

*Ella Spitzer-Stephan,*  
*Opera Aperta: A Marginal Archive*  
(2024 - \_\_\_\_ )



*Various reproductions of Martin Heidegger's "Poetry, Language, Thought"*  
 (left hand, Roberts Library  
 right hand, E.J Pratt Library)



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## \* | Introduction

“(…) Marginalia is deliberately penciled, because the mind of the reader wishes to unburden itself of a thought; — however flippant — however silly — however trivial — still a thought indeed, not merely a thing that might have been a thought in time, and under more favorable circumstances. In the marginalia, too, we talk only to ourselves; we therefore talk freshly — boldly — originally — with abandonment — without conceit…” - Edgar Allen Poe. *Marginalia* 1844-49.

\* *Essay*, born from the French word *essayer*,“ meaning “to attempt”, makes writing an essay an act of plurality, a continuous venture to grasp or articulate an idea. Michel de Montaigne, the “inventor” of the essay, began using this format after the loss of his friend. The essay becomes a method of writing to oneself, similar to the act of keeping a diary. <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Michel de Montaigne, *On Friendship*. 1580 Penguin Books UK.

<sup>2</sup> Edgar Allen Poe, *Marginalia* 1844-49 1844. Democratic Review.

Or, paradoxically, if understood as an open letter, the reader takes the place of the dead, becoming a spectre in place of another. An essay is always awaiting a response, someone to pick up the other end of the phone line. Often, the notes which surround a pre-existing text, creates a unique for of “deconstructed essay”.

Montaigne himself had a habit of leaving marginalia in his own writing, adding bits of poems, single words, and sentence fragments, later republishing a newer version of his writings including those annotations. The beauty of marginalia is how it is not bound to the written form. Illustrations, symbols, and other forms of mark making take place as effective communication without words. What’s added in the margins reflects the state of mind of the individual as they read. Like when working on a work of art, the process of annotating revolves around reworking, something generative with no solid beginning or end. Through the analysis of others marginalia, there is a lot to learn around one’s own editing habits.

Edgar Allen Poe argues that within marginalia we “talk only to ourselves” and this allows for an unfiltered expression of thought. This becomes falsified in the context of library books, yet only in the manner that often people do not reflect on what happens to their notes once left behind. What occurs is the taking on of another person’s voice bringing each thought to an equal place of recognition, confusing one’s own ideas and one’s own references, with each of the unidentifiable voices within the library copies.

“In the midst of being as a whole an open place occurs. There is a clearing, a lighting. Thought of in reference to what is, to beings, this clearing is in a greater degree than are beings. This open center is therefore not surrounded by what is; rather the lighting center itself encircles all that is, like the Nothing which we scarcely know. That which is can only be, as a being, if it stands within and stands out with in what is lighted in this clearing. Only this clearing grants and guarantees to us humans a passage to those beings that we ourselves are not, and access to the being that we ourselves are.” (Martin Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought*, pp.53)<sup>1</sup>

Marginalia acts as a form of para-text which webs around a pre-existing text, this format is sustained as my own, and those before myself's thoughts. Marginalia is the "Open" Heidegger describes, a place of un-concealment where one can easily access and connect to the other.

Heidegger argues that the "Fourfold" (*das Geviert*) of earth, sky, mortals, and divinities gathers our "world" on earth. This act of material and "immaterial" coming together to create being grounds all in a place of equilibrium, where all entities pull their weight in sustaining existence. A stone, a word, a sound, a gap, a sign, a bird, a work of art, a human are all intrinsically linked by being. This destabilized their object-hood vs. subject-hood, or as Heidegger puts it, their "thingly" quality, and the intimate connection between poetry, art, thought, and earthly dwelling.

<sup>1</sup> Martin Heidegger, Albert, Hofstadter, *Poetry, Language, Thought*, 1971 Harper Perennial Modern Thought. pp.53.

During her time studying abroad in Rome, Francesca Woodman bought three used Quaderno's, (notepads) from an Italian used bookstore; she then filled the book with her own writing and self-portrait photographs, which she printed onto translucent paper and superimposed over its worn pages. These books included tight Italian script studying various subjects from poetry to numerical measurements pertaining to architecture. The imposition of her own exploration of how the body interacts with architectural space now enters the context of a broader conversation that bridges temporal gaps. She creates a form of marginalia which can leave demarcations in a book not bound by the written language, universal to those with sight.



