

My Oltremare
by Antonio Marras

A sofa is wonderful, it exudes a sense of home, hospitality, rest, friendship, thoughts, warmth and serenity.

A sofa is wonderful if shared with two, three or with as many as desired, the number has little importance. The sofa embraces all.

A sofa is wonderful, it becomes one of us, a relative, a friend staying over, staying so well that he doesn't want to leave.

My sofa is so wonderful, his name is *Oltremare*, because all things have a soul and every soul has a name.

My *Oltremare* sofa has faraway origins and I adore it like a sacred Idol. Every time I walk past it, I look at it and in it, find comfort. Thank you for being here, I say to it.

When it arrived I could not believe it. I desired it since always. It belonged to the furnishing of Papaletta's good living room. Papaletta and aunt Lina had a prestigious home, furnished with care and a certain representative taste. It was all in a simplified Louis XIV style, considering the noble origins of the family. Every piece of furniture was in the same style, except one, the sofa. A strange looking sofa, curvy, very modern. It was a gift from Papaletta's legendary brother, Antine, that had moved to Monza at an early age to study at the ISIA as an advertising graphic designer and eventually ended up working at Olivetti where, it appears, even worked on the decoration of the Italian pavilion at the Exposition Universelle in Paris.

Antine's tracks were then lost in mythical tales. Some stories narrate that he moved to America after marrying an heiress.

I used to go visit Papaletta and aunt Lina with my mother. I could not stop asking about Antine's deeds and at the same time, slightly hypnotized, I would lightly brush against the sofa's contour.

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I would caress it and contemplate it with a blessed smile.

It reminded me of Capo Caccia, the promontory that is visible from my window. The sleepy giant that stands out on the horizon, the giant friend that stays put, always there, awake and alert, to watch, to protect, to safeguard the territory, the memory of our story.

I would never dare to sit but when, invited by Papaletta I would timidly obey, I felt incredible. It seemed impossible: from a rigid and static object it would become embracing, warm and comfortable. I was on a cloud.

The beauty understands you, submerges you, fascinates you.

I felt a part of that promontory, behind which the sun rests, behind which, over the horizon is the island of Forarada. That fragment of coast that, in antique times, separated itself from the main island.

When Papaletta died she left me that sofa as inheritance. She knew how much I loved it and how much I would have taken care for it.

Now *Oltremare* is a family member, it sits in my living room in front of Capo Caccia, it keeps me company and lights up my days.

Text by Patrizia and Antonio Marras
