

**"YOU THE PEACEFUL NEWCOMER COME TO OUR SHELTER"
TO THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF ARTS AND THE MODEST PART OF SCIENCE
IN THE PERCEPTION OF THE LATTER**

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1. The ever reflecting Humankind has invented Science and Arts not be bored to death since the inquiring spiritual Self could never be satisfied on the smart practical side.
2. Science is selfless self deception of the Humankind via understanding. Science covers the world by a network of laws, thus producing the feeling of security, thus making this world as comfortable as it is only possible for human perception, and it keeps answering the questions "HOW?" and "WHY?". Our knowledge is fully dependent on the historical present, and is able to change radically, which is far from showing how close we are to reaching the Final Truth - it only demonstrates how conventional our knowledge is. When the mismatch is too obvious, we announce "the change of the paradigm".
3. A piece of Art is end in itself, and has never answered any questions. It might be asking them, secretly though. It's not expecting answers. There are the critics who fish the answers from Arts, using the same network of the conventional knowledge to be safe from its wild mystery, to be able to survive within it, to tame it.
4. Works of Art can be analyzed by the methods of Math, Physics, Synergetics, whatever. No fixation of bifurcation points or rhythms makes it possible to approach the puzzle: why this picture (or verse) shakes one's whole soul whereas another never touches it, though it is created according to the same rules.
5. This ever sliding away shift must be placed in the following: the work of Art is not an object of Art's application according to certain rules but an equal subject, a particular form of life, a Self-similar-to-Itself that contacts you as an equal; a "peaceful newcomer" that, having been born in the Artist's soul, keeps on living its own life, independent and endless, communicating with us eagerly up to our cultural perception.
6. A work of Art, an each work of Art, is unique, inimitable and endless in itself as any man or woman, elephant or rabbit: it is alive, and this definition is not a metaphor.. but the reality.
7. The Artist absorbs all the wonderful chaos of the World,, is fed up with it, struggles with it, and, suffering, gives birth to an unforeseen creature. Having come to, the Artist calls it a poem, a still life or a sonata. this treacherous nominalization cunningly transfers a life being into the class of objects: pins a butterfly up. We, out of our sheer innocence believe it.
8. Since we have only the hurried dairy notes of the Creator as to the Creation activity, it can be only the multiple evidence of the Artists describing the birth of a creature out of nothing that may give us some new knowledge concerning the mystery of life.