

Brød

Som i brødtekst*

~~by~~

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~~A text~~

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This text is dedicated to
my mothers mom (Mormor)
and the cookbook she gave me.

I would like to thank my thesis advisor
Jasper Coppes,

Ulla og Elise,
jeg har nævnt jer uden at spørge om lov -
det håber jeg er okay.

Talking with my grandmother is like talking in circles. Or at least like talking in semi circular shapes that bend and fold. You don't always end up fully where you started but usually somewhere quite nearby.

Conversations with my grandmother follow no timeline. No linear movement or flow.

Nothing makes sense to anyone but her, and whoever spends enough time with her to forget what they do know and should know.

Conversations with my grandmother jump in time and space. Sometimes they'll land in the same place multiple times over, hitting the ground in the dentist's waiting room within repeated intervals of lost time, only to then be thrown out and never again will they land right there. Right then.

The semi-circle has moved on, slowly orbiting a point somewhere else, some time else, hitting it repeatedly, and then, again, moving on.

A continuous pattern of semicircular conversations. Moments. Some I exist in, some I don't.

Conversations with my grandmother make no sense and carry little meaning. Least of all to her. Everything is there and gone and doesn't exist at all and never did. While everything happened and happens at the same time over and over again.

Conversations with my grandmother don't exist, except when they happen.

When I moved away from home my mother gave me a box full of my grandmother's old kitchen stuff. Small things. Bowls, wooden spoons, a pan or two. The main thing, the thing I keep, the thing that still travels with me, is her and my grandfather's old copy of "Frøken Jensens Kogebog"^{*}.

I use it mainly for baking.

On page 314 of the cookbook you'll find my grandfather's favourite dessert. One overly sweet lemon mousse. On page 314, you'll also find that the recipe for his favourite dessert is surrounded by changes.

Notes.

4 1/2 instead of 3 1/2.

1 lemon not 3.

On page 258 you'll find the recipe for Brunsviger[†]. You'll also find that the topping has been doubled in my grandmother's handwriting.

The pages of my grandparents' old cookbook are covered in notes.

Descriptions.

Dos and don'ts.

Potential add-ons and what to definitely leave out. What works and what doesn't.

Now when I follow recipes, when I bake a cake for my friend's birthday and change the recipe slightly, when I take away and add onto it, I also add on to some familial canon of cooking. A conversation in notes through years. A history and tradition of changing. Repeatedly.

A history in notes.

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I want to write about non-linear conversations, about text that isn't text, I want to write about footnotes.

How footnotes make my eyes move and my eyes moving inevitably forces me to walk around in circles until my thoughts are thought and my brain is empty enough to read again.

I need to understand footnotes.

Why footnotes exist and why they live at the bottom of the page.

I want to write a full text that has no words and still has everything it needs, because for some reason it doesn't count if it's in the footnotes, endnotes, marginalia, or paratexts of any kind.

* An old traditional danish cookbook. From the very basic of cooking to the more advanced technical stuff.

† Danish cake

I can say all I want with no words.

I'll dive into manuscripts and modern literature. I'll remember my body moving with text and explore the borders of writing and reading. To understand footnotes beyond their academic suspension and try to find out how paratexts exist.

I'll write on how the writing that doesn't count, writing that isn't considered as part of the cookbook itself, can make the recipes better. But most of all I want to understand my conversations with my grandmother. I want to follow her semi-circles with no trajectory.

I want to learn how text breaks apart other text.

For some reason, you'll find a lot of snails. Snails that live among drawings of lions fighting men and house cats dressed like nuns. Images that move around the edge of the page surround neat little white squares filled with writing.

The first time I dove into medieval manuscripts. The first time I really started looking at images and searching for notes, I found instead what I would call excessively large amounts of drawings. I did have some expectation they would be there, but I always imagined that there would be less.

A little less colour, a little less weird, Just a little less there.

There are two quite distinct groups of marginalia in medieval manuscripts.

One group consists of colourful drawings that fill the borders of the page, they were made as a part of the book. Put into place by the creator with just as much attention as the text itself. The second group, often mirroring symbols and little squares of text around the page were added on later by readers.

The first group breaks the line of the text itself. It stands in opposition to, what is quite often, serious religious text. Prayer books. It's quite funny and probably meant to be. Some of them, the snails, seem not to have anything at all to do with the text on the page.

Distractions and wayward thoughts. While others contain imagery directly referring to the text itself, direct commentary from the creator.

