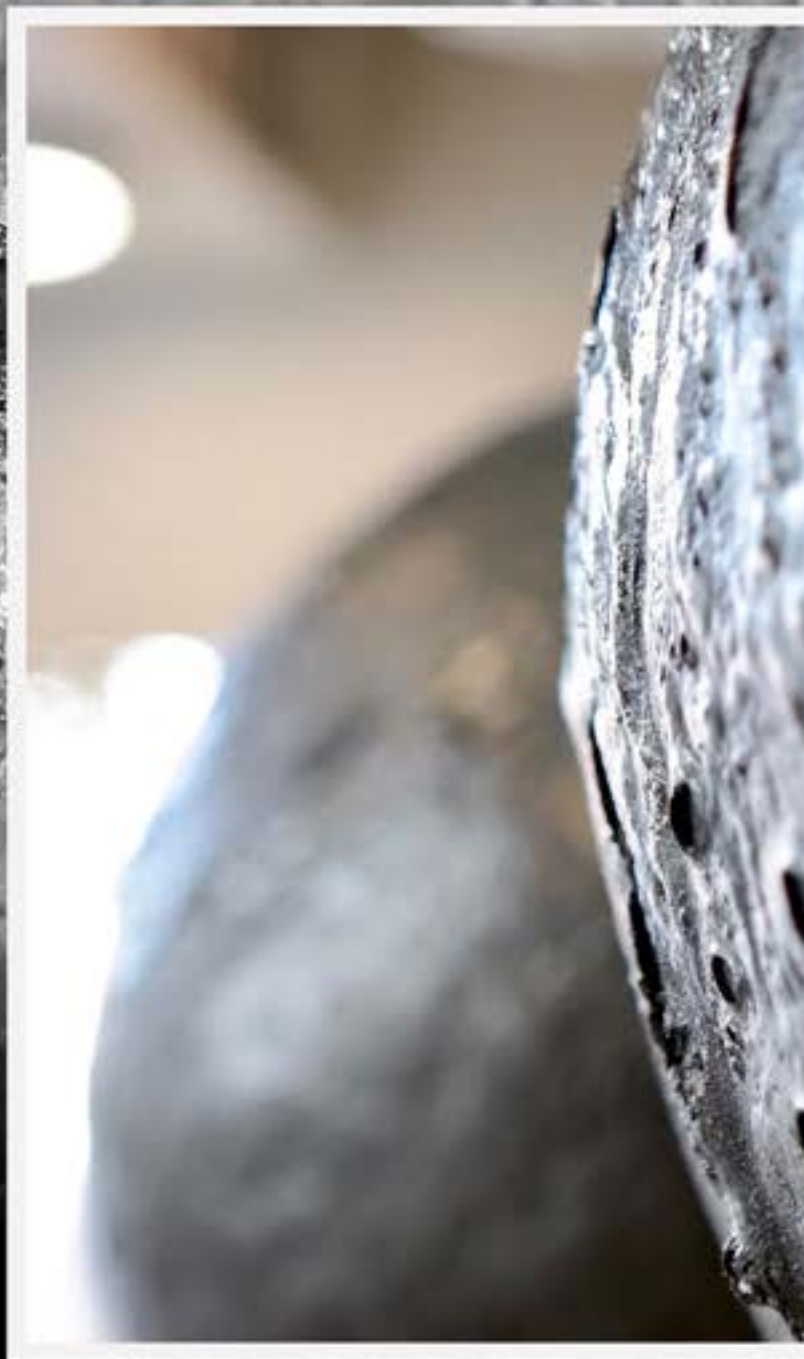




## WAVE

Una forma essenziale, panciuta e morbida attraversata da un'onda nera fatta della sua stessa materia; un universo curvo e puro segnato da un'unica Via Lattea.

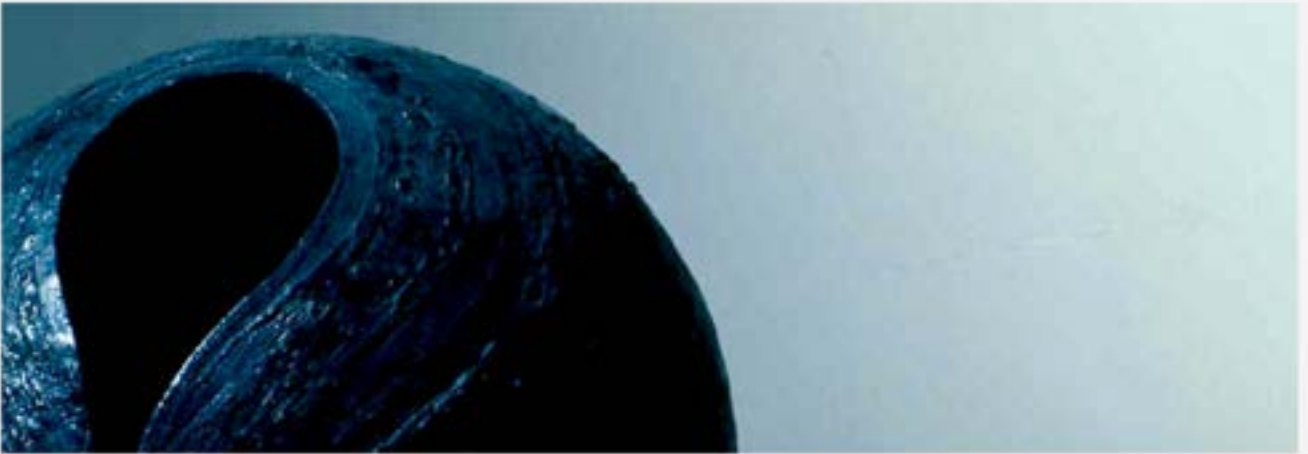
An essential form, paunchy and smooth crossed by a wave made of its own substance; a curve universe, pure, marked by a sole Milky Way.







# WOMB

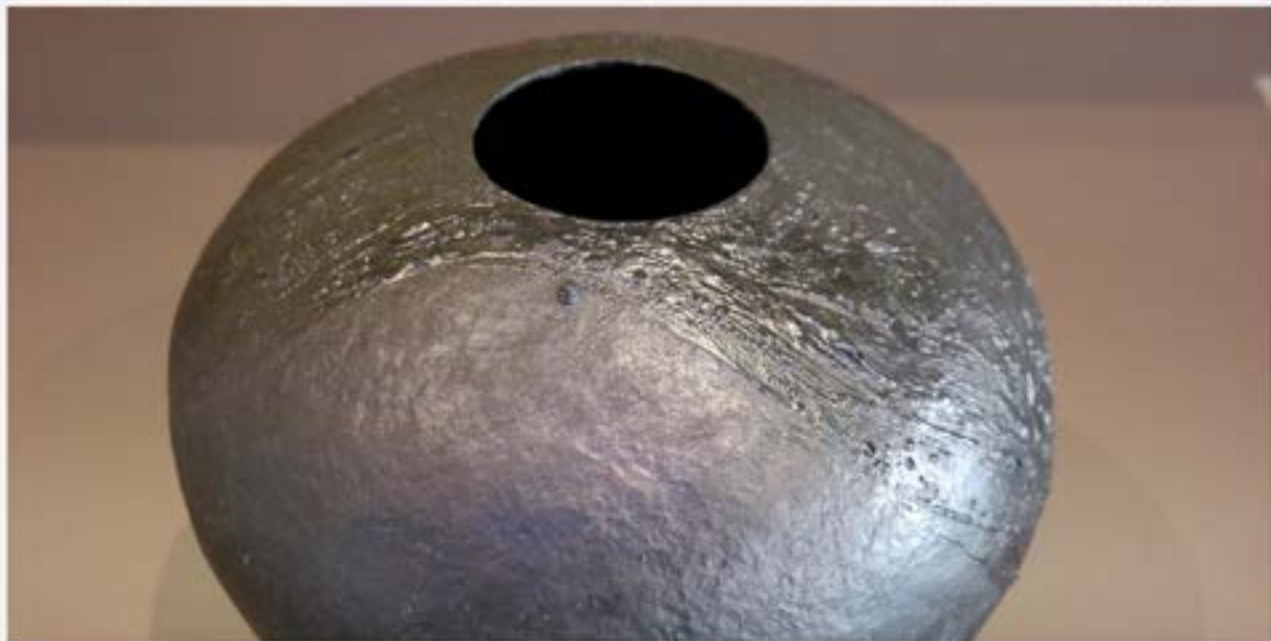


"Grembo", l'idea che tutto contiene e da cui tutto nasce; una sacra "Yoni", attesa creativa e promessa di vita.

