

CS



# Between the changing room and the chamber play

*Fausto Lorenzi*

The 30-year-old artist, which is active in the world of communication and is interested in graphic arts techniques and in the world of editorial illustration, explores the dimension of loneliness, confusion, or vagueness between figures and space, meant as that dimension of existence in the daily routine. The subjects are young women, between portrait and self-portrait even if they lose their biographical connotation to become anonymous, some impersonal and iconic profiles that rise from photo shoots or from sketches of hinted gestures.

Neither ecstasy nor domestic distress, there is no theatre of the absurd as in "Waiting For Godot" and no post-Freudian rooms either: there is a picture crushed on the surface that aims to create an immediate expressive impression, recalling the contemporary visual culture – from the Anglo-American pop culture in particular, with inevitable recalls to the comic and cinematic-look, to the incisiveness of the billboard style- that minimizes

the search of identity and does not consider narrative and misleading components. In the artistic research there has been for long a renewed centrality of the human body, but we are talking about a stylized body that is not able to communicate with the reality in a direct, physical and sensual way, as if the air around it doesn't exist. Here the routine is dramatized, not as it happens in a script, but rather as it happens in the changing room in the moment that precede the play. It is not a coincidence if the artist has chosen to present her works with the title "La soglia" (The Doorway), and she also offers the key to the interpretation by adding in brackets the sentence ("the preceding moment"). Immediately one would explain "the moment that precedes the return to the normal life beyond that door". And then they would add also "figures of spatial meditation".

The doorstep is outlined through simple geometric lines, sometimes it is only suggested in the white space, but the suspended score,

the mental framework that give evidence to the image without action, the reserved spirit of the drawing, the tendency of a drastic clarification are evident.

The figurative world of the artist, focused on every single expectations of the existence, seems in precarious balance between an immature and a definitively adult age. In the same way her pictorial world lives in that suspension between the ideal contemplation of the solid serenity typical of the works of Giotto, Masaccio and those that were defined the primordial of the fourteenth-fifteenth century and the painting of the background in a bare and austere, concise and angular style, made of people and everyday stuff, entrapped in the silhouette and urged to shake off the passiveness represented by the domain of primary forms and by a sort of modest intimacy.

Laura Pedizzi reminds us the secret of realism: the mystery, even when it is just a simple feeling, a quite abstruse fairytale, some motionless silhouette halted in that moment that precedes the action or the choice, is not in the world that is represented, it is rather hidden behind it; the more this world becomes two-dimensional and subtle the more it is flattened towards the young girl in scene, creating emptiness around them and forcing them to expose themselves to a dry light.

This reminds us the theatre once again, in

the reduced proximity between actors and spectators: a chamber play, in an empty theatre where the space is barely drafted but very squared, there is the presence of the body with all of its encumbrance even when it seems rigid like a robot or abandoned like a lifeless device.

And the choice is certainly figurative in the finished drawing, that today means no more mimetic details, but it is rather able to fix the essence of the model and the artist's concept. It stays in the idea of a "somewhere", because this room where these faceless girls close themselves is vulnerable, threatened by boredom, by their introspection and by the ghost of an invisible and unreal daily routine, and it is made inaccessible by the lens aperture that flattens the subjects and transform them into repetitive icons.

It is inevitable the hypothesis that in this mass media society, among insignificant individuals, a person can exist only through their image, wearing a mask. Here in fact the silent poses and the gestures are suspended as the character are trying to fulfill their dreams and expectations, embarrassments and transgressions. All of them derive from the common life, but it seems as they are inspired by some movie frame, in a sort of pop neo-metaphysic, remaining out of every celebrations of the routine, they are rather archetypes of a generational condition of ordinary

uncertainty.

It is possible only to stare at the profile of an identity, of a presence that entrust all of its inner reality to the precarious position on the edge of a chair, to the opened but capsized book that could be made up of white pages, or to the closed umbrella leaning against the door, or to the arm stretched to point at something indeterminate out of sight.

The neutrality of the space that surrounds the figures doesn't give the impression of threat, of anxiety, of lively nonsense, they are rather profiles abandoned to the forgetfulness of a suspended time –even if it lasts just a moment- and strictly bonded to an uncertain, affected or rude or reticent collocation, before they are forced to build their bodies over the doorstep in an unknown, increasingly undefined and fragmented place that is called to endorse replaceable rules, codes and stereotypes that the more emphasize the figures, as in an ancient signage, the more they take them back to the anonymity.

Laura Pedizzi proves the existence of her characters imprisoning them in a vitality that is reluctant to every sentimental or touching symbolizations, in a neutral or opaque obviousness, anonymously postural and gestural.

But her ability is that of being able to stop for a while the banality of this world by giving substance, even if in an odd way, to what is

missing, to what is waiting behind the door, to that projection of desire and to that identities – One, No One and One Hundred Thousand identifies- of Characters in Search of an Author that can be assumed in the relation with the others; in this case, going beyond every narrative components and every hesitations, this is violently revealed through the postures of the figures and through their conscious or unconscious gestures that is reinforced with the surrounding silences and pauses, as if they would say “what am I here for and why?”.

