

The end of false universality

Andres Cobo

We are seeing the birth of a hybrid species, that of the artist, far removed from crime by the weakness of his will and his fear of society, not yet mature enough for the lunatic asylum, but in a strange way extending his antennae towards these two spheres. One must needs go further. To criticize is to initiate the decline.

The very fact of "speaking" of an artistic moral arises from a moral of decay. Perishable. Thus, the mystic state is conditioned in general by the search for salvation —for the salvation of nature, of the environment, the framework in fact of our thought, without which it is doubtful that we could destroy each other. The moral is tiredness.

It is useless to subdue the universe and take possession of it: until we have triumphed over our own time, we shall continue to be slaves – of a history that is not ours and of cultural states that have nothing to do with us. History is a story of results, not of intuitions. We are paralysed between a past and a future that never arrives. Rootless, incapable of understanding anything, least of all nature, the artist must achieve the feat of breaking away, not only from the intimacy of history, but from its very surface.

The search for perfect values is the disease that conditions the human being. Once he thinks he has found the perfect values, these are transformed into a state that represses intuition, imagination and thought itself. Religion is a search for absolute values, and art has entered this game. It is at the mercy of itself and feeds and grows on its own substance, removed from reality. Action would be the only ethical attitude that can have any revolutionary influence on the consciousness of others.

In a word, the discourse of art must be the mirror of the powers it describes. This is its strength and its seduction, not its "index of truth". This is what links it to other discourses, such as the scientific discourse that continues to have and to seek answers to our existence, disregarding the fluctuations of the market.

We are perhaps at the end of art as we have always understood it. Questions abound about the negative consequences of the development of the market on the authenticity of the creative process, which is considered as a threat to art. But why worry? Is not industrial development the cause of the destruction of the ecology of the planet? Should the search for authentic values not perhaps be separate from any action to defend our physical space?

The world is full of fragmented images and of recurrent realities that survive alongside each other —specialization of materials — realities that have no concern for each other, but are united for an instant. The artist must use this catharsis to give a transformational value to his work: the only way to escape from the unsupportive apathy of art.

The revival of a nihilist influence is the basic concept for providing immunity from the false reason of political and economic power that controls the images of, and the information about, our transitory reality, the very decline of which is at the same time seductive.

OF WORDS

If for every word we win a victory over nothingness, it is only to suffer its domination. We die, and we love in proportion to the words we fling out around us. Those who speak have no secrets. And we all speak. We betray ourselves, we reveal our heart as executioner of the unspeakable.

Every artist should destroy all mysteries, beginning with their own. And if we are in conflict with the others, it is to degrade ourselves in a race towards emptiness, whether in the exchange of ideas, in confessions or in intrigues. Curiosity brings about not only the first fall, but numerous falls every day.

Life is not only this impatient desire to weaken, to prostitute the virginal solitudes of the soul, to commercialize doubt. Man should only listen to himself. Nobody is freed if he is obliged to be somebody or something. Man is the charlatan of the Universe; he speaks in the name of others; his I love the plural.

Art is merely an explosion on a plural expanse of experience without coordinates or limits, and society a geometry suffering from epilepsy. Why not, therefore, return to poetry? Poetry, like life, has the excuse of not trying anything.

Death and desire, power and sex, are what we carry inside our brains, which are transformed into heavy packs with which we travel through experience, that immaterial space where we disintegrate when doubt appears like a saw to confront us with our particularity, our past, and hand us over to the free play of the experience of creation, the real rival to the idea of god. Only the domination of this concept can lay the foundations of a dynamic equilibrium, which is the new order that existence calls for.