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Ghostly Un(non)Knowing

by

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many thanks and unending gratitude:

To anyone who ever encouraged me to write

To anyone who ever inspired me to write

To all the ghosts that haunt me

for all the love, support, darkness, laughter, listening, touching, thinking, playing:

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Evan

Ezra

Charles

Jimmy Dad

Clyde

Lindsay, Asher

Lexi

Cutler

Maggie

Jared, Josh, Mike

Nora

to charles

---

for all you've given me,
whether knowingly or not

Don't sign your name

between worlds,

surmount

the manifold of meanings,

trust the tearstain,

learn to live.

~Paul Celan

What is required of us is that we love the difficult and learn to deal with it. In the difficult are the friendly forces, the hands that work on us. Right in the difficult we must have our joys, our happiness, our dreams: there against the depth of this background, they stand out, there for the first time we see how beautiful they are.

~Rainer Maria Rilke

a note on translation:

The Unfinished System of Nonknowledge was published in 2001 as a collection of pieces to highlight a certain system of thought in Georges Bataille's work. Translated and edited by Michelle and Stuart Kendall, the book is an assemblage of Bataille's writings that spans his entire career.

Annette Michelson's translations of several of these same pieces were published in the journal *October* some fifteen years earlier. Where the Kendalls have chosen to use the term "nonknowledge," Michelson uses "unknowing." These English prefixes are, of course, very different, but both are relevant to the destabilization that comes with haunting: that is, both rethinking what *was* known, as well as pondering the limit of knowledge itself. Thus, this question of translation goes unaddressed in this work. I have been diligent in differentiating between *un-* and *non-* when necessary, but when both are applicable the term appears as "un-non-knowledge" or "un-non-knowing".

introduction: writing ghosts

Writing unfolds like a game [jeu] that invariably goes beyond its own rules and transgresses its limits. In writing, the point is not to manifest or exalt the act of writing, nor is it to pin a subject within language; it is, rather, a question of creating a space into which the writing subject constantly disappears.
~Michel Foucault

All writing of the narrative kind, and perhaps all writing, is motivated, deep down, by a fear of and a fascination with mortality~by a desire to make the risky trip to the Underworld, and to bring something or someone back from the dead
~Margaret Atwood

A beginning: The assemblages of words and ideas awaiting in the pages *to-come* are both familiar struggles and fresh discoveries. As is true of most undergraduate theses, this—the complete draft—is a very different work than was envisioned in the early stages. Avery Gordon's book, *Ghostly Matters*[1], was a central catalyst several months ago for my writing about ghosts. Her vision of haunting opened a door for me to my own vision of haunting. Other doors and windows to that world have since appeared and disappeared, opened and closed for different reasons, ultimately moving my understanding(s) toward different vectors than Gordon's (though I hope not in disagreement, exactly).

If my continuous return to *Ghostly Matters* is at all to validate my divergence from its outline of haunting (a relationship Michel Foucault refers to as "discursive instauration" in his essay, "What is an Author?"[2]) it is because I consider Gordon a founder (that is, one of several) of the discourse of haunting. "Founders of

[1] Avery Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, 2nd ed. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2008).
[2] Michel Foucault, ""What Is an Author?"" in *The Essential Foucault*, ed. Paul and Nikolas Rose Rabinow (New York: New Press, 2003).

discursivity," Foucault explains, are those whose work has opened proliferations of thought that are, to a certain extent, analogous to the original discourse, but also importantly different from it. Through the forms, phrases, signs, and structures of their work, founders of discursivity "have created a possibility for something other than their discourse, but belonging to what they founded."[3] The discourse of Ghostly Matters has done exactly this in prompting sociology to look more seriously at haunting, to engage its vocabulary in applications beyond Ghostly Matters' original scope.[4]

Ghostly Matters speaks of haunting as it pertains to various levels of social being: Gordon's language embraces a collapse of the personal and the political. However, her structure of exploration—her hopes to interpret and respond to ghosts and their matters—etches lines from one to the other, maintaining a distance between them. To *respond* to a ghost, it must be understood as outside the self, necessitating this distance. But more than an attempt at response or interpretation, my particular proliferation of ghostly thinking seeks to affectively write the experience of being haunted: *being*-with ghosts as they pass through and tear apart.

In this divergence, I know that much of what I've written responds to how the texts' words haunt me than to what is actually written. But such is the nature of communication, as it must always also be miscommunication. And such is especially the nature of written communication, as the markings of letters on a page are so finite

[3] Ibid., 387.

[4] Articles published in journals such as Theory and Society and Sociological Theory use Gordon's work as a central text, situating her name among the likes of Derrida and Zizek. See: Michael Mayerfeld Bell, "The Ghosts of Place," Theory and Society 26, no. 6 (1997). and Claire Laurier Decoteau, "Specter of Aids," *Sociological Theory* 26, no. 3 (2008).

that time away opens remembrance(s) of them to many different directions. My writing in response to others' writing gives their work meaning that distorts it from its original intention.

In all the days that pass between my readings and re-readings, personal thought and inner experience weave themselves among the understandings I've drafted of others' words. The essences of what I remember become intertwined with what I'd already hoped to say, perhaps keeping those essences intact, but more likely inscribing myself within them. I've killed another voice in order to hear my own, but as soon as mine articulates it is destined for the same fate, leaving only a score on the page to inform yet another voice's speech. In Foucault's words; "the mark of the writer is reduced to nothing more than the singularity of his absence; he must assume the role of the dead man in the game of writing."[5] I seek self-presencing in writing only to become an absence to the reader.

Margaret Atwood's response to the question of locating the writer in relation to the reader is two-fold: nowhere, but also right here with us. An absence present only through the signs of the text, the writer is a ghost haunting the reader. Although the body of the writer is not with the reader as she reads, the murmur of the writers' voice finds its way through the written words; "we have the impression that he or she is right here, in the same room with us--we can hear the voice. Or we can almost hear the voice. Or we can hear *a* voice. Or so it seems."[6] Thus, the writer haunts the text, its voice

[5] Foucault, ""What Is an Author?"", 378.
[6] Margaret Atwood, *Negotiating with the Dead* (New York: Anchor Books, 2003).

silenced just as the reader makes some sense of its message; the ghost remains always intangible.

But I pursue absencing not just as a presence to the reader: also to find a suspension from myself. Projects, explains Bataille, are formed for the paradoxical purpose of escaping them ("Project is the prison from which I wish to escape (project, discursive experience): I formed the project to escape from the project!")[7]; forming this project to escape from it, I write to become absent from the words. But as I continue to write, always returning to the project, I have lost myself only long enough to *almost* disappear. We leave only to come back, returning to haunt ourselves. I am chasing the ghosts that chase me, even though I know such a chase is futile. Never quite forgetting, but refusing to remember the violences of my deaths in writing.

A defining emotion—perhaps the common experience—of this work has been the frustration of writers' block; often overwhelmingly troubled by my underlying fear of writing's violence. But action demands forgetting, and I've come to quell my fear by hoping that in forgetting, writing discovers different ways of paying homage.

Atwood tells us writing is about communicating with the underworld, but when writing communicates to and from the living, we are all (writers and readers) ghosts and our matters are the texts. As the reader looks away from the text, what haunts is not a voice articulating words, but a distant hum that has no diction. The words of the text thus haunt, and when the reader becomes a writer, their words are an inscription

[7] Georges Bataille, *The Unfinished System of Nonknowledge*, ed. Stuart Kendall, trans. Michelle and Stuart Kendall Kendall (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota, 2001), 59.

of this haunting. This may be less true of narrative writing, but in discursive forms writing becomes a practice of multiple hauntings: each writer always in the company of many ghosts as the writing produces even more.

the text is the only communication between all the ghosts and hauntings at play

As new writing forgets specific texts (or forgets to directly engage them) it expresses something about their affective residue: the haunting flowers from their waste. And as words pin meanings to feelings of ambiguity, the writer finds a meaning they had not known in their own work. Remembering to embrace different forms of homage, I have wandered from some of these texts more freely than others, applying my understanding of haunting to some works that do not have an explicit relationship to ghosts. The hope in this is that the elements, ideas, meanings beyond the words will carry the reader through.

These distortions and exposures of different meanings are what give the writer a simultaneous feeling of terror and compulsion; once written, your words will never be your own, but in the act of writing them they are you: pure expression. I die over and over again in the game that is my writing, and only in forgetting these deaths can I continue to write.

To forget my death in writing, I instead remember a reader: sometimes named, but others unknown, coming to haunt me for the first time.

In recent months, correspondences with an "incarcerated scholar" at Cheshire Correctional Institution have been key in drawing me out of the depths of my paralyses, always reminding me of the ecstasy achieved through absencing in relation to

the "right" reader. When each of us disappears behind the words we exchange, the other discovers a newly opened space and we both evaporate in exciting, unfamiliar directions.

But while some of the readers that help me forget my death are specific and can be addressed as such, others are unknowable as I write, revealing themselves later on. Only in opening the pages-in-process to certain trusted readers do some of the writing's underlying impulses become apparent to me: surfacings of unspeakable parts of myself. Either by some response from the reader or by my own feelings in the moment of realizing my exposure, I have found meaning in the idea that for every piece of writing "there is an intended reader, a true reader."[8] The ideal reader is not necessarily a singular person, but anyone that brings an understanding to the writing that maintains the life of the text. As I write, I am haunted by what lies within me that only the ideal reader can draw forth. The discovery of these hauntings opens yet other spaces into which I evaporate: always more and other exciting, unfamiliar directions.

Exciting and unfamiliar until I return to feeling impotent; exciting and unfamiliar until I read enough in a "new" direction to remember that I will never say anything entirely new. This remembrance is another haunting challenge. Plenty of moments in the project have lost sight of what this work might contribute to a texture of academic thought; or rather, the fear of pure banality is a constant. But in response to this challenge I often recall the words of another incarcerated scholar, a 2010 graduate of the Bard Prison Initiative, who spoke at his commencement on the

[8] Atwood, *Negotiating with the Dead*, 131.

meaning and quality of education: "Don't regurgitate. Always re-*create*." In the perpetual end, I am left with the hope that in re-creating that which others have already known, I have made it known slightly differently--if to nobody else, at least to myself. Or perhaps not "known", as all this is un-non-knowing:

[A possible end: this project cannot finish.] Learning is a process of knowing and un-knowing that never finds its end, never pursues perfection. And haunting—if nothing else—is about learning.

Love in the saddest sense has propelled the formation of many of these sentences, much of this particular learning.

And from that love, haunting, the learning of unknowing has overtaken me. The impossibility of completion found in haunting transformed the process of writing into one of fragmentation, of curving straight lines into circles that eventually distinguish certain pieces from others while always maintaining the possibility of their kinship.

An inherent violence of the human life: memories inscribe experience, and for those who write, this violence furthered in an inscription of those memories. This is an unavoidable violence, but one I hope to minimize in and through my work. This writing project is infused not with the details of a case study, fieldwork, or "research" by traditional understandings, but with glimpses of (moments of) meaning from my own life. This writing of my own hauntings—this exploration of inscribing moments—is a push toward the limits of the meanings I have ascribed to them. The confusions, the

inconsistencies, the cycles, the illuminations and the shadows, are all sketches of what I (un)know of myself, rather than of other selves;

I have written myself a ghost

but quick(!): a[n -other] note on the writing;

I believe it is impossible to speak of un-knowing in any way other than in our experience of it. This experience always has an effect, as laughter or tears, the poetic feeling, anguish or ecstasy. And I do not think it possible to talk seriously of un-knowing apart from these effects
~Georges Bataille

In writing myself a ghost, I open myself to the haunting of Georges' Bataille's work more than any other, in that

a) his is the writing i've *re*-read most over the course of this project (i.e. my ghost and his have become well-acquainted, if not in agreement about most things)

and

b) a language for ghosts is a speaking of experience (usually an un-knowing involving laughter, tears, etc), ~and this language has much in common with a language for transgression, ~which Bataille is closely identified with: "the calcinated roots, the promising ashes" of future-*to-come* transgressive language can be found in Bataille, says Foucault[9]

~>nondiscursive language; disruptive existence, neither complete nor fully in control of itself

One beginning (of many): this project is not finished. As I have (un)drawn conclusions about un-knowing and ghosts, the completion of this project as a more

[9] Michel Foucault, "Preface to Transgression," in *Language, Countermemory and Practice* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1977), 33.

typical, analytic work came to feel impossible. In order to truly unknow, knowing must be brought to its limit, and I can't claim with any kind of certainty that my analytic writing pushes itself that far. But this body of words, more wholly, is a dancing all along that limit. The writing that follows is incomplete in many ways, flawed and intentially interruped: qualities, I believe, that are in keeping with its spirit;

"for Bataille as for Nietzsche, language is unstable, meaning is manifold … discursive heterogeneity, the infinite play of linguistic forms. That Bataille developed and deployed a fairly complex system of technical terminology (possible, impossible, non-knowledge, sovereign, etc.) throughout his career, though superficially a betrayal of this notion, should be read as symptomatic of his search for consequential language. Terms are adopted, refined, and abandoned based on their ability to produce inner experience"[10] –Stuart Kendall

poststructuralists assert that the text is all-encompasing, stands alone, folds back only onto itself [derrida: "there is nothing outside of the text"// foucault: look to what is an author?]… haunting echoes this understanding of **meaning**… The accomplishment of meaning inscribed by very clear limits (the lines of words) denies neither the "imaginary" nor the "real", instead confirming their *being-with* each other (and with the un-known beyond) as constitutive of knowledge.

