

# Writing Despair

I AM ~~NOT~~ THE SUN (creative artefact)

Writing [with] Despair and Suicide (exegesis)

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# Attestation of Authorship

I hereby declare that the 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), or 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**



Meifung Woo  
31st August, 2019

# Acknowledgements

There are many things I wanted to thank you for... but my words are too deficit.

There are many things I wanted to exceed... but I was too insufficient to proceed.

Thank you for putting so much effort into helping me remain upright throughout the writing process. ... I know there were countless times where I was limping around like a near-dead octopus. I had never thought I would be able to receive or experience the feeling of unconditional patience like this in an institution, yet I did. Thank you, Maria, for aiding me in drawing a full stop for this ink-draining writing process. Thank you, Yael, for your generosity in your appreciation of my undeserving word diarrhoea.

And *B*.

Drizzling snowflakes dampening *us*,

And the dandelion's dew will always be our favourite.

# Abstract

## Writing Despair

Suicide's noose invites temptation: Literary writing holds 'despair' at structural levels circulating around genre, cliché, metaphor, style, content, cultural and ethnic inheritances (to name a few). This PhD research works in a practice-led paradigm with its expressive practice as creative writing that attempts to express 'despair' in drawing out its limits to literary conventions. *Writing Despair* manifests subjective alienation through acts of writing, working writing into pockets of social and cultural constructs in relation to sexual norms, domestic worlding and ethnic belonging. In doing so, the thesis attempts to forge literary expression as a working-through, and a living-with, despair and suicide, by seducing the writing hand to perform itself, and to produce works that do not easily commit to a singular genre or law. The practice questions: Who am *I* who writes? Who am *I* who lives? What is the expression of near-death? Is it today or tomorrow? The close 'copulation' of *writing* (with) *despair* and *suicide* comes through the writer's lived everyday experiences, providing an outside to expression, where literature and life coalesce, sustaining something beyond negative hegemonic tropes, metaphors and clichés.

The research situates itself within a field whose contours are developed by philosophical-literary writers who question ideas of despair and suicide within scenes of writing. Key agents in this study are Maurice Blanchot, Georges Bataille, Lev Shestov, Emil Cioran, Hélène Cixous, Julia Kristeva, Osamu Dazai, Inio Asano, Walter Benjamin, Martin Heidegger, and Roland Barthes. These are writers-in-common for this research, not only because they write about despair in a self-reflexive manner, but also because they have been translated into English. The concept of alienation is partially founded by expression that mediates issues of translation and belonging. For a writer who writes in English, writing second-hand language, this study evokes the significance of encountering *literature-as-translation*. It offers poetic release from literary norms (or norms in general) through working across translation's myriad of lacunae, giving a

sense of loss within un-fixated sentences and grammatical misfittings, demolishing (authorised) identity held by origin or veiled by conception of 'original words'. The creative work becomes a space for exploring non-judgmental concerns around issues of despair and suicide that may hold genuine warmth and affirmation for (its) readers.

Working with a range of concepts and methods including, but not limited to, Blanchot's literature and the right to death, Bataille's parody, (with minor undercurrents in) Cixous' fleshy writing, Cioran's tears and Dazai's no-longer-human, a series of writing practices and experimentations arrives in order to converse with shifting perceptions of literary imagination, narrating despair and suicide. The series (of three *récits*) include: situating the self in positions of liminal experience to bring touch and the personal into the gesture of writing; deploying sadomasochist language to play with narratives of excess and abjection; engaging streams of *workless* writing without any (instrumental) goal in mind; encountering writing's ultimate desire-for-death in the last works of my writers-in-common, opening to auto-critique of the life of the one still living.

With these methods of 'fictioning', *Writing Despair* offers itself up to (and against) laws of genre, to perform critical-creative acts that recast expressive practices with despair and suicide. The thesis is presented as a two-volume publication. One comprises a series of vignettes and literary montages, binding together the creative works: I AM ~~NOT~~ THE SUN. The other comprises an exegesis, providing critical and poetic orientations to the substance of creative expression.

