

"Harmonic sounds"

(by Arnaldo Romani Brizzi)

(from the catalog of "Gioco e sogno", solo show, Anticoli Corrado, Rome, 2003)

I still remember the first works of Francesca Bonanni, when she attended the Academy of Fine Arts in Rome. Certainly, as an initial reference, it attracted an important painting, but completely out of register for a girl so young. I allowed myself to point it out to him: it was commendable that a painter at the beginning declared her fathers so honestly, but I encouraged her to find the personal figure, immediately, without delaying her. Her tenacity and will accompanied her in the following years, until the happy results of the first truly accomplished paintings that were presented in a beautiful collective exhibition, at the 16th century Castle of L'Aquila, for the critical signature of Marco Di Capua. Then Bonanni devoted himself to university studies, with a specialization in History of Art, with the same tenacity and will with which he had turned out to be a painter. Intense studies, up to the production of a demanding and important thesis on Pasquarosa (Marcello Bertolotti). And it seemed to me that the circle of his research had been completed, in the reference that the university experience carried out towards the resumption of pictorial invention. I have always considered Pasquarosa a happy example of painting, witness of a precise feminine condition, in years in which this could be difficult, in the prevailing prejudice, not only of Italian brand, from which only women with masculine characteristics emerged. ". Bonanni has a sensitivity from his - beyond the pictorial vocabulary - very similar to that of Pasquarosa, able to establish a place of action in which the ideas elaborated "inform" about a vision of the feminine that should not be ignored nor, let alone, culturally diminished. In the present years, in which this division between masculine and feminine into art proves increasingly inadequate, the lightness that a feminine feeling is capable of expressing, in the face of so much art that one wants and claims "powerful" at all costs, it seems a breath of fresh air, a breeze that does not bring slander, but real refreshment in the accumulation of too much heat. And here, then, as I asked at the beginning of Bonanni, his personal figure, his sincerity which, as we well know, in art and beyond, constitutes the only viaticum to a journey of knowledge and self-knowledge. In this personal exhibition, Bonanni exhibits at the Civic Museum of Modern and Contemporary Art of Anticoli Corrado, the town of painters' models, the birthplace of Pasquarosa (born in 1896). A whole design is defined, with a small magic of coincidences that, as we have now learned well, are never random.

The tale of fable that apparently departs from the paintings presented here needs moments of careful reflection, because the objects that Bonanni chooses belong to a symbolic vocabulary, even if they are flagrant of childhood smiles. The ball, the sling, the pinwheel, the marbles, the rocking horse and the fish with wheels, and many other "toys" project, at the same moment of the game, the child who unknowingly uses them to the destinies of adulthood, the uncertainties, the alternate paths, the challenges that chess, in

the painting *Il lighthouse*, well represent. Bonanni seems to tell us that time, our fictifying system of measurement, moves circularly, only in this way creating magic. The poignant and enigmatic *Games in the dream*, an autobiographical picture of a vast feeling of family belonging, places in the same space and at the same time, the child father who greets his son who many years later will come, a child in turn, with his eyes closed, because not yet born, even if already in the conscience of the father, premonition of a destiny artfully drawn from the beginning of life. The sea routes that need maps seem to be overcome by the primitive wisdom that a small pyramid suggests, with discretion and protection of the mystery. This in *New Routes*, routes that seem to arrive in the most distant and hidden places of fantasy, the Atlantis of the great "fairy tale" of origin, which man is no longer able to tell himself in order to satisfy the needs of scientificity, only guessing the new territories in the recourse to faith, which is first of all faith in itself. There is a precise desire for harmony in the new paintings by Francesca Bonanni: harmonic sounds suggested by the union between heaven and earth, in the contemplation of stars and comets, in the fire and smoke of volcanic lands, in the passage of the wind that moves windmills and sails of boats. And in the enclosure established for this exhibition by *Piccolo Safari*, with its parade of exotic animals, it seems to me to hear music by Saint-Saëns and Francis Poulenc: model animals celebrate me a carnival of their own, the last possible illusory moment of a classicism and of a neoclassicism (in music as in painting) inevitably imbued with irony and small jeers.

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