

Images Received

Vasco Bendini

"L'immagine accolta" is the title I have given to the series I started in 2006, and it defines my current way of approaching the canvas.

It is an approach that may come as a surprise, since I now consider deferment of volition as an extraordinary moment in my work. It is an unmistakable state of grace, and one that is underscored and sustained by an innate intuition of how the destiny of the painting process is to be taken forward. It instantly annuls any form that is extraneous to the authority of the whole.

Through its own evidence, the image becomes a concreation of its own content - a content made of unpredictable interrelationships, heralding its inbred meaning.

Occasionally the objective takes time to appear, and at times it is quite unattainable. This potentially frequent failure causes the process to break down, leaving me disappointed about missing an opportunity to verify on canvas the asystematic formal revitalisation I had been hoping for. And, what is more, I am left humiliated by the fact that I am forced to recognise that, even though unintentionally, I am a stubborn generator of countless abortions.

If the work comes to life spontaneously as a natural development, it appears to my eyes with perfectly intelligible authority, even though it is also perfectly inexplicable. The harmony of the whole is the stigmata of the uniqueness of artifice. It is a whole that gives visual form to my dreams and meditations, and to my feelings, which are all brought together in a flow of material. It is magma spreading out over the canvas like the fibred mirror of my position. The act appears as a concordant vibration, and a unisonous breathing. During the process of painting, at times I am conscious of feeling myself to be anxiously expecting alien images that, once they appear on the canvas, I am unable to comprehend. I find myself obliged to coexist in a state of insensateness - a state that appears to me to be like waiting for the ultimate Night. A wait I cannot imagine is followed by everlasting repose. Repose is something I feel to be outside of the universe, like the silence of Eros outside of Love.

In the mornings I am tormented by the most alarming thoughts. A nightmare rears up of coherence being lost and of difficulty in facing up to conflict. And the insidious anxiety of existence worms its way into me.

Limits take shape on the outside, and the threshold appears to me like an intimate burrow, where I am blinded by light. A dazzling image this is, and just as lapidary as the one that stigmatises life as the apotheosis of solitude.

And yet there is the present of the future, as St Augustine preaches, which comes about through anticipation. Words of faith pronounced out of genuine hope, a divine privilege denied to almost all.

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(English Translation by Simon Turner)