# INTRODUCTION

There is in death, it would seem, something stronger than death: it is dying itself—the intensity of dying, the push of the impossible, the pressure of the undesirable even the most desired. Death is power and even strength—limited, therefore. It sets a final day, it adjourns in the sense that it assigns to a given day [*jour*]<sup>1</sup>—both random and necessary—at the same time it defers till an undesignated day. But dying is an un-power. It wrests from the present, it is always a step over the edge, it rules out every conclusion and all ends, it does not free nor does it shelter. In death, one can find an illusory refuge: the grave is as far as gravity can pull, it marks the end of the fall; the mortuary is the loophole in the impasse. But dying flees and pulls indefinitely, impossibly and intensively in the flight.<sup>1</sup>

## Entering the Abyss

Why would a Malaysian-born, Cantonese-speaking (first-appropriated-language), twenty-something, sexuate subject<sup>2</sup> who feels *herself* treading lightly on ‘foreign’ surfaces, locate profound sparks within fields of literature-philosophy that appear (predominantly) from out of the (ashen) grounds of 20<sup>th</sup> century European ghosts?<sup>3</sup> The question is both simple and infinitesimal in terms of an adequate response. Up front, it feels significant to start my exegesis attempting a response, precisely because this research is grounded and guided by my subjective

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<sup>1</sup> Maurice Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, Translated by Ann Smock, (University of Nebraska Press: Lincoln and London, 1995), 47-48.

<sup>2</sup> It is difficult even to express the myriad of terms that could (and can’t) define the *I* that writes, yet, here are some that suggest my differences—my time and space—that dialectically (in the Walter Benjaminian sense of a dialectical image of history, which this writing comes to), *intervals* the canons of philosophy-literature that this research explores. The terms: While technically Cantonese is my ‘first’ language, I do not feel I have a true mother tongue—partly due to the multicultural climate of Malaysia but also because of my own deficiencies, what I really speak is a bastardisation of Cantonese, Mandarin, English, Malay, and none fluently. As a sexuate being, these terms register ‘me’: queer, oft-misgendered, un-normed, unfitting person with minor height and being, who stubbornly speaks stuttering, exposing *herself* in broken language, freezing in awkwardness, and, who feels *her* dwelling place is ‘somewhere’ in the margins of society.

<sup>3</sup> Many of these ghosts are male thinkers from European (predominantly French) philosophical-literary traditions. Though some come from other continents and places such as Japan. The question of sexual difference, history and thinking (held in language-concepts), (for this *I*) cannot simply be reduced to time, place and gender. I hope that this research demonstrates this point along its way.



constitution for entering and practicing the art of *writing* as a literary-philosophical event. In saying this, I suggest that my research comes from a place that is both highly personal as well as from its writers-in-common—largely those who are 20<sup>th</sup> century European male authors of philosophy and literature whose themes focus on despair, suicide and the event of writing—locating a radically passive way to become in (their) different attempts to unleash the personal from egoism. So the simple answer to my opening question is to say that any identity marker, inscribing me, does not hold me in comfort, rather it sends me into confusion and anxiety. Identity inscription such as norms fostered on names striating categories such as gender, ethnicity, sexuality, age, nationality and that reside in linguistic conceptual structures, signings and systems, cause this subjective entity to recoil, suffer and withdraw.<sup>4</sup> So there is that! Then the more complex answer or response that I have, here now, is that a (European) history of philosophy and literature (that I'm working from), comes out of a Modernist (patriarchal) existential crisis. In saying this I do not discount an Eastern legacy of philosophy and literature and, have drawn on some of its thinking practices to situate the fire of this research. Rather this response attempts to subtly reveal some inadequacies, I situate within my personal legacy—or those circumstances from which I have been born into. I am here, in Aotearoa|New Zealand, underway with research and learning in a multi-cultural, predominantly English speaking, post-colonial, pro-Western pedagogical university. I have been situated here—at AUT University (Auckland), since undertaking my first Bachelor of Art and Design undergraduate degree (in Spatial Design), finding (miraculously) some (few) who encouraged me to continue my postgraduate studies here. It is clear to me that the second response holds multifarious tributaries working their way across a cacophony of voices that I have encountered along my way. Those writers-in-common *speak-to-me* beyond the strictures of Eurocentricism, Patriarchy, Eastern, Western, Northern or Southern centralisms. Rather, my writers-in-common (also miraculously) tend to the (or my) marginal, minor, non-native voices from elsewhere that have been transported, translated and inculcated in many (post-colonial, post-modern and post-human) disciplinary epistemological ways and practices of knowing. My subjectivity—like my writers-of-despair-in-common—is part of this complex, shifting, legacy—their voices live and breathe my relevance. In my research that focuses on

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<sup>4</sup> Going by this inherited name Meifung Woo, which she *deforms* into ~~Meifungus~~ Woo.