It breaks the strict boundaries most of us expect of books now. Serious and funny blend together purposely. It breaks the text by refusing to stick to it.

The second group you'll discover through little red symbols around the border. Typically followed by a line or two of text. Red symbols that if you look far enough you'll find mirrored in the text where their thoughts belonged. Notes at the edges referring to thoughts in the middle. Books moving around, from reader to reader, filling up empty spaces with spatial thoughts.

The movement of the object becomes the object. The history of hands and writing constantly added on to narrowing margins.

Not only is the text criticising and commenting on itself through contracting imagery, it is allowing space for outside communication.

A dialogue between text and readers. Often text copied from other books, prayers, marginal drawings and notes that distance the writer, creator, from the text itself.

Somewhere along the timeline* drawings became notes. Sometime later they all moved in a single militaristic line of efficiency from all over the page, down to the bottom. Organised and lined up.

And from there on a systematised note-taking process was created, or a couple of note-taking processes were created. Scholarly and non-scholarly. Commentary and referential. Chicago style and those other ones.

A system, that no matter the historical precedence of systematisation, is still quite varied and expansive today.

In his "Lectures on Literature" Vladimir Nabokov talks on the labour of reading, he speaks off the effect, the physical strain taking in text has on the eyes and how this changes the experience of the text

*"When we read a book for the first time the very process of laboriously moving our eyes from left to right, line after line, page after page, this complicated physical work upon the book, the very process of learning in terms of space and time what the book is about, this stands between us and artistic appreciation."*¹

I used to feel exhausted looking at footnotes, knowing the physical work involved. That my eyes had to work overtime moving up and down the page. Breaking the rhythm of my reading to figure out if the little note left below was important enough for me to want to read. To spend what little extra energy I had left over from long days stuffed into closed rooms and monotonous sounds, on moving my eyes that little extra bit

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In "Time in the Codex" from the collection "Nilling" Lisa Robertson connects text and body. Reading and body. The relationship between reader and text is explored by connecting text, form and materiality, to the body. What is explored in reading is something which is otherwise, before text, explored in the body. Thought. A surplus outside taken in. (A note made in the foot)

"11. I read garbage, chance and accident. I can't fix what materiality is. Reading, I enter a relational contract with whatever material, accepting its fluency and swerve. I happen to be the one reading.

*12. I can't fix what materiality is. I act into Happenstance. A codex accompanies what is otherwise an interpretive surplus suffered or enjoyed in my body. With this complicity arrives a world, and timelessness: form."*⁴²

* and it is just somewhere because specifically when doesn't exist but around the 17th century

Movements are set in motion by reading. When reading we travel across text and space in all directions.

Contextually and internally.

Following the swerve can take me outside of the text. Trajectories introduced in the text, lead in different directions, into different spaces, "I act into happenstance"³, with thoughts opened by the text. I think along with Lisa and every reader in a suspended bubble of time, where we move along similar swerves.

Reading makes me think in non-linear ways. It makes my thoughts go through side alleys, through shortcuts and long winding detours. It makes me chase the snails that don't exist on the page anymore and makes me understand my grandmother when she talks in loops. I follow her folds. I cannot read in a straight line. My mind goes off, and my eyes go off. Single words, ideas, distract me and take me on journeys far beyond the text.

- Sometimes I'll read on and realise the text was gonna take me there too, but I've already gone and spent my time.

Reading is experienced in my body because my body moves with my mind. I cannot read for long periods of time, because small ideas, words, thoughts, make my body move. So I'll stand up and walk in circles until my body can handle sitting down, and my brain can turn off its distracting sirens of unrelated related noise, and then I'll read on. And soon again my mind will wander off and take my body with it. In the same essay, Robertson equates reading to thinking. I can equate the same process to walking. It is full of repetitions and side roads. The "burden of labour",⁴ is relieved with every repeat of route, bringing me closer every time to an experience free from "thinking" over thinking.

Free from the paradox of anxiety.

Once I've read. Once all the distractions, side alleys, detours and shortcuts have been explored, walked through and overthought, I can read the text in peace. My body is my thought. Its physical condition induces thought and knowledge.

Do you know how paracetamol works?
I don't.

Neither does my sister, and she's a fully-fledged pharmacist and everything. Spent five years studying how medicine works but the one thing I use semi-regularly, she doesn't understand.

It's not her fault though, because no one does.
In the otherwise text-ridden world of medicine paracetamol has somehow managed to worm its way through and around bureaucratic barriers of proof.

