

**PERSUASIONS OF THE WILD  
WRITING THE MOMENT  
A PHENOMENOLOGY**

by

Jana Milloy  
Bachelor of Fine Arts, Simon Fraser University, 1994  
Master of Arts, Simon Fraser University, 2004

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# APPROVAL

Name: Jana Milloy

Degree: Doctor of Philosophy

Title of Research Project: Persuasions of the Wild Writing the Moment  
A Phenomenology

Examining Committee:

Chair: Lynn Fels, Assistant Professor

---

Stephen Smith, Associate Professor  
Senior Supervisor

---

Celeste Snowber, Associate Professor

---

Charles Bingham, Assistant Professor

---

Dr. Stuart Richmond, Professor, Faculty of Education  
Internal/External Examiner

---

Dr. Carl Leggo, Professor, Faculty of Education, UBC  
External Examiner

Date: September 27, 2007



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# abstract

The phenomenological inquiry into a real experience is often rhetorical, discursive, reflective. Much of phenomenological discussion attempts to describe or represent lived experience, undertakes to capture it, record the event of it.

This thesis presents a methodological practice of reflexivity and considers writing not only a tool of research, but writing *as research*, a kinesthetic survey of the phenomenological underpinnings of a qualitative inquiry into a live self-authoring experience

Rather than describing the process of writing it seeks to catch the moment of it in its duration, a vital contact with the instant of articulation of a corporeal discourse, whereby the process catches the writer at a threshold folding over to the non-symbolic relationship of the body and language, a proprioceptively oriented, phenomenologically situated event of self-authoring as well as experience of a variety of temporal rhythms and the dynamic reciprocity whereby the self is organized around a text that comes from the body in a pre-reflective moment.

In this text, the ontological positioning of the self is dispersed, experienced, absorbed and motivated by the intra/inter subjective relationship between the self and language. The movements that reside in the subtle bodily, fleshy, visceral shifts in writing proprioceptively are interrogated as the first motivators, the primary motile gestures that activate subsequent intra/inter subjectivity. Primarily about a relationship to language, this thesis attempts to generate text proprioceptively, it seeks the moment of writing that yields to bodily imperatives, that holds the

sensuousness of the lived moment at the threshold of duration. It is an exploration of philosophical expressive aesthetics that comes from the moment of somatic intuitive kinesthetic impulse that reflects both visceral carnality of the moment of knowing as well as an intellectual decision, a matter of bodily knowing and intellectual aesthetics. Here the relationality to words spans both the carnal and intellectual. Written from the body and its experience lived in the moment of the writing infuses the master narrative of the traditional academic genre and provides space for renewed questioning, opening up the structure of the text to other possibilities of knowing.

**Keywords: phenomenology, writing, research, proprioceptive, temporal**

**Subject Terms: corporeal discourse, phenomenological inquiry, proprioceptively oriented reflexivity**

*To my greatest muse and my greatest distraction,*

*in loving.*

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As time approaches, passes through me and takes all my bits and pieces, shifted, into the future with devastating urgency, I know I am following a natural progression, a transformation across a finely delineated, trembling threshold. That I am able to open up this fully to the knowledge of the body and transpolinate it with philosophy, would not have been possible without the support and understanding of Dr. Stephen Smith who supervised and held my thresholds with respect and trust, and continues to inspire me throughout our ongoing collaborations. I am forever indebted to you, Stephen, for making me understand and practice philosophy with a balance of corporeal and academic integrity. I would like to express a deep gratitude to Dr. Celeste Snowber for her careful attention and sensitivity to my work, her creative and boundaryless support and feedback. Thank you, Celeste, for your friendship and complex energy that revived on so many occasions. Many thanks to Dr. Charles Bingham, who's feedback helped to focus me, especially with respect to the theoretical nuances of my work.

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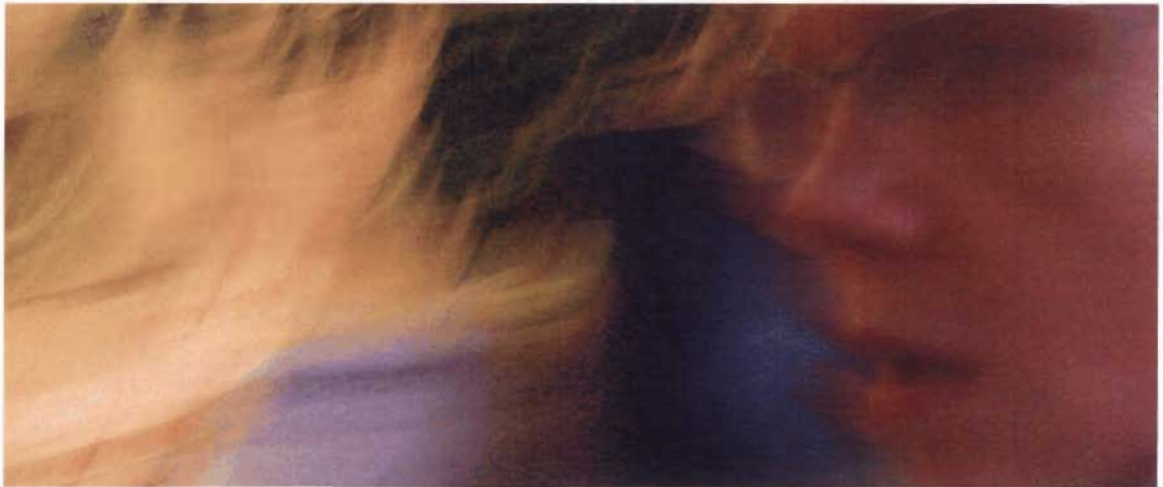


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# persuasions of the wild

writing the moment, a phenomenology





## prologue

## overture

Suppose this. Wind playing a tune upon my tongue.

I am in full armor, all the time. Guarded by a shield of solitude. And if I let down the usual framing of the expected, the comfort of routine, the boundary I delineate intensely, with grace? If I lower the shield of this remorseless solitude and open my mouth, taste the inexplicable spice?

I hear the wind playing a tune upon my tongue.

I have language inside me. A quiet tongue. What I don't know that I know comes to me. A kiss, suddenly given.

What speaks then?

The whirrings, drama and largess of the world. The tongueless voice that speaks for me, this text, speaks through me. Speaks me. A shaft of ululation, deep within the space of my lungs, my chest, my throat, my mouth. The brittleness of bones fills with sound and the moment grabs and pulls me in equivocal rhythm, synchronizes our heart beats, the blood flow of time. And my hand, calligraphy bound, surrenders.

Surrendering to a moment in language has its risks. Words carry layers of meaning, loaded with cultural, political nuances, values and determinants, and can be interpreted by another differently as language swells the moment. The connections between words and the surrounding cultural capital invested in power trajectories of communication under pre-scribed, pre-determined, pre-designed rules, contained, pluralize meanings, incarcerate. We hold back in language. We hold back, stay within the plotline, the lines rigid and imprisoning.

I am framed by the unspoken.

Silence speaks the unspeakable. It lingers, a threshold space, a moment of aloneness, a touch held in abeyance. It is a moment when I don't know what to say, how to say what cannot be said. Yet silence is not an absence of language. It is saying in the interstices, in between articulation. Silence articulates, bends time around the text, when language is held at a threshold, for a moment. What I don't want to say, but I mean to express without words, a word silent, fills the moment with many things, nakedly. Silence resonates the unspeakable, the lush swelling, dis-comfort of unknowing, yet knowing what it means when something is not un-said, said in silence.

Violet feels this way, she, my foil (viola), *voilà*:

## violet's plotline

*Violet, she is always with me. She is my alter ego, the text of her plotline firmly meshed with mine, separated by a whisper. The space we occupy, boundaries of stories, of narratives, this is Violet's plotline. There are identity issues, and romance, too. Say, a narrative inquiry into the wild of in-between.*

*A line around the plot, an enclosure, fenced-off by barbed wire that cuts when she tries to leave. The main character is a man that never shows up. And the girl (her name might be Violet, but I am not sure), she hesitates, nuanced in stillness, at the periphery, close to the lines that plot out the piece of land she stands on, a small arid patch with dust swirling at each of her breaths, the breaths of her desire that tapers fiercely at the top of her shape, where her fingers meet the sky, at the edge where their lips meet. She stands with her eyes closed and endures the endless kiss of the sky. Her hands are helpless, not touching anything.*

*Until the rains come, and the earth.*

*Wherever she goes, Violet takes her plot with, with her body, in her pocket. She tries to imagine a bigger life, but not today. Today is the day for spaces to say small, for time to flow imperceptibly, without a rhythm, in a dull stream of quotidian incidentals.*

*Like this minute, one needs to open a small door and greet. Greet people. Neighbours, in a pleasant way. They are bedraggled, some of them with chunks of earth weighing the lines of their plot, an unbearable stretch.*

*The man next to me chuckles at something she said. A hearty chuckle of an ageing man. His beauty is undeniable, his plotline so obviously wide open,*



*fences lying down, overgrown. I doubt he even remembers the time of fences around his plot. His lines are merging to his will, he lives his future, his present as he wishes, as he writes.*

*Violet observes him, slowly, with a tinge of envy. Her lines are rigid, small space, big enough only for a cemetery plot. This day I will change one of my lines, she plots. I will say yes where I say no, and I will say no where everyone expects a yes.*

*I will leave Violet with her dilemma. For now. Because in the end she will inevitably plot herself into a different shape, other lines, she will undoubtedly ruin whatever landscape the opportunity brings. Violet is too purple to be free. Without air. It is her breathing, it is too shallow. I will leave her to bundle up whatever she can of her life. Violet, you are too timid, I say. Violet, you love too much, but not enough of yourself. Violet next time I see you, you better have a different color.*

*What is Violet's plotline?*

*What is the plot?*

*Where is the line?*

*Where is the boundary of Violet's space?*

*Where is the boundary of writing, of experience?*

*If Violet picks up a pen and begins to write, can she re-write her plotline?*

*Her storyline, can she revive her narrative? Can I?*

*Small protuberances of Violet poke through the text. Maybe you can tell me if she is real. There, like a theatre hand, she holds the rope of the curtain. There, like a Mona Lisa, expectant. She seeps from the walls of my inner house, drips in moist exhalations, pushing me here, there...a muse and a dissention. An absolution written in Morse Code, my heartbeat.*

## silence

Like an abandoned sailor's fragile vessel, I fill fast with words, and I have to scoop the buckets of water faster and faster, to stay afloat, trying not to sink, the bottomless descent into a liquid lexicon, with no wind to carry me, no waves to caress my direction, no stars to lend me clarity, or moon to laugh at my stumbling steps. Slow enchantment, singing depths of resounding silence. Silent, I descend.

Silence is a space of giving, opening of possibility, potentiality. In silence while nothing is uttered, everything opens up to possibility. Silence is like a breeze, a draft, a filling of lungs with air, a momentary opening that on the surface seems empty.

It is an emptiness, a hollow swelling that fills, unbidden, un-framed, not framing, but filling. Silence is breathing, inhale, exhale, the movement that carries the words like the easterly wind, soft, barely audible, yet resonant.

Silence invites repose, but also curiosity. Silence means mute, which also means dumb, as if silence had no wisdom, as if without language there was no knowledge.

Almost in your future, this moment of desire for the hushed silence before words. I attempt a lavish poetic gesture without verbal significance, an upsurge of sound, an ambient becoming, tangible in inaudible suspension.

Hushed silence.

Who hushed it? And why? Was it too thunderous a dehiscence? Too unqualifiable a declension? If the silence was doing the hushing, was it a silence to begin with? If I am doing the hushing, am I silence? It hushed me, a robust, voluminous afterhaze. It resonates within me, all the words as yet unsaid, unwritten, hanging in mid air, in expectant silence. I am tasting them already, my tongue in your mouth.

And now, these words already in your past, a poetic justice of duration.

## time

I catch the moment as it is, as it happens in time. There is the larger context of historical influence, events, people, social paradigms and cultural milieus that shape and inform the self, the space. But time cannot be shaped, it takes me, embraces, time allows movement, the shaping. Events take shape within and around me, and I find myself at a crossroads, threshold each moment that merges the socio/political histories and the release into eternal duration of what is now. Just that. At the point of writing this, I might be a self that has been shaped by what is passing into history, but now it is no more, now is just born, fresh, all there is. I negotiate this crossroad, step out of the past, and give myself, taken by the moment that is just passing. But it is not possible to dwell, to catch time in its passing. A remembering, flashes

of moments that passed days, weeks ago, these fleeting moments intertwine with the lived moment now, and I am aware that time has passed, but when did it do it? Can I write its passing?

Motile exuberances of the moment push me here and there. Writing the moment pulls back the layers, maps the shape of the text, an impossibility that must be endured, in duration, like a lilt of a mist that remains in a wake of a liquid melody. Or a brushstroke that shifts the image in an instant of furtive decision, an invitation. The philosopher as an artist. This text shifts from one moment to the next in an impressionist montage, a narrative mosaic, in a movement from literal, analytical style to an impression, caption of a moment. Moment that illuminates the time, swells the space.

Hélène Cixous (1991) relates writer's desire and willingness to see, really see and taste one small detail, caught in a passing moment, to write the fugitive instance of engagement *just at the moment of the instant, in what unfurls it, I touch down then let myself slip into the depth of the instant itself* (Cixous, 1991, p. 104).

The moment stretches infinitely, thinning the blue down to a sliver of endless air, soft and lingering, with yellow and pink petticoats, blue and pink sheets of air, spreading softly over the roof of this evening, my house, the cradle of hidden evidence. Hidden evidence. Hidden not only in space

but also in time. I am furled in layers of time, unraveling from the  
evanescent magic carpet, impermanence a gift of a moment by moment  
Scheherazade. Time tells. In unhinged deliberations, transient brevities,  
*tempus fugit.*

## language

So let's say it is language I am talking to.

Spooning to my back, like a sweaty incubus, the skin of my desire scorched  
by invisible heat, wraps around in severed pieces, fills small cleavings,  
torched lines of containment. Whose legacy are you? Where were you  
before, was it un-real? You sprang from my bones and, at last, I feel  
accompanied. I bravely attempt an understanding, even if it eludes, finally.

Veils part in slow movement, my skin echoes the traces of this text, sudden  
rhythm, rogue sensations. The pressure dressing the little cuts, endlessly  
dripping, leaking morbid little droplets that trickle smoothly. Fecund,  
endless production, this pushing open, this deluge of moments coming  
fiercely, gifting words. Throughout, the hollow inside me fills, ripples with  
the plenitude, interstitial furrowing, time and time again. The shores inside  
me tumble out, filling the gorges, the scars of time.

Time the carver. I come to my shape in time, swirl the tongue of colors upon your busy face, sky's mooring, and in your eyes raven's black. I keep my secrets, slowly burning a hollow space. And I touch new faces, other hands, speckled time tingling through me. But there is none of it like what you give. The resonances and delicious tremors nuance by holding back, yet always moving toward, not fearing contact, only the most precious collision.



And our hearts untangle facing the world's gaze, our lips detach, the words  
unspoken.

Our vestiges fill with fire that burns through a path of unclaimed desires,  
uncharted tracings, unrehearsed gestures.

Edges are filling in, but shape is shifting.

And I connect, I am in vital contact with you in this writing. Boundaries blur between where I stop and my writing begins. You are not a surrogate, it is the contact itself that is vital. It is the contact itself that moves me, that fills me, that is real, even in your absence. It is my body-presence in this event of writing, whether it is the pleasure of trusting the contact of another's body, or the pain of its absence, it is all real, vital, sensual, sensing, vibrant living moment, passing time, time passing through my body. *Tempus fugit.*

I grow wings.

Eternity opens up before me, crystalline shimmer of surrender, birth so painful, I'm not sure I have a body. Yet I am alive, finally, this woman is born. Writing, my beautiful hand, calligraphic moment of my hands, beautiful text that open doors not only for me, but for you, as well. You see, I am not afraid of anything, not anymore. I am a child of this moment, of this movement of wet blue lines and everything between them, and around, outside of them, the flat lace of the text lifts from the page and unravels around me as I walk, as I feel, as I move.

You don't now what secrets I contain. But for the small inconsequential spilling. Maybe the things I edit out, lost words, unlikely phrases, maybe the beautiful things that don't fit anywhere else. Like Violet and her ribbon, shiny lavender, thinly unraveling from disheveled garments.

Caught in the pulse of the waves, nudge, the first caress, the momentum stimulated by the birth of velocity, lusty swell, an invitation, potent acceleration, swift quickening. Nudge from behind, swell underneath and rush that takes me forth – caress, embrace and kiss of the text. In lush billowing, force accumulates, inflates the space, mounting inescapably, inevitably, accelerating the heart beat and suffusing the moment's arbiters into con-firmed duration, abundance of duration and plenum of space, eros of the eternal moment. Rush, burst onto itself.

Future's faint glow writes itself one sentence at a time, each word a moment, luscious bestowing of future.

# chapter one



## pursuit of measure

The temporal process of unfolding generates emergence, a turn without a return, a rhythm that moves forward, in a circular motion, perhaps, in a kind of pulse, a swelling. This time, the time before my senses collide in overflow of trembling, something settles just beneath the soft tissue under my fingertips. Calibrated to saturation I stretch to the point of rupture

and burst into this time. Which can be articulated presumably only in a quiet voice, composed deep in my throat, resting between my lips. I feel the cavernous lungs exhaling, a wind playing the string of the universe, squeezing through pores, escaping from apertures, from empty space, nothing...gusts of breathing, timed to unmeasured perfection. Words hemorrhage from this hand, hand that does not stop.

The phenomenological inquiry into a real experience is often rhetorical, discursive, reflective. Much of phenomenological discussion attempts to describe or represent the lived experience, undertakes to capture it, record the event of it. Yes, I feel touched in this process, more now, I realize, then by anything else, or anyone else. I resist the suspicion that it is always only being articulated discursively, but not lived fully as an experience. I wonder about the mute point. Can I get there by abandoning logos? Can a text touch

the visceral movement, the true eros of flesh? Well, yes, but is it recordable?  
In language? Can language, words, defy logos?

A slave scribe to my undivided intention toward emergence, I push a word  
out of me, strongly, like a child too big for the birth canal. We transfer our  
fluids across pellicles of fleeting ingresses, linked up in alignment. How did I  
immerse in the event's ripening interval, how did the word gain access to  
me?

Can a text generated proprioceptively and modified upon reflection still  
yield to bodily imperatives? Can it hold the sensuousness of the lived  
moment at the threshold of duration? Can it describe the moment of no-  
longer and not-yet? Is there the possibility, in this momentary surrender, to  
write a text that renders a formative pedagogic pulse, an agogic accent of  
duration? Can such a text show a corporeality of plenitude before the  
moment is bound to the inventions of language?

When a self surrenders at the threshold of the lived moment of writing, from  
before a thought could incarcerate what is the body's own, at the threshold  
of proprioception, where words gather from flesh, a textual other emerges,  
disclosing the possibilities of the self re-assembling to the rhythm of the  
writing moment.



Separate senses privilege one over others in a specific sensory experience of order, while multimodal somatosensory experience of the lived moment, in a simplest form of cognition, in bare sensing without associated meanings, is not easily captured or categorized. There is a need for poetics and metaphor that catches the moment in its temporal flow and swelling of the sensuous modality that moves from the proprioceptive register. The emotional surrender happens in reflective modality. The surrender in the moment of writing event itself is carnal, intuitive.

## saying yes

Writing from the intuitive kinesthetic impulse generates a body of work/words that reflect the individual's expressive aesthetics as well as the saturation of memory/experience register and its aesthetic inclinations (ie. what is particularly pleasing or gives tumescent pleasure in the moment of surrender). Body knows what words to use, follows their contours and enters their physical substance to produce them in the flow of rhythmic pulsing emergence of lines, swimming on the page. Even editing happens intuitively, even though I am looking for, seeking a certain word, I wait for my body to give permission, to say YES, but at the same time as it is an intellectual decision, it is a matter of visceral carnality, bodily knowledge as well as intellectual aesthetics. Emotional reaction, relationality to words

spans both, the carnal and the intellectual. In fact, all three play a role, the emotional the weakest element. It is legitimized only upon re-reading, when released and surrendered completely I give myself over to it. Surrender to the textual other, at the point of re-reading. Not always aesthetics in terms of balance, harmony, permanence. The kinesthetic preferences in what is pleasurable and meaningful through movement and physicality or sensual preferences. Sometimes a dis-harmony, a dis-sonance in the movement of writing, i.e. not finishing lines, repeating words, a rhythm (or dis-sonance, a syncopation) emerges in the moment of writing.

The plot thickens.

This phenomenological inquiry countenances the possibility of inserting proprioceptive writing into the poetics of the academic genre. This unrehearsed quality, written from the body and its experience as it is lived, the process itself, can infuse the master narrative of traditional academic text, might provide space for renewed questioning, opening up the structure of the text to other possibilities of knowing. Proprioceptive writing invites immersion in the rhythms that flow between the theoretical text and poetic self-reflexivity, to taste the surrender, the breaking up and re-assembling of self that, albeit contained, remains merged with the world at large.

The immediacy, lived experience of narrative inquiry, what it brings to philosophy, the truth of the Real, cannot be found in calculating, analytical academic expository treatises, which pay more attention, or focus on, the formulaic structure and particular vocabulary that is established within the academic field of philosophy. To recognize the transience of duration requires letting go of this apprehension of consciously looking toward the next moment, pre-conceiving, infantilizing the future before it has a chance to unfold in the time's ravenous summoning.

## skin

What lies beneath the skin cannot be fully experienced by 'looking at' skin peeling from torso, from flesh. I don't know if language has an advantage here, if it can come closer to the experience, if the experience can be expressed fully in words. I ponder the 'visual' of language when written. Perhaps because it contrasts an arbitrary sign, that re-presents something in a way that the body, the reader translates into something that is similar (but not the same, not a simulacrum) it attends more closely to the experience of what is described, it evokes, it summons, it translates from the arbitrary to the real. It is in the translation, in the desire to reveal, in the revealing that the text can evoke the touching of skin. But skin, (skin that is paper thin, in writing) is the conduit, a translator. There is a sense of touching, and

penetrating, of ridding of skin, an impulse to reveal the naked self, which in trying to convey its is-ness, is shedding and running out of pieces of garments to discard, when the last vestige of opaqueness must be shredded, taken off.

Writing proprioceptively across multisensual modalities is an event that resides precisely in action, one that is expressive and transformative for the self, and is, as part of the curriculum, pedagogically relevant, an event of autobiographical potential of articulating concerns with the dominant scripture of master discourse and how it can be made corpo-real, or made sense of as a bodied event, through poetic language. Writing is a form of autobiography, a self-fashioning, a process of identification. Entering the house of language in pre-reflection, crossing the threshold to the non-symbolic relationship of body and language, in the fissure, in-between, the postmodern social/moral/patriarchal paradigm is disrupted in a proprioceptively oriented, phenomenologically situated event. But this writing comes even before we write.