La forma più pura. Un tondo assoluto senza spigolo alcuno.

"Womb", a concept that includes all and from which all is born; the sacred "Yoni", a creative suspension and a promise of life. The purest of forms. An absolute round with no edge of sort.













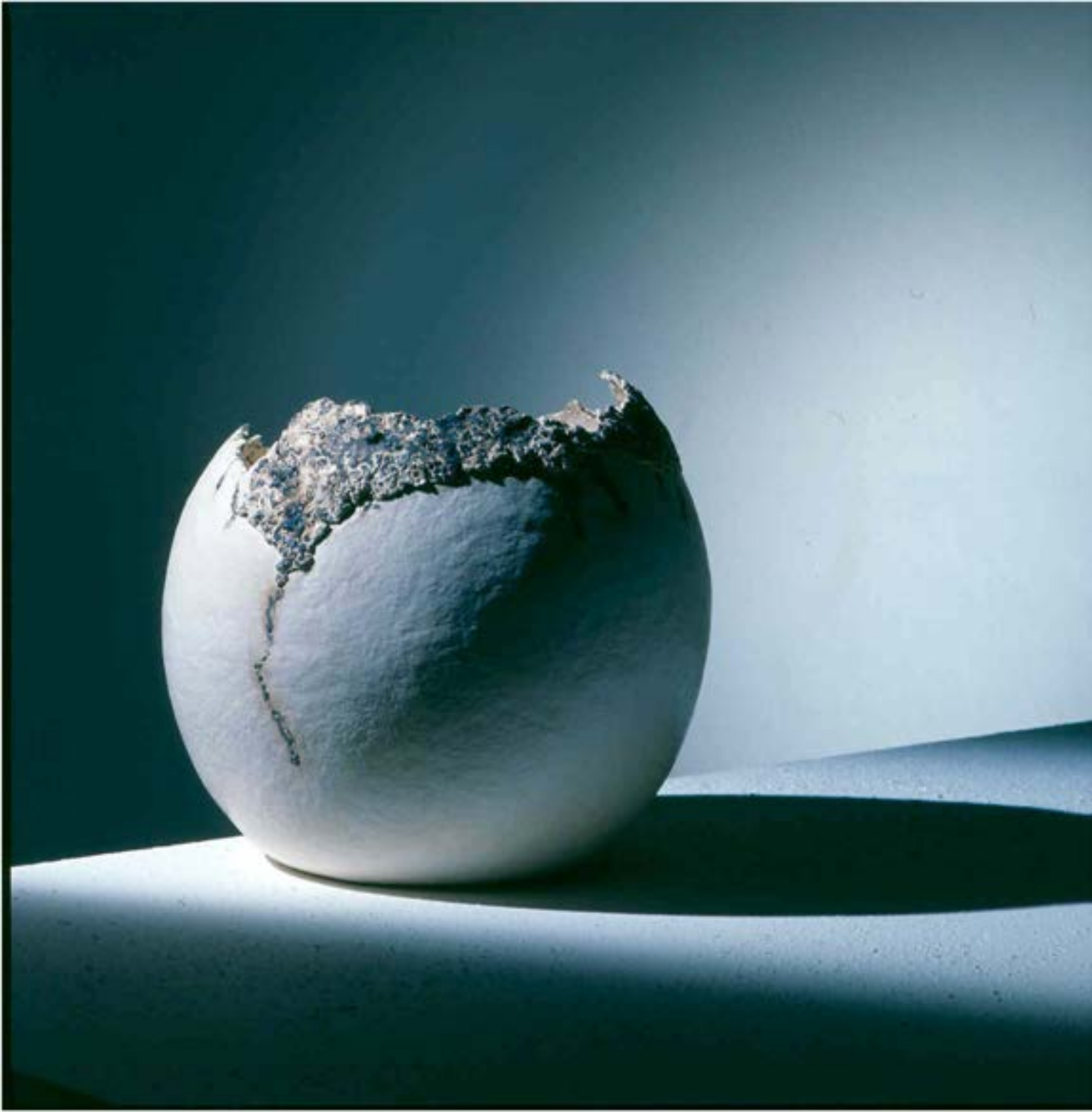
## COSMICO I

Un grande Uovo Cosmico, forma  
primordiale e vitale. Un bianco  
"Yang" creatore.

A giant Cosmic Egg, primordial  
and vital. A white "Yang" creator.













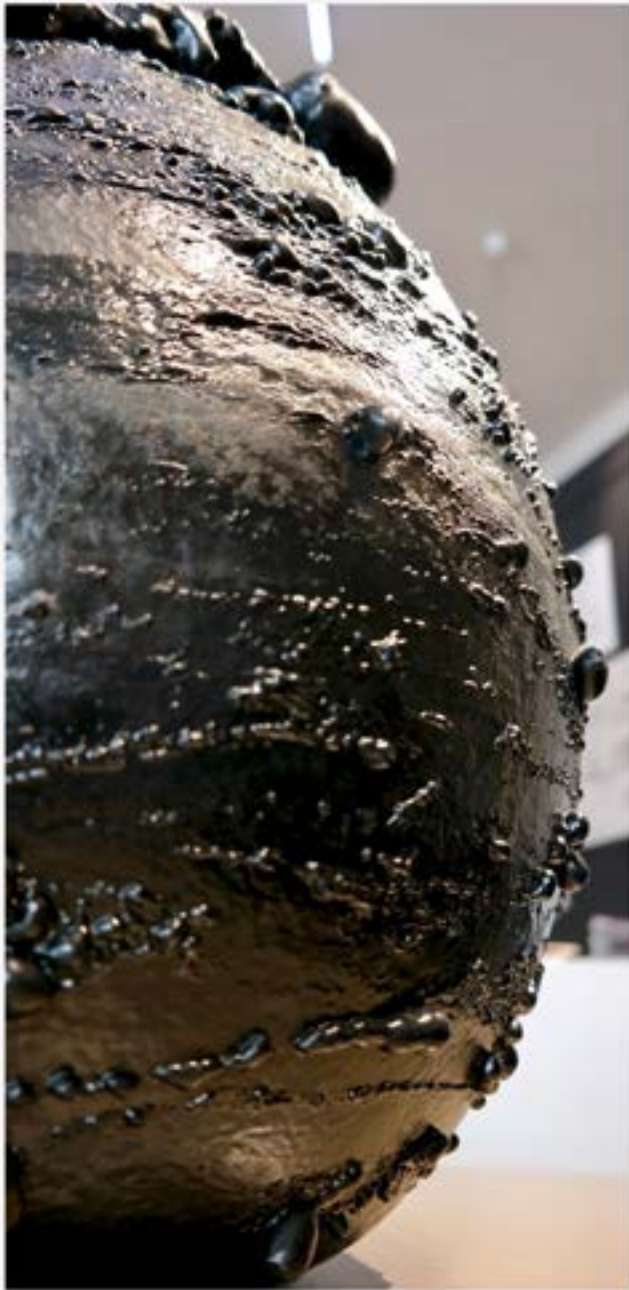




## COSMICO II

E' Yin, inestricabilmente congiunto al grande Yang cosmico. Un vorticoso buco nero che tutto risucchia, in cui tutto scompare e da cui tutto rinasce. Gioia distruttrice e rinnovatrice.

It's "Yin", inextricably joined to the great cosmic Yang. A swirling black hole that swallows all, in which all disappears and from which all is reborn. Joy, destructive and renewing.











HELIX

Il richiamo è ad una forma arcaica, concreta, e al tempo stesso attuale. Una forma come le tante osservate nei miei viaggi in India, dove queste nascono dal fango e dalla calce e sono impastate da mani pazienti di donna.

