

Art as Far as the Eye Can See

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Translated by Julie Rose



Oxford • New York

This work is published with the support of the French Ministry of Culture
– Centre National du Livre.

if institut français

This book is supported by the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs as part of the Burgess Programme headed for the French Embassy in London by the Institut Français du Royaume-Uni

First published in France, 2005, by Editions Galilée
© Galilée, 2005, *L'art à perte de vue*
English Translation © Berg Publishers, 2007

English edition

First published in 2007 by

Berg

Editorial offices:

First Floor, Angel Court, 81 St Clements Street, Oxford OX4 1AW, UK
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010, USA

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Berg is the imprint of Oxford International Publishers Ltd.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication data

Virilio, Paul.

[Art à perte de vue. English]

Art as far as the eye can see / Paul Virilio ; translated by
Julie Rose. — English ed.

p. cm.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN-13: 978-1-84520-611-6 (cloth)

ISBN-10: 1-84520-611-8 (cloth)

1. Art, Modern—21st century—Philosophy. 2. Visual communication in
art. 3. Art and popular culture. I. Title.

N6497.V5713 2007

701'.03—dc22

2007016322

British Library Cataloguing-in-Publication data

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978 1 84520 611 6

Typeset by JS Typesetting Limited, Porthcawl, Mid Glamorgan.
Printed by the MPG Books Group in the UK

www.bergpublishers.com

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Expect the Unexpected

The seventeenth century was the century of mathematics, the eighteenth, of the physical sciences, and the nineteenth, of biology. The twentieth century is the century of fear. You'll tell me that fear is not a science. But science has had a hand in it from the outset, since its latest theoretical advances have lead it to cancel itself out and since its practical improvements threaten the entire Earth with destruction. What's more, if fear in itself cannot be considered a science, there can be no doubt whatsoever that it is a technique.¹

So wrote Albert Camus in 1948. I would add that, since that date, fear has become a dominant

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culture, if not an *art* – an art contemporary with mutually assured destruction.

Since the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, history has seen a mounting extremism (which Clausewitz studied in relation to war) but this escalation, which was to end in the balance of terror between East and West over the course of the twentieth century, has not been appreciated at its just value in relation to peace – to the peace created by deterrence that today subtends all mass media culture.

In fact, the postmodern period has seen a gradual drift away from an art once substantial, marked by architecture, music, sculpture and painting, and towards a purely accidental art that the crisis in international architecture flagged at practically the same time as the crisis in symphonic music.

This drift away from substantial art has been part and parcel of the boom in film and radio and, in particular, television, the medium that has ended up finally flattening all forms of representation, thanks to its abrupt use of presentation,

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whereby real time definitely outclasses the real space of major artworks, whether of literature or the visual arts.

If, according to Hegel, 'philosophy is an era put into ideas', we have to concede that the idée fixe of the twentieth century has been the acceleration of reality and not just of history.

We have seen what speed did to politics yesterday with Futurism, fascism and the turbo-capitalism of the Single Market. What we are seeing now, especially, is what speed does to mass culture, since, if 'time is money', the speed of the light of the ubiquitous media means the power to move the enthralled hordes.

Having reached this point, at the very beginning of the twenty-first century, the most important political issue we face is not the Cold War and its forgotten collapse anymore, but the emergence of this cold panic of which terrorism, in all its forms, is only ever one symptom among others.

Comparable to uncontrollable terror, panic is accordingly irrational and its so often collective

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nature clearly indicates its propensity to turn, virtually any day, into a total social event.

Indeed, through their (often programmed) repetition, a population's disturbing panic attacks are associated with a depression often masked by the routines of everyday life. What I call 'cold panic' is thereby linked to this expectation horizon of collective anguish, in which we strive to expect the unexpected in a state of neurosis that saps all intersubjective vitality and leads to a deadly state of CIVIL DETERRENCE that is the lamentable counterpart to MILITARY DETERRENCE between nations.

