

**DANCE - STOCKHOLM / BRUSSELS - CREATION**

# Mårten Spångberg

**GERHARD RICHTER, UNE PIÈCE POUR LE THÉÂTRE**

**05 - 27.05.2017**

**BRUXELLES / BRUSSEL / BRUSSELS**

**KUNSTENFESTIVALDESARTS**





**By & with** *Anne van Aerschot, Liza Baliasnaja, Renée Copraij, Christine De Smedt, Misha Downey, Hana Lee Erdman, Mette Edvardsen, Mark Lorimer, Sarah Ludi, Moya Michael, Carina Premer, Mårten Spångberg, Clinton Stringer, Marika Troili*

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## **KVS\_BOL**

**11/05 – 20:00**

**12/05 – 20:00**

**13/05 – 20:00**

**14/05 – 15:00**

**2h 25min**

## **Meet the artists after the performance on 12/05**

*Presentation* *Kunstenfestivaldesarts, KVS*

*Production* *Kunstenfestivaldesarts*

*Co-production* *Black Box (Oslo), MDT (Stockholm)*

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*Mårten Spångberg is associated artist at Black Box Teater, Oslo (2017-2018)*



## GERHARD RICHTER, UNE PIÈCE POUR LE THÉÂTRE

Cela fait peut-être vingt ans que j'ai découvert le texte *Amphora* du philosophe Werner Hamacher, que je ne connaissais pas à l'époque, dans une brochure de programme un peu trop chic, mais après tout, c'était les années 90. Depuis, ce texte a étrangement été un compagnon de route, sans qu'il ait l'aspiration de me guider ou de paver ma voie et c'est précisément pour cela qu'il m'a été si précieux tout au long de ces deux décennies. Je suis certain qu'*Amphora* amène d'autres lecteurs à d'autres conclusions ou vers d'autres lieux, mais ce qui me plaît personnellement, c'est qu'il ne suggère ni solutions ni réponses. Peut-être le texte aborde-t-il l'espace, peut-être la philosophie, ou peut-être une expérience esthétique. Quoi qu'il en soit, ces thèmes ont quelque chose en commun, me semble-t-il. Ils ne sont pas porteurs d'espoir : l'espace, la philosophie et l'art n'apportent pas de soutien. Une philosophie qui prodigue des conseils porte un autre nom : littérature de développement personnel. Un art qui offre du soutien peut être appelé design - le design est utile, efficace. Une philosophie qui serait utile ou efficace serait de toute évidence futile. Un art qui aspirerait à être, disons, réconfortant, n'est rien de plus ni de moins qu'une bonne tasse de thé.

*Amphora* est une promesse d'engagement neutre, sans aspiration. Ce qui est peut-être tellement attrayant à l'espace, à la philosophie et à l'art - du moins à l'espace et à l'art -, c'est leur vide. On coule dans l'espace comme on coule dans une rencontre esthétique et on touche à la possibilité de faire l'expérience de quelque chose qui n'existe pas encore, quelque chose qui est sur le point d'arriver mais n'a pas encore de contours. J'imagine la confrontation du texte de Werner Hamacher avec celui sur l'émancipation du spectateur de Jacques Rancière. La rencontre esthétique n'est ni distance ni partage, ni toile de fond ni premier plan, mais émerge précisément dans l'indivisibilité des contraires.

À un moment donné, Gertrude Stein a trouvé l'art dramatique ennuyeux. Ce qu'elle méprisait dans le drame, c'était le sentiment d'avoir à faire la connaissance des personnages, d'éprouver de la sympathie pour eux, de devenir leur amie. Elle préférait les paysages, parce qu'ils sont là et demeurent passifs tant qu'on ne les pénètre pas, mais dès qu'on le fait, ils s'activent autour de nous. Il ne faut pas se lier d'amitié avec des paysages et, mieux encore, ils ne nous guident pas vers l'une ou l'autre destination. Le paysage est indifférent, nous l'indifférons, il est là et nous sommes les bienvenus, mais il ne nous offrira pas de cocktails.

