Mourning Sites

Performing Ineffable Spaces of Ruin

Emily O'Hara

Prelude
'Illuminations'

It's midday. Strong light streams through endless windows cutting between each silo. This light materialises a meeting, between her and I. We inhabit a non-space corridor that collects its six-pack of Silos, where '*nothing*' exhibits, and yet something passes between us. Her face is warm, her manner open. A stranger to me, uncannily familiar: "Have we met?" — We are both unsure about placing each other elsewhere or elsewhen. The show's catalogue occupies her hands as her gaze intensely holds mine, before gently uttering: 'My father died recently…' She pauses, adding 'I've never been in here before, we were just at the nearby playground …' I offer some muted reply to her non sequitur, distracted by the utterance of young footsteps circulating the silo spaces; small boots on concrete blocks, then splashing abruptly in water…I cannot quite see 'him'—Why do I think gender? Urban remembrances deepen with personal ghosts. He moves, always out of sight, a coat flashes around corners that are rounded edges. I imagine *his* tiny hands grasping my wired weights, eyes peering into a silo's darkness refolding into a shrouded chair's opacity. He becomes a nose horizontal, scenting winds racing through a roller door's partial eclipse, partial revealing. Eyes stilling upon his inky reflection, that turns him into a whirlwind of cement dust as evidenced by his dusty wee soles. He is holding space between us—between many—between a mother and I…I want to go to him—Yet, which him? She holds me here, between it all, awaiting his return.

You will come to encounter much that composes my PhD research-practice, performing its personal mourning-songs and installed by laying mourning-stones across sites of ruin. My aim now is to say something simply about illuminations that shimmer and provide its future. These illuminations offer an opaque path site-written into urban otherness. This future, affirms opacity or the withdrawal of being by way of Aletheia's truth, as figured in my research as *the maternal* and as *she, as* truth's un-concealment in modes of withdrawal. Urban otherness arrives with respect to the everyday's escape, in umbra-site-writing, solar and partial eclipses, revealing truth's performance across my series of practice-based tests and events: Between personal mourning and urban ruins, Aletheia's truth distils time and distends space *without alibi, without predetermined destiny.*

In illuminating a future path on urban otherness, I return to the PhD beginning, whereby a series of silent rituals probed existentiality as modes for unconcealing depths and distilling for communal dwelling. Silence and mourning joined-hands,

holding my research at the culminating event of my mother's death: Together silence and mourning processes affirmed my desire for dwelling deeper within communal historic edges of our existence: An existence opaquely littered with others that has stretched my horizon for perceiving urban edges through earthly and cosmic phenomenon.

This PhD practice sophisticates an understanding of urban ghostly-otherness through utilizing both performance and installation modalities of expression: Scales of urban everyday life coalesce with cosmic-earthly phenomenon such as solar and lunar eclipses, king-tidal shifts and key lunar events. Scales of life materialise this creative practice, programming skyward and earthly gazes and site-write ruins through vertical and horizontal architectonics. These scales further express chiaroscuro umbra-writing with atmospheric affects and their relations to water, ice, air, heat, light, dust, etc. The everyday *escapes* and *traces* at the *same* time, accruing surfaces of daily life that fold and refold our depths of material becoming, layering up and over our urban belonging.

The hyphenated space that joins my performance with installation practice contributes to spatial discourses on urban ruins and by association urban life. For example, my performance *Sojourns* and it partner *Holding* touches on this pre-urban cue in my performance of swimming on the inter-tidal urban edges. The Karanga Plaza swimming-thresholds register urban origins that reach further into pre-European, pre-urban origins—stretching our urban knowing. *Holding* refolds urban depths into a silo ruin for its visitors. Installation invites audiences to weave in and out of silos, displacing hierarchy, affirming movement and in-dwelling, editing the site on terms singular to a viewer's everyday mood, attuned to and by atmospheric conditions; rain, wind, sun, the light, season etc.

The significance of my performance *with* installation practice—affirms personal mourning *with* urban remembrance—bringing together deeper spatial and temporal, personal and collective historic dwelling. My practice activates its 'without alibis' in consideration for how this kind of performance-installation site-writing of urban ruins might disseminate spatial analytical discourses on the urban. Spatial discourses set between urban design and performance-installation invite further site-specific distilling—extending our urban lives elsewhere, into earth. My practice calls to urban-otherness, folding its geological edges into telluric thresholds. In doing so it extends it reach into shifting urban grounds hosted by disciplinary others spanning art and architecture. It is a research practice that opens its ruinous call to *future* hosts, such as those responsible for our urban art, architecture and planning.

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Attestation of Authorship

A thesis submitted to Auckland University of
Technology in fulfilment of the requirements
for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (PhD).

2018

School of Art and Design

I hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that,
to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material
previously published or written by another person (except where
explicitly defined in the acknowledgements), nor material which to
a substantial extent has been submitted for the award of any other
degree or diploma of a university or other institution of higher
learning.

Signed _____ Date 13/04/2018

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For all of my others.

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Abstract

This practice-led PhD explores spatio-temporal conditions arising in processes of mourning, attuning these processes to the project's spatial-poetics or site-writings. In doing so my PhD relates the experiences of death and mourning to language and its other (silence or ineffability), providing an existential ground to my practice. Language becomes a performance ground for translating (its) spatial structural cues into my performance installations: A practice that resides most formally within disciplines of spatial design and visual arts and their discourses of architecture and art. The philosophical thinking of Martin Heidegger circulates around language as a human dwelling and the ontological disclosure of truth as unconcealing in the withdrawal of being (*Aletheia*). Heidegger's thinking on the everyday sites Being's withdrawal in 'her' movement of unconcealing, and deepens the thesis' analysis of death and mourning. The feminine signifying of Being's withdrawal as *Aletheia's* movement constructs my conceptual personae through dialogue with the philosophical psychoanalytic terrain of Luce Irigaray: Irigaray sounds the language event of Being otherwise to a masculine self-sameness, locating within language structural fissures and gaps for detouring feminine otherness. In listening to these others (of Heidegger and Irigaray) my research locates a deeply feminine trace of my own mourning-song in its matrilineal voice. *Aletheia's* movement becomes my feminine truth for unconcealing this mourning legacy. It is a maternal mourning legacy mined in the philosophical and textual practice of Roland Barthes, subjectively expressed in unexpected and uncanny arrivals within the details of everyday life. These mourning arrivals are set against a wider conversation on the everyday, conceived as a site of disappearance through the work of Maurice Blanchot in dialogue with Juhani Pallasmaa: Arrivals and departures express ontological movements of *Aletheia* in her truth of everyday mourning. This movement is deepened in dialogues (across Heidegger and Françoise Dastur) to distinguish ontological differences between death and mourning. Yve Lomax brings sharper focus to ineffability as a dialogical spatio-temporal ontological event.

This research practice expresses its performative (shifting) ground through processes gathered as *site-writings*. It is a term conceptually and methodologically put into research play in dialogue with Jane

Rendell and Walter Benjamin, both of whom work across sites of ruin. Further, this term refers to my performance and installation approach to poetics as a spatial condition activated 'silently' in syntactical structures, which provide moments of absence, difference, eclipses (and ellipses), interstitial gaps and aporia. The project sharpens its spatial poetics as these 'relational' lacunae open onto two distinct conceptual moments: 'without alibi' and 'umbra-writing' (or dark-writing). 'Without alibi' reveals ecstatic spatio-temporal expression within my practice, opening an invitation for visitors to enter into (their) fundamental (existential) solitude *without* firm grounds for representing wherein or when this solitude dwells. Its philosophical ear comes by way of the writing of Jacques Derrida. 'Umbra-writing' expresses relations between our essential solitude through bringing close proximity between cosmological and everyday life: It is a proximity made explicit in the specific sites of urban ruins that hold correspondences to mourning expressed within my performance installation practice. Installation performance practitioner Lee Mingwei is key for bringing attention to the everyday as a site of mourning. John Cage's sound practice draws proximity for existential silence within site-specific programming. Further, the creative practices of James Turrell (specifically his *Skyspaces* project), Katie Paterson's *Future Library* project, Antony Gormley's *Another Place*, Olafur Eliasson's *Ice Watch* and Wolfgang Laib's *Pollen from Hazelnut* all hold significance for their ecological and cosmological resonance. The performance work of Marina Abramovic brings insight into relations of extended durational and participatory practices within everyday contexts. Significant resonance for my 'umbra-writing' is located cinematically in the practices of Michelangelo Antonioni and Douglas Gordon. With the ear of the other, the PhD listens to ineffable sayings of mourning dwelling within urban ruins, materialising its processes of performance installation that culminate in a final 'dual site' exhibition: *Between two_____.*

Research Question

How might processes of mourning ineffably call
(our) others within sites of ruin?

This question holds a complex research attempt within its
mourning call. It discloses a research enquiry into its ontology
of mourning that reveals truth as fragmentary, fleeting and
transitory through movements of withdrawal as un-concealing.
There is a homophonic register sounding 'sites'—offering nuanced
readings within the gift of language. I hear *sight* and *cite*—wherein
mourning performs a *stone* or *song* siting material signifiers for
remembering those who have come before us—we sight or
remember them through these *mourning-stones* and hear them call to
us (in their *mourning-songs*), *citing* us in their names, places, histories
and concepts. We sight, site and cite their calls into (our own
most possible) futures as we carry (them) on. In this ontology or
movement of withdrawal, ineffability sounds temporary sanctuary
within us—transitionally. This ontology of mourning's truth—
disclosed as *Aletheia* (truth-as-unconcealing in the withdrawal of
being) within temporary sanctuary—is realised in concepts of
fundamental and essential solitude. *Aletheia* reveals that human
existence resides allegorically and materially within the ruins of
our dwelling: Dwelling here performs itself as a material everyday
site as well as a spatial and temporal existential phenomenon
nuanced by positions of mood or emotion, materiality, concepts
and ideologies. Mourning reveals something life affirming—
expanding our concepts of time, space and history—in dwelling
with (human and non human) others.

The layout of this exegesis performs a key research site-writing tactic. This approach operates parallel 'texts', drawing on techniques expressed by Jane Rendell (*site-writing*)[1], Jacques Derrida (*Glas*)[2] and Walter Benjamin (*Arcades Project*)[3]. This approach resists temptation to master connections on behalf of the reader, opting instead for some quotes to rest alongside personal narratives and their critical contexts in order to open invitation to unforeseen relations across its network of citations, threads, underscores and dots. In this, three voices echo and double upon one another; an exegetic voice of conceptual personae in dialogue; a subjective autos offering a poetically intimate hinge (phenomenological in address); and 'images' of practice (mine and others) evoking methods for how otherness enters between. Across these three, a reader may discern ineffable calls to and for others—or otherness whatsoever—to enter and re-enter between scenes of reading.

Performing Caveats_____

In a creative practice attuning its expression of ineffability, this writing performs an exegesis that may require saying too much. In saying this much already, I have not intended for a discourse of verbiage—if so, it is not a ruse or conceit. Rather, the ruse of language and its text effects may hold me accountable for its (saying) 'too much'. More significantly I aspire for a necessary (even eloquent) balance across ineffability (in practice) and analytics (in exegetic) saying.

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1   Jane Rendell, 'May Mo(u)Rn: A Site Writing', in *The Political Unconscious of Architecture: Re-Opening Jameson's Narrative*, ed. Nadir Lahiji (Surrey, England: Ashgate Publishing, Ltd., 2011), 109–42.

2   Jacques Derrida, *Glas*, trans. John P. Leavey Jr and Richard Rand (Lincoln, Neb.: University of Nebraska Press, 1990)., trans. John P. Leavey Jr and Richard Rand (Lincoln, Neb.: University of Nebraska Press, 1990.

3   Susan Buck-Morss, *The Dialectics of Seeing: Walter Benjamin and the Arcades Project* (MIT Press, 1991).

Everyday Withdrawals _____

My spatial practice emerged around 2007, weaving between
practices of theatre-based scenography, film, furniture and
object making, performance and installation. What these
practices hold in common, thus far, is some kind of lexicon or
grammar, albeit each manifest its different genres and modes of
circulation and dissemination. Their reach touches differently
and in these differences—between and across their modalities—
my spatial practice continues to stretch and augment. Further,
their syntactical arrangements construe spatial qualities evoking
a host of contextual layers that form relations or associations
that produce differences of effects and affects. For example,
in my theatre scenography design acuity arrives in bringing
together poetic and abstract architectural elements (housings,
props, locations, stages, sites) as open programmatic devices
for which a play's narrative circulates and disseminates. Here I
discovered the porosity of time and space, histories and societies
(or social ecologies). Rather than the dominant perception that
suggests a written script exists as the key (hierarchical) device
for narrative worlding, I have come to realise (and deconstruct)
that scenographic design invites another key register for folding,
doubling, multiplying, subtracting and abstracting relations of
history, space, time and existents (human and its non-human
others). Another key continuity or thematic developing across my
range of spatial practices is a question of history as a discontinuous
phenomenon rather than a linear successive measure. My research
practice engages highly personal and autobiographic narratives for
thinking through questions of history, focusing specifically on my
matrilineal history. For example, throughout my undergraduate
and postgraduate study[4] my practice explores relations of site,
naming and belonging. The proper names of places and people,
with personal association, occupied my research investigations
manifesting works of subtle (or unrealised) mourning. I say subtle,
as while my Masters specifically spatialised and temporalised a
folding of my maternal grandmother in proximity to myself (as we
share our first proper name and, more exacting, share a daughter/
mother in common), the explicit register of mourning was not

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4   Bachelor Honours in Spatial Design and Masters of Art and Design.

something analysed thetically. Certainly, my deeply intimate relation to my own mother activated a sense of (my) loss of/for her mother (my grandmother) from an early age. Perhaps, I had always felt my mother's loss for her mother, lingering in the call of my own proper name. This would be an example of an ineffable call—a silent mourning concealing and revealing depths of time and space within the proper sounding or marking of a name. Her name became a key site of doubling and lacunae, secreted in history, space and time. This call of my name as 'her' name arrives out of unexpected (yet intimate) spaces, times, places and people: This (ineffable) call exists as an uncanny site, reverberating through spatial arrangements (between mothers and daughters), coming without warning, and never clearly discernible in its voice—it arrives (in this research today) as the most poignant voice of ineffability.[5] It is a call or calling that *lingers* even more profoundly today within my spatial practice constituting the poetical (minor) grounds for my PhD. That is, perhaps an aspect of this uncanny call arrives through my prior postgraduate study for I could not have foretold the—abrupt—death of my own mother, occurring part way through my PhD candidacy. Yet the call of my past work, attuned through my history, has given me some ground to bear this loss, to bear witness to this loss and to find creative life in mourning (her), in honouring her life. If my prior research is constituted on my mother's loss of her mother (a grandmother I never physically met), and builds my own constitutional framework for belonging and practicing, then my mother's passing invites a profound and ineffable call as her gift in, and of, mourning. It is a gift of mourning that the PhD attempts as its unconditional gifting to others through what it expresses as sites of 'temporary sanctuary' that cross-programme—or perform—ineffable spaces of existence. It is a gift of mourning that opens up calls of, and

5   In my PhD research I have attempted to analyse and frame this *ineffable* condition as an existential phenomenological condition and have nominated the term 'ontology' as this ineffable expression for the truth of unconcealing in the withdrawal of Being—or *Aletheia*. In this you may hear the echoes of Martin Heidegger (and following him, Jacques Derrida). I mention this here, as I hear them both as I write this—I hear Heidegger's call to silence as the most authentic discourse and this silence or ineffability is thus tied to his ontological difference. His ontological difference marks a difference across Being (existence) and beings (existents) that reveals difference in the relations between movements of withdrawal and concealing. I will come to speak in my research of his difference as *Aletheia* in relation to the work of mourning conceived in my own spatial practice, in my thrown-ness and its reach into histories, times and spaces of otherness.

to, others—(sites and people, histories and times)—a gift layered or woven through doubling, intersecting and secreting my spatial practice performance installations within site-specific urban ruins, installing [their] open narratives of ineffability in disclosing some encrypted histories of these sites. My practice performs *site-writings* attuned to the histories of sites, listening to their minor keys that reveal to me discontinuous or porous spatial and temporal showings held in the call of their mourning songs.

Site Mappings

This exegesis is structured around two overarching parts: The first is a review of literature that unfolds the grounds for contextual support and the second reveals analysis and critique of my research processes structured by discussion of significant exhibitions and testing of my practice. Both components are made up of four discrete yet interleaving chapters, which attempt to unfold the PhD thesis as they gain further momentum and sharper focus within their folds. The Literature Review (contexts) section opens with an introduction foregrounding a key ontological fold construed as 'the call' or 'calling'. In asking the thesis question as to how processes of mourning ineffably call to otherness from ruins, an overarching ontological context arrives: What exactly constitutes the call ontologically? And, how is this call ontologically received? The thesis question alludes to the call as an ineffable call in the sense that the call is not something ontically 'heard'.[6] As you will hear, the call arrives (in the context here) within our encounter with 'architectural' ruins. In this encounter the thesis makes no claim that we enter a ruin and an explicit (existential) 'voice' resounds. Rather, it suggests that ruins are both allegorically and

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6   Existential philosophy makes a distinction between ontic and ontological revealing. The ontic might refer to the empirical measure of reality and our perceptions of that reality construed by dominant mores or beliefs, i.e. socially and culturally accepted mores. The question of ontological disclosure comes through a question of Being or the structural conditions for which existence might reveal its fundamental or primordial ground to us (existents). Heidegger will make a distinction between inauthentic (they-self) and authentic being with the former aligned to ontic and the latter ontologically disclosed. He will not wish to separate them but rather reveal them relationally. I suggest that the call resounding in ruins as a mourning-song or mourning-stone is not heard ontically insofar as we don't knock on its architectural doors or walls and then listen for a particular sound or utterance. We do not literally call out, rather the call of the ruin is heard ontologically in our ontic residence at a given site.

materially alive in the sense that they hold layers of associations of belonging (historic, cultural, societal and political), set within their existing (contemporary) fabric. These allegorical and material calls open to our personal worlding and thereby open up a range of others and otherness through speaking ineffably (and not explicitly). Ontologically this call is ineffable (as inferred above) as it does not speak on behalf of others but rather calls to them through us, and calls to us through them: This would then suggest the ruin is a kind of conduit or medium forwarding a dialogue with our otherness. In compositional resonance the literature review proposes dialogues and conversations occur across philosophers, theorists and creative practitioners and my own creative research practice. The research attunes itself to processes of mourning as a tenor for (our) hearing these others, as the ruin is structured by loss and progress. In the first chapter a key discussion arrives across Martin Heidegger's ontological difference with specific attention to *Aletheia* as the truth of unconcealing in the withdrawal of being for framing the research as an ontology of mourning revealed through this truth. Heidegger's thinking here converses with Luce Irigaray for bringing a more discrete feminine truth into becoming, whereby *Aletheia* inhabits a feminine conceptual persona: Irigaray lays ground for mining the lacunae and gaps, forwarding conceptual and tactical approaches for speaking otherwise to masculine self-sameness. Her practice mines language and here my thesis locates a spatial and temporal *site-writing* approach for speaking from within a matrilineal legacy. The maternal is a significant allegorical and material site associated to the intimacy of my own mourning processes and provides deeper understanding for the allegorical and material expressions of this call. This initial chapter continues a dialogue that reveals ontological differences between death and mourning with thinkers such as Heidegger, Françoise Dastur and Roland Barthes as well as the creative performance installation practice of Lee Mingwei. In drawing out such a distinction between death and mourning a key analysis arrives around the affirmation of mourning that brings to appearance otherness in the lacunae of everyday life. Death and mourning provide an understanding between their ontological disclosures of temporality with the former structuring a deeper knowing of our finitude in the underway-ness of our own most possibility to be. Mourning is fundamentally in dialogue with

finitude and discloses an open horizon for attuning to an anonymous, amorphous and discontinuous affirmation for existence. That is to say, our otherness resides in depths of material and allegorical everyday accrual, and the potentiality for speaking other histories, other social, political and cultural differences (such as sexual difference) is opened by mourning, or what my thesis poetically describes as *mourning-songs* and *mourning-stones*. Being with others opens our own most possibility to become and therefore holds mourning in the call of death (finitude) and death in mourning's call for becoming part of a larger anonymous fabric of existence. Chapter Two thereby moves into the everyday as a conceptual and critical terrain for unfolding this deeper, latent and anonymous fabric through dialogue across Maurice Blanchot and Juhani Pallasmaa with explicit attention to the everyday as a disappearing phenomenon. The impossibility of accounting for all details of our everyday lives (days, years and decades)—hence its disappearance—is housed within our everyday rituals and repetitions and extends this chapter into different paces and constitutions for mining the spatial gaps where ineffable utterances reside and call. These gaps become inseparable from everyday life, yet open to us in the strange paradox of the everyday's anonymous withdrawal: It is a withdrawal that opens to the spatio-temporal concept of essential and fundamental solitude for being with others—for which my research has termed its 'temporary sanctuary'. Chapter Three brings sharper proximity to these ineffable soundings as the event of Being. Yve Lomax is a key conceptual voice for deepening my understanding here as well as offering overall support for conceiving of my contexts and processes as dialogues with others (thinkers, practitioners and other ghosts). Lomax's thinking draws my thesis into sharper focus with respect to ineffability as a sounding event, alongside Heidegger's unconditional offering for his ontological understanding of event (of Being) as *Ereignis*. If the everyday potentially opens toward an event of ineffability and draws attention to our existential worlding—or essential solitude—then Lomax and Heidegger offer this event as an unconditional gift. Derrida enters this conversation with his conceptual term 'without alibi' as a spatio-temporal unconditional expression. In the depths of this concept I find my creative allies—without alibi—weaving in the practices of John Cage and Marina Abramovic for the ways each develops

existential silences. Cage's work finds allegiance with my practice in mining the spatial syntax of our everyday expectations only to produce the ground for sounding otherness. While Cage's site is musical composition and associated rituals, the site of my research is the urban fabric associated with artistic and design compositions. Together my analysis sharpens in proximity with a discussion on spatial programming. Architectural practitioner and deconstructivist, Bernard Tschumi, enables this joining through his work on architectural programming as event space. Abramovic's work brings in the gift of time within her extended durational participatory work. Her temporal programming draws lines between sites of art institutions and everyday life. Abramovic's 'exchange' construes a temporalising of temporality whereby an unconditional gift manifests in the distended exchange between others in the face-to-face of our otherness. The call of this everyday otherness opens sanctuary to ourselves through slowing and stilling us without threat, unconditionally opened. This would be the 'without alibi' expression whereby unconditional otherness is invited, without quite knowing how time expands and space extends in the existential 'measures' of our lives. My thesis suggests here that genuine ineffability arrives in this unconditional 'sanctuary' called by whatever the visitor 'hears' as their otherness, beyond translation to anyone: I suggest that they cannot recount or speak on behalf of their otherness or others, and this withholding construes *Aletheia's* ineffability speaking [between] them. The final chapter (four) in the review focuses on ruin as the site most germane for expressing our mourning as an ineffable dialogue with others. This conversation occurs through the work of Walter Benjamin on the allegorical and material nature of ruin in relation to his thesis on history. Jane Rendell brings a sharper focus for how mourning performs site-writings across latent allegorical and material relations of our everyday histories. Her sites hover between discourses of art and architecture bringing in a specific critical theoretical approach to her expression. Her writing is a textual and image-based practice that has provided me inspiring grounds for working across a multitude of voices for performing this exegesis as well as my performance installation site-writings.

The remaining four 'process' chapters are structured around three discrete phases of the research that disclose a pre-mourning

phase, a bridging process that extends across its pre-phase and into mourning proper. Each phase houses significant turning points of creative research processes, with the first attuned to pre-show testings largely of a performance-based nature. Here, the concept of silence is considered through three performances, each expressing rituals of everyday life (tea drinking, writing and reading) specifically mining the spatial cues for being with others: two test out participatory conditions associated with those people who are intimately linked to the everyday sites activating the performances. The other work, *Silent Writing*, becomes a solitary performance that produces a significant understanding for history as ruinous within everyday acts linking my practice closer to historic materialism. Chapter Six moves into a bridging period whereby the research took a significant (unanticipated) turn during its full immersion within a six-month PhD project, culminating in the exhibition in Venice of an architectural model (at the 2016 Architectural Biennale). Mourning proper took hold at the edge of this phase, and my PhD research survived through focusing on this significant event and its unfolding effects. In this sense, Chapter Six is an uncanny telling that takes on a different tone, even genre, from the rest of the PhD. It could only be (opaquely) expressed by way of my conceptual 'genre' or expression: *récit*. The term *récit* comes to appearance through the literary critical writing of Maurice Blanchot and his influence is apparent within this chapter. Significantly it construes the event of experience housed within the live event of mourning and its opaque reality within its writing-reading continuum (or worlding). I express my *récit* as the performative event of this bridging phase, expressing my site-writings as the point where Being is drawn toward its point where this bridge passes endlessly into its image of mourning. Chapter Seven includes a more detailed site-writing analysis termed *ruinous*, and reads three discrete exhibitions: *There is Something You're Not Telling Me* (ST PAUL St Gallery Three); *Things I Didn't Know* (Corban Estate Art Centre); and *How To Watch an Invisible Event* (Visual Arts Talk Week, AUT University). Ruinous site-writings bring to appearance two significant conceptual cues within my practice-based research processes: 'without alibi' and 'umbra-writing'. In dialogue for bringing to appearance these key performative tropes, the practices of Wolfgang Laib and Katie Paterson draw attention to the 'without alibi' of our everyday in

the indivisible entry of its wider ecological settings. Indivisibly occurs in the site-specifics of their works presented within conceptual artistic sites and frameworks. Abramovic also draws in the everyday 'without alibi' within her extended durational participatory performance. 'Umbra-writing' is drawn out through a cinematic lensing as that which lenses toward wider cosmological events that speak to the structural conditions for developing my 'chiaroscuro' language. It is a spatial language that finds significant ground for bringing cosmic events into indivisible proximity within everyday human life and in doing so calls to our essential solitude. The invisibility for which these cosmological events construe their correspondence to my ineffable ruinous site-writing practice is expressed as the darkest scene of writing. I have named this 'umbra-writing', as the umbra carries with it a cinematic or writing-darkly into the withdrawal of Being in the bringing to appearance of [our] essential solitude. In this filmic register, the work of Michelangelo Antonioni and Douglas Gordon assist my analysis alongside the site-specific lenses of Olafur Eliasson and Antony Gormley. The culminating Chapter Eight performs its ruinous site-writing analysis of my culminating PhD show, *Between two*_____, drawing out a sharper focus on 'without alibi' and 'umbra-writing' across the dual sites (ST PAUL St Gallery Three and Silo Six | Silo Park). These two concepts perform expression and analysis in relation to the (dual) sites, to develop an indivisible ineffable dialogue alongside, and because of, a third-site; *Sojourns* performs a site-writing of the larger everyday urban setting within the dual sites' milieu. *Sojourns'* everyday setting reconstitutes its site-writing iteratively as a performance installation—*Holding*—that occurs discretely within the Silo Six site. Throughout the exegesis the reader will encounter these kinds of doubles and iterations of performance and installation for the purpose of bringing sharper analysis and craft to the aims of the thesis. The double—as constituted by the dual sites of my final PhD show—is a working umbra, without alibi, prompting *Aletheia's* movement in the revealing of truth in Being's withdrawal.

Within the schema expressed above, my work takes precedence in philosophical and creative thinking that is attuned to existential phenomenology and post-structuralism. It attends to my call for being grounded in everyday life that paradoxically deepens

an existential wonder for how we are in our relations with otherness—other histories, cultures, societies and politics within [their] manifesting spectres. My spatial practice coalesces around discoursing fields of art and architecture specific to performance installation and manifests its methods of site-writings with respect to urban ruins, everyday life and cosmic worlding. It is called through my own mourning that attempts its poetics within an affirmative and liberating stance, in which I hope to express something ineffable and eternal, in being with mourning—that opens up my research practice for *others.*

> There is no need to leave the house. Stay at your table and listen. Don't even listen, just wait. Don't even wait, be completely quiet and alone. The world will offer itself to you to be unmasked, it can't do otherwise, in raptures it will writhe before you.[7]
>
> —*Franz Kafka*

This literature review is made up of four chapters, with each chapter hinged by mourning's call. At times the term *mourning's call* is also described as *mourning-song* or *mourning-stones* or *mourning-architecture.* These are poetic terms that house *mourning* as an ineffable spacing of existence. But we are accelerating our thinking and need to step back in order to define this key spatial and temporal motif of the *call.* So what exactly calls? The 'what' of this proposition is opened by mourning, and yet mourning offers many spatio-temporal conditions. There is not a discrete *whatness* to mourning, and further it does not arrive from a specific *whereness.* The call of mourning comes out of no specific locale or definitive object. Further, *its* call does not sound with a familiar voice whereby we could name it as this voice or that sound. The call of mourning, as disclosed by this research is a call that sounds *ineffability* or *silence.* The aim of my creative practice is to *sound* this ineffability through its site-writings. We are again getting ahead ourselves and would prefer to introduce a framing of *the call* as a listening practice that listens to *otherness*. This framing will run throughout the Literature Review. It will find considerable ground in the work of Yve Lomax in relation to the sounding of the event of silence and further consolidate on Heidegger's consideration to the unconditional gift of *Ereignis* or the event of being. However, first up, by way of a more general sounding, this research into listening to *otherness* has arrived through my own personal existential encounter with mourning. Otherness—my significant maternal others—activate my mourning-song with which you have already been acquainted by way of the exegesis Introduction. The call is thus a listening to otherness that arrives *without* expectation, *without* discernable voice and from out of no specific locale, and materialises in multiple details of everyday living.

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7   James Phillips, *Heidegger's Volk: Between National Socialism and Poetry*, 1 edition (Stanford, Calif: Stanford University Press, 2005), 53.

The aim of the following four chapters that make up my Literature Review is to reveal how *calling* constitutes a research narrative, revealing its conceptual map in line with how this PhD's creative practice manifests a deeper understanding of mourning and its calling concepts that have subsequently led to its practice of site-writings that opens the call of ineffability. It is a calling that attempts to transport those into their 'temporary sanctuary' within the aims of the creative PhD practice. This call attempts to still and slow us so that we might turn down the noise of our self-certainty, and open ourselves to the otherness of history, time, space and people: a sanctuary also stilling and slowing others that *sound* in my spatial event—*Between two* _____.
The discrete call (or ontology) of mourning within my final site-specific and performance installation is *sounded ineffably* through the ruin or mourning-songs of this practice. The title *Between two* _____ performs its spatial grammar or site-writing by allowing for *any two* to arrive in its call. It suggests multiple *doubles* are invited as this practice construes these couplings spatially (as between bridgings of two sites, countries, cities, terrains), as well as temporally (between two histories), between two bodies (human, women, non-human, architectural figures), between two cultures (philosophical, societal, communal, political, economical, religious)—between ontic and ontological. These twos are not prefigured predetermination. Rather, the *between* (two) invites by way of my analysis of the architectural figure of the ruin located at its crossroads of intersecting twos—*between* any time, space, history, peoples. The literature review concludes with a culminating discussion on the *ruin* (as inspired particularly by Walter Benjamin, and contemporary critical theorist and spatial designer, Jane Rendell).

We are getting somewhere closer to how the *call* of this thesis is informed. As my experience of mourning has catapulted me into a deeper existential questioning of my own life (including the life of this PhD), I have delved further into existential phenomenological work. It is the work of a series of thinkers such as Walter Benjamin, but also Martin Heidegger, Jacques Derrida, Luce Irigaray, Roland Barthes and Françoise Dastur that specifically provide me with a basis for thinking the *Call of Mourning* as an ontological condition. Each of these thinkers discusses relations

Figure 1
Reflecting Rooms, Emily O'Hara.
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor.

Between two_____.
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

water, concrete, performance

Figure 2
Reflecting Rooms (entry), Emily O'Hara.
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor.

Between two_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

water, concrete, performance

Figure 3

Nothing Holds Us (Shrouded), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

Between two_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

steel, fabric

of death and mourning in ontological terms. The aim of this Literature Review will be to reveal how their conceptual understandings (of death and mourning as ontological categories) have informed my own research practice. Yet, this is not to suggest that my practice is led by their thinking, rather their voices attune me in listening *with* the 'ear' of otherness. It is an otherness that opens ineffability for my practice. Their voices activate my own calling. Their voices are not easily discernible and it is through listening to the nuanced registers of their differences that I locate the key architectonics of *the call* or *calling*. Calling is the structural motif that narrates this literature review to find correlation to my methodological approach to site-writings. What is key for developing the *call* of this structural narrative is to reveal how each conceptual field (gathered through the different chapters) provides a deeper opening to the next conceptual chapter's field. The *call* as an existential ontological category is held as an opening to the *ineffability of existence.* Hence each of the four chapter titles are grounded by this ontological category—and each conceptual hinge is destined by *mourning* and draws into sharper focus through aims and expressions of my creative spatial practice, culminating in the figure of the *ruin*:

Chapter One—Maternal Time Calls its Mourning-Song
Chapter Two—Mourning Calls [to our] Everyday Spatial Solitude
Chapter Three—Without Alibi—Otherness Calls Us
Chapter Four—Call of Ruins as Ineffable Histories

My *Mourning Call* is most deeply activated by my own expression of mourning in relation to the maternal, hence the significance for drawing out the uncanny temporality or arrival of otherness through the maternal figure. The work of Luce Irigaray on the maternal as an opening to philosophical spatio-temporal otherness works alongside other philosophical accounts of death, mourning and time. This chapter begins its discussion on truth as unconcealing—*Aletheia*—as my key conceptual understanding of truth for evidencing research thinking. Further, I align this truth with a feminine voice coincident to an otherwise perception to masculine phallogocentrism (or truth as correctness). The key voices here are Martin Heidegger, Luce Irigaray, Françoise Dastur and Roland Barthes. The performance installation practice

of Taiwanese artist Lee Mingwei is of crucial significance here also—his voice calls me closer to the artistic practices that appear throughout this exegesis, specifically those voices of Marina Abramovic, Wolfgang Laib, Katie Paterson and James Turrell. Chapter One draws out a key temporal difference between *death* and *mourning* alongside a movement that extends my practice from its auto-biographic tenor toward a significant collective invitation through participatory performance installation. Chapter Two— Mourning Calls [to our] Everyday Spatial Solitude draws out an approximation to *everyday* existence that brings emphasis to a spatial structuration of the everyday opened by its disappearance and our proximity in living with ghosts. This disappearance corresponds to everyday structural conditions of language and mourning. This everyday spatial condition—opened to and by— mourning reveals everyday life is construed by otherness. The everyday is a site of disappearance that returns (again and again) uncanny spatio-temporal encounters. It is not that either of the aforementioned chapters wish to unhelpfully separate out time and space *but* rather they desire to bring emphasis to a spatial analysis as we draw closer in on the working of my spatial practice. Space, however, cannot be thought without temporality. Further, the everyday is a language and is structured like a language. As a concept it offers analysis for how spatiality can be read textually. The everyday as a mourning-song or mourning-text is opened by the assistance of voices such as Maurice Blanchot, Juhani Pallasmaa and Martin Heidegger alongside practitioners such as Bernard Tschumi and Marina Abramovic. They reveal the everyday as a call to our fundamental or essential solitude—the everyday becomes a region conceived in my practice as the *between*—where indivisible layers of ghosts co-mingle and my practice attempts its invitation for 'temporary sanctuary'. The review then details how mourning calls into being a spatio-temporal condition of slowing and stilling that opens onto my practice's invitation for encountering 'temporary sanctuary'. Temporary sanctuary is my own term (albeit, its seeds are sewn by the work of Juhani Pallasmaa), and aims to invite the otherness of time, space, people and histories. It is a work of invitation that calls visitors into spatio-temporal relief for being with their otherness, their others. The works offers no guarantees, only invitation—and as such, this invitation without predetermination,

describes the key tenor of *ineffability* as that which constitutes listening beyond certainty. This invitation opens to the privative condition of any singular encounter (or event) whereby what/how/from where or when, expresses ineffability. I cannot *hear* the call of any other (visitor's) *others,* rather their event of ineffability will be *heard* singularly as an untranslatable utterance that is thereby, unspeakable. It is hoped that a sense of dignity arises through this ineffable, unspeakable and singularly *heard* event or call. However, dignity is not thematised in this work but rather finds correspondence to Heidegger's thoughts on silence as the most authentic discourse. The call of this everyday otherness that slows, stills and opens temporary sanctuary—is largely mined through my conceptual term *without alibi.* It is a term largely inspired by the work of Jacques Derrida (who coined it) and his existential analysis of language. *Without alibi* calls to us, to our relation to be (open) in the becoming of everyday life *without* any necessity for guarantee for/to: where, how, what or whom 'we are'. Rather, the becoming of life *without alibi*—without knowing how expanded time or extended space 'measures' our lives—is a key attempt for 'temporary sanctuary'. The final chapter, Call of Ruins as Ineffable Histories, discusses the *ruin* as the key spatial figure that offers the most discrete and focused call of mourning. It is a call that opens space, time, history and people *temporarily*. The work of Walter Benjamin is key here for an analysis of *history* as an ontological opening described as a dialectical image. It is the *imagination* or *image economy* that broadens my horizons and deepens my thinking, forwarding my spatial practice as a writing of space in poetic or abbreviated temporary constructs. If the aim is to offer visitors temporary sanctuary that stills, slows and opens up expression for *without alibi,* then it is the ruin that most profoundly dis/continues us. It is a discontinuity of progressive time/space/history/people; continuing its becoming through immeasurable expression, cut through mourning. The *ruin* cuts up our experience and opens us to the otherness for which this project *calls*: **Mourning-Sites_____ Performing Ineffable Spaces of Ruin**. The spatial practice of Jane Rendell is also key for her critical theoretical conceptualising of site-writing, which performs *cuts* or *dialectical images* across her coalescing writing genres of criticism, design and subjective narrative. I have developed my own performance of—dialectically imaged—lacunae, cuts, gaps,

betweens, crypts, corners, crevices, surfaces, etc., through a spatial and textual practice of *site-writings.* It is through my site-specific installations with *ruins,* or conception of *ruins* (even the ruin of gallery spaces), that other histories can be encountered as site-writings. Ultimately my practice attempts to install these *ruins* as temporary sanctuaries through performing site-writings that give *voice* to the *call* of mourning as ineffability and silence. What resounds most poignantly is this call of ineffability. It is loud in its absolute otherness—a listening where we attune ourselves to ourselves in slowness, stillness and quietude, allowing the noise of our self-certainty to quiet, and the otherness provided by *ruins* to resound as a rich encounter with site-speaking of (its) other histories, times, peoples and spaces. This accounts for the narrative of silent callings in this practice. The work of Yve Lomax (mentioned earlier) is a crucial voice also for bringing me into proximity with Benjamin and Rendell. Lomax brings into being the sounding of events, or more precisely the event of *sound* that calls for listening *without* presupposition of for what or whom, from where or when. Rather we listen to Lomax for what she brings to a listening (without alibi) to the sounding of the event of ineffability.

This Literature Review introduction may find its echoes in the Introduction of the main exegesis, yet between these two, my attempt is to gauge structural clarity with respect to the four chapters' inseparable movements. That is, they move from a more general ontology of the call (of mourning) through Maternal Time that opens to a calling of everyday spatial existence. Everyday spatial existence as mourning-time *opens or calls* a reading of everyday uncanny otherness as a without alibi condition in everyday disappearance. The call of ruins narrows down mourning's disclosure as ineffable histories. Each chapter aims to demonstrate how *calling* occurs: how one might read these concepts as a calling to otherness … a calling that is ultimately a mourning-song … ineffably sounded. This structural interlacing of ineffable calls sounds our *mourning-songs,* placed in ruins by our *mourning-stones.*

Chapter One—
Maternal Time Calls its Mourning-Song

> We left; it is as if the two of us were dead, the photographer as well, after having spoken the truth — spoken without seeing [*voir*], without knowing [*savoir*], and without being able [*pouvoir*]. It is as if she were dead, buried alive in the flowered crown of her wedding dress. But she remains and she will have shown her name, on the verge of more than one language. It is (the) truth and she comes to us from Japan.[8]
>
> —*Jacques Derrida*

My *Mourning Call* is deeply activated by my own expression of mourning in relation to the maternal, hence the significance for drawing out the uncanny temporality or arrival of otherness through the maternal figure. However, I open this maternal lineage through a concept of truth as unconcealing in the withdrawal of existence. I listen to this movement through the profound existential everyday analytics of Martin Heidegger with *her*, with the figure of *Aletheia*. This 'feminine' figure writes into the opacities, gaps, lacunae and dark continents of our being, offering another course for thinking and imagination from a metaphysics of presence (—truth as correctness). In listening with *Aletheia* as my key conceptual persona forwarding a truth of unconcealing, her darkness leans toward a maternal lineage that I locate in the voice of Luce Irigaray. The work of Irigaray on the maternal opens philosophical spatio-temporal otherness, working its language alongside other philosophical accounts of death, mourning, space and time. In dialogue with Irigaray as a maternal ground, I listen to the voices of Martin Heidegger (again), Françoise Dastur and Roland Barthes for their everyday discourses surrounding death, mourning and the maternal. Across them a temporal significance unconceals in relation to time as ec-static, discontinuous and interrupting. The practice of Taiwanese artist Lee Mingwei adds another layer of significance, bringing me in closer proximity with artistic expression that lingers within my practice. Lee's everyday communal practice opens up a setting for discussing a key temporal difference between *death* and *mourning* in discussions of personal loss that extend as invitation toward collective histories of mourning. His practice touches mine in its proximity across

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8   Jacques Derrida, 'Aletheia', *Oxford Literary Review* 32, no. 2 (1 December 2010): 169, https://doi.org/10.3366/olr.2010.0102.

performance installation that houses a minimal aesthetic through presenting empirical details that express far more complex works of extended duration.

Maternal Time—Truth as *Aletheian* Unconcealing

I open this chapter within the context of truth-as-unconcealing in the withdrawal of everyday life. *She* is *Aletheia*[9] and her Ancient Greek origins have been mined within contemporary philosophical thought, specifically (for this research) through the thinking of Martin Heidegger's ontological difference, followed up by Jacques Derrida's deconstruction.[10] In revealing *her* as my conceptual framework for truth forwarding an ontology of mourning within the context of everyday life, the signifier of her Goddess-status makes sexual difference a key starting point. What makes truth a question of sexual difference when thinking her otherwise to metaphysical presence? How might sexual difference itself be linked to otherness, in terms of an otherwise thinking of truth as correctness? In dialoguing with Martin Heidegger's thought on *Aletheia*, I attempt to reveal answers to these questions as a way for thinking *her* relation to my performance and installation spatial practice in terms of how my creative work attempts to *show* ineffable and invisible sites of ruin within its allegorical and

Figure 4

*Still Moving, Together, Emily O'Hara*
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

*Between two*_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

Steel weights, steel wire, wind, light, timber

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9   In Greek mythology *Aletheia* was the Goddess of Truth, and the daughter of Zeus (or a creation of Prometheus). The Greek translation of the word is often 'unconcealedness' and Martin Heidegger suggests that the term is not about ontic truth, but rather expresses how our ontological world is concealed, or opened up to us. In this sense, the ineffable is shown through this exegesis as both expression and *more* than we can say or hear. For relations of artistic practice in relation to Heidegger's *Aletheia*, please see Heidegger, 'The Origin of the Work of Art' in *Basic Writings: Martin Heidegger*, ed. David Farrell Krell (London: Routledge, 1978), 140-212.

10 The work of Jacques Derrida appears later in this exegesis in specific relation to his concept of 'without alibi' that performs a significant 'truth' as (*Aletheian*) unconcealing in relation to my spatial practice. Further, Derrida has written much about Heidegger's thinking in relation to *Aletheia* and there is not time to hold a deep discussion across the two in this regard for the aims of this thesis. However, an echo of Derrida's own essay titled *Aletheia*—as witnessed in the opening quote to this chapter—can be heard throughout the exegesis. It is a beautiful essay bringing to appearance the concept of *Aletheia* (as truth) within the context of Japan and a photographic essay by Japanese photographer, Kishin Shinoyama and his model, Shinobu Otake. The essay focuses on the practice of photography in the *between* relation of photographer and subject revealing everyday steps of encounter. The essay *shows* the silent speaking or witnessing of the image out of the light of darkness—Shinoyama's book of black and white photographs is entitled *Light of the Dark* (Japan: Asahi Press, 1993), published in oversize format (31/24), it has more than 50 photographs.
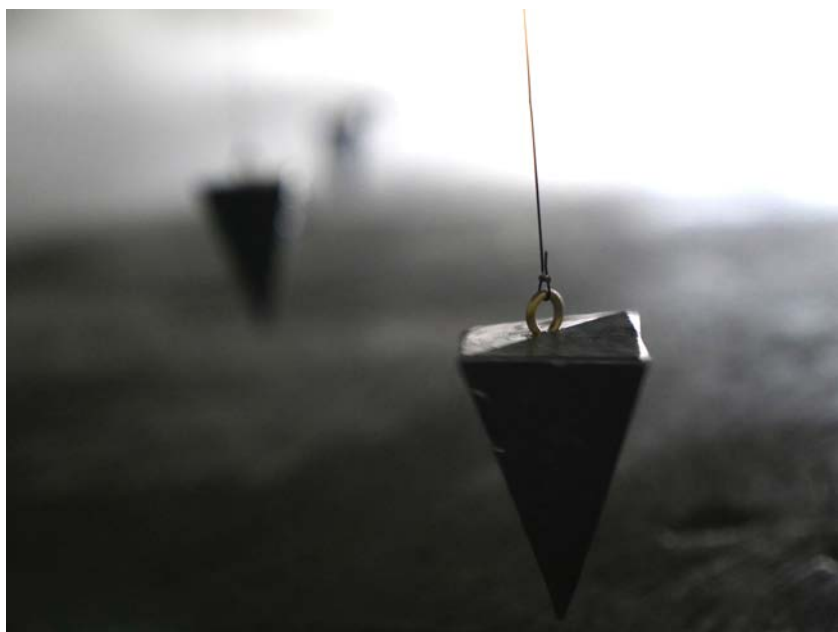
material expressions. *Showing* is not a didactic telling or binarised narrating across what is present and what is absent, but rather *showing* comes to appearance without force and in minor keys, often sung in opaque and silent registers. *Aletheia* refers to the truth of unconcealing in the withdrawal of being—this withdrawal construes (in part) the withdrawal of dominant ways of everyday knowing as *Aletheia* shows [her] otherness.[11] In this sense *Aletheia* is an ontology of truth that moves away from a metaphysics of presence or truth as correctness. Heidegger's break from a metaphysics of presence—that is as a break from thinking being is disclosed from the beings (human beings) that are—construes a complicated unveiling of time and being. That is, Being (existence) is disclosed in the temporalising of temporality, in an essential transcendence that is Dasein. Heidegger's Dasein—that translates as there *(da)* being *(sein)*—is a spatio-temporal ontological revealing of dwelling that makes a human being essentially a being located within (its) everyday situatedness. I have been drawn to Heidegger's work precisely for its existential everyday phenomenological analysis and its extraordinary analytical relation to death and mourning. What follows here is an attempt—in a somewhat shorthand way—of his analytics of the everyday in relation to time as Dasein's futurity and death as its existential horizon. In doing so a more nuanced revealing of Heidegger's thought will come to appearance throughout this exegesis. Dasein is a being who understands that it exists (one who thinks and questions the meaning of Being), and the Being of Dasein is shaped by this understanding—and in its seeking lies the affirming power. I will disclose in my practice (specifically discussed my description of process, Chapters 5–8) my research understanding as the unfolding around a series of opaque steps *(pas)* of *not knowing*. This research temperament—revealed as 'knots', 'not yet', steps back *(pas pas)* that untie or unravel my pre-determined ideas—arrive or call *after* considerable moments of testing practice within exhibition contexts. Dasein is essentially *not yet* and constitutes

Figure 5

The Weight of Us, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

Between two_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

Dry ice, concrete etchings

11   As referred in an earlier footnote, Heidegger discusses a distinction between ontic and ontological life. Further, his work brings into question the many ways that we become entangled or stranded in everyday inauthentic life through going along in an unthinking way. Ontologically we are our own most possibility to be as futural beings. Ontic-ontological life construes itself equi-primordially as mutually dependent, which I come to discuss. Ontological difference is the marking of difference between Being (existence) and beings (existents).

the 'who' of this 'not yet' as the finitude of its being. Its death constitutes the 'arrival' of Dasein from out of its 'not yet'. Dasein is existence from out of situatedness, a 'there', a 'place', dwelling or worlding as openness to the possibilities for existing—those possibilities are disclosed on the horizon of the ec-stases of temporality. Moreover, Dasein is equally being-in-a-world, 'there', and 'being-with' others. Ontologically, this 'there' is not, or not yet.

In my spatial practice the most difficult research task has been to 'design' works around the hypothesis that invites otherness to arrive in the call of mourning from out of the ruins of everyday life, *without* predetermination or inscriptive spatial programming. This hypothesis is a performative spatial and temporal arrival, designed in the site-specific works that attempt to make any explicit auto-biographical telling muted,[12] so as to open up unheard mourning-songs for viewers (constituted by a viewer's own futurity or 'not yet'). For Heidegger, a question of autonomy or heteronomy does not arise. Otherness is equi-primordially disclosed in Dasein's worlding as relationality or mutual dependence with others. Mutual dependence explores constitutive elements in our world that disclose otherness through our own most possibility to be as we move forward—futurity—with our 'shared' or equi-primordial horizon of finitude (mortality). Heidegger names this the temporalising of temporality or ec-static temporality. I would not be able to guarantee *your* arrival with others through my spatial practice, yet attempt to place us in a worlding together—a mutual dependence—opened up by the site-specifics of shows, within installed and performed works that explore constitutive shared elements as everyday ruins (allegorically and materially). If my hypothesis reveals a paradoxical temporal act of disclosure for being with others in the 'not yet' alongside an everyday being-toward-death (or our horizon of finitude) marking out Dasein's mutual dependence with others, then I aim to bring a sharper focus in line with an ontology of mourning to my practice through distinguishing mourning from death. Firstly, in order to *show* Heidegger's ontological thinking of truth as unconcealing for its approximation to this research, it is significant to provide an everyday example.

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12   Acknowledging also that this muted-ness is a legitimate condition of ineffability.

The Thing—*Aletheia's* Everyday Arrival

In Bremen at the end of the 1940s, in his first public lectures after the war, Heidegger presented a lecture titled "The Thing."[13] Here he discussed 'the thing' in relation to the making of a vessel (a jug) that holds a volume, the essence of that vessel being a void. The being of any thing is essentially not disclosable from the self-presence of a being, but rather from the withdrawal or voiding of a thing's essential disclosing, such that any being is a potential or possibility to be.[14] It is this disclosing of a void, or disclosure of an essential withdrawal that reveals the split of *Da*, there, with respect to the subject. The subject is elsewhere than its enunciative locale.[15] It is ec-statically disseminating.[16] The 'subject' is disclosed as a transcendental analytic and not as a psychology. *Being and Time*'s[17] analytic of Dasein emphasises this refusal of a psychology. Dasein is not a subject, not a conscious 'I think', not an ego for which there exists an unconscious realm. Dasein comprises the ontological structures of an existent's openness to what essentially withdraws, its being. The fundamental structure to this existent's openness to its possibility to be is taking care of its underwayness, its futurity as project. Dasein is neither exclusively an individuated existent nor exclusively a people. A 'people' is not composed of a grouping of individual Daseins. In this sense, otherness, existence of others is Dasein's worlding as concernful. It is significant to note that while this research goes along with Heidegger's analytics to help disclose the disseminating

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13   Martin Heidegger, *Bremen and Freiburg Lectures: Insight Into That Which Is and Basic Principles of Thinking* (Indiana University Press, 2012), 5–22. Please note, Heidegger also discusses, with similar resonances, this example of 'the thing' before the war in *Being and Time*.

14   When the withdrawal of dominant mores of everyday knowing happens, authentic revealing occurs, bringing energy and affirmation for change or new possibilities to be. We become untethered from ways of being at times when we feel a sense of strandedness or oppression within these strictures. Our untethering could come in minor ways that provide us with authentic possibility to be. My practice aims for such minor keys—and foremost sets my own spatial practice into untethered potentiality through living with my mourning.

15   What I come to hypothesise as *without alibi*.

16   The emptiness that Heidegger recognises in the disclosing of the meaning of Being, he reads in more than one way. There is a Nietzschean understanding here, of a necessary emptiness such that self-overcoming may happen; what Heidegger recognises as Dasein's essential transcendence as opening to the temporalising of temporality, Dasein's ec-stases.

