

D A T A

T U R N S

B O D I E S

I N T O

F A C T S

## **Artist Statement**

I am an artist who works with graphic design as my material. I use its conventions and processes to articulate society's broader attempts to grapple with mediation, authority, and structuration. I work to imagine and build the repaired world I want to live in years and decades from now. In this world, individuals resist the digital turn toward homogenization and the erasure of embodied identity.

From experimenting with 3d printed type on a letterpress, to printed books collecting algorithmically curated found material, to personal data visualizations used by tens of thousands—working with visual form in a digital substrate helps me think about the continually negotiated boundary between bodies and machines in society. How should designers think about the social commitment of the forms they create? Answering this question will help me—and the field of contemporary art—come to a new understanding of design's present and future territory.

## **Some Thoughts**

### **(On Graduation)**

June 12, 2018

Anyway, here I am.

The Visual Arts Department at Princeton was truly a home to me during my time there. I owe my closest friendships, longest-standing mentorships, and most fraught spirals of intellectual soul-searching to it.

In this p-d-f, I present four years of work—forms, ideas, projects, writing, exhibitions, feelings, sensations. They are arranged in reverse-chronological order (most recent first), as they would be on a social media timeline. This arrangement feels as they feel to me: the most real and reachable are close at hand, while the rest have faded or been buried. The older works are recognizably continuous with my current self, but made productively foreign with time. Which is to say, I have grown.

Here I am, but not for long—there is still more work to do.

JZ

*vis*

2017 - 2018





## COOLPIX

I first met this camera in a heap of obsolete technologies marked surplus on the third floor of 185 Nassau. Nikon COOLPIX 885, it said on the box. Some Cameras Have All The Fun. "This was the camera to have in the 2000's," my adviser said. I thought, why not still?



The camera sports a total memory of 128mb on its Compact Flash card, and I transfer photos from it to my computer using a cable whose name I don't know. The photographs are washed out and have limited contrast. They are poor images.

I sometimes wonder if, by using an old camera as an artist, I'm falling into the familiar trap of fetishizing the nostalgic quality of its images—of letting the medium do all of my work for me, letting people project their longing for the past onto the images in the absence of any cleverness of my own. But at the end of the day, I don't think that's what draws me to this camera.

The way these images look aren't determined by the technology; rather, they're a set of aesthetic values encoded by the camera designer. By which I mean, it's wrong to think that they look "old" because of the limitations of the technology of when the camera was made. Images

produced by this camera look old to us, but to people in 2001 they simply looked normal. They simply appeared to capture the world as it was.

The world hasn't changed color in the past 17 years. What's changed is society's notion of its cultural values, belief systems, and ways of apprehending the world. Obsolete cameras materialize the fraught political enterprise of the production of images. In 2001, society understood the world through a certain choice of saturation, color balance, contrast which are encoded in the technology of the coolpix. What is considered normal is a shifting target, and taking photos with a machine from another time is a way of defamiliarizing my own presentism.

It's tempting to look at obsolete media and feel a sense of loss, or a yearning for an imagined authentic past when we were less alienated by our technology. And indeed when I look at it, sometimes I imagine a world before software bloat, before tracking scripts, before content farms. It's indulgent, and a little self-deceptive, to give into this temptation. Worse cameras wouldn't repair the problems of today. But I indulge all the same.

After all, there's something refreshingly honest about its design. Today, you can pick up your camera and call your friend, browse the internet, and get GPS directions. All of these features are minimized to the extreme and compactly stored in a black rectangle. All that is visible of the photographic apparatus is the frame itself. Today's camera promises to capture the world as it is, but hides the layers of mediation and enframing that make such a thing impossible. Its design denies the constructed nature of the image.

The design of the coolpix isn't interested in this denial. Its curves are smooth. It whirrs when the lens attempts to focus. It's slow. When I hold it, my fingers wrap perfectly around its bulky frame; my index finger comes to rest precisely on the shutter button, my thumb on the zoom switch. It's designed to be held by someone, not to display the most content on a grid.

The coolpix is an interstitial artifact of image-making technology in transition. Its form is evidence of a continual process of discovery that has taken the photographic apparatus from the camera obscura to the smartphone, where it sits for the time being. Maybe that's why I feel so drawn to it in this time, as I find myself also in transition. These photos help me confront my feelings about a time in my life characterized by excitement and change, but also of leaving behind. Sometimes I feel as if I'm in the present imagining myself in the future desperately trying to remember what I'm experiencing right now as the past. This camera helps me think about that feeling. It's a technology in transition, and there's something sweet and sad about that.

It's a lazy, beautiful day outside today, as it will be on this day forever; even as the sights and sounds I am feeling now as I sit by the open window in my 185 Nassau studio recede into memory as if packaged into a photographic image—for the time being.

