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Topolò a multimedia experience



I had surrendered.

Never had I expected I would reach it.

[Topolò](#)

[The small village](#) I had looked for so many times in the past. Without success.

A doubt had often crossed my mind: what was wrong with the tiny village I could not manage to find?

And now I know. Probably a lesson I had to learn going there in a company, not alone.

There should be a reason for its always being out of reach before yesterday.

And then ..., there comes a time when the clouds seem to dissolve.

Topolò ... always connected with art, search and re-search, experiment and the trying, in my mind.

But probably, no. Surely the search is a wider concept: it implies something that comes to surface slowly, gradually in time.

A July afternoon. Sunset, the sky seems annoyed with the surrounding world.

Storm and hail seem to approach. But, ... suddenly everything clears up.

Doubts and ideas coalesce in a vision that turns out clear ... something convincing.

A newer sense, meaningful and significant, unveils through [L. Berio's Sequences](#)

Flute, harp, piano, sax, clarin and trombone interact with my busy mind that finds an epiphany. A new light, a new sense for the moment. Relevance, meaning, sense.

I feel in tune with the world and environment. Topolò and its houses that seem to gather in search of protection where intelligent listeners try to get in tune walking tip toe, in religious respect.

Speaking is a multilingual experience here and you can feel welcome.

So rare, so precious, so mine.

You can also know something more about [Topolò](#) or [live an auditory experience](#) about the previous editions.