

The artist is a human being just like anybody else, with the difference that to the artist creative intuition is a priority. And what is creative intuition? Besides recurring to the word “art” definitions, we must try to understand the dynamics pushing the individual to “make” something that didn’t exist before, that is, to manifest their vision or interpretation of reality – probably hidden within each one of us- through tools and techniques chosen to their taste. However, we must say that the artist is not always an artist, sometimes he/she is a fop, that is, a being that flies casually a little bit here and a little bit there, a flight which could be a reflex of a trend or a fashion, a flight of appearance characterizing the humanly visible aspect. These individuals are identified as artists because that is what the appearances dictate; however, artists, though sometimes they might seem excentric, are mostly anonymous and invisible beings and, most of all, have a secret life designed for the creative moment, the moment when the artists transform and dig within their own being, most of the times in search of the genius within themselves. In a few words, their investigation is almost a hierophany. It is easy today to be called an artist, it’s enough to write a few verses, smear a canvas or to play four base chords, but art does not come from a search for limelight or a desire to talk about the daily news, art is a product of the intuition of the deep, and it develops through the inner digging. Think about Beethoven: what was so great about him that made him capable of writing such music, defining new canons and compositional territories? All he made was new, didn’t fit with any trend or fashion. Thinking about his creative “genius”, I shudder when I hear some contemporary singer being called artist, if not even genius (I know, the comparison is not generous, but all artists should do it in the silence of their studios withing themselves, without any pity for their own ego, which is their true enemy). That’s the reason why I would like to bring a little bit of order. An artistic event, being poetry, painting, dance or anything else, springs from an inner impulse. Such impulse, for its own nature, remains shrouded in mystery. If mystery didn’t exist, we wouldn’t be speaking of art. Quite simply, our rationalization capability would be too strong and it would prevent us from going beyond. So, what is mystery? And, what’s your reaction when exploring mystery? A friend once told me something like: “imagine you are running fast and suddenly the abyss opens right before you and you stop just in time: you are there at the edge of the chasm, you see the void and it takes your breath away... that’s the sensation that the poetry of art must give you” ... And he was right!

The artist, in the creative act, somehow draws an excavation within his/her own being, explores the unexplored, disobeys mainstream forms and reasonings preferring the unknown. The artist penetrates the depths to listen to the voice driving him though he knows that the mystery will always be mystery and that reaching the fathomless depths of the soul it’s impossible, because the soul is a bottomless chasm and to explore it is an insane act. And the fops? I’ve heard being said that “art gives emotions” many times. That’s not true. Emotions are the artistic perception’s impoverishment, they are a defensive mechanism, they’re not native, but aroused by external agents. An example is fear: you see a lion coming at you, you are afraid and run away. Fear saved your life. Survival of the human being depends on emotions in great measure. But in art they are a protective screen which, if the artwork that reveals the abyss has a profound impact, protect us from the danger of falling into it. At the end of your career, when you are about to fall into the abyss, do you have emotions? Of course: fear, bewilderment, surprise, and who knows what else. But these are not the abyss, they are the consequence. If art explores the abyss, emotions save us from insanity. This is not a joke. How many artists, going relentlessly beyond, have gone insane? You can name many, but without making endless lists, let’s go back to our beloved Beethoven. He lived his inner world, harmonized it and tried to bring it to the light. Was he crazy? Of course, to compose music and bring about a cultural

revolution in his field – with deafness on top of it all – was not an exercise you do in a gym or in the various schools of meditation, and he didn't get to do what he did thanks to a life coach or the advice of some influencer either. He got there by exploring the abyss! And the abyss is bottomless! Therefore, let's dismiss the emotions and let's look for the abyss. But, how do we navigate? Let's see if this example is of any help: if something serious happens, we see that many "artists" following the flow of the news write "poems", songs or paint on a canvas. They are artists that follow the emotion of the moment. I'm not saying that such actions are to be condemned, but the sense of art is not encased in repeating what has already been written by the reporters. Unless the talent overpowers the emotion of the moment. But the, is the creative act an initiation path? Yes. If it is creative and confronts the abyss, it is creative in every sense.

Bottomline the abyss is the mystery inside of us and reveals itself at the end of that unbridled race mentioned by my friend, and it's needless to say that the exploration – but also the sole perception, of that abyss, is a mystical experience. What about the user of the artwork? The dialog with a work of art is filled with emotions, but even there the difference must be pointed out: if I get moved when I listen to the song that was popular when I was a child, what moves me it is not the song, but the memory. If, on the other hand, that song is the outcome of a creative artistic process, then the song goes beyond and even remains through times. But we need to free it from personal memories and appreciate it for what it is. So, let's start from the idea that the artist, when making art, does not convey emotions, on the contrary, avoids them and then colours the artwork with the voices he listens in his interior. And these are the echoes of the archetypes. To make art is to go beyond the protective cloak forged by the emotions, is to erase its effect and confront the abyss. To enjoy the art is to be able to discern, even if only for a moment, that deep calling towards the abyss and come out transformed. If the artist is like a gardener who sees his flowers blooming and the artwork is like a flower that does nothing else but to manifest itself, to enjoy that manifestation without resisting it is an act of humility that makes us grow. The creative act is to search for the seed, exploring the abyss, peek into the chasm, and share that journey. That is why it can be said that the artist confronts the mystery and, when he does it, lives his trance. And Loona Contemporary tries to propose this mystery through the works of the selected artists. Claudio Fiorentini