



SPLITTING THE ARTIST FROM THE PERSON

By Timothy S. Klugh

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Split me in two, and you'll see completely different versions of me. There is the person and the artist. The person of course is more human and therefore subject to life's struggles. He makes flaws; He is over-sensitive; He's fights personal demons; He struggles to correctly interpret the world around him.

He has good attributes too. He wants to do the rights things; He strives to live a life that is fair to himself and others; He tries to inspire and help others (that have good hearts) who show potential and want to reach those potentials; He cares what people think despite being told not too because it is something he just is; The "person" is the conscious and self-aware side of me.

The artist is more of an energy built out of actions rather than a personal shelter. If my creations and performances had a life of their own, they would be the artist side of me. In that artist, I see fearlessness, boldness, beauty, and a confidence that is not only immune to others' judgement but does not even recognize such a concept as "judgement". The flaw of the artist is it is not the shell I live in. It is something else. It is energy that only lasts as long as the creation or performance lasts. It is fleeting and does not stay.

When people make reference to me, many times they talk about the talents. They define me by the artistic side, and, although that is the part of me that is seen most, as I said above, it is not where I dwell. So I do wonder whether others actually know me or whether they know my art and think it is me. I find those that know me by the artist alone seem disappointed to find the real person is not fearless, not bold. I wonder what a shock that can be.