writing as a literary-philosophical event, I attempt to ‘deconstruct’ the multifarious event of myself—ensnared by identities that oppress—and, this research is that attempt. Thereby, these two responses to my opening question interweave revealing to this researcher that an affirmation of those 20<sup>th</sup> century writers-in-common *also* struggle with the strictures of language in housing and expressing their subjective realities. They come before me and I have found reprieve with them, in their attempts and concepts for expanding life into events of writing, abandoning canons, tropes, metaphors, genres, and legacies that bind them to contracts that feel too oppressive. Then there are those othered by ‘their’ patriarchal worlds, such as feminist poet-philosophers Hélène Cixous and Julia Kristeva who—through their deconstructive acts and soothing (of) other voices work affirmatively (too) alongside a legacy of post|structuralist thinkers such as Maurice Blanchot, Georges Bataille, Friedrich Nietzsche, Walter Benjamin, Jacques Derrida, Emil Cioran, Lev Shestov and Martin Heidegger. I too ‘walk’ along my way, with them.

## Literature-as-Translation

The thesis is presented as a two-volume publication. One comprises a series of vignettes and literary montages, binding together the creative works. The other comprises this exegesis, providing critical and poetic orientations to the substance of creative expression. Their overarching ‘styles’ differ, each attempting to express relations for how my creative writing opens to the ‘fictioning’ of writing (with) despair and suicide. In what I have already opened with, the question of translation is implicitly addressed in how a subjectivity (like mine) construes itself as a striation of inherited names and categories (holding much more profound and longstanding legacies) as well as the very lacunae or smooth spaces where these names and categories don’t hold, but leak. I am a leaky vessel—I am mute, *I* am an ambiguous sexual event, *I* brush against my neighbours’ ways, *I* speak in tongues inaudible and illegible, *I* become animal or creature, *I* intertwine with and grapple within the domain of B, *We* are *I* and survive each other, *I* and *B* ghost dance between and around the one (proper) and many (improper) ways of writing, *We* exist in exile together, *I* am an event of the margin—and not marginal, *I* survive on the side of pages, neither this nor that proper language, style, content, form, genre, metaphor, trope, cliché, time, space, place, *I* enter language mutely, remotely, finding voices of despair and suicide come alive in the event of writing. *I* call this ‘coming alive’ event of

writing (with) despair and suicide, poetic oxygenes.<sup>5</sup> My poetic *oxygenes* produce creative writings (vignettes, literary montaging), littered by lacunae, un-fixated sentences, grammatical misfittings and misfirings, demolition of sensible or rational identities, motivations, or backgrounds. Here, in writing unconditional despair and suicidal desires, neologisms and mixed tropes arrive from my cross-cultural seeds of dehiscence, contretemps and other mishaps of temporality and spatiality. My poetic *oxygenetic* forces arrive as an affirmation of the *despair* and *suicidal* tendencies in writing's force for living life that is fluid, mutating, becoming *itself* poetic expression.

The myriad of *I*'s (above and within both volumes of writing), spatialise and temporalise—or give compositional integrity—to my research concept of literature-as-translation.<sup>6</sup> Literature-as-translation is critically explored, primarily, through the work of Walter Benjamin. I here acknowledge an Eastern lineage of literature and philosophy—or what might construe my foreignness that twins the concept of literature-as-translation with my overarching expression of second-hand-language that rifts off my subjectivity as a speaker born into the Cantonese language and wrangles with English for the purposes of education and who writes in English for this research. English, properly speaking (alongside reading and writing), is my 'second-language'. In conceiving my poetic expression as 'second-hand' I offer tones of both (critical) humour and seriousness within the two volumes. The creative writing volume makes an explicit event of writing that keeps in play all the difficulties for me writing in English and, in general, expressing strict structural language laws. It honours my despair and feelings of non-

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<sup>5</sup> *Oxygenes* is my neologism constructed from two English words 'oxygen' (referring to the chemical substance contained in air, required for life or "cibus vitae"—food of life as coined by 17<sup>th</sup> century Polish alchemist, philosopher and physician Michael Sendivogius, <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oxygen>) and 'genes' from biology and botany (a term inherited from Greek *gonos* that translates to *offspring* and *procreation*, see <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gene>). *Genes* hold biological coding from a range of environments and express mutation and evolution, which lead beyond the strictures of cultural norms. My neologism 'oxygene', combined with poetics, implies a force of life that is fluid, mutating, becoming within poetic expression. These wiki sites were visited 29 July 2019.

