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Fatto (d)a Pezzi – **Made from Pieces / Broken to Pieces**

Abstract

The fragment is a splintered presentism in an unanchored ordinance of time, caused by the trepidation that vacillates between a search for, and a liberation from, a whole. It wrenches both past and future within its collapsing, yet symptomatic, spaces of *whereof* to inscribe its sandstone script. These pages, *fatto (d)a pezzi*, are weathered planks of scaffolding left over from a view of the spaces that these fragments imagined they were surrounding, some as excerpts to unfinished monographs, a few as lines in hermetic anthologies; others as intentionally detached epigrams or maxims, and most as impossible sequences of a series of lectures.

Key words: fragmentation, eros-ion, deterioration, F. Schlegel, Blanchot

Parole chiave: frammentazione, erosione, degrado, F. Schlegel, Blanchot

Unlooked for things must once for all begin.

Sophocles, frag. 739, Plumptre 1878: 418

The interruption of the incessant: this is the distinguishing characteristic of fragmentary writing...

Blanchot 1986: 21

The essence of Romanticism is not simply to invent fragments, but to give them a strong *raison d'être*.

Boulez 2018: 595

It appears that we are beyond these epigrammatic gems, caught instead in a phantomatic struggle with pieces of language, grabbing wildly, turning between a flux of unlimited dispersals, where each move is set as a perpetual conveyor belt of our overtaxed, yet mundane Eurydicean losses. Pieces. Fear.

... but that fear is a piece of language, something that it would have lost and that would make it entirely dependent on this dead piece [...] reconstituting itself without unity, piece by piece, as something other than a collection of significations. (Blanchot 1992: 59)

What follows are *fatto (d)a pezzi*, found and made from-and-as broken pieces in this “other than a collection of significations.” Within, we chase after what anticipation was once: epigrammatic balms and salves, now as mere fleeting glimpses between turning towards and turning away, fear, dread in the fulfilment of an a-totally of “a closed world whose closing is the only event that produces itself in it” (Blanchot 1992: 65).

Album A

Fractione panis. The breaking of bread. The unable to be sliced became precious when broken in company from a whole.

Διαθρύπτω – θρύπτω – κλάω. Break in pieces; break off.

Σύμβολον (*sūmbolon*). Then after what broke between them was no(one)thing. It was already an illusion of a w/whole reflected in fragments. Stray pieces outside of how a group would join one corresponding object, sealing their impossible identity, each became an other-ized unwarranted token, an *ego consumans*, *fatto (d)a pezzi*.

The dream of an unbroken lineage unaged by time, and once made of two halves by two at a primal scene fails to seal the identity of one-and-other.

Ἀστράγαλος (*astragalos*). The Heraclitian game of dice remains un-played due to the unheeded symbolic exchange of reversible uncured fidelities.

... αἰῶν παίς παίζων πεσσεύων' παιδὸς ἢ βασιληῆ (Aeons are but a child's playing dice with gambled kingdoms. Heraclitus, B52, my translation).

"Each epoch has such a side turned toward dreams, the child's side" (Benjamin 1999: 838). From the early notes for his *Arcades Project*, this line from (F⁰, 7) is enlivened by piecing it to what follows from note (M⁰, 20):

Task of childhood: to bring the new world into symbolic space (*Symbolraum*). The child, in fact, can do what the grownup absolutely cannot: remember the new once again. For us, the locomotives already have symbolic character because we met them in childhood. Our children, however, will find automobiles, of which we ourselves see only the new, elegant, modern, cheeky side. (Benjamin 1999: 855)

Beyond the illusion of an organizing principle of measured sequences, fragmented in pieces from haunting its reflected whole as private sphericities, a countergift still exists as an archival production in erosion, deterioration, and phantasmagoric strategies of presentation. The Rhapsodic. If an aesthetics of the fragments glimmers forth from a private a-teleology, it is because, as the confession of an artwork, it w/rests in the penetration of its own displacements (Privitello 1990: 108). However, that was before the veiling code made the signified nothing but a belabored alibi. Yet, the enchantment of the episodic grants the space of displacement as pure pretext.