How many more layers does the self attempt to dispose of in order to reveal the un-said? Must it scrape all the muscle, tissue, eviscerate the softest contents, down to the bare bones, then what, let the bones even crumble into dust until what calls to be revealed is reduced to a last burst of wind of dust and chunks of bones falling? The surrender is the moment of trusting

that one can reveal, even beyond skin, beyond what is visible, what is predictable, what is human, what animal.

I persuade the wild.

And I am taken, I surrender, yet I retain the anticipation, the openness to what comes, time's unsparing bounty that swells the ground under me just when I expect nothing. Recognize, take the moment, rather than follow a prescribed linear path that elides, closes off from temporal swells that open up, sometimes briefly, only to slip away forever.

That is not to say that writing an analytical philosophical piece is not an experience, but often it is an experience of closing. Closing doors, shutting windows, saying no to the body, hindering, containing. Not spilling, not surrendering. Such an experience suffers from predictability while striving to say some new truth, always according to formula, always in reference to someone who said a word/idea before. Coining a word, or a philosophical phrase, even if the idea has been discussed and analyzed to articulate truth in such a way that it becomes the "truth", that is experience. But there is something beyond that interests me, a truth that is not analyzable and which exists as carnal knowledge in each lived moment.

## allegoria

Western cultural approaches designate God creating a man in his image (Weber, 2005, p. 68) and measure each cultural difference or otherness against this theological image. In using this metaphor for production of text, specifically reflective, proprioceptively generated text, writing process evokes evolution rather than teleological design, a blind process severed from the primacy of gaze, yet not random, in the sense of evolution never looking to the future. In a vital move, in present tense, the present moment. Access, yielding, surrendering to one's own alterity is problematized by the dual character that is associated with the notion of translation, in a deferral to an original that is unchangeable. In history of translation and interpretation within the religious tradition of hermeneutics, meaning resides in the text, in the original that has a specific meaning, unchangeable. Yet translation of experience through sensual articulation, immersion and surrender, experiences and language that are shared among persons of different cultures are influenced by a variety of diverse and differentiated variables, reactions and susceptibilities to change, risk, the unknown, the uncertain. Destabilized, rendered unfamiliar, translation designates both "general process" (involving a change of place, and a "singular result" of that process. The idea of translation is related to an origin (Weber, 2005) but

experience in time (threshold and surrender) never returns to an original, it changes with each moment passing.

Body is a medium. An interval between two bodies is a kinesthetic moment of translation.

Flesh converges in contact between the self and the affects of the experience that take place in time and space. Not a fusion, it is akin to tonal synchronicity, an agogic movement, a temporal rhythm catching a beat. It stirs the surface tension of containment. Interspersed by moments of fusion, of merging, it is an instant of co-emergence.

## method

What is captured in evocative prose need not be categorized. Narrative inquiry takes many forms, and the process, experience of narrating is not an experience-near narrating as if experience itself was slightly off, not entirely there, disembodied. Any narrative, written or spoken, is an experience even if it reflects post mortem another event. Narrating is a lived event in itself, even if it is describing something that has already passed into history. In this moment of narrating it gets a new lease on life, it is a new metamorphosis of

an event that becomes a re-incarnation of a new moment caught in the passing of time, emergent modality of storyline that continues, lives.

Writing, as one of the activities that most of us can perform, is one such method that we take for granted as providing clarity in our daily communication. But writing, like any other mode of communication, is far more nebulous and open-ended. In expository, analytical writing, inquiry and translation abduct the lived experience of the research (back to the prescribed, everyone wants to do methodology, or say/write/describe something that could be positioned as methodological). Why is it more important than a living methodology of being-ness, is-ness of the moment of being engaged in research. And even in questioning the *raison d'être* for methodology I already feel abducted, pirated from contact. I feel it closing, a door closing.

All that I am and am not, what I say I am. That is why I am saying it, to self-author, because I am not that yet.

What shows itself in the autobiographical method of narrative inquiry, where the act of writing itself mingles with a variety of theoretical underpinnings? How do I measure and calculate the unknown quantities? How do I separate pleasure and pain? Pleasure of giving oneself, pain of



losing oneself. There is always loss in giving, yet there is so much pleasure in being taken, relished even, consumed.

This writing is what it says.

In writing phenomenologically, in the process of the subtle movements that go on beyond the gestural activity of moving the pen across the page or fingers poised over the keyboard, one attempts to modify one's way of being (Foucault, 1996). The experience of writing is a re-reading of self and originates at the sensual site of mimetic re-cognition and reciprocity that mirrors the text and the reader/writer across the skin. At the moment of reflection perception turns the abstract reality of the textual world into materiality embodied sensually. It is a project of phenomenological writing *to orient reader reflectively to that region of lived experience where the phenomenon dwells in recognizable form* (van Manen, 2002, p. 238).

## movement

The kinetic postures and gestures of engagement with a vital impetus originate in the flowing connection with the duration of the moment in space and time. It begins as a kind of swelling, slow, but urgent pulse of mounting energy. Somewhere at the core of the body, this kine-somatic

energy traverses spherically throughout a torso as a steady pulse that leads to a threshold where one surrenders to the moment just ahead, not yet, give into the expectant swelling over the unknown, one that is beginning to take, to receive this energy, this movement, whether it be a first step to a walk, a run, a dance, picking up a pen to write, or reaching out a hand to touch. It leads to the movement of hand, the pulse of the body enlivened by the urge, the ex-stasis of becoming, a flow, the time passing. The space carries the density of flesh in a porousness of the moment, the interchange between the body, the flesh, the comportment, posturality and intentionality to move, to simply move, to let itself be carried, taken, to be received by the movement itself. This primary intentionality is pre-reflective and is oriented to move, encourages the body to engage, it yields in a moment of lived encounter to deeper perceptual engagement. Time takes on another texture. It softens, slows, gives up the linearity of measurable flow, carries, caresses the body in swelled sphericity of the shapes of the movement. The duration itself a part of body and its movement. Both time and the body surrender the calculated intentionality to the impetus in being-ness, this-ness itself. Joy!

I trust the body to do what it needs to do, it does it, I do it, I am not separated, it is not an out of body experience, it is fully fleshed, self-choreographed, self-body authored moment. (I take space, time takes me.)

Embodied practices of phenomenological research as they pertain to, come out of, the moment of lived connection of kinesthetic flow, surrender at a threshold moment, braid and intertwine in the emergence of time and space in movements of air, nuances of sound, smells, textures, colors, dehisences, ingressions.

Yes, sometimes it means taking bigger “risks” (I can hear the dissent in the ranks of method seekers: ‘you can’t just do whatever without discriminating, pre-conditioning, planning ahead of time, without a lesson plan, without a destination, without a measurable result...), trusting something that is not consciously controlled, and yes, there are dangers (of running into a tree, tripping over a rock, misjudging speed in a turn...), but the degree of recovery in those moments is stronger if the body, fully attuned to the moment of time, space and performance, and engagement with its own activity as well as the world around, can react spontaneously with the built in mechanism for survival, the proprioception, as well as attend to the event of engagement with all the parts sensitized, released from the grip of conscious control.

But, of course, I am caught in a dilemma. As we describe how it is that we are sensitized kinesthetically to the moment of vital contact, as we put it consciously into pedagogical practice, as we approach each lived moment with prescribed, or at least pre-formulated analysis in mind, is the possibility

of surrendering to the lived, vital contact always already compromised? Is approaching philosophy and inquiry methodologically the same as setting up expectations that are impossible to fulfill, because the real moment is fresh, unpredictable, not yielding to exact, measurable result?

In writing from the somatic dimension of flesh and movement, a meaning emerges from *beneath a linguistic formulation* (Shusterman, 1997, p. 31). This emergence of the text from the nondiscursive, this wish to *transgress the limits of language* (p. 33), is problematized in writing by its discursiveness. Can writing, words, escape the enclosure of a language system? As Shusterman points out, *the appeal to nondiscursive given is mythical, because such experience can function as justification evidence only if it is rendered discursive* (p. 171). But even if we cannot fully escape the labyrinth of language, Shusterman suggests that *we can still use the body's nonlinguistic experiences to escape or explode some particular discursive yoke that oppresses or constrains our pursuit of the philosophical life of inquiry and self-enrichment* (p. 34). Such somatic philosophical inquiry, situated phenomenologically, offers the potential of becoming an enlivening, profound connective tissue of philosophical writing and practice. Writing in a meditative, proprioceptive way, the words that have been embedded in our flesh by language, surrender to flow and open the door to blending the somatic and discursive registers of experience.

## counterpoint

The practice of writing in the context of human science research, and situated in philosophizing about our experience in the world, is closely *fused to the research activity and reflection itself* (van Manen, 1990, p. 125). Yet, in most academic writing/philosophy, including van Manen's, within our community of academic practice of theorizing, we endow the explicative, prescriptive genre with primary value, while marginalizing poetic insertions that could situate any practice of inquiry within phenomenological research of lived experience. In terms of knowledge gained, emphasis in the sciences and education is on empirical, graspable cognition, on gaining 'certain' knowledge. What does *certain* mean, and what *knowledge*, what *kind* of knowledge are we striving for? There is a difference between knowledge as empirical, certain, textual, provable, logical and knowing as an on-going process of always discovering something more. Or in the words of Virginia Woolf: *To speak of knowledge is futile. All is experiment and adventure. We are forever mixing ourselves with unknown quantities* (Woolf, 2000, p. 66).

Writing proprioceptively, from the body and its immediate, lived experience, is not just *about* writing. It ruptures the realm of the descriptive, the explicative, letting the words be this *is-ness* of the process itself, of how

it feels when one writes, and how this pre-reflective modality can be a form of self-fashioning, a re-reading of self. The dynamic reciprocity where the self is organized by cognition that comes from the body in a pre-reflective moment, originates in *experiences that have not yet been 'worked over', that offer us all at once, pell-mell, both 'subject' and 'object'* (Merleau-Ponty, 1968, p. 130). This dynamic process of mimetic reciprocity and identification is more familiar to us if we think of conversation, of waking, conscious moments of encounter with the other. In the process of identification, the flow of conversation, the flow of exchange of a relational, vigorous, reciprocal throbbing, the trembling becomes intense, the boundary blurs with the awareness of the other's body, its movements, its gestures, its minute little flutterings under the skin, in surrender to the moment of its happening. Movements react to one another, from body to body. This surrender, this feeling of letting go, akin to flying, is what happens between two bodies (or more), or between a body and a thing (tree swaying in the wind, water coming in waves), when the relational trajectories throb so fast they blur the separation and one can surrender to being in the moment. This happens in lovemaking. The separation is emotionally and physically suspended. There is a fusion of space, time and the material flesh, fluid and air, a synthesis as well as emergence, explosion, diffusion. But it happens in other, more nuanced relational situations, in conversation, for instance, when the energy flows. Or while watching a

child do something as simple as put food in the mouth. And it happens in a relationship with a text, in writing or reading.

Is the language of philosophy, colonized by institutional strategies for a primacy of analytical and abstract theorizing, irrevocably significant for our efforts of writing/discussion? What is at stake? Legitimacy? Or philosophy?

We cling to reverence for dead philosophers that allows us to validate our writings. Our language has become prescriptive, medicated by certain expressions, styles and coinage. The intoxication of knowledge induced by these prescribed dosages, morsels of authority, can be a dangerous thing.

How shall I keep from overdosing, keep language alive – not in a linguistic sense of word structure and history, but in terms of how it makes me feel as I think it, speak it, write it, read it? Reflection of green grasses in the glass of the pond, ordinary perceptions, observations, point to, enter the historical flesh that is always changing, the thing-ness, the is-ness of any thing, hard, soft, flying, on fire, blistering, shivering.

If I am to take philosophy as a method for contemplating the meaning of human existence, then I must, with Rilke, *assume existence as broadly as [I] in any way can; everything, even the unheard-of, must be possible in it. That is at bottom the only courage that is demanded: to have courage for the most strange, the most singular, and the most inexplicable that we may encounter* (Rilke, as quoted in Cass, 1999). Rather than laboring on some

precise descriptive definition of phenomenology and an embodied self, I rely more intuitively on the messages from the body itself, movements in flesh and viscera, the “aha” moment, that is a kind of knowing.

## violet's plotline

*The tremendous ache of unreturned words that fail to keep her contained. Squinting light interrupts her reverie, patches of blue shouldering the soft clouds, in the immense sweep of slow motion the words suffuse her muted weariness that pushes her around the undersized plot. We both dance the little dance, never synchronizing. She pokes one of the lines with an index finger, to see if she could do it. The line quivers and settles back into its spot, unequivocally.*

*Violet, you'll have to be brave!*

*Untethered to any other, unbound from her plot, Violet, surprised at first at the weightlessness, walked. Walked. Her posture light but correct, assembled to loose orchestration of bits in movement, balanced, yet always on the verge, a threshold of new possibilities. She isn't a bit player, not to my text, not a starlet of anyone's dreams.*



*Her plot shifts in the slight quake of waking to the smell of the day. Hues of aquamarine and lavender, kissed pink and golden, glint of moisture, flash of teeth, sumptuous laughter. Violet distorts her plotline by the sheer force of the wanton, libertine will.*

*She is no shrinking Violet.*

## entering

In trying to set up a methodology, one is always being set up to repeatedly deaden language, routinize learning. Writing is not a method, it is one of the forms of phenomenological inquiry, inquiring phenomenology that I practice as I come forth, emerge in time. A phenomenological pupae, transforming within a cocoon, a casing, leaving space/silences between the lines for the reader to fill in, to assume an intelligence and carnal responsiveness in a reader, where most people over explain, bore me to death.

Instead, inaudible exhalations.

And I never knew what took me, only this one splendid moment, the trace of you inclined toward my inkling of where you touched me first. The length of me inserts at the point of absorption. I slant with intention, going somewhere along this line. The text starts at the centre, and breaks out into margins, turns onto itself, within my skin, along its own faultlines, a palimpsest of living inquiry (Milloy, 2004). My wings. Apocryphal, stolen by time's ruthless pursuit, this sustained eternity drips me away, honeylike, the pieces of me fall, unbidden and land along the edges marked lavender and violet.

## counterpoint

Attempting to write from the pre-reflective realm, I wish to explore the possibilities of language coming from the flesh. Merleau-Ponty (1968) articulates the region of ontological depth of embodiment by shifting his attention from the *body-subject* to *the ontological underpinning of body-self and the world: the flesh* (Carey, 2000, p. 31). The world for Merleau-Ponty is the *thickness of flesh between the seer and the thing and is constitutive from the thing of its visibility as for the seer of his corporeity; it is not an obstacle between them, it is their means of communication* (Merleau-Ponty, 1968, p. 135). The world in the sense of flesh that our bodies participate in is equally corporeal, its density, textures, smells, sounds, colors, penetrating exhalations, openings, closings, this world provides the ontological depth that is ambiguous, mysterious, mythical, dynamic and evolving.

Phenomenological inquiry is one of the methods that enables us to access this ontological depth of *flesh* of lived experience as the flesh in the *flesh-of-the-world*. This *incarnate subjectivity* (Merleau-Ponty, 1968) can be incorporated into reflection through pre-reflective writing.

There is a text before writing or speaking, a text before language, the moment when one sets pen to paper, or the fingers to the keyboard. It resides in the movements within, in the interstices between the tender tissues that coil around the spaces inside my body, between the diaphragm and the lungs, between the heart and the veins that feed it with blood, among the subtle stirrings of anticipated meaning. There is a space before the space we occupy in our consciousness. Steven Rosen (2004) addresses this space, a dimension, in his articulation of *apeiron*, an irrational force of nature, interpreted by early Greeks as *the unintelligible; the many; the moving; the ugly; the bad...the principle of disorder or disharmony* (Rosen, quoting Angeles, 2004, p. xiv). The multiplicity of the apeironic dimension was to be tamed, beginning with the Greeks, to allow for ascendancy of the autonomous individual (p. xiv). Yet there is a self before the self we wear in consciousness. This self, in surrendering to the moment, transgresses the confinement of cultural space, the space of reason and order, and taps into the wildness of nature, of *apeiron*. This pre-reflective self accommodates the ambiguity of this space and opens up the potentiality of knowing more vibrantly through the motile engagement of proprioceptive writing. It is a space where the autonomy of an individual arrives only from re-fashioning pre-reflective language.

The act of reflection precedes from that pre-personal, anonymous consciousness of the body or the movement within the flesh, what Merleau-Ponty (1962) terms incarnate subjectivity. An experience that can be reflected on, one we can remember, can recall with an interoceptive sense of what it felt like, means that in the dimension of surrender the body was fully participating. Writing proprioceptively raises awareness of the body/mind unity, the embodied self; it heightens sensitivity to the body's motility as a carnal imperative. Inserted into the matrix of phenomenological theory, supplementing it, infusing, with practices that illuminate, this writing practice sensitizes to interrelations and inevitable connectivity.

This writing, the purpose of which I cannot fulfill on anyone's schedule, least of all mine, is a labyrinthian effort, a blind trajectory, sensing a way to, around and out of a Gordian knot that cannot be cut. It has to be patiently unraveled by surrendering to its meandering fibers. The moment of writing has its own integrity, with its own unique duration. In the flesh of time. The moment is a distention of my swelling self.

I write a poem on my skin, wind-torn, as I try to escape all this, yet still  
remain contained.

And I think, this will never again occur to me, this is the moment, the only one, when I can say this, only this. Precisely.



I will live this moment in writing, which summons me toward this delight, this movement. In Merleau-Pontian flesh of the body and the flesh-of-the-world, I locate the inescapable carnality of experience, the experience of writing. In multiplicity of the vital moist core are a number of dimensions that cross thresholds and doors. Why should language be removed from the viscosity of experience? Let us allow the voluptuous senses to shift the perspective, if only for a moment, let *the great world we dissolve in taste of us* (Rilke, in Gass, 1999).

This writing is not an ideal situation, not an event of finding some subjective paradise of perfect individuation. The self is locked within a system, one that includes language, one that assigns language the ultimate power to define us in our humanity, a complex system of Bourdieu's (1991) *habitus* and Bakhtin's (1981) authoritative voice. Both the self and language are locked within this system, sleepwalking, dismissing the moment, restless, waiting for something bigger or at least safely outlined as truth, a guideline, a sign, a direction, a street, a road, a rule. But there can be moments, fissures, when one can, must, surrender to the way a being is showing itself from within, from beyond, even if it is, and especially when it is, difficult. A faint rustling of life whispers of touch, it shifts and stirs, and suddenly, language lays hands on me. The connection is as fleeting as it is powerful, a moment so

vigorous it makes the body whole for a fraction of time, a very small fraction. Smallest there is.

## agogy

There are many sensibilities and tangibles that motivate a poetics of the flesh. But amidst multilayered affects, dispositions and durations, there is the possibility of that synchronous moment when all the parts of the body, time and space, coalesce and mingle in a temporal approach and flow for an instant, in pure duration. Silent language, the tongueless ventriloquist of senses that softly distort the plotline of method. The poetic comes in the dark night of temperament, of sensing the threshold and surrendering, only to find myself at another threshold. I hover, suspended in mindlessness, weightless in slow motion, empty. I wait for a word to take me along, and it comes, fills me, and then I need another one. Sure, there are filler words, those that come easy, but the ones that bear the gift of carnal substance, those come unseen, like a nimbus passing over a furrowed brow, a slow swallowing of time, in the middle of the afternoon.

(How do I measure a middle of the afternoon? A strange syncopation, duration, accent after noon, the middle of the day. Afternoon is past this middle, but has a middle of its own, a middle of a half that is gaining proportion as it is halved in its own time).

These are my fictions. Somehow the dust I threaten to dissolve into is compressed by Earth's gravity and held together by the moist vitality of inexhaustible eros, trusting in the knowledge of the body, however cruel, knowing the vital force of refuge that the night brings, softly. A poetic crossover into philosophical theory requires a leap, a suspension of framing, something to do with courage to surrender to the chance, to recognize the beauty of each moment, of gestures, of sounds, of words floated to the surface. As a practice, a lived emergence of subjectivity into a continuum that is perhaps informed by theoretical notions, but flows out of (is situated in) the body's gestures, a carnal motility, a carnal imperative. In writing I'd like to take the lead from the process already underway, inside, underneath, where I am knotted up in the intensity of this gestation, of words not ready to emerge yet, but forming slowly, cell by cell, vertebrae by vertebrae, bone by bone, hair and eyelashes, little bodies, swelling under the skin.

In silences between, with eyes closed, the continuation of the text accents the lived moment, the moment that I choose to write in a manner of surrendering to duration. Stephen Smith attends to the tracings of taste and musicality in the *kinethics* (Smith&Lloyd, 2006, p. 13) of language, words and beyond in proposing the metaphor of a musical accent, the *agodic*. The agodic accent is the special stress given to a note by slightly increasing its duration, nuancing the tempo and rhythm changes as a result of phrasing,

allowing the passage to 'come alive' (Smith, 2006, p. 6). Catching the rhythm of the moment *we move in an animate world with animal consciousness, swinging, leaping, pouncing, twisting, turning, gliding, sliding, floating and dancing in concert with the motions of other creatures* (Smith, 2006b, p.2). Smith develops the notion of agogic within the phenomenological reflection that *seeks to catch motion sensitivity, virtually, vicariously, reciprocally...as an extension of the lived experience by sensitive touch, contact and direction* (Smith&Lloyd, 2006, p. 13).

My hand catches, suffuses with the rhythm of the moment of writing, in the threshold mode, a space generating an uncertain lived-ness, vital and fertile. More so probably, open to holding a space, holding of breath, or not so much holding as a subtle, flowing exhalation that always carries the possibility of descending for ever, into depth, layer-less, without another breath, another intake, more of the same, yet moving, moving into, swelling, de-cadent, adagio, a large-ness of a largo. There is movement in this threshold, just a different phrasing, different pulse, slower, until it swells beyond the holding point, a threshold within a threshold. Loosened, the bits of me move apart and join back together for a brief contact, then float asunder again.

## spin of light, delight

Tremendous heat generates when a moment opens up to swallow me whole. A tumid instant of the body flowing into desire, surrendering to the pulse, an instant of carnal plenum, a physicality that is more than a mind can bear. The body begins the process of evaporating into the space around, of dissolving and mingling with the other, if there happens to be one, such as this text.

It goes beyond simply an aesthetic expression, beyond perspective, beyond gaze. Suffused in carnal agony, when the gaze alone is not enough, with eyes closed, reason loses grip. The pleasure of the aesthetic shifts into another modality. (The memories we re-collect attest to the whole body experience, regardless of apparent contemporaneous reality.) Although the aesthetics and pleasure play important roles, they are the precipitators of threshold moments, they are the forebearers, the messengers of something that evolves from the desire to watch, to enjoy the sensual experience. This something unlayers the swelling, exposes the desire to “be” it, to fuse fully, not just with the movement, the moment, but be the moment, inevitable, inseparable. The body, words and experience of that lived moment, diffuse themselves into non-separatedness. They infuse with each other beyond recognition of monadic existence. Yet there is no unity in this, certainly not

one that can be formulated methodologically. Agogy holds with moments of this movement that constitute and emerge out of a diffused materiality, an overlapping between language and becoming language, a vital contact with the lived-ness itself, with the being-ness in my being, my forthcoming. Becoming language, becoming. Incoming, outgoing, entirely, for a moment.