<sup>6</sup> The proper of 'I' does not necessarily appear as such—in the literary work—but rather appears as a transitive condition that privileges 'verbing' or action (as life living in the is-ness without recourse for separating out a world and a subject or object). That is to say, *I* is expressed in many (improper) names, such as the initial 'Z' or 'it' or 'she' or 'her' or 'he' or 's/he' or other initials coalescing with others 'B' 'EK' 'S' etc.,—often the time of the subject's saying or encounter does not coincide neatly with the reality of its position in a scene. Time moves across scenes confusing the settlement of the subject 'I' and 'I' becomes the lived reality of *transitivity* across writing's spatio-temporal encounters of memory, forgetting, despair, suicide and death.

belonging in the struggles for expressing a striated and proper or normative sense of being in the world. Rather, this overall second-hand-language finds liberation and takes enjoyment in the reality of my mutating, fluid and becoming self as the myriad of *I(s)* that find ‘their’ poetic dwelling, unbecoming to many in the symbolic mythos of everyday normalcy. In acknowledging the *contretemps* (mishap) of myself *in* and *as* the event of language, there are writers-in-common from (specifically) Japan that support an Eastern lineage that ‘deconstructs’ the normalcy of (my) inherited legacies that hold sway. Of particular note is 20<sup>th</sup> century Japanese author Osamu Dazai who is known for his semi-autobiographical confessional style. Much of his writing deals with despair and suicide. He attempted suicide four times before ‘successfully’ achieving his own death through drowning at 38-years of age. His first-person autobiographical expression influenced a movement of Japanese literary modernism called ‘I-Novel’. The literary Japanese genre’s confessional style holds close the author’s real-life experiences and the events being expressed. Its uptake as a movement was largely founded by a ‘less constrained method of writing’.<sup>7</sup> Their rules of engagement are two-fold, embracing first-personal narratives sourced from their own life, emancipating the darker pressures of society that are expressed in informal and naturalistic (real) life scenes. Dazai and his influence on Modernist Japanese literature resonates with my project locating *I* as a singular mutating force that brings ‘illumination’ to the darker parts of my existence, allowing them to find informal (in)transitive expression from out of my external everyday life. The informality of ‘my’ *I* borders into realms of informal disregard or irreverence for the more formal niceties of social life. In this sense my ‘*I*-literature’ locates an a-social naturalism that might otherwise occur only in the more heterotopic spaces<sup>8</sup> of life. Through this research, the *I*-work of Dazai

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<sup>7</sup> The I-Novel is discussed in Murakami Fuminobu book on *Ideology and Narrative in Modern Japanese Literature* through viewing literature through a philosophical lens. The author takes a series of writers over the Modernist period reviewing how a question of selfhood develops as well as an analysis of character and narrator relations with respect to selfhood. We gain good insight into a philosophical relation to self in Japanese culture and society through the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. The second part of the book discusses Dazai Osamu in great detail, which gives more emphasis to joining the early part of philosophical self into a linguistic self, as well as moving from classic Japanese literature toward its modern literary form and imagination. See: Mukami, Fuminobu. *Ideology and Narrative in Modern Japanese Literature*. (The Hague, Netherlands: Assen Van Gorcum, 1996). There is also a significant entry on the I-Novel in Wikipedia which I note here: I-Novel: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I\\_Novel](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I_Novel) (site visited 21 July 2019).

<sup>8</sup> The term ‘heterotopia’ often translated as *other spaces* is a term from French poststructuralist philosopher Michel Foucault. Foucault’s work engages in studying the discourses and practices of life as normalizing through Institutional power. His cases looked at space and power among mental institutions, prisons, schools and other forms of social governance. He came up with the term ‘heterotopia’ by looking at spaces and places that produced

comings with the *I*-work (and worklessness) of Maurice Blanchot, together (East to West without discrete borders) providing me further poetic oxygenetic forces.

