

*im of music is silence*

### The Artist

I imagine a world of inexhaustible, unseen forms.  
From that which I do not see – an endless world arises.  
I will talk about myself for I do not know how everything in  
nature imagines the world.  
Amongst those who are like me, each imagines the world to him-  
self in his way,  
and many accept that which is already there.  
The artist of colour, the artist of sound and the artist of volume –  
these are the people who open the hidden world and reincarnate it  
into the real.  
The mystery remains – an open reality and each reality is end-  
lessly multifaceted and polyhedral.  
Man was discovered by the artist and after many centuries has  
achieved perfection.  
The artist uncovers the world and shows it to man.  
Artists of the past did not realise the brightness of sunlight, they  
did not know the mists.  
Man and animal were schematic.  
They did not perceive landscapes and the reflection of the sky  
on leaves.  
They uncovered symmetry in nature and grew to know the types  
of trees.  
And thus unto infinity each saw differently.  
And he told about what *he* saw in a thing, that which his friend  
could not see.  
If we were to collect all the pictures, from the primeval artist  
until today then –  
We would see how the world changed in form and what additions  
are to be seen in it now.

There were exceptional individuals to whom it was given to see the brink of the world or the object in a different fashion: they created a means of transference, and by this they excited those who were inferior to themselves, multiplying them into a whole row of people who became aware of the brink, splintering ever more what was seen. Consequently it was the artist's role to uncover the world of things and its realism. The same part belonged to any discoverer who saw things in another fashion, contrary to that of the artist.

From the sum total of results we arrived at an imagining of the objective world as a whole.

Consequently the artist must be amongst things for it is through him that a new vision is disclosed, a new symmetry of nature; he finds what is commonly called beauty.

But beauty is the fruit of education and habit, at first a thing may be ugly - later it becomes beautiful; beauty is secondary.

In other words, that which is easily acceptable within the feelings of comfort becomes beautiful.

In Art some new forms will arouse protest. They are not acceptable.

But if something is not acceptable, it means that it has already affected feelings of comfort, and inevitably, sooner or later, it will destroy this comfort and take its place amongst the things that have been adopted.

Many artists - having seen the world and penetrated more powerfully and deeply into it, protested and painfully destroyed those imaginings of yesterday that were still alive.

Even before yesterday's imaginings slowly faded away, they forcefully expelled the entire order of surrounding objects and established a new order within themselves.

But for many years they had to live alone and nobody could find rest in their cloisters.

Looking at the world, new and pure, he alone walked into the

open Paradise. Many of the blessed ones have died in it, and only after their death did new crowds come, in order to lift the veil of mystery. And they saw the world through the eyes of the artist.

What is creation? The artist sees the world in a different fashion, this vision belongs to him alone for what he has seen is not similar to the vision of others.

The vision itself was already in existence, or the existing forms prolonged its existence through their own form.