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Until recently there were just a few regular contemporary art events, which were reserved, *de facto*, for a well-off public that was sufficiently interested to make the journey to Venice or Kassel. It is natural, and a good thing, that this situation should have been turned around, and that art should be moving towards the public. Around the world, the major events are becoming more numerous, thus providing greater possibilities for access to current creative activity. With the propagation of exhibition venues (at least one new museum opens each month), the progressive extension of the contemporary art network over the entire planet is profoundly transforming the situation and conditions of creative work.

What we see appearing is a generation of young artists who can survive by oscillating back and forth between exhibitions and artists' residencies, between commissions and grants.

The works are very often ephemeral, and artists are no longer necessarily forced to produce for the market. The so-called crisis in art really only exists in the minds of the observers who are still trying to reconcile art with rules and limits to which the artists themselves are in fact totally indifferent.

This phenomenon has had multiple consequences, which have not yet been fully fathomed. It correlates with an aspiration which is often expressed by artists, namely that of escaping from the constraints of the market. Dissent was stigmatized around 1968, in the Marxist context of that period. And it was from public funds that the solution was expected to come. It did in fact come from that direction to some extent; and this was particularly the case in France after 1981. But innumerable sources of finance are now to be found around the world, and this is conducive to the dissemination and proliferation of artists. The idea of an *avant-garde*, which has long been criticized for turning into the exclusive criterion of a micro-environment that has its nose stuck in its own *Guinness Book of Records*, is at last in the process of falling apart. It is of little importance that Vito Acconci or Gina Pane should have been the already legendary pioneers of body art, when the whole point, for a younger creator, is that of lived experimentation of the body's limits.

The adventure of the world of living art, open to cultures as a whole, corresponds to a change in attitude that is perceptible today among many creative artists.

Aside from abstract art, and the "less is more" attitude, what is appearing now

is a profusion of works aimed at giving an account of the real: its ambiguities, its contradictions and its blind spots. This current grew up out of observations of a reality in full-scale evolution, and not out of the dogma of modernity. Its postulates have already disintegrated, and the legend that modern art forged for itself in its development phase attracts more interest among young artists than do the works themselves.

Above and beyond its penchant for playing with the signs and conventions of diverse cultures, the generation of artists that has attracted my interest over the last few years has demonstrated its ability to seize the image anew, without any complexes or circumlocutions as far as modernity is concerned. Questions about the autonomy of art and the setting of limits, which were so essential for so long, are hardly raised at all any more. The work must simply make sense; and in the pursuit of this objective, anything goes.

There is a great temptation for certain artists, who take it that their customers are mainly in the West, to spice their works with exotic elements for these very customer's benefit. But on the other hand, to cast aspersions on any use of vernacular elements by artists from outside our culture condemns them to being seen as mimicking our culture and abandoning their own history. Some works by Western artists are not without exotic effects, in that more and more of them are taking into account the reality of other cultures. Here too, systematic condemnation would be absurd. A total withdrawal into oneself is not imaginable, and what must be judged is the intrinsic value of a work, above and beyond the mere use of the picturesque. It would be foolhardy, today, to claim to have identified any type of ethnic or cultural purity that was in conformity with a desire for autonomy shorn of all contact with the West. Art is never anything other than a succession of appropriations, influential contacts and crossovers, whatever the proponents of stylistic or ethnic purity may think.

At the same time, the prepossessing dominance of strictly artistic categories has faded out in favor of more general values deriving from the human sciences and anthropology. Man once more becomes the main preoccupation, in all his plenitude and not solely in his quest for an ascetic purity of the visual. Visual thinking is reincarnated in the impression of human destiny. Many of the modern artist's frivolities do no more than mask the necessity to know oneself and confront the human condition.

These factors facilitate communication between artists of different cultures. It is necessary that those who are creating art outside our circuits should have the opportunity to continue doing so without compromising their tradition, their history or their system of references. And if they opt for this choice, it is just as necessary that their intrinsic value be recognized in the prestigious circuits of the West, which are so powerful.

Museums have for too long labored under the pressure of a consensus in

which the market inevitably played an important role. Through lack of courage or taste for risk, they have not yet taken the measure of the freedom they are being offered. Most of the criticism directed at "Magiciens de la Terre" resulted from this audacious demonstration of the degree to which the art world, which saw itself as being so free, or even libertarian, had in fact been building up geographical barriers. The bigger the museum, the more it was closed up within its limits and contradictions. History never repeats itself in the same way. Each curator is persuaded, in his heart of hearts, that he would have been able to discern the value of a Mondrian or a Duchamp at the start of the 20th century. But the blindness recurs, and, of course, always in the same way. I am continually surprised by colleagues who write prolix, dithyrambic books about Dadaists, and yet have no words harsh enough to stigmatize the occasional insolent stroke of audacity pulled off by a young artist.