Un jour, Nick Serota a interviewé Gerhard Richter, une entrevue qu'on peut voir dans un documentaire. Au cours de l'entretien, Serota demande à Richter comment il en est venu à peindre des tableaux flous au moment précis où il les a réalisés. Il est évident que Serota s'attend à une réponse grandiloquente, quelque chose qui a un goût d'histoire de l'art, de référence et de précision. Installé dans un fauteuil somme toute trop luxueux, Gerhard Richter change de position, touche son visage de la main gauche et répond avec son accent allemand : « Eh bien, vous savez... À ce moment-là... À ce moment-là, c'était possible. »

Une option est de réfuter Richter, de le considérer comme un connard, de trouver sa réponse cupide, comme si rien ne l'influçait et que ses idées lui venaient de quelque chose de supérieur. Mais on peut peut-être interpréter différemment sa proposition. « Parce que c'était possible » peut aussi indiquer une autre direction. Cela peut vouloir dire qu'il n'y avait pas de raison précise, qu'aucune raison, aucun motif intellectuel ne pave le chemin qui mène aux tableaux. Qu'il n'y avait pas de causalité, ni cause ni effet, juste une possibilité, pour un tas de raisons, mais sans qu'aucune n'ait trait à une causalité. Cela ne pouvait avoir lieu le jour, la semaine, le mois précédent, ce n'était possible que ce jour-là, à ce moment-là. Cette forme de possibilité ne peut émerger que d'un vide, d'un sens du « pas encore ».

Roland Barthes affirme la chose suivante : on tombe amoureux, on tombe en désamour, on s'en remet, on retombe amoureux.

Quelle proposition ennuyeuse ! Le philosophe français transforme l'amour en une transaction causale dont on peut se remettre. Mais l'amour n'est-il pas quelque chose qui est impensable un jour et qui, justement, devient possible le lendemain ? On n'aime pas pour une raison, on aime parce qu'on aime.

On a un jour demandé à Henri Michaud quand les tableaux du Louvre sont à leur apogée. Beaucoup de réponses intéressantes m'ont effleuré l'esprit quand j'ai lu cette question, mais je n'aurais jamais pu imaginer la réponse qu'a donnée Michaud : « De toute évidence, quand le musée est fermé, parce qu'alors les sculptures et les tableaux peuvent s'amuser entre eux et être ensemble. »

Le travail de deuil implique de ne jamais s'approprier le défunt ni de substituer le défunt par autre chose ; il s'agit de vivre en compagnie

d'une indifférence tangible, de quelque chose qui n'offre pas de soutien et qui ne sera jamais d'aucun secours, mais c'est dans cette obscurité, dans l'indifférence que se situe la promesse d'un possible.

*Mårten Spångberg, mai 2017*

## BIO

**Mårten Spångberg** (1968) est un chorégraphe qui vit et travaille à Bruxelles et Stockholm. Il s'intéresse à la danse dans son champ élargi, discipline qu'il aborde par le biais de pratiques expérimentales et de processus créatifs déclinés en une multiplicité de formules et d'expressions. Actif depuis 1994 en tant que performeur et créateur, il réalise dès 1999 ses propres chorégraphies, allant de solos à des œuvres de plus grande envergure, avec lesquelles il effectue des tournées dans le monde entier. Il a en outre collaboré avec l'architecte Tor Lindstrand, sous le label International Festival, avec lequel il s'est engagé dans la chorégraphie sociale et étendue. De 1996 à 2005, il a organisé et composé la programmation de festivals en Suède et dans le monde. En 2006, il a lancé le réseau INPEX. Spångberg possède une expérience approfondie de l'enseignement, autant théorique que pratique, et a dirigé de 2008 à 2012 le programme de Master en Chorégraphie de l'Université de la Danse à Stockholm. En 2011, il a publié son premier livre, *Spångbergianism*. Actuellement, il enseigne la danse et la chorégraphie à l'Académie royale des Arts à Oslo (département théâtre et danse), et il est également artiste associé au Black Box Teater à Oslo (2017-2018). Spångberg était à l'affiche du Kunstenfestivaldesarts avec *La Substance, but in English* en 2015, et avec *Natten* en 2016.

### **Mårten Spångberg au Kunstenfestivaldesarts**

**2015** *La Substance, but in English*

**2016** *Natten*

## GERHARD RICHTER, UNE PIÈCE POUR LE THÉÂTRE

Het moet zo'n 20 jaar geleden zijn toen ik voor het eerst Werner Hamachers tekst *Amphora* te lezen kreeg. Ik kende hem niet en ik las de tekst in een veel te chic programmaboekje, maar het waren tenslotte de jaren 90. Vreemd, deze tekst achtervolgt me al meer dan twee decennia. Hij is een reisgezel zonder ambitie om me ergens heen te leiden of de weg te tonen en dat is precies waarom hij zo belangrijk is geweest. Het werk van Hamacher brengt andere lezers ongetwijfeld op andere plaatsen of tot andere conclusies, maar waar ik persoonlijk van genoten heb, was dat hij geen oplossingen of antwoorden gaf. Misschien heeft hij het over de ruimte, misschien behandelt hij filosofie of misschien heeft hij het over de ervaring van kunst. Maar ze hebben allemaal iets gemeen, volgens mij. Ze zijn niet behulpzaam; ruimte, filosofie en kunst bieden geen steun. Filosofie die advies geeft heeft een andere naam, namelijk zelfhulp literatuur. Kunst die steun biedt zou design genoemd kunnen worden. Design is nuttig en behulpzaam. Een nuttige filosofie is uiteraard zinloos. Een kunst die er naar streeft om, laat ons zeggen, troost te bieden, is niets meer of minder dan een lekker kopje thee.

