

*On intimacy,
for voice and accompaniment*

score

by eugene a. kim

Voice

Prologue, Musical contents.

Innermost.

Citations in smaller text are to be read in silence.

Timings are to be exact; nearer to the end (2a onward), indications are freer or absent altogether.

In situations with a larger audience, it is recommended to project the number/letter, citation, and footnotes onto a large screen.

Accompaniment

(listening, sowing, loving)

Larger text is to be recited aloud.

Tones and timings are to be exact; nearer to the end (2a onward), indications are freer.

Timing and of the Prologue is free and the text is to be read in silence.

All tones should be barely audible and should in some manner fade to nothing.

It is recommended to create a single track or playlist for all tones.

Although I accept strongly that there exists a general human condition in which we are subject to protecting our own lives and speaking for our actions, faith holds that such a condition cannot pervade each and every realm and scale of living. Moreover, in many situations such a prioritization of one's defense only denies an awareness better focused towards understanding our capacity to love.¹

This is dedicated to those who have tested that capacity within them, between us.

¹ I owe gratitude to author Marilynne Robinson and novel *Gilead*, her in which this truth is so eloquently stated by its narrator, John Ames.

Prologue, Musical contents.

1 1000 Hz

She rose.

1a 1000 + 1002 Hz

resounding lobes

2a 1125 + 1127 Hz

we sat,

3b 1250 + 1254 Hz

bourns, collapsing

3 1250 Hz

Crepuscular trellis

c 16003 Hz

her lambency. Her wings

1
125 Hz
(0:00 – 10:00)
An encounter.

4 *500 Hz*
(0:10)

Encountering another human being—

(0:16)

In order to get clear about aesthetic words you have to describe ways of living. We think we have to talk about aesthetic judgments like “This is beautiful”, but we find that if we have to talk about aesthetic judgments we don’t find these words at all, but a word used something like a gesture, accompanying a complicated activity (Wittgenstein 1966, 11).²

4a *500 + 502 Hz*
(1:00)

And we sit.

(1:05)

Our aesthetic engagements are occasions and activities of just this kind; thus aesthetics, as a field of conceptual inquiry, should start not from a presumption that the central task is to analyze the determinant properties that are named by aesthetic predicates, but rather with a full-blooded consideration of the *activities* of aesthetic life.³

² Garry Hagburg, and Edward N. Zalta, ed. "Wittgenstein's Aesthetics," 26 Jan. 2007, *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, 10 Mar. 2014
<<http://plato.stanford.edu/archives/fall2008/entries/wittgenstein-aesthetics/>>.

Hagburg’s citation refers to the following text:

Wittgenstein, Ludwig, and Cyril Barrett, ed. *Lectures and Conversations on Aesthetics, Philosophy, and Religious Belief*. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1966.

³ *Ibid.*

4b 500 + 504 Hz

(1:30)

And we share time, sitting; hearing the world pass, naming its
beauty, crooning, “How beautiful,” we waited—

(1:40)

...but an encounter is not an experience, it is an event that remains quite
opaque and only finds reality in its multiple resonances within the real
world.⁴

b 504 Hz

(2:00)

But first, we met

(2:05)

However, love cannot be reduced to the first encounter, because it is a
construction.⁵

4c 500 + 503 Hz

(2:35)

And having met, something is begun and heard—a lilt of name or
song. Ears do greet, as well as hands. Though it is not always the love
of which Badiou speaks, it comes close.

(2:47)

It is an existential project: to construct a world from a decentred point of
view other than that of my mere impulse to survive or re-affirm my own
identity.⁶

⁴ Alain Badiou, and Nicolas Truong, *In Praise of Love*, Trans. Peter Bush (London: Serpent's Tail, 2012) 24.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 31.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 25.

4d 500 + 506 Hz

(3:15)

Born starved of truth, we should feel that stopping to sit together would be nourishing.

(3:20)

I mean truth in relation to something quite precise: what kind of world does one see when one experiences it from the point of view of two and not one? What is the world like when it is experienced, developed and lived from the point of view of difference and not identity?⁷

d 506 Hz

(3:45)

And first, I may have to start with something like an apology for some: this initially won't seem so much like words on music.

Though, it is a difficult thing to speak about in the first place.

(3:45)

Vaporous ether...overspreads a broad dormant sheet of melody.⁸

e 505 Hz + brown noise

(4:00)

Read aloud the text below.