The alternation between person and character with the inability to be both of them, as also the anti-rhetorical and sharp drawings show, that offer themselves as an exercise of control of the space, even when they entrust themselves to volatile and feeble traces and to a well declared emotional sensitivity, usually not related to large mixed media on wood.

This drawings contain already a project of relation, the starting point of a tale, a colloquial and indulgent one, ironic and auto-ironic with situations of slight but not confused or emotionless routine, leaving behind all the fears to be exposed once for all to a judgment fixed in time.



# Boards

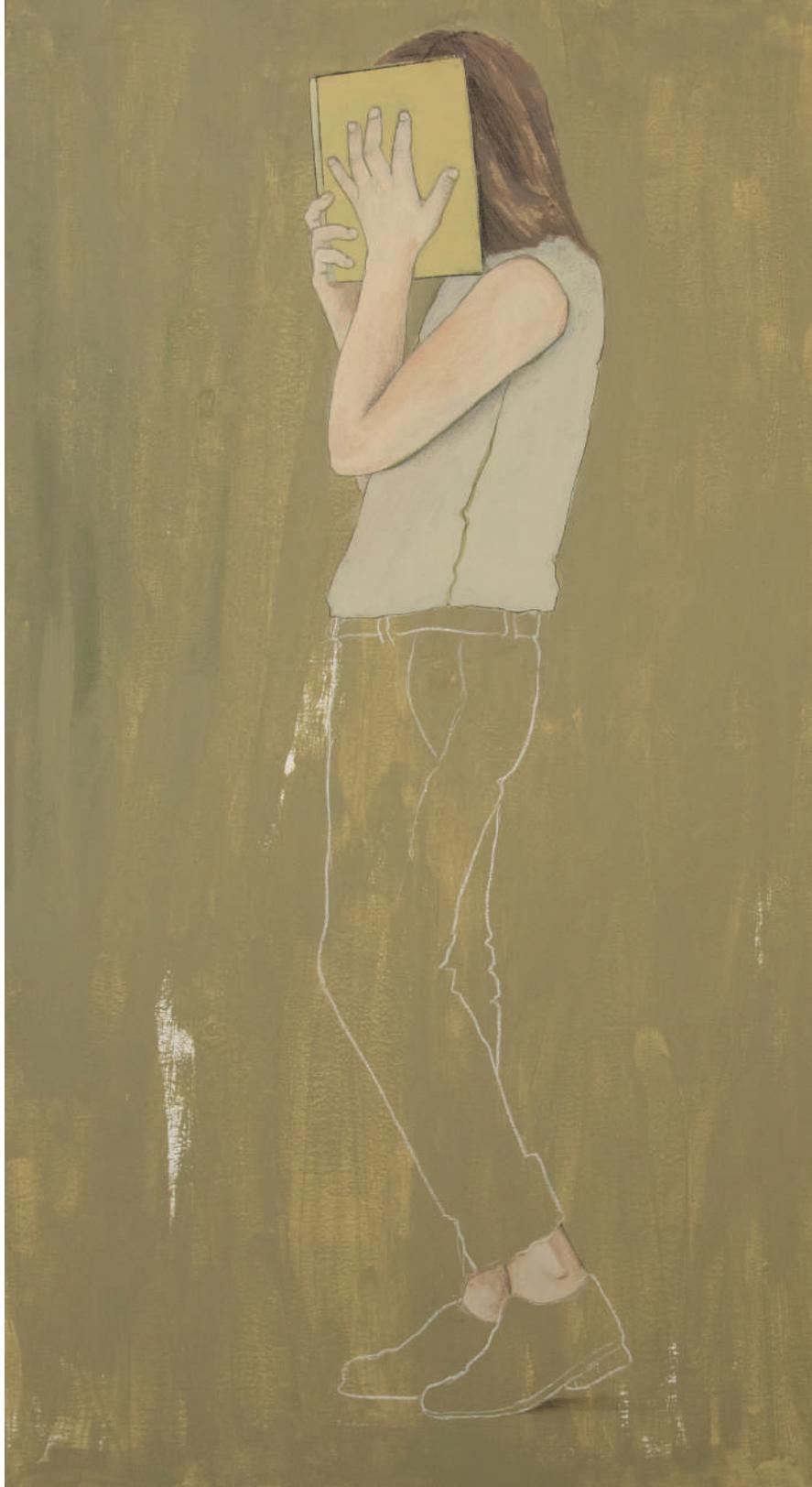
1993  
90 cm x 90 cm  
Mixed media on wood



The Sea  
110 cm x 90 cm  
Mixed media on wood



Asia  
60 cm x 110 cm  
Mixed media on wood



The wait  
100 cm x 100 cm  
Mixed media on wood



Red Line



The World  
70 cm x 50 cm  
Mixed media on wood