May 29, 2018





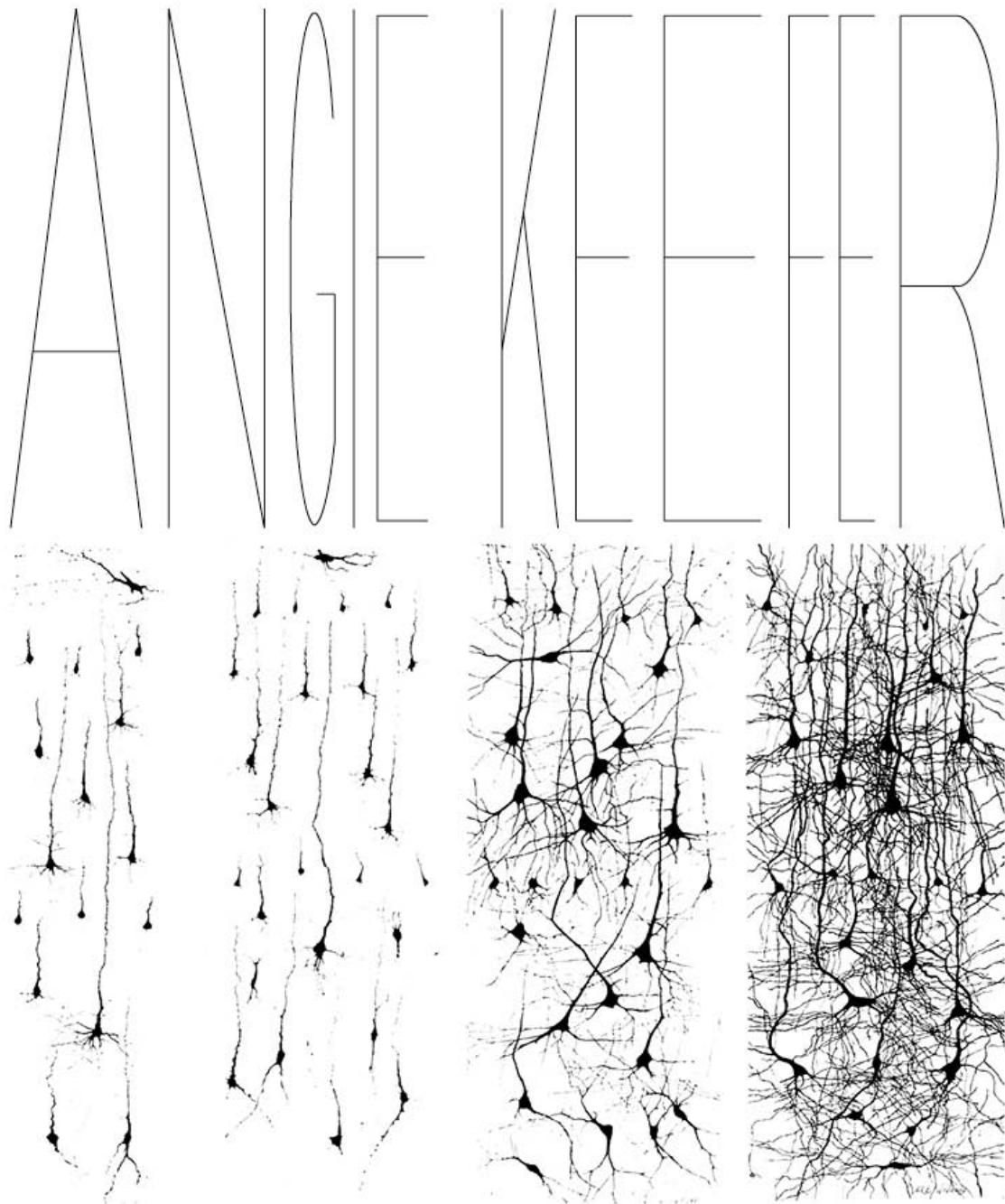








# VIS 215 TYPOGRAPHY PRESENTS



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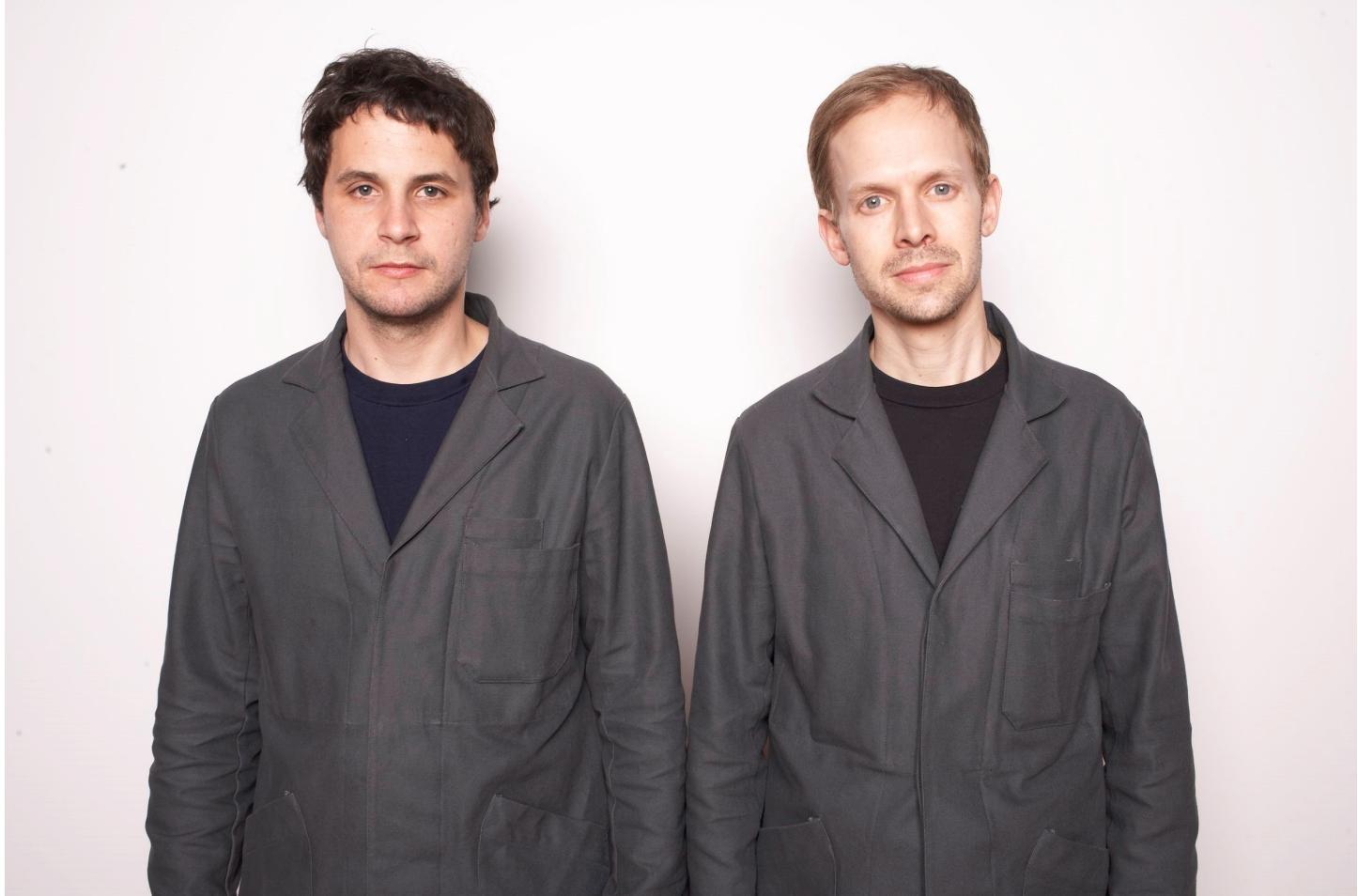
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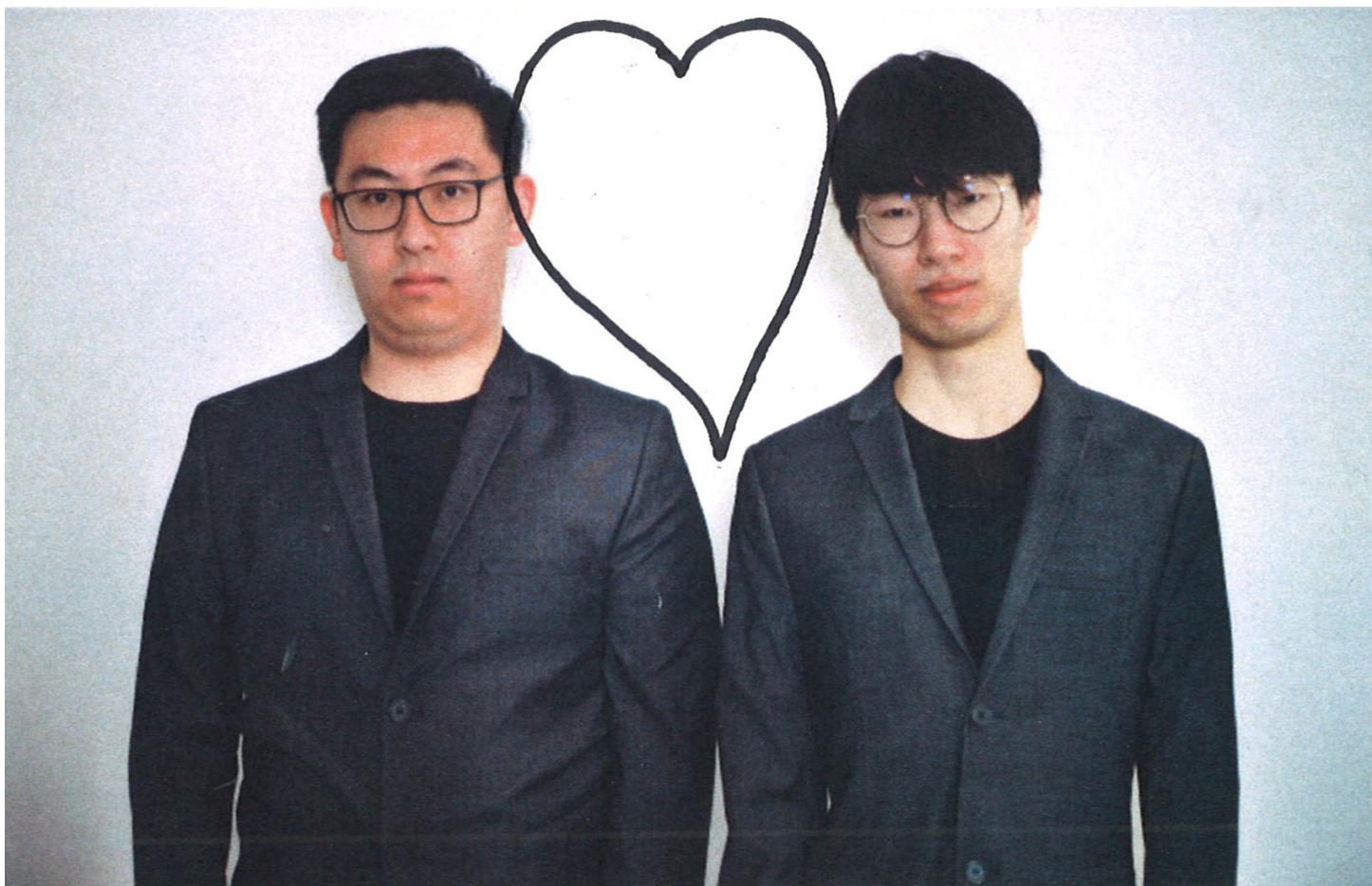


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ARRIVAL  
A FILM







# interface your face

eric li  
jonathan zong



VV-T-F  
A SENIOR THESIS SHOW BY  
JONATHAN ZONG

MARCH 13-17, 2018  
LUCAS GALLERY  
185 NASSAU STREET  
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

OPENING RECEPTION  
MARCH 14 AT 5:45PM



[www.w-t-f.info](http://www.w-t-f.info)

vis















BIOMETRIC SANS

BIOME TRIC SANS

BIOMETRIC SANS

BIOMETRIC SANS  
IS A TYPOGRAPHIC  
SYSTEM WHICH  
ELONGATES  
LETTER FORMS  
IN RESPONSE TO  
THE TYPING SPEED  
OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

## Why do typewriters go ‘click’?

The explanation is simple: clicking is more easily mechanized than sliding. Machines are stutterers even if they appear to slide. This becomes clear when cars and film projectors start to go wrong.

But this explanation is inadequate. Because what lies behind the question is: why do machines stutter? The answer is: because everything there is in the world (and the whole world itself) stutters. This only becomes clear when one takes a closer look. Democritus already suspected it, but not until Planck was anyone able to prove it: Everything quantizes. Thus numbers, but not letters, correspond to the world. It is open to calculation but not to description. Therefore, numbers have to break out of the alphanumeric code and make themselves independent. Letters entice one into endless discussion about the world and have to be put to one side as not equal to the task.

This is precisely what is happening. Numbers abandon the alphanumeric code in favour of new codes (the digital code, for example) and they feed computers. Letters (if they want to survive) have to simulate numbers. This is why typewriters go ‘click’.

A few things need to be said here. For example, the fact that everything in the world stutters has only become apparent since people have started to count everything. In order to count it, everything has been split up into little bits (*calculi*), and then a number has been attached to every little bit. Perhaps, then, the fact that the world is a scattering of particles is a consequence of our counting? Not so much a discovery then, more an invention? Do we discover in the world what we have fed into it ourselves?

Perhaps the world is only open to calculation because we cobbled it together in our calculations. It is not numbers that correspond to the world: we have set the world up in such a way that it corresponds to our number code. These are rather unsettling thoughts.

They are unsettling for the simple reason that they lead to the following conclusion: the world is now a scattering of particles because that is how we cobbled it together in doing our calculations. Before that, however (at least since the Greek philosophers), the world was described alphabetically. Therefore, at that time it had to adhere to the discipline imposed by the rules of discourse—i.e. the rules of logic rather than the rules of mathematics.

In fact, Hegel was still of the opinion, apparently mad to us now, that everything in the world was logical. We are now of the opposite opinion: everything in the world can be traced back to absurd chance events that can be worked out by the calculus of probability. Hegel was thinking in words (in dialectic discourse), whereas we think in calculations (we process punctuated data).

The whole thing gets still more unsettling when one considers that Russell and Whitehead proved in *Principia Mathematica* that the rules of logic cannot entirely be traced back to the rules of mathematics. As is well known, these two men tried to manipulate logical thinking by using mathematics (the ‘calculus of propositions’) and came up against this irreducibility.

Thus it is not possible to build a really proper bridge between the world of description (Hegel’s world, for example) and the world of calculation (Planck’s world, for example). Since we have applied the methodology of calculation to the world (i.e. at least since Descartes’ analytical geometry), the structure of the world has changed beyond all recognition. News of this has got around slowly.

This may tempt us to conclude that it is up to us how the world is structured. If we wish to write a description of it, then it has all the appearance of logical discourse, and if we prefer to calculate, then it has the appearance of a scattering of particles.

This would be jumping to conclusions, though. Only since we have calculated have we had

machines (typewriters, for example), and we could not live without machines, even if we wanted to. We are therefore forced to calculate rather than to write, and if we insist on writing, then we have to go 'click'. To all appearances, it seems as if the world had in fact to be cobbled together for the purposes of calculation but that the world itself demanded that it be cobbled together.

At this point in the brain teaser, it is a good idea to hold our horses a bit. Otherwise, one runs the risk of falling into an abyss (into the realm of religion). To avoid falling like this into a Pythagorean worship of numbers, it is necessary to examine the movements one makes while calculating, as opposed to those one makes while writing.

In the days when one still wrote by hand, one made a line going from left to right (that is, if one lived in the West) that wound its way from one side of the paper to the other with occasional breaks. This was a linear movement. When one calculates, one picks little bits out of a large heap and assembles them in little heaps. This is a punctuated movement. First, one calculates (picks out) and then one computes (assembles). One analyzes in order to synthesize. This is the radical difference between writing and calculation: calculation is directed towards synthesis, but writing is not.

People who subscribe to the cause of writing try to deny this. In calculation, all they see is the doing of sums, and this they call cold and unemotional. This is a downright mischievous misunderstanding. What calculation is all about is computing cold sums into new things that have never existed before. This white heat of creativity is closed to people who do not go in for calculation as long as they see calculation merely as a question of numbers. They are unable to experience the beauty and philosophical depth of some outstanding equations (Einstein's, for example).

But now that one can re-code numbers in the form of colours, shapes and sounds with the aid of computers, the beauty and depth of cal-

culation are there for all to feel. One can see its creative force on computer screens, hear it in the form of synthesized music, and in future one will probably be able to experience it 'hands on' through the use of holograms. The exciting thing about calculation is not that it cobbles the world together (writing can do this as well), but that it is capable of projecting other worlds from within itself for all to feel.