Francesca Woodman  
*Some Distorted Interior Geometries* 1981.

Why is it that the words which are “favoured” by others register differently in the mind of the reader? How do Heidegger’s words and sentences become lost and muddled due to this favouritism unique to each of the many reproductions of this canonical piece of writing? By collecting many copies of the same text, I noted how the annotations differed and often echoed each other. Something that quickly became apparent is that people often underline similar sentences, leaving certain pages with heavier markings than others. Is this a testament to how certain sentences resonate heavily for many, or is it a form of complicity, a trusting in what those who came before deem worthy of increased study?

In an interview with Kate Wolf and Medaya Ocher for the "Los Angeles Review of Books", writer and artist Renee Gladman discusses the moments in the gaps of attempting to communicate something to someone else where one “Forgets who they are”, describing it as “Meeting in the places we don’t know”. Writing about a failing to write, and having an inability to define something as “finished”, Gladman describes drawing as an act not being “ beholden to the sense making we have in building paragraphs”. Existing in a state of not knowing - but simultaneously in a place of wanting to understand it all. A place where many things simply do not cohere - their coherence exists simply in their being and their relevance to a self.

In this case, writing an essay, whether it be in a traditional format or other, is an attempt to piece together this “feeling of incoherence”, for the writer as well as readers sake. With in the margins of a text, this feeling of incoherence and *being within the gaps* is most clear. One relinquishes their confusion and their unknowing through both words, as well as other forms of mark making. What happens to the gathering of thoughts which are not immediately used, however still exist in the background space? They break a temporality on which all knowledge which is gained is executed, relinquished and exploited, but rather linger in ones peripheral vision.

When we read, we always need a witness. In this way reading has a presence, it is not an act which exists in a chamber of the self, but rather relies on relationality to be deciphered. A relationality between writer and reader, reader and reader, this relationship is built through the margins of a text. What results is Marginalia, a geography of displaced ideas.



(emph) or relationship between mortals and the outside world  
Building Dwelling Thinking 155

ing of man) To say that mortals are is to say that in dwelling they persist through spaces by virtue of their stay among things and locations. And only because mortals pervade, persist through, spaces by their very nature are they able to go through spaces. But in going through spaces we do not give up our standing in them. Rather, we always go through spaces in such a way that we already experience them by staying constantly with near and remote locations and things. When I go toward the door of the lecture hall, I am already there, and I could not go to it at all if I were not such that I am there. I am never here only, as this encapsulated body; rather, I am there, that is, I already pervade the room, and only thus can I go through it. \* will be

Even when mortals turn "inward," taking stock of themselves, they do not leave behind their belonging to the fourfold. When, as we say, we come to our senses and reflect on ourselves, we come back to ourselves from things *without ever abandoning* our stay among things. Indeed, the loss of rapport with things that occurs in states of depression would be wholly impossible if even such a state were not still what it is as a human state: that is, a staying *with* things. Only if this stay already characterizes human being can the things among which we are also *fail* to speak to us, *fail* to concern us any longer. I do not need to know

Man's relation to locations, and through locations to spaces, inheres in his dwelling. The relationship between man and space is none other than dwelling, strictly thought and spoken. *but look*

When we think, in the manner just attempted, about the relation between location and space, but also about the relation of man and space, a light falls on the nature of the things that are locations and that we call buildings. *at all 27.1.15, it here*

The bridge is a thing of this sort. The location allows the simple onefold of earth and sky, of divinities and mortals, to enter into a site by arranging the site into spaces. The location makes room for the fourfold in a double sense. The location admits the fourfold and it installs the fourfold. The two-making room in the sense of *I can infer*

And it can collect all the influence or *existing*

"We used to know how to love our neighbor sometimes, and often the land; we have learned with difficulty to love humanity, which was once so abstract, but which we are starting to encounter more frequently; now we must learn and teach around us the love of the world, or of our Earth, which we can henceforth contemplate as a whole. Love our two fathers, natural and human, the land and the neighbor: love humanity, our human mother, and our natural mother, the Earth." - Michel Serres *The Natural Contract*

(Marginalia)  
"Emphasis on relationship between mortals and the outside world"



Andy Goldsworthy  
*Slate Arche*, made over two days, forth attempt.

I do not need to know you by looking at you. I can look at all others, if there are all kinds of influence by you and the others, I can infer that.

