

A deformed image is a purely visual fact, it doesn't necessarily derive from another deformation.

About a reflected image:

the image seen through an element that at the same time reflects an image.

Is the visual result obtained in the various stages of a particular work a true reflection of an inner image or is it a personal experience or a mental reality ?

The mental experience that ~~initially~~^{initially} motivates a visual experience does not in every case develop further throughout the whole work.

The formal results obtained from a certain mental situation, are able at this point to develop of their own accord.

I don't need to hurt reality, my body, to be sure that it exists.
Is reality at the end, the end of a mirror, palpable ?
Must I put a finger inside a wound to be sure of it ?

Recipe for creativity:

the month of May + a pack of crackers.

I want to see myself. I ~~search~~^{search} for my body on any kind of reflecting surface available. I want to face it, deformed or not, on mylar, glass, mirror, water, metal. On a knife.

I may even have my own image reflected a hundred times at a same moment and be unable to perceive the main point I'm looking for: this mark, this point seems to be sometimes unreachable.

To stop and think, to dive deeply inside oneself, to join the main points, to interrelate attitudes and behaviors, to know and be aware of oneself, to avoid falling in the same old traps.

All that, may be used in the work, may determinate it, but will never give it's complete, final form.

I don't want to cross again ~~the tunnel~~^{the tunnel} of birth. In the loneliness of a watery world, I don't want to float anymore.

Rather, I experiment my body, I provoke it as if it didn't belong to me. In that way, it finds out and learns. And acts independently.

As it lives outside me, I can observe it, criticize it and understand it.

I feel it like a bark, autonomous, but I am unable to get rid of it. I am it.

Its experiences are ~~me~~^{mine}. I impose them upon myself.

It was me dipped into darkness inside the womb.

Images: broken glass, crashing a mirror and getting hurt.

All is to know that I exist, to make sure that I don't need to be born again, and start everything from the beginning. Each glass step breaks and hurts without leaving the satisfaction of seeing your own image.

Mirror: the friend, the mother.

Iole de Freitas

(from a notebook, 1974/75)