The outside is folded into the limit, the inside spirals

also

this writing uses terms, but wants to abstain from definition; the only hope might be to affect potential meanings:

[10] Stuart Kendall, "Introduction," in *The Unfinished System of Nonknowledge*, ed. Michelle and Stuart Kendall Kendall (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2001), xxiii-xxiv.

this writing is to a reckoning with haunting not as Freudian/psych/literary/structural but rather as experienced by the reflections of and between the personal, social, interpersonal:

///but to be sure, all of these distinctions are fallacies

This writing arisen in writing myself a ghost has formed in allignment with Pierre Joris' notions of *A Nomad Poetics*. : fallacy is not the distinctions, but would be in settling into language all too comfortable ::: let my language drift so as to o p e n

simultaneously, movement (on the move)
through the drift of drifting
re-moving, re-drawing the lines
but no matter what move
to (-ward a body)
embody rhizomatically

"moving in & out of
semantic and non-semantic spaces,
moving around & through the
features"[11]

[11] Pierre Joris, *A Nomad Poetics* (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 2033), 5-6.

Longing for being-with-her, I search for her words; the writing that traveled from her lips to my lungs: traces, markings of the smoke that circulates so long as I hold my breath.

And with a spirit at my lips to chase the cocaine, slipped into a semiabsence seeking a semipresence; where is the anguish that will move me to write?

This only confirms the extent to which my hauntings have been imaginary. The realm of impossible confirmed.

The reflection of face in a nighttime window is perhaps our favorite representation of self.

Layers upon layers of a particular view, from a particular angle

none of all of which mean every part of nothing

---

windows:

certain reflections and layers of self we see only with a certain focus or attention→(both) easier (and not at all) to see all the layers with dark on other side: too many and too intertwined to count///

refractions of night light present more complex bodily prisms

***

words forth from my mind intended towards you confirm just how much you are missed in this process; a longing for your criticism.

rip me apart so I may piece back together in a way that better fits the laughter of my next (mind)body. having no dwelling, but cannot find nomadism

this moment's struggle is the project risen of the saddest, darkest realms of creative without access to anything other than present;;; demands that turn, spiral away from those spaces to take on projects of much less meaning.

perhaps nomad:

but can't find *being*-nomadic. and to be at all present in my present i turn away from the spaces of mind abyss, forgetting. the travel between them seems to take days, and those in the physical have no concept of our creative together or me in mine. the moment i step away from the written i am confronted by a completely unrelated verbal~not like the overlap we had in that cave. you may be jealous of my project but i am jealous of your darkness: unsustainable freedom

to elect to not be present~to exist mostly in the darkness that creates~would abandon other ghosts; versions of self involved in disparate worlds are versions known and needed, even if they interfere.

unfortunately, this kind of being-as-compromise might be toward the real. how terribly unfortunate, painfully appropriate to discover a project that demands passion only to (re)discover how and why to limit passion.

expect(ing) your presence would allow to blur more easily physical and creative worlds:

we will drive to an ocean under some stars and let the sound of lapping water hold us together

**

framework: of haunting

Each of us--my small and his smaller--attached to either of my father's legs, shuffling. into the bedroom. Tears welling as he slipped behind the larger; I climbed over the end of the bed. A quiver(ing): all of us: except for the body in the bedclothes, a rumbling in our (familia-l/-r) world.

{{years before:}*Staring into my grandmother's open casket I had imagined a hole in her crinkly hand.*

This was different: whole.}

Not my eyes eating a (w)hole :: now ALL of my flesh beside her embodied absence. touching flows beneath

Flooding now, horror began to hollow. no sense of time could ever find that web of moments, but some movement of seconds within the matrix left me alone with the cold blood/(s)kin beside me. The smaller had gone, head circling and eyes glazed with unknow(i(n)g) fear: the horror of a corpse. And more, the meaning of the horror of the corpse that gave you meaning > no longer abject, but severed

I drowned the dry corpse in that bed and then I drowned myself. My warmth pressed against her icey weight:meltingskin into water, still movement drenching pillowcases. As if awoken crying.

discovery of an ocean that day; the welling of tears never stopped, but eventually turned around :[appearance of a pause]: poured back into my eyes so that I could know(, to be) a laughing ocean.

no speaking that day//ambiguous silence of the loudest waves cresting to crash.

no speaking that day, but voices specifically shaped in all the days to-come to be seen, to be absorbed in a body of water

(prior)voices would later speak to her ashes
:bits of carbon facelessly drifting in the liquid

***

work of the ghost: to blur time/space

(challenging known order)

The most prevalent definition of 'ghost', according to the OED, is "the soul of a deceased person, spoken of as appearing in a visible form, or otherwise manifesting its presence, to the living."

Initially, simply—more generally, even, than the OED—we take up the ghost as a *something* outside but in our present; somehow, someone, something, somespirit from my future or my past has entered my present. This infiltrating presence does not necessarily have to be a representation of the dead, but should have some relation to an outside time. As Avery Gordon writes, "[the ghost] alters the experience of being in time, the way we separate the past, the present, and the future."[12] The effect of haunting opens our understanding of time; the matters we encounter in the present are not only of that moment (although the event of the moment is certainly singular).

It should be, then, (almost-)easily accepted—at least considered—that the ghost presents a general blurring of time: a challenge to linearity. Rather than traveling along the path, the ghost passes through, folding it.[13] The outside is incorporated in, and the inside out.

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[12] Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, xvi.
[13] See: Gilles Deleuze, *The Fold* or *Negotiations*

This figuring of time does not necessarily require a ghost of death, though. As Derrida notes, the question asked in the present *proceeds from* the future[14]: forward-thrust into the moment that is now- behind.

Or, to sum up in the words Derrida borrows from Shakespeare as written for Hamlet: "the time is out of joint."[15]

If haunting poses challenges to the line of time, so too it problematizes our experience of physicality and space. Time and space are, of course, entwined as an irreducible texture, but if *space is the organizational property of the contemporary western world* (as Michel Foucault asserts in his piece, "Of Other Spaces"[16]), then perhaps more challenging to the human understanding of order is the ghost's relation to space.

Familiar feelings or ideas that I had learned only as connected to a specific physical, visible, tangible space (the body of the individual) are presenced to me (somehow manifested) without the known correlated embodiment:

When I linger beside that wooden bench, under the blooming branches you once stood upon, I sometimes feel your forehead wrinkle. But where is your forehead? I cannot see it. Is it invisible?

Also the inverse; the space occupied by the corpse beside my bedded body is not a space I respond to with any hint of the recognition granted to (that exact space (that space of the body)) were it animated, alive, swelling with breath.

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[14] Jacques Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, trans. Peggy Kamuf (New York: Routeledge, 1994), xix.
[15] Ibid., 1.
[16] Michel Foucault, "Of Other Spaces," *Diacritics* 16 (1986).

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realm of haunting: suspended between

(meaning as real and imaginary)

So far, a simple beginning. Further than disjointing time, the ghost multiplies, disperses and makes itself known to the living by whatever means it can. Gordon writes, "haunting is a very particular way of knowing what has happened or is happening. Being haunted draws us affectively, sometimes against our will and always a bit magically, into the structure of feeling of a reality we come to experience, not as cold knowledge, but as a transformative recognition."[17] A framework of haunting offers us a fluid, expansive knowledge/knowing; all that haunts is constrained to no particular present(ce) but underlies the span of time/lies within the folds, emergent in rhizomatic and conjured moments.

The knowledge imbued by the manifested presence is a knowledge not easily delineated (we will elaborate: nor should it be), but is nonetheless crucial to an experiential knowledge of social life. What is learned from haunting cannot be specifically located, but is possible everywhere; knowledge communicated by ghosts is a knowing non-located/-able: a knowing more opaquely prescenced and felt than familiarly, physically, seen and heard. Haunting is the phenomenon of a possible knowledge presenting and receding as we encounter it in multiple moments. Ghosts can be found within all the places of our lives, and all the places of social relations; those that walk in my dreams, or that drive by your window haunt just as effectively as the specter of communism that Marx and Engels addressed.

[17] Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, 8.

Ghosts affect our social worlds by their ability to simultaneously be present no-where, any-where, everywhere: an imaginary, unknown skill to the mind of the living being. The ghost that haunts is also a figure that is dead (at least in some sense) in relation to the haunted, yet existing in their present somehow; reveling in an ambiguous place between presence and absense. Ghosts only exist by virtue of their relationship to life; drifting in the between, never returning and never moving on. This space of suspension is outside our established realms and systems of knowledge.

The displacement of spirit -essence-(animation) from a particular physicality (body) is the foundation of ghostly haunting: displacement of time. The essence may be liberated of the physical entirely, or re-placed to be re-discovered in a space differently than it was known before, but always familiar. In any case: out of jointedness (because being out of joint is precisely what allows time to move). To encounter an emotion without the physical presence (/in the absence of the material) by which I learned *to feel* it, or to encounter a space without any of the same reaction it once elicited, is to be confronted with loss: the loss of an embodiment, the loss of a spirit: the loss of an intelligible self.

This haunting upsets an understanding of order in that it is recognizable by something invisible. Without any physical body, we interpret its presence more by a vaguely affective property—a feeling. As Derrida writes, "the subject that haunts is not identifiable, one cannot see, localize, fix any form, one cannot decide between hallucination and perception, there are only displacements; one feels looked at by what

one cannot see."[18] But haunting is not just absence, not only the presence of (a) loss; rather, a suspension: an implication (however unlikely) of return to a visible being: an apparition in the real.

(im)possibility of [beyond] what was --> (or) could (not) have been:

If we have inscribed haunting with the vocabulary of suspension between, we must also grant it the vocabulary of return (or release). To be released from the between of life and death is either to fully inhabit a body, or to pass to death (without any agency over material).

But as this release of the ghost is impossible, embodiment remains an abstract. Derrida explains the relations of the ghost, the spirit, the specter to the body;

> there is no ghost, there is never any becoming-specter of the spirit without at least an appearance of flesh, in a space of invisible visibility, like the dis-appearing of an apparition. For there to be ghost, there must be a return to the body, but to a body that is more abstract than ever. The spectrogenic process corresponds therefore to a paradoxical *incorporation*. Once ideas of thoughts are detached from their substratum, one engenders some ghost by *giving them a body*. Not by returning to the living body from which ideas and thoughts have been torn loose, but by incarnating the latter in *another artifactual body, a prosthetic body*.[19]

The proliferation of ghosts that follows from the incarnation of the spirit lacerates the self, opens its interior to the multiplicity of ghosts *to-come* in a way that renders inapparent their apparitions: a displacement never *re*-placed.

Whether latent or emerging, the many ghosts of our many worlds are all always absent presences of our atmosphere: imminent memories of the losses we do not recall: suspended in the act of [d(e]va)[com(po]ra)[s(ting. This potentially unrecognizable

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[18] Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, 136.
[19] Ibid., 126.

remembrance bears real influence, despite its inexplicability (its rationale outside our systems of knowing);

> Haunting, however, is precisely what prevents rational detachment, prevents your willful control, prevents the disaggregation of class struggle and your feelings, motivations, blind spots, craziness, and desires. A haunted society is full of ghosts, and the ghost always carries the message…that the gap between personal and social, public and private, objective and subjective is misleading in the first place.[20]

Haunting keeps intact/maintains relations that forces of intellect—in some cases, anyway—might otherwise disrupt. By forging connections invisible to the physical world and rational thought, the inaccessible remembrance of haunting validates a certain authority of feeling and emotion; there is significant meaning in knowledge that cannot be inscribed within the signs of our systematic knowledge.

[20] Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, 98.