De amphora is een belofte van een onverschillig engagement. Ze heeft geen ambities. Misschien is het wel de leegte die ruimte, filosofie en kunst - en zeker ruimte en kunst - zo aantrekkelijk maakt. Ik zink in de ruimte net zoals ik in een esthetische ontmoeting zink en ik raak aan de mogelijkheid om iets te ervaren dat nog niet is, iets dat nog moet komen maar nog steeds geen contouren heeft. Ik stel me de tekst van Hamacher voor naast de schrijfsels van Jacques Rancière over de emancipatie van de toeschouwer. De esthetische ontmoeting is afstand noch scheiding. Het is geen achtergrond of voorgrond, maar ontstaat net in de ondeelbaarheid van tegenstellingen.

Gertrude Stein was het theater op een gegeven moment beu. Wat ze vreemdlijk vond aan theater was het gevoel dat ze de karakters moest leren kennen, welwillend benaderen, tot vriend maken. Ze gaf de voorkeur aan landschappen, omdat die passief zijn zolang je er niet in stapt, en wanneer je dat toch doet activeren ze zich rondom je. Je hoeft geen landschappen tot vriend te maken en meestal leiden ze je niet naar een of andere bestemming. Het landschap staat onverschillig tegenover je, het is er en je bent er welkom, maar verwacht geen cocktails.

Gerhard Richter werd ooit door Nick Serota geïnterviewd - het interview maakt deel uit van een of andere documentaire. Op een gegeven moment



vraagt Serota aan Richter hoe het kwam dat hij op een bepaald moment onscherpe schilderijen begon te maken. Het is duidelijk dat Serota iets groots verwacht, een antwoord voor de kunstgeschiedenisboeken, bedachtzaam en vol referenties. Gerhard Richter zit daar in een al te dure sofa, gaat anders zitten, raakt zijn gezicht met zijn linkerhand en zegt, in zijn typisch Duitse accent: 'Wel, weet je. Op dat moment ... was het mogelijk.'

We zouden Richter kunnen afdoen als een klootzak, met zo'n inhalige reactie, alsof hij helemaal geen invloeden of zo heeft maar zijn ideeën van bovenaf krijgt. Maar misschien kan zijn uitspraak anders begrepen worden. Want 'omdat het mogelijk was' kan ook in een andere richting wijzen. Dat er in feite geen reden voor was, dat er geen rede of intellect was die de schilderijen stuurde. Er was geen causaliteit, er was geen oorzaak en gevolg, het was gewoon mogelijk omwille van een heleboel redenen, maar geen ervan had iets met causaliteit te maken. Het kon de dag, week of maand ervoor niet gebeuren, maar op die specifieke dag, op dat moment, was het wel mogelijk. Deze vorm van mogelijkheid kan alleen voortkomen uit een leegte, uit een gevoel van 'nog niet'.

Roland Barthes stelt het volgende: je wordt verliefd, dan ben je niet meer verliefd, je herstelt van de liefde en je wordt opnieuw verliefd.

Wat een saai voorstel. De Franse filosoof transformeert de liefde in een causale transactie waar men kan van herstellen. Maar moet de liefde niet iets zijn dat op een dag ondenkbaar was en de volgende dag net wel mogelijk? Men heeft niet lief omwille van een reden, men heeft lief omdat men liefheeft.

Henri Michaud werd ooit gevraagd wanneer de schilderijen in het Louvre op hun best waren. Een hele hoop interessante antwoorden flitsten door mijn hoofd toen ik de vraag las, maar het antwoord van Michaud zou ik nooit hebben kunnen bedenken: 'Uiteraard wanneer het museum gesloten is, omdat dan de beelden en schilderijen zich dan kunnen vermaken en samen kunnen zijn.'

Rouwen houdt in dat de doden nooit toegeëigend worden en dat ze niet door iets anders vervangen worden; het is een kwestie van leven in het gezelschap van een tastbare onverschilligheid, met iets dat geen steun

geeft en nooit zal helpen, maar in die duisternis, in de onverschilligheid, ligt de belofte van 'het was mogelijk'.

