PREDICTIONS

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Time and space, those images needed in order to be different to the surrounding landscape. Difference which formulates the will of our mirrors, icons, codes to be. That which we name the world is no more than an ensemble of images. Images whose first names we have forgotten, the first mythical signs of protohistoric chaos. The lament, perhaps, is that we also have forgotten the first nullifying naming to eternal return. That inspiring naming of our symbolic allegory of signs and images, reflected in one another, creating that phantasmagoric world which we name life, world and above all, time.

We live the present on the vertex of two planes of fiction. On one side the lying past reconstructed from our inner monophony of already disintegrated polyphonic instants. And on the other side the fictitious future, compendium of misery and desire, anxiety and hope.

To predict is the function of art, to predict is to build allegories of something we do not know, but we suspect its existence, its possible existence. Art, that enormous sphere of disordered information, is the materialization of the suspicion, of a suspicion, of our suspicion.

We know about the existence of bridges, of dialogues, between the signs. We suspect there is a world different to the daily abyss from the vertex of time and in which we are no more participants than through the faceted view of art.

Prediction is no more than to extend bridges between the many worlds of which we are parts. To predict is not merely a vision through fire, it is fire as well. To predict is not to adventure into the void of a future streamlined as desire. To predict is a sphere, is one of the many spheres which form the fog of life, of the world. Prediction, art, is to perceive those old and white vessels which, already stowed, prepare to depart the northern ports. It is to perceive a horizon lost in the disorder, in our disorder, in the chaos we edify in the belief that we may surmount the circular tyranny of nights and days. The source of our suicidal farewell.

Suicidal because it opened doors which perhaps never should be opened. Suicidal because we were thrown into that obscure nothing of trade.
Farewell because they got lost in the hyperborean horizons, those white vessels of linen and fog.

Those open doors denied the intangible, the immeasurable, the eternal and ethereal. Doors open to the solid matter of the dead theories and those upright patterns of glass which, like painstaking arrows, inserted themselves into the spheres, into the circles of eternal return to the never more sighted *Omphalos.*

And by opening we close others more vague, close to the borders of fire and water, of air and of earth.
Domineering. And the world was covered by noise. And the flaming red and the yellow, projection of the blank sky blues, were joined to the blues of the infinite seas, but green life was not its product, nor was the violet of the sunsets. Only black, only grey, only dirty refuse on the external planets, only sad anguish and solitude, on the internal.

Black-winged seagulls repeat in their screams names already forgotten as they fly in blue whirlwinds, falling, tumbling over the white froth of the ice-black oceans.

Wood pigeons, ambushed hermits, bill and coo the old temporal words while glimpsing valleys, longing for paths, fountains, streams, and that old maple-tree of fire already forgotten.

"Let it be known that in the north, in the northern forests, there are black pools, black water lakes, where the ice never crystallize".