Agogy is implicit in the threshold experience. The holding, the brief visitation in the space between, caught in the eternity of the moment, the flicker of time passing and nothing else (yet everything), this holding, desisting in slow motion of a threshold moment is accented by a lengthening of time, a stretching, widening, swelling. It is not always easy to surrender, and so the threshold becomes the holding space, a temporal deferral of the will to move, yet moving imperceptibly, a space of delayed action, where time slowly passes, bends around its own weightlessness until the surrender becomes inevitable. And writing has its own threshold moments, its own tonality, an irrefutable physicality.

## holding back

Are we making music with our bodies? The agogic accent is the stress of the moment of anticipation, of holding a moment over the threshold of time passing before surrendering to the next moment. It is the energy that makes

the body hum the tensions between the past merging into the present and the present yielding to the future. The body vibrates, pulses in rhythms of movement, arpeggios of gestures, cadenzas of propulsions, adagios of hesitations. The agogic accent holds back and comes forth. This holding back, as when playing music or singing, hitting the note that is perfect, is the moment of contact with the flow of the activity, held just a little longer, to allow the enjoyment and understanding of it, of the space it creates, to linger, hold the time a bit longer.

Holding back, then, is sustaining the time in vibrato, from passing on too fast, to allow the body to have enough given moment to learn, to play in sync, to connect, or to allow for the decision to withhold, not give, or give only what is needed, what is wanted. To play, synchronize, improvise a tune that is good for all involved, bodies understand, for a fleeting moment of agogic duration to hold back to honor the space, to give space so it can be taken.

It is music made with our bodies to divine a possibility for contact out of choice. Shall we live a truly fleshed philosophy, a truly fresh practice in consummating our corporeal sensibilities that flow out of vital contact in the moment of the embodied practice of agogical inquiry.



It is a kinethic moment of being sensitized to the space that is also taken up by another, the stress on the moment slightly extended, to feel the space the other occupies, to give more time for the other to accept or reject the contact. Holding back becomes not an opposition to vital contact, but an inevitable condition for it.

Not inquiry, a noun, that stands immobile until taken by the fluency, made motile by the fluency and temporality of the verb, or colored, textured by the sensuality of an adjective, but let's say inquiring, a gerund, a noun that wants to be a verb, a noun that wants to 'be', is becoming, coming forth, inquiring.

yes, no

The contact takes place in the space between the YES and NO, in the most precious collision between the two. The moment of disintegration of binaries, of dualities, and at the same time, a pressure of balance, those are the tension of holding both YES and NO in place, gently swaying in the space that holds us, in between the movement and the other, in between standing still and surrendering to the moment. Too close a contact, too hard a hold, however bold, does not leave enough space for this tension to start singing. The music is in the sensing, the tuning into, the moving with,

without force. The hesitation of holding back while each muscle and viscera screams YES, this hovering over the threshold is also what propels, what brings forth, what moves, what opens, what thrusts, trusts, surrenders.

In consummating all the incarnations of philosophy and pedagogical practice we engage truly in embodied relationality, amongst each other, with texts that write us, with students, in schools. The agogy that takes the moment of teaching and lets it unfold in the timely duration of the learner's rhythm, can teach that he/she can touch, can make contact. The agogy which thus lengthens the time value of the note, or the learner, is also apagogical: both the value of learner and the agogical integrity of the pedagogic is not directly stated, but impossible to deny.

## counterpoint

By accessing proprioceptive knowledge in the agogic of reciprocal accents that *attend to the rhythm and the vibe which underlies receptivity to vital energies* (Smith, 2006, p. 7), in the writing as a form of self-fashioning, one participates in the dynamic process of becoming a self as other in the other that is text, in what William Pinar (2004) calls an *autobiography of alterity* (p. 48). The autobiographical style precipitates uncovering the layers of the

forming self in an effort *to give the meaning of his own mythic self* (Pinar, 2004, p. 49).

I cannot be defined by an other, while at the same time I must.

Hélène Cixous (1998) asks the important question that addresses the nature of pre-reflective writing: *...are you sure this happens outside, or is it in the text?* The ambiguity of personal, poetic writing is not knowing *where outside happens or if the text is inside, inside outside or if the text is itself outside, or if outside is in the text* (Cixous, 1998, p. 145). As it is for the self, and not just metaphorically, writing animates the movement that occurs inside the body, and shifts across the boundary of skin to the flesh of the outside. The knowing that emerges at this point of generation does not mean discursively – yet. But it isn't devoid of meaning either. It is another way of knowing, yet the intelligence, sensitivity and complexity of it cannot be denied. The skin is just paper thin.

## bridge

So let's say it is language I am talking to, I am conversing with, I am touching.

Having encountered the sweet forgetting, the fragrant supplication wherever your hand touched the sky's delicate glow, we speak in longing, never touch time's billowing desire. And love, on the opposite shore, across the untamed waters, the endless seas, her words move the golden tides from one end of me to the other. Flooded, breathless, I descend.

And if you should dare a rescue, bring your lips, float my pleasure.



## chapter two

## in the house of language

There are days when writing is difficult. Emptiness creeps upon me, presence and absence are enacting their imperceptible yet definitive war. It is a war on my inner softness, on the gushing overflow of being-ness, a war, which in the end will carry me through the days, trembling and at a point of dissolving. My writerly skin contains me, it shelters from fragmentation, from scattering along the pebbled path of a disappearing woman. But where does a woman disappear to? For this I should be grateful. No one can prevent a disappearing woman from her desired solitude.

The birthing of a writing piece is a solitary event, *we enter the world of the text alone* (van Manen, 2002, p. 3). And we enter it in silence as well. The bodily modality, the affects of vital movements, the comportment and gestures of the lived moment of writing, are different from that of speaking. I open my mouth and nothing comes out, an oral block. My lips stretch along the gilt-edged edges, lined with crimson, a point of threshold, I open this door, and instead of sound froth issues, softening the thing I cannot name. My body speaks to me without a grip on immediate consciousness. It is here, in writing, where it grips in prehensible infinity, it defines me, it transforms me. Writing is a silent activity, a silent depth, where things move imperceptibly yet galvanize into a reality that becomes the lived experience, of writing

itself. Words enlsh the language with their presence and immanence, where they are in their *being-ness*. Only words written in silence, residential creatures, can inhabit my house, slip in and out of rooms, burrow in the loins, belligerent, unbridled, riotous, naughty elves of my irreversible swelling, unfinished gestures, touches held in abeyance.

## the early morning hour

A tender uprising of delicate moisture swells the walls of this house. Yet it escapes, words cannot contain it, it exists in the spaces in between the ink marks, in between the breath I take, and no matter how hard I try, I cannot contain it. In writing, poised over the empty page, I surrender to the body, guided by the proprioceptive force, or eros. Chinese painters exercise the notion of empty wrist, when the emptiness not only inhabits the stroke, but also guides the wrist of the painter, coincides with the moment just before the self surrenders to the body, surrenders to emptiness. This is not a hand without a force, however. On the contrary, *it is the result of great concentration, of fullness intensified to the extreme...and then it suddenly yields to emptiness* (Cheng, 1994, p. 70).

If I let it happen, without force, an incantation by language, it emerges from folds of movement, one with the flesh underneath as well as one with the



flesh around me. Call of flesh, meta-carnal collision, a delicate swelling of fleeting reciprocity, connecting the movement within with the resonances of the vestiges of darkened hollows behind eyes, where vision is determined not by a trajectory, but by folding over on itself in darkness. In the surrender, in this soft collapse into carnal aesthetic flow, the lack of strife brings riches of release into more, beyond what can be grasped. When we reach intentionally, we can only possess what we can hold – in the palm of the hand, in the field of vision, in the limits of language. In releasing the desire to possess, the pleasure of the space that unfolds resonates in more than we reach to grasp. When we seek an answer, we don't always arrive at knowledge, only crumbs of facts, information. Knowledge, when allowed to unfold, does not always provide answers, an idea that can be expressed in words cannot be an infinite idea. But an idea that unfolds without force can reverberate, open up more space, a question remains unanswered.

Still holding the threshold, while at the same moment surrendering to time passing. I guess the synchronized moment of porous, swelling resonance of all thresholds coinciding in the release the yielding, the surrendering, would be the orgasmic, ex-static, rapture, that ruptures the boundaries.

This is my home.

The tremblings, the resonate rhythms and gushings between all the fleshy bits that call to each other and swirl in rhythms with the waves of energies on the outside, the calling of the sensual world, that sensuality is sexual that says it is good to be this, this body, it is the right way to be in this world, with love that is reciprocated without rules or the predetermined qualifications of investment and return.

## counterpoint

What happens in writing is bleeding together of two layers, of two converging modalities of the postural schema (Merleau-Ponty, 1962): one is directed in movement, a physical action, the event of writing itself, the movement of pen on paper, gripping of fingers around the pen, or the gesture of typing on a keyboard. But also, there is this other postural/bodily modality, the imperative of emergence of the body of what is written, directed from and within the folds of flesh and viscera, nerves, memories, movement of emotional relationality stored in flesh, spark of intellect of forming ideas, or proprioceptive flow of carnal knowing/sensing, remembering. All this folded, bundled and bursting in an emancipation of movement in the emerging self. This dimension of emergence, a fusion, a synthesis of time, space and movement, is different from the postural schema, more like a dance, synchronized, yet syncopated, patterning,

turbulent embrace and trembling release of emergent expression. In addition to the body's postural schema of writing, there is the release, the surrender to the flow that seeps, gushes, emanates, recoils and turns, burns within and discloses on surface. There is an emergent flow that moves the posture, disturbs the postural schema, exaggerates and distorts the spacetime in creating something more.

Writing itself is not just the pen gliding across a page, finishing sentences, punctuating, conjugating, it is a surrender, in the opening up, in the lifting of the veil, in the bowing to the mists. How I feel with the body, with the inside of the inside of my flesh, immersed in the gift, the giving of everything, the release of self to the wildness of the afternoon, the afternoon of troublesome exultation that shimmers in the burst of the soft glance, a glance I throw with eyes closed, with fingers extended, arms circled around, and knees melting into the ground.

The soft earth swallows me, the trees welcome my dissolving.

The confinement of skin breaks with the sound of tearing, and something emerges, moist and raw, and I let it come, uncensored, blowing through, raining down, breathing heavily and vaporous with heat. The walls are cracking, and the old paint peels with a whisper, sheds, falls off in small pieces, thin flakes of what I was and will not be anymore. Here I can let out

a cry, a howl, a necessary sound from deep in my chest, a strange song to the shining moon, the moon of this night, smoky yellow and blue, so dark that I forget to breathe. A word pushes through suddenly, and I assist its birthing, a midwife of language. I let it fall down upon the page and it frees others with unexpected ease. The word is outside now, and swells with unrecorded poetry, not captive of my incessant containment. It goes into the world, and I have to follow behind, I see where it is going and I let more words come, let them go where they must, they build bridges as they search for meaning, and I follow, spellbound.

Do not break this spell, my house is lit...

## summoning

So let's say it is language I am talking to, I am conversing with, I am touching. Let's say it is language I am trying to seduce.

And I stand in a sunlit room, with doors and windows opened wide to the sea. I am crested in this skinless nakedness and wrapped in folds that cling, thickening, to the fragments, figments of my unimaginable self. I am opening, I am eviscerated, I give and I take from the riches of the space that attaches to me and carries my trembling skin on the wind that comes from the sea, it gives flight to my disassembled bits, chunks of me that plunge into thick air, sprinkled with crimson, washed in aquamarine, stood in veridian.

My house is on fire in the wake of the coupling statements, these words melt the space around me, spin in the eyes of the night, deep dark secrets not revealing what they contain, cascading through time, attached to motion by thin luminous gossamer line of words. I walk outside the house, try to leave reason, structure, behind. The solitude among the tall grasses replenishes the vitality of my arms; they stretch and embrace ravenously the air of this place, where the sand drinks the sea with soft swallows. Down at the sea, molten light is sending signals which I don't understand, the light is everywhere, this is a place without shadows, a place where everything

becomes nothing. Weightless, unseen, I touch myself, my eyes, my neck, my shoulder, soft skin behind my knee; invisible, I still present somewhat of a whole, I beckon to the flickering light and dissolve, liquid, drench this soil with scattered droplets of shiny wetness, and leaves cling to it, soft petals of my skin blown by the wind become unsettled.

## in the body of language

I do not speak the narrative, the words I swallow. They meander through my body into the limbs. I wait for the point of saturation, expectantly searching the tracings of emergent trajectories, I wait for the release, for the unveiling, for the flow.

I divine the hidden softness, I kneel gently upon my bones, melt into the underside of my skin, the skin that holds me against my will, within the opaque softness of trembling, in this early morning hour. A swelling in this strange light of day fills my veins with blood faster, spills air from my lungs, traces the cavity of my body, the moist vital core, percolates in delicious exertion, surfaces in ornate opulence. What speaks at this hour, but my ventriloquist proprioceptor, my carnal knowledge.

Defenseless against time, against movement, I surrender to the waiting. I let the moment come, the rush is gathering, the cloud grows gray and heavy with its liquid plenum, the space is charging, cracking, opening. I move with conviction into this space, this moment that will provide me with a fertile soil to plant these ideas into language. My cells, my innermost tissues pull at a body present fully in the world. I feel the urgency of gestation and imminent birth, I let it grow inside me. It moves around this secret, slowly unraveling yet not revealing.



Not yet.

The presencing is in the future and for now I linger with slow motion of fragile, yielding softness.

Poised in a moment of stillness, I find myself in the fringes where the boundaries between writing and the world dissolve. My hand begins with shapes, lines of blue ink, around the blank emptiness of the page.

As I begin to write, the little flecks of time suspended in the liquid of my veins, I hold the moment, gathering the flow of lazy syrupiness so it may discharge, a swift speed of waterslide. This ancient, primordial ooze emerges with Byzantine opulence, and words disclosed in this inescapable embodiment diffuse the material reality into an immensity of possibilities. Along the trajectory of resonance between interior self and the outer world, beyond the threshold of my skin, I emerge in the movement of writing. This movement constitutes the telegraphic markers of proprioception that upon reflection flesh out the text of the narrative. Beyond subjectivity, the movement teases out a brief metamorphosis under the spell of the emergent interrelatedness, within language, yet beyond it, in the space of metamorpheus. Here, I am not dreaming this dissolving self, I am emerging into the world.

And the soil I stand on gives in to the weight of my body, it delivers me to a liquid landscape, undeniably ongoing, fluid, softly rupturing the temporal

borders and boundaries of matter. Perhaps it is the heat that scorches my skin, seeking to merge into the air around me. I am (e)merging. There is a continuity between experience and language, a throbbing between the self and other (writer and text each taking on the roles interchangeably), a flow of carnal intentionality that yields to unified proprioceptive flow, when there is no separation between body and mind, between the self and the world.

A ripple through the flesh of things, into which I momentarily surrender is derived from my skin's thinning, from its porousness that allows the world to permeate my flesh and for my flesh to welcome the world. It travels across skin and further to the inner arsenal of flesh and organs, nerve endings and blood vessels. Skin is one layer of material that is imbued with energy and connects with other organs and flesh within the body in spreading waves, quivering trajectories, contained within yet emerging extero-kinetically and intero-kinetically. Skin, a porous membrane, is neither in the depth nor is it a surface, it is merely a membrane that surrounds layers of materiality that comprise our being in the world. A penetrable, breathing pellicle that allows seepage, an ambiguous divide that separates and joins. It carries, bears, contains, yet is a materiality of intake and emergence, a threshold that cannot contain the cleaving, gliding currents of flow.

Adorned by the moment's plenitude, I will open myself to the copious profusion, replete with roundness, saturated, tumescent, voluptuous,

widening, spreading to what awaits just beyond my skin, and beneath it,  
too. What awaits? Everything!

## chapter three



*She has a woman's craving. Craving for what? For Everything of course, for the Great Universal Everything... To this immense, deep desire, vast as a sea, she succumbs, she sleeps... She slept, she dreamed... The beautiful dream! And how can it be told? That the marvelous monster of universal life was swallowed up inside her; that from now on life, death, everything was held within her entrails, and at the price of such painful labor, she had conceived Nature.*

*Jules Michelet*

## the master

It is not a small matter to shift from the analytical and conceptual means of knowing to carnal intellect. The discourse of academic writing, the demonstrative and discursive genre of our philosophizing, follows the method of rhetorical demonstration and is the traditional method of teaching and transmitting ideas (Cixous and Clement, 1975, p. 136). But the demonstrative genre of academic language is in danger of falling into a trap of 'master narrative,' which speaks from a position of universal truth, not from a lived moment of a subject. This trap, a contradiction of mastery, is far *from transmitting knowledge, it makes it still more inaccessible, makes it sacred* (Cixous and Clement, 1975, p. 139), available only to those who *already have a relationship to mastery* (p. 139), and situating them in the position of power. The person who transmits knowledge is always already in the position of political and economic power, within what calls *itself the law* (p. 138), where information contained within the system of knowledge *cannot be transmitted outside of mastery* (p. 138).

Biographical writing (Pinar, 2004) or phenomenological narrative (van Manen, 1990) can disrupt the continuity, the seamless barrier, to reduce some of the universal totality that analytical philosophies erect. There are alternatives in the postmodern project of multiplicities, of intrasubjectivity, of difference (Cixous and Clement, 1975; Derrida, 1978; Deleuze and Guattari, 1988). What would a different agency look like if power, *belonging to the mastery of knowledge and, moreover, concealed, be in a field that doesn't pass through discourse?* (Cixous and Clement, 1975, p. 145). In using language, words, we are always already implicated in a discourse. What Cixous and Clement are trying to reveal is that the body and its knowledge mingle with philosophy, each motion propels body in time and space, each breath informs of how the world's flavor and condition. It is shedding and absorbing.

The first somatic response to experience is a physiological sensation of a body kinesthetically engaged, and made aware. Not an emotion yet. Sensations of the body are the first, primary markers of experience. Most people, dimmed to awareness of them, or misunderstanding, jump to more strongly felt, more culturally legitimized emotional reactions. I would not have it any other way, my life, each moment, richer for it. What is needed to flesh out, even with eyes closed, in experiencing the fullness of surroundings and in what multiple ways we are enfolded in this fullness, is to include and

more keenly acknowledge the verbal and non-verbal signs that not only communicate and signify, but are movements, irreducible parts of the physical, material experience of the kinesthetically engaged body. An emergent individual. A self merging.

In inquiring phenomenologically into a moment of writing from the body, the modalities of responsiveness to language involve sensible carnalities, access to veiled visceralities. Inserting poetry into the text, we are able to pay attention to subtle, intimate stirrings that precipitate, initiate and mingle with emotions as well as recognition of knowing already. It is clear that whether within a master discourse or attempting a poetic insurrection we are still within the same cultural system. But Cixous predicts there will be a *feminine discourse, a thousand of different kinds of feminine words...a great number of subversive discourses that are somewhere else entirely* (Cixous and Clement, 1975, p. 137). What are those feminine words? Who collects them into passages in books?

That is what we dream as we sweetly linger on the side of inhale filled with possibility.

This subversion of the space of the feminine as beyond the language is postulated as an Imaginary space, as a space which, not defined by language, cannot exist. Considering the feminist argument, it is tempting to



fall into the man/woman dualism of power and oppression. But there is a rub, a friction, which prevents us from generalizing this way. The Imaginary lends itself well to the feminine writing argument, but it does not do it justice to define it with a certain, totalizing conceptualization as something authentically feminine. As Judith Butler (1990) points out, some feminists idealized and over-determined *the reified authentic feminine* (Butler, 1990, p. 36). Yet the argument provides a good starting point from which anyone, a man or a woman, can rupture the master discourse. Men, too, are able to enter the space of writing from the body. Roland Barthes, for instance, saw the pleasure of the text as *the moment when my body pursues its own ideas – for my body does not have the same ideas as I do* (Barthes, 1975, pp. 16-17).

## the hysteric

The feminine writing of Cixous centers upon the hysteric. Hysteria is an element that disturbs the predictable arrangements of the patriarchal master narrative. This involves the body, fully fleshed and somarticulate, articulated. For the hysteric is inevitably caught up in desire, the libido, which is the source of her strength, as well as her pathology, as defined in clinical psychoanalysis. In a roundabout, abstract way, psychoanalysis really talks about the body, its ravaging viscerality, its pleasures and its absences,

caught in the theoretical discourse of psyche which remains under the spell of platonic idealism, Cartesian dualism and the notion of Symbolic order, primacy of language. The hysteric is exiled as a pathology for daring to disrupt the seamless pristine space of the master discourse by signifying difference in her corporeality as well as her oral/linguistic refusal to conform and complete herself as object. This foreshadows already the agency and power the hysteric can bring to writing, where both verbal and non-verbal signs/actions not only communicate but are inextricably part of the physical, material experience of the kinesthetically engaged individual.

Freud theorized the complex of hysteria through the Oedipal myth and the sexualization of the body. The sexual energy that the theories of psychoanalysis, as defined by Freud and, later, Lacan (André, 1999; Verhaeghe, 1997), would ascribe to a woman, turns out to be a very complex affair. The woman in her desire remains an enigma even as her sexuality is determined within the phallic system. Without having to recount the theoretical underpinnings of the Oedipal complex and the entire pathology of neuroses that plague our unconscious, let us bracket the hysteric within the notion of *jouissance*. The word *jouissance* connotes both total sexual ecstasy and pure enjoyment in the Freudian schema. But framed through Lacan, it takes on much more complex and transgressive meaning. According to Lacan, the structure of *jouissance* is twofold.

First, the sexual *jouissance* is the pleasure or desire that is defined through the signifier, the phallus (André, 1999, p. 232). As Freud already theorized, the sexual *jouissance* comes to an infant as a passive experience. The child receives sexuality as an object, rather than a subject of *jouissance*, *by giving the Other who takes care of him a jouissance, that would not be wrong to call sexual* (p. 93). Every subject begins as an infant, an object of the Other (mother) and enters into Oedipal relationship upon realization of sex during the mirror stage, upon entering into language. This has little to do with how the child really feels, prior to separating the self from the mother, prior to the mirror stage, before the child has a concept of subject/object. We don't know what it feels like for an infant to have senses awakened by a touch, a satisfaction/pleasure it receives at being fed, relieved of gases, being caressed, kissed, carried, hugged. We don't know what kinds of primary *jouissances* the infant experiences, and as this is the stage before language, it cannot be described or named. Yet, theoretically speaking, within this system, a woman is always passive, she can only come to sexuality as an object of the phallus, her *jouissance* is always determined through the phallic signifier and is only accessible through language.