There is a whole crowd of artists milling around our door, and we do not see them, because thought doled out into little ready-made boxes is always easier than openness and reflection. But our categories are obsolete, and there is really a missing link in the institutional system. The development of modernity came about to the detriment of cultures without writing, whose works were lauded while their makers were occulted, unable to find a place in a form of modernity based on individual creation. They were quickly relegated to ahistorical time and mythical communitarian creation, a product of our romantic vision. The process of raising religious forms of expression from all cultures to the ranks of art, as emblemized by Malraux, came to an end towards the close of the 20th century. Religious art was doubly wrong in white people's eyes: both in having been in contact with them, through colonization, and in having thereby lost its supposed authenticity and purity, appearing as an outgrowth of archaic survivals in terms of a linear conception of history which gave precedence to the progressive, ineluctable victory of reason, in keeping with the Marxist ideology that was then in vogue. It has to be admitted that this construction has since collapsed.

The result, however, has been embarrassment for modern art museums, which hesitate to exhibit works by artists whose status is not clearly defined. The old hierarchies die hard: artist versus craftsman. Sometimes they are not even professionals, and what is more, their ultimate motivation is religion: a system of thinking which is closed up within itself and takes the museum not as an end in itself but as a way of propagating a faith and a doctrine, in other words, a culture. Of course these artists find a home in museums of ethnology, but in general this does not satisfy them, because they are well enough informed to understand that these institutions are always debtors, if not of colonialism, at least of a mode of thinking that insures the pre-eminence, or indeed the domination, of Western judgment. They all know well that they are the custodians



of knowledge, and the means of acquiring it. Whatever the use to which it may be put, the position of domination of the one over the other is clear for everybody. Their role in the apprenticeship of diversity is fundamental, but the rationalist obsession with explaining each object reveals a very presumptuous intellectual attitude that wants to classify, name and explain everything.

This means that art and its museums, which are far from being innocent of rites inherited from the age of the Enlightenment, are at least presented as a universal activity requiring the implementation of projects conceived by the intellect and the spirit.

In this sense, non-Western societies are at least given a pledge of equity in terms of values. A concern for the beautiful is to be found around the planet, and in our language it has been agreed to call this "art." Statements by some ethnologists to the effect that it is pointless to talk about art with regard to peoples who do not possess the concept have done a lot of harm.

Their science would not have gone very far if one had to stop talking each time one came across a concept that did not exist in a foreign language, the very first of which is "ethnology"!

Artists and museums have for too long taken advantage of the geographical or intellectual remoteness of certain formal types of expression. Modernity has cannibalized all sorts of domains of formal expression that were to be found on its borders: primitive art, popular art (the circus, the fair, etc.), naïve art, Art Brut (done by mentally ill people and prisoners), children's drawings, etc.

When I organized "Magiciens de la Terre," many people criticized me for not including artists of the Art Brut tendency. It would have been exactly opposed to my intention: to put the marginalized and the excluded together. I am, on the contrary, still convinced that if one applies in a consistent way the conceptions and criteria that rule the history of art in its universal dimension, there is nothing to stand in the way of a juxtaposition of, and a dialogue between, works of contemporary art, even if underpinned by the most ambitious theory of art imaginable, and works from societies without writing. Man remains face to face with his destiny, and art continues to give an account of the relationship between man and the world, with the most aggressive and desperate paths often turning out to be those that are chosen in the end. The relativity of these relationships, which are so diverse and complex, gives them a right to equal treatment. The possession of the means of technological domination has nothing to do with this.

Many intellectuals who would consider themselves to be above any accusation of racism are far from accepting the idea of equality among artistic values, e.g., the comparability of Esther Mahlangu's decorative painting with Sol LeWitt's "decorative painting." Artists are often the first to recognize that there is value in art over the long term, by comparison with which present success can look

ephemeral indeed. If these exotic works are worthy of our museums when it is a question of the past, why should they no longer be so?

