



FELIX

#ArchivioFeliceMartinelli

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Texts by
Giuseppe Fusari





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Felix action and reaction on the road to felicity

The world is the world,
and something more
(Henry Focillon)

Looking back in time: moments of analysis sometimes resemble the derangement one experiences when one feels totally different from what has been done or felt before. Sometimes one's pushed to downsize the whole; sometimes they trigger a process of self-recognition which sounds more like inner than formal consistency, more like assonance than affinity.

The starting point is always the raw data, the raw matter, always connected to the world's vibrations: its sprouting non-aesthetic element slowly builds itself up innerly as an aesthetic component, as a progressive reordering process, and hence, nominally infinite.

Looking back has another meaning: acknowledging the existence of an abyss into which we do not intend to fall and which obstinately forces us to find Ariadne's thread, in which case, should we encounter the fragility of the chasm, would leave us in amazement rather than defeated.

Particularly if the abyss has lost its psychological dimension in favour of a concrete, tangible, gradually more global dimension. It has captured a name, a face. Rather, it has taken multiple faces and made them disappear. Thus, it has made possible the feelings of the easy vanishing, of reaching the innatural *redde rationem* in times of peace, non ritual as day-to-day life unwinds.

The abyss has materialised the brutality of the invisible side accompanying our existence-it wanted to remove the veil, actualizing in the gloomy sound of the bells, in the unnatural silence, in the forced solitude. It is paradoxical for such a natural event to make our existence unnatural, as if that "*something more*" underlined by Focillon could be a prerogative of the human mind, of the man who even considers himself, besides natural, social, aesthetic and a lover.

It is brutal in the impossibility of being able to re-create a long-awaited harmony, almost like a poem at its beginning, as a sort of regeneration which has left nothing to the best ones.

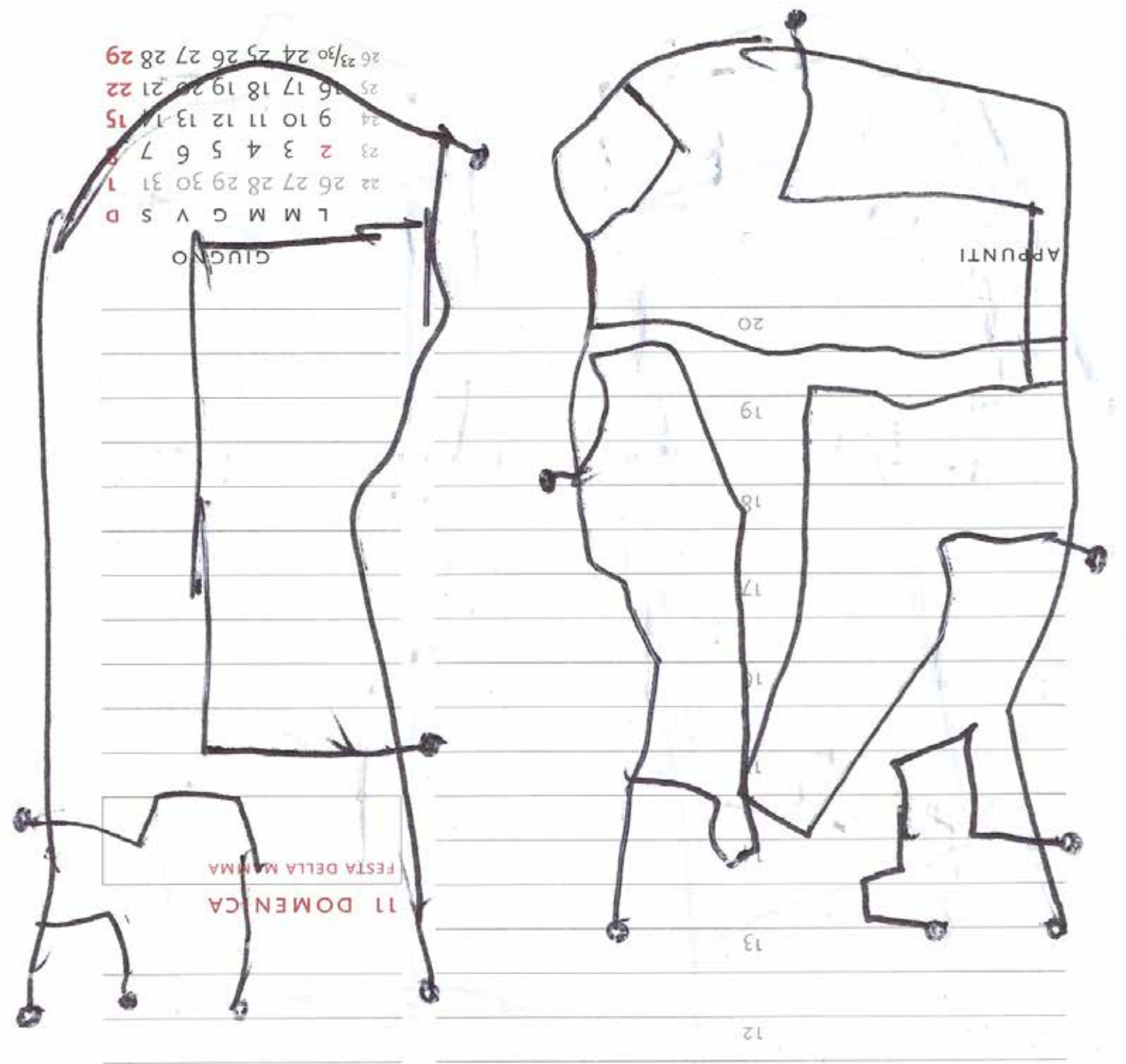
Creating, composing, accumulating, repeating obsessively shapes trying to endlessly reorder the existential crack opened before men and women all around the world is not only a hypothesis but also a hope.

It is a way to make again art and aesthetics a means of expression not only manifestations of the artist and the market. It is the standpoint in front of an absolute point of view for those who only have one relative point of view.

It proceeds by accumulation, moving from the raw, the brute to its shining recreation, to its amazing reorganization, to lay bare and transparent on a secular salvation path able to maintain balance because soundly anchored to a few things that can be traced back after being scattered like seeds, suffering for having thrown them away, but confident that those seeds will be new seeds tomorrow.

The little path towards happiness: it is absurd to scatter seeds in order to find again and again and a hundred times more.

"Men travel in manifold paths: those who trace and compare them, will find strange Figures come to light; Figures which seem as if they belonged to that great Cipher-writing which one encounters everywhere, on wings of birds, shells of eggs, in clouds, in the snow, in crystals, in forms of rocks..."
Novalis











STANDING BLACK

F That aspiration to reach greater heights becomes even more necessary with *Standing Black*: the intertwining shape, instead of unfolding horizontally like a delicate wall of styled branches, creates a detachment from the fixity of the structures and realises the ambition to go above and beyond, searching a less defined, less functional space, totally hooked onto the poetic sentiment of the ascent.



