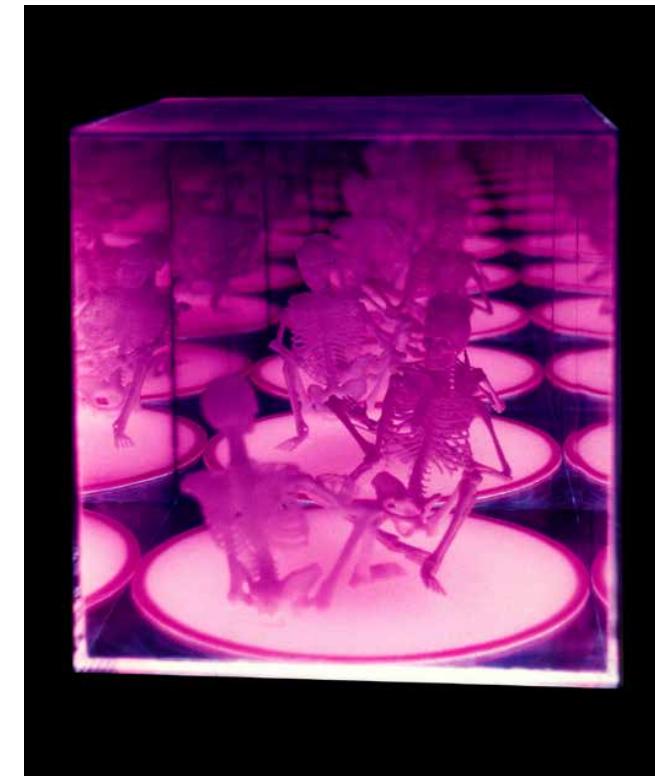


THE DEBATE—ONE MILLION B.C.—ONE MILLION A.D.

right after the explosion as billions of fragments started their journey, the endless, eternal debate began. as the stars and galaxies formed and bacteria began to grow on landmasses the endless debate commenced, analytical wisdom, scientific discoveries and all the great thoughts thought by man brought forth the words and their beauty was like uneven sea pearls in a row strung by compulsion and curiosity. the universe grew, fragments exploded and sped away from each other, mass clustered into form, space expanded and gave birth to the paradox. the debate went on. man was in the middle, translucent skin shielding his substance, a thin membrane between him and the world. there was a world beyond it and a world within, the distance and the mystery were the same. knowledge came painfully with doubts and indecisions, but no sooner was any truth unearthed and accepted, it proved untrue. the opposite of space was mass, but soon the carefully created reality shattered into more doubts and uncertainties, which by themselves became principles, while mass became a form of energy and the human substance was reduced to a process, just spinning velocities, patterns and forms gyrating in a world of relativity. fashions and philosophies, concepts and beliefs were born and defeated while the galaxies hurtled away from each other and the mad spinning of atoms endured into lightless eternities, where the past joins the future and causes are formed. and we spin, debate, analyze and argue the point, but what is the point? and where is it? in the particles, in velocity or in illusion? as stars collapse and galaxies funnel into orgasmic tightness to emit massive bodies of heat into other worlds and universes, we write words, speak words, scream words of wisdom, but today's wisdom is tomorrow's folly. yet we must seek and question for we are damned to in-betweenness. left with little of our instinct and having gained partial intellect, we confused the intuition and missed what really mattered not realizing that we could be summed up in three little words: *animale, rationale, mortale*. no mystery, just puff, and no more. yet hard little buds burst every new spring and the soil we lived on drank in the soft rain as our tiny home rotated in space hurtling toward darkness. in the silent heavens there was such turbulence that would have frightened us into wordlessness or at least greater caution but instead of becoming silent and listening, we achieved wars and exhausted technology and analyzed the species *Homo Curiosus, Homo Futurus*. but then came the realization that there was no future and no past, that time was relative and so was reality. doubtful premises followed by faulty deductions. if measures and concepts are relative and even the laws of nature may change, upon what do we base reason? if there were no constants, what was the point of departure, and was not logic then based on layers of illusion? and what was reality, if not to be known to us, then same as believing in anything invisible, so the debate went on. and someone asked, what is the meaning of all this? and the answers came in so many forms, the words kept piling up, but they were worn out and misleading. communication was garbled, nevertheless knowledge expanded as the universe expanded, small miracles were born, named and leashed, seed was planted and harvested. we went inside matter to seek the trigger of it all. we analyzed the formation of form itself, built empires of money and power that some valued and some did not. and while the fluid surface wrapped itself obediently around the earth, as did we in a thin layer, somewhere in the distance this future we had hoped for became the past. there was aging and being born, and the debate went on. we questioned and reasoned, and the words formed chains of sea pearls strung by doubt and belief while the spinning never stopped. suns burnt out and collapsed but we knew only one little sun in the heavens to get suntanned by on the beach while grasping the cold lips of a bottle of beer. little humans bleeding and writing words of wisdom on the *structural-significance-of-elusive-phenomena-love-and-hope-and-the-spatio-temporal-limitations-of-being-unaware-of-total-existence-and-total-function-or-ultimate-realities-or-the-reason-why-some-things-never-make-sense*, but the debate goes on, that's life, for silence is not all, noise is all! the great bursting of the primal seed, the big bang that has created all this and causes all the rhythms of evolution and involution, expansion, contraction and poles of entropy, and after all the silent swimming in space we'll just get all sucked up again to be emitted through a colossal womb to do another human dance. so, we write words and seek truths, change

fashions and describe emotions and sunsets, have great minds and wits. we let the words form pearls from the sea and call the exchange art. look, these forms you see aren't skeletons but you and I at a dinner party discussing the state of the world or the stock market. they are Hamlet and Socrates and Descartes and da Vinci. children with imagination so eager to question, so desperate to communicate and to know the reason for this incredible journey through space. the never-ending spinning of the days following nights and nights becoming washed in sunlight, the winters and summers, the repetition and absurdity of it all, and to be born just to die, and all the while, the debate goes on to find an answer for this aberration that we are: *Homo Communicatus, Homo Literatus, Homo Desperatus*. (or if you wish, *animale, rationale, mortale*.)

Agnes Denes, 1967-68



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