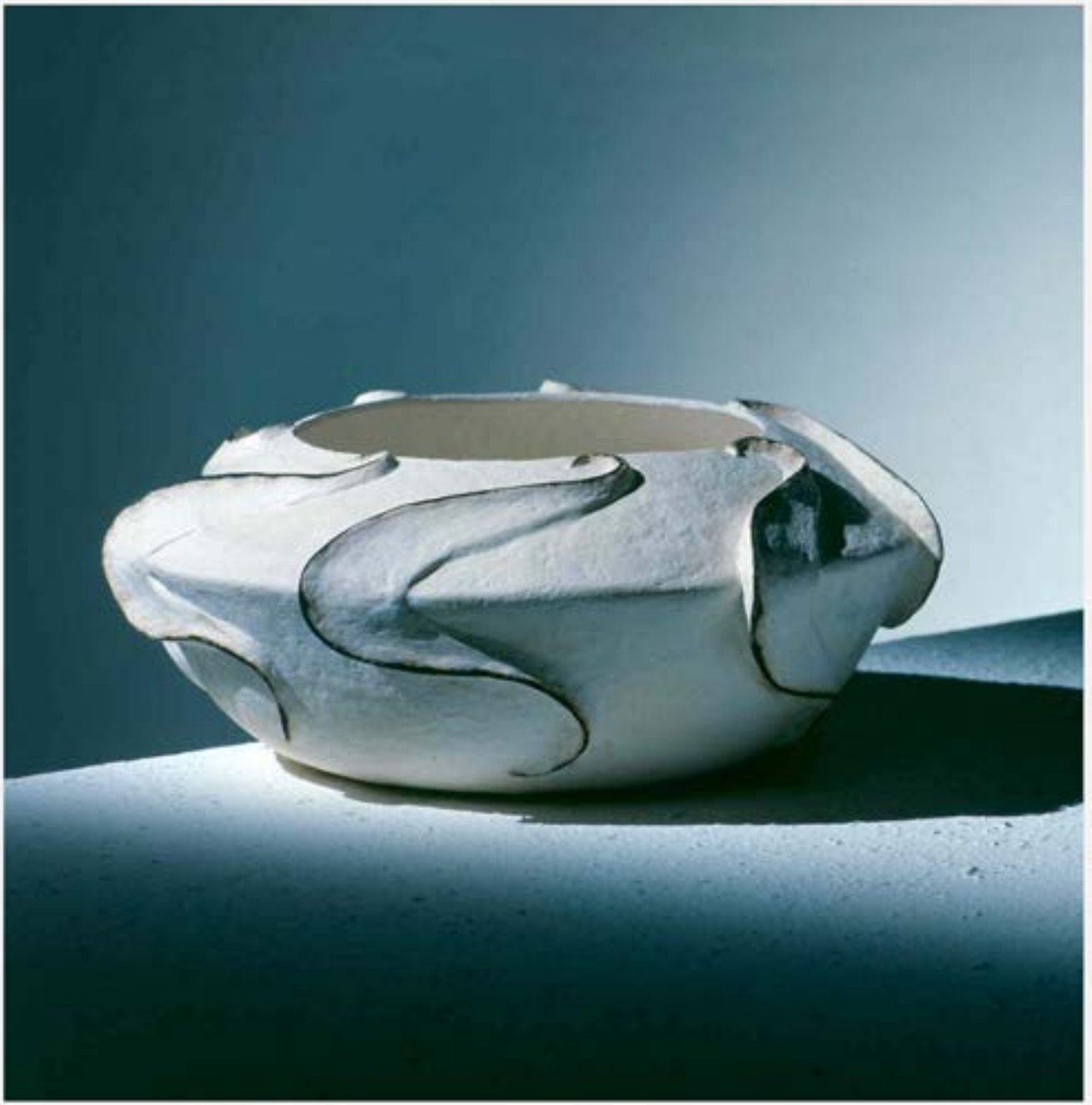
The reference is to a primitive, concrete and at the same time contemporary form. An object like the many I observed during my journeys in India, where these are made of mud and lime and shaped by the patient hands of women.

















## PEACOCKS



VANITA' ED ECCESSO. CHI E' SENZA PECCATO...

VANITY AND EXCESS...WHO IS WITHOUT SIN...









A.T. LOGO











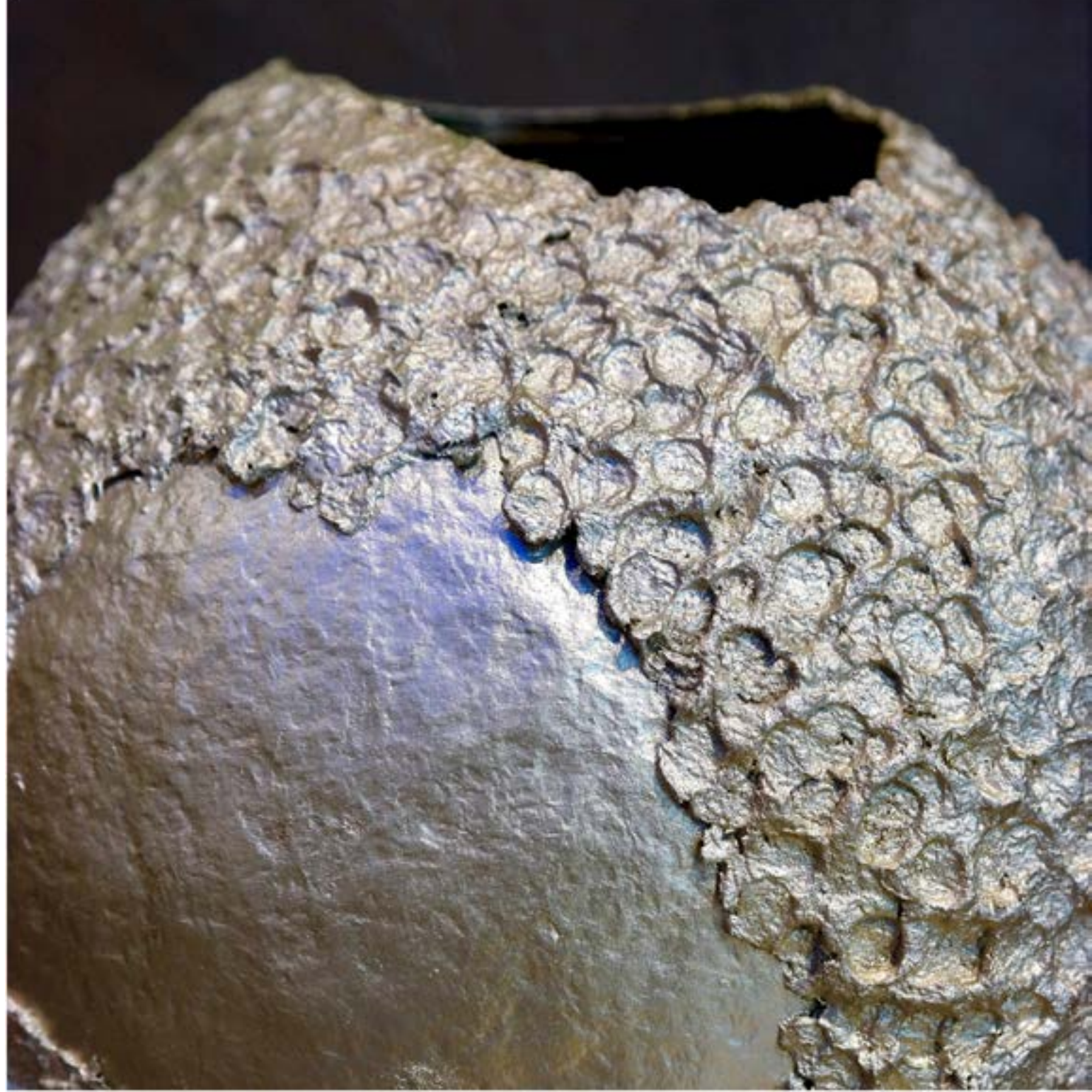
## NOT ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD

... non è tutto oro quel che luccica

... la rara bellezza dell'effimero ...

