

When Ambra talks about her harpies, or rather her, “Winged sisters” as she likes to call them her face lights up and her eyes glow. Like others who are interested in her work I have asked her why she has chosen – if it is a choice – to paint in intense and unusual colours fantastic settings; settings which refer to a past epoch, - one which never existed – and why call her delicate female figures ‘harpies’, when in the common understanding ‘harpy’ is synonymous with a feminine figure that is both ugly and evil natured.

I have often noted in Ambra what seem to me similarities with the figures of her paintings, and when half joking I asked “Did they really exist?” “What do you say, do they exist today?” she gave me a slight smile. Ambra does not respond to such questions.

A tall woman with delicate features who moves lightly, she shifts her attention to her paintings. She tells of pure limpid skies, in colours both lively and sometimes violent, a time when our little world was young and men still gave a name to things. She speaks of her intense passions; of winged beings, and those without wings who rise lightly into the air. Her story reveals landscapes, the fascination of the atmosphere and lingers on the expressions of faces that she paints so well, and not only in words. Certainly these are legends, which her narrative, rich in minute details makes come alive almost as if they were recent memories.

Her painting is metaphysical. Drawing upon logic and upon its fundamental structure. Above all it transfuses visual reality with a poetic,



but above all spiritual truth, which gives to the images the power to reawaken the intuition of those who can see and can will.

The ability of the most evolved harpies to fly without wings frees human substance from the weight of earthly elements, discovering or rediscovering the dimension of thought which influences matter and even surpasses it. That which makes man different from beasts. “Rather that which makes women different from men”, Corrects Ambra with a wink.

Leaving storytelling we return to her paintings, to their colours to a light full of memories of a lost line; to images we understand as mirrors of antique qualities, the capacity to dream and to will.

Certainly there is a passion, there is a quest, there is a discipline. Certainly there are the symbols of the growth and the uplifting of the spirit and who knows what else.

I remain in front of her disarming smile, and her canvasses, following skies and summits, living water and ever moving winds, as are their stories and their dreams.

Guglielmo Savini