She would bring her mother handfuls of mud and handfuls of water, and her mother would say, 'Now, don't you go stepping on it. You're just messing up all my work!'

After a while the baby cupped her hands and poured water on her mother's arm and laughed, so her mother cupped her hands and poured

⁷ *Ibid.*, 22.

⁸ Franz Liszt, *source and trans. unknown*.

water on the baby's belly, and the baby laughed and threw water on her mother with both hands, and the little girl threw water back, enough so that the baby whimpered, and the little girl said, "Now don't you go crying! What do you expect when you act like that." And she put her arms around her and settled her into her lap, kneeling there in the water, and set about repairing her dam with her free hand. The baby made a conversational sound and her mother said, "That's a leaf. A leaf off a tree. Leaf," and gave it into the baby's hand. And the sun was shining as well as it could onto that shadowy river, a good part of the shine being caught in the trees. And the cicadas were chanting, and the willows were straggling their tresses in the water, and the cottonwood and the ash were making that late summer hush, that susurrus.

After a while we went on back to the car and came home. Glory said, "I do not understand one thing in this world. Not one."⁹

f 508 Hz + pink noise
(5:45)

What do you then sing? To whom and then why?

4e 500 + 505 Hz
(6:30)

So, if we have met and sat, then that should simply be enough. If we agree, then that will be enough. We could then move onto some other activity, like sauntering through the woods, late into the evening. The truth lies in the leaves, in the water, in moonlight; all these things in their muteness, can offer a perfect hospitality, an answer.

(6:55)

("Look, Rhoda," said Louis, "they have become nocturnal, rapt. Their eyes are like moth's wings moving so quickly that they do not seem to move at all."¹⁰

⁹ Marilynne Robinson, *Gilead*, (New York: Picador, 2004) 163-164.

¹⁰ Virginia Woolf, *The Waves*, (Harcourt, 2006) 101.

e 505 Hz

(7:05)

But they say that it does not suffice. They ask for more understanding in less time than it should take. They ask for more of the thing, for it all to be at hand before the ears; more of the memories and probabilities, but none of the time and imagination graced upon them in this life alone. Is there not a more fundamental trial we face apart from those we inflict upon one another?

(7:05)

They have drawn, as they say, a bright line between an “us” and a “them.” Those on the other side of the line are assumed to be unworthy of respect or hearing, and are in fact to be regarded as a huge problem to the “us” who presume to judge “them.” This tedious pattern has repeated itself endlessly through human history and is, as I have said, the end of community and the beginning of tribalism.¹¹

f 508 Hz

(7:45)

Each day, I am less sorry that I cannot sympathize with the purpose of their trials. And each minute I am more sorry that the line has been drawn.

g 507 Hz

(8:00)

American novelist Marilynne Robinson remarks upon one modern and pervasive interpretation of human nature: that we all fundamentally behave on terms of our own self-interest, that we exist now with a “contentless decency,” characteristically true to a Freudian

¹¹ Marilynne Robinson, “Imagination and Community,” *When I Was a Child I Read Books*, (New York: Picador, 2012) 30.

paradigm.¹²

I have always felt this to be an easy notion to accept, not for its absolute sense or righteousness, but because it partially eliminates the pain of having to confront the trauma of even accidental betrayal and selfishness. To forgive, after all, can be an immensely difficult act. So, for many other reasons as well, we must draw our limits to sharing time and space with one another.

4f *500 + 508 Hz*

(8:55)

Then, to have listened would be *more* than enough.

g *507 Hz*

(9:10)

tacet

(9:10)

I do not know how to run minute to minute and hour to hour, solving them by some natural force until they make the whole and indivisible mass that you call life. Because you have an end in view—one person, is it, to sit beside, an idea is it, your beauty is it?

...

But since I wish above all things to have lodgment, I pretend, as I go upstairs lagging behind Jinny and Susan, to have an end in view.¹³

Cadence (tacet).

¹² Marilynne Robinson, "Cosmology," *When I Was a Child I Read Books*, (New York: Picador, 2012) 190.

¹³ V. Woolf, *op. cit.*, 94.

1a

125 + 126 Hz

(10:01 – 20:00)

To remind; to offer.

4g *500 + 507 Hz*

(10:01)

Time and time again we are faced with an exception, like Rhoda behind Jinny and Susan, in whom we see that we cannot always claim to share all our steps toward a common end, or to have any end at all.

