

Who am I, assuredly? Here I am alone, without relation. Reduced to myself, I nourish myself from my own matter, for it does not give out; I am sufficient to myself, though I ruminate empty; my dried-up imagination and my extinguished ideas no longer furnish food for my soul. Who am I then? Strictly speaking, a partition. I am not an element of a social set, a family, a group, humanity, for all of them have untied my belonging or inclusion; I have lost all relation. I live in the disjointed: around me intersections remain empty, calm waters, agitated, around the isle. Who am I? A partition.

This meditation, Cartesian in nature, rediscovers, Leibniz's solutions. They are in music as if buried. Harmony conceals the collection of partitions (scores) with no relation. Might as well sit from morning until night in their deafening presence. I write; I've kept watch since dawn, waiting and in order to wait for a fire that will spurt forth one day, the writing of fire, atop the wall, above the banquet that was suddenly interrupted, where the tongues of fire fly over the stiffened necks, finally opening ears. He keeps watch to music from the early morning; he waits for the answer hidden in the jumble of notes and keys, the simple answer to the questions, in their black traces.

I am the partition; here is the partition. What is harmony, what is music? How is this composition established?

(2) pg 12-13 (interrupted meals): "There is no system without parasites. This is a constant law... Well, the rats come back. They are, as the saying goes, always already there. Part of the building. Mistakes, wavy lines, confusion, obscurity are part of knowledge; noise is part of communication, part of the house. But is it the house itself? A system is often described as harmony. Maybe its the same word, the same thing. In fact, what use is it to discuss matters, what is it to be concerned with a system in disequilibrium, a system that does not function right? Yet we know of no system that functions perfectly, that is to say, without losses, flights, wear and tear, errors, accidents, opacity - a system who return is one for one, where the yeild is maximal, and so forth. Even the world does not work quite perfectly"

(3) pg 3 (ibid.): "It was only noise, but it was also a message, a bit of information producing panic: an interruption, a corruption, a rupture of information. Was the noise really a message? Wasn't it, rather, static, a parasite? A parasite who has the last word, who produces disorder and who generates a different order."

Michel Serres - Parasite - Music

Michel Serres - Parasite - Interrupted Meals