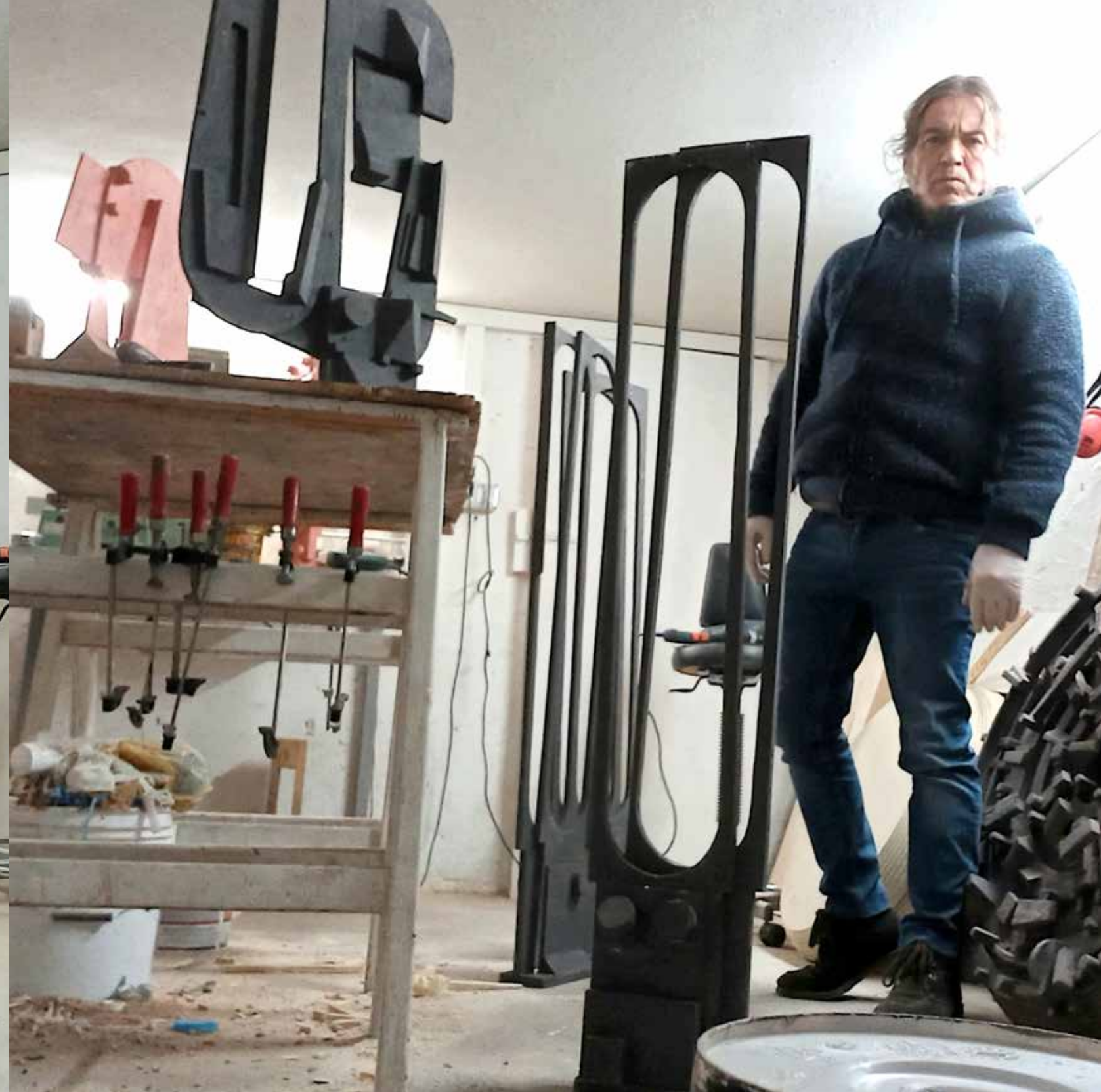




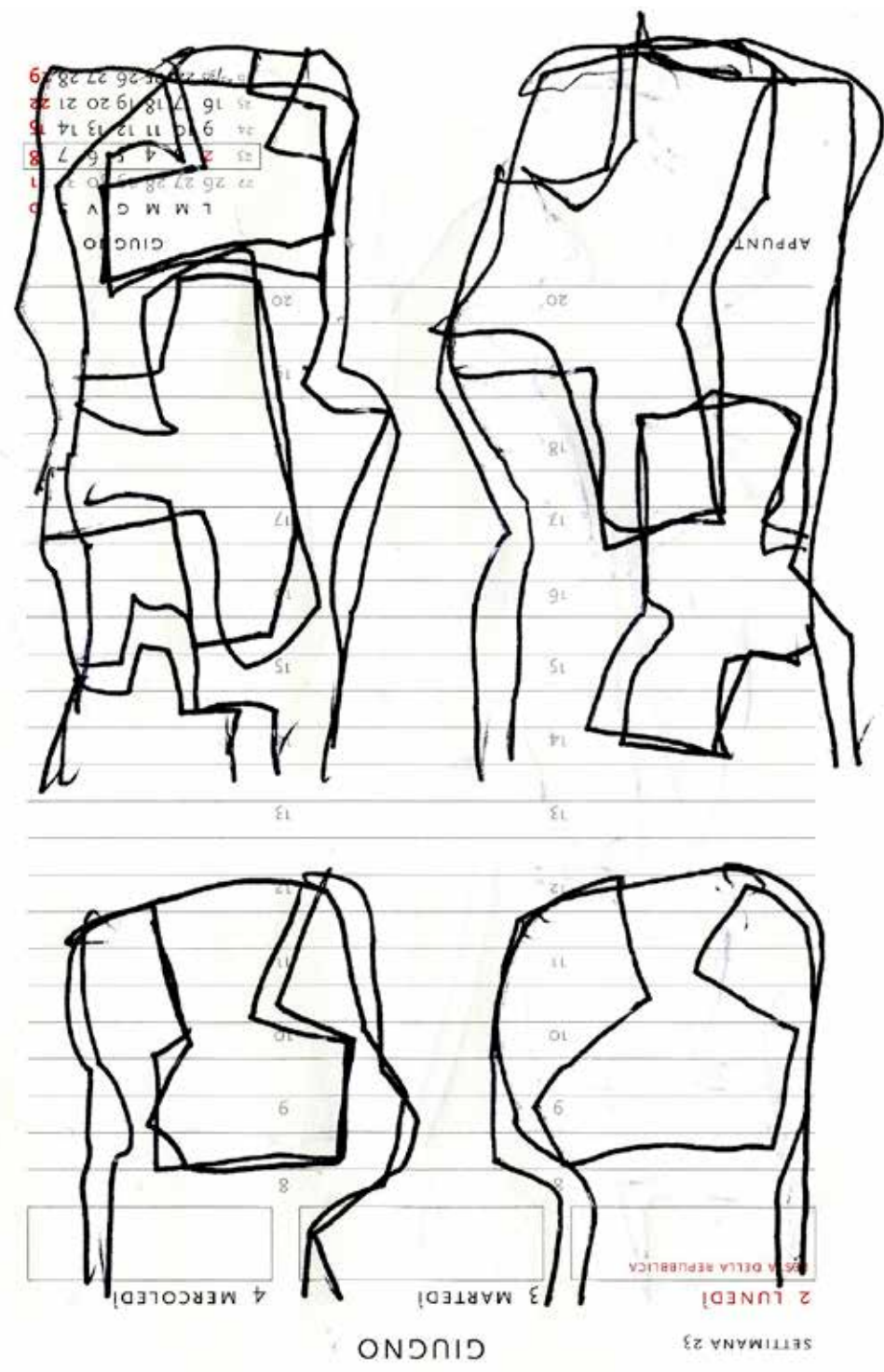


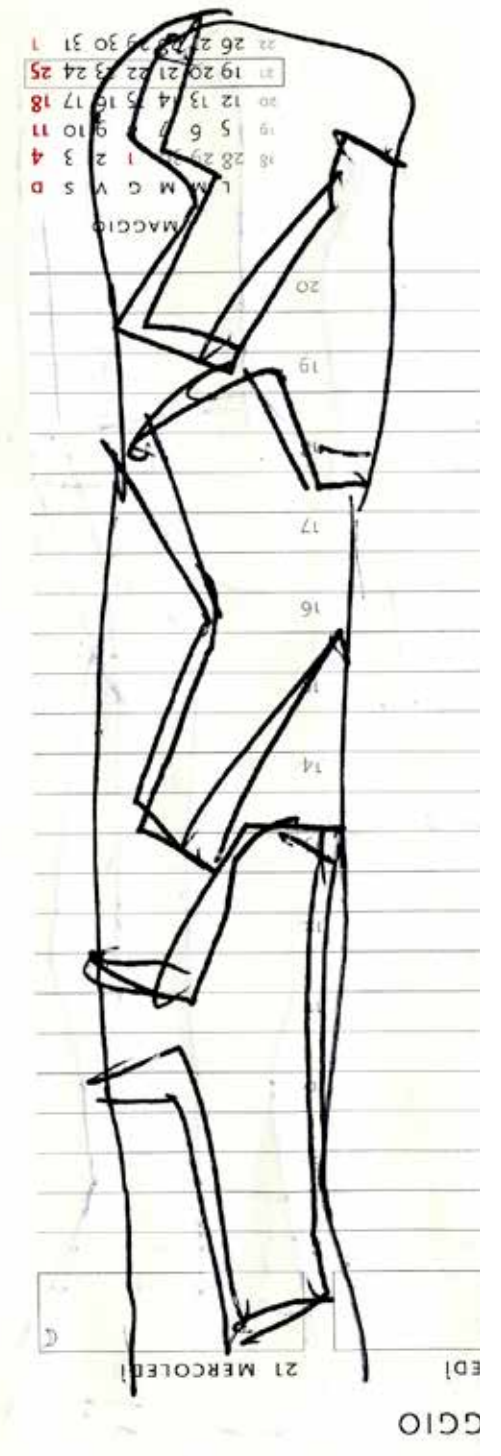
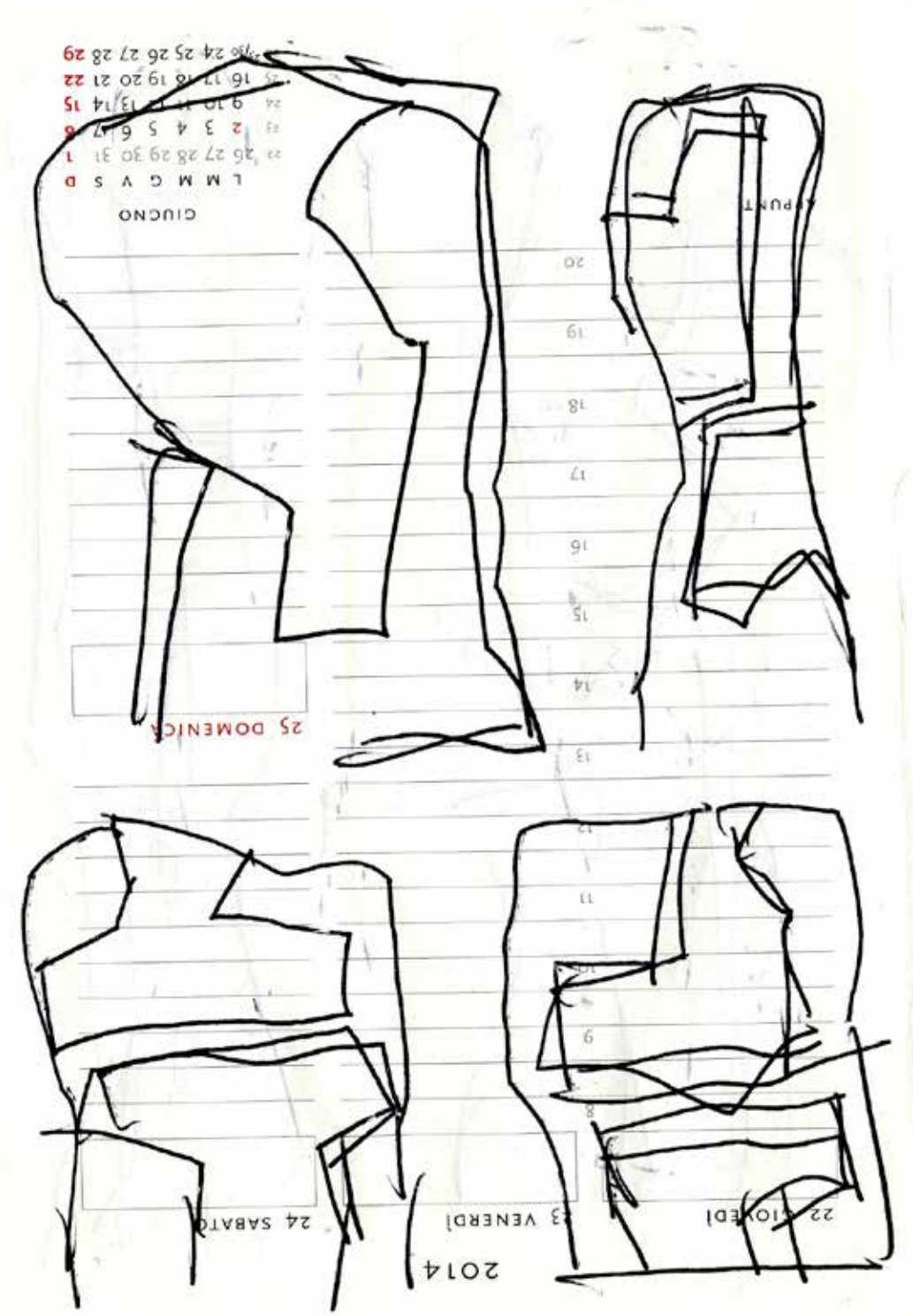














OMPHALOS

The Ancient Greeks used omphalos to refer to a sacred, rounded stone symbolizing the navel of the world, in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, that was supposed to mark the centre of the earth. Omphalos safeguard their own generating sign, here accelerated by the spiral movement around the centre of all things, visually liberating the accumulated energy jealously kept there.