Existing, there is someone called "you" in the world" And it can collect all influence or (...)



*We speak between, our "mhms" and "bumms" fill the void for conversation to continue. Marginalia likewise is born from a need to fill or bridge the gaps, whether it be a small diagram, drawing, a note to remember something of importance, an explanation point or other.*

(Marginalia)

"(..) roles you play in all the others,  
I will know you perfectly and at the  
same time I know you all.

Houses provide a space for mor-  
tals to dwell, at the same time,  
the houses is the install one which  
installs, the dwelling of mortals.

Houses allows mortals to dwell,  
mean while it installs the dwelling  
of the mortals.

Dwelling, then building, Heideg-  
ger provided a way to think about  
building in relation to dwelling.  
But even he didn't know how  
buildings should (provide) install  
perfectly dwelling - how should  
buildings be designed?"

*In accordance with the fourfold, a  
"thing" is also a gathering, or an assem-  
blage.*

*Heidegger discusses how the  
bridge gathers, the earth, sky, mortals,  
and divinities with in it, this act of  
indexing and collecting references brings  
the "thing quality" to the work.*

Houses provide a space for mortals  
to dwell, at the same time, the house  
is the install one which installs the  
dwelling of mortals. Building Dwelling Thinking 157  
that process of making consists in by which building is accom-  
plished. Usually we take production to be an activity whose per-  
formance has a result, the finished structure, as its consequence. It  
is possible to conceive of making in that way; we thereby grasp  
something that is correct, and yet never touch its nature, which is  
a producing that brings something forth. For building brings the  
fourfold *hither* into a thing, the bridge, and brings *forth* the thing  
as a location, out into what is already there, room for which is only  
now made by this location.

The Greek for "to bring forth or to produce" is *tekto*. The  
word *techne*, technique, belongs to the verb's root *tec*. To the  
Greeks *techne* means neither art nor handicraft but rather: to make  
something appear, within what is present, as this or that, in this  
way or that way. The Greeks conceive of *techne*, producing, in  
terms of letting appear. *Techne* thus conceived has been concealed  
in the tectonics of architecture since ancient times. Of late it still  
remains concealed, and more resolutely, in the technology of  
power machinery. But the nature of the erecting of buildings can-  
not be understood adequately in terms either of architecture or of  
engineering construction, nor in terms of a mere combination of  
the two. The erecting of buildings would not be suitably defined  
*even if we were to think of it in the sense of the original Greek  
techne as solely a letting-appear, which brings something made, as  
something present, among the things that are already present.*

The nature of building is letting dwell. Building accomplishes  
its nature in the raising of locations by the joining of their spaces.  
Only if we are capable of dwelling, only then can we build. Let us  
think for a while of a farmhouse in the Black Forest, which was  
built some two hundred years ago by the dwelling of peasants.  
Here the self-sufficiency of the power to let earth and heaven,  
divinities and mortals enter in simple oneness into things, ordered  
the house. It placed the farm on the wind-sheltered mountain  
slope looking south, among the meadows close to the spring. It  
gave it the wide overhanging shingle roof whose proper slope bears  
up under the burden of snow, and which, reaching deep down,

like peasantly





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### Ana Mendieta *Silveta Series*

"My art is grounded in the belief of one universal energy which runs through everything: from insect to man, from man to spectre, from spectre to plant from plant to galaxy. My works are the irrigation veins of this universal fluid. Through them ascend the ancestral sap, the original beliefs, the primordial accumulations, the unconscious thoughts that animate the world" - Ana Mendieta

There lies synchronies between leaving a trace with in the earth, as seen by artists such as Ana Mendieta, or Andy Goldsworthy, and the imbedding of oneself through writing and thought surrounding others pre-existing writing.  
(Worlds containing worlds)

"I build my language with rocks"  
- Edouard Glissant *Poetics of Relation*

But in the work, createdness is expressly created into the created being, so that it stands out from it, from the being thus brought forth, in an expressly particular way. If this is how matters stand, then we must also be able to discover and experience the createdness explicitly in the work.

The emergence of createdness from the work does not mean that the work is to give the impression of having been made by a great artist. The point is not that the created being be certified as the performance of a capable person, so that the producer is thereby brought to public notice. It is not the "N. N. fecit" that is to be made known. Rather, the simple "factum est" is to be held forth into the Open by the work; namely this, that unconcealedness of what is has happened here, and that as this happening it happens here for the first time; or, that such a work *is* at all rather than is not. The thrust that the work as this work is, and the uninterruptedness of this plain thrust, constitute the steadfastness of the work's self-subsistence. Precisely where the artist and the process and the circumstances of the genesis of the work remain unknown, this thrust, this "that it is" of createdness, emerges into view most purely from the work.

