

With Sara In her lines

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PHOTO MATTEO PAVANA & MAURIZIO MARASSI





There is a photo of Sara in which she shyly covers her face with a large green leaf. It is three big palms long and at least two wide. It is beautiful and symmetrical and it's green like a forest apart from its thick vein, which divides it from the petiole to the tip and branches out in lighter shades. The leaf completes Sara, but when she moves it from her, her delicacy explodes. "Wow, you're beautiful." I thought the first time I saw her. I didn't say it out loud because precious, rare thoughts must be kept secret. There are things in life that need to be said, others written. And her voice doesn't do justice to a gentle touch like hers, but words on printed paper remain. Smiling face and fine features like her drawings. Her eyes speak of her goodness, her gestures, restrained but precise, speak of her strength.

If it is true that "strong are those that treat others with delicacy" then Sara is powerful.

I could describe her work for hours but there's no need, it speaks for itself. Also, my job should be to tell you who she is and what she does. Therefore, in case some of you didn't understand the strength of her art already in the first paragraph, I'll try to summarize it

in a more concrete way (which in this case is the worst of choices) what she does.

First of all, it must be said that Sara is an artist. And like all great artists, this impulse of hers is "something she's carried inside since she was little" she says and "something she's carried inside since birth" I say. As is her bond with nature. To make it simple I could tell you that Sara draws. But that wouldn't be true because she's an artist. And these two things are different issues. Sara is above all a hard worker, who in the midst of all these lines has also managed to fit a full-time job, Designer for Wild Country, a well-known climbing brand. From a human point of view, however, Sara expresses herself, and drawing is a beautiful consequence of this, but she could also become something else. What I think I have understood is that in the final composition of her works, the finished painting does not count so much, but rather the lines that allowed her to express herself, arriving at that single definitive drawing, chosen among infinite possible variations. From a technique point of view however, if I have to speak as graphic designer and photographer, I'm astonished by her talent. Realizing a good composition when shooting, especially in the



mountains where the elements are in constant motion, is difficult. Thinking of illustrating a mountain photo, already composed and taken by a third person (the author), requires superior technical skills.

And before telling you about the project in collaboration with Cober aimed at raising awareness and informing on the issue of the melting of glaciers, allow me to open a parenthesis related to the powerful force I mentioned a few lines ago. If you are reading *The Pill* you are probably a runner, a skier, a cyclist, a hiker or something else and you have certainly learned, in your years in the mountains, to fully understand the meaning of distances. Last July Sara drew her lines along the 100m finish line of the Dolomites Marathon. Technique: chalk on asphalt. 100 meters are those run by Bolt in 9"58, she drew every thousandth of that time. 100 meters mean at least three pitches on the wall. 100 meters in altitude can influence, and greatly, the arrival or otherwise at the summit. 100 meters are a lot.

I saw the video taken during her drawing performance. A slender, agile and delicate figure like her plants that moves between ephemeral lines, destined to disappear. In the five hours it took her to complete the picture,

until every meter was covered, she didn't just draw. I'm saying it again. Sara expressed herself in that infinite space-time of hers. And I felt something. Not just her hands move, her whole body moves. A delicate dance of which no trace will remain. Essential lines taken away, one after the other, by the passage of cyclists. Smudged lines, eventually erased, yet eternal.

(And I know some of you are thinking I'm exaggerating. But, either you're reading the wrong magazine, or you haven't seen the video, or you don't know Sara. Either way, you could and should put a patch on it.)

It's not so different from those who draw their traces on the mountains.

*Herbarium is the project from which it all started, not by chance, "herbarium", which probably derives from the ancient Persian word "asparag" means, precisely, sprout. But her art, like her plants, evolved further. I find it such a simple concept, the one Sara is gently screaming, that I feel embarrassed for not understanding it sooner. You need to have faith in the sprouts, tiny although capable of overcoming harsh winters. Microscopic signs of life capable of growing huge trees under which, tomorrow, rest. Origin of plants with



gigantic green leaves like the forest, witnesses of a miracle, alive to let the plant live or, as Sara likes, useful for shyly covering her face.

To tell you about the collaboration with Cober (manufacturer of poles for outdoor activities) it is right that you know that the brand, since its origins, has stood out for its commitment to choices that were sustainable for the whole environment and, in particular, for the mountain one. Taking into account that Cober's debut dates back to seventy years ago, defining it as a visionary brand seems to me the minimum.

The three t-shirts in organic cotton and handcrafted screen printing, the result of the successful collaboration between Cober and Sara, are part of the *herbarium x Cober capsule collection created within "The Art of Skiing", a project developed by the company itself with the aim of strengthening the link between mountains, sport and art. The detainees of the Lorusso Cotugno prison in Turin worked on the packaging of the garments. An extra attention that demonstrates, once again, the brand's concern for social and environmental issues, as well as the interest in promoting ethical fashion. The lines Sara drew on that virgin

cotton depict three endangered species: *Cardamine resedifolia* L., *Minuartia sedoides* L., *Gnaphalium supinum* L.

Once again Sara did what she does best: drawing lines. This time she made them germinate on the shots of Maurizio Marassi, an exceptional photographer and athlete. I didn't think it was possible to improve certain images and yet it seems that Sara has added something to the photographer's vision, lightening it. Inserting to remove. Completing the work. How she does it remains a mystery. And that's ok.

Since her lines are not outlined by finite points, the project has evolved as expected. The ramifications of her plants ended up taking root up to the Trento Film Festival, in an exhibition organized and curated in collaboration with photographer Matteo Pavana and researcher Gianalberto Losapio.

Neither Sara nor Matteo are guys capable of doing things without meaning. They didn't draw random lines on beautiful pictures, they dug and wondered because they are some of those strange people who still know how to ask questions. A famous guy once



said that “The problem with philosophers and artists is that they ask questions that most of the world doesn't understand the answers to.” Personally I don't find it a big problem. Their investigation shows how the pioneer species follow the glaciers in their retreat, highlighting how once these disappear, the diversity of plant species also decrease. And up to 22% of the 118 species analyzed could disappear forever, locally or everywhere. That's why “The Eco Of Glaciers” is the name of the collection in collaboration with Cober. “Eco” not “reverb” or “rumble”, the word chosen means echo. Like the reflection of a sound that returns, evocative of the lament of the glaciers during the mourning of the end: the definitive melting. A cry for help to all humanity.

To all these printed images, masterpieces that frame these words (or maybe the opposite), I don't want to add anything else. Sara's lines sprout from Maurizio and Matteo's photographs to tell the story of plant species that could become extinct together with the glaciers. But I repeat, they SPROUT, and by now we all know that if life starts again, it will from those microscopic miracles.

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