

# **TAMARA FERIOLI: Towards a philosophy of particular**

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“Only words keep us in touch with silent things. Nature and animals even silently always communicate and respond to signs, only man succeeds in breaking off, in words, the endless language of nature and in observing for a moment silent things. The idea of virgin rose exists only for man”. Giorgio Agamben

Sometimes, we wake up and realize we have seen in a dream the secret of our existence and remember only some little details, sensations, fragments and memories. The secret of our dream seems to be in another place or another time and, sometimes, some works of art overcome us with a familiarity similar to a discovery. Tamara Ferioli seems to desire to face herself with the dimension of imagination which turns strains into visions, a maniacal net of little signs that interweave continually matter, nature, legend, beauty, shame and silence. She treats universal subjects: nature, loneliness, love, the precariousness of things. She has a great passion for drawing and as in a visual tale, scatters all the pieces of a story in order to re-compose the puzzle as images recombine themselves. At first sight her drawing seems to be confused, but actually it has a well defined structure, able to attract and lead to search for an intimacy with the work. The story takes its form and involves every work, while little details, miniatures, drawings, signs and traces reveal themselves. Beauty and mystery casually meet flowers, hair, trunks, stones, insects, leaves and signs. Tamara Ferioli looks at beauty like something out of this world. Marcel Proust and Thomas Mann have told of beauty, so did Virginia Woolf, Oscar Wilde, Anais Nin and James G. Ballard...

Tamara Ferioli draws stranger and familiar beings at the same time, a nakedness shown to maintain them stranger, far and without appearance in order to cause embarrassment where these forms seem to be shown and walled up forever. Tamara Ferioli with her works tells of a beauty capable of representing the alchemy that sometimes changes and transforms, bodies and horizons into moods and moods into bodies or into a landscape. This power of transmutation makes poetic Tamara Ferioli's images. Her works show traces of a mystery that keeps on charming and surprising and which arises from the artist's loneliness faced with a subject that can be a place, a person, a flower, a stone, a loneliness that turns into an encounter, a relationship. This poetic and fictional mood is always expressed in her works, her subjects seem to exist through a novel which feeds images, giving them a new existence.

If Shakespeare's Juliet is made of the same matter of dreams, Tamara Ferioli must be made of the same matter of charms.

Tamara Ferioli's works describe female characters, fantastic herbals and between reality and oniric world, the landscape alternates insects, flowers and leaves. Different techniques, hair, pencils, collages, and a narrative skill that seems to want to go beyond the limits in every work. Wondering about her images means to ask many questions about the existence of artist's imagination, and so wondering about present conditions of the look at beauty.

Sometimes the beauty drawn by Tamara Ferioli seems to recall little personal stories, a beauty that reveals itself, and that we get to know as a person. In a world full of images and screens, where our look seems to be in a mirror game, Ferioli's images recall the silence of narration, the legend and the history which join her images, subjects and lights; every subject seems to establish a particular relationship with gaze, a gaze implied in every poetic path.

Tamara Ferioli's charm cannot be scheduled or unveiled, an act of memory and forgetfulness that suggests the key to originate some poetic plots from oblivion, choosing a poetry which leads to an unknown frontier separating two worlds and recalls the earth's surface and a repressed history, a place of personal memories and other dreamy, intimate and sentimental connections.

In every Tamara Ferioli's stroke, different stories mix their names and voices, creating a poetic memory, dangerous and inevitable, a memory that like a skilled witch deceives us and leads to lose one's self control. Beauty is landscape, sky, shade and light, movement, hands, trees, books, stones, islands, leaves, grass, feet and mystery of the human body. It's a smell: a smell that changes according to different situations of places and bodies. This sensory dimension plays a leading role in Tamara Ferioli's works, and becomes the way to find different sensory devices. Her pictures become discovery, invitation to reflection, images where emotion seems to seduce and attract the audience. The elegance of acts and little signs cause a sensual solicitation and emotions symbolically represent variety. In other words, beauty can have a fictitious existence, having a doubly symbolic existence, and feelings and imagination build a many-sided link with space. Tamara Ferioli pays attention to a world of neglected appearances, giving us the impression that images come before functions, suggesting places to build or reinventing and defining a place for meeting, pausing over an abandoned ground, marginal zones, temporary deserts. Her images are the expression of literature, her look at the world is subject of novels, without any protection; situations, characters, style, are the same of fiction, represented without mediation, without the frame of fiction, useful to stop opinions and disbelief in order to get inside the setting and the scene.

