



Us too, lost in some Etruscan things

*Translated and transfigured from french to english – the borrowed “koine” of our new connected world to which French and Italian, as well as the English of a native speaker, are some kind of satellites – by the author, with all the inadequacies and quirks of a text trying to reach its meaning through it's own stretching rather than from an orderly demonstration. I'm sorry that I don't speak Dante's language, or else I would also have tried to translate my text there. But it may also be a blessing, for this text is looking more like some abstruse-chaotic-translated-matter rather than an articulated and clear argument. So be it, some thoughts may well be lingering underneath, who knows?*

Short foreword: I have to apologize at the beginning of this text for its lack of direct theoretical mentions (except for Lucy Lippard’s book mentioned in the last paragraph). If on one hand some implications actually lack to the author, on the other some mentions that could be established would only be excerpts from

a coherent but too large (to be followed here) stream of thought, and it would led the reader astray more than it would guide him. So, I will hereby emphasize, quite naively (ultimate trick to still go forward), the digestion process of the thoughts displayed here, hoping that this process will be complete enough for the thoughts to be understood.

A revelation has been made in a past which feels quite like today, revelation that has been made for me to guess the peculiar features of a tomorrow which also feels quite like today. This revelation that grants me the tools to discern singular lines between past and future, works to discriminate a way through similarities and circularity. If haruspicy, and maybe the act of divination in general, goes to a display of current data organized along some outside rules granted in the past in order to guess some regularity and

irregularity to come, history, bellow its claim of non-fiction quality, cancels this ground as it calls for a time that flow only in one direction, in a non-circular way. Through this non-circular flow, future is the addition of past and present, as present is the addition of an ancient past and a more recent one. And those added layers can’t equal their predecessors no more than they can get rid of what came before them, that grant them place and identity. According to this, writings and facts reconstructed from the past add up together to build some actual knowledge for today. Actual knowledge which should, in its turn, increase in the days to come as former writings will multiply with the ones that we’re establishing now. Where a soothsayer of past days before history performs his operation in the circular continuum that justifies it, an ancient historian chronicles what he as been told of the past of this place or that custom, and a modern historian reads or deciphers some (mainly) written documents in order to scientifically build up some state of facts.

Today's historians are supposed to build their knowledge according to true(–until–proven–false) statements established upon some sets of documents in order to have access to the least ambiguous result possible and, by this way, to increase the final amount of common knowledge. People would have begun to read the present with the help of some magic rules stemming from the past that tell the future, then, with the newly acquired tool of chronic, would have given account of the strange myths that they encounter, and ultimately are reading the past with the help of some arguments adjusted in the present in order to obtain an even better reading of those ancient things in the future. Of course, divination is a long lost science and there aren’t much habits out of our globalized strain of things left to chronicle, but even the certainty to improve our future with an inevitable increase of knowledge risks to collapse. The certainty to reach some tomorrows strengthened and enlightened by knowledge is maybe weakened by a blindness stemming from this certainty itself, along a post-modern laziness that gives up to keep modernist questioning open to its constant redefinition (even if a large part of what we would call today, in a very post-modern manner, post-modernism, has tried to keep its redefinition open). If circular times mainly belong

to the past, a linear understanding of time that leads from ignorance to knowledge seems to be far more simple: if times are certainly flowing in the same direction, they are multiple, parallel and differential. Aren’t we all time travelers, all stuck in the present’s vehicle, on-board for a past-future trip, but everyone at their own speed? Speed which is sometime preventing us from distinguishing anything but the illusion of the road before us, through a windshield where we can’t succeed at perceiving any stabilized landscape on the side. So, travelers are sometimes dreaming of some archaic circles to slow down to, would it be divination, ritual or work of art. Circles that would allow to perceive the surroundings, but circles that we should nonetheless try to connect, beyond the comfort of their tautological closure, to a “common sense”, should it be *Togós*, physical causality or something else, even on a local scale, that needs to be determined, because whatever the delay, the arrow of time goes only in one direction.

The impression remains that nothing has really happened during the nineties of this good old twentieth century. History should have certainly followed this or that meander, but nothing worth of notice, unless the fact (identified in retrospect) that past and future started to flatten into a memorialized present. Between the collapses of a Berlin wall and some Twin towers, just before the internet turned broadband, we almost lived through something like a plateau. Something which seems to summarize a *posteriori* the living condition of the (post-)modern man: car, house, supermarket, screen, phone, etc. – anything that wasn’t already there, but just perfectly adjusted, the whole scenery of our american-like way of life. But something else also really took place during this ten years period, the completing of a slow but depressing and inevitable overlay: the full invasion by marketing screening of this central, almost meaningful and functional part of society which would like to be the reason of our work, consumption and progress. Visibility and identity, working together through established categories, wanted to be from now on the only method of being. If we had seen this “progress” happening for a while, it appears to have come to completion during the last decade of the twentieth century: from tv shows