

One cannot renew Art. 'Art' is an invention of the Renaissance which has today refined itself to the utmost degree possible. An enormous concentration was needed to make good works of Art. One could only develop this concentration by neglecting life (as in religion) or to lose life entirely. That is today impossible for we are only interested in life!...We too must distribute our forces upon all life. That is real progress. This progress negates exclusive concentration. It can only give instantaneous snapshots of life. That is the first reason why Art is impossible. ...Let us rather create a new life-form which is adequate to the functioning of modern life.

T h e o v a n D o e s b u r g / / "The End of Art", 1926

(Anarchy) is thought, incorrectly, to mean unplanned upheaval and disorder. But anarchy is regularity and order created not by an external and ultimately powerless force, but by the feeling for the good. Limits are set up here, too, but they must be internal limits and must replace external ones. These limits are constantly extended, giving rise to an ever-increasing freedom that, in turn, opens the way for subsequent revelations.

W a s s i l y K a n d i n s k y / / "On the Question of Form", 1912

Whenever I have a feeling I carry it out. I never fight against a feeling....I am not a fakir and a magician. I am God in a body. Everyone has that feeling, but no one uses it. I do make use of it, and know its results. People think that this feeling is a spiritual trance, but I am not in a trance. I am love. I am in a trance, the trance of love....I want everyone to be in a trance of feelings....I like hunchbacks and other freaks. I am myself a freak who has feeling and sensitiveness, and I can dance like a hunchback. I am an artist who likes all shapes and all beauty. Beauty is not relative....I love beauty. I feel it and understand it....I am feeling beauty. I love beauty.

V a s l a v N i j i n s k y / / The Diary of Vaslav Nijinsky, 1919

in the past the artist has existed within society in two disguises ...the slave or the exiled...on the surface the artist allowed himself to be seduced by the exotic dogma of the church...they translated their spirit thru the spectacular creatures of the bible...I remember feeling an intense sense of relief when I examined the news clipping...the madman's mallet...I felt a bond w/ this rude offender--as the neo artist is the ultimate criminal who rapes and reveals and redefines space..no longer will the artist serve under popes and kings...sculptors exult in the new rock of ages...the art emerging from the boundless scope of rock n roll needs no other patron but the people. the neo artist--the nigger of the universe--rises thru the people...is an extension of the people...no longer to fear critics and parasites and those of sleeping cranium..wake up around us...we niggers are rising...our eyes are lazars...our hair is buttered and our Ethiopias and our work is the heart beat of the future.

P a t t i S m i t h / / "Radio Ethiopia", 1976