

Whispers and screams, left and right, searching beneath stones, up high in the sky, for saviors. Crisis; difficult times. However, why should art, as though it were a politician, assume the role of some savior risen up from his deathbed?

Art, in any one of its forms, is a personal matter, deeply rooted in the judgment of the one. It lives and dies with the person, it is an integral part of him and it wanders with him up until the end. It is molded, shaped and aroused by the social and spiritual circumstances he experiences, either breathing heavily in the Western world's crisis or floundering in totalitarian regimes or being delirious in earthly paradises.

The attributing of a role to art – in any facet of life – is something that does not constitute a prerequisite for me; on the contrary, it is inextricably linked with artistic intellectuals and instructors, “specialists” and others who are responsible for the regime art that oozes “un-talent”. Thus, it is up to each creator whether he will stay intact, whether he will mold and develop his own essential criteria and continue to lead his own way wondering and “bellicose”.

In short, art – for the author – was, is, and will be, personal. And just like another Kafka's mattock, it must break the frozen sea within us.