

The seeds of time

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There is an unusual concept in *Macbeth*, expressed by Banquo when addressing the witches: “If you can look into the seeds of time”- he said- “and say which grain ill grow and which will not, speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear your favours nor your hate”. Here the seed could be compared with the warping that regulates the accidental flow of time, where the new form that is embodied in turn can be sealed and imposed; he who does not fear or does not beg the undifferentiated universe of witches is the artist himself, who is rather intent upon interpreting the sense of his own destiny in the material he moulds. This concept, which I have defined as unusual but should instead be called enigmatic, has its symmetrical duplication in Hermann Melville who, describing a day in the life of his activities, speaks of himself “like a frigate, I am full with a thousand souls”; and “when my ship lies tranced on Eternity’s main”, that is when “the many, many souls in me speak one at a time, then all with one voice”, alternating with the lead soloist just like heather as it attracts swarms, an infinite dissemination of events.

Pinelli's artistic itinerary is identical to the above-mentioned, one that is not easily categorized within ephemeral trends, intimately choosing to collect the most varied attributes, thrones and dominations. All while expertly sailing through the fickle world of art, as the evangelical stalls of publicans, woven with cryptic gestures, improvident wrinkles, mild whispered deceptions, fictitious sales and purchases, mercurial swings that from one day to the other, from one hour to the next, causing the rise and fall (together with the work of art) of the presiding monetary value and that instead, in origin, should have been constituted as unalterable norm, measure and warning.

A shaky world, in constant metamorphosis, which can a more solid new foundation in the artist; for whom each single artwork is not (as for the market) the attainment of a momentary whim, but rather the consolidation of single moments in progression, in the sublimating unique final accord that understands and justifies the same.

Should we linger over Pino Pinelli's artistic paths, we might make out two constant features that were evident from the very beginning and also continue to haunt him today: the first is the metaphysical sense of space, that opens up to every object he develops and seems to arrange it according to a hypothetical wind star, in a direction that qualifies and symbolizes him. Therefor the wonderful synthesis of circular, oblique, rectangular (but misaligned at the corners) shapes are highlighted on monochrome walls; as open as the lines of the horizon, pounding or closed in its shell like a tortoise; and sharp parenthesis, sudden alphabets, scattered clouds and drops, the rotating of solar and saturnine planets, night patrols that open up to dawn, paths streaked by the white light of the moon, locks, arrows flung against the sky as in Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*, or according to the ancient liturgy in which *jaculum*-arrow comes from the *giaculatoria*-prayer.

coming directly from industry, which he manipulates and shapes like an alchemist in his workshop, until he finally obtains the *fragment* or monad of the new entelechy that is being metrically established and organized in space.

The second characteristic - a tormenting **one**- is colour; we can already find it mature and philosophical in his early works where soft greens, yellows and whites intersect to identify fragments of nature, arranged on the canvas according to rhythms extraneous to reason, but integral to the soul: and they are strips of beaches, crystal-clear skies, palisades, asphalt marked with lines that move towards an indefinable goal (Gestalt element that can be found in his major works): sharp and profound taxonomies, worthy of Linnaeus, elaborated according to the concepts of *natura naturans* not already, or not yet, *naturata*. Hence for Pinelli colour, just like space, is not the product of simple quantitative blends, but a sophisticated ratio of experiences and visionary qualities that in a Goethe-like manner culminate in the mechanisms of the individual eye.

Similarly, when fixedly staring at a bright yellow object, and then going on to stare at an anonymous wall, a blue sub-image will then appear. When observing a red object, a green sub-image will then emerge. This is proof, according to Goethe, that the mechanism of colour has its origin inside the eye itself, being highlighted as the essential function of light and darkness. Goethe's theory was at length marginalized compared to Newton's scientific one, whereas artists (from Kandinskij onwards) considered it the essential foundation for new conquests and new adventures of the spirit. And even in the field of music, should it be true that along with Rimsky-Korsak a flowing symphony was planned where colour became the dominant structure; whereas with Diaghilev, Russian ballet changed into a pure dancing rhythmic colour spectrum.

Whit these theories fixed in our minds, finally we are allowed to gain access into Pinelli's powerful and flickering monochrome works, made up of primary colours (red and blue in particular) once used to paint Greek temples after they were lined with stucco; to his magical black squares, like the one in Dürer's *Melencolia*, by means of which the microcosm is woven together with the macrocosm; to the transhumanist yellows; and ultimately white, the non-colour, the origin of all colours; and once again for Goethe travelling uncontaminated with light, white becomes impregnated and grows, like Melville's thousand souls, with rocks, waters, trees and animals, giving to each of them the life of rusty lands, which is assimilated with the blood of men.