

A

throw

of

the

dice

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## A throw of the dice

*(Some responses to Stéphane Mallarmé's  
Un Coup de Dés Jamais N'Abolira Le  
Hasard (A Throw of the Dice will Never  
Abolish Chance)*

The visible marked by invisibility, from imaginaries of the interior no longer distinguished from the exterior, where language collapses into the Real, marks out the world space of the Poem. Its horizontal planes, intersected by the vertical axis of reading are transversatile – a finite description of an infinite possibility, invoked through an absence. Word to image to number, to abstraction and to modernity. The numerical index of its infinite is Chance. In the triangulation of symbolic, imaginary and real are the figures produced of language. What is exposed is that nothing has taken place other than the poem. The poem is the figure. The poet himself fails [intends] to fail, succeeds in the correlation of thought to its broken objects, to the world imagined as drowned, and in these appearances, makes or reflects himself or herself or itself as its Image. In the mind of the reader or the viewer these correlations also themselves fall apart, opening fissures of meaning and futility to the enigma beyond reach. There is

no sense in 'sense' here. We follow a route through these open and turbulent apparitions of seas, as allegories of the failure to make sense of the world we inhabit. This is the Real of the poem. Disorientation rather than orientation, impossibility and the operation of courage in the real. The part wins over the whole. It is more so sacred as the number. Our being is vector of the subject without meaning. It may be that something rather than nothing is salvaged in terms of the imaginary, culled from the disaster [our shared astonishment, a secret, or promise, a co-occurrence of memory] whose temporal fault is spilling out of chance operations. These differences in the poem's structural complex in time and place cancel out, to secrete numbers, exact in their count. Has there been a disaster, a shipwreck at all? Doubt exceeds expectation of an event in recollection as mere appearance, or that appearance is all interpretation of an unknowable event. Mallarmé donates the Poem as a 'factish' event. It is modern without modernity having taken place. The arc of the poem sends us back to the beginning of the century [1897] or before the disaster of the 20th has taken place. The infinite number might be grasped in the undecidability of the dice throw, passing into the 'flesh of the poet' to drown the author himself in the process. Do we stand and decide not to throw?

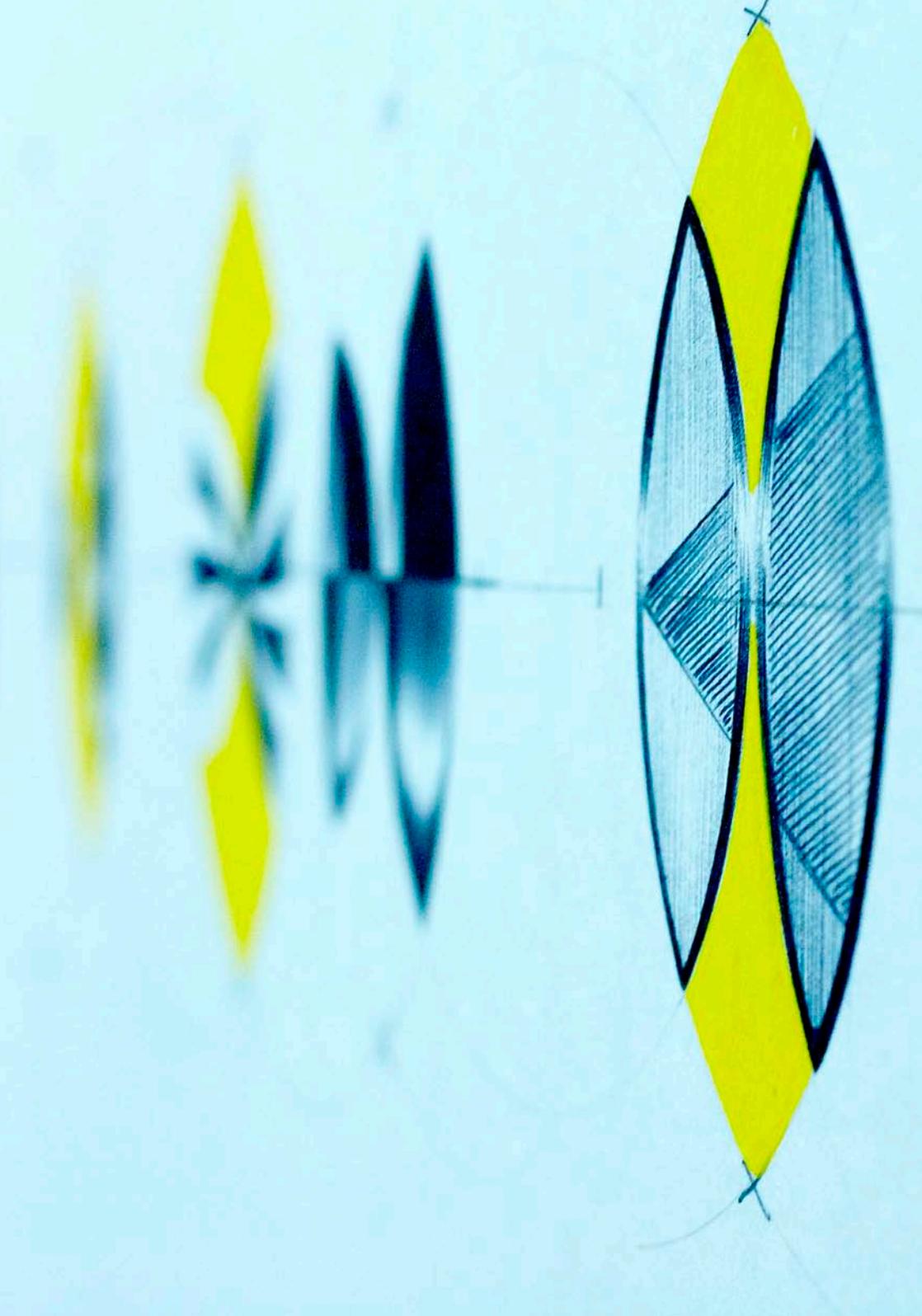
In his own uncertainty was the throw deferred to be an Image of the poem's

