

joys: a catalogue of disappointments

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BlazeVOX [books]

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North
and misappropriated fog
'a catalogue of disappointments,'
missed appointments
in weather or not we are

-M. Magnus, *Little Puddles*

qui/etude

writing through Edmond Jabès

The one added, "Now I will know whether or not you are a philosopher if you endure the injustice I've done you mildly and with forbearance." The other played at forbearance for a time, took the insult, then said with a taunt, "Now do you know that I am a philosopher?" The first snapped viciously and said, "I would have known it, had you kept your silence."

-Boethius, *Consolation of Philosophy*

Writing Through the Name

every book feels the same, yet
every book remains false

'I will evoke the book and provoke the questions.'

Writing Is A Form Of Questioning.

For Jabès, It Is Necessary To Hammer In The Glue.

His Name Is Not Only Unpronounceable, It Is Illegible.

‘For I am writing and you are the wound.’

Illegibility Is Pronounced, For A Moment, Irreducibility.

Writing Inflicts Its Impossibility Upon The Reading Act.

His Name Is Not Only A Sound, It Is A Wound.

The Sound Produced By The Wound: The Word.

Writing Is To Form The Question And Question At The Same Instance.

His Name Is The Articulation Of Space, And At The Same Time, Its Destruction.

Articulation Is Pronounced, For A Second Time, Appropriation.

If A Text Can Resist Even The Question, It Can Resist Any Reading.

His Name Is The Discomposition Of Time, And The Disposition Of Immediacy.

'He sometimes usurped my name.

'But I am not this man.

'Because this man writes, and the writer is nobody.'

In Fact, The Question Is No Longer Relevant.

A Text Remains Intact, Though Godriddled.

His Name Becomes Equivocal And Univocal.