From the transgression of the economic value (UV – SbE) to the transgression of the sign value (EcEV – SbE) we attain the "process of breaking and reducing symbolic exchange" (SbE). Therein, gifts become reversible theater-tokens of besmirched value, a slight of hand between the "system as a whole and symbolic exchange" (Baudrillard 1981: 128).

"The fragmentation of the social fabric today lends a *political* dimension to the problem of the subject" (Certeau 1984: xxiv).

Today the phenomenon [political discourse] is different: there no longer exists any truth at stake in the game of deceit" (Certeau 1997: 30).

Album B

“The fragmentary is that part of totality of the work that opposes totality” (Adorno 1977: 45).

“Romanticism had created two opposite tendencies: the fragment freed from the whole, and the fragment dominated by the whole” (Boulez 2018: 598).

The fragment is certainly complete in itself, but it is also open to everything and nothing; it does not need preparation or consequence, but exists separately, and its value depends on no formal correspondences. It is there as an aphorism of whatever length, independent, but with the possibility of being associated in due course with other aphorisms of a similar kind. (Boulez 2018: 595)

Fragments (discontinuities) make no bones about their transience while lingering as a dream of the persistence of the momentary.

Such is the whispering of “incurable imperfection in the very essence of the present” (Gide 1959: 279).

Erfahrung is grown and nurtured from *Erlebnissen*.

“[Long] experience [*Erfahrung*] is the outcome of work; immediate experience [*das Erlebnis*] is the phantasmagoria of the idler” (Benjamin 1999: 801).

Love’s daily labor is a child playing with scraps and imagining worlds. “Plato made love a child of the destitute, of the impulsive – and of the excessive” (Novalis 1989: 58).

A pleasant ill is this disease of love,
And 'twere not ill to sketch its likeness thus:
When sharp cold spreads through all the æther clear,
And children seize a crystal icicle,
At first they firmly hold their new-found joy;
But in the end the melting mass nor cares
To slip away, nor is it good to keep:
So those that love, the self-same strong desire
Now leads to action, now to idleness. (Sophocles in Plumptre 1878: 405)

“Love is ice in the hands of a child” (Sophocles, my rendition).

“Love blots out its name: to you it ascribes itself” (Celan 1983: 165).

Bonheur rapide (Quick happiness) and selfies – “Self-photograph and the unrolling of the lived life before the dying” (Benjamin 1999: 839). Incessant selfies substitute all identifying motifs (leitmotifs) for what governs the order, disorienting each fragmented detail – persons, materials objects, and the unworked experience of concepts – whether it is of love, loss, or the development, or erosion, of dramatic action. Closer now to jingles, identifying motifs are self-contained, patched interminable visual journal entries in no modulated temporal expressive hierarchy, linguistically torn across a duration that is nothing but that of the dying. The contemporary operettas and art of a *Bonheur rapide* have failed, and in “... this very heedless boisterousness there lies the ideal feature: it is the Sunday of life which equalizes everything ...” (Hegel 1967: 989).

First Folio

There are movements of fragmentariness, fracturedness, and fragments product of deterioration, transits in degeneration, and erosion, and there are movements of fragments composed as attempts at freeing themselves from those products. What is unnamed is a trope to distinguish the difference. For either option, the need to describe the spaces of each against the other that tend to collapse in a strasbismic *hypotyposis*. The compositional attempts described through the novel *Fragments of Lichtenberg* (Senges 2016), is a model to approach fragments in pieces. But, before they can be set down, the project must grow into and out of an archive, along with its proper Society, where directions of vision change with each new set of members of the Society of Archives – The Lichtenberg Archives. Their demands, and continuously impossible choice of formats, searching how to piece those fragments together, and how many there are, how many were possibly missing, and the endless needs, even the need to “... yank [...] specialists in pre-Platonic philosophy off their deathbeds just to have them speak about Heraclitus and his little pieces of a broken pitcher” (2016: 65). This mention wanders between *astragalos* and *sūmbolon*, and perhaps even mistaking its mentioned figure – if *pithos* (cistern) was intended, then, Diogenes, if cup (κοτύλην), then again Diogenes.