Translucent paleness and aging denim stand as stark disruption to the palette of greenbrown breathing decay. it pains to put those woods to words, but suppose that is the point. The green bark light leaves air fill me from outside: wonder and bliss rediscovered. since a long passing. In something special. gorgeous.beautiful::this place of loss. Footsteps slow so that I may revel in the rays

~ of light :

bounce between branches. swelling, weaving, undulating.

Stop. Breathe. into ears.

A friend tells me I've been here before. When she died. Well, sort of—she didn't use her name~oh:

bullet sought (red)blood

(and black): a flash of blinding darkness to remember that

I forget

speak this self a goldfish. Or rather, wish I were a goldfish. a goldfish could exist in the wonder and the bliss without the memory. Oh,,, the memories don't remember. wish the self goldfish so that reminders may lose their power in unwanted pain. Suddenly bright: bursting` full `overflowing sadness. In dry waves, this ocean of sunshine lay me down, vibrant green abound. Slivers sticking up, jutting diagonally, lace themselves in between fingers, through ringlets of hair and into holes, deep crevices of face caress all exposed skin. I feel myself slipping away from him and realize I am sobbing. A body shaking, just as when I cum. [But crying to her;]Can goldfish orgasm? No matter, for I must accept that I am only an aspiring goldfish. Aspiration shan't impinge pain, my severance: this climax. What is mine must be mine, and there must be feeling. What want. desire

to

Heavy fat vital big gobs of wetness dance on,along my face, slide over and past the ridges of collarbone to form a film over an imagined scaly body. While I fold into this swelling of fluids weaving body, the very friend who dictated remembrance sits at my feet. Her hands clasping each other, pressed between her legs, she rocks. And rocks. Back and forth, side and around. Undulating. She is playing a game that only I understand; We are waiting children. We are(.) waiting.

[over and done with eat, meet, nap]Instead:: a waking full and present in the moment: anticipation. The end of the day waits for parents..> appear(!) along that grassy knoll, swoop us into yourarms, and brave the elements to deliver us home. Or perhaps they are home. Either way, we are waiting, entranced by the path of the knoll. It leads straight to us, but from where?

Where could home possibly come from? What if it doesn't come from anywhere? What if it doesn't come at all?

<~Our unshifting gaze is not excited for home, but rather uneasy at the prospect of abandon::: What if it doesn't come?

"What if they don't come?" She says, rocking more and more, "they might come—no, they are coming. My parents are coming."

She rocks. I cry. She tells me they will come. I cry harder. shake(!). harder.

Some others. :have been there this whole time, but they have never waited, so they walk away. Definitive. They do not want to wait and they do not have to. They shake their heads as each foot glides past the other. Definitively: each foot does glide past the other: away. Or never there.

only invisible traces in the decay of browngreen breath

Not cuming. Our parents are not coming. Maybe hers still could, but we both know that mine aren't. Moreover, a need to know they are not. Disappointment must not be the actual, physical end. Not for me: still for others. [Death by] Disappointment is unthinkable. The murder would be unthinkable. Oh., if only I [[could]] die. Yet, that would mean to be fully loved;

of yet, no one

is ready for me to die but me.

Her home comes: two figure stride and my abandon is complete.

Abandoned, to live on.

Abandon that I knew but had forgotten. Fuck remembering:: just as words distort the emotion, the remembrance distorts remembered. Abandon me so to forget again (I may forget. again.) The only death allowed here-now is the disappointment of distorted memory, so let my being cycle

I am not a goldfish>

If I were, I could exist for my possessors. No remembrance.

But I have no possessors. Rather, absent presences that demand I remember. Fine: will[ing] (to) hurt like hell for you. Fin(~~e~~)d myself suspended in the state of disappointment. the presence of an absence that demands. Tears that I adore but never asked for. Unintentional[ly], shaking.

The necessary [strength] to maintain suspension is not optional. It was never a choice

chosen; strength to suspend is not, never was will couldbe optional. Mine warm lips suffer. Tremble. Full [of strength] in suffering.

The strength and the suffering and all that they embody | are embodied by are everything. Presences and parodies must momentarily trans[figure]form experienced pain into something else. A pineapple on my ribs, for instance. The pain of my loss, the pain on my body manifest in representation of juicy good remembering the ocean. Delicious. Silliness is underrated. Especially when it is as physical. is the light.

Later that day I ask him to play. Play to-be that light. Listen at//to the ocean. here, Hear: The more the waves shake the light, the more the water swells, weaves, undulates, the more the sunrise rays beam shimmer reflect water escape our gaze, refracting break down in the clouds above without distorting, the more the sounds of crashing consume. Just breathe listen. The more light, the more the words feel violent.
I think I will take a vow of silence. "right now? not now" his laughter in the darkness: "play with me." Thankfully, playing to-be wordless. [(but when to vow?)]
Physical[silly]light. We will never know each other but he likes to play:: More most maybe to make me shake. And right now, all is shaking. Right now, to be can shake.
Shaking until burst into light,
until light becomes dark.
Waiting and shaking until .[listen.(ing) silence]

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spectral perception: (not)seeing sight

Whatever the ((re-) -embodiment-body) of the specter, it's visit is it's apparition is a simultaneous dissolution into the world of the haunted: the state of haunting is one of being seen (first) by a presence you might vaguely sense, but that escapes your known sight.

haunted I am seen.

haunted, I imagine the possibility of this visit accompanied by its former eyes

Gordon takes a critical approach to what she terms the "hypervisibility of postmodern culture" in that it convinces its subjects of an inherent visibility of being: the idea that everything can be seen. But seeing is only one form of knowing: often the form least receptive to loss. She goes on (calling on Don DeLillo and Jean Baudrillard) to reiterate that a discourse of visibility in post-modern culture illuminates previously marginalized subjects only for the implicit purpose of their consumption in the pre-existing systems, perpetuating the "same features it describes."[21]

Similarly, Derrida tells us the specter *appears* to present in a body visible, entering a space for which the living maintain a system of knowledge. But, in actuality, visual perception deceives us and the specter remains in a realm of un-non-known;

> The specter, as its name indicates, is the *frequency* of a certain visibility. But the visibility of the invisible. And visibility, by its essence, is not seen, which is why it remains *epekeina tes ousias*, beyond the phenomenon or beyond being ...The specter *appears* to present itself during a visitation. One represents it to oneself, but it is not present itself, in flesh and blood.[22]

While Gordon is addressing the notion of political visibility, and Derrida the visibility of spectral embodiment, their examples both demonstrate the unstable nature of what we know through vision.

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ghostly knowledge and communication

If social life is situated between ideas and material, the *meaning* of social event, interaction, occurrence is established also between mind and matter. The effects we

[21] Ibid., 16.
[22] Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, 101.

have (our meaning to others) can never be fully known, which means the conjuring of my ghost by another will take different effect than the ghosts of my intentions. To know a ghost (just as to know a self) is only to interpret an apparent disjuncture…

The countermemory is the contribution of the ghost, and it necessitates something more than a discourse of visibility: an understanding of and engaging with what is not visible as *not*visible. What has been lost in the process of history, what is absent from the material world cannot be reckoned with by shedding light upon. Seeing is not reckoning: reckoning not seeing.

We know what we think to be the markers of ghosts, and cannot help but give these visible, material signs the weight of our full attention. But we do not *know* the ghosts, ascribing their messages and meanings more to the spaces of our imaginaries, searching for different ways of knowing them. We scramble to touch, to grasp, to caress what we feel emerging, approaching, but will always remain inapparent—immanent.

But not being present in flesh and blood, this sight of an apparition is—at least in part—an imaginary construction. Perhaps our physical eye sees a material we believe to indicate the specter, but this vision is a trick: ghosts are not visible, but visibility.

So rather than pursue the visibility of ghosts and specters, Derrida and Gordon both turn in the general direction of vociferous, auditory engagement with the spectral. But beyond this turn they diverge; Gordon maintains a utopian hope[23] in her pursuit of communication with the ghost,[24] whereas Derrida's renouncing of exorcism is an acceptance of the distopia that is the contemporary.

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[23]Dorothy Smith, "Review: Ghostly Matters." *Contemporary Sociology* 28, no.1 (1999)
[24] Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, 57.

Gordon appeals to a knowing of the haunting for the sake of communicating with ghosts; she means to pursue action.[25] Yet, however well we learn to do this (Gordon), we will not; just as we cannot know people, we cannot know ghosts. People, ghosts, subjects, selves, interlocutors of all kinds are not maintained as constants in communication. Rather, relations are always in flux: the limits that tuck away the secrets of the non-known always maneuvered anew.

Not only are all the players in constant motion, but the disclosures and the secrets are each known differently from each position of communication. Knowing another by speaking and listening is another limited knowing—it fails to know just as sight does, only differently.

Losses/displacements are what haunting asks us to recognize through and across temporalities (returning to the discussion the intertwining of space and time). Ghostly knowledge, as Gordon writes, is one arisen from the intersection of history and subjectivity, persisting across temporalities and spaces, calling attention to important losses or (non-)(in-)visibles that are not always easily recognized. What was repressed or unresolved makes itself known through haunting as a living force, not a completed experience or visible object with a finalized meaning. As haunting draws our attention to incompletion and unstable meaning, we realize there are non-knowns, and come to un-know what we had known *(or thought we knew).*

[25] Her "something-to-be-done" is the work of the present subject in response to the past, toward the future.

The ghost is not a presence in between, suspended solely on the basis of something unfinished; there is no passing-on pending completion. What could it ever conceivably mean to be (un)finished? For nothing is ever finished, instead in progress. Ghosts do not haunt in order to finish. They haunt so that we may remember ourselves: but remember differently, propelling forward. They tell us time is out of joint, but it is being out of joint that allows time to move.

Differently than Gordon, Derrida urges for talking with, of, about ghosts (and to listen to them) in pursuit of an *un-non*-knowing:

A texture of memory, countermemory, absence, material, presence, and spirit animates space and time in a manner that fosters the possibility of repition within difference. An(y) (im)possibility could happen, but if social change and shifts in meaning reflect each other at all, then social change is somehow constrained by the particular opening/re-orientation of a knowledge uncentered; inheritance moves time, only to become un-known. Destabilized and uncentered, but not destroyed; thus the notion of time as cyclical, or at least non-linear. Much like the relationship between transgression and its limit, knowledge and time are not related to their limits "as black to white, the prohibited to the lawful, the outside to the inside, or as the open area of a building to its enclosed spaces. Rather, their relationship takes the form of a spiral which no simple infraction can exhaust."[26] A spiral moves and transforms with both more fluidity and more strength than a straight line.

Countermemory instead must function as one knowledge among many, relating always to its own (another) unknown; the meaning of the countermemory always as

[26] Foucault, "Preface to Transgression," 35.

incomplete, as in-process, as *any* other meaning: beyonds of the un- and non- known(s) always implied. The condition of meaning as always already being constructed (in combination with the fact of a different material arrangement) puts an uncertain limit on the possibility of the future; *an* impossible in place of infinite impossible.

The ghost is the sign of absensce that becomes apparent when the risk of forgetting would close a circuit of knowing: when we think we know something in concrete terms, we are overdue for a haunting.

Every summer I return to my mother's ocean house: it is these walls that have come to hold my her. Carried through time her specter almost (re-)appears here. A string of ashes strewn between the lighthouse and the spray beyond the fence, contemplated from within the ribcage, incompletely circumscribed by that symbol of hospitality; a naked body of the next generation dwells between the lips of mattress and feathered warmth, drifting into unconscious imaginary. Welcome, haunting: look at this body from within so that it may unknowingly remember a gaze without a body.

those eyes seeing from nowhere present a vision in the dreaming drift :: always a horror to make (un-)known

compelled to see:think of someone

And when I think of you, I conjure not only your ghost (the "you" I knew), but also my own (the self I was in relation to 'the "you" I knew'). When I merely think of you, I call forth my known: implicate the unknown, the imaginary; who were you, really? and who am I with(out)[in] you? This haunting is a touch from within. But a touch from within cannot exist without the limit that defines the without; you touch me now from another side of my flesh. First I as within, you held and carried, then as outside: our selves always through bodily touch. a communication. Then slowly: the haunting of disease; a gradual descent from body to corpse. And suddenly, the return of the prior maternal brought a release: your struggle liberated by transition to corpse: my caress of your corpse before carried outside a communication of your ghost [with](in)in my body: in mo(u)rning, laughter and tears to drown a wordless anguish. Horror embodied.

un(non)knowing: shattering imaginary mirrors

Sweaty, languid troposphere. In the drip of June mind wandered, fragmented~submitting, surrendered to the impulse of the bod(ill)y. Running, rediscovering. Some strides slower, some steps shorter, all propelling a meandering movement. Not passivity, but a different activity of intellect led embodied me back along and through the hill. Perhaps longing to gaze upon what was already me, stumbled upon a tree among tombstones. The tree in which I knew in love: or not knew, but remembered. Months before, branches that craddled me, stroked my hair and steadied my breath, as my body melted under the changing colors of clouds inverted forever. Fluttered leaves; hands reaching for faces wove limbs and digits all throughout. Grey slabs faded into white noise. But rather than let me see myself in love, this tree resisted the vision I sought to thrust upon it. The place of my prior self now a vacant space.

