

Quo vadis?

Quo eamus?

Quo eo?

and where does painting go today

At 14, looking at Giotto in Santa Croce I said to him:

"I will become as good as you".

But life is a wave as big as a house, it rises, it rears, it bends over and crashes onto the beach angrily.

So now I present myself to Florence, after 30 years spent in New York City, while I remained solidly a Florentine like the stones of Palazzo Vecchio.

In New York I worked as a fashion designer, I travelled all over the world as such, painting and drawing on weekends, not always, and had no time for exhibitions.

But between the 40s and the 50s life was pushing me as one pushes a cart stuck in the mud. I had Rosai as teacher; at 14 I made him my prophet and I followed him to the last of his days.

With ears open and mouth shut, I was incorporating all the juice from the brains of the artists that sat with Rosai at the Caffè Giubbe Rosse, from Mario Luzi to Parronchi, to Piero Santi, to Ungaretti when he come from Rome, to Montale, Landolfi, Capocchini, Caponi and many others.

My marriage to the American painter Ken Tielkemeier is better described as Rosai says in his letter of April 5, 1957: "it is something beyond the best of my expectations". In the 30 years in New York Ken and I fed each other on our brains and on what we had learned in Florence.

Now we are here to stay.

I do not know where my painting or that of the whole world will go. I am only sorry that I did not become as good as Giotto.

Franca Barbara Frittelli

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Fittelli

The Big Apple Bay
e
altri dipinti