Michel de Certeau will now set the stage to what this folio on erosion seeks *in nuce* as choreograph of its movements. It is a stage made from the grains of previous lumber, for which we cannot entertain – Musil, Adolf Loos, Freud, and Witold Gombrowicz. With Michel de Certeau,

The fragmentation of the social fabric today lends a *political* dimension to the problem of the subject, and [t]hese ways of reappropriating the product-system, ways created by consumers, have as their goal a *therapeutics for deteriorating* social relations [...] recognize[d] [as] procedures of everyday practices. (1984: xxxiv)

There is no outside to these everyday practices, and

... the philosopher no longer has [their] own (*propre*) appropriable language. Any position of mastery is denied [them]. The analyzing discourse and the analyzed 'object' are in the same situation: both are organized by the practical activity with which they are concerned [...] inscribed in a texture in which each can by turns 'appeal' to the other, cite it and refer to it. (1984: 11)

Then common fear would be philosophical fear insofar as it gives us a kind of relation with the unknown, thereby offering us a knowledge of what escapes knowledge. Fear: anguish. (Blanchot 1993: 49)

Thus, the turn to an appeal and of beginning repeatedly, each prone to how τὸ φαινόμενον παντῆ σθένει ἂν ἔλθῃ (every authority comes and goes as phenomenon) (Pyrrho, in Sextus M VII, 30, my translation). Whether as lists from "Serialove" or as "Meta/verses," each caught *...in pieces*, as a *therapeutics of deteriora[tion]* outline a puzzle of the futile erosion of time, or what Marc Lowenthal called "eroding permanence" in reference to Georges Perec's *An attempt at exhausting a Place in Paris* (Perec 2010: 50). It seems that everyone is seeking to exhaust a place in the throes of absolute serialization. Such is the erosion (of manipulated parameters) that, for de Certeau, "operates by the insinuation of the ordinary into established scientific [literary, philosophical, and poetic] fields" (1984: 5). He adds,

I shall try to describe the erosion that lays bare the ordinary in a body of analytical techniques, to reveal the opening that marks its trace on the borders where a science is mobilized, to indicate the displacements that lead towards the *common place* where 'anyone' is finally silent, except for repeating (but in a different way) banalities. (Certeau 1984: 5)

It is here that Wittgenstein appears, and

... operates a double erosion: one which, from the interior of ordinary language, makes these limits appear [ethical or mystical]; another which reveals the unacceptable character (the nonsense) of any proposition that attempts

to escape towards 'that which cannot be said.' The analysis locates the empty places that sap language, and it destroys the statements that claim to fill them in. It works with what language shows without being able to say it. (Certeau 1984: 10)

... the fact that so many of [Wittgenstein's] investigations are fragmentary, opening on the fragmentary [...] is always that of respect, respect for thought [...] that there is a nonhistorical history of something which can only be called thought. (Blanchot 1986: 139)

Language cannot render or say enough of the how of its showing; the once common scenes of its more primal terms and uses are memories and forms of life of a now unreadable occult ekphrases. Fragments unleash their own Wittgensteinian "whereof" (*woven*). In this way, an analysis, as mentioned above, and again with de Certeau, "... cannot avoid reproducing the dissemination which fragments every system" (1984: 12). This very writing is a writing from such loss, from transgressions of the sign value that has w/rested in the penetration of its own displacements. From within this we can hear the phantasmic Joycean injunction: "Write it, damn you, write it!" (Joyce 1959: XIV, see also Certeau 1984: 195).

From everyday life, to popular culture, from tales and narratives to the more ghostly social media discourses on the edges of common experiences, and ...*in pieces*, Certeau's "*therapeutics for deteriorating social relations*" impacts most strategically as the "bet on the *erosion* itself of every conviction" (1984: 178). Such is the fragmentarization and fracturedness of the pretenses of belief, *sūmbolon* no longer broken, nor held or joined again from a whole as a living value, but instead as sampling of disjointed episodic semblances.

