

“As usual, nothing superfluous”



“Understanding is epiphenomenal. Some think this experiment is endless.”

One week ago today, Arkadii Dragomoschenko’s life, as such, ended. 42 years ago today, my life, as such – an individual outside of a womb – began. Many more will begin today today.

Time bends and accumulates. Evaporates. Accrues.

Not wings exactly.

The translated work by Dragomoschenko I first came across following his death was an essay not found in the books authored by him that I own, poignantly titled “On the Superfluous.”

“When where am I is I. Writing is concerned with such impossibilities of being.”

That we are all superfluous. That each seems necessary. D’s writing, to me. My children. Their mothers. My wife. Her children. My parents. My sister. Her family. My friends. My foes.

Superfluous.

Necessary.

Here.

Gone.



[1This picture is part of a project - click to visit or participate](#)

We arrive. Before time. Then in time. Then after.

Arrivals. Departures. Not just trips, but full of them.

“By calling time beautiful, horrifying, or bitter, we only reaffirm our helplessness before the speed of discord in invisible substances”

“Everything is the residue of its own description”

Not exactly wings.

More like scales that sometimes, luckily, bend or break.

Wear or soften.

“Meanwhile, the desire for absence is accompanied by the insurmountable fear of transgressing the line that separates us from it”

Which he transgressed, or, invisible substances ushered him past.

“There is not certainty.”



“Like speech, reality consists of holes. Of difference. Of endless beginnings.”



neuronal gaps



nebulae

“in the brain, everything depends on almost nothing, a lively space, the vital channel between neurons”

-Diane Ackerman-

Woven and wound.

“Express only that which cannot be expressed. Leave it unexpressed.”

-Maurice Blanchot-

“Perhaps the hidden nature of this rupture, its resolve not to disclose itself, besides being the mystery of its very presentation, is also the pretext (I do not want to say reason) for our daily labor – writing, or some other trivial occupation, venture, or project...”

Language, actions, exhibiting the gaps, the holes, the breaches.

Information equal to entropy.

I digress.

And begin again.

Connecting dots, threading around emptiness.

“There is not certainty.”

Arrival. Departure. Rewind. Renew. Dismember. Remember. Invisible substances.

“Leave it unexpressed.”

An expression.

Thank you mother and father for taking part in the action. Genes, plants, animals, universe. Society, persons, systems, matter, energy.

Weaving round the gaps.

A kind of me. Shaped. Sculpted. Erupting. Accruing. Broken. Adjusting.

Not exactly wings, but spikes you might hold on to, if needed.

Not ready for stasis.

Welcoming hands and world, voices and weather.

To continue.

“This is why such ‘transgression’ never really transgresses (with balance caught at the last moment, fear of irreversibility); it abides beyond the past and the future and arrives at the perfect time of the present – (which ‘evaporates in its own shining’).”

Turn, turn, turn.



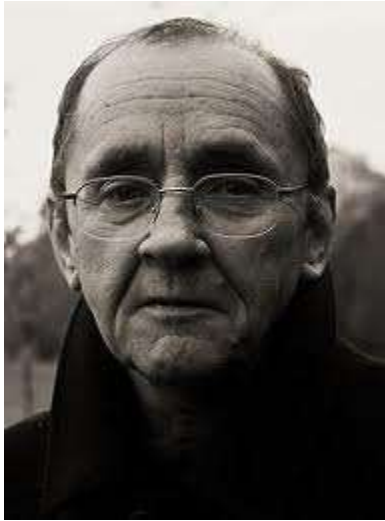
-all quotations Arkadii Dragomoschenko unless otherwise noted,

primarily from his brief essay [“On the Superfluous”](#)

“If one admits the obvious, that the culture in which we have been brought up – the one that takes into its body, forms the language, vision, ideas of ourselves (I) and the world around us, i.e., of ‘reality’ – that this culture functions as a metaphysical machine of perfection, invulnerable plenitude, and technology, then it would be logical to assume that the inner space of the drama whose players we become at the moment our own history is born could be described as the space of noncoincidence produced by the machine of self-sufficient plenitude, telos...and by our inherent insufficiency determined by the known finitude of existence, or, simpler still, of desire.

“Which means that it is the *I* that is the breach, the gap taking on different names with apparent ease. Let us compare this *I* with the outline of a hole – the outline of absence. Including that of the *present*, which tends to expand its meaning.”

in memoriam:



Arkadii Dragomoschenko 1946-2012

“As usual, nothing superfluous.”

“Everything was accounted for, it came from the brain, even a spasm”

-E.M. Cioran-