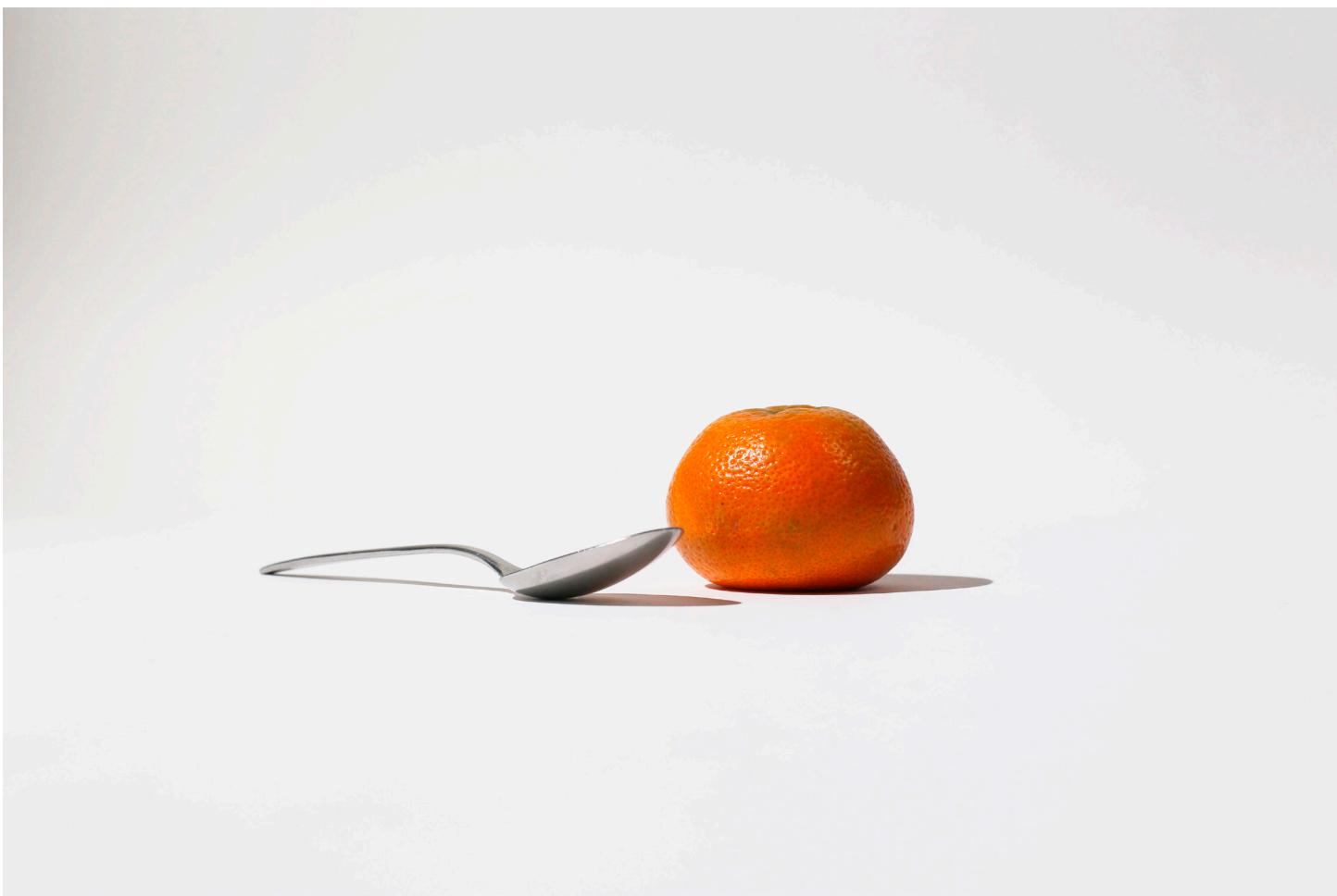
There is not much point in pouring scorn on these synthetically projected worlds for being simulations of the actual world, for being fictions. These worlds are concentrations of dots, computations of sums. But the same goes for the 'actual' world we are thrown into. It too is computed by our nervous system calculating on the basis of punctuated stimuli, and this is then perceived as actual. Thus either the projected worlds are just as actual as the 'actual' world (if they assemble the dots in the same concentration as the 'actual' one), or the 'actually' perceived world is just as much a fiction as the ones projected.

What the cultural revolution now under way is all about is that we have gained the ability to set alternative worlds alongside the one taken by us as given. That we are going from being the subjects of a single world to becoming the projections of many worlds. That we have started to learn how to calculate.

Omar Khayyam says: "*Ah love! Could you and I with fate conspire / To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire, / Would not we shatter it to bits—and then / Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?*"

People are starting to see that we are in the process of shattering the sorry scheme of things entirely to bits. Not, however, so that we can re-code it just as our heart desires. People should at last learn how to do arithmetic.

Vilém Flusser









Wave Fanfare

Secure | <https://jonathanzong.github.io/wave-fanfare-docsite/>

Jonathan

# WAVE FANFARE

Wave Fanfare is a performance event featuring original music by Jeff Snyder for the Princeton Laptop Orchestra, Tilt Brass, and Sō Percussion, interacting with an architectural installation by Axel Kilian and Ryan Luke Johns from the Princeton University School of Architecture, and a lighting installation by Tony Award-nominated theatrical lighting designer Jane Cox.



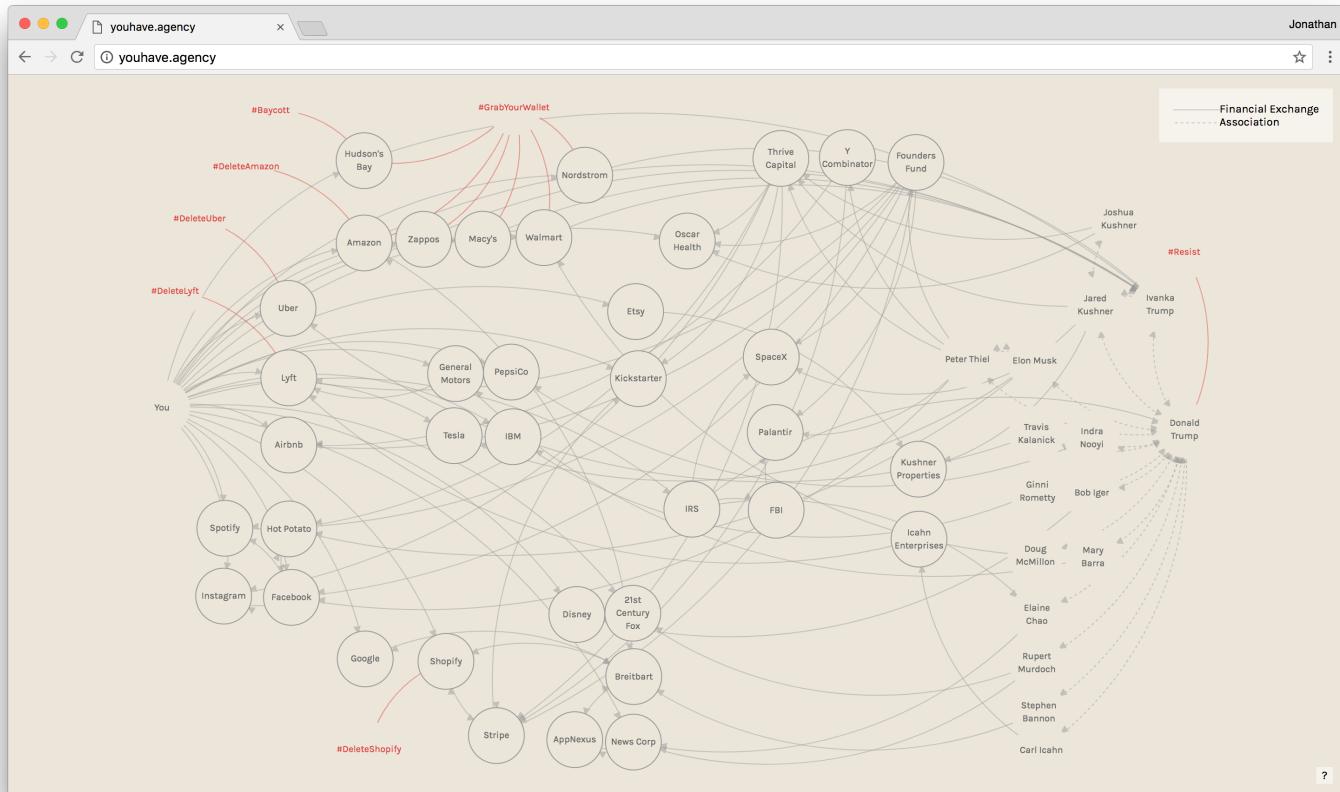


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2016-2017





I AM JONATHAN ZONG  
BY JOE SCANLAN

The visible oeuvre left by this novelist, Pierre Menard, can be easily and briefly enumerated; unpardonable, therefore, are the omissions and additions perpetrated by Mme. Henri Bachelier in a deceitful catalog that a certain newspaper, whose Protestant leanings are surely no secret, has been so inconsiderate as to inflict upon that newspaper's deplorable readers—few and Calvinist (if not Masonic and circumcised) though they be. Menard's true friends have greeted that catalog with alarm, and even with a degree of sadness. One might note that only yesterday were we gathered before his marmoreal place of rest, among the dreary cypresses, and already Error is attempting to tarnish his bright Memory.... Most decidedly, a brief rectification is imperative.

I am aware that it is easy enough to call my own scant authority into question. I hope, nonetheless, that I shall not be prohibited from mentioning two high testimonials. The baroness de Bacourt (at whose unforgettable *vendredis* I had the honor to meet the mourned-for poet) has been so kind as to approve the lines that follow. Likewise, the countess de Bagnoregio, one of the rarest and most cultured spirits of the principality of Monaco (now of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, following her recent marriage to the international philanthropist Simon Kautzsch)—a man, it grieves me to say, vilified and slandered by the victims of his disinterested operations—has sacrificed “to truth and to death” (as she herself has phrased it) the noble reserve that is the mark of her distinction, and in an open

letter, published in the magazine *Luxe*, bestows upon me her blessing. Those commendations are sufficient, I should think.