*Mårten Spångberg, mei 2017*

## BIO

**Mårten Spångberg** (1968) is choreograaf. Hij woont en werkt in Brussel en Stockholm. Zijn interesse gaat uit naar het brede veld van de dans, een genre dat hij benadert via experimentele praktijken en creatieve processen in een veelheid van formats en expressievormen. Hij is sinds 1994 actief als performer en creëert sinds 1999 zijn eigen choreografieën, van solo's tot groepsvoorstellingen voor het grote podium, die internationaal toerden. Onder het label International Festival creëert hij samen met de architect Tor Lindstrand choreografieën die sociaal en breed toepasbaar zijn. Van 1996 tot 2005 organiseerde en cureerde Spångberg festivals in Zweden en over de hele wereld. In 2006 richtte hij de netwerkorganisatie INPEX op. Spångberg heeft vele jaren ervaring als onderwijzer van zowel theorie als praktijk en was van 2008 tot 2012 directeur van het masterprogramma choreografie aan de dansuniversiteit in Stockholm. In 2011 werd zijn eerste boek *Spångbergianism* gepubliceerd. Tegenwoordig is hij docent dans en choreografie aan de kunstacademie van Oslo (departement theater en dans) en als kunstenaar verbonden aan het Black Box Teater in Oslo (2017-2018). Spångberg stond op de affiche van het Kunstenfestivaldesarts in 2015 met *La Substance, but in English* en in 2016 met *Natten*.

### **Mårten Spångberg op het Kunstenfestivaldesarts**

**2015** *La Substance, but in English*

**2016** *Natten*

## GERHARD RICHTER, UNE PIÈCE POUR LE THÉÂTRE

It was perhaps 20 years ago that I first encountered Werner Hamacher's text *Amphora*. We were not familiar and I read the text in a program booklet a little bit too fancy, but this was after all the 90s. Strange, this text has been a fellow traveler for more than two decades. It has been a companion that has been there without aspirations to guide or pave the way and it is precisely therefore that it has been so significant. Hamacher's text I am sure brings other readers to different places or conclusions, but what I enjoyed was that there are no solutions or answers. Perhaps the text addresses space, perhaps the address is philosophy or maybe it speaks about aesthetic experience. They however have something in common, I believe. They are not helpful; space, philosophy and art give no support. A philosophy that gives advice has a different name, self-help literature. An art that is supportive might be called design. Design is useful, helpful. A philosophy that is helpful is evidently futile. An art that aspires to be, let's say comforting, is nothing more or less than a nice cup of tea.

The amphora is a promise of an indifferent engagement, it is without aspirations. Perhaps what is so attractive with space, philosophy and art - at least space and art - is their emptiness. I sink into space like I sink into an aesthetic encounter and I touch upon the possibility of experiences something that is not yet, something that is just about to arrive but still has no contours. I imagine Werner Hamacher's text side by side with Jacques Rancière's writings on the emancipation of the spectator. The aesthetic encounter is neither distance nor sharing, nor background or foreground but is emerging precisely in the indivisibility of opposites.

Gertrude Stein at some point got bored with drama. What she despised with drama was the feeling that she had to acquaint herself with the characters, sympathize with them, make friend. She preferred landscapes, because they are there and passive as long as you don't step into them, but when you do they activate around you. You don't need to befriend landscapes and most of all they don't guide you to some other destination. The landscape is indifferent to you. It is there and you are welcome, but there will be no cocktails.

Once Gerhard Richter was interviewed by Nick Serota, the interview is in some documentary. At some point Serota asks Richter how it happened that he started to paint out of focus paintings in that particular

moment. It's evident that Serota is looking for something grand, something with the taste of art history, of references and precision. Gerhard Richter sits there in an all-together too expensive sofa, changes position and, with his left hand touching his face, says with his German accent: "Well, you know. At that point... At that point it was possible."

One option is to dismiss Richter for being an asshole. Such a greedy response, as if he had no influences or anything at all, but got his ideas from something above. But perhaps his proposal can be understood differently. Because it was possible can also point in a different direction. That there in fact was no reason behind it, that there was no reason or intellect that gave way for the paintings. There was no causality there, there was no cause and effect. It was just possible for a lot of reasons but none of them in respect of causality. It couldn't happen the day, week or month before, but that very day, at that moment it was possible. This form of possibility can only emerge from an emptiness, from a sense of not yet.

Roland Barthes argues the following: you fall in love, you fall out of love, you recover from love and you fall in love again.