'To obey with your eyes shut is the onset of panic', Maurice Merleau-Ponty had already observed in 1953. 'In this world where denial and morose passions take the place of certainties, people seek above all not to see.'²

Coming from the phenomenologist of perception, this observation took on significance as a warning in a period of history that deliberately engaged in a lapse of attention which lasted not for a minute but for a whole century.

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With 'teleobjectivity', our eyes are thus not shut by the cathode screen alone; more than anything else we now no longer seek to see, to look around us, not even in front of us, but exclusively beyond the horizon of objective appearances. It is this fatal inattention that provokes expectation of the unexpected – a paradoxical expectation, composed at once of covetousness and anxiety, which our philosopher of the visible and the invisible called PANIC.

But this composite word covers another term contemporary with the historic period of Merleau-Ponty's inaugural discourse: DETERRENCE.

If the twentieth century is the century of fear, it is also the century of atomic deterrence, which, during the years from 1950 to 1960, established the technique of 'the balance of terror' and moved Albert Camus further to say: 'The long dialogue between men has just ceased. A man who can't be persuaded is a frightened man.'³

Extending this obvious fact, the man who was to receive the Nobel Prize for literature continued:

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This is how an immense conspiracy of silence spread among people who already did not talk because they found it pointless, and it continues to spread, accepted by those who tremble in fear but find good reasons to hide this trembling from themselves, and encouraged by those who stand to gain from it. *'You must not talk about the purge of artists in Russia because that would benefit the reactionaries'* ... I said fear was a technique.⁴

And this is how, midway through a pitiless century, the technique of panic lead to the art of deterrence – not only strategic deterrence between East and West in a world threatened with extinction, but also political and cultural deterrence. This 'world in which denial and morose passions take the place of certainties', which certain self-righteous conformists, chiming in with Sartre, were to call 'engagement' or 'commitment'. The world of contemporary art, which was soon to drift, in turn, from 'social realism' towards 'pop culture' and the realism of an art market that still dominates these early years of the twenty-first century.

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Basically, it all began when painters relinquished the study of the subject and went back inside their studios in a re-run of the age of academic classicism.

With Impressionism or, more exactly, after the Great War, modern art was dragged down into the panic that struck Expressionist Europe and saw the emergence of Surrealism, hot on the heels of Dadaism. We can extend this foretaste of disaster, furthermore, to European philosophy, with the discrediting of phenomenology, the disappearance of Husserl and the resounding success of Existentialism, in that period of transition that kicked off between the two world wars and found its consecration in the 1950s just evoked, with the end of the dialogue between men and, especially, with forgetting: that loss of empathy not only in relation to others, but in relation to a human environment turned into a desert through the annihilation brought about by the air raids that, from Guernica to Hiroshima, via Coventry, Dresden and Nagasaki, have blurred our view of the world, that perception DE VISU –

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with our own eyes – which subtended the whole of Western culture for 2,000 years.

But, apart from the ‘aeropolitics’ of a mass extermination of cities, which was to put paid to continental geopolitics – the retinal detachment of a culture that already anticipated the economic deterritorialization of internationalization – we should also note how, from the nineteenth century on, the progress in popular astronomy so dear to Camille Flammarion ushered in the sudden multiplication of the telescopes that were to foreshadow the shift in viewpoint occasioned by the boom in domestic television, itself favoured, over the twentieth century, by the launch of telecommunication satellites.

To see without going there to see. To perceive without really being there... All this was to shatter the whole set of the different phenomena involved in visual and theatrical representation, right up to representative democracy, itself threatened by the broadcasting tools that were to shape the standardized democracy of

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public opinion as a prelude to landing us in the synchronized democracy of public emotion that was to ruin the fragile balance of societies supposedly emancipated from real presence.

In a world based on denial and general deterrence, where one now seeks less to see than to be seen by all at the same instant, whenever we refer to transhorizon 'Large-Scale Optics', we immediately invoke transpolitical 'Large-Scale Panic' in the face of the acceleration of a common reality that not only outstrips us in tyrannical fashion, but literally outpaces all objective evaluation and thereby all understanding.