(10:01)

Very often, then, it is in the opposite of causality, that is in *reverberation*...¹⁴

g *507 Hz*

(10:15)

But Rhoda always speaks to a beautiful point: at an encounter we can observe a negation of common time, its passage and insistence. And an encounter with any other does not entail that we construct toward an end. We begin to remove ourselves from a habitual procession.

(10:30)

The procession passes. And while it passes, Louis, we are aware of downfalling, we forebode decay.¹⁵

¹⁴ G. Bachelard, *op. cit.*, xvi.

¹⁵ V. Woolf, *op. cit.*, 102.

5 625 Hz

(10:43)

Understandably, causality can play a crucial role at larger scales, in political dynamics. Hannah Arendt once said that one could not bring Love into politics. But it isn't human interaction and encounter at the political scale that we will reflect upon here.

Divorced of politics and histories (including future ones), what is our trust? What is our intolerance for error or demand for proof? What is our intention and the correctness of our actions?

Ultimately, when we share time and space with the other, as in musical activity or during a meal, what is it? Can we remember?

(12:00)

...aesthetics is conceptually expansive in its important linkages to the philosophy of language, to the philosophy of mind, to ethics, and to other areas of philosophy, and it resists encapsulation into a single, unifying problem. It is a multi-faceted, multi-aspected human cultural phenomenon where connections, of diverging kinds, are more in play than causal relations.¹⁶

6 750 Hz

(12:45)

In the words of Hugo von Hofmannsthal via Jean-Louis Chrétien, "each new encounter breaks us and recomposes us."¹⁷ This can't really be denied, but in any case, my interests lie simply in the often-overlooked possible activities that follow the musical *and* the social encounter. Indeed, it is a pleasurable sort of activity to hear very new

¹⁶ G. Hagburg, *op. cit.*

¹⁷ J.-L. Chrétien, *op. cit.*, 24.

sounds and listen for the ways we can name them with a sense of “togetherness,” within common vocabulary; and then share with one another our interpretations of those new sounds—I can’t help but then recall again the words of Chrétien, “Interpretation has its violence too, and perhaps it is always a certain violence that founds and gives rise to interpretation.”¹⁸ Nevertheless, we *hope* to learn a bit more about the other in treating the musical encounter as such—generally for selfless reasons, for enrichment of the soul and mutual identity building. Or for the purpose of an ice-breaking spar, it toughens the skin in the most tactful way possible. But after all, one could ask, what else is there to do? Is it not inexorably the case that we are always testing each other’s identities and beliefs; is this not the primary activity between the self and the other?

(To give a fragment of a personal answer to that question: **first, offer to sit**, or any other receptive activity from which to proceed together. And as we have sat down already and continue to do so at many events and concerts, we are already one step on our way toward some other possibility.)

Chrétien, a philosopher of theological history, resolutely affirms the possibility in addressing not only oneself in listening to or producing sounds and not even one other upon the encounter, but instead to listen and speak towards an *impossibility*, the *unheard-of*¹⁹—that is,

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 12.

¹⁹ Speech takes risks because it is always the *unheard-of* that it wants to say, when it really wants to say something. The silence within events is what we want to bring to speech...If speech is born from the unheard-of, listening, too, can live from it alone. And if we indeed speak only to the impossible, we also indeed listen only to and towards the impossible (Chrétien 13).

toward all that we honestly do not know and that which we can try to unlearn. Chrétien questions whether the “ultimate and essential aim” of *all* speech is to be listened to—for speech that aims only to be listened to can only *inveigle* and “excerpts itself and withdraws from the dialogue of truth or in truth.”²⁰ By addressing the unheard-of, we do not deny ourselves the positive invitation and construction of ideas and truths, but rather we silence “within us the noise of what has already been said so that we can, in Heidegger’s apt words, let ourselves be said.”²¹

Some find the unheard-of, the impossible and uncertain to be intolerable; some slump jaded beyond all recovery; some find peace. Let us take a look into a particular case of addressing the unknown: Christians pray to God, an entity that can be said to exist beyond human understanding.²²

From this relationship with the unknown, the *speech* of prayer then becomes a fascinating and profound subject, upon which Chrétien goes on to state: “the function of speech is not in this case to

²⁰ *Ibid.*, 11.

