

"... And light my thoughts fly and goes I'm almost afraid to be lost" (Impressions of September, PFM)

Faced with works by Gino Berardi, his landscapes of clear impressionist inspiration, a song playing in my head; This is the note of September Impressions of PFM: The story of a man that, entering into a pristine landscape, prepares recettivamente towards nature. The sensitive awe experience told in the text, which invigorates man, reduced to "the sound of his step"; the sense of a purely existential kinship with the soul of nature, that plants and animals, as human creatures, are mere utterances ... echoes clearly in the air of "romantic" dismay that Berardi seems to suffer the sight of landscapes portraying. It is a mystical awe, he caught the moment when the artist is stripped of its superstructure functional beholder, and it is left to invest a heady feeling of wonder. To want to dial clearly a chronological path, the feeling at first represented within the borders of the object promoter, then the nature, is then sublimated in the work "abstract" Berardi, who makes a summary of the impetuous signic own state of emotional awe.

The rational allocation of the plan, the spatial adjustment of symbolic appendages in an apparent and swirling magma of emotional spontaneity, is but the outward appearance of an internalization of conscious "forms" from which branches off the emotion: Berardi So, it lets his humanity to experience without any harmful intention of their heights, bath scents, sounds and colors in the gushing natural spectacle; passively to the wave of a panismo that comes arrogant, to lick your heart sensitive observer button; but is ready, then return to "burn", to reap the fruits of experience and expose them to the materiality of the canvas and the eye greed, with man's awareness used to listen and eager to tell.

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