

Do We Look Alike?

Flavia Dal Grande, Beatrice Gelmetti, Chiara Rassetta

"We heard a rustle in the dark. We were very frightened at first. We did not know how adventurous and inspiring that noise between nature, that awakening of the seasons, that search for a being different from us, would have been. How much Art would have resulted, how much echo in the stories that are our lives .. "

This could be the beginning of the diary of three protagonists of a peculiar story, as all the residences are par excellence, but this one extremely.

Flavia Dal Grande, Beatrice Gelmetti and Chiara Rassetta, present their works imbued with an atmosphere that is almost lost, because not often the human being still places themselves, if not with an attitude of inferiority, at least on the same level as animal organisms and vegetables. The artists' is a disarmed welcome, without hesitation and, it is joy, relaxation and curiosity, it is pure enthusiasm. Colors, flashes, matter, shape a new world of coexistence, in which the embrace of the vital breath catches the edge of the unprepared. It is a wave from which it is difficult to escape and in itself cloaks the typically and rigidly human abilities in wanting to categorize, anesthetizes them and gives them a different attitude of fluidity.

Artworks often have the immense ability to stop time and expand the fruition and bring to the discovery of new elements, which on the surface tended to escape. This situation occurs often, but the artists here internalize this characteristic, elevating it and making it a "creed", a reason for their creative activity, a way of experiencing the spaces that surround them and the daily rhythm of passing the days.

Time offers and condemns to the possibility of thinking again, asking questions that our ancestors had to have formulated more frequently: how similar are We, living human beings, to other species? Are we really, as we believe, not infrequently capable of excelling in the grueling race for survival? Or simply, due to the countless futilities that have become our life goal and that dictate the rhythm of our existence, have we convinced ourselves that we are in possession of a further complexity and therefore consider ourselves better (or the best ones)?

The most comprehensive answers are sometimes not made up of words. In this specific case, different textures converge on various supports and report a poetic and "light" testimony. We are but multiplicities that fluctuate together, united by a destiny of continuous cycles, which will lead us in many dimensions, in distinct moments.

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