The Code is in the Translation
Jocelyn Robert

Our way of looking straight at the looked-at object seems to be one more heritage from the Renaissance.

In 15xx, invention of the telescope. Its main use, contrary to the general belief, was not to bring to the retina more light from far-off objects, but to isolate for the voyeur a domain of attention. It is so much easier to look at one and only this, at a single small point of light than to consider the giant celestial wheel as a complex maelstrom, with rotary movements and an infinitely slow dislocation on an overwhelming scale. And it was so convenient for the growth of a religion of "exact" sciences that teach as a basic dogma ignoring the movements of any context, and to preach in the name of the absolute by if, and only if. Some that walked on American land before us [and that never heard of Galileo before we forced them to listen to us talking about him] were not marked with the seal of the cyclopean way of life. So, knowing the difference between cones and rods before the demonstration of their physiological existence, they balanced their sightline from side to side of their night path, carefully not looking where they wanted to go. It was, of course, the best way to get there.

And looking real close, we can see TV-scars-and-rapes eaters asking for another 150 channels. Not that one more channel would be a chance to get one good one, simply for one more. Nothing to do with a quest for a better point of view, rather a will to multiply them, to construct them as a swarm, getting to know this gangland through a zapped map.

An idea is a small billion electric sparks that explode in your cranium. It is the crest of a wave. To look at waves with a telescope ?

The emergency that rises from Now Art does not have much to do with some theory of communications, even less with an elogy of new medias, but rather with a precarious contact with the exponentiality of the curve in the space of this eggshell against which a telephone at 150 kilometers an hour is softly put as a banality. Even more so that this art runs on a roaring train rising on the horizon, with its relative speed added to the one of the ones who think in another direction. It is not a question of looking there, but to look everywhere, in a movement with a curve. And this it is not fixed either. Everywhere is a word that moves.

We already throw billions of word-shaped electrons at each other, in the hope that these particules crashing will lead us to the isolation of a human quark from which we could build a new chart of territorial elements.

The new territory is in the throwing.
The chart is in the movement.
The code is in the translation.

The emergence of the interest in nomadism in recent art is no accident: "Nomad : n., designates a sensitivity with no fixed address."

Knowledge comes through reduction, as for ignorance.
Experience comes through movement.
Art is balistics.

The ratio between the sides of a rectangular triangle has been given by Pythagoras: $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$.

Easy as pie.

Diophante of Alexandria, a Greek mathematician from the third century, got interested by this kind of equation, and toyed for a while with its development and possible solutions when applied to integers only. [The one we all know from school is $3^2 + 4^2 = 5^2$ i.e. 9 + 16 = 25.] He then wrote a book, called Arithmetica, that presented his work on the subject.

Around 1637, Pierre de Fermat, a French lawyer that worked mathematics as a hobby, also grew interested by this field of the numbers game, and while reading his very own copy of Arithmetica, he devised a short theory that said that for $x^n + y^n = z^n$, there is no solution if x, y and z are positive integers, and n is an integer < 2. He then wrote down this idea in the margin of his book, with a note saying : I found a truly remarkable demonstration of this, that — unfortunately — cannot be written down in this small margin. And then he died.

This has been known for three centuries as the Last Fermat's Theorem. And since then, mathematicians from all countries have been losing their hair and patience on it. What demonstration could he have been referring to?

Andrew Wiles and Richard Taylor, two American mathematicians, wrote a proposal for a demonstration in 1993. The hundred-and thirty-something page document has been contested by other specialists in the field, has gone through a two-year revision, and was presented again in 1995. It hasn't yet gained unanimous acclaim, but seems to be closer to the goal.

This saga around a very simple — and totally useless — numbers problem brings out some basic questions about mathematics: was it mathematics when Fermat wrote his note in the margin of his book ? Did it became more mathematical when somebody else read it ? when someone else worked on the problem without coming up with any new way to finding a solution, was it mathematics ? What justifies the years of hard work that Wiles & Taylor — and the others — spent on this totally functionless demonstration ?

They published their results. Did they become more mathematical when they were read by someone else ? By many others ?

Mathematics are a duel. Mathematics are a fight between a mathematician and a world. Others have not much to do with it. It is completely remote from the communication theory that some would like to label it with: nothing to do with a transmitter, a message, and a receiver.

The world is aggressing or seducing us from so many angles, why is one fascinated by the granite instead of the butter ? By dance instead of jogging ? By the weather and the time that flows by instead of numbers ? Is the fascination a lie if it is not shared ?

Art is not communication.

Our imagistic, our cheaters.

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