

## **Fireberg**

### **Critical analysis by Francesca Pietracchi**

It is not a story, not a reportage, maybe they are not even photographs in the common sense.

*Fireberg* by Patrizia Dottori is a strength test, is the attraction towards another dimension, towards an abyss, a void that becomes solid.

The place is the Perito Moreno glacier on the Argentinian side, the year is 2007. Patrizia is only there for an inspection and she takes pictures with her mobile. The emotional impact is strong, she sensed a *presence*, something stronger than the mere perception of the nature, its landscape, the eternal ice, the wonder. Her wish is not that of taking pictures, but that of being part of that strange dimension, that place on earth that has been the same since the quaternary era. Primitive, primordial, ancestral, the place actually starts to live inside her, so she goes back there, but this time taking all the photographic equipment with her, but the glacier is not the same anymore. She started taking pictures in negative mode and the result is amazing: the ice wall has turned to fire, burning lava. From now on her work will be different, there is a before and after *Fireberg*. Her relationship with images becomes visceral as if everything that she sees passes directly through her digestive tract, as if the pictures are not made with the camera but through her metabolism. Losing the subject, maybe that is what is happening, or better the reaching of a state of pureness, a process of emptying to make room for what is coming from outside, a mysterious phenomenon of illumination.

The video recalls the phases of the journey. It is long and slow, characterized by a penetrating music. In a way it is kind of obsessive, a video through which Patrizia forces the spectator to participate to the whole process, without eliminating anything, no shortcuts. Before being beautiful the images are strong and make us think to a relentless process. Our world is nothing else but that one. It is a cold paradise transforming into a burning hell.