For a long time, it was accepted that artists, through their works, gave an account of these marginal, popular or exotic aesthetics. Today, when all the necessary means exist for acceding directly to the authors of these registers, one cannot continue to accept the idea of translations, appropriations and borrowings based on them, without also giving a hearing to the original representatives of these territories. From then on, one can talk about a "sharing of exoticism" in the free circulation of signs, avoiding exploitation.

Another major pitfall, when one is talking about non-Western cultures, is that of the binary schematism to which the statements reduce. On one side there is the West and its cultures which, while highly diverse, also represent, when it comes down to it, a certain unity; and then there are the others, which are lumped together in what we regularly condense into a single entity. But these others are, in fact, innumerable in their diversity, and can never be reduced to generalities. The differences are such, and the particular cases and specificities with which I have been confronted in the course of my different journeys are so numerous and varied, that for every statement which hammers out some truth about "other people's art" I can produce an example that contradicts the assertion.

And this is how it is with the debate on the individuality of the artist in traditional societies. Though it is admitted, in the art world, that behind every invention of a form there is necessarily an author, whether his name be known or not, his degree of dependence on the social milieu to which he belongs can be extremely variable. It would be dangerous to generalize too hastily, and thus obliterate the importance of relations with the communitarian context, which may be extremely interesting in their divergences from our European tradition. Living art has up to this point been considered in its temporal dimension. The modern and the post-modern mark out a long succession of movements that take over from and displace one another. Today, globalization is making it necessary to adopt a viewpoint that is more spatial than temporal, and to look at the visual arts in their synchronous and geographical dimensions.

Since the time when the terrestrial globe was recognized as such, we have had five centuries of the global era. Cultures are no longer hermetic, and have not been so for a very long time. It remains the case, however, that in spite of the appearance of a uniform urban architecture, the different cultures are far from having been brought to the same level. Under the trappings of the West, modes of thinking are varied and far from being stifled by Cartesian logic.

For too long there was a belief that acculturation and the extinction of cultures would be the result of the tidal wave of Western domination. The new situation engendered by this extraordinary cacophony (rather than polyphony)



entails taking artists and their work into account in terms of their particular historical backgrounds. The works are founded on traditions and systems of reference which, for the most part, ignore the theory of art, Hegel and critical over-interpretation.

These cultural manifestations—provided that one does not concentrate exclusively on those that are based on Western trends—are marked by strangeness. Their exotic value is undeniable, even if an “internal” change of scene is indissociable from all true artistic creation. The term “exoticism” has often suffered from its narrowly colonialist connotation. It has to be realized that the virtually ineluctable domination of the whole planet by Western models, and their normalization in our eyes, does not detract from their strangeness in the eyes of others.

Huang Yong Ping is an artist whom I met in Xiamen—a city on the coast of China—who had assimilated Western modernism. He knew of Duchamp, and had begun to produce a certain number of works that could be labeled “dadaist.” It was fairly surprising to enter his studio in 1987 and find works that were perfectly in step with what we were seeing in our own avant-garde. He had made a piece that included two turtles—exhibited in “Magiciens de la Terre”—which in fact were Chinese tombs. The two turtles were made from *papier mâché*, and that paper had been recycled in washing machines that were also displayed in the show. In 1995 I invited him for the exhibition “La Galerie des 5 Continents” (Musée des Arts d’Afrique et d’Océanie, Paris) for which each artist was asked to show, alongside his own work, objects or artworks of the past that best represented his own culture. His work was a table with a cage also in shape of a turtle. Placed in this cage, which he called *The Theater of the World*, were all kinds of animals—lizards, snakes, toads, spiders and other animals of the same type—which were supposed to coexist more or less happily. Obviously, there were clashes. At first the animals were housed in little cubbyholes set along the rim, but then they could move into the central part where they could mix more or less happily, or perhaps fight. Huang Yong Ping said this piece referred to the extremely cruel spectacles that Chinese emperors liked to organize by watching wild beasts fight. He then made a *Bridge of Harmony* that arches over *The Theater of the World*. In the form of a snake, the bridge contains early twentieth-century Japanese bronzes depicting monsters based notably on snakes and turtles, which he found in the storerooms of the Musée Cernuschi in Paris. Strangely, the objects he chose to reflect his cultural identity were Japanese rather than Chinese, although live snakes and turtles are key symbols of China for the artist. The turtle represents quiet and wisdom. An entire building or column often rests on one. It is an element of the cosmos on which you can build. Snakes, on the contrary, are rapid, fleeting, dangerous and shrewd. Huang Yong Ping wondered whether the encounter of

the two might lead to a certain harmony rather than chaos. On the formal level, the most extraordinary thing was seeing real snakes coil around the fantastic bronze snakes.