What a dull proposal. The French philosopher transforms love into a causal transaction, one that one can recover from. But must love not be something that one day was unthinkable and the next, exactly, possible. One doesn't love for a reason, one loves because one loves.

Henri Michaux was once asked when the paintings in the Louvre were at their best. Many interesting answers appeared in my mind when I read the question, but never could I have imagined Michaux's response: "Obviously when the museum is closed, because then the sculptures and paintings can enjoy themselves and be together."

The work of mourning implies never to appropriate the dead, nor to substitute the dead with something else, but it is a matter of living in companionship with a palpable indifference, with something that gives no support and will never help, but in that darkness, in the indifference, lies the promise of "it was possible".

*Mårten Spångberg, May 2017*

**BIO**

**Mårten Spångberg** (b. 1968) is a choreographer living and working in Brussels and Stockholm. His interest concerns dance in an expanded field, something he has approached through experimental practice in a multiplicity of formats and expressions. He has been active on stage as a performer and creator since 1994, and since 1999 has been creating his own choreographies, from solos to larger scale works, which have toured internationally. Under the label International Festival, Spångberg collaborated with architect Tor Lindstrand and engaged in social and expanded choreography. From 1996 to 2005 he organised and curated festivals in Sweden and internationally, and in 2006 initiated the network organisation INPEX. He has considerable experience in teaching both theory and practice. From 2008 to 2012, he directed the MA programme in choreography at the University of Dance in Stockholm. In 2011, his first book, *Spangbergianism*, was published. Spångberg is professor in dramaturgy and choreography at Oslo National Academy of The Arts, departments of dance and theatre, and he is associated artist at Black Box Teater, Oslo (2017-2018). Spångberg presented *La Substance, but in English* at the Kunstenfestivaldesarts in 2015, and *Natten* in 2016.

**Mårten Spångberg at the Kunstenfestivaldesarts**

**2015** *La Substance, but in English*

**2016** *Natten*

## AMPHORA (EXTRACTS)

:: The two canonical determinations of space - that it is extended and that it is divisible - are erroneous: space is extending and dividing.

:: Propositions about space give off the appearance of being independent of it, as of something foreign which can be said to have or lack properties without itself being involved, as if its play were not thereby affected. But every proposition is a proposition in - or at - a space; and every proposition opens a space (or closes it).

:: The concept of extension gives rise to misunderstandings: space presupposes no interior which could then, by extending it or spreading it apart be progressively made into an exterior. The notion of extension sets out from a compact *origo* and then from an ego which supposedly relates to an 'outside world' and experiences this relation as its expansion. But extension thus understood as an expansion of an interior never attains space as something without interior and without an opposite. It remains merely an externalized center of cogitation or perception.

:: Freud's remark about spatiality participates in this misunderstanding: "Spatiality may be the projection of the extension of the psychic apparatus. No other derivation likely. Instead of Kant's a priori conditions of our psychic apparatus. Psyche is extended, knows nothing of it." (CW XVII, 152) The concept of projection, one of the most problematic in psychoanalytic theory, suggests a genealogical and spatial distance between the 'extension' of the psyche and the spatiality of our perceptions - a distance that is traversed by projection and which supposedly permits the psyche to regard the image it has laid out, or the form of the image that is drawn from itself, as the outside world. Only, the distance traversed by projection is already spatial, an extension that cannot be qualitatively distinct from the one which is supposed to characterize psyche itself. Thus, projection cannot traverse this distance; rather it must first project it itself. 'Projection projects spatiality' would then mean: projection is the psychic mechanism that first opens up spaces - both intrapsychic spaces and those between the psyche and the outside world. If the psyche is extended, it is because projection is the process of its extension, the psyche of psyche, a spacing in the sense of a topical differentiation which first opens up a place for psyche itself and for its correlates. Since we must abandon the notions of a genealogical succession or of a derivative distinction between psychic space and external space, we may also not speak of a *projection*. It is a *jection*, a throw which

extends and, without *origo* or orientation, spaces. (There is no thrower which is not itself already thrown and in the throw.)

:: Space must be thought as spacing; as granting-space and thus as an allowance of a space and as clearing-out, and thus as allowing the emptiness of space.

:: Space is not simply extended; it is not the asunder of discrete parts of a space or a place. To be in any way asunder would at the very least include the possibility of an interior, a contraction, or a condensation which is no longer extended: yet any interior - whether it be called ideality, cogito or psyche - is in its turn spatial. Hegel's formulation that space is *die Außerlichkeit an ihm selbst* corrects the massive and wholly unfounded privilege given to the exterior by way of its seemingly inconspicuous *an*: space is - and thus is not - not exteriority, but atteriority, laterality (and, non-geocentrically, aterrality.)

