

LE VITE

Via Privata Don Bartolomeo Grazioli 45, IT 20161 Milan

Opening hours: Thursday-Saturday 15.00-19.00

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Wanting to paint, I couldn't help but reflect on the nature of some of the problems, I've found myself involved in these years. *Knowing that I don't know how to paint* and what painting is, are the thoughts I've come to. We are uncertain whether today, a value or an ideal on which a way of applying color can be based, instead of another, is in reality a relative value, representing taste or personalism. To me however, it can't be satisfying to only observe these complex issues, nor can one generally be intimidated by the implied possibilities in new situations and times - simply ignoring them.

The synchronicity found in the two terms, *Art and Life*, and the interpretation of this relationship have represented a constant and prevailing tendency that has guided the development and study of formal language, but above all has contributed to the emergence of an ethical consciousness in the artist and their work, linking these two terms together. In every occurrence so far, from the beginning of modernity to now, the creation of meaning has in turn generated, the creation of a sense of responsibility and a role.

Life and work are in touch with each other, following the realization that *nothing* is between them. Since this *nothingness* can not be representative, the "representative surroundings" (what isn't *nothing*: life and work) allow a spatiotemporal placement to therefore define its physicality and specificity. This negative space restores the ability to play.

Existing in spite of nothingness, abandoning what seems logical and secure but really isn't. Painting can offer this possibility, in the non-correspondence between language and confirmed reality: in the intangible empty space that forms every relation, founded on the basis of preconceived differences. Moreover, despite all the difficulties described above, I believe that supporting myself with painting, can provide solutions, precisely where it has shown problems.

Art and life are two very different things, but they have the same nothingness in common that keep them in contact. Art should aspire, in my opinion, to be something other than the consequence of an "artistic" life. If it is possible to imagine life without art, perhaps it could also be possible to imagine a form of art without a biography, an era or an ideal attached to it, supremely indifferent to the colors, lines, shapes or techniques that are used; capable of liberating itself from the author and liberating the life of said person, the one who generated it.

Philosophy means *love of knowledge*, not knowledge itself, having been lost one feels this love in an attempt to recover it, to return to an age of the wise when life still disguised itself in simple and spontaneous rags.

Philosophy presents a unique purpose for everyone, the intuitions and speculations are captured through the instrument of writing. Wisdom is oral, fragmentary, expressed in dialogues and enigmas mediated by the living word. Compared to its lover, it is less gentle and it can be darker and more terrifying in some respects, but also more playful and light-hearted when looked at in depth.

Painting represents the original form of mediation that humanity has made use of with an immediate hold on life, it is the first cognitive relationship expressed concretely to the world. The first signs of knowledge, resulting from an *appreciation of sight* - art developed metaphorically as *the love of painting*, entertaining a relationship not unlike that between philosophy and knowledge. If *the age of the wise* has been lost, in the boundaries separating a mythical sense of time and a historical one, there doesn't seem to be a time of the past that has proved bold enough to go back to for an *age of painters* - it is then necessary to search in the only place that still retains these traces, in our interiority, in our DNA. If we wanted, these ideal ages that have never existed outside of us, can still be alive here and today. The possibilities that painting is able to restore, in regards to the inexorable, determine its purpose as a guardian of a unique form of reversible and repeatable time, always existing inside man, but has never really been exhibited. This temporality, that has never been calculated by humans like us, is hidden in the small observations of one's own world, it can be fully embraced with a single glance, from the top of a cliff extending above cities and villages, to experience an intimate relationship with it. True past and true future are free from our shadow, forcefully projecting its shape onto their fields, their temples and their caves, to recognize itself in its present space.

Reflecting on *the seven wise men* in ancient Greece to the eight encounters with *the superior men* found in "*Thus spoke Zarathustra*" - our vision of conventional time must be left behind in order to teach ourselves how to sense tens of centuries, as if they were a single day, going from dawn to dusk. Renewing the desire in us, to overcome and recover the integrity in what we recognize as authentic, originating in ourselves, from what the collectivity demands of us and constantly expects us to reveal, in contrast to that source. On this night, until the following day, there are no lights projecting our silhouette on the passing of time - and everyone can call their surroundings in other ways, with different names than the ones assigned by their neighbor. Even those awake,

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who aren't dreaming, would not be able to agree on the nature of what is in front of them. Without light and without shadows, but by staying in contact, we can agree on what we each touch with our hands, on the ground one treads, and in the ruins one takes refuge in: Lighting a fire, to see whether we too will overcome ourselves, when the Sun goes over the horizon.