E



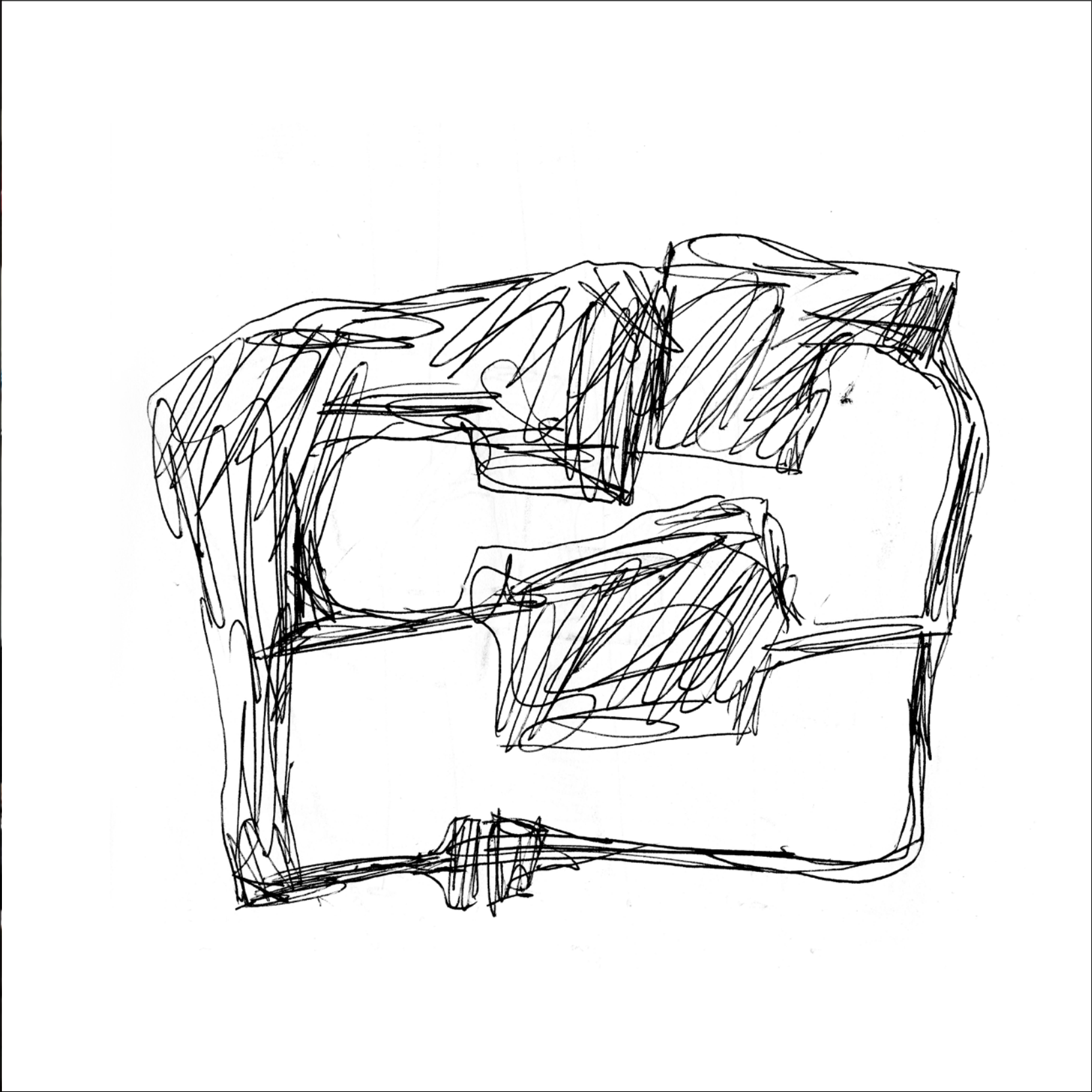




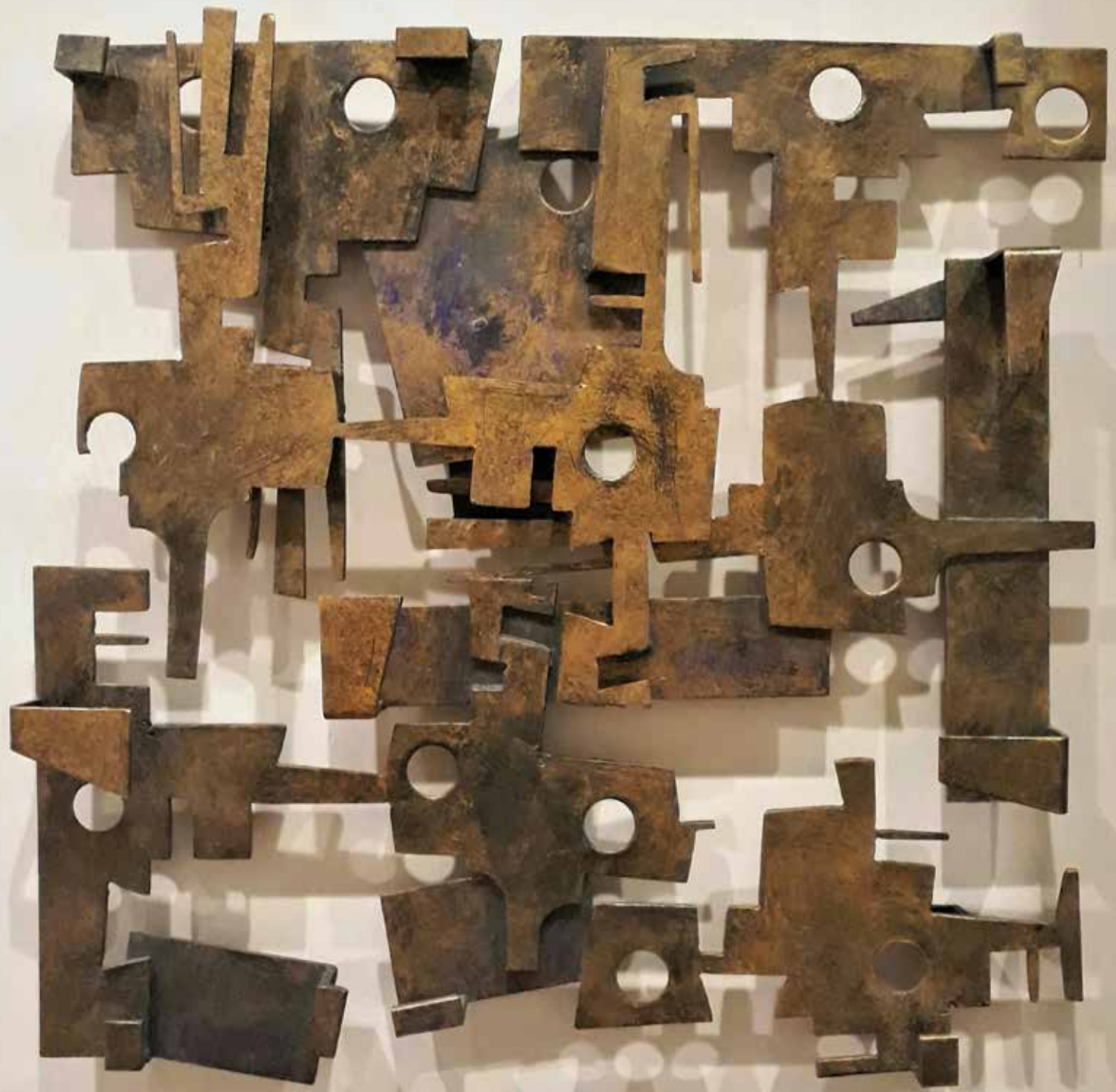


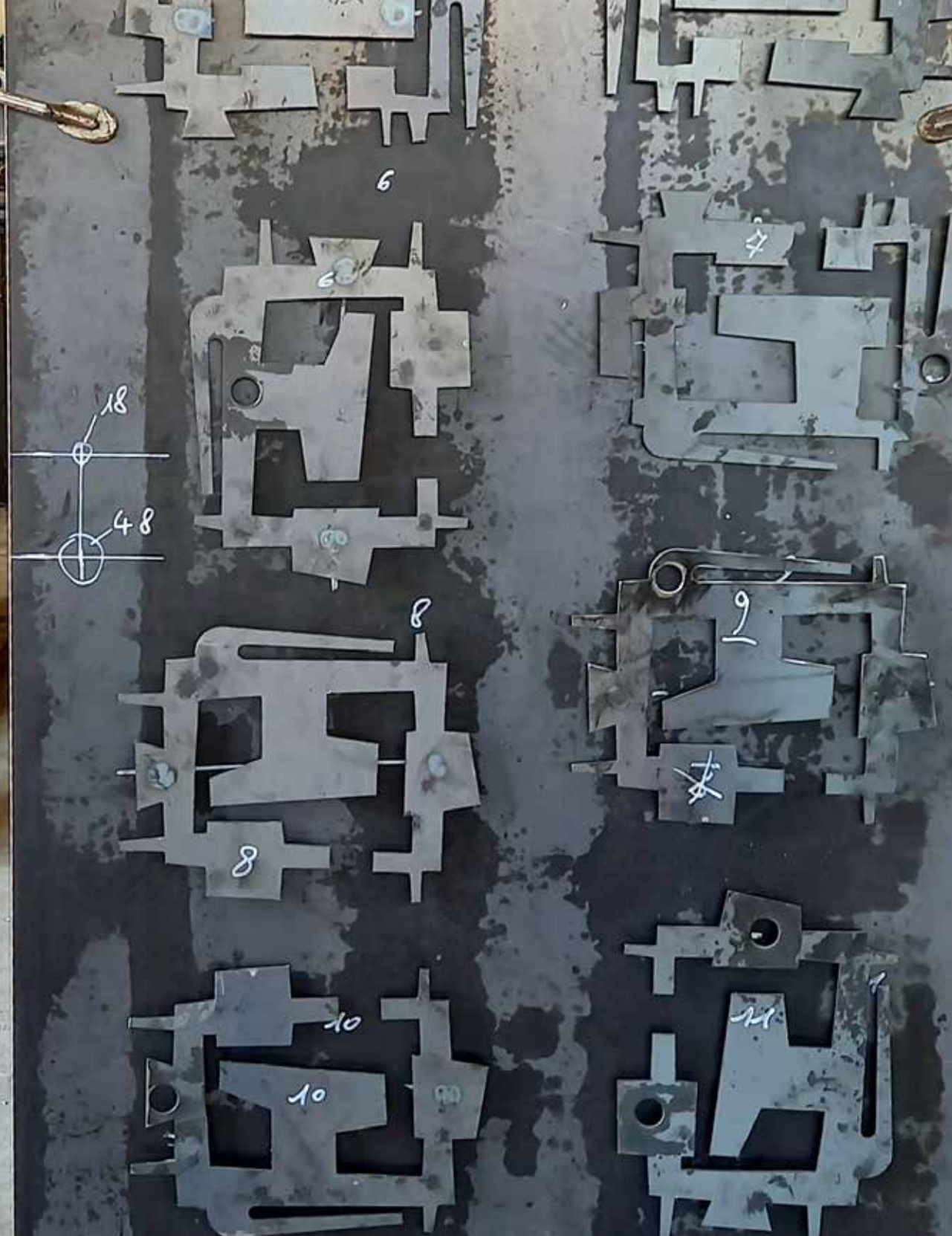
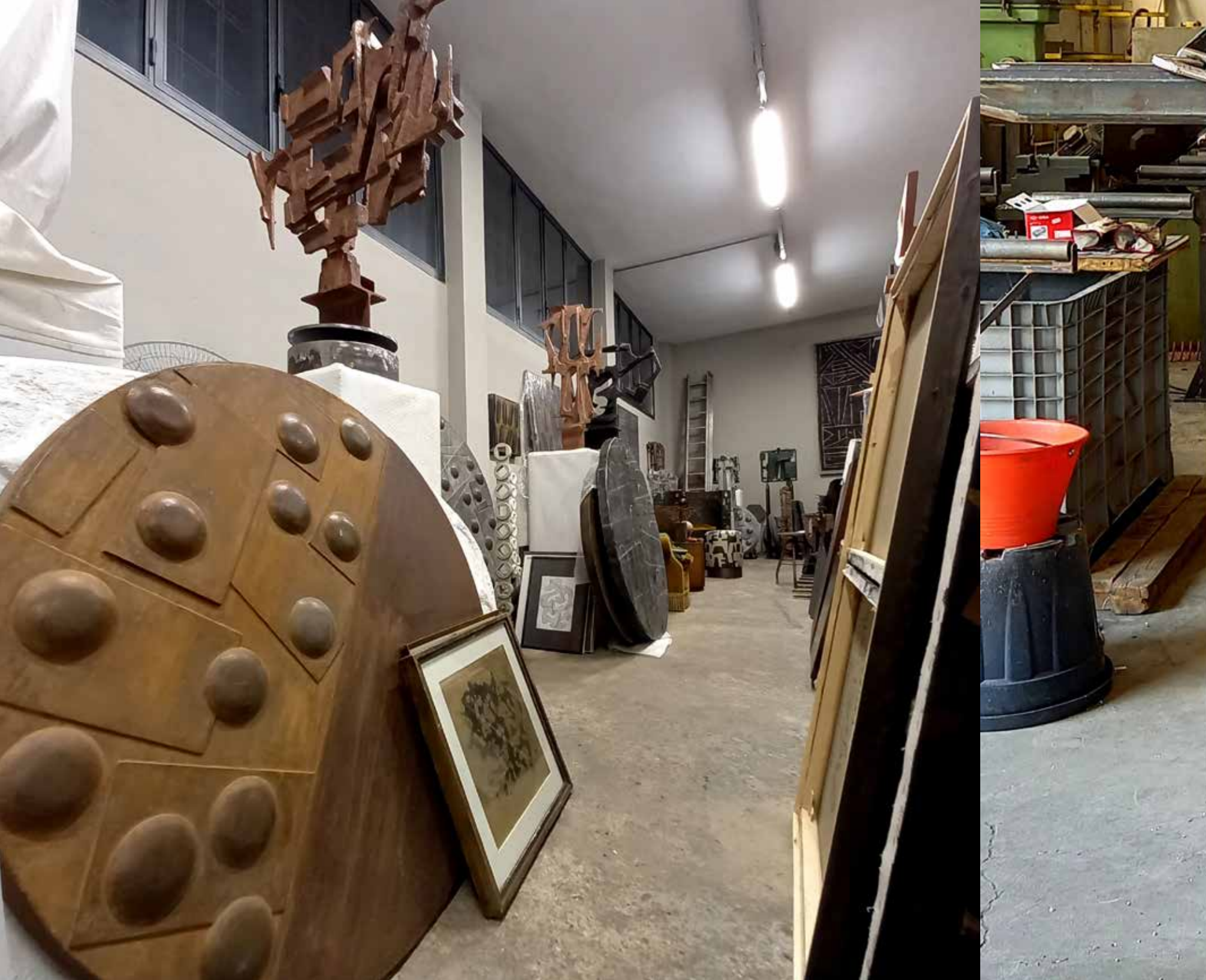
BEAUTIFUL ONE (BOLIDISMO)

