

In the final analysis, maybe, numbers, far from facilitating a purely scientific approach, actually contribute to the depth of the world. Like the letters in a novel, they could be seen as constituting not only its secret grammar, its skeleton – the dream of a mathesis universalis – but also its flesh. Not so much marking out time as filling it. With each layer of time a notch to be noted, a stratum of meaning to be read, a space in its own right: gone the distinction between the acts of reading, counting and contemplating a landscape.

Maybe this is the experience that the sublime works in the 2012 exhibition – with its title borrowed from a work by Adriana Lara – share with us: when the ciphered and lettered arcana of the world are, like the horizon, its immediate form.

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