

Giuseppe Gentili, the Charlie Chaplin of sculpture

"Beauty will be convulsive or will not be," Francis Bacon

"In a world dominated by communication and by spin doctors, artists no longer exercise any influence. In a society where the optically correct overlaps the politically correct there is no space for artists and thinkers. It remains then that the self-marginalization. An artist must beware of celebrities, must remain anonymous and lonely. [...] the real art, not the virtual market, it needs to regain possession of anonymity and poverty. " Some months ago, while I was reading and I shared fully these piercing reflections of Paul Virilio, a snapshot association of ideas led me to think about the dramatic work, solitary and many shocking aspects of Giuseppe Gentili, the artist could identify perfectly in those words. Officially and unjustly called Gentili has so far had full citizenship in today's contemporary art world, worldly, shiny, surface, all business and no substance, exemplarily represented by diamond-studded skull by Damien Hirst or dall'Hanging Heart Jeff Koons that broke all records for the award. After all, today in newspapers, on television but also among insiders talking about the actual creativity only in terms of money and market, if it were simply a product like any other. The aggressive marketing strategies in advertising prevailed and gold took the upper hand on the aura even in art. So, especially in Italy and especially Rome,

Gentili, flanked and refreshed only by the singular figure of a patron illuminated as Antonio Cargini, has chosen so far a sort of ascetic and fruitful self-marginalization from which it is surprisingly established a restless sculpture, torn, but especially deeply human. A sculpture made of iron and fire that expresses starkly ruthlessness, selfishness, hypocrisy and violence of a world constantly placed precisely on fire by old and new barbarians, not only through wars and massacres but even with that indifference that continually annihilating the weak, the powerless, and the poor.

This is, in a plastic research that arises spontaneously from a socket direct and uncompromising position, by a strong moral commitment on an irrepressible inner need, once the complaint, the scream, the spiritual communion with the marginalized and the least lucky. It is no coincidence that so far, with even excessive but admirable rigor, Marche artist created almost exclusively their own unique pieces to demonstrate clearly and contentiously its radical opposition to the concept of art as pervasive today's business. So, considering all these aspects, the Gentiles is now the prototype of the sculptor far from fashion, out of the art system, independent, outdated in a positive way because Maverick and concentrated exclusively and obsessively on their research instead on public relations. He is an artist who has worked fruitfully in the shadows and now can bring so much inner light authentic current creative system "moody, restless, rebellious - wrote Alvaro Valentini jealous of their own ideas and their own freedom. But, even tender, limpid, playful like a child that's been flying the kite and entrusted his dreams to the sky. "

Beyond the chosen subjects and always innervated by a fiery ethical impact, assembles Gentili (often employing the object retrieved from the real context), blends, sculpts or model fragments and flash an apocalypse destined to destroy the man and his values .

Yet, in his works from matter as congealed lava, the human being always survives, perhaps charred and torn, torn and mutilated. And these sculptures seem to reflect the "in-determination" of the individual today or rather the "liquefaction" of which he spoke the great sociologist Zygmunt Bauman. A liquefying the artist records but also tries to block with the cathartic power of sculpture.

The heart of such research is the desire to stop and give consistency plastic natural and human energy, time and a positive or negative time, although almost always the latter prevails: from earthquakes to nuclear

war and destruction, to name some examples. And the same Gentili is active creative energy emblem lived up to the limit of physical and mental endurance: the artist engages with iron fact a kind of furious personal struggle that from a technical point of view, bold use of blowtorch, has no equal in other sculptors, putting at risk every time your own personal safety, as if he wanted to self-destruct in each work and then reborn. And, on the other hand, energy discharges unstoppable, powerful and limits of the 'hallucination, they are those which often take the moves her disturbing drawings, many of which seem to want to dig up the paper to give it a kind of figurative plasticity. They are works of rare intensity, especially in the contemporary context, sheets which adopted an infinite despair, but also an equally limitless desire for renewal, primitive masks pain annihilation c looking at us straight in the eye to penetrate through the thick veneer of indifference that sail them. They portray the senselessness victims, of arrogance, of physical and psychological violence in which we are immersed up to his neck. They are works of rare intensity, especially in the contemporary context, sheets which adopted an infinite despair, but also an equally limitless desire for renewal, primitive masks pain annihilation c looking at us straight in the eye to penetrate through the thick veneer of indifference that sail them. They portray the senselessness victims, of arrogance, of physical and psychological violence in which we are immersed up to his neck. They are works of rare intensity, especially in the contemporary context, sheets which adopted an infinite despair, but also an equally limitless desire for renewal, primitive masks pain annihilation c looking at us straight in the eye to penetrate through the thick veneer of indifference that sail them. They portray the senselessness victims, of arrogance, of physical and psychological violence in which we are immersed up to his neck.

