

DESCRIPTION

1312PA

Art is beyond everyday rationality.

Art is something more, this *addition* is the real importance.

The way artists create not only has some ideals feeling, but perhaps this ideal is the real aim of the creation. Therefore art is not creating what is human but what is *beyond human*, not what is life, but what is *beyond life*, not what is natural, but what is *beyond nature*.

Art is not only a masterful coinage, but master creation of where *super-entity* is manifested.

What is the meaning of art? A new reflection. Life creates the reflection of the outside world as private world. Art creates the reflection of this private world either. This reflection is the new freedom, the new possibility of choice for the world and for the people. This opens a door. This door is our building. Let's get in.

We are finally here, at the boundary of the fruitful interaction between East and West, in front of a building, being down to Earth with both feet and don't understand it. The clue is missing to understand. We are deeply in ignorance, we don't know what is this. We see walls, but they are not protecting, rather a kind of presentation is the role, presentation that the life between the walls is *invulnerable*, no explanation on what is behind and we can guess that there is no explanation inside either what men can expect. The entrance is not dominant, simply allows you to get in, an opening, where you get to enter to the interior space if you want, doesn't offer anything, just stays open. *Always stays open*. Let's continue our journey.

To enter one level below the city square we are in the starting zone. We are in the magnetic field of the strange escalators along the wall. We start to go up. *What is this dynamic action?* Going around and around, insinuation, circulation around a hidden altar in a permanent vertigo? What is covering this mist? Is it a dance of the dervish swirling around the transcendent, towards the art? What is this magnetic field alluring us unstoppable like a *black hole*? We are in the magnetic field, on our own way to the self-knowledge on the event-horizon of the black hole. This *event-horizon* is the external skin, where we are moving. By moving along the a event-horizon elevation together with a lot of other people we call the attention of the City, inviting people to explore the hidden secret with us. This action allows the liberation of our emotions, creating the feeling of independence and preparing us to enter.

The event-horizon is a frontier. With our motion we prepare ourselves, clean ourselves and as the light of conscience is growing in us, an other light, a *mysterious light* starts growing around us. This is the character of the frontier, of the event-horizon. Over lighted, *shadow-*

less area. The area of the extremity, chemistry of the multiple-light, the over –enhanced consciousness, and the starting mystery . What common is that they are beyond men, beyond the real life, manifest of the real transcendent world. We are finally here in the double-sided eternity, on a frontier, on the event-horizon, in the double light of the real world and the mystery, on the border. This fictional space is dreadfully shadow-less, a space where dither stops. We are prepared, we can enter. *The black-hole draws in.*

We are inside. The time has stopped, but art has nothing to do with time. World must be stopped. Separate, create, and show moments, pictures which are worth to end this way. But not only time stops here in the black-hole, inside the building. This is different than the world of logic. This is a world where magic is not a tool but the base of the world. Magic, is not something we use, magic is the aim itself, the live-and die human life. We are in the middle of a fairy tale. The spinner of yarns and the audience as well. This is the reason why the story never ends, one starts from the other again and again. Now we are no visitors any more, but “victims” of the black-hole. We participate in the fairy-tale, in *others and in ours at the same time*, this is a load on us but an exceptional situation, we can see something for what we can have only approval from above, a world at the moment of creation.

This is the blessed mystification of world. Everybody finds his own fairy-tale, himself. A fairy-tale makes you possible to rise a men to a saint, to the intellectual, to open the mind in a higher conciseness, to the art. The magic can happen any time, not only in communication with the transcendent, but the transcendent is part of the world. This world is beyond the human measure, the world of absolute freedom. *Super-entity.*

Everything is complete here, good is the best, bad is the worst, a clean situation. World of a fairy-tale, world of the fiction, empire of fantasy crossing the boundaries of reality and desire, reality and fantasy. The home of the men beyond history, means a more complete life. Here our fantasy can be free. Let's hurt, what may hurt. A fairy-tale doesn't hurt. The fairy-tale marks a transcendent area as a magic circle, this is indicated by the walls, the untouchable spirit of life. This is the home of art. This is this building.

The aim of the magic world of art is – similarly to the geometric “giri” ornament eternity – to realize an idea where – instead of the bad, chaotic, loose world - we can choose a better one, which hold everything together, the world of art.

Compared to the shadow-less light of the event-horizon, the fairy-tale world of art – in the black –hole – magical, transcendent lights mystic shadows, dark colours, dramatic spaces are dominating in rigorous order. There is no right direction inside, as a matter of fact, no direction at all. The rooms are not interlocking to each other in line on a European way, all

rooms are for their individual space, representing the whole, the complete building, the transcendent world. This world is at the same time are in fragments and at the same time is complete, all elements are part of the whole and on the contrary; the whole building, the fairy-tale of art represents the unchangeable universe of every moment. This way all spaces of the building has a perfect individual life, but can be also perfectly used together.

This concept continuous during the selection of materials. The same three- four type of material is used throughout the building, from soft to hard. The quantity, the perforation, the flexibility, etc. are footprint of the specification of each space. (acoustical requirements)

We start to leave the mystical fairy-tale world, the black-hole through the circulation cores which are in rigorous order. Entering to the city square level – one level above from where we started – where we are “shot” from the black-hole. This is only possible with the shot. We return to the real world. But we have changed. We have learned. We became different. We found ourselves. We became more. We hope that Joyce would be right by telling on art that the only task is to bring hidden knowledge to the surface. Miracle happens. We have to have faith in it.