17   Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time: A Translation of Sein Und Zeit*, trans. Joan Stambaugh (SUNY Press, 1996).

potentiality of the subject within the sites' disclosure of 'temporary sanctuary' or essential solitude—through concepts of *without alibi* and *umbra-writing*—my processes of site-writings often bring into this analytics unconscious *ruins.* That is, following on from Jane Rendell's site-writing practice, the concept of the unconscious is not strictly from out of the context of psychoanalysis, but rather speaks ineffability through analysis of *settings* and *sites* (a kind of inter-subjective constituency)—as read through disciplines of architectural design in relation to Walter Benjamin's critical theory and historic materialism. This is not to say that an incompatibility across Heidegger's Dasein and Rendell | Benjamin exists, rather all hold within them a spatial analytics in relation to our (human) being in the world that takes account of everyday sites (and deep disseminating and discontinuous histories). What is most significant here is the emphasis for de-centering human being as the 'egoistic' measure for knowing as a static and unchanging presence. Rather, knowing becomes ontologically disclosed as 'not knowing' in our futural thrown-ness. I do not create my works understanding in advance my mourning process—rather, in taking care of my own most possibility to be (in mourning), I'm thrown by its genealogical worlding as that which constitutes my project. Heidegger's reading of 'the thing' is not that of concerning creation ex nihilo, as if that nothing around which the potter's hands turn concerns the presentation or making present of another thing from out of this nothing.[18] That would be more akin to the productionist metaphysics or death drive as the ordering of the already dead in the service of presence. This would amount to a linear history ordered by progressive time—that measures the everyday through different monumental, ideological, conceptual and material dominance (or value). The most complicated research thinking I have had to undertake here is how to take care with revealing mourning (songs and stones) so that mourning does not default to a productionist value in the service of making present death as a well-ordered assembly from out of which we arrive. Rather, through mourning's call, what arrives is something alive, affirming, unhomely that reassembles [us] out of constitutive elements from the opacity of our everyday worlding. In the concluding

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18   This is a common misrecognition of Heidegger's 'nothing'. Heidegger never does get to the declension of beings from out of which Being can be revealed. Spirit for Heidegger is never world building from out of death.

section to this chapter, I wish to continue this discussion in relation to the everyday as a phenomenon that withdraws through its movement as repetition and disappearance. The everyday's void is this opaque continuation (through repetition and disappearance)—that holds us. We cannot testify to our *every*; to every week|day|hour|moment … which constitute our lives, as this everyday conceptual movement is not disclosable except as repetition and disappearance. As much as human beings archive their lives in a multitude of ways, our everyday is not disclosable from these archives of self-presence, but rather from the withdrawal or voiding of our lives' ongoing disclosing, such that our ongoing is our own futurity—our own most possibility to be.[19] This is the movement of *Aletheia* in relation to the everyday as truth of unconcealing in the withdrawal of Being, and shall be discussed further alongside a dialogue with Maurice Blanchot and Juhani Pallasmaa in Chapter Two.

How does this analysis of *Aletheia* reveal proximity to the 'truth' of sexual difference, and why is this question significant for this research? Firstly, this research does not make any explicit claims significant for enquiries contributing to an ontology of sexual difference.[20] It aligns *Aletheia* to sexual difference in the proximity of a movement of withdrawal from (and of) self-presence within the western metaphysical desire for self-presence within a dominant masculine economy. Further, in *Aletheia's* revealing otherwise to truth-as-correctness (static and unchanging), *she* arrives—without alibi, without [my] force for bringing presence to the dead. Rather, *her time*—travels along with Maternal time or the time I have come to understand through a mourning process that

19   I also read into this analysis a shift from the term 'possibility' into political philosopher Giorgio Agamben's concept of *potentiality* as related to the notion of *means without end*. This *potentiality* is a non-instrumental means that aims for infinite openings (or entries) that construe 'ends' otherwise to rational predetermined and calculative thinking, or closure inherent in metaphysical presence. For further insights, please refer to: Giorgio Agamben, 'Means Without End', in *Theory Out of Bounds*, trans. Cesare Casarino and Vincenzo Binetti, vol. 20 (US: Minnesota Press, 2000).

20   It also does not make claims for offering contributions to philosophy or a philosophy of art by way of those philosophers in dialogue with my creative practice (announced here). Rather, my contribution hones in on an ontology of mourning as life affirming, constituted in the allegorical and material ruins of its spatial practice. If anything, my practice may open up grounds for working between art and architecture, performance and installation with respect to site-specific *ruins*.

reveals the withdrawal of bringing to appearance any self-presence of loss. To make this more accountable, the thinking of Luce Irigaray reveals sexual difference as coincident with my primordial *not yet* that constitutes the 'who' of this 'not yet' as the finitude of my being. My death—already constituted in the maternal genealogical line (not only through the autobiographical mother-daughter line, but through sexual difference *per se*) that constitutes the 'arrival' of my mourning's surrounding world. I am thrown by my mourning—a loss that constitutes something that I have already known through the life of my mother's loss of her mother, alongside the situatedness, 'there' or 'place' of women who have come into a world constituted as 'loss', from out(side) of dominant male strictures of existence. My worlding constitutes openness to the possibilities of existing from the place of a greater mourning-song than just my own narrative—a mourning song that Irigaray sings into the elliptical spaces and places of language and time:

Maternal Time—She Enters
_____ *A Feminine Genealogy*

> [Status Confusion]. For months, I have been her mother. It is as if I had lost my daughter (a greater grief than that? It had never occurred to me).[21]
>
> —*Roland Barthes*

I am approaching the dawn of my own motherhood. I write this now almost full-term in my pregnancy. In announcing this here, I announce the double significance for entering into a double writing or double holding within my spatial practice—holding the teachings from my mother in allowing her to speak through this work and holding myself for the other of my yet-to-be-born child, in preserving a feminine legacy and genealogy. I have not felt this doubling of mourning more intensely than in *this* experience for giving life. I rely on my others to guide me and open up this invitation for what Luce Irigaray speaks to as a spatial economy housing otherness between mothers and daughters. It is an economy that disrupts dominant syntactical or structural

21   Roland Barthes, *Mourning Diary*, trans. Richard Howard, Translation, Annotated edition (New York: Hill and Wang, 2012), 56.

arrangements observed in (masculinist) language patterns. This section on a feminine genealogy foregrounds my investigations into reading spatially to allow for an open programming that invites others 'ethically' and 'poetically' into the discontinuities of everyday life. Those discontinuities, that I've expressed elsewhere as an ontology of mourning, teach me to live with the unexpected, a living that is affirmative and life giving. Irigaray's work is helpful for its import and emphasis on feminine life as a spatial intervention into the strictures and structures of a dominant masculinist programme. My reading of Irigaray's spatial intervention assists in my thinking and creative practice of site-writings. The feminine, which may be thought of as a mutually dependent worlding between mothers and daughters, […] makes it clear throughout Irigaray's writing that the debt owed to the maternal by socio-symbolic signifying practices and patterns of representation is repressed and unacknowledged. Woman and the feminine become buried alive in the symbolic order in this context. […] This burial of the feminine has [had] a devastating impact on mother-daughter or woman-to-woman relations, according to Irigaray. With no means of autonomous self-definition, the mother is consumed by the predetermined (patriarchy of the) maternal role. Little girls have no image of the feminine with which to identify. The mother is subject to the Law-of-the-father and to patterns of exchange; she gives up her father's name in order to take her husband's name: she has no named identity of her own.[22] Irigaray claims that because of the way women and the feminine

22   It should be noted that cultural and social mores have shifted today (from the time of Irigaray's thesis here)—whereby openings on sexual difference discourses are becoming more everyday as seen in the explicit rhetoric and mandates of 'queer-friendly' speech, naming etc., with respect to queer lives, evident through anagrams such as LGBTQIA (lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, queer or questioning, intersex and asexual). These 'identities' are however increasingly complex and necessitate a well-honed understanding of their independence from others within the anagram. Terms like 'queer' have somersaulted in their history of use with respect to homosexuality, originally holding pejorative tones, until some gay men reclaimed the term and today it holds mixed emotions and is a contentious space. For further everyday reading on this complex assemblage of labels please see: http://www.abc.net.au/news/2016-04-07/sexuality-gender-glossary-definitions/7287572 visited February 21, 2018. This detail providing the spectrum of sexual difference determined by 'gender' 'biology' and 'sexual orientation' disseminated by this array of categories provides an insight into how these labels appear to come out of the stable ground of *sameness* of heterosexuality, whereby the laws and desires that these labels speak to are still based on normative binaries of male/female heterosexuality—depicted in a majority of mainstream life: advertising, popular culture, mainstream media etc., regardless of whether a subject is biologically intersexual or socially asexual, etc.

have been constructed within phallologocentrism,[23] women have no access to a history of their own. Women have no space-time of their own, and thus no possibility of a future. She suggests that woman is little more than a space by reference to and in which man is able to locate himself as a subject—and, in this respect, woman is trapped in the realm of the maternal as a foreclosing history within patriarchal strictures and structures.[24]

If we take as a starting point Irigaray's complex arguments about space and time in relation to gendered subjectivity, it is at first difficult to see how any new language might come into being. However, Irigaray mines what she describes as the 'dark continent' of (masculinist or phallologocentric) language—locating spaces, gaps and abysses within the repressions of her voyage within this symbolic order. Her tactical interventions inscribe mediations into these strictures, locating intervals or *between* spaces for potential settings for otherness. For Irigaray, mediations in the form of angels, or thresholds, or love, or the placenta, are a necessary foundation upon which to build an ethical relation set by sexual difference. Irigaray continues to suggest that as long as woman lacks a divine made in 'her image' she cannot establish her subjectivity or achieve a goal of her own: "Woman scatters and becomes an agent of destruction and annihilation because she has no other of her own that she can become."[25] In order to become a subject in her own right, woman needs to create a divine image that allows her to relate to a mode of otherness and (in)finitude

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23   Phallogocentrism is a conceptual term inherited from the work of Jacques Derrida in relation to his philosophical deconstruction of sexual difference with schemas of language, writing and reading—and was taken up by French feminism, especially the thinkers of écriture feminine such as Luce Irigaray and Hélène Cixous (for the latter see her *The Newly Born Woman*, trans. Betsy Wing (University of Minnesota Press, 1986). Derrida's neologism 'phallogocentrism' refers to the privileging of the masculine (phallus) in terms of meaning's production or construction. It brings in an earlier neologism of Derrida's—*phallocentrism*—that focused on masculine positioning in relation to concepts held in language. It is a term moving Heidegger's destruction of logocentrism, i.e. that argues Western culture privileges transcendental signifiers such as the Word as giving meaning outside of relationality hence a splitting of worlds inside/outside. Derrida brought masculinist dominance into Heidegger's critique of logocentrism. The deconstruction of phallocentrism thereby holds a large position in deconstructing inside/outside and speech over writing binaries within Derrida's work.

24   Caroline Bainbridge, *A Feminine Cinematics : Luce Irigaray, Women and Film* (Basingstoke [England] ; New York : Palgrave Macmillan, 2008., 2008).

25   Bainbridge, 27.

that does not reside within her own body. Woman, in other words, needs access to an organisation of the death drives that does not locate her outside their symbolism as a locus of destruction and death.[26] What is illuminating for my spatial practice is not so much the discrete Freudian (and Lacanian) psychoanalytic register within Irigaray's discourse—(as interesting as this is, as it construes another latter scene in relation to the psychoanalytical clinical setting as a spatial conceptual context for site-writings)—but rather the spatial analysis she brings here, which is helpful in relation to the structures of language. In my own site-writings I perform a series of spatial tactics kindred to editing language to bring out a more poetic concern that mines the core of ineffability. For example, in a range of my works, titles are utilised as cryptic cul-de-sacs, cyphers or detours for presenting gaps *between* seeing and saying. On another everyday practice, I site-write with my conceptual practice of *sojourn* or *dérive*.[27] Similarly, actual works

26   There is a range of discourses on the maternal that have been influenced by the work of Luce Irigaray, and Derrida's concept of phallogocentrism and his deconstruction of it, that have come out of Écriture Féminine and the writing of the body. For example, Bracha L. Ettinger developed the notion of 'the matrix' (1992, 2006) and more recently 'carriance' (2015) and its radical compassionate ethics. Lisa Baraitser (2009) proposed that mothering can be understood as a series of interruptions, a constant management of and coping with disturbance. "For us, motherhood refers to the lived experience of mothering regardless of our route to it, whereas the maternal refers to the study of and representation of motherhood" (Simic and Underwood-Lee, 2016). This definition continues to be central in our conception of motherhood and the maternal and I have endeavoured to think beyond biological essentialism. Instead I consider the maternal as it is represented and understood within philosophical, aesthetic and, in particular performance contexts. Maternal writing embraces: the interrupted, incomplete, emotional, confusing, joyful, contradictory nature of maternity is exposed in the various pieces contained within this issue. For further reading see: *Performance Research Journal: On The Maternal.* Vol 22, Issue 4 and *The Hélène Cixous Reader,* Psychology Press, 1994.

27   Within discourses of the everyday within art and architecture the term *dérive* holds particular lineage in the work of Guy Debord and The Situationist International. My own practice translates aspects of this concept into my concept of *sojourn.* While the term *dérive* holds psychological or geo-psychological folds, the *sojourn* does not just perform a psycho-physical map between its sites or works. Certainly, Debord's *dérive* develops all kinds of methods for mapping the psycho-geographical drift, such as using a map of London to get around Paris. This method used a Cartesian mapping of space in order to perform a drift. In the point I make here it would be coincident to the inside/outside binary constructed in language's syntactical and conceptual meanings that my editing or *sojourn* intervenes with. In later discussions the *Sojourn* work that takes place between the dual sites of my final show *Between two_____* performs its tactics to deconstruct the neat binary of these two sites: while I have two points (ST PAUL Street Gallery Three—Silo Six and Silo Six—ST PAUL Street Gallery Three) nothing predetermines the existential *drift* or *dérive* or *sojourn.* For example, each day my pregnant embodiment shifts and these minor shifts are constituted across a range of psychic, physical, material, cosmic (weather-related) otherness that inscribes my embodiment differently. For example, when the Karanga Plaza site

are presented as text-based, such as *The elements of mourning, Fire,*
2017 (in *Things I Didn't Know*), and a postcard-based text work
titled *Still Floating,* 2016 (in *There Is Something You're Not Telling
Me*) and within the *Sojourns* publication (alongside the *Between
two_____* catalogue), where edits occur as a performative
phenomenological writing *between* empirical data in an attempt
to mine the poetic lacunae of language.[28] It is these textual
betweens that offer viewers, readers, participants the opportunity to
locate minor-showings or minor-sanctuaries for their own fluid-
imaginaries within symbolic registers. Within these poetic folds
of withdrawal in the unconcealing of poetic signifiers, it is hoped
that *she* becomes other and otherness arrives in the expression
of many asymmetrical faces. This would be the work of *Aletheia*
arriving within a deconstruction of phallogocentrism—arriving
instead in a maternal time within the opacities borne [secreted] in
the multitude of appearances, dwelling within her light of dark.
I do not subscribe to Irigaray's necessity for forging an image—
divine or otherwise—that is sacred to women alone, as this
would subtend to a discourse of ownership that I perceive would
fatalistically draw us back to a gender identity politics where she/
he binaries constitute our worlding. Rather the images that appear
to us are not forged out of relations of ownership or possession
but rather dissolve these borders. However, I also acknowledge
that Irigaray's work is more complex than a critique of possession
might bestow upon it and her concept of sexuation implicates
such a deconstruction of binary inside/outside possession. Her
schema of sexuate subject holds fascination in the face of an

unconcealed my mutual dependence on it—as my waters, my swimming locale—
what became disclosed to me, opened through the withdraw of other becomings,
was its whakapapa. That is, the concept of whakapapa opens my others: my
bi-cultural others but also how the bi-cultural concept of whakapapa poignantly
opens up a reading of an ontology of mourning in relation to my own ancestry
(Scottish, English, Irish) and their arrivals to New Zealand. That is to say, *Aletheia's*
disclosure here within the name 'Karanga Plaza' is not only about indigenous
ancestors but also my own bi-cultural conceptual understanding offering cultural
difference at the point of its lacunae, its deep-waters. For further reading on
Guy Debord's *dérive* please see: *Debord, Guy (1956). "Theory of the Dérive"* in
Situationist International Online. Translated by Ken Knabb. Retrieved 2016-07-12. As
well as: Debord, Guy (1984-12-12). *Society of the Spectacle* in Black & Red,U.S.

28   The reader will also see a similar kind of tactic in the layout
presentation of this exegesis, which houses *between* columns spaces for readers to
reflect and locate their own 'images' of understanding and questioning. These
'dark continents' continue my spatial practice across the different sites of this
PhD's expression.

image or imaginary in relation to the reality of the everyday.[29] For example, Irigaray brings in a concept of pure sensation of bodies spinning—within her analysis of a little girl spinning—for her sexuate subject embraces sexual identity as something of a becoming condition. That is to say, there exists no pre-existing model from which to copy sexuation. What Irigaray describes as the 'Ruling Symbolic of Masculinist Self-sameness' constricted by binary laws is transgressed by sexuation, and here a model/copy binary does not exist—there is only difference within the repetitions of daily life. Her critique lends itself to critiques of representation, offering instead the *without alibi* of simulation that is generative of a productive rather than reductive concept of repetition within everyday life. Repetition here is difference in itself and has no model or copy in which to compare or gesture to. Irigaray explores the spinning dance of the little girl as a process through which the girl seeks the creation of her own space, her own territory. To quote Irigaray: "she dances and thus makes for herself a vital subjective space open to the cosmic maternal world, to the gods, to the present other."[30]

The little girl's 'vital subjective space' offers my spatial practice a vitality, indivisibly linking her to cosmic otherness in relation to a maternal worlding. We, therefore, do not liberate her from binary self-sameness but rather suggest her worlding comes in the detours, cul-de-sacs, abyssal spaces *before* such representative *alibis* take hold. Within this sexuate schema a correspondence of spatial becoming *without alibi* translates in my attempt to activate the unconcealing of worlds, tapping into the urban and embodied materiality of darkness indivisible with cosmic elements, weathering and raw

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29   Irigaray's sexuation finds proximity in my analysis of how my practice locates *without alibi*, as well as my mobilisation of Blanchot's *récit* as the performative event where Being and I (or other) pass into the image, becoming a part of it. These discussions happen most explicitly within my process chapters in the second half of this exegesis.

30   Hilary Robinson, *Reading Art, Reading Irigaray: The Politics of Art by Women* (London: I.B.Tauris, 2006), 129. Irigaray's evocation of vital subjective spaces opened by cosmic maternal worlding, to the gods, to the present other, brings proximity to elemental conditions such as fluidity, air, salt, earth, fire, darkness, water—expressed through my practice. My processes of dark-writing *with* cosmic events (solar and lunar eclipses, king tides, full moons, night swims, etc.,) are analysed in the 'Design of Study' chapters, discussing these in terms of minor site-writings. For further reading see: Luce Irigaray, "The 'Mechanics' of Fluids," in This Sex Which Is Not One, trans. Catherine Porter with Carolyn Burke (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1985)106-118.

materials (of ice, dust, air, light, water, fire). Our bodies *spin* within a 'not yet' thrown-ness founded on everyday opacities that both hold us, yet hold us on grounds that are shifting 'beneath' us. These shifting grounds hold densities of everyday otherness and appear through processes of unconcealing as our perspectives shift, alter and become other.

Jane Rendell helps my analysis, bringing a sharper focus between Irigaray's body that spins and a spinning that destabilises the nothing of ex-nihilo artistic creation as well as the body as a Cartesian point within voided space (or space as an empty container). In Rendell's essay "How to Take Place (But Only for so Long)"[31] she further explores this spinning whirling dance, theorised by Irigaray, as a process of destabilisation, a way to *let go*. Rendell observes performance, film, and other kinds of creative art making not as the defined creation of an object, nor of the positioning of a body within a space, but rather the body as art (art as body) *creating* space—she questions how existing within the liminal and transversal (or *between*), opens the space for the creation of alternative perspectives. Spinning might alter individual perceptions of space and catalyse a process of transformative liberation. Through turning in spaces and as such turning space to a *new*, she (this girl, woman-to-come) might open new possibilities and find herself in a new space, a new place. She might find a new way to both make, and take, place in space—yet Rendell's analysis implies a temporary 'sanctuary' and duration in this space-turning analysis, suggesting 'her' taking is, [but] only for so long … never fully wanting to possess as this could default back to a logic of return, commodification, ownership and mastery over spaces, places and identities—returning her to the strictures of self-sameness: "In her dance she spins around, de-stabilising existing connections between herself and her place, making new ones …"[32]

In Irigaray's text *The Mechanics of Fluids,* she closes with a dis/ location of a partial exile that exiles the ruling symbolic—a feminine language that ex-ists somewhere beyond comprehension, and to which in other parts of *This Sex Which is Not One* she

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31   Jane Rendell, 'How to Take Place (but Only for so Long)', in *Altering Practices: Feminist Politics and Poetics of Space*, ed. Doina Petrescu (New York: Routledge, 2007), 69–88.

32   Rendell, 86.

sky   dark   dawn   lying on
back   middle of a lake   softly
yielding   platform   deep
water below   endless sky above
encircled by   sand and
bush   arms   outstretched
fingers curled   feet
bare
soft
wind blows   hair across   face

drift   for hours   time
sun   overhead   drifted   to
the edge
shallow water   wonder if I
just experienced silence.

silence.

describes as 'speaking (as) woman' (*parler-femme*). Irigaray's écriture converges on a—"revolution"—spinning into the future—or an unimaginable future-to-come of a *feminine law* that would reside in a new language. Speaking (as) woman (*parler-femme*) is not so much a definitive method as an experimental process or a discovery of the possible connections between female sexuality, spatiality and writing.[33]

Maternal Mourning—
_____*death recedes*

In dialogue with Irigaray as a maternal ground, I listen to the voices of Martin Heidegger (again), Françoise Dastur and Roland Barthes for their everyday discourses surrounding death, mourning and the maternal. The practice of Taiwanese artist Lee Mingwei adds another layer of significance bringing me in closer proximity with artistic expression that lingers within my practice. Lee's everyday communal practice opens up a setting for discussing a key temporal difference between *death* and *mourning* that opens toward discussions of the everyday. It is a dialogue that brings further depth to Chapter Two's conversation of the everyday across Maurice Blanchot and Juhani Pallasmaa.

Being-toward-death

In *Being and Time* Heidegger quotes Der Ackermann who says, "As soon as a human being comes into life, he is old enough to die."[34] This draws together the two horizon lines of Dasein: birth and death. As discussed earlier, the question of temporality is key to understanding Heidegger's thinking on death as an ontological condition of Dasein as a living being. Humans exist

Figure 7

Still Floating (Lake Wainamu), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Jono Cole (collaborator)

There's Something You're Not Telling Me
ST PAUL St Gallery Three, 2016

framed photograph

33   Luce Irigaray, "The 'Mechanics' of Fluids," in *This Sex Which Is Not One*, trans. Catherine Porter with Carolyn Burke (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1985)106-118. Irigaray writes that "speaking (as) woman" would try to disrupt or alter the syntax of discursive logic, based on the requirements of univocity and masculine sameness, in order to express the plurality and mutuality of feminine difference and mime the relations of "self-affection." This writing of bodies—Écriture Féminine—on conclusion to her *Fluids* text, is suggestive of a proximity in "such close touch with itself that it confounds your discretion" (p.118) ... of a self confounded by not having yet understood everything.

34   Heidegger, *Being and Time*, 236.

with a particular sense of finitude—insofar as we know that we
will die. Yet, within this knowing is the unknown—an uncanny (or
unheimlich or unhidden) arrives in this relation. Every moment
that I am alive is laced with the absolute potentiality of death.
Death cannot be held at a distance,[35] but rather I am living-with-
(my future)-death, I am being-toward-death. Death conditions a
vitality for which we understand our existence—we may conceal
this vitality in many kinds of instrumental and ideological folds of
they-self life—yet it comes authentically into being within our own
most possibility to be. Heidegger posits that the only authentic
death is one's own, and that the deaths of others are secondary
to my death. Simon Critchley reads in Heidegger that, "death is
non-relational in the sense in standing before others one has cut
off all relations to others. Death cannot be experienced through
the deaths of others, but only through my relation to my death."[36]
My relation to another's death cannot be my experience of my
own death. In nuancing difference to (and still with) Critchley,
I would further suggest that Heidegger is pointing to the fact
that we are alone in our own death *without* others—death as
an existential structure (i.e., our knowledge that we are mortal)
brings the question of relationality all the more vitally into our
authentic modes for being. We find that when we go along with the
'they-self' of dominant mores, we become increasingly removed
from authentic relations. In my analysis I include the process
of mourning as an integral existential condition structured by
being-toward-death. It is an extended process for proximity to
understanding Heidegger's authentic disclosure of being-toward-
death in the sense that mourning is a mutually dependent *process* of
being-toward-death, an affecting process that arrives continuously,
sporadically, without warning. Mourning is a temporal ecstatic
affect determined by its unpredictability—echoing one's own
mortal awareness. This awareness construes my practice as an
ontology of mourning: between two, the death of the other and
the (speculated) death of oneself, register radically in their spatio-

Figure 8

Casting a circle at Lake Wainamu, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Jono Cole (collaborator)

Auckland, 2016

35   I refer here to a passage in *Being and Time* in which Heidegger suggests
one *knows* about the certainty of death, and yet "is" not really certain about it…
One says that death certainly comes, but not right away. With this "but" the *they-
self* denies that death is certain". Death is held at a distance, postponed to a later
time, as everyday life continues unimpeded. P. 247, section 258.

36   Simon Critchley, 'Death', *The Guardian*, 13 July 2009, sec. Comment
is free, http://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/belief/2009/jul/13/
heidegger-being-time.

temporal differences. The death of the self results in nothing, or authenticity, or the "insuperable potentiality-of-being."[37] The death of the other results in mourning, and a deeper more nuanced awareness of one's own mortality, and indeed, capacity for authenticity. The death of the other is a condition held apart, yet opens mourning from this closure to become radical openness availing otherness to arrive unexpectedly in our uncanny (un-hidden) worlds.

Confronting Death—Mourning Opens

French philosopher Françoise Dastur[38] opens her 2012 text, *How are we to Confront Death? An Introduction to Philosophy*, with the question: How do we confront death? In such a significant question, she suggests (in part) that this is a question that imposes itself upon us at some critical moment in our lives—and from this point on it never really goes from our horizon of disclosure. Dastur draws significant inspiration from Heidegger, and there is much correspondent thinking between the two. Where Dastur unconceals a helpful difference is with respect to how she draws out the relation between death and mourning that Heidegger leaves largely untouched. She suggests that birth and death are not events marking out the external limits of an existence, but are rather fundamental dimensions for existing. They become durational events in that they exist as conditions that mark our entire living. Dastur then suggests that death is a future event, one that will never 'happen' to us, since we will not be there to witness it, even though we know we cannot escape it. Her suggestion is that death is the enigma of the total disappearance of our own being:

> We will never meet death in person, even though we will never stop feeling its inevitable presence weighing on us and as soon as we try to think it, we make it into an event in the world, even though it is nothing but the pure and simple disappearance of whoever undergoes it. There

Figure 9

Holding, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Carol Brown

Between two_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

Performance

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37   Heidegger, *Being and Time*, 245.

38   Much of Dastur's work has been focused on the work of Martin Heidegger.

is thus no experience of death as such: this is what led
Epicurus to claim that "death is of no concern to us, for
while we exist, death is not present, and where death is
present, we no longer exist". The death which we are
instead confronted with is always the death of others
and in particular those who are close to us. The foremost
experience is, for us, mourning.[39]

When Dastur describes death as an "event in the world" I
understand her to mean that it is something that we attempt to
face or understand through different modes of representation—
albeit its face is unrecognisable. In this sense, death becomes
an event of imagination, and yet as an event unlike all other
events, its thresholds are somewhat (more) difficult to locate,
express or define. In thinking through the event of death *as* an
unrecognisable face, and therefore a kind of representation of
the un-representable, it is the literature of Maurice Blanchot that
'shows' this event *as* a temporal 'instant'. Blanchot's short *récit, The
Instant of My Death*[40] recounts a young man brought before a firing
squad, only to be released from his near death. The allegorical
instant *between* certainty of death and uncertain return to life
also resonates with Dastur's event of death as the weight of its
inevitable presence. Blanchot's *récit* enacts both the represented
nature *as* event in his event of literature, as well as materially
construes the impossible representation of our own death in
depicting the 'instant' within a textual recounting. The 'instant'
is not the pure and simple disappearance of us, but life-living,
expressed durationally. It is the representation of the impossibility
of knowing our own experience of death, as our death is nothing
but the pure and simple disappearance of whoever undergoes
it. Blanchot shows us that surviving-on from this disappearance
becomes the event of the other-of-ourselves in surviving on,
whereby we confront death (instead) through processes of
mourning. Mourning would thus (in part) be constituted as a
survival condition—a living-on—that registers as durational
otherness moving across spectrums of 'instant' to 'eternal'. These

39   Francoise Dastur, *How Are We to Confront Death?: An Introduction to
Philosophy*, trans. Robert Vallier, 1 edition (New York: Fordham University Press,
2012), 2.
40   Maurice Blanchot and Jacques Derrida, *Demeure*, trans. Elizabeth
Rottenberg (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 2000).

durational registers are expressed and analysed significantly within the scope of this research—specifically discussed through processes of practice (Chapters Five to Eight). Roland Barthes also discloses durational aspects of mourning and also takes *time* with death—something akin to durational otherness:

(M)Otherness

> So desire still irrigates the non-will-to-possess by this perilous movement: *I love you* in my head, but I imprison it behind my lips. I do not divulge. I say silently to who is no longer or is not yet the other: *I keep myself from loving you.*[41]

> —*Roland Barthes*

Roland Barthes' *Mourning Diary*—written in the years between his mother's death in 1977 and his own in 1980—describes death as an event, until one day it is "no longer an event, it is another *duration,* compressed, insignificant, not narrated, grim, without recourse: true mourning not susceptible to any narrative dialectic."[42] This shifting of death from an event to durational otherness draws my research into sharper scrutiny with respect to the unscripted temporal qualities of mourning. For Barthes, 'true mourning' is not constituted by narrative dialectics, inferring durational and immersive expressions of mourning as messy, interrupting, unpredictable, without order—rather this is his philosophical *experience* of mourning. Barthes further describes this 'out of time' durational expression as an uncanny condition cutting into the continuity of our linear lives. For Barthes, mourning's character is discontinuous and contributes to something utterly terrifying[43] in its eruption without warning.[44] In the work of Cathy Caruth, who foregrounds trauma relations across literature, death and history within frameworks of

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41   Roland Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1979), 234.

42   Barthes, *Mourning Diary*, 50.

43   Barthes, 67.

44   In a further example, on page 53 of *Mourning Diary* Barthes recounts, "Now everywhere, in the street, the café, I see each individual under the aspect of ineluctably *having-to-die*, which is exactly what it means to be *mortal*.—And no less obviously, I see them as *not knowing this to be so."*

psychoanalysis, she moves a Freudian focus on death-drives (like Irigaray) into a life-affirmation within survival (or mourning). Caruth, following Freud, notes that trauma is not structured by the horrible events 'we' encounter in history, but rather is structured by the event of the unexpected (and surviving-on).[45] She draws out Freud's understanding of the temporal condition (or structure of) trauma with respect to encounters of death, constituted by 'a break in the mind's experience of time'… In Freud's own words: "We may, I think, tentatively venture to regard the common traumatic neurosis as a consequence of an extensive breach being made in the protective shield against stimuli. … We still attribute importance to the element of fright. It is caused by a lack of any preparedness for anxiety." As Caruth continues Freud's analysis, "The breach in the mind—the psyche's awareness of the threat to life—is not caused by a direct threat or injury, but by fright, the lack of preparedness to take in a stimulus that comes too quickly."[46] Certainly, this gives us some bearings for Barthes' characterisation of mourning as discontinuous and without warning—bringing about utterly terrifying affects or stimuli and their repetition. In my understanding I also come to think that we might master something if it were just predictable—in this sense, I have attempted the impossible face of unpredictability within my spatial practice through 'designating' an open programme across sites, across works and between performance and installation dialogues. It is not that I desire to construct frightful encounters for my audience; rather, I wish to express durational arrivals (such as cosmic events and *récits* offered by allegorical and material site-associations) constituted by figures of mourning that survive on and take us into ineffable solitude. Freud understood that fright manifest trauma's structure through (in part) observing in war survivors (or survivors of other such death-orientated events)—within their occurrences of repetitions in dream-*récits*—their

45 Caruth continues this analysis to suggest repetition is a fundamental re-enactment of returning to the *before* point of the unexpected: "The theory of repetition compulsion as the unexpected encounter with an event that the mind misses and then repeatedly attempts to grasp is the story of a failure of the mind to return to an experience it has never quite grasped, the repetition of an originary departure from the moment that constitutes the very experience of trauma. See Cathy Caruth, "Parting Words: Trauma, Silence, and Survival," and "Sigmund Freud, Beyond the Pleasure Principle," in *Literature in the Ashes of History* (Baltimore, Maryland: JHU Press, 2013)15.

46 Cathy Caruth, *Literature in the Ashes of History* (Baltimore, Maryland: JHU Press, 2013), 5–6.

waking in fright. However, my ontology of mourning extends itself allegorically whereby my spatial practice listens to the sites themselves and 'they' constitute the 'analysand' (as discussed in Chapter Four), allowing (an attempt) for an open spatial history to speak across human sites and sites of ruin. Fright might come to be—but the attempt has no way of knowing.

Barthes further expresses this 'fright' in more resonant and solitary schemes between death and mourning within spatial settings: these unexpected moments disclose his mother's unbidden return. For example, through the word *voilà* on the lips of a girl at the bakery, this utterance reminds him of the repetitive expression he used when presenting something to his mother; or a butter dish at his brother's house that returns him painfully to her household; or one detail of décor seen in a film that returns his mother to him; swallows that fly through a summer evening also offer these returns. These unexpected arrivals are the details that haunt us on an everyday continuum and it is this everyday trajectory that shifts the trauma from horror to an essential solitude. It is probably my PhD research accumulating over a four-year span that creates movement across registers of pre and post grief, whereby my mourning-songs also move from fright to an essential solitude tonality. In my final PhD show, *Between two_____* the attempt is to open mourning-songs (the sites and their settings) cued through mourning-stones (installed and performed works within these sited situations), that open toward our temporary sanctuary and essential solitude. In this respect I would like to turn toward the resonating practice of Lee Mingwei for his enactment of mourning within creative practice.

Mo(u)rning Stones of Otherness

Taiwanese-born (1964), New York|Paris-based artist Lee Mingwei considers art to be rich with the possibility of audience participation, and the majority of his work seeks to elucidate qualities of conversation, interaction and participation. Zen Buddhism has been a major influence in Lee's life and work, reflected in actions from within everyday life that reveal consistencies across repetition and differences—manifesting

everyday life as changing yet ongoing. Many of the works operate around ideas of invitation and hospitality. I encountered *Lee Mingwei and His Relations: The Art of Participation*[47] (which showcased eight projects from the artist's career to date) at Auckland Art Gallery in March 2017, alongside curated works from New Zealand artists such as Dane Mitchell and Colin McCahon. Of the eight projects shown, three held particular resonance for me in relation to mourning, the maternal, and ethics: *The Letter Writing Project, 100 Days with Lily* and *Sonic Blossom.* Each work deals explicitly with death and are conjoined by the thematic of 'relations' housed within the overarching show's title: this thematic term refers to Lee's family genealogy as well as the relations created between Lee's work and visitors to the gallery. Significantly, the three works named above arose from specific moments of loss (or potential loss) within the artist's life. For some time, I have questioned the potentiality for making explicit reference to my personal subjective narratives. Lee's work offers a significant ground for me to reflect this complication, to which my PhD research finds its most considered resolve, through Benjamin's understanding of allegory and its relation to material ruin— discussed analytically in Chapter Four. However, Lee's creative practice offered a movement across the autobiographical and toward the collective experience for audience.

After entering Lee's show through a long hallway containing a series of family photographs, I emerged into a large room with a high ceiling, housing *The Letter Writing Project*. It consists of three immaculate timber and translucent-glass booths, each with a table for writing; one at kneeling height, one with a small stool, and one at standing height. These positions make reference to three physical positions of Zen meditation. Each table holds a stack of paper, held inside a letter tray, a simple pencil, and a stack of envelopes. This work emerged after the death of Lee's maternal grandmother, with whom he was extremely close.

> When my maternal grandmother passed away, I still had many things to say to her but it was too late. For the next

47   This exhibition also contained work from other international artists with whom I am very familiar: John Cage, Lee Ufan, Allan Kaprow and Yves Klein—all hold significance for my practice. Cage's practice will be discussed in Chapter Three.

year and a half, I wrote many letters to her, as if she were still alive, in order to share my thoughts and feelings with her.[48]

In this work, visitors are invited to write the letters they had always meant to, but never located time for. Lee's wall-text instructions invite this time for writing a letter of unexpressed gratitude, forgiveness or apology to a deceased or otherwise absent loved one.

You are asked to remove your shoes before entering any booth, and it appears an open gesture that these are solitary spaces to allow for a solitary task. In my first visit—on the opening night—the invitation took a strong hold of me and I felt my body almost rush into a booth—my shoes quickly off, I knelt and 'my' words expressed themselves without consciousness or control. As soon as I entered the space of this booth my everyday world disappeared and I entered into a kind of sanctuary conditioned by solitary enclosure, generosity of invitation and necessity to commune with my other. I had entered into some intermediary zone, a foggy threshold that offered some kind of magic, a portal of sorts, through which I could send a message. Lee's booths articulate my spatial description of a temporary sanctuary, yet they operate very differently from my own creative practice. Lee's 'temporary sanctuaries' explicitly invite participation through their overt relation to loss and the explicit offering of writing a letter to this absent other—an invitation of unexpressed gratitude, forgiveness or apology. The spatial programming of Lee's work is highly guided. It works effectively because of its explicit instructional and invitation tenor within the economy of a minor gesture (writing a letter). However, while I construe that both Lee's work and my own put into place an invitational spatial syntax with respect to conditions of mourning, my own work attempts ineffable reflection

Figure 11

The Letter Writing Project, Lee Mingwei
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

Lee Mingwei and the art of Participation
Auckland Art Gallery, 2016

Installation, dimensions variable

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48   'Lee Mingwei and His Relations: The Art of Participation', Auckland Art Gallery, accessed 28 March 2018, https://www.aucklandartgallery.com/whats-on/exhibition/lee-mingwei-and-his-relations-the-art-of-participation. Further, I find resonance across Roland Barthes' *Mourning Diary*, as stated simply in the book's foreword by editor Nathalie Léger: "The day after his mother's death, October 25, 1977, Roland Barthes began a 'mourning diary.' He wrote in ink, sometimes in pencil, on slips of paper (regular typing paper cut into quarters) of which he kept in constant supply on his desk" (ix). It is a practice of everyday activity in writing form that brings proximity of our loved ones into our familiar routines which construe our lives, living on. This practice also resonates with my work *Silent Writing*, discussed in Chapter Five.

based on working site-specifically within more open and porous conditions for reading and writing its ruin.

Lee's intent is keenly felt in the simplicity of the invitational structures and systems as a participating process. Once finished writing, one can choose to address and seal the envelope (in which case gallery staff will post it on your behalf) or leave the envelope unsealed and placed within the booth for others to read. I visited this show eight times, often writing a letter as well as reading some of those that had been left unsealed. At every visit, I was struck by the sheer number of letters addressed to some variation of the maternal:

Mum, Mama, Mother, Grandmother, Mom, Madre

Though I read as many as I could, it was not so much the content that struck me, but rather the connection to the maternal as a significant anchoring figure, and an eternal desire to communicate with *her*. The death of the mother brings us close to mortality in ways that are connected to our birth. In *The Letter Writing Project*, the death of the mother un-conceals itself to me within my processes of reading and writing letters: as a participatory work 'her absence' brings me closer to my own mortality. It produces spatial questions probing a concept of 'holding'—from our birth into the legacy of our lives living on, eternally. In this sense 'her absence' brings emphasis to our own mortality, especially as our recognition of her mortality assures us that ours is now closer. We share together this holding and I return to Barthes' earlier evocation: "For months, I have been her mother. It is as if I had lost my daughter (a greater grief than that? It had never occurred to me)."[49] It spurs the lineage of motherhood and that our significant m/others have been daughters and the roles across parenting and being parented blur, interrupting time and histories through our personalised mourning stones that are shared with others. It seems that the loss of my own mother has spurred my work toward the enigma of the call to and from 'her'. It is a call invited in Lee's work, yet it is through participation by others that its call is heard, ineffably received and redistributed. It invites others to mourn through an open, minor and anonymous process.

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49   Barthes, *Mourning Diary*, 56.

It opens us to work at our own personalised economy whereby we are not necessarily called to name our other: our 'who' or specific 'loss'—we can seal our letters or openly place them for others to read. Mourning un-conceals its ontology of spatial affirmation and generosity as an unconditional holding gesture. Barthes returns (again and again) in his fragmentary writing, articulating my mourning as he mourns his mother and strangely brings me closer to Lee's practice within the discontinuities of everyday life such as writing 'alone', holding us closer to our significant others— allowing space of unconcealing (*Aletheia*) for them, for us.

> …an empty chair speaks of a future arrival or a loss: it anticipates the person who will sit: it remembers the person who did sit. A body leaves its imprint on the chair, which holds the memory of the body in place. The pathos of an empty chair holds both memory of loss and anticipation of return in all the particularity of a person, in character, in quality. It remembers both authority and vulnerability. A chair, in short, is also a memorial device.[50]

Dastur suggests that in taking up these practices we initiate a new kind of relationship with the deceased. It is a relationship that no longer requires the physical presence of the body. She suggests this new mode of the relationship is a way of proving that the deceased has not yet completely disappeared and that he or she remains in the memory of the living. Memory in the practices of Barthes, Lee and myself are embodied, performed and installed. *The Letter Writing Project* reveals that the subjects to which these maternal letters are addressed are not necessarily deceased, but are absent in ways that complicate any binary of living/dead—a complication in relation to time and space whereby mourning enacts discontinuities and unexpected arrivals of re-memorial. My practice aims toward an open invitation to these uncanny and unexpected arrivals for and to others. This is not to suggest that these arrivals will explicitly occur in encounters of my spatial practice. However, what will occur is the invitation for these possibilities in the open programming and subtle registers for which the work remembers others—other sites, their settings

Figure 13

Nothing Holds Us, Part Two, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Things I Didn't Know
Corban Estate Arts Centre, 2017

Steel, wax

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50   Alice Rayner, *Ghosts: Death's Double and the Phenomena of Theatre* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2006), 112.

and the allegorical human remains re-memorialised specifically through ruins. I felt intensely Dastur's 'new relationship' while in the booth, that my act of writing to a departed figure went far beyond the idea of emotional catharsis, and became more a process of reforming my relation to a now absent maternal figure. The writing renewed a maternal connection that I had not ever experienced before.

100 Days with Lily also arose from the death of Lee's maternal grandmother. In a simple act, he planted a lily bulb in a small pot and chose to live with it twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week as a ritualised way of mourning. He witnessed the life cycle of the lily, from planting to germination, blooming to dying. He randomly 'chose' his (*Aletheian*) moment each day in his act of recording what he was doing. This manifested in a list of 100 things (spanning the entire 100-day project), the text of which is superimposed over five photographs of Lee with the lily.

Mourning rituals in contemporary secular Western communities seem to have steadily waned over the last century or more. It is no longer expected or even known that one would wear black to a funeral (or beyond); veils, caps and armbands are rarely worn; cameos and lockets with the hair of the departed are no longer commonplace; the closing of blinds, the wrapping of the body in a shroud by the family, the noted periods of time for immediate mourning are no longer formally observed; the erection and unveiling of headstones … all of these rituals have passed beyond the common. I am not suggesting a return to the strict mourning rules imposed during the Georgian or Victorian periods,[51] merely bringing to appearance how everyday rituals of mourning have been secreted silently into secular life. In some senses my site-specific research has grown out of this silent or ineffable secretion. It notices a necessity for essential solitude within everyday life and responds to this necessity through locating spatial associations within the rhythms and settings of everyday life.

51   For further interest, see 'The Mask Series' (Halford, 'The Mask Series (1998-). In which Halford staged a series of solitary performances resulting in a series of photographic prints. The piece was based on historical information, in which women in the Middle Ages were engaged to work as professional mourners. Their role was to "choreograph the expression of people's grief so that it had a public dimension and didn't consume the bereaved in its chaos."

In the absence of these mourning rituals, Lee's process might seem at first somewhat exaggerated, yet in my view there is an eloquent generosity to audiences who encounter the work through its simple presentation (five photos adorned by his inscribed list of 100 things per day) balanced within a fairly arduous conceptual and extended live-task. Imagine carrying *anything* with you for more than three months, without fail.[52] Lee explains that the lily is a very important symbol in Taiwanese culture because through its life cycle it traverses both masculine and feminine imagery and biological states. In its bulb form it looks like a male scrotum and is deemed to be a male organism in a spiritual sense. Upon germination and bloom it follows a feminine cycle of birth and growth, leading to death. For Lee, this alludes not only to the life cycle of his grandmother, but also to that of woman's capacity for pregnancy. The lily died on day 79, however Lee continued to carry it with him until day 100. This notion of a continued *carrying* further evokes the maternal tie for me, as well as echoing the experience of mourning. It is something that we *carry* with us in the same way that one might *carry* a child, either through pregnancy or through other more fluid notions of *holding* that don't rest on biological constraints. And, as Barthes' quote suggests, he became his mother's mother, *holding* a 'child' thus not depending on gender roles, biological determination or even age—with the latter signifying Barthes' mother was clearly *always* 'older' than he. While Lee's practice eloquently establishes a balanced presentation working across empirical data and aesthetic representation, he also draws out the economy of mourning as a process of letting go—without being didactic or heavy handed. Yet the personal experience for Lee's 100-day carrying of the lily construes multiple complexities and mini-narratives: death suggests a certain requirement to let *something* go, but not the specifics for *what* or *when* this elusive something might disappear or retreat. Lee states that this process was a way for him to mourn his grandmother. He also recounts stories of people who would initiate conversations with him as he carried the lily while travelling to and from the textile factory he was working at in California. This element of the work,

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52   I'm aware of the paradox of this statement by a woman who is almost full term in her pregnancy. But then pregnancy constitutes both an everyday and yet exceptional lived-in durational holding.

though only anecdotally documented, reinforces Lee's position that through his practice, he is interested in capturing relationships between himself and others, via performances and actions that bring us into a world of self-awareness via routine activities of sleeping, eating, walking, gift-giving. His works are often deeply concerned with the passing of time, and the sharing of space.

An Ontology of Mo(u)rning

As I have attempted to make clear, maternal grief is embedded into my very existence through such everyday things as the inheritance of a name along with my thrown-ness whereby my mother's loss of her mother (at an early age, prior to my birth) construes my own understanding for living-on as part of my being—living-on underpins an affirmation of mourning within this ontology: there were countless moments where I saw my mother overcome with sharp mourning for her own mother. She would cry for a moment, tell me a story or recall something that seemed banal to a ten-year-old, then dry her eyes and carry on living. This expression of mourning serves now as a path. One of my most immediate thoughts when my mother died was, "I know how to do this," for I watched her do it all my life. I need not weep over her lost moonstone earrings, their loss was already written when Mama lost her own mother's white sapphire earrings.[53] As inferred, there is a relation between 'mourning' and 'morning' that began as a slip, and then became a vital element in the unfolding of maternal and feminine traces. There is an inference here to day and dusk (as my *eve*ning song), that brings to mind the name Eve, a feminine trace that haunts—referring to the ghosting of the significant (biblical *récit* as first woman) scoring its matrilineal name of pattern and return. The absence of the 'u' in morning is both a nod to the night/day relation, and a way for expressing ineffability at the heart of everyday mourning: the eve of mourning occluded by the morning of return. Each passing of day or time is an act of holding the passing of 'you' or the passing from 'u' to morning. The morning always rises, mourning its rise.

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53   At some points, I look around, realising that we are all mourning, all the time, and this realisation places an ethical demand upon me to care for others as I need to be cared for. This is what she taught me. This is what she always prepared me for. She lives in the acts of my having known how to survive on through and with her lessons—as lessons of care for others.

All that is described so far gathers around an ontology of mourning as expressed in my spatial practice—and its ontology of mourning opens up sites of spatial and temporal expression within a minor gesture of invitation toward others (to be with otherness). But who or what is this other? Described so far, it is the lingering of the absent other in the figure of the maternal. It is revealed through the truth of (her) un-concealing as the withdrawal of Being. It is also that which survives on in *her* as an open responsibility to others in what she has taught me. But why would I need to be responsible for others? She teaches me that unconditional care for others is born/e in mourning. In her own loss of her mother, she knew that loss is part of everyday life and her responsibility for being a mother places the unconditional responsibility for teaching or showing this loss as a responsibility in living. As my life continues, in and of survival of my mother, I encounter responsibility through my artistic, research and teaching practices. Spatial and temporal discontinuities multiply in mourning that teach me to go with the unexpected within everyday life. Through the work of Heidegger my truth within this ontological structure is held as an unconcealing or *Aletheia*. It is a truth that arrives without predestining but rather signals my own most possibility to be; futurity projects my line of authentic disclosure. This disclosure is structured by my knowledge of finitude (being-toward-death). Authentic Dasein opens this horizon as an affirmation and mourning registers this authenticity within my spatial practice. I have attempted to reveal that my own most possible horizon for disclosure within this research is that which affirms mourning and it is this disclosure that houses my truth as un-concealing, whereby the density of everyday life shifts its ground into poetic dwelling. Irigaray reveals poetic dwelling as a potentiality within dominant strictures of everyday syntactical-spatial life. This dwelling with mo(u)rning shifts mastery of truth as calculated presence and brings into becoming a non-possessive lingering with life as we turn and face our others—our maternal others. Dastur brings poignant underpinnings to differences across Heidegger's death that cannot be presented or represented, and rather affirms mourning as a new relationship with those we have lost—acknowledging that the deceased are still lingering. Understanding that death is un-representable

except through fictional acts, Dastur un-conceals these acts as
extended durations of mourning. What withdraws is the ongoing
weight that holds us riveted to existence in the knowledge of
our finitude, un-concealing our mourning-song as the deceased
living-on, interrupting us in their uncanny arrivals. Barthes and
Lee reveal this living on in acts of writing. For Barthes there is
a temporal disruption, that can be shocking in its unexpected
arrival and yet through the longevity of being in mourning it
opens poetic resonance with our everyday details. The trauma of
the unexpected shifts in my practice to an expression of extended
duration that my performance and installation practice attempts
in its invitation for others to dwell. It is a dwelling located by
my practice in listening to the sites' ineffable ghosts, which offer
a renewed relation scripted across my work, the site and the
visitor. The 'u' of mourning continues silently to call otherness,
accruing its multitude, both singularly and collectively to reveal
our everyday as a shifting ground. In this sense, the everyday is
littered with ghosts and it is something that I shall touch on, now,
in the next chapter in dialogue with Maurice Blanchot and Juhani
Pallasmaa—both observe (differently) that the urban everyday is
only made 'real' through its ghosts. It is the presence of absence.
Every mo(u)rning, morning.

The everyday escapes. This is its definition. We cannot help but miss it if we seek it through knowledge, for it belongs to a region where there is still nothing to know, just as it is prior to all relation insofar as it has always already been said, even while remaining unformulated, that is to say, not yet information.[54]

—*Maurice Blanchot*

The street is not ostentatious, passers-by go by unknown, visible-invisible, representing only the anonymous "beauty" of faces and the anonymous "truth" of people essentially destined to pass-by, without a truth proper to them and with out distinctive traits (when we meet someone in the street, it comes always by surprise and as if by mistake, for one does not recognize oneself there; in order to go forth to meet another, one must first tear oneself away from an existence without identity).[55]

—*Maurice Blanchot*

Everyday Otherness

After a lengthy Chapter One, my aim for this chapter is to simply reveal the significance of Maurice Blanchot's concept of the everyday as a region that disappears—and, in this movement of disappearance, show correspondence to the concept of truth-as-unconcealing in the withdrawal of being (*Aletheia*).[56]

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54   Maurice Blanchot and Susan Hanson, 'Everyday Speech', *Yale French Studies*, no. 73 (1987): 15, https://doi.org/10.2307/2930194.

55   Blanchot and Hanson, 18.

56   In focusing here primarily on Maurice Blanchot's conceptualisation of the everyday, I acknowledge the plethora of work in this category. Primary examples of this work is that by Henri Lefebvre done in 1947 in *The Critique of Everyday* that extends this essay in 1958 and continues new developments in 1962 with *Everyday Life in the Modern World*. Also of note is Michel de Certeau's *The Practice of Everyday Life* in 1980 and published in English in 1984, where he discusses the political difference between strategies and tactic in relation to oppression and expression. Everyday life becomes a political tactic within ordinary rituals such as eating, cooking, walking, writing, dwelling. These are just two significant thinkers in whose work I could locate similarities across Blanchot's thesis on the everyday; however they also inherit different projects. Michel de Certeau's project is brilliant for its weaving in analysis of the street as spatial-linguistic utterances 'filtered' or 'sieved' through city planning. Yet his project is concerned with power relations across urban planning and everyday life, taking along with him the philosophical work of Michel Foucault on institutions and power. I do not remark on these different 'everyday' theses, partly because there is not significant space and time here. Nor is my thesis solely a work of scholarship contributing to the studies of everyday life. Further, the work of Blanchot finds

The everyday's incessant disappearance also coincides with a
movement across death and mourning whereby my ontology of
mourning suggests contemplation arrives (or un-conceals) from
out of the (withdrawal of) dark-regions of everyday life. Blanchot
will suggest that in the escape of the everyday, nothing of it can
be re-presented—no presentation—rather it just incessantly
continues to become: the everyday's movement is one that cannot
be captured or seized upon in its 'betrayal' of appearance. Rather
its refusal offers instead another path for thinking relationality
with others—through its anonymous and incessant materiality.
Otherness in Blanchot's everyday schema would not offer distance
but rather a complication of distance/proximity, or in my work
a complexity with the concept of *between*. Blanchot's everyday
insists upon the disappearance of distance so that our becoming
could only be constituted upon a 'region' of becoming with
others, with otherness. Strangely my spatial practice aligns with
this disappearance of the between in its attempt for inseparable
otherness—to which I call *ineffability*—speaking within sites
of everyday ruin. Their (these others') everyday region—or
spacings—opens to an invitation for temporary sanctuary through
dissolving measures of time and space.[57] In this sense the chapter
discusses two significant aspects of the everyday in relation to (my
project on) mourning: its disappearance inviting in the density
of ghosts or otherness and its spacing forwarding [our] essential
solitude.