For a reason given and proven in the body.
A knowledge stored in our bodily experience.

The only thing we really know about paracetamol is that it works.

Text instructs bodies. Tell us how to move around space, where to stand and wait and walk. It structures our days in calendars and works its way into our bodies through shared information. It informs us of ourselves. But body, as thought, comes before text. A text before a text, a knowledge before a knowledge, and an experience that exists in our relation to ourselves.

My grandmother's stories, the ones that break all rules of linear storytelling, that annoy most people after they've heard them four times in ten minutes, are stories stored in the body.

There is no separation of body and thinking. And thinking and reading.

There is the rhythm. When the text overtakes my mind, my body and my thinking. When reading feels light and time passes unconsciously. A moment in time where body and reading are so closely connected that the body, the movement of thought, becomes non-existent. When I have re-read so often that the flow of the text can exist outside of me. When truly all snails have left and I have only the text.

There is no separation of body and thinking, and of thinking and reading. The body can be beyond the physical aspect.

Most text I encounter exists on a flat page. Thin pieces of fibre smushed together into a flat white non-descript piece of paper. Often stacked with others to create a layered object. But the text is never layered. It starts and ends without a hierarchical structure to follow. Unless you include footnotes. Endnotes. Paratexts. Then suddenly there are words that aren't really words. Things that count but not really.

Text that isn't really text, secondary and at the visual bottom. But like my thoughts, they are side roads. Alleys and detours.

Thoughts that aren't mine but take me down similar paths and through similar distractions. They connect me to others, as they connect the text with others. With the outside.

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I walk along beaches. Along stretched sand and high cliffs. I walk the same way every day crushing stones under my shoes down deep into wet sand.

I look at stones. Let my eyes skim the surface of the floor. Too quick to really be looking at everything, but with enough intention to catch important pieces. They only stop, only make me stop, when they find recognisable patterns, dots and indentations, moving in repeated arrangements up the sides of the stone.

I look for fossils. Mostly sea urchins. We have a lot of those around so I know what to look for.

They look like most other stones that cover the beach, but their years spent under pressure and time have left them with traces of life. Traces of history scattered through the sand and washed up by water.

I pull things from the index of the earth. From an undefined history. I find ideas and thoughts. Modern and past interpretations. References connecting my world with the past. An Index of history. I define them in my hands and connect them to myself and to scattered traces that exist everywhere.

Indexes are usually found at the very back of the book. The very last pages. An overview of names, places, things, whatever the author or publisher of a certain text felt relevant to highlight. A way to pull out only the specific information you are looking for without having to skim through the rest.

A paratextual gateway.

Not an overview and only really useful if it contains the exact strand you are looking for.

It can build connections. The same word mentioned pages apart is suddenly pointed out and allied. Stretched out over pages, connected through desired paths of walking in the text.

My eyes scan texts like they scan the beach. Paratexts change that movement. They leave traces that stop my eyes. Force my eyes to go up and down on the same page. Moving over text without comprehension to find the recognisable place I left it behind. They place fossils that allude to a different world explored in a different place.

A world in the endnotes.

A world in the text before it.

Indexes make me unfocus. They force my vision to go blurry, only ever focusing in on that one recognisable pattern, word, that I am looking for.

Indexes make me read differently.

Experience differently.

They allow me to take part of the text out of the whole. To edit in my reading of the text. They allow me to make parts of the primary text nothing more than a paratext to exactly the thing I was looking for.

I touch fossils and read footnotes. I trace the history of objects down through cold wet indentations at the side of stones that connect me with a history too far away to know.

I do not exist without the history of this object.
- This object does not exist without me holding it.

The correlationist cycle* explains it like this.

“No X without givenness of X, and no theory about X without a positing of X. If you speak about something, you speak about something that is given to you, and posited by you.”⁵

I cannot access this object without me. Without my body. I can hold it and imagine. I can touch and feel and connect with it. I access this text through me. I will always relate to it through my body. Like a reference in a footnote, or a connection in an index, will always be viewed through the eyes of the text it is positioned in.

It is not just a trace but an existence in the past. I cannot access its existence before my body, only as it is in my hand.

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In “Paratexts, Thresholds of Interpretation” Gerard Genette describes footnotes as a “local detour or a momentary fork in the text”⁶.

Genette states that notes while removed physically from the text itself, still belong to it. The original footnote[†] is still written into the text with full intention from the author. Making it not fully Paratext and not fully Primary text. It exists on the edge. No longer physically roaming all edges of the paper, but still on the edge of the text itself.

