

It is June and the wheat is ripe

by Alessandro Sarra

It is difficult to talk about the work of an artist without falling into the rhetoric of the “curatorial”.

And therefore I won't.

I will try to say simple things about Marta, knowing that she is not simple.

I could talk about the madness of artists.

I will not combine all the pieces in a single text, but I will leave them free to be, a bit like the work that Marta has conceived for this exhibition. A sort of logbook for a lookout ship engaged in an unknown sea.

I see Marta often during the week, mainly around two in the afternoon, for a coffee.

Sometimes we talk about painting, sometimes we talk about something else.

I certainly think we don't agree on many things, thank goodness.

She tells about life issues, obsessions, insecurities, great imagined goals.

She manages to do so in the most tangled way possible, as is life itself is, yet her vision is crystal clear.

The path traced by her paintings manages to become redemptive, delivering an ideal, viable world.