

There are journeys and routes whose conclusion, generates further paths, new movements, new and teeming destinations.

This is what happened to Gabriella Cominotti, after she has ideally gone through time, genesis and path of the human experience: at the end of her journey everything she had lived is resumed, compressed in one very moment. All the matter, has become the mean by which the heavenly sign shows itself, earth and sky are confused in fields of pure energy and pure color, where birds and fishes fluctuate enigmatically and silently.

The eternal instant, fixed by the artist on the painting, recalls ancient signs, ancestral characters, oneiric symbols and fragmented leonine appearances, that our eye is invited to look and guess for, as when, at the time of clouds, we used to admire them dancing in the wind and creating new profiles and fantasies.

During this journey, the breath of the painter has become a cosmic beat and has generated the marvel of creation, when astonished animals were learning to know other animals, identical to the ones that wild wood men used to draw on the caves' walls; during her journey, the light of her look has gone through Gothic lights, Byzantine splendors, Baroque golden triumphs, always blinded by divine suggestions.

The meditation on the forms and the iconographical tradition has nevertheless become the visible part of a further journey made by Gabriella, which is intimate, personal, made not only of flesh and body, but also of spirit and soul.

After tasting and smelling the ground, reliving the traces and exploring the viscera, Gabriella has become womb and mother who generates. She has felt herself as water and amniotic love, she has discovered herself as air and breath that blows, she has revealed herself as fire and embracing force.

She made herself generated generating matter. And then she has recognized herself in the stones and in the sand. She let herself be won by the fractal abandonment towards the papers of cork, able to suggest shapes as when, at the time of clouds...

Her journey has become a creative stimulus.

And if impetus, effort and energy are visible in the magma vibrating of color, and on the painting which swells with matter sediments, then the narration is left to fragments of ancient writings and stylized animal presences, fishes and birds that as a sort of sacred, holy and magical entities become language and lexicon.

Gabriella's journey has ended into a new order, built through textual, alphabetical and symbolic elements able to blend with matter - which is lived, listened, moulded and welcomed as a divine symbol - in a great symphony of light, in a canticle of new life, in a hymn to the resurrectional joy.

*Cinzia Bollino Bossi*