A work of art and a human sail the same ship - the ship of concern regarding what makes them more than mere "things". Both are also the *origin* of each other. Inevitably, like all things, these two will become disconnected, and they continue to grapple with these issues.

Will these mere "things" simply returned to their thinghood? The human, become ashes, the work of art becomes... *other*.

*The human trace emphasizes our inevitable return, a wholeness provided by the Fourfold.*

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Ursprung -

(original jump) (Uhr- "clock", *sounds like clock jump when spoken*)

“Embalming” is the act of preserving a body after death usually to make it suitable for viewing in the context of either a funeral or for anatomical reference within a laboratory.



-Writing as embalment, an act of thought preservation.

A recognition of our unity at birth - and our continuity at death - (as we embalm our thoughts in the ever-changing form of words)

A wrapping up into a cocoon and awaiting a metamorphosis.

“When treating the Earth, bear in mind the living world in its entirety and its innumerable manifestations. Of this Earth, humans, together with animal, plant, and mineral species, as well as microbes bacteria, and viruses, seas and oceans, skies, climates, technological devices, and other artificial and external apparatuses, are an inseparable part.” Achille Mbembe *The Earthy Community*

“All living creatures in a certain sense, are the same body, the same life and the same self. Continuously passing from form to form, from subject to subject, from existence to existence. It is the same life that animates the planet, which itself was also born, escaping from a pre-existing body - the sun - generated by the metamorphoses of its matter 4.5 billion years ago.” Emanuele Coccia *Metamorphoses*

*Our bodies which we hold so intimately to ourselves all belong to one another.*



*There is no such thing as the sovereign individual within the fourfold.*

*original jump*

out of the source of its nature in a founding leap—this is what the word origin (German Ursprung, literally, primal leap) means.

The origin of the work of art—that is, the origin of both the creators and the preservers, which is to say of a people’s historical existence, is art. This is so because art is by nature an origin: a distinctive way in which truth comes into being, that is, becomes historical.

We inquire into the nature of art. Why do we inquire in this way? We inquire in this way in order to be able to ask more truly whether art is or is not an origin in our historical existence, whether and under what conditions it can and must be an origin.

Such reflection cannot force art and its coming-to-be. But this reflective knowledge is the preliminary and therefore indispensable preparation for the becoming of art. Only such knowledge prepares its space for art, their way for the creators, their location for the preservers.



-inevitably we exist in a web of relations, each reliant on another, each a container for separate energies creating the *stimmung* (mood) of the space.



*Stimme* "voice" - what does the space have to say?

A *thesis*, is a setting up in the unconcealed - to set something forth is bringing it to a stand. A letting down of a veil and an expenditure of secrets.

*The Origin of the Work of Art*



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everything withholds itself that shows itself and withdraws itself as a being. Whenever and however this conflict breaks out and happens, the opponents, lighting or clearing and concealing, move apart because of it. Thus the Open of the place of conflict is won. The openness of this Open, that is, truth, can be what it is, namely, *this* openness, only if and as long as it establishes itself within its Open. Hence there must always be some being in this Open, something that is, in which the openness takes its stand and attains its constancy. In taking possession thus of the Open, the openness holds open the Open and sustains it. Setting and taking possession are here everywhere drawn from the Greek sense of *thesis*, which means a setting up in the unconcealed.

"Houses are really  bodies. We connect ourselves with walls, roofs, and objects just as  we hang onto our livers, skeletons, flesh and blood stream." - Leonora Carrington *The Hearing Trumpet*.

*Open* - refers to *Open* as a noun rather than a verb, capitalized no matter the context; it names a location. The *Open*, is a place where things become easily revealed, the *Open* is both spatial as far as it is internal. It is where the setting up of the work takes place.



"It is this internal force - this intimate interrupter - whose tracks I would follow. The world sheds, in the energetic way of an open and communal place,  its many greetings, as a world should. What quarrel can there be with  that? But that the self can interrupt the self - and does - is a darker and more curious matter." Mary Oliver *Upstream*

Is to stop oneself, in the tracks of reading to note a diverging thought - this "intimate interrupter"? Is marginalia really just an interrupter, a being which diverts our "pure" interpretation of a text? Does our tendency to be attracted to what another, or ourselves has underlined confuse the meaning of a text - or is this simply the Open place required for "active reading".