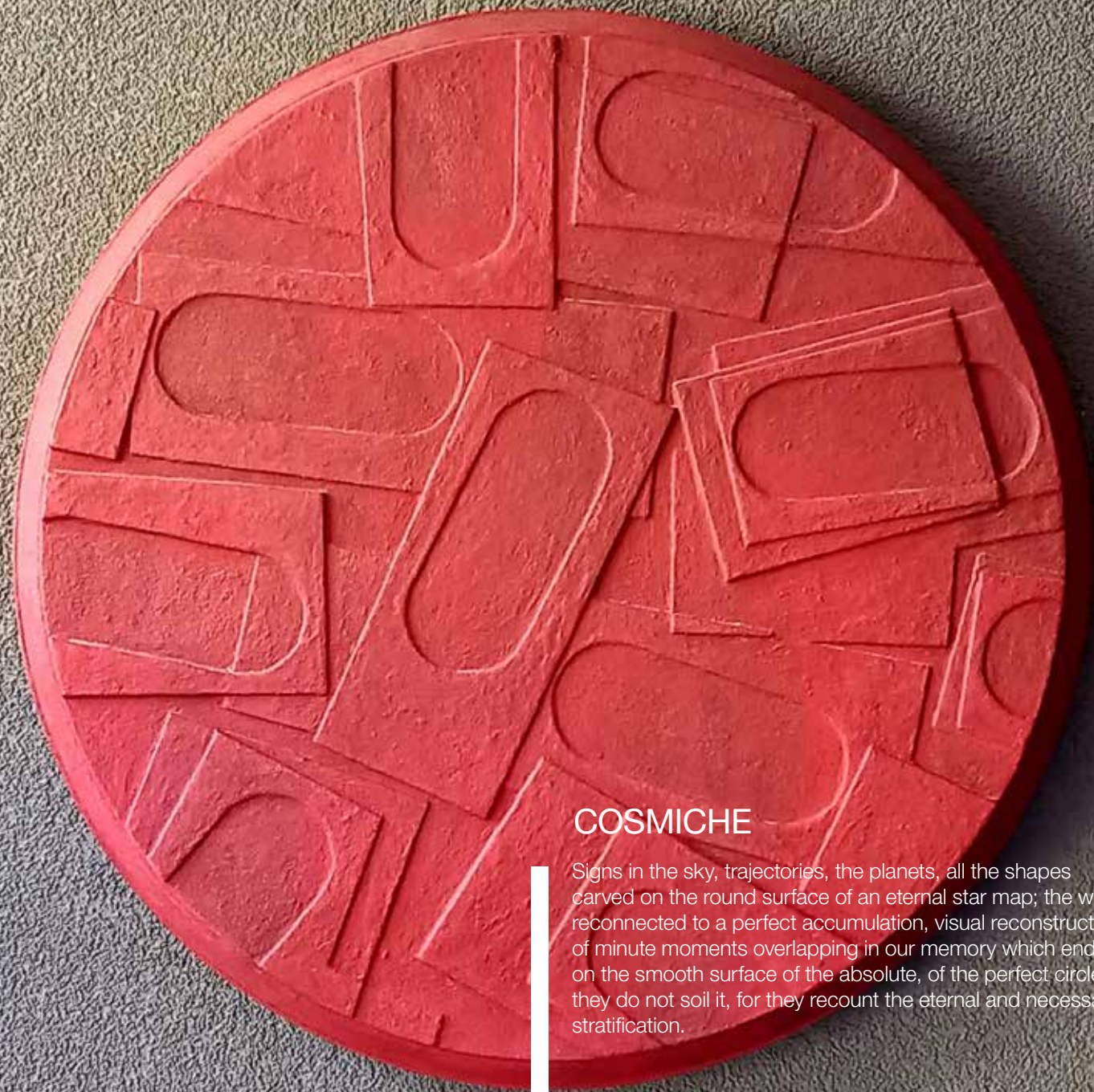
Around its palpating nucleus, matter is delved into, it opens, wraps itself, almost breathes. Three-dimensionally multifaceted, there's no privileged side or a pre-set point of view, but an absolute creative freedom of movement, inner dynamics forcing an external dynamism, an excited observation of the unique beauty unveiling.











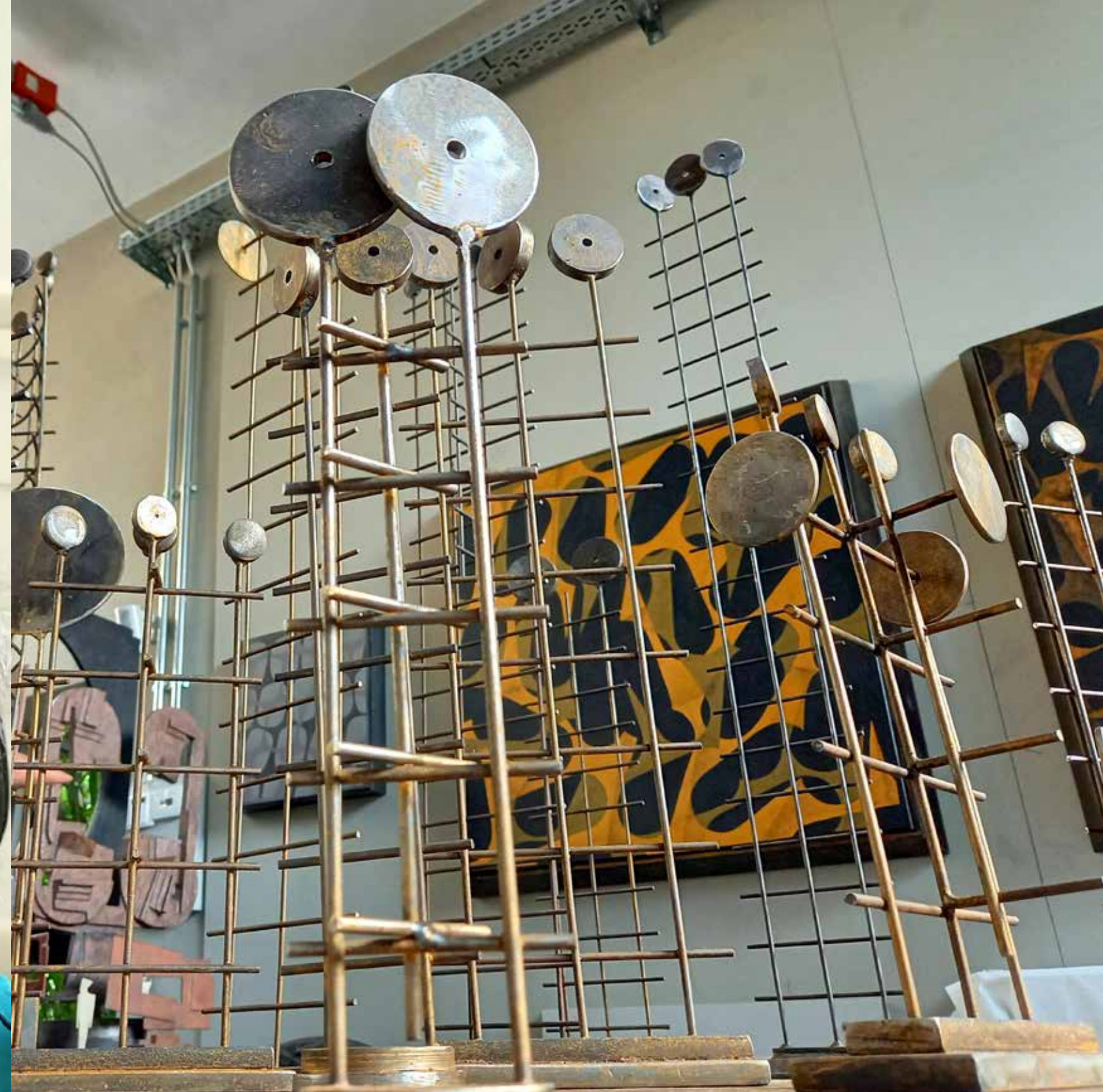
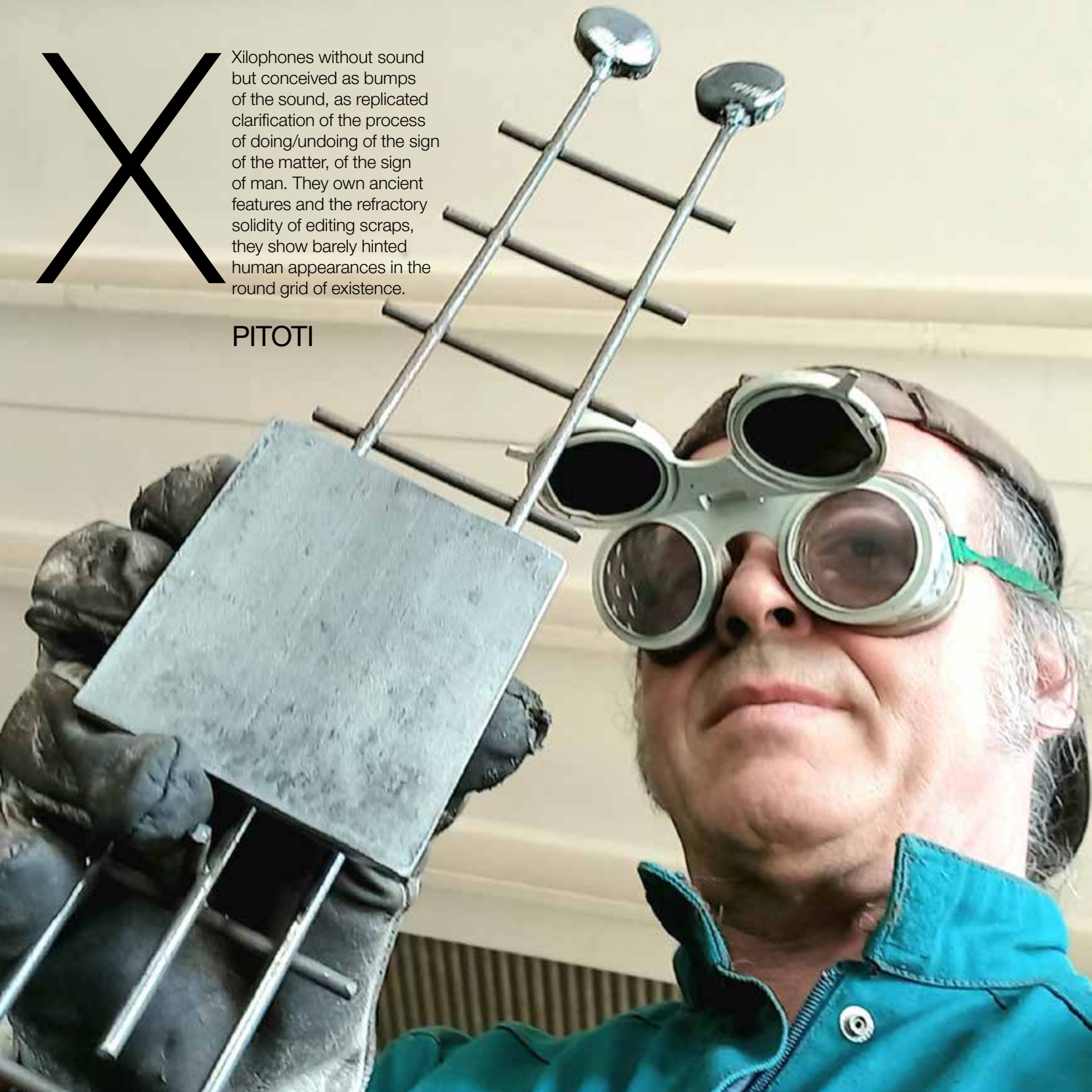
COSMICHE

Signs in the sky, trajectories, the planets, all the shapes carved on the round surface of an eternal star map; the whole reconnected to a perfect accumulation, visual reconstruction of minute moments overlapping in our memory which endure on the smooth surface of the absolute, of the perfect circle-but they do not soil it, for they recount the eternal and necessary stratification.