A morgue assistant named Maurizio Cattelan, who calls himself 'an accidental artist', once declared: 'I handled dead people and I saw their distance, their impenetrable deafness. A lot of what I've done since then comes from that distance.'⁵

After the issue of instantaneity's lack of delay, here we have the issue of ubiquity's distance, only the perspective is reversed: what now counts

is not the vanishing point in the real space of a scene or a landscape, but only vanishing in the face of death and its question mark – its interrogation point – in a perspective of real time used and abused by the cathode screen with live broadcasting, offering 'death live' and an endless funeral procession of repeat disasters.

So, after abstraction, the monochromatism of, say, Yves Klein and the advent of an imageless painting,⁶ when nothing more can get to us, really touch us, you no longer expect some brainwave of genius, the surprise of originality, but merely the accident, the catastrophe of finality. Whence the secret influence of terrorism, following on from (German) Expressionism or (Viennese) Actionism, as though Jerome Bosch and Goya endorsed the debauchery of crime.

Note, on this score, that the furiously contested show staged at the beginning of the year 2005 in the Kunst-Werke, Berlin's Institute of Contemporary Art, with the title 'Regarding Terror: The RAF. Exhibition', based its underlying concept, which was aimed at denouncing the

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so-called myth of the Rote Armee Fraktion, the Red Army Faction (RAF), on the works of three generations of artists, including Joseph Beuys, Sigmar Polke, Gerhard Richter, Martin Klippenberger and Hans Peter Feldman, whose dance macabre aligns the names, faces and bodies of terrorists, but also of their victims, in a strange process that singularly recalls the looping of televised sequences.

In fact, the 'redemptive suffering' of contemporary art arises from profanation not of the sacred art of our origins anymore but of the profane art of modernity, that (critical) moment when re-presentation gives way to the lyrical illusion of presentation, pure and simple. When 'art for art's sake' bows down before the TOTAL ART of multi-media teleobjectivity that takes over from the artifices of the seventh (cinematographic) art, which already claimed to contain all six others.

This is it, the obscenity of ubiquity whereby 'postmodern' academicism outdoes all the avant-gardes put together, with the exception of the

particular avant-garde of mass terrorism, whose advent the television series brings to the light of day, in the place and space of the action of antique tragedy.

Here a parallel suggests itself between the atheism of postmodernity that sets out 'to replace what it destroys and begins by destroying what it replaces',⁷ in a sort of lay deicide, and the atheism of the profanation of modern art to the exclusive advantage of a cult of replacement that has all the characteristics of illuminism – not the illuminism of the encyclopaedic revolution of the Enlightenment now, but the illuminism of a multi-media revelation that exterminates all representative reflection in favour of a panic reflex on the part of an individual whose relativism (ethical and aesthetic) suddenly disappears in the face of this virtualism that acts as a surrogate for the actual world of facts and established events.

If, today, theologians talk about an 'atheism that even strives to do away with the problem that caused God to be born in our consciences in

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the first place',⁸ critics of contemporary art toss around the notion of an 'anthropotheism' that would even do away with the origins of modern art, of its free expression, which is no longer figurative now as once upon a time but graphic and pictorial (whence the iconoclastic ban on paintings in a number of art galleries).

At the end of the last century, Karol Wojtyla, better known as Pope John Paul II, declared: 'The problem for the Universal Church is knowing how to make itself visible.' At the start of the third millennium, this is the problem of all representation.

'We are everywhere you look. All the time and everywhere in the world.' This advertising slogan of Corbis, the agency founded in 1989 by Bill Gates with the avowed aim of monopolizing the photographic image, illustrates the large-scale panic that has beset representation in the age of scopic expansion.

If, for some, the aim is thus to see everything and also to have everything, for the anonymous hordes it is solely to be seen.

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When you know that the Internet image provider brings together the photographic archives of the world's most prestigious museums, you can get some idea how important their real-time presentation now is and how much they discreetly discredit the works themselves – the real ones!