Branches now gone cut severed chopped disappeared amputated. Distant. Distance from the place where they would be found: if only they existed. But more than visual void, inhalation cannot exscind the smell of difference from the gases each breath demands. Scents of sap and budding freshness replaced with the more subtle odor of a transcendent wetness. Air empty but full of fluid. Now air, elements to see through. The discovery of a disappearance emergent change in the world presented before my own horizon: a haunting: the ghosts of that spring evident in the malady of loss.

Hunched over in the face of such sad disappearance, no tears, but snot trickled sideways. Attention twisted toward~imagining below the surface of~the dusting of moist dirt overlaying those branches that stretch down instead of up. Lost branches then lost breath; no words then, but a physical knowing of the tree's expression. No longer could it hold my body, and no

longer could the other body be a home. Gray slabs emerge as visible from where they already were. The loss of in love, returned completely to the body I will die in.

But startled and haunted, not coming to make any sense of that tree until weeks later. Now months later, I have made many different senses of it[, none of which are –*could be*—its own original. The past forms what the present is to us, as our movement is always already ever into the future.

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~~*What is at stake?*~~ Acceptance. Of the past as past, but as affective. And hopefully acceptance of this affective quality will help us to accept the losses incurred by time. In my short life I have lost many people. In your life, however long, I am certain the same is true. This loss is not necessarily death, although the pairing of "loss" and "people" seems to conjure that idea. Moments of most profound loss are those in which we un-know an intertwining; the moment in which it becomes apparent that your knowledge of me and my knowledge of myself are no longer elements of the same texture. Or perhaps the more profound moments are ones in which we discover that that texture never was; losing the imaginary of meaning has more devastating potential than feeling you walk past, or craddling your corpse in all the crevases of my body.

Unknowing rips apart (as it may also

restore)

:difference

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un-non-knowing: in pursuit of fear

Recognizing a disjointing in/of time and space destabilizes knowledge. Writing of both specters and ghosts, Derrida writes; "One does not know: not out of ignorance, but because this non-object, this non-present present, this being-there of an absent or departed one no longer belongs to knowledge".[27] Thus, haunting is un-non-knowing; what was known is no longer, having absenced to a realm beyond the know-able.
But Gordon's understanding of haunting seeks to know ghosts and their ways through reaction to them: through the "something-to-be-done" she aspires to re-join that which appears out of joint. "The ghost is not other or alterity as such, ever. ...pregnant with unfulfilled possibility, with the something to be done that the wavering present is demanding. This something to be done is not a return to the past but a reckoning with its repression in the present, a reckoning with that which we have lost, but never had".[28] But as haunting is laid *between* real (perception) and imaginary (hallucination), present absences are outside of our knowable realms. Thus, Derrida writes, "there are only displacements."[29]

Addressing ghosts is a delicate project of balance; too quick to assign meaning and likely the action will be violent, but too long to ponder and likely the ghost will drive me mad. Afraid of an impulse toward action; an effect of a fear of not knowing. Action in response to fear (rather than in pursuit of it) perpetuates the violence of the dialectic script; while we have established that violence is inevitable and cycles of death

[27] Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, 6.
[28] Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, 183.
[29] Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, 136.

are constitutive of/within life, the stagnation that results of this repetition may actually be (a death?) (a stalling?) (a paralysis?) of history. History propels so long as the violence within it constantly takes a different shape; *time itself must always be disjointed in order to fold and unfold always: time is pulled like taffy.*

In renouncing the practice of hunting hauntings, Derrida accepts the distopian nature of knowledge: the inherent and violent failure of project—in this case, the limitation of the work to know. Immanent impotency is a constant theme for Georges Bataille, as Stuart Kendall explains; "Like the tragic hero, the project is doomed from the beginning. This demonstration of the failure of all designation is the central movement and paradox of Bataille's oeuvre. It is the key to his understanding of transgression and to his theory of communication."[30]

> Bataille's writing presents notions of impotency, failure, and incompleteness…lending much of his work—but specifically the 'system of nonknowledge'—nicely to a framework of haunting.

Failure to communicate (in general, but also with ghosts) is inevitable, and heightened when measures of violence are adopted; violence is also inevitable, but worsened when embraced. Hunting ghosts is a hope to know them through communication, but as failure on both fronts (knowing them and, relatedly, communicating with them) is a given, perhaps we would do better to shy away from the pursuit of that particular violence. To love the ghosts, to feel the absent touch of their presence, to laugh at their nonsense, is (a more peaceful) un-knowing.

[30] Kendall, "Introduction," xxv.

Addressing ghosts is a delicate project of balance; too quick to assign meaning and likely the action will be violent, but too long to ponder and likely the ghost will drive me mad. Afraid of an impulse toward action; an effect of a fear of not knowing. Action in response to fear (rather than in pursuit of it) perpetuates the violence of the dialectic script; while we have established that violence is inevitable and cycles of death are constitutive of/within life, the stagnation that results of this repetition may actually be (a death?) (stalling?) (paralysis?) of history. History propels so long as the violence within it constantly takes a different shape; *the subjectivity of time must fold just as time itself must be disjointed (perhaps in-order-to fold).*

Sometimes reading Bataille, I notice I am reading backwards; this orientation just as appropriate as any, for what we find in his work are cycles of destabilized meaning. An earlier introduction to non-knowledge states, "NON-KNOWLEDGE LAYS BARE", which Bataille elaborates as a cycling of anguish and ecstasy that let the subject know anew something they had already known.[31] This cycling drawn out to its conclusion allows us to see "absolute knowledge is no longer anything but one knowledge among others."[32] The relationships of perception, knowing, imagination, other knowledges, etc., are in a state of constant movement. All seeking different views of each other—realizing a knowing *differently* than known before—they all come to wonder what other *differently-s* are still non-known.

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[31] Georges Bataille, *Inner Experience*, trans. Leslie Ann Boldt (Albany: State University of New York, 1988), 52.
[32] Ibid., 55.

Georges Bataille's body of work is a necessarily incomplete challenge to systematic thought. Especially the collection of Bataille's on nonknowledge, *The Unfinished System of Nonknowledge*, in which "it is left to the reader to follow the wayward paths of these texts from association to association, ensemble to ensemble, assemblage to assemblage."[33] Elsewhere, Bataille indicates the distinct quality of his thinking as the pursuit of fear; "more than the truth, it's fear I'm after. Fear opened by a dizzying fall. Fear reached by possibly unlimited movements of thought".[34] The experience of fear is the marking of a limit approached, reshaped…

> "Man *makes himself fear*. He makes himself into the fear that he inspires. Hence the contradictions that render humanism untenable. We see rise up here the logic of this *fear of oneself* that is guiding our remarks. The ipseity of the self is constituted there".[35] The individual is different from all other selves by the means of the fear it creates for itself; the play between self and fear nods to knowing that there is unknown (im)possibility within the self. *(distrust of self)*

Pursuing fear develops a philosophy that maintains a quality of instability, of chance and risk. Chance and risk of being pulled apart, in every direction, at every moment. Approaching the impossible, unimaginable. Perhaps the scariest part being that this pulling would not be imposed from the world outside, but from the self within, and from within there is no limit--only a potential plunge into the dark abyss at the center of the self. Fear is the effect of the movement towards, confrontation with the impossible, unimaginable of the abyss. and without this movement there is

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[33] Kendall, "Introduction," xliii.
[34] Georges Bataille, *Guilty*, trans. Bruce Boone (Venice: The Lapis Press, 1988), 6.
[35] Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, 145.

nothing. The real horror is in the notion that self-inflicted fear will not impose/knows no limit, so rather will tend toward *total* dissipation. In part to limit this fragmentation we turn to other beings to find a sense of our selves; by the limit we establish outward (between the self and other beings) we come to know the limits of the self.

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creating: the space between the self

From anguish arises communication; Bataille expresses profound frustration with writers, poets, who withdraw from the world and into the thought of their pain as only theirs; "I hate the thought of a person being connected to isolation. The recluse who has the impression he reflects the world is ridiculous to my mind. He can't reflect it because, being himself a center of the reflection, he stops being able to relate to *what doesn't have a center*."[36] /// "*To be known!* How could he not be aware of the fact that he is *the unknown*, beneath the mask of one man among others"[37]

The necessity to know some sense of self is a real demand of being as social, but does not **erase** the anguished abyss at the core. Our ways of knowing have within them a relation to this infinite black hole; not only seeking limits, our relations with other beings also seek the unknown; we search for the circumstances in which we may come apart.

[36] Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 45.
[37] Ibid., 151.

If we accept that for the self to have meaning, it must also mean something to others,[38] then our relationships and exchanges with others ultimately serve to let us come apart, to lose ourselves. In this sense, relationships between beings serve the function of a dwelling; the knowledge we learn of each other (mine of my self and of you, yours of you and of me) is a bond to hold us together in dissintegration.

Of course, demanding anything of other beings in my own self-shattering appears unethical. But if allowed the dwelling for destruction, the fullest experience of these impulses opens the self to caring beyond/outside the self. To properly consider alterity, one must renounce all inscription: one must pursue self-shattering, allow for tearing to pieces. This is, of course, a violence of a different sort than inscription: a violence of a different impulse. And the risk in pursuing this violence is that we will push beyond our own limit (established by the relation to another) to inflict it upon that other. Rather than accept the limits of my own self-shattering as outlined by others' presences, my violence may radiate, penetrating these others who inhabit the dwellings-with me.

Dwelling with another in which the dwelling doesn't *mean* the same thing to both, but inflict and allow other's pain is *being*-with toward communication. [we need others are markers of our limits, but violence of self-shattering and of outward radiation cannot be maintained as separate. and all we can hope for amidst the violence is some kind of communication about it] relationship in which she who is the object of your pain also allows you to shatter and dissolve is one in which you might communicate.

[38] Ibid., 116.

But the chance and risk we have established in a philosophy of play have not been exposed or submerged into their abyssal cores yet. In the manipulation of limits as such, the system of order is not completely transformed--the limits cannot be transgressed.The secrets of unknowing have not yet ripped me apart from within. Perhaps I have been laid bare, but is this the same as torn to pieces? Does each properly uncover the wound that must found un- and non- knowing? No; the only true answer is that neither does and neither could.

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of the eye: haunting and the limit experience

In Bataille's earliest published work, *Story of the Eye*, haunting is a tool that reveals a limit; it is an experience by which the narrator comes to accept the instability of meaning as a condition of being;

> I walked along the seashore most of the night, but without getting very far from X because of all the windings of the coast. I was merely trying to soothe a violent agitation, a strange, spectral delirium in which, willy-nilly, phantasms of Simone and Marcelle took shape with gruesome expressions. Little by little, I even thought I might kill myself, and, taking the revolver in hand, I managed to lose any sense of words like hope or despair. But in my weariness, I realized that my life *had* to have some meaning all the same, and *would* have one if only certain events, defined as desirable, were to occur. I finally accepted being so extraordinarily haunted by the names *Simone* and *Marcelle*. Since it was no use laughing, I could keep going only by accepting or feigning to imagine a phantastic compromise that would confusedly link my most disconcerting moves to theirs.[39]

[39] Georges Bataille, *Story of the Eye*, trans. Joachim Neugroschel (New York: Urizen Books, 1977), 21-22.

So long as the "spectral delirium" that propels the narrator's footsteps is a state in which apparitions are objects that agitate, the violence of haunting will pull its subject to a limit. Illogically seeking to lessen the anxious effects of disembodied lovers, the narrator wandering the edge of the sea is also walking the edge of death. In approaching his own death by his own hand, the narrator also approaches a collapse of known meaning; the spectrum of human emotion as established in the order of language dissolves beyond the limit of living: in the absence of immanent death 'hope' and 'despair' have no meaning. In the cycle of 'pure experience' that Bataille elaborates years later in *Inner Experience* ("The Torment"), this loss of meaning is/leads to anguish, and acceptance of haunting is the self abandon that moves the subject back towards rapture.