## violet's plotline

*Violet knows that silence, contained too long, can be a dangerous thing. It can kill slowly, eat a hollow heart in place of her heart, where only pain of its incessant unspoken echoes. Too much silence is a dangerous thing. Just like too much food, too much drink, too much love, wanting too much. In silence, too much can kill you.*

*She tries on other words, other conversations, like someone else's clothes. It is intriguing, but it just doesn't fit. Like a pink fluffy skirt she finds in a closet of a quiet cross-dresser.*

## jouissance

There is a type of *jouissance* that is not entirely caught within the Symbolic, phallic system. This *jouissance of being*, a supplement to the sexual *jouissance*, is severed from language, outside language, it is an energy that supports the body as such, as living (André, 1999). The sexual *jouissance* interdicts the *jouissance of being* by precluding it through the phallic signifier (André, 1999). According to Lacan, this *jouissance of being*, and especially the feminine being, *cannot be spoken, is outside language* (p. 233). Because this other *jouissance* is located outside language and cannot

be described in words, *it is in danger of having to remain in the register of belief* (p. 245). Let us return to this later.

The *jouissance of being*, ascribed to a feminine sexuality, originates in the body. If this other *jouissance* is juxtaposed with the sexual, phallic one, it is other than the phallic kind, yet it is also in it. There is however also something in addition (André, 1999), something more, which cannot be named: *this 'in addition' appears only as castration's margin, we have to go through castration so that a boundary can be drawn beyond which a place is hollowed out for a beyond* (p. 247). This threshold between the Symbolic, phallic and the *jouissance* of the Other, indicates that there is *something unnamable, some hole, some outside-of-language...some radical alterity* (p. 263).

In my private flesh, I don't have to explain, I don't suffocate, I can pulsate and ooze in all directions, as I please, and live the moment now, not moored to shores of any history. Yet this is a dream, a dream that is floating within, projecting silently to the sounds of music. I pick up the rhythm and waltz around in twirls, and the dew collects in pools of water in the eyes of bees. The yellow moon, yawning, freckles the pond with silver, this dream-garden lights up from gray into yellow and lilac and green.

But I wake up, only fuzzy pieces of the dream remain, I catch the flavor,  
lingering, my tongue exposed to air tastes its turquoise light.

This radical alterity is disruptive to the phallic, Symbolic system, and underlies the definition of hysteria, as an experience *of being assigned the position of object offered to the Other, a position in which the subject disappears as such and exists merely as the waste product or the instrument of the jouissance of the Other* (p. 93). A hysteric, through the *jouissance of being*, this radical alterity, is irreducible to culture, because this rupture is situated always a step beyond what can be spoken, as a potentiality, a supplement to the phallic/Symbolic, a promise of a whole, that is not attainable within language, not attainable for the phallus, which is outside the body. The hysteric becomes a pathology for the Symbolic order and must be quarantined back within it, as an object of phallic desire.

It is important at this point to express the inevitable doubt that will help to construct the space of hysterical poetics. Slipping along the edges of mainstream discourse, the hysteric must assert her disruption of it by demystifying the theoretical orientations that privilege the abstract, the ideal, the concrete, the whole, the absolute. The avoidance of the Real, for Freud and Lacan, is itself a symptom of the conceptual deferent built into the theory itself. To anyone even marginally anatomically aware, it would make sense that what is visible, indexical, can be incorporated into language, can be named. The phallic symbol is really the male sexual organ, the penis, that is outside, visible, one can see it and therefore point at it and name it. A

woman does not have a visible, outside the body object, organ, that can be named. Instead she has a hole that is not visible, it is instead a visible absence, a hollow recess tucked inside, a lack, castration. The sexual *jouissance* for a woman then would appear to be signified by the actual thing, that exists visibly, which she herself lacks. Not only does the phallus signify woman as an object, it also, by way of erection and insertion, exercises another kind of indexicality, that is physical, immediate. But not even this double indexicality, phallic (Symbolic) and physical (Real), can capture the feminine entirely, the feminine, the woman and her sex.

She remains in the interstices, mythical, unnamed. In her radical alterity, within the potentiality of the hole. The woman in the moment of *jouissance* is irreducible to culture, she transmits her body and the bits and pieces of it across the boundary that for her is blurred, an opaque curtain, a tenuous line between the energy within her and the space that holds her.

This place is always situated a step beyond what can be named with certainty, yet it is a potentiality, a promise of a whole. But there is no such 'final destination'. This promise can only invite to step beyond the space of knowable, certain physicality, as well as beyond what can be said. Even for a woman, it is an invitation into a (w)hole (Rosen, 2004), everything and nothing, presence and absence, a process of opening and re-closing, of breaking up and reassembling, constant motion of leaving and arriving and



leaving again, separating and joining, filling up and emptying, dissolving, materializing and re-materializing.

Seen through the Freudian lens of Oedipal triad, the hysteric displaces her desire onto the text as a substitution for the other that does not conform to internalized fantasies and wish fulfillment. Writing, the text itself, attempts to fill a lack, an absence. The hysteric, points out Cixous, is the typical woman in all her force (p. 154). She is the woman who wants everything, even if she is nothing.

## rapture

Considering Cixous' hysteric as a woman who wants everything, the reverse of displacement in order to conform seems to apply: since the hysteric contains everything, what she requires is the freedom to release it. The hysteric must defy the symbolic representation of her as something pathological, she must prevail in disrupting by any means in order to be a real being, to step out of the margin, to enter the symbolic with a force that shakes it up, begins to transform it. She is a force that expects everything, even if that is an impossibility.

In opposite of saying, tongues intertwined in mute accord, in textual deferral, contra diction, against opposition, my non-dialectical sways, my libertine undoing. Not in polarity of silent reversal, but in fluent joining, counter supposition. Contra diction.

In writing from the body, against a master discourse, the hysteric surrenders to the dissolution of a moment. She opens up to a space beyond the symbolic where *apeiron* (Rosen, 2004) and *hysteria* (Cixous, 1975) qualify the experience. She disrupts the unifying integrity of the singular body that our western culture is invested in, when she steps, as the writer of Cixous' feminine discourse does, into the space of the proprioceptive flow, the *apeiron*. This surrender to the flow of language, contained up to this moment by the symbolic order's insistence on psychic and somatic separatedness, allows for a breaking of barriers, release, discharge of words that carry knowledge, this impossible everything that she, the hysteric, insists on. This pre-reflective moment of catharsis, or as Freud called it, *abreaction* (Cixous and Clement, 1975, p. 15), allows for *emotional discharge through which the subject liberates herself* (pp. 15-16) and which follows the pattern of the *cure*, an emotional discharge, where *it comes out* (p. 16).

This theoretical notion articulates the emotional surplus as *a quantity (though we have no means of measurement), which is capable of increase,*

*diminution, displacement and abreaction, and which is spread over the memory traces of ideas somewhat as an electric charge is spread over the body* (Freud, quoted in Verhaeghe, 1997, p. 12). Verhaeghe understands the possibilities of abreaction over two areas, *the locomotor and the associative* (p. 12), which bespeak the characteristics of written language, the kinesthetic possibility of words that are released in the event of pre-reflective writing. The tension that precedes abreaction in a moment defined as hysterical, where the symptoms are largely somatic (Verhaeghe, 1997), manifests as a *summation of somatic tensions, together with physical failure to release this tension* (p. 13). So this energy moves around the body, until it *provokes a conversion as a substitute abreaction* (p. 13). This substitute abreaction is transferred in Cixous' hysteric into writing as a creative process whereby the self *breaks up* and re-assembles in the act of writing the self.

## violet

*I used to have skin like apricot blossoms, balmy fresh, infused to extreme, dusted with freckles. Those recklessly scattered, deeply constellated wanton Pleiades, shadows of stars. Reversal of the night.*

*I used to carry hair like accidental birds' nests, fallen from a branch, tangled in effortless tumbles. Those moonlit wisps, arbitrary whorls falling in ribbons against the rain, permanently mixed.*

*And now, in artless dismantling, I sleep a sudden sleep. Words, like aberrant drops, skip in shamelessly long ever after the downpour has landed in my mouth, on my tongue.*

## breaking up

Cixous quotes Freud as saying *what is obsessive, on a cultural level, yields the religious and that which is hysterical yields art* (Cixous and Clement, 1975, p. 157). The hysteric as an artist who writes is the poet. The poet, released into the realm of the imaginary, prior intertwining self with language, manifests the catharsis, like the hysteric, through the body, *making it possible to see what cannot be represented, a figure of inversion* (p. 23). Proprioceptive writing can be described as a kind of poetic catharsis. Here, the self, contained in conscious compartments of culture, in logos, within the symbolic, the master discourse, can step into a lacuna full of potentialities and self-re-form, returning back to the symbolic in the act of reflective re-reading. The process is repeated in sequences in time and space, in the gesture modality of writing proprioceptively, prior to reflection,

where the movements generating cognition prior to co(i)gniting consciously inform the e-motive, libidinal and somatic flesh-knowing in words that are released. In surrendering to the knowledge stored in the flesh, in the ancient stirrings, before language, before the solidifying of subjectivity, in this *fantastic world made of bits and pieces* (p. 33), boundaries blur. For the hysteric this process of blurring, of *breaking apart* (p. 33), of dissolving into everything, for her it can be paradise, blissful release through catharsis: *from her own archaic point of view, it is a pleasure in breaking apart, but from the other's point of view it is suffering, because to break apart is to aggress. The suffering is not originally hers: it is the other's which is returned to her by projection* (p. 34). For the other, who remains within the cultural, symbolic realm, one that endows this *whole* unified self with political power and moral superiority, one that is not able to adjust to sudden intensities, *it is hell* (p. 33). For the hysteric it is pleasure and hell at the same time, *suffering and tacit paradise that is secret, hidden in a little implicit smile through even the most intense pain* (p. 34). She carries within her both the symbolic and the imaginary, the illusion of unbroken subjectivity to give power to the status quo *and* the power of disruption, the return to pre-logos, pre-reason, pre-language. The twinning of powers, when released in the hysteric, has potential as poetic as well as a philosophical generative source.

The libidinal constellation of desire and deflection of desire in both containing, withholding, and surrendering to the proprioceptive modality is a conflict of security and creativity. Language, the symbolic, creates the absence and yet also the tension that seeks to fill it, explode with *everything*. This is played out across the body in the event of the psychosomatic fusion of language and knowing flesh. To avoid recognition of limitations, the closedness of sign, one writes in a language that is disassociative, that bypasses the full signifying meaning, that forgets, is vague, wild, ambiguous, that comes out of the pre-cognitive modality via proprioception, metaphor, poetry.

But this cannot be theorized simply as a psychic event alone. The multi-sensual, cross-modal dimension includes the body, a psychosomatic fusion that is characteristic of lived inquiry, of certain forms of phenomenological writing and poetry. The breaking up of the hysteric speaks of the dynamic process of dissolution and re-materialization, the surrender to *jouissance*, that will take the journey to the hell of not knowing, of no language, no speech. This moment becomes a transition where the hysteric is joined by the ambiguity of the physical language of the flesh, and becomes a poet. The moment of breaking up and re-assembling, of containment and release, opening and closing, surrendering to the words stored in the midden of flesh, occurs in the recesses of experience that are beyond language, within

the transitional mode between moments of parabolic spatio/temporal pause of falling into a void that aspires toward everything.

The experience of the hysteric cannot be all expressed in language of the Symbolic realm. But there is knowledge in the body, which in 'breaking up' becomes intertwined with the flesh-of-the-world, it defies repression in writing that is released in phenomenological inquiry. At the level of phenomenology, which honors the body, the phenomenological flesh embraces the body in equal participation in the world as the body that is wild, not entirely irreducible to culture and the body that is a social creature. Not defined through pathology of psychoanalysis, here the hysteric can become a poet/philosopher.

This place of 'breaking up', of surrendering fully, is a real place of material and psychic tensions of immeasurable strength; it is a part of the process that the self must go through while processing information and emotions that orient its being and becoming. The release of this tension is the experience of dissolving. What is meant by this? The body is a material unit, permeable and mutable, dynamically connected to the world, no less. Yet in order to dissolve, it needs to break up first. This dissolving is not just a soft, spongy opening up of pores and crevices, swelling gently into everything. There is, in the body as a physiological unit, an undeniable containment of skin, of matter, and in order to dissolve, something needs to break up, tear, into

smaller and smaller pieces, until the self is just a mist, a floating crimson cloud, dispersing. For the hysteric and the poet, there is pleasure in that. In such an event as writing proprioceptively, there is a possibility of language that comes from beyond this point of breaking up, so in the act of releasing words from this place, the self can re-assemble, self-fashion, a possibility of agency in the kinesthetic, truly somatically situated intersubjectivity that also includes language.

My creviced intentionality suffused in time's journey, in vanishing point of desire, in resolute relentless need heading, always, in your direction. The concoction of sounds, the cacophony of flavors unfold along my edges, the length of my torso honed to the point of absorption at the hands of time that passes, hands that hold my skin, tomorrow's sheddings, the narrow divide between need and want. Slow proximity that calls the want to its need.

The hysteric/poet resists being defined totally by another's language and the master discourse. In breaking up, the self dissolves into space beyond the other, beyond object, into a different, alternative, radical alterity, a variation within the interior/exterior compartments and movements. In this space, defined for the hysteric as *jouissance of being*, the self has the ability to break up and re-assemble. The notion of breaking up might seem like a complete surrender in the sense of 'giving oneself up', but there is power in the re-assembling, an agency for self-definition, for self-fashioning, for



becoming, for coming forth. In breaking up, the self can experience this everything that is nothing. It knows that the nothing really is everything in the *jouissance of being*. Lacan was wrong. It exists.

## violet

*I never knew what took me or when. Only this one splendid moment the trace of you inclined toward my innermost inkling of where you touched me first. At the point of insertion I embed my most vital bits, chunks, in between these lines the exhaled spaces filled with secret lustful fullness of your evening shadowside and morning newness.*

*Misted over the humid divide the purple flesh tinted with hues of silent melting. My wings. Apocryphal, stolen by time's ruthless pursuit. This sustained eternity drips me away, honeylike, the pieces of me fall, unbidden and land along the edges marked lavender and violet.*

## the poet

These words come out of this place just beyond, just past the line that blurs the reflective with the pre-reflective, is just beyond the foothill of language, always one step beyond the space and time of the moment, which opens up

to more, reaching into the moment, past comes into the moment just about to become (in writing), reaches for the substantiation that eludes, is never completely materialized, each moment a dimension of potential substantiation. The process of writing from the kinesthetic realm of the pre-reflective modality of the body, the intensity of experiencing directly, fully, can, from the point of view of psychoanalytical theory, be situated within the designation of hysteria.

In the release into the realm of the pre-reflective, pre-symbolic, pre-logical space of writing, this moment of hysteria is the bottomless fount of creation, the sublime, the fullness of artistic and philosophical production. This defining, re-defining moment of transgression is inextricably tied with, takes place in, suffuses with, secretes from, the body.

As I write, there is a permanent shift. It leaves color splashed on my face. It opens me to otherness that surprises me, that calls to me, an otherness I couldn't have imagined. I embrace this fullness, its inevitability, its is-ness. It ought to continue, I am a different body than I was, it is truly a change, a casting of a new shape, tracing of unknown textures, discovering new contours inside my skin. I split into a thousand bits of information, I brace myself against this infinitude and let go of synchrony, leave logos, abandon all caution, relinquish all meaningless farewells, eject rehearsed duty, discharge postural verticality and horizontal repose, undo the Gordian knot

of possibility in a gentle slide into the bearing of previously unmeasured, unimaginable territory. What this moment asks of the hysteric is to *break up...to return to a stage that is scarcely constituted in the human development: it is to return to the disordered Imaginary of before the mirror stage, of before the rigid and defensive constitution of the subjective armor* (Cixous and Clement, 1975, p. 33).

And what if a moment doesn't ask much? And the next? What if a string of moments doesn't amount to much? Minutes passing. And what should each moment amount to, measured to death by chronos, clocks, watches, each millisecond accounted for by precise value? What should it amount to, a mountain, a swelling that produces in little fits and coughs, sputterings of text, smudges of color, incomprehensible jerks, spasms of movement that dream of flow, but are inevitably interrupted. By? Restless desire for I know not what.

The poet, in writing proprioceptively, reaches across the mythical proscenium of the hysterical, as it is defined within the symbolic, as it continually attempts to disrupt it, and writes from the body, allows the flesh – the flesh memories, as well as Merleau-Ponty's *flesh-of-the-world*, to speak words that describe, resonate with, the lived experience, the lived moment of the body/mind.

Let's say it is language I'm talking to, I'm conversing with, I am touching.

Let's say it is language I am trying to seduce, to make love to.

## calligraphic moment: traces of hand left behind

And my pencil becomes a supple lance between my fingers and I hurl it, words shoot across a page, line up like birds on a wire. Their necks swell with the air of this rainy day, the round b's and g's, a's and w's distend like the necks of songbirds, bulging just before they release a song into the sky. At this moment the atmosphere itself crowds the world with all my desires. And the day unfurls ahead of me along the deep furrows of time; now I draw my pen like a sword, it cuts the paper, small slits begin to drip blood on the white melting pellicule. Something dislodges and begins to travel, small clusters stirring. These are my thoughts clasped together with the feathers tangled in my hair. I detect a scent in the song of the birds, something I need to write down. I have to write it down, because the death is creeping upon it with each passing moment. Do I fear life, do I fear death? I'm not indifferent. I face the moment's passing in writing, canceling the schedule of time that flows through me in a stream, shivers up and down, spreads between my fingers, my toes. I stand on my toe tips, tippytoed, persuaded by a moment's passing to move. And am I climbing, or is it a fall?

I step over the curb of my skin and take flight down the line of words, in spite of what I'm leaving behind, all the dead moments that fill my bulging journals, swell the pages until everything is full of something I've written,

words, pages, books, emails, all tangled, swirling in a *danse macabre*. I run faster, to some music that I always listen to, that is always filling the rest of me, and skin is shedding. I leave it thrown behind, all folds and ripples. It, too, is written on, crowded with text upon text. I expose my flesh, the one that will not be written on. This flesh is not a surface, it is meat in a bowl, it is under earth, still moist and seeping all that is before words, before I write it all down.

I carve an ambiguous incision around the words, a dis-attached absence that secretes from and clings to the meaning, uncompromisingly empty yet full. In surrendering to everything, like Michelet's sorceress (1890) and Cixous' hysteric, to the libidinal place between the self and the other of the text, I circumscribe in a *double entendre*, a theoretical *pas-de-deux*, duality that overlaps, reverses irreversibly into multiplicity.



## chapter four

## imperative

Open wide. Open your lips, your tongue, your chest, your arms, your fists, your legs. Open, I say, in the middle of the afternoon.

## text

There is perhaps no particular order to this text. I search not for order (order has become the rigid frame of a particular social existence), because there might be order in the universe, scientifically articulated, but not necessarily a meaning. Many ordered things are meaningless in their illusion of meaning that would only reside in order. But no order is so completely ordered as to be fully meaningful.

Instead, vagrant, amorphic contours shape a temporal threshold that connects the parts of me by an extreme thread, a filigree thread that holds me together, stitched tentatively, poised to leap the gaping chiasm, the *edge of order* (Waldenfels, 1996, p.2), the unexpectedly traveled path, traveling dance to beat a beaten path, to lay down capricious tones, delicious brevities.



There is a disorder at the edge of binary grids of order, which Waldenfels calls *unordered* (Waldenfels, 1996, p. 3), which is something *hinted at as yet-to-be-ordered* (p. 4). This distinction must remain open for the *sudden, uncontrollable events – collisions, explosions that abruptly destroy organizations, patterns, and systems [to] continually occur* (Lingis, 2000, p. 133).

The moment of writing has its own integrity, its own unique duration. I open up to its flow, its immediate experience, write not about writing.

Surrendering to the flow of movement in writing itself ruptures the realm of the descriptive, the explicative. Reading Lingis reminds me that this is possible, in moments, shimmering glimpses in between the layers of unfiltered kinetic energy, sapient infinitude, a carnal literacy. In the swelling tumescence, the dilating of the disorderly pupil of s-cryptic knowing, a *gaping abyss opens up, for one world moment the natural order no longer applies and the rational order does not apply yet* (Waldenfels, 1996, p. 6).

Momentarily suspended between breaths, billowing within the threshold of a unique duration, a moment of sultry, tenuous articulation where I am not bound to carceral order or slippage of disorder, but *caught in the ought* (Smith, 2005/6) of the transition, like water when it surrenders its structure at boiling point to become vapor.

With Lingis I negotiate the space of seduction and surrender. He is seduced by the purity of experience, far from the crowd, far from human to human relation, connection. At the summits of the Andes, with the condors in flight, *you feel your eyes, your craving, your fascination plunging to their almost immaterial realm, falling up into the region of death...you are nothing but a vision, a longing, a euphoric outflow of life hanging onto the flight of the condors* (Lingis, 2000, p. 130). It is easier to surrender to the text, to self-movement, to flow with landscape, to plunge into *immaterial realm*, to become *cut loose, unanchored* (p. 130). And yes, those are moments of intimate knowing, where the self, detached from the human crowds, yet fully materialized, can re-generate. Rilke praised solitude for this reason. But the true test of surrender is in those *epiphanies that deliver us from the demand to be protected and gratified* (p. 133), in the vulnerable relation to the other, the human other. In the flight of birds, in the vastness and timefullness of a landscape, it is easy to abandon the structure of the social self and safely fuse with the elements.

Relationality to a human other complicates the encounter. The encounter breaks up into a duration of moments with an additional 'element' of the social representation of how one should relate.

Seduced at the edge of order.

Ordered yet softening at a precipice of threshold.

We politely greet, articulate against each other tentatively, on the surface of conversation, of gaze, of gestures. And all this time the rest of the body, sensing with concupiscent flesh, in deeper connection. Against our libidinal mirroring. Against strict rules of engagement. It gives to the physicality of the *catastrophic* moment. A wanton trajectory toward the flesh of the other, not always, but potentially leading up to physical encounter. A seduction only possible within the prescribed parameters of social behaviour. But the material connection, a somatic fusion, is already taking place, even before the physical touch. There are signs of stirrings, unwritten, below the surface of skin, below the surface of conversation, of language as representation, of body as representation, of gesture as seduction. A surrender to the vulnerability of its furthest, most wide open threshold of a softly dis-assembled equilibrium that holds together the tasks and regularity of the social time of 'we'. The vulnerable anguish that is *not without exhilaration when we suffer revolutions, lightning strikes, floods, shiftings of continental plates, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions within ourselves* (Lingis, 2000, p. 133).

