

**Of this and this. Of self and self. Like everything.**

A few months ago my friend Antonio gave me a book he was reading himself: *The Art of Primitive Man* by Emilio Villa. I began reading slowly, with the intention of making it last longer.

My sensations while reading the book were strange indeed. I had the impression that I wasn't understanding anything yet understanding everything at the same time. It was as if the precise meaning of his reasoning went beyond me, something continued to elude me. I might not be able to summarize the book's content but I absorbed exactly what it was supposed to transmit. His way of writing, his language, his words and phrases brought me smack dab into the prehistoric world he was attempting to explain. It was as if a very clear, a primarily sensorial perception of man and the animals of his time, his graffiti and his geometrical doodles essentially stuck to me.

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Sometimes I embark on a new cycle of works without much of an idea of where I'm going. I make things with decision, but really can't tell myself why; the reason comes later. I follow a flow of associations, combinations, intuitions. I could say I'm following some need. Out of a tangle like this - whose meaning initially eludes me - a form, an order, a position begins emerging with a precision of its own. And then a line, a circle, a triangle, a ball, a flower, a chessboard, a pattern, the fingers of a hand, a face, a constellation, a time appears.

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Then there's the question of the world. The outside world, that is, the one that starts where our skin comes to an end. The space in which we all live our lives. The space in which we artists display our work.

For some artists, every work represents the creation of a world, the staking of a new perimeter. For me, it's the positioning of some new thing inside the same old world in which I myself move around, the promiscuity of day to day space.

The man described by Villa was unable to perceive any degree of separation between himself and the world. His existence was one with the existence of the world. What space for self-awareness could he have possibly had?

I'd be content if my works might help bridge that gap between inner self and outer world, at least a little.

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Chiara Camoni  
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