X
Xilophones without sound but conceived as bumps of the sound, as replicated clarification of the process of doing/undoing of the sign of the matter, of the sign of man. They own ancient features and the refractory solidity of editing scraps, they show barely hinted human appearances in the round grid of existence.

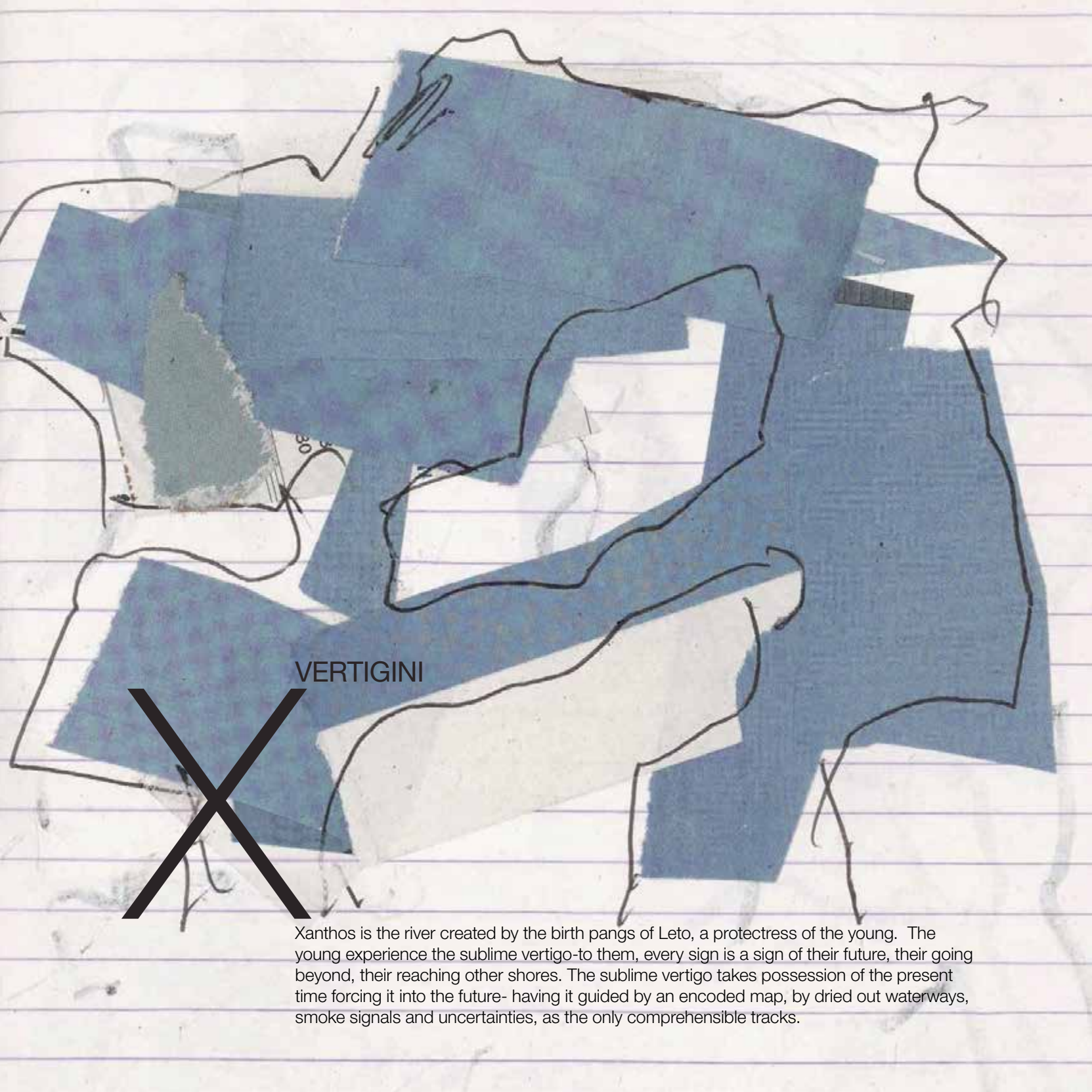
PITOTI











VERTIGINI



Xanthos is the river created by the birth pangs of Leto, a protectress of the young. The young experience the sublime vertigo-to them, every sign is a sign of their future, their going beyond, their reaching other shores. The sublime vertigo takes possession of the present time forcing it into the future- having it guided by an encoded map, by dried out waterways, smoke signals and uncertainties, as the only comprehensible tracks.