The other-in-common that has given significant ground to this research is contemporary Manga or Graphic Novel Japanese illustrator and fiction writer Inio Asano, born in 1980. Inio Asano gives humour to the pathos of contemporary Japanese life told from the point of view of youth who struggle to feel any genuine sense of purpose within the realities of contemporary life. Like the 'I-Novel' movement, Asano's work brings in a realist (social) world, yet fuses it with psychological horror for his own expression or critique of restrictive modern social values. Asano's graphic novels provide his young female (and male) protagonists expression that is both interiorized and exteriorized across the graphic scheme. The reader, for example, is given graphic conventions of speech bubbles for exterior pressures-in-dialogues or exchanges (with their social world i.e. work life, relationships, family), while outside the 'bubble' another voice of the interiorized subjectivity juxtaposes—giving their more informal and abject expressions. The spatial economy opens to a general un-building of inside/outside binaries, allowing deeply a-social interiorized expression to work to the limits of outside social etiquette. Borders of social and asocial with inside and outside are un-built and transgressed in Asano's graphic scheme. In Asano's graphic novels my own fictioning locates resonance not only through empathy with his stories and characters but also through the compositional 'literary' montaging of images and words. In my creative writing montaging occurs not with illustration or graphic form but through 'images' of poetic thought that collage and combine interiorized and exteriorized happenings in, often, unbecoming and abject alignment. Often, vignettes slip through the cracks or in-between spaces of these montage elements. In these abject, excessive and ecstatic juxtapositions of interiorized and exteriorized happenings, humour also gets evoked. The attempt is for humour to assist in offering oxygenics (the work's poetic air or levity) to the more serious undertones of its subject matter (despair and/or suicidal thoughts).

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their own heterogeneous ways for living 'outside' or other to the normative programmes and practices of social life—thereby bringing emphasis to the 'abnormality' *also* at the heart of such codes and practices of everyday normative life. Heterotopic examples are such, like brothels, where 'normal' everyday life inside the brothel performed very different codes of living (sexual, familial and other social forms of living) than in say regular familial 'homes' or 'businesses'. For further reading see: Michel Foucault. 'Of Other Spaces.' *Diacritics*. (Spring 1986), 22-27.

In one of Asano's famous Manga, *Goodnight Pun Pun*, the protagonist is drawn as a minimalistic, bird-like caricature while remaining characters and scenes are drawn with realism. Pun Pun is an introverted, socially mis-fitted boy who comes from a dysfunctional familial upbringing. He falls in love with his classmate Akio, a girl who is mutually broken. Their story begins with scenes that form around a kind of elementary puppy love, and grows, delving into a series of unfortunate events. These events ultimately produce effects of shattered dreams, manifesting bruising of domestic violence, failure, suicide, youth depression and death. Asano's sensibility is a pervading contamination of any lasting hope in everyday life; everyday life is construed as absurd and agonising. The characters in Asano's manga imbricated into their structural manifestation brings a profound limit or question for this research—How do we endure everyday life when it continues with such pain? The comical appearance of Pun Pun allows for a space of questioning, silently allowing (this reader) reflection on the possibility for enduring life with pain, alongside locating a community of writers who share the load of this abyssal ordeal.

## Tonal Echoes of Compositional Release

The exegesis performs subtle shifts in voice as it moves from the more formal academics of its literature review that holds a position whereby originating concepts present explications and critical positioning for this research. In this way a fidelity is attempted with these thinkers (such as Dazai, Benjamin, Heidegger, Blanchot, Cioran, Shestov, Bataille, Derrida, Kristeva, Cixous) to present material in a more traditional vein of scholarship. The Design of Study (aka Methodologies of an Unmade Bed), works more intimately with these thinkers and others. It starts to bring proximity to how my writers-in-common' concepts arise in my creative writing practice. In this way a more fluid and poetic tenor filters through the exegesis. These voices comingling with my own in ways that it becomes impossible for me to separate myself out (discretely) from others. I attempt to demonstrate how this comingling of bodies-brains-existents works in and out of the very fabric of the creative writing. Further, in my Conclusion to the exegesis, this comingling becomes one of the most significant contributions for the thesis. I see that this contribution resides in a conceptual attitude close to all the philosophical works and is (perhaps) most profoundly understood by me in the linkage of Heidegger's

*gelassenheit* (letting be) with Blanchot's *désœuvrement* (worklessness).<sup>9</sup> These joining concepts reside in the non-instrumental way of poetic life. In my creative writing, the performance of writing [with] despair and suicide comingles with many: Many mutating and fluid pronominals, genders, genres, times, spaces, remembrances and forgettings. The 'many' of these fluids also occurs in this exegesis within the multiple tones, voices, attunements and conceptual personae of 'writing' with me, Writing Despair. This 'many' spatialise and temporalise me, holding me without mastery, without predetermining where, what, why, when, or how, the 'I' that writes, arrives. The 'many' do not lead, but guide. *I lean in*. I'm hoping that the generosity that I have found in writing-with-others through this exegesis and creative writing shows itself to other readers. In the exegesis I make mention of Jacques Derrida's concept wherein it is the other who signs the work. Indeed, each reader will sign the work differently, according to their own attunement. In thinking through this concept, now, I would add that my own writing has been signed by the 'many' writers-in-common together with the striations and smoothness of my ungraspable subjective composition. In this sense, this writing has been signed prior to any reading. My gratitude arrives before me.