:: The Thing *an* itself (*Ding an sich*). Space. Parataxis.

:: Space is not an object, it is not a being among or beside other beings. If one can only say of a being that it is, then space cannot *be*. (Hence the controversy over the 'reality' of space and of the outside world, as they are discussed in philosophical texts since Plato at the latest.) Space lies by and beside itself, differentiated from itself, near itself. (It distances and dis-distances (itself).)

:: Space: the opportunity (*Gelegenheit*) of all that is.

:: Space means: without *origo* and without orientation.

:: Space is not extension, but tension, tensions, elongations, separations, accents. (Ictus, diaeresis, syncope, colon, *trema*, circumflex, grave, lenis, H, etc. according to Dernocratic rhythm.)

:: Space is not divisible, does not consist of parts, and is itself not a part of a whole - so much so that the formula *partes extra partes*, by which every discrete space may relate itself to others as closed totalities, is unsuited to the task of its definition. The concept of the whole is formed through that of the organic, the functional body. It is incompatible with that of space. And thus also with that of the part and the parts.

:: Space is not an object.

:: It has no boundary to isolate it from another space or from non-space.

:: If space had a boundary, this boundary would be drawn in or against a space, which in its turn would have to have such a boundary, which would also have to run in a space, and so on. Space *has* no boundary - if it had one, that boundary would *a limine* be one against non-space, one that would determine space and determine it as non-space - it allows its boundary to be drawn. Space allowing the boundary to be drawn means that it doesn't draw that boundary itself; that it doesn't hold to the boundary; that it lets it draw and withdraw itself; and that it, by allowing this, withdraws from the drawing and the withdrawal of its own determination. In this sense there is no definition of space that does not include its infinity. (To continue to draw the boundary around space, its 'and-so-on,' is not a being-at-a-loss (*Verlegenheit*) that impedes the attempt to think space 'from the outside'; it belongs to space as much as to the thinking of space.)

:: Space is the being-at-a-loss of thinking, its spatialization. Thinking means to be at a loss in space.

:: It is not finite, it finites itself. It is nothing but its infinite finitization.

:: "Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie" - this is how someone must speak who wants to reserve finitude for himself.

:: Space is without dimensions. There would be spatial dimensions only if there were an *origo* of its measurements which would itself be spatial. (Aristotle distinguishes two ways of counting the dimensions of things: six in relation to the spectator - up, down, right and left, front and back - three without relation to the spectator - height, length, and breadth. While the center point of the construction is in the first case the human figure in geocentric space, in the other case it is the geophysical *origo* of falling, climbing, and expansion; in both cases the construction of dimensions is oriented toward one point which, as point and thus as non-dimensional, can belong neither to things nor to place. The transition from point to line, from line to space would be a transition from out of spacelessness; thus space would itself be pure transition into space: it would be - Hegel recognized this consequence - sensuous unsensu-



ousness (*simliche Unsinnlichkeit*), the space of the concept.) Dimensional space, the kind constructed from a geometrical center point, a non-spatial point, is therefore despatialized, non-dimensional space par excellence, the space of a point.

: The treatise on “place” (*topos, khora*) in Aristotle’s *Physics* rejects three assumptions about the “essence” (*ousia*) of place: it is neither the form nor the matter of a thing, nor is it the space between two things. In the first case it would be in the same place as the thing and thus two places would be in one and the same place, and there would have to be a place of place; in the first and second cases it would be affixed to the thing, but while each thing is capable of motion, place - as long as it is the place of the *thing* - must remain constant; the third case confuses the spatial interval between two boundaries with air: air is a body like any other and thus, defined by form and matter, cannot be the place of the thing. If place is then not form, not matter, and not the spatial interval or distance between two limits, it must be a fourth thing, that is, what is in each case the nearest surrounding (*periekhontos proton*) which encompasses form, matter, and distance without itself being one of them and without being, like them, capable of motion. This fourth thing, the surrounding, would be place and would as an external boundary provide all things and parts of things with their place. Thus, place is not the boundary of things - that would be its *eidōs* - but the boundary of that boundary.