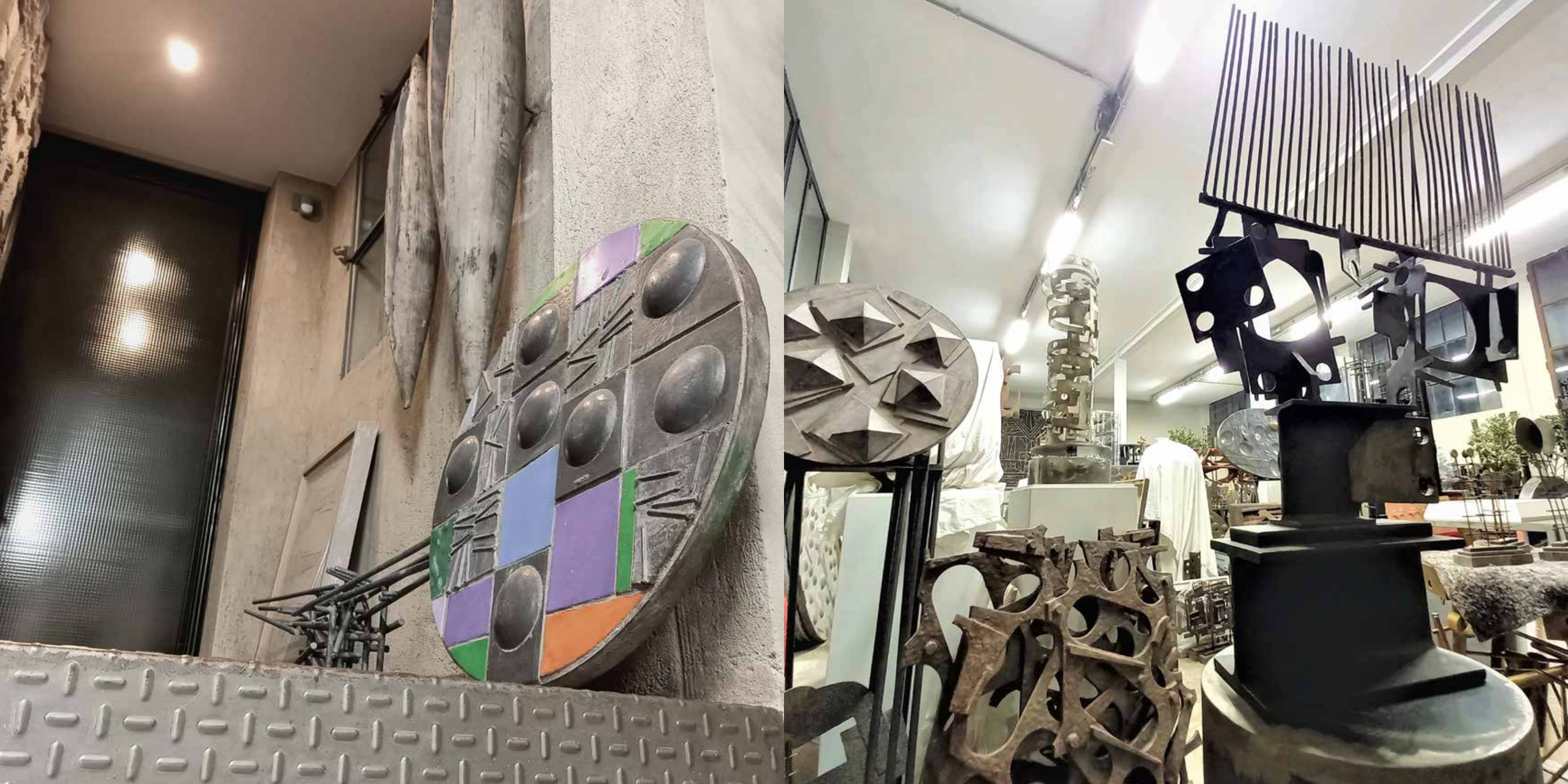








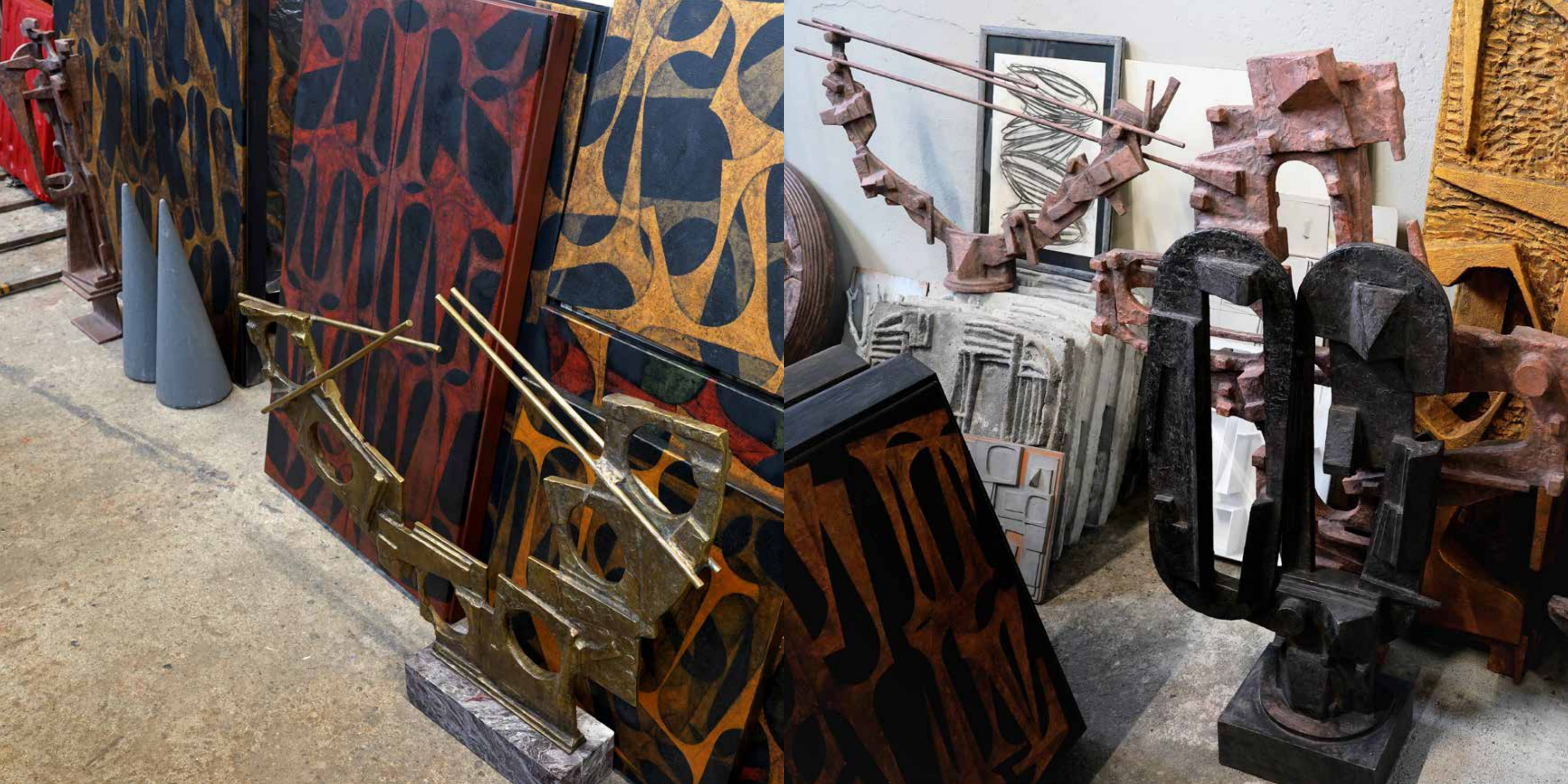




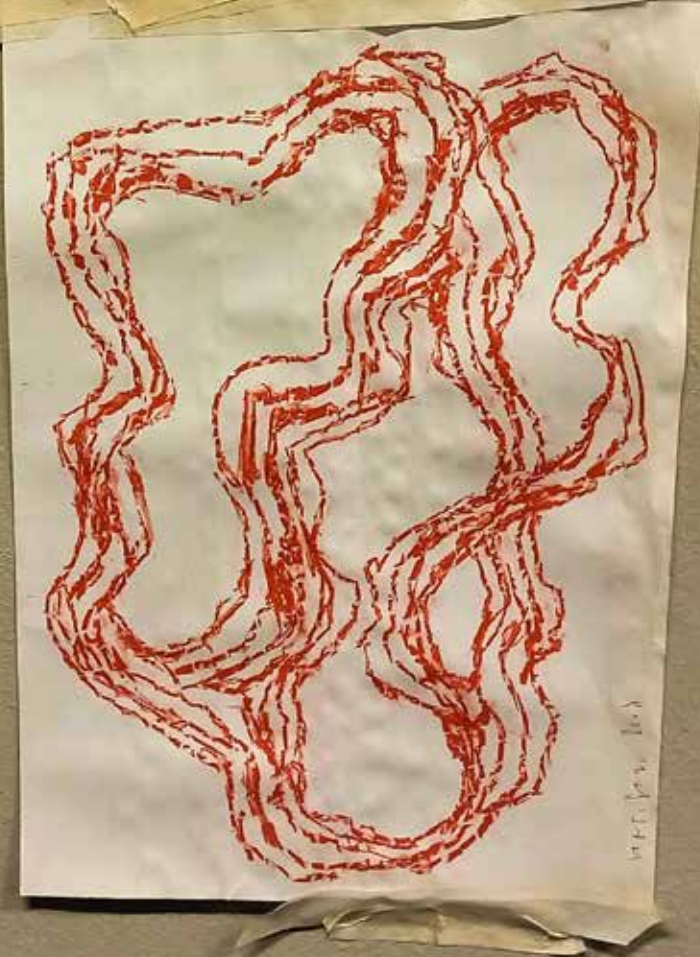
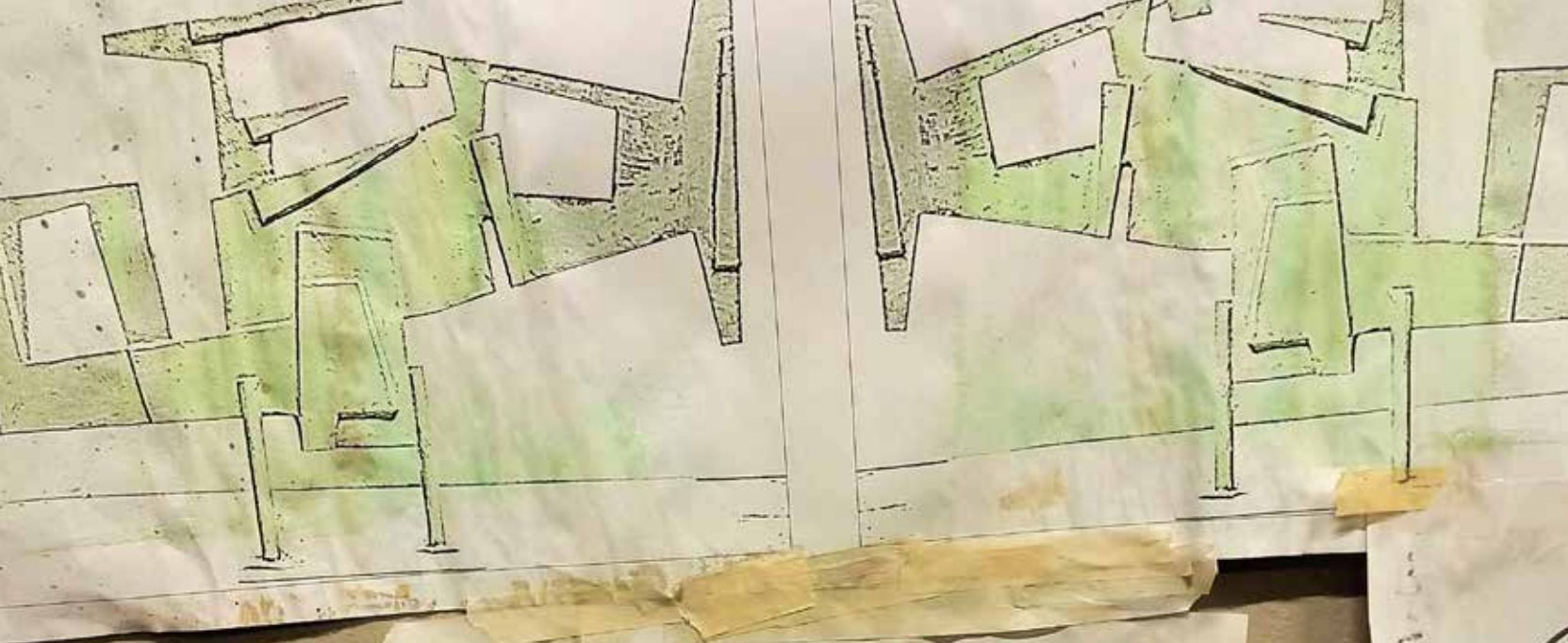










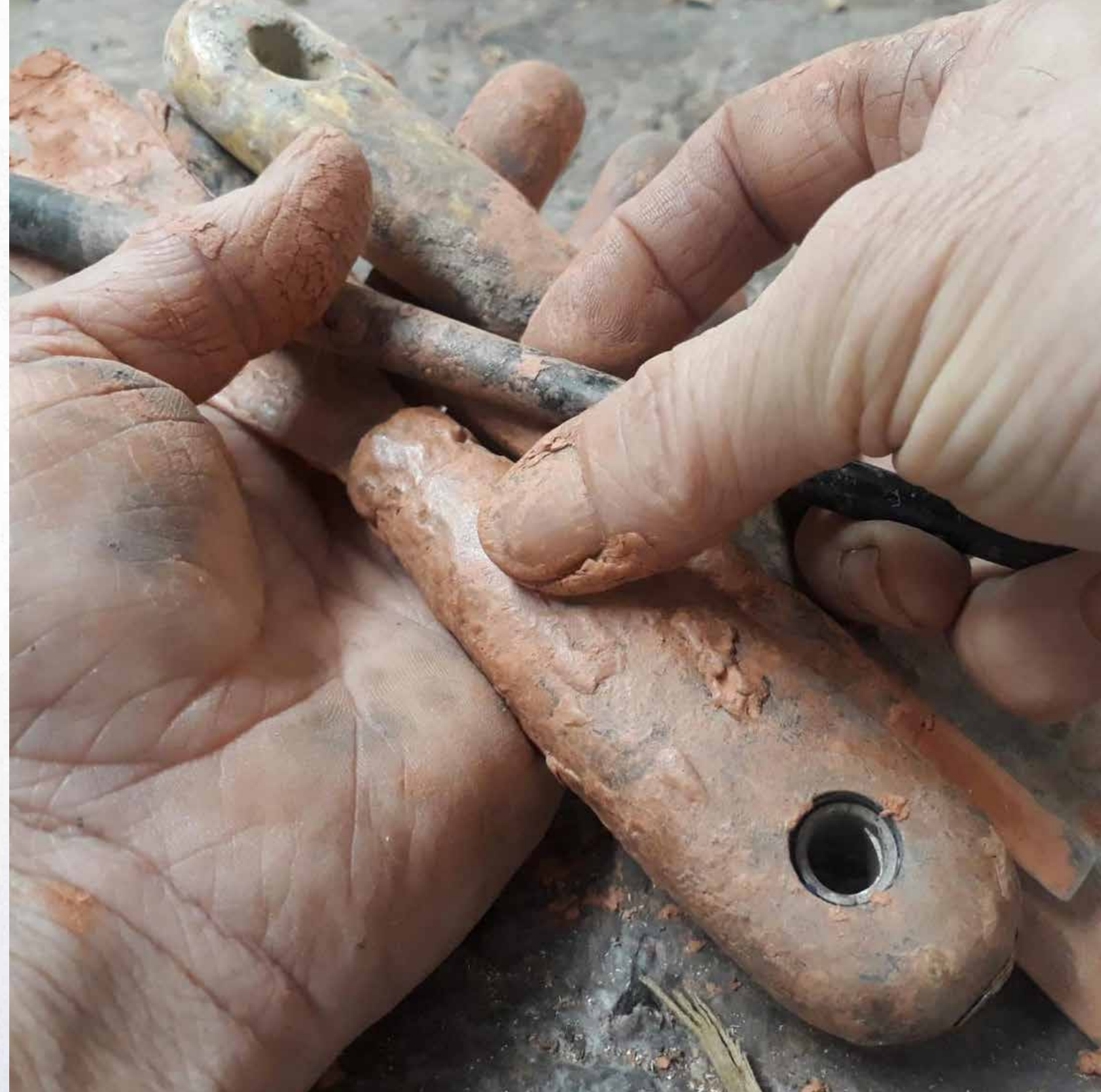




APOTROPAICO

Intersection of surfaces, shapes and plastic ripples: the overlapping of pure elements made antique through light and shadows, the ancient writings, the re-ciphered images developing into a universal, apotropaic language; language of the signs unveiling the raw essence of an apparition which stays, nevertheless, ready.