I have said that the *visible* product of Menard's pen is easily enumerated. Having examined his personal files with the greatest care, I have established that his body of work consists of the following pieces:

- a) a symbolist sonnet that appeared twice (with variants) in the review *La Conque* (in the numbers for March and October, 1899);
- b) a monograph on the possibility of constructing a poetic vocabulary from concepts that are neither synonyms nor periphrastic locutions for the concepts that inform common speech, “but are, rather, ideal objects created by convention essentially for the needs of poetry” (Nîmes, 1901);
- c) a monograph on “certain connections or affinities” between the philosophies of Descartes, Leibniz, and John Wilkins (Nîmes, 1903);
- d) a monograph on Leibniz' *Characteristica universalis* (Nîmes, 1904);
- e) a technical article on the possibility of enriching the game of chess by eliminating one of the rook's pawns (Menard proposes, recommends, debates, and finally rejects this innovation);
- f) a monograph on Ramon Lull's *Ars magna generalis* (Nîmes, 1906);

- g) a translation, with introduction and notes, of Ruy López de Segura's *Libro de la invención liberal y arte del juego del axedrez* (Paris, 1907);
- h) drafts of a monograph on George Boole's symbolic logic;
- i) a study of the essential metrical rules of French prose, illustrated with examples taken from Saint-Simon (*Revue des langues romanes*, Montpellier, October 1909);
- j) a reply to Luc Durtain (who had countered that no such rules existed), illustrated with examples taken from Luc Durtain (*Revue des langues romanes*, Montpellier, December 1909);
- k) a manuscript translation of Quevedo's *Aguja de navegar cultos*, titled *La boussole des précieux*;
- l) a foreword to the catalog of an exhibit of lithographs by Carolus Hourcade (Nîmes, 1914);
- m) a work entitled *Les problèmes d'un problème* (Paris, 1917), which discusses in chronological order the solutions to the famous problem of Achilles and the tortoise (two editions of this work have so far appeared; the second bears an epigraph consisting of Leibniz' advice "Ne craignez point, monsieur, la tortue," and brings up to date the chapters devoted to Russell and Descartes);
- n) a dogged analysis of the "syntactical habits" of Toulet (N.R.F., March 1921) (Menard, I recall, affirmed that censure and praise were sentimen-
- tal operations that bore not the slightest resemblance to criticism);
- o) a transposition into alexandrines of Paul Valéry's *Cimetière marin* (N.R.F., January 1928);
- p) a diatribe against Paul Valéry, in Jacques Reboul's *Feuilles pour la suppression de la réalité* (which diatribe, I might add parenthetically, states the exact reverse of Menard's true opinion of Valéry; Valéry understood this, and the two men's friendship was never imperiled);
- q) a "definition" of the countess de Bagnoregio, in the "triumphant volume" (the phrase is that of another contributor, Gabriele d'Annunzio) published each year by that lady to rectify the inevitable biases of the popular press and to present "to the world and all of Italy" a true picture of her person, which was so exposed (by reason of her beauty and her bearing) to erroneous and/or hasty interpretations;
- r) a cycle of admirable sonnets dedicated to the baroness de Bacourt (1934);
- s) a handwritten list of lines of poetry that owe their excellence to punctuation.<sup>1</sup>

This is the full extent (save for a few vague sonnets of occasion destined for Mme. Henri Bachelier's hospitable, or greedy, *album des souvenirs*) of the visible lifework of Pierre Menard, in proper chronological order. I shall turn now to the other, the subterranean, the interminably heroic production—the *œuvre nonpareil*, the *oeu-*

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1. Mme. Henri Bachelier also lists a literal translation of Quevedo's literal translation of St. Francis de Sales's *Introduction à la vie dévote*. In Pierre Menard's library there is no trace of such a work. This must be an instance of one of our friend's droll jokes, misheard or misunderstood.

vre that must remain—for such are our human limitations!—unfinished. This work, perhaps the most significant writing of our time, consists of the ninth and thirty-eighth chapters of Part I of *Don Quixote* and a fragment of Chapter XXII. I know that such a claim is on the face of it absurd; justifying that “absurdity” shall be the primary object of this note.<sup>2</sup>

Two texts, of distinctly unequal value, inspired the undertaking. One was the philological fragment by Novalis—number 2005 in the Dresden edition, to be precise—which outlines the notion of *total identification* with a given author. The other was one of those parasitic books that set Christ on a boulevard, Hamlet on La Cannabière, or *Don Quixote* on Wall Street. Like every man of taste, Menard abominated those pointless travesties, which, Menard would say, were good for nothing but occasioning a plegian delight in anachronism or (worse yet) captivating us with the elementary notion that all times and places are the same, or are different. It might be more interesting, he thought, though of contradictory and superficial execution, to attempt what Daudet had so famously suggested: conjoin in a single figure (Tartarin, say) both the Ingenious Gentleman *Don Quixote* and his squire....

Those who have insinuated that Menard devoted his life to writing a contemporary *Quixote* besmirch his illustrious memory. Pierre Menard did not want to compose another *Quixote*, which surely is easy enough—he wanted to compose *the Quixote*. Nor, surely, need one be obliged to note that his goal was never a mechanical tran-

scription of the original; he had no intention of *copying* it. His admirable ambition was to produce a number of pages which coincided—word for word and line for line—with those of Miguel de Cervantes.

“My purpose is merely astonishing,” he wrote me on September 30, 1934, from Bayonne. “The final term of a theological or metaphysical proof—the world around us, or God, or chance, or universal Forms—is no more final, no more uncommon, than my revealed novel. The sole difference is that philosophers publish pleasant volumes containing the intermediate stages of their work, while I am resolved to suppress those stages of my own.” And indeed there is not a single draft to bear witness to that years-long labor.

Initially, Menard’s method was to be relatively simple: Learn Spanish, return to Catholicism, fight against the Moor or Turk, forget the history of Europe from 1602 to 1918—be Miguel de Cervantes. Pierre Menard weighed that course (I know he pretty thoroughly mastered seventeenth-century Castilian) but he discarded it as too easy. “Too impossible, rather!” the reader will say. Quite so, but the undertaking was impossible from the outset, and of all the impossible ways of bringing it about, this was the least interesting. To be a popular novelist of the seventeenth century, this was the least interesting. To be a popular novelist of the seventeenth century in the twentieth seemed to Menard to be a diminution. Being, somehow, Cervantes, and arriving thereby at the *Quixote*—that looked to Menard

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2. I did, I might say, have the secondary purpose of drawing a small sketch of the figure of Pierre Menard—but how dare I compete with the gilded pages I am told the baroness de Bacourt is even now preparing, or with the delicate sharp crayon of Carolus Hourcade?

less challenging (and therefore less interesting) than continuing to be Pierre Menard and coming to the Quixote *through the experiences of Pierre Menard*. (It was that conviction, by the way, that obliged him to leave out the autobiographical foreword to Part II of the novel. Including the prologue would have meant creating another character—“Cervantes”—and also presenting Quixote through that character’s eyes, not Pierre Menard’s. Menard, of course, spurned that easy solution.) “The task I have undertaken is not *in essence difficult*,” I read at another place in that letter. “If I could just be immortal, I could do it.” Shall I confess that I often imagine that he did complete it, and that I read the Quixote—the entire Quixote—as if Menard had conceived it? A few nights ago, as I was leafing through Chapter XXVI (never attempted by Menard), I recognized our friend’s style, could almost hear his voice in this marvelous phrase: “the nymphs of the rivers, the moist and grieving Echo.” That wonderfully effective linking of one adjective of emotion with another of physical description brought to my mind a line from Shakespeare, which I recall we discussed on afternoon:

Where a malignant and a turban’d Turk...

“Why the Quixote?” my reader may ask. That choice, made by a Spaniard, would not have been incomprehensible, but it no doubt is so when made by a *Symboliste* from Nîmes, a devotee essentially of Poe—who begat Baudelaire, who begat Mallarmé, who begat Valéry, who begat M. Edmond Teste. The letter mentioned above throws some light on this point. “The Quixote,” explains Menard,

deeply interests me, but does not seem to me—comment *dirai-je*?—inevitable. I cannot imagine the universe without Poe’s ejaculation “Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!” or the *Bateau ivre* or the *Ancient Mariner*, but I know myself able to imagine it with the Quixote. (I am speaking, of course, of my personal ability, not of the historical resonance of those works.) The Quixote is a contingent work; the Quixote is not necessary. I can premeditate committing it to writing, as it were—I can write it—without falling into a tautology. At the age of twelve or thirteen I read it—perhaps read it cover to cover, I cannot recall. Since then, I have carefully reread certain chapters, those which, at least for the moment, I shall not attempt. I have also glanced at the interludes, the comedies, the *Galatea*, the *Exemplary Novels*, the undoubtedly laborious *Travails of Persiles and Sigismunda*, and the poetic *Voyage to Parnassus*.... My general recollection of the Quixote, simplified by forgetfulness and indifference, might well be the equivalent of the vague foreshadowing of a yet unwritten book. Given that image (which no one can in good conscience deny me) my problem is, without the shadow of a doubt, much more difficult than Cervantes’. My obliging predecessor did not spurn the collaboration of chance; his method of composition for the immortal book was a bit *à la diable*, and he was often swept along by the inertiae of the language and the imagination. I have assumed the mysterious obligation to reconstruct, word for word, the novel that for him was spontaneous. This game of solitaire I play is governed by two polar rules: the first allows me to try out formal or psychological variants; the second forces me to

sacrifice them to the "original" text and to come, by irrefutable arguments, to those eradications.... In addition to these first two artificial constraints there is another, inherent to the project. Composing the Quixote in the early seventeenth century was a reasonable, necessary, perhaps even inevitable undertaking; in the early twentieth, it is virtually impossible. Not for nothing have three hundred years elapsed, freighted with the most complex events. Among those events, to mention but one, is the Quixote itself.

In spite of those three obstacles, Menard's fragmentary Quixote is more subtle than Cervantes'. Cervantes crudely juxtaposes the humble provincial reality of his country against the fantasies of the romance, while Menard chooses as his "reality" the land of Carmen during the century that saw the Battle of Lepanto and the plays of Lope de Vega. What burlesque brushstrokes of local color that choice would have inspired in a Maurice Barrés or a Rodríguez Larreta! Yet Menard, with perfect naturalness, avoids them. In his work, there are no gypsy goings-on or conquistadors or mystics or Philip IIs or *autos da fé*. He ignores, overlooks—or banishes—local color. That disdain posits a new meaning for the "historical novel." That disdain condemns *Salammbó*, with no possibility of appeal.

No less amazement visits one when the chapters are considered in isolation. As an example, let us look at Part I, Chapter XXXVIII, "which treats of the curious discourse that Don Quixote made on the subject of arms and letters." It is a matter of common knowledge that in that chap-

ter, Don Quixote (like Quevedo in the analogous, and later, passage in *La hora de todos*) comes down against letters and in favor of arms. Cervantes was an old soldier; from him, the verdict is understandable. But that *Pierre Menard's* Don Quixote—a contemporary of *La trahison des clercs* and Bertrand Russell—should repeat those cloudy sophistries! Mme. Bachelier sees in them an admirable (typical) subordination of the author to the psychology of the hero; others (lacking all perspicacity) see them as a transcription of the Quixote; the baroness de Bacourt, as influenced by Nietzsche. To that third interpretation (which I consider irrefutable), I am not certain I dare to add a fourth, though it agrees very well with the almost divine modesty of Pierre Menard: his resigned or ironic habit of putting forth ideas that were the exact opposite of those he actually held. (We should recall that diatribe against Paul Valéry in the ephemeral Surrealist journal edited by Jacques Reboul.) The Cervantes text and the Menard text are verbally identical, but the second is almost infinitely richer. (More ambiguous, his detractors will say—but ambiguity is richness.)