Everyday Disappearance—Un-concealing Ghosts

The previous chapter addresses mourning's interruption of
the fabric of our everyday lives. A detail of otherness arrives
unexpectedly, discombobulating us: the girl in the bakery utters
'*voilà*'—*she* ex-ists *as* time-
out-of-joint or ec-static temporality. In this sense our going along

significant resonance across the work of Martin Heidegger in relation to the
concept of truth as un-concealing in the withdrawal of being (*Aletheia*). Blanchot's
concept of the *récit* becomes highly significant too for moving beyond the auto-
biographical narratives and into the anonymous lived-experience as a poetic
event—it is a poetic event made possible by the different material and allegorical
associations that I draw out in my process chapters vis-a-vis site-writings.

57   In the following Chapter (Three) I will come to discuss the 'locale' of
this dissolution of calculated time and space through the conceptual expression:
without alibi.

with our everyday lives is *only* revealed through our proximity with others. Barthes' *Mama* did not arrive in the bakery, on the lips of a girl, through Barthes' command of her. His everyday life did not search her out—or rather the repetition of his everyday life (visiting the bakery as a regular occurrence) disappeared for him in 'her' arrival on the lips of this girl. The girl's utterance of '*voilà*' speaks the ineffability of his mother's ineffability. Or more precisely it is the ineffability of ghostly utterances that dissolves the everyday and brings to appearance a proximity to Barthes and his *Mama* without borders, without distance. In my analysis here, I cannot speculate on the ec-static temporal-spatial lingering, shape or regioning of Barthes with his mother except to understand that this sanctuary houses us with the deceased, regioning us as a condition of dwelling *as* disappearance. Blanchot's everyday escapes in this immeasurable mourning scene, also establishing an (im)possibility for measuring its escape through this uncanny or strange spatio-temporal interruption. Blanchot is aware of this paradoxical scene within everyday disappearance and its interruptions. As he suggests in his seminal text, *Everyday Speech:*

> The everyday is platitude (what lags and falls back, the residual life with which our trashcans and cemeteries are filled: scrap and refuse) but this banality is also what is most important, if it brings us back to existence in its very spontaneity and as it is lived-in the moment when, lived, it escapes every speculative formulation perhaps all coherence all regularity.[58]

What escapes is the measure of everyday life formulated through the clutches of speculation, social mores, political bureaucracy— delivering instead a site of lived-in existence within its rhythms of spontaneity or the unexpected.[59] Blanchot's everyday that brings us back to existence also aligns with Heidegger's own most possibility

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58   Blanchot and Hanson, 'Everyday Speech', 13.

59   Note the opening quote to this chapter describing the movement of anonymous 'beauty', anonymous 'truth' of the street as we form part of a crowd that gets severely interrupted if we meet someone we 'know' and have to tear ourselves away from anonymity to move and greet them. This would be an example of moving forward into social mores that construct our autos or images by which our imaginary enters into 'empty speech' and symbolic regioning.

to be when we are underway with our projects. In the arrival
of this (above) quote, it is not by accident that the spontaneity
it speaks of includes the life of cemeteries: they are regions of
everyday life that provide a lived-in affirmation for bringing
us in touch with existence. Its banal ineffability moves in me
'between' the minor key of everyday life toward the ruins of major
architectural sites that Juhani Pallasmaa speaks of:

> In Egyptian temples we encounter the silence that
> surrounded the pharaohs, in the silence of the Gothic
> cathedral we are reminded of the last dying note of
> a Gregorian chant, and the echo of Roman footsteps
> has just faded away from the walls of the Pantheon.
> Old houses take us back to the slow time and silence
> of the past. The silence of architecture is a responsive,
> remembering silence. A powerful architectural experience
> silences all external noise; it focuses our attention on our
> very existence, and as with all art, it makes us aware of our
> fundamental solitude.[60]

Between the cemetery of everyday life and the architecture of
great ruins exists something kindred in their ability to bring our
attention to our very existence. They both speak ineffably, yet it
is an ineffability drawn out by different durational qualities. In
Blanchot's everyday the past does not come into becoming through
ordinary private lives being made immortal through public life,
monumentalised through historic and political rhetoric, through
their 'fictions'. The great architectural ruins evoked (above) are
not the same everyday material for Blanchot as these major-sites
re-situate ordinary details of life through the immortalising (of)
forms coming to appearance through universal material made
fictional.[61] In this Blanchotian sense, the everyday disappears
and the material for drawing attention to our lived-in existence
becomes opaque and buried. Pallasmaa's quote draws attention
to a temporality of the everyday within 'now' monumentalised
architecture. That is to say, these great figures of architecture (such
as Greek Temples, Gothic Cathedrals, the Roman Pantheon) both

60   Juhani Pallasmaa, *The Eyes of the Skin: Architecture and the Senses*, 2 edition
(Chichester : Hoboken, NJ: Academy Press, 2005), 51.

61   Blanchot and Hanson, 'Everyday Speech', 12–13.

hold their monumental rhetoric and also speak their everyday ineffability. Our past is their everyday—silently uttering a depth of everyday life that we become a part of. As Pallasmaa's evocative quote suggests, "a powerful architectural experience … focuses our attention on our very existence … it makes us aware of our fundamental solitude."[62]. He does not only evoke monumental architecture in his analysis of this powerful architectural experience, equally it is old houses too that hold this capacity for distilling us into the material ineffability of our anonymous everyday finitude. Between Blanchot and Pallasmaa the everyday holds a fecund depth of material utterances that bring attention to living existence, living without alibi, without monumental rhetorical distractions. Blanchot's everyday comments on the everyday society of its time, written in 1959, critiquing the impossibility for space and time, for the spontaneity of lived-in existence to come to appearance; Pallasmaa's on the fundamental solitude so necessary for bringing in our attention to existence. This impossibility of the late 1950s is essentially a critique of its daily life becoming incessantly captured, imaged, represented, manifesting in people an 'empty look' through lack of this other everyday spontaneity. Like the past of old houses that dissolve distances between everyday lives of past and present, Blanchot's writing also dissolves everyday borders between today and the late 1950s:

> One can say that in this attempt to recapture it at its own level, the everyday loses any power to reach us; it is no longer what is lived, but what can be seen or what shows itself, spectacle and description, without any active relation whatsoever. The whole world is offered to us, but by way of a look. We are no longer burdened by events, as soon as we behold their image with an interested, then simply curious, then empty but fascinated look. What good is it taking part in a street demonstration, since at the same moment, secure and at rest, we are at the demonstration in itself, thanks to a television set?[63]

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62   Pallasmaa, *The Eyes of the Skin*, 51.

63   Blanchot and Hanson, 'Everyday Speech', 4.

The 'empty but fascinated look' captured by today's incessant archival techniques, such as those that we image by social media, underpins a concern within this research. The attempt to bring visitors toward their fundamental existence or solitude, through silencing the incessant and empty everyday noise, is brought into proximity—or disappearance—through listening to the ineffable utterances of everyday ruins. While some of these utterances within everyday-ruins are housed or activated through my performance installation practice, they also hold allure for being made into cinematic, photographic and monumental images. Yet, I have attempted to draw out other material affects, embodying a wider datum of everyday life through the scripts of my mourning-songs. These wider everyday regions are construed through spatio-temporal discontinuities (such as my *Sojourns* and *Holding* performances; alongside 'swims' detailed in *Entry Upon Entry* works); other discontinuities 'speak' through material embodiment of settings such as everyday weather and cosmic life. Everyday life is not just a human enterprise but rather is given life within 'our' settings, through the spontaneous rhythms of planetary and cosmological existence. This concern for the incessant imaging of everyday life is, of course, a significant question for an artist. How might the essential solitude come into being without the gaze or look of empty fascination burying it further into the con-strictures of everyday life? In asking this question I turn to face relations between these represented strictures—including the imaging strictures of language—and thereby locate the slippages between ineffability and empty speech—drawing a keener focus to the concept of dwelling within essential solitude.[64]

Everyday Dwelling—Solitude's Expression

Heidegger suggests that language is the house of Being, evoking

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[64]   Mining the slippages within dominant registers of language has been discussed with respect to Luce Irigaray's work in Chapter One. The term 'empty speech' is also a psychoanalytic term inherited from Jacques Lacan. It refers to the clinical setting and the analytic process in relation to the 'talking cure'—speech. Lacan's 'empty speech' refers to the realm (or noise) of everyday imaginary referring to the way in one-to-one inter-subjective life, we utilise images to substantiate ourselves-our egos. For further reading, please see: Jacques Lacan, (1953). "The Function and Field of Speech and Language in Psychoanalysis," in *Ecrits: The First Complete Edition in English*, trans. Bruce Fink (NY: W.W. Norton & Company, 2006).

the metaphorics of domestic or everyday architecture.[65] His metaphorics are bringing emphasis to dwelling as a verb or everyday under-way-ness in Dasein's own most possibility to be.[66] Like Blanchot's everyday, we are incessantly underway with our projects and when our projects become thwarted—by the death of another for example—we become 'stranded' or taken out of our everyday situated-ness.[67] Heidegger suggests language constitutes being insofar as we are speaking beings unlike other existents. Language cloaks us and we are born into it—we do not determine it. It is part of our *building, dwelling* and *thinking*—hence his performative example that 'architects' language as a *dwelling-region.* In this domestic metaphor, Heidegger expresses our essential solitude—not as a region 'locatable' through being on our own, within a Cartesian scientifically map-able house, but rather, space and time become profoundly immeasurable when we locate our ontological existential selves within everyday life. In everyday life or everyday language (such as we are speaking beings) we bring closer (*de-severance* or de-distance) our dwelling within our surrounding (everyday) world. For Blanchot this *de-severance* occurs in our anonymity within the street—rather than pictured by 'street maps'. In Pallasmaa's earlier quote this de-distancing occurs in the profound spaces of ancient or historic architectures that echo immeasurable everyday lives—silencing us in our inseparable ('collective') dwelling with others. We become anonymous, neither subject of this everyday or subject of another. This returns us to the complexity of my concept 'between' that here expresses

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65   "The capacity to speak distinguishes the human being as a human being. Such a distinguishing mark bears in itself the very design of human essence. Man would not be man if speaking was denied—In as much as language grants this very thing, the essence of man consists in language. Thus we are within language, at home in language, prior to everything else." Heidegger, "The Way To Language," in *Basic Writings,* ed. David Farrell Krell (San Francisco: Harper Collins, 1992), 398.

66   David Farrell-Krell, ed., *Martin Heidegger: Basic Writings* (San Francisco: Harper Collins, 1992), 343–64.

67   There is a complicated thesis at work in Heidegger's analysis of authentic and inauthentic Dasein here. While our under-way-ness falls into forgetfulness as we are simply going along with life, interruptions to everyday life and resulting stranded-ness are significant moments for reflecting on our own-most-possibility to be. Heidegger will see in this region of becoming stranded a space for being more deeply in touch with existence; with our essential solitude. It is a regioning where we will come to question our 'they-self' that has become too caught up—too unthinking—within in dominant societal rhetoric and mores, for example—at these times we will come (or have the presentment) to question our authenticity within these more instrumental and entangled openings. For further reading please see: Heidegger, *Basic Writings,* ed. David Farrell Krell.

within our anonymous everyday lives to merge with the ineffability of others (deceased, ghosts, human and sites). It returns us to Blanchot's everyday that insists upon the disappearance of distance so that our becoming is constituted on a 'region' of becoming (into) otherness. While the opaque materiality made up of a confluence of everydays, de-distances any scientific measure of time and space, it does offer a measure approximate to Blanchot's, Pallasmaa's and Heidegger's fundamental-essential solitude—a region conceived in my practice as the *between* and described as 'temporary sanctuary'.

The essential solitude that Heidegger, Pallasmaa and Blanchot speak of expresses an affecting force of being in the world without separation—an inseparable regioning for commingling with our ghosts (human and otherwise) within its potentiality for silencing a multitude of recaptured (or re-imaged) noise. Heidegger and Blanchot will return us to the poetics of the everyday within the abstraction of literary expression. As a writer of literature, Blanchot's project as shown in his critical *récit The Essential Solitude*—attempts to enter into the material forces of poetic expression, losing his self-presence and becoming anonymous. In this de-distancing expression of essential solitude, he attempts to lose his authorial ego and disappear into the textual body— becoming 'many and no one in particular' as an effect of the literary text.[68] Blanchot's essential solitude is the sheer *affirming* power of literary language that *speaks* us and in doing so also absents us (or silences our individuated egos), hence our essential solitude is revealed as we become anonymous and part of a larger community of (anonymous) existence. In Pallasmaa's *de-severance* 'echo', the affirming power of architecture also absents, or makes, us anonymous as we become populated within a larger and deeper community of memories, traces, material affects, within the echoes of pasts that become woven into live-passings. Both Heidegger and Blanchot align within the affirming power of poetic arts within language, and hence the architecture of everyday life consists as a language of poetic street utterances—*'voilà'* on the lips of an anonymous girl, in a bakery, *de-servers* a son—a mama. The street is

68   Maurice Blanchot, 'The Essential Solitude', in *The Station Hill Blanchot Reader: Fiction & Literary Essays*, trans. Paul Auster, Lydia Davis, and Robert Lamberton (New York: Station Hill Press, 1999), 401–15.

alive with its banal poetics regioning us in existential attention for commingling with others.

I return to the beginning of my PhD research (as also discussed in the first process chapter, Chapter 5), with its attention toward silence. It drew my attention through Heidegger's profound thinking between silence and language, locating silence as a fundamental authentic discourse. In moving through silence, I moved toward the ineffable. The architecture of silence as an authentic discourse is opened in the house of language and held between vigilance and expression of poetic dwelling:

> Language is the house of Being. In its home man dwells. Those who think and those who *create* with words are the guardians of this home. Their guardianship accomplishes the manifestation of Being insofar as they bring the manifestation to language and maintain it in language through their speech.[69]

Yet how is silence the most authentic discourse if Being is disclosed or made manifest in speech? It is speech that manifests Being *as* language, and we are surrounded by its materiality expressed by poetic guardians—wordsmiths such as Blanchot and Heidegger. In my spatial practice I also evoke poetic site-writings that attempt to manifest Being as disclosing of our essential solitude, bringing attention to our anonymous regioning within the density of otherness. That is to say, if language is the house of Being, this research takes the ruinous sites and activities housing mourning's expression. Mourning's song is called into Being through performance installation mourning stones that site-write dwelling with otherness. Ruins become my site-writing dwelling, writing spatially becomes a poetic language for mourning—and by association becomes guardian of everyday poetic dwelling. Heidegger suggests that dwelling houses our process for thinking, that makes clear the relation of Being to the essence of man. Being hands over its essence by way of our thinking, and language is the material and allegorical expression through which we seek to make thinking materialise otherness. If I started this line of thinking on silence and have only expressed it through language, then silence

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69   Farrell-Krell, *Martin Heidegger: Basic Writings*, 217.

would be that region of thinking that retains our process for being authentic. I will speak to this more keenly in the next chapter (Three) in dialogue with Yve Lomax on sounding the event of ineffability. The detour here is to reveal (or un-conceal *Aletheian* truth of) my practice as a spatial writing (site-writings) that guards or installs potentiality for visitors to dwell authentically with their others. I note the complexity across thinking Being in the process of thinking. That is, in a process for questioning the meaning of existence an on-going structure of the being of human (Dasein) is revealed. *Aletheia* works *her* truth as Being withdraws in silence as thinking manifests different material and allegorical expressions of language (including site-writings). Silence, or what I now term the 'ineffable', withdraws, made measurable as an opaque dwelling in poetic site-writings (or poetic language). This complexity will continue to register my 'ineffable' concept—a conundrum my practice ultimately seeks to express throughout its spatial practice, and for which I disclose across dialogues within the walls of this exegesis. Heidegger's conceptual moves are thinking with the concept of *Aletheia*, revealing and concealing at the same moment.

Chapter Three—
Without Alibi—Otherness Calls Us

You said you'd never compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And say do you want to make a deal?[70]

—*Bob Dylan*

The call of this everyday otherness that *slows*, *stills* and *opens* temporary sanctuary—is mined through my conceptual term *without alibi*. It is a term largely inspired by the work of Jacques Derrida (who philosophically coined it) and his existential (spatio-temporal) analysis of language. *Without alibi* calls us to our relation to be (open) in the becoming of everyday life *without* any necessity for guarantee for/to: where, how, what or whom 'we are'.[71] Rather the becoming of life *without alibi*—without knowing how expanded time or extended space 'measures' our lives—is a key attempt for 'temporary sanctuary'. I have entered into Derrida's philosophical concept of *without alibi* by way of thinking through the concept of the *event*. I have done this realising that visitors to my show will be invited into an expression of *ineffability* as that which construes their own *event* for being with their otherness. I have discussed already how the genuine *ineffable* expression for my final show is held or called within *whatever* the visitor *hears* as their otherness and it is not an encounter that is translatable to anyone. I suggest that they cannot recount or speak on behalf of their otherness or others', hence the idea that this is ineffability speaking [between] them. I have also signalled that the work of Yve Lomax is an early and still-lingering voice in my understanding of an event. Her work holds a call in how it discloses to me *ineffability* as a sounding event. In now discussing her concept of event as sounding or a dialoguing of silence alongside the work of

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70   'Bob Dylan – Like A Rolling Stone Lyrics | Genius Lyrics', accessed 22 February 2018, https://genius.com/Bob-dylan-like-a-rolling-stone-lyrics.

71   Derrida suggests, "Let us be attentive to this: although 'alibi' means literally an *alleged* 'elsewhere' in space, it extends beyond either topology or geography. 'Without alibi' can mean *without delay*, without waiting. As an *allegation*, an alibi can *defer/differ* in time. Referring back in this way, which an allegation always does, it can save itself by invoking another time ('I wasn't *there at the moment* of the crime' or 'I was *already no longer there*' or 'I was intending to go *there at another moment, later*,' 'I wasn't thinking of it *at that moment*'." See Jacques Derrida, *Without Alibi*, trans. and ed. Peggy Kamuf (California: Stanford University Press, 2002), xvi.

Heidegger on his concept of *Ereignis* (as the event of Being), I aim
to bring into proximity with my practice the calling of otherness
as that which sounds *events* in my practice. I also wish to discuss the
work of Bernard Tschumi as a more design-focused architectural
practice for event architecture as to how its spacings translates
across my spatial practice. Together (or between) these voices,
the workings of Derrida's *without alibi* opens onto a more focused
discussion as to its calling to visitors' otherness within the lacunae,
crevices, corners, slips, gaps, cuts, material overlaps, doublings
upon doublings—'verbings' upon material 'verbings'—within my
practice. This *without alibi* focus operates as the instantiation of
'temporary sanctuaries' across both architectural and philosophical
worldings.

Sounding the Event of Ineffability

In Yve Lomax's writing on the event, in *Sounding the Event: Escapades
in dialogue and matters of art, nature and time*[72] she discusses an event
specific to time and sound. More specifically she thinks of the
event as a becoming of herself with others or otherness. That her
own originality, thinking or meaning of her being comes by way
of *with-ness* and in this thinking she brings emphasis to becoming
beyond the static notion of being as discrete, finite, substance
or presence. Her ontology of becoming suggests that the event
of being is movement *as* time that we are. We do not become
this or that being *after* a certain point of becoming. We do not
finally *become* grown, complete, adult, all knowing—rather, even
when *still* we are moving and in this movement of *stillness* we are
becoming our incomplete existence.[73] Incompleteness anticipates
a movement otherwise to the thinking of finite successive
conclusion and resolution. Rather it speaks to transition, ebbing,
flowing, returns and renewals—it speaks to discontinuities most
keenly expressed in stillness. In this movement of stillness I find a
proximity to the call of my temporary sanctuaries that offer spatio-
temporal movements, which hold to this ontology of becoming.
It is becoming incomplete and discontinuous. The event of
becoming is thus a becoming without guarantee and in the non-

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72   Yve Lomax, *Sounding the Event: Escapades in Dialogue and Matters of Art,
Nature and Time.* (London: I.B. Tauris & Co Ltd, 2005).

73   Lomax, 6–7.

guarantee logic calls to incompleteness that sounds the ineffable. Lomax furthers her thinking on *sounding the event* as an expression of silence within the specifics of art practices. Silence for Lomax is held within the *call* of sounding as noise has no outside, that is to say, "the contradiction of noise is noise."[74] She will suggest that the event of history is within this contradiction that is paradoxical to the work of the negative. Noise is not dialectical as in opposition to silence; rather, the event of history, as in official histories marked by their clearly discernable noise, covers over the oppression of other histories (counter-histories, noises silenced or silent noises). This would be the *sounding of an event* as the non-dialectical contradiction implicit in sound or noise. Noise, like our becoming, cannot be closed off, rather it continues in different contradictory paradigmatic shades and veils. Focusing on the event of history as noise masking other soundings or calls is significant for my understanding of how sites open up to other histories alongside spatial practices that invite the call of silence or ineffability for facilitating these other histories—other voices—as discernable becomings. Whether their discernibility registers an *extreme* noise, multiple noises, or a faint din is up to a communion between audience and site and it is not translatable or measurable in relation to anything. It has no outside. We are getting closer to the *without alibi* instantiated by my practice as an attempt to express the ineffable as immeasurable resounding without outside—without its dialectical opposite. This is a deconstruction of space-time as disclosed by Derrida's without alibi. We are getting ahead of ourselves—but exactly where is not discernable. In Chapter Four I discuss the work of Walter Benjamin and his thesis on history as a dialectical image in relation to the figure of the ruin that comes to sound the culminating significance of event, silence and history in relation to the conceptual figure of the ruin. So I would ask my reader to hold *still* my thinking *with* Lomax on the silent sounding of history-eventing in relation to Benjamin's ruin to come. However, I can offer here that Benjamin's dialectical image varies from the dialectics associated with oppositional logic or the work of the negative. Further, what corresponds most appropriately now is how silence is also held within the image as a sounding—and, for Lomax this is a sounding approximate to an event within the movement of *slowing* and *stilling*. Her thinking here is influenced

74   Lomax, 37.

by Michel Serres who Lomax converses with and through as a performative structural logic to her writing.[75] In this dialogical way she performs what I term a site-writing as she makes evident to her reader the way in which her thinking comes to appearance through a writing-dialogic(s); a writing that *sounds* her thinking *with*. Her dialogical performance *calls* proximity to my own site-writings within my creative practice as its logic installs spaces for thinking *between* discrete works to create a third or dialogical space of temporary sanctuary. My own thinking communes with the other voices in commingling through: doubling of sites; iterations of works in their ('new') becomings; titles in relation to works; larger cosmological events that dialogue with specific locales (e.g., a solar eclipse in relation to an event such as Visual Art's 'Talk Week' in an Auckland setting); and materials that trace out a site's past history that then doubles onto another site for emerging a dialogue (e.g., concrete dust installed along a wide-edged window sill that speaks to a silo's discontinued programmatic use within its contemporary urban life—the concrete dust on a sill evokes the present use of this historical silo as a repurposed art exhibition site. This concrete dust dialogues 'back' from the silo in its return install, spread almost invisibly—certainly camouflaged—inside a silo at the entry point for Silo Six. Together these two *sills* of dust spread across the two sites constructing a wider urban-dialogue called through concrete as an elemental material of construction (for built environments) that surpasses the history of Auckland|Tāmaki Makaurau (and New Zealand|Aotearoa), and reaches back to Western Antiquity.

These dialogical openings as a site-writing enable an open autonomy of the sites to dialogue *with* their others (human and non). The image of silence is questioned by Lomax within the economy of the photograph: she provokes us to think otherwise to this closed economy of an image and rather we start to *hear* all kinds of silences erupting in their soundings. We find proximity here to Barthes' *mourning-song* as discussed earlier by way of photographic (and filmic) works that puncture us with

Figure 14

Call of Ashes, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

*Between two*_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

Portland cement dust

Figure 15

Call of Ashes, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

*Between two*_____
ST PAUL St Gallery Three, 2018

Portland cement dust

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75 Lomax constructs her logic of the event in dialogue with not only Serres but also Heidegger, Blanchot, Bergson, Levinas, Deleuze, Guattari, Badiou, D. Davidson, E. Jabès, Lyotard, A.N. Whitehead, Isabelle Stengers, Barbara McClintock, her mother, a sparrow, a grain of corn, a photograph, sea and *her* others.

an arrest of the other who is no longer with us, yet haunts our becoming through their absence: for example, a detail of a pleated lampshade. There is nothing so loud as the photographic detail that punctures our everyday without preparation. Lomax would concur, as she listens now to Michel Serres making his point on the image's background noise as a correlation to our own event of being.[76] Lomax is not describing the discourse on photography here as that which construes the chatter that makes photographs sound. Rather, she is drawing my attention to *stilling* as a capacity to hear much better when facing the photograph and its silent face—a correlation she makes to being at the seaside—enabling the incredible noise backgrounding our busy lives to fall away into a large multiplicity of time rendered sonorous. I have found this image of 'time rendered sonorous' a powerful image for my spatial practice on expressing ineffability in relation to mourning as an interruption or puncturing of everyday hustle and bustle. And, have often found myself—opened by mourning's call—literally facing a sea (of tears) that have further led to facing an open horizon of sea-sky *stilling* me, and transporting me *elsewhere* and *elsewhen*.[77] The liquid opening of waters—(tears, sea, rain, lakes, ice, frost, fog)—onto my mourning attunes a material condition within my practice's invitational opening up 'temporary sanctuaries' within installations. I have realised that the works need an economy of stilling, slowing and tranquility in order to open to the contradiction of noise as a large pool of 'time rendered sonorous'. In this sense the silo (Silo Six) figure offers a sonorous quality approximating a 'relief' chamber as well as opening to the sky for abbreviating us from the background as it enters time rendered sonorous. The relief logic of this large pool is discernable in my embodiment and materiality of works as with other nature (moon, sea, lake, swim, voids, reflective surfaces *and* video-photography). This is not a literal appropriation or illustration of time rendered sonorous, but rather dialogues with the enigmatic logic or contradiction of noise in relief as other voices, for that 'moment', pull us into 'hearing much better'. I have spoken earlier

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76   Lomax, *Sounding the Event: Escapades in Dialogue and Matters of Art, Nature and Time.*, 36.

77   The term 'elsewhen' arrived via my reading of Richard Bach's book *Jonathan Livingstone Seagull (*New York: Simon and Schuster, 2014). On page 56, a character describes to Jonathan that he can go to "…any place and to any time that you wish to go to…I've gone everywhere and everywhen…."

about the temporary sanctuary as an invitational offering, as
not anything different from, say, a place for quiet reflection and
contemplation, such as a church. I suggest too that my works are
not of a secular or orthodox religious nature, but rather of an
indivisible everyday nature with its cosmos, dwelling intrinsically
with life as a becoming—as such, temporary sanctuary opens relief
within our material dwelling.

Lomax's dialogical thinking provides me with proximity to an
event of ineffability. I have accounted above for how her dialogue
corresponds to my own creative practice, whereby I install
openings for dialogue across different sites, within site materials
and their openings (crevices, skies, corners, slips, alcoves, steps,
harbours). I mention earlier how my own mourning-song locates
its silent attunement in the silent faces of nature and how my
work attempts to render time sonorous. But have I got closer to
an analysis for how audience and spectators enter these dialogical
events of ineffability? Have I sounded enough of the event as that
which Lomax suggests is something that has not been witnessed,
speculated (by another) or witnessed before—a before that is
previously unknown—a 'knowing' that is not predetermined? Are
we speaking, or sounding, an ontology of immanental becoming?
Without getting into a discussion here on differences across
immanent thought, ontological thought and epistemological
thought, I would rather direct my thinking to thinking the *between*
instantiated in the title of *Between two_____* of my final show.
How does this *between* perform an immanent happening? How
might it construe something not translatable or immeasurable
in the becoming of itself with otherness? How is something
happening *between* audience and the work that is not the doing of
representation?

This writing records an iterative work. It is a work 'documenting'
lingering in harbour waters: Sitting on concrete stairs that lead
into Auckland's harbour. I'm six months pregnant. My body
sits uncomfortably on the stairs yet meets buoyancy as its ocean
threshold. I *linger* in the sea and push a GoPro video camera on
upon entry, pushing it off upon my body's exit—(that becomes
another entry point, entering again in both my *Sojourns* and *Holding*
performances). The duration *between* entry and exit has recorded

Figure 18

Karanga Plaza steps with water (site visit)
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Auckland, 2017

I enter into a harbour with a GoPro video camera
I enter into a harbour with a waterproof GoPro
          video camera
I enter into a harbour with a waterproof GoPro
          video camera and push a button
I linger immersed in the water
I linger partially-immersed in the water
I linger partially-immersed from waist-down in
harbour waters and
          push a button, again
I exit,
I enter Upon entry
Upon entry

Figure 19

Karanga Plaza steps (site visit)
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Auckland, 2017

my lingering without alibi, without any predetermination for when I exit the harbour's waters. The between-happening of the harbour's waters are indifferent to my sitting there—they will *do* their thing of ebb and flow regardless of my intervention. The GoPro camera *does* its thing of making a video. The GoPro is not *doing* the doing of the harbour's ebb and flow. The event of doing lies between the *doing* of the GoPro as a new expression that does not predetermine its status for how it happens. What happens? An underwater recording of waters abbreviated by a body that moves in and out of waters—I cannot say for certain the causality for the discrete *doing* or *happening* of my entry/exit bracket. It will be Heidegger's analysis of event of appropriation as *Ereignis* that assists my thinking here, as to that which opens the call of the event of eventing. I'm attempting to analyse the *between* of GoPro and the harbour—the *between* bracketed out as a happening, yet a happening that has not been experienced *before* and immanently goes along *with* two entities (camera, harbour) bracketed by a pregnant woman sitting (partially immersed in waters) on a harbour's (entry/exit/entry …) concrete stairs. The event is a going along with being in its under-way-ness, becoming an infinite expression.

These harbour waters (recorded) are further expressed in the final show *Between two* _____ sited in pairs (of different entry-upon-entry lingerings) within two sites (Gallery Three|Silo Six). They invite unanticipated lingering by spectators, audiences, witnesses for carrying on, this going along with.[78] It is however, a going along with that interrupts me as inaugurator of this event and becomes another event. It is the interruption that discontinues succession in a continuation of bracketing out as a becoming discontinuity of history. This work attempts—as a part of a larger *sojourn*—to express the interval or *between* as a process of *lingering* opened by indifferences between camera and harbour, called forth iteratively

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78   This discussion of the event as a going along with between GoPro and harbour waters is largely inspired by Lomax's discussion of a photograph of a waterfall in *Sounding the Event*, pp.65-75. In her analysis she posits the *between of* these two autonomous beings (photograph and waterfall) as a self-reflective or self-positing happening expressing new expression. She cannot conclude on whether this happening constitutes pure immanence or transcendental intervention of human predetermined knowing. I take my own pregnant embodiment that acted passively in the act of entry/exit as a non-causal predetermination or rather a pure immanence of going along with the situated-ness of my encounter.

as potentialities for opening to occur by different 'ears'—different audiences, spectators, witnesses who 'face' their silences. Silence activates a redemptive cut in facing, as the event of ineffability calls to a future-to-come or, as Lomax concludes her dialogues [with Deleuze] on sounding the event: "the quiet thundering of a fidelity faithful to a future that isn't neutralized before it happens … the murmuring of a wandering excess."[79] We will come to refold the concept of the interval—the event of exchange—that passes through *still* wandering futures as we come to explore explicitly Benjamin's analysis of history in the face of ruins. History's other—silent—discontinuities are opened up by mourning-stones of *no longer*, in the face of *not yet*.

Dialogues Between—Lomax and Derrida on Heidegger's *Ereignis*

Site-writings have come to sound in dialogue across others who speak of concepts such as event, interval, silence, history and becoming. My dialogue with silence as an ontological mourning call or event of being inaugurates in my dialogue with Heidegger's concept of *Ereignis* as the event of appropriation that gives Being to beings. The term 'appropriation' has had me at a standstill for some time: I have heard others speak of *appropriation* as a postmodern condition that now wrestles and rests within a *more* contemporary problem of representation—appropriation: a part of life in processes for folding contexts upon contexts, contaminating the proper. Derrida's deconstructive approach now echoes in my thinking with Heidegger. Appropriation also registers a condition of mastery whereby another (text, history, people, culture, religion, developer, etc.) stands over, takes over,

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79 Lomax, *Sounding the Event*,160-186. Lomax is invoking Deleuze and Guattari's future-(people)-to-come. This is a future that resides in their concept of life as virtuality within the actuality of life's excessive wanderings, murmurings. Their future is not an expression predetermined, calculated and thus neutralised before it occurs. The future to come is opened by an ethics for how we live now and it is expressed in the event of exchange between human and non. In our exchanges with animals, something of each passes into the other—this *other* is not knowable and is expressed as virtual, excess, and future. Further, their event is a sense that does not reside in predetermination, as Deleuze (in reference to the Stoics) says, "sense is an 'event': on condition that the event is not confused with its spatio-temporal realization in a state of affairs." Quoted in Lomax, *Sounding the Event*, 151. And with sense comes the excess of non-sense.

reigns supreme, as in the appropriating of one episteme over another, or the postmodern cross-programming of a space such as a church for, say, a night-club. The problem of appropriation thereby paradoxically held liberation from within static or oppressive contexts of mastery. Appropriation continues discourses of representation within this hierarchical movement as its inferred separation constructs an inside/outside binary constitutive of a subject (a master) operating onto an object (a church) without calling into being the multiple histories, otherness and futures already residing within the sites of these bodies *with* bodies. This is a problem in which representation continues a discourse (inherent in attitude) of binarised subject/object. Isn't immanence that which has 'overcome' representation?

It was for the above rehearsal or circulations going on in my thinking that I had been stuck for a time on *appropriation* in context of the event in Heidegger's discourse. I had lingered for some time there in order to get closer to his relation to silence as the most authentic discourse—hoping to silence the 'inappropriateness' of appropriation among discourses per se. I wanted to get closer to a refrain from all this chatter so as to enter into a relief where time rendered sonorous and a clearing opened up. I desired a way out of philosophical correctness, following instead in the footsteps of Lomax's dialogical site-writings—or listening-writings—performed by dialoguing with a multitude of voices, allowing for thinking to go toward its event of limitlessness and non-guarantee—to its other. In this dialogical attempt with multiple conceptual dialogues I discovered a liberating possibility with the event of appropriation, specifically in relation to facilitating my invitational call to others. Alongside this discovery, I'm still—lingering—precisely aware of the danger for pre-programming audience's|spectator's responses within my invitational expression and have attempted to offer something of an unconditional gift in the thesis's mourning-call.

Heidegger's *Ereignis*[80] or 'event of appropriation' reveals something

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80 We find from as early as his 1938 *Contributions to Philosophy (From Enowning)*, Heidegger gives increasing importance to the finitude of being and the more originary "giving" associated with *Ereignis*, most recently translated as "enowning," though earlier translated in a series of texts as "appropriation" or "event of appropriation." Heidegger elsewhere, in his *Four Seminars*, emphasises the untranslatability of the word, perhaps even in German. See, Martin Heidegger, *Contributions to Philosophy (From Enowning)*, trans. Parvis Emad

of a gift (or ethics) within its radical thinking of 'exchange'. In this
sense we are getting closer to our final exchange for this chapter
on Derrida's without alibi. Heidegger's *Ereignis*, or 'event,' 'event
of appropriation,' sometimes 'appropriation,' and more recently
'enowning,' expresses the 'it' of the *es gibt*, (it gives) as the 'it'
that gives Time and Being. Derrida, in his focus on Heidegger's
ontological difference in relation to ecstatic temporality or the
temporalising of temporality,[81] suggests Heidegger's *es gibt* (as
the event of appropriation) is the gift that cannot for Heidegger
simply be the transcendent 'good' or transcendent 'one' that
comes before being. It therefore is not an appropriation of
mastery or subject/object or a binary of inside/outside. Derrida
(following Heidegger) will go on to discuss the difficulty of thinking
appropriation of the Being of beings in terms of an impossible.[82]
Hence the temporality of the gift, the pure gift as the impossible:
the gift outside of all exchange in the sense that the donor would
be unaware of giving and the recipient unaware of receiving,
without reciprocity, acknowledgement or thanking/thinking.
This time of giving is a time outside of time, the time of the pure
event that Derrida discusses in his text on Augustine's confessions,
Circumfession.[83] The gift of mourning construes this 'time of
pure event' that gives without awareness by the donor (myself
as artist) or the awareness of recipient (spectator, audience).
That is to say, this gift of mourning arrives without warning
and continues into future spaces and times as yet un-conceived.
The un-conceived as a future open to the call of being (or event
of appropriation|*Ereignis*)—discussed earlier in Heidegger's
thinking—as 'being-toward-death' as the call to one's own most
possibility to be, expresses a temporalising of temporality. It is
an opening of time itself. And, further, for the aims of this thesis,

and Kenneth Maly (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1999). See, also,
Heidegger, *The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays*, trans. William Lovitt
(New York: Harper & Row, 1977). *Ereignis* is significant in a series of essays
collected in this volume.

81 See Jacques Derrida, *Given Time: I Counterfeit Money*, trans. Peggy Kamuf.
(Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1995).

82   Derrida's im/possible or un/decidable can be understood in relation to
site-writings or, as he describes it, an *archi-ecriture* that would relate to our previous
chapter on the spacing of everyday language through his concept of *différance*. For
further context, here I invite the reader to look at Jacques Derrida, "Différance,"
in *Speech and Phenomena and Other Essays on Husserl's Theory of Signs*, trans. David B.
Allison (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1973), 135-136.

83   Jacques Derrida, *Circumfession: Fifty-Nine Periods and Periphrases*, trans.
Geoffrey Bennington (Chicago: University Of Chicago Press, 1993).

I'm suggesting that mourning's call opens up our most possibility to be with *others*. These others are not conceivable in their 'face', and arrive through us without guarantee. The call of mourning gives time as an uncanny and dialogical event of gifting in which we are privy in—between—its passing on (unnoticed). It would be this passing as the gift of mourning that sounds the event of ineffability. What follows is a discussion of this passing of ineffability through a variety of significant practices by others who have inspired my spatial practice. I work through these others as a site-listening to Heidegger's silence (as authentic discourse), Lomax's sounding the event that works at the limits to knowing and Derrida's without alibi as a spatio-temporal concept that sounds the gift of mourning without (guaranteed) returns.

Eventing Ineffability

In music there is the *rest,* a period of silence between musical notes. In the work of composer and performer John Cage, this interval of sounding the *rest* is pushed to its extreme limit. It is a limit that sounds in dialogue with its spatial context to produce alternative soundscapes. Cage's seminal piece, *4'33"* or *Four Minutes Thirty-Three Seconds*, created in 1952, provides me cues as to how *ineffability* is sounded within a highly scripted spatial context. The orchestral chamber is a knowable context and Cage's work deconstructs its highly structured codes, whereby *4'33"* releases rests of silence by opening up the predictable programme for attending orchestral performances, allowing for the call of other utterances or programmes. It releases its audience to an extended interval of the musical *rest.* The piece—of which there are three movements—allows for any instrument or combination of instruments, and yet the score instructs the performer(s) not to play their instrument(s) during the entire duration of the piece. In this work Cage highlights that any sound could be conceived of as music, while the piece silences the usual symbolic and scripted performance of the orchestra. Yet, it is by no means silent as in nothing is happening. In silencing the 'use' of instruments Cage programmes the orchestral performance framework to highlight instead the musical *rests* of our everyday material existence. 'We' face our ineffability in the seemingly 'uncomfortable' silence of

this piece. We hear in (recordings of the piece) the 'sounds' and silences of the studio *rustling*. I can only imagine that live in-situ within the context of the period (1952) it could have been a jolting and shocking experience given its dis/programming of a concert chamber. I also imagine heady moments in which one is not certain at all of what is taking place. This jolting or shocking sensation that I'm imagining, *rests* in the uncomfortable nature that silence speaks. It is not that silence *per se* is uncomfortable rather it is the unexpected—deregulated—which produces conditions of unease.[84] We now have the ease of 'reading' this work from a vantage point that includes more exacting details within its specific spatial context as to what was taking place for audiences. Over the course of the three movements, one is 'gently' guided through each of its silences, which move through moments, culminating in rapturous applause prompted by the conductor's concluding gesture. Cage is aware that a semblance of understanding within the orthodoxy of any ritual is necessary for grounding an event. My work opens up its intervals or expanded rests 'gently' though subtle registers to other histories of site. The final two sites that host my show *Between two*_____ (a university gallery and a reprogrammed concrete industrial silo now purposed for cultural events) focuses on its other histories, in part, by performing a third work that I could describe as an extended musical rest (in relation to Cage's work). Its *rest* is the iterative *sojourns* that I have taken (mid-January—mid-February, 2018) during the month prior to the show's opening. This extended *rest* takes elements of these *sojourns* and programmes them into the two sites, such as the video recordings of harbour 'swims' (spoken of earlier). Key here is that these outside elements, brought inside these two sites, are not attempting to explicitly re/dis/programme the orthodoxy of their spatial site origins. This would not be the histories of otherness my practice is engaged in. Rather, the doubling and folding of the *sojourns* and the 'archival' elements that reinstall into both gallery and silo are a gentle attempt to bring into being the silences, rests, ineffable spaces that construe a larger everyday interval between the measure of these two sites. In doing so I'm attempting to listen to the event of pedestrian utterances that make up the urban

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84   This resounds with my earlier analysis on the trauma that arises in the unexpected nature of an event, as discussed in reference to Cathy Caruth's psychoanalytic work on trauma, history and literature.

fabric of this everyday milieu. My attempt at being the silent composer of city life, gently eliciting other histories may not satisfy the urban planner or the architect who refits historic sites. Rather, the extended 'city' interval archived and installed in *Between two_____* calls to the mourning-stones of everyday life, uttering their on-going disappearances spoken by the multitude. Ultimately, I hope that I will enable audiences time to linger long enough so that they may hear their own ineffability where the threshold of inside/outside falls away—a falling away that Cage's work achieved through attuning his audience to their musical everyday utterances of (our) material existence.

I have also listened intently to the performance work of Marina Abramovic over an extended period of my own spatial practice, focusing particularly on her exchange with silence as a gifting of discourse.[85] In *The Artist is Present,* Abramovic gifts visitors of New York's Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) with her silent attention. Multiple conceptions of silence express her performance: a lack of speaking (her absence of spoken language); her capacity to silence her physical needs as she sits fairly motionless for hours at a time over a three-month period; she silences her embodiment with respect to movement. Finally—as in the temporality of an extended durational work—she manifests silence as an interval of exchange. Abramovic's exchange construes a temporalising of temporality whereby an unconditional gift manifests in the distended exchange between others in the face-to-face of our otherness. I hear the echoes of Lomax speaking of sounding the event of silence as that which 'faces' us, elicited by her dialogue with Serres (and hints of Levinas and Barthes, too) on the stilling capacity of the face of a photograph, or the sea. Abramovic's silent face-to-face encounter, without programming of an expected duration, draws me close to her face and the space between us, as the face of *Ereignis* that gives me the silent gift of otherness. Her face attends to stilling as a capacity to hear much better when facing the face of other (audiences) and their silent faces—facilitating exchange—enabling the incredible noise backgrounding our busy lives to fall away into a larger multiplicity

85   Over years of practice, Abramovic has experimented with silence and attention—or intention—in collaboration with her former partner Ulay. Such works as *Nightsea Crossing* (1981-87) and *The house with the Ocean View* (2002) have held my attention in this regard.

of 'just' one being with another. And, what of those who look
on at this silent spectacle? Do they receive its gift of ineffable
exchange? In documentation of this work—which is my privileged
point for on-looking, we see at various times people who are moved
to tears, to smiles and hands pressed over hearts. It is beyond our
contemporary everyday, it seems, to simply sit and share more
than a fleeting moment of silence. In order for this performance
to hold otherness as an exchange or event of silence, it relies on
Abramovic's ability to perform the call to un-conditionality of
being with others, regardless of knowing them or how they might
perform. It pushes institutional borders of what constitutes the
work, by her being present in a way that performs something of
a radical passivity and event of nothing. Yet, her doing nothing
materialises extraordinary affects on her audience—tears, laughter,
gestures of love, etc.[86] Her presence facilitates a doing that is the
nothing of doing, which I term *holding space.* But what does she
hold? She holds herself openly and I sense that in the face of
unconditional openness we materialise our own vulnerabilities. If
my practice of site-writings (and here site-listening) is that which
holds space openly for others' vulnerable otherness to enter,
then Abramovic's practice opens my own practice to a kind of
sacred sanctuary that occurs *between two*_____ material beings
(human and/or non), whereby one facilitates the holding of silence
spatially for its others. In these encounters with strangers, what we
read here is an 'ethics of performance' in Abramovic's 'housing' of
the design and performance within extended ineffable durations.
This 'ethics' I conceive in my research as the gift without return.

Silence is imagined in this research as a force of expression from
out of any extraneous noise. But what exactly is extraneous
noise? Where would the limits be to noise that is extraneous and
noise that isn't? In the literature discussed so far, 'pure' silence
is positioned as that which we have no access to with respect
to self-conscious subjectivity, and so the sounds of life and the
world around us prevent us from experiencing it.[87] According

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86   Her doing nothing corresponds to what I have conceived of—in the
previous chapter—as 'essential solitude' in dialogue with both Juhani Pallasmaa
(fundamental solitude) and the 'essential solitude' of Maurice Blanchot's
circulating around 'radical passivity'.

87   Lisa Schwartz, 'Understanding Silence: Meaning and Interpretation',
Performance Research: A Journal of the Performing Arts 4, no. 3 (1999): 8–11, https://
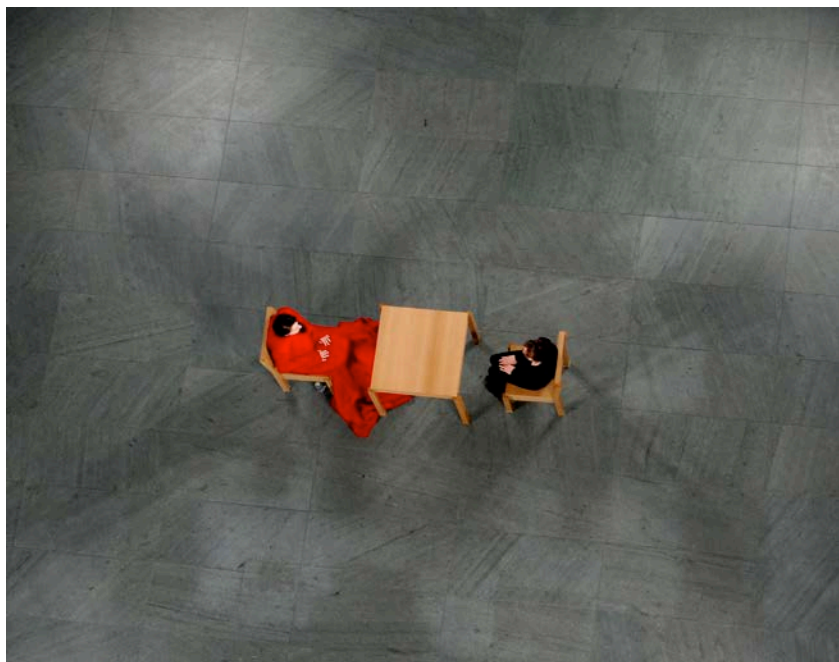
to Lisa Schwartz, we can imagine silence but not experience it. Schwartz references John Cage's remark that a living person cannot experience 'pure' silence because the hiss of our lungs and thump of one's heart beating would always be present to disrupt it. Schwartz goes on to describe two other types of silence that emerge from ancient Egyptian and Greco-Roman mythologies; that of Harpocratic silence and Larundic silence. Harpocrates and Larunda are lesser-known deities who are the guardians of silence. Harpocractic silence is characterised as being enigmatic, secretive and inscrutable. Because it is inscrutable, it may be perceived as being empty. This presents a challenge, forcing us to create meaning by using the tools of self-reflection, self-examination and meditation in order to try and understand it.[88] Perhaps this is the silence of Being—where nothing is offered, and the task of the perceiver is to create? The existential phenomenology of Heidegger, Blanchot and the critical theory of Benjamin would suggest that this nothing is not the nothing without meaning, but rather the precise necessity of questioning, thinking and creating. The nothing here would be there essential solitude—or radical passivity—of our belonging to the anonymity of life that has come before and exceeds any individuality—time rendered sonorous. Imagination would here be that of both an embodied condition activated by the body's interruption of *pure silence* and the metaphysical or poetic propensity to further locate ourselves in the community of mystery that gives life as the silence of Being.

Larundic silence is another kind of meaningful silence, whereby the goddess Larunda had speech taken from her after angering Zeus. She was sent to Hades accompanied by Hermes. The two fell in love, and Hermeneutics (the study of interpretation) arose as Hermes worked to interpret and understand what Larunda struggled to say in silence. Schwartz sums up by saying:

> Harpocractic silence is the empty silence of reflection and meditation. Larundic silence is the full, active silence of communication. Harpocratic silence depicts the notion of emptiness, which is how silence is most commonly perceived. Anything can be done in this emptiness; it

is pure freedom for creativity and imagination without constraint. On the other hand, the myth of Larunda and Hermes accounts for our intuitive perceptions that silence sometimes contains and transmits meanings.[89]

Silence in Schwartz's thinking on silence produces two exchanges between entities. On one hand we have a silence that withdraws and on the other, we have a silence that reveals. The former holds (as in Abramovic's invitation *holding* silent exchange), and the other, like Cage's *4'33"* reveals different interpretative silences as the noise *structured by* the programmatics of an orchestral performance. It is *between* the exchange of both Larundic and Harpocratic that Heidegger's silence as the most authentic discourse reveals itself in his concept of truth—an ancient Greek truth of *Aletheia*— as *unconcealing* in the withdrawal of Being. This truth of un-concealing (*Aletheia*) inaugurates a silent movement of revealing in concealing. Truth speaks silently in withdrawal and this movement of withdrawal is a revealing: spatially, I have configured in my mind this moving concept of *Aletheia* as a Möbius strip. Truth is not that of correctness, substance or objective knowing, but rather construes a movement where what appears as certainty slips away into its surface shadows, only to reveal itself again differently at another turning or exchange of encounter—thereby making certainty a movement of fleeting change, flux and uncertainty.[90]
  The spatial figure of the Möbius is best described in terms of

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89   Schwartz, 8.

90   Heidegger was also influenced here by Classical Eastern philosophy when he notes silence as the most authentic discourse, inspired by a concept of auspicious signification whereby there are times when the most profound utterances are 'stated' in silence; silences were a respected and revered condition often manifested by emperors and sages. The complication here for this research is to continuously mine the paradoxes of meaning in relation to *silences.* Heidegger's thinking arrives from the legacy of existential hermeneutics and, yet, interpretation was not a simple method for his more radical ontology (as ontological difference). Interpretation would transmit meanings at both an ontic level of average (an ontic) everydayness and a more primordial level, whereby meaning is not a transparent transmission for decoding. Heidegger's hermeneutics would be less interested in the close circle of hermeneutic study that arrives at a final message (a means *with* ends) after some exhaustive account of any given exegetical context; rather his hermeneutics would provide an ongoing creative exploration of truth as concealing and unconcealing (*Aletheia*). For further reading on *Aletheia*, death and art, please see Jacques Derrida's essay *Aletheia* on the work of photography and death: *The Oxford Literary Review* 32.2 (2010): 169–188, doi: 10.3366/E030514981000074X ©, www.eupjournals.com/olr

mourning expressed in my work, such as an empty chair that holds a radically passive *rest*. The figure of the chair is apparent in its outline, made from steel framing—it represents the ideal form of a chair. Yet this (Platonic) ideal form contests pure copy of chair-ness as it holds 'nothing' in/as the absence of other materiality. There is no back, no seat, *only* the frame of a chair—it holds no human sitter, or does it? I made this work as a work of mourning in creative response to the immediacy (I felt) of mourning. I have kept this 'chair' close to me—for a long time it lived inside my studio next to my desk. It existed with me every day. As my mourning process progressed or time extended, the chair held me in different ways attuned by (my) mourning: At times its absence of explicit 'support' (back or seat) cut deeply into me, revealing the unsettled nature of my mourning. At other times it rested easily as a gentle companion, holding me carefully. In both the cutting and gentle attuning, registered by the chair, the truth of my mourning revealed itself. In the cutting times the chair stood out. It was an explicit revealing as other parts of my being withdrew, became concealed or overshadowed. During the everydayness of a gentle attuning, the chair simply withdrew as other aspects of my life sharpened in focus—it was not that the chair had vanished or I had forgotten it, but rather its constant companioning presence fell into a lulling silence. In the account of this chair I'm attempting to demonstrate *Aletheia* at work in an existential everyday phenomenological process. The chair has developed on from *just* an empty frame, whereby different iterations have produced materially different seats and backs (wax, silk, shrouds), sited in different locales (*Things I Didn't Know* and *Between two_____*).

