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The word „works” does not express the essence of those natural, gifted with colors – like from the horn of plenty, full of fantasy, poetical – let us say – events, not works. They are light and make the impression they were painted easily. Though, I know from the author, she comes back to them repeatedly and never considers them as finished. The ease of painting, never rigor, let the author move in the twinkling of an eye from one reality to another. From a great portrait of a child she can make a symphony of colors and forms. Well known, day-to-day elements make dashing variations of landscape, colorful, vibrating like an amazing flowery meadow. Even small nostalgic landscape with a lost figure on the mount path is full of human solicitude, pity, and love, a bit embarrassed of her. However, it is not a modest painting, nor ascetic. Rather full of temperament and energy, hardly restrained and full of love, maybe not even for the painting itself, but for life in its every aspect. Stefania brought up seven children, and now – as she says – can paint at last. There is a time and place for everything. I didn't meet such a positive person for a long time. The apparent stylistic dissonance seems not to bother me. Putting together nearly photographic realism with colorful, expressive informal. Everything seems to go along so naturally as it is only in dreams. It is so maybe because all the artistic techniques, so easily used to express unexpressed, something that is in our unconsciousness or in human soul – whatever it is, it is seen in the process of painting. The artist stops at the form and - as she says- starts with colors and shape – meaning paints. The paint – understood as an art, not craft, starts and finishes in the level of paint. What is in the middle is a secret between the creator, receiver and maybe someone else, who knows...?

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