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when attitude becomes form

Art anticipates what then will later be discovered by bravery. Attitude was once an abstract condition with nothing ahead and nothing behind. The purity of the medium disappeared only the purity of the individual intention remains. Pale with fright or hunger, artists had the ability to go beyond cultural rules. Bureaucracy was not active at night, the attitudes of the guerrilla were a necessary luxury, institutional support was made flexible. - Due to the change of the once passive audience into an active co-operator, relations with the political/institutional dimension became active acts. This produced political progressive implications of dealing with the schizophrenic aspects of post-modernism / anyone could understand anything, anything could be explained by something else.

You had to work on your own, in the dark or with only a few others during days without personality. You had to accept that you couldn't plan anything.

The mood of individual extenuation induced a certain importance /an importance that no institution was able to offer/. There was, in fact a mistake of perception / a kind of misunderstanding/ wishful thinking.

Mistakes of perception, the needs of aesthetics are coupled with something that many people accept: - the Romanian paradox.

The Romanian paradox is in fact part of the victim complex, luck's internal misfunctioning, grandeur and blindness, the rejection to accept whatever is perceived, the denial of accepting what it is perceived.

The paradox of belonging /paradox of simultaneity/ paradox of continuity /discontinuity identified by the philosopher Sorin Alexandrescu for the political surf also legitimates art's helplessness.

They always deal on a multiple differentiation and a multiple approach. Neutrality is impossible. Instead of a synthesis, a flexible, distrustful availability. The pale limits of tolerance and scepticism are the frame of an inflexible traditionalism.

Sublime but dangerous passions, mixed in deformed stages. Everything achieved in Romania seems to be made against/despite time. The temporal myth is, in fact, a dispersion in order to recover lost time.

Ironic/passionate, distant/involved - too eager to be up to date, too mixed up, deeply branded by its own past - the Romanian artistic discourse is hard to classify.

Success is formal and momentary. Losses are substantial and long lasting.

A local aesthetic derailment has made things even more complicated. The visible theoretical game between tradition and modernity, actually only supposed modernity, as a premise for exalting tradition. Therefore, the subversive, neo-orthodox tradition of Romanian art was in fact a permitted and accepted diversion, whereas art itself was the tacit object of a diversion. Pre-established, ideology and aesthetics, in as far as they existed, praised the national Christian values all around. The absence of explanations generated the identification of propaganda and critics.

The mystic arrogance, spirituality, as existential bon ton, second hand non-conformism are still mirrors of crisis.

Dogmas, opposite interests, ready-made truths reform everything that is in use. Criticism has more often functioned outside art. Paradoxically, criticism was a debtor and not a creditor of art. More often as visual self-sufficiency a textual glaze of the same sufficiency was added. They usually practice two types of critical discourse: a critical/cryptic-metaphysical poem supported by literary circles and magazines and a method analysis with certain structuralist and/or semiotic topics among the young intellectuals. The critical embargo could not be eluded as long as critical distance did not replace critical love.

Verbal, discursive paradox confers on us a strange uniqueness that is not clever, often useless, always inefficient.

Under the camouflage of politics, institutions are the litmus of exclusion, of the prejudices, and breach between the state and society.

The incapacity of programmatic evaluation of the situation, the formalism in argumentation, the fear of action, the escape from responsibility, the complex of hand washing still represents the hidden agenda of several art institutions. Museums are still conceived as a book / art speaks in its place but not in its terms. The institutional blocking does not have as a target the hiding of intentions but its incapacity to solve them.

Deprived from formal rigour, institutions function as a result of momentary pragmatism.

Overadjustment does not accept the

derivation of a clear code. In this world with unlimited possibilities for action there are only a few nuclei, with restricted possibilities of action perfectly calculated that have the power not to do what others do, but not always have the courage to struggle against what others do. Only style, rigour, collectedness could dissipate ambiguity. But aesthetics is perceived more like a fashion.

From the stage of attitude, individual exhaustion becomes individual responsibility in the stage of form. Individuals work like real institutions. Nevertheless, the majority do not understand the game. Their personal desires are considered to be the desires of others. Although morality stands above doubt and only some secrets are dissipated, construction is though aboulic. The double dimension: what have we done? what have we neglected to do? becomes even stronger.

There is a positive energy in some places and the responsible generosity of some people in Romanian contemporary art. This fact covers the absence of some normal structures: a contemporary art museum; a network of galleries; institutional planning; Banks tend to consider contemporary art as an investment not an expense.

What is really happening to Romanian contemporary art in a place where strategy development is a euphemism, where the cultural market is fragile and vulnerable, where the public/private partnership is largely structural opportunism and we cannot even talk about "target consumers", where the art work and its interpretation are too often on the same side that of "the raising of national spirituality"?

The acceptance of the rotten space of the People's House, as the place for the future contemporary art museum confirms my sorrow.

The error comes from exclusion. Recent history is mostly a large scale replay of Frankenstein's story: generous projects, apparently impeccably founded lose control and take you where you didn't expect.

Where would you hide a leaf? In the woods.

Where would you hide a pebble? On the beach.

Where does art hide its vanishing beauty? Between other vanishing beauties? Not at all. Art is hiding among strategies of power. The ideas of art are hidden by strategies of power. ●

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