

## **Eames Fine Art – Veta Gorner – Hymns**

The world is overheating, literally and figuratively.

And I am not altogether sure if being a human is a surplus to the system. And what it feels like to be a human anyway? Outside perceived security, conformity, the hierarchy of power, and dominance. What are human hopes now, in a time of Big Change?

My first memory of picking up an etching needle goes back 20 years. It was indeed love at first sight, or a first stroke. It is still a tool I go to when striving for expressiveness and precision. It is an instrument I take with me when I embark on searching for The Truth. In those 20 years, we've come a long way: me and my etching needle. We learned to be graceful, smart, how to harmonize, and how to keep it light and moving.

Now, it feels like the right time to be direct and be urgent.

For me, there is nothing less boring, and nothing feels freer than having an etching needle in hand and experiencing the thrill of weaving lines and dashes into a story, or better...a song.

Etching is also an incredibly challenging process. All the effort, start to finish, is literally imprinted. Nowhere to hide, a needle being a line and a tune maker.

Having an instrument to trust and excitement from practicing your skill is a gift, no doubt. These are amplifiers and a tribune for what you've got to say. And I have always seen my passion and curiosity in reconciling emotional and physical in human experience, defying the segregation of either/or, intuitive vs rational; expressing transcendent in a primitive physical form and matter and the medium of print.

The print, as I see it, is primarily a device for communication and yet an intimate form of art (albeit it was known for the scale impact; thanks, technology!)

My senses tell me a print's resonance is within a human arm's length. A viewer will experience my work at roughly the same distance as I see it when I make it. The artist and the audience hence appear equidistant from the work, a curious juxtaposition, and mystery of connection I come to practice again and again.

An artist's work is the artist's statement. All we need is time and an exchange of goodwill in pursuit of a greater meaning. Truth, on the other hand, may not be solely (if at all) the preserve of words. We live surrounded by noise, opinions, pronouncements, and news bites. But the truth, it seems, is often felt. Not heard.

It also often defies proof. And the central human truths, the way I think of it, are a longing for freedom and autonomy and a mortal test of coexisting with one another. And so, since the dawn of days, we sing, dance, and write poetry to express our true selves and grace the times we live in.

It is an act of defiance and an expression of hope. A belief in a human ability to see subtleties, perceive harmony and simply put, hold onto, and practice empathy.

My "Hymns" are the silent melodies for the noisy world. Part songs - part dance. I think of a hymn as an antidote to cynicism, and maybe it is an escape from reality, a lament on life's limits, and a longing for a beautiful and meaningful miracle. But also, it is a moment to pause, to catch a breath, to think before we act, to praise the important things in life.

Art is undeniably a refuge, but also a relentless mechanism to preserve our humanity.

It is as true now as it was a millennia ago. The moment we lose the capacity to communicate feelings and strive to understand each other - we are doomed. My hope is that there is a fight in all of us to resist and live a more harmonious life.

*Veta Gorner, 2023*