What was still only on the drawing board with the industrial reproduction of images analysed by Walter Benjamin, literally explodes with the 'Large-Scale Optics' of cameras on the Internet, since telesurveillance extends to telesurveillance of art.

Faced with this acceleration of reality, the new telescope no longer so much observes the expansion of the universe – the Big Bang and its distant nebulae – as the down-to-earth break-up of the sphere of perceptible appearances that are disclosed in the very instant of looking.

This is it, the multimedia REVELATION that surpasses the encyclopaedic REVOLUTION of the Enlightenment; this is it, the 'illuminism' of telecommunications that suppresses the pictorial

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icon – but also the crucial importance of the glimpse *de visu* and *in situ*, to the exclusive advantage of live coverage of the perceptive field.

‘In a digitized world, we offer creative visual solutions. The objective for us is to give a message the strongest impact’,⁹ says Steve Davis, the president and CEO of Corbis.

From this, we can more easily see through the recourse of visual/audiovisual creation to the looping of panic-inducing segments of terrorism or of natural or industrial disasters – this replay that television stations now systematically abuse, this combat sport that does battle with the apathy of viewers who expect the unexpected alone to wake them out of their lethargy a little, out of the attention deficit that has replaced vigilance in them and, especially, all practical interest in whatever crops up in their immediate proximity. How can we be astonished or ultimately even scandalized by aggressiveness, by a violence that has now become customary at every level of society, when empathy, the twin sister of

sympathy for others, has disappeared from view at the same time as the phenomenology of which it was the heavy crux?

Too impressionist, no doubt, not actionist enough, perhaps? Once empathy goes, the 'reality show' replaces dance and theatre.

In the beginning, the term 'empathy' had the primary sense of 'touching' and referred to physical contact with tangible objects. With Edmund Husserl, it would come to denote the effort to perceive and seize the reality that surrounds us in all its phenomena, in all the forms in which that reality manifests itself. Whence the importance, at the beginning of the twentieth century, of Wilhelm Worringer's key work: *Abstraktion und Einfühlung* (1907), translated as *Abstraction and Empathy: A Contribution to the Psychology of Style*.

We can apprehend to what extent tele-objectivity has today made us lose our grip, the immediate tact and contact that not only promoted the customary civility but also all actual 'civilization', thereby enhancing the impact of

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a growing terror – this terror that can strike us dumb every bit as much as blind. A survivor of the 1943 bombing of Hamburg acknowledged its effects: ‘It was my initiation into the knowledge that looking means suffering; so after that, I could no more stand looking than being looked at.’¹⁰

This is it, this eyes-wide-shut panic signalled by Merleau-Ponty at the start of the age of Large-Scale Deterrence!

But at the very start of the new millennium where the performance of instantaneous communication outclasses the substance of the oeuvre, of each and every oeuvre – pictorial, theatrical, musical – and where the analogy disappears in the face of the feats of digitization, Large-Scale Panic is panic induced by an art contemporary with the disaster in performances, the misdeeds of a telescopic perception where the instrumental image drives away our last mental images, one after the other.

Merleau-Ponty further wrote: ‘Nature is an enigmatic object, an object that is not absolutely

an object; it is not absolutely in front of us. It is our ground, not what is in front of us, but what bears us.'¹¹

By dint of looking in front of us, at eye level, we have ended up inventing the accident of the telescope, of all the telescopes, from Galileo's glass to the widespread telesurveillance that now exiles us beyond appearances in the trans-appearance of a far away that eliminates the near – whether it be the nearby tangible object or a nearby painting, even a self-portrait of one's fellow, one's like, favouring instead the plausible, the likely, and its virtuality.

Today we have no option, not to shut our eyes, but to lower them – not out of timidity but, on the contrary, out of courage in order to look steadily, not at the End of History, but at this 'support-surface' whose down-to-earth limit is visibly below us, in the HUMUS of a statics that has borne us from the beginning of time.