The capacity for believing seems to be receding everywhere in the field of politics [...] it is no longer enough to manipulate, transport, and refine belief; its composition must be analyzed because people want to produce it artificially [...] believing is being exhausted. (Certeau 1984: 178, 179, 180)

With most people, disbelief in a thing is founded on a blind belief in some other thing. (Lichtenberg 1990: # 81, p. 195)

Man has an irresistible instinct to believe he is not seen when he himself sees nothing. Like children who shut their eyes so as not to be seen. (Lichtenberg 1990: # 62, p. 90)

Sidequel on *Eros-ion*

I would like to remind us of the potency known as “Eros” in my hyphenated rendition of “eros-ion”. Away in the distance, as a metallurgic blooper, there will be a turn to the chain-weld rings in Plato’s dialogue *Ion*, for they too are forged ...*in pieces*. However, for now let us travel through the notion of erosion found in Paul Feyerabend, and Henry Miller, and bring along erosion’s sister concept, “deterioration” in Feyerabend, and Wittgenstein, to lead us round to Certeau’s “*therapeutics for deteriorating*.” These pieces, (*sūmbolon* and *astragalus*), broken from and thrown back up against our everyday reality, may be enough to serve as a gardener’s *heel in* to prolong, even if only in flashes, an existence in an aesthetics of enculturation’s fragmentariness. “*Heeling in*” is a gardening and forestry term that place plants or trees in a temporary shallow trench or container, maintaining their root moisture, before replanting. Such is the shattering hope of episodic lessons and pedagogic sampling of the fragmentary, and fragments, when containers become algorithmic servers. Seemingly *Perfect Days*.

In addressing creativity, and how concepts and theories (and artworks) occur, Feyerabend signals us to pay attention to how concepts develop – or become re-enveloped – by the erosion of previous usage, not by an individual’s creative act from a clean and intact slate. Creativity is more of a continuous *heeling in*. For Feyerabend,

... the abstract notions of being, divinity, part and whole that were introduced by Xenophanes and Parmenides and elaborated by Zeno had been prepared by an unplanned gradual erosion of more concrete concepts. The erosion began in the *Iliad* ... [and] the philosophers built on the erosion; they did not initiate it. The erosion affected behavioral concepts such as the concept of looking, social concepts such as the concept of honor, and ‘epistemological’ concepts such as the concept of knowledge. (Feyerabend 1987: 704)

While Feyerabend’s portrayal of individual acts of creativity warned us of their myths of free creations versus the more measured process of adaptation, at this time we have become co-adopted, and co-enveloped in cultured fragmentariness. This places the erosion, or “deterioration” of prior notions, beyond the push for “simple, clear and easily definable notions” (1987: 704), artificially abstracted from a nonlinear nature (and cultures), and instead into a state of sublimation (and the digital-sublime, for that matter), that remains as wreckage, impasses, disappearances, and as the deteriorating screen-scrolled conditions themselves. The creative urge is exposed as one from loss, frustration, and unease (fear, dread), to

then “give [fragments] a strong *raison d’être*” (Boulez 2018: 595). Reintegration of the fragmented, of acts in pieces, leads us to the work of exposing the sedimentations of how concepts, themes, and narratives were formed from erosion. Therein we, in a dipolar sublime, ferry from the integration of the segments into a whole, to the “[...] the ‘unformedness’ that gives the whole its fragmentary character, in contrast to an imagined and in some ways ‘*in-finite*’ whole [...]” (627). This is the bind from working the everyday, our mundane Eurydicean losses where the fragment is unshackled from the whole, and where

... the philosopher no longer has [their] own (*propre*) appropriable language. Any position of mastery is denied [them]. The analyzing discourse and the analyzed ‘object’ are in the same situation: both are organized by the practical activity with which they are concerned [...]. (Certeau 1984: 11)

