

*The horizon got covered with mist; but now we are safe in this harbour and we can discern frothy waves on the horizon: a unique delight*

*Delight, the pleasure arising from perceiving our skin in the space, that subjective way of intuition which is not objective as an object.*\* Perceiving our skin, we perceive the relationship, without which we are only limits. When the horizon disappears from sight, our brain cannot access any measure of time, any shape or distinct ground. From that porosity, the mix of meanings, the value of being, arise.

In art, there are devices which dismember time boundaries. They erase the groove left by the passing of time, the synapse of the difference, first by presenting a story to History, finally transforming that story, any story, into narrative abstraction. Then, it is but a short step, to turn a detail into a significant shape or open the focal point into a blurry form. At that moment, any vanishing point evaporates and the infinitude of reality appears. A wild flower field, one hand holding another on a white cloth, a river zig-zagging through lines of nature: core elements to figure out the relationship among things. But they are paradoxical: there is no more need to think, nor to look for altered consciousness. The primitive meaning beneath reality is the blue of beauty expanded in all directions.

*The Universe is a set of tiny universes,* Buddha says. Our origin is stuck in our memory; looking at a picture portraying a mother with a child, we soon recognize our own mother, our own child, being a mother and being a child. Time reflected on the lake is *the gift of temporal and eternal contemplation* as well as that the frothy waves, the moving ridge of the sea, are reflections of our inner nature, distillation of meaningful atmospheres. *Whenever I have to switch off my video camera* – Bill Viola affirms – *I find myself startled and moved. I see the image disappearing into the darkness and then become silent; I feel the camera cooling down. However, sometimes these captured images remain still.*

*There is always something that has not come to an end yet\*\*:* what is broken, cracked by time, is not finished yet. This *being always on the way* is the beauty, the abstraction which corrodes the negative, the photographic plate that turns into blue and offers a chance of permeable horizon.

Perhaps because, as John Cage said, *we are not moving towards some kind of goal. We are at the goal, and it is changing with us. If art has any purpose, it is to open our eyes to that fact.*

Emanuela Genesio

Freely translated into English from: \* Martin Heidegger, *Bemerkungen zu Kunst – Plastik – Raum*

\*\* Idem, *Der Begriff der Zeit*