Chéri Samba is an artist from Kinshasa who had already begun to make a name for himself at the time of “Magiciens de la Terre.” He was very successful because he was a painter. I think we’re still in an art system where the medium is the message: as long as we’re dealing with paint on canvas, everyone is happy because we’re sure it’s art. Samba depicts himself in his canvases, telling his own story without modesty or artifice, and not without humor. He says a lot of things that Western artists don’t say, including the fact that he wants to travel, to become famous, and to earn a lot of money—which isn’t normally expressed in art works themselves. All of that has triggered a rather pleasant aura of fame, and since that time Samba has not had much difficulty forging a real career.

Fredéric Bruly-Bouabré has also become well known, if not famous, since “Magiciens de la Terre.”

Since Bruly-Bouabré is a member of the Bété ethnic group, it was expected that he would choose sculptures and masks primarily from his own community. On the contrary, he felt it was important to show Baoulé and Yaouré carvings, as well as work from other populations related to the Bété. Given his constant dealings and exchanges with his neighbors, he didn’t see why he should simply stick to the culture into which he was born.

Bruly-Bouabré’s little drawings constitute a kind of encyclopedia of local traditions: ritual scars and their meaning, *akan* weights for measuring gold, and so on. The weights display highly varied motifs for which Bruly-Bouabré offers interpretations that combine the heritage of his ethnic group and the fruit of his imagination. The drawings are always surrounded by a short sentence or explanatory phrase, probably a vestige of contact with French ethnographers; Bruly-Bouabré worked for a while for Jean Monot’s team and served as a guide to French ethnographers. He certainly learned a great deal from this contact, and he realized that ethnographers always have to provide an explanation for every phenomenon. Therefore, when he began to compile this graphic encyclopedia of everything he knew, every visual phenomenon required an explication. His captions for the drawings are pithy, and his graphical innovations are extraordinary. His depictions of clouds, bubbles in soapy water or marks on cola nuts are particularly delightful and sometimes have prophetic properties. All his life Bruly-Bouabré heard that the major difference between Western civilization and African culture was the latter’s lack of writing. Therefore, he invented picture-writing based on the phonemes of visual elements, which he has always claimed constitutes an African alphabet and not just a Bété or Ivory Coast one.

Bodys Isek Kingelez, who makes extravagant architectural models, comes from



a family of artists. He didn't see much point in repeating traditional forms of African art in a metropolis like Kinshasa. He therefore began to make models of fantastic, visionary, imaginary architecture, which he then showed to various galleries (there are a few galleries in Kinshasa that sell paintings, primarily naïve African paintings). But Kingelez was told his models weren't art, and was turned away. He remained blocked until the day when, thanks to a network of friends, he was noticed: a brief article with several photos appeared in the Paris magazine *Autrement*, then Kingelez himself was tracked down and we invited him to exhibit his models for the first time in "Magiciens de la Terre."

Here, then, was someone who was certain he was making art and was convinced he was an artist, yet who, in contrast, couldn't find a context in which to show his work since no context existed locally. In the meantime, he has exhibited all around, notably at the Cartier Foundation.

All of this is rather amusing if you compare his architecture to a certain number of buildings which, in the meantime, have been built in the vein of post-modern architecture, which Bodys Kingelez knew only very remotely, perhaps through a few pictures in newspapers.

Kane Kwei, whom I call an artist, and who also sparked a lot of discussions, was in fact a carpenter or cabinet-maker who lived in a suburb of Accra in Ghana until his death a few years ago. Among other things, he made coffins. In the 1950s he made a very fine coffin in the form of a boat for a recently deceased relative who had been a fisherman. The coffin was carried through the whole village to the church and then onto the cemetery. The local population was greatly struck by it. So a few years later, another fairly affluent family asked Kane Kwei to make a similar coffin with a different figure—a different attribute—as a memorial on the death of one of their members. One thing led to another and the practice became a habit. Soon, whenever someone from an affluent family in this suburb of Accra died, Kane Kwei was always asked to make a coffin in the shape of an object or animal recalling the deceased's profession or a typical aspect of his or her life.