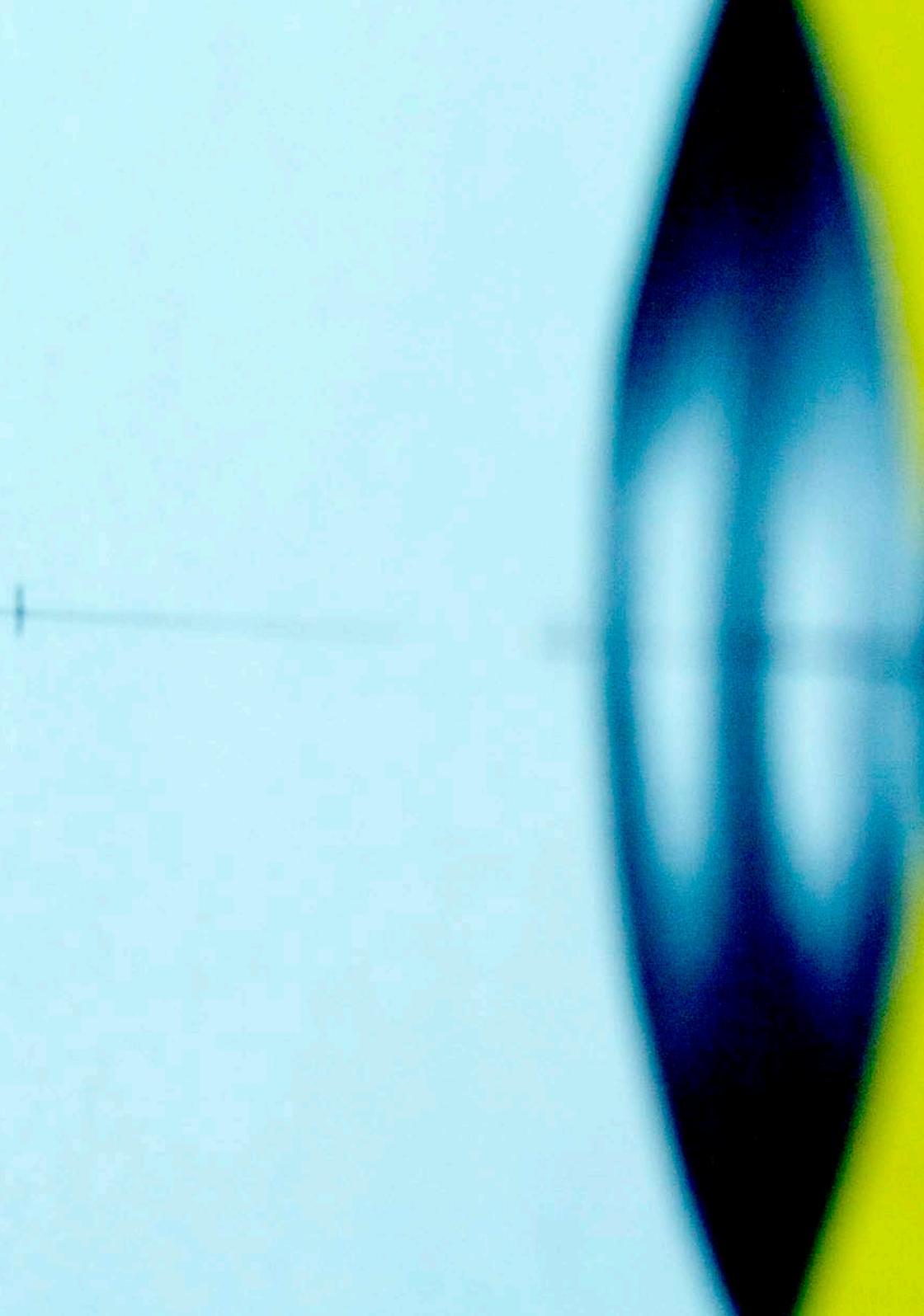
unassailable truth? The question has remained open for a hundred years.