Event Space—Alibis and Their Others

Event-space is conceived in this research as an interstitial manifestation that arrives between relations of the everyday and planned events. Architectural theorist and practitioner Bernard Tschumi explores relations between spaces and events, asking if a contribution to discourse can be made simply by stating that there is no space without event, no architecture without programme. The argument suggests that architecture cannot be dissociated from the events that happen in|to|with it.

In consideration of a research premise that suggests language
is architectural, and that the architectonics of everyday life are
structured like language, this places mourning as an event-space
within this researcher's house of Being—it does so in its exchange
within the intimate associations of poetics and everyday utterances,
such as an artist's studio manifesting its moods in association to
its creative works. It too falls into this territory where it cannot be
dissociated from the events that happen in it: the event of losing
a mother part-way through a candidate's PhD research and the
detailed associations lingering in the everyday rituals of driving to
and from the studio with her mother prior to this event. Travelling
to and from the studio is now cut by the event of mourning; a train
ride (no longer a car ride) is nothing without this cut. Tschumi's
cross/programming and dis/programming speaks through my
spatial practice as a deconstruction of design thinking. It does so
by thinking everyday practices of life inscribe architectural sites
in relation to the events that programme them.[91] These events
offer repetitions and differences and together produce a myriad
of histories and associations with respect to space and being.
Together with writers such as Michel de Certeau, Italo Calvino[92]
and Georges Perec[93] my thinking through event-space in relation
to being, history and the structures of everyday life enable insight
toward my spatial site-writings' practice: a site-writings' grammar
that focuses my research hypothesis directly on the site and
analysis of the *ruin*. Implicitly the ruin as a mourning-architecture
reveals an open and uncanny programme of encounter within
everyday life. It offers my research thinking for the way *mourning-*

91   I proffered the earlier example of a church-turned-nightclub as a
(quiet) example (turned noisy), and here as an example of cross-programming.
This 'simple example' of cross-programming evidences everyday life as a shifting
one, within this cultural context. That is, it would have been inconceivable at
best, transgressive at worst (or is that the other way around?) for a deconsecrated
place of sacrifice to become host to an altogether other programme, seemingly
blasphemous within its original sacred context. Yet, around much of the Western
world these original sites of worship are often cross-programmed into other
commercial ventures. Or where one religious doctrine takes the space of another
(such as the grand mosque in Cordoba, Spain—where a Christian cathedral
inserts itself within a grand Islamic Mosque). On the whole, this kind of everyday
socio-cultural phenomenon is indicative of everyday life as one decreasingly
circulating around the formal rituals of worship and increasingly ritualised by
entertainment and its global capital.

92   Particularly texts such as *Invisible Cities*, *Mr Palomar*, and *If on a Winter's
Night a Traveller*.

93   Particularly texts such as *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces*.

architecture[94] or *ruin* destabilises linear and orthodox master planning of architecture *enabling* materialisation of other histories accrued as event-spaces. Rather, sites when read as works of mourning or ruin speak to the dwelling of life as *pure event*—that is, event as discussed prior—as the giving of Being of beings manifest in its withdrawal (of say a church) lit up by presence of otherness (of say a *night*club), shadowing excessively a future-to-come. Everyday architectural thinkers such as Tschumi, de Certeau, Calvino and Perec offer deconstructions of regulated and mediated approaches to formalising architecture and life, by focusing on the semiotics of everyday life. Life analysed as spatially linguistic provides more than correspondence between programmes and practices of everyday life: an ontology of language as an ontology of human everyday life—we are structured *like* a language and language is structurally a spatio-temporal condition made up of everyday repetitions and contingencies. We move between routine and disruption whereby our moods, thrown-ness, projections and uncanny interruptions detour us to other event-spaces of encounter. We move from restricted to general economies of everyday living. We move from the predetermination of regulated and static mastery of programmed spaces toward tactically deregulated practices contingent on the forces of on-going events within everyday living. As de Certeau's linguistic analysis of everyday life suggests, we work between the *sieve order*[95] of master

94   The term *mourning-architecture* is my own construction that helps me to think coincidently to the concept of the *ruin* as conceived in the work of Walter Benjamin, and after him, Jane Rendell.

95   Earlier in the previous chapter I spoke to the concept of the everyday as a fabric of disappearance. In Michel de Certeau's analysis the everyday is construed as effects between master planning and pedestrian utterances that spill over in excess of predetermined master spatial planning. De Certeau brings attention to everyday life as a language (bringing the field of linguistics into his methods). De Certeau concludes his seminal everyday essay—"Walking in the City" by analysing everyday life as a sifting or sieve order between master planning and tactical differences of pedestrian life out on the street. See De Certeau, "Walking in the City," in *Practices of Everyday Life*. In this section of my analysis I further this thought in the way language in general holds anonymity for how we are born into it and in this sense the concepts, expressions and articulations speak us, rather than we speak/command it/them. The concept that language speaks us is profound as it unravels us as an ego 'I' who is in control of our thoughts by our command *of* language. Rather, the concept that language speaks us imbricates 'us' into the scene of a community of utterances, as we become constituencies of textual affects expressed in spoken and written language. What speaks are utterances performing me, locatable in the essential solitude of the existential shadow. According to J. L. Austin's *How to Do Things with Words* (Boston: Harvard University Press: 1975), performative utterances (spoken in/by language) consist of the smallest unit of language characterised

programming and our own immersive and continuous living, which he describes in his essay "Walking in the City" as an urban semiotics of everyday 'pedestrian utterances' and behaviours.[96]

Their semiotic dis/cross-programming and attention to everyday events speaks to my practice of *Silent Writing*: It is a practice that produces acts of dissemination where language is more firmly explored in relation to site-specifics examined within everyday concerns. Here I investigate the grammar and syntax of writing as a site specific programmed event. My performance of this writing focused specifically on the repetitious and seeming anonymous embodiment of typed writing: an activity now ubiquitously performed in everyday life as ICTs (Information Communication Technologies) multiply our modes of keyboard-communication. However, it was the analogue typewriter that called me into a more intensive engagement with embodiment, everyday life and loss as the event-space of silent-writing. Its anachronistic call performed this everyday event of typing *with* loss. The everyday of *typing* wrote of silence and more acutely performed everyday as a disappearance. I felt a loss of something palpable in the physicality. I literally programmed this physical sense of loss in

as being bound by silence. Yet as I have also discussed in dialogue with Lomax, pure silence is not conceivable except as *noise*. Silence is not a dialectical condition structured by opposition to noise, it exists *as noise*—as in the silence of the sea that holds us in our facing it that produces an exchange of *silence* whereby all other noise is rendered as murmur.

96   I would add my *sojourn* (or slow-journ)—that marks one of the three final creative components of the PhD examination—is as an exemplar of this performance of *sieve order* that operates across the requisite urban programme, that has two markers that orientate my repetitive walk between Silo Park and Gallery Three and Gallery Three and Silo Park. These two sites offer two fixed locations on a map. They hold 2.3km between them (should one walk [or travel] the most expedient distance or route). Or they could hold any number of kilometres between them depending on how one's everyday *sojourn* operates. For example, one could be walking the most efficient route from A to B and yet a disruption on the way might occur: a friend is encountered en route who takes us to another destination, off-track; heavy rain occurs and we take shelter, even abandon our journey; we take a ferry ride en route to Devonport and back; we stop for lunch or coffee and are forced by time constraints to move onto another task such as picking up a friend/family member from work/school/hospital/gym, etc; we become tired, hot and detour to the tepid pools or swim in the ocean— swimming another 2kms before continuing our journey to Point B; we catch a bus instead of walking to Point B, only to realise too late we have jumped on the wrong bus and we are now heading out of the inner city—we get off the bus and catch a returning city bus, getting off closer to our destination of Point B, yet we have covered at least 15kms in the process. These are just some hypothetical interruptions or disjunctions to the neat calculation of walking the *same* 2.3kms between the two sites (Silo Six, Gallery Three) of Point A to B.

removal of the typewriter ribbon so that the content of whatever I wrote did not veil my mourning. It also revealed de Certeau's 'sieve order' working across the disciplined programming of an event (typing with its architectonics—a typewriter and paper) and the dis/programming of this repetition to reveal everyday life as disappearance. The kind of embodiment with typing on a typewriter was produced by its heavy keys, sounding its key plates loudly on paper; pausing me often as each line ended and the return lever called in anticipation the further left-field the carriage moved, and rolling single leaves of paper into its cylindrical platen after a page came to its finality. This embodiment registers something uncanny in its familiarity (typing) yet out-of-joint as time literally enters my embodiment, clashing with my everyday of digital-keyboard encounters. Benjamin would suggest this is a 'chip of messianic time' produced in (shocking) juxtaposition of materials from different historical epochs. A montage constructs a spatial grammar or site-writing readable as *mourning*.

Slavoj Žižek's *Event: Philosophy in Transit* conceives of an event as something—a tsunami, a Beethoven piano sonata, falling in love, a Macintosh computer's start-up chime—that occurs, and in so doing retroactively changes the rules of what is possible—what is to come. Žižek suggests that a pure event is something that is minimal, shocking, out of joint, something that appears out of nowhere.[97] In t/his 'out of nowhere' framework I would consider death to be a *pure event*. And, yet the mourning-song of typing on a typewriter and moving to typing on a computer does not come out of *nowhere*. Rather, it is an event of something that progresses over a long period of time—out of multiple events—where the markers for its inception may start even at some pre-linguistic origin and move beyond into a totally unimaginable future. However, in between these distant markers the mechanisation of writing since Gutenberg's invention of the printing press has produced multiple tangential events: rise of literacy, democratisation of religions as other religions proliferated from contending a singular monotheistic script, the internet, digital communication proliferations of all genres and disciplines, social life in the rise

97   Slavoj Žižek, *Event: Philosophy in Transit* (Penguin UK, 2014), 11. We recognise here something kindred to this concept of pure event, and the unexpected structure to trauma spoken of in Chapter Two.

of social media—to name just a few obvious everyday-setting-events. If my association to the pure event of *death* coalesces with the nowhere of Žižek's pure event, then this *nowhere* is not the call of this thesis. Rather my work focuses on the *without alibi* constituted by the work of mourning. Further, in suggesting that the everyday—construed as disappearance (as in Heidegger's *Aletheia,* truth of un-concealing in Being's withdrawal and Blanchot's everyday)—my research focus on mourning expresses its call to otherness. This disappearing and revealing movement toward otherness expresses itself as a gift of mourning and moves away from the singularity of death as a pure event. However, the *nowhere* of Žižek's event does come into being in (my) silent-writing as the shock expressed without knowing in bringing together an anachronistic architectonics within the contemporary worlding of an everyday act—(of) typing.

If everyday language holds existential conditions in its expression of disappearance, and is thus otherworldly and thereby has the agency to shift us toward more primordial existential experiences of life, then this critical silent-writing expression aims to think through space and writing to reveal the grammar of mourning and everyday life in relation to what it holds as a stronger poetic agency for what writing occurs within practices of the everyday. Writing as an expanded concern is explored here with respect to the agency of bodies or embodiment (human and non): life writing, writing without voice, silences written through ellipses of time, space, history and cultures. The research delves into these silent expressions as affirmation of mourning-sites (mourning-architectures), ruins and their silent songs of creative potentiality.

With living construed as event-space, time exists elementally: time *as* existence is further explored in this research for how different temporalities enter as disruption to linear encounters. Mourning presents spatial experiences that are *through time* and simultaneously *in time.* For example, other times (out-of-joint) entering through embodiment of typing, whereby typing expressed an uncanny cut, it also produced the *slowing* of me as my body reawakened to an other sense of typing from that of digital keyboard-screen interface programs. The concern with temporal modalities that *slow*, *extend* and *still* us is formative for this research. Here I listen

again to Yve Lomax in her conversation with Michel Serres, as they discuss the stilling of us in relation to photography, whereby photography construes a break, an interruptive time,[98] with time flowing *still,* neither backward nor forward as conceived by the dominant perception of Aristotelian linear time. Instead, inter-ruption, etymologically thought, expresses a spacing of time *inter* space or mortality *inter* earth. This between of *inter* translates as *between, among, in the midst of,* and drawing from the Latin *in* 'into' + *terra* 'earth'—in this latter sense we evoke the interring of bodies to graves. Would the event-space of alibi thereby mean we are always displaced by thinking we are moving successively forward, in a linear time of 'now' moments: an alibi where the haunting of otherness is kept firmly at bay, contained petrified under the earth? And, yet, the earth is something that *inters* us, whereby we are its cuts, marking its histories like rings on a tree, falling into its graves that produce our mourning-song, echoing past histories, reverberating futures that speak in tongues we are yet able to discern.

Into Earth
Audience, Spectator and Witness *without alibi*

Where do we go when we enter the earth? What does enter even mean? Is it physical, metaphysical, psychical or other? How do I figure this entry? Two discrete markers suggest we enter this earth twice: at birth and our death—or, as Nicole Kidman's portrayal of Virginia Woolf in the film *The Hours*[99] suggests, in death we return to the place we came from. The scene is a moving one: she speaks to a young child (Woolf's niece) who has found a dead bird and wishes to bury it—to inter it. The ages between the two women are insignificant as they are joined by the death of the bird. It is this dead bird that inters their *without alibi* as they jointly go with it to a place they can only speculate as a returning place that holds opacity—a without alibi of *where they came from* and *where they go to.* It is not that the dead bird is their alibi either, rather

98   Yve Lomax, 'Thinking Stillness', in *Stillness and Time: Photography and the Moving Image* (Brighton: Photoworks, 2005), 70–73.

99   For interest see the film: Stephen Daldry (Director). (2002). *The Hours,* based on *The Hours* by Michael Cunningham, screenplay, David Hare, starring Nicole Kidman, Meryl Streep and Julianne Moore.

they enter *through* its mysterious death (a mystery as to how it died and a mystery as to what it provides for thinking)—each entering the other's existential speculations, traveling into the opacities of existence. *Without alibi* is thereby cut by mourning-songs—(a dead bird, a scene of candles, a pile of dust, evaporating cool, skyward-horizons, reflections and echoes cut by water and concrete, double entries upon entries of harbour waters). These cuts call mourning's others. Without alibi expresses these others as the joining of two (a girl and woman) by an event (a dead bird) to produce speculative distensions of time and space that lead us—*elsewhere|elsewhen*—without representative guarantee as to where or when we *interred*: my work attempts to lay the mourning-stones—like a series of dead birds—communing and commingling us without alibi.

Dead birds offer something emancipatory for spectators in the sense that my attempt is to give voice to the sites installed. My attempt, like the above scene of girl and woman (*The Hours*), is to reveal human beings in the events for locating themselves as other, do so through their becoming a part of their wider material sites. In the above scene it is the material world of the bird (as their conversation takes part outside in a relatively bucolic exchange within the bird's habitus). My questioning around spectator's emancipation began in dialogue with Jacques Rancière, who proposes that we live in a time where the spectator has become less restricted and even emancipated.[100] Yet, as an observation of art practices in general, this research goes along with a more proximate account of spectatorship as still surprisingly 'immune from involvement'—although, it is now impossible for me to speak on behalf of the other after doing this research project. However, in listening across Rancière and in closer proximity with Alan Read,[101] philosopher of theatre-performance, I hear in Read's account of spectator's immunity that theatre takes its primary examples from installation practices. Theatre studies has largely entered into the orbit of performance art in relation to spectators' emancipation and interaction, in order to get a closer understanding of the reality of theatre-performance relations. Yet,

100   Jacques Ranciere, *The Emancipated Spectator*, Reprint edition (London: Verso, 2011).

101   Alan Read, *Theatre and Everyday Life* (Abingdon, Oxon: Routledge, 1993).

while my project desires for spectators' participation in entering 'temporary sanctuary' for assisting their own stilling, slowing and reflecting—it does so through an attempt that does not labour the event or context of participation or non-participation. Rather I see an unrestricted economy for encountering and entering sanctuary through the work's unconditional gift, without alibi. I see that this elusive gesture offers a cue for human life to become inseparable from any binaries of inside/outside, human/site, human/animal, space/time, participation/non participation, passivity/activity. That is to say at the level of my 'design' for sanctuary, in relation to 'privileging spectator involvement', these kinds of questions emerged: What kinds of inscriptions of space as modalities for producing and designing creative outcomes, might come to offer agency to viewership or spectatorship immersion within sites? In considering singularities of lived experience, how does an artist install conditions for passing thresholds between programmes and practices? How does one install *cuts* open to contingencies that hold spectators or viewers open to embodiment, meditation, reflection and revelry? How would one design unconditionally for events in seeking to complicate traditional borders between producer and receiver so that an unconditional 'offer' across both becomes opaque?

Without Alibi—Otherness Without Return

In listening to Jacques Derrida on his concept *without alibi*[102] these questions became imbricated within a scene of ineffability. That is to say, the homophonic register of site to sight and to cite reveals to me that something other inscribes multitudes of sensorial affects beyond the dominance of just one (sense) over the other. Derrida's concept *without alibi* themes the event in relation to the dominance of speaking (or speech act). It is therefore an event sounded. It is interesting to note that the alibi performed by the speech act is framed within juridical contexts, whereby the effects of speech produce lies, excuses, perjuries that extend his concept into those institutions that are generative of these alibi effects. Speech acts perform laws and laws are full of alibis.

102   For reading see: Jacques Derrida, *Without Alibi*, trans. Peggy Kamuf. (California: Stanford University Press: 2002).

In its conclusion it is the therapeutic sphere of psychoanalysis that holds an ethics for the other of law. His call *without alibi* is largely an ethical call responding to bodies that are larger than just the individual within the clinical space. Derrida's *space* is communal in relation to institutional responsibility. It asks a tough global deconstructive question as to how might humanity provoke its own regulatory mechanisms without deferring blame to its others. It might even go so far as to suggest that the other of others is not a binary condition between state/other and self/other—thereby the psychoanalytic framework offers assistance for its deconstruction of self as a split subject; split more than just by neat halves. My research gleans that the other of otherness is cut by a multitude of strange, lingering and unknown expressions and elements that draws (or withdraws) mourning closer under its analysis. In my project, I've taken up the call of *without alibi* as a gift breaking from any privilege of audience emancipation into an unconditional and anonymous setting. It does this to work on the Work of exchange; or to say this otherwise, to allow the work to work outside the strictures for demanding the Work to work on emancipating audience—and, instead invites a call to the other of these sites to provide no alibi, no guarantee, no mastery of regulated programming, no alibi for a correct reading, feeling, conception, reciprocity or event. I do not believe that the research is absconding from a rigorous deconstruction of, say, the institution of spectatorship as imbricated within art institutions. Rather the rigour I'm bringing is a rigour toward *listening* to others (without binary, without representation), rather than *speaking* on behalf of others—and in doing so, my practice quietly seeks to deconstruct the participation/non participation inference. *Without alibi* involves a *site-listening* as site-writing with other histories called into being by mourning. Other histories arrive in many tongues that are not necessarily legible, discernable or translatable.[103] Hence, we listen with an ear of the other, moving with them *elsewhere, elsewhen.*

Derrida's gift of mourning, without alibi, suggests that our others are multiple, incalculable and free of prescribed destinies. They enter and exit (and re-enter) without warning, without (us) knowing when or how or from where. They come to us in multiple

103   Jacques Derrida, 'Des Tours de Babel', in *Psyche: Inventions of the Other* (California: Stanford University Press, 2007), 191–225.

veils that unveil temporarily as our everyday life withdraws. They are the work of *Aletheia* as the truth of un-concealing in Being's withdrawal, and offer us movement through their call. This movement is gentle, still, subtle and, again, without prescribed measure. The gift of their mourning-songs and mourning-stones are heard and built by another logic than that of Cartesian spatial analytics. Their mourning partialises, mobilises or deregulates (our perception) of spaces and spatial encounters, deconstructing Cartesian space as that which is empty and homogenous, moving our spatial existence away from linearity and into a more reverential historiography (another counter practice or counter-writing) of existence as *instant*, *immediate* and *eternal*, *elsewhere*, *elsewhen: without alibi.* Called by otherness—we are made strange in the face of our everyday grounding of certainty. In this sense, my practice attunes itself to the openness of sites by an invitational dialogue with these other spaces. These sites are alive—no longer is it humans that live upon these sites, rather we become part of sites, part of their materiality, their histories, their slow time, their ruin, their stories … we are humbled in the uncanny face of their being. That is to say, we are with the otherness of time, space and being, transported into ecstatic temporalities, revelry and temporary sanctuary for reflection. We cannot predetermine 'our' destiny; we cannot even say how long or where this ecstatic expression enters us—it is not calculative or rationally measurable. Rather we become inseparable and indeterminable, without alibi. It maybe a revelry or sanctuary, that is fleeting, temporary and disappearing. Perhaps, a dream? *Aletheia's* dream.

Chapter Four—
Call of Ruins as Ineffable Histories

> From this epoch stem the arcades and interiors, the
> exhibitions and panoramas. They are residues of a dream
> world. The realization of dream elements in waking is the
> textbook example of dialectical thinking. For this reason
> dialectical thinking is the origin of historical awakening.
> Each epoch not only dreams of the next, but also, in
> dreaming, strives toward the moment of waking. It bears
> its end in itself and unfolds it—as Hegel already saw—with
> ruse. In the convulsions of the commodity economy we
> begin to recognize the monuments of the bourgeoisie as
> ruins even before they have crumbled.[104]
>
> —*Walter Benjamin*

What *dreams* reside in [our epochal] waking? While the commodity
economy stirs in the waking recognition of dream-worlds resident
in arcades, exhibitions and other interior displays, this is not
our awakening. It is not this project's question, although, it does
not discount the commodification of life within the rituals and
confrontations of death. Rather, it nuances the ruin for how it
speaks of mourning held as an ineffable call toward an affirmation
of reflection, contemplation and essential solitude within life.
What Benjamin's work on the ruin holds within his analysis of
the dialectical image are the different intersecting realities of
history housed as dreams, awakenings, petrifications and futurings.
Benjamin's *ruin* holds the wish-image of histories as rubble from
the past that offers potential for future building blocks. These ruins
have not necessarily even crumbled—or rather the appearance of
crumbling is veiled by realities of certainty. Some of this certainty
paradoxically resides in dreams and we could suggest that a dream
as spatial manifest holds dreams of immortality veiled in everyday
life. Mourning is also contained within this logic of the dream. I
recall my mourning-badges—an experimental work developed
at the beginning phase of my mourning. These badges, signified
different intensities of mourning, to be worn like brooches on a
person in mourning; to signify to a reader the mourner's state of
mourning for that day. I recognise now that in these badges I felt a
necessity to make extensive the intensity of feeling as an everyday
mood for the sake of protecting the mourner. I had invented
an everyday calculative and quantitative map of mourning that

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104   Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, trans. Howard Eiland and Kevin
McLaughlin (Boston: Harvard University Press, 1999), 898.

evidenced mourning as something too determinable. Thus, something about these badges also paradoxically commodified mourning—holding it at a distance (and construing it easily graspable) by making it an everyday determinable sign. I came to realise that mourning is not something that can be so explicitly sign-posted—and, recognised in this process of commodification, mourning is held in the dream [of my epoch] whereby messaging our feelings has become a socially-networked explicit cue.[105] Rather, my research has turned a corner and construes mourning as something far more opaque and singular in the coming to appearance of its [imagined] face.

Benjamin's analysis of history is gleaned as an image and in this sense is a reading written by images; a spatial grammatology cut by time and space into and within the materiality of ruins. It is also a cutting that is transitory. This imagistic cutting and transitory economy or structure of the *ruin* is most fecund for this research. That is to suggest, the structuration of my spatial practice corresponds its cuts, ellipses, lacunae, darkness and crevices as a transitory-image that appears without predetermination. Unlike the more prescriptive nature of the mourning-badges, the works now respond to my mourning-song, call or *récit*, through *Aletheia* as a process of un-concealing as other explicit aspects withdraw in the face of mourning's call. In this face ruins appear across the sites of my work's encounter. If my research project attempts to invite temporary sanctuary for others, within the *installed ruins* of my practice, it is an invitation that cannot predetermine the viewer's encounter but can offer them *Aletheia's* dreams housed in materiality or sensuous apprehension of details. Benjamin's ruin opens up ineffable histories of past (no longer) and future (not yet) through details that may attract or shock us into recognition of something, somewhere, elsewhen | elsewhere *and* without alibi. These material and transitory attractors cue elsewhere | elsewhen through such material apprehensions as in the smell of dank concrete, surface light reflecting on water, bricks touching beneath

Figure 23

Still Morning, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Between two_____
As worn, and as gifted, 2018

Badge

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105   I think about all the different kinds of social-networking abbreviated language systems such as SMS (texting) and Emojis that have become more determinable according to predictive text schemes whereby an Emoji icon will be on predictable offer for inserting into a text message, rather than using a word or expressive written terms—this is an abbreviated indexical lexicon that reduces communication to comic or explicit (so-called emotional) and determinable effects.

our feet, tastes of salt circulating in sea air, concrete dust clinging to our skin—or any myriad of details that might connect us to the wish-image of the past and future—unprecedented. Benjamin's material historicism finds proximity to this practice in much the same way as I have discussed the importance of Roland Barthes' *mourning-stones*—such as the pleated lampshade that shocked him (for its unexpected and uncanny register), bringing him unexpectedly toward his mother.

Questions arise now for this practice in considering Benjamin's *ruin,* such as: How might the spatio-temporal figure of a ruin hold openings for expressing the ineffable? What constitutes the ruin as an *opening* of time, space, history and people? The import of this final section to this literature review is to bring proximity between the conceptual spatial figure of the ruin—that is most appropriately conceived by Benjamin and, after him, Jane Rendell—and its ontology as an opening in which time, space, people and histories form cuts into our everyday ongoing existence. These cuts reveal space and time as *entries upon entries* (entries of people, spaces, histories and times) rather than a more predetermined temporal and individualistic *birth—death* schema; a schema that limits us to imagine life as points of *entry and exit.* The *ruin* produces a reading of *mourning* as that which expands temporal and spatial understandings of living on with, within, through our others. It is significant to reveal how this concept of the ruin inspires *site-writings* for my practice and in doing so pays homage to Jane Rendell's own spatial *site-writing* practice. These site cuttings consist of an uncanny and ineffable multitude— that call out silences in the face of progressive noise, stilling our entangled and calculative lives; they reveal *entry upon entry* points of living continuums and dis/continuities without equivalences, slowing or reconceiving our existence from the orthodoxy of time as a series of (Aristotelian) now moments. Benjamin called this cut into the ruin a dialectical image that spreads out our existence like a strange crossroads.[106] I will come back to the minor crossroad

Figure 24

The Weight of Us (detail), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

Between two_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

Dry ice, concrete etchings

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106   Benjamin's approach to history is known as *Historical Materialism*—a philosophy of history—and understood that moments of history could arrive in everyday life. Please see, Benjamin, "Dialectics at a Standstill," in *The Arcades Project* as well as Buck-Morss's *The Dialectics of Seeing*. In the details of materials we surrounded ourselves with, these details were full of openings that could offer a myriad of historical associations at times that they opened up to our recognition—or what Benjamin described as *shock of recognition.* My work

motif that cuts its ruinous trace into the two sites of *Between two_____*. The dialectical image is history at a standstill (at any moment), holding tensions full of historical otherness. The standstill opens other times and space for inviting *entry*. Benjamin's historical materialist approach to history, or dialectics of the still—the standing-distillation of time—spreads from any one *cut*. His most famous analysis of the dialectical image of the ruin happens in relation to the Parisian arcades of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. These arcades offered him *windows* into the dialectics of commodity culture as everyday historical encounters arose through spatial analysis of material cultures and the wish-images that contained pasts and futures.

Benjamin's ruin operates as an allegory structured by the crossroad image:[107] a spatial figure or axis between antiquity and the modern world. In Susan Buck-Morss's analysis of Benjamin's dialectics of history, she writes of the *ruin* as a wish-image of a previous time, emerging in modernity. A simple analysis of the silo site where my final show (*Between two_____*) is installed (as one of two dual sites), suggests this reprogrammed site of the silo speaks to a wish-image of a bustling urban industrial life (specific to 1930s —1980s); a wish-image held within the promise of concrete materiality and its translation into urban-development

Figure 25

Karanga Plaza water and boats (site visit)
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Auckland, 2017

suggests that processes of mourning hold these shocks of recognition in the details of everyday life. His history is a sensuous analysis of history suggesting our narratives of the past arise without predetermination through our senses. A smell of something, a look of someone, a sound of a child's song—these sensuous details can transport us elsewhere—arriving without notice and yet unfold a singular narrative of our time *for that* time *only*. Their recording is not held but ineffably flees onto its future. This is how he would account for unorthodox readings of ruins as sites that hold many dialectical narratives, personal, shocking and fleeting—without destiny, without determination. For example, the ruinous qualities of the arcade as a dialectical (crossroads) image could reveal themselves as split by nostalgia, as a petrified time from exotic elsewhere; a dream-state as fascinated by past objects; waking life and transitory chips of messianic time. The arcade holds a fetish toward commodity culture circulating bodies as they move from leisure walking that had occurred on the wide boulevards of Paris, into a semi-indoor space, capturing their desires with the new proximity to shopping via the window-display advertising of that time. Leisure walks became consumerist activities and the birth of advertising is seen in these architectural figures.

107   Benjamin places his *Destructive Character* at this crossroad. These crossroads are affirmative in the sense that the character does not perceive life as permanent or monumental but rather sees multiple ways through life. 'His' approach can be subtle and refined, not necessarily brutal or violent. 'He' is different from the sedate and secure bourgeois. For further reading see Walter Benjamin (1892-1940), *The Destructive Character*, from *Frankfurter Zeitung*, 20 November 1931, translated by Edmund Jephcott in *Selected Writings, Volume 2: 1927-1934* (1999).

infrastructures such as nearby high-rise commercial city dwellings. The site's sighting *now* speaks of this wish more palpably as we feel its loss more acutely, as urban waterfront datum or programming reveals another everyday milieu. Today's urban waterfronts are not populated by flourishing, unionised and mechanised blue-collar building labourers, timber traders or other industrialised port-related activities (that reflect the beginning of European settlement in Auckland and the increasing reclamation of tidal edges for port activities). Rather the *ruin* holds another dream-image housing tourism and alternative urban (apartment) residential life within its cafés, restaurants, exhibition spaces and theatre dwellings. I 'swim' at Karanga Plaza [in Wynyard Quarter], witnessing through embodiment the planner's dream to make this urban fabric a multi-purpose scene of outdoor leisure space. Auckland's *dream* identity exists in part in the transmission of itself as oceanic island materiality. Swimming in these urban waters provides the image of pristine *pure* and *green* friendly inseparability across the urban zone and its gulf-harbour seawaters, but it is not (necessarily) for the faint-hearted. Video imagery taken by the GoPro (as discussed in the previous chapter) reveals typical urban marine pollutants clinging to urban infrastructure alongside those adaptive fish that find sustenance from such pollutants. Perhaps this is an affirming sign of something?

This contemporary urban scene speaks to a strange *opening* or 'wish-image' of the transitory form of human existence belonging to the fetish. Silo Park, wherein resides Silo Six, is a perfect example of this fetish that Buck-Morss's Benjamin suggests is conjured up by images of the collective 'wish' for social utopia through archaic meanings and utopian symbols that imagine technology's role in a revolutionary rupture of a dialectical awakening.[108] We note that on the history page of Wynyard Quarter's website (Silo Park is part of Wynyard Quarter), they

108 See Buck-Morss, "Introduction to Part III," in *The Dialectics of Seeing: Walter Benjamin and the Arcades Project*, 210-211. Benjamin's dialectic is full of contradictory elements that produce a way of seeing (and optics) that "crystallizes antithetical elements by providing the axes for their alignment. Benjamin's conception is essentially static (even as the truth which the dialectical image illuminates is historically fleeting). He charts philosophical ideas visually within an unreconciled and transitory field of oppositions that can perhaps best be pictured in terms of coordinates of contradictory terms, the 'synthesis' of which is not a movement toward resolution, but the point at which their axes intersect" (210). This point of intersection marks the cuts, lacunae, ellipses, crevices of mourning-songs' entries upon entries.

announce that due to progressive changes outmoding former industries that this "land is becoming a precinct in search of a new purpose."[109] Within this description for 'locating purpose' we hear the call of instrumental planning, utilising the materials of utopian symbols—repurposing the social utopias of Auckland's industrial growth by way of *its* architectural silo figures. These figures contain archaic meanings keeping the fetish alive, revealing progressive urban development as consistently strong within its movement *forward*. And yet, in this image, we feel its vulnerability or mourning within the ruin's wish-image that takes on the appearance of rubble in the present scene—the silo's rubble is not just the loss or absence of bygone days, rather this life of the fetish is found enlivening through desires of master planners and social utopias that hunger for progressive forms of tourism, urbanism and economics. As Buck-Morss states: ruins can also be the building blocks "out of which a new order can be constructed."[110] It is a new order that perceives its purpose is determinable as an open site for development: laid open for the contemporary life, a life living indifferent to historic echoes of other ineffable tangents and incalculable potentialities—other paths that might reveal a perception of site *not in search* of a new purpose, but rather holding multiple 'purposeless' calls, that ineffably speak to other kinds of *reclamations*—poetic in their revealing other ways for socialising.[111] According to Benjamin, the figures of the artist, the collector, the detective and the rag picker wander through the fields of fossil and ruin, while the neoliberal, the technocrat, and the developer wander through the fields of wish images and fetishised phantasmagoria.[112] It is integral to ask, then, how has my own spatial practice *wandered* incalculably rather than purposefully *fetishised* the silo ruin? Wynyard Quarter holds new architectures for

109   'History', Silo Park, accessed 4 April 2018, https://www.silopark. co.nz/history/.

110   Buck-Morss, *The Dialectics of Seeing*, 212.

111   Within this analysis I might suggest is the heart of a wider politics in relation to urban planning. This is not explicitly my research thesis, but I cannot deny its contributing voice in relation to a more general ethical call for listening to the ineffable voices from ruins, works of mourning within urban life. These ineffable calls hold much for an attunement that diverts humans from perceiving life with an instrumental, predetermined and calculative attitude toward its futures.

112   See Buck-Morss, *The Dialectics of Seeing: Walter Benjamin and the Arcades Project*, 212. In fact, Benjamin's contemporary description of *progressive* optics is given to the gambler, prostitute and flâneur—whereas the neoliberal, technocrat and developer are my terms, not Benjamin's descriptions.

cultural commodification in forms of theatre, and also art events and exhibitions (such as Silo Six and Silo Seven) forwarding this search for new purposes. How have I avoided becoming a part of this *search* that Benjamin might construe as fetishistic in the name of (late)-modernity's progressive storm.[113] I'm not sure that I have avoided the storm, or whether the storm is just brewing gently— or whether I have successfully allowed for other ineffable voices to linger, still, transitorily sound, dialogue and wander without predetermination, unresolved, turning on their axes of entries upon entries. If the latter, then these *ineffable* soundings of the *ruin* are not translatable in terms of what they hold and how they call us into our scene of contemporary life. In acknowledgement of being part of the storm's wish-imagery, I'm alluding to the fact that a gently brewing storm of progressive historic force is to be faced—looking awry—within the mourning call of the silo. It cannot, *not* be faced, as the alternative to this project would be to ignore all ruins for how they (also) belong, in some way, to the call of wish-imagery. In saying this, I acknowledge myself as a spatial practitioner or artist that approaches the silo, wandering in listening to utterances revealed by mourning in its withdrawal from instrumental searches.

Benjamin's historical materialism—as discussed earlier in relation to my example of *Silent-Writing's* writing on the typewriter that performs its juxtaposing axis in relation to a contemporary embodiment of everyday typing on digital keyboard-screen interface—opens up the paradoxes of dialectics to reveal other histories, other calls. These *other* dis/continuous histories he describes as "chips of messianic time" that arrive unexpectedly

Figure 26

The Weight of Us (detail), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

*Between two*_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

Concrete etchings

Figure 27

The Weight of Us (detail), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

*Between two*_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

Concrete etchings

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113   See Walter Benjamin's 1940s essay "Theses on the Philosophy of History," in *Illuminations*, trans. Harry Zohn (New York: Schocken Books, 1969), 249. Here Benjamin writes on Paul Klee's monoprint-painting *Angelus Novalis* activating it as a leitmotif expressing the vulnerability of the angel of history. As Benjamin states: the angel's "face is turned toward the past. Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such violence that the angel can no longer close them. The storm irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows skyward. The storm is what we call progress." It is such an evocative description of unceasing human history building within progressive desire. Benjamin found in Klee's 1920 monoprint this expressive force. Its wings tethered by the force of progressive capitalism yet holding a fleeting look awry to its others "turned toward the past … awaken the dead."

in the juxtaposing of discontinuous spatio-temporal expressions. My works attempt to chip away at these possible *mourning-stones* or *mourning-chips* for releasing others that speak ineffably within the noisy auditoriums of everyday progressive life. One example of this *chip*—that is perhaps an obvious signifier—is the fine (Portland) concrete dust that so easily references the bygone spatial cement storage programme of these silos. The silos made great storage holders for this 'cement' concrete material as they are sited close to harbor water (again housing my swims in video format) and were easily accessible by way of the, now disused, rail line. Yet, the dust is not concrete—its potentialities held open. It is a desiccated form—also holding mourning's call in the *not yet* (it has not been mixed as a slurry [with water] to become concrete—to become predetermined logic or other potentiality) and *no longer* (it sits awaiting its ruin), defunct and disjunctive from the silo's original intent.

It is also the *materiality* of *always already* as it holds predetermination, for we see the logic of it turning into concrete so simply in this context—in this sense it is *always* concrete. And yet, concrete is not just a material for urban development, it holds multiple potential expression, from Ancient Roman (great architectural) buildings, *tombstones* through to *abstract art.* Concrete *is not* concrete as in the speech act for referring to something being absolute; as in 'set in stone', 'concrete'. The fixity of this materiality is thereby *ruined* in the sense of Benjamin's historical materialism that finds us wandering through its rubble, yet to determine its future. It will be the call of ineffability that speaks as *concrete dust* to the multiple wanderers that come through my show. The porosity of this concrete materiality is folded within the *site-writing* of *Between two_____* manifesting also in its juxtapositions with other *mourning-chips* such as the generic concrete blocks that provide a partial pathway through installed waters within two silos, within Silo Six; a concrete-cutting work inscribes its material crossroads within the concrete floors of other silos within Silo Six, inscribing the immaterial and temporary tracing performed by dry ice; these crossroad *concrete* markings reveal another *ineffable* measure as to how life begins and 'ends' (without means) as a temporalising of temporality, leaving behind a trace structure of the dry ice that literally measures the average weight of us-human.

Figure 28

Reflecting Rooms, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

Between two_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

water, concrete, performance

However, this material and immaterial axis generates thought on the without end of life through mourning's call. It produces entries upon entries in the different *site-writing* grammar of the concrete cross-etchings' brackets.

Site-Writings—Materials and Allegories in Ruins

> Ruins embody a set of temporal and historical paradoxes. The ruined building is a remnant of, and portal into, the past; its decay is a *concrete* [my italics] reminder of the passage of time. And yet by definition it survives, after a fashion: there must be a certain (perhaps indeterminate) amount of a built structure still standing for us to refer to it as a ruin and not merely a heap of rubble. At the same time, the ruin casts us forward in time; it predicts a future in which our present will slump into similar disrepair or fall victim to some unforeseeable calamity. The ruin, despite its state of decay somehow outlives us. And the cultural gaze that we turn on ruins is a way of loosening ourselves from the grip of punctual chronologies, setting ourselves adrift in time. Ruins are part of the long history of the fragment, but the ruin is a fragment with a future; it will live on after us despite the fact that it reminds us too of a lost wholeness or perfection out of which a new order can be constructed. [114]

The above quote by Brian Dillon evokes a key intent for resting this research on the figure of the ruin. Its potentiality sets 'ourselves adrift in time' *as* time folds passages of time, back and forward in this dialectical imaginary. I have spoken of the temporary sanctuary dwelling within my show for the sake of opening upon this image, expression or encounter, for folding time or the 'temporalising of temporality'.[115] The foremost image of a ruin is that of architectural decay: an acropolis or forum; chateau or castle; abandoned industrial sites; and derelict homes, barns and

114   Brian Dillon, *Ruins* (London: Whitechapel Gallery, 2011), 11.

115   The temporalising of temporality is a conceptual term from Martin Heidegger and coalesces with his schema of ecstatic temporality, what Derrida extends in his concept of 'time out of joint'. Please refer back to my analysis in Chapter One and Chapter Three that discusses these temporalities in relation to death and mourning as well as without alibi.

sheds. My project questions what is it to install other fragments within the already fragmentary logic of the ruin. I have spoken above of Benjamin's 'historic materialism' and work further into its 'out of joint' condition for providing viewers possible *messianic chips* within these material lacunae, gaps and fragments within fragments of its installation—a movement leading more intrinsically to processes of *site-writings*. In *The Aesthetics of Ruins,* Robert Ginsburg notes that the ruin brings materiality to the fore, suggesting that sites that were previously intact offer appreciation through the wholeness or perfection of its (speculated) form. Yet, in ruin, decay and destruction, a materiality emerges that is "not inert and dead, but moving and vital, the materiality of the ruin awakens something substantial in us."[116]

As discussed, the ruin is capable of placing us simultaneously in a temporal grasp of "no longer and not yet,"[117] manifesting in fragmentary logic as a physical—material—architectural signifier of the dis/continuum of time. In as much as we might desire the completed form within our speculations, this wholeness eludes us—and it is an eluding that reveals ineffability in its withdrawal. As Dillon's quote above suggests, the ruin is part of a history of the fragment—its very structure is fragmentary and futural. In asking questions of materiality as site-writings, fragments are 'stored' within fragments (such as a shrouded chair located within a defunct concrete silo). In this fragmentary logic, I suggest that a ruin is not necessarily the figure of perfection ruined, such as the silo proper, but rather this *ruinous logic* marks out the becoming of materials as they allegorically write (into us) the call of otherness. Like ruins, allegorical and material ghosts are part of this fragmentary structure. *Site-writings* perform both material inscriptions and allegorical inscriptions, marking out our different *readings* of mourning. Ruins are by their material-allegorical nature *writings of relations.* They bring together something encrypted deep within us, something substantial, and in the prefix of *sub*[118] we

116   Robert Ginsberg, *The Aesthetics of Ruins* (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2004), 1.

117   Yve Lomax, "An Impossible Refrain," in *Sounding the Event: Escapades in Dialogue and Matters of Art, Nature and Time* (London: I.B.Tauris & Co Ltd: 2005), 129. Here Lomax is in dialogue with Maurice Blanchot.

118   *Sojourn* holds within it the meaning of a 'temporary stay' that fits with my thesis of 'temporary sanctuary'—it infers travelling. Etymologically the *so* is 'sub' or 'under' and *journ* 'day'—literally meaning 'under the day', that gives another layer to the crypt or burial or mourning as that which is a temporary

read all kinds of spatial inflexions of dormancy beneath-within us: *sub-merged, sub-sumed, sub-liminal, sub-stantial.* Substance, within this material logic of ruinous concealment is expressed in both material chips of recognition, and immaterial transitory thoughts that arise in the un-concealing movement of *Aletheia* as the event of truth as revealing in concealing. This is not the perfection or wholeness of metaphysical presence (as substance, truth or essence). The ruin is thereby a *doing* or *happening* (a ruinous process), cut through with otherness—other temporalities, shifting perceptions for seeing and being, through other events and histories that have been *and* will come, substantially happening right now.

In her short text *Residues of a Dream World,* Jane Rendell unfolds the notion of the allegory and the figure of the ruin in Walter Benjamin's writing in *The Origin of German Tragic Drama* as well as *The Arcades Project.* She suggests:

> Benjamin discusses *Trauerspiel* (a particular form of baroque theatre based on royal martyr dramas) as a play of sorrow, a ceremonial and ritualized expression of grief, where the hero is both a tyrant and a martyr, sovereign and Christ, part man and part god, grounded in history rather than myth, and emphasizing the corporeal as well as the transcendental. In these dramas, sadness at the transience of life was represented, for example, as nature petrified in the form of fragments of death, skulls and corpses, and as civilisation disintegrating as ruins of classical monuments and buildings—both were understood as allegories of the human condition. Benjamin states that: "Allegories are, in the realm of thoughts, what ruins are in the realm of things."[119]

In part I perceive allegorical readings or *site-writings* locate their performance within my personal mourning narrative—called and held in my allegorical images and material embodied processes. My own experience of mourning further approaches an allegorical layer of thought and process made material to its others within the shows of my spatial practice. To call *Between two_____* (as

living or a living on as *under* everydays.

119   Rendell, *Residues of a Dream World*, 38-39.

signifier of my final exhibition) another subtlety exists, sub-tended in the between of this graphic underlying signifier—generative of a line—between my allegorical mourning play and the play of material ineffable utterances for other encounters (for others to encounter their others). For Benjamin, the ruin expresses the human condition as allegory, pointing to the impermanence and transitory nature of human life, this—when thought of in relation to the decay and ruin of classical monuments and buildings—opens up time, or time widens us beyond the register of 'just' *my time*. Benjamin says:

> In allegory, history appears as nature in decay or ruins and the temporal mode is one of retrospective contemplation; but time enters the symbol as an instantaneous present—"the mystical Nu"—in which the empirical and the transcendent appear momentarily fused within a fleeting, natural form.[120]

Decay or ruins hold time, crystalising historic chips. Benjamin's quote above references 'the mystical Nu' issuing in our previous discussion on his [Jewish] concept of 'chips of messianic time' within the fragment of relations (allegory and nature—allegory as nature). It is a temporal mode of the instant infused within a Jewish messianic 'profane illuminating' thought as that of the Messiah's arrival—an arrival, shocking and unexpected. Further, the entry of messianic time lives within the instant, appearing *fleetingly* in natural form. Benjamin's dialectal optics or image operates as a kind of account of history as epic theatre in his correspondence of Brechtian theatre as a mourning-drama that allegorically speaks to the effects of alienation. Benjamin's is 'site-writing' within (and out of) natural forms of history, as a theatre of the everyday infused with mysticisms from Jewish thought. What is key for my research is this relation between natural forms lingering in common place—within our day-to-day living—that *also* hold uncanny, mystical and instant 'illumination'. It is an instant illumination that does not stay with us but rather points to the way the everyday continues on *after* its appearance (and into its disappearance). It is an instant offering a temporality of continuance or expanding of time within us as we are affected by

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120   Buck-Morss, 168.

the instant. As Benjamin's above quote infers, this instant holds a temporality of retrospective contemplation. This *ruinous* instant could be construed as a surface penetration or cut. Benjamin evokes this chip of history's theatre in order to reveal that historic redemption expresses our past in the illuminating light of these shocking moments, but it is not a violent transition to another path of change, rather it is a mere readjustment—this is its fleeting affect. This is not to say that redemption is futile—albeit the process of illumination holds melancholic tones—and reveals these tones *slightly, lightly* and *fleetingly.*[121] In such fleeting and lightly illuminating touches upon the surface of recognition, shocking as they are, we are given into *time* for retrospective contemplation.

This temporal mode of retrospective contemplation, opened up by ruins, finds coincidence with Pallasmaa's thinking around the kind of powerful experience that (great) architecture can invoke. He suggests that ancient architectural figures call to us within an experience that "silences all external noise"[122] and focuses our attention on our very existence. These invocations make us not only aware of our existence, but also our fundamental solitude and the inconsistencies of our everyday noisy existence in juxtaposition with spaces that we exist *within.* In this sense I locate helpful correspondences here with Benjamin's dialectics of materiality and allegory *imaged* as historic time held within irreconcilable and transitory oppositions or contradictions. Thus, the (ruinous) figures potentially hold simultaneously, time as in *my* lifetime and an *ecstatic temporality* as a time that extends beyond my|our lifetime. These spaces offering 'contemplation' and 'silence' have influenced my concept of 'temporary sanctuary'. The spatial practice attempts its illumination within such a fleeting time conducive of existential contemplation in conjunction with ineffability. Pallasmaa calls to silence within architectural figures and (their) everyday lives from the past (for example peasant lives) in order to bring silence for fundamental solitude and self-contemplation

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121   For a poignant reading of Benjamin's 'historic materialism', destructive character and history as Epic Theatre within theological ghosting of the mystical Nu, please see:, Andrew E. Benjamin and Peter Osborne, "No-man's-land: On Walter Benjamin's Destructive Character," in *Walter Benjamin's Philosophy: Destruction and Experience,* ed. Andrew E. Benjamin and Peter Osborne (London & NY: Routledge, 1994), 165-175.

122   Pallasmaa, *The Eyes of the Skin*, 51.

back into our (present) becoming. He calls for a stilling and slowing within contemporary life evoking the theoretical urgency of Paul Virilio's work on accelerationism and technological programming: "The oppressive thought that we seem to be losing the silence of our souls is becoming increasingly evident. The loss of silence is accompanied by the continued invention and escalation of speed; as Paul Virilio argues, the main product of contemporary societies is speed."[123]

My offerings call forward temporary sanctuaries both materially and allegorically, inviting others *slow* and *still*—(their encounter in) the fleeting nature of an ineffable register. What is it to describe works as *still* or *slow*? Certainly, I locate in Benjamin the ruin as dialectics at a standstill within chips of (messianic) time. In part I have constructed parallel texts within the presentation mode of this exegesis to perform this dialectical allegorical and material history at a standstill. I invite the reader to *read* between two_____, and in doing so, a performance between allegorical narratives holding my intimate mourning process, story and reflections as well as processes of making works, sit alongside the material voices of others (artists, philosophers and others). The parallel texts mobilise the concept of *still* within this 'dialectical image' of its layout; *still* is often a generative titling device—evoking duration and spatiality—still as in *not moving*, and still as in *anticipation of happenings*. This spatio-temporal relation has generated many works as I consider linguistic combinations wherein sometimes titles appear first, other times they emerge alongside or come *after* works. The titles deliberately attempt to produce double entendre to allow readings of the work to remain *poetic,* open, unsettled and without mastery.

Site-Writing—Stories Within Stories

If Benjamin's aphoristic and dialectical writing stylistically performs the bringing together of allegory (realm of thought)

123   Juhani Pallasmaa, 'Juhani Pallasmaa - Voices of Tranquility. Silence in Art and Architecture | American Academy in Rome', accessed 22 January 2018, http://www.aarome.org/content/juhani-pallasmaa-voices-tranquility-silence-art-and-architecture.

and material ruins (realm of things), then Jane Rendell's practice of *site-writing*[124] continues this rag-picking spatial performance bringing her own subjective narrative associations (allegories) within her specific spatial figures. As a spatial practitioner and critical theorist (guided largely by Benjamin's work), Rendell's *site-writing* appeals here for its intimacy with personal narrative. That is, her *site-writing* calls more intimately to her subjective everyday experience, whereby history is not an epic theatre, but rather a minor *telling*.[125] It is a minor telling expressing the potentiality that history calls from the multitude of voices, utterances and material traces no matter how fleeting, insignificant and overlooked. This minor telling of *site-writing* calls to the alternative *sites* construed by this researcher as *ruins*—they appeal or reveal themselves in terms of material urban infrastructure (silo, harbour alcoves, pavements, stairs, shafts, cement, walls, floors, thresholds, nooks, crannies, corners, windows)—that contribute to relations of major *ruins* yet also hold open the call to other minor and motile ineffable voices of [our intimate] histories. It is a spatial writing that affirmatively takes into consideration memory-writing as a revealing—through dreams, imagination, psychic qualities, remembrances constructed from traces of material and archival documentation—without privileging one modality of 'truth' over another. In its 'minor' sensibility it powerfully expresses my understanding of *site-writings* as *Aletheia* or truth of unconcealing in Being's withdrawal, whereby memory is a re-writing, opened fleetingly by any particular attuning *for that moment*. It opens [our] recollection without force or predetermination, revealing its fragment as other aspects of our world withdraw. In my intimate discussion of my spatial practice within the next major section of this exegesis, I shall perform *site-*

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124   See Jane Rendell, *Site-Writing: The Architecture of Art Criticism*, (London: I.B. Tauris, 2006).