A spectrum of emotion is destabilized; the narrator is drawn towards his own limit. But from this depth of weary anguish, the narrator (re)turns, cycles back toward (a *belief in?)* meaning, and accepts his haunting. To go on living, to continue to be, this subject acknowledges an unclear—yet persistent—relation to his ghosts.

And sure enough, without the narrator seeking a particular knowledge of his haunting, the dynamic between him, Simone, and Marcelle evolves: a new knowing takes form. The narrator is surprised to find that taking hold of Simone's cunt when he sees her next does not prompt him to come, but to weep at her feet: the orgasms that had definitively peppered their physical relationship replaced by more calm embraces and nightlong embraces. One of many phantastic compromises that arises is Simone's insistence on Marcelle's presence for certain sexual acts; "one day, when I tried to rape

Simone in her bed, she brusquely slipped away: "…I'm not interested…I'll only do it with Marcelle!"[40] … "And her cunt would not open to me unless Marcelle's ghost, raging, reddening, frenzied, came to make her brazenness overwhelming and far-reaching"[41]

Even despite a physical absence, Marcelle is a ghostly presence summoned by the bodily fluids of Simone and the narrator; "She deeply inhaled our pungent and happy odor: 'You smell like Marcelle,' she buoyantly confided after a hefty climax, her nose under my wet ass."[42]

This emerging relationship to an absent Marcelle becomes crippling, as the idea of her presence is allotted perhaps too much meaning; "Obviously Simone and I were sometimes taken with a violent desire to fuck. But we no longer thought it could be done without Marcelle…Thus it was that our sexual dream kept changing into a nightmare".[43] Here Marcelle's ghost is found in the imaginary (thought/dream), producing real/material effects (not fucking). Similarly, a material recognition of someone shows how the sign of the ghost can be in the physical form, but the meaning un-known from such a sign is the (doomed) work of both real and ideal; "At any rate, the swampy regions of the cunt…those heartbreaking regions, which Simone, in an abandon presaging only violence, allowed me to stare at hypnotically, were nothing for

[40] Ibid., 23.
[41] Ibid., 25.
[42] Ibid., 24.
[43] Ibid.

me now but the profound, subterranean empire of a Marcelle who was tormented in prison and at the mercy of nightmares".[44]

"Inner experience is the opposite of action. Nothing more. 'Action' is utterly dependent on a project… Project is not only the mode of existence implied by action, necessary to action--it is a way of being in paradoxical time: *it is the putting off of existence to a later point*".[45]

What happens in that later point is non-knowing, as elaborated in a schema of what Bataille refers to as "pure experience":

First, reaching the extreme limit of knowledge, I know that I know nothing, and having wanted to be everything (àto know everything), this limit of knowing results in anguish; "the occasion of this anguish is my non-knowledge, nonsense beyond hope (here non-knowledge does not abolish particular knowledge, but its sense—removes from it all sense). I can know after the fact what constitutes the anguish of which I speak".[46] For the narrator in *Story of the Eye*, the anguish experienced walking along the shore is known only after the fact as a haunted feeling. First, we notice here that if non-knowledge "does not abolish particular knowledge" but "removes it from all sense" then effectively non-knowledge is a forgetting of meaning—the place where we lose hope. Particular knowledge: isolated fragments of knowing. Knowledge's sense: its means of relation to the texture of the world. To know what constitutes my anguish, I

[44] Ibid., 25-26.
[45] Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 46.
[46] Ibid., 53.

would have to find/make sense in it, but this texture only emerges in hindsight. In anguish, I fail to know the texture of sense. In anguish, the narrator palms his pistol. This anguish, this failure, moves toward communication in that anguish cannot be completed: to lose myself. But the desire to be everything persists, and I am confronted again with this desire's nonsense; I am a contradictory subject, wanting to lose myself but to remain as *ipse*. Subject and object are presented before communication occurs and subsequently, simultaneously, they approach and abandon. The subject, wanting to be everything without losing itself, first seeks to possess the object. But as it discovers it can only lose itself, the nonsense of the possible (in relation to *ipse*) becomes apparent. This nonsense is a knowing that the *ipse* will lose itself and its knowledge, either in the anguish of a maintained will to know, or as the rapture that emerges from the self-abandonment, surrender in non-knowing.

Rapture, as opposed to anguish, returns the subject to a sense, but now a sense that fulfills the will to be everything: the subject being everything is a total, and no longer losing itself, ceases communication. From this rapture, the subject emerges with a new knowledge, and the cycle of non-knowing spirals on; the new knowledge suggests subject and object are perspectives of being, not beings themselves. The object then, is but a "projection of the subject *ipse* wanting to become everything," and thus "all representation of the object is phantasmagoria resulting from this foolish and necessary will".[47] Initially, this grasp of the relation between object and subject is regarded as a total knowledge of the world—"the first solution of all puzzles"—but soon thereafter the imaginary of supreme knowledge dehisces, and the nonsense of its flesh gushes forth.

[47] Ibid., 54.

As a prior knowing of communication disappears, proves itself inaccessible, it becomes apparent that the order of my supreme knowledge is in fact, nonsense. Abandoned by the knowledge found in rapture, I cycle back to anguish.

> In despair, I further my own abandon. But in this anguished loss of self I re-turn to communication (or it reappears to me): I re-)turn to rapture, to joy. And no sooner than I sense myself there am I abandoned again by what I had anticipated to find; from rapture I (re-)turn to anguish, always amidst the movement of non-knowing…

To be human is to be haunted. We carry our ghosts as we carry our bodies carry us; unthinkably indespensible, but not always foregrounded. Not only are we haunted, but we are the very embodiment of the ghosts that make us. I am the ghosts of myself, which I know by the ghosts of others.

But now too many ghosts to count. (I am) tired of wanting them. Exhausted. Exhaustion: the feeling of ready to be one, starting to think myself as how I would haunt. Its not that ghosts have one incarnation that purposefully carries out what had been unfulfilled. They haunt when they are thought. They are brought into being when they are thought of. So when we ask ourselves 'how will I be remembered?' we are asking 'what is my ghost form?' So. What is my ghost form?

And why won't anyone discuss it with me? Although, I can only ask that uncertainly, because I have given hardly anyone the chance to discuss it.

She is afraid. But I really don't see of what. What is there to be afraid of ever?

Or. Who will conjure me? Who will be receptive to the touch of my haunting?

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Surrounded by breathing bodies my vision is unstable. In this prototypical living room strings of tiny lights force my eyes to find two photographs of my former selves. Two photographs among dozens; I have become a ghost to these bodies: bodies that several selves of my past considered close comrades.

The question of bars on New Years Eve does not correspond with a mental image of bars on New Years Eve. Panic, accelerated anxiety, and an invisible world of mine suddenly opens toward a different end; enough xanax, enough oxy, and a couple of stolen shots of Jack would carry me to the side of a road somewhere. Probably not far from the bars, but to a different

end. This vision:: my flesh and fluids dribbling, laid horizontally across cracked pavement, unidentifiable dirty vegetation splitting manmade paths apart ::is a vision of a death that night. I don't need light to know the hauntings of my self. I only need light to see how I haunt others. Love them both, love them all.

Wanting the darkness to arise out of the light—consume it. Swallow it. Envelope it. But not even. The want is to be without that expectation from others; Why not define one's own OK? Summer 28: My own death : But why should I care? I'd be dead.

***

**

Do you remember the rain? The drizzle enveloped us as your body went bloodless—a dwelling of humidity in which I watched you die. and then awaken propped against damp cement wall.

But so much that you missed between fall and return, Of course you don't remember the rain. I do :: fog still inside me :: absorbed what you missed

(:the mist)

Body facing mine, words trailing but eyes upturned and flesh suddenly void of color, all hinges simultaneously disjointed: ready for descent. Real seeing the collapse trap fleshy skull in the cold hard crevice guided imaginary visions of breaking vertebrate: *soon-to-be* no longer the life creating. Horror not at the confirmed corpse, but at the potential of corpsehood; not knowing which (im)possibility: presence or absence?

my miniature muscle mass compared to your limp flesh somehow sat you upright. Though mind still lost in the sight of your face between concrete slabs, still no blood.

S l o w ly now color come back and another's voice, laughter from around the corner. fears oscillating between endless obscurity and flashes of blind light. Your watery blue alive again, swims into mine, floating circles past my tears. The drizzling dwelling an inner; outer became the multitude of laughter.

whichever (im)material held, sitting [our] limbs intertwined to breathe through the trembling. Intertwining to transmit, transform horror to comedy:

incommunicable darkness toward *being-with*: shaking grounded but voiced and cried, carried through air<>leaking through holes
From this darkness lushness to love. but a love more doomed than most is the pairing of speechless goldfish and sponge
the difference between forgetting and experienced [your] disappearance

communication troubled over by difference to the ghosts

HAUNTING'S ETHICS: un-non-knowing as learning being-with

ethics requires us to risk ourselves precisely at moments of unknowingness, when what forms us diverges from what lies before us, when our willingness to become undone by another constitutes our chance of becoming human. To be undone by another is a primary necessity an anguish, to be sure, but also a chance~to be addressed, claimed, bound to what is not me, but also to be moved, to be prompted to act, to address myself elsewhere, and so to vacate the self-sufficient 'I' as a kind of possession[48]

~Judith Butler

If theorizing haunting yields an ethics: an ethics of nonknowledge (and also of unknowing: the work of the countermemory). To know is to animate (or fix) with a particular meaning. Whatever this meaning is will be torn to pieces as ghosts pass through its object.

Appropriately, both Gordon and Derrida use haunting as a theoretical to examine the between of material and ideologies as they pertain to social beings (and so, too, the pertinent systems and structures). For Derrida, being is a question of inheritence; "to be, this word in which we earlier saw the word of the spirit, means, for the same reason to inherit." We inhereit the present, and as inheritors, we must mourn the past from which we inherit.[49] *But in that mourning requires us to know what we've lost, we fix a meaning to that past which yields our being. This necessary knowledge has haunting as its precursor; no event of a ghost or specter, but the vague potentials of presences and absenses. The finite—knowledge—holds a secret beneath it: the secret potential of the infinite: all that is contradictory to, beyond, or outside of knowledge.*

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[48] Judith Butler, *Giving an Account of Oneself* (New York: Fordham University Press, 2005), 136.
[49] Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, 54.

Avery Gordon explains her book, Ghostly Matters, as an interdisciplinary project that seeks a more complex [social] production of [social] knowledge. For Gordon, the ghost "is not the invisible or some ineffable excess" but is real in that it demands its due attention.[50] *And haunting (the way of the ghost) is a condition by which a repressed or unresolved social something "is making itself known, sometimes very directly, sometimes more obliquely."*[51]

An ethics of nonknowledge as would come from haunting: not to intentionally wound, tear, pull to pieces, but rather to (at least intend to) give others the chance to wound, to tear, to pull us to pieces so that we may find what language has sought to express>>

I originally sought to write haunting as yielding a politics of questioning, but countermemory is a reading of signs, whereas haunting itself has none [*much like invisibility of vision*]. A questioning is a (re)opening, a proliferation, but with direction, oriented *toward* something. The offerring of a countermemory is an openness and a questioning--but of course, with limitations. "A question is not a supplication, an entreaty, nor a velleity for knowledge just put out in the air; it is already an order, a command"[52] A countermemory is neither a complete negation, nor a final response; but it is certainly another process, another orientation, another dialogue using language and questions.

The presence of a ghost (or: recognizing a suspension, an absence) elicits questions and/or horror. Responses to questions are inscriptions within discourse and responses to horror are often hasty efforts to kill its source: obviously two very different

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[50] Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, xvi.
[51] Ibid.
[52] Alphonso Lingis, *Dangerous Emotions* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2000), 47.

acts, but each violent in its own way. Of course, these dealings with hauntings are valid and meaningful. The ethics of haunting is not to do away with any response(s) to the ghostly, but instead to take care to preserve and engage a multiplicity of responses. We must not blindly adopt *only one* approach to the un-non-known, for we can learn more than *only one* meaning from it.

While we must pay due diligence to ghostly matters and potential readings of them, ghosts must not eclipse the generality of the haunting they came from (the *between*); knowing from recognizing is not all we have to learn. Destabilizing knowledge with a stable, fixed countermemory neither illuminates all that was (in-)(non-)visible, nor gives us an understanding of what should have been. There is never a complete forgetting, but also never a complete remembering.