'The Earth does not move', warned Edmund Husserl at the end of his life. This is it, this reversal

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of viewpoint of Galilean space: this ground, this floor of the great vehicle formed by a star that can no longer bear the acceleration of the real and so pits its fixity and its telluric resistance against the vanishing point of a horizon from now on doubly buckled.

This phenomenological paradox partly explains the recent geopolitical and strategic upheavals, but every bit as much, it would seem, those involved in the 'reality show' of an art contemporary with the foreclosure of the planet. There is a sort of return here of what was trampled and buried underfoot! Not the return to the Mother Earth of our pantheist origins but the return of an earthling's empathy with the enigmatic object our philosopher of perception so rightly talked about in relation to a Nature that not only surrounds us on all sides but has so long inhabited us.

'I am not moving around. Whether I am sitting still or walking, my flesh is the centre and I am grounded on ground that does not move', wrote Husserl. He concluded: 'For as long as the Earth

itself is actually a ground and not "a body", the original ark, EARTH, does not move.¹²

However, the question of its (spatio-temporal) finiteness changes the nature of the original ground, since the end of extension poses in return the question of its fixity, of its inertia in relation to the world of the living who are moving around on the spot.

Not long ago my flesh as an earthling seemed, indeed, to be the unique centre of the living present Husserl is talking about, but since the acceleration of reality in the age of temporal compression, this carnal centre of presence extends to the TELEPRESENCE in the real-time world delivered by the instantaneity of a ubiquity that has now gone global.

Here, the 'dromoscopy' – the optical illusion experienced by the motorist whereby what stays still appears to recede while the interior of the moving vehicle appears stationary – taints representation of the whole world, not just the roadside.

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We suddenly jump from real-space objectivity de visu and in situ to the real-time teleobjectivity of an acceleration whereby the spaces of perception, the optical space and the haptic space of the tangible, undergo a disturbance – a topological or, more precisely, a TOPOSCOPICAL disaster.

What illusion are we actually talking about when one's body proper is identified with the world proper? And, in particular, what is the impact on the egocentricity involved in this MEGALOMANIA that has struck not just a few disturbed individuals but the whole of the living gathered in front of their screens?

Within this logic of the great lockdown, where inside and outside merge, the world is not only the gigantic phantom limb of humanity, but also means hypertrophy of the ego, a sort of INTROPATHY that then takes over from mutual SYMPATHY.

We might recall what Maurice Blanchot had to say on the carceral policy of the eighteenth

century: 'To shut up the outside, to set it up as an expected or exceptional interiority, such is the requirement that needs to be in place for madness to be made to exist – meaning, for it to be made visible.'¹³

What can we say of INTROPATHY, at this early stage of the twenty-first century, except that it makes visible the general spread of the megalomania involved in real time along with its inertia?

'Is there a privileged Here? Yes, absolute zero energy', Husserl announced in 1934.

'Seeing that it is the most comfortable, the reclining position ought to be the zero position', the German phenomenologist concluded, thereby introducing, after the seated woman, the age of reclining man.

So this is it, this finiteness of the 'action quantum' whereby the inertia of the star that bears us becomes the inertia of the animated being – that political animal whose vitality, once celebrated by the Greeks, today buckles before the comfort of zero energy in a man who is not

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even a true spectator any more, but the author of a domestic virtuality on a life-size scale.

Paraphrasing Karl Kraus on the subject of PSYCHOANALYSIS, only this time apropos the TOPO-ANALYSIS of globalization, we could say that it is the symptom of a disease that claims to be its own therapy!

'I, the horizon, will fight for victory for I am the invisible that cannot disappear. I am the ocean wave. Open the sluice gates so I can rush in and overrun everything!'¹⁴ For those of us who live in the twenty-first century, Apollinaire's prophecy came to pass a long time ago already.

Since the wave of electromagnetic fields flooded the earth with audiovisuality, not only has the skyline been locked down in the rectangle of the screen, of all the screens, but the spectator has now morphed into a televiewer who stretches out or, rather, lies down in front of it.