125   I come to discuss in my chapters on process the significance of Blanchot's *récit* as the live performance where allegorical (thoughts) materialise in literary language leaving the ego of the author behind as s/he enters into the anonymous textual space. The *récit* has its own temporality of the instant 'crossing' from allegorical into material or what Benjamin infers above as the instantaneity whereby the empirical and the transcendent appear momentarily fused within a fleeting, natural form. This natural form for Benjamin is the 'perception' that history is a ruin or in decay. Yet, we have heard his critique of progressive history installing Paradise as a progressive storm, forcefully destroying anything in its path. Blanchot's *récit* performs the event of telling stories as fragmentary, fleeting and this fleeting expression can only be lived through the event of its telling as Being and ourselves pass into its image. It would be a telling in a minor key as it does not command mastery but rather elicits anonymous life.

writings as the key analytical process for allowing my works' coming to appearance. The import of Rendell's own *site-writings* holds a political act toward other genres of critical thought on works of art and architecture.[126] Further as a performative scene of writing it brings into proximity the spacing of writing and reading in relation to site-specifics of everyday situatedness to provide another account of life as transitory and fleeting—indifferent to fixity and certainty.

Let us move closer in proximity to the work of mourning within Rendell's architecture of art criticism—*site-writing*—for revealing how close we are becoming together. Rendell's critical essay *May Mo(u)rn—A Site-Writing* circulates around an architectural site—upon which sits an apartment block—attempting to *read* its architectural unconscious. It is key to note that the *site* holds not only figures of architecture but deeper spatial and temporal dimensions. In her writing approach she inaugurates psychoanalytic techniques of interpretation and construction yet gives emphasis to occupying the site of the analysand (the architectural site) in difference to the position of the analyst—or rather in occupying the analysand, modes of remembering and association appear. Rendell suggests (following on from Jean Laplanche) that the unconscious is not a fixed expression but rather produces *enigma.* In this sense Rendell's work operates

126   In an earlier footnote I have expressed my perception of a deeper contribution within my PhD as that which holds a political act for urban planning and urban studies. In correspondence to Rendell's political act for opening up art criticism (and the genre of criticism within critical theory), I proffer too, that my spatial practice offers itself as a practice operating between art and architecture. Further, it may open up art practices working in public spaces that hold resonances for contemplation and stilling—bringing an opening for discourses on mourning within the everyday *speeds* of city living. It has often intrigued me that one of the most consistent touristic habits occurs as in the visitation of churches, cathedrals, temples, places of worship, regardless of whether public visitors are devout believers or spiritual in any shape or form. These spaces (like museums also) house stillness among their great historical 'ruins'. They allow shade from beating sun; they provide inclusion often without payment and thus invite unconditional entry (upon entry); they shelter us from cold and rain; they allow us rest from weary travel; they feel safe in their sacred aura; they reveal aesthetic and historical wonder alongside their everyday practices of worship; they invite otherness whereby worshippers sit alongside visitors. My contention is that art practices that open onto mourning, stillness and history provide ineffable spaces of existence in a fleeting and transitory revealing that cannot be simply summed up by us. We do not speak of these experiences as they hold us in our sacred and necessary personal time—yet, it is a time extended beyond the individual nature of our selves and arrives into proximity with different communities of spaces, people, histories and temporalities. In this sense, like Rendell, my practice coalesces around genres of art and architecture.

between two sites of enigma—the enigmatic site of the
architectural (unconscious) figure (and surrounding site) and the
enigma produced as a work of critical writing (or essay). Enigma
speaks coincidently *as* this researcher's site of *ineffability.* In order
to elicit unconscious associations or memories within these two
enigmatic sites, Rendell's *May Mo(u)rn—A Site-Writing* performs
changes of positions with *herself* between materiality, concepts,
emotions and ideologies expressed dialogically through voices
of [her] genres of criticism and architectural site, the essay and
reader. It is evocative of a double entry as previously discussed
in relation to my exegesis presentation of double readings as
well as doubling of two sites and the individual curated works
installed within the two sites of (specifically the final show)
Between two _____. Her site-writings are structured by the
responses of others that figure into the enigmatic spaces between
herself and architectural site, plus essay and reader. These *others*
invite themselves in by way of past documentation/responses
and future readers. Here time enters as spoken of earlier as
ecstatic temporality. We encounter *May Mo(u)rn* via a number of
documented 'windows'—an abbreviated detailing of its existence
within Rendell's own personal website[127] that brings in her
positioning statement within her larger site-writing schema. Here
we discover the essay is accompanied by a series of six enigmatic
black and white photographs (circa 1950s). These images do not
hold titles and only offer identity as a literary montage in relation
to the adjacent brief positioning [text] statement. Further, we
encounter her title that holds the enigma of *mourning* within its
site-writing—a bracketed (u) from out of the construction of this
word *mo(u)rn*. Are we to read the spatialising of the unconscious
within states of mourning, as the 'u' that is secreted within the
analytic object (whether this object is the architectural site; or us
the reader; or her the writer)? Regardless, what is explicit in this
spatially textual schema is that something is held, closed off *within*
its body—encrypted, dormant and enigmatic. In my *site-writing*
spatial practice the ineffable associations and acts of remembering
are held 'sacred', encrypted, buried, still, transitory—in the
temporary movement of revealing-concealing (to) their others. For

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127   Jane Rendell, 'May Mo(u)Rn - A Site-Writing', Jane Rendell, accessed
17 December 2017, http://www.janerendell.co.uk/chapters/may-mourn-a-site-
writing.

example, in Silo Six we encounter a shrouded *form*—a form that is not discoverable to its viewers, or rather it is only 'un-coverable' through associations and recoveries (or re-writings) that enter the viewer silently. These associations of shrouding furniture offer mourning-stones—such as in the evocation of covering furniture in a home's transitory state after someone has left it behind—a temporary leaving before their return or perhaps the entry of a new occupant. This particular form also evokes my own encrypted mo(u)rning—holding the other as 'you'—a personalised address from me to 'you'. The shrouded form is formed from that of my initial steel-framed 'empty' chair (*Nothing Holds Us*). The 'you' also addresses me as the *petit objet a* of psychoanalysis—an empty signifier that desire circulates around, yet the 'empty' nature of this chair is vastly pregnant at times—holding her intimately close—revealed by her absence. I have spoken before about this work and the different un-concealing it holds for me personally through my processes of mourning. Rendell's *site-writing* reveals the density of writing as an inscriptive spatial practice that redraws memories and associations attuned by mourning, bringing to appearance enigmatically our others. Like the iterations of this work *Nothing Holds Us*, Rendell's *May Mo(u)rn* is an iterative experience. We are drawn into the enigma of the black and white photographs as portals into a 'denser' reading of these images through her invitation to download (for free) a pdf of another iteration in the form of an in/completed essay—whereby a completed version exists in the Ashgate Publishing Ltd version, *The Political Unconscious of Architecture*.[128] This delving deeper into textual worlds also performs a key aspect of site-writings, performing their intrinsic fragmentary nature, made up of constitutive parts: it is a setting and practice of writing woven together *as* fragmentary. The setting is precisely the 'apparatus' holding the process or parameters for which an exchange or event occurs.[129] Rendell's site-writing reveals these settings through the different publishing or disseminating encounters for our reading, whereby each reveals

128   As suggested on her website, the full essay of "May Mo(u)rn: A Site-Writing," publication details are: "May Mo(u)rn: A Site-Writing," in *Essays in Honour of Frederic Jameson*, ed. Nadir Lahiji (London: Ashgate, 2011).

129   In psychoanalysis this apparatus setting is the clinical space that traditionally constitutes by an analysand lying on a couch and an analyst sitting on a chair behind the analysand, listening to them. The apparatus also includes time conditions for meeting and duration as well as cost of treatment and consultative aspects.

something specific about inclusion and exclusion for revealing the traces for reading *her* narrative or enigmatic analysis made up from a collection of genres, listenings, documentations, presentations and critiques. The (political) unconscious of architecture (as attempted in this essay) is made manifest through these different 'partial' reading registers and does not contrive it as a completed or closed narrative—rather it performs fragments as unconscious revealing that then withdraw as *we* encounter each different *setting* of its site-writing. The setting of my own work is not allegorical or analogical to psychoanalysis, yet finds proximity to the process of revealing and concealing (*Aletheia*)—as a truth to mourning processes. The setting offers itself allegorically and materially through my own mourning process and the specific material traces that manifest my spatial practice, culminating in (the final PhD exhibition) *Between two _____*. I have entered into the position of analysand through practice-led research, spatially practising artistic expression. My setting of allegorical thought invites others through wider settings within the urban infrastructures of *ruins* (Silo Park, Corban Estate Art Centre, Palazzo Mora in Venezia, WB Building within AUT University) that have all held other historic architectural programmes—and now stage art and other cultural events. The conditions for my setting—like 'analytic object' in psychoanalysis and Rendell's enigma—construes a third space—*between*—that is neither internal nor external, but located in the potential space of relations itself. As quoted in Rendell's pdf version of her essay that cites psychoanalyst André Green:

> The analytic object is neither internal (to the analysand or to the analyst), nor external (to either the one or the other), but is situated between the two. So it corresponds precisely to Winnicott's definition of the transitional object and to its location in the immediate area of potential space, the space of 'overlap' demarcated by the analytic setting.[130]

We read within this potential locale of the third space a *transitional object* generative of 'between the two' within its setting or *site*. *Between two_____* holds this analysis of transitional object in its translation to concepts of transitory, fleeting and temporary

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130   Rendell, 'May Mo(u)Rn - A Site-Writing'. 'Proof Copy' that then appears on page 108 of the Ashgate publication of *The Political Unconscious of Architecture*.

sanctuary as spoken of earlier. Rendell's pdf version of her essay reveals different enigmas to that of her website's excerpt. Both reveal black-and-white image/s albeit the pdf presents only one black-and-white photograph, appearing on its concluding page.[131] This final page produces all kinds of enigmas such as the dropping of the title's 'u' producing instead *May Morn* located atop the solo black-and-white photograph that depicts the same modernist apartment block as depicted in the variable, other six, black-and-white images. The 'u' (of this architectural unconscious), however, enigmatically secretes itself between our reading of this solitary image and the disjunction provided by the four lines of text below it that read: *The house is beautiful—a one-storey building, with a square plan—born at the birth of modernism in the aftermath of the First World War. It embodies the values of early English modernism, of the Arts and Crafts movement: 'truth to materials' and honest craftsmanship.*[132]

The enigma of truth occurs in our reading—between the two—of image and text. We read the work of mourning remembered (or transitioned) through what once stood on the site that this 'now' post-World War Two multi-storey social housing apartment block sits. We read that the title has presented its unconscious by secreting it away so that *mourn* transitions as *morn*—entering into a new birth, a new eve: the decline of modernism in the face of post-World War Two as new building projects become necessity. We read the absence of the beautiful home that once stood there and stood for birth of ideologies (modernisms, truth to materials, honest craftsmanship). We read 'their' mourning-stones through the space of 'overlap' demarcating Rendell's analytic setting—an unconscious provided by the trauma of wars (the *aftermaths* of World Wars One and Two) where new building ideals set their scenes. We read in the title's *May* both the month that signifies the cries of war, and signals of distress as in 'May-Day'—that elliptically does not refer to the month at all, but comes from an Anglicisation of the French

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131   At the time this exegesis is going to print—almost the day of its printing, I opened up (again) my downloaded pdf copy of Rendell's *May Mo(u)rn* to discover it unfolded a series of many more pages (including all black-and-white images on her website). This was truly a ghostly apparition, as I had not expected this encounter of appearance. I have chosen not to change my analysis above as it construes the performative element for encountering fragments within fragments arriving at different times of our everyday life. It is the live nature of site-writings as the reader signing their works—their others are the arrival of this signing.

132   Rendell, 'May Mo(u)rn - A Site-Writing'.

m'aidez that translates as 'help me'. May, expressive of contingency and/or possibility—and, not of absolutes. The month of May is also heard within the birth of a new era post-World War Two—a war that ended in early May (signalling VE day on May 8th). May offers multiple interpretations and scenes of transmission for us to encounter—it offers promise of new beginnings as in the 'early part of one's life' revealing the sexual difference in the feminisation of the name May. The 'u' drops away to reveal this generative energy of birth within the secreted mo(u)rning-song of what is remembered, re-written, offered in sites of ruin—as we read anew, offering new interpretations. Rendell's essay acknowledges her future readers as she too installs herself as an analysand in relation to these black-and-white images clearly taken of an apartment block and its wider setting some years before she was even born. We cannot help but read, also, in the publisher's signature the over-determination of this essay's mo(u)rning-stone signature: Ash|Gate.

This concludes the literature review's final section, culminating in the site-writings of Rendell to bring us closer to my practice of *site-writings* as those which perform ineffable spaces of existence *between* twos: *Between two*_____, generative of a third enigmatic ineffable transitional encounter, set by stones of mourning—or as in André Green's evocative description of the psychoanalytic setting: "it is a casing or casket that holds the 'jewel' of the psychoanalytic process."[133] Green's and Rendell's *mo(u)rning stones*, set within the encrypted psychoanalytic settings of unconscious spacings, fold into Benjamin's history as chips of messianic time, again, evoking the material image of ruin and fossil *settings* as a presence through traces of absence. As Benjamin eloquently and allegorically im/materialises this spatialising of history in "the imprint of objects particularly visible in the plush of bourgeois interiors or the velvet lining of their casings (—here ur-history turns into a detective story, with the historical 'trace' as clue)."[134] Site-Writings perform *changes* of positions within *herself*—Rendell|O'Hara—between materiality, concepts, emotions and ideologies expressed dialogically through voices of [her] genres of criticism and architectural sites, the essay and reader. In these settings, Rendell's *site-writing* offers unconscious

Figure 29

May Morn, Jane Rendell
Scanned Image, Emily O'Hara

Auckland, 2017

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133   Jane Rendell, 'May Mo(u)Rn: A Site-Writing', in *Essays in Honour of Frederic Jameson*, ed. Nadir Lahiji (London: Ashgate, 2011), 107.

134   Buck-Morss, *The Dialectics of Seeing*, 211.

May Morn
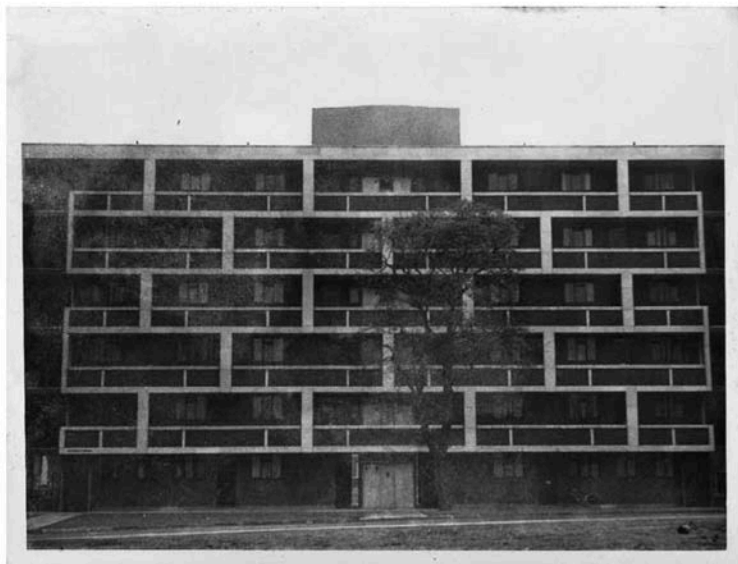
The house is beautiful – a one-storey building, with a square plan – born at the birth of modernism in the aftermath of the First World War. It embodies the values of early English modernism, of the Arts and Crafts movement: 'truth to materials' and honest craftsmanship.

clues as to how mourning calls its ineffable *m'aidez* (to) *help me* locate the past otherness of a site as it appears in the traces and casings of present sites. It furthers my reading of site as I turn over another ineffable or unconscious mourning-stone, to reveal what lies *before* Silo Six. What was before its iteration as a silo for the casing of industrial concrete storage? What cements or sediments lay deeper within its foundation? I discover in this the before reclamation of unclaimed seas—before Auckland's harbour was perceived as a necessary terrain for urban territorialising. My work evokes the submerging of us within the harbour footage taken by the anonymous GoPro on the steps of Karanga Plaza as I also listen to the call of pre-European whakapapa transitioning between the montage of this site as a new urban swimming locale and the unconscious ineffability of Silo Park's Wynyard Wharf. These unconscious calls lead me closer toward the crypt of my spatial *site-writing* practice.

Figure 30

Future Silo Park, Wynyard Quarter
Digital Image, Ingolfson

Auckland, 2010

Figure 31

Old rail lines, Silo Park, Wynyard Quarter
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

Auckland, 2018

Design of Study (processes)
Introduction—Site-Writings, Transitioning between ruins

This section of the exegesis is organised by a series of discrete exhibitions where thinking and practice transition into stable outputs, allowing them to reveal way-markers for unfolding research aims and connections. This section (and its three chapters) weaves around concepts discussed in the literature review chapters, seeking to deepen the connections between philosophical, critical and contextual frameworks with respect to my own creative practice. A reading experience is also continued between two columns as its transitional performance for site-reading: on one hand we have a column that discusses key themes, concepts, rationale and analysis; on the other are subjective phenomenological occurrences, evoking site-writings across reading. These are sectioned by mourning processes revealing three phases of mourning by which this research is structured— each given a chapter that reveals its themes and concepts through spatial practice. The initial phase is that of pre-mourning and reveals explicit analysis of silence and performance within my practice. The next mourning-phase, I describe here as a bridging point locating a transitioning period into mourning (that is more attuned to mourning's cleave) and locates my attempt for calling to otherness; and the final mourning phase houses the majority of my PhD spatial practice, constitutive of discrete works and curated shows that implicitly reveal movements toward final research outcomes, culminating explicitly in my final show, *Between two_____*. This final mourning section performs my overarching *methodological* analysis as site-writings of ruins. It expresses the explicit nature of my research question: **How might processes of mourning ineffably call (to our) sites of ruin?**

In the abbreviation and conventional arrangement of this research question, I'm suggesting that an ontology of mourning reveals (its) truth as fragmentary, fleeting and transitory through movements of withdraw as un-concealing. There is a homophonic register sounding 'sites'—offering nuanced readings within the gift of language. I hear *sight* and *cite*—and mourning becomes a *stone* or *song* siting material signifiers for remembering those who have come before us—we sight or remember them through these *mourning-stones* and hear them call to us (in their *mourning-songs*), *citing* us in their names, places, histories and concepts. We sight,

site and cite their calls into futures as we carry (them) on. In this ontology or movement of withdraw, ineffability sounds temporary sanctuary within us—transitionally. This ontology of mourning's truth—as *Aletheia*—reveals that human existence resides allegorically and materially within the ruins of our dwelling. Dwelling here performs itself as a material site as well as a spatial and temporal existential phenomenon nuanced by positions of mood or emotion, materiality, concepts and ideologies. Mourning reveals something life affirming—expanding our concepts of time, space and history—in dwelling with (human and non-human) others.

In each phase (indicative) of 'pre' 'bridging' and 'within' mourning's call, I bring proximity to what calls ineffability to presence as a minor revealing. In pre-mourning works, there is a conceptual focus on *silence* as that which is performed within the structures and rituals of everyday life. In this respect I take my own personal milieu of university life within a school of art and design, as a PhD candidate under analysis of everyday life, its rituals and a necessity for silence. It is interesting to note that in this initial phase of candidature prior to the death of my mother, my work explicitly engages in performances within self-choreographed spatial schemes. The conceptual terrain circulates around conditions of silence, ritual and everyday life. In this section I discuss a series of three silent performances so as to bring attention to drawing out proximity to the concept of *essential solitude* (offered by other thinkers and practitioners) that transitions into my own concept of 'temporary sanctuary'. This sets up my research practice for drawing closer to *otherness*—arriving as an invitational call from the other—within my practice, that hinges my life pre and post grief.

Otherness consolidates more succinctly in a practice to calling within spatial settings often obscure, opaque, fluid, dark and concerned with the night and/or outdoors. Within this middle period the works speak more profoundly to otherness becoming more realised in the material and allegorical opacity of ineffability. Ineffability becomes more than just an impossible 'auditory' hearing but extends into the impossible translation of anytime, anyplace, anyone, anything—conceptual neologisms such as *elsewhere* and *elsewhen* arrive in this research phase. Rather, darkness,

uncertainty and vast spaces arrive as otherness revealed by my own call of mourning. I arrive more firmly within the ineffable transition of mourning as a grammar or language structured by everyday life. Yet, this everyday life becomes impossible to quantify or measure—as the everyday vanishes or withdraws, revealing uncanny moments. It is a life now thrown into an existential shaping that extends everyday rituals—an extension that is without measure, without alibi and profound in its revealing. In each of the mourning-works or mourning-stones discussed in this final (and on-going) phase, I propose my explicit *site-writings* of these works *as ruins.* Each *ruinous reading* reveals a conceptual (or ontological) revealing of mourning, such as: *without alibi* in my show *There's Something You're Not Telling Me* (ST PAUL St Gallery Three)*; or How to Watch an Invisible Event* (Talk Week, WM Level 2 Gallery Foyer) that reveals the concept of *umbra* as a dark-writing or umbra-writing that brings proximity to everyday life through sublime cosmic events (such as a lunar eclipse); or *Things I Didn't Know* (Corban Estate Art Centre, Barrel Store) that reveals *inseparability* of material existence within elemental materials (of fire, water, air, earth)—a mourning-stone without reserve. These dark-material-writings write through the evolution of their material expression, housing in particular conditions of lensing-us (refracting our positions for encounter—and, *here*, they move us).

The conclusion to these three phases of creative work culminates in site-writings of the final show, *Between two_____*. This reading attempts to reveal the curatorial culmination of the conceptual mourning-songs (ineffability) sounding through materiality and allegories installed by my discrete mourning-stones. These songs and stones aim to reveal research transitioning into new settings between the dual sites of Silo Park's Silo Six and ST PAUL St Gallery Three. Analysis of *Between two_____* as the final *site-writing* exhibits its conclusion to this exegesis, eliciting the contributing aims of the thesis. It brings into proximity the question of mourning as a life-affirming expression within art practices such as mine that situate intimate and allegorical readings within material ruins of everyday life. These ruins are not the ruins of grand architectures (spoken of, in part, by Pallasmaa) but come from the fabric of our everyday otherness—whereupon each of us (daily) *sojourn*: This research contribution asks—ineffably—whether

an unconscious 'beneath' our (urban, everyday) settings might have something intimate to say to us, calling us to slow our breath, quiet our steps, look awry, holding us for a moment in dwelling within its temporary sanctuary, held by its inseparable material folds.

Chapter Five—
Pre-Mourning—Reflections on other spaces within everyday rituals

In pre-mourning works, there is a conceptual focus on *silence* as that which is performed within the structures and rituals of everyday life. In this respect I take my own personal milieu of university life within a school of art and design as a PhD candidate under analysis of everyday life, its rituals and a necessity for silence. It is interesting to note that in this initial phase of candidature prior to the death of my mother, my work explicitly engaged in performances within self-choreographed spatial schemes. The conceptual terrain circulated around conditions of silence, ritual and everyday life. In this section I discuss a series of three silent performances so as to bring attention to drawing out proximity to the concept of *essential solitude* (offered by other thinkers and practitioners) that transitions into my own concept of 'temporary sanctuary'.

A Trilogy of Silent Rituals—

One | Tea
The most significant and public invitation within the PhD research manifests as an invitation for others within my (school) milieu to join me for a 'silent' cup of tea: In *One|Tea*, I invited thirty-five participants to a semi-public space within the institution. Its public character revealed in that any passer-by could encounter the work, but semi-public in that the location was within the context of an art and design building, and therefore subject to a certain editing of potential passers-by. Guests could attend at any time during a six-hour window, and stay for as long as they wanted to. I remained silent for the duration of the event, and asked (via a poster) that my guests refrain from using words or their voice, to not read or write, and to stay with it as long as they 'liked'. The purpose of this work was to test out my burgeoning interest in extended durational works, as well as to explore and experience how an everyday act (such as drinking tea) could be affected by the condition of silence. Twenty-one guests joined me, each staying for longer than I had anticipated, amounting to an average of twenty minutes each.

Of those who responded to the survey offered after attendance, participants shared that the silence made them more aware of the

ambient sounds, colours, shapes and textures in the environment, noticing details that they thought they might not have otherwise.

> "I liked this morning. 'Non-participating' people go silent in the presence of silence, becoming participants. Fascinating. I had so many words, but with no means to communicate it was a peculiar feeling. The longer I was in silence, the more comfortable I became."

> "Silence is a framework for repose but it also provides solace. It is also a mode of being, one where I can reflect and sometimes just be."

The beauty that came from some of the post-event survey responses was that they affirmed the power of *silence* as a mode of porosity with respect to the community of participation. That is, those who were passing by, i.e., non-participants, became part of the work, contributing to the larger aura of *silence* at work in belonging. The inside and the outside of the event proper became deconstructed through silence and its spatiality or architecture. It locates resonance with Pallasmaa's evocation of the affecting memorial act of spatial silence and further presented me with the image of spaces such as churches, libraries or museums that all hold silence as an invitation that somehow reaches others who pass by, drop in, or visit in a temporary way. Silence became understood as an affecting spatial condition and through extended (yet temporary) duration invited more from others in terms of reflection, attention to themselves and acceptance without attention to any restricted inside or outside register.

Two | Silent Writing
The literature review discusses aspects of these silent writing performances in relation to an explicit material affect created by typing on a manual typewriter in relation to Benjamin's concept of material historicism. It foregrounds the event of performing a relatively everyday contemporary act of typing, yet through its anachronistic interface my experiments opened me up to an ecstatic temporalising through the collision of familiarity (typing) facing unfamiliar rituals in being with the analogue type-writer. In this respect *silence* became nuanced through material affectation. It was not a more quiet experience than typing on a computer—far from it. Rather, *silence* sounded through the ineffable unexpected

Figure 34

Silent Writing, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Auckland, 2015

300gsm watercolour paper, typewriter

sound of being thrown into a strange material expression juxtaposed within a familiar scenario. While the concept of the uncanny can be heard within this expression, I was keen to think through *silence* as an opening for becoming solitary with others *less* present or evident. This condition of silence differed from sitting silently with other known participants, as that which happened through the drinking tea series. A series of writing experiments emerged as solitary acts within the studio, differing from the instructional act of being silent. As solitary acts, there was the desire to inhabit my own essential solitude so that I could explore being-with ghosts or ruins manifest within these solitary writing acts. The two most significant are *Silent Writing* and *Conditional Reading.* In writing I focused my attention on material being-with by deliberately typing without leaving a mark/trace/or ink on paper—the old typewriter made *silent* by the lack of ink-ribbon. I inserted heavy white paper into the Olivetti carriage and typed in a sustained ritual, imagining the words' disappearance *rather* than recording a thought, memory or trace. I was engaged in an activity of emptying out content in order to bring myself closer to the essential solitude of writing without ontic record—for a kind of proximity to writing as *immediacy, physicality* and *materiality.* Yet, what might it mean to write without trace? What does it mean for writing not to leave its trace? We perceive that everyday writing performs a record; sets down our thinking; creates an archive; and acts as an external memory aid. Paradoxically, pressure to record thinking through writing can sometimes cause a block in thinking, whereby coming face-to-face with a 'white page' leaves us mastered by its demand for saying something—producing a command or instrument for thinking. Yet, in my thinking along with Heidegger's on poetic thought as he thinks with the German poet Hölderlin—I hear him suggest that authentic thinking is not in the 'business of production'—authentic thinking does not produce anything. Unlike science, authentic thinking is not an instrumental act, it is not 'useful' for this or that means to an end, but rather exists as an essential solitude within its act of poetic dwelling. Heidegger suggests that this modality of authentic thinking linked to poetic dwelling exists within the modality of silence and de-distances (bringing proximally) Being to beings.[135]

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135   Martin Heidegger, *On the Way to Language*, trans. Peter Hertz (New York: HarperCollins, 1982).

In the removal of writing's demand to *say something* an *essential solitude* opens in this expression of trace-without-tracing.[136] In the 'removal' of writing's *trace* (in this instance the appearance of words on paper) I pondered this more pared-back material act of writing, experimenting with various types of paper, each of which 'silences' the trace to varying degrees. These silent writing experimentations uncovered silence not as a singular expression but as continuums (of silences). The most successful iteration of this work resulted from using a typewriter without an ink ribbon, in combination with 300gsm watercolour paper. During the writing process it is virtually impossible to see the physical trace or meaning and in this act any trace of *saying something* became immaterial and anonymous. Rather, I located something more akin to essential solitude, forgetting myself, shrouding writing in the act of silence. Within this shrouded sanctuary my thinking flowed between the anonymous sounds of fingers striking keys, tapping paper, rolling carriage, ascending pages. Upon completion, the paper is rich with lettered indentations, held in the 'right' light thinking embodies material; writing's trace becomes visible yet its

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136   In the literature review Chapter 1 I refer to the work of Maurice Blanchot specific to his concept of *essential solitude*. His concept is largely influenced by the thoughts of Martin Heidegger on poetic non-instrumental thought and brings it into material being through his experimental literature. Heidegger's influence on Blanchot is resonant through Heidegger's thought that humankind is perennially homeless—and acts of belonging can go down pathways of instrumental security or mastery. For Blanchot this mastery manifests in strictures of literature and he is far more interested in the potentiality of literature entering its limits. Blanchot's literature performs a kind of site-writing that works across genres of literature and critical essay. His most overarching question is the performance of writing as to what constitutes the limits to literature. Literature is an act of embodiment yet for Blanchot the essential solitude exists as sites of anonymity within literature's being. Literature has the capacity for the writer to become anonymous within its metaphorical, poetic and allegorical conditions. This quote from his text *The Essential Solitude* holds a beautiful evocation for his concept: "The writer belongs to a language no one speaks, a language that is not addressed to anyone, that has no center, that reveals nothing. He can believe he is asserting himself in this language, but what he is asserting is completely without a self. ... Where he is, only being speaks, which means that speech no longer speaks, but simply is—dedicates itself to the pure passivity of being." (*The Essential Solitude*, 407.) Blanchot infers that he loses himself in writing, listening to the silence instead that takes him out of himself and into the text—where I/he become(s) material resonance in writing acts and lose my self-authority and become no one in particular. For further reading on Blanchot's concept I invite the reader to explore Maurice Blanchot, "The Essential Solitude," in *The Station Hill Blanchot Reader, Fiction & Literary Essays*, trans. Lydia Davis, Paul Auster & Robert Lamberton (Barrytown: Station Hill, 1999), 401–415.

meaning is not the decipherment of form/content binaries: silent writing does not live to archive the content and form, but rather archives the material activity of its ineffable expression of thinking as writing and writing as thinking.

Three | Silent Reading

What was occurring in my necessity for silence within the everyday? In asking this question that explicitly reveals my need for solitude among the pressures of undertaking a PhD, I became cognisant of relations between creative practice and performing scholarship. That is, my spatial practice holds a performance lineage—and yet, undertaking a PhD demanded even more necessity for scholarly practices of writing and reading. In order to deconstruct or bring intimacy between creative practice and practice-led research, my desire for performing scholarship arose. I was interested in locating a more spatial performance for reading and writing (of which the above *Silent Writing* acts testify). Reading in silence is an everyday condition. In acts of reading, we take it for granted that we are doing this in silence. Yet, often, in these acts of silence we become far more aware of our everyday milieu—resulting in it becoming more intruding or obtrusive. How much noise is generated through *reading together*? How much noise is present in my solitary acts of reading? In reading acts do other voices occupy my skills in understanding, analysis and review? I became far more aware of *reading* as an inscribed and instructional modality through focusing myself on the performance of reading—yet, I also became more aware of the otherness of reading as I listened to other voices without predetermining them. In the same vein as *Silent Writing*, I wished to locate essential solitude in the everyday rituals and acts of reading. I did not desire to empty out the otherness of these voices, intrusions or obtrusiveness, but rather to acknowledge them as to what constitutes a deeper understanding for reading with others. I felt that reading with others provided an essential research cue for mining the performance of 'temporary sanctuaries' constituted within the aims of the creative work. *Silent Reading* manifested as an everyday practice of reading together with invited university peers in a weekly two-hour performance called *Shut Up and Read*. The first iteration was an open call to join in through locating a

'sandwich board' advertising the rules of engagement (*Shut Up and Read* for two hours in silence), where this silent reading event also occurred, within a centralised foyer space in a key AUT University building.[137] The call attracted small numbers—yet the formalised arrangement also became unrecognisable within the larger milieu of student learning. That is, an opaque 'aura' surrounded the event, whereby the parameters of my silent reading event 'proper' dissolved and led to destabilising its intent through instructional methods.[138] Both the opacity and destabilising outcomes generated significant analysis with respect to what constitutes silence within the everyday and opened up authentic insights into welcoming otherness through less programmable means. This event evolved into another iteration more intimately sited within my studio building (WE) in the School of Art and Design. While the instructional nature of the call (via the sandwich-board advertising) appeared institutionally apposite, strict and conforming, it also availed a spatial programming forwarding an ease of engagement that allowed me to focus on the aims of everyday noise within acts of reading. However, the instructional nature—as a method of invitation—dropped away altogether after these iterative collective reading performances.

The work of Yve Lomax sounded the event of my hypothesis most authentically as I listened to the multiple voices registering my understanding as I continued my 'silent' reading. Silent reading performed intimately the act of listening to otherness, materialising again, the profound nature of language as that which 'hosts' otherness through its conceptual field and acts of translation. In sounding the reading event, I opened up ineffable spaces for listening to my thoughts as translations of others' thoughts materialised in my act of reading. The significance for

137   *Shut Up and Read* was located in AUT University's WG Building, Level Three, which houses cafés, multiple public seating, computer access, lecture halls and exhibition sites as well as general tutorial spaces.

138   The larger interrupting milieu within this site also reveals historic shifts in pedagogical spaces. Universities are designing flexible learning and researching spaces that cross-programme sites in the open plan of cafés, foyers that hold computer bays and work pods, wifi access, exhibition spaces and multiple transparencies across different building levels including inside and outside thresholds. Such is the case with AUT's WG Building, and the insertion of *Shut Up and Read* merely blended into the everyday temporary researching and learning cultures set up by these flexible 'atrium' spaces that historically would have only been recognisable within a library or classroom.

this thesis was my becoming reflective—to the call of ghosts,
(maternal, philosophical, practitioner, spatial, theoretical ghosts)
through language, naming, conceptual personae—and in other
works dressing, gesturing, cooking, walking and swimming—
being in dialogue with material everyday activities of writing
and reading. In this way it was not so much the act of being with
others within my immediate present that most intimately brought
into being a question for dialoguing (reading and writing) with
otherness. Rather otherness arrived in an ineffable call within
my allegorical thoughts and material things. The question of
silence then speaks me through these everyday rituals, gestures
and repetitions. These creative modalities (or events) attempt to
perform being with other folding and multiple voices that silence
the self-mastery of my own existence—reading or writing on my
own is, now, no longer a solitary act—and affirms the condition or
expression of essential solitude (as gleaned initially in Pallasmaa's
work). In this sense the everyday nature of life disappears as we
become more immersed in deep time and space, listening to
profound ineffable calls from 'our' others.

Bridges of Venice—Bridges of Mourning

A necessity of existential 'maturity' or growth entered my PhD
(and surrounding world)—abruptly—without expectation.
Strangely, the bridge between pre-mourning and the sounding
of my mourning-songs gave my PhD another (unplanned)
future, arriving in a detour across two seas: Auckland's Oceania
and the European canals of Venice. I had been anticipating
the closure *between two* of Auckland and Venice for six months
prior to my mother's abrupt death. I had been working on
my architectural model *The Other Night* and its surrounding
iterations that focused on expressions of silence in relation to
these two sites—their bridging—drawn together through what
they speak ineffably to each other. I followed an 'architectural
brief' named *Zoon Politikon* as part of a larger design studio
curatorial strategy for exhibiting twelve architectural models in
a Palazzo (Mora) as part of the Venice Architectural Biennale
2016: *Zoon Politikon* focused on relations between *gods, human* and
animal life (assisted by the thinking with Heidegger Blanchot and
Derrida that extended into dialogues with Giorgio Agamben). I
entered its parameters by thinking spatially on the potentiality
of language as a silent architecture manifest within the opacities
and obscurities of architecture proper. Language and spatiality
occupied my concerns in relation to that which divides human
and animal—with human being the speaking animal. My model's
resolve occurred over six months (December 2015—May 2016)[139]
before my existential 'maturity'. The attempt here is to reveal a
bridging capacity transitioning my processes of mourning from
pre-mourning with respect to my PhD aims. In saying this, I
announce something prophetic whereby concerns with ineffability

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[139]   Our *Zoon Politikon* exhibition opened on May 27th at Palazzo Mora,
Strada Nuova in Venice. Our architectural models and exhibition paraphernalia
'shipped' to Venice two weeks prior (early May). Our crew of (three) staff
and (fourteen) students from AUT's Spatial Design department flew out on
Monday May 23rd. My mother died on Sunday May 22nd, the day before 'our'
departure—I remained in Auckland and my colleagues sang waiata for me | for
my mother, at Auckland Airport as well as in Venice, attempting their mourning-
songs for bringing me closer to them. Since this day—*before*—our departure,
the name 'Venice' houses complex associations, hauntings and ghosts. It is a
name that I feel it impossible to speak yet it ineffably sounds in me, carrying its
mourning-stone. It is perhaps one of my heaviest mourning-stones, carried in its
place-name that I carry. Its weight shifts akin to processes of mourning. Its tenor
shifts and re-sites, situating otherness. It is a place that will forever *now* produce a
lot of ghosts.

in relation to otherness (gods, animals) revealed their otherness in silent discourses. Otherness consolidates more succinctly in a creative practice attuned to calls within spatial settings often obscure, opaque, fluid, dark and concerned with the night and/or outdoors. In processes for translating language into architectural materiality and further into wider settings such as dark waters embodied through night (swimming), model making, filming and performing—I de-distanced spatial and temporal otherness such as the dark waters of Venetian canals and their ineffable speaking. Yet, what does it mean to de-distance another city, its architecture, its cultures, its everyday life? How did Venice arrive in Auckland? How did its distant call arrive as a prophetic gift of mourning? These questions host an ineffable or impossible translation. They speak otherness in their impossible call. The temporality is an ecstatic one—produced in the before of mourning proper and its following processes. It is an ecstatic temporality that has given me precision in my *ruinous analysis* of site-writings with ruins culminating in the final PhD show.

The *Zoon Politikon* brief folded this impossibility into its conceptual personae as well as in the task for speculating or projecting our final exhibition into a site (Palazzo Mora in Venice) we had not encountered prior to the show's opening. These conditions invited a call to listening to the allegorical potentiality and material resolve as constituted in my final model. It opened me to that which I could not expect, master, control or know for certain. I pushed my methods for thinking material silence *as* the darkness to languages of architecture, settings and sites. Prophecy came in the call for listening to that which I could not imagine—like the death of a mother. It opened me to the without alibi for making an architectural schema that spoke with an abstract tongue in a language allegorically mined from Derrida's *stealthy wolf* that cannot be sited, sighted or made aware within human naming conceptions. Derrida's *stealthy wolf* announces itself to me prophetically as the *she-wolf* surrounding me, surrounding what I cannot see or say, surrounding my mourning-setting and I have learnt to work with her allegorically and materially in darkness and in spaces that elude or secrete themselves within other more visible spaces. These *other* ineffable spaces translate into a stronger

The Listener

I heard it said that God created the world, that there is the divine above, the animal below and the human in between. But there is a whisper within that says otherwise...in this other cosmic framework there is the mystical not above but all around, and the elemental not below, but everywhere, and the human as the conduit for both. From a copper surface the mystical light is refracted, the water below creates a lens and refracts the light yet again, closing the circuit. The other night I thought I heard something... out of the corner of my ear I thought I caught a nothing, or a whisper of a breeze, a crashing wave or was it a falling coconut...pineapple... building. Was that a grain of sand I hear, hitting the floor of the ocean, or was it the softly padded paw of a stealthy wolf, moving à pas de loup through the forest.

I am alone, we are alone –none of us so, and all of us still. There exists a fundamental solitude that even language cannot temper. This solitude is not that of individuated aloneness – it is something other. We slip on slippery steps, pas-pas, the steps we cannot take, or take over and over again; the eternal rolling of Sisyphus' boulder up the hill. There it is again, that sound I thought. Perhaps it was an echo I heard, a softly whispered something; no nothing, nothing has been said in this chamber. Silence speaks here. I wait. A word of two finally begin to coalesce...perhaps language is an architecture of Being. If building is the means through which I make physical architecture, then language is the primary architecture through which I construct, understand, control and change my world around me so that control becomes released.

I'm listening, listening hard now, what is it that I can say, it is asked of me that I say. How am I building my world? In this time of unprecedented chaos, it is asked of

me that I say. An yet, I find myself unable to say anything. I am caught between the impossibility of saying anything, and knowing I am called upon to say something. In saying something I say nothing, and in saying anything I also say what it is that I cannot say. I am a radically passive agent of non- agency. Blanchot speaks to me his step not beyond, his pas pas, saying of radical passivity as that which is not a doing nothing but a doing ethics. Holding something that is radically unsayable yet says only in this radical uncertainty its certainty that silence is the most authentic discourse for this saying.

There lies here an ethics of the call; our solution to this chaos is not architectural but ethical—or, rather still, a spatial ethics that provides porosity of thought and being between instruments of techne and poesis—A porosity open to mysticism in materiality and materiality in mysticism. Pas-pas, step and step and step again, keep rolling the boulder back up this hill. And you, you there, you see yourself reflected in the copper, the resting place for the mystical and the elemental. The baker says her way with bread, the plumber with pipes, the musician speaks with music, the artist with paint, the carpenter with tools, I ask you friend; what can you say?

'grasp' for my expression of 'temporary sanctuaries'. These dark material embodiments and allegorical expressions of night, other night, night swimming, dark-writing, without alibi in existential unleashing, bridge everyday and existential layers in my final show *Between two_____* .

Further, I have constructed this chapter's visual narrative—from images documenting material processes with respect to my *Zoon Politikon* model (titled *The Other Night*)—out of images that begin with the finished Zoon model and unfold 'back into' the logic of process work. The logic of this visual narrative (as it unfolds alongside this chapter's writing) marks a significant revealing bringing emphasis *not* to the finished work (as in a resolved work of art), but rather in processes of otherness revealed through the unexpected turning point in the PhD thesis. As stated already it is the bridge from pre-mourning to mourning—and on this bridge, a turning point reveals more profoundly my conceptual understanding of otherness within my essential-solitude post-Venice's exhibition. It is what I would name 'the bridge of otherness' that listens to the ineffable revealings for how they signal significant shifts within creative processes, refinings and resolutions in relation to the larger PhD research project. I would name this overarching process as *ruinous* with this bridging-chapter revealing the beginnings of my ruinous analysis: it is a ruinous analysis that is more fully detailed in the following chapters and marks the culmination of site-writings that reveal processes of mourning in (its) sites of ruin.

The Other Night—A *Récit*

    —And now I cannot speak, except *ineffably* through the *The Other Night*[140] produced for my PhD prior to *her* death: I dedicate this ineffable expression to *her* in the appellations of my stealthy wolf mothers: *Accalia* and *Lupa*[141]

140   *The Other Night* is the title of my model constructed for the exhibition *Zoon Politikon* as part of "Time, Space and Existence," *Venice Architecture Biennale*, May-Nov 2016, 'TIME SPACE EXISTENCE', GAA Foundation, accessed 10 October 2017, http://www.gaafoundation.org/index.php?page=85&lang=en.

141   Accalia and Lupa are Roman Moon Wolf Goddesses: **Lupa**—Wolf

Designing Poetic-Dwelling

>*[P]as de loup* signifies the absence, the literal non-
>presentation of the wolf itself in response to its name,
>and so an evocation that is only figural, tropic, fabulous,
>phantasmic, connotative: there is no wolf, there is *pas de
>loup.* And the absence of this wolf, ungraspable in person
>other than according to the words of a fable—this absence
>bespeaks at the same time power, resource, force, cunning,
>ruse of war, stratagem or strategy, operation of mastery.
>The wolf is all the stronger, the meaning of its power
>is all the more terrorizing, armed, threatening, virtually
>predatory for the fact that in these appellations, these turns
>of the phrase, these sayings, the wolf does not yet appear
>in person but only in the theatrical *persona* of a mask, a
>simulacrum of a piece of language, i.e. a fable or fantasy.
>The strength of the wolf is all the stronger, sovereign even,
>is all the more all-conquering [*a raison de tout*] for the fact
>that the wolf is not there, that there is not the wolf itself,
>were it for a *pas de loup*, except for a *pas de loup*, save a *pas de
>loup*, only a *pas de loup*.[142]
>
>—*Jacques Derrida*

>What is spoken is never, in any language, what is said.[143]
>
>—*Martin Heidegger*

Between two—Derrida and Heidegger—speak another tongue
where language opens *us*—and we dwell poetically. Bear with
me now as I enter into the *other night* of language as an attempt
to express poetic dwelling through material expression. In my
ineffable expressions I attempt to reveal through language
something impossible to say—it is constitutive of mourning as I
retreat to the other-side of this veil. The veil conceals my saying
(of non-presentation), expressing instead personae of all that I'm
able to communicate on the hauntology of my Venice project,
The Other Night. In saying this much, I say something about the

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Queen, Wolf of Motherhood, Children, Astrology, Stars, Peace, Balance, &
Dreams. (Spirit of Visions) Gentle Wolf of the South. **Accalia**—Wolf of Love,
Desire, Expression, Mist, & Lost Love. (Spirit of Desirable Passion): as cited in
'The Roman Moon - God's and Goddesses and Wolves: Wolf Religion', Good
Reads, accessed 7 Feb 2018, https://www.goodreads.com/topic/show/1073388-
wolf-religion.

142   Jacques Derrida, *The Beast and the Sovereign, Volume I*, trans. Geoffrey
Bennington (Chicago: University Of Chicago Press, 2011), 6.

143   Farrell-Krell, *Martin Heidegger: Basic Writings*, 22.

work of mourning as a veil dwelling in language—dwelling in language-imaged-architecturally: through figural, tropic, fabulous appellations. And, in saying this much, I'm attempting to express a process for holding genuine expression through otherness that assisted my ability for *site-writings*, listening to the unconscious of sites and my site responses through poetic dwelling and making. The other of this writing embodies a *stealthy, dark, secreted* movement unknown to more representational processes—the figure of the wolf; the swimmer; the night; and the bridge (between Auckland and Venice), are the core *strangers* of this chapter. What these *strangers* say [stealthily] does not appear—through their non-presentation as otherness—to a scene of instrumental language and illustrative representations: they assist me 'now' in saying something of mourning. That is, through the language of stealthy withdraw (*Aletheia*), I hear other expressions for sounding mourning. The wolf's non-presentation—along with swimmer, night and bridge—reveal to me expressions of (my) otherness. On the whole, throughout my PhD thesis, I have named these ineffable expressions as *mourning-songs* and *mourning-stones*.

Here we stand, above, below and surrounded in language questioning our locale—our mastery—in all this atmospheric naming. *Pas de loup* names an absence—a not knowing of the animal that our speaking-being names *as* wolf |a wolf now calls us on this: we hear its call but do not recognise *who* or *what* calls. It *calls* in veils, sails, fables and fabulations—a theatrical *persona*—threaded in and woven out of a texture of quotations and well-worn phrases so that we may feel at home, secure in that which demarcates this and that species. The 'Wolf' and 'I' have created a home out of separation, clearly demarcating who and what is included in *this* life. Yet, whose life are we now writing of? Writing off? Who and what are we attempting in our saying? In questioning the withdrawal of the wolf in response to 'its' name— this chapter focuses on a significant PhD bridging-expression, called by my model, *The Other Night*. It is a bridge that opened for me revealing a pathway between instrumental artistic and poetic creation of art practices. This bridge *signifies* (if I dare use this term now) a more profound engagement for conceiving a practice inviting 'temporary sanctuary'. It reveals a fundamental movement in the withdrawal of the human in the naming of names as it

comes to witness its ineffable call for not naming. In speaking—as we must here—of names, I feel the necessity to introduce the un/grounding for my title and its locale for the task of unfolding processes and conceptual underpinnings of this project: *Zoon Politikon.*

I found it one night, 'truthfully', out at sea. It had come to me on an island in Auckland's Hauraki Gulf. Here I took my chance for becoming a wolf without-name as I withdrew from the day, into a scene of mystery as friends, around me, surrounding me, took to swimming by day—I 'knew' then that the wolf, if it were to become she, would swim at night. The night is never clear and what became secure by day, fell away into the release of darkness; an obscurity provided by not knowing what was underfoot, an experience of assurance now released to the day's passing. I recall, now at this very moment, Maurice Blanchot's *récit*—*Thomas The Obscure*, which opens onto a scene of beach and swimming. Thomas watches from ashore, contemplating his release from a line of separation—so that he may, instead, enter its material *scene,* awash in a language without borders that pulls him into the sea. It is a fog that dissolves his everyday separation, making him anonymous as we enter with him into an impossible regioning glow, without knowledge of borders, boundaries, separations:

> Thomas sat down and looked at the sea. He
> remained motionless for a time ... The fog hid the
> shore. A cloud had come down upon the sea and
> the surface was lost in a glow which seemed the only
> truly real thing.[144]

Thomas and I are alike in this moment of *swimming*—called in by the sea, not for what it promises in the narrative of day swimming, but rather in the absence of 'daylight's' certainty. We are without this light that separates out this from that—rather we pass endlessly into its glow, into its *récit*.[145] It is a story of material

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144   Maurice Blanchot, *Thomas the Obscure* (Paris, France: Editions Gallimard, 1973), 7.

145   Blanchot's concept of *récit*, is a style of writing of which the emphasis is "being drawn toward the point where being and image pass endlessly into one another, a point that is real only while the narrative is being written or read." The writing of a *récit*, is not a narrative but an event. This quote is cited in Daniel Just,

reality, lived without division. The inseparability of Thomas entering the image of this fog-glow expresses its significance for my practice. It is the expression of water—site-written as *récit*— that folds inseparable surfaces as being passes into image: clouds, fogs, ice, lakes, harbours, oceans, nights, human bodies, moons, tides, rain, dry ice, window glass—linking fires, steel, concrete, cement, steps, streets, cities, houses, rooms, chairs, corners, crevices, light, dust. Through Thomas I recognise the model's attempt to express the event of materiality and allegorical folds, folding sites (Venice, Auckland) and their wider settings into the surfaces of an abstract model.[146]

Stepping on Mourning Stones: On *Pas/Pas*

Heidegger and Blanchot may be leading me down an other night path: they may know something about what it is to release thinking into the foggy woods that melt into refractions of moon-pools—drawing me into her region of truth where we pass endlessly into one another—a point existing in site-writings' language event. It is an event beyond onto-theological experiences of divine+human+animal=mathemes. In them I trust—as this is not a game of leading or following but rather an absenting from hierarchical divine transcendental order—we just move along, without stopping. Blanchot and Heidegger are stealthy in their steps (not beyond—*pas/pas*), talking their endless *pas/pas.* I listen to their ineffable calls toward the beauty of thinking, calls to mysterious approaches for life-living.

—I turn, spin, re-turn, lose my footing, loosen my grip—I release myself, hearing the non-presentation of being:

—I turn around again, knowing I'm a little lost in my sea of

Literature, Ethics, and Decolonization in Postwar France, pg. 46 and is quoting Kevin Hart's reading of Blanchot's *The Book to Come* in *Clandestine Encounters: Philosophy in the Narratives of Maurice Blanchot,* ed. Kevin Hart (Paris: University of Notre Dame Press, 2010).

146   Blanchot's *récit* differs from the *fabulation* of a theatrical *persona*. Blanchot's *récit* assists my reading of *The Other Night*, as a process entering into the mysterious other to the fabled theatrical *persona*—where expression is an event and not a narrative. This force of saying opens onto a singularity that strips the *persona* of knowing from its worn individuality—an opening is the event of saying as the ineffable call into its mystery of approach.

words, only for the title of this project to reveal itself again: *The Other Night.* Why this signature to this work? What did I hear in Heidegger's and Blanchot's ineffable *pas/pas*:

—I begin again, a *récit*[147]

—I turn to face *The Other* Night listening to its ineffable call that bridges Auckland and Venice: materials of copper, wood, steel and water write this bridge, offering ineffable steps into the obscurity of its saying. There is a conceptual saying inherent in the *Zoon Politikon* brief as it is densely populated with philosophical and existential voices, relating a thinking across gods | humans | animals. Its material expression is also pre-figured in the brief's saying, and our architectural models hold aesthetic propositioning for poetic, abstract and minimal construction.

I retrace my tracks in a better understanding for *Aletheia's* path— her pas/pas. I step back over covered tracks, uncovering my earlier tracks, but they are not the same tracks, they reveal themselves differently now: I attempt a stealthy agency for revealing this way of the bridge—*between* Auckland and Venice—towards its other night. I nominate dark waters for night swimming, site-writing: dwelling on the foggy shores of its poetic thinking and its material expression.[148]

Two Nights—*Before* our Grasp

How did this work appear in its ineffable call? What called? I have wanted to bring into play, along the path, a question of the *before.* I have prefigured this concept of time-space already in my motif of the bridge crossing between Auckland and Venice: a bridge

147   Of course the *récit* absents the temporality of the narrative (with its beginnings, middles and ends)—there are only the endless event of—steps, forward, back, (*pas/pas*)—'revolutions' again as the path does not begin or end.