²¹ *Ibid.*

²² In Book X of *The Confessions of St. Augustine*, there sits a passage in which St. Augustine meditates on the presence of God. Upon asking every object and creature he could possibly encounter of what they knew about God, he only received the response, “He made us.” He then receives his truth: “Neither heaven, nor earth, nor any other body is thy God.” And that all things “are a mass; a mass is less in a part thereof than in the whole.” Hence, he begins a series of conjectures upon what then one is to do with “the frame of the world about my God...” (“What then do I love...?”). What one can draw from these thoughts is that the addressee is not the entity as is completely known, but rather the vast field of related things never quite understood as a whole; we cannot *know* this field, *per se*. Most interestingly, St. Augustine follows with a prescription of focusing one’s senses to the world before him, “commanding the eye not to hear, and the ear not to see; but the eye, that through it I should see, and the ear, that through it I should hear...” (St. Augustine, 97-98).

communicate a piece of information or to transmit something we know to our invisible interlocutor.”²³ In St. Augustine’s *De magistro*, he and his son, Adeodatus, discuss this very subject. The former supposes two functions of speech: teaching and learning (*docere* and *discere*). Adeodatus gives his counter-example: song—which can be done in private, without the presence of the other.²⁴ It is then argued that apart from the pleasure of hearing the music, the words then are addressed to the self (*commemoratio*), “in which we remind ourselves of something.”²⁵

Further conclusions state that in prayer, one reminds oneself that such matters require divine assistance; upon request, one acknowledges “that we are not the origin of every good and every gift...”²⁶ It is at once an acknowledgment that humbles and empowers the speaker. This entire reference, also via Chrétien, should stop here, as his discussion then elaborates even further upon the *act* versus the *linguistic dimension* of religious prayer. Though from this point, I have attempted to parse through this argument and rather imperfectly translate its salience into the domain of musical activity.

Cadence (tacet).

²³ J.-L. Chrétien, *op. cit.*, 21.

²⁴ Indeed, a wondrous counter-argument that will not be discussed here.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ *Ibid.*

Codetta.

(20:00)

1

When composing and performing, sounds are encountered. Upon meditation of their origins, you can allow your senses²⁷ to access an

2

“intimate immensity.”²⁸ The locality of the sound, your encounter, the resonance within your soul, and all memories and future possibilities exist in the immense impossibility that you address. So, you remind yourself of this: you hum, whistle, write, and recite, to remind yourself that you tread a field you cannot claim and know completely. The activity of sharing what you discover in this field then manifests as the shared experience, the shared intimacy of encountering an unknown sound.

Sauntering through this field, you encounter as many things possible within the day, from your respective position. The larger image of resonance, the larger beauty—in my soul, in yours, and theirs—is never completely known or seen in one lifetime. Therefore, at any point, we cannot determine the absolute truth or quality of the sound-thing. The activity of sharing is then allowed to move away from the naming or valuation of sounds, and towards the sensuous experience. This movement is a shift toward something like the *original imagination* in which we encounter the quotidian and mundane with an inborn resourcefulness and finally we *play!* —

²⁷ Recalling St. Augustine’s conjecture upon hearing the world answer for its state of vast relatedness.

²⁸ G. Bachelard, *op. cit.*, 183-210.

Again, to remind ourselves that we have been graced with (divine) imagination.

3

When speaking about a musical work, we can't always know an audience. It remains an unknown. When it *is* possible to know, our discussion here does not properly apply—the performance and the audience will have their own socio-political relations and knowledge base. To borrow a case illustrated by Ludwig Wittgenstein, the imperfect skills of a poor tennis player could very well be defended by her stating, “I know, I’m playing pretty badly, but I don’t want to play any better.” To which Wittgenstein assumes the other could simply brush it off, with an acceptance.²⁹ This isn’t entirely similar to music—for in many practices of music, still, there exist pre-determined standards that enable us to gauge the value and quality of a work. This, in turn, enables us to believe that we can determine the other’s character and value to the greater practice (One might say, “You *should* play better”).

In other situations, in which the music is simply there to be listened to, what do we have there? To whom does the musician address her music? Is it to the selfless Idea, activity, and history of *Music*? Sorry, not defined quite well enough for the world. Is it to some demiurge, some personal deity? For composers such as Bach, certainly. Is it to our loved ones? Sure, many, many, many times over. The point is that the “whom” to which the music is being addressed cannot be completely known, and thus, in such a case, a large part of the musician’s intentions is also beyond “common” consideration.