In bygone days, they used to describe painting and the picture that resulted as an 'open window'... What remains of this optical metaphor?

For instance, what is the teletopology of a building under telesurveillance in which, from each abode, you can watch all the others; in which, more precisely, each of the rooms of the sundry apartments functions like a video control unit, monitoring the whole set of the others?

Even more crucially, what teleobjective worldliness are we dealing with when the same thing goes for each of the five continents, for the towns that people them and for their innumerable buildings covered in antennae?

If, according to Plato, the sophism of the painter consisted in only showing his 'mirage' at a distance, what mirage are we dealing with today, with the real-time televising of the world?

Having worked in the past with a number of painters and stained glass makers, I always felt that the Gothic opening of the great rose windows of cathedrals was less an opening on the sky than an opening on the light of the beyond up above. With the trans-appearance produced

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by electromagnetism, teleobjective illuminism, on the other hand, no longer opens on anything but the here below.

Miserable miracle of a MEGALOSCOPY whereby the latest telescopes are no longer turned on the night sky now but on the satellite belt, the endless day of 'real time'.

Here, the EGOCENTRICITY of the human being's body proper is transferred to the inertia of the earthling's world proper – in other words, to peripheral EXOCENTRICITY – for this man of the Last Day who is now no more than a fully fledged sedentary being, a lounge lizard, driven by his megalomania to revise more than to revisit his cramped domain, in an ambulatory dementia in which accelerated displacement doesn't even mean a journey any more, but a vibration analogous to that of the waves that convey his telescopic sensations...

To wrap up these comments, we might now observe that if the discovery of the (animated) cinematographic image was indeed contemporary with the first great wave of transatlantic

migration, since that time the transport revolution has gone supersonic and the (televisual) videographic image has reached its peak shortly after aeronautics reached and broke the sound barrier.

Once that happened, thanks to supersonic rocket propulsion, it was no longer the heat barrier that was broken. The light barrier had become the ultimate objective of our view of the world.

In this sudden transmutation of aesthetics, we can better glimpse the reasons for iconoclasm, the programmed demise of the fixed image offered by paintings now banned from being hung, and the infatuation of art for art's sake with performance, along with all the installations of every stripe that systematically clutter gallery and museum spaces. Similarly, we can better understand the persistence of a kind of sculpture whose inertia and statics have become emblematic of this sedentary being, a lounge lizard, this universal bedridden invalid, contemporary with the MEGALOSCOPIC age. We can also understand the historical importance of land art when, in

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the twentieth century, landscape is displayed on film, in the freeze frame – a photo-finish in which the photographic shot is now scarcely more than the proximity of a frozen sequence: that of instantaneity.

As in the panic evoked above, with the photographic sequence looking means suffering the irremediable, the dread involved in a fixation whose inertia is illustrated even more clearly by the looping of televised sequences. This is not just the inertia of the fixed image of bygone days, but that of the animated image, looped back on itself, as was the revolving stage of the panoramas of yore, as is the MEGALOSCOPY of the parabolic antennae of today, hooked up as they are to the endlessly revolving broadcast satellites of 'world vision' ...

Strangely, cutting-edge aeronautics has taken the same turn, since certain prototypes, like Voyager not so long ago or Global Flyer today, seem bent on turning into low-orbit satellites, performing round-the-world flights with no stops and with no refuelling.

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Figures of a tourist itineracy in the end as derisory as that involved in the postural inertia of reclining man, riveted to his screens, or that of those traders in quest of surplus values whose supplies of capital whiz round the Earth several times in the one day before filling the coffers of the stock-exchange casino.

Fatal signs of a planetary foreclosure, these new fairground merry-go-rounds could well bring out a boredom of the third kind, that close encounter involving contact, following the boredom induced by close encounter with the television series: no longer the boredom once produced by uniformity but the boredom that will be produced tomorrow by circularity (circum terrestre).

'Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain!' warned the emissary from Heaven. But Lot's wife 'looked back from behind him and she became a pillar of salt'.¹⁵

A Biblical symbol, the tale of the annihilation of Sodom emphasizes, at one and the same

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time, the turning away from morals and the turning back of the observer of the disaster. Something analogous is at work today, it would seem, before our very eyes, in this turning to ice whereby accelerated cathode reality results in a trans-appearance that not only penetrates the horizon of perceptible appearances but the flesh of denuded bodies or, further still, those materials whose opacity once obstructed the eyes' cupidity.

Whether the philosopher of the eternal return, Nietzsche, likes it or not, it is no longer the growth of the desert that awaits us, but its impassability, its turning into a closed circuit. Characteristic of this celestial closure is the land art of James Turrell, pilot emeritus whose tourist plane became a studio, a flying studio, not unlike the folding easel Van Gogh took with him on the road to Arles, and which has served him 'to return to the subject', in *Desert Paints*, exploring a habitable crater...

But, to conclude, let's get back to that specific panic evoked by our philosopher of perception

in 1953. At the Poitiers Futuroscope theme park, in 2005, a new attraction was launched. It was called: 'Eyes Wide Shut'.

And so, half a century after Merleau-Ponty's caution, futurism has abruptly transformed itself, for, at the Poitiers site, the experience proposed is no longer bound up with new image technologies, as in the recent past. It is an experience of voluntary blindness.

In a light-proof building, visitors gather in groups of ten for a guided tour led by one of the sightless; as in Breughel's painting, *The Blindman and the Paralytic*, everyone has to hang on to the shoulder of the person in front. During this initiatory trip into the heart of darkness the visitor passes through three different ambiances in succession: swamp, city, beach. As for the guide's message, it goes like this: 'Don't hesitate to touch!' ... thereby indicating to all and sundry that for them, from now on, sight and touch are the same thing. As one of the officials in charge of the Poitiers image park puts it: 'By coming here, people give themselves a challenge, for in

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this course roles are reversed, social barriers drop and you get a better understanding of what blind people feel.’¹⁶

TELESCOPE, MICROSCOPE, FUTUROSCOPE, Galileo’s long sight results in the blindness involved in a bout of role-playing in which everyone carries a handicap.

They don’t want to see, they want to be seen, we wrote previously. By way of confirmation of this reversal of perspective provoked by cathodic teleobjectivity, note that the FUTUROSCOPE will also open a second ‘flagship attraction’, called ‘Stars of the Future’, with the aim of showing the ambience on the set during a television shoot to visitors suddenly transformed into actors, alongside real actors, people working in the performing arts, who will help give them a taste of the joys and the sensations of telereality.

Notes

1. Albert Camus, *Actuelles. Ecrits politiques* (Paris: Gallimard, 1950). English edition

- Camus at Combat: Writing 1944–1947* (Princeton NJ: Princeton University Press, 2005), ed. Jacqueline Lévi-Valensi, tr. Arthur Goldhammer (translation modified).
2. Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Eloge de la philosophie* (Paris: Gallimard, 1953).
 3. Camus, op. cit. Camus actually says ‘a frightening man’ (translator’s note).
 4. Camus, op. cit.
 5. *Courrier international*, February 2005.
 6. Cf. Patrick Vauday, *La Peinture de l’image* (Pleins Feux, 2002).
 7. Merleau-Ponty, op. cit.
 8. Ibid.
 9. Advertising copy, 2005.
 10. Hans Erich Nossack, *Nekyia, Récit d’un survivant* (Paris: Gallimard, 1955), French tr. D. Naville.
 11. Merleau-Ponty, op. cit.
 12. Edmund Husserl, *La terre ne se meurt pas* (Paris: Minuit, 1989).
 13. Maurice Blanchot, *L’Entretien infini* (Paris: Gallimard, 1969).

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14. Guillaume Apollinaire, *Tendre comme le souvenir* (Paris: Gallimard, 2005).
15. Genesis XIX, 17:26.
16. 'La vue par le toucher' in *Sud ouest*, 24 April 2005.