The working process of Henry Miller sheds light upon this everyday mundane practice in the realization of erosion’s potency. Love acts the same through the heart of being(s); its completion is had by piecing together fragments of promise. Miller lets go of any hope to “embrace the whole, but merely to give in each separate fragment, each work, the feeling of the whole [...]” (Miller 1952: 179). For Miller there are and there must remain “imperfections,” “disappear[ances],” “the non-perfect,” “detours,” “distortion/deformations,” and what is “altered [and] repair[ed]” (179–182). This exposes the non-difference between the subjective and the objective, between art, and living, and as Certeau claimed, reveals the welded joint of “analyzing discourse and the analyzed ‘object’” (Certeau 1984: 11). Miller realized this and worked from erosion as product of a “dissolving influence” of one’s “shattered and dispersed ego,” and in the “aware[ness] that there is no goal” (Miller 1952: 184, 179). Erosion’s dissolving potency also displaces the “sublime indifference [of the] logical development of the egocentric life [...] making a life in accord with the deep-centered rhythm of the cosmos” (180). Yet, within that deep center, there was no whole. There are only examples of filaments pieced together, separate fragments, a lack of criterions from past literary movements, and a collection of *heeled in* saplings and samplings, and series. This allowed the crash of any well-rounded crystal, and this absent center was Miller’s awakening from his earlier rivalry with Dostoyevsky. Have we now awakened from Miller? As he stated, “we had evolved to a point far beyond that of Dostoyevsky – beyond in the sense of degeneration” (184). He felt that such degeneration would eventually lead to where art itself would disappear, and that disappearance would remain as the *eerie-death-sense* of art, yes, in fact, it will appear as iridescence. Could this be another “[...] Sunday of life which equalizes everything [...]”? (Hegel 1967: 989).

Here we may join Certeau's considerations on what he calls Wittgenstein's "double erosion" (Certeau 1984: 10). It is that which carves the limits of what can be said from *within* everyday language, thus curtailing the expanse of what may, and does too easily exceed into ineffable and hierarchized expressions resounding from *without*. It is here that Certeau links Wittgenstein to Musil's Ulrich, who "possessed fragments of a new way of thinking and feeling" allowing descriptions of deterioration, occasions, not a theory of deterioration (1984: 12).

Suppose I talked about the deterioration of style and of living. If someone asks: 'What do you mean by deterioration?' I describe, give examples. You use 'deterioration' on the one hand to describe a particular kind of development, on the other had to express disapproval. I may join it up with the things I like; you with the things you dislike. But the word can be used without any affective element [...]. (Wittgenstein 1966: 10)

Platonic metallurgic blooper reel

Now to a *reel*-istic, yet scrapped version of the forged chain-weld rings in Plato's dialogue *Ion* (Plato 1993, 1996). This also questions the rhapsode (stitcher – ῥάπτης), who recites poem fragments (ῥαψωδικός) in ceremonial garb and crowned golden wreath, once a practiced art codified by Solon (though not for Socrates), that spanned disciplines (at religious festivals and in contests), with its performative-rhetorical *riga-parole vide*. Such was the rhapsodist's intellectual challenge, a sequel to coming episodic serialized pedagogy, sampling, and strategic pieced-together narratives.

In the *Ion*, we get a preview of the fragmenting of individualized lines of influence and attention, as *Ion*'s was for Homer's poetry and others for Orpheus, or Musaeus. These examples of fragmentariness (niches), each bound by their own welds, with their focus and expertise on a choice author, yielded not only anthologies (as was the first *Synagogé* of Hippias of Elis), but performances, and schools of thought, thus creating the long, rattling cultural chains à la Jacob Marley. Can humanity remain our business in such exercises of academic serialities?

This blooper *reel* takes up the question of Socrates's (Plato's) technical gloss on how forged chain-welded rings are linked and suspended, problematizing the philosophical descriptive validity of Socrates's imagined "inspiration" link (the middle ring), of the four rings (God – Muse, Poet, Rhapsode, Audience). Following Plato's rendition in *Ion*, the Heracleian magnetite stone (God's loadstone), magnetize