The act of reading a library book with penciled in annotations (pencil is used with increased respect for the book due to its lack of permanence) becomes disorientating, dizzying, as one's own markings become confused with others, one is forced to reorientate themselves. A cannibalistic cycle of redigesting one's own reading takes place when attempting to understand ones past annotations. As if revising one's own work leads to a loss of linearity, the line between one's own thoughts and the past holder's dissolves.

*Suddenly, one feels they have already read what lies ahead.*

If all art is in essence poetry, then the arts of architecture, painting, sculpture, and music must be traced back to poesy. That is pure arbitrariness. It certainly is, as long as we mean that those arts are varieties of the art of language, if it is permissible to characterize poesy by that easily misinterpretable title. But poesy is only one mode of the lighting projection of truth, i.e., of poetic composition in this wider sense. Nevertheless, the linguistic work, the poem in the narrower sense, has a privileged position in the domain of the arts.

To see this, only the right concept of language is needed. In the current view, language is held to be a kind of communication. It serves for verbal exchange and agreement, and in general for communicating. But language is not only and not primarily an audible and written expression of what is to be communicated. It not only puts forth in words and statements what is overtly or covertly intended to be communicated; language alone brings what is, as something that is, into the Open for the first time. Where there is no language, as in the being of stone, plant, and animal, there is also no openness of what is, and consequently no openness either of that which is not and of the empty.

*"Poetry -thus, nonetheless, totality gathering strength-is driven by another poetic dimension that we all divine or babble within ourselves. It could well be that poetry is basically and mainly defined in this relationship of itself to nothing other than itself, of density to volatility, or the whole to the individual. "*

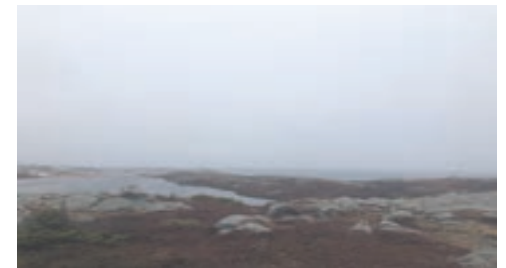
- Edouard Glissant *Poetics of Relation*

4 | Poesy - (is this equivocal to dichten (meaning both to seal as well as to compose?) - architecture, painting and sculpture - are all forms of "composing poetry." ✓

How does the act of composing come in conflict with the conception that poetry is the only form of writing which takes the word, and only the word into complete "unconcealment"?

←  
*A squiggly line is desperate from a straight underline. Typically denotes something is of "greater" importance to that reader, something needed to be highlighted in a more obvious manner.*

"where there is no language, as in the being of stone plant and animal, there is also no openness of what is."



## THE THING

All distances in time and space are shrinking. Man now reaches overnight, by plane, places which formerly took weeks and months of travel. He now receives instant information, by radio, of events which he formerly learned about only years later, if at all. The germination and growth of plants, which remained hidden throughout the seasons, is now exhibited publicly in a minute, on film. Distant sites of the most ancient cultures are shown on film as if they stood this very moment amidst today's street traffic. Moreover, the film attests to what it shows by presenting also the camera and its operators at work. The peak of this abolition of every possibility of remoteness is reached by television, which will soon pervade and dominate the whole machinery of communication.

Man puts the longest distances behind him in the shortest time. He puts the greatest distances behind himself and thus puts everything before himself at the shortest range.

Yet the frantic abolition of all distances brings no nearness; for nearness does not consist in shortness of distance. What is least remote from us in point of distance, by virtue of its picture on film or its sound on the radio, can remain far from us. What is incalculably far from us in point of distance can be near to us. Short distance is not in itself nearness. Nor is great distance remoteness.

What is nearness if it fails to come about despite the reduction of the longest distances to the shortest intervals? What is

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"What he does not know is stupefying distance, distance transformed into a radical gulf that can only be bridged by an expert. Distance is not an evil to be abolished, but the normal condition of any communication. Human animal are distant animal who communicate through the forest of signs." Jacques Rancière *The Emancipated Spectator*

"A long cry, once was distant,  
far near -  
Here to stay,  
Go away.