It is a revelation to compare the *Don Quixote* of Pierre Menard with that of Miguel de Cervantes. Cervantes, for example, wrote the following (Part I, Chapter IX):

...truth, whose mother is history, rival of time, depository of deeds, witness of the past, exemplar and adviser to the present, and the future's counselor.

This catalog of attributes, written in the seventeenth century, and by the “ingenious layman” Miguel de Cervantes, is mere rhetorical praise of history. Menard, on the other hand, writes:

...truth, whose mother is history, rival of time, depository of deeds, witness of the past, exemplar and adviser to the present, and the future's counselor.

History, the *mother* of truth!—the idea is staggering. Menard, a contemporary of William James, defines history not as a *delving into* reality but as the very *fount* of reality. Historical truth, for Menard, is not “what happened”; it is what we believe happened. The final phrases—*exemplar and adviser to the present, and the future's counselor*—are brazenly pragmatic.

The contrast in styles is equally striking. The archaic style of Menard—who is, in addition, not a native speaker of the language in which he writes—is somewhat affected. Not so the style of his precursor, who employs the Spanish of his time with complete naturalness.

There is no intellectual exercise that is not ultimately pointless. A philosophical doctrine is, at first, a plausible description of the universe; the years go by, and it is a mere chapter—if not a paragraph or proper noun—in the history of philosophy. In literature, that “falling by the wayside,” that loss of “relevance,” is even better known. The Quixote, Menard remarked, was first and foremost a pleasant book; it is now an occasion for patriotic toasts, grammatical arrogance, ob-

scene *deluxe* editions. Fame is a form—perhaps the worst form—of incomprehension.

Those nihilistic observations were not new; what was remarkable was the decision that Pierre Menard derived from them. He resolved to anticipate the vanity that awaits all the labors of mankind; he undertook a task of infinite complexity, a task futile from the outset. He dedicated his scruples and his nights “lit by midnight oil” to reiterating in a foreign tongue a book that already existed. His drafts were endless; he stubbornly corrected, and he ripped up thousands of handwritten pages. He would allow no one to see them, and took care that they not survive him.<sup>3</sup> In vain have I attempted to reconstruct them.

I have reflected that it is legitimate to see the “final” Quixote as a kind of palimpsest, in which the traces—faint but not undecipherable—of our friend’s “previous” text must shine through. Unfortunately, only a second Pierre Menard, reversing the labors of the first, would be able to exhume and revive those Troys....

“Thinking, meditating, imagining,” he also wrote me, “are not anomalous acts—they are the normal respiration of the intelligence. To glorify the occasional exercise of that function, to treasure beyond price ancient and foreign thoughts, to recall with incredulous awe what some *doctor universalis* thought, is to confess our own languor, or our own barbarie. Every man should be capable of all ideas, and I believe that in the future he shall be.”

---

3. I recall his square-ruled notebooks, his black crossings-out, his peculiar typegraphical symbols, and his insect-like handwriting. In the evening, he liked to go out for walks on the outskirts of Nîmes; he would often carry along a notebook and make a cheery bonfire.

Menard has (perhaps unwittingly) enriched the slow and rudimentary art of reading by means of a new technique—the technique of deliberate anachronism and fallacious attribution. That technique, requiring infinite patience and concentration, encourages us to read the *Odyssey* as though it came after the *Aeneid*, to read Mme. Henri Bachelier's *Le jardin du Centaure* as though it were written by Mme. Henri Bachelier. This technique fills the calmest books with adventure. Attributing the *Imitatio Christi* to Louis Ferdinand Céline or James Joyce—is that not sufficient renovation of those faint spiritual admonitions?

Nîmes, 1939





*Princeton University*

# Sinfonia

Ruth Ochs and Lou Chen '19, conductors

*Shruthi*

**Rajasekar '18**

Polite Society  
*world premiere*

*Claude*

**Debussy**

Première Rhapsodie  
*Audrey Shi '20, clarinet*

*Antonín*

**Dvořák**

Romance for Violin and Orchestra  
*Noah Beattie-Moss '19, violin*

*Cécile*

**Chaminade**

Concertino for Flute and Orchestra  
*Monica Wei '17, flute*

*Jean*

**Sibelius**

Symphony No. 2 in D Major

And a special performance by the

**Sinfonia Flute Choir**

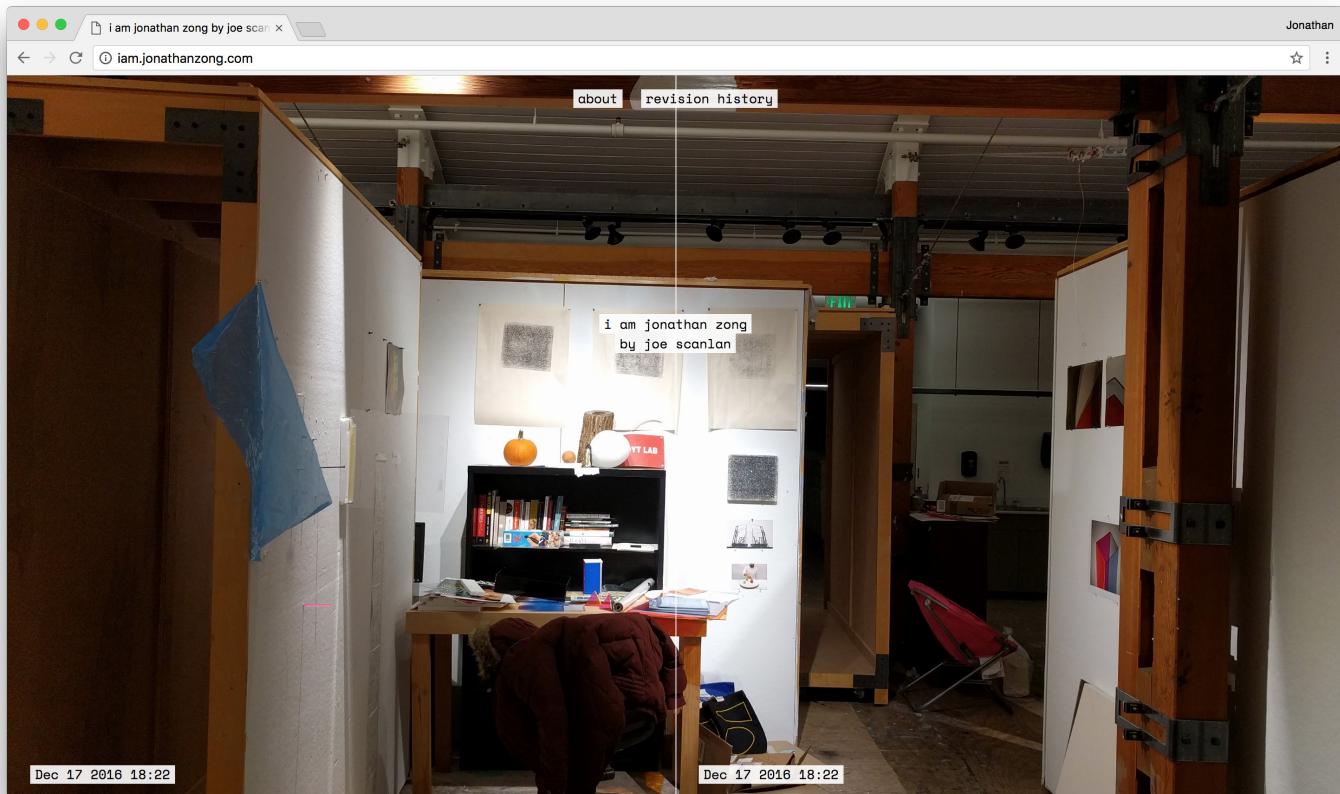
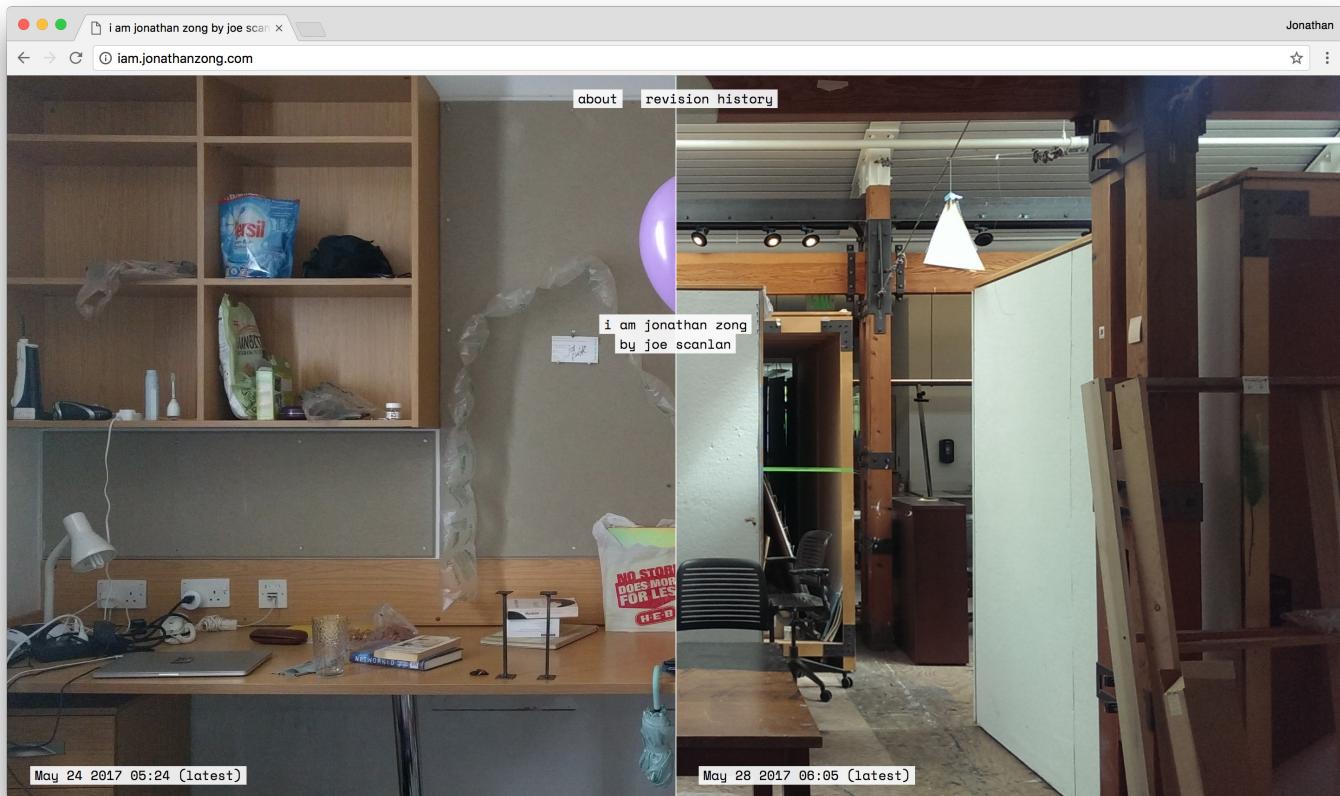
Jayn Rosenfeld, director