the rings that are touching outer-edge-to-outer-edge attracting each other and suspended (even sideways!). Plato simplifies by distorting the practical knowledge of how suspended chains are forged and work as rings. His description recedes into the anthropological-social haze seen in *Republic* III, 415a, and VIII, 547a, most surprisingly against craftspersons. If a first chain-forged link, imagined as that of the Muse is the *chain apex* ring, and it is forged closed from the start, then two other yet unclosed links must be hung to the closed chain apex link of the Muses, and then after, individually forged shut. Upon completion of the two added rings (poet and rhapsode), the Muse ring would not be the *chain apex*, but the middle ring. Of the poet and rhapsode rings, one shifts above, and one shifts below, thus poet and/or rhapsode surround (or have they created!) the Muse ring. An alternative fabricated grouping would be made up of a closed ring, being the rhapsode that gets two open rings hung to it, one being the poet (that would hang above the rhapsode), and the other, the audience (that hangs beneath the rhapsode). The fourth ring, or intended first ring (*chain apex* – of the Muse), the last to be forged, so to allow the grouping – poet, rhapsode, and audience – to hang from their primal inspiration. Is this blooper *reel* how contemporary hyper-communicative-interpretive fragmentariness retroactively and rhapsodically stirs spectator emotions by creating their individual Muses, each singing their own mystical scented hymns (*thymiama-ta*), and perhaps even different gods? Is the *Ion* an example of a minor literature/dialogue in itself, the unintended prequel that foretells such poetic expiration over inspiration? These new individualized Muses only say without seeing or knowing, as was once their accorded power.

Sneak-peeks

There is something about the “fragmentary imperative” (Blanchot 1986: 60, 61, 62) that drives any search for totality (and collected fragmentariness itself) to task, and does so from both how self and writing are perpetually at wrest. Is this enough of a future century where we may agree with Blanchot’s, and Schlegel’s view, that

This demand for a fragmentary speech, not in order to trouble communication but to render it absolute, is what causes Schlegel to say that only future centuries will know how to read [his] ‘fragments.’ (Blanchot 1993: 358)

Has such a future arrived? Has the push to render communication absolute, untroubled, rendered what is communicated as velum overlays from minor storyboards,

spin-off, and re-mixes with no episodic coherence, compressed to a lifeless potlach living off a shared blindness so intently pursued as to have dissolved? Was Schlegel too lax about the disordered spaces between the discordance of fragments and a system (feigned or not), neither registering as exceeding nor maintaining a system as fragments? Could he have conceived of what Blanchot says about the “neutral,” the realized whole, but in absence of time past, present, and to come? Between this absence, fragments will find endless unfinished business. Certeau would call it the business of “story time,” a detour and *coup* of narrative, as an ellipsis of narrative, using an ellipsis as the space for the act of what they mean. This works in Blanchot’s approach as well as in Schlegel’s, by using

its treasure of past experiences ... to inventory multiple possibilities in it [encyclopedically] contain[ing] all this knowledge with the smallest volume. It contains the *most* knowledge in the *least* time. (Certeau 1984: 83)

The result is that the whole can be recognized in fragments, and such a separated part affords the contemplation and enjoyment of an unbroken whole. (Hegel 1967: 812)

I can conceive for my personality no other pattern than a system of fragments, because I myself am something of this sort; no style is a natural to me and as easy as that of the fragment. (Schlegel in Blanchot 1993: 359)

Would it be empathy with exchange value that first qualifies the human being for a ‘total experience’? (Benjamin 1999: 801)

[...] fragmentation is the pulling to pieces (the tearing) of that which never has preexisted (really or ideally) as a whole, nor can it ever be reassembled in any future presence whatever. [...] Fragmentation is the spacing [...] as the absence of time. (Blanchot 1986: 60)

Our society has become a recited society, in three senses: it is defined by *stories* (*récits*, the fables constituted by our advertising and informational media), by *citations of stories*, and by the interminable *recitation* of stories. (Certeau 1984: 186)

[...] heritage was a notion fashioned by and for crises of time [...] The natural environment was qualified as ‘heritage’ as soon as people realized that its deterioration, whether accidental or ordinary (pollution), temporary or irreversible, endangered its transmission. (Hartog 2015: 195, 151–152)

The mirage of a former golden age is one of the greatest obstacles to approximating the golden age that still lies in the future. [...] if the golden age won't last always and forever, then it might as well never begin, since it will only be good for composing elegies about its loss. (Schlegel 1991: 51–52)

