

In this accelerated age, we hesitate to stop before an image, for doing so requires resistance. We are afraid of being penetrated by what would encounter us when in communion with the eyes of the other. The enigmatic faces of the great works by Marta Fàbregas both question and challenge us. They immerse us in an imaginary story of a life, inevitably transporting us to an unknown world. When the veil which separates us is torn, we fleetingly glimpse their mystery: a revelation of women. The eternal truths belong in the race of women, daughters of Eve, Lilith or Pandora. Art is the play of mirrors through time.

The artist, guided by a delicate instinct, fits together the sensitive fragments of each self. She composes her work with sepia-colored cutouts stitched together with patient craft. She works the patinas looking for the color of dreams. She splashes surfaces under the compass of chance. Irregular atmospheres cover the characters with poetic scars on pure skin. The paper shows wear, at the epidermis and in life. Each environment gives off a silence that talks. We reach a place that words cannot reach. Images and essences are **revealed**.

They are all female figures, solitary, isolated. Together, they make up a gallery of unique characters in a choral work. They come from other times, other lands, other rites. We sense burning deserts, aromas of spices, walled cities, bamboo forests. When observed, their remote pasts become present. They emerge from empty spaces without traces or references. Embellished with the ornaments of their own. Dignified, elegant, heirs, survivors of a lineage. Links of an infinite chain. Between golden lights and hidden darkness, sparks of soul and common wounds from the five continents can be glimpsed. The body as a home, the flesh as land, the woman as a temple in sacred territories. From their box, distant and close at the same time, **reBeladas** reveals what they are and what they embody.

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