They cannot exist in themselves as they are always related to us through the text. We cannot distinguish “*properties which are supposed to belong to the object*”⁷ - the footnote “*and properties belonging to the subjective access to the object*”⁸ which exist for us through the text.

In the ways a footnote bridges the text to the outside, it does the same within. It exists in a grey space between text and thought. It exists in undefined zones moving around the space of the text. It exists as spatial thoughts. Sometimes turned towards the text itself, grounded outside but reaching in.

Other times they’ll have grounded themselves down hard in the text, they’ll be turned outwards, reaching far outside of it.

* as Meillassoux calls it

† a footnote written by the author and included in the first published version of the text,

In the first release of his first work, the poem Tamerlane, Edgar Allan Poe included a long list of footnotes. Footnotes that later disappeared and reappeared. Went and came depending on the will of the publisher

*“No purer thought
Dwelt in a seraph’s breast than thine. 1*

1 I must beg the reader’s pardon for making Tamerlane, a Tartar of the fourteenth century, speak in the same language as a Boston gentleman of the nineteenth; but of the Tartar mythology we have little information”⁹

This note interrupts Poe’s poem, the flow and rhythm of his words, to establish a cultural time-stamp, a contextualisation, for both Poe and Tamerlane. As the various notes continue to do throughout the poem.

The footnote starts in the text and reaches out.

The footnote in this use is as a way of “othering” - of distancing oneself, the writer, the voice, from the main character and the world. Creating the writer’s voice next to the text, in the note, distances the writer from the perspective and story explored in the main text. It is not a snail, an unrelated thought, but a man fighting a lion placed next to a prayer to fight off temptation. Directly related but distancing.

The writer cannot be the narrator if the writer’s voice exists as an “other” being nearby. The use of footnotes creates an alternative world to the main text. Alludes to a second reality. Creating two distinct realities, that still by virtue of being in the same text, blend together.

Non-original footnotes, commentary added on the text later in its life, separates themselves from the original footnote by being a reaction to the text as a whole. Even if they seem grounded to a specific part, they are added after the text as a whole has been consumed. They come from a vantage point over the text.

They exist outside of the timestamp that the text might otherwise be.

Many years ago my mother bought me a poetry book. A full, posthumous, collection of poems by the Danish poet Halfdan Rasmussen*.

My copy contains more poetry than the version she later bought for herself. But hers has a note that mine is missing. A note to the introduction informing the reader that some poems have been removed from the otherwise full collection, “because of insensitivities typical of the period they were written in”

This is a footnote from outside the text. Firmly planted in discourse and conversations that surround the text, and just slightly reaching in enough for context.

* Most famous for his childrens poetry released from the late 60’s through to his death in 2002.

In both cases, the use of footnotes transforms the relationship between the reader and the text, and by giving the reader a choice, whether consciously chosen or not, makes the reader an active partner in the text.

Footnotes give the reader authority in their choice on what to read, while also giving the writer a different kind of authority in their choice to split the audience. Into those who read the footnotes, and those who don't.

The use of footnotes establishes a two-sided reciprocal relationship between the text and reader.

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Hal Incandenza, the main protagonist of "Infinite Jest"¹⁰, is a tennis player. Quite an invested tennis player, or at least we, as readers, are invested in him as a tennis player. This happens as a natural consequence of the amount of tennis-oriented writing the story pulls us through. The "tennis chapters", spread throughout the book, are periodically broken apart by two other main storylines and the relentless endnotes. Extensive endnotes that force the reader to go back and forth in the book. Rhythmically without following a too specific beat. Mimicking the back and forth of a tennis match.

The constant breaks from the main text make an already convoluted storyline that jumps in time and space, even more so.

David Foster Wallace, the author of Infinite Jest, describes his use of endnotes¹¹ as an element used to fracture the structure of the text. A way to eliminate the linear line of storytelling that doesn't exist in life. His use of endnotes creates a subtextual world that second-guesses everything presented in the main text and transforms the role of the reader from a passive one to an active one. Forcing the reader to work through the ironic distancing Wallace creates between himself and the text.

Breaking down structures of writing breaks down the structure we read with. It changes our approach and connection to things.

Once I've read an endnote, referenced in a specific place in the main text, I often feel the need to re-read that part of the text. The clarity and/or disorientation brought on by the endnote requires a re-read.

My conversation with the text moves back and forth, repeatedly, in semicircular loops. But it is still a one-dimensional conversation.