Friedrich Schlegel (1772–1829), a prefix fragmentarian, and Maurice Blanchot (1907–2003), a suffix fragmentarian, are two figures ushering in a sneak-peek for contributors of fragments and fragmentariness. Could all this remain as a *Symphilosophieren*, as Novalis and Friedrich Schlegel called their conversations? Schlegel's fragments are suspended, at wrest between construction and criticism; Blanchot's fragments never escape a system, because there is no such one, and in feigning knowledge of this, they travel from aster to aster and to the term “-aster” as a suffix (expressing incomplete resemblance), thus recoiling into irony; philosophy's homeland. Fragments are ironic glances, all furtive eyes, and smiles against systems and totalizing tomes. As “a miniature work of art” (Schlegel 1991: 45), they realize a wanting grasp through crumbling pieces of the whole of which they are isolated. These are culture's true literary factories, a bustling firmament in constant production, constellations of fragments and lives in “unfinished separations” as Blanchot imagined were the writing of fragments (Blanchot 1986: 58). Three extended citations will enliven these considerations.

[Perhaps] [...] one of the tasks of romanticism was to introduce an entirely new mode of accomplishment, even a veritable conversion of writing: the work's power to be and no longer represent; to be everything, but without content or with a content that is almost indifferent, and this at the same time affirming the absolute and the fragmentary; affirming totality, but in a form that, being all forms – that is, at the limit, being none at all – does not realize the whole, but signifies it by suspending it, even breaking it. (Blanchot 1993: 353)

Ogni frammento e ogni sistema si riflette e si potenzia in altri Frammenti e in altri sistemi oltrepassando anche i confini disciplinari in un infinito gioco, che è libero, ma non arbitrario. Il suo rigore consiste nel non arrestare mai (arbitrariamente) il lavoro di analisi e sintesi, ma spingerlo alla scoperta di sempre nuove commessioni e mediazioni, che sono infinite non come infinite possibili invenzione della fantasia, ma al contrario costituiscono il respiro stesso dell'infinito, il pulsare della sua vita, e per ciò stesso una sua rappresentazione più adeguate di quanto possa essere quella fornita da un sistema chiuso. (Ciancio 1984: 96)

I would also observe that a machine can realize what I might term the ‘infinite fragment.’ This is not in fact a whole, but frames the unending fragment in such a way that it seems like a whole, conceived as such: an aleatoric fragment designed so that the only possible ending seems arbitrary. There is actually no need for a computer to realize such a concept; one can do so, in reduced form, with sufficiently reduced materials that suppress the individual characteristics of the composer as fully as possible. (Boulez 2018: 607)

These pieces, *fatto (d)a pezzi*, of examples and reflections on fragmentariness are embraced by the three characteristics of minor literature where, according to Deleuze and Guattari,

1. Fragments “deterritorialize language” against easy inclusion to a whole,
2. ...while the individual remains connected to whole(s) through many other stories as
3. ... “the collective assemblage of enunciation,” where everything takes on a collective value [...] [because] there are no possibilities for an individual enunciation that would belong to this or that ‘master’ and that could be separated from a collective enunciation. (Deleuze and Guattari 1986: 16–18)

The fragment remains as a splintered presentism in an unanchored ordinance of time caused by the trepidation that vacillates between a search for and a liberation from a whole, wrenching both past and future within its collapsing, yet symptomatic spaces of *whereof* inscribed by its sandstone script. These spaces (of system and non-system) pertain to childhood’s symbolic realm, surviving as exchange in a search of a whole of what remains unnamable of an “eroding permanence” (Lowenthal in Perek 2010: 50). The unnamed is how fragments, and fragmented enculturation, enter and rework the incommunicable imperative realization of the abyss, a cameo worn for a meaningful encounter with an-other; or pieced together systems of edges, scrap presentism, and episodic trivia, each finding themselves homeomorphic in spite of themselves as the “infinite fragment” imagined by Boulez. *He no longer delimits himself, he fragments himself* (Blanchot 1992: 65). Where within such un-delimited limits can one say: ἔδιζήσάμην ἐμωυτόν – “I live in measure with myself”? (Heraclitus, Fragment 101, my translation. Usually rendered as “I searched myself”).