Thus, in its titanic effort to give plastic consistency to the dramatic life complexity of the world, Gentili could make his own these reflections of a great artist, full of civic engagement, such as Max Beckmann: "The more you become strong and intense that I wanted to stop unspeakable things in life as much as heavy and deep burns in me the shock to our existence, the more private it makes my mouth, the more cold it is my desire to grab this vitality monster horribly wriggling and close it, knock it down, strangle in net and clear lines and surfaces".

Here, the close combat with life, tragic, bewildered and amazed, the Gentili makes sculptures also come to mind, mutatis mutandis, the state of mind from which they originated many extraordinary works of Francis Bacon as he imagined sculpture "a kind of structured painting, in which the images come out, so to speak, from a meat river ... there would be a sidewalk on which may move as if the images raise from puddles of flesh". And by "puddles meat" seem to come out fact-men mushrooms Gentili of which we will discuss shortly.

With his instinctive feeling that comes on like a flame triggered by the reality that surrounds us, the Marche artist becomes a restless seismograph in the world today, giving plastic image for as many contradictions as well as to share these reflections on our Yves Michaud present and without a future with fewer past: "crisis of utopias, the crisis of the projects, the crisis of the models, even crises of the story became fiction. From the collective point of view, the capitalism and globalization is now the environment, without external, in which we are living. [...] The time has flattened so to speak: no longer results in the size of an ultimate goal that was glint the future. [...] It may be that the future repurchases way, not with a magic wand of thought but really fallible revealing: in the form of non-empty but disaster in the form of Revelation. The future would redeem a sense ... coming just fail. "Yes, with his sculptures Gentili also records the apocalyptic collapse and disruption of the forms and humanistic values we are seeing mostly from passive observers. And for this, to paraphrase the arsonist Mayakovsky, art is for our sculptor a hammer with which to hit the world and that requires'

In this context it is now a very rare privilege to be able to see an opera full of primal violence and an instinctive desire to kill condemned as terrorism, massive and impressive totem, visionary and apocalyptic, in which the shapes and appearances devour each other and on and on, with a crescendo of horror that metamorphic find some comparison in the best science fiction films. This "monster" juggernaut seems almost ready to reveal its own organic vitality and able to move against anyone who gets in front, enlivened only by a blind destructive will and belching death, violence, destruction, rubble. It also seems to want to put down roots in the ground so as to be ineradicable just like the terrorist virus. It is the most evident demonstration that Gentili does not lift the problem of minimally pleasantness sweetened or decorative if this involves the renunciation to its authenticity hottest and explosive. The Marche sculptor aspires to directly touch the viewer's nervous system and no doubt, in his most powerful works, we fully successful, Alarming war machine that seems to invade the surrounding environment with its overwhelming negative energy is then a sculpture imposing as the man from Sarajevo, also attributable operates in some dynamic aspects, the most aggressive outbursts Mastroianni plastics. But if behind the sculptor of Fontana Liri was refined echo of Boccioni, in Dear prevails'

Only an artist with extreme sensitivity which Gentili can live on their skin, as if touched directly, all wars, fanaticism and killing the world. And for him the creative act is born from a primary self-identification process of the victims and their suffering that has a shocking authenticity, inconceivable today in an art world increasingly polished and trendy. The artist from the Marches rejects the idea of being tied to a subject to tax rules and, to Rimbaud, depersonalize himself, could say: "Je est un autre", "I is another." The same goes for his tragic crucified Christs and stripped to the bone as a post-atomic wreckage or his men burdened by the effort of menial and poorly paid, and reduced to a shell by the arrogance and exploitation. Going beyond their individuality, they are universal symbols of suffering and martyrdom of a concrete, daily, persistent, which ridicule the aseptic fiction media. It is a sad example iron sculpture intensely visionary and dramatic as Bread (The man with the wheelbarrow), a sort of dilapidated human wreckage that is condemned to move forward in spite of everything, stronger than its weird but undeniable heroism, that of survival . But beyond the single made iconographic count the fact that these ethical boiled-minds do sculptural material, to bring their torment ' Inside the iron and bronze, miraculously transforming them into sensitive and sullen skin. Thus the cold metal becomes alive and suffers almost as beings whose form it takes. Thus, in the most powerful works of Gentili it is far kept the risk of sociological illustration precisely because, beyond the main subject is the matter itself to erupt anguish and despair so much he did not even need titles or verbal descriptions.

More rarely, however, especially when the artist confronts the mystery of motherhood, the bronze forms seem almost cheer through more fluid and enveloping rhythms, capable of communicating energy generative although still animated by a metamorphic impulse, as is evident for example, in bronze Mother space, family and Development. In any case, form and content are made whole and reinforce the visual and emotional impact of the most successful sculptures. And this happens even for the deep empathy which links to the Gentili and domesticated materials used to express the inexpressible.

