

Places that become Art

Critic text of *Chiara Anna Lorenzetti*

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In waves: that's how images arrive on the canvas, entering the psyche as a clear, but untraceable memory. They could be the result of a déjà vu; or maybe not. Perhaps they are only reminiscences and suggestions that have been metamorphosed by the memory. Probably none of these theories is valid. They are surely dreams. Yet, we do not seem to dream as in the old days. Conquests and outrages of today, coming from new ways of thinking and feeling, regrettably have modified and slowed down the ancestral nature of the human imaginary. So then, how do we explain that feeling of "already seen", "already lived" that Francesca Bonanni's canvases are able to transmit? It has taken years of tiring labor to ensure that the works of this artist would find a serene and refined outcome. Every figure seems to be pulled by an undertow of the memory that, without altering its complexity, reveals bodies immortalized in the fixed, unmovable postures, just like fireflies, always in a different place of the darkness. The corporeal element, fruit of a moment of reflection, is the aesthetic fulcrum of a search that identifies in the painted figure a direct interlocutor of the aquatic element. The prime resource of Francesca's artistic labor is precisely the dialog that takes place between the physical dimension and the surrounding environment, between human and water. Only by setting out on a visual navigation at the limits between dream and reality this artist has succeeded in immortalizing places that are witness to the vital power of water. Following the tracks of an Indonesian adventure and escapes toward the liberating coasts of Africa, it is possible to come across: children who play without a worry in warm exotic seas; florid physiques of women who sink in transparent pools; bodies clinging in an embrace whose seducing sweetness is soaked by a purifying and regenerating waterfall. A mastery of visions catapults the observer toward infinite journey proposals that appear as occasions of revenge against the unknown, on the narrowness and thinness of real life. The bond between the private dimension of the body and that of natural and public water that greets it, projects shapes and, by extension, subjects within environments able to trigger a reflection on today's world, replete with significance, and determined by new social and cultural structures. The road chosen by Francesca Bonanni is of a refined elegance. Rationality and freedom cannot do without one another, masterfully uniting in a stylistic choice that supports a hyper realistic solution to metaphysical chromatism, a descriptive objectivity to intimate investigations by the author. Francesca Bonanni is a creator of spaces whose truth is represented by the total fidelity to the places visited, altered in their nature only by colors such as gold and hot pink. This color, exalted and purified, becomes allegory of desire, sublimation not of an impure and contradictory element, but rather a well-founded and calibrated chromatic horde. So, a vibrant and livelier pink is destined to drip through the most candid securities, aimed to retrace the history to capture inspirations and memories. A conceptual spark that sinks its own roots in the light pink of the rare and precious oriental carpet beneath the feet of the Virgin Mary, painted in 1472-74 by Piero della Francesca in the Pala di Brera, and that finds inspiration also in that spherical drops of rosy polish, let drop and splashed on the canvas by Jackson Pollock, as a dance made by gestures and decode by the critic Harold Rosenberg in 1952, with the term Action Painting. This enigmatic "twice" lays foundations for a choice, a detail: the color pink, able to question everything again. A dreamed baptism, the one of the artist Francesca Bonanni, in which the encounter with vital human models, who apparently do not pay the price of their own existence, and, with unaware accomplices depicted at the margins of the real, brings back the flavor of an adventure to canvases.