From between life and death--the space of being's precondition, the space we ascribe to the ghost--we might learn to live; "to learn to live *with* ghosts, in the upkeep, the conversation, the company, or the companionship, in the commerce without commerce of ghosts"[53]: address not (a) mode(s) of discourse but learn a *being-with*. Haunting—beyond the countermemory it offers—forgoes questioning, a potential pursuit of language, of communication to learn to *be-with*.

Accepting the non-utopian nature of life by abandoning exorcism maintains the openness of possibility that keeps us from adopting the worst as our fate; "To be 'out of joint,' whether it be present Being or present time, can do harm and do evil, it is no doubt the very possibility of evil. But without the opening of this possibility, there

[53] Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, xviii.

remains, perhaps beyond good and evil, only the necessity of the worst. A necessity that would not (even) be a fated one."[54] It is in part because our understanding of being haunting, our capacity to know ghosts, will always necessarily remain limited~many ghosts forever unrecognizable~that social phenomena deemed harmful/destructive repeat themselves, arising in different forms. But the repetition of violence is not an illumination of its source; because our knowledge is always limited—our being a condition of constant erring—we must not seek the total elimination of anything. Were we to err in calculation but accomplish the task, we would be left with only the "necessity of the worst".

Thus the politics, the ethics of haunting should be toward learning: to learn to live[55]: initially, a paradoxical notion, but one that offers haunting not as a condition to address, but as a *pre*condition to accept. Listening to the silence of present absences is to hear anything but stillness: to learn to feel the frequencies and waves in the air: to always learn opening.

to open. *unfolding*. and then, to communicate

[54] Ibid., 29.
[55] Ibid., xvii.

sharing certain dis-comfort;

I saw (her) ghosts of his dreams passing in the hallways of my everyday.

A difference in our anguish a younger me didnt think to see; unknown

but to define our

moving

forward to get her with (her)

absence | presence binding

difference in loss founded the disconnect in our communication

(in) the haunt

We grieve when we have lost, and once we have lost, we constantly revisit:associations easily triggered. Once we have lost, we think we are always losing. once lost, always losing.

A great many waves of mourning have drawn me to the mirror. Standing before a sink, gushing--sometimes overflowing Asking; Who are you?* (*the* ethical question for Irigaray) What is it inside you that elicits such anguish between your brows? Whimpering, trembling, shaking, eyes focus on themselves, on each other until a particularly strong stab of loss erases the memory of arriving in this position. Suddenly just am. Here. But also there, in the glass.

*[*What internal horror do you not know?]*

And will stand between both for hours, longing to follow, presumably under: to disappearance and death, but perhaps anywhere else at all would do.

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it is (a) knowing the tides and cycles of my grief that lets me love my tears. crying is perhaps the natural state—a more accurate expression of inner-. yet the body knows to conserve. life (and everything in it) may be excess, but there are impulses that rein in the excess enough that it may continue. to cry always would only drain and never hydrate; the body would shrivel; first all the skin, in the manner of porous feet and fingerpads that have loved liquid, and soon thereafter the insides, from an arithmetically declining source of water.

until, of course, sobbing drifts outside. tears of the outside: tiny drizzle and heavy drops land only to pass through the top of the head, to trickle through and tickle

toes--wiggling, movement hydrated. the excess of this water finds the face and forces forth: tears and snot ...

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faces: ghosts as mirrors::subjects and selves

Facing is not only turning to me the surface of another sensible being; it is addressing an appeal to me and putting a demand on me

~Lingis the self in iself 532

You must know in the first place that everything with a manifest face also has a secret one

~Bataille[56]

From a distance outlines that could be yours: from a lesser distance the features of your face much less doubtfully worn. But the gaze is different than it was; it means something not as before, and the lips around the tongue so speak. Haunted by the sense that both still smells same: the dead particles of each body drifting to each nose are lingering deaths subsisting under sight and speech..

In later thought, I conjure not only your ghost (the "you" I knew), but also my own (the one I was in relation to 'the "you" I knew'). When I merely think of you, I call forth my known: implicate the unknown, the imaginary; who were you, really? and who am I with(out)[in] you? This haunting is a touch from within. But a touch from within cannot exist without the limit that defines the without; you touch me now from another side of my flesh.

affirming: recognition

Derrida asks: "How do you recognize a ghost?" to answer: "By the fact that it does not recognize itself in a mirror".[57] The ghost has no face recognizable to itself. It

[56] Bataille, *Guilty*, 147.

ghost needs no sense of self: a ghost exists only to serve an outside. Rather than see itself in the mirror, the ghost functions as a mirror.

The ghost is a presence found in other presentations, passing through objects and bodies, folding into and rhizomatically appearing in their relations. The most direct route in these relationships (or maybe, the most common passing of the ghost) is through the holes of communication. Passing through the holes of faced communication ghosts mostly avoid surfaces of presentation; ghosts are *not-quite* surface(d), moving withing pulsing flesh or unseen elements. Recognizing a ghost is usually an *almost*: a thinking of seeing or hearing, but not an actual sight or sound.

Perhaps then, we may recognize the ghost in how it directs our senses; "Follow my gaze, the specter seems to say with the imperturbable authority and the rock hardness of a Commandatore. Let us follow this gaze. Right away we lose sight of it: disappeared, the departed, in the hall of mirrors where it multiplies."[58] Passing through voids (and not matter), ghosts remain ungraspable. But as the voids of the face are constantly engaged in communication, the ghost are constantly present, proliferating, and passing through.

Following the gaze of the specter, we lose in (at least) two directions: into the air and into the black hole of the eye. Vision cannot fix or locate vision itself. Tracing the path from another's eye to an object reminds me that I will always fail to see gaze itself. Looking for its particular invisible leads my gaze instead to the possible visible(s) that other gaze might see; looking for a material impossibility I discover the possible. Follow

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[57] Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, 156.
[58] Ibid., 135.

the specter the other way and vision disappears again into that space beyond the iris where light does no bouncing; nothing to bounce off of; only imaginary play in the absence of real, material movement.

I recognize my face in a mirror. [but that is not the only way] I recognize myself. And the recognition I find as I gaze in the mirror is just a repetition of one (im)possible [visible] knowledge of my face.

another//others repeated as a spirit

Recognizing a ghost is the same as looking in a mirror.

Both the ghost and my own face mark limits of (im)possibility. But the intangibility (the distance) of that limit remains; limited possibility maintains infinite impossibility: "From the standpoint of the mirror I discover my absence from the place where I am since I see myself over there."[59]

The ghost and the mirror are both utopic heterotopias

The ghost cannot recognize itself in the mirror because it is just as empty.

Haunting is (part of (a) self. Haunting, like knowing, is a tincture of experience. Not seen, but a seeing: projection of a self, a remembrance of another self, a reflection of a self not visible from another angle: the mirror. But what is a mirror doing?

[59] Foucault, "Of Other Spaces," 24.

Showing, presencing something visible at a distance, outside my mind so that my mind may imagine more. The mirror always shows something I knew was possible—can recognize—but imagined differently. What's found in the mirror is a refracted knowledge: confirmation of, but distinction between what's imagined and what's real. Recognizing in a mirror is the same as looking at a ghost.

Both phenomenon are, at once, confirmations of knowing and modes of unknowing. Intertwinings of real and imaginary: Limits toying with possible and impossible.

Following that initial gaze of the specter, to proliferate, to place myself there in mirror where I am not, to see from somewhere other than where I am (meaning everywhere) is my being spirit… My spirit as such—seeing from all of space—also finds it is necessary to speak, "and to hear voices."[60]

It is in my being as the phenomenological form of the specter that my eyes mouth and ears participate most in engaging others. My body as a haunted cite communicates most actively.

And especially through the face, for it belongs to my sole body, but also *maybemoreso* to all the ghosts.

targeting: power and communication

Alphonso Lingis suggests that the despot's power comes from the use of face as a blank screen; "He no longer wrestled with the others in the alpha male position,

[60] Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, & the New International*, 135.

exposing his moves to adversary forces and charges…The despot covered his head with a blank screen, his face. On this blank screen signs take form".[61] Until this blank screen, power and leadership arose in the multitude by way of the body's force: outward radiation without fixed meaning.

But with the despot, leadership comes from a depth of sanctioned meaning.

The shift of the power structure from alpha to despot is a shift to signify and construct meaning: a new use of the face, an underscoring of language. The resulting dynamic(s) of subjectivity is(are) not latent, settled in history with the original despot; screens (proliferating faces, inscribing and repeating meaning) remain relevant (in this age of proliferating digital screens), imposing a mirror on the subject—summoning the subject's account of the self. In whatever era, through this process of narrating the self, power naturalizes linearity, transforming the function of bodily movement and black holes; "Their movements must no longer be immediate responses to the rhythms and rushes about them. Their voices no longer resonate, change, invoke, call forth: they respond to the voice of a law that order one to move on down the line."[62] More immediately than conjure, voices now explain; wordless singing drowned out by rational accounting.

Responding to [dis-]pleasure(s) moves from carnal (re)action to self-conscious meditation. "The authority of the despot is the black holes of his face"[63]; in these black holes his eyes and ears are suspended, and in these black holes (dis-)pleasure develops; and it is to these black holes, entering into them, that the despot's subjects direct their

[61] Lingis, *Dangerous Emotions*, 42-43.
[62] Ibid., 44-45.
[63] Ibid., 44.

accounts of themselves; "The despot demands that his subjects give an account of themselves. They must account for what they did, what they will do. They must inwardly code what they are now as coherent with, consequent upon, what they did yesterday. They must make what they will do tomorrow be the consequence of what they say today".[64]

opening: black hole

Narratives—cohesive figurings of the subject—are transmitted from black hole(s) to black hole(s); words emitting from the mouth find their way to ears, while coverings and outlines of the body are taken into the depth of the eye. Whatever words the despot addresses to his subjects, their meaning will be imperative and linear; his authority is the organizing impetus of the polydirectional multitude; his mouth commands what his ears and eyes have taken in, doing the work of maintaining the question of the subject: the question that conditions the citizen ["The multitude will know his pleasure and his displeasure only in words put on the blank wall of his face"[65]]. His mouth commands what his ears and eyes have taken in; words emitting from his mouth find their way to subjects' ears; transmitting.

Reflecting.

[64] Ibid.
[65] Ibid.

Signs on blank walls enter and emerge from the black holes in relation to each other; they act as an elaborate room of mirrors, erasing any potential to spontaneously remember humanity without subject(-hood)ivity.

Now, spiraling subjectivity

These blank walls are masks; the face as a screen upon which to signal a cohesive self is the sign of the subject, not of the being. Citizens interact with faces; people interact with bodies.

[bodies are flesh under skin]

[The mask > the face > the body > the flesh]

Face as screen=mask :: flesh=animating skin of face

subjects communicate with the face as a mask; selves communicate with the face as part(s) of a body

Now, linear self to perpetuate linear time

The instability of which is so great that to stabilize it at all we mark its knowledge with the specific lines of language.

Lines draw the words that are our signs

Words of a linguistic order hold power in communicable meaning. Part of the despot's power is in the repeatability of spoken signs' meaning.

Signs communicate both a reality and an ideality, always acting together. Signs do not communicate either(reality)/or(ideality); I cannot read them separately, no matter how meticulously I may try.

Recognizing a ghost is the sign of haunting; a (very) real imaginary.

Faces are haunted; black holes of meaning give ghosts doorways and windows between bodies. All that haunts drifts (as it pleases) through the various pores of the being.

But recognizing a ghost is an elusive phenomenon. The material of the ghost is not one we can grasp, our sense of its presence always in motion; it may direct our senses, but only to abandon.

As functions of speech and appearance infiltrate the black holes of the mouth, ears, and eyes the meaning we construct of them tends toward cohesion and knowledge. Perhaps ghosts wander more freely through nostrils and pores; haunting bodies by way of particles and residues.

The material of the ghost is our own; we cannot grasp it while we think it is something separate from us: we grasp it without thinking, within our body-ies

More than screens upon which to inscribe meaning, faces cannot hide certain essences that would disjoint their narratives…

against face: of the flesh

The marks of the lines, scars and wrinkles are the surfacings of the being's prior wounds—expressions that do not lend themselves to the intended meanings formed by the holes. The secret pain of the wound cannot be communicated to another, but also cannot be erased from its own body. This wound would be left out of the self's ideal performance of face, but the body cannot simply pick and choose: the performance of a face that uses the face in the flesh cannot distinguish. The wound cannot be inscribed by an imposed order; its only signs are organic markings on or conditioning the page of the body.

And thus, the masks mean more than their black holes.