Anything I add to the little spaces around any primary text in a book I read, exists only for me. And any influence I have on the text, any conversation that happens through my choices of reading and notating, is exclusively for me and the text.

I can't write in library books and leave my thoughts behind for others. Footnotes have made extra information limited to contextualisation

Mostly.

Sometimes a witty writer of science-fiction or fantasy will add a little jokey comment on their own work. They might elaborate on unknown holidays from different worlds. Or David Foster Wallace will guide you through an imaginary filmography in endnote 24 while you eternally play tennis back and forth with his pages. But the commentary. The dialogue with the writer and other readers. The physical signs that others have not only read, but have had thoughts, on the text that you yourself are working through. That is mainly gone from the realm of reading.

Most of the books I read are new. I rarely go to the library or borrow books from friends.

Honestly, most of what I read is, totally legal, copies found online that I have easy access to.

The history of the object you hold is gone. The thoughts have vanished. The flow of the passing object through hands and building meaning through movement, is no longer there.

To an extent. Realistically of course, that isn't actually true.

I still buy second-hand books, and write in every physical copy I get my hands on. I lend books to friends and sometimes have to apologise for whatever teenage me found relevant to write in the margins. But in my mind, I imagine a world where all books live lives in which they are widely passed around. Every text has an external world created by its readers that spreads far over the paper and covers every inch near where the text has been read. Where conversations move into written form and travel through people who will never actually talk together. We connect with others through objects, build our social lives around things, I imagine a world where our connections to others are tenfold through books.

Part of this world of course exists online. Forums and communities willing to discuss what they're currently reading with others. But it's just never quite the same as reading while you're reading. Finding other people's snails lying around and comparing them to your own.

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Footnotes often overwhelm me. Referential ones specifically. The academic acknowledgement of other knowledge.

I can trace back this text to another. I'll choose a text referenced in a footnote and go to it. A new text will leave me with new traces, I will follow one along to another.

For eternity I can follow traces, lines, running through a history of knowledge and creation, because if I ever do manage to find an end, I can just start over and follow a different path. Again and again til' I've exhausted them all. At which point someone will have referenced the first text in their own writing and the tracing begins again, forwards and backwards along other lines.

In "The Conquest of Bread" (the bread book) released in 1892*, Russian born Anarcho-Communist Peter Kropotkin, described it like this.

"Each discovery, each advance, each increase in the sum of human riches, owes its being to the physical and mental travail of the past and the present. By what right then can anyone whatever appropriate the least morsel of this immense whole and say – This is mine, not yours?"¹²

There is no writing without the writing before it. Like all knowledge belongs to the knowledge created before it, and every machine to the machine before it. Everything I write cannot exist without the writing that comes before it or the writing that comes after. Ideas form from other ideas so nothing I ever create is truly my creation. There is no truth because there is no start and no finish.

Even text I am unaware of, text I have not read, text I have not consumed directly, has made its way into my conscience through others. Other writing and other people. My text belongs to the collective, and thereby to no one. I cannot aim for truth, since I do not know the origins and truth of all my knowledge. And I do not really care to. I aim for fun or exploration or specifically made-up narratives that scratch whatever itch I need it to.

Text I write is made only for the moment I write it like everything I create is made only for the moment I make it.

But it still exists. It is still placed in the world. And like I pick up fossils on beaches, people pick up text. The text in my hands exists in my relation to it and it to others. The text is an object and my properties with it are secondary. I cannot and will not aim for truth, because I cannot access it.

The line of knowledge and existence goes beyond the existence of my text, and all the other texts hidden in it, into the unknown world of fossils before fossils.

I cannot think about paratexts, about text so encased in the world of reference it is non-text, without thinking about hierarchy. Here in the hierarchy of knowledge, a paradoxical existence, Para-texts exist both at the bottom and the top of the textual hierarchy.

On one hand so inconsequential that it's text that isn't text, and on the other so important that we assume people reading our text already know it. We don't need to include the knowledge in the body, because it exists in the head, or in the foot.

* First translated into English in 1907

Reading is like conversations with my grandmother, like the footnotes of Shakespeare plays that take up half the page and internal distractions.

Nothing exists in a straight line, there is no linear storytelling or traditional models of narration. And where they do exist I can never follow. I read like I walk or think or talk to my grandmother. I react to a text and exist with it too. I change it and influence it. I write notes in the margins, I cover each empty page with names and times. I write while I read. I write while I walk. I exist outside the text and in it too.

