

Let's love artists  
**Why not in the nude?**

- Why? What's a pity, really! Why not in the nude? Why to take back from us exactly what we are being tempted and tempted and tempted? Indeed for what? Mercies...

Questions of this type, sighs and remarks, pieces threw themselves on the mouth of regular participants and devotees of the art, who appeared last Friday in the Kurier Plus art gallery on the vernissage of the painting by Anita Flejter.

Her painting cycle, created this year and titled "There is fire between us" – is a flirtation with the spectator, play with his sensitivity, they arouse immodest thoughts and dreams.

Femininity leading to the temptation, hiding in the red sheet, this proverbial calling the hulk from the crowd from crowd of unguilty husbands, widowers and senior citizens, and even for the modest ladies it's a wake-up call of the willingness to rush into tracks of the famous poet from the Greek antiquity, into Safona tracks, one is afraid to write what else, one is really afraid...

The artist is painting herself stating in exhibition catalogue, "since herself she knows, herself she can see,, herself she is accepting and with times even likes."

„There is fire  
between us –  
You're telling them.

They flying like moths.

Them, with burned leafs  
You explain  
That you don't want to hurt anyone.

Cinder  
Remains.”

Frankness in case of such experiences, it is nothing else as the crammed trap slyly on all kamikaze of the eroticism, even on the ones that not yet experienced the weakness for definitive sacrifices.

If I only sometimes like myself, which means - rarely - an artist seems to suggest - I let at least someone else to love me, and what's more loves to the frenzy, non-stop. In the meantime somebody can start liking me, I am warning and I like it how I am liked, I am not despising even if every inch of the packed gallery likes me, about no...

Placed between charming self-portraits abstract paintings are waking the amazement.

Instead of the seductive coquette, an artist looks to world. Much more bitter, kind of apathetic to the own brush, to boredom of colors, to the shallows and show of what is around. This is the world as it is and there is no reason to paint it. Who knows whether it is a truth? Perhaps Anita Flejter is contrasting the abstractions with self-portraits in order to give herself more glitter.

Who knows?

However in that case why - this question returns over and over again - why the artist won't stand up naked before the spectator, for instance even with the night, at extinguished lamps, but if only in the nude, if only to behold, if only feel this her fire on the face, before eyelids burns down for the man.

Withy any misunderstandings. The University i.e. Academy of Fine Arts in Cracow, where Anita Flejter studied the art from year 1998, sprinkled her with titles, awards and diplomas. She was repeated finalist of the competition for "Art & Business" Best Image of the Year. She showed her art in Poland, in Italy and in the USA, and her plans regarding studying in New York are characterized by practicality and a courage.

At the end let listen to artist one more time:

"I paint myself, because it's me, for whom happen all those strange things, which I couldn't explain otherwise than by painting. I paint, because I wait; I paint, because I love; I paint, because I see; I paint, because I experience. Because pieces of fate connect and affect my life.

The world doesn't hurt me. It is adding to me – the piece of world – other moments that stay within me. Become main. I can see them through myself. Change them into painting, I can see through them. I can show them to others. I can hand them out. I'm handing out myself and myself I'm getting back."

Perhaps the young artist managed already to sense - and therefore isn't offering what she seems to promise to us - that the true nudity is happening only after the death, for corpse on the table in the Mortuary, and that as long as the life lasts, tit is secret, with something unknown, concealed, as the body of a beautiful woman, who decoys eyes playing with our desires like an artist herself. Anita, Anita in rolls of scarlet linen...

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Fot Zosia Żeleska-Bobrowski

PHOTO: Anita Flejter between her paintings.