

Imagine taking a journey; you put up at a hotel, leave your bags and go for a first walk of recognition in a newly hosting town ; the night is drawing in and people are going home for diner, most are walking, some are hurrying, some lingering. You're quite interested in the inhabitants of this town so you follow their paths wondering about their stories. But then you want to take a look at the town itself, should it be like another one you know, it's the first time you visit it. That's when it happens, *you understand*. A place like this is on none of those maps they give you at the tourist office. Towers, sky-scrapers, metal or wood. Of course, many towns cradle their past, nurse their own monuments and still neighbour spaces, maybe in the nearest district, for their modern soul made of shining buildings, boulevards, parking lots and high speed. But this one, you can see it at once, doesn't just match them, it has them living in a unique organism, as if cultures, architectonic styles and spaces had melted giving birth to a new where: the same palaces are both young and old, Renaissance Florence and Berlin 2000.

That's what you can feel listening to the music of "Folk Randagio": heath's blossoms seen through steel work, electricity at the Provençal Courts. Troubadours rushing progressive rock out of their chords, modern musicians hosting a minstrel spirit: here are *Marcabru*; heirs of *I musici* and their 20 years old search, they have given themselves no boundary but listen to the stories that are born from the concrete souls of things, gather the humours of life that runs around them. So plainly they tell with the sounds of the didjeridoo embracing the fiddle and the electric bass melting in with celtic and mediterranean echoes: contamination and nomadism looking for any further inner balance is their only creed. With a name written in as a tutelary deity to protect their truly popular spirit and never forgetting the land and tongue of which they are born, root on which they have let grow and blow in the wind the leafy branches of their musical tree.

*Stefano Maldini*