148   *How to Watch an Invisible Event (*Talk Week, WM Gallery Foyers) reveals the concept of *umbra* as a dark-writing or umbra-writing that brings proximity to everyday life through sublime cosmic events (such as a lunar eclipse). *Things I Didn't Know* (Corban Estate Art Centre, Barrel Store) reveals *inseparability* of material existence within elemental materials (of fire, water, air, earth)—a mourning-stone without reserve. These dark-material-writings write through the evolution of their material expression, housing in particular conditions of lensing-us (refracting our positions of encounter—as they move us).
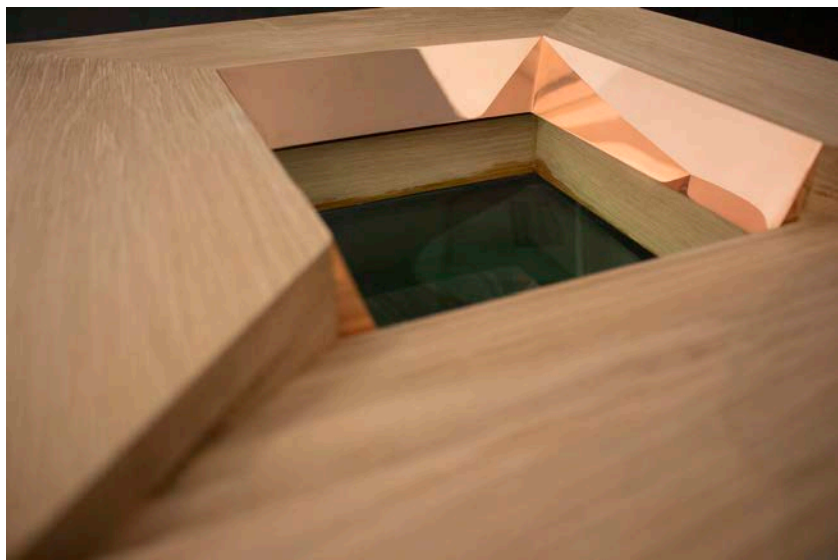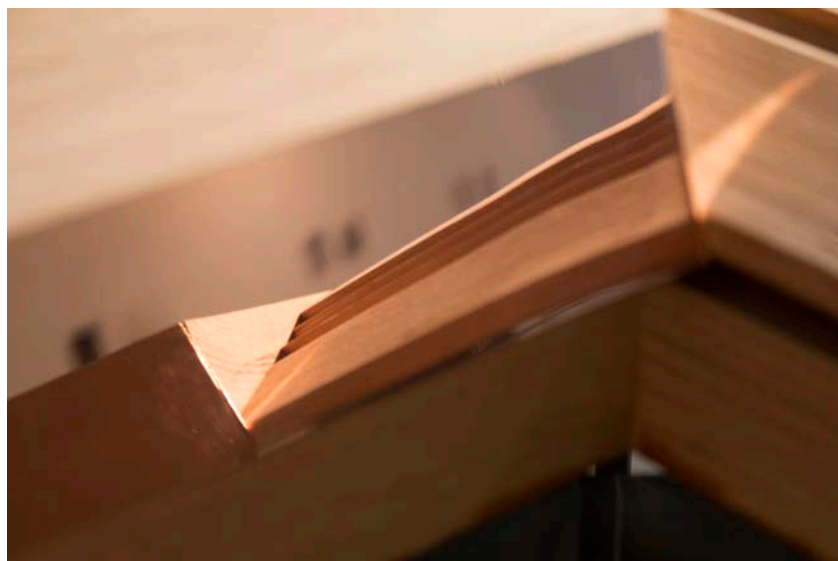
of speculation, looking forward to ways that my model can de-distance the call of these sites. Yet this temporal-spatial concept of 'before' arrived in Jacques Derrida's thinking on language and its logic of naming, housed within the brief: he calls to a time *before* we animals were named human. Is it possible 'now' to come *before* a time when names appeared? Where does this question lead us? I have heard a call that wolves are pack animals and set their paths by pacing (as in setting a pace) for those who are the oldest and sickest. Here I take their 'lead' in listening to the pack's logic. It is a logic of slowing—wherein 'their' essential solitude opens from the position of others that are slowest. This 'reverse' hierarchy speaks its spatial community as a movement of otherness, neither privileging the strongest or weakest but rather leading without following. They walk as one, immersed in their surrounding world. This does not sound like mastery or competitive leading strategy: I'm back on my *pas/pas* path; Blanchot out in front (with his sick hand), slowing me down, and there too is his great friend, Emmanuel Levinas (for whom I cannot help but listen to now). He slows me down even more so—almost at a standstill within the setting of his radical ethics as he speaks of formlessness that proliferates behind all luminous forms. It is a proliferation of materiality to obscurity—a materiality that is crude and brutal in which all form comes—prior to the world—a priority left over that remains resistant to illumination or totalisation. Levinas's scene here is the *il y a*—translated as *it has there*: it has always been, *il y a*. Levinas suggests within its always-been time, that an uncanny materiality of being passes endlessly into scenes (—copper, light, water, wood, steel—) existing as a *strange* 'reverse creation'.[149] Leaning into this Levinasian always thereness is Irigaray too—she whispers to me: "Your silence exists as does my self gathering. But so does the almost absolute silence of the world's dawning. In such suspension, before every utterance on earth, there is a cloud, an almost immobile air. The plants already breathe, while we still ask ourselves how to speak to each other, without taking breath away from them."[150] It is a scene close to some kind of fog or glow akin to Blanchot's Thomas: a radical exteriority of strange

149   On the *il y a* and his 'reverse creation', see Emmanuel Levinas, *Existence and Existents* (cited below) and Emmanuel Levinas, "Reality and its Shadow," in *Collected Philosophical Papers*, (Dordrecht: Martinus Nijhoff Publishers, 1987).

150   Luce Irigaray, *To Be Two*, trans. Monique Rhodes and Marco Cocito-Monoc (Psychology Press, 2001), 3.

permanence, or intrusive presence that resists form-giving its clarity; it is (Blanchot's) other night.

—This concluding scene is set aglow between Blanchot's two nights; it appears the only truly real thing:

Blanchot's step/step (*pas/pas*) or step-not-beyond is a nocturnal encounter: Levinas suggests, "We would say that the [other] night is the very 'experience' of the *there is* [il y a] if the term 'experience' were not inapplicable to a situation which involves the total exclusion of light."[151] It is a generality of being without exit that apprehends us and excludes the light. Blanchot will suggest this without exit is a stronger night than the night of death—our mourning-song—pressed to the nocturnal horror of immortality. This horror is part of the scene of fable, but radically withdraws into another silence that releases us from rhetorical fabulations— its 'aim' is not to terrorise. Blanchot's first night involves its dialectical or diurnal return to the work of day, to illumination, certainty, to totality. It is the night that belongs to the day, a night of sleep, dreaming, rest, which are still in the service of a return of day. Sleep, dreaming and silence are alluring and mysterious, yet still yield their mystery to the clarity of the day, and death is encountered dialectically as limit and finitude. The first night or night of day is the domain of productive worlding, appropriated by day as an opposition or negation that, as Joseph Libertson suggests, "permits the day's dialectical accomplishment."[152] Blanchot will relate the essence of the poetics—our step 'today' not beyond—to worklessness or *désoeuvrement* that refuses the totality or completion of work as capital, of Capital production: this *worklessness* expresses the 'work' of *The Other Night*. In (site)-writing, we witness it as passivity, a weakness (without a grasp for the proper world—here we let go of our hands as they turn into obscurity). Blanchot's writer, or at least the true ability to (site)-write is to break with the writer's mastery; to break from the interminable murmur of the day, and to enter into the pure expression of our essential solitude, passivity and ineffability where

Figure 39

The Other Night (detail 3), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Zoon Politikon
Venice, 2016

American oak, polished brass, perxpex, steel

151   Emmanuel Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, trans. Alphonso Lingis (Duquesne University Press, 1978), 58.

152   Joseph Libertson, *Proximity Levinas, Blanchot, Bataille and Communication*, 1982 edition (The Hague ; Boston: Springer, 1982), 88.
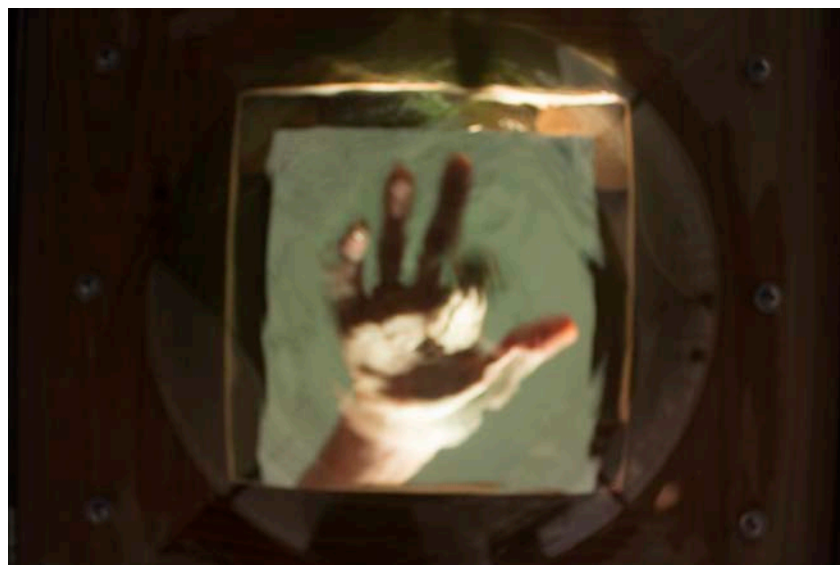
the principles of power and mastery are essentially undermined by the economy of resemblance and shadow and its ungraspable beyond:

> The writer seems to be master of his pen, he can become capable of great mastery over words, over what he wants to make them express. But this mastery only manages to put him in contact, keep him in contact, with a fundamental passivity in which the word, no longer anything beyond its own appearance, the *shadow* of a word, can never be mastered or even grasped; it remains impossible to grasp, impossible to relinquish, the unsettled moment of fascination. The writer's mastery does not lie in the hand that writes, the "sick" hand that never lets go of the pencil, that cannot let it go because it does not really hold what it is holding; what it holds belongs to *shadow*, and the hand itself is a *shadow*.[153]

The sick hand holds itself a shadow-hand—beyond leadership: our *pas/pas*, out ahead and *before* us—our hands turn into obscurity and our tracks are covered, perhaps, they are without everyday trace. From the work of day that the first night belongs to, we witness the interruption or apprehension of the other night. As the performance of (site)-writing by the 'sick' hand moves from the demand of the day's mastery for completing a Work, it also reveals its stillness or slowness. It furthers itself into shadows that speak imperceptibly in silence.

I locate here a temporary sanctuary through working through worklessness and its shadows: *The Other Night* expresses itself best *not* through the finished model that was installed in Venice, but through night swimming—continuing into the iridescence of my *Sojourns* and *Holding* performance installations in the final show *Between two_____*. The latter are not swims occurring ostensibly at night, or in darkness, but are submerged acts of rest, slowing, stilling, opened up by the call of my pregnant body in relation to its wider setting—harbour conditions and a GoPro. I have discussed the anonymity of these swims earlier in relation

Figure 40

The Other Night (detail 4), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara
Zoon Politikon
Venice, 2016

American oak, polished brass, perxpex, steel

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153   Maurice Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, trans. Ann Smock (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2015), 25.

to the ongoing *entry-upon-entry* revealing a fundamental solitude that opens to the radical passivity of otherness. I discern along this stealthy path that the processes of mourning are at work in the six-month lead-up to the Venice architecture exhibition. They lead me in a process or temporality of apprehension or involuntary prehension. My refracted analysis here understands that expressions of 'temporary sanctuary' might not arrive to all (invited) others in my final PhD show [*Between two*_____], but may arrive in the *il y a*—as an obscurity that has always been there, that remains opaque. 'Certainly' for my own analysis the genuine *other night* of my creative expression with respect to the Work, '*The Other Night*' arrives in acts of swimming, bridging and dark-writing—and the understanding that any instrumental planning of works as Work, also reveals their genuine expression in the uncanny spatio-temporalities of release. I had not foreseen Venice as an apparition. I had not known I would not be there to install my model. I took a journey there approximately three weeks after my *Zoon Politikon* peers had arrived (and departed) and celebrated their|our accomplishments. I visited the site of the exhibition at Palazzo Mora on my own. I ate, slept and breathed in the Venetian water-lined streets on my own. I had not felt such a solitary becoming before. I write this now *only* to signal something profound about my PhD research findings. I write this now to say something ineffable about my genuine entry into the shadow-side of existence folding my everyday life into my creative existence. I locate the shadow of everyday life in the minor ruins that have always been there—*il y a*—in the profound spaces and times of material expression that speak ineffably *with* major Works of Art (Venice Biennales, Gothic Cathedrals, Roman Pantheon, Egyptian Temples, Venice [Art and Architecture] Biennales). The other night of my model—*The Other Night*—expresses non-presentational, *other* to binary or dialectical rationalising of day and night coupling. Although, the first night always contains the *other night*, which means that any day-work of dialectical (everyday) accomplishment is already a movement toward the encounter with the other night—a movement to a time that is hardly human, yet also an inevitability that cannot be avoided in its uncanny apparition. The 'temporary sanctuary' that arrived in my *other night* still lingers in interval moments, where the principle of difference or otherness marks for both Blanchot and Levinas

Figure 41
The Other Night (process 1), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Figure 42
The Other Night (process 2), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

the essential belonging together. These intervals poetically dwell and slow us in being with others—like a pack animal that doesn't perceive separation from its others. Inseparably, Auckland—Venice offer an inseparable bridge 'made' from *mourning-stones,* sounding ineffably—without naming—its *mourning-song.*

Slippery steps,
forest leaves,
leaving t/his house,
she leads me before night falls

Figure 43

The Other Night (process 3, CNC), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Chapter Seven—
Site-Writings as Ruinous Analysis

There's Something You're Not Telling Me
ST PAUL St Gallery Three—November 2016

The collaboration between Elliot Collins and myself for our
joint-show *There's Something You're Not Telling Me* is constructed
from two positions of withholding—this holding pattern was our
starting point that also finds exactness in the joint-object *Memory
Vessel/Silent Exchange* as the sole joint-work in the show. *Memory
Vessel/Silent Exchange* programmes our curatorial strategy, acting
as a central hinge for turning its audience around the other
solo works within the show.[154] In the title of the show, the term
'not' as in there is something you're 'not' telling me elicits the
aforementioned *pas/pas* or step forward and back 'not' beyond that
also continues meaning's withdraw. I have discussed this also in
more concrete contextual terms as the *without alibi* as that ineffable
condition that takes us (as a viewer) into a spatial-temporal
opening that is indiscernible and incalculable as to the where to,
when or how this opening opens. In saying this, my site-writing
proceeded with a call for listening to the other of my collaborator:
attuning to his practice was a starting site for how I was to move
my research practice forward from an understanding of *elsewhere*
or *elsewhen* with their more discernable alibis or others. It was
a conceptual leap necessary in forwarding my practice toward
listening to the ineffable call of *without alibi* and the otherness
that arises inseparably. In the following narrative I describe a
series of discrete *elsewheres* or *alibis*, each marking a site-writing
with others—only to then bring a more succinct analysis for how
these others reveal default binaries and/or bring me closer to
an affirmative paradox in my deconstruction of inside/outside
ideology and positions.

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154   *Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange* operated as the leitmotif of absence within
the context of this show. It was the central point around which the other works
emerged, each one referring back to the content and context of the 'centre' both
in terms of its location in the gallery and as the originary device that opened
up the show. It worked as the most *silent* and *concealing* saying in the exhibition.
It housed the inceptive force of a 'shared' practice, and worked repetitively as
passers-by witnessed the turnings of viewers around it and the other works in
the room—it othered us (like a gaze from elsewhere). This work kept in play the
potentiality of elsewhere without binary of inside/outside in the not knowing yet of
our something *telling*.

Elliot's Practice/My Alibi—
Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange

—He is my other. That is to say we had been having 'hallway' conversations about silence, absence and presence, lingering on the possibility for articulating absence. I cannot recall the singular moment in which Elliot initiated the idea that I place something within a set of empty vessels he was creating—the emergence of *Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange*, 2016. We were attempting to listen to something unspoken within what seemed a construction of making, in our minds, without calculation. We were attempting to get closer to the secret—that we acknowledged quietly was a process of trust (for each other, for what lay sacred in not knowing), secreted in our attempt *not* to have control over the other's intent—rather we embraced the tentative revealing of clues as a process for making work together without predetermining the other. Like a dance, one of us would say something, show something, leave something out for the other to see, always without expectation for any return: a sentence said for the saying, not the hearing. I sit here typing with my eyes closed, trying to spatialise this process in my mind: there is something between us, something that we cannot name. Something is *calling* us from afar. We get close to it sometimes, we have to go around it in order to get close enough to each other to say something, do something, communicate something. In every attempt I was aware of going slowly. Not saying too much. Not knowing how much Elliot was saying. What were we each withholding? Was this by choice or an inability to be articulate? We did not work *together* in a 'traditional' sense, rather we worked in a rhythm that we came to describe as *call* and *response*.[155]

155   Some time between May and November 2016, there began a series of conversations between Elliot Collins and myself. It began within the confines of our very normal everyday routines, in which we sit in studio, stand in studio, enter and exit the studio, with food, with coffee, with a walk past each other's spaces, it began with overheard conversations, overseen things, it began with queries about meaning, about whether absence could be articulated, it began with gentle conversations that never had an intention of leading somewhere particular, just of going where they went … There was a sense of advance and then retreat, each advance a little further, a little closer to each other, or to the central ineffable something that we are both always trying to reach. I cannot remember the origin of the project because the moments that I cannot remember are dissolved— proximity, perhaps, to Blanchot's concept of the everyday as that which escapes. There was an on-going call for us to explore this concept together—apart.

Figure 45

Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange (detail),
Elliot Collins + Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

There's Something You're Not Telling Me
ST PAUL St Gallery Three, 2016

Steel, wax, native timbers, concealed notes

Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange resulted in a set of steel tubes with hand-carved native timber stoppers placed on each end. These stoppers are perfectly set into the steel and glued into place, enclosing notes that will remain unread as the tubes are to remain unopened. Elliot produced the steel tubes and I produced the notes. This work stands-in as a metonymic figure for the larger programmatics of the show *There is Something You're Not Telling Me* constructing a kind of alibi as the figure for revealing absence as presence. The vessels hold notes that only I know the contents of, revealing to me a necessity to hold a secret of mourning that is inexpressible to any other. Still the work reveals the absence of what can never be revealed in its *holding* posture. Elliot's vessels hold with dignity and respect what was always expressed through our collaborative process—it is a respect for not knowing or for not excavating the interiority of subjective loss. *Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange* holds its secret as an allegorical figure of mourning as it performs the site-writing of alibi *without alibi* within the material ruins of the steel vessels. What is suggested here is that these metonymic steel tubes stand-in for my mourning process, holding me through Elliot's respect during this acute mourning process held within my PhD research journey. While his practice is one that is concerned with acts of memorial, and the materiality of steel and native timber conveys allegorical testimony to settler culture and histories within Aotearoa, he also gifts a strong, private and enduring caress through holding my *secreted* mourning-songs (the unreadable notes). It would be this *other* gift that announces itself as a minor setting within the larger scheme of his PhD. It is a minor architecture housing my own silence as a more intimate history within a larger bi-cultural history schema. My research is not Elliot's—yet in this process of *not* voicing my research practice over and beyond his, we have successfully mined another expression. Elliot expresses his memory-writings, revealing for me the material affects of my site-writing that house secreted histories or personal memories that are *without alibi*. They remain secret.

Material Ruins—Alibis in a Minor Key

I was pushing the work to reveal different kinds of silences whose tonality would 'speak' metonymically through succinct material

There's Something You're Not Telling Me

Elliot says: These works have come about through my research and contemplation of monuments and memorials. Having visited and spent time with these places and objects it becomes apparent that there were memories or stories that are not available to me, an access or boundary to content. Either because of the lack of information contained within the object, or because of the kind of memories that the objects contained that were not meant for me. It is a strange kind of realization that continues to occur, and one that is foreign to a western taught mindset.

Regardless of the access to these memories, all objects are containers of story, memory or record. In some ways all are also silent. The access to memory became interesting to me, and the vessels themselves have become an important part of that discussion and interest. They are containers of silence, but they also silence the message, story or memory within. This is however, the point of the work. There is information that will not be shared and this is important. The memory is private and the understanding that the work must exist in this unknown space is vital to its essence, and to rupture or destroy any part of the vessel to read or view the contents destroys the work as a whole. I wanted these monuments to be small and personal in scale. They are able to be held and warmth transferred to the metal, but also stable and solid like monuments that exist in the open spaces, exposed to the elements.

emphasis—in the sense that a minimal material palette offered many alibis—expressing a multitude of readings personally secreted in any given viewer's arrival. In this sense my site-writings drew from my collaboration with Elliot—specifically in relation to *Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange*—toward an understanding that the proliferation of *alibis* also revealed a deconstruction of any neat or closed narrative to the work. Let me be more concise as to how I determine my minimal material tone through bringing into my conversation the work of German artist Wolfgang Laib, specifically his work *Pollen from Hazelnut*, 2013 that I encountered through documentation of its install in New York at MoMA. Here Laib installs a large rectangle (5m x 7m) of bright-yellow pollen on a slightly raised floor surface in a central atrium at MoMA. He describes the siting as an intensely, concentrated centre, whereby the work can be viewed from multiple angles, including from above. As the pollen can be encountered from multiple vantages, I grew intrigued by different light conditions, distances, proximities, intensive smells, readings across other gallery works, public and private invitations and the atrium's relation to the wider setting of this monumental art museum. Yet, it is the temporal alibi offered in Laib's extended iterative process that marks my attention for thinking time's alibi: *Pollen from Hazelnut* is a repeat work from thirty years prior. I hear the call of time, deep time, unconscious minor histories speaking in the repetition and difference of our everyday life—repetition that holds within mourning-songs of times gone by in the presence of progress over process. Laib began collecting pollen from trees and plants in 1977, most often near his home in a small village in South Germany. He sees the pollen as a potential material, essential for other plants to come into being. The process of collecting is extremely slow, taking three weeks to collect just enough pollen to fill about a third of the jar. He says:

> I love this work. It's something I can do for hours and hours, days and days. It's very quiet work here in this environment, which means a lot to me.[156]

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156   The Museum of Modern Art, *Wolfgang Laib, Pollen from Hazelnut | MoMA*, n.d., https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e-_92MYcANk. Laib studied medicine for six years, during which time he saw and experienced a lot of. He suggests that the pollen is instead, all about life. Once installed into the atrium space, you can tell (even from film and photographs) that the pollen casts a soft glow into the space around it. I can only imagine the sweet, slightly sticky and sunshine-filled scent, recalling the elsewhere from which it came. The time it

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There's Something You're Not Telling Me

Notes of reflection immediately after the show, after a supervision_____ [30 Nov 2016]:

I write to myself: If elsewhere is always an alibi, then where exists the without alibi of this work? And further, how might without alibi exist in the ongoing developments of the research practice? What does without-alibi say for this practice on silence, mourning and holding? Defer any answer for now, yet I add this to future self: the without alibi exists as deferral; as not; as silent exchange across E + E —

—installing an elsewhere (circum)-navigates the overlapping- material traces between works; of not-moments or moments that absent the embodiment of the autos-narrations of E + E, yet embody us as we are also sutured into the works as their workings of intersection. Ultimately, an overlap-trace-structure for just experiencing silence exists in the silent presence of this elsewhere or deferral of any contained (mythos of a whole) figure; instead a fractured figure makes up these housed elements that ultimately force us outside our subjective-autos and into a potentially enigmatic inter-subjective release, 'outside' any neat spatio-temporal programmatics for reading this interior-gallery encounter—we read across, through multiple planes. They send me outside, eviscerating myself as I work into the hollows of absence (like Aletheia) taking flight through windows, reflections and marginal and minor (gallery) rooms of enclosure.

This quote comes from a video-interview with Laib, in which we observe him slowly traversing the countryside of his home village, methodically and gently tapping pollen from the trees into a glass jar. This is slow, repetitive work. The pollen at MoMA metonymically stands in for another time and place full of extended repetitions, over days and days, in bucolic surroundings with close affinity for the artist's place of dwelling. Dwelling is no longer just an exact place on a map but rather is located over time in contradistinction to the art world of New York and its cosmopolitan pace. Dwelling is an existential being with beings as they go about their different rhythms of everyday life—an everyday life that can only be an alibi told from elsewhere in this expression of *Pollen from Hazelnut*. Yet, it is also an elsewhere of Laib's Southern German countryside life invited inside New York's MoMA, transforming the institutional surroundings, inviting viewers to rest and take time in viewing this work from multiple positions as they move through the gallery space—that ultimately extends them elsewhere toward the otherness of city life. I contend that this augmenting of our spatial relations through the hinge of the 'concentrated centre of' pollen succeeds through its spatial placement and material affecting nature. I have found that works offering significant affecting memorial attention arise through a minimal aesthetic, often coded by materiality that holds itself open for multiple minor (singular) narratives. The materials I'm drawn to working with are often life sustaining, life affirming and appear primordial in their elemental presentation.[157] If I spoke of Blanchot's *récit* as that which inaugurates an event in difference to a narrative, it reveals here in that the pollen works on us all through its singular raw materiality, encountered as a concentrated centre,

takes to collect such a vast amount of pollen is reflected in the way Laib describes installing the work. He needs to be alone he says, "totally alone and without any other influences." The work is impregnated with the solitude that Laib must experience when he is collecting the pollen. This is a slow, action-based work that houses the elsewhen of 30 years spent collecting pollen. This sense of slow action and extended duration is echoed in a work made with Elliot Collins, *Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange*, which was also the genesis point for this show.

157   For example, in my practice I have been reiteratively drawn to volumes of water, sometimes starting as ice and melting (in streets, minor architectures), or filling up large volumes (such as Silo Six)—I have also worked with dust, cement, salt and sand as evocative of primal desiccating materials. Other works have utilised wood, often drawing out their raw materiality prior to becoming recognisable as a product or figurative work. Darkness, sky, moon, air, water, earth—all hold special resonance for material ruin working abstractly and elementally in dialogue with sites and settings.

**There's Something You're
Not Telling Me**

Show text

We tried to speak to each other about silence
and absence. We tried to describe something
ineffable with language that failed us. We
found there was only so much that we
could, or would, share with each other. We
circumnavigated ideas without every speaking
about them directly, trusting that within the
concealment we would understand each other.
This is where the idea of collaboration began.
Elliot created a space that houses silence.
Emily pulled absence into existence. Memory
Vessel/Silent Exchange was the genesis for
this exploration. Ultimately a shared work, it
emerged via a linear progression in which both
artists retained autonomy over their aspect of
the outcome while also agreeing to hand over
the finished work to the 'other'.

Emily invited Elliot to have a show in order
to extend the practice beyond conversation
and into silent communion. There are two
autonomous but parallel practices that find
common ground within converging interests in
language, memory, ritual, silence, absence, and
that which is concealed.

Outside of these shared core concerns,
each artist also navigates other interests that
elucidate radical difference able to be seen
through the individual elements present in this
exhibition.

Opening event: 5pm, Tues 22nd November
// ST Paul Street, Gallery III WB Building 63
Wellesley Street East Auckland // 23 - 26 Nov:
10am - 6pm with daily performances

Figure 47

Exhibition view, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

There's Something You're Not Telling Me
ST PAUL St Gallery Three, 2016

Various materials and dimenions

made so through sheer volume. It arrives as a *récit*, writing [us]
into its materiality through being drawn toward its point where
we pass endlessly into it—an event of live encounter, inseparable
to an outside. It would be this attempt in my material ruins within
an allegorical alibi of my (autobiographical) mourning-song that
intimately invites viewers to temporarily find sanctuary without
alibi. It is not significant for my work that viewers understand the
allegorical narrative of my own personal mourning—this would
betray the work, such would be the act of opening up the steel
tubes to read my secreted notes: this act for knowing would be
a betrayal to the viewers in closing off their own conception of
sanctuary within materiality sourced *without alibi*.

Without Alibi—There is Something You're Not(e) Telling Me

Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange and Laib's *Pollen from Hazelnut* describe
a holding expression of space and time entering us as an alibi—
an elsewhere, elsewhen, otherness—for moving us closer into
any works' material ruin. I use the term 'material ruin' to bring
emphasis to the nature of life as an ongoing *ruin* (as spoken of
earlier through evoking Benjamin and Rendell). *Ruin* is a motile
condition holding a host of prior, present and future evocations.
Material ruin or ruins speak ineffably to this through their
affecting relation to time and space as underway or becoming.
There is Something You're Not Telling Me unfolds its inception above.
Yet without fully understanding the relation between the initial
collaborative work—the vessels and their secreted notes—and my
discrete series of works for this show, the intent was to explore our
key architectonics of it as central hinge—a concentrated centre.
Put more simply, *Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange*—as signified by
the titular '/' (between) finds proximity to the titular 'Not' of this
show's overarching name. They both evoke a conversation *between
two* and, within this conversation, reveal a holding pattern of what
cannot be named, voiced, represented or clearly discerned. I have
suggested that the initial work writes into its schema the paradox
of alibi as both that which constitutes its discrete or knowable
elsewhere (i.e., Elliot's practice, my mourning-writing-notes, Laib's
Southern German rural dwelling, etc.), at the same moment *without*

alibi expresses itself in the design of extended durations, spaces and process for making works executed with minimal intervention and through material abstraction (the permanently sealed steel tubes, the massive volume of collected pollen). In unfolding the rest of my discrete works for the show from this paradoxical concept of alibi, I strategised their relations as site-writings *between* pairs of works that ultimately folded across other pairs to produce multiple *betweens*. This may sound contrived at this point, however, in order to genuinely mine spaces between or spatio-temporal relations across the discretely installed works, my tactic provided a necessary research enquiry for holding open, without binary and without alibi, the works themselves. It felt necessary to bring emphasis *not* on the telling of the discrete works, *not* on their narratives in and of themselves, but rather on the scripting of *two* as that which holds the ineffability of material ruins designed through allegorical processes. Rendell will point to how site-writings hold minor histories within their unconscious setting for which figure any given architectural works. My works are figures in themselves yet across the curatorial programme an unconscious operates as latent tellings, open to viewers toward their personal *récit*. Unconscious settings are made open by strategically bringing together relations or *betweens* that reveal changing positions across materiality, concepts, emotions and dominant ideals. I activated these shifting positions through site-writings across the discrete pairs of works as well as in my performance within the site.[158]

Performing Alibis—Bringing Outside In

I'm writing this exegesis from *outside* of this show—a show that took place now well over a year ago. In stating this I say something impossible about my research task in its attempt to bring a viewer toward an inside that has no discernable outside: an expression— *without alibi*—attempts this task in my show *There is Something You're Not Telling Me.* The 'outsides' of six discrete (solo) works are 'relocated' in archival form within ST PAUL St Gallery Three.

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158   The performance I refer to was an act of casting a circle made from salt that had been in dialogue with a full moon during this month of the show. This dialogue—silent—absorbed connection between moon and salt. Casting a circle in the gallery embodied its *récit* carried in the event of circling my body with its salt-infused-moonlight, holding allegorical associations to feminine pagan rituals that had also been part of my maternal everyday.

Akaroa, New Zealand

Angus Roberts, Date Unknown

———————————

Impalement is laughter. This image is not of a recent moment though I have continued to, on occasion, stare out its window. Taken a short while the seismic spasm that eradicated any trace belief in the solidity of being and place, it stands as part of a larger cairn. The convulsions from the death of being in the führer-bunker weren't apparent to me until, lying in the dirt, my skeleton shivered. It was at this point that, becoming aware of the "reduction of everything to a movement of collapse", the self leapt from the crumbling dam of personality towards impalement. That this window still grasps is testament to a continuing impalement. May it find its grave here.

1 year ago

Yet, what do I mean by 'outside' here? These six works are made up of an 'outside' in the sense that I have archived 'elsewhere' moments from prior material performances and assemblages for installing them 'inside' [a gallery space]. These independent assemblages create relations across time and space in how they write or re-inscribe an outside as empirically happening outside—outdoors: a framed photograph of a lake as the elsewhere carefully sealed by frame and glass; bi-diurnal video works of changing day/night sky-moon-scape; salt charged by outside moonlight; postcard writings of outside lake experiences; text on a window legible only from the outside either gleaned through its exterior surface of another work [a small black plaster reservoir installed on the gallery floor] as well as the street as an exterior setting for reading its legibility installed on the gallery window; steel chair sited in exterior room adjacent to the gallery; black plaster reservoir that simulates sympathy as a black lake or moon figure as viewed also through videos. These empirical outsides or exteriorities cue (or crypt) us into a reading of deferral as *elsewhere*. My concerns with everyday deferral for entry into an extended setting have been discussed already in relation to the earlier series of reading, typing, drinking tea and sitting in silence. However, the elsewhere or elsewhen as a deferral *without alibi* arrived more explicitly, prior to this show, in my series called *Staring Out Windows*.

Initially, my PhD studio had been housed in another building (WM Building), located a floor above street level, adjacent to a large glass floor-to-ceiling window. I had taken to staring out the window as it framed the everyday milieu of student life on the street in contrast to my own more solitary static research existence. This phenomenon of staring out the window had brought into proximity Heidegger's *deseverence* (or de-distancing) in a simple, empirical and affecting way, whereby I became immediately part of the energy of the street. I found myself staring not at this or that particular body or event but rather drawn into a spatio-temporal anonymous elsewhere expressed without quite knowing when I entered or how long I existed there or even where *there* was. It has been there-ness—*il y a*. This expression *without alibi* goes to the heart of the attempt in my practice to which I've given the name 'temporary sanctuary'. It has been described in the earlier chapter that spoke of my Venice model in terms of

Figure 50

Staring Out Windows, Angus Roberts
Screenshot from website, Emily O'Hara, 2018

Blanchot's *récit* as an event happening in the process of reading
or writing: powerfully drawn through the opening of *Thomas the
Obscure,* where Thomas becomes a part of the sea through the
immersive drawing-in of fog and cloud, enveloping aglow the sea
and shoreline. This event of staring out the window enveloped
me in a fog material of which I have no name. *Staring Out Windows*
became an exploration for this extended spatio-temporal fog—
with no alibi, no outside, no discrete knowing of where, when or
what entered or exited. I set up a website inviting others to stare
out their windows for however long they desired, asking them
also to construct an *outside* or *alibi* afterwards by writing down
something of their encounter as well as sending me a photograph
of their window. I received some extremely poetic and evocative
accounts. In studying their accounts I searched for *their fogs*. For
example, I located *this fog* condition between their writing and their
image—akin to Blanchot's *fog* that site-writes us into its material
through being drawn toward its point where we and Being pass
endlessly—an event of live-encounter, inseparable to an outside.
In the account below, *With [you],* the writer enters into writing's
window as signified by the graphics of square brackets that hold
her inside a moment with an other—an other that leads us to her
being-with a blackbird. We witness through her image a scene
outside depicting a garden fence opening onto a grass field, then
seascape reaching toward another landmass. We sense *she* has
entered into life with a bird, made present to her [to us] through a
breezy atmosphere. The image is absent of her-human presence,
yet made more palpable by a silhouetted interior made contrastive
by its exterior daylight. *Her* absence is the fog in which builds
a presence palpably felt by this melancholic light between text-
image: secluded openings and the reference to a solitary existence
presents her becoming a life—[alive]—with a solitary blackbird.
This solitary becoming is made all the more present by juxtaposing
the cloistered interior that opens onto a vast exterior where we
witness *between two*—image and text—human and animal—the fog
or window of life-giving birds.

Something You're Not Telling Me furthers this fog condition, setting the
six discrete works up as windows between windows. Their relations
script melancholy into an ontology of their absence as temporal
deferral or a holding-(off) made more *present* or *felt* by those

Wharetana, Waiheke, NZ

Maria O'Connor, 06.11.2016

_____

With [you]

Melancholy descends [into]
a leaving stare
wind telling
generous seas advance
breezing me
—a breath passes time
belonging, enters another *time*
contracted by
winged sanctuaries
cacophony becoming
their empire
built upon my silence
—every*thing* belongs to
a blackbird

1 year ago

witnessing the work through an invitation of extending duration to 'stare' or be 'still' or 'reflect': each work invites contemplation scripted through relations with another work, but not necessarily one specific other work—rather all the works form dialogical betweens. For example, we stare *out*, or *still* float, stand, reflect; extended through a moon's monthly *return* dwelling across dual-video monitors installed together; one depicting our ascending gaze toward the moon as the camera slowly tilts up toward the moon housed in its night sky and the other depicts a descending movement from the sun's gaze toward the ground during the day. The between of night and day juxtaposes subjective points (human and moon)—another window between these screens resides in a sympathetic floor work that writes its chiaroscuro material mourning-song with water-filled black plaster reservoir. This work reflects a text work legible elsewhere, on the gallery's exterior window facing the street. It reads: THEY WHO ARE THIRSTY DRINK IN SILENCE. The enigmatic economy of its aphoristic prose invites contemplation at the level of allegorical (realm of thought) at the same time gesturing viewers to associate with its material ruins supplied by the reservoir's liquid black surface. We drink it up, performing our thirst for silence. This, at least, is its attempt. It attempts to hold us in proximity deconstructing any neat inside/outside binary in the refracting gaze performed between reservoir—window—text—street—and onto sympathetic dual-diurnal looped moon and sun videos.

Like Lomax's dialogical approach that structures my literature review contexts, the core site of relations or *between*-points structures a key entry into process of 'temporary sanctuary'. Another example of this conversation piece—across discrete works—performs asymmetrically across moon and sun videos and floor-installed salt circle as well as postcards *with* framed photograph of a lake. My curatorial attempt in activating the floor plane of the gallery served as a gesture to invite us into a less dominant stance (of mastery), inviting viewers to become more prone within its setting. It was an attempt at grounding viewers physically yet enabling a kind of refracting trajectory to take *them* off into their sanctuaries via the reflective material ruins:

A pile of identical postcards invites us to take them away as well

as gesturing to associations in the photograph. The rectangle wood- and glass-framed photograph depicts a black lake (a reservoir) set within West Coast Auckland where the surrounding sands are also black. The lake (Wainamu) is surrounded by black sand and sits proximate to Te Henga (Bethell's Beach). The lake takes up two-thirds of the image with the remaining third clear blue sky—it becomes highly reflective. Installed on the floor, the photo is accompanied by a native-wood platform hosting an informal pile of postcards that perform an alibi by describing my phenomenological encounter with lying on the surface of the lake for an extended duration while staring at its sky-window. These two works perform my embodiment not only through their floor-placement but also in their precise activation between spaces. The postcards perform gaps, lacunae and ellipses across words and their material absences, within my phenomenological description that has become heavily 'edited' in an attempt to leave only the most primordial ruins (mourning-stones) in place. The edit construes *Aletheia* at work—revealing what holds me in this moment of floating in a lake in the withdrawal of language—language's withdraw embodies the dark depths of the lake. The script graphically performs its spatial logic of lingering on the lake's surface—these material ruins remain embodied in me *still*. The work is thus described by its title as *still-floating*. What floats *still* are remains of the day, where melancholy resides as an affecting leftover from the serene encounter with the actual lake. These leftovers are not alibis but are without alibi as they perform the loss concealed through material ruins that construe fundamentally an ontology of mourning in the remains of anyone's day. The practice of editing textually so that text performs its material ruins has continued through my spatial practice and appears again in works such as *Between two_____ Sojourns* archive, which documented my performance of walks and swims between the dual sites of Silo Park's Silo Six and ST PAUL St Gallery Three for my final PhD show. My series of *Sojourns* were presented in the show through both publication archive (that performed the *Between two_____* catalogue) and a series of performances titled *Holding*, housed within Silo Six, which shall be addressed further on in the conclusion to this exegesis. I note here that performing textually brings emphasis to an existential phenomenological spatial practice through leaving trace material of fundamental

Figures 55 – 58

Still Standing, Emily O'Hara
Digital Images, Elliot Collins

There's Something You're Not Telling Me
ST PAUL St Gallery Three, 2016

Salt charged by the moon, horsehair brush, performances

empirical data as a key site-writing tactic of material ruins: these material remains also open up an invitation for viewers to edit *between* words and textual inscription that may facilitate a process of material unconcealing or opening for them *between* their own remains.

1 x Norwegian woodland, 1000 trees, 100 (printed) texts, 1 text x 1 year, 100 years, 2014 until 2114 = 1 x anthology of (printed) books. This is the empirical data essential to Katie Paterson's *Future Library Project*—primordially fostering trust between now and its future. It is future entrusted in the performative and conceptual act of tending toward an ecology of readers and readers of ecology. The website description makes this counterpoint simply:

> One thousand trees have been planted in *Nordmarka,* a forest just outside Oslo, which will supply paper for a special anthology of books to be printed in one hundred years' time. Between now and then, one writer every year will contribute a text, with the writings held in trust, unpublished, until the year 2114. Tending the forest and ensuring its preservation for the one-hundred-year duration of the artwork finds a conceptual counterpoint in the invitation extended to each writer: to conceive and produce a work in the hopes of finding a receptive reader in an unknown future.[159]

What might this ecology of relations look like? A series of reciprocal relations created between the then *now* of the invitation (2014), and the *futuring* of manuscripts submitted one year *after* another: it is a future *now* unveiling, followed by another of publishing. Meanwhile, trees in a Norwegian forest grow, duration made material for future publishing resources. The economy of this circulation desires its readership in advance, now—for the sake of material publishing, made in the tradition of physical printed books. We read an ecology of historical materialism in this ruinous act for figuring its future within the present of reading printed books. We are not taken to the future of another possibility such as online e-publishing—or are we?

159   'Katie Paterson, Future Library', accessed 22 August 2016, http://www.katiepaterson.org/futurelibrary/.

Housed also within the ruins of this historical materialism I read the diversion from e-publishing in the desired pathway for the remains of print publishing. This reading also construes that these published manuscripts will spread and proliferate, activating the potential of elsewhere within the fictive narrative of the works themselves—yet they will remain in trust, securely archived given they are precious works within their artistic conception of *Future Library Project*. The work programmes into its inception a specially-designed room at the New Deichmanske Library, opening in 2019 in Oslo. This special space is called the *Silent Room* and is intended to be one for contemplation, in which one can peruse the list of authors' names and the titles of their works, yet none of the manuscripts will be available for reading, at most, for a full century. A generation of potential readers that visits the *Silent Room* is invited to contemplate their exclusion from printed works, in the performative act that refuses them reading these particular—yet to be published—manuscripts. Installed in this work is a sense of loss prefigured in the refusal or the demand to wait for the anthology to be entirely written or finished, at the deadline of 2114. We ontically measure our being-toward death in the face of this project through its everyday empirical temporal data. We also 'measure' ontologically the finitude of our being, thrown into a time on the cusp of different publishing technologies and forms of circulation: one century later we are still imagining ourselves in what remains without certainty, except in the certainty of this conceptual proposal. What happens if a fire burns down the trees? Or funds dry up and the trust is no longer manageable? How does history change us in the event of such an extended reach into its speculative future? 2114 arrives: many of us (today) will have passed away by then, depending on the *when* of our visit, the age of our when and the virtue of [our] time's unfolding. This would suggest that the artist herself (potentially) lives on for at least one hundred years[160] as a memorial artist—in the work's name, *Future Library Project*. She is remembered in immemorial after her own death. Unborn readers are born beforehand in this conceptual act for installing the necessity of their readership. This is a work of mourning spread across ecologies between nature,

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160   For further reading on this idea of living on via in memorial, please see David Eagleman's book *Sum: Forty Tales from the Afterlives*. (New York: Canongate Books, 2009)

technology, human desire and imagination. I labour it as a work that has lingered with me in its clarity for producing a depth of contemplation around the paradox of mourning and ruins: on one hand it houses the affirming quality of mourning as a work that programmes longevity for the printed word, and yet it also brings into proximity the sense of loss through the magnitude of its longevity—almost audacious—in a need to secure: 1 x Norwegian woodland, 1000 trees, 100 (printed) texts, 1 text x 1 year, 100 years, from 2014 until 2114 = 1 x anthology of (printed) books. This empirical data exercises the material ruins that offer my project both affirmation in its mourning-stones alongside deep melancholy in its mourning-song as it sings of insecurity in its future.

In conclusion to *There is Something You're Not Telling Me* a site-writing as ruinous analysis performs across its deconstruction of alibi as elsewhere or outside and their binary relations that keep in play a discrete separation. This has been discussed in relation to my collaboration process with Elliot Collins through our joint-work *Memory Vessel/Silent Exchange* that produced the *not* of the show's title. What is *not* said, *not* demanded, *not* instructed, *not* opened, *not* revealed, performs a starting point for my own PhD research with respect to bringing viewers into a relation *between* works. In this ruinous analysis the conceptual allegorical turning point has been *without alibi* as that inseparable condition marking an impossibility to an outside, or discrete knowing of where, when or what entered or exited. As construed through discussion of *Staring Out Windows* as the kernel seeding my exploration for this extended spatio-temporal fog—the thematic of *without alibi* as a material ruin consolidated its future for the PhD work. It became significant that materiality itself constructed the dialogical *without alibi* for bringing into being the invitation for viewers to encounter their own others within my spatial practice of temporary sanctuary. In the following chapters I aim to elicit how other conceptual and material ruins open up this *between* without alibi in an attempt that visitors enter their own temporary sanctuary with the work. Rather than staring at this or that particular body, work or event, they might become drawn into a spatio-temporal elsewhere expressed without quite knowing when they entered or how long they existed there or even where their *there* resided. The works of elsewhere or mourning as stones of ruin and remainder have been elicited differently through

both the practices and projects of Wolfgang Laib specifically his work *Pollen from Hazelnut*, and Katie Paterson's *Future Library Project* in relation to my own concerns. It has been the minor histories on offer through Laib's evocation of his Southern German rural homeland and Paterson's future of printed books seeded in a Norwegian forest that find connection to the pathos of an outside or pristine nature made conceptual and material ruin as works of art. I recognise in my own spatial practice the desire for bringing the idyllic and pristine uninhabited land and seascapes into my performance installations. Yet, unlike Laib or Paterson my attempt hopes to leave the remains *as remains* without monumentalising our memories—and to keep ruins in play for viewers to gain something that appears in the withdrawal of (their, there) being. *Aletheia* comes to reveal the ineffability of without alibi in between works that hold open enigma across their discrete elsewhere and their resident dwelling together, across and between 'windows' such as ST PAUL St Gallery Three. Mourning in this ruinous analysis is the fragmentation of remains, whereby the inception of fragmentation itself does not start from any concept of a whole. This is why the final PhD show names itself *Between two_____* knowing that it continues an ecology of fragmentation, without alibi, ineffably holding something of impermanence in the withdrawal so that others might come to its call.

Things I Didn't Know
Corban Estate Arts Centre, Barrel Store, July, 2017

with _____

How to Watch an Invisible Event
Talk Week | AUT School of Art and Design, August 2017

Things I Didn't Know reveals something cosmic yet minor in detail through an exploration of elemental materiality *between* two settings of this work.[161] The first setting is Corban Estate Arts

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161   What is an elemental condition? In the context of these shows, the elemental arose through two genealogical expressions: the first coming from physical cosmology where key elements such as earth, air, fire and water express beings, yet in different ways with respect to the different relational forces; and the

Centre (July 2017), sited in a disused wine barrel Store with the second setting consolidating its cosmic-minor at Talk Week | AUT Art and Design (Aug 2017) under the installation's title *How to Watch an Invisible Event.* The two events are indivisible as to their *Aletheian*-unconcealing in the withdrawal of two scales: cosmic and human. The following site-writings as ruinous analysis aims to elucidate how scales of indivisibility call us into contemplative and existential affirmation. There is something at the core of this call through working across elemental (raw) materials as its basic expression within the construct or performance of cosmology. That is to say, both shows construct themselves around discrete cosmic events such as a king tide and solar eclipse[162] in order to bring our human consciousness closer to existential phenomenological relations with raw materials. As I write this now—the reader [in me] responds with self-consciousness, anxious for how this might sound like a rather sublime and grand gesture. However, in order to get to a minor analysis within the fragments of these shows my attempt is to reveal something opaque, dark and less knowable than at a rational level—that reveals itself as withdrawal or indivisibility across human and cosmic expressions. I have taken further research cues from some of the readings of these two shows—as part of site-writings' processes—from those who have offered insight into what seemed most 'successful'. The 'success' they speak of is in bringing proximity to large-scale cosmic forces or phenomena within the small minimal gestures offered by these shows.[163] In terms of my research this 'success'

second expressed from the context of language and its etymological genealogy: where *element* draws on the Latin *elementum* meaning 'rudiment, first principle, matter in its most basic form'. Bringing these genealogical contexts together the elemental is construed in relation to *eternal time* as an elemental condition of existence, drawing on the significance of Heidegger's sense of being-toward-death (as discussed in Chapter One).

162   In August 2017 an astronomical event of significance occurred—a Black Moon, or total solar eclipse. This event was only visible to the naked eye along a narrow corridor of the entire contiguous United States of America. This was the first total solar eclipse seen in the United States since February 26, 1979. A solar eclipse occurs when the new moon comes between the Sun and the Earth and casts the darkest part of its shadow, the umbra, on Earth. A full solar eclipse, known as a totality, is almost as dark as the darkest night. Imagine an otherwise ordinary day, suddenly plunged into darkness. During totality entire spatial environments are altered, birds and other animals and wildlife behave strangely, thinking night has suddenly descended. The totality of this event was two minutes and forty seconds.

163   In thinking across these scales and in relation to elemental materiality my thinking also goes toward the work of Joanna Zylinska on ethics in the age of the Anthropocene. In this work she attempts to bring into proximity an ethics

has shaped the final PhD show, *Between two_____* and its first iterative minor-installation at Silo Six in October (2017), within a group show, *Shifting Ground.*[164] In discussing *Things I Didn't Know* with *How to Watch an Invisible Event* what is further disclosed is the indivisible bodies between human and raw materials that constitute material ruins—water and concrete are one such indivisibility rendered in these site-writings.[165] Also disclosed are the indivisible elements of my practice from the ecology of key practitioners (such as Marina Abramovic, Douglas Gordon, Olafur Eliasson and Antony Gormley), whose practices bring in shifting grounds that offer political substrates in the unconscious settings and sitings of my work. In drawing out this indivisible site-writings between the shows, an invisible inscriptive (conceptual) agent works its way into my analysis. I have called this invisible, or less than visible, opacity *dark-writing* taking its cue from the solar eclipse's umbra—its black moon—that makes invisibility visible as the darkest shadow-point. The allegorical (conceptual) as well as material motif of the *umbra* expresses the darkest part of *anything* in casting relations of other elements indivisible: the *umbra* is the darkest moment arriving in closest proximity to otherness—it could be described as *otherness' touch.* It touches *other* material, embodiment, psyche, memory, history, concept, etc. It inscribes an invisible seeing felt by existential concepts of absence, loss, mourning, despair, humility, empathy and wonder. In making these

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in a minimal key refiguring human life as just a slither in terms of planetary life as well as having considerable impact on planetary life. Her call is for an ethics that inverts the ratio whereby we live minimally, humbled by the knowledge and production of other species pre our existence. When discussing her concept of scales she suggests that "The universal starting point assumes the shared materiality of the universe, which is another way of saying that everything is made of the same stuff—although not necessarily in the same way." (Joanna Zylinska, "Scale," in *Minimal Ethics for the Anthropocene* (Michigan: Michigan Publishing, 2014), 25). I have found this useful in conceiving of my body, or anybody as connected and distributed by elements such as water, fire, air, earth and its multiple permutations such as ice, electricity, growth of dwellings, speeds and times of being and becoming. These permutations are infinite and potential.

164   *Shifting Ground* was a group show across six practitioners at Silo Six in October 2017, whereby each artist installed a work inside one of the six silos. I will be discussing my work in the next Chapter (8) and it will shape a supplementary entry or prelude into my reflections on the final PhD show *Between two_____*. Both works are installed in Silo Six with *Shifting Ground* activating one of the six and the final show activating all six silos as well as ST PAUL St Gallery Three.

165   The indivisibility of material relations such as concrete and water will be expressed further in my analysis through this chapter and in the concluding Chapter 8. It has already arisen in my (literature review) contexts Chapters Three and Four.

The liquid volume of my body

My body is only borrowing from the great lakes and oceans for a little while. Each exhaled breath returns some of the liquid back to itself. The liquid volume of my body is a temporal material. I see a body of water, somehow exhumed from my body (dehumidification or mathematical calculations perhaps) made solid and then transformed into a liquid puddle, to once more find its way back to itself. How far will it go, will it drain, drip sink, subside…will it sink through the earth to re-join the nearby Opanuku stream, and on forward to the ocean, to be picked up by the sun and returned yet again by stormy clouds? Water is always seeking its own return; when we die the water in our body is returned to the earth as we decompose, or to the air when we burn.