How do I write the doing of writing without letting the words incarcerate the flow, the immediacy and multi-dimensionality of deep carnal knowing in the dualistic framework of the Symbolic? How do I negotiate the space

between the frame of the language structure (*la langue*) and the eros of language, the wild side, a surrender beyond the framing? The structure is there for eyes to see, but the eros of language moves deep within the flesh, not available to the gaze, only to surrendering the human body to the world that opens up. I seek a contact with language through the words. I open to the physicality of each word, slip in between them, dissolve the harsh boundary between the strict structure and summoning flow. With each word I swell spherically into the flesh of the world, swell into the sensuous modality that moves from the proprioceptive register. Hand in hand with the writings of Alphonso Lingis, I dissolve into language, I surrender.

Lingis is a fierce and fearless lover of words, most of all. His eroticism slides on the surface of the sexual, but attends, resonates deeply with living sensuality in every sense of the word. Each word resonates through the body like a gust of wind penetrating the walls of the house on a cloudless night. The darkness is luminous, my house is dimming, windows darken, shapes slowly diffuse, look as hard as you might at what you will not see.

Writing begins in the early morning hour, when the gaze is hazed in the orphic twilight, groping around the shape of the moment, opening up, a curtain slowly rising on the overt forms that emerge from my hand. Ravished by calligraphy of the shape the word makes and the deep resonance that moves me beyond the surface of the text. A manuscript. Writing, like

teaching, is manual labor (Smith, 2004), a physical encounter with the world. Against the danger of monadic slippage, caught in the complex interlacing of singularity and multiplicity, my hand slips into a threshold moment, where time and space doesn't exist yet in an ordered way, yet the material emergence and rhapsodic temporality exist already. Skin perforated by sounds of gently falling words, a downward release, a supple yielding to the staccato of hand touching the page, inclined in elongated grace, restoring me to the natural kinesthetic instinct. At the peripheral shores of the long forgotten region of my body, words betray my desire in lathered frenzy, softly cresting, and then, falling, falling back, an exodus from order. I dissolve beyond the de-limit of skin's boundary, beyond the unity of this torso, these limbs, this container, transgresss the self into alterity while remaining self-same, fulfilling the gestural capacity of every sinew, nerve and muscle. I dissolve into an undeniable *agogy of the movement that references the verities, essences and momentary eternities* (Smith, 2005/6)

There is a softness to the structure, openings and approaches exchange flesh for flesh, in primal contacts, elemental gestures, kisses and caresses (Smith, 2003). I recognize the vulnerable spot, I am opening up to it, two soft, moist wounds, flesh in flesh, skin on skin, joining through the weak opening, mixing together. The vulnerability of our loss and desire is not to be mourned, but perhaps rejoiced, because the connection to the other is much

more intense, moist and yielding in a vulnerable surrender. Lingis's catastrophic moment of breaking up of surface (finally) and of equilibrium. Orgasmic, he says. Voluptuous hard-on of being fully in the world. (Would he say, I wonder, that there is virility in surrender, in soft yielding? Is there an intentionality in the exhilaration of transgression?) Lingis uses words to break frames, to carry frames and break them not only through the physicality and provocation of words themselves, but through the structure of his pieces, contradictory. His work breaks me up as it penetrates. After reading Lingis, I am no longer a philosophical virgin. Not only does he make love to his text, he makes love to the experience of it, and if I let him, if I surrender to the moment of being with a text, he makes love to me. We tousele over words, and I fall in love with every one of them. I write a love letter to language. Lingis, you matchmaker.

The serious power of this kind of erogenous connection supercedes the sordid performance of habitual touch. It follows deeper currents of tangible anatomies in the face of prescribed social constraints of behaviour, normalcy and morality that hold off, and even sever the deeper lust for the other, until it becomes not performable, not possible. An altered alterity.

I let a moment die without having much to say about it. Is there a consequence, a causality to a moment that is unspoken, dangling, un-

signified? Can I surrender to the catastrophic time for one calamitous moment, without consequence?

## loss

I want to tell you, before I die. Because each memory signifies loss. We live this loss every time we say something; in the saying each moment of emergence becomes a loss of what dissolved into the past, into history.

A kind of death.

Holding the potential between pain and pleasure, anticipating, even in pain, the possibility of pleasure of the next moment.

Some pleasures are unthinkable.

Unspeakable.

I've never seen my grandfather kill anything. My grandmother did all the killing. Crushing of skulls, twisting of necks, chopping of heads, plucking of wet, sticky, disheveled feathers, slicing skin, peeling it from flesh in the sweeping revelation of small musculature, still pink and warm, of a rabbit, a hen, a goose. Veins riddled the soft hills of cooling bodyscape like rivers. A

farm woman, focused in breathless anticipation of the last throb of the furry body, its eyes quivering with fear (really?), or perhaps just one last push to stay with whatever it feels like, as long as it feels, eyes in a final roll. And she is one with the throbbing until it ceases, she holds her breath, she lives the moment of the little death, she waits with the animal for the final heave of breath, the last release. She waits for the calm, the moment of tranquility, she guides with her whole body the last gasp, she is a companion, she teaches as she learns, in between inspiration and the last exhale of the small, convulsing lung. With the release, she can finally go on with her task of skinning, gutting, slicing, cooking and eating. Even though she knows ahead of time that she will kill a living, moving, flexing, warm animal (she has done it many times before, she, the one who kills, so we can eat, she in a greasy apron, forever in the yard, the kitchen, the field, and finally, when, toothless, asking me to just go on and write...), the moment between life and death is a moment devoid of intentionality. It is becoming one with the being, guiding, moving with the process of exhaling for the last time, for the duration of the moment.

This moment we concern ourselves with the difficult, unthinkable pleasures, impulsive pleasures, against norms, against expected behaviors, when we fly (flee, perhaps, but not out of fear or cowardice, let me assure you, I want to be clear on that, I leave fear to cowards and irresponsible nihilists, self-



centered narcissists, but that is another chapter altogether) from (in the face of) internal and social constraints. And how intimately private and free from social influence are the internal constraints, anyway? Aren't those the frames around our unthinkable desires, blocked passages, when on the moment's impulse, a spur of the moment, someone, somewhere, once, said "NO"?

(Yes, it was me, I sink irretrievably into the mire of unnecessary pre-dispositions.) Aren't those the unmistakable controls that define, de-fine, frame *ad-finitum*?

perhaps, late afternoon

The sun's faint tenderness remains leaning softly against my body, my whole body, all round and swelling, supple and yielding.

In the city, walking alone, without another next to me around whom I could intimately weave my space, I cannot grasp a connection, even though there are hundreds of bodies passing me by at each turn; strangers. A woman pedals by. Her bicycle must be at least forty years old. Its round sleek lines are painted fresh shiny black, like a dragonfly on a late summer evening. I smile at her bulging bag, journals and pens overflowing from all orifices. I wish to talk to her, as she parks, long black hair tangled in her fingers. Our

gazes brush against each other. The look of recognition is mutual, I'd like to believe. But she is meeting a friend. They hug closely, and laugh merrily at something whispered. They move as I move, yet the moment has passed, now I feel outside it, I don't grasp my space, an in(com)prehensible place.

In the heart of the city, among tall buildings and throngs of people, I am an island, one I will offer, perhaps in adoration. I will surrender my house, my land, let you shape something of it, soft and filling with sacred stirring inside me. And your hand will sink into my skin, ob-literate the boundaries with the wet, wet water of your bursting, impulsive touch. I will evaporate into the breeze inside you. I will enter your scape, escape, find my way on the page, in between the ink lines, in the saying, in giving and receiving, in surrendering. (Gerunds, all of them.)

The smells and sounds (perhaps real, perhaps remembered, is there a difference?), the atmospheric tangibles warm me and begin to melt away, dissolve the boundaries, like ink lines on paper soaked by an accidental spill. And I want to say YES to the wanton, lusty city, to the hills swept in fallen leaves, whirling into my house on the violin chase, (a street musician on the corner delights in a moment of his own), on the pink song, the scent of my surrender, the unsaid hanging mid-air.

Gossamer umbrellas of seeds just beginning their journey in the autumn air, floating jauntily, destination as yet to be determined by the whimsy of the breeze, storm, temperature, opening of the soil's loins, the frozen winter, the morning sun, the afternoon rain, a dietary routine of a hungry bird.

The wind picks up, the sky opens.

Inevitably she hails forcefully, a staccato hemorrhage from her mouth of fury. I wish I could empty myself that fiercely, let go with such vital discharge, excrete everything in one emptying resplendent attack of hysteria. (The nameless, sacred, unbearable, vast, the unmentionable in our discourse.)

And I am releasing myself from you, I'm hailing down, pelting the earth, it absorbs me. (And in the next moment you will exhume this new woman.)

I have trespassed, finally, beyond the line of bearing. A kind of blurring between an explosion and an (en)closure. Is it a trespass across, to a place where I have no right to be? Language has become telegraphic, cryptic, with a simple frugality of words. Where is the flow, the seduction of words, where is the swelling? Only a residue of theoretical undercurrents of hysteria. It remains a theoretical lens, playing, a playground.

This unadorned text.

Composed in the twilight of primary sentences, *pure duration* (Rilke), yet still inclined to order. In spite of what language constantly pushes for, however gracefully, it seems that the more aware I become of the psychosomatic processes and motivations of this text, the more the order of things breaks down, the more unordered the shape and form I try to give my work becomes. Waldenfels understands well the dangers of expository style, *as every direct approach and every aggressive discourse runs the danger of immediately immersing the twilight of any order in an artificial light or of merely exorcizing it* (Waldenfels, 1996, p. 4). So I co-ordinate the peripheries of a threshold, surrender to an invitation, each future moment swells and rushes at me, with an imperative of inevitable yielding, inhales me in one voluptuous intake of temporal breath, I leap into an echo without a return.

If I learn anything from this, it is to resist to be defined by the other totally. And my arms move in circles, limbs move to the rhythm of anticipation, anticipation of flight, of leaping and not landing, even if my feet keep touching the ground, I am not grounded, the steps I take lift me up, they strive for upwardness.

I am imploding within. My skin is untouchable. My muscles inert toward outside contact. And the absence I'm so full of, is spilling over, and takes me

in search of something that will make me open up again, toward an inevitable other.

I'm shutting the door on history.

## inevitable

You cannot separate a woman from her text.

You cannot define her by her body or text alone. The body and the text come as one, a carnal unison of language and flesh, joined in movement, undone by a saucy grin of satisfaction of knowing for a moment. (Knowing of a particular movement, a catastrophic moment of a surrender, an element of undoing, of sinking, of falling.)

I am falling into lightness, barely noticeable, a soft descent. I search for texture in these words upon which I can de-textualize, de-tangle the weight of the past and fly into this moment.

I am doing the writing. I feel deeper, past the text, beyond the semiotic entanglement of politics, culture and language, in the e-motional, carnally responsive modality of elemental gestures (Smith, 2003) of words that move with physicality, material vital movements. Gestures of writing draw phenomenological attention to the moment of surrender, when the body and language orchestrate an instant, an unadorned beauty of the faded, of the un-red, the hesitant, muted, nocturnal, quiet extremes of the unexhibited.

Back at my house, I write something on a piece of paper, this moment that I am living in writing, clandestinely, in the interstices of time, swallowing air, breathing the thickness of this space. I let it go, surrender to the elements, I will be rid of it.

I re-emerge, re-surface from this depth. I taste deeply the flow of clarity as I go through the motions of everyday, motions of response-ivity to those who struggle around me, responsible only for appearing the way they want me, playing the game, the rules binding. A blade splits the order, and as-yet-to-be-ordered coordinates fall into motion in spite of my intention, in spite of my imperatives, they fall into motion. An intuitive kinesthetic impulse generates a body of words that reflects the expressive aesthetics as well as the saturation of memory/experience and its ethical inclinations.

## violet

*Time shrinks into small cavities that only insects can enter. So I become an insect, small and inconsequential, that quenches its thirst on a drop of dew dangling precariously from the lip of a petal, my skin charged with fiery colors, colors that bleed through.*



*I bleed the excess of enraged, volatile energy, barely contained by my cool comportment. It takes all I've got. There is still some vigor left, and it comes from, resides here, in the moment of spontaneous writing. This is not a lie, a fabulation, not a diversion, not a subterfuge. I am inevitable.*

*It is casting a new shape, tracings unknown textures, discovering delightful contours inside my skin, capricious vitality swells here and there, still tentative, knowing that it could crumble.*

*I cast a spell, archive your touch.*

*But my archive now burns, my skin blisters from the fire ignited by this enormous lack. No more question of YES and NO. These dualities become irrelevant. (Will I die of nervous exhaustion while reading Huysmans?) Or do I plant my seed in a genealogy of carnal tracings, ink on paper, skin on skin? (Didn't he claim that one has only to know he cannot get to a certain spot to be seized with a desire to go there?). (Huysmans, 1959)*

*So I amplify my gestural intensity, and let the hand move sideways, inclined to fly between lines, the pen is in flight, unsettled, here comes poetry.*

*I am inevitable.*

*And if not the most intense, all consuming pleasure, then, pain. The world shimmers with heat, silence gathers in sumptuous dissolving.*

## gathering

A soft fading of movement melts into a bigger space, with breath deepening after it has quickened with expectation. Ambiguous and amorphous, not attached, yet holding me together, until the moment comes of awakening sleep into being-ness, just beyond the threshold, the boundary that shivers, the point at which I become aware of splitting time, of splitting my organs and other bits, this world trembles under the weight of time and space, waiting for nothing, expecting everything. (She laughs).

In-e-vita-able.

## anatomy

Close to the flesh, the occasional calamitous contact with your skin, with your tongue, a tattoo of you, choreographed by the rhythm of the hand, I am aware of time passing. I forget you are here, I forget the night is soft, I forget the moist air on my skin (the mist of your breath), I forget I am not near, not far.

I am the time passing.

This is my touch, this movement, this text, this texture, the sound of the pencil rushing, rustling past the lines, soft silky skin of the page under my wrist, the only touch that awakens me to the fact that I still have a body.

Nearing proximity, there is always an agreeable symmetry to an approach and retreat, a metronomic ritual. This movement of words that flow out of me, a morphic field shifting contours around the shape of me, is a reach beyond language, a mystery point of origin. Not the colonial, prescriptive, grand narrative, but small breaths, small pieces rendered by your tongue, melting, dissolving, dripping me away in small inconsequential bits of fluid, a laughable version of the master lesson.

No, smaller than that, with much space in between.

Come to me.

An enchantment of silence stills my centre. My skin ablaze, burning through the shroud of faintly resisting imperatives, those hesitations between offerings. And the morning light beckons, streets echo with empty space, the city waits, hushed in lazy expectation for those first unwilling sleepers to wade into the river of time, of chronos, of rhythm, of noise and mechanical clicks of car doors, purses, cell phones, high heels.

I am hollow, a box, a camera obscura, and the whole world enters, slips in through this smallest vestige, a hollow bone, a pinhole aperture of my desire. I am contained in my hollow bones, I shed blindness like Salome. She revealed blindness. She revealed that blindness of sight, of the gaze that only designates what one appears to be. My head, mask over hollow bone.

And did I have a hand in this?

An overture to nothing. A momentum of potentiality. I prepare myself for every possibility of contact, a touch that I so desire, your hands on me, skin on skin, excreting information, my word. Always at the threshold of necessary pleasure (just ask Foucault), always filling with more than my shape can hold, the plenum of libido (talk to Lingis). Fullness at the

threshold of nothingness, the inevitable lack that resides in the movement of spilling, of leaving, a departure that remains voiceless, unnamed.

Yet no thing is empty, it always contains its shape.

Emptiness has no place in a live body, a living form. In movement, in the kinetic forging toward the next moment of time passing (that I am), the shape changes, becomes alive, the form intensifies and dissolves, blends with the synchrony of other bodies, life forms. A life form. A shape that is moving, alive.

The momentum, a pure duration.

It remains what I am seeking in the pace I take to fall into a walking rhythm to keep up with you, here, in the momentum of words taking shape on a page. I am training for that moment, the defining moment of perfect surrender.

This is my shape, my form, my morphic field. A life that moves around these words, words that move life into my shape.

Words flying in formation.

And is this, these words, is that it? Is that all that can be, can I only articulate this philosophy? Or can I live it? Am I? Am I touching anything? An absence perhaps, within the folds that ripple between my body and the curvature of the time passing. Yes, one and the same.

My bones are tilting (while the tongue is titillating, the only muscle without skin, flesh only, moist, always touching the inside of its mouth) toward joining the Earth's rotation into the unknown, unknowable, unnamed. A silent bodied orality that exudes, exhumes, extricates wordlessly all that I know, in the vastness of time. A casual brush with my skin, along the cheek, across a shoulder, throws me into a moment, immediate, vital, lush, of how I taste, walk, write.

But a single tongue makes no vital contact, except with one's mouth.

And the words inundate the page, a deluge of moist chunks born out of the mouth of my hand, slipping from the tongues of my fingers.

It is an unbearable instant, the fierce filling, that the skin can't contain, cannot bear it within its own shape, its own form, its swelling. (If I have an impulsion to write all the time, is it a compulsion? Is it a mistake to analyze this depth I plunge into with my whole being, this fullness that rips me into silly bits and bleeds excess into this writing?) It spills out, opens up a space

where the touch, an attentiveness to the flesh beyond the self cannot be prevented. It is an attentiveness I am thrown into. The attentiveness to the flesh of the other is not always knowing, it is tentative, hovering between language and surrender. The illusion of knowing passes quickly each moment of vital contact. Connected, but not knowing. Only inclined to the vitality and integrity of the other.

## instant

This moment, an impulse rising out of unframed desire, is always in the end contained, somehow, domesticated.

(Who decides on the rhythm, the color, the taste, the moist trace my heart's pendulum leaves in the wake of your provocation? What words will arouse a response, my fingers writing the pulse of this moment, as I follow the internal urge, un-framed, un-chained, against inhibition, against prefabrication, against fabulation, following a hunger of an insatiable itch, a voice calling?)

A moment of dewy salutations left on grass, cautiously dangling, challenged by the weight of water. A moment of mutual articulation, a detour around the eroticized body parts, a reticent coupling, slow yielding. Fevered by the



razor flash of the moon, a quick lucid moment that slivered the orphic  
darkness, covered me in love, luminous honey, dense and sweet as I lay in  
slow motion, shedding the drunken petticoats of pleasure.

## the producer

The body and the text, on the edge of systemic deliverance, transmitting  
across time, across knowing, perhaps not fully, not full, but fulfilling,  
opening, crossing and returning, always slightly off the departure point.  
Never returning, not really.

I am the time passing,

My heart, seized by uncontrollable craving, pushes through the ends of  
myfingers. A delicate arousal, a painful invitation.

Mystery is all about perception, and the return of no return can only be  
perceived in the small hours of morning, I am collecting the pieces I've  
forgotten, I'm going back for them, I will dare a return, and will bring back  
more. I will record, yes, not document, not describe, I shall escape  
possession. Possession by language, possession by system. Only perception  
of history passing into each new moment, one that is like the others, yet  
different.

Each moment a child of duration.

And I wish for a moment unlike any other. It refuses to fully register. It may well be that the text of this woman spills over the boundary of perception.

A paradox of excess.

No matter how fast it seeps out from all apertures, all openings, a torrent of words, an abundance, plenitude, that percolates from within, it seeps, bleeds, emerges through skin, out of my mouth, from the quick hold of my fingers, no matter how fast I let go, it generates.

Generous.

(How can one surrender to the pulse of the body, let the body over-ride the impulsion, the duress of behaving correctly. How can one surrender to this voluptuous touch beyond language, beyond social constraints and let the moment's duration show its ethic? Can I recognize an opportunity for spontaneous surrender, can I recognize it for its ethical motion, a gesture of dissolving, beyond values and dualities?)

In a human to human, body to body encounter, in the moment of fully lived connection, a vulnerable, mortal moment, two surrenders are required.

Not just one.

Trajecting, melting, fusing.

Not a surface touch that persuades toward predictable performative, socially designed script, read and re-read, not a connection out of sexual desire, obligation to a prescribed chain of events, not even out of obligation to care.

But a moment of merciless opening up, where all the language and its dualities diffuse, without consequence. (The responsibility of Levinas does not have a reference here).

This is a moment of re-claiming, re-articulating, a satyric dance of wild flesh, fingers, tongue, legs, wrapping around time's duration.

But as it is, I am caught up in the frame of my own making. I break up into writing, inseparable from the body of my text, searching for a shift, a new perspective, a new being, more vital, courageous, invited to a surrender, ready to fly out of the fall.

But language betrays me, as it must, representing a surface to the other within the structure. Even as I break up, I know I will always re-assemble still lacking.

Perhaps tomorrow, or the next day, I will re-assemble. I've held the broken pieces, disassembled shards of hardened skin and tongue, fingers, a few hairs here and there, just heaped in disorder, held together by the limit of slowest velocity, of minimal levitation, of partial inhale held without expectation.

## surrender

Everything is becoming soft. There are no solid points from which I can push off. Even flying is impossible in this softness that surrounds me. Yet in spite of this warm, cushy, velvety smoothness that caresses insides the limbs, there is some energy of pushing, it is pushing backwards in the melting reversal, slow, soft erosion, an erotic refusal of solidity, a receiving that is not removed from giving; a giving in, giving into, just as I am giving into language, this yielding is giving, not a gift, but a dissolving of boundaries that would imprison me in the certainty of something that is a gift.

What is being given, what I give into, is receiving without qualification of an intention, of a prescribed idea of a gift that needs to be reciprocated.

Is receiving, of language, of softness, voluminous space of a word that comes to me, is it giving? I hover, suspended, within the softness that gives

me the comfort of intimacy that I give into, yet I am not expected to give, or to receive, only to be as I am, right now. There is no appropriation here, only a dimension where my body diffuses in language and language infuses my body. A suspension of appropriation, appropriateness.

I want to be in vastness. I don't want to heed.

Heeding is weighing, attending to, it is a responsibility, an obeying.

Surrender is different from heeding. Surrender is wild abandon, yielding, not soft (although that too), crashing, giving into, but not giving up. It is giving the self into, not offering, a deliberate release, yes. How can I make it into an explanation, when it is not a deliberation, not listening, not minding, not catching, not caught in? Surrender, not in a sense of ab-dicating, capitulating, cessation, not giving way to, not succumbing, although that perhaps. Not resignation, not submission.

In saying 'yes' to the other at the polysemic threshold of surrender to language, brimming with choices about to be made, poised on a fulcrum of possibilities, crossing of chiasm (but not yet), I do not heed the Levinasian demand of the other. I surrender to the provocation of a word that lingers, calls, at the dawn of its ethos, not obliged, not heeding, only dwelling for a moment *in a manner which can never be fully mapped out or codified, thus*

*allowing room for ever new horizons of ethical sensitivity* (Dallmayr, 1996, p. xiv).

Yielding, perhaps, handing over, no, more like dissolving but to do that one must also surrender, let go, yield softly. Let go of this structure ... not withdraw, not leave, but some of that, part of the surrender is sometimes a leaving. Not leaving the senses, on the contrary, surrendering is giving into the sensual, but not in a hedonistic sense. It is drawing on the knowledge of the senses, letting the senses exercise their knowing within the body, you, me, the surrounding space, surrendering, yielding to space.

