

Giovanni Faccenda

## Self-mirroring in painting

*We use colours to paint  
but the feeling is the real painter*  
**Jean Siméon Chardin**

Painting without any subject, but listening to that remote inner self is a long winding road to go and means a lot of hard work, even more than drawing a face, a landscape, a group of items or simply some fruit well-located, or not, on a table. As a result if we go beyond the ordinary and general codes aimed to the interpretation of a work of art, both figuration and abstraction are actually quite unprecise and indefinite concepts which may lead to endless debate. In the end the main topic should be painting, its features and its meaning, too.

If we take an outline of contemporary art into consideration, the unique character of Federica Oddone, alias Feofeo, is absolutely outstanding due to such an identity reached denying trends and approvals, thanks to the gradual consolidation of a mingled expressive mode between intimate dropouts (*Serendipity, Albatros, Il Pianto delle anime*) and refined intellectual meditations (*La porta di Ishtar, il ciclo dei Sette Chakra*).

Feofeo is an artist who is so keen on producing deep insight and he has got such sensitivity emphasized by memories and recollections (*Déjà-vu, Dentro di me...l'abisso, L'altra faccia del male*), that results in matter and colour ready to be affected by such vivid feelings caused by strong sensorial perceptions and by some lively imagination (*Sabbia di Siria, Al di là del suono, Non solo cerchi nel grano*). As a result colour matches can create various moods and make them real (*Il giorno del giudizio, Il canto del cigno*), so that they figure out a picture that is full of arcane trepidation and hidden starting (*L'essenza di un fiore*) until the source for inspiration leaves Feofeo showing us such vanishing reality without either consolation or certainty.

Suddenly the brush becomes the tool, almost like a scalpel which Feofeo uses to look into herself (*Il viaggio*) in order to search for some hidden light in the shadow, or it becomes some seeds to grow, or simply clues to find and then develop by turning them into rich formless matter (*Senza fiato, Il Luogo delle idee, Contingenze*), where to mingle some ancient and mysterious truth, the urge for some kind of endless searching, which gains lyrical depth and mysterious value while meeting its ethical as well as aesthetical form and order (*L'apocalisse, Il cerchio della vita, Orchidea selvaggia*).

What still remains is the never-met urge , which finds its free expression in painting. You could look at the various colour matches in which you will find the echo, as if it were by such hollow voice, of a touching human layer ( *Sangue e arena, Golgota, Diseguaglianze*). You will soon realize the emotional substratum of such an artist as Feofeo is, who wants to overcome the border that divides reality from some neverland, where it is impossible to yield and stop, searching for new paths and where dreaming is better when it is day-dreaming ( *Alice nel paese delle meraviglie*).

When Feofeo feels the urge to paint, such vital need becomes a wonderful journey where you could find the lost magic of sybilline but still glowing flashes( *Il senso universale della pace*). They are such chromatism similar to musical notes in a score or sillables belonging to some foreign alphabet, moving around the viewer's mind and soul, recalling, at a subliminal level, such total and appealing involvement.

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