The smallness of dread, my whole always surpassed – that which keeps me from being whole with myself, with you. The incessant intermittence. (Blanchot 1992: 65)

These pages are weathered planks of scaffolding left over from glimpses of the artifactual spaces that the writing on fragments imagined they were surrounding. Some even imagine a future use, as excerpts to unfinished monographs, lines for a hermetic anthology, others as intentionally detached epigrams, maxims, and most as dispersed notes that trace intersecting edges of texts and histories, and authors in impossible combinatorial sequences of lectures or a *Novel-Fragment* to come. Such would be “a fragment of the whole that one would be unable to imagine in its completeness” (Boulez 2018: 608).

I can conceive for my personality no other pattern than a system of fragments, because I myself am something of this sort; no style is a natural to me and as easy as that of the fragment. (Schlegel in Blanchot 1993: 359)

This fragment or epigrammatic confession of Schlegel, left unnumbered by Blanchot, as others he mentions, should be more appropriately paired *not* with Schlegel's *Athenaeum*, fragment 206, “A fragment, like a miniature work of art, has to be entirely isolated from the surrounding world and be complete in itself like a porcupine.” The unnumbered fragment calls out to be in constellation with Schlegel's fragments 77 and 357, as we shall see. Blanchot's use of the paired fragments reveals his style of self-complacency, disorder (disaster), closed upon itself, and yet, as writing's struggle, open to the fragmentary. In the open, there is an encounter with nothing, revealing an outside that has withdrawn from the writer's being – as were Schlegel's patterns of a system of fragments and his self. These chains of ruptures, that Blanchot sees as writing (*écriture*), is what Schlegel captured in fragment 77,

A dialogue is a chain or garland of fragments. An exchange of letters is a dialogue on a larger scale, and memoirs constitute a system of fragments. But as yet no genre exists that is fragmentary both in form and content, simultaneously completely subjective and individual, and completely objective and like a necessary part of a system of all the science. (Schlegel 1991: 27)

As a chain of fragments, exchange, and system of fragments, the *fragmentary* remains in a space of exile, as in a conversation where “[...] an ‘I’ had been expressed anew by him as ‘other’ (*autrui*) [...] carried into the very unknown of his thought [...]” (Blanchot 1993: 341). Could this become a part of a system of all the sciences? Indeed, it appears so in this third decade of the 21st century as the urbanity/urbanization of private garlands of fragments, micro-memoirs, and shorts, guided and beguiled by social media's algorithmic techno-agnostic science where writing and writer is manufactured, as Schlegel once imagined as the future of fragment reading on the grandest of scales in his *Athenaeum Fragment* 367:

People often think they can insult writers by comparing them to factories. But why shouldn't a real writer be a manufacturer as well? Shouldn't he devote all his life to the business of shaping literary substance into forms that are practical and useful on a grand scale? How well many bunglers could use only a small fraction of the industry and precision that we hardly notice any more in the most ordinary tools! (Schlegel 1991: 75)

What could this comparison to factories have been if not a spectral hint at what is here; in *Fabrica Litterarum*, as collected pieces ... *in pieces*, as descriptions, interpretative models, poetic poses, intuitions, raw anthologies, and literary seeds, linked to an industry of talents, and here as *la folie d'écrire* on fragmentariness.

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Abstrakt

Fatto (d)a Pezzi – Zrobiony z kawałków / Rozbity na kawałki

Fragment jest rozbitym prezentyzmem w nieugruntowanym porządku czasu, wywołanym drżeniem wahającym się między poszukiwaniem całości a wyzwoleniem się od niej. Wrywa zarówno przeszłość, jak i przyszłość w rozpadających się, lecz symptomatycznych przestrzeniach, na których można by wyryć swoje piaskowcowe pismo. Te strony, *fatto (d)a pezzi*, to zwietrzałe deski rusztowania, które pozostały po spojrzeniu na przestrzenie, które te fragmenty wyobrażały sobie, że otaczają – niektóre jako fragmenty niedokończonych monografii, kilka jako wersy w hermetycznych antologiach; inne jako celowo oderwane epigramaty lub maksymy, a większość jako niemożliwe sekwencje serii wykładów.

Słowa kluczowe: fragmentacja, erozja, degradacja, F. Schlegel, Blanchot