

# **The Breath of the Heavens**

*by Maria Luciani*

Photography is no longer the vigil eye that appropriates what it sees, no longer the lens that captures that which appears; it is a metamorphosis of seeing which becomes an introspective eye powerfully penetrating the soul of things: this is the intertwining of science and consciousness.

This unicum is “The Breath of the Heavens”, defined as sublimation and rarefaction. It is a sort of return to the divine project, in which creation is not static in its morphology: it is the eye and soul of the artist which enters the meanders of essence.

The spirit of things rises to a different, uncommon language, which only the rarefied sensibility of artist Rossella Pezzino de Geronimo can interpret. Science uproots and cuts up a flower in order to discover its secrets, and paradoxically, what it finds there is....death, while the consciousness penetrates among the roots, soil and lymph to enter into the mystery of life; it almost obliterates the appearance to see the being. It is quintessence, intimacy, powerful confidence between subject and object. It is an interchange, a give and take that comes close to God: it is the mute word that becomes a symbiotic message; paraphrasing Kant, I might dare to criticise practical reason, the humus of which is the empirical world, marrying the criticism of pure reason and giving birth to the criticism of judgement, which becomes a peak almost unreachable by the human species, closer to eternity than the human mind may ever realise. This is not immanentism, or pantheism; it is simply the essence of every thing that emerges, that stands out as a heterogeneous essence.

Entering into the spirit of creation, after the massification of being, of epochal depersonalisation and imperative ethical relativism, means seeking that new age, that singularity of the artist who makes peace with the world again to rediscover its uniqueness. It is post-existentialism rebelling against the mantra of standardisation.