

Art has always paid tribute to man. In respect to its purpose in the past, the last artists are the last ones to whom the term 'artist' is suitable, despite the set of secondary ambitions it represents today. To honor the metaphysics of the person in an age like this means to explore far and wide, on the surface and in depth, in search of where this feeling still takes refuge, to live art as the memory of true art.

In these places it is possible to rejoice at one's belonging to the human race, at all the efforts made to contain and limit impulses to unreasoned desires. In addition to the delicate and masterly work of tolerance, carried out on these same urges, intimately knowing their generative power at the same time.

Staying awake without abandoning oneself to the drunkenness of creative interpretations of our time that enervate the spirit, finding joy in that which is limited means to go back to appreciating one of our important conquests.

Take yourself back to those places where illusions surge powerfully and through that source you'll have enough energy to make a great leap, often accompanied by a deafening scream and with eyes half closed, still fearful of a much less stimulating truth, you'll find yourself saying: "Alas! I'm inside but I'm against."

The last artists serve the living. They commit themselves to understanding the metaphysics of the person and recognize that humanity is charged with cycles of change. The wind runs through each of us; some would like to give meaning to the beginning and the end.

They are said to be the last to acknowledge a current discrepancy in the path of struggle for truth. The symbolic event of the end suggests at the same time the beginning of the unknown. This metaphorical form serves to understand certain lessons from reality and collective efforts, rather than perceiving them as a continuous occurrence to adapt to. The practice of narration is crucial in moments of social uncertainty. As mythology seems to confirm an implosive will, how can one give to its duties with sincerity, noticing the physicality of these changes?

Knowing the limits and merits of subjectivity with patience but without fear, helps to fulfill a sense of interpretation and involvement in the objective field. The beauty achieved through a cultural position, communicates a process of the soul that extends an experience beyond itself. A relation of trust between the unpredictable and the decisions in everyday life that balances the psyche and its needs, to live the magic that the ego doesn't allow itself.

Counterclockwise:

*Senza titolo*, 2016, E.F.

*Frustone*, 2018, I.C.

*La gioia del capro espiatorio*, 2018, E.F.

*Santa Maremma*, 2018, I.C.

*Chi sono*, 2018, E.F.

*Senza titolo*, 2018, E.F.

*Il confidente della natura*, 2017, I.C.

*Ragionamento mattutino*, 2017, E.F.

*Al pascolo*, 2018, I.C.

*Voce carica dietro al muro*, 2017, E.F.