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<sup>9</sup> There are many commentators who reveal the close lineage of Maurice Blanchot's work to Martin Heidegger's. Blanchot clearly held Heidegger's work in high regard and its significance comes here through bringing together Heidegger's concept of *gelassenheit* with Blanchot's *désœuvrement*. For Heidegger's existential philosophy, its radical thought (for its day, which many contemporaries contend is more than necessary today) comes in his analysis of everyday social worlding of existents (human being or Dasein as the being of beings) as the ground (or primordial disclosure for revealing structural attunement (or modalities) for Being to beings). Primordial disclosure was pre-theoretical, coming before predetermination or mastery—and, revealed in the situatedness of our (everyday) worlding. He would often describe this pre-theoretical disclosure as our openness to being as our horizon of disclosure to revealing Being for our own most possible, or meaning (of the being) of our being. The term *gelassenheit* (which translates as 'letting be') is such a concept within the orbit of non-mastery or un-building of universal or totalisable: stable and certain worldviews of an ego in their world. Instead the ideal of a stable and self-mastered 'I' releases (itself) from predetermined controls, allowing for a creative-poetic path to open (off the beaten track) without agenda. In this sense, I hear the echoes of Blanchot's *désœuvrement* (worklessness) as the source (or in Heidegger's term the primordial disclosure or essence) for writing and its ongoing creative vitalism—its destining of a future open and ungraspable. Blanchot's concept is referred to throughout the exegesis. In making the link here between Heidegger and Blanchot, I make a structural link to the overall composition of the exegesis where I start (in the Literature Review) with (first Benjamin then) Heidegger and his thinking on poetic origins as a bridge to Blanchot's thinking that then becomes the most significant for this thesis. For Heidegger on *gelassenheit* see for example: "Building, Dwelling, Thinking." In *Poetry, Language, Thought*, translated by Albert Hofstadter, (New York: Harper & Row Publishing, 1971), 80-95. For Blanchot on *désœuvrement* see for example: Maurice Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*. Translated by Susan Hanson. (Minneapolis and London: University of Minnesota Press, 2016).

## Fiery Caveats, Fallings Without-Ends

There is one last step before entering into the body-proper of this exegesis. The exegesis is structured in two major parts: Literature Review and Design of Study (also known as Methodology). Each part holds an Introduction; however, they do not close with a summary paragraph or two by way of a conclusion. That is to say, throughout both parts there are mini-conclusions and interconnections of ideas been worked through and performed along the way. In this sense there are already ongoing rehearsals of material and its ‘revolutions’ performed for the reader. There is also a final Exegesis’ Conclusion (just as we open with an Exegesis’ Introduction, here). Then there is the fall of the writing throughout that performs its conceptual worklessness with an attempt to show the impossibility of saturated closure or a total experience of selfhood. Instead this fall steps out, entering writing’s abyssal infinite rhythm. Throughout the exegesis and creative writing this infinite conversation attempts its refusal for expressing a totalising experience of (writing) despair or suicide, and, instead affirms the experience in showing processes of appearance and disappearance *in* writing’s fleeing, pulls, flights and steps that never land, conclude, or end. In the ethos of what arrives in Blanchot’s concept of dying that is stronger than the final event of death itself, writing materialises its poetic forces—going beyond any totalised schema of the Work. The final Exegesis Conclusion continues this fall, working its thesis more convincingly into the last steps, holding in absence how it arrives at its conclusion, by way of Benjamin’s dialecticity and his fall-as-redemptive; Heidegger’s authentic-with-inauthentic dwelling; the drowning of Blanchot’s neuter in the Heraclitean River; the *espacements* of Bataille and Kristeva in abjection; Dazai’s evocative confessional tears and so forth, infinitely becoming and disappearing ... stepping off. After the Conclusion, there is an Appendix, titled *Trash Remains*. The appendix is a hinge writing, performing an underbelly of creative and critical thought that awkwardly join exegesis to artefact. Coming after the Conclusion’s fall, this unwanted organ provides biographical details as a coda of buried remains, too simply and uncomfortably leaving mingling dirt to decompose this autos and bios, on its own, resting.