It seems to be in front of an image that upsets usual schemes, it's the novel that organizes reality, or, in any case an organic and coherent whole that goes beyond the fragmentation of the single event.

Tamara Ferioli removes the protective screen of fiction putting us in front of matter deprived of its imagination. The evidence of beauty and elegance, the dignity of poetry are inevitable. We are embarrassed and exposed when deprived of the protection of tale, invention and imagination.

The disclosing and the revelation of Tamara Ferioli's images can be found in her way of showing a world known in imagination, telling us that it's not fancy, it's truth. This look at truth without filters behind imagination gives back the vertigo of what inevitably happens.

Italo Calvino, in his "American Lessons" reminded that a sequence "is the result of a succession of material and immaterial phases, where images take their form...This "mental cinema" is present in all of us, existed even before the invention of cinema and never stops projecting images of our inner life". Tamara Ferioli's images are entrancing, in a sequence of emotions we yield to, an invitation to overthrow any sight convention. Ferioli doesn't look for obvious and reassuring visions, bound to blow over, but for images which can be read and understood with thought. Her representation always conceals a gaze looking for another gaze through images to give a reason to its route.

Tamara Ferioli's image creates a novel, a group of images that are not landscapes, they are images in a continuous stratification between face and nature, old and new, rubble and plants, ways and itineraries. She has a philosophy of gaze, which seems to want to draw away images in order to determine a particular brightness of the gaze. The original and not narcissistic quality of these works can be found in the skill to show a brightness coming from an unreserved respect, whether it is a place or a person. It's a mutual respect.

Respect as the possibility to look and see more, so Tamara Ferioli proposes a limpid gaze. Ferioli tells us something reassembling the image of a place, a face, a body, a gesture, an insect. Maybe there's a complicity that can be found in some Ferioli's images, there's

something more which concerns all the world of images, far from the "aenesthesia of vision" we undergo. And we're rav- ished by a gesture, a foreshortening, a fragment, a cloud, a shadow, the allusion to a work of art, the history of a flower, the legend of an animal...

Works that seem to whisper a secret, images which let us look at them without revealing themselves im- mediately, capable of maintaining a mystery: im- ages that never satisfy the popular will for show and look into situations which need some time to be "seen".

Tamara Ferioli's are not one way images, they let themselves be seen hundreds of times al- ways revealing a new secret, images similar to open windows on a world always capable of amaz- ing. Sometimes there's not a great difference be- tween dream and reality...

Bachelard would say that rêve and rêverie become ineffable places of the soul even if flowing one into the other. According to Bachelard the rêverie is a gloomy and distressing suspension that suddenly overtakes us, separates from passing of the hours and leads us to a sort of absence of time as over- come by memories, by a scent... Bachelard says that there is no pain, in rêverie, but a light melan- choly and an endless conciliation with the world and the cosmos.

Stones, trunks, books, compasses, years and leaves and insects, installations and drawings that lead the gaze into an enigmatic and dramatic path. Sometimes, this detachment from the world becomes sharp and it breaks at hand. This painful approach to life strengthens the instinct to dream, to its untameable restlessness, its history, its despairs, to the search, the violence against themselves, every action gives rise to another one, those thoughts that make us feel to be in a wider sky, coming out of rigidity and rigour... And this is the poetical horizon Tamara Ferioli lets us see, a world of gesture, places and shadows...an emo- tional state where we can finally get lost.