I am greatly interested in this case because Kane Kwei never referred to himself as an artist as such. He wasn't concerned by it. Here we are dealing with something highly specific, in which you can witness the emergence not just of a form but also a rite, since these coffins are paraded throughout the village. Sometimes, for that matter, there were problems getting into the church because the priest didn't always approve of the shape. That happened with a coffin in the form of a Mercedes, made for the owner of a taxi company who was to be buried in a car. The problem was finally resolved thanks to a donation for the benefit of the parish poor.

Since then, Kane Kwei has multiplied, so to speak, thanks to the journeymen from his workshop. These journeymen have opened their own businesses

nearby. There are now several workshops producing coffins of this type. Things must have spread to other suburbs. It might be supposed that in several generations people everywhere in Ghana will be buried in this manner.

Taking things a little further, in another fifty years we might imagine a naïve ethnographer arriving on the scene and referring, obviously, to ancestral traditions. Ancestral traditions always have to start somewhere. And they have a date of birth which, in this case, we can specify. I don't see why, if we apply Western criteria of artistic creativity, we shouldn't grant Kane Kwei the title of artist: he created a form that hadn't existed beforehand.

David Malangi, an Australian Aborigine, was of great interest to us because the Musée des Arts d'Afrique et d'Océanie in Paris boasts a collection of Aboriginal bark paintings, brought back by Karel Kupka, one of the first people to take an interest in this painting in the late 1950s and early 1960s. This museum has what is probably the finest collection of Australian Aboriginal paintings in Europe, including paintings from the 1960s by the young David Malangi. One of my colleagues went to see him again, to ask Malangi if he would show his work. He didn't want to travel, not because he was too old, but because there was an important ceremony in the neighboring village that coincided with the exhibition, and he thought that event was much more important than coming to Paris. So we showed paintings that were already thirty or forty years old, for which he provided a commentary. It is interesting to note, moreover, that the commentary was not necessarily identical to the one he supplied at the time to Kupka, a reliable reporter who noted what the artists said. Malangi's commentary was far from the same.

In societies that don't have writing, the handing down of accounts from one generation to another allows for a lot of latitude. The culture is kept alive precisely because tales and myths are not repeated in exactly the same manner from one generation to the next—they can be made to evolve. We are currently going through a highly valorizing period for these cultures since, thanks to ethnographers and the full potential of Western knowledge, these tales and myths are now being published. Whatever the upshot, this enables us to know them better. Often, for that matter, those societies approve of publication because it valorizes them in our eyes. But such publications have the huge drawback of fossilizing the tales. The story David Malangi recounted thirty years ago no longer corresponds to today's version. In fact, such commentaries must be allowed to live. If we look at Western artists, we can see that comments on a given work may also change considerably over a twenty- or thirty-year period.

In the exhibition, a sand sculpture on the floor done by one of Malangi's friends bore the inscription "No Nukes"—it was the period of French nuclear testing on Mururoa.



David Malangi became famous, somewhat against his will, as the "one-dollar note painter." One of his paintings, now in the Musée des Arts d'Afrique et d'Océanie in Paris, was used for the Australian one-dollar bill. Malangi was completely unaware of this. Kupka had a photo of the painting, which he showed to the head of the Australian bank, who kept it for a while but later said to himself it might be a good idea to have an Aboriginal motif on a banknote. He sent the photo to an engraver who, in perfectly good faith, etched the note with Malangi's depiction of a funeral rite, along with other elements. It was years before a missionary, shocked by such methods, found David Malangi and procured him a modest sum in royalty payments.

When I was organizing "Magiciens de la Terre," I learned of healing rituals of the Navahos, which involved placing the patient in the middle of a circle of sand. A painting was executed in this circle using colored powders obtained from crushed minerals. In each case, the highly specific drawing corresponded to a ritual for a given type of illness. These sand paintings, as they're called, only last for the duration of the ceremony and must be destroyed within twenty-four hours by a dance on conclusion of the ceremony.

I had a lot of trouble finding an artist who did sand paintings. Joe Ben Jr. has a double allegiance. He is an artist, but since his father was a medicine man, that is to say a shaman who practiced this kind of ritual, Joe Ben Jr. learned how to do it. He knows all the chants for the rituals, but only practices them occasionally. He uses the sand-painting technique to make paintings glued to panels, as do a certain number of artists. I wasn't interested in that because it was the fragility and fleetingness that I found so wonderful in the work. His stylistic vocabulary could be described as cubist, given the geometricization of forms. He does paintings of his own invention, with subject matter and imagery generated from this stylistic vocabulary. He is very careful not to execute sacred designs because that would be a violation of his oath; he might draw the wrath of his gods if he did a ritual painting in a museum context.