# LITERATURE REVIEW

## Introduction

### *In Literatures*

I begin this literature review with the question of translation as to how it performs literature-as-translation. In all that this thesis aims at, the question of translation is at its heart. It holds together two primordial threads for this research. On the one hand, it holds a thread that leads to questions of origin and, on the other hand, it binds origin (as a beginning positivist finding) to become an impossible task. The work of Walter Benjamin is the most profound for my understanding of how origin and its impossibility arrive in writing by way of translation. Although, thinking Benjamin with Martin Heidegger on translation and poetic thinking is a key relation that deepens the research. As my introduction points out, the *I* that writes does so from her everyday life world that is ‘made up’ from subjective experiences incapable of proper expression. To clarify, the improper is something this research embraces and circulates around the *I* of a ‘mis-gendered’, ‘mis-aged’, subject, incessantly [appearing] mute or inaudible, striated by multiple ethnic values of belonging, immersed in a world where (her ‘second’ language) English dominates ‘her’ world—as just some subjective improprieties of her existence. This Literature Review chapter finds in the work of Walter Benjamin, Martin Heidegger and others, impropriety at the heart of language and its modes of expression, such as writing. This chapter performs a core thesis attempt with respect to literature-as-translation by implicitly allowing my voice to exist, swim, dive and surface in the waters of (mainly) writers and (some) other ‘visual-filmic’ artists, who assist me in expressing the performance, dramatization and creative expression of writing (with) despair and suicide. It is intended that my own voice joins into theirs as a way of assisting with a community-in-common that provides more force for revealing that at the heart of despair and suicide in-joining-in-writing, affirmation for life exists. If you will, their voices, or my other-writers-in-common, ‘house’ my fiction or the source of it. In this chapter my fictioning resides behind their doors, inside their ontological openings, paths and horizons. In this chapter I have set myself the task (of a translator), moving along with them to assist the thesis of my fictioning practice *as* translation,

performing its despair. In this Literature Review chapter, the term ‘writing’ often stands in for literature-as-translation or fictioning. However, in the Design of Study chapter that houses my methods, writing becomes more nuanced across approaches, ways, forms and contents (minus its binary), where the *I* who has composed the series of creative fictioning moves from a more implicit to explicit *I*.

This chapter then moves into its considerations with writing as a way to explore affirmation in the face of despair, in thinking with my writers-in-common. Without sounding disingenuous this writing does not perform a suicide note, but rather writes into the heart of despair as an affirmative act. Perhaps, though, all notes left by the event of suicide are also affirmative writing acts. My writers-in-common allow me to compose a poetic oxy-genic thread that is about life—about coming to life, to living through despair through its dramatization, fictioning and performance. This is not to say that fictioning, dramatising and performance are in any way disingenuous either. Rather, each writer in their ways common for this project, suggest writing is what holds them to living life *as* their genuine act for living. There is absolutely no separation between writing and living here. Maurice Blanchot’s concept of worklessness (*désœuvrement*) reveals writing (like life) is an unfinished project. He suggests that significant difference between the ‘work’ and ‘Work’ of writing can be thought in the differences between an incessant arrival or call for expression (as writing or lowercase ‘work’) in difference to (capital ‘W’ work in) the symbolic objects that writing find propriety i.e. in its casement as a book. Blanchot suggests that the proper ends of writing as capital ‘W’ work, take the writer out of the work, rejecting her and her event of writing. However, even in finished ‘forms’ of, say, a book, the ‘Work’ as finished object holds plenty of experiences for its readers-to-come. Though, the concept of worklessness ultimately indicates writing as a ceaseless and infinite call, process and event, of life living. In this sense writing is an unfinished project. Blanchot’s space of literature primarily engages in the limits to literature as a ‘work’ of the neuter that moves an ego into an anonymous space. In this anonymous, neutral and radically passive space, literature writes where thought is yet knowable (in its non-instrumental destining) through the intimate and affirmative event of impersonal happening.