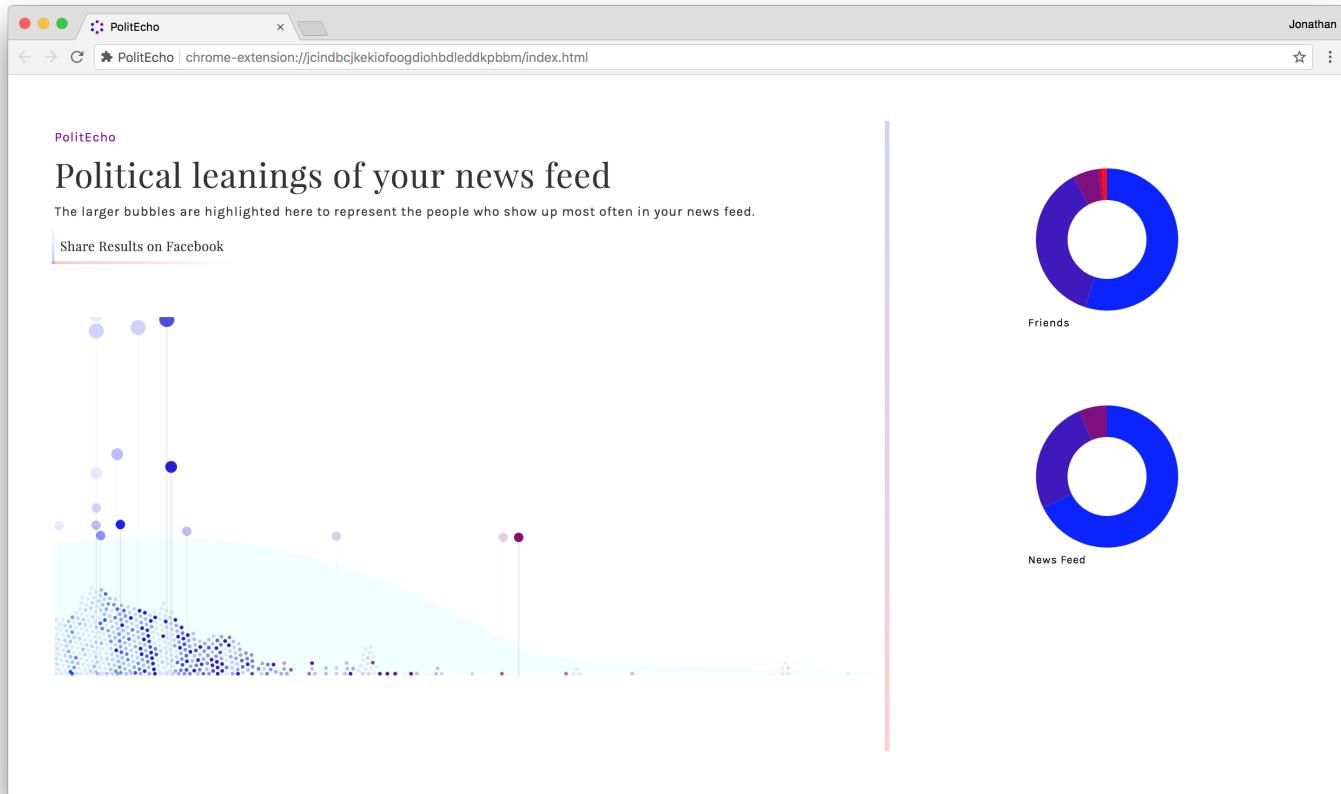


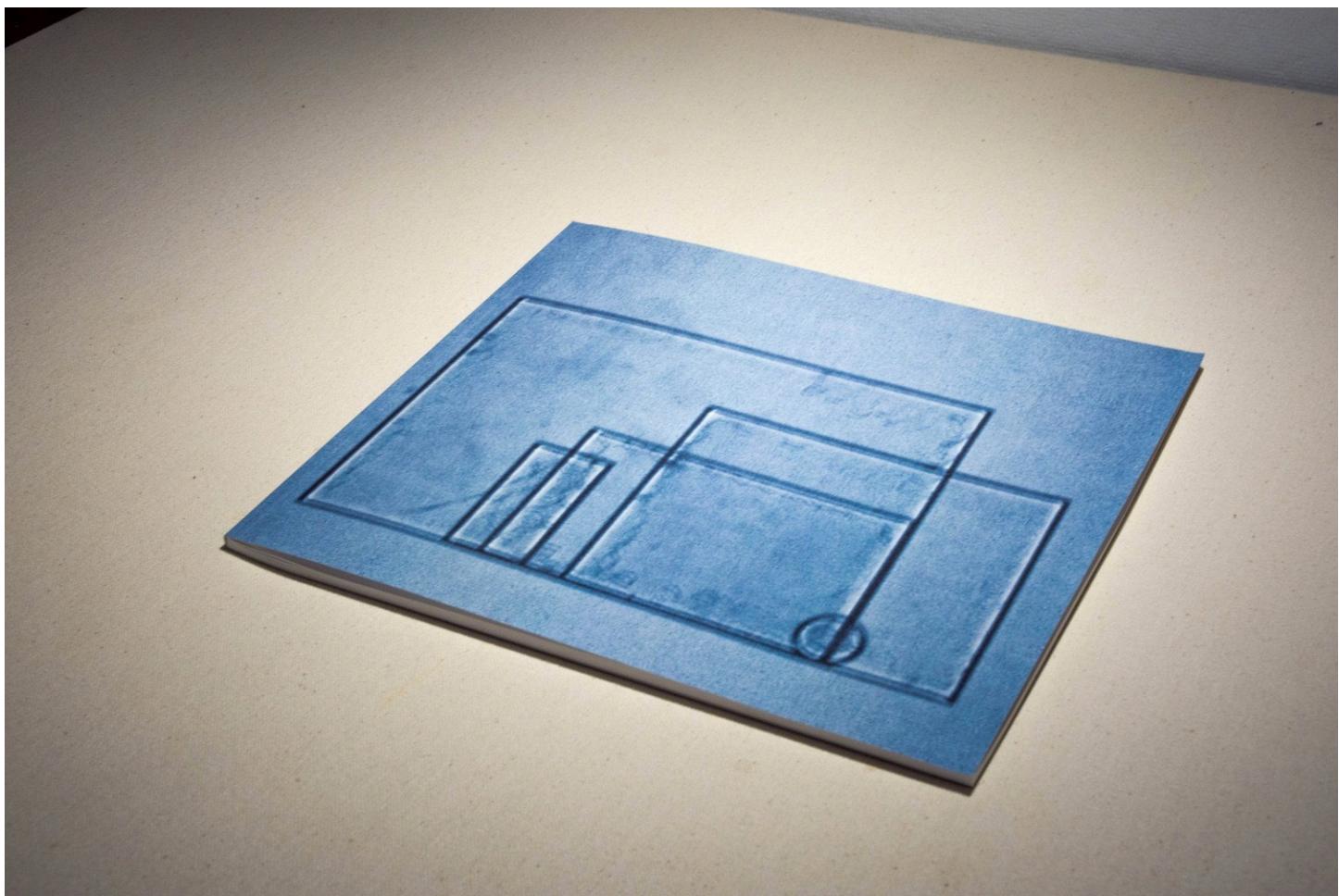
5.10.2017 at 7:30 pm  
Richardson Auditorium

\$10 general admission  
\$5 students and seniors  
[tickets.princeton.edu](http://tickets.princeton.edu)  
609-258-9220

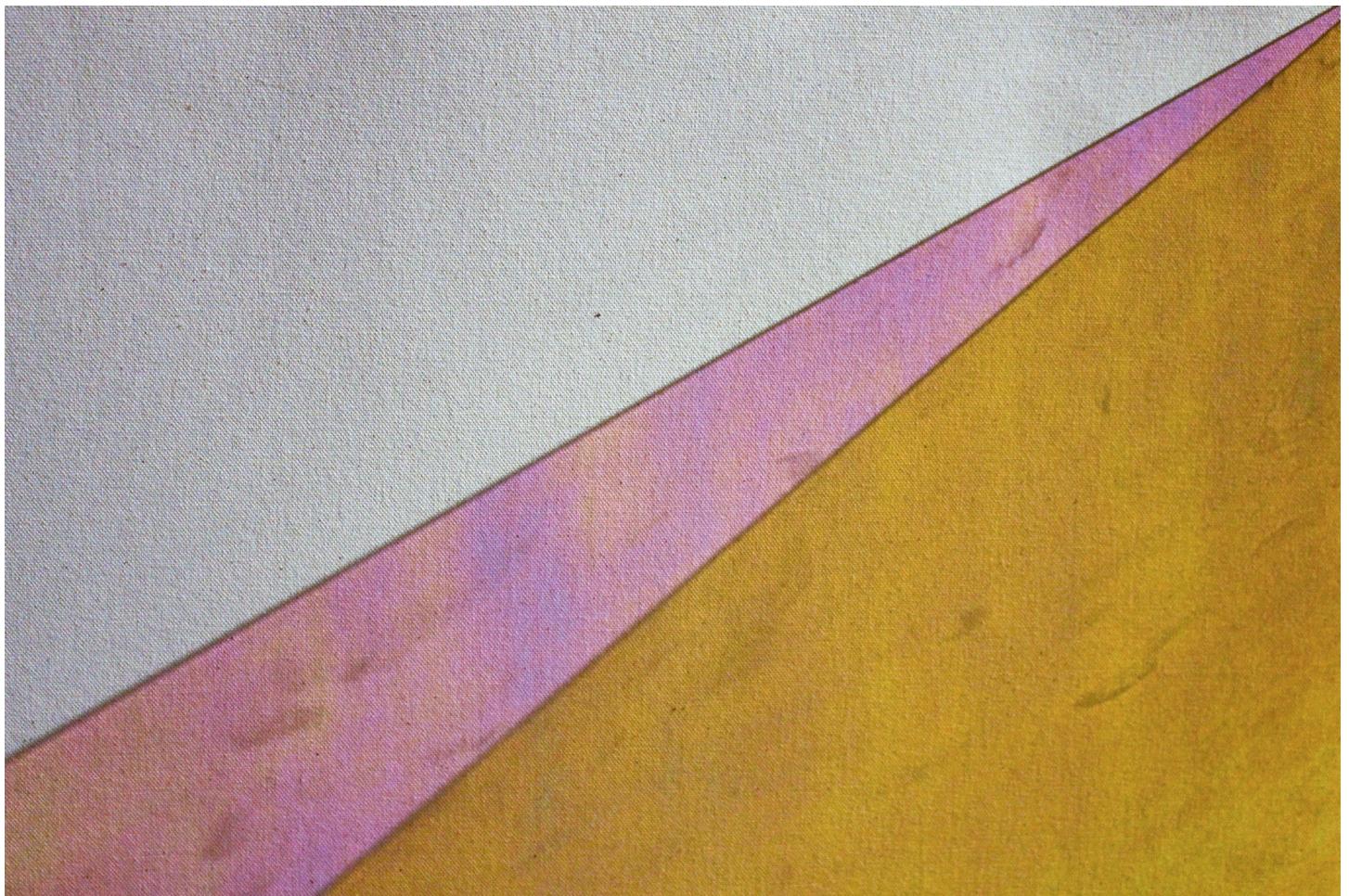
DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**  
AT PRINCETON











