

My impressions about Martherita Lazzati's book

I am often appalled how people write interesting, strange or even obvious books. Writing a book about a Murals of Alex Martinez (risen to the rank of Master, and he is actually pretty good!), about his degradation, reminds me of forensic anatomy books about the degradation of corpses due to time.. left to the bad weather. With the difference that in this case the image degrades on the surfaces, but not in its essence. The vitality of the face remains the same. As in certain old people, who have sharp eyes, as young people, image of a perfect brain with wrinkled skin, exteriority that relegate to loneliness and uselessness.. very often even if not always. And this, from a philosophical point of view, it is interesting, and differently interpreted by Margherita's friends, who give their interpretations about the work of the photographer.. It is a book easy to read and it makes you thinking. We meet for a drink at Portobello, to continue the discussion? enjoy your reading!

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