A face as a blank screen extends all along the body, separating skin from musculature and blood flow. But the inner of the body--that which cannot be read as a screen--still remains, and finds ways to be present *through* the screen; "it also happens that the depth of the body invades the face, darkening it with ambiguity and ardor. The expressive lines of the lips and cheeks vacillate, lose the train of the expression they were formulating…there emerges an exposed and susceptible carnality".[66]

The blank screens with black holes, the forehead as well as the mouth, both cover and display the haunting of the self. All the surfaces, as well as the voids, play their part in expressing intention. But always, this masked performance is accompanied by the

[66] Ibid., 49.

underlying flesh and the history it embodies; the cycles of bile and bowels, the flows of blood and flexing of muscles cannot really be separated from the skin.

Addressing the carnal flesh that exists beyond the mask, a subject comes closer not to a commanding power, but toward a fellow subject.

Moving from face to flesh we further open ambiguous, unstable meaning. (evaporated full imagined liquid particle meaning).

This address, approach is a movement towards empathy, and simultaneously a movement away from the cohesion of the subject: a flight from cohesion that orders time.

Hauntology does not ask that we (the living) know the ghosts; haunting does not ask us anything, for there is no authority in the relation of haunting and living. Instead, haunting reminds living toward *being-with*: a singular experience of dissolution: flaming evaporation.

Stroll through dull and muted colors toward the biggest mirror I can think of. In wake of a full night of reading about representations, thinking of light, how could I not watch the sunrise? Just as much as light, I yearn for the lapping of the water perched below; the sound of dark created in the fold of foaming tide.

Light mingling with fog mingling with clouds, all the while both touching being air and water: all hovering. In an adjacent corner is the moon: the chase that never ends. Two distinct lights momentarily share a space discernable by one tiny me, all the while continuing their rotations. They appear to meet each other every so often, but I must continuously, all the while, remember that I am hiding within a certain limited perspective.

This sunrise is a disappointment as far as spectacles go. It is less about color and more about a process of reversed fading *blurring* No matter how long I wait, sitting in air saturated with ocean cloud mist, the burning rays refuse to shatter veils that cloud their mo[u]rning. They simply do not perform that much energy on this occasion. Rather, slowly, just ever so slightly, the world I am grounded illuminated. But not fully—not even close. Illuminated by the kind of light that is most difficult to describe. The earliest hint of light never becomes dawn never becomes daybreak. Like trying to observe the tide come in without burying your feet in it, trying to watch this sunrise escapes me no matter how much focus I fix my gaze to the sky. It happens so gradually that I will not know of it's completion until several hours distanced.

A day that has not broken is a lethargic day indeed; how do we move in a state of suppressed light? The hours that distanced me from watching mist absorb light are draining ones; I spent them all waiting for the sun: anticipating grief.

When it is raining, we know to limit expectation: no sun (although if the sun shows up, it is of course a welcome surprise). The liquid gift drip may be considered substitution for the beams of energy we receive on other days. There is no grieving in the rain. Haze and mist, however, disrupt our energies; they are not resources we know to convert. They send us into an unconscious panic, for they propose the possibility of *the sun's finitude*. Haze is an apocolyptic haunting.

no longer –but always- chasing Luna, more now chased: perhaps this beach where I feel held:the precipice from which I lose myself in the sky. from the earth? not this one>>I am from the ocean. and as I drive towards that home, return, what holds me are the archways of branches and leaves. rock me back, forth, forward to the jetty. standing on firm stone until I almost believe I am part of that pink blur,,, //attached to the solid/ / still made of saltwater.

` Oh, Love. If only discernable. Some paces east and up a flight of stairs to an imaginary reality that has destroyed me. My mind. I have lost my mind in this, among the other(s) finding the new bestpainful parts.

Don't you understand? this isn't about you: what I mean is the other you. another. I expect even others

You think I misinterpreted, but you misintended, love. I've been willingly haunted, and to your ghost I say: you didn't know any of my me before that utterance.

a note on dwelling:

a dwelling holds: in the dwelling of the home i am warm and comfortable, usually immobile, placid. hapiness, yes. but also profound despair, because in being held, i know i am safe. i know my dwelling at a level of unrivaled intimacy

dwelling *on the past*: all the same is true.

and immobility is death.*

Luce Irigaray explains a notion of language as a placental dwelling; "Of course, language ensures a certain permanence of existence. But, since it is based on codes that immortalize only one moment of it, this language does not allow a faithfulness to life, to growth, to an encounter with the other. It fixes an appearance there where it ought to assist becoming while ensuring subsistence. Our language, above all, constitutes a whole…"[67]

*but death is also the birthplace of meaning (so says everyone—and see Irigaray above on immortalizing moments—but here Robert Pogue Harrison is particularly useful to fold us back through again to dwelling:)

"one could say that the ethos or dwelling place of humanity remains mortal time, which we transmute into historical durations that are themselves radically finite… Even our perception of space is thoroughly temporal in character"[68]

and architectural dwellings (a house (and thereby a U.S. home), yes?): "are recesses of mortal time in which we go about inhabiting the earth historically rather than merely naturally… another way of saying **it turns matter into meaning**"[69]

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[67] Luce Irigaray, *Sharing the World* (London: Continuum, 2008), 122.
[68] Robert Pogue Harrison, *The Dominion of the Dead* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2003), 2.
[69] Ibid., 3.

BUT(!) we should know by now that meaning is in a constant process of revision :: dwellings are moments, points of inscription that must be un-non-known in the as we spiral ::

again, Pierre Joris: "anything not involved in continuous transformation hardens and dies

... there is no at-home-ness here but only an ever more displaced drifting. The fallacy would be to think of language as at-home-ness while 'all else' drifts, because for language to be accurate to the condition of nomadicity, it too has to be drifting"[70]

[70] Joris, *A Nomad Poetics*, 25-26.

(a) note to a love(d.one):
compelled now to offer an apology for my unraveling to you, I wonder the purpose of such an expression. surely you aren't as invested in this interlocution as I; the more I try to explain, the more I re-rip the scar tissue, and the more I feel must be explained for to ease the shame of my blood and puss: but also, the more I'm sure you turn away from such liquid. Avert your eyes of me.
Of my damage, I have made you the object. And in trying to reconcile the living (you) and written (you) through this exchange I have confirmed that I really have lost (your) reality; you are not a friend with whom I create, you are a representation of all the things that have failed me. You are the most present absence; your only possible role is the ideal reader. Offering this written is the act of risk and horror that comes closest to being free of expectation. All those other non-expectations were full of expectation; under the surface they were bursting with speculation.
So I will stop stringing together these sentences as if they mean anything to you. I will try to reclaim them as I know they are more for me, but so long as I recognize your ghost I will likely continue to show them, send them, present them to you. I've conceptualized haunting in part as unknowing a presence, and realizing it cannot know you: the pain, anguish in longing for a knowing that will never be. I must accept that you are a ghost.

caress: loving ghosts

The internal and external horizon of my skin interpenetrating with yours wear away their edges, their limits, their solidity. Creating another space~outside any framework. An opening of openness
~Luce Irigaray

If I emphasize love as a crucible of contradictions and misunderstandings—at the same time infinity of meaning and occulation of meaning—it is because, as such, it precents me from being smothered to death beneath the hotchpotch of subterfuges and compromises of group or couple neuroses. I also maintain it as such, in my inner ear, so as not to be lulled by the difficulties and discomforts of my analysands, but instead bring about a risk of death, a chance of life… [I]n the rapture of love, the limits of one's own identity vanish, at the same time that the precision of reference and meaning becoms blurred in love's discourse… The ordeal of love puts the univocity of language and its referential and communicative power to the test
~–Kristeva

To refuse the practice of exorcism (as we must try) necessitates instead that ghosts be welcomed. more than welcomed: loved. whether or not we know it, we beings love ghosts. and this love propels us to other(s)') love(s).

in my solace I am everyone I know. have ever known. In this solace my self.

projecting myself forward, rather than backward, in order to forget, I imagine the next generation. Just an inkling of the next gena future following—so that I can demand your presence. Constantly looking for excuses for the crazy signals that this future is best left in an imaginary past to follow. Childish impulses must not be the conception. Oh: childish impulse is all we have.

Perhaps not knowing, but merely acknowledging. Its presence yet unfelt. My self of solace reveals capsules of more than what he thought I had; capsules of a different kind are hiding in, under—burst? release or strengthen the membrane? What damage[d] is contained that may implode [?]. If I trusted I might let them burst, but trust would make needs. (*to be communicated*) need them? NO:hell bent on performing my stability. do not waver..must not fall; only shaking permitted release. Shaking is grounded. (:*the movement of vociferous response to the absurd: trusting the world and it's absurd*)

then again.. . .trust? Which trust is that? Expecting nothing, no need for trust: but the vulnerability is so insistent. She has disappointed me, just as he has, as you will and I know. Cycle back::anticipation *will* kill. Waiting for disappointment, begging to be disappointed. Wishing (somehow) to move on from those disappointments; I wish to tell you I do not care what you think;; also a chance to never hurt you.

but a chance impossibility (un)known.

acts not to honor my life but to appease your grief: you cannot suture my gushing gashes. Blood that pools and separates. Blood in capsules that bide their time. Maybe one day will find trust and the bleeding will turn outward.

**

fearing the pain of the memory, nearly paralyzed by the violence of the pain, we continue to touch. the limit is discovered in seeking what is absent. or attempt to forget

the absence, repeating the search over and over to as to reclaim what was once a more direct conjuring… she used to stroke my hair; i will weep as your palm softly lays itself behind my eyes. i will weep as i laugh, as i tell you to do it again. shrieking, *my* hands move over his head and then yours and then hers. the experience of horror moves us. transforming slowly.

***

We said the narratives of haunting's justice would not seek the causality of all injury and sufferring; this justice is not an engaging of faces but a communication of flesh. the apparent cohesion of the subject will overwhelm its own inapparent disjuncture; In the act of performing, the subject will see and speak itself into the world as the world into itself: as if being is knowing. But time must do its work, and this subject will spiral and fold: the penetration of the outside… With time, juncture pursues disjuncture: as the incompetencies and inconsistencies of signs become apparent, there is breaking down, tearing, shattering. The subject slowly crumbles, becomes desert dust as much as moonlight simultaneously sunflowers.

The language to communicate, to express subjectivity now even less applicable <> devestatingly limited

In a texture toward *being-with* the caress projects a different juncture of these crumbled subjects; the dissolved is not abandoned as ash rests on sand but is dissolved *into* another solution: my consciousness now in another form, never absolved of yours.

In love language's communication fails most completely, pushing to engage expressions beyond the face.

the caress is the touch that aspires to know not just your surface, your skin, but the rhythm of your flowing blood: your inner movements more than my own so that I may inhabit, possess your body as my own: more than my own: as my own possesses me.

"If we could sum up what all of them [ghosts] want, in one word--a word that encompasses life, sacrifice, food, and death--that word would be 'blood'"[71] (Atwood 164) Atwood says the one word for life, death, sacrifice, food that ghosts want is blood: ghosts' caress is hope for blood: my caress of you is my performed desire to share your blood: inhabit your body (as my dwelling?)..; not accomplished by any touch, but if at all accomplished by the ghost(s) passing through our holes of communication, carrying blood to blood like bees pollenating

dissipate: --fluid penetration

--transforms to figure air

The body may be read as that from which we build non-located spaces with others, but the self that has been formed from within the boundary of the skin is not completely inhibited from surpassing its physical limit. Non-located spaces allow us to be present with another, rather than being confined within our own boundary, our own space—our one body. The presencing of an individual begins within its body, but the presencing of a relationship has no physical body and so one must be created. Rather than one existence transcending another's boundary, both find ways of *being-*

[71] Atwood, *Negotiating with the Dead*, 164.

with outside themselves and in so doing create a place that is not constructed of physical location.

It may be true, in fact, that one and other may only approach each other in a non-physical space.the body may be read as that from which we build non-located spaces with others, but the self that has been formed from within the boundary of the skin is not completely inhibited from surpassing its physical limit. Non-located spaces allow us a *being*-with another, rather than confined to the limit of our own space—our one body. The presencing of an individual begins within its body, but the presencing of a relationship has no physical body and so one must be created. Rather than one existence transcending another's boundary, both find ways to be present outside themselves: they create a non-physical in which to *be*-with.

It may be true, in fact, that one and other may only approach each other in a non-physical space. If, to meet each other, 'me' and 'Other' come toward each other and toward the world, the separation only consisting in the nature of the otherness, then the relationship built consists in something outside of each distinct physical object(s). Constructions and representations are removals from—while maintaining relationships to—the site of the individual's object/body, either as complete separation from embodiment or as experience within a collapsing of multiple bodies (*pre*life).