Behind all this, in addition to the visionary force, "heretical" and typical maverick of many artists from the Marche (from Scipio to Bartolini, from Licini De Dominicis, the first Fazzini in Trubbiani) and fellow of the Gentiles are the Daumier sculpture , Giacometti and then the expressionist lesson and then informally so that our succeeds in achieving a personal synthesis of these two climate with a closely related to the concerns language, the bad conscience of our time and to the awareness of the liquid dissolution of all ethical and human value. Impressive in this sense is the sculptural proliferation of countless heads of men-fungi that seem to rise from the earth or "puddles of flesh" and look up, look light and air. They are the

works of the cycle on Darwin's theory, and ideally cells cultured living things during evolution. Here is also the profound meaning, expressed with powerful effectiveness, many desperate lives that yearn for a hope or a way out. There is the hidden heroism of a generative force irrepressible, despite and in spite of everything. And, as happens in the most convincing works by the Marches, there is always some sort of indestructible primordial will to live that nothing can restrain, represented by archaic visionary force only in one of its most striking sculptures: The Varano, released by immemorial ages and come down to us with all its mysterious vital charge. Here is also the profound meaning, expressed with powerful effectiveness, many desperate lives that yearn for a hope or a way out. There is the hidden heroism of a generative force irrepressible, despite and in spite of everything. And, as happens in the most convincing works by the Marches, there is always some sort of indestructible primordial will to live that nothing can restrain, represented by archaic visionary force only in one of its most striking sculptures: The Varano, released by immemorial ages and come down to us with all its mysterious vital charge. Here is also the profound meaning, expressed with powerful effectiveness, many desperate lives that yearn for a hope or a way out. There is the hidden heroism of a generative force irrepressible, despite and in spite of everything. And, as happens in the most convincing works by the Marches, there is always some sort of indestructible primordial will to live that nothing can restrain, represented by archaic visionary force only in one of its most striking sculptures: The Varano, released by immemorial ages and come down to us with all its mysterious vital charge.

Moreover Gentiles, in very personal ways, also cultivates a form of explosive realism that the observation of the weakest: in Camerino, during the reconstruction after the earthquake of 1997, the artist has portrayed in direct, modelling clay to board his jeep, the workers came mostly in the south and intent in their hard work. It is no coincidence Gentili has dedicated an exhibition and various works at incomparable Charlie Chaplin (which he personally met in 1971, the same year in which the artist from the Marches has co leased the park from Fabio Picasso villa in Mougins its large sculpture Don Chisciotte), the creator of Charlie Chaplin, the poor who imaginatively gets by but always with dignity, the character who knew how to reconcile and overcome the opposites, to talk to the men and women, children and adults with intellectual and the illiterate, the rich and needy. Here, the sculpture of Gentiles, so intensely human and outspoken, yet so rooted in reality capable of flying up, there is also spirit poetic Charlot and its universal language. There is the desire to talk to everyone and to refuse the arid art snobbery made only for a few insiders as hedonistic display of virtuosity intellectualism.

So, a kind of lingering hope of purification, but may also coincide with the need for a reset of the present world, is the one that emanates from the paintings of Gentile belonging to the "white on white cycle" inspired by the artist's meetings with Pope Pope John Paul II. Since some of these paintings seem to emerge as manifestations of a positive energy, the face of Jesus or angelic appearances indicate that perhaps a way out. Or the recovery of a magical aura. But you have to find them and be able to see. Not everyone can see the Angel in the rubble of a steaming world. And so, faced with sculptures and paintings by Gentili, reminded those admirable reflections of Martin Heidegger ":" [...] Philosophy cannot produce such an effect to change the present state of the world. This applies not only to philosophy, but for any concern or intake by humans. A God alone can save us yet. We still have this one chance: to prepare in thought and poetry a certain willingness appearing of God or the absence of God in our decline, because it is a decline in the presence of the absent God. "Here, for many years, regardless of the creative mode, locked in his studio-bunker but very receptive to the disturbing signals coming from the reality of today and the death of *sacrum* in contemporary life ( "Les hommes sont contre l'humain," noted Gabriel Marcel), Gentili prepares the ground, suitable for open our eyes, for the '

"It is the angel, he announced - wrote Mario Luzi - gets fired air, visible." Even in the fire Dear sculptures, iron and bronze seem to break into the world to proclaim the urgency of a wonderful and surprising arrival capable of redeeming the horror around us. Perhaps only then the angel can save this fragmented and dispersed companies, becoming a messenger of hope.

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