**Antonella Bussanich : MYSELF,** video self-portrait

For every artist, a piece of artwork is a sort of mirror on the surface of which the revelation of the self can be achieved, even though it often undergoes transformations. A creative action is always like a self-portrait therefore, either metaphorical or real : it offers the possibility to get to know yourself deeper, more intimately via a complex introspection process. Above all, it is the opportunity to go beyond the narrow outermost bounds of the self, to see what is there and understand the more profound reasons behind our own existence, beyond the strange articulation of our daily lives.

Like Narcissus, the artist falls in love with her own image as it is reflected by the pond, but unlike him, she does not die in an attempt to fulfill a fiery, egoistic desire of the self that only becomes sterile when faced with the alienating concentration on the ego. Instead, she projets her own egotistic libido on the outside world in order to catch hold of her own “being”, from and in the world.

In *Myself*, sophisticated video with much sought-after minimalism, Antonella Bussanich shows her self, that is not only her own image but also her own soul ready to be revealed. Each narrative attempt is wisely evaded for the most important is the desire to combine the surface with the deep and the visible to the invisible in order to recreate the truth of the set.

As she manages to go beyond the outermost bounds of the love of the self, Bussanich actually swaps narcissistic introversion for narcissist contemplation (i.e. self-reflexion) and is inevitably led to her inner reality for it all started in the outer reality. She transforms the love of the self into self-conscience. She becomes aware that she now has the opportunity to search and discover the origins, the deep roots of life and primitive harmony that links up things together.

The inner reality ends up being a part of the outer reality and therefore the work of art, portrait of itself, that is self-portrait, becomes the reflection, or rather the self-reflection of the inside on the outside. It becomes the only way death can be defeated, Narcissus'death, for he is inevitably condemned beacause he will never be able to embrace his own image.

**Loredana Rea**