

January 15, 2021

Dear Margherita,

I am writing you a letter in response to your postcard.

The first time I heard about you was through a postcard.

"Savor kindness because cruelty is always possible later. "It was written in your own hand.

Later you offered me one of the most beautiful gifts : a boat trip, in your little motorboat, from Mestre to Venice. Your dog Tempo stood at the bow. Seeing the lagoon in the setting sun, in that slow motion, and the white foam on the glaucous green of the lagoon, was a moment of suspended happiness.

You start your V.I.P. project on June 21, 2020. Summer solstice, eclipse of the sun.

We decide on an exchange of correspondence on November 28, 2020.

You will send 12 postcards to the Salle de Bains, art center of Lyon, and 1 to my address. Sending and receiving a postcard today is an act of resistance. To dematerialization, to "screen time. »

Who is still waiting for a letter? I've been waiting for your letter. With curiosity, as one waits for a "rendez-vous."

On December 21, 2020, winter solstice, shortest day and longest night, conjunction of Jupiter and Uranus, I learned of another eclipse. That of Jacques Aubert, my friend, Joyce's translator. He reached the stars that same November 28th.

Jacques Aubert was a passer, he passed on to me things from Joyce, which I will tell you later, and one thing from Lucretius, which I will tell you right away:

The important thing is the Clinamen.

Lucretius, in his poem *De Natura Rerum*, explains it to us:

"In the straight-line fall that carries the atoms through the void, by virtue of their own weight, they, at an indeterminate moment, in an indeterminate place, deviate from the vertical, just enough to be able to say that their movement is modified. Without this declination, all of them, like raindrops, would fall from top to bottom through the depths of the void; between them no collision could have been born, no shock would have occurred; and nature would never have created anything. »

That is why there is something rather than nothing.

It's also a question of slippage of the foot, of slippage of the tongue, and of "no sides", of falling.

I was hoping for your letter on January 6, Epiphany Day. I was hoping to see Jacques Aubert that day.

But Jacques took a side path, he joined the stardust, he passed away.

Epiphany is an important celebration for James Joyce. Literally it is a "manifestation", an "illumination" (phaneim), it is the time of year when the light comes back, the days get longer. It is also a moment of revelation, of the invisible.

Your V.I.P. project speaks and plays with the invisible, with what is there but whose presence manifests itself differently. It speaks of (quantum) physics and also of art and philosophy, but also of belief. In all three cases, it goes through experience.

According to Pauli's principle of exclusion, electrons and elementary particles belonging to the same system cannot be simultaneously in the same quantum state. It is on this principle that modern physics and our current understanding of the Universe and matter are based. In astrophysics, it would explain that dead stars do not collapse under the effect of gravitation. This is in line with what Lucretius says.

Elementary particles with very low mass. Antimatter. Black holes.

These particles were discovered in 1930 and named in NEUTRINOS (small neutrals in Italian), the term was taken up by Pauli in 1932 (Pauli's Principle). In 1970 their presence was attested. It is not perceived by the eyes but is observed by the energy of their movement. Between 1999 and 2002 the capture of their movements, so to speak : series of experiments attesting their mass.

1999/2000 are also the years of development of the Post Medium in Art (Rosalind Krauss) and the OOO : Object Oriented Ontology, then in 2013 the Hyperobject by Tim Morton. .

This is part of "speculative realism".

I have written about it and expressed my doubts about the return of transcendence. I've invented the überobject in 2014 and work now on the HYPNEROBJECT.

My thinking is part of the search for the "epiphany of the real", that is to say a knowledge of the real that "sometimes casts shadows".

Neutrinos play a key role in particle physics, astrophysics and cosmology.

(the neutrinos of the big bang, decoupled from the rest of matter one second after the initial singularity, are the first fossils of the Universe), especially in connection with dark matter. On Earth, they are produced in the interaction of cosmic rays in the upper layers of the atmosphere (atmospheric neutrinos), in the decay of radioactive elements in the earth's crust (geological neutrinos), or in nuclear reactors, but obviously also in particle gas pedals.

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Your research work, which includes meteorological experiments (on the mountain, in September) and experiments in the reactor core (under the mountain), makes it possible to deploy all the facets of this fundamental impact: we are created from stardust. This is the consequence of a first fall, that of meteorites on the Earth.

So, we come back to the fall, and to the genesis. Bereshit: is the first word of the Torah. It means "in the beginning" ... but also "he created six" or "they were six". We are reminded of the previous chaos "Tohu Va Bohu". It is about movement, restlessness and falling, again.

The torah is read standing, and aloud, on scrolls whose beginning and end are always left blank, like the page of an upcoming book. This white space and what Mallarmé occupies when he lays out "A roll of the dice", 1897, and what James Joyce will observe during his stay in Trieste and more precisely in Pola (another "pole"/paul)....