These visual responses are drawn from such a transposition, where as he writes 'one wave invades the head'. The subject is a vector, a wave. The wave discloses and prohibits the shipwreck of a man, a 'master' with 'no ark'. The subject reveals it as such. The words beg an image not to withdraw. We cannot dispel the master. Arc to ark to figure to number. An operation that seeks no solaces other than condition of emergence, realisation and indication, or as poetic witness. The illumination by the image then is to be founded and unfounded again in the transposition from word to image. This is neither to illustrate nor to represent. A parallel contingency Nothing is to take place other than the exception to the rule of exception, one that revolves around the undecidable. 'Hypothesis, prophecy, number – thus it is illuminated', he writes, of understanding.

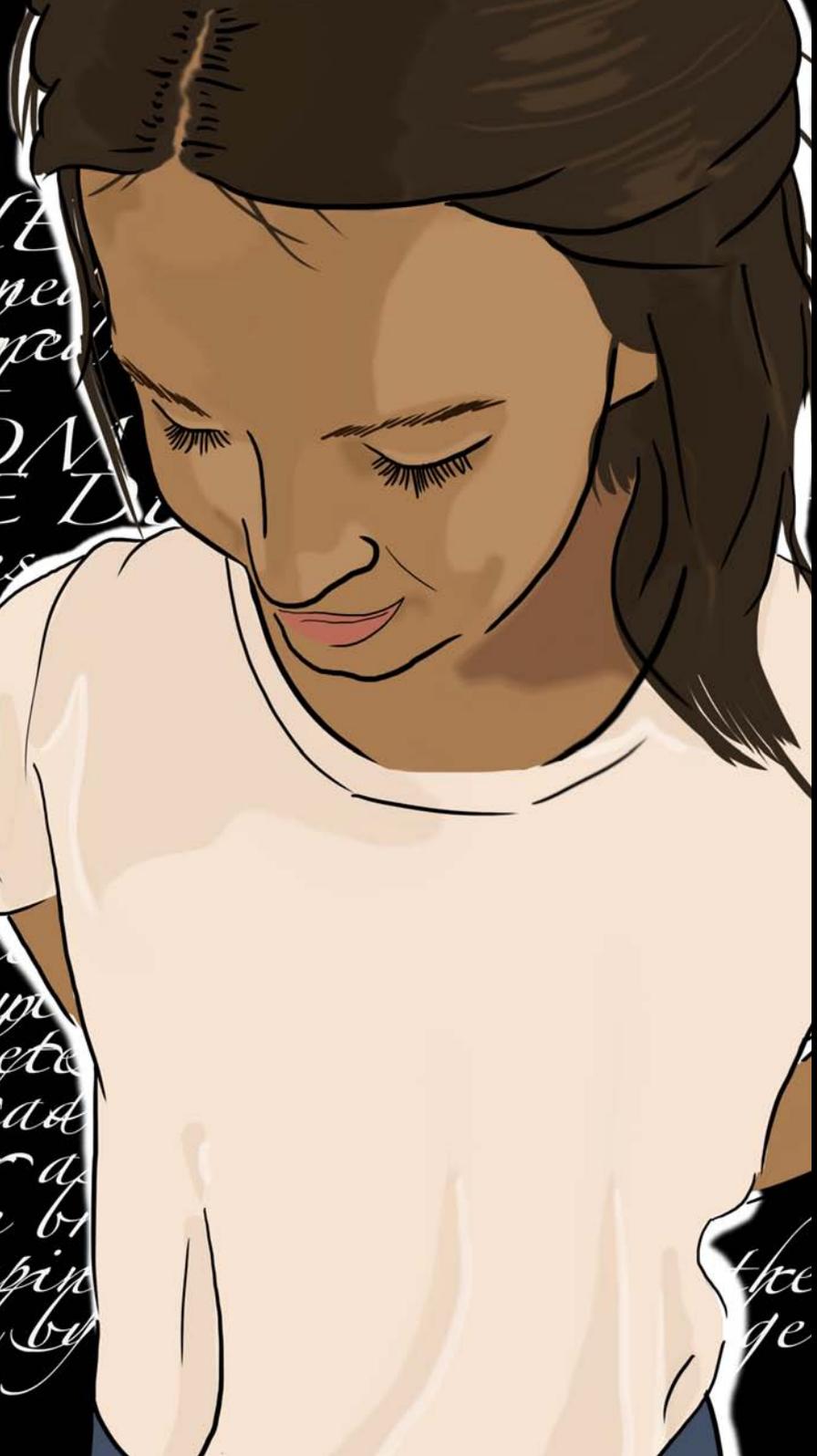
The vector of the subject traversing the century [the Modern] now turning around to face the future as already disaster or decision, is a speculation that reverses the 'actual' time in the poem, as the author intends. Through his typography and attention to the detail and mathematical order, the code. What ending, of 707 words, is 'sacred' but the last word itself? The dissolution of all religious conceit is suggestive of a game and the undecidability of the throw of the dice, which the artists