The most important parts of the cookbook on my shelf are the conversations it allows me to have with my grandparents.

I enjoy when the author exists. When the writer is parallel to the text and me.

When the structure of writing and the space on the page questions the movement of the eyes and the way I read. The text surrounds itself in the empty spaces it leaves behind, in the paths it makes to everything outside itself. I hate when texts force me to read them without the rhythms I usually follow. When they break off and start over. But whenever I write I want to control the rhythm of others. I break off texts and leave empty spaces.

Paratext is every bit of text present that surrounds the main body of the text.* Every header, every title, every page number and every footnote. Everything constructed around the text. Everything we take in, but don't necessarily read. It's every referenced writing and translation. Texts existing parallel. Paratexts create bridges between one text and another. Between the text and what exists outside of it. Paratexts build relationships between texts.

They create physical and conceptual spaces around text.

Conversations with my friends, notes from my grandparents in their cookbook, my own wandering thoughts when I walk and traces of other texts scattered throughout books, help shape and form the meaning of a text. They shape and form my meaning of a text.

Interpretation leaves traces in notes and discussions.

When I reference a text it becomes a paratext to my writing. Not just the mentioned bit, the directly quoted bit, but the whole of the text. It establishes an undeniable relationship.

Establishing this relationship is not a one-way street. The text becomes a paratext to mine, and in exchange, my text becomes a paratext to it. Unmentioned in its own world, but still present and existing. By mentioning it I change the very words of its existence. By adding to it. Both in literal writing and in ideas.

Movements between texts become circular. They start in one and move around, but often end in the same place they started. Or somewhere similar enough that the difference is inconsequential. It's a never-ending relationship that denies ownership.

I enjoy when the author disappears. When they fall down into crowds of other writers and writing.

I live in a paradox of enjoyment. I enjoy dead authors who simply collect text and knowledge, who build on others and establish new ideas in "collective discoveries". Who leave meaning to the reader, the interpreter, looking at the object of meaning through the signs of writing.¹³

I enjoy Poe who lives in his marginalia. Still alive.

* or bread text as we so fittingly call it in Danish

I have equated reading to thinking and thinking to the body. I have discovered the embodiment of text and my physical connection to it.

A connection that exists as much in writing as in reading as in thinking. If something comes from my body, if something is my body, then that is the only thing that truly belongs to me. It is mine, yet I also recognise that the creation of my thinking, my writing, belongs to the history of creation before it. How can I define writing as my body and say that the product of it belongs as much to others as myself? How can I be dead when I am still here living, and in this moment writing?

By admitting the existence of connection through body and text in the moment of creation?

In the moment of cohabitation? My body is my text when I write it. My body is other text when I read it. As it belongs to my body in that moment, it belongs to others in theirs.

Do I acknowledge prior text in my own writing? And with it the authors it doesn't belong to? Do I acknowledge everyone or do I leave empty spaces where names should be? Do I follow my ideology and think it out into action here in this text, or do I leave it as inactive actions in writing?

The relationship between texts is ever changing. The relationship between body and text is ever changing. There is no standstill moment to make an opinion, only constant movement and a need to move with it.

I cannot access the world of the fossil before fossil. Of the existence of stone before it was stone. I cannot walk in the world before mine. I cannot determine the fate of other writing even when it belongs to me.

David Foster Wallace builds his worlds through footnotes and extended universes in endnotes. He creates worlds, not before ours but outside of it. As inaccessible as the world before fossils.

We interpret footnotes encased in rocks and describe worlds through those traces.

I trace fossils and build prehistory. I imagine worlds before text and archive. I try to build my knowledge through natural "Foster-Wallace-like" indexes and notes.

I create a paratext accessible through footnotes in soil and wet sand. I move my body through time and space with the movements of my hands. I create a looping story with a pre-fossilised point of departure. I build around myself and others.

I create worlds that swim in loops in and out of, around, my head and my foot.

I create worlds and always I end up in my grandmother's living room.

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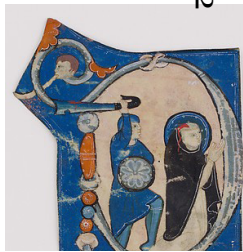
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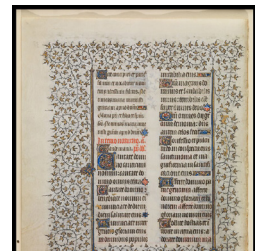
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*Bread as in breadtext