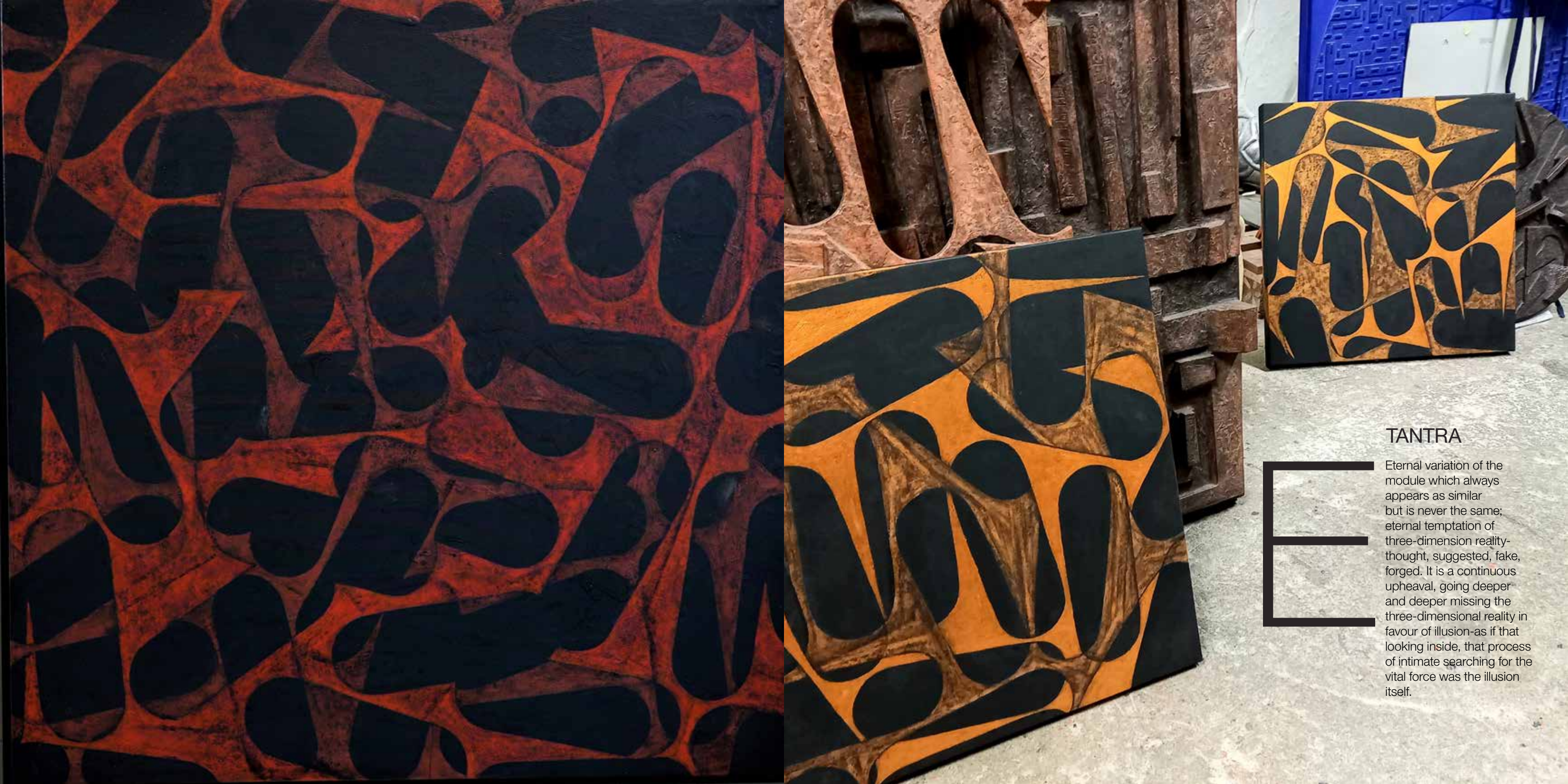


SIGILLI

Seals leave their mark, their trace: mixed with clay, they reorganise the shapes, symbols of perfection which remains imperfect, doesn't conclude its transformation, but marks-as a seal always does-that road taken, that letter delivered, that place revealed: closed but forever open, ready to disclose itself at least in the signs.

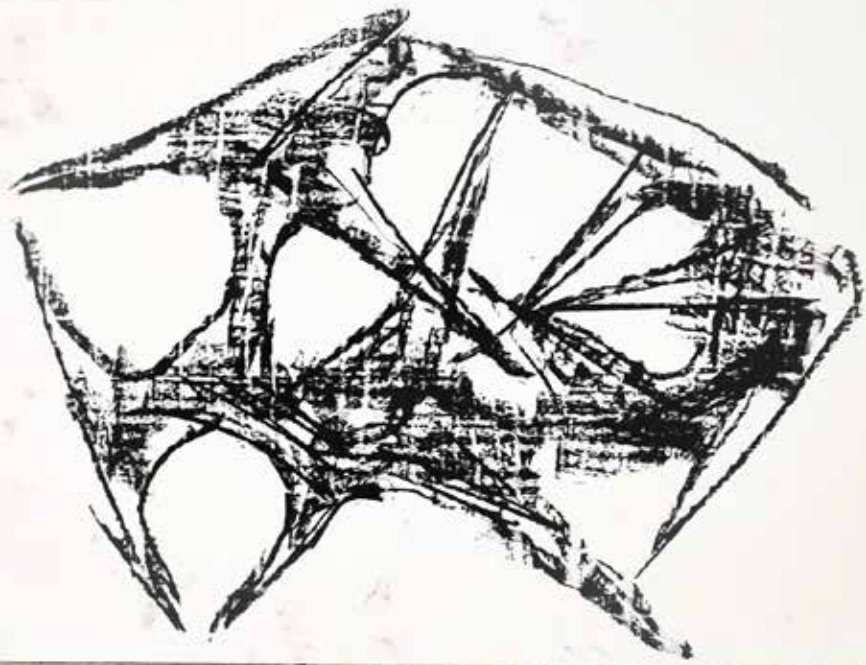






TANTRA

Eternal variation of the module which always appears as similar but is never the same; eternal temptation of three-dimension reality-thought, suggested, fake, forged. It is a continuous upheaval, going deeper and deeper missing the three-dimensional reality in favour of illusion-as if that looking inside, that process of intimate searching for the vital force was the illusion itself.

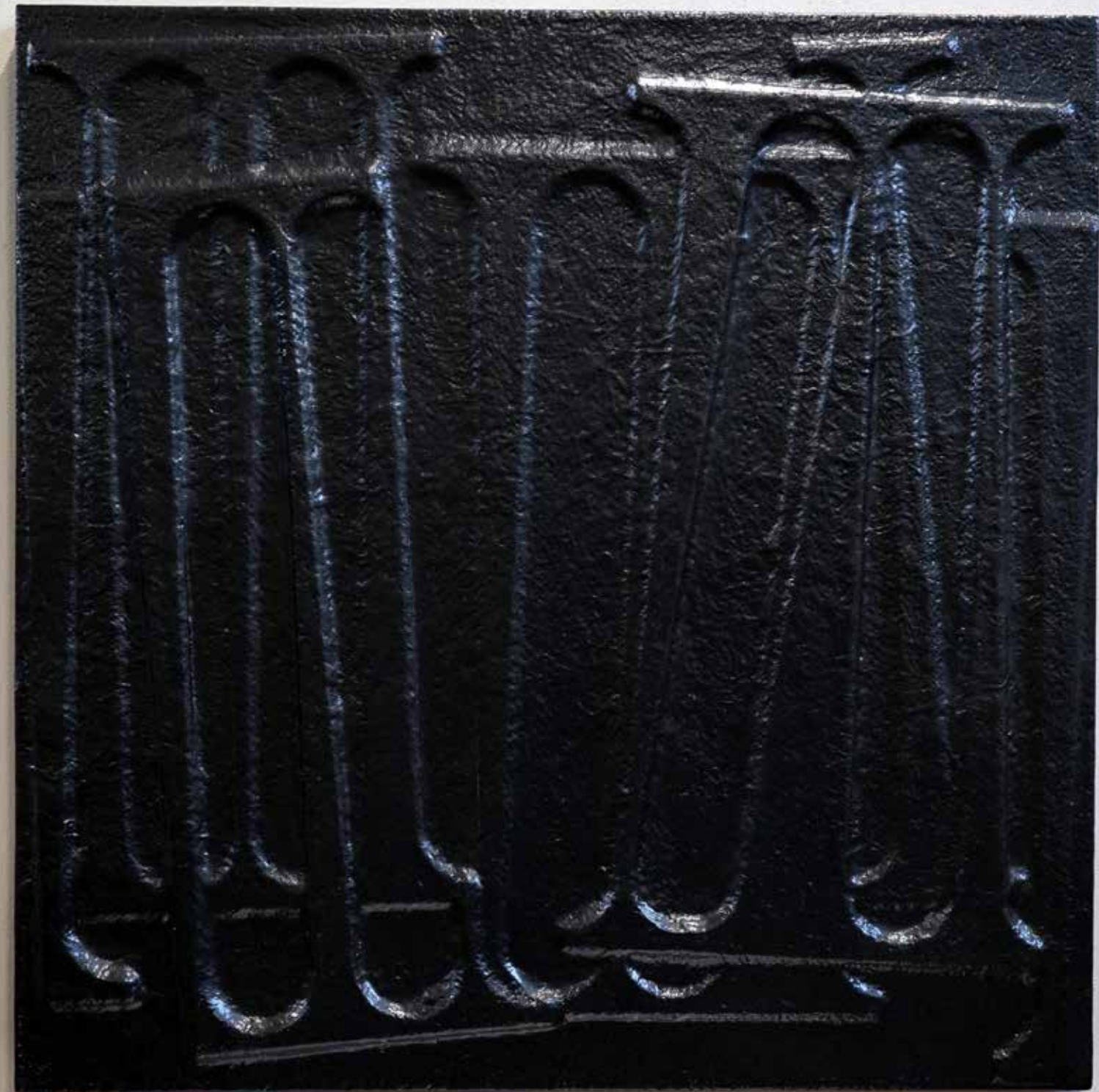






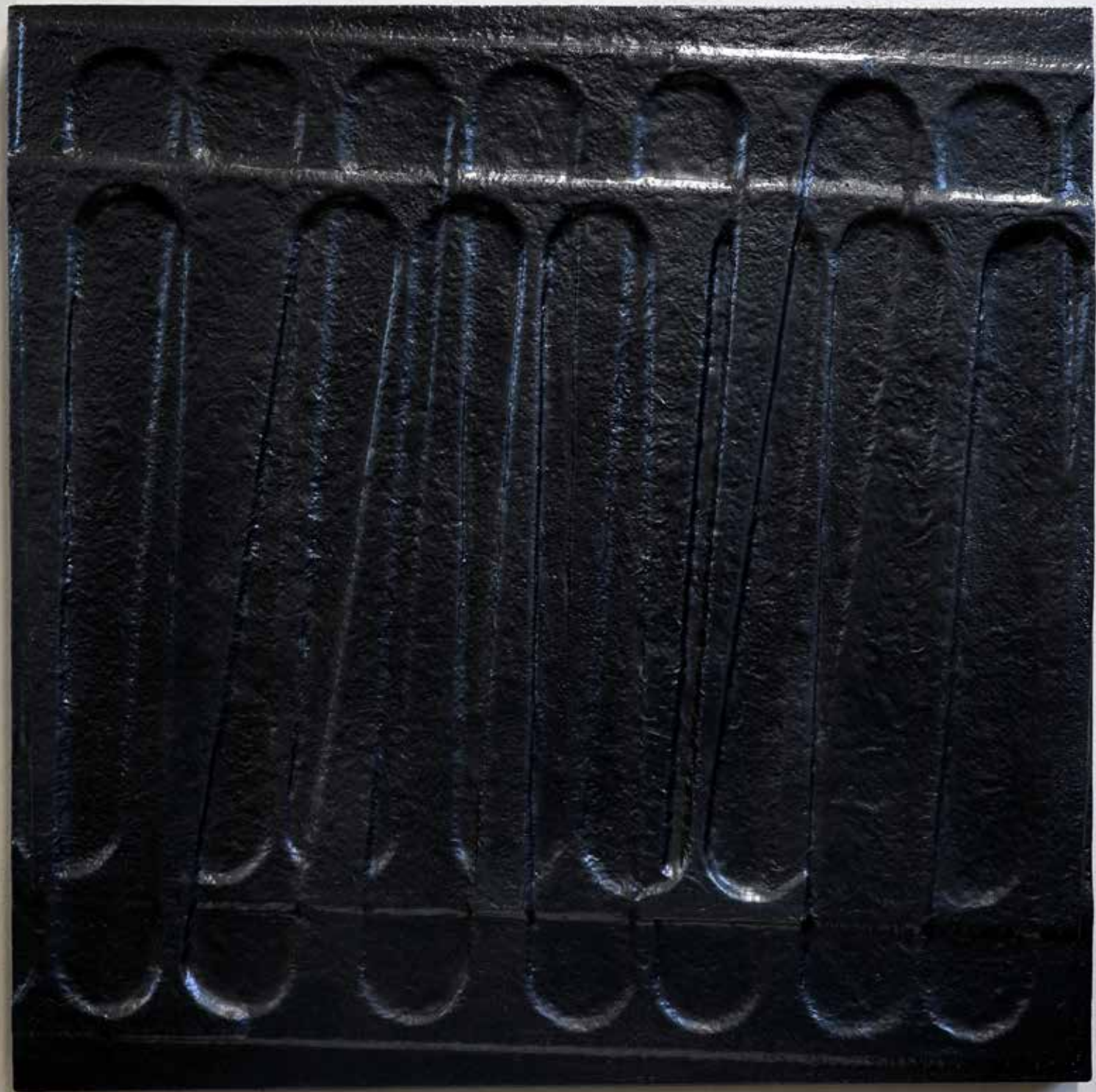
TABULA RASA

Fragments of departures. As for Aristotle, the psyche is a substance able to receive knowledge, so these deep black holes are made visible by light only because they are able to capture the light. Ferrous-like at first sight, pieces of stifling cast iron, they pave the way for that which is possible, they call in order to receive, awaiting epiphanies, quasi-totems of the obscure divine which can be grasped through the light.