The wind carries the particles  
of all matter,  
Covering earth.  
The stone too bears weight,  
Rain will settle [illegible]  
The droplets wash the load off  
the stone.  
Mud pies the children make.  
The sun will shine,  
The child will play.  
A new creation."

Eva Hesse *Diaries*



"There, going back up the river of mud, mounted on a solid horse, he hopes to reach the sea of mud that will submerge what must be submerged, Eyes fixed on the estuary where he thinks he sees the first buoys floating, signs of the vast enlargement that's going to liberate him, the way the dark can liberate."

- Henri Michaux *Life In the Folds*

"To write is to take a retest every-day (even if its brooding, *willy* stuck, anguished, you are not *is* empirically writing) to prepare *saying* a body, adjust your drive (check in) out of respect with super ego, put ego on sedation."

- Avital Ronell *Stupidity*

Because of this default, there fails to appear for the world the ground that grounds it. The word for abyss—*Abgrund*—originally means the soil and ground toward which, because it is undermost, a thing tends downward. But in what follows we shall think of the *(Ab)* as the complete absence of the ground. The ground is the soil in which to strike root and to stand. The age for which the ground fails to come, hangs in the abyss. Assuming that a turn still remains open for this destitute time at all, it can come some day only if the world turns about fundamentally—and that now means, unequivocally: if it turns away from the abyss. In the age of the world's night, the abyss of the world must be experienced and endured. But for this it is necessary that there be those who reach into the abyss.

The turning of the age does not take place by some new god, or the old one renewed, bursting into the world from ambush at some time or other. Where would he turn on his return if men had not first prepared an abode for him? How could there ever be for the god an abode fit for a god, if a divine radiance did not first begin to shine in everything that is?

The gods who "were once there," "return" only at the "right time"—that is, when there has been a turn among men in the right place, in the right way. For this reason Hölderlin, in the unfinished hymn "Mnemosyne," written soon after the elegy "Bread and Wine," writes (IV, 225):

*Abgrund* (Ab)(grund) - a paradox in its own sense, *grund* meaning ground and *ab* meaning a complete departure from it. The opposite of grounding, *Abgrund* is similar to the abyss, as it is the "unhumanly" and the "dangerous depth". A lack of ground denotes something to be feared, its lack of place makes it undefinable and therefore existential. *It is what grounds being specifically by deterring it.*

What one notes with in the margins, often also lacks a definable ground or place of origin, it exists in a place of unknowing and therefore makes it "abyssal". A deep, and un-ending chasm, working against any definition.

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A body of text is never fixed, like a body of water, or the body on an animal - it will continue to transform through its consumption, at times swallowed only to be spat back out, at times digested, and altered through the incorporation of "new" elements.

"I merely believe I know that the novel cannot live in peace with the spirit of our time: it is to go on discovering the undiscovered, to go on "progressing" as novel, it can do so only against the progress of the world."- Milan Kundera *The Art of the Novel*

"The living organism, in a situation determined by the play of energy on the surface of the globe, ordinarily receives more energy than is necessary for maintaining life; the excess energy (wealth) can be used for the growth of a system (e.g., an organism); if the system can no longer grow, or if the excess cannot be completely absorbed in its growth, it must necessarily be lost without profit; it must be spent, willingly or not, gloriously or catastrophically."

- Georges Bataille, *Visions of Excess: Selected Writings, 1927-1939*

\* FRAMING at the LOCOS of  
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resolved in a being brought forth for the purpose, nor is it to be merely housed there; the conflict, on the contrary, is started by it. This being must therefore contain within itself the essential traits of the conflict. In the strife the unity of world and earth is won. As a world opens itself, it submits to the decision of an historical humanity the question of victory and defeat, blessing and curse, mastery and slavery. The dawning world brings out what is as yet undecided and measureless, and thus discloses the hidden necessity of measure and decisiveness.

But as a world opens itself the earth comes to rise up. It stands forth as that which bears all, as that which is sheltered in its own law and always wrapped up in itself. World demands its decisiveness and its measure and lets beings attain to the Open of their paths. Earth, bearing and jutting, strives to keep itself closed and to entrust everything to its law. The conflict is not a rift (Riss) as a mere cleft is ripped open; rather, it is the intimacy with which opponents belong to each other. This rift carries the opponents into the source of their unity by virtue of their common ground. It is a basic design, an outline sketch, that draws the basic features of the rise of the lighting of beings. This rift does not let the opponents break apart; it brings the opposition of measure and boundary into their common outline.