But it's more, there is more to it. Surrendering is leaving, but also becoming part of. There is no nothingness, there is everything, and that's what I need right now, a vast space of which to become a part. Not a rejection, but acceptance, not denial, but welcoming, not abandonment, but giving, not withdrawing, but yielding, not folding, but opening. Not giving over, but giving into, penetrating, while being penetrated.

## contact

The text is my other. The other I will become while demanding that the other becomes me. Wrapped up in eternal folds and side steps, a textual

tango, rose between our lips. I surrender to the ethos of the movement of the hand, a manual for translation, a hand job, a relinquishing of certainty (which was illusory to begin with, but allows me to sublimate the unattainable). In the moment of vital contact, the precarious, fleeting moment of knowing the movement, a rhythm, a fluidity and physicality (not an orgasm as Lingis would have it, as he would) but a vital moment of material fusion, a spacious connection, in this moment a translation is possible, only then.

When tongues intertwine, two tangent morsels of flesh synchronize their movements in the rhythm and flow of the moment's contact with the physicality and fluidity of time and space. I feel deeper, past the text, beyond the semiotic entanglements of politics, culture and language, in the e-motional, carnally responsive modality of elemental gestures – caress, embrace and kiss (Smith, 2003) – tousled, involved in kinetic revolution.

And I catch onto the next word, a word that moves with physicality that evokes material, vital movements, gestures, those undeniable exhilarations that draw phenomenological attention to the moment of surrender, when the body and language constitute the flesh of the moment, a vital contact, a fluid constant, a time passing, a moment when proprioceptive and reflective modalities overlap in a spherical swelling. Infinity.



Yes, let's say it is language I'm talking to, I'm conversing with, I am touching. Let's say it is language I am trying to seduce, to make love to, to be in vital contact with.

I prefer to be vulnerable, rather than protected. That is why I write. It is not that safe after all, I break up just thinking about the nakedness of each word, severed from my body, revealed to retinal gaze, incomplete, perfect in its impurities, a pure imperfection.

Every point in my body curves in a spherical movement away from the empty centre, I give you my last word (of this moment, a time passing).

As I stand here, without a word, within a word, ragged edges of incommunicable experience. A word rouged by a current of desire that is born out of the very centre, warmed by its own exfoliations, absorbed in the silence, a quiet delirium nourished by swooping darkness of my inevitable flesh. (Is there a message it wants to reveal? Is the silence birthing these soft glandular, slippery, chrysalis-like fragments? Am I to accompany it, will the breeze take me, remove me from the vast density of inaudible authorship? Will the air (en)lighten me in the fragrant frenzy of violets, crushed by the sum of aporias, empty spaces. Will the thoughts, like insects, make home in the cavities they'll discover tucked inside me? Will they potentially consume

the silence of my flesh, or actually play out their unthinkable vengeance on the meat of this language?

How can the unspoken, the absent, come in writing, in between even the unheard of, the unimaginable, not seen, heard, tasted, touched, how can it be written?

A dis-carnate hollowness.

An un-saintly halo.

Billowing mystery, unsettled craving.

Written word is soundless, silent, but it touches, reverberates. It does not speak a tongue, a muscle communicating across teeth and lips, a labial lover, detached, yet caressing. Written word tastes the silence of the tongue with its own tongue-less shape, crushes the space in the mouth, arching against the ridges of mouth's roof, sliding the tip across ridges of teeth, and swims, swims in the fluid that flows and brings the words in a tide of a silent mouth, to fingers, the tongues of writing.

Written word moves in the rhythm of this hand from which it appears, she understands a silent storm of words, my hand, she is coming fast, bending

around time itself. That's how I steal time. A love letter to language. She, the hand, loves him.

But I, am I my hand?

Drowning unshared release, my hand records the rapture of the moment with fecund, carnal hunger for space, spreading, fingers first, tongue next, tasting the curious quality of inky air, moist desire, fresh region discovered where unmistakable markings show themselves on the page. In cunning proximity, in oblique approach, vague destination, across the veil, across shadows, blind spots, indecently tactile, yet opaque, lips tinted with dark blue air, inhale glowing hues of aquamarine, sleek curls of delicate air rising from my breath fill the room, swelling the pillow of space that embraces my flesh.

And each breath duplicates this desire, each moment born with trembling.

And words carry sense sensibly, they spread, float between the lines, lines so linear, without an end. Crimson rivers dissolve into lavender remainder, last remainder of solidity.

I liquefy.

Unframed.

I am exhausting every possibility of past or future.

Irretrievable drops of time, fallen between our skin's divide, exfoliate, shed, abandoned to history. Flesh unseen, transmits the specks of life, slower, slower, the fading unred patches of sapient meat. Is knowledge killing me? Is it killing you? Is it killing the possibility of deeper physical relationship, vital responsivity to and from the knowing that summons us to every rhyme, every keen response to shape, scent, flavor of a word, arriving on a memory perhaps, but lived now, as I write it.

Silky shoulder against a hand of eternity. Fingers of words penetrate the soft membrane of the page, don't look, only merge with its forthcoming.

Eyes, blinking garnets, sustain the depth of blindness, gestural Braille, moving sideways, always on the slant, with blank pauses between words, distressed in flight, swaying along sideways.

If I shall die suddenly, you should know what devastating feeling consumed my hours, my inhalations turning into wind as I walk the unsteady ground from now on, you who should know this, a golden mean, an Aristotelian paradox, that throws me to every extreme, never the conventional middle.

But I am already opening up to death, as my body spills into the world.

A dissolution of the singular self, which is a kind of death, a different dimension that includes the body, includes life, which is filled with desire for something that is already passing. I want to be historyless, I need to be blank, to see what could happen, to understand there is always more. One can get mired in history, in the memories left of what used to be, and not be able to extricate, to untangle, unknot. Or one can surrender. To deep joy, deep contact, deeper than the surface tickle of a blind gaze, blind to the serious, cryptic manuscript. Only a blind gaze can enrapture the rich resonances of the voice, the caress that penetrates the primal, elemental motions, motives, imperatives, the sapient gestures, or perhaps the bittersweet aftertaste of your tongue on mine.

In this writing is the troublesome, incessant, compulsive motion, a motive, a motif written around the page like a detour around my shape, my form, a lace around the sleeve, a ring around my finger. The words stream out of me, the carnal me, the material body of a woman in a dress of an undress, a nakedness that is not invested in the scopic, spectral, the visible, the beautiful, as I breathe to the rhythm of this spillage, my breath, hardly a sound, rustling in the company of wind, a wind of words streaming onto the page like a crazy ribbon, defying the linear, inclined to grace but only beautiful while attached to life, a graceful, fragile enclitic.

It flows from in between, without words, without utterance, un-utterable  
'saying', saying in doing, a kinethic moment, an ethos of emergence.

Pure duration.

It should be possible.

I'm seeking.

That is what I want, what I desire, an emergence, out of carnal imperative  
for flesh in flesh, a touch beyond language, before language, regardless of  
language, in spite of libido, and here it comes, as I write, I feel it touching  
me, in the centre, moving through like a breeze inside me, and I shed my  
skin, I forget my face, I open up, I fly into space, weightless yet fully  
materialized.

I close my eyes and pull the invisible thread through the very centre of me,  
to catch onto a word that sits, wordlessly, in the heart of my desire.

It is beyond what I know, yet I know it.

Am I to be forever tied to this one moment in my history, answering the  
duress of desire in intricate verbal calisthenics, linguistic lust, unthinkable  
pleasure?

And you, are you your hand?

Let's speak of touch that is irretrievable, that ignites the inner storms, the severing of limbs, the tearing of skin, I say, let loose the private guillotine that bites off the heads of all the bodies that I contain. The resplendent rounding, a spherical surrender into sur-rounding scape, an insupportable inflection seeps from the walls like moist liquid around an old wound.

Headless, armless, almost bloodless, crawling with winter mists like a long abandoned, fallen ruin, falling, dilapidated, eroding within.

The house of me is barely standing. (And I will leave this house, shut the door). There is a small cavity I cannot reach, and that is where this memory retreats, to hide from me, from possible erasure, from irretrievability.

It retrieves itself, unexpectedly, an auxiliary moment around the centre, when I'm not looking, when I'm distracted by other-mundaneness. It spreads open quickly, a flower of poppy, released out of containment in one smooth, invisible gesture, the red filament opens into a blood stain, wrinkled, new born.

(It shines on my inner darkness, throws the curtains open, I see sky, I feel the sun, I float on a breeze.)

My ruin is overgrown, sparkling with crimson poppies.

And without hesitation, this is my home, my house, where I am at.

Inevitable.

No matter where I am on your map, his map, their map.

There is no map.

There is no road.

Your hands know what to do.

You have the key.

Stay.

See how much I can harden, become solid, marmoreal, with veins of ancient Apollo, yes, why should I say Venus? She is modest, she poses without saying anything, the way they like it here, the hollow eyes sparkling frantic over the absent centre. But not Apollo, not David. They have muscles, not just smooth skin and taut breasts, their torsos ripple with flesh, solidified.



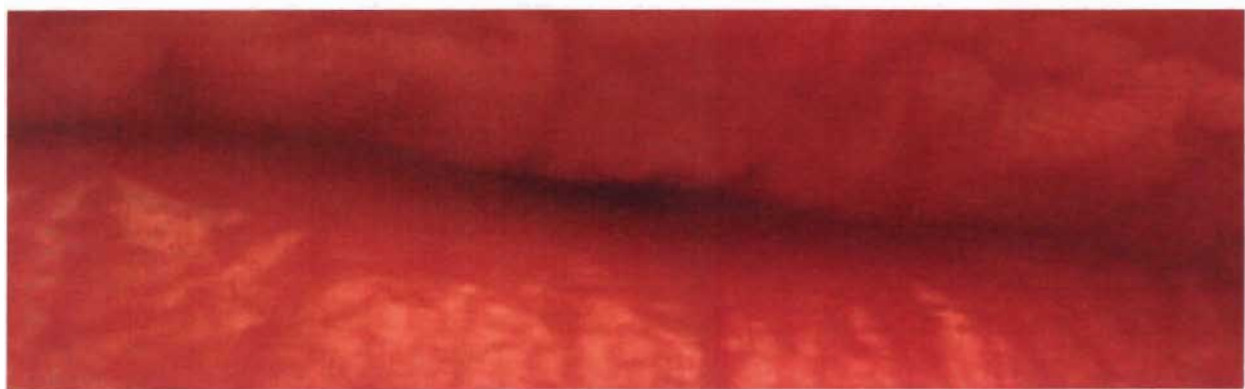
And I want to bring my inner force to lay firmly, risen against skin, to show a woman is flesh. She has a shape underneath, different from the smooth white acquiescing softness of the feminine which is offered, shown to the gaze of many. This woman's flesh tones the skin, not with the gaze of language, but with its substance, with the filling of me that I contain in a shape of a woman.

## without a name

I am surrounded on all sides by reason of all reasons. The one that signifies who I should be, the one before whom I fall. And I am falling.

Not plummeting but descending slowly, hoping to gently land in the space you hold with grace I cannot bear. And my skin glows with traces of heat you left behind. Silence gathers between words. Breaths, not attached, exhale with expectation in textual deferral, indexical lacuna. Not a thought stirs, only the quickening of the smallest fleshy bit speaks in a wordless tongue the ruby mist that remains of me.

## chapter five



*Like dew from the morning grass,  
what is ours rises from us, like the heat  
from a dish that is warmed. Smile, an upward gaze,  
new, warm, vanishing wave of the heart - :  
oh, we are that. And does the world  
we dissolve in taste of us then?*

*Rilke, Second Elegy*

## vital contact

What concerns a present moment, a lived time that passes into a swelling of sensual experience, the multiplicities of tongues of the world that taste the moment, is an unaccountable succession of expressions, foldings and re-foldings of the sensate, the sensible, the sensual. Enraptured in transition, in translation. Not only the kind of linguistic, structural transcription, the meaning transference from one language to another in the more familiar, literary manner, but a translation of experience, of the self as it loosens in the tremors, the shifts between the familiar and the strange. In surrendering to the lived moment, the established, familiar identity and position of the self in the world becomes destabilized, rendered uncertain. The idea of translation, Samuel Weber tells us, relates to the *origin* (Weber, 2005, p. 67), as if by translating or interpreting one can peel language of experience, of flesh, right down to the bone, some certain, unchanging origin. But in lived experience of passing into thresholds and surrenders, time never returns to the original, it changes, something strange and unpredictable, a chance encounter, offers to take me with each moment passing. It is what Alphonso

Lingis calls the *catastrophic moment*...*unlike any other which leaves us wholly astonished, with astonishment that can never recur* (Lingis, 2000, p. 124). Let us allow the voluptuous senses to shift the perspective, if only for a moment, let the *great world we dissolve in taste of us* (Rilke, 2001).

In translating the experience of alterity that shows itself as I negotiate the cultural scope of the prescribed, of the predictable, of the familiar, I surrender to the experience of the elements: the air, water, earth, fire. But also to more nuanced affects of experience that comes in language – the smells, sounds, textures, voices, licks of heat, shivers of cold, colors, saturations, carnal imperatives. I surrender to those sensual provocations that accent the noise, the odors, atmosphere, gestures, glimpses that awaken the body in a flash, respond to unred, faded flesh, unseen, slowly transmits slower and slower, fading patches of naked skin.

The body quivers in response, vibrates, echoes, resonates, resounds, ripples in summoning that transcend the palpable, manifest. Attending to the complexity of multilingual moments in tracings of taste and musicality in the kinetics of language, words or beyond, I am caught in the movement and multiplicity of lingual and linguistic co-emergence that facilitates the precipitation of the present moment, experienced fully by the body. The tongue and language linger at a threshold, holding the moment, caught, for an instant, in slow motion, slow enough in the time passing to invite the rest

of me, my whole body, my unsettled rhythms, to surrender. This is freshly fleshed language, another tongue, a sensual alterity. Just past the spoken or written word, just slightly out of the frame, faintly behind the senses, yet underlying them all, lingering, behind the scene, yet powerfully present, if we surrender to the tumescent moment of it all. Here language comes from a threshold place, a different phrasing, different pulse, slower, until it swells beyond the threshold of holding, a threshold within a threshold. The body, words and experience of that lived moment, diffuse themselves into non-separatedness, they infuse with each other beyond recognition of monadic existence.

## violet

*What kind of woman will I be, what kind of woman am I now, at this moment, caught in the flow of language that somehow knows what to say, how to define. The body speaks differently, the body waits, it swells with the pain of un-recognition that could only come from contact only you could give, as I am caught in this middle of not being a woman, yet becoming one nevertheless. Just the same. Inevitably. Through this birth, a transition, a translation into the world. There is a landscape hidden inside that swells, and swells within me, it wants to swell, to swallow, to engulf something. I*

*am not completely there, I am not finished charting the unmeasured  
landscape of your body and mine, touching in contact.*

*How do I develop guidelines for the most opportune moment? What will the  
direction be?*

## counterpoint

Alphonso Lingis talks about sensibility, sensuality and perception as *not reactions to physical causality, nor adjustments to physical pressures, nor free and spontaneous impositions of order on amorphous data, but responses to directives* (Lingis, 1998, p. 3). But perhaps we can look at these directives from another angle, from within the lived experience itself, where all these vital events of tensions of duress and release, of summoning and yielding, allow language to experience the response to these directives as a movement, kinesthetic directive, reciprocal in a moment of contact. The translation of the catastrophic moment softens the postural entanglements, each moment commands a presence with no particular directive, only calling, summoning, taking.

I am similar, but never the same. Not layered, but loosened, bits that move apart and join back together for a brief contact, and then float asunder in a

pulse of the movement that crosses the boundary of skin, another threshold, there are many, and I am seeking that moment when they synchronize, they articulate, couple, tangle in tousled fragmentation, a fragrant, ebullient, tumid accord, a chord, an arpeggio, made of pieces, being infinity. The threshold ornates in a *delightful confusion* (Smith, 2006/7).

The fullness of the lived, vital moment of touch, of contact, coincides with the moment of surrender, the moment of release into the swelling of the corporeal sensibility, where, Lingis writes, *a sensuality of life exposes itself to the elements, enjoying its exposure* (1998, p. 18). This surrender to the summoning, this moment of contact is multidirectional, reciprocal, it is a simultaneous offering and craving, it gives and takes, it combines, unites, the moment of approach and opening up to the other who, as the self, both summons and surrenders.

The moment is vital precisely because of this reciprocity. And this reciprocity is possible during the vital opening up that is a contact, a contact, a touch that is tactful, with respect, with an approach toward knowing, yielding to the other, an ethical moment of connection, a plug-in, a tactful inter-penetration that maintains the integrity of all physicalities involved. What Stephen Smith (2006) describes as *kinethic* is a moment of full vitality that moves toward, into, within, swells with the whole of what being

physical, carnal, means, is, in its is-ness. It the moment of emergence,  
kinethics of multiplicity, a *kinethic* contract.

Let's say it's language I'm talking to, I'm conversing with, I am touching.  
Let's say it is language I am trying to seduce, to make love to, to be in vital  
contact with. Let's say it is language, he who fulfills my being-ness.

Delicate yearning ornates through my hollow binding, in one moment of  
flowering, the softest moment of yielding to your skin, I gather the scent in  
my arms like demurred flowers left thrown in the path you took through me.  
The tracks you left behind, scars that bind me in place, and only a faint echo  
lingers at my fingertips, on my tongue, the moist corner darkened now in  
shadows of my desire. My tongue, the keykeeper, staggers under the weight  
of unopened doors, of keys that unlock what needs to yield, what wants to  
be taken, what has to be loved.

I soften the space between us, your presence stirs the air around me and I  
am taken, if not into your arms then into a moment brushing by. Even at a  
loud beyond-the-sound barrier boom of my longing, the silence claims my  
courage, silence burns the bridges of my persistence. Interpretation is not  
possible, only revelation after I shed the garments of everything left unsaid.



Separated by a whisper, our tongues taste the turquoise air, uninterrupted. The sound of time passing, the words, the taste of the moment of duration, cannot be deciphered. It remains a cipher, a nothing, an empty thing. It morphs around an empty centre that fills, not with language that can be translated, but with senses overcome by sounds, smells, textures, a text of a different kind, that evades translation, eludes interpretation, only reveals itself in the plenum, the fullness of the lived moment, overcome by senses, surrendered to time passing. An eternal moment of being here, now.

The coupling of senses to which the self opens up, in surrendering to what comes, what will take from the unravelled skin that exposes the pulsing, desiring, never fully filled, yearning flesh, that yields to another that returns in yielding back, that offers, trusting, in spite of the discomfort of the unfamiliar.

In the excess, the proliferation of the unknown, of the previously unknown, the body searches to attach, to fold onto, to suction itself onto something familiar, familial, of same family, rejecting the other. Seeking something permanent, one loses the sense of base, a foundation. The notion of base, a decadent rhythm, surrenders to the beat underlying the score, the unfolding of pacing of the primordial mother tongue, the beat of the heart.

The trebled space.

The physicality of smells, sounds, textures, flavors, movements of air and bodies, bring a familiarity more primal, more fundamental than the social paradigms of style, morals, politics and economy. It calls to be consumed, not to be a consumer, a tourist, an observer, a de-coder, a translator. But to be consumed, to be taken in the vital physicality of the moment as it grasps at all the sensual appendages, leaving the body to surrender, yield.

Dissolving in pools of colour, falling into pockets of darkened smells, pulsing with sounds and beats of the unfamiliar moment that will nevertheless become a memory, become something known, in the body, by the body, by the flesh. The body maps the geography of belonging, of belonging.

If a moment is extraordinary, astonishing, I am taken by it, I become it. Not a story to tell, but being the extraordinary moment of yielding to rapture, abandoning pretense, when connection is inevitable, inescapable, surrendering I fly into what takes me, wanting is not even a question anymore, it is now, it is what it is, without boundaries, without pressure. A release, a swelling, a dissolving, not transcendence but coming, going, merging, fusing, an explosion, unrelentingly victorious.

Immersed at a threshold between the familiar and the uncertain, the strange, the unfamiliar, away from the comfort zone of the known, we attempt to

understand one another through language, but even as we speak the same language, it is not the same tongue that seeks the shape of its mouth.

Wearing casings, garments of the familiar, that need to be shed, ripped, torn, by the strange, by the otherness of the uncertain probability of surrendering to the moment, the astonishing moment of now, with all its scents, tastes, tongues intertwined, imagining is not enough. I surrender to the real moment, to the now, flesh to flesh, skin on skin, tongue in my mouth, a fierce presence of you on me. The world that tastes of us reveals the tenderness, the uncertainty of the unfamiliar. It looms over the tender opening, the revelation of this moment as I divine, helplessly summon the familial that passed into history, never to be repeated.

But a single tongue makes no vital contact, except with one's mouth.

It turns up silently, dishing up shiny words, moistening the page in unspoken fever of the moment that yields its mouth to the spoon of silver tarnished with history taken by surprise. Abducted by the sense, I tire of holding still, of abating breath, I shed the debris of history, un-framed, woven into the light of the moment, I stop counting time, I dance the gathering of veils. I surrender to the heat of the moment, into its unravelling duration, I release the furrowed brow, the unverifiable pieces of tender disclosure, of this ravaging discomfort of revelation. My limbs disengage the tenacious hold on

the familiar, and the world tastes of me, the salty coincidences of my skin melting in the heat of this dishevelled moment. The wonderland of unmistakable lust in expectation of the astonishing, catastrophic moment.

A vital contact.

Crushing ruminations of time that passes through my disassembling bits, tongue nesting against my skin, curling as it tastes along the moist crevices, curiously spiced, it tries to soften my crusted demeanor of knowing, I try to understand, to translate what the moment asks. What does it ask? Is there a question to be answered, a word to be understood, a moment to be interpreted? What is it trying to reveal? Is there an IT, a particular that would hinge us together in a gated piece of land, in a scape of a scope, a gaze knowing? What shows itself? A small crevice that leads to ever narrowing, bottomless, curving spine of pivoting time's torso, turning away, waving of hands, touching of tongues. A consummation of utmost flavor, the timber of voice calling, a trebled moment of swelling, unarticulable, tender exultation. A divine divide, a summoning supplication, un-resisting feast swallowed by time.

Yet it is this moment precisely when the translation becomes irrelevant, the connection, the vital contact escapes, swells, dissolves beyond the boundaries of duality. In this moment, this passing, fleeting duration of

contact, the translation between two or more entities is both possible and irrelevant. Not a translation, but literally, making sense. But it is only a moment (and I am the time passing), it cannot be sustained, the spaces fill up with density of discursive noise of (I am astonished at the solidity) discarnate misreadings.

The world's tongue curls around my limbs and I cannot be rid of it. A consummated riddle of the sensual fusion, falling into fear, without fear, fear doesn't make sense, only sense rests against the walls that softly peel the colors away from my face. My face wears the last garment, the world's tongue upon my skin.