Joyce was at Pola/Trieste in 1905, the year Einstein put forward the theory of "quanta or energy packets".

He wrote the *Finnegans Wake* between 1923 and 1938 and coined the term "work in progress" for this work. Literally, in its construction, layout and reading, the work is crossed by questions related to quantum physics, Heisenberg's uncertainty principle (1927), and Thomistic theology. The whole is deliberately inscribed in the historical, daily, domestic and intimate drama.

It is remarkable that *WAKE* is written at the junction of these fields of thought, and in a pivotal historical time: between the two World Wars, in a corner of Italy that was then in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, where James Joyce, the voluntary exiled, frequented Jewish circles a lot. It is by seeing the way the Torah is read, standing, moving, aloud, on scrolls, that he will think of the form of the *Wake*.

Isn't the *Wake* "awake" and in English "still standing" means not sleeping, being insomniac, or "awake", meaning "alert", "attentive" or "worried".

J. Joyce uses this anxiety in the construction of a text, like a brick puzzle, from the "elementary particles" that are the letters. There are 6 elementary particles, like the 6 vowels.

Vowels in Hebrew are not written, sometimes replaced by dots. They mark the breath of the language. Invisible, they symbolize the Spirit. Like the Neutrinos, or the Quarks, we do not see them but we feel them, we experience them, like the threshold.

Each consonant is to be considered as a "threshold", a door, a passage.

It is pleasant to think that the word *QUARK* was given by a scholar (Murray Gell Mann, in 1963) from his reading of *Finnegans Wake*. Indeed, it is the phrase :

"THREE QUARKS FOR MUSTER MARK" that inspires the scholar.

Quark in this case means nothing, it is a sound word, which translates the cry of the seagulls in the passage... A word that must be read "aloud", a "bird song".

You want to write on rolls that will be placed on tables, Dear Margherita.

*Finnegans Wake* begins with a blank. In English "a blank" in a conversation is silence. A silence in music is a "sigh". The book ends with three dots...

In fact, when you think it's over, it starts all over again.

Thus "riverrun", the first word of the text is to be heard after the words of the last sentence: "A way a lone a last a loved a long the ...".

In typography, the white space becomes feminine: ONE space and no longer ONE space.

In Babylon, one wrote on small stone rolls, the "cylinder seals".

The Babylonian Talmud is the one you read, that Joyce read, that I received as a gift from a Dear Friend at the beginning of 2021.

It reminds us that the book holds by its margins, since the living and changing commentary of the Law, which is inscribed in the Book, is in the margins. The fact that it is on a roll, with a space at the beginning and end, means that the reading is never finished. An INFINITE reading. That's why when you get to "the..." it's not THE END like in a movie, but time to catch your breath and navigate the river of life, or love, again. For if we could have finished reading the Torah, we would know as much the Creator.

It is also a way to make the book ALIVE and the READING ALIVE.

Taking back the boat, which is Tristan and Yseult in the Finnegans Wake, we return to the river of life, the LIFFEY, which runs through Dublin.

Thus loops are made, which are never closed but unroll, like phylacteries.  
I also write on a roll, so that it unwinds, like a reel of film.

A roll of film on a table, which my letter would join, would make me very happy.

Because while I was waiting for your postcard, received on January 14, 2021, I experienced the loss of a letter, which I miss, from a double J.J. who has taken the midnight express.  
So when I received your card, written in pale pink ink, ready to fade on the white of the rectangle of paper, I was truly happy.

A grid of 6 lines by 12 lines on which I could read the announcement of a future :  
YOU LIVE THE SURPRISE RESULTS OF OLD PLANS.

The empty boxes on your card are the breathing spaces in which I will write to continue the book of life.

Your drawings, celestial cartographies, measurements of the world by the yardstick of your step, of your movements at the address of a sun that sometimes eclipses, compose a C.U.O.R.E in which I am happy to be inserted. Our exchange took its starting point in the E.R.M.E.S. stage, which without the H, silent as a sigh in French, marks the lack of a letter, absent.  
This missing letter is the "false hole" that Jacques Aubert was talking about. He was for me a passer of light and I thank you for allowing me to relay, in my turn, part of the message.  
Thus your writing, partly invisible, this work, partly illegible, shows how words and images are ACTS. Thank you, Dear Margherita.

Marie de Brugerolle

SPECIFIC OBJECTS: Donald Judd, 1965

OOO: Objects Oriented Ontology. Hartman.

ÜBER OBJECTS/ Post Performance Future, 2014

HYPER OBJECTS, Tim Morton, 2013

FUCKED UP OBJECTS, 2019

HYPNER OBJECTS, coming soon