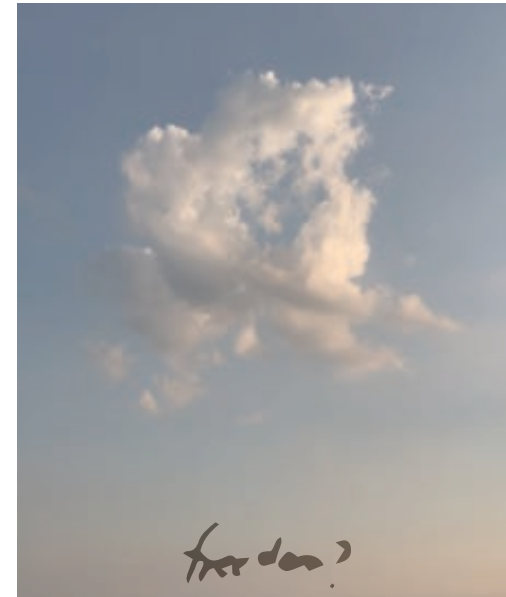
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descriptio

FRAMED - DRAWN - OUTLINED

"The shameful notice or notation or excess of notation that marks the material irruption of our presence to ourselves is given in/as sound. It disrupts, and is given in the disruption, or a relation: a scar, a rivet, or the mark of a rivet or being riveted which is the mark, in its turn, of something Lacan would call an irreducible "dehiscence at the very heart of the organism," an interanimation of bridge and chasm." - Fred Moten *The Universal Machine*

A rift denotes the opening of a gap, possibly due to an excess *such as the boiling over of emotion*, however this "conflict" is what paradoxically leads to common ground, or in Moten's words, "an interanimation of bridge and chasm".



thing, which is simply a thing and nothing more; but then, at the same time, it means that which is only a thing, in an almost pejorative sense. It is mere things, excluding even use-objects, that count as things in the strict sense. What does the thingly character of these things, then, consist in? It is in reference to these that the thingness of things must be determinable. This determination enables us to characterize what it is that is thingly as such. Thus prepared, we are able to characterize the almost palpable reality of works, in which something else inheres.

Now it passes for a known fact that as far back as antiquity, no sooner was the question raised as to what entities are in general, than things in their thingness thrust themselves into prominence again and again as the standard type of beings. Consequently we are bound to meet with the definition of the thingness of things already in the traditional interpretations of beings. We thus need only to ascertain explicitly this traditional knowledge of the thing, to be relieved of the tedious labor of making our own search for the thingly character of the thing.

The answers to the question "What is the thing?" are so familiar that we no longer sense anything questionable behind them.

An analogy for attempting to devise between a thing and a work of art -

It's in the same vein as waking up, and saying *what is that thing on my bed?* Usually uttered with a sense of discomfort due to a lack of knowing. Maybe the thing sits in relational proximity to something we do know, something with a similar genealogy. Something which looks in some manner similar to say, a spider. The word "thing" usually being used for something unidentifiable, both living and not.

Art is this unidentifiable "bug" something we have only a vague understanding of. Some form of reproduction, some form of "life giving". In this sense, a work of art is the epitome of *the thing*. It only holds its label of "thing" until we can categorize it in some systematized taxonomy of comprehension. Ironic, that once we think we have collected enough knowledge of something, the bug goes from thing to living being, worthy of names and pronouns.

The human brain is prone to pattern recognition (a systematization of what we don't understand for a sense of control) -

It is also what leads to the projection of oneself onto another's thoughts in the form of annotations. A need for self-clarification, a tool for self-reminding and a placing of oneself within a greater conversation.

"But the monster does manage to weave a cocoon. A cocoon which slowly becomes a text. The text is *The Metamorphosis*, and this metamorphosis is completed by us, the readers. The circle of plastic possibilities in some close senses closes here again. The Narrative voice is not entirely that of an insect. This invisible butterfly has a non-bestial voice, the voice of a man, the voice of a writer."  
-Catherine Malabou

*The Ontology of the Accident*



## LANGUAGE

Man speaks. We speak when we are awake and we speak in our dreams. We are always speaking, even when we do not utter a single word aloud, but merely listen or read, and even when we are not particularly listening or speaking but are attending to some work or taking a rest. We are continually speaking in one way or another. We speak because speaking is natural to us. It does not first arise out of some special volition. Man is said to have language by nature. It is held that man, in distinction from plant and animal, is the living being capable of speech. This statement does not mean only that, along with other faculties, man also possesses the faculty of speech. It means to say that only speech enables man to be the living being he is as man. It is as one who speaks that man is—man. These are Wilhelm von Humboldt's words. Yet it remains to consider what it is to be called—man.

