

ALFONSOARTIACO

MATHELDA BALATRESI

Uno stormo

Una sola che vola senza ali

May 30th - July 4th, 2019

Alfonso Artiaco gallery is pleased to announce the opening of the show by Mathelda Balatresi in Piazzetta Nilo, on Thursday 30th of May at 7.30 pm with the artist's presence.

Mathelda Balatresi is coming back to Alfonso Artiaco gallery for her second show (first was in 2014) with a new body of work.

The artist studied in Naples at the Art school and soon she faced many prejudices as woman, being clearly a minority in the art world during the 1960s, which is exactly the moment when she initially found herself taking the first steps as an artist.

It will be this 'forced' exclusion that will push her to isolate herself from the overbearing male vitality, prompting her to create her own highly recognizable artistic language.

The main theme of her work becomes what still is her dearest: the feminism.

The feminine universe is investigated in all its delicate nuances, through a simple and delicate line, accompanied by mostly tenuous and flat colours. Never by chance, the colour in her work, brings within a strongly evocative value, thanks to the range of pastel tones and to the drafting with veiling, similar to the watercolour china that immediately is linked to the fairytales's illustration in our imagination.

The figurative line is here reduced to the essential, made of extreme rigor, where design and even the outline play a key role. The reference to metaphysics and surrealism therefore seems to be almost immediate, if it were not that in her works there is always a discourse that develops, moves, articulates and defines itself completely. It looks like a speech of rebellion and passion contained and contracted within the delicate lines of the drawing.

The rooms dedicated to Mathelda Balatresi's work are the first two rooms of the gallery where we can see paintings depicting angelic figures that unperturbed but decisive cross blue and infinite skies.

"The birds migrate, the butterflies migrate, migrate the men to whom I have made their wings sprout like migratory birds, wings that allow them to reach the most advantageous places for their lives, such as when they were looking for more fertile land, more temperate climates, water to drink, animals to breed, grain crops for food. We have removed all this from them. We were able to kidnap them to the places where they lived, to make them slaves, and we are still not ashamed of that. I alone flight without wings. You fly with the mind, you reach the most distant celestial bodies, you dive into the water, in the meadows, in the skies, in the ancient memories and in the younger ones, in the colours, in the perfumes, in the vibrations of the leaves, in the earth that sprouts, in the smile of friends, in the time that flows in the veins of children and grandchildren and leads us into an eternal new season. "
(Mathelda Balatresi)

Mathelda Balatresi, a native of Tuscany, lives and works in Naples.