

Exile of the word / III

Exiled, the word lost its vehicular capacity of getting the direct point across.

Words, *devarim*, initially capable of expressing the *davar*— or thing-in-itself- were relegated to the secondary role of description. Postlapsarian language, once the solitary mode of coherent interaction, fell beneath the flux of misunderstanding.

With this collapsing of linguistic connectivity, human history embarked on the long, exilic road of misapprehension. *People talking without speaking, people hearing without listening...* Mis/heard, mis/spoken, mis/taken, words became signs, signs pointing to other signs, words moving towards better, clearer words. The perpetual search for the perfect word, the description to end all descriptions, re/presents the trace, the residue of *devarim* long absent from the scene.

A gaping hole separating spoken intent and interpretive assumption was opened.

Within the deconstruction of the word, the *devarim* were opened up. In the chaos of broken houses, *battim*, the rebuilders found stones, *avanim*. With the shattering of the word, we meet the letters. Within the letters themselves, devoid of semblance and order, we find the opening towards redemptive language.

To be continued...