↑  
“Dreams come before contemplation. Before becoming a conscious sight, every landscape is an experience.”

- Gaston Bachelard *Water and Dreams An Essay on the Imagination of Matter*

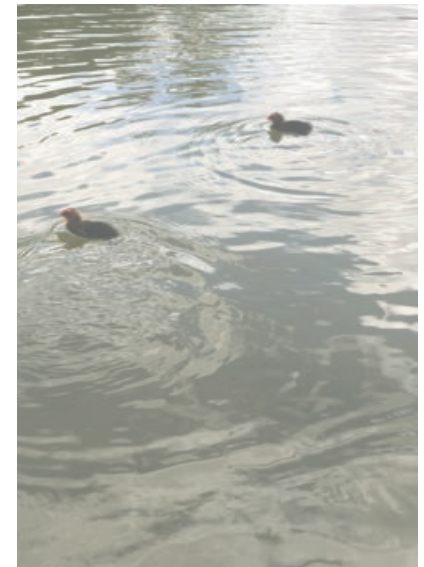
- Dream to sleep, taste to eat, a symbol puts meaning to language. - we use symbols to make sense of the words which run faster than us, *how do we catch up in a race we designed to lose?*

- . What happens when language is no longer nature to man?

“Singing as you teach it, is not desire,  
not ~~the~~ the courting of some end  
to be attained.  
Singing is Being. Easy for a god.  
But for us, when are we? And when  
does he

cast all the earth and stars upon  
our lives?  
Its not, youth, when you're in  
love, even if  
then your voice forces open your  
mouth,-

learn to forget those songs. They  
elapse.  
True singing is a different breath.  
A breath serving nothing. A gust  
in the god. A wind.”  
-Rainer Maria Rilke *Sonnets to Or-  
pheus*



"I am obscure to myself. I let myself happen. I unfold only in the now. I m rudely alive."

- Clarice Lispector, *Agua Viva*

*A fold* - is a line of contingencies. - an allowance of the simple understanding - that all existence connects through various planes.

A hole pierces through, creating one modality of existence: picture a pencil poking through a stack of napkins, each folding towards a center.

The *fourfold* cannot exist as the explanation for all things in life - however, can serve as the skeleton yet to be filled with the organs of experience.

"The infinite fold separates or moves between matter and soul, the façade and the closed room, the outside and the inside. Because it is a virtuality that never stops dividing itself, the line of inflection is actualized in the soul but realized in matter, each on its own side"

- Gilles Deleuze *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque.*

Is each being at the disposal of creating their own fourfold in maintaining dwelling? What meanings do we apply to life that offers one the buoyancy required to maintain afloat?

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there are of course many spots along the stream that can be occupied by something. One of them proves to be a location, and does so *because of the bridge*. Thus the bridge does not first come to a location to stand in it; rather, a location comes into existence only by virtue of the bridge. The bridge is a thing; it gathers the fourfold, but in such a way that it allows a site for the fourfold. By this site are determined the localities and ways by which a space is provided for.

Only things that are locations in this manner allow for spaces. What the word for space, *Raum*, *Rum*, designates is said by its ancient meaning. *Raum* means a place cleared or freed for settlement and lodging. A space is something that has been made room for, something that is cleared and free, namely within a boundary, Greek *peras*. A boundary is not that at which something stops but, as the Greeks recognized, the boundary is that from which something *begins its presencing*. That is why the concept is that of *horismos*, that is, the horizon, the boundary. Space is in essence that for which room has been made, that which is let into its bounds. That for which room is made is always granted and hence is joined, that is, gathered, by virtue of a location, that is, by such a thing as the bridge. Accordingly, spaces receive their being from locations and not from "space."

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*to grow and continue to grow*

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(...)

(As a living document, all comments, ideas, beliefs, references, photographs, words, and collected marginalia are subject to change and will, therefore, never arrive at a place of completeness.)