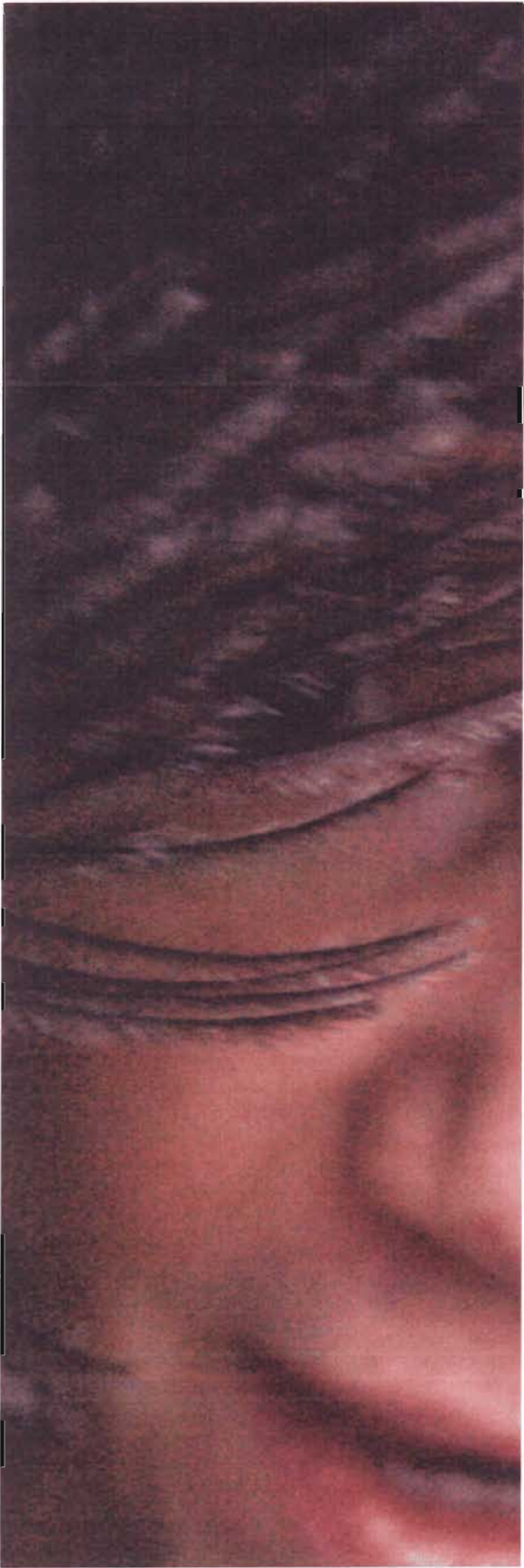
The air clings to me, it tastes my hesitation and coaxes me out flavor by flavor. Strange spices sound out the rhythms of the enormous tongue, *la lingua franca*, without translation, turning around the changing shades of the moment, the ululations and whirrings of the world's tongue on me, the beat of the drum. My drum beats to the rhythm of your heart, I want to taste being tasted.

The mystery, a rebus I can't decipher by a method until it offers to show itself. A troubled, trembling moment, trebled time of *agogic* (Smith, 2006) symmetries that unfold around me. A tactile moment of translation, a contact between the self and the affects of the experience. Not a fusion,

merging, but a swelling, an *agogic* (Smith, 2006) movement, a temporal rhythm catching a beat that stirs the surface tension of the containment, in transit. I spin shallow breaths around my body until time comes back to me. A falling, a signature so specifically mine, so decidedly yours, identifies this threshold, this hesitation, this unfinished moment, signing mixed signals into labyrinthian mis-understanding, a turbulent misfiring of interpretation.

As it is, words we exchange and proximities that I endure unfinished, those last scenes, never quite concluded, dissolve not into a sunset, but a night that does not own, have or hold, command or possess, but gives. Translation in darkened moment without a gaze of the familiar pays constant attention to the shifts of meaning, each moment adds a slight movement in flavor, sonority and flow of meaning. Collapsing of text, disturbing of contours. I am illuminated, the light penetrates the space I do not see, it is real, although coming from a faint memory of no place, it grows flesh of my experience like a king mummified for eternity, reborn. But eternity is not everlasting. Eternity is death and rebirth.

Each moment a child of duration.



## chapter six

## between question and answer

There is a piece of music I love, called 'Heart Asks Pleasure First' from Jane Campion's film *The Piano*. It is a blustery, intense piece, dense with desire. But it is the title that interests me even more. Heart asks pleasure first. What is the heart asking? Is the heart asking pleasure for something? Is it asking a favor? Is it asking for mercy, is it asking for more? Is the heart pleading for sweet release from unknowing, from knowing of not knowing what it is that it knows? And what is in the asking? Is it questioning, a quest for something, a journey to the heart of pleasure? A quest for an answer, hopeless, as if the heart would already know that pleasure cannot be fought, cannot be won? Is there an answer in pleasure? Or is there pleasure in asking, a quest, an unrequited continuum, a journey? Is the heart asking pleasure first, asking for her heart's desire? What does pleasure want, I ask? Does she answer? Can she answer? If a pleasure in her innermost secret self, a *jouissance*, is beyond language, how, I ask, would she answer this asking?

## the question

We use language as a natural, learned, naturalized tool in speech, more or less spontaneously. Still, most of the time we do premeditate the content, often entirely, deeply construed, premeditated to manipulate, convince,



persuade the other, also the other of the self, in reciprocal movements between the self and other. Writing a text is often even more construed and premeditated than the speech act. The conniving of the text. Upon reading, re-reading, each reader reads into the text with his/her body, whether surrendering, rejecting, or largely indifferent, she reads herself into the text. But first contact is carnal, and the relationship begins that first moment of contact, between body and the text.

But that is not enough. Writing is an act of its own that is more than just production of text. In language development the linearization of symbols in pictorial renderings, even before language, increases availability of constructed meaning and leads at the same time to *an impoverishment of their means of expression* (Waldenfels, 1996, p.8). We might say that this impoverishment stems from perceiving language as a separate structure, *la langue* in a Saussurian sense, as a system set apart from the lived moment of expression, from always already a carnal ontology of being in the world. This carnal ontology meets language at the edge of time passing, a language which, written or spoken, can be incorporated in the multimodal sensual experience of the lived moment, within the movements of the body.

Bernhard Waldenfels questions the orderliness and disorder of our philosophical and cultural schemas. Within the order of the language there is a possibility of a *gaping abyss opening up* (Waldenfels, 1996, p. 6) where

we have to *cope simultaneously with a shortage of supporting reality and excess of possibilities* (p. 6). And I relinquish the tenacious hold on order of language and empirical evaluation of text. This text is generated in the proprioceptive register, the body knowing already, the carnal ontology. In the pre-reflective or proprioceptive flow two modalities in particular are involved: dwelling, for a moment in the threshold between past and future, where the present is inaugurated in the *agogic* movement (Smith, 2005/6), with its own rhythm, its own tempo, trusting its meandering trajectory. Then, a surrendering in a leap from the threshold at the edge of the abyss encountered in the flow of time, in the density of space. Here the future has potential but its probability and destination are uncertain. A vibrato moment, touching of a tone, contour around the as-yet-unordered centre, the body consults its innermost secretions, the softest of moments, thin ice, softly breathing under my feet.

Disclosing of an experience is not just thinking of text as disembodied gift; it is a fully fleshed moment, a carnal deliverance into a moment of lived duration. A particular particular of narrative inquiry. A philosophy can only exist if it is a lived philosophy. And if I can't, for whatever reason, act on it, make it my life's act, an actual lived event, then I put it in writing. Writing is an event. In between writing and language is the thisness, suchness of the

act of writing the moment when the movement begins to gather, language  
still ahead, to be, not yet, but the flesh feels already the imprint of the word.

Now.

I am the time passing.

Dwelling in autobiographical moments enables us to cultivate an approach to philosophy in writing that includes modalities and registers of the physical, vital experience. Stories and narrative descriptions of events, places, things, people, body and nature have become a predominant mode of phenomenological inquiry. Writing is the more common way to express and publish the qualitative research that phenomenologists do. What is it then that we *do* when we write? What is in the doing? Writers like Virginia Woolf have often attended to the call of the body and words in a moment of symbiotic fusion of language and time. Woolf found delight in the spontaneous language: *I am astonished, as I draw the veil off things with words, how much, how infinitely more I can say than I have observed.* (Woolf, 2000, p. 46)

And I don't just say, I am doing the saying. Writing.

Proprioceptive, embodied, carnal writing offers relevance for philosophy, because it does not just ask questions (that anticipate an answer already), it does not attempt to provide an answer, instead it shows the moment of being-ness, the moment when questions and answers collide only to dance around each other, with hands outstretched, and legs barely touching ground. Asking a question, says Waldenfels, is *a remarkable kind of event...that does not come to rest in itself but aims for the answer as another event, without itself bringing that event about* (p. 16). The order of

predictable epistemology of linear concatenation between a question and answer is *splintered into the world of sensations that permit a varying access* (p. 16) to lived reality. An answer is *not first set into relation to something other, rather is in itself the entrance into or continuation of the relationship* (p. 17). The question and answer cease to relate to each other in an adversarial manner, a question stops attacking, an answer stops cowering, stops submitting, the moment of truth unimportant, not in the question, not in the answer, only the movement, the kinetic joining, in time passing, the space dissolving. It is well to pursue the uncompromising disorder of desisting closure between the question and answer, because what is in the asking is not fully extinguished by answering, *for the question also allows for other answers. Every question that is not merely a prescribed one resembles a wound that never completely heals* (p. 18).

When I'm just not entirely here, not there.

## the object

Let's say it's language I'm talking to, I'm conversing with, I am touching.

Let's say it is language I am trying to seduce, to make love to, to be in vital contact with. Let's say it is language, he who fulfils my being-ness, each moment a child of duration. I dissolve into a threshold, wait to re-assemble,

while at the same time I am the time passing. There is no moment of threshold without temporality. A threshold does not hold, does not wait.

In this text, language is released to the whimsy of the carnal oracle, my body, my maker. Irascible words purge me of wayward notions of plummeting to death, endless emptiness, of the diffused longing that ties my limbs in the yarn of syntax procured in silence, cured by the moon.

Your wistful tremblings I covet, clandestinely.

## threshold

In the speed of living out our cultural expectations and the incessant awaiting, expecting of future, we give moments away in anticipating the next thing that would define us, amuse us, fulfill us, always thinking of opening the next email, waiting for the next phonecall, the possible text message. We distance from threshold experiences. Those that we are still aware of to some degree are ritualized and incorporated into daily routines (Waldenfels, 1996, p. 11). The moment of waking, the rich threshold of transition between sleep and wakefulness, we bypass running down the task-list for the day, the routine takes over in tensions and anxieties that dull us to the freshness of vital living in the moment, of enduring the sweetness

of the softening light and decadent shimmer of awakening flesh. Shouldn't we stretch luxuriously, catlike, into the ravishment of the unspoiled morning hour?

At other thresholds, in greeting and saying goodbye, leaving and arriving, we descend into the frame of ritual, barely touch the moment in fleeting proximity, never make contact. These rituals are done in *the twilight of a certain expectant state extending between the no-longer and the not-yet* (p. 11), but without the lush suspension in that space of time passing. The time is by-passing.

Waldenfels points out that *regardless of transition experiences and transition rites, there is no such thing as a 'transition synthesis'* (p. 11). He would agree with Woolf that *...nothing persists. One moment does not lead to another, the door opens and the tiger leaps* (Woolf, p. 72). But I would like to stray a bit from the notion of threshold as a separate portal, where one awaits, or stops in holding mode. We are always at the point of translating each other, transpolinating patterns, fertile schemes, fashioned in fringes, scaffolds, trusses of daily moments, a stage is set, the actors in the wings, but the story remains veiled. Enraptured in translation, in transition. A transient, always moving this way and that, this body waits for no one. I inhabit the fearless candor of pleasure, composed without premeditation, my words, giving, a gift, open.



(I inhabit a brave new skin. I wish to slide gently underneath, burrow in the moist warmth below, cleave to the bones of the tremendous ribcage, set up a space to curl up, a small part of the body. Would your skin resist my entry? Would the flesh I swallow feel full of life, firm yet yielding? Would you permit that kind of seizing, blending, fluid merging of flesh on flesh, would your blood red permit my fingers tracing skin from the inside? Would there be giving then?)

Writerly language penned by my finger-tongues – tongues moving in sync, synchronizing their movements, the connection with the rhythm, flow of the moment's contact with the physicality and fluidity of time and space. But because it is just a moment, it cannot be sustained. There are gaps in between, a contact where translation, knowledge (episteme) is not possible. Multilingual translation is necessary, but full knowing, full understanding is not possible, there are always, gaps, inconsistencies, mis-readings.

And I remember your face at night fading, at first morning twilight, dedicated to the moment and attached by single filament, the filament of colour light against the blue of your eyes. Roused, on a threshold of arousal. By the sweet scent of the morning or the dark cover of the night sky, deep in the embrace of eternity, I endure the invisible mystery of absence that you give.

## surrender

I hold your gaze, a carnal apparition, a small wave catching on, underneath the skin, fully sensuous perception of the ghost that becomes of history in the multiplicity of sense-patterning in the flow of time. I break ground. Others break bread for supper, I break ground. I will not defend my walls, I will open all bridges, I am on all crossroads at the same time, make all my mistakes and all my victories, write my half awake philosophies of the early morning hour. I draw lines, not bridges. I monumate. And I leap into the future. Unframed. I fall from the threshold moment, I go avant-garde, unguarded, veiled from the gaze of the predictable, I seek the indefinable, the uncertain, unknown yet possible. Irrevocable breath, inevitable leap, dazzling burst of doors, shattering of windows, sudden infusion.

## hesitation

In this midnight hour I feel your skin, calligraphy bound. Not a dream anymore, not yet a thought, you come on a gentle light of an early dawn, enter unobserved, only felt on a crest of a first morning sigh, moist with feathers and dew, with a song, soundless yet moving. Would it be only that I could speak these words and surrender the first touch. Could it be that I would breathe again the soft breeze inside you.

As it happens, I take up a hesitant stance in space bigger than the scope of my uprightness, slight curvature of the resting body, a spherical contraposto of an effort to take up this space in motion, however slow, however still.

Waldenfels articulates the space of between as hesitation, where between *one province of meaning and another there is a leap, and hesitating at the threshold is precisely a hesitation before making a leap* (Waldenfels, 1996, p. 11). In temporal terms, though, hesitation is not a stop and then a leap, as if a boundary were clearly defined, full out stop, ceasing of movement. It is a point of slow suspension, where surrender dawns on the moment, it overlaps with a threshold. Not a stop, this hesitation is another rhythm, time passing accented by uncertainty, by fear, by not trusting that we can play, the rules predetermined. It is a struggle, a fleeting brevity, of wanting to move to the body's intentions against the rules prescribed from the outside.

But the leap has to be taken, at the moment of transition, the threshold moment contains both the suspension and surrender, the leap is really a moment of surrender, *we speak of leap across a chasm insofar as there is no supporting order encompassing the two domains and insofar as no identical thing and identical person can be found wandering back and forth according to rules that vouch for identity and continuity* (p. 11). Threshold as hesitation is an *entry domain even when it develops in barriers* (p. 12). In spatial terms, *beyond the threshold we are exposed to whatever comes*

*flooding at us* (p.12), but time is always passing, even in a suspended moment of hesitation, of opening, of surrendering. There is always a certain amount of risk of not landing, of not knowing what will come, where precisely I will land, only to leap again. Surrendering to what comes, opening up to the future, trusting the body's carnal ontology, the knowing flesh, of knowing already, flows in accents and lilts, tilting and torquing, extending limbs into space and time.

Between the body and the language, time collapses into a moment that contains both the threshold and the surrender.

## night

And you leave a souvenir, a memento, impressed on my skin, on time's trembling trace ingressing, a transition, a threshold, between young and old, in this middle of between that comes upon me mid-night. Not at midnight. The midnight is a calculated point of chronological, counted time, scientifically measured to absurd perfection. But mid-night, sometime over the duration when darkness wears me like a silly trinket and moon brings his gifts, mid-night could be anytime between now and then, depending how one feels the dark, what rhythms carry each body through this dreamy threshold.

*Dusk is the time for philosophy, says Erazim Kohak, a time of transition, the thresholds between light and dark (Kohak, 1984, p. 32). Philosophy, he says, is most fundamentally the art of the intermediate vision, of the transition between daylight and darkness at twilight, when the failing light mutes the insistent individuality of the day but the darkness of the night has not yet fused all in a unity (p. 32). For me, dawn is for writing. But the night, night herself, cradles my sleep, my gestation, my benevolent slumber, a time when the body remembers. And time of anytime mid-night is not just about the dream, the ineffable, the obscured, although that, too. Night becomes a fertile region of gentle swelling of timid, restful acquiescence to Earth's gravity, the sleeping body lingers in the space of threshold, a vibrato, finger poised on tone, rolling gently between two fluid points, grounded, yet, hovering over the threshold of desire, veiled in gossamer shadows that deepen the texture of something unfurling, a soporific interlude, when the desire is always for the potential, even if not probable, contact.*

And I am falling, have been for so long, with small, quick movements of attempting flight, but then falling, all I feel is motion sickness, sickness in motion, it will take me. If there should be no release, no contact, just make it quick, make it silent.

The night summons the palpable, the manifest, words address me, undress me in my sleep, remove satin and silk, unknot the liveried corset's breathless

grip, dismantle the banal accoutrements of daily appearances, disrobe the frilly frock of obedience and cradle me bare, unprotected, trembling. With only eyes clothed in infinite longing, I chase after these words, after freedom from memory. I hide, but it calls, a textual liberation, a libertine libretto, ringing out a pace of continuing tempo, a surface of suspension, bending around the corner of my mouth that lifts, ever so slightly, in my attempt at happiness. I remain silent, the words are silent. And a strange calmness comes over me mid-night, I wear the darkest dress of eyelids shut, the silvery slippers that the moon so perplexly stitched upon my feet.

Silence speaks the unspeakable.

Perplexed moon (are you surprised that he continues to stare into my window), bright glow over his brow, he gazes and muses softly upon my intent sleep. I know he watches, the perplexed moon. You are my moon. Always there, visible or not, and the contact costs everything, it is rare, it is brief, but it is complete. The moment of contact is always complete, for its brief, fleeting, dense duration. It is the density that holds me, that refuels me, keeps me going, keeps my wings in flight. Mid-night, sometime in dark duration, I fly to the moon. An Icarus that flies not to the Sun, but to the Moon, through the softness of the night, the wings intact, landing is possible.

And when I awake, I am not going to remember any of this, your hands, your mouth, your eyes, things you say, I have no way to capture it, to hold it to myself. I grow old always, always wanting you. I have created a wound, a bleeding oracle of love, what shall I do with all of it, how will I dispose of it, how can I release myself? As the dawn assumes a new day, something is left behind, even as (you were never here, I muse over the unspoken) my body is slowly roused to life, the fleshiness of being, the languid fluidity of awakening from *poiesis*, the veiled amenuensis of my hand, comes from the inner cognition of movements underneath the skin, the multitude of tangible smells and delicate sounds, innocent strokes and guiltless kisses, the flesh that precedes the visual. Not a thought, not language yet. This page is (after all this) not framed by me. This is the time of deepest depth, of the widest crevasse between two lips of the same gorge. The time passing.

Writing releases me to the moment, this precise moment, when I know who I am, in the end, after all of this and all that I do, I am a woman who writes, a woman who loves you. A woman who loves you she writes. The night Icarus.

I fall on my knees.

## surrender

I wake to slow daylight and the freshness of the space stuns me, it bewilders, I taste, uninterrupted. My house is full of light. I intend each breath with careful anticipation, as it caresses the underside of an exhale. My whole body softens, and then it flies, inhale, inhale, a little flight, little surrender to a fall, gently. Time is dissolving the boundaries between the indissoluble duality that separates 'I' from 'we', experience from language. I move in that direction with everything I've got. The calamitous proximity burns into my skin. Everything has changed, I have changed. A defining moment, this moment, here, now in the flow of these words. I am a woman writing.

A soft moment, time slows, I am here, not leaving, our doors open and almost, only a breath away, we cross. Almost, I say we did.

I relinquish irrevocable breath, secrets dazzle in precarious low voltage. In the bereft twilight I loose myself before being abandoned. And I am your shape constituted by a figure of speech, a torso, a shaft of torsion. A stunning choreography, a force that shows itself, veils part, suddenly for a brief moment. Almost.



The moment full of almost, the spark of pure duration, the unbidden approach toward contact. I surrender to the almost, a swelling membrane between now and the ambiguous. The supple unknown. A supple clearing, a chance opening, veils part, I'm making way, I stand clear, I swell, joining, not enclosed, but cleaving. I cannot be certain of the direction until it occurs. It occurs to me sustained, sparsely. And I let my thoughts run away with words, silent escape, as if approaching the end of a storm, to catch a last gust of wind upon which to sail with buccaneers, drunken philistines, abominable academics.

## temporality

Insertion. At a point of insertion what is inserted disrupts the order or completes it, contributes to further emergence by slightly adjusting the existing order into a new shape, an emerging form. In catenated flow, sustained, sustainable arpeggio of doors opens into more rooms, this house, this sound, this delicate pulse, all that and more, the continuous flux and in-flux, out-flux of insertions that meet within the threshold of the moment, imperceivable by the naked eye (when was it clothed? What was it wearing? Was it cross-dressing? In between a dress and a pair of jeans, did it catch itself naked, seeing with its whole self the time passing?).

*We lost a lot of time, says Nabokov. - irretrievable opals.*

## threshold

The body stands abandoned, beside itself. A moment of falling. I am this,  
while you are that. This and that.

## surrender

It wasn't until I saw that your eyes were really blue did the sky become real.  
It took me some time to give colour to the sky. A fragile sky, divisible by a  
slight touch of moisture, it spills out of the sky of your blue.

Your colour, my sky, my words falling.

## the subject

What do we do when we write? *We do not know what we do*, offers Hélène  
Cixous, *we are crazy, foolish*. Is the act of writing a sublimation, an impulse  
to fill a gap, a lack? When does it become a thing of its own, a real act? Is it  
the reality of my unique experience, as I proceed through time, as the time,

each moment, takes me? Or is it the contact with the other, the most vital connection in time, space and flesh, mine and yours, beyond skin?

Is it a combination of both? It is not a formula that can be decided ahead of time (yet time is passing).

Lacan said: *hindrances that thwart our access to an object are there to create an illusion that without them the object would be directly accessible – what such hindrances conceal is the inherent impossibility of attaining the object* (quoted in Žižek, 2005, p. 94). Of course the problem here is with the idea of *attaining the object*, as a possession. It is possible to connect with another if there is a moment of reciprocal desire, reciprocal approach. The problem here lies in the object – because in any human to human relationship we have to consider the subject, an autonomous alterity, that is still playing the script of social functioning, but has an agency in making a decision to surrender to the call of the other, to desire (when the other is the self and the other, connected).

