

My Poetics: “I am not an artist but a woman who lives and speaks through art as well”

Visual language was born in the prehistory; the original is the idea, the thought that individuals communicate through art. Such art is close to nature, to which human beings belong, without owning it or even being central to it. The history of paleolithic art is closely connected to the feminine aspect of my artistic identity. The feminine is central in that primordial tradition that spanned 40000 years, with the worship of mother goddesses, and the connections of the Earth to animal figures, lunar phases, the cycle of seasons, and as the chthonius force of nature.

After the age of Crete, things have changed, and women have contributed to every field of art. An extensive documentation exists, but it still needs to be brought to light and freed from the forgetfulness of historiography. My research into the contributions of women artists in twentieth-century avant-gardes has greatly informed my work. It is also the beginning of a quest that takes me to contemporary times, when women’s art is not censored anymore, and it has led me to the recognition of what I am here and now: a woman.

The true face of my paintings is the dream, understood as that portion of reality that lives in the individual unconscious. A mesh of experiences and desires, the psyche coming forward in a spontaneous way. My dreams are not my fears or nightmares. They are nourished by positive, every day experiences, at times violated by ignorance, to which I have contributed myself with a certain lack of self-confidence.

Since I was a child, political events have inhabited my dreams. I remember a drawing I made at the time. It was a self-portrait against a yellow lily, in the distance Mount Etna, and towering above it, the luminous faces of Falcone and Borsellino, the two magistrates killed in a mafia attack in 1992. Sometimes later, I remember a dream in which I see the treason of Agamemnon and the horror of man’s mad violence. In this picture I vomit, thus, the image becomes the symbol of a rebirth. I was reborn three times in my life, in moments of regeneration of my identity as a woman, mother, dreamer, and that of painter, that despite being set aside so often, it comes back, time and again, shedding a powerful light on the present.



The analysis of the artistic path stems from the need to denounce the shortcomings of humanity, by juxtaposing in each painting, the bare survival as human, naked, to the brutality of the surrounding world. Surrealism of the 1930s helps to reach this goal thanks to the immediacy of the dreaming activity as something beyond the personal. Painting what I dream gives me the opportunity to transmit not only humanity's shortcomings, but also the attempts to rise from obscurity towards the light of personal dignity and satisfaction.

Woman before artist, whose work is informed by the meaning of the Japanese word for work, which includes "doing something for others." Thus, my work takes from dream and memory to move beyond what it means being born as a woman. Mother, daughter, and sister, like a flower that blooms again and again, without breaking, but bending to life in a never-ending cycle.

Through art, I can express freely my absolute freedom, freedom from societal rules, including those of the system of art, within which I could not operate.

My work is pure fluid identity that from the mind, moves to the heart, and to the hands. This is the only way I can give substance to what Walter Benjamin defined as "aura," as unique and unreproducible because there are no limits to its variations. Thus, my art has no referents and outside limits.

In admiration I claim Breton's statement: "It won't be in fear of madness that we will abandon at half mast the flag of imagination." Breton is talking about mentally challenged people, those who live in institutions, and can live with their madness even if it makes sense to themselves only. Indeed, hallucinations and illusions are source of enjoyment, as our contemporary world shows us, despite being put aside by those "outside," and who have power to define our society.

Informed by my unorthodox formation, my poetic speaks to the consequences of being a woman and a mother in the present. The pivotal themes are the dream, matriarchal cults, memory, the essence of things, of gestures, and of ideas. To reveal myself as I am is simpler, and though I draw on the dream, I often use a stark, strong language in my work, because my everyday experiences and perceptions enter my work.

"I am not an artist, but a woman who lives and speak also through art." I'm repeating this statement because every cultural work has a political function, one of social transformation, each one contributing in their own field.

If revolutions start from the bottom, they have to start from within oneself first.

This is showed in collective exhibitions of twentieth-century women artists, with a focus on individual code, and on the larger contexts in which each work is situated. Being so fascinated by art, why not being an artist? I make art, simply because I find it the most magnificent process of self-expression.

I love the sensation of palpable, enjoyable freedom that I feel, I live and gives me satisfaction. To work on an art project means to bring to life an interior flow that asks to be expressed, on its own terms, modalities, and time. In those moments, everywhere is art for me.

But art for me is also love for everything I do.