...the rare beauty of the  
ephemeral









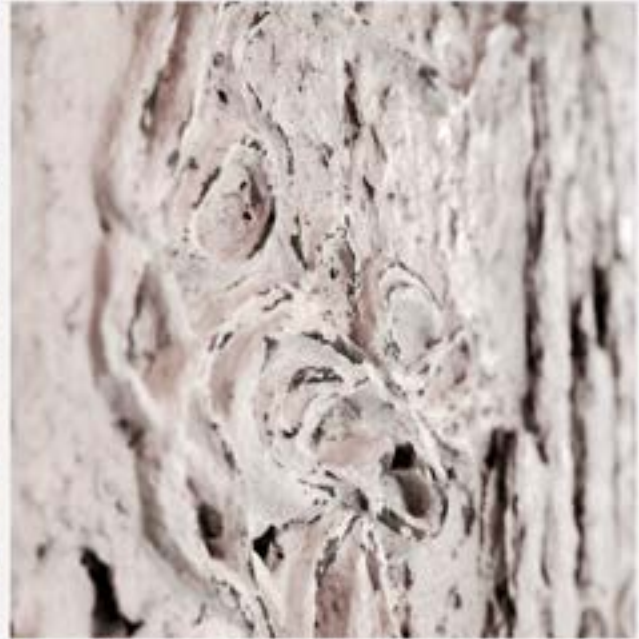




## CONCREZIONI

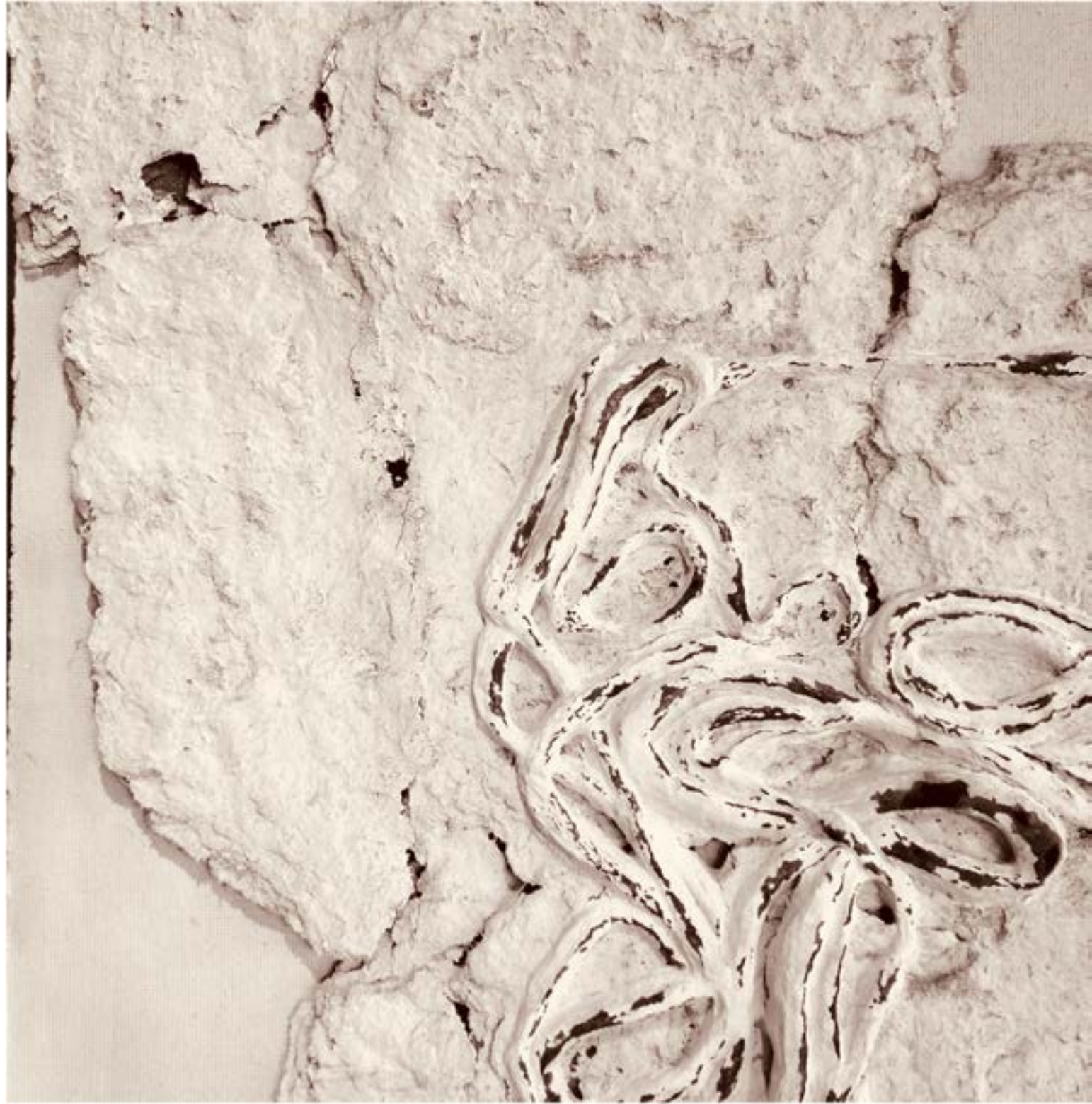
Piccole sapienti architetture;  
ingegneria di pura sopravvivenza;  
microcosmi complessi e fragili.

Tiny, skillful architectures;  
engineering of pure survival;  
complex and fragile microcosms.