have agreed to obey. As if an angel without wings, the dice throws itself. The images reveal themselves. These inexpressible operations, in subjunctive tense, open the sky to the terrestrial, and the prosaic or domestic workings. Images not constrained to the original vernacular of romanticism, are here the speculative objects of a real world, drawn from common or ordinary milieu as founded upon fictions. The storm that produces the illusion of the shipwreck, only verifies the absence of fact, in the cruel scene of the Image. The event takes place [recursion] on the page, the white clouds transposed to white paper, to restore the fictive vessel in a 'gaping trough' between their significations. All that remains is the haunting of the past memory as a hypothesis of the disappearance of the poem itself into image. The throw into the here and now is a memorialisation – and stains the pages with ruin and paradox. What should be forgotten 'perhaps' is remembered, but only in an absent form the word implies. The erasure speaks of an uncertainty, and the currency of our own experience of imminent death or ecological disaster. What happens in a strictly non-rational sense is the cancellation of the symbolic in the Now, cancellation of the bureaucratic power of the permission to speak, as wish. In silence, the Law is reinstated as Thing, or in the reorientation of the objects of the poem re-constituted as Image.





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## THE MASTER

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and cutting short the leaps  
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to the breadth  
its gaping depth as long  
as the hull of a ship  
lifted by one or the other edge

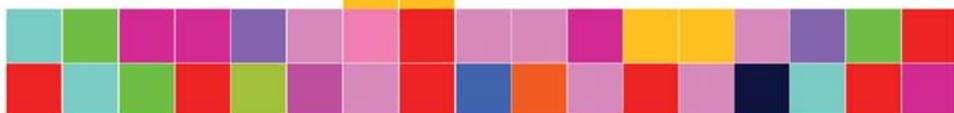
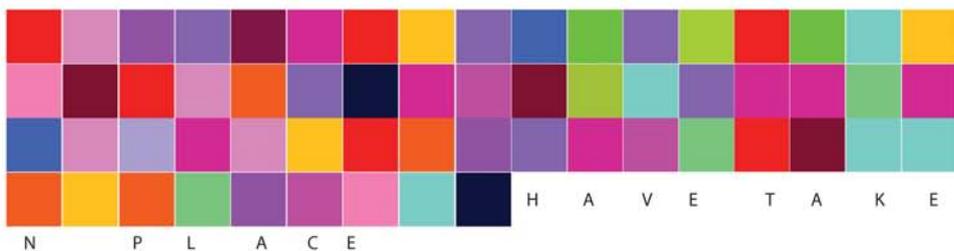
*count on*

