Sleepy from the sublime melodies of his colored music, cradled by the dance of his reality-forms in the abstraction of his polymaterial panoramas. Munari dreams his landscapes made of light – in the enchanting atmosphere filled with rose-colored vibrations of the camera obscura, in a world completely his, invented and constructed by him, he imagines himself projected into the unexplored ether at the speed of light – Munari has tamed light, and has made it submit to his will, he has taught the atom his aesthetic and has molded it in the panoramas of his illusions – colored flashes in his infinite unicolor universe – a magic palette made from vibrations that destroy and annihilate material life, absorbing its form in order to transform it into a melodic succession of fine threads in the phantasm of a tree, in the dazzling burst of a microcosmic planet – or in a concert of magnificent rhythmic tones against a background of tenebrous silence – or in the peace of a spent planet in a forest of bare trees – in the “landscape on the hill”. Munari has carried my spirit with him in the ether of his conception, in the landscape of his cosmic objects, in the electrically discharged line of his fourth dimension, to explore his still-so-unexplored new world – I have seen the birth of his new planets and I am drunk from their melodious radiations, I have dived into the warm vapors of his clouds of sand – I have climbed to the summit of his oscillating trees, living the magic and luminous life of his photograms – in “constellations” Munari has constructed a drama of the palest stars, vague and indefinite, of irregular orbits sprung from a rapid flash of light: mystery of a life in a fraction of a second – outside the tumultuous, vertiginous, and enchanting life of mechanichal civilization, he invents and constructs for the greater good of matter – in the atmosphere of his symphonies – in the immensity of his FUTURIST infinite, in the reality of his abstraction – MUNARI constructs and invents for the greater good of the spirits.