

Fluctuating between colour and fragility

Joyful and radiant, Monica Martin's Venice fluctuates in the tremulous waters of the channels, with its unusual, tired walls tending to the sky, leaning and resting ...

A soft, light peace reigns among the *campielli* ; strange bridges are suspended between different dreams and they appear twisted, crooked and swollen... Here a *gondolina* lets you glide sweetly on the waters... There an *altana* lets you reach the sky. Monica's Venice moves like a wonderful play, like a colourful merry-go-round turning and twirling round and round on its channels, like an enchanted boat bobbing up and down on the water.

With her tremulous mark, her zigzagging sign she seems to follow the movements of waters that reflect themselves over the ever-changing surface. That's why she draws *campanili* that swing and hesitate between on side or the other. She expresses the joyful tenderness of the little swollen houses that bend and grow as if inside were dwelling fat, pot-bellied ogres.

Venice is a light fairy tale, a soft world... something like...marzipan.

You perceive Monica bearing this fragile town a deep love; you can feel it even in the way she portrays it, using joyous colours: Yellows explode near throbbing Cobalts; Reds blaze and burn not far from palpitating Violets. Everywhere you feel an unreal chromatic whirling, a town always happy of itself, conscious of its magnificent beauty.

Monica loves Chagall; she loves his dream, his delicacy, his colours and she wants to preserve that fable. And so she lets the tiny little houses fly and enjoy themselves running about the sky; even the nights are happy and luminous. That's why Monica's watercolours are cheerful and bright.

This young Italian artist loves music and so she lets it resound and echo, playing adagios and rondos. Music seems to touch gothic windows and lopping spires lightly. A gondolier's song ripples the waters and the gondola moves among the notes like a carillon.

Monica loves stillness and silence and so her Venetian *campi* and *calli* are nearly desert; here and there, only a few sign-boards of *osterie* or some *vere da pozzo*.

Nevertheless, nothing is sad or lonely; everything is peaceful and tenderness rocks you.

It's not easy in this marvellous town to find a sort of balance between dreams and every-day common life; fable and reality permeates everything. Monica Martin knows it; she has deciphered this unceasing dream and has painted it in her pictures.

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