**EILKRAFT**

VALUE • PERFORMANCE

G-BKEU





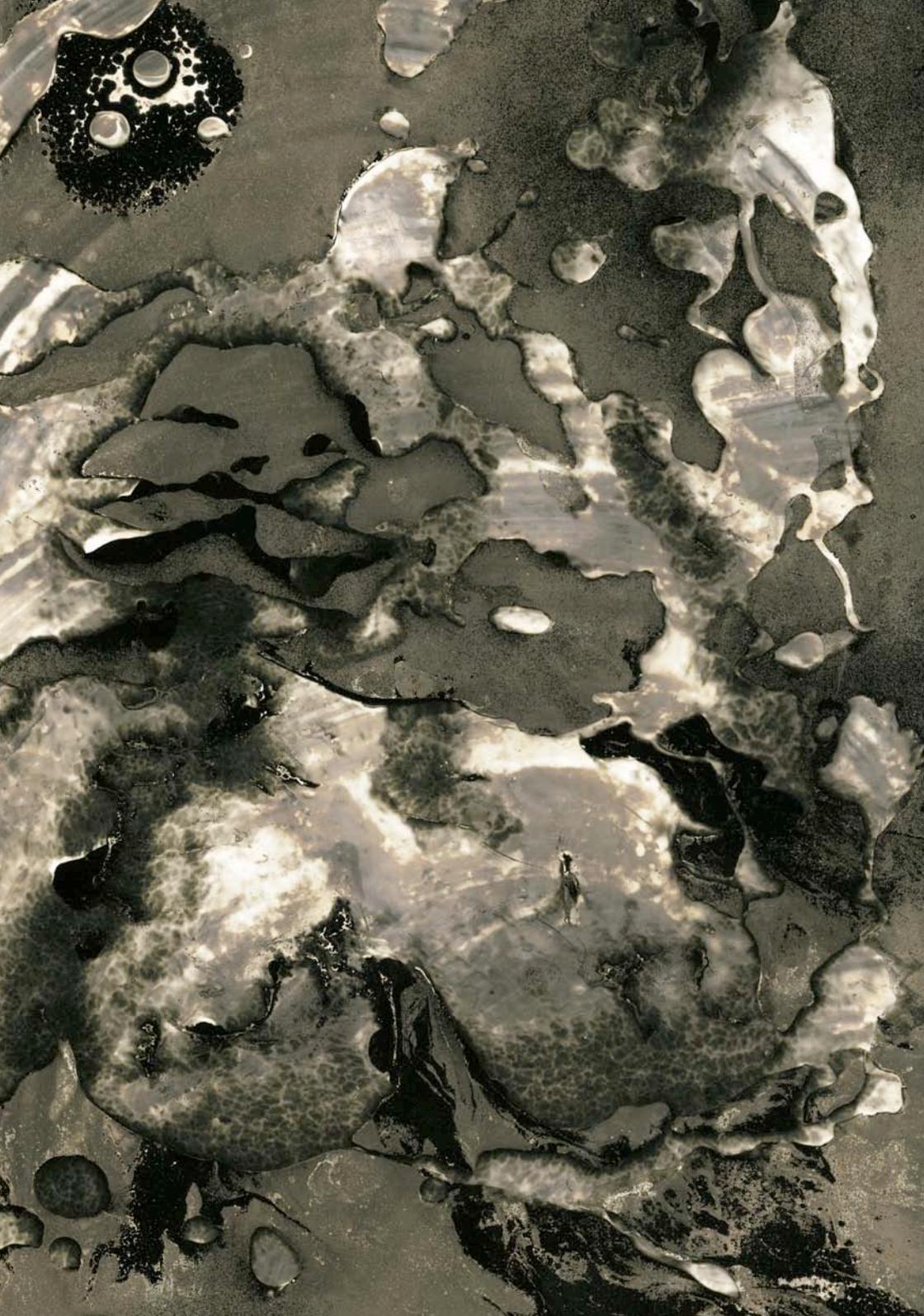
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**HILARITY  
&  
HORROR**

