

Poetry is an attempt to keep a vision, painting is the ensuing high.  
I tried both, I compromised myself, in search of meaning to the existence, also to resist to boredom, to do something  
I've never really had a vocation for writing or for drawing, though this is not relevant today!  
when I was in crisis I turned to history, I have immersed myself in the ages, looking for names, of movements, to try to get out of it.  
but I haven't found any shortcuts!

It took a long time, a lot of theory, to agree the creativity in a critical and solid way, to build upon existence.

The deadlock in the mid 1990s, since the collapse of the references and consequent sense of loss that the end of the 20th century had left me, it hit me hard.  
I got wrapped up in myself, looking in the history of art and in to poetry, the meaning of being in the world.  
I thought I'd found a safe place, a metaphysical space, to ward off the pain.  
Before long the voices came, and I've been afraid!

Throughout my life I accepted many jobs, all the ones I left.  
I've been faithful to art, I think, my life is art, I'm artist even when didn't nothing for her or it wasn't there for me.  
So for example, I never believed historicism a convincing (Appropriation Art, New pop, Lowbrow), I just feel faithful to the old concept of the avant-garde: *what can we do this new?*

In 2013 I transition to painting, only then, the medium of expression and pictorial mark, uncontainably have become solid it also permits to bear my judge.

My painting is made of traces, of gestures, negations, a single combat where only at the end the surface becomes something. I try to keep something which one second after will already be lost.

The bodies coming to the white canvas, are shadows without scale or organic control to completes them.  
they are winks!  
These representations of figure, oneiric figures, lives under the appearance of the flesh, are like incomplete thoughts: the being understood ontologically.

I draw the human body in its most basic form, I portray his need to show off for what it is.  
A partial body, unbalanced, unfinished, off-axis.  
The fight is not over yet!

Painting is made of glazes, under which you see lost poses and movements how words that were not recorded in time. They are the tracks that reincarnate.  
The big white is canvas virgin and suggests a suspension a silence. Is not the quiet but the emptiness that surrounds the being in his, our, present.

Narrative references are abolished, the figure is alone – isolated - in a metaphysical space.  
The mark often breaks, color discovers unexpected temperatures (like italian esistenzialismo painting). The erased pencil strokes and what has not been erased, they overlap as like the lines of a dream which will never be explainable.

Despite my doubts about the need for “contemporaneity for contemporary art”, I feel I belong to it. My work, my research, acquire meaning only if they are part of a social need. I want to think that my painting is collective, political, therefore contemporary, so that the artist is not excluded from the game of the world.

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