To paint is like trying to fall asleep, the artist says. Or rather, it's like ***To catch a fly,*** referring to the exact moment when you're trying to catch a fly, knowing well it will get away. A subtle analogy that sends back to the artist practice, to the fleeting attempt to always catch new images, new intuitions, with the risk to be left - most of the time - with empty hands. This is why you need to foretell the fly's trajectory, and to clap your hands before the event take place. To cite a zen *koan* "*We know the sound of two hands clapping. But what is the sound of one hand clapping?*"

Emma Masut, through painting, tries to anticipate as many trajectories as possible, like a spell aiming to change the course of events, or some superstitious gesture to dispel everything that's unsettling or scary. But also to ask certain causes when an unexpected event occurs.This method seems to suggest that, if events cannot be ruled, what's left to be done is to get around them: to defend oneself from dangers through subterfuges and expedients that transform painting into a cunning game aimed at avoiding certain death, transforming the tragic event into a bitter laugh. Favouring, rather than beaten path, rears of secondary roads, whose agents seem to work only at night, when everyone is asleep, and the given intuition are just whispered. What in the real world is just a fastening of individual accidents, in paintings becomes a very logical series of omens and accident, a fated break, but completely consequent. The group of chances justify what we dismiss as a simple "superstition", but it was and old rule of weather forecasts to say "*when it rains, it pour*s".

This incessant "*throwing salt behind the shoulders*", suggests that for the artist the psyche is found "outside", in the objects and events of the real world. The obsessive attempt to anticipate catastrophic events refers to a particular symptom: insomnia. To drift off to sleep is to lose control over events. But we must ask ourselves whether the insomniac is more afraid of falling asleep or dreaming. Upon closer inspection, even the nightmare presents itself as a message to be heard before it's too late to take action. In the artist case, painting becomes the substitute of the nightmare-dream: an omen that affirms itself as an image in the waking state; frames that need to be captured in the constant series of images that is life. However, these are fragmentary images, seen only out of the corner of the eye: events we should not have seen but, for some reason, we become witnesses. Nevertheless, it's never a one-directional gaze but mutual: as the anticipatory images seems to 'hide' from the artist that spies on them: at the same time the artist tries to hide from the omen the world seems to suggest. The outcome is a strange role playing, in which it is not clear what role the actors involved play: who's the victim and who's the tormenter, who's spying on who. Likewise, the pictorial plane becomes the field of a game which rules we are not allowed to fully understand, as someone - maybe the culprit, maybe the artist (or maybe they're the same person) - had stolen the instructions. In the meantime, Emma Masut's works are a constant collection of clues, tracing back the events. As if, every panel, was a crime on the verge of being solved but which solution - without fail - slips away: a knife is missing from the silverware, but one cannot lay a charge. One has to wait the next round, and recollect all the clues to reformulate a new theory. But again, it's always about catching a fly.

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