

Marsèlleria

permanent exhibition

Felix, an antagonistic fictional character belongs to Alessandro Di Pietro's quadrilogy initiated in 2016. The final chapter of the quadrilogy started during Di Pietro's fellowship at the American Academy in Rome in February 2018.

The previous work developed in Rome *The self-fulfilling Owen prophecy* can be read as a prequel to the current iteration. *Felix* can be read as a forward jump-cut in the narrative structure of the quadrilogy, projecting Owen in a near future, a time when his supposed prophecy had been fulfilled.

The space that hosts this final chapter is somewhat already aware of this condition, anticipating changes related to rites of passage: from childhood towards the cultural implications of the object. This current show at Marsèlleria juxtaposes memories and historical value in relation to the hollowness of forms.

The text that follows originated as a series of notes that I compiled during the initial stages of *Felix* at Marsèlleria.

"Listen, Morty, I hate to break it to you but what people call love is just a chemical reaction that compels animals to breed. It hits hard, Morty, then it slowly fades, leaving you stranded in a failing marriage. I did it. Your parents are gonna do it. Break the cycle, Morty. Rise above. Focus on science"

(*Rick and Morty*)

The emotional has since faded. What remains here resembles heat and electricity, time and consumed flesh. A residue situated in sporadic active pockets, there, where hollow time capsules lend themselves to the existing architecture of the heat distribution system. The warm polymer enrobed structures are batteries, rechargeable devices that recall the elongated feline form, Canova, hollow lion fur, Hercules and Lichas, Rome.

The dangers of such love was evident from the onset, I had decided to try repeatedly nonetheless.

Aware that I would eventually need to cure myself I have always found - in the act of forcing myself - a surge of energy, that is perhaps only connected to the subject's vital needs. This provides selfish return, a form of comfort that I am also experiencing right now.

... then you come to realise that it is history that furnished the illusion of cheating the sociological implications of self-fulfilling prophecies.

Luckily, the course of events can be modified in relation to what I refer to as archeologies of the future, perceiving past events as they re-unfold in the near future, a return that is marked by profound cultural and emotional emptiness.

"Every day a new, subtle layer of history distanced me from the truth".
(*Patience*).

Thus, I have taken the liberty of imagining for example a feline body that could perhaps be stretched to infinity or that a light-reflective textile could become a time-preserving opaque screen. A space where a sepulcher could somehow become a technological relic after a few months, a space within which electrical devices had the ability to cut off contact with the outside world; in an attempt at investing energy in innovative systems not unlike events at the Knickerbocker hospital of New York in 1901.

Not really sure if it was history that brought me here.

"My peripheral vision seems to dim a bit... it looks like a... a vibration at the edges. The body temperature begins to lower. Is this... everything we are?" (Dr. John Thackery, *The Knick*)

Giovanna Manzotti