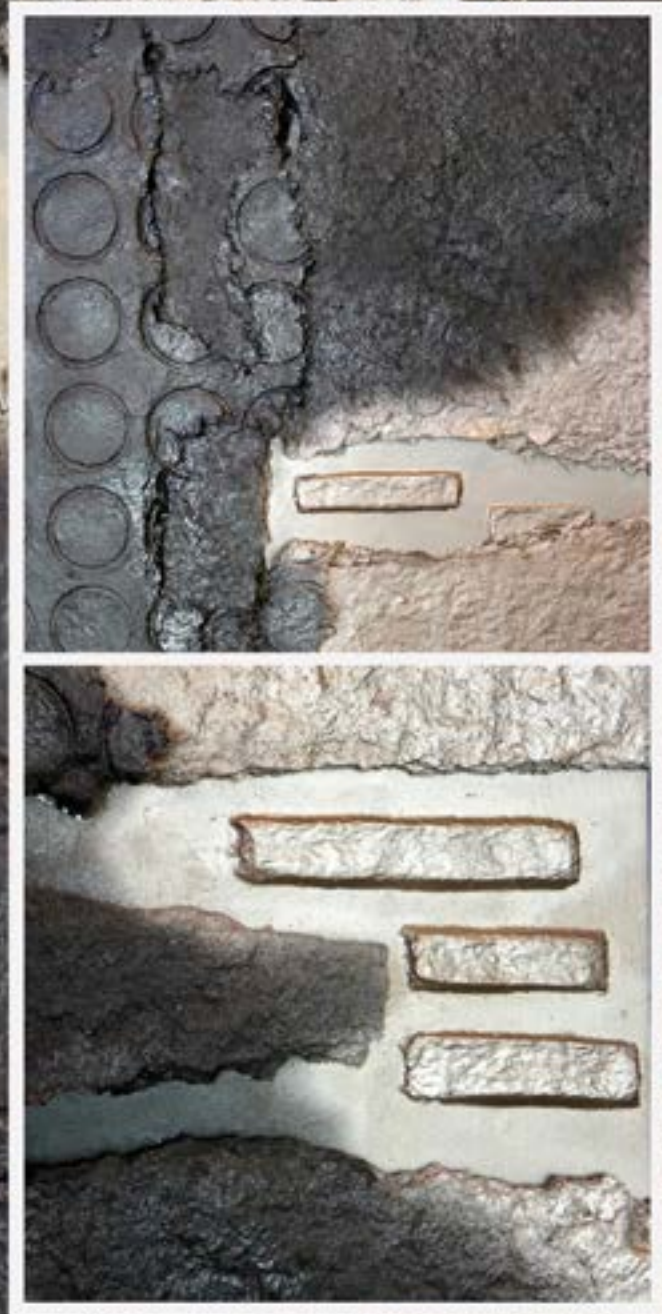


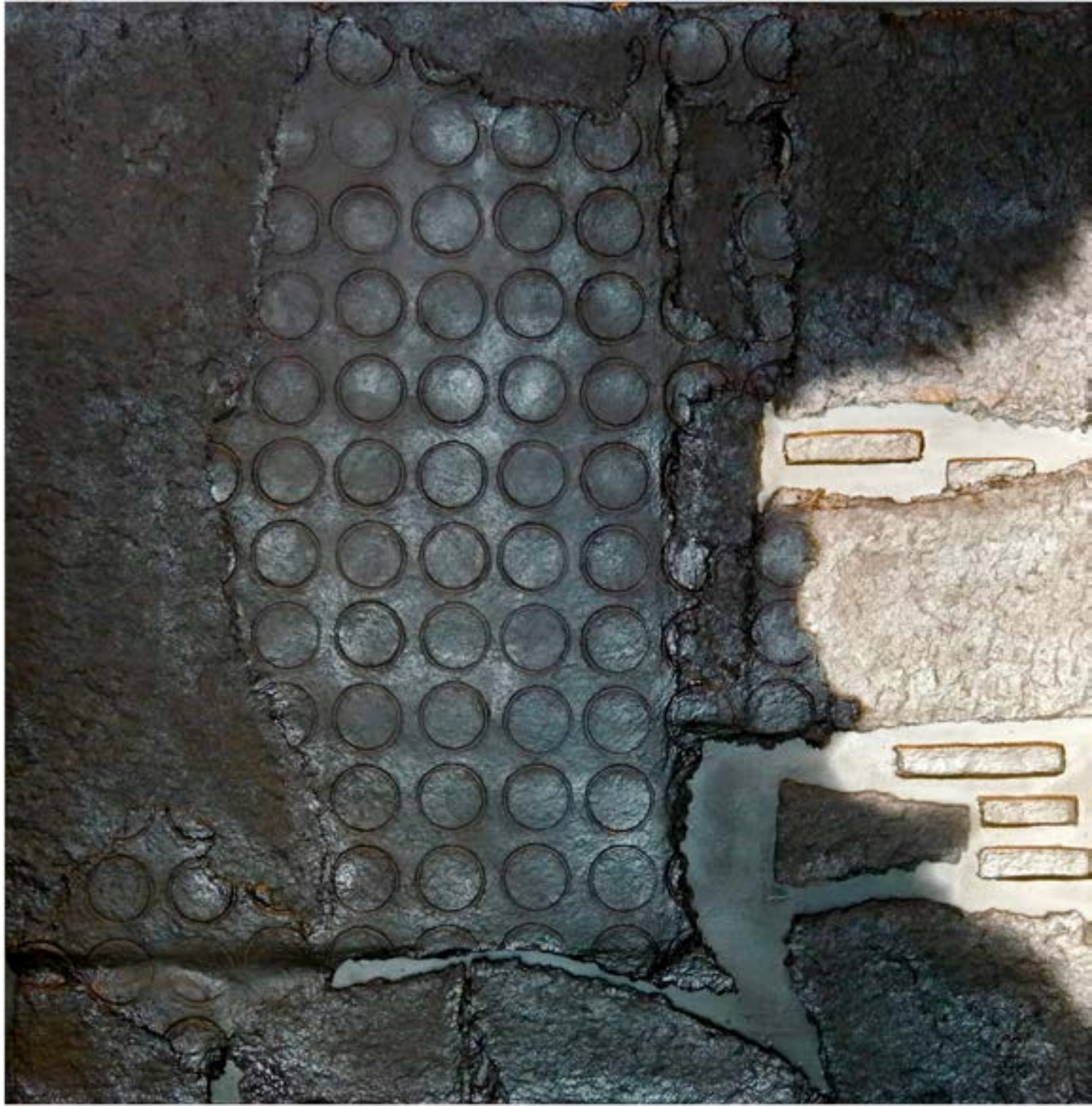


## TREASURES UNDER ASPHALT

Affannati a rincorrere un tempo inafferrabile, scorre tutt'attorno un mondo di piccole cose, di minimi eventi, di sussulti impercettibili. Stratificazioni di umanità dimenticata che era e non è più. Quanti tesori sotto l'asfalto del Tempo

Stressed into the chasing of Time elusive, a world of small things passes by, of minimal events, of imperceptible tremors. Stratifications of long lost humanity that was and is no more. How many treasures under the asphalt of Time.
















LEXICON OF SANDS



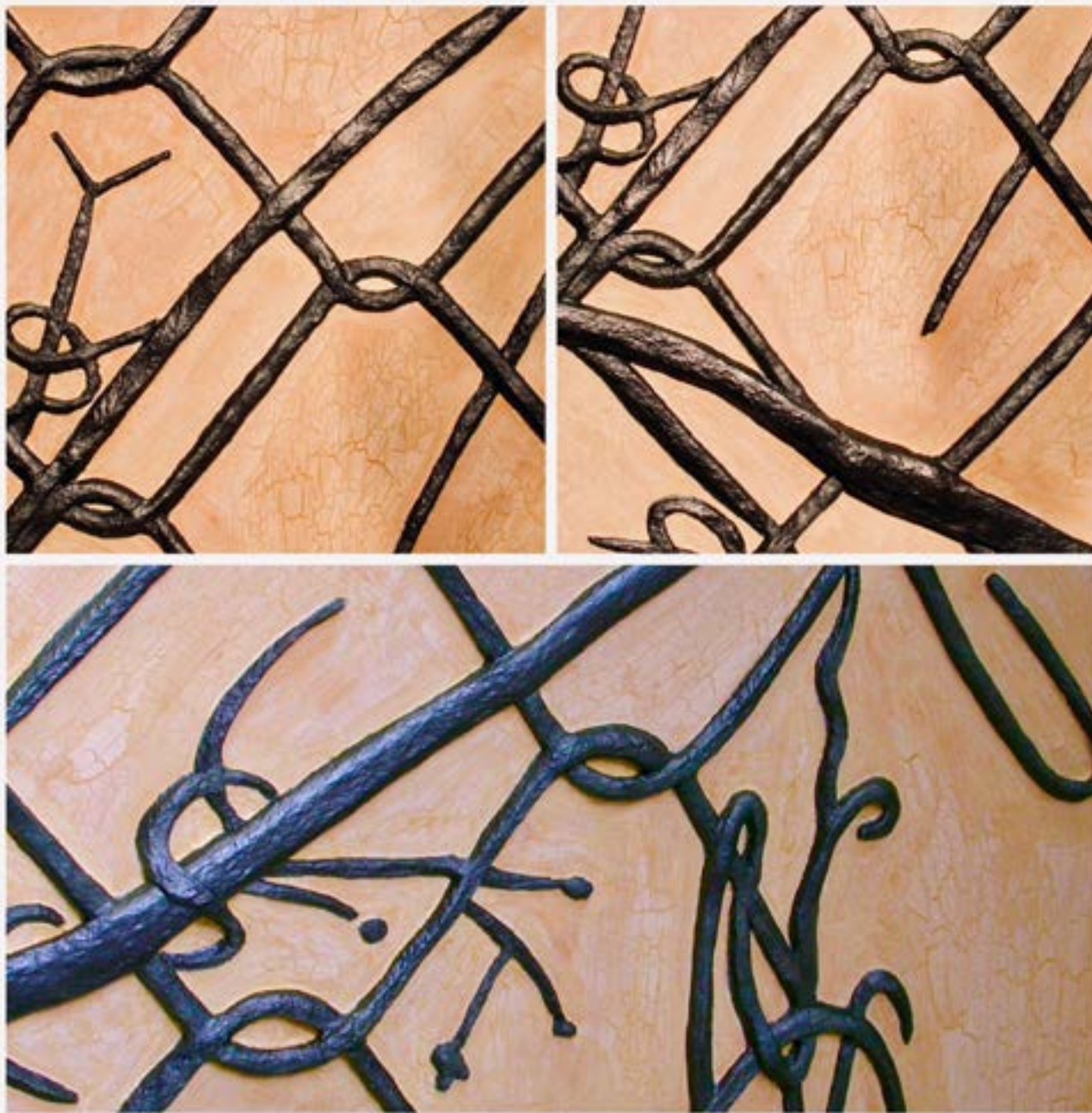




TEMPLE RUINS



NATURE TRAPPED



## GREY MAZE

... quali segreti si celano dietro ad  
una griglia?  
quali vezzi? il puro o l'immondo?

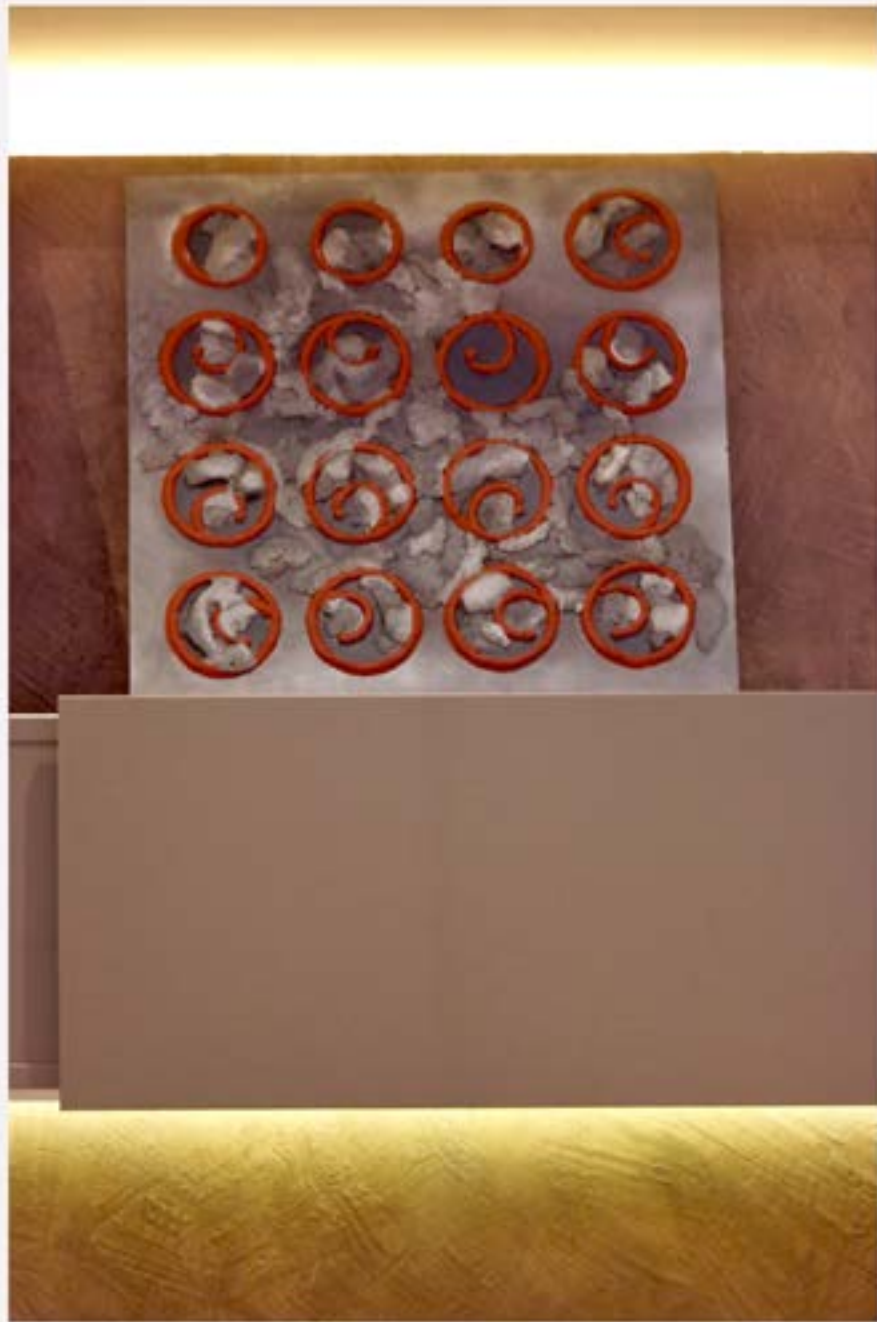
... what secrets does a grid  
conceal? what charms? pure or  
foul?