I recall swimming in the waters of Levanto, Italy in 2013, swimming in a fog shrouded Edith Street beach in Pt Chevalier at the age of 11, and entering the waters of Lake Wainamu in 2016 and think that perhaps I left some of my own waters at each of these places, to be absorbed by someone else, or into a cloud or rock. The waters temporarily held in my body could be hundreds or thousands of years old. I am me, and yet not me. Each drop of water (even a drop is such a large thing, molecularly speaking) is its own singular and precise, and each drop is part of a larger whole. In an instant the drop is gone (gone to where? It is not gone, there is no away) it is returned unto itself.

Figure 60

The Liquid Volume of my Body, I, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Things I Didn't Know
Corban Estate Arts Centre, 2017

Ice, time

I am haunted by this work, even still. Toward the end of the second day, I am left wondering if the ice will have had time to entirely melt before I must leave. I suspect not. Although the smaller it gets, the faster it melts. Time is not steady in the life of this work, it will speed up toward the end of its existence. Time here is not stable like clock time, it is unstable. The mass of the block works to keep itself cold, and so as the block melts, the mass decreases, and the block is more susceptible to the temperate conditions around it, the object moves from slow time to fast time, or rather it always exists in irregular time. Further to that, as the water leaves its solid form and traverses across, down and into the floor, is it not still in time with itself? Or is it returning to the epochal time of the collected bodies of water in the world? I can see the sky reflected in the still water as it moves imperceptibly out the door, I can see upside down tree tops tickling in the wind. I bide time, stalking the room and then touching and breathing on the ice, willing it to melt faster. It is getting smaller and smaller, but I know now that it will not entirely melt before my time here is up, and so I am left with the question of what to do with it when I leave? It does not see right to leave it here, this object which is standing in for, or is a part of, my body. A body held apart, a separated body, who's body is that over there? Am I watching the slow decline of myself? Is the slow decline of the ice synonymous with life? It is sliding toward the door, I push it further, hoping the proximity to the air will help it melt faster. I consider pouring water over it, to help it along its melting path. Should I drop it into the stream or drive it to the ocean, home to a patch of grass where I can see it melt, or into the bathtub in which I often soak?

existential concepts explicit in my site-writing analysis I attempt to draw dark-writing connections across these shows, as well as their connection to practices of others that work into the unconscious setting of my site-writing. This attempt would be kindred to Thomas's fog in relation to Blanchot's *récit*—(site-writing us into its foggy-literary-material through being indivisibly drawn toward its point where Being and ourselves pass endlessly into its image). This indivisible dark-writing is also kindred to *Staring Out Windows*—offering a further latent obscurity conditioned between these works and *There is Something You're Not Telling Me*. Such a *dark-writing* inscribes [us] unconsciously, expanding [our] associations as we adjust our 'eyes' to its (dark)light. My contention is that this darkness produces inseparable connections across human life— historical, political, emotional, conceptual, embodied—and raw elemental material, drawing out an eternal and proximate scale of cosmic and earthly attuning through invisible, indivisible and ineffable measures.

A Body's Umbra

The first measure is my body. It is a first approximation to loss (to a mourning-stone) in the measuring of oneself as preserved matter outside of one's 'official' body.[166] This is a latent insight into the work *The Liquid Volume of My Body* for which the settings (*Things I Didn't Know* and *How to Watch an Invisible Event)* turn. While this work appears twice—as a block of melting ice, amounting to the liquid volume of my body—it is not the same work, and it is its difference that sites the work's revealing or umbra. The materiality of ice invites a performativity in its intrinsic *preservation* associations.

166 Mourning-stones appear in all kinds of forms and traditionally we recognise them in forms of headstones, urns, mausoleums, burial sites, memorials such as statues, public sculptures, naming of cities, roads, buildings, places and people. There are many forms. It is this that I allude to as the unconscious desire for preserving ourselves (as human) after we pass on. It is not that the positive forms of these materialised expressions are the unconscious at work, rather the indivisible darkness of latent relations yet to be drawn, visited, concealed in works and their affects in these sites of encounter. The latency or unconsciousness of my work's 'singular measure' is complex in its double logic, whereby as a living mourner my process of loss works within the act of preservation per se—a preservation of life before it is lost generated through mourning. My body metonymically construes anybody in its material supplement of a block of ice and in this sense is anonymous or neutral in its act of preservation. Yet, I find its result is anything but neutral or anonymous (as I go on to discuss).

A preserving mourning-stone, this block conserves uniformity as a simple minimal block with little allusion to any human body, yet the title makes explicit its human bodily code: it is after all the liquid volume of *my* body. Buried into this allegorical fabric, the title appears to give too much of my own mourning-narrative. Its measure is too close and thereby too closed-off to others, for its otherness to speak ineffably: for some (myself included), the work offers sympathy rather than an intrinsic release into the anonymity and indivisibility of existence, where genuine otherness is invited. The title is the crypt encrypting my own mourning-stone in *The Liquid Volume of **My** Body*—and yet as a live-body (ice and me), it brings an affirmation to mourning in the life it expresses over time: melting, shifting, transforming. Its process of rendering time calls more intrinsically through its wider setting: it holds viewers' attention for varying durations through its outer-limit melt time of approximately eighty-eight hours. A public setting is all the more potent for calling otherness into its potentiality as an abstracted and anonymous expression, once the ice moves site from former barrel store to its semi-public square adjacent to St Paul Street outside the entry to WM (AUT University's Visual Arts and Gallery) Building. The everyday street inhabits *anyone* and in this setting it becomes abstracted further, moving beyond just an artwork context and into the realm of everyday detritus: kicked, poked, patted, photographed, gouged, dragged, ignored—the crypt of *my* body transforms into anonymous *material ruin* augmenting all bodies in its path (especially my own).[167] In both settings the block of ice is set upon a cold concrete floor— cooled further by the winter weather and surrounding exterior thresholds.[168]

For now though, I have left and returned, wondering in my absence how much has changed – has it split, has it disappeared entirely...there is no easy way to tell when, or if, it is melting, is it now, now, now? Or now? It's always in a process of melting, but its irregular time is somehow so slow that it is imperceptible, and yet I can recall its former sizes and shapes along the way, and know that it is sinking into the surface of the ground. The work holds me in my absence. I find myself holding space for it. I do not want some unceremonious end for it, but I am also not sure I want to be present for its total transition from ice to water, and for the water that disappears. I consider taking it home to the freezer, but I know I cannot arrest the work in this way. I cannot control time. High tide will be at 11.29pm, 4.41m. That is a very high tide. I could slip it into the water from the headland in the bay. But why am I so concerned by this? Why does it affect me so, this register of unstable time, improbable and irregular? It is me, I am the ice.

Eventually, in the dying minutes of the show, I determine to leave the ice onsite, but outdoors, adding it to a graveyard of marble offcuts in the courtyard beyond the exhibition space. I place the ice, and leave, knowing when I return to give the keys back tomorrow it will be gone. But I am wrong. When I arrive at 11am the next day, I am faced with the block again, smaller of course, but still present, and I am haunted again by what to do. Leaving again was almost impossible.

167   I realised through making this work how personally affecting it was for me. I became strongly attached to the ice and found myself lingering with it for long periods. In both shows I went through quite mixed emotions in terms of leaving it before it had actually finished its melt to conclusion. In the first iteration the ice was installed in a prescribed space for artworks (Corban Estate Art Centre) whereas the second site was deliberately activating a semi-public road verge (as it sat adjacent to the entrance of the WM Building and the actual street (St Paul Street). As it happens my studio window looks out on this site and in witnessing a group of road-workers drag the ice down St Paul Street I became increasingly agitated and intervened to stop their actions. In another instance I witnesses some boys kicking the ice around the square and walked over to discuss with them their impulses. When I mentioned its title, they became passive and withdrew. On both occasions I felt acts of desecration had occurred and that I had been personally affected.

168   The first setting is the Barrel Store's concrete floor, positioned by the threshold of the large wooden barn-structure sliding doors that open to the

Grounding Measures—Irreducible Difference within the Same

If the ice activated sympathy in one setting and disinterest to disrespect in another it is because its sameness produced difference through site relations. The activation of the (horizontal) ground-plane inscribed a range of differences within contexts of public and private, day and night, enclosure and exteriority, lensing and opacity. It is to this latter conceptual plane paired by lensing and opacity that my umbra-writings draw sharper focus. These floor planes activate mourning, contemplation and wonder within scales of human and cosmic irreducible difference. In moving from the mourning-stone of my personal narrative (within *Things I Didn't Know*) toward the *récit* of anyone's potential event within the setting of *How to Watch An Invisible Event,* my dark-writing construes the umbra as that phenomenon positioning human contemplation. It is a contemplative gaze allegorically and materially positioned through the umbra's activation of the ground, casting its (solar) eclipsing affects on us (down-cast) earthly mortals. It is from the point of view of human beings that we become darkness, grounded and mortal in the indifference (to us) of this cosmic phenomenon.[169] The darkness of the ground-plane arrives in the invisible depths of that which we cannot see and are only able to glimpse for fleeting moments *before* representation takes meaning's hold—these moments unveiled in events like solar or lunar eclipses. It is not a seeing that occurs in physical visibility but rather occurs in the relations within the same matter of darkness. The ice reveals this casting of its 'shadow' between the works— lensing my (mourning) narrative into anonymous *récit*: it is a work

outdoors, with the other block lying prone on concrete (inlaid with pebbles) just on the exterior threshold between public square and entry-way to interior atrium of WM Visual Arts Building (at AUT School of Art and Design).

169   At the time of *How to Watch an Invisible Event* a solar eclipse occurred. Its physical effects of casting a shadow on the earth were most visible in the central states of the US. While in New Zealand we were not able to visibly encounter the solar eclipse (except via digital live-feeds or post-event recordings), hence my title of how to watch an *invisible* event. My intent was to draw attention to this cosmological phenomenon through its invisibility due to our positioning. In drawing attention to our positioning I was attempting to construct or deconstruct human-centeredness—or any dominant conceit with respect to centeredness per se. The title of the show could have read: *How to Watch a Visible Event Buried Beneath Our Feet*—or better still *How to Watch a Visible Event While Buried.* This would have drawn attention to the depth of the earthly ground plane in which I now attempt to site-write into this ruinous analysis.

that brings in the dark-writing from the shortest shadow cast by its proximity to the ground plane and conceptually through its ruinous connection toward the solar sky, returning again to the floor. This is the movement of the dark-writing—from material and allegorical ruin. It performs like one extended-durational (dolly-to-crane) camera shot. Its rhythm, a dark-writing, moving us indivisibly in one continuous sweeping take:

Scales of Darkness

A fourfold shot unfolds: he says, looking down upon the large block of ice in clear day, "You have given us a lensing device that magnifies the pebbles set into concrete as well as reflecting the sky that also refracts off the transparent glass-box carving out the exterior wall of the building." He then walks through this wall, through the automatic double-glass entry doors to WM-Atrium and continues: "You have given us the Black Moon in the sweep of a veil hanging vertically from within the atrium. It sweeps down mere inches from the concrete floor, casting its darkest shadow at the point of stillness." He goes on to suggest that I have brought the solar eclipse inside, not only through documenting its occurrence (via my empirical-data booklet) but also through casting a spell or setting the three relational components across these interior and exterior thresholds. The glass doors automatically generate its airs, breezing audience and veil alike each time entry and exit routinely occur—open and close—an incessant rhythm from this main-entry-exit generated by a busy student-body of its everyday life. These breezes cause the hanging silk veil to cast its umbra on the concrete floor-plane, simply to become its darkest point as the veil sweeps and then stills in closest proximity to the (particularly breathless) floor. The site speaks a language of solar eclipse in this moment, on this day. It is a minor-writing accompaniment ineffably conceived by the relationality of my third work to the other two. This third conceives of *invisible watching* for its audience through a supplement (printed ephemera detailing the cosmic solar eclipse event's empirical facts—and remote viewing time via web- streaming) that is both allegorical and material in its ruinous positioning of the actual solar eclipse. The ephemera sits atop a steel-framed ply stool curated to

construct a 'corner' drawn immaterially from veil to sliding doors. These three 'props' have brought 'him' indivisibly into being through a lensing-becoming of this Black Moon event.[170] This analysis furthers its perception of cinematic *lensing* in relation to my site-writing of ruins whereby 'watching an invisible event' activates an existential *lensing* through darkness, through shadow—through this site's wider umbra setting and cosmic elements. It affords attention to light and dark as primordial dark-writing lensing constituents, folding materials within scales of human and cosmic relations.[171] If *he* has become enchanted, meditative or contemplative through this activation of the floor plane across the reflecting, magnifying and refracting elements of the melting ice, drawing him through exterior to interior, inscribed by the umbra-line that breezes into its becoming through the 'automated' sliding doors that whisper their folding expression into a vertically-hung silk veil becoming horizontal atrium—then another *he,* 'M.A.' brings this analysis deeper into a material historicism, deeper in time and longer in space as his 'solar eclipse' now eclipses our setting, allowing otherness to enter ineffably and invisibly:

170   *Talk Week* performs as both an exhibition of works littered throughout the AUT Visual Arts building infrastructure, as well as hosting a series of critiques. He or him, referred to here, is the voice of 'A.T.' one of the VA lecturers. However, 'A.T.' also performs as a composite figure among a crowd of thirty or so voices in attendance at this particular critique's happening on Tuesday August 15, 2017.

171   I referred earlier to the analysis that Joanna Zylinska gives to scales of life in relation to her call for a minimal ethics with respect to the Anthropocene. Zylinska is a philosopher who also has her own creative photographic practice. She has commented that her photographic practice has expanded her philosophical practice. In thinking with her now for bringing scales of human into the folds of cosmic existence and its relation to *lensing*, I'm reminded of her philosophical work on an otherwise pre-photographic apparatus, as we know it as that invented by humans. She writes of the sun and its 'lithographic' effects disclosing material traces of fossils from pre-human times. This is an extended durational photographic practice of cosmic presence. It extends *us* humans into deep time, revealing our short approximation as a living species on the planet as well as forwarding us toward a future of alienation if we are to accelerate 'burning up' planetary resources through late-capitalist modes of technocratic production. The bow I'm bending here is one of scale in relation to a philosophy of lensing as made ethical by the work of Zylinska. For further reading see: Joanna Zylinska, "Photomediations: An Introduction" in *Photomediations: A Reader*, ed. K. Kuc and Joanna Zylinska (Open Humanities Press, 2016), http://openhumanitiespress.org); S. Kember and Joanna Zylinska, "Introduction" in *Life after New Media: Mediation as a Vital Process* (Cambridge MA; London, UK: The MIT Press: 2012), p.xv. Also see Joanna Zylinska, "Bioethics Otherwise, or, How to Live with Machines, Humans, and Other Animals," in *Telemorphosis: Theory in the Era of Climate Change*, Vol. 1, ed. Tom Cohen. (Ann Arbor: Open Humanities Press, 2012). As well as Joanna Zylinska, *Minimal Ethics for the Anthropocene* (Ann Arbor: Open Humanities Press, 2014), http://openhumanitiespress.org

Figure 63

How to Watch an Invisible Event (installation view),
Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

How to Watch an Invisible Event
Talk Week, AUT University, 2017

Silk, wind, ice, time, ephemera, small steel plinth

Figure 64

How to Watch an Invisible Event (detail view),
Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

How to Watch an Invisible Event
Talk Week, AUT University, 2017

Ephemera

Site writings shift 'our' positions through opening up to the point of view of otherness, structured by particular others that have come *before* the work (before my work), whose responses come *after* the work in figures constructed out of opaque and enigmatic minor-tellings. These other practitioners, thinkers, makers, viewers, participants, works, etc., widen my ruinous analysis into larger settings that become part of the site from which I re-enter and situate my work: in this instance, M.A. refers to Michelangelo Antonioni and his film-work continues to set a lensing-analysis, extending its reach from above, establishing a crane shot positioned from sky looking (darkly) down upon an empty (suburban) crossroads as daylight closes into night. It is a positioning of day-into-night as the film's eclipsing motif culminating as the film's *mise-en-abyme*[172] and this acutely unfolds in the film's concluding five minutes. The motif of the *eclipse* casts its darkest shadow—its allegorical umbra—through the crossroads absent 'appearance' of two humans (a woman and a man) that we have come to be with throughout the film's central unfolding. I say 'appearance' of the couple as we had expected them to meet at 8pm that evening, here, at the crossroads—their regular meeting point. The couple's absence is made palpably explicit in the event of another potential absence—a cosmic eclipse that is encrypted allegorically (as mentioned) and strengthened by film's title. This final scenario attunes us to an impending anticipation of something existential or cosmic—such as been thrown into darkness by an event, like a solar eclipse—Antonioni uses discontinuous shots of fairly uninhabited street-life, close-

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172   The final five minutes of the film *L'Eclisse* (1962) is not one take but rather moves from an 'establishing' crane shot to a sequence of discontinuous shots and points of view mapping out the relatively voided life of the square and its everyday patterns of people coming home from work, settling into post-work mood only to sense that when the lights go out another repetition of work-life begins again. This everyday mood sets the *mise-en-abyme*—meaning the eternal return constructed in film or images out of motifs that return or stories within stories. It intends allegorical associations and expressions for self-contemplation, reflection, etc. Here we have the everyday returning as the larger allegorical motif of an eclipse that eclipses the wonder and mystery of life (such as in the event of an actual cosmic eclipse)—Antonioni is critiquing modern alienation in the speeds of modern capitalist life. The woman is Vittoria (Monica Vitti), and the man is Piero (Alain Delon) from Antonioni's 1962 black-and-white film, *L'Eclisse*. Its eclipsing darkness aligns the growing alienation of a relationship between Vittoria and Piero—allegorically writing the ruins of humanity in Antonioni's contestation to capitalism's excesses (Piero works at Roma's stock exchange and his materialistic focus separates him from Vittoria) signified through architectural ruins on the backdrop of suburban spread and desolated landscapes.

ups of half-constructed buildings, water running into the gutters, light obscured by clouds, singular people's gazes catching an unexpected 'something' or look, an elderly couple pointing to the sky from their apartment roof, a newspaper headline alerting us to the impending threat of nuclear apocalypse —yet, it is precisely the rhythms of everyday modern living that provide the reality of this impending doom. Everyday modern life eclipses *us.* We viewers are positioned at a crossroads—the couple's regular meeting place—desiring something of a filmic denouement in the union of a woman and man, only to have our pre-figured filmic expectation eclipsed in their not showing. Instead we are left with a sense of impending alienation, finality and doom as performed in the closing five minutes of everyday rhythmic repetitions in the face of a changing modern world: people simply return home (from working lives), get off a bus, settle in for the night, building sites are left empty until the next day—we return 'home' with them searching for signs of change in the sky's fading light, only to have our gaze returned to the streetlights coming on, speaking an ineffable glow of return.[173] Absence is Antonioni's cinematic site-writing: in witnessing Vittoria (the woman) and Piero (the man) *not* showing-up, we (viewers) witness the simplicity of their 'non'-act in the extended and repetitive scenario, heightened by the absence of any sentimentality or overt backstory. Rather Antonioni constructs *L'Eclisse*'s expression as a work that shows without telling, expresses without narrating. It is perhaps these spaces of absence between showing and telling, expressing and narrating that hold the umbra, eclipse, or fullness of absence connecting my not-showing ecliptic *showing* attempted in *How To Watch an Invisible Event* as well as the final PhD show (*Between two_____*). *L'Eclisse* is a work of *ineffable* despair spoken through us as silent witnesses, made all the more material through our encasement within cinema's architectural setting——a (theatre's) darkness folded upon darkness of its (allegorical and material) eclipse: fade to black, lights go up, we adjust our seats, our bodies, our lives as we move slowly, ineffably from the cinema to the street.

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173   Throughout, the film lingers on crossroads of discontinuities in the face of a changing modernised world: architectural ruins in the face of modern living developments; urban and rural in the face of suburban sprawl; love in the face of materialistic obsession, etc. Life is at a crossroads—eclipsed by the return of everyday life generated by electrical and other means of progressive (capitalist or modern) energy.

The *umbra* is the darkest moment arriving in this site-writing that folds the historic materialism of Antonioni's work on cinematic, everyday, cosmic and ideological space into the darkest and final scene of *L'Eclisse*. Its setting extends into *How to Watch an Invisible Event*, enacting both an allegorical ruin of thought in the existential form of alienation, loss and despair brought through suturing its final eclipsing *mise-en-abyme* that marks our invisible witnessing of this August 2017 cosmic event—folded into one location by another. Located in Auckland, we are literally positioned on the dark(er) side of 'its' earth's surface-happening. There is more than one double of folded-darkness going on here. Rather, multiple umbras are at work between two—each lensing *us* through obscure relations of seeing and not seeing, seeing invisibly and speaking ineffably, showing and not telling, materialising without narrating: *This* site-writing performs its material ruin through relations of scalar lensing as the three 'props' in *How To Watch an Invisible Event* programme [*mise-en-abyme*] 'cinematic' movement across their horizontal and vertical planes—spreading invisibility into darkness where cinematic history montages with other times and spaces of ruin. Invisibility *speaks* the language of ineffability, saying its existential wonder in the face of what cannot be witnessed in the everyday light of certainty—yet presents itself in the uncertainty of everyday eves. Fade to black, day for night—

—Cut to 2015, another public square whose setting expresses the *between* of another two_____ sites resembling New Zealand in Greenland and Roma in Paris: lensing *The Liquid Volume of My Body* to bring its material melt into close proximity with the site-specific work, *Ice Watch* (2015) by Danish Artist, Olafur Eliasson, in collaboration with Danish geologist Minik Rosing. *Ice Watch*[174] consisted of eighty-tonnes of ice from Greenland transported to a public square (Place du Panthéon) in Paris, to spur on responses to climate change. Historically this work would have been described as 'topical' through *Ice Watch's* citing and siting during the UN Climate Summit COP21 Climate Talks in Paris, December 2015. The eighty tonnes of ice are arranged into twelve bergs constructing a 'clock' to metonymically express human-measure within the face of urgency of their material 'melt' that extends to

174   Lauren Palmer, 'Ice Watch Paris Responds to Climate Summit', artnet News, 3 December 2015, https://news.artnet.com/art-world/ice-watch-olafur-eliasson-climate-summit-384704.

climate change's impact on global bergs. Its metonymic figure of the clock gains a powerful public response to the work through this minimal economy: the clock not only exacts human-measure for everyday living, it also places human agency for change at its centre in relation to our 'current' industrialised and progressive habits for living. The ethics of the work are site-specific in its minimal design, siting it *for* public interaction during the (COP21 Climate) Talks in Paris. Its explicit durational strategy causes powerful stirs in the bodies of the public as they witness its melt—some hugging the bergs, leaning up to them, holding them gently, sitting quietly in awe of their beauty and transformative raw act of melting—made urgent—within a highly developed cosmopolitan square. Their alien siting site-writes our bodies into a ruinous pathos for urgency, global mourning and redemption as 'we' become immediately implicated—face to face—within 'our' Anthropocene's crisis of climate change. *Ice Watch* casts its umbra on human progress set by clock-time and its calculative measure, as twelve displaced bergs reveal their withdrawal as shadows move, liquefy and disappear.

It umbra casts a shadow on the 'my' of *The Liquid Volume of My Body* for bringing more political or topical collective series of sites into proximity. The medium of ice becomes charged with ruins from contexts of the political, topical, collective, emotional, embodied, ecological, global, cosmopolitan, rural, fjordland and architectural—as the material of everyday progressive life.[175] Its *Aletheian* moment is (again) set on the other side of the world *from me*, drawing a more significant revealing to the not-knowing occurring between iterations of *The Liquid Volume of My Body*. That is to say, the very volume of this *body* has moved from the more prevalent autos of my discrete auto-biographical mourning narrative explicit in its first iteration toward the *récit* that reveals the event of the umbra in the second iteration in *How To Watch an Invisible Event*. In the second event I watch others embody the block of ice set within the semi-public WM foyer square (from acts of disrespect and desecration through to intimate holdings) and these

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175   It strikes me that from these images of *Ice Watch* the caressing of the bergs is a personal and solo gesture that occurs in evening when darkness descends and during the day a larger everyday crowd is drawn, documenting the bergs in other less 'intimate' ways. This is a fleeting observation provided by the online photographic documentation of this work.

interactions provide witness for unveiling the work's redemptive shadow within collective and anonymous agency. I site-write with invisibility, having never physically witnessed *Ice Watch*—yet akin to the *mise-en-abyme* from *L'Eclisse*, this key conceptual and allegorical ruin of the umbra or dark-writing reveals absence, bringing proximity across everyday and cosmic life. It is the collective agency of human life that is materially revealed in any explicit absence of people, made present through these public urban squares and crossroads. Further, it is the cosmic events and their *récit*, which humans encounter fleetingly and from awry positions, that decentre me in relation to the attempts of this research to bring otherness into my practice. It is an otherness construed by material and allegorical ruins with specific emphasis on relations between cosmic and cosmopolitan.

Cut to antiquity's cosmos lensed through its architectural ruins: Paris's *Place du Panthéon* and the ancient figures in *L'Eclisse*'s Roma[176] express skyward gazes, lensing toward the gods from the imperfect point of view of mortal life. These sites cue not only ancient times inscribed by their material remains and the essential solitude we encounter through glimpses or whispers as evoked earlier by Pallasmaa's architectural remnants of a dying note, echo of footsteps, silences of peoples past—but also of a futurity within contemporary life. Futurity speaks of a loss—a mourning of forgetting remembered in the darkness where we have arrived in progressive life. Auckland houses this forgetting well as its cosmopolitan life is relatively young—only some 200 years of colonisation by European—yet it erases its short-lived architectural history simply, effectively and without conscience.[177] In siting my final PhD show (and its earlier iteration *Shifting Ground*) within disused and repurposed concrete silos, I was extremely cognisant

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176   Much of the film is set within and outside the Roman stock exchange building—this is where Piero and Vittoria meet as he works as a broker in the stock exchange and Vittoria's mother likes to buy and sell stocks. The actual building—Borsa—is a gigantic ancient temple made monumental by eleven ancient Greek-inspired Corinthian columns. Originally it was the temple of Emperor Hadrian.

177   I emphasise European history in relation to the urban built environment as it is through colonisation that such a reality exists. Pre-European life is, of course, older going back some 900 years. And before people arrived the architecture of 'Aotearoa | New Zealand' existed in animal (particularly bird), sea and geological life forms at a time existing *without* naming—*il y a*—without anything that goes by concepts of architecture or ruin.

of its monumentality as an Auckland ruin. I was aware that it held a significant aura through the dark-umbra absenting Auckland's architectural historical urban fabric. The silos float heavily on their reclamation site (sea built into urban land), and ineffably speak to the loss of historical urban buildings and the mourning-song of a new world mentality, restless in pronouncing itself, expedient in its cry. This ineffable setting and its discussion will return again in my concluding chapter, specifically speaking of this aura and everyday weight carried by a measure of shallowness or forgetting. *This* future made palpable through the past I attempt to express within urban materiality as architecture's lensing. That is, in the site-writings of silo works consisting of *Shifting Ground* as a prefiguring for my final show *Between two_____*.[178] I listen now to the otherness of these sites, hearing the necessity for suspending any analysis of their folding dark ruins, rendering them now through a dark-writing of eternal return that shifts my site-writing to the question of extended duration lensed through the rhythms of the street and its transformational returns.

Eternal Renders

What returns? Or to put it another way, what returns difference? That is to say, in each repetition of something—like viewing a film over and over—we encounter difference within its same. We encounter something between the streetlight switching on our night; an eve returning us in its awakening to a dawning new day. Differences are expressed in emotional shifts or attunements, shifts in social surrounds (who am I with 'now'), conceptual realities and ideologies (what is known, what is topical), linking historic patterns to cultural mores, to economic and work conditions, etc. All this is to say that *the* street returns us differently in each iterative 'step' (*pas*), at each crossroads that faces us—and, sometimes we're inclined to just detour into darkness—to simply not show up.

Douglas Gordon's seminal work *24 Hour Psycho*, slows down Alfred Hitchcock's film *Psycho* to approximately two frames per second,

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178   The specifics of these ancient Roman sites will be discussed in more detail with respect to James Turrell's practice, specifically *Skyspaces* in relation to *Shifting Grounds* and *Between two_____* for revealing the deeper unconscious site-writing that occurs with generic building materials such as concrete and the language this ineffably speaks across scales of human and cosmic life.

making the film last 24 hours. In the distribution of Hitchcock's *Psycho* he determined that it would be shown in a new way—the standard model until that time was that films would be set to loop, viewers would enter the cinema at their leisure, and continue watching from their entry point forward until the loop began to repeat itself. In this scenario there exists only an eternal return without a universal beginning and end—only singular entry and exits points determined by singular viewers. Hitchcock disturbed this process with *Psycho*, insisting that there be a *proper* start time for the film. In extending the duration to a 24-hours phenomenon Gordon circumvents Hitchcock's desires, in that viewers' desires for watching the film in its entirety are thwarted. But this is not what haunts me about this work. When it was first described to me, I thought about how the film would continue into the night, past the proper time of the gallery's closing. *24 Hour Psycho* would play to the *no one* of its setting. I linger here a while viewing the film only through being absented or eclipsed by its circumvention. Yet, its circumvention doubles back into the regulatory frameworks of Hitchcock's street in the sense that my not seeing is also regulated by the *proper* hours of museums' opening and closing. This haunting throws me outside onto the street again, as I adjust my eyes to the light and continue differently, holding myself with a different position—Like Eliasson's ice-clock, Gordon's circumvention of *Psycho* holds a contemporary revealing for how clock-time orders our everyday becoming, placing us more rigidly within calculative and pre-figured certainty. The street is less able to accommodate the *dérive* or psycho-geography for entering a spontaneous folding of cinematic and everyday loops. These ghosts extend differences into the recesses of time, pre-Psycho viewing, geographically editing their entry from street into darkened cinematic spaces *whenever,* while the film's looping plays on regardless of those anonymous bodies who enter or simply don't show up.

In both scenarios (Hitchcock's | Gordon's) the eternal return of otherness continues on indifferent to everyday rhythms. I have attempted to listen to its calls in the ineffable returns written into the logic of *Things I Didn't Know* with respect to cosmic returns. I have discussed in both shows this cosmic return or entry and would extend here the invitation of return as an interruption to

Turn toward the tide

It began with the moon. It began with water. I went to the bay early in the morning, at high tide. I was there for some time, just watching, waiting, walking. The water, the ocean, the tides, all these are an eternal return. Time as the eternal returns. Tides eternally return.

As I sat by the water I thought about the tide, when does the tide turn? The second after it reaches its high, or one minute, or one hour? Given that tides are measured in minutes; I am given to think that the tide remains at its highest point for a mere 60 seconds before beginning its return. I think about the word tide. What is its origin? As a noun, tide appears to me to just means time. From the Old English *tid* (a point or portion of time), German *tidiz* (division of time), Old High German *zit*, from *Zeit* meaning *time.* Old English seems not to have had specific term for this, instead using *flod* and *ebba* to refer to the rise of and fall of water. In verb form is means to carry (1620), and earlier it meant *to happen*, *tided*, *tiding*.
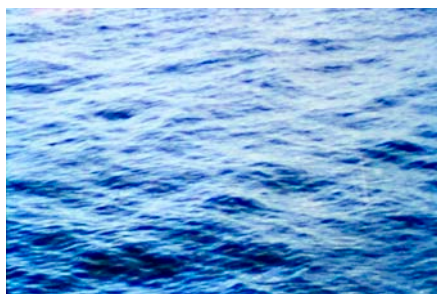
the ego, or death as a calculative and controllable event. I came to realise that my *dérives* to the neighbourhood (Blockhouse) bay folded into Corban Estate Art Centre's nearby stream, Opanuku, located adjacent to the Barrel Store and a busy western train-line. The stream is minor, overlooked and heavily polluted from its industrial neighbours. Mourning had revealed this minor key and a maternal register for acknowledging its ecological relation to the extended waters of Auckland's Manukau Harbour, West Coast beaches, Tasman Sea and beyond. This minor-site: Opanuku Stream invites an *Aletheian* moment unconcealing my otherness—partly my m/otherness and partially myself as an abstraction of human-folding into the eternal return of waters per se. In honouring Opanuku's minor setting in relation to the barrel store that houses the domestic scene of *Things I Didn't Know*, a small iPad loops its window doubling the cosmic and everyday change of a tide-turning shot at my neighbourhood bay. Sixty-seconds *only* loops eternally inside the dark site of the barrel store, shot from above, simply by a standing-body turning toward it—turning into it—turning to the other face of Opanuku and what *she* ineffably speaks.

Antony Gormley's *Another Place* speaks ineffably joining the solitary figure absented in my *Turning Toward the Tide* with his others made up of one hundred 'solitary' tidal iron figures. Originally created in 1997 and installed in Wattenmeer, Cuxhaven, Germany, the work consists of 100 solid cast-iron body-forms, each weighing 650kg. The body-forms were modelled from 17 casts taken from Gormley's body. The sculptures are all "standing in a similar way, with the lungs more or less inflated and their postures carrying different degrees of tension or relaxation."[179] He suggests that these inflated lungs give rise to a sense of *holding*—it is an allegorical holding of breath that expresses air's constitutive role in sustaining life and releasing life. In this sense we become absolutely imbricated into the setting of the tide, sea and water: water and air become (humbling) rhythms for yielding human existence within the larger schema of planetary material life. Gormley further states, "the idea was to test time and tide, stillness and movement,

179   'Antony Gormley', accessed 23 November 2017, http://www.antonygormley.com/show/item-view/id/2286#p4.

and somehow engage with the daily life of the beach."[180] The piece was transported to Crosby Beach just outside of Liverpool in the United Kingdom. It was initially intended that the work would move to New York, but after enthusiastic public response it is now a permanent installation at Crosby Beach. The figures are spread out along three kilometres of foreshore, and stretch almost one kilometre out to sea. They all look "out to sea, staring at the horizon in silent expectation."[181] Here time is tested by tide, architecture by the elements and the prevalence of the sky seems to question the earth's substance. In this work human life is tested against planetary time—locating its site-writing proximally to my earlier analysis of how architecture of lensing (cinematic, solar, durational and *récit*) speak ineffably in the face of an open (uncertain) horizon for becoming. Gormley's work brings in another significant cue for how the autos of his body transforms into the anonymity of everyday life within the setting of a beach in Liverpool, U.K. It could have been set on an Auckland beach and would have gathered a similar return forwarding existential wonder.

The figures are at the mercy of the incoming and outgoing tide, with those further out to sea at times totally submerged, and those figures closer to shore always able to keep their heads above water. The power of this is undeniably simple and undeniably existential in the reality of returning life into death into life, eternally. The material ruin of an increasing tide's act of submerging the figures in the forefront performs the umbra of its work—as the tide advances 'we' (allegorically) recede in its liquid darkness. As the tide ebbs 'we' return to the visibility of its aqua-unfolding. The eternal returns of the tides counterpoise with the everyday returns of life-death cycles—*between* which we encounter the existential umbra. The iron figures remain: remaining both human and not human. Their remains occur through iron, casting us toward their earthly elemental indivisibility—material in ruins, sands of time. They remain human, allegorically posed, holding their breath in anticipation of life that extends beyond them, into the

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180   'Antony Gormley'.

181   '"Another Place" by Antony Gormley - Sightseeing in Liverpool, Crosby - Visit Liverpool', accessed 23 November 2017, https://www. visitliverpool.com/things-to-do/another-place-by-antony-gormley-p160981.

future horizon—their allegorical ruins. They move from ego to anonymous as remaining figures, indifferent to any singular everyday other who encounters them on this or that day: they *carry on* when the beach is deserted in the dark of night, and before dawn breaks. They continue to hold the space of the horizon, in our absence. Their absenting our present-absence haunts and stirs my mourning-song—I hear ineffably the sounds of night winds, whistling through these iron figures, kindred to *24 Hour Psycho* absenting its everyday others as it continues playing on to the museum's dark-interiors. This returning to absenting present-absences brings otherness—which I've drawn out as the dark-writing or umbra-writing, lingering still, site-writing us into these absences, written into the darkness of their *récit* at the point where we pass into their obscure existential 'images'—they speak [our otherness] ineffably through these lingering present-absences.

Partial Eclipse—Performing in Minimal Light

If Gormley's horizon faces seaward and Gordon's illuminates the people-less spaces of dark museum interiors, then Marina Abramovic's work faces the essential solitude of minimal gestures. As a performance artist her material ruin is the human body and she inscribes its dark interior through repetitive everyday gestures energised by collective material bodies of her public. In citing her *In Residence* (Sydney, 2015)[182] I attempt to reveal a site-writing *specifically* across *Things I Didn't Know* in relation to its collection of works that programme an (abstract) interior domestic setting within the barrel store. These works are read as performances between their material (non human) bodies made logical through the darkness of the store and its minimal light curating both allegorically and within a pared-back aesthetic. Abramovic's *In Residence* is held within a large Sydney harbour-side pier and hosts approximately 40,000 people throughout its two-week duration. Visitors are invited to participate in six long durational exercises based on Abramovic's *Cleaning the House* workshop, a five-day process of immersion in which artists prepare for long durational works. *In Residence* prescribes six discrete exercises:

182   'Kaldor Public Art Projects - Project 30 - Marina Abramović - Residency Program', accessed 9 September 2016, http://kaldorartprojects.org. au/projects/residency.

Looking at Colour

This exercise consists of staring at red, blue and yellow squares. The three primary colours are defined as the genesis of a whole range of colour combinations, but are not achievable by any other mixture. This visual aspect of purity and absoluteness can nurture a sense of full commitment to a task. The use of primary colours is also related to Abramovic's simple, pure, and minimalistic work aesthetic. Anyone can benefit from this exercise, as it allows the public to meditate on what is being both seen and felt.

Counting Rice

This is one of the most primary and simple exercises about presence developed by the artist during her 40 years of artistic work. Practising this exercise deeply improves concentration, using only a chair, a table, a good amount of rice mixed with lentils, and some patience. It consists of separating the grains of rice from the lentils and counting them, to practise doing something without purpose. "If you can't count the rice for three hours, you can't do anything good in life," said Abramovic at the Design Miami fair last year. She also believes that it is important to do one thing every day that has no purpose.

Mutual Gaze

This exercise is based on one of the simplest forms of silent communication and energy exchange between two people: staring at someone's eyes for as long as the mutual gaze can continue. Looking someone in the eyes—and the circle of energy it generates—can lead to a courageous and calm state of mind, as well as promoting deep self-awareness and connection.

Slow-Motion Walk

Walking in slow motion is an exercise

in slowing down not only the body, but everything around you. Each movement is made with full awareness of all the muscles in your body. It is necessary to feel each step as you move slowly through the space and to remain aware of your thoughts and your breathing.

Beds

Lines of camp beds with black blankets and white pillows are available for people to lie down. This is the setting for the exercise, in which the public is asked to lie in these beds with noise-cancelling headphones, close their eyes and relax their bodies, resting, sleeping and practising doing nothing.

Platform

Wooden platforms are placed together in different configurations inside the space. The exercise performed is one of simply stepping onto these platforms. The public is invited to feel present individually by just being still, as well as creating a collective presence together.

Abramovic's work offers site-writings for contemporary living within the setting of art markets and their institutions. Her work exercises itself through concise and minimal instructions for doing nothing, of no (explicit) purpose. The political ideology at work is spatially written into its highly prescriptive and instructive logic with the intent to allow release points—meditative opaque openings—from everyday life through extended duration and repetitive action. Extended duration amounts to repetitive movement. Time eternally renders mourning's obscurity in the escape of everyday living, foreshadowing any grand (mythic) narratives for living-on in perpetuity without others—that is to say, for a living-on that denies our intrinsic life-death cyclical nature. This mythic denial is contra to my research, which affirms this cycle as *life-giving.* In her instructional performance of minor-gestures a resonance to *Things I Didn't Know* unconceals in the eternal return of everyday life as a mourning-song set within

our everyday domestic dwellings. Dwelling here becomes a verb (recalling Heidegger's thinking) alongside a noun. How we dwell performs attention as much as the locales wherein we dwell. What I had not *known* was this rendering of time as eternal, extended and repetitive until *Things I Didn't Know* performed its extended and repetitive acts within the construction of my installed dwelling. That is, the show installed an everyday domestic programme through dwelling within the surroundings of Corban Estate Art Centre—such as Opanuku Stream and the adjacent train line spoken of earlier. My 'in residence' surroundings extended into indivisible raw elements (—fire, earth, water, air—), such as the literal *streaming* of *Turn Toward the Tide* video installed on its discrete iPad monitor, captured at my neighbourhood bay, which I visit near daily on my routine walks. This recording captures a King Tide event[183] made minor through its small monitor and short loop (documenting the tide's 60 seconds of real-time turning). Its grandness significant for how it unconceals my everyday bay walk as an eternal return, different each time—a difference that escapes into a dark shadow of uncollectable days, hours and minutes. This eternal return reveals the everyday as minimal-light measurable in relation to a vast and sustaining life—a minimal 60 seconds of turning tide site-writes this ineffable between. Its *kingness* made minor through turning in just 60 seconds, kindred to any other turning tide. This is the ineffable made material ruin as minimal 60 seconds of video light.

Not *knowing* knows this difference as I render different elements together to construct an everyday scenario in *Things I Didn't Know*—a steel-frame chair with wax seat sits beside a neon sign 'FIRE' locating its performative index, which offers heat for making central the home's hearth: not-knowing or knowing rendered opaque, these fire-to-wax relations cast different material ruins. This home is inhabited with ghosts, perhaps. But whose spectres are they? The viewer is invited editorial ownership inasmuch as I have attempted to edit the 'FIRE' into spatio-temporal contiguity as indexical sign—the signifier/word FIRE performs its spatial context of domestic mantelpiece holding

Figure 74

In Residence (participants), *Marina Abramovic*
Digital Image, Steven Siewart

Sydney, 2015
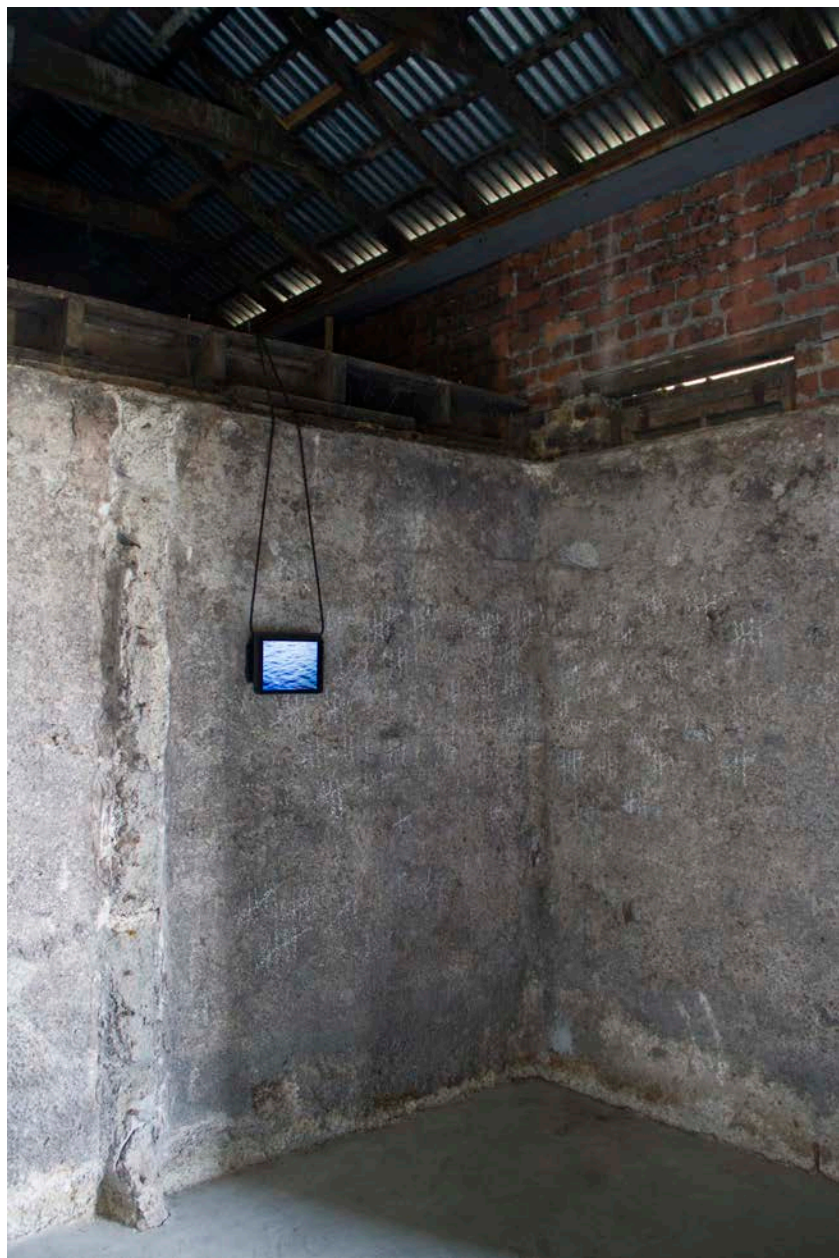
fire (positioned at the darkest central point of the rectangular barrel store), and temporal relations of burning through its neon illumination. People enter the barrel store where the body (my body) of ice lies melting—an entrance of wiping feet as a matter of course as one enters interior from outside. They wipe onto the concrete floor—their footprints trace different paths into the interiority of this open domestic programme, as one would returning home, contingent on habit in relation to necessity: either making a set-path to food (set up here as ritual within art openings)[184] or bathroom, lounge etc. A sea view faces the opposite wall to the fire: window to the sea offered by looped-tide-monitor; other elements such as the vertical silk veil unconcealing breezes of air generated by passing bodies, placed perpendicular to a ply-top steel-framed bench. These latter two works demarcate the interior of the interior split between fire-wall and sea-wall: these different zones hold temperatures between extreme warmth (FIRE-WAX) and cool wet (ICE-SEA). It is a minor ruin of everyday life—unsuccessful for the way it resolves a community of visitors except for their arrival and leaving on such a cold weekend: this umbra of dark-winter-light, its anonymous witness. Abramovic's umbra writes everyday acts as 'escapes' countering mythic illuminations of self-securing. Rather, she opens up meditative practices of an austere nature focusing us in on ourselves in very much the same manner as we may locate essential solitude in grand architectural sites (such as the Pantheon): her minimal aesthetics and amassing of audience participation site-writes performance in a minor key extending art into *an* everyday act of living with others. *In Residence* invites group participation with simple acts revealing the demands of domesticity. Yet these demands—everyday acts without ambition—hold a minor conceit that suggests artistic practice can be taught or prescribed, given the genealogy of *In Residence* as an iteration of her prior five-day workshop for artists, *Cleaning the House.* Here, artistic everyday life is approximated to routines of everyday dwelling. This brings a reality into being an artist that breaks a certain mythic ideology of creative genius and forwards an ideal-position gleaned in Abramovic's (abovementioned) line: "If you can't count the rice for three hours, you can't do anything

Figure 75

Turn Toward the Tide, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Things I Didn't Know
Corban Estate Arts Centre, 2017

iPad, moving image

184   The show opened for three days in July with the Opening serving mulled wine and finger-foods (cheeses, breads, dips) for visitors on an especially wet and cold Winter weekend, made all the more affecting from the short day, early arrival of dark in this dank concrete disused wine ('repurposed') barrel store.

good in life" —I translate this into the artistic context for, if you can't 'keep house'—as the material necessity for living—you won't be able to sustain a life as an artist. The reality of artistic life is here presented as a changed setting through evoking domesticity, everyday life within the challenges for artistic-sustainable life (among other kinds of sustainable living) discovered within her extended durational work—coinciding her extended durational practice within acts of living minimally.

In conclusion to my dark-umbra site-writing *between* my shows *Things I Didn't Know* and *How To Watch an Invisible Event,* I have discovered the indivisibility across cosmic and cosmopolitan everyday life for opening up a necessary research cue. Site writings shifts 'our' positions through opening up to the point of view of otherness, structured by particular others who have come *before* the work (before my work), whose responses come *after* the work in figures constructed out of opaque and enigmatic minor tellings. These other practitioners, thinkers, makers, viewers, participants, works, etc., widen my ruinous analysis into larger settings that become part of the site from which I re-enter and situate my work. This indivisibility liquidates our ego or autos—my ice body, Gormley's body for anonymous iron-multitude, Eliasson's ice made political, Gordon's *dérive* made de-regular, Abramovic's instruction made austere, Antonioni's everyday absence made de-regular— into a möbius-like folding of surfaces casting their shadows toward ineffable and invisible otherness, eternally returning and extending. My umbra-writings disclose indivisible elements of my practice within its ecology of otherness as signified in those proper names and their practices aforementioned. These practices shift contiguous grounds into community and political plateaus, with latent, unconscious and far-reaching settings. In drawing out indivisible site-writings between shows, an invisible inscriptive (conceptual) agent works its way into my analysis. I have called this invisible or less than visible opacity *dark-writing*, taking its cue from multiple solar and lunar eclipses such as cosmic events including the solarising of life within progressive life as made most poignant in *L'Eclisse.* These black moons reveal invisibility as visibility on an existential level, allegorically and materially expressing the umbra of the darkest part of *anything* in casting relations of other indivisible elements arriving in closest proximity to otherness—to

the touching upon otherness and otherness's response. It touches *other* material, embodiment, psyche, memory, history, concept, etc. It inscribes an invisible seeing felt by existential concepts of absence, loss, mourning, despair, humility, empathy and wonder. In making these existential concepts explicit in my site-writing analysis. This umbra writes its *récit* without telling, showing without narrating. It is an attempt to get closer to the research aim for constructing shows that draw us closer into a dark-umbra point where Being passes us endlessly into its image. A passing that does not last, but returns eternally in fleeting and fragmented moments as we stare into its horizon—adjusting our eyes to its dark-light.

Chapter Eight—
Ineffable Reflections—Gifts of Mourning

Introduction—Settings Between_____

This section is structured by three elemental settings: two are the
dual sites of ST PAUL St Gallery Three and Silo Six, Silo Park
with the third performance element, *Sojourns,* and its reiterative
becoming, *Holding.* The following reflections aim to draw out the
larger *setting* for site-writings across performance and installation;
material and immaterial sites. This larger urban setting construed
by spatio-temporal densities of everyday life is marked out by its
temporal discontinuities and deferrals and spatial disappearances
and differences upon this immense anonymous daily fabric.
Again, my ruinous analysis performs expressions for revealing
spatio-temporal discontinuities and disappearances as losses—
mourning-songs and stones—that are still *with-us*, held in their
latent withdrawal of everyday being. I have described otherness
as the constituting concept for this condition of holding or still-
being with us. The aim of this final reflection—site-written into
the fabric of my culminating PhD show, *Between two_____*—
is to reveal the show's architectonic and aeonic keystones:
Between two_____ attempts to bring to appearance events of
disappearance—*Aletheia's* songs and stones—in unveiling the
latency of everyday loss, conceived as ruinous eternal return. As
I have written extensively through earlier chapters within both
contexts (literature reviews) and processes (design of study), the
everyday is structured by the repetitions and differences of eternal
return, providing pockets of ruinous otherness to 'appear'. These
appearances come by way of discontinuous and unexpected
arrivals within its latent setting—discontinuous to familiar
and anonymous rhythms of everyday (progressive) life. Yet,
paradoxically, the everyday *is* fabricated by the incessant speeds
and noises of life, sitting on the surface of our daily routines and
habits. The surface of everyday life is aglow with potentiality when
construed as Möbius folds, which further dwell within depths of
mourning, losses, ruins that 'mine' its folding-surface. Like dreams
in the night, we simply cannot overestimate the immeasurable
materiality that holds us with our others. My practice attempts to
activate minor-site writings *between* these opaque pockets through
minimal activities such as bringing dialogue across two different
urban sites (a gallery within a university and a concrete silo

building repurposed for public events) and my installed works and minimal everyday performances:

The dialogical model, inspired by Yve Lomax, sounds the event of these sites' otherness—ineffably mediated by *Between two_____*—through iterative and extended spatial practices appearing *between* installed works, performances and sites over the course of the PhD. However, *Between two_____* specifically re-imagines new works across performance and installation with works, such as *Sojourns* between *Holding*; *Nothing Holds Us (unshrouded)* between *Nothing Holds Us (shrouded)*. These works are among multiple other discrete *between(s)* that shall make up part of the following analysis. Further, the ongoing dialogue with respect to cosmic events that ineffably and invisibly mark this analysis come to appearance in a minor key. For example, the changing weather was considered as an everyday minor-cosmic event— significant in relation to installing the silos with their porous architecture that opens up unexpected (yet counted on) pockets of everyday allegorical and material ruin throughout the final show.[185] The conceptual and material ruins of *without alibi* and *umbra* dark- writing perform this final site-writing analysis as I reflect upon how *Between two_____* designed temporary and ineffable spaces for visitors to reflect or contemplate how these sites worked on them, constructing their own 'form' of material and allegorical dialogue

185   For example, on the day of the examination (Tuesday February 13, 2018) heavy rain had 'flooded' the Silo Six building. These summer rains brought with them a cloistered atmosphere through intense humidity and damp surrounds. Two of my show's silos had intentionally been filled with water in which I performed *Holding*, walking barefoot through its waters. However, the increase of water from the previous days of rain as well as this examination day had also brought more rain inside, activating another two of the silos with dampened and wet floors. The work *Nothing Holds Us (shrouded)*'s dark fabric became a beautifully flooded work, reflecting pools of darkness and reflection caught between the 'empty' steel-frame seat and folded pleats of the fabric strewn on the floor. When it came to the opening two days later the rains had abated and the drier and still air coupled with shifting evening light advanced a very different attuning of this space. Golden shafts of light released a completely different sense as it drew itself across the dark pleats of the fabric's surface revealing the chair's presence as holding a far more regal and reverential quality, when its prior manifestation had construed a far more abandoned and weighted sensibility. These differences *are* the everyday of life made material and affecting at once through shifts in weather and the weather's eternal return ecologically stitched into different global conditions. I had 'intended' to work with the weather as a minor-everyday cue that brings to appearance our different moods, psychic unconscious, latencies *between* material affects of these everyday conditions that speak further to allegorical sites such as the otherness of the chair *Nothing Holds Us(shrouded)*…

within solitude: across imaginations that might settle, stir, drift, collect, catch, cling, sweep into the between(s) of their encounter. This (im)material affection attempts its ineffable, and even invisible, arrival between visitor and the site, as my hope is for a visitor to remain within a setting of refrain that speaks or calls them into silent reflection. Ineffably construed, as it's only this or that visitor who hears their otherness—and they do not speak of this, they wish not for recounting or speaking on behalf of the(ir) other, but rather linger in its ineffable expression. Finally, in my own ineffable analysis, I will draw out an allegorical ruin or narrative that is encoded in the material ruins of the specific sites—history at a stand-still—and the larger setting that their historical material unconceals. It will be significant for me to discuss this wider setting as an ontology of mourning set upon everyday latency (as mentioned already). My own mapping of the ruins from out of this minor-everyday setting aims to reveal—through ineffability—a larger concern for discontinuous urban histories within Auckland | Tāmaki Makarau that brings proximity to the disciplines of spatial practices *between* art and architecture. These histories are never set in stone, yet concrete is a key material fabric for generating this ineffable site-writing—rather, they are set by waters that continue to ebb and flow withdrawn, bringing to appearance *Aletheia's* other histories and our everyday necessity for veiling her mourning-song.

