

"I was at a flea market with some of my friends and somebody asked me what I thought art was, just out of the blue, this question. Without thinking at all, I slapped my left hand over my eyes, covered them completely, shot my right hand into a pile of trash sitting on this table -- there was all kinds of wild stuff -- simultaneously said: Art is anything you touch with your eyes closed."

"Why I said it -- I don't know. Why I did that gesture -- I don't know. My logical mind wasn't involved, as far as I know. Having said that, I grabbed something, I had no idea what it was. Still with my eyes closed, I pulled that something out of this heap of stuff. I told the man standing beside this table of junk I would buy it, whatever price it was, on condition that he write on the back: the date, the statement that it was found by me, and then sign his name. The person agreed."

"When I held the thing up all I heard was oohs and ahs; and I still hadn't seen the thing. When I opened my eyes and saw the thing produced, I was stunned; and it was that easy."

. . . Dennis Lukas