

Words cannot reach you, my girl.

Lou Borghetti's art, like all real art, keeps surprises and unexpected resources in the underground of the unconscious, hers, and ours.

The delicacy of representation in her new phase touches us particularly, its symbol and dreamlike charge, the tension between the past and the present, and the flow of life through all this, a life full of pain and feeling.

The almost primordial art in apparent naivety – the refined technique and the use of color and tone affects us as much as the shaky chair, the steps leading to the sky or descending to the water, the girl in the wind, the mythological beast.

Her art remains, overturned by emotion and an unprecedented force which is asserted through that delicacy.

Lya Luft

Writer