## WASTELAND

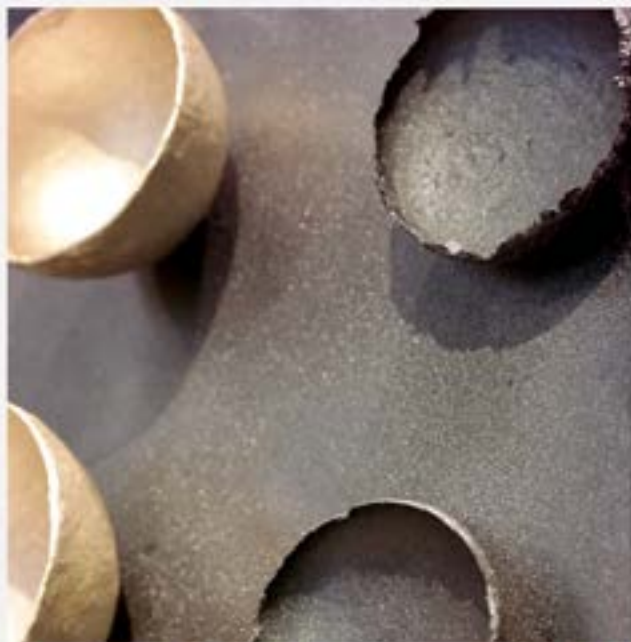
denuncio lo spreco e lo sfruttamento delle risorse e dell'essere umano.

j'accuse...the waste and exploitation of resources...and of mankind











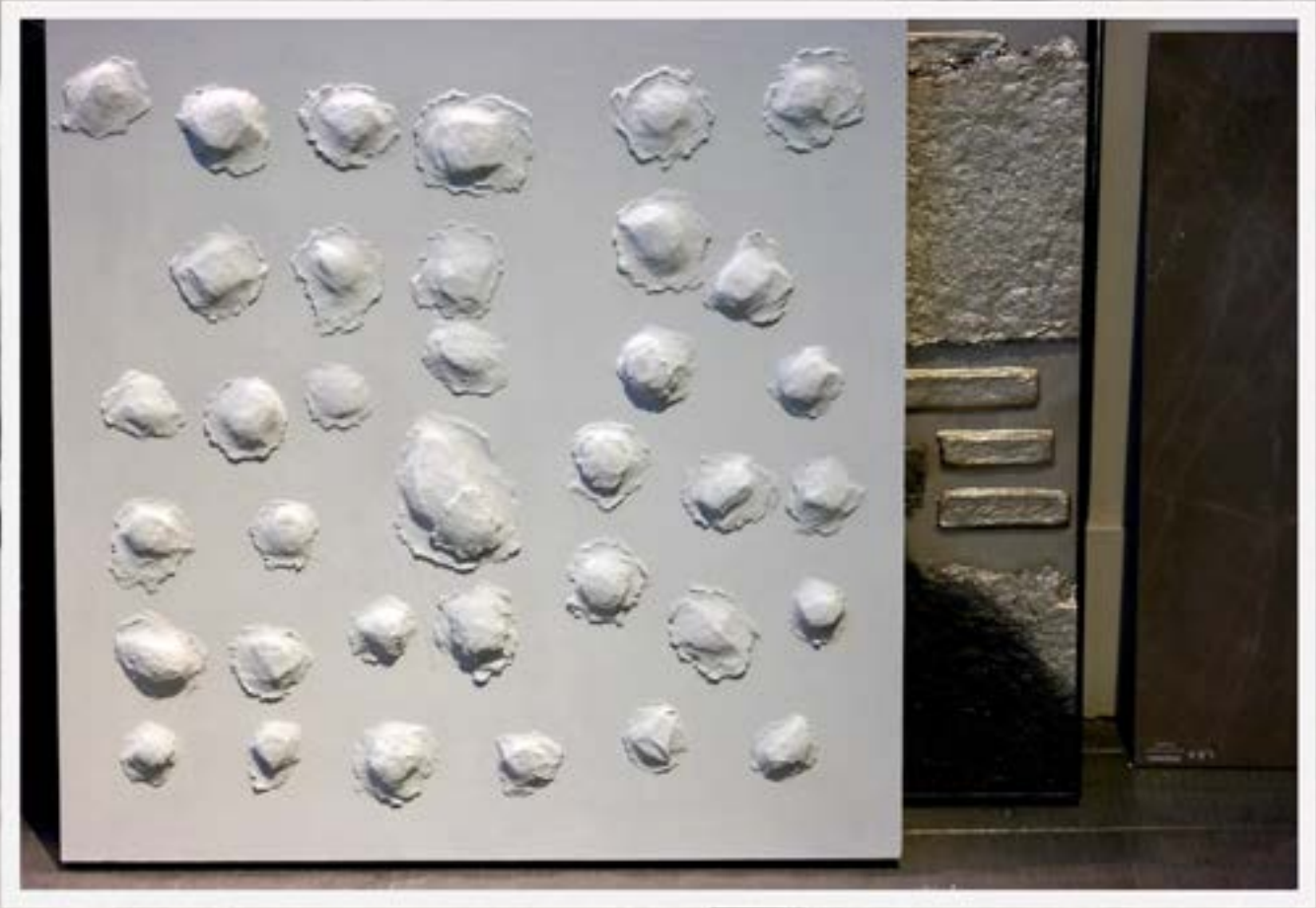


WAILING WALL



CHI PENSA CHE LE COSE NON ABBIANO  
UN'ANIMA E CHE I MURI NON PIANGANO?

WHO BELIEVES THAT THE MATTER DOES NOT  
HAVE A SOUL AND THAT WALLS WAIL NOT?







## NOVEMBER 13TH

il riflesso del cielo sul lago...  
... un tempo fermo...  
... una magnifica giornata  
d'autunno...  
l'ultima!

sky reflecting on the lake water...a  
still time...a glorious autumn  
day...the last!





A photograph of a sandy beach. In the foreground, there are two pieces of light-colored, weathered driftwood. Between them is a piece of broken glass with blue and green tints. The background is a vast expanse of fine, golden sand.

