

Opera Pancia, Therapeutic Sketches, Spheres:

One "home" work of art and two "travel" works of art

Everything started after the accident I had in Naples in June 2006.

As I said in "Creatività cromolineare versatile" (you see Artistic Biography), as soon as I was able to leave the hospital bed, I went to have a chat with the Neapolitan "gallerista" Franco Riccardo.

He saw my works, he was curious about my life, and we spent some time dwelling on a very important question; he asked me: "Why do you create so many "beautiful" things ? Where are the ones that belong to your difficult life?".

That's how I started working on the operation that I just had without a valid reason; I recovered a photo of my belly before the operation and I took one of it how it was at that moment. I put them side by side and spontaneously I started drawing on the second one, to satisfy my need to add what was missing: the pipes of gastric sounds, the draining ones, the catheter and the the points of suture I had received: in other words, all my suffering.

The scar, alone, could have synthesized everything, but, while I was drawing, something was painfully pushing inside of me: it was the preceding suffered violences; they were immediately translated on the board that I was working, with other signs: tears, lacerations, scorches, suffering... I tried to put them all, so "**Opera Pancia**" was born.

The last of the my actions was to throw out the words, writing all around the board, on the edge: the words I associated to that pain, the words could not exist according to the law of this nation because they would be refused, manipulated, made useless and forgotten.

Those words are my report, against whoever I held responsible of my suffering and pains, against whoever allows that this happens and keeps on happening, and situated also within the art of confrontation: I take on the responsibility for what happens and it will happen, so that there are no other Alessandre abused from ignorant, greed, slothful and 'dead' people.

In August I was in Filicudi island.

Since I didn't feel free from that pain yet and having found very useful and liberating "the game" , I went on drawing my sketches.

I started to consider and to live again, one at the time, some of the negative circumstances of my life, even the oldest; when I felt like getting to the heart of the matter and to "to hold in my hands" the emotions that caused a reaction inside of me, I tried to represent it, with a simple clean line.

Then as a title, I used to write the event in short. Afterwards I tried to synthesize those lines, to draw a plan for a work of art coming from that material: in other words I went back over the process of emotional recalling that I had made fact with "**Opera Pancia**": I replaced those two photos with other ones, to which I tried to approach with my memory, emotions and the pen.

Anyway, after having repeated this process for 4-5 times, I started to find more satisfaction to draw directly the synthesis of the events.

At a certain moment I found myself dealing only with the feelings and the synthesis. So "**Therapeutic Sketches**" were born.

I shared these events and talked about them only with Franco Riccardo and E. de Notaris, my psychologist, who, after my "accident", helped me to come out of that pain.. still thanks to both of them.

Back in Naples, in "**Spheres**", I started to represent myself, part of the reality and the things that appeared to me in : moving from the representation of my emotional implosion and my sense of a lacerated self and a lacerated world, trying to reach my explosion, my liberation through my beloved colours.

Without thinking about it, I came to not representing my presence anymore, but directly the emotions that I lived in that present moment, and I tried to represent her once more with the new synthesis I had reached through colours as well, this time.

At New Year's eve, I was on a ship sailing to Salina, and the day after the spheres started to gain autonomy: "**Energetic Spheres**" were about to be born. The propulsion centre, the engine, was not me, but my walks, my attempt to look again out of the condition of loneliness where the depression

brings and “eats” you trying to look elsewhere toward the others and the rest of the world that was surrounding me at that time.

In the moment that something aroused my attention, I stayed looking at it, to "to memorize it", to keep what I was feeling, up to the moment I would have been in a place where to be able to draw it. ...Then, later on, finally I was able to start looking after my health and all the things I had to recover in my life, luckily up to my recovery.