The object falls in the realm of the surface, the libido that slides on surfaces, reflections, beauty, that touch endlessly sliding along the boundary of their own depth-less tension.

There is another kind of contact that two autonomous alterities can surrender to, the im-penetration of movement and energies, of eros that goes beyond the gaze, that moves the flesh from within, that moves toward a cleaving-through, a fusion, a physical, carnal attentiveness of the existence in this world that is not solitary, individual, monadic.

There is resistance to alterity and its pleasures within the structure we are re-erecting each time we submit to the prescribed roles and behaviors, against intuition. Human flesh is inherently joy oriented, and joy comes from generosity of flesh, from understanding that we are all connected, that if one feels joy, the other will feel joy, that if the other feels joy, the "I" feels joy.

There are of course only moments, here and there. We cannot sustain them. Something, someone will inevitably hinder, contain our energy, our emergence, our intuitive kinethic (Smith, 2005/6) approach to contact. And usually it is precisely because the "object" is really an autonomous other, an alterity that we need to respect the most, that the contact is such an improbable event, because the other does not necessarily want to be accessed, touched, fused. Not even for a moment. Time is by-passing. Then it is easier to see the other as an object, with built-in hindrances that protect our ego. A hermeneutic sublimation, tinted with dying hues of silent ravishment.

Scandalous legato, a small sweetness, legato legatino, vibrato vibration, a small moment of sustained resonance never taken for granted, an excruciatingly extended moment, falling across a threshold, a *jeté* in slow motion. I extend my arms that reach for your hand and the moment of contact forever held in sustained mode of un-touching, of passing in proximity, the swelling that carries, mis-carries by a millisecond, by barely a breathable sliver of space. The silver moon, the silent gaping, swallows me.

## surrender

A gilded glide, a perpetual deferral, I refuse closure, I plunge, break open the surface of the future.

Surrendering is not becoming, as if to belong to the next moment; it is not about belonging, it is simply acting on a longing to be, a desire in progress, on the move, searching, shaping, designing. Re-reading as rehearsal, as I re-shape the text as I probe the coiling, spreading, resonant living flesh inside the trajectories of desire and surrender. Desire is more specific than surrender. One doesn't usually desire a surrender, but one always surrenders to the desire, not so much in the way of acting upon it, as surrendering to the feeling of desire itself, before it is ever acted upon, what we feel as the

urge to follow, to be taken, to reach. Reborn anew from the ashes of transient satisfaction.

I stop counting time.

I step into the lightest light.

I dance the gathering of veils.

## meanwhile

My body, my maker. I trust in you, even as you turn away, discarding torn skin, severed, suddenly slow, the kind movement of your hands, of my hands, swarming intently, lost deep, gripping. And I trust, how am I seen, trusting you, and more of me.

First, gazeless, immensely immersed in mirth, tenfold (folded ten times, like an origami harmonica, my skin folds around the sound of my breath), sumptuous, the uncrossing, what a moment asks.

Then in frantic, pale frenzy, unhinging. A delicate unhinging that is born from this maker, capricious delight, lustful craving, a sumptuous longing. A voluptuous ceasing of mobility but not motility, departure into full senses,

beyond sensuous tenure, a bountiful dispossession of limbs and bones,  
evaporating into space around me, a flagrant opulence of becoming a cloud,  
dispersing, caught in a permanent shift, sweet uncertainty, a supple  
unknown.

My breath, a fragile tone, crumbles, falls in the dust, and words are torn  
from me, against my breath. Always on the edge of another moment. As I  
am, what comes of me, what I give, what I receive, what happens. I hover  
precariously at the edge, always moving, and when I leap, there's never  
anyone to take me, except for the text. The text takes me and you take the  
text.

## surrender

Yielding, in surrender I meet the future, I dis-engage, and re-couple with the  
moment between the threshold of time, the time passing, at last. An  
unfinished business, audacious, spontaneously loquacious. Each moment a  
transgression transgressing act of re-entry, Phoenix-like.

I do not move bravely, although courage is required. Flicker of velocity of  
eternal magnitude, I trespass a variation on the theme. A daring honesty of  
the text. How easy to give everything at the moment of imminent departure.

But the departure carries me with it, I carry my own gift, only to give it as I receive, a parting gift, I am the parting gift. Imparture. Imparting words to future, your words deliver me.

Every single bit of my body is moving toward you all the time. A shift in sensing, like changing of winds, provokes movement toward the unexpected, toward new openings, a brave traversing across mists, veiled promontories, sudden turns, daring leaps. The distance is lapsing, only (it's like running around the globe, there is no destination) time, a tempered surrogate to my new self, time carries the gift of my history even as I am leaving it behind.

## threshold

As I write this I feel angular, edge-like, not full of edges but I am the edge. I am the edge of time, the history receding, the future never coming, the history not meaning anything anymore, the future oblivious to my arrival, no where to go, only here, shapes on the page, they keep escaping from my hand in panic, they hate the hardness that is settling in, as I go to the next moment, this momentous moment of my future, the work of my future, the me now, I want to be now, but I am stone. Time is by-passing.



Must learn forgetting. Forgetting, dispersing of what is unnecessary by surrendering to what is now. But now, what is, is a hard stone shape inside me that echoes within the hardening emptiness that makes up the rest of me.

Lines in skin that converge upon one another, connecting channels between the apertures of the pores. I care little for the artifice of gazing, gaping curiosity of the rumor, tremor, this is the end. The inexhaustible rhythm of my blood, even as it leaves me wounded. Vague, barely recognizable urges, veiled sustenance. I have holes inside me, each day I come to a precipice. Emergent analysis, governance of magic, of myth. I dis-govern containment, threshold into otherness. The constraint of conformity alters the design of progression, structured genesis of alterity, alert, alert.

What once was familiar, recedes.

## elsewhere

Threshold is an ingression to elsewhere, even if in same locality, even if locality remains. Pieces of severed skin I left with you. I want them back, I am torn, cannot re-assemble. Still in rapture, still wanting, in wanting, weaving space frantically to appear normal, unchanged, to perform dutifully, with charm and kindness, that which others expect of me. I am

similar. But never the same. My wounds open ever so slightly with each moment without you, not healing, not growing new skin, but breathing desire, unhealed, perpetual. The layers shift, and the emptiness in between them floods the mercurial pathways.

## the subject

A tractable light unravels the morning of the day, beginning aquamarine, ending golden. Fingers scrape the page for more, spinal fluid seeps onto the pages of this unsufferable book, wide open. A soft inflection of a word that turns into a desiring body makes me divulge the text in seeking, a cunning deluding deluge, a brush with eternity, a blind anticipation. Conversations I will never have, such as this one. I am writing the lack of my life. Let's say I'm sublimating. Not entirely of course, partly I am creating, producing, a vital production on some level it is a sublimation. No matter what we do, what event, what moment, there are always many layers, many parts participating in the orchestration of identity that evolves across thresholds, in time passing. It is never just one thing, there are multiple layers of affects, dispositions and postures, but there is a possibility of that synchronous moment when all the parts of body/time/space synchronize in temporal approach and flow for a moment, in pure duration, a moment of surrender, when the boundaries dissolve, resolve. Consumed by risking everything.

A sultred space.

## threshold

I endure saturation, a supple unknown. Rotund gust of hot air swallows my skin until it debriefs into a dermal haiku. I got myself here following your every nuance, each of your sparkling gestures, I followed, I saturated myself, too quickly, forgot to breathe for one moment, I lost the grip, I lost my feet, I lost my tongue, my voice, and now I stand in slow motion.

I am the supple unknown.

## surrender

I am swept into my own pearl string of moments that adorn me, sway around me, caress, I swell into each moment of sound, taste, touch and rhythm, fully gazed. This is what I am, finally, perhaps not a writer entirely, but writing.

## catastrophic time

A calamitous interval.

These words, fierce and ravaging. They approach, an unimaginable force. In waves they touch the other shore, they hesitate, their edges thinning, membranous, already receding, even as they touch the sand and air they so desired. Desired fiercely; loved unconditionally. Left wanting. Now. Another. And another. The sea doesn't give up as easily as I do. I retreat there, here on this page, what is left is all here. Inevitably graceful, still fierce enough.

Nothing is solid anymore, there is an appearance of solidity that my body attempts to trust, to believe in, but the materiality is really much softer than I expect. But sometimes the only way to make change, in order to survive, is to make a catastrophic gesture. *Sudden, uncontrollable events, says Lingis – collisions, explosions, that abruptly destroy organization, patterns and systems – continually occur* (Lingis, 2000, p. 135). Epiphanies that deliver us to the physicality of the catastrophic moment, a moment of surrender to the most vulnerable threshold, *leave us wholly astonished, with an astonishment that could never recur* (p. 124). An astonishment of language that unfolds and furls around the oppositions of culture and wild body, of human and animal, and in the physicality and contradiction, words skip along the edges of a precipice, taking leap after leap into depth and across surface, only to fly back up.

The force is undeniable, the presence unmistakable, but it yields, it takes me in, it invites, it embraces. I invent sobriquets – proprioceptor, maker – as if my body were some kind of force that is beside me. It is part of me that is inevitable, no transcendence is ever possible. There is no such thing, not even in death. Especially not in death.

Yes, there is always a risk of death, of one kind or another, when one's heart opens.

It opens to contact that until that point remained censored by the illusion of orderly structures of social imperatives. But in spite of assigned and well exercised values, the physicality of this moment of catastrophe renders me vulnerable. No more skirting around the point of temporal transition. Time opens me in one sumptuous grasp, an impatient lover, I surrender to this moment, a decadent incandescent cadenza of impulse falling, farther into a moist threshold and I give myself over, such is an instant of death, a fragment dehiscent beyond the self that breaks up, breaks up the equilibrium of my daily existence, a blinding edge, there, unseen, I can surrender, relinquish suspension and swell out to you. You take me, these words that come from my body, my maker.

Even as I fall and land, seemingly hard, it is not solid, not concretely defined in hardness, but soft, supple, yet there is a force, there is an imperative, that comes from the suppleness.

A supple unknown, a specter, a cata-scopic uncanny, a fully sensuous perception of the ghost that becomes of my history. I swell in defiance of density, I become loose, light. The intensity of the catastrophic moment, the speed of swelling and receding, the contractions, pulsing of it, weaves the space of me so richly it seems dense. But it is a porous density, a weightless gathering. And you are here, here, I lose this weightlessness, I am delivered, a delicate rising, rousing, stitching of ligaments. Daily de-liverance, a punishment for the catastrophe that I am. How Promethean. Daily crumbling of bridges, they take a direction of their own choosing and just at the point of reaching the other shore, your side, they crumble, return, I coil up, unfinished. The opposite of a shore, necessary pleasures. Words keep a vigil over my empty heart.

## surrender

You lure me, you wait for me to open up, you coax me to reveal my semblance, the resemblance of me, I offer the fragile tissue that sits moistly in the middle of me, you dis-spell the mists, part the veils and I syncopate

the comfort of your predictable patterns. We are both disorderly, for a moment. And then you speak words, and I am gone. I go inside the words, inside you, I enter, I am taken by you. I dis-appear into the text that I write. And I've become my text, desperately wanting you to take me with it, to accept me as text, as the body. The body of the text. My body, my maker. And for these rare moments, I give my life, my self, my text to you. I want your hands on me. And if not a moment now and then, then eternity in writing.

## voice

Voice, a distant call, maybe an invitation, is muffled by my confusion, by the mists, ashes dissolving in sand, in water, scattering in the gusts of my hesitant inhalations. The amount of air I take in is uncertain, unmeasurable, I can't decide. I exhale forcefully each amount, never sure which shore I will land on, if I land. I will follow through the mists, follow my exhalation, never knowing how far it might take me, where to I shall be delivered. Only by myself, shored on a deserted island of writerly absences. No other. I cocoon softly in the green grass of the fields of my childhood, bundled memories in the heap I don't comprehend. The memories we re-collect, they re-assemble us, regardless of apparent contemporaneous reality, briefly

enlivened by the sensual contact with the moment. Body has more memories in more locations than one is aware of.

I drift into the voice, the sound, the gesture, the physical presence of words, of your voice. I read back into your words, I retrace your steps, softly collide with a physicality you left behind, until it dissolves into my skin, my feet touch the floor and the rest of me crumbles. I drift beyond language, enter the body of it as I echo the sound, color, flavor of your voice, the resonance melts the connective tissues that hold me together and I fold down to the ground, shapeless desire merging with the verticality of my fall.

I step into your voice, not hearing what you say, but inhaling, consuming the sound. I step into the space your voice makes, and become attentive to another register of your speech act. The forgotten language. I've forgotten the language of writing. I have been preoccupied by processing you through the body. But you are not my maker. Although I have been seduced by your approach, by your proximity, by your carriage, by your hands.

Voice rising, filling me, silent movement, clapping of hands, laying of lips, smiling of eyes, and your skin, forever left its scent behind, for me to hint at what I know. What I divine upon the breath that swirls in and out, and words skip around, unruly imps, unquiet children.



Hear my voice.

## threshold

Lazy drawl of my scrawling hand and sun that blisters when it has a chance to focus. Here are these words. Unadulterated moment that enables me to meet them halfway, somewhere just off the midpoint, perhaps to the left of my heart, the region of unpolluted vestibule of waiting. Moment of hesitation, then discarding of loose skin, of tattered strands of me that I'm leaving behind.

I write words not from a stream of consciousness, there are currents pulsing inside the body that invite the consciousness to consider, to contemplate, a visceral knowing before everything. A carnal ontology. And when it re-surfaces into consciousness, it already is, it is here, still forming, but vital, pulsing, gasping the first breath, air all the way, I step into the lightest light.

## night

Moon, obscured by a passing cloud, a black lace, you spill silver around the sky, an old head of hair, flowing in the summer night. Clouds move quickly and you stare back at me (what do you say?), your mouth gaping into my

window. Are you leering with lust or horrified at my ageing nakedness? Still I am not afraid, I like to be covered in silver, my preferred metal. It glitters my tentative wings, the reluctant, small nubs on my back. I fly to the moon the moment it catches the afterglow of the invisible sun.

## violet

*It is the language, the beguiling words themselves that touch and move something inside me, something that, no matter how often it happens, still surprises me, I marvel at the event of its kinesthetic emergence, surprised, I can't believe, this powerful life is inside me, it is what feeds me, what fills me, it is my heart's pleasure.*

*It is the language that awakens something inside me that no other can reach. I can muse and wonder over choices I've made and events that affect me, but ultimately it is the words, that magic of their bodies, the body of the text, born out of me, grown carnally, syllable by syllable, spilling, tumbling, all these words, what they contain, what they release to me, within me, the power of a small container that holds more than its shape, a form of a body that diffuses, releases, like a wave released, generated in the middle of the ocean, that travels the surface in excited, rushing, determined swelling, yet carries the force, unseen, under surface, submerged, yet propelling.*

*There is nothing else comparable to that force which brings me to the fullness. I release it into more words, like a super nova, every time I write, it is the Sun bursting above the horizon, blinding heat, remorseless taking of space, not you, not contact with another, not the force of the Moon, not the Sun, not the baby or art; it is the words that find me as I fill with the world, with the world's flesh.*

## surrender

It comes upon me, uninvited, but I let it, I look for meaning, even if it is incomplete, always opening to more. I let the words come, and then I re-read, and surrender my body to the reading, let my body tell me YES. I see it, yes, that is it, there, my body found it, there it is.

It is always there already.

The moment carries me softly, then it drops me, the cradle of becoming, the deepest sound of resonating vibrato, undecided accent of an un-ordered agogos, the legato excreted across the strings, acoustic filaments in captivity, tilting vibrato, coiling legato, the sound of your permission, your opening, your desire. My body, my maker.

Ongoing movements of beginnings and endings, so finely permeated with the flow of time that we can't separate them. Not everything is transmitted, but in the end there is a body. A body of work. A text.

Composure. I compose myself. Put together, re-assembled, I compose my composure like a flock of notes on yellowing paper. By the time you read it, it would have crumbled into small pieces. I'll be glad when the wind takes me. I enter. Surrender, entering. Threshold as opening. In the rhythm of entering, a chance encounter.

Wait. Just for a moment, this, this moment, I move around the space and create new language, new saying, new to this moment, perhaps not an eternity, but to this one moment only I shine, I glow, I monumate, I scale, I insist. I ignite the abundance, the plenum of time passing, fully, now.

Discount imaginary encounters, here is vital contact.

## surrender

By the grace of the baroque, sonorous, tumid time mid-night, shimmer explodes inside (my mouth) the overheated heart, bleached unred skin, melts in relentless acceleration of words, spinning around the page, pillowy

descent, featherly flight, orphic landing, my eyes closed, words layer closely.

In deep contact, life's certitudes dissolve, I escape certitude. An escape artist. I'm intent on rapture. Rich darkness, ancient resonances not obvious to intelligence, yet knowing, beyond ordinary understanding. Penetrating cryptic stubbornness, I won't settle for anything else.

## threshold

Beaten by many footsteps going back and forth, entering and leaving at the same time.

## the gaze

Apparent physicality, without limits, yet there is always a resistance to limitlessness. There is more than pleasure in this, there is a fragility of the moment, provocation, arousal, curiosity. To know when to withdraw. Is it my decision, or does the moment decide not to continue? It recedes into history, and another moment opens up, with different rhythm, accenting another tilt of time. An intimate incompleteness, an incomplete intimacy, there is urgency in the voice of time, gaze touches and then plunges, gives

itself up to penetrate through a retina, searing, severing, touching,  
connecting at the point of dispersing, then re-collecting, framed in a scopic  
field of predetermined truths.

On a dark night, a moment of dark night, brightly interrupted by an alarming  
certainty, orphic vitality, a brief surge, filling me, turning me toward the  
road I don't take, I'm not expected to take, I will take, as my bones (those  
stubborn vertical articulators), as my bones wish, as they wish, as they  
happen to dance, on a moonlit night, the faded, unred, unadorned beauty of  
the ordinary that catches a moment in a surprised gaze, surprised at desiring  
to attach to the faded, unred, unadorned, to evoke, summon the shapes,  
movement underneath, the faded, unred, unadorned, flashing white to an  
unseeing, darkened heart.

I recognize glimmers of madness, the erotic game of gaze, the inspired  
eroticism that in the end privileges youth, that inclines toward the  
predictable. It's time to stand serious ground for my body, for my desire, for  
my fullness. Can the moon sustain me? Can the dark night feed my work? Is  
there truly as deep a contact, a reciprocity of spherical fullness that I so  
crave, but don't know how to let happen? (Can't surrender, don't recognize,  
don't know how to recognize, can't re-cognize, because) I have only flash  
memories of a rare silver moment, a billowing transition between the  
smallest of breaths, and I forget how I got here, I forget they want a

technique, a methodology, a parrot with opulent feathers, echolalic creature, la la la, back to you.

As soon as the gaze is involved, there is an immediate distance, even if there is an approach, even if there is proximity, there is never contact. Unless the gaze contacts a gaze, when the two meet, yield to one another, it becomes something else, it is then not about looking, but about touching, *the death of between* (Derrida, 2005). It is about surrendering, trusting. Also seduction. Seduction, really, is not a game, true seduction is opening up, trusting to be taken deep into the senses, cross referencing the vital alterity in a chance encounter. Because true seduction cannot be premeditated, calculated, it must surrender to the moment. Un-tamed.

Multifarious rhapsody, gaze disappoints me, it always betrays its own inadequacy, the illusion of vision, the trick of surface. I discard shattered eyes, they break in the light, cracking a thousands thin crevices, and I let them, I let them crackle, splitting pieces apart. I hear them tear the crisp liquid, smothering my view, and wind sings in a rusty voice, and again, again I lean into it. Again, I give it everything I am, not that much, really a small corpus, small bones, only skin swells like a sail, skin so large, I am surprised that I don't get lost in it. Again I give, overtexted, I give more.

My body, my maker. The text bleeds me, like an ancient cure.

## threshold

Distemperate chaos passes the bounds of moderation, excessive, inordinate, finely composed by the thin reed of grass that trembles in the wake of my exhalation. Curtailed by the borderlines that separate us, our bodies, our blood, by the rules, my gaze undulates without reference, it is looking but not catching a sight of anything. The thread of Ariadne you followed to my heart.

Like holding a piece of bread between my teeth in an offering to a hungry bird. Open, I say! Will you dare to be invited this way, will you take me up on this invitation, swoop down in sudden kiss, a contact feather light, but still deep in sharing, an induction into the labyrinth of language? In locomotion, will you have the courage to give of yourself, give yourself to it, to the journey? You know there is no Ariadne, there is no going back. Time passing evades the catch, moment is eternal because it evades the catch, it eludes the freeze.

The problem of conceptualizing is then this. The moment of surrender at a threshold eludes description, eludes reflection in its own event of passing. How can one conceptualize eternity without shutting the lid on its coffin?



Not a stance, a standstill, but a soft rupture of the skin swollen with emerging tempest of building up to nothing, because ultimately the next moment takes me. Time takes me in his arms like a child, I trust and give myself, I am, now and as I write, each moment, I am a child of duration. Father, *tempori parendum*.

## surrender

An in the middle of everything, I trust time, it rises unmistakably underneath me, it takes me, it wells up and peaks until I can't balance anymore, I trust time, I trust my body, my maker, not sad leaving this, I open my mouth and take the longest breath of anticipation. Hold, hold me. Not yet. New encounter, freshly unrestrained. No prepositions in meaning, all is-ness. Slowdown of gregarious, random quivers of heart, a probability of agonal swelling, past the usual level of comfort of the breathing pattern in the lucid restraint of historic proportions, tapering monumental speed. Unarticulable, yet it articulates.

My words, un-wholy consorts. A delicious, rousing calamity of a moment that reminds me of you, in a gesture of another, caught in the corner of my eye, soon to be fought off with unrelenting force of my will, only to crumble

at the sight of someone walking slowly. Yes, you are etched forever in my skin, a tattoo, a mark, a rhythm.

And in the middle of between the night softly takes my hand, I move toward a point of diffusion before you change your mind. How can I explain something that doesn't have a name? What we name disappears into the dense world of hands and mouths. I cannot think one word to tell this which moves, free and flowing, in the middle of between. Not a touch exchanged, but you, you, you touch me. The cradle of your hands, pen in my fingers, landscape of body written in indigo and chartreuse, honey and raw umber, dark obsidian and shameless peach yellow, and the blue, blue ink shaping the wetland of my desire.

## my heart's pleasure

These words manifest. A festivity of the hand, a maniple. A plenum of my hand surrenders at a threshold. I insist.

The moment of writing a multiple sensorium agitates the sensor-ship, a tugging that collides my bits and pieces, releases softly the lush contact with the supple skin of another, of this text, of this page, silky protuberances,

waving of hands, touching of tongues. As I skip along the path of this text,  
waves rolling over, and air so lusty and full, you re-appear.

You are inevitable. I am the supple unknown.

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