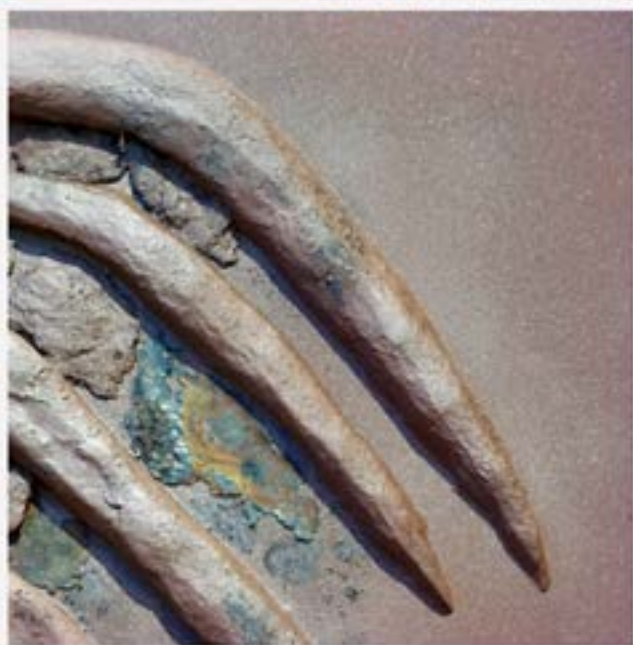
URBAN FOSSIL

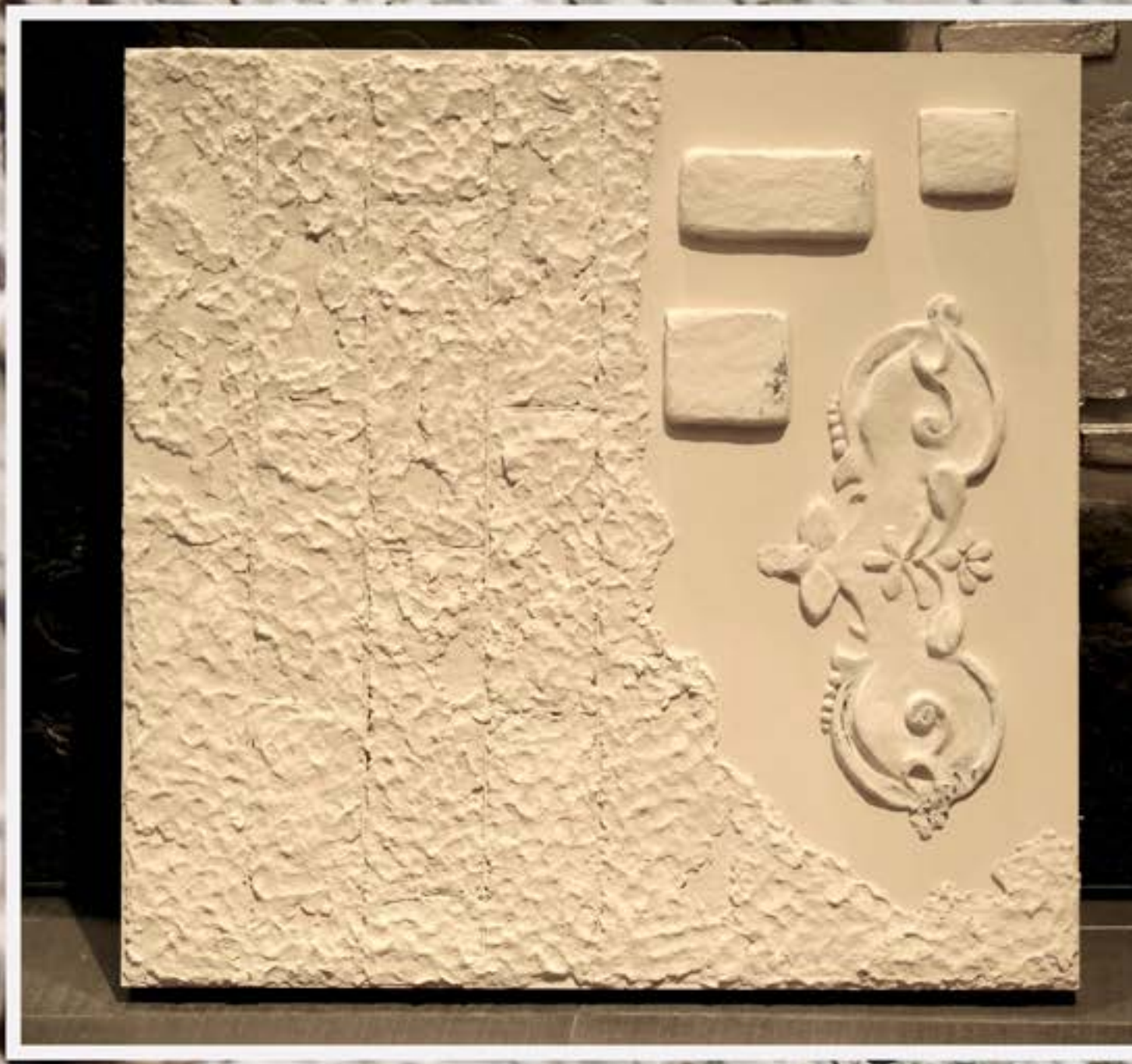
FOSSILE INDUSTRIALE...PALEONTOLOGIA  
FUTURISTA

...FUTURISTIC PALEONTOLOGY











## BAROQUE

una visione di fasti lontani e di magia barocca, un tempo che fu segnato dal tempo che e' e con tanto da raccontare ancora.

a vision of long past splendor and of baroque magic, a time that was, scarred by the time that is and with much to spell still.