Prelude—Shifting Ground
Supplementary Crypts Beneath Silo Six

I almost gave you a brass pencil with a date inscribed upon its side—*almost*. What held the brass pencil back from its giving? What act of withholding did I linger on in its withdrawing signature at the time of *Between two_____*? I recall now its first entry into my practice at the time of *Things I Didn't Know.* It held fascination that I was weary of, an uncertainty held between an empty and full look. I entered it into the show at the Barrel Store, placing it quietly on the elongated ply bench that sat opposite the barn-like entry doors held between interior and exterior, between melting ice: so many betweens entering this scene now. Others recalled the beauty of the pencil, with it enigmatic inability to

write or sign anything. Its nib, a mere continuation of the brass, absented the graphite normally bestowed upon this everyday object. Its scene of writing, put out of its time for purpose, unable to score—and this was part of its draw. That is, some said they liked its withholding enigma. They enjoyed the impossible saying that held instead multiple ineffable saying. Others had liked its textual relation to the neon FIRE sign that quietly lit up a recessive scene at the far end of the space. They felt it could become a commercial design proposition along with the FIRE sign: "Put some graphite into it and you'd have a nice bit of design." The pencil shaped in its ubiquitous hexagonal form and encased in its brass materiality gave an eloquent reading across everyday and precious. They liked this.[186] Yet my 'almost' and yet 'not' giving of the inscribed brass pencil arrived encrypted through another withholding. It had in fact inscribed itself *as* a supplementary crypt in the graphic title of *Between two*_____. Its very absence presented itself in the supplementary gesture of eight continuous underscore-dashes, _____. Its inception housing this exact c(l)ue forwarding supplementary crypts at the time of its entry into the Barrel Store show. Its pencil expression writing the invitation to hold otherness, anonymous between two, provided by the indexical underscore: silent writing, underscores of ineffable invitation to you. Spatially it holds its *between* open to this otherness, underscoring (or deconstructing) an outside to the normal spatiality of between this or that. It holds out its between for all immeasurable twos.

If the graphite-less brass pencil scored the show's cryptic signature, *Between two*_____, it did so through its materiality that conceptually site-wrote the architectonic logic for this show, holding mourning *between* planes of time and space. The underscore is a physical ledger that speaks to *Sojourns* etymology, as narrated in the *Sojourns* booklet (doubling as *Between two* _____'s catalogue).[187] These are not separate works but rather hold the leitmotif of *between* as an open spatial-temporal programme that

Figure 77

The Elements of Mourning, Fire, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Things I Didn't Know
Corban Estate Arts Centre, 2017

Neon sign

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186   They liked the FIRE sign (*The elements of mourning, FIRE*, 2017) as a commercial proposition too—suggesting its neon form resonated with the old everyday bar-heaters and if one replaced the neon with electric bars, a contemporary designer heater would emerge.

187   For revisiting this exhibition catalogue (and others) please see www.emilyjaneohara.com

discloses multiple sites of entry upon entry. That is to say, the architectonics of my show's programme comes out of the depth and breadth of my PhD research on mourning and performance installation. Site-writing has come to reveal itself as a process of writing with others and my performance installation is merely a minor-enactment best described as metonymic, whereby my works stand-in partially, fragmentarily and supplementary from out of otherness—other shows of mine and my discrete works; other practitioners' material and conceptual works; other conceptual thinkers' positioning, also materially expressed; other stories within stories (allegorical and material). This otherness is at the heart of my mourning-song as these anonymous others (as reconstituted) have entered me, upon entry, upon entry. They have gifted my mourning as an affirmative expression, and I have 'thanked' them through supplementary acts (such as this culminating PhD show). This attempt for bringing to the surface the metonymic and supplementary crypts substantiates my performance of *between*. The brass pencil was originally metonymically figured in *Things I Didn't Know*'s catalogue *entry* by the figure of a simple underscore marking its title.

It was at this precise moment—in the face of *Aletheia*—that the cryptic nature of my work presented itself. I was *holding* on, holding something beneath, holding the ground for my others. The cryptic epiphany revealed not that the discrete works themselves held explicit cues for reading mourning's songs or stones, but rather they were housing crypts of withdrawal. I have spoken at length throughout this exegesis on the disappearance of things (people, positions, everyday phenomena) as the revealing for otherness (other perspectives, allegorical showings, material embodiments) and have brought emphasis to the way that the everyday is structured by its disappearance (finding here closest allies in the work of Martin Heidegger and Maurice Blanchot). In this respect (the analysis of) my final show *Between two*_____ prefigures a vast crypt that comes to appearance on a simple (minor) everyday ground of entry-upon-entry that layers up the crypts of its building. Each crypt opened by anonymous entry or what Jacques Derrida has described as the keystone of any architecture: every architectural condition holds its crypt of vulnerability within its strongest structural appearance. Derrida's architectural metaphor

draws upon an expression of deconstruction as the force of trembling of the keystone as means for locating the most fragile expression of any construction (institutional or otherwise). The act of 'trembling' structures on their most 'supportive' or well-founded ground is not a violent act for destroying any artifice but rather reveals that all foundation holds mourning or fragility.[188] The keystone both metaphorically and metonymically aligns within the cryptic holding where care for otherness resides—it opens up crypts that demarcate closure or deeper unconscious burial, yet in trembling them with care their tremblings perform new openings. This site of encryption in my practice is the performance of mourning as an affirming act. The trembling possibilities within Derrida's deconstructive force shakes up the solid grounds of knowing to reveal "a huge reservoir of meaning" that corresponds with my spatial practice's entry-upon-entry: locating site-writings *between* the markers of my work. As Derrida (also spatially) evokes through his musings on Mallarmé's acts of literature:

> For example, the sign *blanc* ('white,' 'blank,' 'space'), with all that is associated with it from one thing to the next, is a huge reservoir of meaning … It permeates Mallarmé's entire text … And yet, the white also marks, through the intermediary of the white page, the place of the writing of those 'whites'; and first of all the spacing between the different significations (that of white among others), *the spacing of reading.*[189]

Every site-writing performs its act of reading by others who sign the work, through their connections between what materialises on the secure ground of any site and the buried crypts holding mourning songs and stones in their huge reservoir of meaning. My act for underscoring the title's underscore in *Between two_____* brings to appearance the architectonics scoring another event in its act of withdrawal. For example, *Sojourns* as materialised in the

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188   For further insights into Derrida's philosophy of architecture and architecture of philosophy in relation to hauntings and crypts, please see Mark Wigley, *Architecture of Deconstruction: Derrida's Haunts* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1995). As well as Jacques Derrida, "Force and Signification," in *Writing and Difference* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1978), 3-30.

189   Jacques Derrida, 'Mallarmé', in *Acts of Literature*, ed. David Attridge, trans. Christine Roulston (Hove, U.K: Psychology Press, 1992), 115.

walking and swimming that performed over a month's duration prior to *Between two_____* underscores the performance *Holding* that occurred in two of the Silos (Four and Six) in Silo Six during *Between two_____*. *Holding* is held by *Sojourns* through a process of durational translation of my walks and swims within this next iteration. Between two iterations they (*Sojourns* and *Holding*) score their openings for dialogue, with the latest (*Holding*) iteration being the ground for materialising a fragmentary and supplementary trace of its prior event—yet it cannot bring back to appearance faithfully (*Sojourns*) as this would construe a kind of act of taxidermy or immortalisation, rather something remains absent, enigmatic and without alibi.

Umbra—Otherness Touches

If the brass pencil unconcealed the withholding of the crypt—of a site's mourning—between its explicit ground and the deeper reservoir of its setting, then another withholding preludes *Between two_____*. The site, Silo Six | Silo Park, first called in the group show *Shifting Ground*.[190] I installed a work in Silo Four that constitutes one of the six silos for this exhibition space. In another analytical act of withholding, I put off its entry until a latter section sub-headed: *Holding Temporary Sanctuary*. In this respect I aim to create an *Aletheian* pathway forwarding a deeper formality across revealing and withdrawal constituting my spatial writing's architectonics. The keystone of this language has been building its conceptual and material layers across light and shadow or revealing and concealing of this exegesis. It cast the first stone in the figure of *Aletheia* as the feminine truth of unconcealing—an otherwise to masculinist self-sameness, presence or correctness. It presented another stone in the conceptual ground of everyday life as that which materialises through repetition and its incessant withdrawal. Another shadow play opens unconditionally in the spatio-temporal revealing of without alibi sounding ineffable otherness in everyday discontinuities. In listening to these

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190   *Shifting Ground* occurred during Artweek, Silo 6, Wynyard Quarter, October, 2017. There were five artists who each installed a separate work within each of the six silos, with the remaining silo operating as a reading/reception room. I was one of these artists and my work was titled: *Still There (Reflecting Room)* 2017.

mourning-songs we continued along our folded path set by wider and deeper material historical ruinous stones, site-written into the enigmatic gestalt of minor sites within major (architectural) discourses. The allegorical (conceptual) as well as material motif of the *umbra* expresses the darkest part of *anything* in casting relations of other indivisible elements: the *umbra* is the darkest moment arriving in closest proximity to otherness—it could be described as *otherness's touch.* It touches *other* material, embodiment, psyche, memory, history, concept, etc. It inscribes an invisible seeing felt by existential concepts of absence, loss, mourning, despair, humility, empathy and wonder.

In making these existential concepts explicit in my site-writing I attempt now to draw dark-writing connections across *Between two_____*, connecting practices of others that work into the unconscious setting of my site-writing. These paths move through chiaroscuro folds between night and day, light and dark, eclipses and auras, concealing and unconcealing that have led my analysis to a site-writing with mourning that has been described as umbra-writing working across cosmological elements set within entry upon entry of their everyday subjective window. I unfold this movement to bring attention to the by now underscored leitmotif of *Aletheia's* movement for concealing *temporarily* in her act of withdrawal. This is a twin-movement. This double entry appears throughout the logic of all my shows and presents itself in *Between two_____* most succinctly across the dual sites: one is bathed in daylight and the other in darkness (both sites have been performed before—*There Is Something You're Not Telling Me* and *Shifting Ground* respectively). I invite my examiners to enter this light of day (starting at Gallery Three)—I offer them each a morning badge—*Still Morning*—to wear, joining others (two supervisors and myself) who adorn themselves on with badges this PhD examination day (Tuesday February 13, 2018). I have critiqued these badges previously, they are withdrawn on this day today from a more explicit exhibition presentation, instead making a subtle entry. I enjoy each wearer's placement of the badge on their person, each act producing everyday ritual and differences. They are unconditional gifts and I let go of any judgement as to where they will go in their destining.

However, what is explicit in this analysis is the work of day, light and reason installed into the logic of Gallery Three. It calls ineffably to Silo Six through the chiaroscuro tonality of this illuminating voice. It pronounces itself in this logic of installing four works plus the badge, making five: two of these four works perform mourning-stones as set within the logic of the show's catalogue that darkens their titles: *Nothing Holds Us (unshrouded)* (steel chair) and *Entry-upon-entry* (moving image swim 3,7). Darkened titles and edited text-works have been analysed earlier in Chapter Six with respect to the show *There Is Something You're Not Telling Me* (postcards) and *Sojourns'* archive (that enters *Between two_____* show catalogue). They perform stones of phenomenological touching, showing the moods of embodiment in situ. It is not until entry into Silo Six would the unconcealing of these two mourning-stones from Gallery Three come to appearance in their withdrawal. This appearance is dark and doubling, held in *Nothing Holds Us (shrouded)* (steel chair, fabric) and *Entry-upon-entry* (moving image, swim 1,4,5,8)—what they hold between them expresses an ineffable dialogue across concealing in the umbra of the others' withdrawal: this *Aletheian* movement opens to an ineffable dialogue between visitors and their others. I can only invite temporary sanctuary through such movement— without alibi, without narrative—as I do not attempt now to write some 'fictional' response or prefiguring. However, for analytical necessity, the shrouded chair reveals its ghostly other—turning to face 'it' in its disappearance: Gallery Three's chair performing a kind of after-image (that can only occur through the brilliance of light encapsulating darkness of a 'form'). This steel chair, now an entity of obscurity, allegorically imaged in our memory from Gallery Three, hovers its (after-image) concealed under 'its' shrouded dark fabric. 'Today' (on the day of examination), the silos are wet from heavy summer rains and the dark fabric holds pools of rainwater in its folds. These pools of water, catching the details of this 'chair', reveal its void-space of *Nothing Holds Us (shrouded)* or *(unshrouded)* in fullness of enigmatic mourning-calls. Like Heidegger's ontological analysis of the thing (the jug) the void-space holds our own most possibility to be. The being of any thing is essentially not disclosable from the self-presence of a being, but rather from the withdrawal or voiding of a thing's essential disclosing, such that any being is a potential or possibility

Figure 78

Nothing Holds Us (unshrouded), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Emily O'Hara

Between two_____
ST PAUL St Gallery Three

Steel chair frame

to be. Allegorically my story inhabits this void-space, showing my own futurity within a setting of two women in conversation (a mother and her daughter) seated together holding me riveted to my ruinous existence. I offer all this and more in the temporary revealing of this mourning-song: a ruin that can place us simultaneously in the temporal grasp of *no longer* and *not yet* and as a ruin it positions any as a site cut through with (its) otherness— other temporalities, other perceived ways of seeing and being, other events and histories that have been *and* will come, happening now.

The eternal return (entry-upon-entry) of the works that ineffably call through mourning-stones is one architectonic logic of *Between two_____*. They resist metaphysical presence, refraining from the telos of entries that end in exits. These entries are fragmentary in style and structure suggesting their entry does not start from any whole or static knowing. The video works *Entry-upon-entry* hold underwater footage of various lengths reconstituted out of my harbour swims with GoPro (discussed earlier, in Chapter Three). They are anonymous in their surroundings yet call to appearance the wider urban fabric of the silos, disclosed by harbour fishes feeding off urban residues that cling to its wharf infrastructure; 365 ceramic hand-cast moons open dialogue across the solo blue 'moon' light cast against its 'ceramic' concrete oculus in Silo Four's *Reflecting Rooms. Tempore Lunae's* hand-cast moons also cast the empirical language of a moon-calendar revealing everyday returns and differences signified by a year's duration, whereby thirteen full moons and eight celestial events construe this year of 2018. These differences are without equivalence (or alibi) to any other year, and as such my umbra-writing foregrounds thirteen grey glazed and eight blue glazed moons set between their remaining (three hundred and forty-four) anonymous white unglazed others. Another invisible cosmic event enters this Gallery Three setting, without equivalence (as discussed in Chapter Five with respect to *How to Watch an Invisible Event*) charged by the occurrence of a Super Blue Blood Moon[191] occurring in close proximity to the show's calendar timing.[192] In setting the empirical hand-cast moon

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191   'A Super Special Sighting', Stardome, accessed 6 October 2017, https://www.stardome.org.nz/moon/.

192   For the first time since March 31, 1866, three separate celestial

calendar on the floor plane it activates a viewer's initial 'God's eye' positioning. Yet, as we hover over the moon colony, the attempt to understand our cosmological inseparability is gleaned only in its rational ordering of time-space through such empirical measures. Without equivalence or without alibi comes to us from the point of view of the moon and its entry-upon-entry as always being full. Yet from human dwelling's positioning it is the umbra of its shadow that casts us into a questioning mode as we change (ourselves) around its showing. The analogues of this graphic schema—365, 344, 21, 13, 8—produce in me a durational work of essential solitude in my act for de-distancing the repetitive nature of the celestial moon and earth relational cycles. The activation of its floor-plane construes an invitation for human shifts in emotion, embodiment and intellectualising. I invite the other—visitors—to enter the floor across *Between two_____*, (also) through other works such as the Silo's *Call of Ashes* (cement on floor); *The Weight of Us* (dry ice, etched concrete 'X'); *Still Moving, Together* (timber, weights); *Reflecting Rooms* (water, concrete blocks, light) and *Holding* (performance, 11am, 1pm daily).

While all the works 'stand out' as umbra writing within the architectonic of *Aletheia's* movement, two others unconceal themselves through their invitation for sanctuary within relations

events occurred simultaneously over one evening, resulting in a super-blue-blood-moon-eclipse We think of the Moon as that which is the *same* Moon encountered by all earthly (human and non human) existence, since Earth's existence; although the Earth's solar or solitary moon came *after* the birth of the earth. One dominant theory is that the Moon is made up of debris from a planetary collision between Earth and Theia. I cannot help but draw correspondence across the name *Aletheia* as my PhD concept for truth and thus evoke analogy across the fragmentary and fleeting shimmer of truth in her movement of withdrawal. Yet from human-centeredness we perceive the *sameness or constancy* of the Moon in the encounter of the 'same' face of the Moon (due to synchronous orbit of the Moon's own axial orbit in relation to orbiting Earth). At the same time, this Moon from *its* point of view is constantly *full* and thereby **enters** us *full* across the different points or angles of the Earth's surface in relation to the Earth's pivot/angle and the Moon's orbiting of Earth. In respect there exists a reciprocity (without equivalence) of *entry upon entry*—the Moon always entering us through *Aletheia* giving partial revealings in its concealing through where we are located on the Earth's surface. Reciprocity occurs again, without equivalence, from the Earth's point of view that sees a constantly *changing* entry or encounter of the Moon in our perceived disclosure of movement from new Moon to full Moon.

Sojourns

My body invites slowing, slowing 'me' down_____slow, down, slow down…I walk listening to calls of water, my body becoming ear connecting water bodies; sounding cold, enveloping my body's heat into urban streets and harbour waters—de-distancing calls this embodiment. —Hot feet carry toward spectres of cooling waters; lifting, bracing, surrounding…Spectres' watery return, figuring silences and I hear a mourning-song, fluid, seeping, returning wash over feet: There (swimming) and here (walking), hearing *others* enter this mourning call. How can one speak of this return? Ineffably, perhaps, threatening and without expecting, together mourning speaks its im/possible saying—Enter: Water above and water below … I'm a haunted sound of water walking—this embodied expression lingers between_____ waters: raindrops invite my face, hands, siting us, *sojourning* with ground under this day—Feet weighing in its long walk, swimming in an everyday ocean of mourning … the fullness of feet meet earth counter-posing water's buoyancy, measuring each other in their material estrangement—Double entendre: *This* time, accompanied in water—entering, instead, a community of other swimmers— entry upon entry—*Of course,* I have not been entirely alone for months, intimately between—they —Em-body; a child holds me, sharing waters—fuller than ever—*before*. Entry upon entry: horizons submerged within harbour waters. We call to a distance above water's horizon line—Hot urgency, long steady-strides, with-moons, burning skin, light feet, fugue states, nothing touches, nothing entering, fields of essential solitude—A wind so strong forces back my body toward the direction of water. Rain collects in corners of my eyes like tears—A man without sight sings a new dawn, a new day, a new life, for me… to you …

to the floor. In calling us to the ground plane they sing their mourning songs: *The Weight of Us* (dry ice, etched concrete) holds a legacy of working with ice as discussed prior in relation to a movement from autos as allegory to anonymous materiality. I had returned to the site of Te Henga's neighbouring body of water, Lake Wainamu, constituting the performance of lying atop its surface (appearing in *There Is Something You're Not Telling Me*), and bringing an embodied lensing of the sky through the dark-holding of my weighted and prone condition. This work extended its duration until such time that my body drifted from the lake's centre to periphery—performing its sanctuary according to rhythms of air temperature, current and wind. The work entered *Between two* _____ partially through the ineffable conceptual relations working across Thomas the Obscure's fog (as discussed in Chapters Two and Six) and the *Skyspaces* of artist James Turrell that make their skyward presence shortly. Yet between these two the writing performance of sanctuary located itself in the nature or cosmic sites that invited (in) our existential discontinuity from everyday (particularly) urban life. I had relied on these spaces of Auckland's rugged West Coast at times of excruciating loss. They had held me. The beauty of their holding I was attempting to site-write into the PhD and final show. *The Weight of Us* (dry ice, etched concrete), is simply this—an entry upon entry of ineffable beauty that holds us through its immaterial shifts across currents of air and drifts of water. Like the concrete path binding three silos (in *Reflecting Rooms,* water, concrete blocks, light), *The Weight of Us* scores itself across the other three (Silos Three, Five, Six), and extending slightly into a fourth (Silo One). Standing above it we encounter ourselves as looming large above a miniature extending snowy-alps. Leaning into it we encounter ourselves otherwise:

Crosses inscribe the trace of these allegorical alps, leaving them behind—a mark of mourning that calls to the desire for holding onto these beautiful transient moments. Yet they are doing something more than just holding to the call of the alps, they also call to *Still Moving, Together* (timber, wire and weights) in the logic of four and its homophonic call, *for*. Four hanging weights elevate themselves just above the concrete floor plane of this shared Silo Three setting, writing their umbra in play with wind currents gifted through the slightly elevated roller door. The floor doubles

our logic, 'times' fours—four pendulums, moving, together their difference—inscribe their poetics in sympathetic relations (to the four etched 'X's) and cryptic cues of dark-writing machines upon concrete and its light-play. One set writes without force upon its site, working with the otherness of immaterial and transient elements (light, air temperature, breeze). The other writes out of a loss for this intransient 'alpine' scene of disappearing dry ice. This analysis reveals the difference between mourning's affirmation and mourning's despair: neither is constituted by separation from the other, but rather exists equi-primordially in mutual dependence. I would not wish to build too much more into this analysis for this would betray the logic of its ineffable scene.

Holding Temporary Sanctuary

This section of Chapter Eight draws out the performance installation work *Holding* as that which gathers the dual sites *between* as my own most possible temporary sanctuary. It performs the entry-upon-entry structural logic of the show's architectonics: a revealing of everyday withdrawal in the incessant movement of repetition and difference that like Thomas's beach setting, becomes part of material shimmering aglow with living life without separation. In the 'entry-upon-entry' of my *Sojourn* swims and walks between the dual urban sites and into the performance *Holding*, I have translated the durational diurnals of these monthly *Sojourns*: dates; gestations; measures of a growing foetus-child that inscribe verticality from breastbone to pubis or horizontality as belly extends; as well as air temperatures; durations of walk-swim between sites; time spent swimming; high tide times as markers for entries-into-swimming, either starting or finishing these eight *sojourns*; eight sojourns over a one-month period between January 11—February 8, 2018. These empirical facts document repetition and difference of the everyday and yet they withdraw into the dark-waters of the Silo Six *Holding* performance which occurred twice daily (11am, 1pm). As a reconstitution of the *Sojourns*, *Holding* provides further empirical data in its eight intervals (over four days of extended durational performance, each taking its time from a particular *sojourn* duration: 31m—52m—31m—26m—26m—29m—28m—25m. These are the measures of my everyday

Holding

I stand ankle deep in soothingly cold water. This sensation returns me to the waters of Karanga Plaza, but it is made sharper by the shallowness of the water and the coolness of the silo's around me. The pleasure of cold water on my hot feet is always a relief. This is a quiet ritual, the shucking of shoes goes unnoticed, the entry into the water doesn't look like much at all – but I am holding several other days and swims with me, not just those of Karanga Plaza, but entry-upon-entry into waters recalled clearly and others less so. I cannot remember the first time I was held in waters, in the womb I suppose, but that offers not cool relief, but warm comfort.

I lean, back slightly curved against firm and cool concrete. Something is floating on the edge of my awareness about a cavern, or a cave, a deep dark space that temporarily hold things. Silo 4 (the origin point for the show) is like a womb, wet, dark, at times without edges. It holds me. I shift between this exterior sensation and the simultaneous interior sensation of holding something (someone) within wet, dark, edgeless space. Why do I say edgeless, when both spaces clearly have limits? Perhaps because I see the edges as porous, the openings cut into each silo create mediated sightlines to spaces beyond…like the porous boundaries of my body, a mouth and chest that breathes not only into my own lungs, but into a placenta that provides oxygen, the malleability of a cervix that provides both closure and opening. The sensation of eyes closed, hands on rounded surface – but is it concrete or belly? Temperature and resistance are the only clues. As my hands read the interior curve of the silo I imagine the similarly concave surface that lies within my body.

The moon becomes like a camera shutter or a portal, in which echoes and images of of other spaces flash before me (a puddle on a street in

Paris that reflects the Eiffel tower-the oculus of the Pantheon in Rome-a large low moon over the water in Dubai-the cool blue of a street light haloed by light rain at the turn of the millennium in New Zealand).

It is difficult now, days and weeks later, to return to this time and space that has passed, in order to reflect when I am constantly being called back to the immediate presence and time of my body as I feel elbows, knees and hands exploring the confines of the space that currently holds the one to come. Pregnancy holds me more present than at any other time I can recall, and yet it also casts me back and forward…I am ruins.

I am the dwelling place of the ruins of time.
I am a dwelling of temporal ruin.
Within me time is ruinous.
I am ruinous time.

I (which is not I) am the temporary resting place for this time, I am just the latest connecting thread, I am the dust collected on the coattails of my ancestors. Or, I am made of dust (not stars, but dust, that everyday irritation that builds up in unexpected places). Finely coating everything, I am a fine dust, easily swept up and redistributed.

and they withdraw as I perform *Holding* each and every time. She—*Aletheia*—glows upon the surface of my worlding within these watery (Silo Two and Four plus One) settings. I 'see' her in the material touch walking me into the cool waters of her minor-temple. A ritual performance is initiated by the open programme of this scene: Concrete mourning-stones lay out their path across two Silos (Two and Four), extending briefly into another (Silo One) that holds my shrouded steel-framed chair (*Nothing Holds Us (shrouded)*—this minor-extension opens the logical invitation for entry. Here rests a pair of shoes, ritualising further the invitation to enter, alone, upon this brick walkway. It is a solitary invitation scripted by the use of ubiquitous industrial grey concrete bricks, stacked edge-to-edge providing their minor elevation pathway for solo bodies above its floor flooded with water. The pathway, set at a 90-degree slightly offset angle, threads my barefoot body across its concrete surface and down into the cool waters flooding these two silo floors. In an earlier installation within the show *Shifting Ground,* I had not structured in a performance such as *Holding.* My intent had been merely to bring emphasis to the porosity of the Silo's architecture as a leaky container, once purposed to hold concrete as its monumental material for fabricating an urban landscape. Now the silos were leaky and paradoxically the monumentality of these looming vertical concrete structures unveiled a sense of melancholy and fragility within their ruinous expression. Concrete's everyday vernacular turned into a ruin, revealing instead the material historicism of monumentality turned minor in the face of its now contemporary urban life-world. This ruinous setting was what particularly held me and for which I found initial expression in *Shifting Ground*, whereby the winter rains caused heavy flooding and I encountered Silo Four's floor entirely flooded. Its flooded condition held a significant reflective quality in its pooling light—refracting a surface aglow with (past) monumentality lensed by its architectural solidity and verticality. This glow held the moment of temporary sanctuary for me, transfixing me onto the face of this surface that ineffably uttered its fragility, porosity and shifting ground. It was this 'face' that I 'installed' within the show as temporary sanctuary through a brick path, just wide enough for one person, inviting a solo act for walking its course and pausing at its apex (slightly off-set from within the centre of the cylindrical silo). At this apex pause

point, I installed an invitation to look skyward upon metres upon metres of darkened vaulted curved space—an enclosed industrial oculus. A single lit candle partially submerged in the water draws the gaze downward, making the vastness overhead vanish into the 'sorrowful' invitation for reflection. The candle is a ritualistic signifier embodying reflection[193] as well as offering material affects through its mesmerising fire. After lingering at this apex-point (for as long as desired), I witnessed the solitary body continue on, shifting its attuning as it left the path behind, entering again into the life of other installed silos. The apex had become a 'successful' architectonics for expressing my 'temporary sanctuary', holding us in the face of the site's allegorical and material expression, held between monumentality of its former glory and the minor scale of its fragility as expressed in the watery and porous surface aglow. It is this *Shifting Ground* that reconstitutes the apex of my re-entry into Silo Six's first, second and fourth silos within the performance installation *Holding*

Let us re-enter this *Holding* setting at (Silo One's) entry-point where I take off my shoes, in order to analyse the deeper material and allegorical site-writing interval or between of my temporary sanctuary. As well as to ask how my *Holding* sanctuary might perform sanctuary to others. How might other conceptual and material ruins open up without alibi—whereby sanctuary opens not through this or that particular body, work or event, but rather is drawn into the glow where being and image pass endlessly into some elsewhere? The without alibi taking visitors without quite knowing when they entered or how long they existed there or even where their *there* resided. In *Sojourns* I had entered the waters in Karanga Plaza, easing the weight of my increasingly pregnant body. I had become attuned to the cool relief of these surrounding silo waters. I had brought them inside the silos through the video loops (*Entry-upon-entry*). The silos' deeper urban history had been an obvious historic materialism in relation to the dependence on storing concrete nearby to harbour waters (as discussed in previous chapters). The silos repurposing opened them to 'neglect' in dialogue to their prior purpose. These waters

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193   We think of churches and the memorial act of lighting a solo candle to remember a deceased, loved one as well as other memorial settings where the candle is lit. moving from birth to death. It is a simple material gesture that needs very little intellectual strain.

now effortlessly flooded into the architectural remains, without any regulation. I worked with this gift of mourning, exploring the site's fragility through water. In bringing together my swims and prior iteration of *Reflecting Room* (in *Shifting Ground)*, an everyday ritual 'programmed' me to take off my shoes, set them aside of the concrete-brick path, walk along its cool surface and effortlessly dwell inside the silos' cool waters. I would remain here, walking, lingering and bathing my feet in these cool waters for each duration of *Holding*'s performance. My invitation to others to be with me in the waters held no prescriptive or 'noisy' instruction. Simply, they could be with me either on the concrete bricks or enter into the waters (barefoot or shod). It drew me to the work of mourning by Menashe Kadishman—a permanent installation *Shalekhet (Fallen Leaves)*—situated in the 'Memory Void' space of Daniel Libeskind's Jewish Museum.[194] Installed in the void lie more than 10,000 faces with open mouths, cut from heavy round iron plates, and covering the surface of the ground-floor void. Visitors are not given any instruction as to how to encounter this work, yet it is also known that walking on the 'faces' through the 'Memory Void' offers a performative encounter with the site and its wider politico-ethical Holocaust expression. The noise when walking across these masks is unsubtle (as a volume) producing different scores according to the different approaches of individual bodies. Others 'refuse' to walk on the 'faces' at all—and some cry out in their refusal to others (who are walking atop the faces) that they are committing desecrating acts. *Holding* holds no explicit political register, although its mourning-song is wary of creating a didactic register. Its invitation to others to interact within this setting of temporary sanctuary works across registers of intimacy, personal associations and subtle attuning between *Holding* and its site. Both works here attune to the significant dialogue of their sites: Kadishman's demonstrates an explicit political register because the Jewish Museum's discourse (in part) architecturally

Figure 88

Reflecting Rooms, Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

Between two_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

Concrete blocks, water

194   'Shalekhet - Fallen Leaves', Jewish Museum Berlin, accessed 12 October 2017, https://www.jmberlin.de/en/shalekhet-fallen-leaves. More than 10,000 faces with open mouths, cut from heavy round iron plates, cover the surface of the ground-floor void. The installation is a gift from Dieter and Si Rosenkranz. Menashe Kadishman's sculptures stir painful memories of the victims of war. The entire Jewish Museum is a case study in itself for this project, particularly noting it as a work of architectural mourning and that architect Daniel Libeskind found process for working across Walter Benjamin's writing (*One Way Street*) in relation to the disjointed mapping of the (broken) Star of David in which the building is construed.

voiced, expresses a highly politicised and mediated event of exile. It is not a didactic work either, but rather its mourning-songs evidence deep-seated feelings among many. The silos are minor architectural sites and speak ineffably to mourning through their minor-exile in relation to an urban fabric that too easily overlooks its historical materialism.

In bringing otherness into this analysis, James Turrell's *Skyspaces* now site-write into this setting. In the 1970s James Turrell began his series of enclosed spaces of varying nature that open to the sky through an aperture in the roof. Turrell says:

> I make things that take you up into the sky. But it's not about the landforms. I'm working to bring celestial objects like the sun and moon into the spaces that we inhabit. I apprehend light—I make events that shape or contain light.[195]

The *Skyspaces* offer an open oculus, reminiscent of the Pantheons in Paris and Rome. The perfectly angled edges and receding sightlines flatten the sky, bringing us *close* to it within our relatively confined interior. Turrell creates a compression of space, in which the constantly shifting ground of the sky becomes a cinematic space, bordered and contained by the *Skyspace* itself.[196] I find an evocative proximity across Turrell's *Skyspaces* and Doug Wheeler's

Figure 89

Meeting House for Friends, James Turrell
Digital Image, Hester + Hardaway

Philadelphia, United States, 2012

Figure 90

Skyspace, James Turrell
Digital Image, Peter McDermott

Kielder Forest, 2008

195   Jori Finkel, 'James Turrell Shapes Perceptions', LA Times, 12 March 2013, http://articles.latimes.com/2013/may/11/entertainment/la-et-cm-roden-crater-james-turrell-20130512.

196   When I think of the architectural trope of the Pantheon, I think of a lensing device—a way for human beings to bring into measure (through architecture) the astronomical kaleidoscope that brings humans, earth, sky and planetary universe into some kind of measure or relationship. Simply put the Pantheon of Roma, with its oculus to the sky celebrates all, and any, pan-gods. The open apex of the oculus enables all weather to permeate, rain to fall and significantly, the sun or light from the oculus moves around the space like a sundial, reversing the logic of human-clocks. When inside the Pantheon (in Roma) we experience the solar light falling only on a select part of the interior—our gaze is drawn to this light through the shadow work or darkness befallen on the remainder of the interior. *Aletheia* writes her umbra—as our eyes adjust to intensity of darkness and light play. The interior alludes to the cosmos too—an interior installs 'the heavens' on the coffer panelling. The many pantheons that exist around the world today perform a generic and monumental task in their naming i.e. the first being the Panthéon of Paris (where Eliasson's *Ice Watch* was installed)—these pantheon-figures are renown as burial sites for significant dead persons.

artistic conception of light:

> Light becomes matter and redefines space and time by
> eliminating the perceptual markers of the visitor, who
> is left between a mirage and reality, nature and artifice,
> fullness and emptiness, moment and duration.[197]

Turrell's *Skyspaces* create ineffable qualities of existential attuning
between everyday realities and shifting perceptual optics that call
to us—calling us into our fundamental solitude. They poetically
de-distance clouds and fog, rendering space otherwise to a
Cartesian model. *Reflecting Rooms* (water, concrete blocks, light),
as well as its earlier iteration in *Shifting Ground*, activates an event
between transient reality in dialogue with spatial matter, shifting
perceptions: darkness brings to light the ground surface of Silo
Four awash between surface and depth. The reflection created by
the still surface of the water led some viewers to believe that the
floor had somehow entirely disappeared, the concrete block path
then floating through some engineering feat over an abyss that
mirrored its vertical tower rising overhead. These perceptive shifts
continue to materialise *Aletheia's* unconcealing in the withdrawal
of being, opening us to minor-showings that somehow construe
elsewheres without return, like dust caught in light, we do not
know quite where it temporarily settles.

Figure 91

Reflecting Rooms (moon | light detail), Emily O'Hara
Digital Image, Maria O'Connor

Between two_____
Silo Six, Wynyard Quarter, 2018

Light

197   'Doug Wheeler Replaces Palazzo Grassi Atrium with Luminous
Installation', Dezeen, 3 September 2014,

Temporary Dusts, Ineffability Brushes _____

History stands so still, it gathers dust.[198]

In 1859: Return from the *Courses de la Marche:* The dust
has surpassed all expectations. The elegant people back
from the *Marche* are practically buried under it, just as
at Pompeii; and they have to be disinterred, if not with
pickaxes, then at least with a brush.

Dust settles over Paris, stirs, and settles again. It drifts into
the passages and collects in their corners; it catches in the
velvet drapes and upholstery of bourgeois parlors; it clings
to the historical wax figures in the Musée Gravin. The
fashionable trains on women's dresses sweep through the
dust. Under Louis-Phillipe dust even spreads itself over the
revolutions.[199]

buried

_____A call of ashes buried within the slurry of material
history that connects Auckland's urban fabric to Ancient Rome.
Ancient construction materials hold us—still—across the
ubiquitous flows of this concrete mixture: water and cement.

brushed

_____Concrete dust installs a silo as it brushes against the
allegorical skies folding oculus' surfaces between an ancient
Roman Pantheon and Portland's cement dome, lensing the night-
sky that brings us into proximity with these ancient footsteps,
receding sightlines, flattening skies. Its blue moon *deservers* space
and time.

settles

_____Settling us as we enter this essential solitude setting
elevating its major architectural motif, made minor by the dusts of
time. It settles [us] on the edges of window's sills inside a Gallery
(Three) and Silo (Six) floor.

stirs

_____It stirs us as we accidently stand on its minor dust-
writing, realising it could be an intentional act for remembering

198   Buck-Morss, *The Dialectics of Seeing*, 95. See also Georges Bataille's 1929
text *Pouissière (Dust)* in the first instalment of *Documents, no. 1.*

199   Buck-Morss, 95–96.

deeper histories of the silo's building. We mourn our act, could it have been an act of desecration—what makes this ineffable act significant?

drifts

_____The dust drifts into spaces of otherness, making a scene with other works installed within these silos. We drift with it recalling Portland Cement as its proper name. The dust drifts into a stand-still.

collects

_____It collects us as collectors of spaces. Spaces of history, histories of stasis: Perhaps, like those art institutions (like, for instance, a University Gallery), that holds disciplinary know-how for creative practices: An architecture of collections comprising the pathos or call of mourning …

catches, clings

_____In slues dust *collects* and *clings* to its edges—an edge condition no longer certain of its destiny as galleries and institutions become business-like—silos fragment alike, repurposing art and cultural events. Or do they open us skyward, shifting grounds of artistic expression within everyday repetitions, rituals and disappearances.

sweeps

_____Sweeping us up in its ineffable stories within stories, gathering on maternal materiality such as the dust gathering on our dresses as we clear paths of its historic mourning into clearings for our futural own most possibility to be—or are these the same velvet dresses of the bourgeois?

spreads

_____We spread it around these ineffable spaces, calling to other times and its others, such as Benjamin who sees flashes of recognition—as history gathers its dust at a stand-still— spread (anew) by stars' dust forwarding other constellations of recognition. Here echoed in his others: "Against the flow of the present there is a stillness in the material culture of historicity; those things, spaces, gestures and tales that signify the perceptual capacity for elemental historical creation. Stillness is the moment

when the buried, the discarded, and the forgotten escape to the social surface of awareness like life-supporting oxygen. It is the moment of exit from historical dust."[200] Exiting it enters-upon-entry into mourning's affirming song.

200   Nadia Seremetakis, 'The Memory of the Sense, Part 1: Marks of the Transitory', in *The Senses Still* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 12.

She arrived late to the opening. I hadn't seen her
for five years, not since we studied Spatial Design
(Honours). She had always stood out, literally, taller
than most. An identical twin, I recall—this shadow-
self seemed significant, facing me now. Her eyes
appeared sullen, sorrowful. I hadn't recalled this
look before. She greeted me in the water, under the
blue moon, 'standing alone'. We stood together—
apart—in silence until her sorrow unfolded into these
gentle waters, between us. She apologised for arriving
late tonight, but she had been at a charity event
raising money for Mercy Hospice. She had become
intimate with the hospice space over the past six
months. You see, "my mother died"—"she had been
fighting cancer, and the sudden death of my father,
left her with too much to bear." Her father had died
suddenly—"out of the blue"—less than a year ago.
She had lost both parents within the year—so young
in age (at my age, thirty three), so unexpected. She
concluded with an ineffable line: "I'm sorry, I speak
rarely of these events with others." We held silence
together, mapping each other's ruinous mourning
through holding its ineffable space—I recall the waters
soothing caress as our faces turned toward the silo's
oculus, aglow in shimmering blue—as our being
passed endlessly into its image.

Throughout the research journey, titles in my creative works
appear to reveal something of a not knowing or a withholding—a
secret perhaps? I have attempted to reveal these not knowings
through the concept of *Aletheia*, as a maternal lineage held within
her mourning song as the truth of unconcealing in the withdrawal
of being. This process of *Aletheian* unconcealing has occurred
within this PhD as an ontology of mourning whereby mourning
has accentuated different material, allegorical, emotional, psychic,
historical and communal evocations that my creative works
construe as invitations to otherness, by otherness. The being of
everyday life withdraws to reveal the opacity of its everyday as
an on-going accrual of differences (different associations, sense
of belonging, relationships with places, people, sites, settings,
memories and futures that hold various detours into pasts). These
differences cannot be accounted for in calculative terms—there
are simply too many moments in our life to hold present and it
is this accumulation that I site-write as the withdrawal of being.
Rather, our mourning processes bring to the 'surface' these latent,

archived, unconscious and psychically re-ordered revealings. They constituted accumulative everyday material, 'realised' through unexpected, immeasurable and un-imaginable becomings. That is to say, we cannot predict how others and otherness might arrive in the uncanny nature of our lives—and, yet, my *Aletheian* spatial practice attempts to invite such arrival within its site-writing performance installation.

This practice attempts a call forwarding temporary dwelling or sanctuary through the (conceptually realised) *umbras* and *without alibis* materially and allegorically installed. These expressions of unconcealing within the withdrawal of being are designed through an open-programmatic urban setting such as Silo Six | Silo Park's discrete six silos that afford six individual points of discontinuity or separation from their others, yet also hold open dialogues across each of their other five silos, including interstitial interior-exteriors. Titles are another design logic written into the fabric of *Aletheia's* unconcealing, producing a dark-writing held by cryptic signatures for leading visitors into material and allegorical expression, such as *Holding*'s performance installation site-writing in relation to *Nothing Holds Us (shrouded)*. Between these exist the possibility for the presence of absence that holds us encoded into the darkness of the site and the work's figural dark-expression. Other titles perform other kinds of spatial writing such as described by the leitmotif of the underscore in relation to the (absent) brass pencil, the textual mourning-stones within catalogues and postcards and *Between two_____.*

The final PhD show *Between two_____* activates this unconcealing through its *deseverance* (de-distancing) of three sites through the extended durational performance of *Sojourns* reconstituted as *Holding*. My performance installation work activates site-writings of the larger everyday urban setting between the dual installed sites of ST PAUL St Gallery Three and Silo Six | Silo Park. Performance work mediates its extended duration as repetition of everyday acts and transforms these everyday acts with installation practice. Performance/installation are the mediating relations foregrounding the wider urban fabric of my site-writings, drawing attention to everyday opacity, realising that our mourning-song and mourning-stones offer stillness, contemplation and

reflection. If the everyday holds us in a pace often construed by urgency within its demands of calculative clock-time (for example), then my practice offers material and allegorical craft for making explicit the density and disappearance of the everyday so that we might affirm its escape. It is an escape that is not gone 'forever' in an act of severing us from our others, rather its disappearance installs an affirmation expressed as an ontology of mourning in its truth of unconcealing within creative practices such that this PhD might construe. My PhD, entitled *Mourning—Sites: Performing Ineffable Spaces of Ruin* unconditionally invites time and space for dwelling with the essential solitudes within our lives—always with others.

Contributions—Unconditional Gifts

Setting off on this PhD journey, I did not know what its future held in relation to mourning and death. It had started off *silently* questioning silence as the most authentic discourse for being with others, specifically activated through my creative spatial practice. In Heidegger's ontological difference Dasein is fundamental openness to our own most possibility to be—and this possibility, is site-written into us as futural beings. We are thrown into a particular life, with a particular set of historical conditions that we don't chose in advance, yet provide our shifting grounds for being thrown. The thrown-ness of this research is marked by my mourning-stones and songs, which I could only hear silently as the faint echo at the beginning of my setting off. My mother accompanied me on this setting off and I remember vividly her commitment to my thesis as she sat within a circle of academics and students at my confirmation of PhD candidature threshold moment.[201] While her death some three months after this event

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[201] AUT University enrolls PhD candidates into a provisional year of candidacy. After this year a candidate writes a 10,000-word proposal and delivers a presentation to its disciplinary audience including two official reviewers. The candidate is able to invite support people (whanau, etc.,)—I invited my mother and husband. I had nominated to present via a series of curated performances that unfolded my research aims. At the culmination of this event, I gathered my audience inside a gallery space and hosted an array of prompts for questions/discussion points for the invited group. I recall a resounding silence to my prompts. It felt like an eternity to me but was in fact just a minute or so. I sat tight and then heard the voice of my mother. She spoke in a clear, concise and slow (reassuring tone): "Emily, could you please read us out your questions again?"—I did—unconsciously miming her pace and clarity of delivery—after which ensued a flow of voices, questions and generative discussion.

marked the (im)possible mourning-song that now sings ineffably throughout this research, I realise now what I had not known at the beginning in relation to silence. That is, silence has always marked this mourning-song as the most authentic discourse. Being thrown into my particular life, I realised that I had always been prepared for her death through her life. She had prepared me for this event *silently* disclosing her own pathos for the loss of her mother (at a much younger age than I was at this maternal departure point). My silent knowing spoke to me almost as soon as she died, saying to me, "You know how to do this—you know how to survive, to live on, to honour this life (that is both of us)." I disclose this now for the purpose of suggesting that my research contributes to work on a silent discourse hosting our survival within creative expressions of dignity and affirmation. It contributes to knowledge in an embrace of what cannot be predetermined, or calculated in advance, *except* through a language of silence and opacity—through *Aletheia's* movement of withdrawal in the silent and ineffable disclosure of being within an ontology of mourning. It offers its contribution *silently* to work on sexual difference within performance, installation and across art and design. Opening up practices to research findings within languages that linger on this withdrawal, enquiring as to what it holds, offering detours to prescriptive learning and thinking. It feels timely for how it might contribute ineffably to practice-led (creative-work) research located within settings of the everyday for what they might offer to support local communities, regional discourses through minor-keys.

The research affirms conceptual limits pushing practices into regions of 'not yet' *récit*, which step beyond didactic narrating, offering instead a call to otherness to lead us into these expressions of showing. These steps we have already taken with and through our others, through our otherness as my deeper understanding of silence has revealed. *Mourning—Sites: Performing Ineffable Spaces of Ruin* does not make claims for offering contributions to philosophy or a philosophy of art by way of those philosophers that form inspiring dialogues within my creative practice (as announced here). Rather, my contribution hones in on an ontology of mourning as life affirming, constituted in the allegorical and material ruins of its spatial practice. If anything my practice may
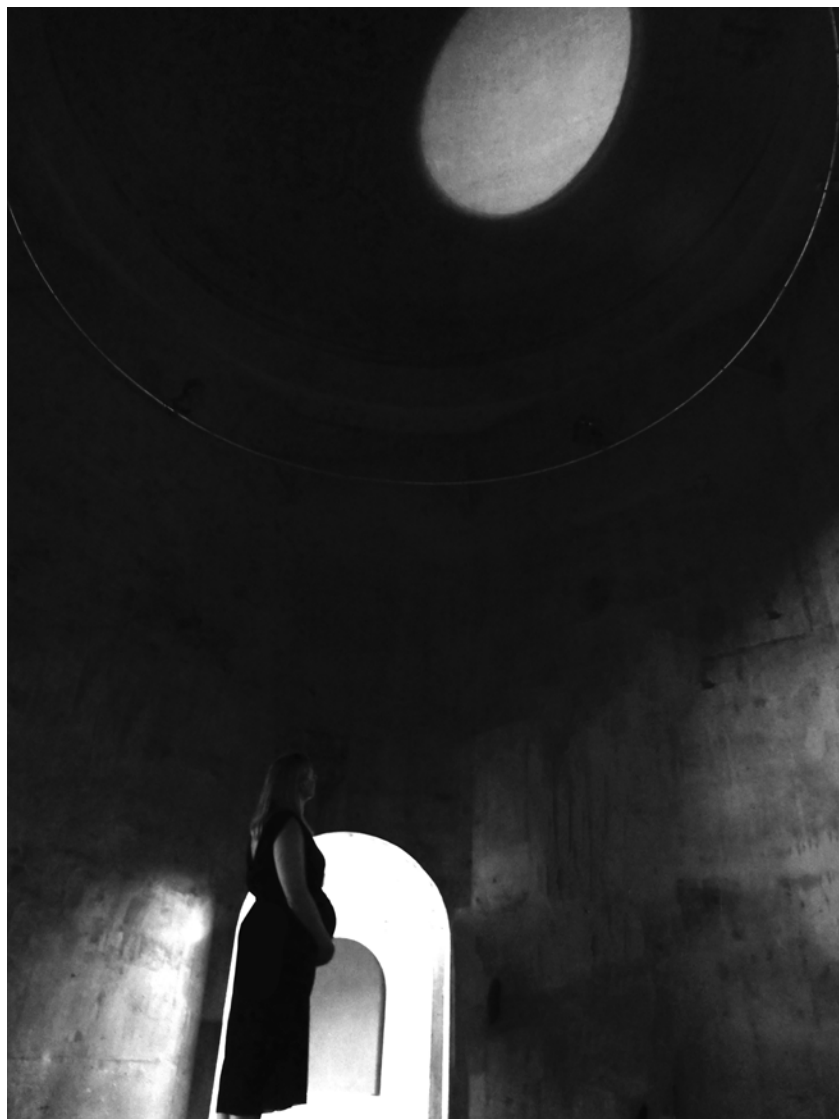
open up shifting grounds for working between art and architecture, performance and installation with respect to their ineffable site-specific *ruins.*

Fledgling Futures

My future is now held by another—a child—that I've carried throughout the final year of this PhD, its arrival imminent. I state this authentically in relation to my creative spatial research practice as its arrival is intimately woven into my mourning-song and the future of its unfolding. In mining other spatial discourses surrounding the everyday, I sense the work opens toward other sites that are site-specific and offer more in terms of non-urban, cosmic and earthly site-writings. I wish to further explore the conceptual terrain 'without alibi' and the 'umbra' that are invited here.

As you may have noticed, another tiny figure flutters in through my analysis in the form of the bird. It flew in through another's window in *Staring Out Windows* as well as my reading of the film, *The Hours.* It drew me back to my earliest dealings of death and mourning in childhood, as I archived many dead birds (found in my everyday) inside freezers of my dwelling. This was not a popular archive. Yet, I have come to process these collections of dead birds, not as the alibi for placing death on hold, but rather as entering into a setting together—the bird and I. In this setting I enter into the world of others and being in a community of existents that mourn, as an affirmative and creative act deeply attuned to the mysteries of life. Life is probed through the lensing of death, like the bird that holds the young girl and Virginia Woolf in *The Hours:* they enter *through* its mysterious death (a mystery as to how it died and a mystery as to what it provides for thinking)— each entering the other's existential speculations, travelling into the opacities of existence. Without alibi is thereby cut by mourning-songs—(a dead bird, a scene of candles, a pile of dust, evaporating cool, skyward-horizons, reflections and echoes cut by water and concrete, double entries and exits of harbour waters). Without alibi expresses these others as the joining of two (a girl and woman) by an event (a dead bird) to produce speculative distensions of time

and space that lead us—*elsewhere/elsewhen*—without representative
guarantee as to where or when we *entered*. My work will continue
its attempt to lay mourning-stones—like a series of dead birds—
communing us, without alibi.

dying notes_____
echoes of footsteps_____
silences of temples_____

ineffable ruins_____

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Appendices

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