

Garbage Cant

When you think of art you have to come from afar, whether when writing a text or doing a visualisation, an exhibition or any other confrontation relating to art. You have to have a feeling of destination – otherwise everything becomes senseless – while the feeling of destination in the times like these is in question.

There is no auto-sufficient scene, there is no intellectual elite, there is nothing outside the spectacular goods but there are, still, the individuals stuck somewhere in certain spaces like the vagrants with some relation to art. But not more than a relation, as performing art within the society based on Macchiavellian apologetics requesting formalism from art like some chewing gum in the mouth would be impossible. A cynicism, violence, epigonism and commonplace dominate, so that art, due to the situation just described, cannot be realised, except as an extreme phenomenon. Love, good feeling, inspiration and enthusiasm, which should be prerogatives and the results of art do not exist. It is not possible to live art not even as an asceticism, neither there is something possible except the elementary philosophic existence – to be alive!

When I received a call from this group of young artists who studied at the best academy in the world (Kunstakademie in Dusseldorf) – where the professors were above all the exceptional artists – and in which it was announced that I had been chosen to be a special sign to them for an exhibition they were preparing, to participate in it with them, I accepted it as a joyful thing but as the impotence at the same time. For how to support young artists, a talented diaspora, when I had nothing which could be stimulative, not by personal example not by positive projection. The only thing left is a fact that art survives and will survive no matter what. The art ferment is undestructable, although killing biologically. The example of Gino de Dominicis, a recent suicide as a last and conclusive art performance, treated as a gallery or museum exhibition, with a critic Italo Tomassoni, represents a piece of art as totality, is an axiom message, is everything I could recommend to your artists. Of course, *no* to martyrdom but *yes* to the question of art as a question to be or not to be. That is essential, and not the linguism and formalism – to be for real

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Rome, November 7, 2001.