Place is the horizon of bodies. Not their concept, not their appearance and not the surrounding of other bodies, in relation to which they localize themselves, but what is outermost in these other bodies, the outermost surroundings, *eskhatō tou periekhontas* (211a30). As surrounding, place is a vessel, a vase, a jug, an amphora (209b25; 210a30, b10, b5); but the amphora is considered not as a body, and not even simply as a boundary, but as the outermost boundary of the inner wall of a container whose circumference is equal to that of the thing it contains, which is tied to it and yet detached from it. Thus, every thing and every part of a thing is contained in its surrounding, at its place, as in an amphora. Place thus lies at the outermost boundary of things, where it touches the outermost boundary of the things that surround it - and the expression “outermost or first boundary” (*peras proton*) indicates that each of these boundaries is thought by Aristotle to be not a mathematical line but something that is differentiated within itself ... If the bound-

aries of the surrounding and the surrounded were merely separated from one another, then they would constitute only the form of discrete things; but if they were one boundary, they would be the formal boundaries of a single thing - and in either case they would not be determinations of the place of things. Place can coincide neither with the form of a thing, nor with that of its surrounding; by the same token, it cannot be simply distinguished from either of them: it must therefore be the 'boundary' between their two boundaries and thus must be that which both divides and binds them. Detached from each other and still linked to each other (*dieremenon e kai haptomenon*, 211a30), the two boundaries - that of the surrounding and that of the surrounded - cohere (*sunekhes*, 211a35). The one is, detached from the other, also in it (*dieremenon de en ekeino*, 211a35); they are even both in the Same (*en tauto*); yet, they are two boundaries not of the Same (*ampho perata, all'ou tau autou*, 211b10). The contact between two boundaries and a 'boundary' between boundaries, place is the 'boundary' which is detached from itself, split, and cohering only in its split - and it holds together not at a place, but holds itself together in its division as this place. Place is the holding-together not only of what is different, it is the holding-together of its difference and of its indifference and thus the event of carrying-apart and carrying-together.

For Aristotle, place is marked by two traits (*de topos ampho*, 212a1): by the fact that it is separate from the thing, and by the fact that it is its surrounding; i.e. by the fact that it participates in a boundary with it, and by the fact that it parts this boundary. Place is thus the im-parting (*Mit-Teilung*) of the boundary of things and in this sense the medium of things themselves. It is the With (*hama*) of the boundary: *Eti hama to pragmati o topos. hama gar to peperasmeno ta perata* (212a25-30) - "The place is with the thing, the boundary is with the bounded." It is not only the structure of time which, as Derrida has shown, depends on this With, *hama*; it is also the structure of place which depends on it. But this With is not a localized one: it is the placing of place, and the granting of space, for it is only by virtue of this With, the medium both of discretion and of cohesion, that a place is given. The boundary lies with the boundary - and this *with* which marks the difference between, and the unity of, both boundaries, opens up the place. *With* is thus not a determination of place, a possible answer to the question of where something is; it is the granting of place, and it does not posit it *at* or *together with* a place, but open up the place as *with* and as *at*. The Together-With of things is a Together-

With of their being Together-With with their being Without-Eachother. Place is the With of the With with the Without, the With without With of all bodies - and thus what relates them to each other and what keeps them apart, their *relation*; place carries them and brings them apart and together, a double carrier of the double boundary, an *amphora*.

:: Place is the jointure (*Fuge*) of things. (The German word *Fuge* is itself a *Fuge*, a place: it means a cleft and a juncture, and joins and divides juncture and cleft.) It is their aura, as Benjamin determines aura: “a remoteness no matter how near,” their remoteness, their distance.

:: Here: is a jointure of places.

:: The Aristotelian framing of place is dictated by at least two requirements: first that place be located only with bodies, and with bodies in the sense of matter formed into an appearance (*eidos*); and second, that emptiness be excluded. As a result of the first restriction, Aristotle must on the one hand make the boundary, and thus appearance and phenomenon, into the criterion of the placeness of place; but on the other hand, must, without admitting it, give up just this criterion of phenomenality in the definition of place: and with the *eidos* he must also give up the *ousia*. The second assumption, that there is no emptiness, is likewise dictated by the premise that all beings are compacted into fulfilled forms which present themselves to theoretical contemplation. This physicalist assumption, too, is disavowed by Aristotle's analysis of the place as the site of an irreducible ambiguity of the boundary. For place cannot do without the implication of emptiness, so long as it is understood as the complexion of two boundaries which must be together and still divided and must therefore leave a free place, an empty gap, an opening. This opening 'in' the boundary can, according to the premises of the Aristotelian analysis, itself be neither body, nor form, nor formed matter, nor a spatial interval, and thus not the object of a theory.

