

STEFANIA LEVI

NARRATIVE ART

This series of color images was created with a 4"x5" view camera, and the prints were foreseen as oversized enlargements of approximately 70x90 cm.. Although my original idea or impulse was a playful one, in many of the works there has been an osmosis from the realm of feelings. Of the texts incorporated into the photographs, most are my own compositions; four others are quotations, although of little-known authors.

This body of work, which I am inclined to call or define as "narrative art" or "text photographs", was begun in January 1994, and is not yet finished. Production is irregular: sometimes it stops for a few months, then resumes with a frequency of one work per week. These images are realized in the studio, and their arrangements are never casual. When an idea emerges, it is often visualized with a sketch or a layout to better define materials and texts.

I do not generally search for the object-protagonists of my works; rather it is the objects themselves which find and inspire me. I find it irresistible and fascinating to create an event out of nothing. I love the process of creating still-life photographs in the studio, which feels nearer to that of painting or sculpture. In studio compositions, as opposed to reportage, everything is created from our will; nothing is casual. The cold calculation of the project mixes with the warmth of inner reflection.

BLISTERS

Liquids can not be distinguished only by touch; at most they differ only by viscosity and temperature.

They tend to escape, they can slip away, they are ungovernable, they assume unpredictable forms.

But as soon as they are confined to a container they become meek, they allow themselves to be tamed, they are diligent, prone to perfection, they adhere faultlessly to the walls of the container that hosts them, hosting in their turn any object, surrounding, penetrating, refreshing, cooling, and heating it.

Liquid, the first element that protects every mammal, first mother among mothers.

CUSTOMS INSPECTION

The suitcase revisited symbolically as a nest, as a house, as a place of ancestral uterine protection.

A corner where insecurity and shame are abandoned, a free space that welcomes contradictions and ambivalence, showing them in their most eccentric aspect.

The bizarre result of this stripping-bare of the mechanisms of travel in the thoughts of everyone, is that from the chance of the eye's shifting among objects that have little affinity among themselves, is born the game of surprise and not the critical revolt to incongruence.

FOOD

That which the earth makes grow, or that lives on earth to be eaten by us humans, is not just fascinating as a multiform expression of nature, but above all because it gives pleasure to our eyes and our palate, enters into our body, becomes one with our vital organs, there in the belly – where emotions and instinct reside – it is transformed; the useful remains and the useless is left behind.

Food: the Good and the Bad, even before our organism separates them, in a sole object the expression of Good and Evil.

COLOR

The inherence of colors in things creates a moment of uncertainty that leaves room for the the viewer's interpretation. Color and its object help one another to exist, they lend meaning to each other.

If the observer imagines changing the color around an object, he will sense that the same object assumes another significance.

Color is the mother and the father, it gives voice and life, it is the liquid upon which our existence floats.