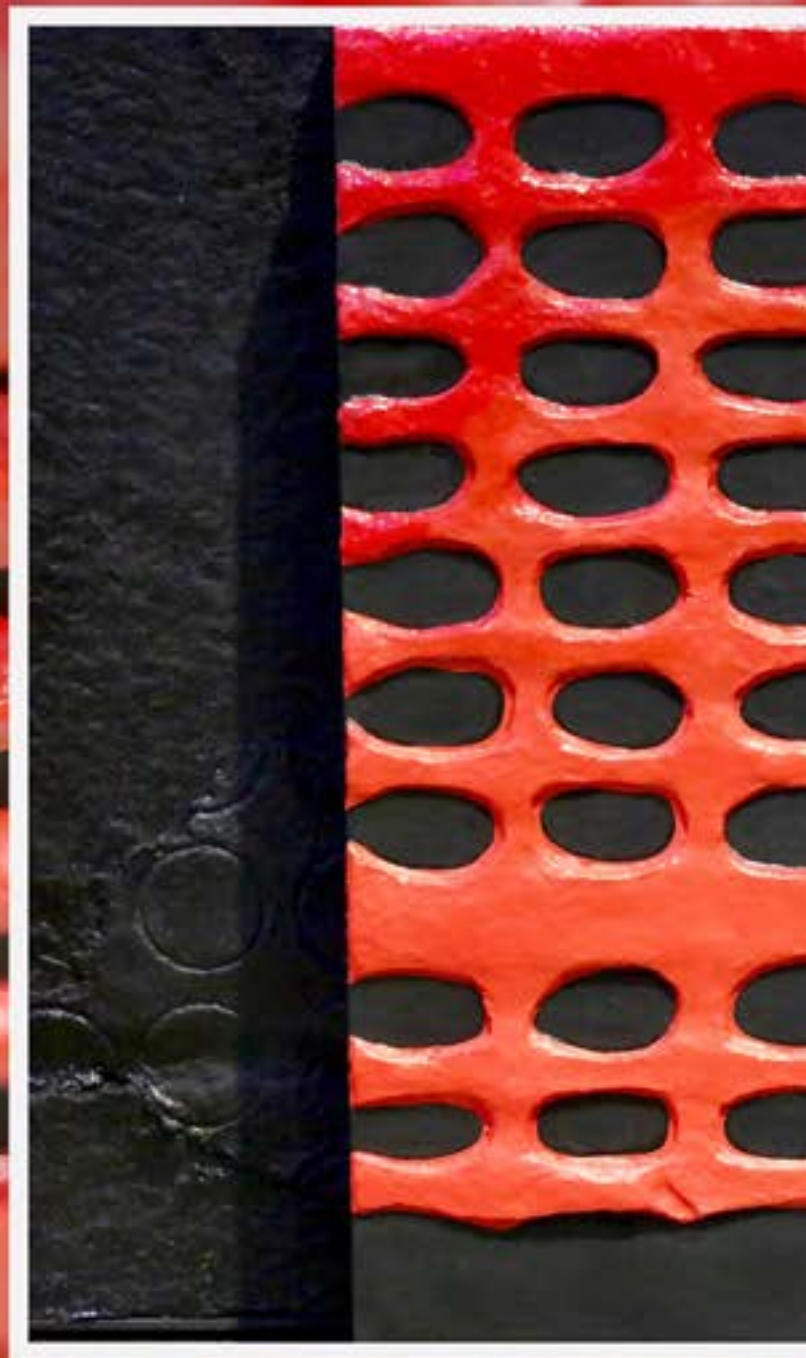


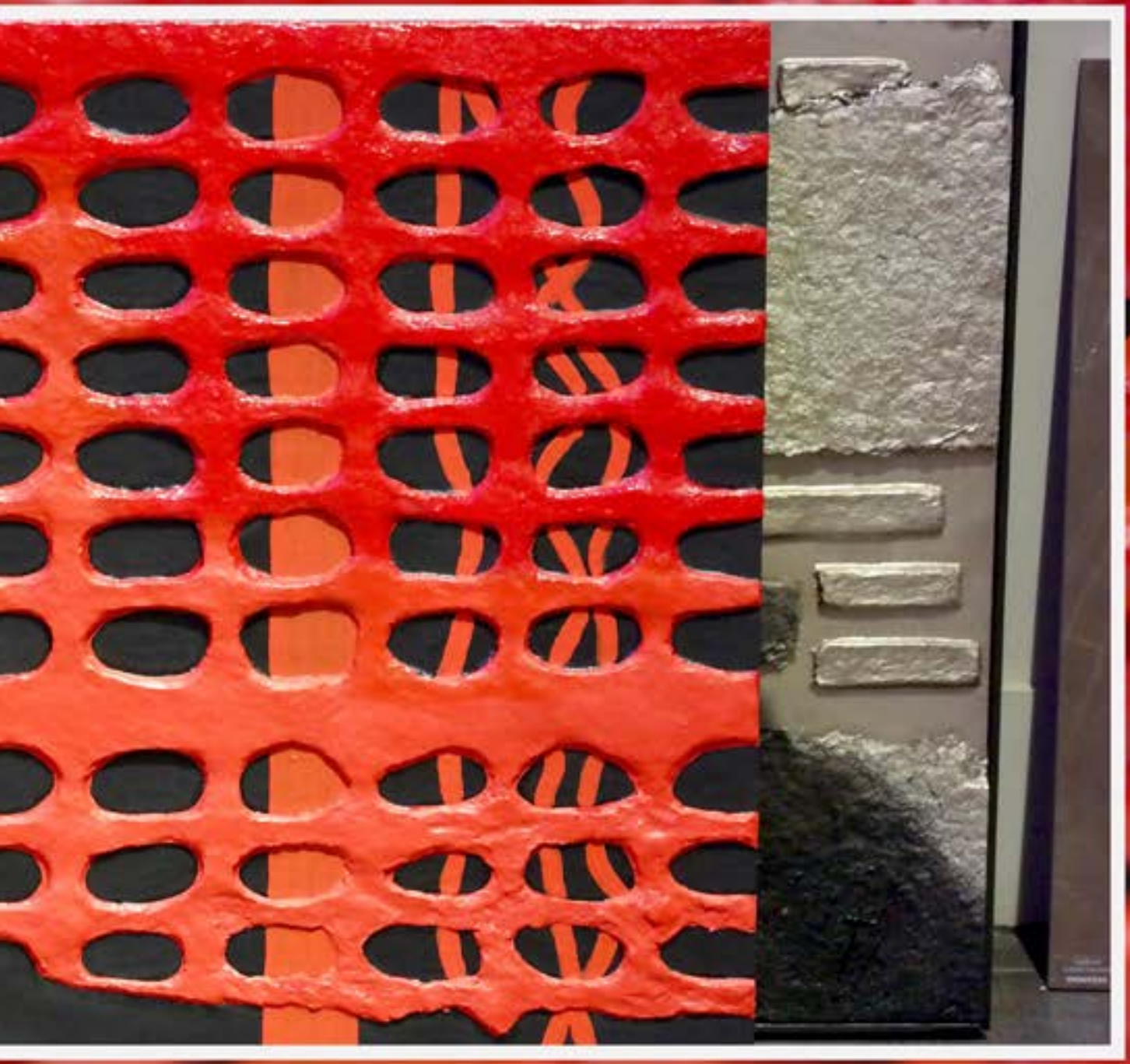


## NO ENTRY

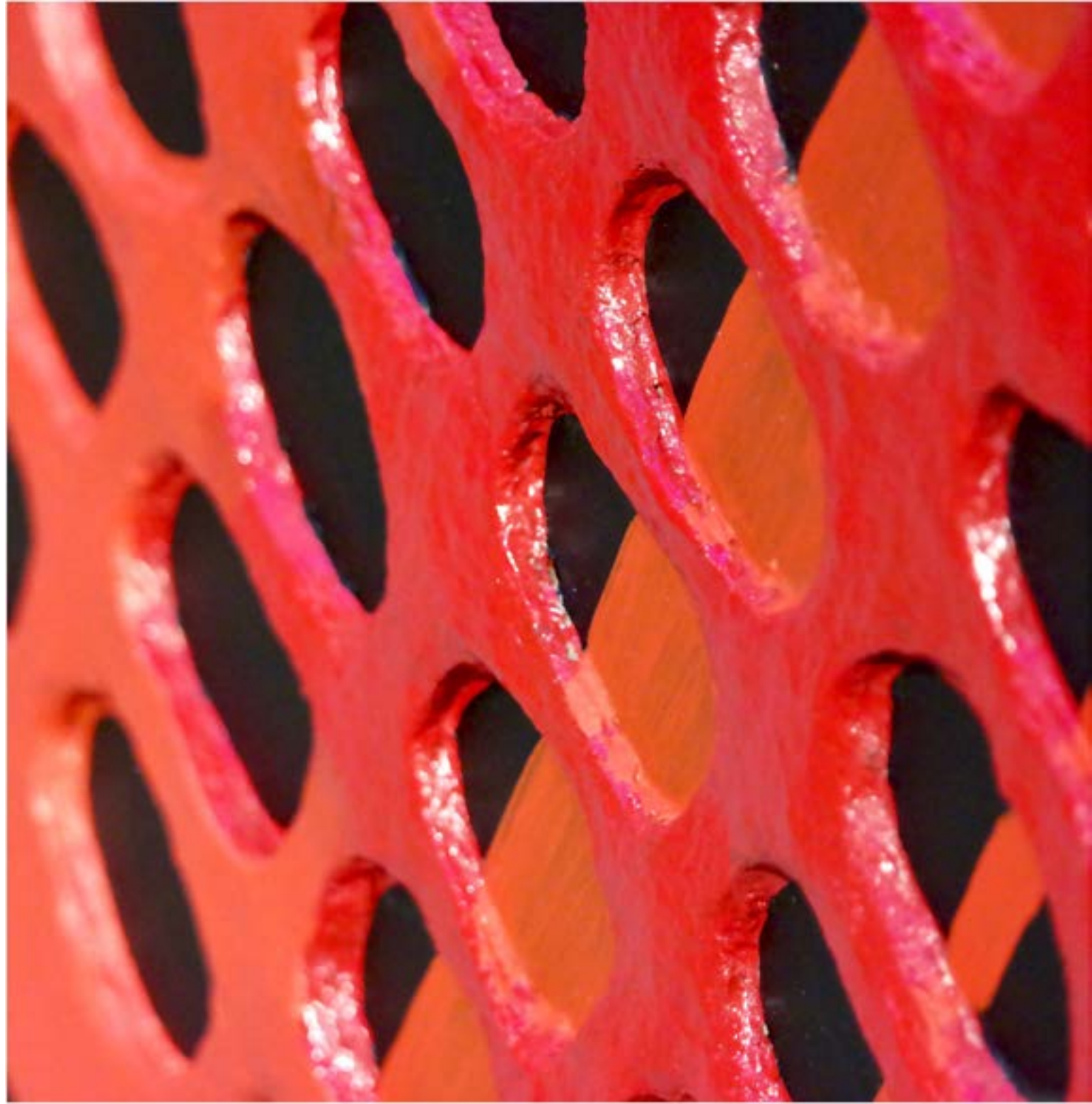
lavori in corso, giochi di luci ed  
ombre, la banalita' sciopera!  
Il segno conta e ha molto da dire!

work in progress, a play of light  
and shadow, the insignificant is  
on strike!  
It counts and has much to say!















## LEXICON OF SANDS

calligrafia di sabbie, chi riuscirà a  
decifrare gli infiniti geroglifici delle  
maree?

calligraphy of sands...who will decipher  
the infinite hieroglyphics of tides?



It runs in the blood....

Since childhood, under the guidance of my father, a painter, a photographer and a poet, of indian origins and of my mother, an italian painter and fibre artist, I experiment techniques and materials.

My long stays abroad and a series of study tours in India deepen my reasearch in the Art field.

I have lived and worked both in India and in Germany. I collaborate with art galleries, architect's studios and textile firms in Italy and abroad.

For any question, please contact me.

[info@antonellatana.com](mailto:info@antonellatana.com)