²⁹ Ludwig Wittgenstein, “Lecture on Ethics,” (Cambridge University, 1929).

Perhaps what this then comes down to is how then we are to share the field with our inherited and accidental differences. Our musical activities accompany the *ethical* dimensions of the world and its unknowable plurality. To quote Chrétien, “Their stammerings, their clumsiness, their inadequacy, their contradictions are no longer an obstacle, they are no longer privations or deficiencies from the point of view of some masterful speech: they mean something.”³⁰ Therefore, it’s not always our place to answer for many of the imperfections in what we say or how we listen. As much as I would wish to speak about *how* we *should* address one another’s music with ethical considerations, it is something that must be *done*, something that develops from our individual experiences and circumstances. When touching upon these matters, I consistently return to the words of Wittgenstein:

My whole tendency and, I believe, the tendency of all men who ever tried to write or talk Ethics or Religion was to run against the boundaries of language.

This running against the walls of our cage is perfectly, absolutely hopeless. Ethics so far as it springs from the desire to say something about the ultimate meaning of life, the absolute good, the absolute valuable, can be no science. What is said does not add to our knowledge in any sense. But it is a document of tendency in the human mind which I personally cannot help respecting deeply and I would not for my life ridicule it.³¹

So, if our relationship with the entity/the vast field/the *unheard-of*, remains as an acceptance of the reality of error and imperfection, then we could keep in mind at all times: what is our music and what becomes of our words on music? What is offered?

³⁰ J.-L. Chrétien, *op. cit.*, 14.

³¹ L. Wittgenstein, *op. cit.*

16003 Hz

(25:00)

Listening is very difficult. Difficult to listen to others in the silence...When one comes to listen, one often tries to rediscover oneself in others. To rediscover one's own mechanisms, system, rationalism in the others. Instead of hearing the silence, instead of hearing the others, one often hopes to hear oneself. That is an academic, conservative, and reactionary repetition...Perhaps one can change the rituals; perhaps it is possible to try to wake up the ear. To wake up the ear, the eyes, human thinking, intelligence, the most exposed inwardness.³²

Cadence (tones):

3b 1250 + 1254 Hz

(26:00)

3a 1250 + 1252 Hz

(27:00)

2a 1125 + 1127 Hz

(28:00)

2b 1125 + 1129 Hz

(29:00)

2 1125 Hz

(30:00)

³² Luigi Nono, *source unknown*.

2b

140.625 + 142.625 Hz

(31:00–37:00)

Across from—

6b 843.75 + 847.75 Hz

(31:00)

Then, all that can be offered is a sort of “felicitous space,”³³ a *hospitality*.

Indeed, the images I want to examine are the quite simple images of *felicitous space*...They seek to determine the human value of the sorts of space that may be grasped, that they may be defended against adverse forces, the space we love.³⁴

5b 703.125 + 707.125 Hz

(32:00)

Just as we sit for music with one another: it has been done.

The first hospitality is none other than listening. It is the hospitality that we can grant to others, with our body and our soul, even out on the streets and on the roadside, when we would not be able to offer a roof, or warmth or food.³⁵

6a 843.75 + 845.75 Hz

(33:00)

1

We allow ourselves to be brought into this space, as other and other.

³³ G. Bachelard, *op. cit.*, xxxv.

³⁴ *Ibid.*

³⁵ J.-L. Chrétien, *op. cit.*, 9.

2

And before, again and again, we have always shared space with the one other, listening.

3

It is a space and not yet a duration; the resonance fills first the space and our bodies with it. Here, our senses bloom exponentially, with an infinitesimal variability—as if we are able to hear simultaneously all microscopical and cosmological unraveling—time cannot describe this resonance for us.

When the dialectics of the I and the non-I grow more flexible, I feel that fields and meadows are with me, in the with-me, with us.³⁶

5a 703.125 + 705.125 Hz

(34:00)

To re-calibrate:

- 1 It is just an encounter; paths cross, daily.
- 2 Sitting and listening, even sauntering together, is a choice.
- 3 Life waves by and we can listen within it and the many ways
in which it simply does resonate within us, through one
another.

6 843.75 Hz

(35:00)

Brows, lungs, fingertips, breath—
Cadence (tone).

5 703.125 Hz

(36:00)

³⁶ G. Bachelard, *op. cit.*, 188.