:: Aristotle's treatise does not explain why it is not a closed vessel, but an open one - *aggeion*, *amphoreus* - which has been chosen as the metaphor for place. But the opening is inscribed into the very structure of place: place is open because it must keep apart the two boundaries at the same time as it holds them together, that is, it must give way to an emptiness which is neither a thing nor an interval. By virtue of its amphoric, double structure, the vessel - place - is open. And it is only by

being open that place gives way to boundaries in their differentiated-ness. Its emptiness is the movement of the discretion by which these boundaries detach themselves from each other. Place is thus the giving-way of boundaries and thus of bodies. With this place the boundaries part from one another and impart themselves to one another. This imparting, place, is the giving of things.

:: In his 1950 lecture “Das Ding” Heidegger claimed emptiness for *his* jug. Without mentioning Aristotle and without justifying his choice of the jug as the thing par excellence (he cites Aristotle’s discussion of place only in 1969 in “Die Kunst und der Raum”), Heidegger rejects the Aristotelian exclusion of emptiness as an act of physico-technical violence and insists that one must allow the emptiness of the jug its emptiness. Only by this emptiness is the jug able to gather the “fourfold” (Geviert) of “earth and sky, divinities and mortals,” to reserve something and to pour something out, to give. (Only by virtue of its emptiness is the jug able not only to give but, as Heidegger insists, to hold back with giving itself, to reserve it for itself, while discharging its gift. “There is, it gives [*es gibt*] space,” understood as “it, emptiness, gives,” means the giving of emptiness. This giving is granting-space, the giving-way to space. Because it holds back with giving and thus with what is given, this granting-space can impart its emptiness to places and spaces without letting it disappear. This is the retention, the discretion of emptiness: that it remains emptiness no matter how much it expends itself. (All spaces are held in the emptiness of their giving.))

:: Place is not only something discrete, it is discretion itself.

:: (They all speak of the opening of place, of the discretion of its giving and the indiscretion of its gifts: Shakespeare’s caskets, the crates, suitcases, tins in Goethe, the jars of Kleist, of Simmel, Bloch, and Adorno, Keats’ urn, Kierkegaard’s drawers and secretaries, Mallarmé’s *cinéraire amphore*, E. T. A. Hoffmann’s golden pot and Henry James’ golden bowl, casket (and castration) in Freud, geodes and jars in Rilke and Celan, *la valise* and *la cruche* in Ponge, Kafka’s suitcase, Beckett’s ashbins, *la vase* in Lacan, *el cántaro rota* of Octavio Paz, Alladin’s lamp. Likewise all archives, books, libraries. (And all brackets and parentheses.) They are the topos of literature, *l’espace littéraire*, and that of graphic art, of painting, sculpture, architecture. And of music. In them the spaces of our languages present themselves.)

:: There is a jointure of places. A flight of stairs, of rooms. (Agoraphobia.)

:: If places touch each other, then they become one in their point of contact (*en tauto*, Aristotle might write). They become indiscrete, but nevertheless remain divorced from one another, discrete. It is only this double movement - discretion: in-discretion - that makes them into places.

:: If space is a jointure of places, then there is no space continuum; but there is a space contiguum. (Space is a metonymic series of places.)

:: There is no closed space (just as there is no private language); there are spaces that open each other.

:: Space is a jointure of anacolutha.

:: In the jointure of places and spaces emptinesses are imparted.

:: To the extent that spaces draw into each other, they withdraw from one another.

:: Spaces consume one another. They clear each other out. They de-space each other.

:: Spaces and places are finite. Because they are spaces, they fade. Independent of all "external" violence and even before their ruin, they are in decay by the violence of their sheer adjacency.

:: *Mach den Ort aus. Machs Wort aus. Lösch. Miß.*

*Ausmachen* means to determine something by measuring, to determine a place or a site; and it means to extinguish something, a fire, a light, a phenomenon. If to determine a place, to measure it, or "make it out," is at the same time to put it out, then the place is eradicated, then measuring is at the same time the loss of measure, and the word that dictates this measuring, that posits the measure - and that is thus itself the measure of measure - becomes "de-worded" through its own ambiguity, through its amphiboly, and thus through its implicit spatiality. Of place (*Ort*) and of word (*Wort*), of the spatial and of the linguistic topos there remain only the remains of a fire, extinguished ash. (*Aschen-Helle*,

*Aschen-Elle* the poem continues, and it is *Antschel*, Celan's name, which here in its transposition shines and measures, is extinguished and loses its measure.) De-placing and de-wording are not happenings that assault place and word from the outside; they go together with the granting of places and with the apparition of words. Celan - Antschel - continues in "Deine Augen im Arm":

*Vermessen, entmessen, verortet, entwortet, entwo*

: : Whoever speaks, whoever makes and puts himself out, whoever determines his name, place, or word - (is) *entwo*

*Werner Hamacher*

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