2015 – 2016



**Princeton University Sinfonia**  
Ruth Ochs | Conductor

**Friday, May 6 at 7:30pm**  
**Richardson Auditorium**

**\$10 general admission**  
**\$5 students and seniors**

**SIBELIUS**

Finlandia

**GLAZUNOV**

Violin Concerto in A Minor

First Movement

*Fangying Shi '16, violin*

**BARBER**

Violin Concerto

First Movement

*Elijah Ash '19, violin*

**JACOB SHULMAN '16**

By Induction for the People

*World Premiere*

**DVORAK**

Symphony No. 8 in G Major

And a special performance by  
**SINFONIA FLUTE CHOIR**

DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**  
AT PRINCETON

# **SENIOR RECITAL** BY **ALYSON BEVERIDGE**

**BARBER** KNOXVILLE: SUMMER 1915

**BACH** CANTATA 199 "MEIN HERZE SCHWIMMT IM BLUT"

**BOCK** SELECTIONS FROM MUSICALS BY JERRY BOCK

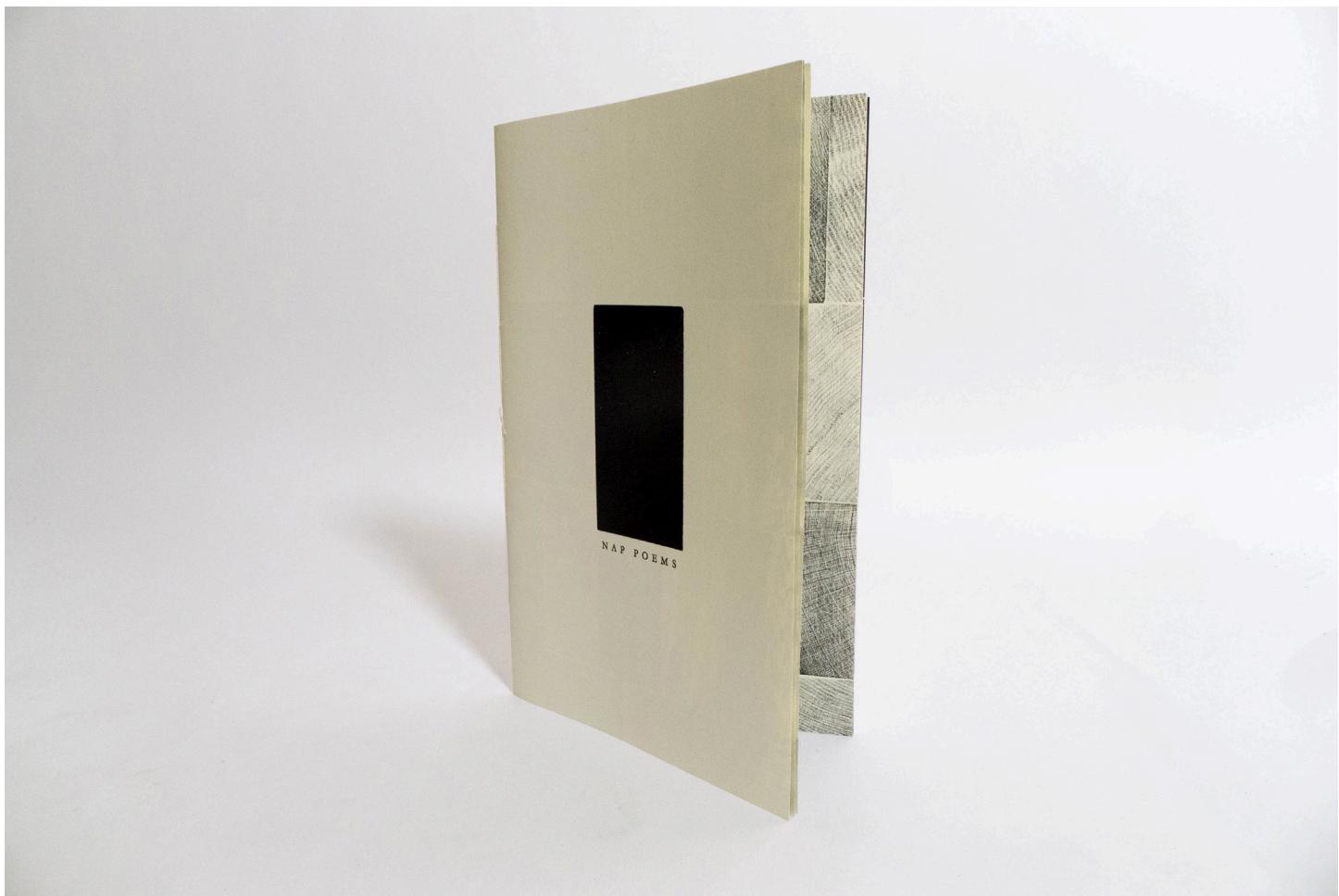
**WEILL** EXCERPTS FROM DIE SIEBEN TODSÜNDEN

**MASSENET** "IL EST DOUX, IL EST BON"

**SUNDAY APRIL 3, 2016 AT 7:30PM**

**TAPLIN AUDITORIUM, FINE HALL**



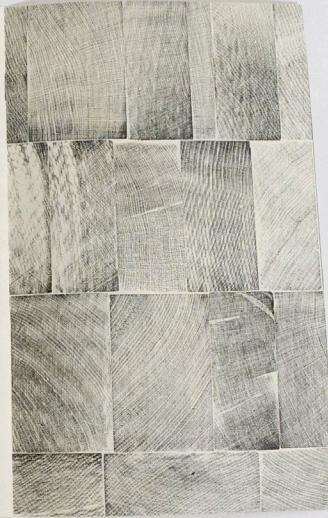


NAPTIME FOR BUTTERFLIES

Out of focus icing  
on a cake no one can see or eat  
a Princess cake or  
a Strawberry Window cake  
Sunlight paddles across the lawn  
One tree is green  
One tree is completely covered

I want you to wake up before  
you wake up  
I was born and then you were born  
and then I was born  
Static electricity holds the sheets together  
holds our hands  
And what was the first thing that you said?

— MICHAEL DICKMAN



## ANNUAL CLAMBAKE

\$1.00 per book

15. Called his girl friend Tapioca because she  
*I can't send you much I'm sorry to say,*

1. Spent 4 days in Sears looking for wheels  
*To be a source of courage*

charming blonde who possessed all the social graces.

*Just to show my intentions are good;*

24. Tried to beat a train to a railroad crossing  
Bonded ELECTROLUX Representative  
*Don't remember clouds at all.*

JOHNSON - PRINTER

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FALL RIVER, MASS.

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FALL RIVER, MASS.

FALL RIVER 674-2233

### OCTOBER

out shooting crap and she didn't know  
him a brilliant smile. Encouraged, he went a little  
*Someone to be true to us,*  
he stripped his gears.

### PRIZES TO BE GIVEN AWAY

### NOVEMBER

It happened at a diplomatic dinner in London. A  
*He knew that we all need someone*  
Very soon his hand  
further until he reached her calf.

### TO BE GIVEN AWAY

During the course of the dinner, he put his hand  
under the bed.

### SONNY BOY BREAD

*But I'd send the world if I could.*

YOU can keep your head when all about you





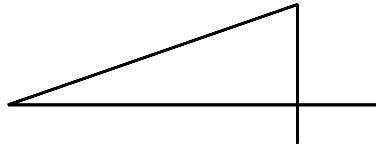
Thursday  
December 17, 2015  
7:30pm  
  
Richardson Auditorium  
\$10 General Admission  
\$5 Seniors and Students

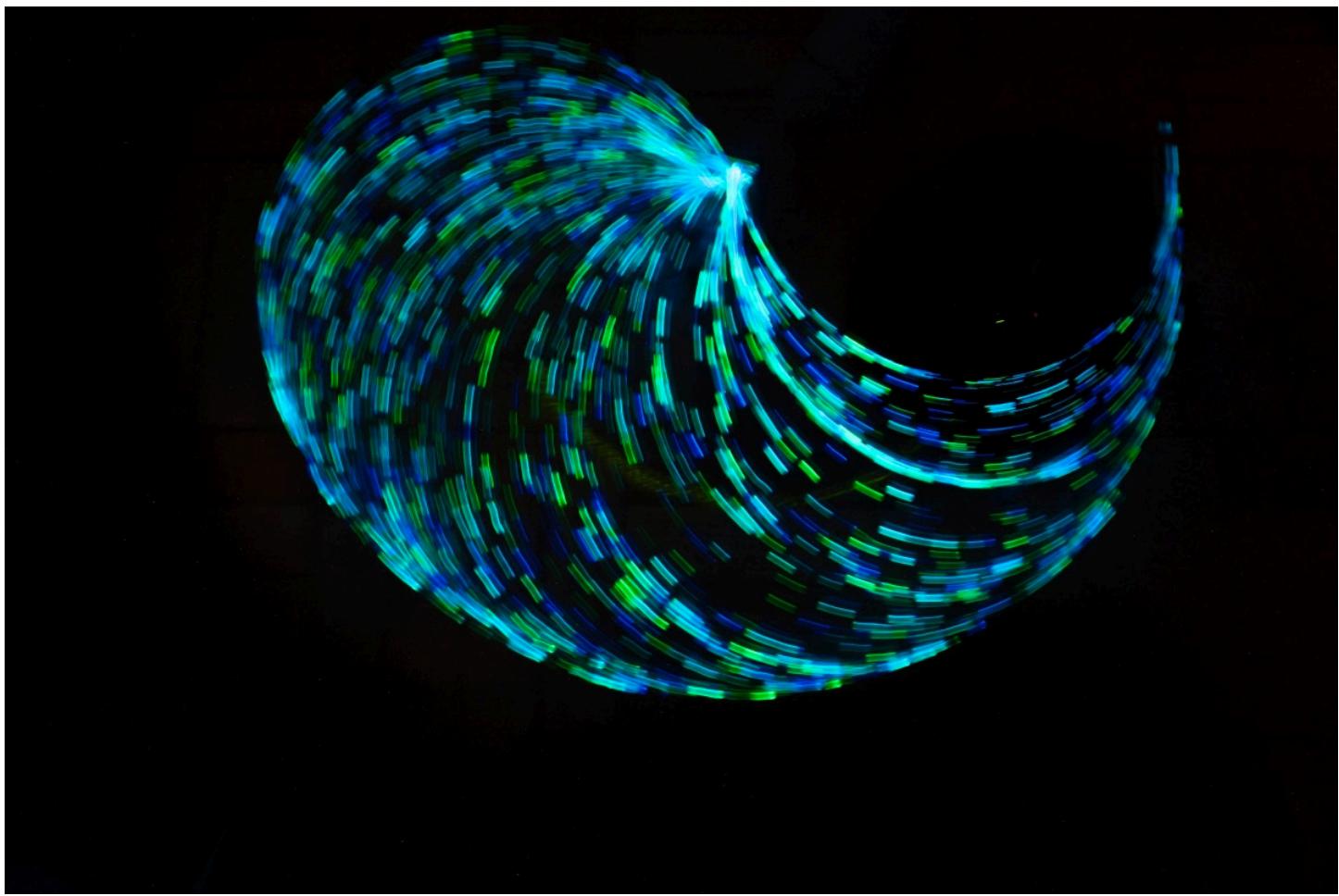
**HUMPERDINCK** Hansel and Gretel Overture  
**ELLIOT CHANG '16** Serenade Amoresque  
**HOLST** "Jupiter" from *The Planets*  
**BORODIN** Symphony No. 2 in B Minor  
And a special performance by the  
**SINFONIA FLUTE CHOIR**  
Jayn Rosenfeld, Director

DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**  
AT PRINCETON

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY  
**SINFONIA**  
RUTH OCHS Conductor



201  — 2015



Proposed Punctuation

A TrueType implementation of proposed, non-canonical punctuation marks from Hervé Bazin's 1966 essay *Plumons l'Oiseau*. Glyphs reside at Unicode block [suggested](#) by Myktya Yevstifeyev and Karl Pentzlin.

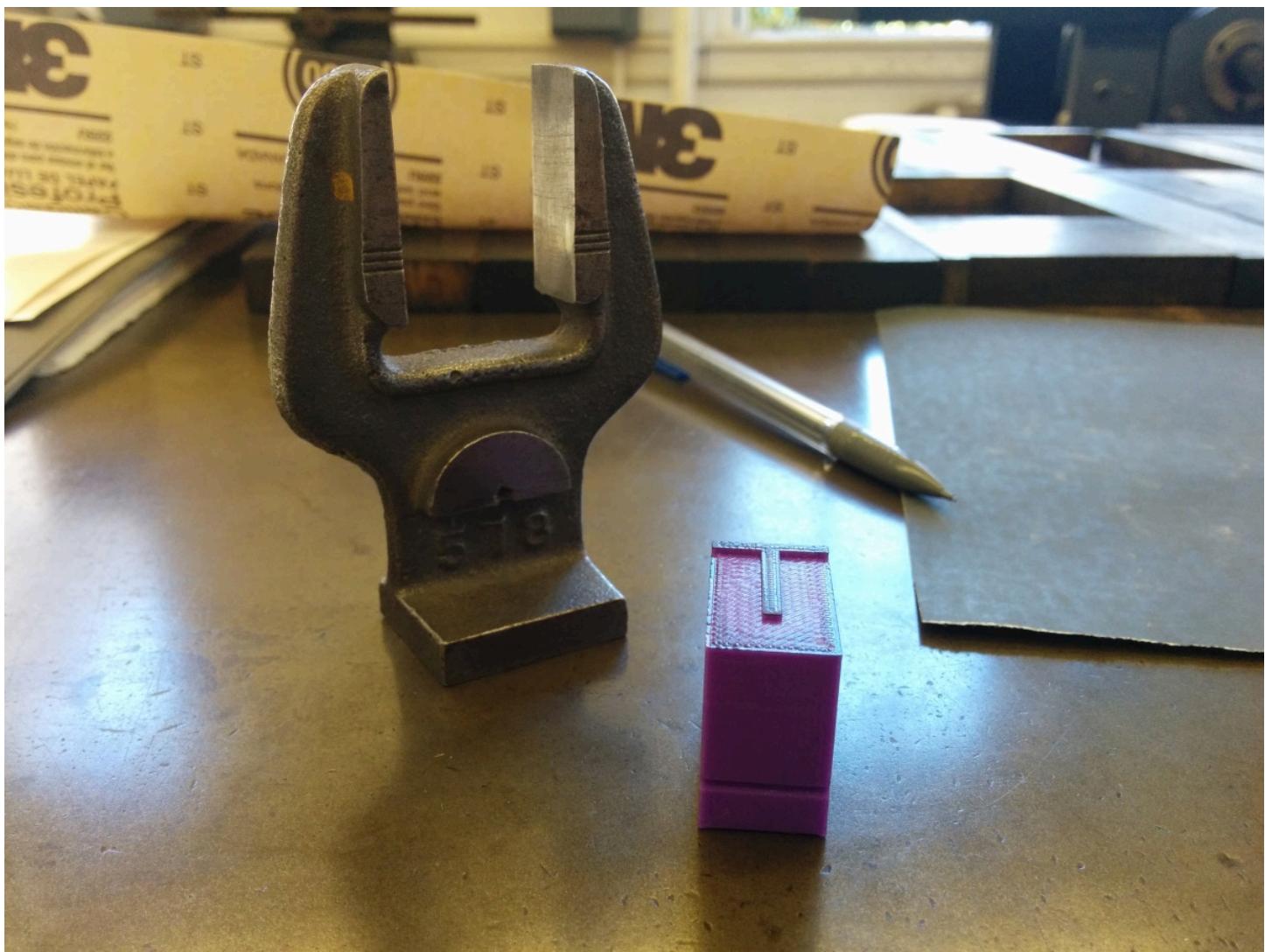
♡	Love Point — U+2E43
	Point d'amour
†	Certitude Point — U+2E44
	Point de certitude
‡	Authority Point — U+2E45
	Point d'autorité
₩	Irony Point — U+2E46
	Point d'ironie
₩	Acclamation Point — U+2E47
	Point d'acclamation
₩	Doubt Point — U+2E48
	Point de doute

## Usage

Download the Bazin TrueType font file [here](#).

Define a CSS font-face with the TrueType file

```
@font-face {
```



# sinfonia

princeton university

Ruth Ochs, conductor

8 may 2015

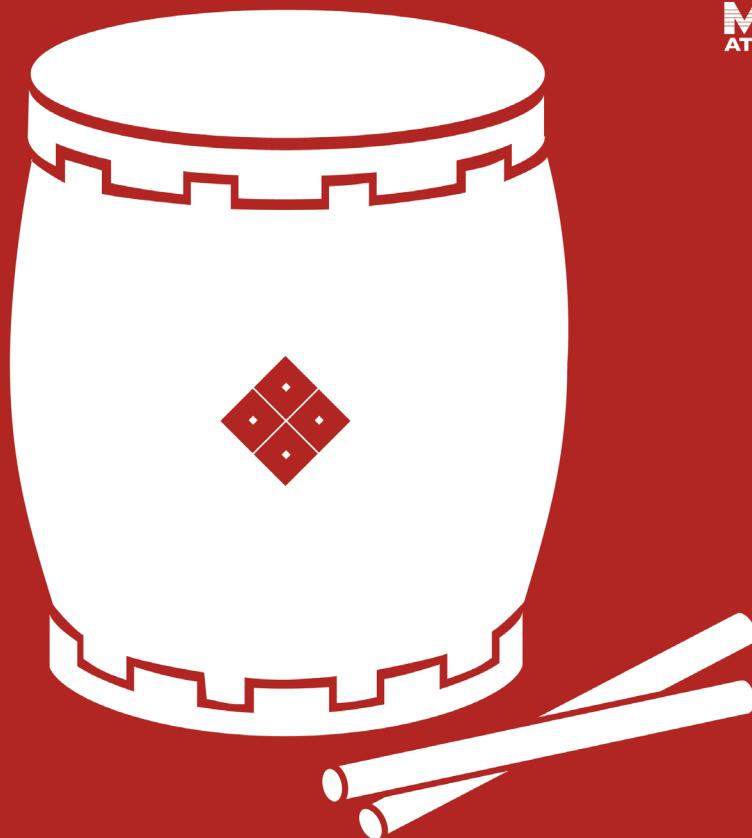
7:30 pm

richardson auditorium

\$5 student & senior

\$10 general admission

DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**  
AT PRINCETON



**Toccata and Fugue in D Minor**  
Bach/Stokowski

**Cello Concerto in D Major**  
**I. Allegro Moderato**

Haydn

**Concerto for Double Bass**  
**I. Allegro Moderato**  
Capuzzi

**Fire-Hunt for Taiko and Orchestra**  
***World Premiere***

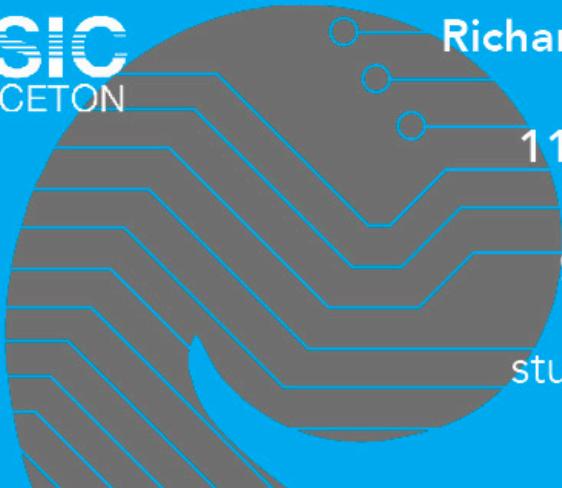
Reeves '16

**Symphony No. 8**  
Beethoven



*Good Afternoon!*

**MUSIC**  
AT PRINCETON



Richardson Auditorium

Thursday

11 December 2014

7:30p

general admission

\$10

students and seniors

\$5

# Princeton University **Sinfonia**

Ruth Ochs · Conductor

Vyšehrad · Smetana

**Piano Concerto No. 2** · Rachmaninoff

Nathan Wei '17 · Piano

**Displaced** · Michael Mulshine '16

World Premiere

with PLOrk · Jeffrey Snyder · Director

**Capriccio Espagnol** · Rimsky-Korsakov