2a

140.625 + 141.625 Hz

$(T_1 - T_2)$

Alongside—

6a 843.75 + 845.75 Hz

“What do you mean, Diotima? Is Love ugly, then, and bad?”

But she said, “Watch your tongue! Do you really think that, if a thing is not beautiful, it has to be ugly?”

“I certainly do.”

“And if a thing’s not wise, it’s ignorant? Or haven’t you found out yet that there’s something in between wisdom and ignorance?”

“What’s that?”

“It’s judging things correctly without being able to give reason. Surely you see that this is not the same as knowing—for how could knowledge be unreasoning? And it’s not ignorance either—for how could what hits the truth be ignorance? Correct judgment, of course, has this character: is *in between* understanding and ignorance.”

“True,” said I, “as you say.”

“Then don’t force whatever is not beautiful to be ugly, or whatever is not good to be bad. It’s the same with Love: when you agree he is neither good nor beautiful, you need not think he is ugly and bad; he could be something in between,” she said (Plato 484-485)

7 984.375 Hz + *brown noise*

From this, music has become a sort of a dialogue side by side, in which we find stones together to skip into still water before us. One stone picked, one stone thrown. They are skipped, twice, maybe five times, and they are drowned, and we remain side by side to listen for the lapping at our toes. Nothing more is counted and it is enough to continue without measure.

The music has become a sort of dialogue with the stars. Or if not a celestial body, something that is clearly beyond the grasp of our hands, but emanates a vibration who greets the horizon of our strained listening; we bow in humility, and rise to an artless poise.

Encountering that distant grace, side by side, can we know what this sounds like?

2

140.625 Hz

$(T_2 - 50:00)$

Sitting.

3b

$156.25 + 158.25 \text{ Hz}$

$(T_3 - T_4)$

Sitting across in time.

7 1093.75 Hz

(lasting 5")

Accompany this tone by humming, whistling, or singing, lasting 10".

3a

$156.25 + 157.25 \text{ Hz}$

$(T_4 - T_5)$

Sitting alongside in time.

I am really interested in the time love endures. Let's be more precise: by "endure" one should not simply understand that love lasts, that love is forever or always. One has to understand that love invents a different way of lasting in life. That everyone's existence, when tested by love, confronts a new way of experiencing time.³⁷

3c

$156.25 + 159.25 \text{ Hz}$

$(T_5 - 50:00)$

To saunter.

Perform with other(s):

1 Sustain one pitch comfortably, very quietly.

◆ Begin on cue.

◆ Cut-off on cue.

2 Recall one word from this past hour.

◆ On cue, sing respective words over a *new pitch*,

◆ Cut-off on cue.

3 Think of a new word.

◆ On cue, sing respective words over same pitch or initial pitch.

◆ Cut-off on cue.

Repeat 1-3 however many times needed.

³⁷ A. Badiou and N. Truong, *op. cit.*, 33.

Epilogue.

As composers, we can show that there is no need for an over-prescription of our intentions because we can accept that a practice of music does not develop within the fleeting period of learning one piece by one composer. Some of us, myself included, can confuse the rates of demonstration or the illusion of continuity with the speed and efficiency at which we consume in today's world. It's dangerous, too dangerous. We are dealing with presenting essences, which never have one face to criticize or lust. There is nothing to consume, thus there is no ploy, not a single trick to tell someone that what they are reading is music (much less, your music); that what they are attempting to interpret is not the object in its completeness, but that only all of time and space and their most honest being will show the way. A practice and truth of art takes a long time; it may take generations and generations of acceptance and trust in a continuum beyond our moral understanding—not forceful conditioning based upon one lifetime of factions fabricated by those who claim to know what's “best for us.” Maybe many of us are truly understanding this sacrifice: the letting go of one author per revolutionary perspective. It will come with patience and sharing the Idea, not hoarding. In principle and in practice, artists should exhibit plenty of these qualities; from that, there is the rebirth of the community, divorced from concrete identity or tribalistic pride. Recalling the words of Michael Pisaro, we are indeed in a sort of Renaissance. Things aren't clear anymore, but the essence is there, absolutely there—and I see more and more artists and musicians defending, nurturing, and sharing these truths with the deepest of loves, into a wilderness, beyond the vectors of human falsehoods.

Eugene A. Kim, 2012-2014
The Hague, Netherlands

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