FELIX



— Cefea pestifero

— connessioni, Ho lasciato così, penzieri
montano. Molto vicini, dentro

— Professo lo scarto pi bene

— Fessome e piuma accanimenti

— Fesso ma serena, nodi di via

— Prochi nella sentenza, bruci
profonda

— Nonno, costruisco nella materia

— cern e pigmenti - Aquina e polveri

— Interecubinee, visioni, beresnyk.

— Alberto Farinella e forza, Remen.

— indomani cismo e cessa, sospensioni

— Non è inutile in fatica in trascurare pest

— La lettera non roborerà ai preni montagna

— Allora unta d'oleo nante

— Rapano se semplice, ma essenziale, medici

— ... Nuova o Risorse.

From the path to the route

In order to define Felice Martinelli's art we should opt for oxymora. It's not possible to define it according to logical continuity, instead, by the gathering of distant thoughts, encountering and developing with a generative force speculating on the existence of opposites. On the comparison between empty and full, denying the prevalence of the one over the other. On the relationship between painting and sculpture-on the possibility of their fusion and integration. On the connection between seriality and originality and on the reconstruction of the constants allowing selection in a certain level of continuity.

Apparently, those are complex concepts; nevertheless, complexity is to be found in the initial conception of Martinelli's works only, in the previous creative process which is indeed active research, both physical and manual resulting in other types of results essentially because it springs from the research of other meanings.

One could talk about Martinelli's skill to obtain a sort of creative reassembling, though this combination could be misleading-it would limit his own action to a simple choice of pre-existing elements to connect according to his own artistic will. On the contrary, creative reassembling is quite a complex activity: it still implies choosing pre-existing elements and their re-construction of course, but this is just the first step of the artist's research which redefines itself in a downright reformulation of its elements, in a sort of re-molding of its shapes obtaining a different cohesion.

In other words, the shapes chosen by Martinelli are just an excuse (in the literal meaning) for future intervention, basically because they create the frame on which the artist will reconstruct his own shape in relation to his own interpretation.

The process is very similar to the one used in order to realize clay sculptures-they need an armature to support a figure being modeled.

In Martinelli's work alone, this skeleton is the sculpture itself, there is a strong connection between the figure and its skeleton-the figure is the pre-text, the initial choice allowing the realization of the idea.

It's a sculpturing process using modelling, the addition of material, not carving, the removal of material. A shape added to another shape, overlapping each other, intertwining, communicating with other shapes and the space around which is being modelled either in sign or plastic forms depending on the results the artist wants to achieve.

In this game of shapes, the decision to create infinite variables of the same shape, in a continuous dialogue with its double, its adjacent one and its opposite side, plays a crucial role.

If one doesn't pay attention to the initial shape, that starting point Martinelli has chosen as the essential module, it is easy to get lost in the infinite connections-the essential module transforms itself again and again, to the point it wants to be located in the labyrinthian game of its creation.

A potentially infinite game ruled by the artist with mastery and logic-another oxymoron considering the creative redefinition of the multiple forms.

As if the ruling force was wild imagination (it is so as a matter of fact) but

controlled by a rigorous programme of dialectical transformation within the surfaces and its variables. A game exploring the finite possibilities of the shapes joints, trying to project them beyond the finite, moving gradually from juxtaposition to jointing, from two-dimensional shapes to three-dimensional shapes.

All this shows a path moving from the aware evolution of the primary shape to the dialogic redefinition of its dimensions.

The same process takes place in painting too: in the Tantra series we can observe the reproduction-better still the production, of the progressive disequilibrium of the planes not only through the intertwining of the shapes but unequivocally through the matter reconstruction of colour, via unconventional procedures leading the single-dimensional canvas to sculpture and plastic vibrations.

The accumulation of possibilities and variations gives rise to solutions accompanying the study of sculpture-specifically- as Martinelli claims-his sculpture is nothing more than painting in space.

A suggestion already experienced in contemporary art though Martinelli reinterprets his own way, precisely through that process of accumulation and redistribution of the forms in the space which is not a mere act but intellectual action realising in forces one can perceive dynamically as further developments of a germinal idea.

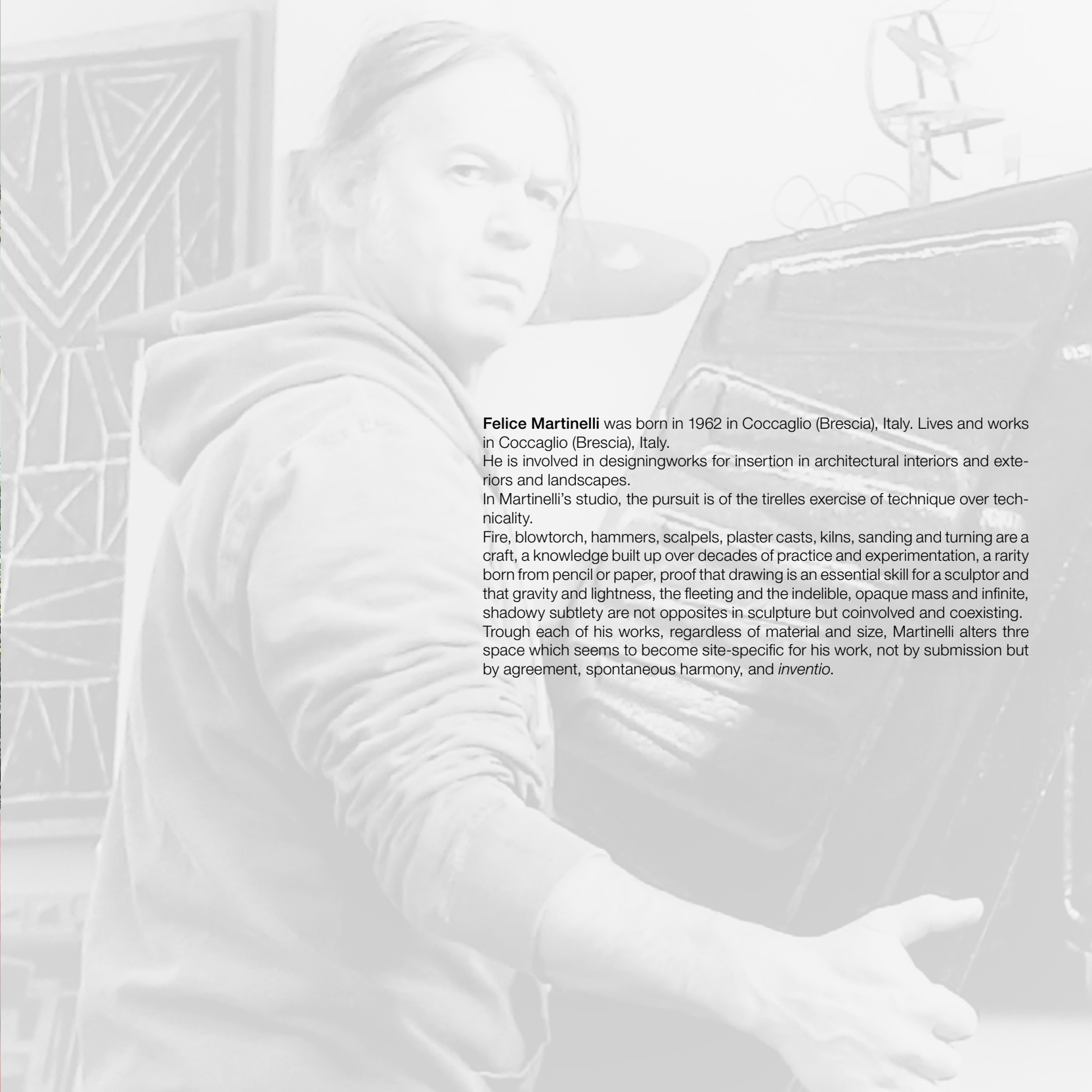
It could appear like an obsessive re-ciphering of the same forms. Since the beginning of his artistic experience Martinelli has been working like that, using circles, ellipses, polygons either concave or convex, filling up or emptying out, thus finding their own collocation in the three-dimensional world as modern armillary spheres or the fancy wheels of eternal recurrence.

The original choice is always in favour of the generative form, we might say 'genetic', quoting the title of a series of few years ago. More than generative form, Martinelli's form is genetic, in the sense that it defines the basis of his own creativity exploding later in prerequisite visible forms-a form that can't help exploring below the surface to find finite/infinite elements of reconstruction.

Exactly like DNA, which generates finite/infinite humans whose intrinsic form and permutation are well known.

Something constantly moving from the simple to the complex, from the definite to the indefinite, from one-dimensional to three-dimensional form. Something clarifying the most extraordinary sentiment of the creation (according to the primordial meaning) as the forging of all things, re-ordering, re-organization of the improbable in the infinity of the finite forms.

In short, Martinelli's artistic gesture derives from the fascination that the coarse form exerts on the intellect. In this sense gesture is action because this fascination needs a factual explanation, a mental reorganization, an artistic translation revealing its hidden strength so as to release the finite/infinite potentiality of the artistic creation.



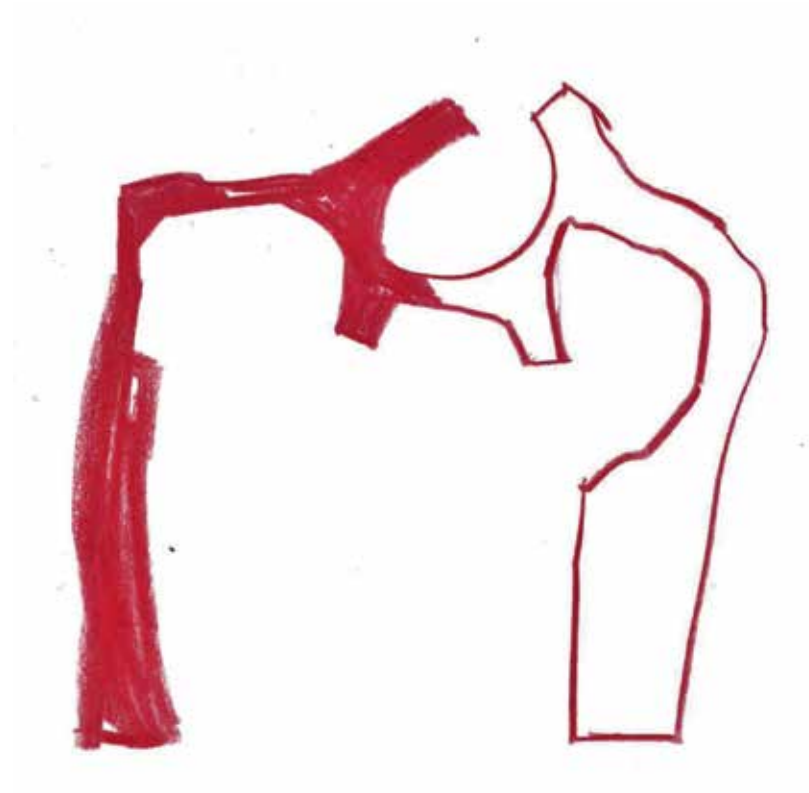
Felice Martinelli was born in 1962 in Coccaglio (Brescia), Italy. Lives and works in Coccaglio (Brescia), Italy.

He is involved in designing works for insertion in architectural interiors and exteriors and landscapes.

In Martinelli's studio, the pursuit is of the tireless exercise of technique over technicality.

Fire, blowtorch, hammers, scalpels, plaster casts, kilns, sanding and turning are a craft, a knowledge built up over decades of practice and experimentation, a rarity born from pencil or paper, proof that drawing is an essential skill for a sculptor and that gravity and lightness, the fleeting and the indelible, opaque mass and infinite, shadowy subtlety are not opposites in sculpture but coinvolved and coexisting.

Through each of his works, regardless of material and size, Martinelli alters the space which seems to become site-specific for his work, not by submission but by agreement, spontaneous harmony, and *inventio*.



NULLA DIES SINE LINEA



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