

Put one foot before the other, breathe, take your time, if you feel the need, get rid of your footwear.. Try to choose freedom. This exhibition asks you about it, it requires you to try to leave aside some preconceptions and rules that forces you to follow already marked routes.

"Poggio Tempesta" was born after many walks, made of fatigue and rumination, demanding paths and courage undertaken as the only inner flame. From this place, so familiar in all its inclinations, perspectives, roughness and sweetness, you run away and come back as if wrapped in a rubber band, without being able to leave it.

If you start this journey, please do it with some time available and with a mind ready to welcome presences, evocations and narrations. It is an itinerary without planned directions, explore and decide what shape to give it, a circle, a spiral, even a star, there is no guidance.

What is certain is that you will encounter many details to observe, that you will have to keep your eyes peeled because nature here can make fun of your perceptions and the artworks have to be discovered. Whenever you come to a revelation: stop. Examine every portion of the entities conceived by the artists, don't limit yourself to the first glance, linger and let them tell you what they have to say.

Perhaps sitting on the installation by IPER-collettivo you will be led to turn to the horizon, on the dunes in front of you the memory of a little girl, with a backpack on her shoulders, who thinks she has left for a great adventure, could appear. Everything is so huge when you are little. It sounds like a curious pun, but every element is magnified when you experience it for the first time - the fears, the dreams, the feelings. Try to remember how it was, go back to that moment, say hello to the little girl, make room for her on the puzzle placed in the middle of the grass. You could also lie down and guess the shape of the clouds.

Those cirrus clouds could also re-emerge in the restless but fascinating inner universes which Francesco Pacelli embodies in his practice. In the ravines of the wood, on its unfriendly and revealing soil, organisms will sprout and you will effectively be tempted to make sense of it; you don't have to. Those creatures are not there for this reason, but for you to move around them, to be studied and examined in their textures that are sometimes spongy, sometimes sharp, slimy or porous. They will tell you about what they saw immersed in the scrub during the night, about passing animals and perhaps of dimensions that we have not yet been able to know. Listen to them and then metaphorically take them by the hand and with you as you proceed.

They will probably befriend the colorful feline faces created by Oliviero Fiorenzi, looking for a part of themselves they fear lost. They are not aware they have many lives and many opportunities for rebirth, you could reveal it to them, whisper it to them and see their amazement. Mentally caress them to participate in the newfound joy, read the nuances of the processes that produced them on the ceramics and notice how, once again, the nature of this house embraces the works as if they were integral pieces of its structure.

And with a further craving for investigation, get ready to contemplate the objects born from the fusion practices by Nicola Ghirardelli. If the change usually stems from the identification of everyday features around you, these usual elements will propagate unexpected results, suggestions and a desire to have new eyes to look out over the Earth. The primordial connections with elements and metals will transport you again for a few seconds elsewhere, even further away from here, on a journey through space and time, to then come back to the "here and now" that interests us, and understand how the alchemy is intrinsic to living.

It really seems to have plunged into an enchanted world, a happy, fantastic and timeless microcosm, don't you think? It could be an illusion, beware, very often it happens to come across it. But don't dwell on this now. Keep this experience to yourself, treasure it as you do with every beautiful thing, which is often just as unrepeatable. This is the place of a family and the family, you know, is an alcove and a sweet condemnation, so what you have learned on this path will not be totally perfect, but it will certainly be authentic.