The Artwork

Each artwork hopelessly dreams of the day it will have an immediate impact on the spectator. The day will come when there will be no unsurpassed hill, river, excitement, joy, scream, love—whatever—left between the artwork and its spectator, and the two, leaving behind all the protocols of pornography, will be completely and infinitely intertwined with one another. At the same time, the realization of such a moment will also bring with it the bitter end of art because at such a moment, not only will the Kantian determinations of time and space disappear, leaving no need for art, but also the path from the in-dividual (which makes man an indivisible unity) to -dividual (that is, the divisible) will be opened where the nature/human dichotomy will dissolve, dissolving man in turn into a psychasthenic universe. In such a moment, when infinity and man will embrace each other mutually, there will be no occurrence of expressions such as “Where are you? I don’t know. What time is it? I don’t know”; the cosmic dust cloud made of human grains will allow no synthetic structure to come into being, and most probably no one will be able to claim any more a theory of “abiogenesis” — “But if (& oh what a big if) we could conceive in some warm little pond with all sorts of ammonia & phosphoric salts,—light, heat, electricity, &c present, that a protein compound was chemically formed, ready to undergo still more complex changes …”.