

Fernando Pessoa wrote: "The only the preface of a work is the brain of the law."

This book for many reasons does not want to be either a collection of vast production. Nor a cookbook quite varied comments of his work. But rather brief help anyone to accompany you on a journey to which we can at will make a beginning and an end.

For my part I remember reading of Joseph Dear, before you get interested in his art, really. I came in to do this for those who feel the call one "damn" sculptor for his ability to get inside the soul of the people. Digging with iron arts and with the flame of a blowtorch in it. But to him I also got to hear, who in a sense he felt to go beyond the artistic profiles. He deserves the contact to his innate ability - and contagious obviously - do not leave indifferent.

My friendship with the artist and his work began almost accidentally. One day I went to visit his home workshop in the countryside of Camerino. With time. After that first visit, I began to thrill its history, its art, and especially it's so unruly yet profound to live life, with his sense of man getting ready and available to any other similar. So I learned how to write a foreword to his work without understanding much of the art that I watched. Everything I always managed naturally. On several occasions on behalf of the teacher I've had to give the true meaning of his "word", the sculpture, a language that was and if possible longer mine. That of literature.

I have been in practice for him the interpreter of the shape of things.

And maybe that's why I still always easy to talk about what Gentili produces, although still difficult for me to comment on his art, making a judgment. If I were asked to do appellate me to an essay by Dimitri Karamazov, taken from *The Rebel* (1951). In it I think I found the exact location for the artist: "Art and rebellion - that it seemed written especially for Gentile from Karamazov - will die only with the last man'

The rebellion in this artist is contained in the message that he. With his own work. He wants to launch. His is a message I scan with the heat of the blowtorch in iron. It is a message of fire. An often rebellious message that masquerades sometimes the scream carved face of the Man of Sarajevo, this other grimaced stolen incredulous Don Quixote or a caress torn to the Mother of Space ...

In his deepest hidden content and the production of the artist have always been two sides, however. His most recent work is perhaps a prime example. Forced to live the hardships of after earthquake he resigned to anything, continuing to produce art. Presented two figures called "Trees" in recent months.

The first "Tree" is named in Sadness. Hope to the last. This is the art of dual Gentili meaning. Catastrophic, stark that he reached only after long journeys and travails they see grow his feelings but also the His art.

Besides the content of his work Gentili has never made any secret. Of him, he also wrote: "I do not want to be called early, hopefully. Open to the future and the ability to finish. One end

protester. I do not care to accommodate myself to any protest. Who does not know what is the 'Art you cannot understand me "

Over the years its production has been interested in many. Luckily for him as many have abandoned soon.

To make sense of the last battles fought by man Gentili wish I could redo still appeal to literature finding in "The Brown starfish 'Ferrero the real explanation to the feeling that he. Paladin of the company, continues to live.

"A terrible storm - says Ferrero in his writings about the misunderstandings between men - had thrown on the beach thousands of starfish. Passed, had remained on shore to agonize, destined to certain death. Thousands. Nothing could be done: real estate, were dying. and here, between the curious people. A child staring at him with eyes full of sadness small starfish. Everyone was watching and no one did anything. Suddenly. the child left the hand of the father. he took off his shoes and socks and ran on the beach. He bent down, picked up with small hands three small stars and sea. always running. brought them back into the water. Then he came back and repeated the process. To see the scene all discouraged him: "do not you 'll never make it. My child, there are too many stars. Immense is the coast ... .'. But that small smiled and bent down again, to gather an 'other. There was silence on the shore. Then a man came down ... and with him three other girls. There were five now throwing starfish In water. And a few minutes later they were twenty, then fifty, then a hundred, then a thousand. All. And all the starfish were saved. "

From what I set about telling may be that the work of Gentili is only marked by pain, by vain illusions. by useless hopes. I wish you do not forget. to get out of a possible misinterpretation, that always all the arts contribute to the art pious' greatest of all, that of the living.

Daniel Pallotta