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**Vasiliki Kateri:**

**“The Poetry of an Exhibition”**

She welcomed and guided visitors through the exhibition of her work in a unique way — Vasiliki Kateri. With a smile that illuminated her dark eyes, there shone within them the light of the mountain ranges of her birthplace, Epirus. When, in silence, one absorbed the evening light... it was this very light, together with that of the lake, that her creations seemed to carry within them.

Perhaps this note comes somewhat late for an exhibition that opened on March 27 and lasted until April 5, and which, I know, left excellent impressions on the public. I do not say “art lovers,” because by now I am certain that some terms have become restrictive for the multitude of people who perceive beauty through the reading of “unschooled” eyes. For what else can “I see” truly mean...

I have always found it difficult to ask an artist, “To which school do you belong?”, “What do you wish to express through your work?” and similar questions, believing that the essence lies elsewhere. Primarily in what one feels while looking, and then in the conversation with the creator, where one comes to realize and discover that the creator is not merely “the craftsman” who learned to arrange materials properly, but something far deeper...

Throughout the work of Vasiliki Kateri, there are colors of a hidden springtime, of an autumn guarding its secrets, of a hopeful future summer. Through these, the colors within us converse...

With the mystical anticipation of a miracle that I believe will illuminate in our lives the essential...

I asked Ms. Kateri, if she were to curate a poetic anthology, which poet she would choose.

— Odysseas Elytis, she replied, with heartfelt admiration.

I was certain of it. How could it be otherwise, since the very materials of her work are his words...

The significance of language. And I wish that all my eyes have read from her own creation to be expressed through the poetry of that poet of light:

“An island where the sky echoed the bluish sound half beneath the sea — distant whispers of nymphs and companions.”

And elsewhere:

“The humble things with their crimson aureole, carefully arranged upon the meadows, the thoughtfully crafted and the dream-shaped, the flight of whispers upon the shells.”

Perhaps this note comes belatedly; yet in our time — a time overflowing with materials, opinions, and techniques — the exhibition of Ms. Kateri, who chose bark and leaves and shells and roots in order to awaken our vision, deserves heartfelt thanks.

**Sophia I. Fildisi**