In the middle of his sand painting, Joe Ben Jr. placed a 1948 drip painting by Jackson Pollock, loaned by the Musée National d'Art Moderne. He draped it with a cloth woven in the 1920s by a medicine man named Hosteen Klah. Klah had ritual paintings woven because he thought his culture was going to disappear during the interwar period when colonial governments were attempting to forcefully eradicate native cultures. People who possessed traditional knowledge believed that their learning was going to vanish. They therefore transmitted it to ethnographers, as did Klah. It just so happened that the opposite phenomenon occurred: the Navajos now enjoy a growing population and a true cultural renaissance to the point that traditional healing rituals are once again being practiced in native communities. Joe Ben Jr., for that matter, has been asked to perform these rituals and to become a medicine man, but he

decided to stick to art and for the moment he remains an artist.

His painting shows four suns of different colors, extended by a trunk and feathery strokes. The black circle in the middle represents a depiction of the cosmos insofar as it is a lake whose waters also reflect the sky. Ben explains, as did Bruly-Bouabré, that the Navajo people don't use only purely Navajo objects. They might also borrow objects from the Hopi or other nearby tribes. The symbolism was heightened here by the juxtaposition of Ben's own ephemeral sand painting—destroyed at the end of the show, devoid of material value—with a highly valuable Western painting; Jackson Pollock had read a few articles on Navajo paintings and had been struck by the fact that they were also executed flat on the ground. Pollock's painting wears, like a cloak, Hosteen Klah's tapestry.

A totally different sphere, yet one where ties with Africa still exist, is represented by Brazil with its Afro-Brazilian culture. Maestre Didi is a priest in the Candomble-Nago religion: Nago being a version of voodoo taken to the Caribbean and South America by slaves from the Yoruba and Fon tribes of West Africa. Didi's work is based on the attribute of an orisha (orishas being the gods of Nago voodoo rites). This attribute is a bundle of sticks, made with palm twigs bound by leather rings decorated with cowries, and carried like a scepter by an *orisha* who cures a certain number of illnesses. Didi developed and amplified this form. In general, the scepter is some sixteen to twenty inches long; Didi employed the exact same form, materials and technique, but magnified, developed and refined them in order to produce figures that are sometimes very large. Some of them are nearly six feet high, becoming anthropomorphic, in a way; the upper loop represents the head, with an eye on each side of the loop, while the fibers hanging from each side represent the arms of this divinity.

This kind of artist is extremely interesting yet has difficulty being understood and recognized in the West because he is heir to a religious tradition.

His mother was a very important priestess, and Didi himself is a priest in the Nago religion. Moreover, he values what he sees as the political significance of this status insofar as the blacks of Salvador de Bahai, where he lives, consider themselves to be an oppressed minority. The defense of their culture and religion has become a true political struggle in Brazil. But at the same time, Didi says that these works are true works of art. This is new for Westerners because modernism tends to force us to choose: either he's a priest or he's an artist. We'll have to come to terms with these new attitudes.

We increasingly live in an era of artistic dissemination, and the power held by artistic centers will certainly be altered in coming years. Not so much on the financial level—New York and the major cities will continue to act as the focus of the art market—but on artistic and cultural levels I think centers of activity are now scattered much more widely than before. There is also a diversifica-

tion of artistic practices. Juxtaposing these practices is difficult, of course, because it implies—to a greater or lesser degree—that each culture comes with its own system of references. What we're seeing at the moment is what James Clifford calls polyphony, which I myself would tend to call cacophony. Polyphony implies that we are arriving at a kind of final harmonic melody. I don't think cacophony is in any way disturbing. There can be highly contrasting melodies that can co-exist in the world of culture. I don't think that tomorrow's world will be a better one, but it may not be as uniform as people would have us believe, because people often tend to say, when measuring other cultures by the yardstick of the major urban centers, that a kind of worldwide uniformity will prevail. But beliefs, religions and traditions in the various cultures are so strong—even if we don't recognize it because people dress like us and inhabit the same architecture as us—that we will see resurgences, will witness extremely powerful artistic and cultural renaissances.

The idea of dialectic, so necessary and so strongly present in the cultural history of the West in the 20th century, can no longer be satisfied simply by placing viewpoints and interpretations in mutual confrontation within our closed domain. It must now assist in attempting to promote co-existence between works and ideas generated by extremely varied systems of thought.