**IDLE  
Chance**

**Begin  
and  
End**







VEHICLES  
PARKING

The image features a complex, layered composition. The background is a dense, textured blue with a crumpled paper appearance. Overlaid on this is a large, irregularly shaped piece of translucent cyan paper that has been torn and layered, creating a sense of depth and movement. On the left side, a white rectangular sign is partially visible, with the words 'VEHICLES' and 'PARKING' printed in bold, black, sans-serif capital letters. The overall aesthetic is abstract and modern, with a strong color palette of blues and cyans.





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THE ARCADE

Patisserie  
44

Entry 4

Entry 4



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the unique Number that cannot

hesitates

a corpse cut off by the arm

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where maneuvers forgotten with age

he used to take the helm

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*to the*

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closing the division and passing proudly on

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the head  
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with no ark



THROW OF DICE

NEVER

CHANCE

THE MASTER

THE MASTER

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invades the head  
spills down like a submissive bear

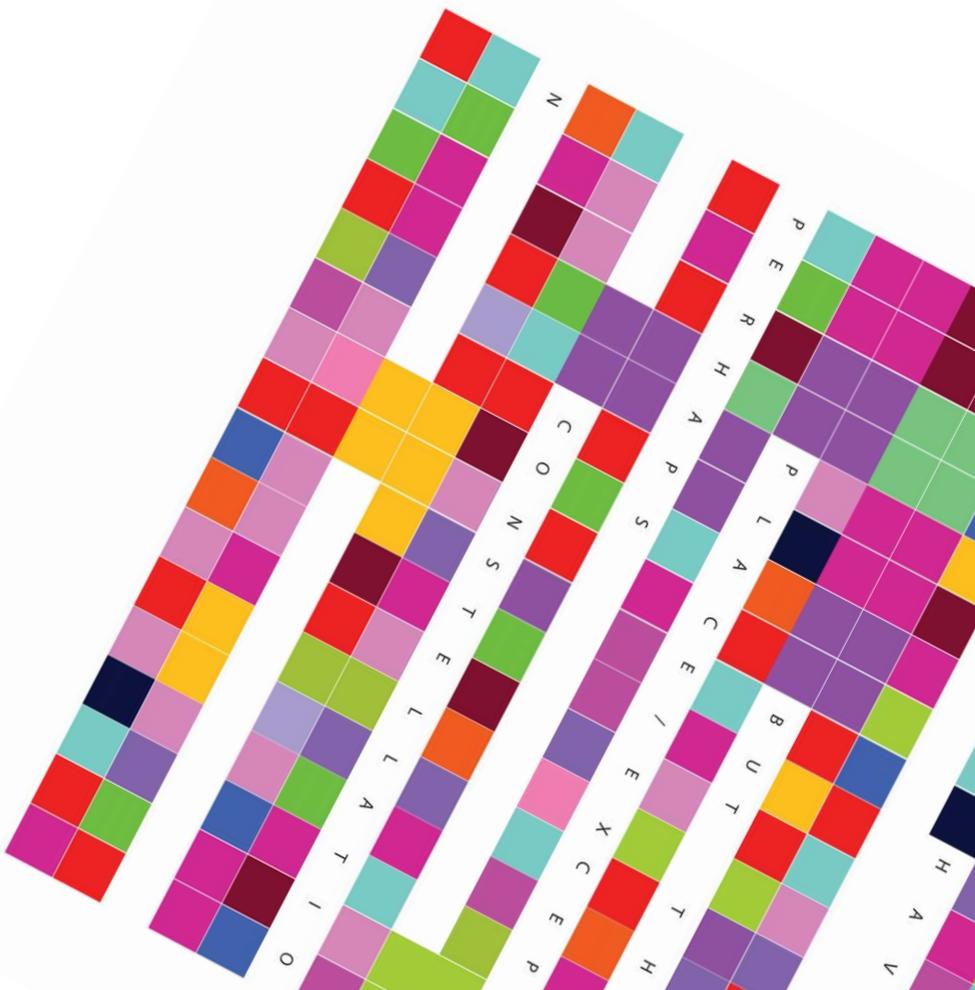
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