> Any removal from body being a move towards a memory outside of, or more complicated than that of present moves the self out of its individual *now*- and more towards the *now*- of the world in common with other. It is thus only

in relation that there is potential to comprehend/sense the presence of Otherness.

Being, then, (meaning dwelling in the construction of/constructed relationships of our lives) is an exploration of the ambiguities and potentialities of all that exists simultaneously outside of, within, and in relation to *this* body, *this* moment. In relation to, in the face of, and in joining together with this 'Other', the 'me' is confronted with the task of considering|contemplating different limitations and capacities of different bodies and selves.

Constructing relationships (dwellings) relies, of course, on representation. Representation, of course, relies on memory, for without the ability to *re*call how could one possibly *re*present? Yet memory is a function of living, of the *now*life: we can have no memory of what will follow this living, just as we cannot recall what preceded it. As *pre-* or *post-* are moments that we cannot recall or access, we cannot share them with each other. Yet recalling and representation are not the only ways in which we attempt to share; we create. These two moments outside of our life's memory *can* be shared in the sense that we have a/the possibility of imagining, fantasizing of them together in the present-. Thus, we create: Creation is a way of being in the *now-* that comes from what is not the *now-*. It is only here, engaging with others in the creative processes, that we can truly share anything. It is only in these processes that we are producing, rather than re-producing (and therefore distorting). To create space outside my body –a space of *being*-with you—I also create time outside the presnt

To clarify, relationships have a dwelling-*function*. They are constructions that are built both from representation and memory. But if they *are* dwellings, the constructs are too stable; stagnant, they and their inhabitors will die. So more than shared dwellings, they are shared spaces of *processes* of creation. As Irigaray explains, the initial relation between self and other is born first of the fact of co-existence, "a common belonging to a world that is already there."[72] This discussion continues as an expression of the fact that personal relationships require something beyond the fact that self and Other both breathing, belonging to a pre-existing world; "[t]o enter into relation with the other obeys the necessity of participating in a common world, indeed in a shared mood towards this world."[73] The common world that frames a relationship is hardly ever the physical world as it is. To build beyond that initial, imposed relation of common belonging towards a more significant *place* in common is a representative, creative exploration of what self and Other have in common: or the excess they may produce together (maybe as work, but more likely as play)

as intermingled. and suspended.

suspension

The initial ambiguity of the Other in relation to the self defines the other as abject. And, as abject, the other is suspended in a dangerous potentiality: distanced but not severed. One cannot internalize or fully appropriate the other, nor can one completely release the other as the existence of one and the other is relational.

> The abject has only one quality of the object—that of being opposed to I. If the object, however, through its opposition, settles me within the fragile texture of a

[72] Irigaray, *Sharing the World*, 124.
[73] Ibid.

> desire for meaning, which, as a matter of fact, makes me ceaselessly and infinitely homologous to it, what is abject, on the contrary, the jettisoned object, is radically excluded and draws me toward the place where meaning collapses. ...from its place of banishment, the abject does not cease challenging its master. Without a sign (for him), it beseeches a discharge, a convulsion, a crying out. To each ego its object, to each superego its abject.[74]

The abject to the superego functions as an unrelenting challenge—a threat to the "I" that signifies a complication of the subject/object dichotomy. Kristeva hails Georges Bataille as primary in presenting an understanding of abjection that properly redresses subjectivity; "[Bataille] links abjection to 'the inability to assume with sufficient strength the imperative act of excluding.' Bataille is also the first to have specified that the plane of abjection is that of the subject/object relationship (and not subject/other subject)..."[75]

Love establishes of chance and risk (in *dwelling*-with another) which appear in the form of the unknown. Bataille connects love and chance in explaining; "[l]ove is my necessity. I'm impelled to drift into happiness, sensing chance there. First rapturously to win—then laceratingly to let go of the winnings—in a game that exhausts me."[76] Love is presented here as an inherent component of the cyclical being—the spiraling self. It is an exhilarating, compulsory pursuit of an unknown/nonknown/unknowable potential. The unknown is such because it cannot appear to us, but rather is something we must explore, experience, as it is folded into the present. An unknown that will lacerate, disjoint, disjuncture.

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[74] Julia Kristeva, *Powers of Horror; an Essay on Abjection*, trans. Leon Roudiez (New York: Columbia University Press, 1982), 1-2.
[75] Ibid., 64.
[76] Fred and Scott Wilson Botting, ed., *The Bataille Reader* (Oxford: Blackwell Publishing, 1997), 96.

Also, Bataille represents chance in relation to memory; "[t]he human mind is set up to take no account of chance, except insofar as the calculations that eliminate chance allow you to forget it: that is, *not take it into account*."[77] Precisely by means of forgetting about it, chance works its way into our ways of being. We forget about chance so as to let it drive us, acting as the underlying force of love-dwellings—the source of energy that sustains Bataille's "necessity."

For the profound importance of love to be in the potential of the unknown (never-known and always forgotten), love must be a timeless darkness within which the beloved exists. In darkness the beloved cannot be seen, maintaining the (im)possibility to present to the self at any time, in any form, as any thing. The greatest potential is in the most complete absence, and being that chance and potential are not distinct forces or constructions, the potential found in this darkness also signifies great chance. But perhaps more important, is the possibility in darkness, to go beyond seeing: the ultimate unknown of the darkness is to experience the presence of the beloved in a disembodied power. Other as other escapes the gaze of the self, because being loved has transformed it from an object to an influence—an integral part of one's experience: the ghost

Love changes not *what* the one sees, but *how* they see, transforming the relational existence to a persisting, presencing existence; one is accepted as a presence (in any state of (dis-)juncture) and brought into the present.

Bataille notes the palpable influence of the love-dwelling, writing love as a force that affects the (in)stability of the face—the presentation of self; "[a]rising from the

[77] Ibid., 39.

passions, this realm of dreams isn't fundamentally a domain of lies. In the end the face is dispersed."[78] While all one's relationships have meaning and value, the *being*-with(s) fostered by love are those that discernibly affect the (many other) face(s) of the self. The presence of the loved is, in fact, always present in this way.

Love liberates the state of suspension that is abjection by fulfilling its dangerous potential, freeing the abject from its body of Other in relation to self. Love involves a disappearance—an absencing of visual embodiment or signification—in acceptance of a presence. To be liberated from the limiting gaze of the Other and accepted as a presence means that one solidifies existence as both a liquid (which melts onto, into, a horizon/boundary/border) and as a gas (expanding and evaporates into every expanse of existing space). Or: reciprocal, unbounded fluid penetration.

Love gives death, reinvigorates life, by **thrusting** one into spatio-temporal freedom and darkness—the origins of chance and potentiality.

> Night is richer, as a representation, than being is. Chance comes from night, returns to night—it is both daughter and mother of night. Night doesn't exist, and neither does chance. Chance, since it *is* what *isn't*, reduces being to the deposing of chance (chance, now removed from the game, searches for substance). Being, Hegel says, is the most impoverished notion. Chance, I say, is the richest. Chance—by which being is destroyed in its beyond.[79]

[78] Ibid., 94.
[79] Ibid., 51.

In its secure potential to possess anything within it (an unambiguous potential for ambiguity), darkness parallels death, and in this connection we may come to find love as a relation of death.

Haunting: the presence of a particular Other in one's life makes its way into all their dwellings, truly altering the self that used to be. ((But also still different from the self, in that the self can't exist only in dwelling. *Or, if it can, there will be no shattering, so then also no full love.*)) This happens not only in the physical sense related to the boundaries defined by bodies, but also in relation to those defined by time. In love's relation to temporal existence there is a removal from the present; "[m]y wish is that in any love of the unknown…we can, by ousting transcendence, attain such great simplicity as to relate that love to an earthly love, echoing it to infinity."[80]

In this sense, **again** we find that to be loved and/or to love is to die.

And, above all, "Love is simple, uncomplicated."[81] This alone makes love relationships different from all others: the simplicity of complete un-known, non-known, impossible to know. Or rather, dead is the simplest of states. To be alive? Life is indefinable, ambiguous: entangled and haunted. Love is a release from physical and temporal boundaries that demarcate the condition of living, and an expansion or presencing into the unknown physical and infinite temporal; truly loving is allowing for this death.

[80] Ibid., 97.
[81] Ibid.

To live, to act, a violent endeavor. One which both imposes violence upon others, and experiences violence done unto the living self. To continue with the living, must suspend (y)our knowledge of this violence, just as we must defer a knowledge of death. On some level, in some capacity, when . left it was out of love. Always, that was true, but now known (for) real. Shutting out, moving on, away from the people who knew. some thought the flee might just be better than letting them watch the destruction ensue. Certainly easier. Yet still destruction ensues (always. already.)..

not better: out of a different joint

Love is found in, or rather carries to, a place of allowing someone who wants death die. It does not mean forcing those who think they love you to watch you die;; They might not know that love.

Naked under my first billowing ceiling finds tears again. Yearning for someone else, can I ask (you) for that kind of love?

**(my) body is in process, full, changing, transforming, producing at every moment. it is not a ghost. is it?[Oh, though I know it must be] thinking it is not a ghost is perhaps why I touch my sternum with one hand while the other writes. were the writing to be all, I would be a ghost. [Of course: am] writing only traces. but my own touch conjures so many others. I may not be (the ghost *to-come*) yet, but to remind myself that I am not, I must feel those that haunt me. what is the difference between us? my body. which you have touched, but I have touched so many times more. wishing it to be your, (an)other touch. if only (an)other body(-ies) could be home, if only for a moment.

but my body is in process, full, changing transforming: into my body.

>>the fleeting of my seemingly real singular body is the movement of time: :i am out of joint<

no words these days, but I know to dance

***

whether or not he knows, this risk is an excruciating task. were to cave, would not be the person known. but as I do not, the possible limit fast approaching in a wave, I let him slip more and more.

suppose I could cave and crumble in my solitude, but that may be even more dangerous than seeking caress

this, unknowing darkness of chance (:what he (that is, B) means.): this pain in knowing and not knowing—my damage—is love. the more wounded our between the more the love fecund imagined

difference between a presence and an absence dictates my behavior in every capacity. you tell me to be more of a monk than is my inclination, but my inclination is to explore the presences in anticipation of *becoming -* absences. want to know what those absences are—I don't know my meaning of this most present absence.

[she has been forgotten, or else now remembered only in reverie:
and he is soon to follow: not known

[so then, becoming a monk is soon to come: : :that knowing will lay bare the knowledge of not-]

but these wantings, I think, are all in my head. explain to this imaginary so I might feel haunted no more.

more time, that's all.

w(e'll)ill never be

lost (a) mind my summer hazy cycles. ..you were in it somewhere. still are and it still may be missing. but that dwelling is distorting you: if I know anything :you are different in there than you are in the flesh. next,- glimpsed through the glass. that flesh through the glass somehow too distorted despite being "real". As it is not a mirror of the lost it is not mineyou.

the idea was to move through time. time happened anyways. not in relation to the other, but –carrying- just me.

long not to be held. to kiss. to fuck. to howl. OPEN eyes this time, seeing outlines in the darkness.

those were already disappearing:: look forward without the presence. move.time.. (already)) fallen

[my]yearning [is] just for the bottoms of your feet. the bottoms of my feet on the ground now always. connecti(ng)on. fly let me hang, stability that would be elsewhere would be holding, more time would be safe. but safer-est:;: will never get back to that closeness.

ease only in the reminder that I don't know you. and question? did I ever.

you certainly don'tidn't me.

specter of that love alone leave left me. explain to me. [[the hope in my melancholia destroyed to free me of this ghost. do me in ;;; freedom from both at last and at once]] understood then, or thought so. oR thought eye didn't need to. but returning to mind again, understanding disappeared. now in the light:something different missing. seeing again, understood differently. a changed e(I)ye—what about yours? cliché; how is your seeing-/sight because of me?

the signs are so clearly written. i(t) was just too dark to read them.

my mind where?

your(s) [mind] IS what(?)

feel instead; so now signs they're read of a meaning, persistent specter, what to do.

spreading vines yearning

trickles uP,

it's not you—missing. quaking|rumbling sleep. I know it couldn't be you because I don't know. not you.

sleep shaking again. explain..> sleep .>shake. wait, [what was] the explanation[?]. reason the ghosts away so that I may drift to dreaming atop a rumble. in dream, wonder, what part would you represent??

more:what part is lost by pride. silence not (now) belong-ing, yet seems to compel me>> just more time.passing..< until the grief compels a voice<<

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