

IO SONO VERTICALE

(ENGLISH)

LUCIA CANTÒ, ARMANDA DUARTE,
OSCAR GIACONIA, NINO MIGLIORI,
ELISA MONTESSORI, ELIANO SERAFINI

I am vertical.

There is nothing that is more against nature than the verticality of man.

Trees are vertical, so are blades of grass, flowers, and plants – naturally – so is man. The first are tied to the soil, from which they gather sap for their sustenance.

Man, instead, simply rests on it. Horizontality would have been the perfect condition, Sylvia Plath claimed, she who above all would have favoured the longed-for final union between man and nature. Beyond the clouds which – low and laden with rain – embraced the words and thoughts of that complex and unsurpassed author, her intuition vibrates with burning perfection. From any viewpoint in the hamlet of Pereto – be it window, terrace or ledge – the mountain and the plains below emphasise their imposing presence, which appears so close to the human eye, yet so far from the senses necessary to experience it. From this comes the idea of an exhibition which rests on the impression of a landscape, tasting the sweetness of its surface, attempting to dig meandering paths to reach its very core. I am vertical aspires to be a homage to the natural element and to the continued human tension towards an impossible interpretation. The exhibiting artists have all had various stimuli and diverse reactions: with some, the conversation centred almost exclusively on the lyricism of the words of the American poet, while others explored Pereto at twilight. With one or two artists, the conversation focused on the story of Pereto, and how it ties everything together.

Elisa Montessori imbues her black writing with the will to trace lines made of light and shadows in order to compose a miniscule detail or, perhaps, macro geographies. In the 1990s, Nino Migliori found an immovable landscape in Copenhagen, fixed with minimal – perhaps casual – gestures in everyday glass recipients. In his paintings, Oscar Giacona turns to that organic and unimpressive component that is oil, one of nature's most precious assets. Armanda Duarte associates the moment of rest to contemplation, while Lucia Cantò weaves words which evoke past moments and places. Eliano Serafini investigates the intimate folds of the 'I'. I am vertical. But I would rather be horizontal. Critical texts by: Arianna Paragallo on Elisa Montessori, Stefano Verri on Nino Migliori, Claudia Santeroni on Oscar Giacona, Matteo Fato on Eliano Serafini and Lucia Cantò, Joao Silverio on Armanda Duarte

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