Friedrich Nietzsche and Georges Bataille also assist in opening up the space of writing as an abyssal and dark realm, open to the outside of ego affairs, where a writer enters life holding

both despair with hope, pain and pleasure, affirming uncertainty and disharmony in living. Nietzsche's 'Dionysian' energies with the assistance of Zarathustra and Bataille's 'inner experience' lead me to a more material and immanent understanding for bridging affirmation-with-despair. Yet, it will be the work of 20<sup>th</sup> century Romanian existential philosopher, Emil Cioran whose work on literature, theology, and suicide offers something metaphysical yet fleshy in his spiritual thinking of despair and suicide. Across Nietzsche, Bataille and Cioran, a stronger ground is fostered on relations of spirituality and animality. Writing becomes an event of the flesh, cannibalistic and raw—performing despair as an annihilation of ego, bringing all life into non-separation as an event. Themes of ecstasy, eternal return, trance, hallucination and excess produce entries into the transfiguration of language. In discussing Algerian-French philosopher Hélène Cixous and Bulgarian-French philosopher (of psychoanalysis, literature and feminism) Julia Kristeva, the flesh becomes a key material enterprise of writing. It will be the concept of the abject that locates a key rhythm (and figuration) in the spaces of my own fictioning, opening up rhythms between obsession, perversion and phobias. In this part of the literature review the work aims to produce writing-with-despair-and-suicide as an affirmative, yet non-binary and rhythmically uncertain event. Here writing moves along a rhythm of hope and uncertainty, affirmation and its others. This rhythm is a core tenet of *Writing Despair's* thetic aims, showing the very fabric of (its) existence as a rhythm of life, one made from poetic oxygenes.

The chapter concludes with *despair* through engaging its relation to writing and philosophy through the work of 20<sup>th</sup> century Russian existential 'philosopher of despair', Lev Isaakovich Shestov. His work was influenced by Friedrich Nietzsche and in both I locate some lineage through my research, in relation to earlier discussed writers such as Maurice Blanchot and Georges Bataille. Further, I locate proximity between Shestov's work and important literary writers such as Japanese writer Osamu Dazai and French author Albert Camus who, each in their own way, bring me to think the deformity of certainty and the groundless space opened by writing.

Lastly, the writing performs (in both exegesis and creative production) four interchangeable italicized pronouns, *I* or *me* and sometimes *she* and *her*. The pronominal stance gives over to a self that is largely set by a series of worlding in her everyday ('social') life, whereby *me* and *she*

give way to the exteriority of writing—an exterior characterized as more symbolic, social or understandable in the logic of everyday life. Whereas the performing *I* is that singular utterance or inscription that moves around in the veil of language, attempting to write (into) despair with suicide. The *I* is never present to itself and only ever present to the act or event of writing.<sup>10</sup> The work of *she* is largely that italicized pronoun that somehow genders my voice and moves, as a third, between *me* and *I*, (as well as *her* and *you*) providing genuine intimacy or assistance for these movements across. My greatest companion for understanding, or finding, resonance to this concept is Maurice Blanchot and his work on literature and the right to death—although, the work of ‘I-Novels’ (Japanese literature) and some others bring the *I* of language into fluid uncertainty. I hope that these italicized pronouns work to open up the spaces of literature that move with uncertainty across the worlds of their encounter *in* language(-as-translation), in writing and within the reader.

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<sup>10</sup> The exegesis will come to discuss Walter Benjamin’s radical historiography that fixes on the relation between temporal and rhetorical structures foregrounding the epistemological rules of correspondence between what is known and what has happened, between subject and object. As well it foregrounds the relation between use and interpretation, action and knowledge, practice and theory. This may also be understood in terms of the constitution of the subject of knowledge in the structuring of language, split between the subject who enunciates and the subject of enunciation. As one of Benjamin’s commentator’s, Timothy Bahti notes: “The historical image both comes out of and sets itself into the subject’s “inside” in an instant of rhetoricity which gives him [or her or them] his in-stance, or stance in history. The subject is with-in the structure which produces a present moment or stance in-between ... From this tenuous rhetorical and temporal situation—not yet a position, but always already positioning—the “I” of a rhetorical structure will constitute (a narrative of) historical meaning and understanding. See: Timothy Bahti “History as Rhetorical Enactment: Walter Benjamin’s Theses on the Concept of History”. *Diacritics*, (September, 1979),15. I will come to elaborate more fully on Maurice Blanchot’s thinking on the limits to literature and the disappearance (or with-*in* structure) of an ego-I (with)-in-writing-processes. It will be his concepts of ‘literature and the right to death’, ‘neuter,’ ‘Other Night,’ and ‘worklessness’ (*désœuvrement*) that bring more conceptual depth to my pronominal use of *this* ‘I’. I would like to acknowledge here the work of M.L. Jackson and his PhD thesis, *The Name and The Text, A Supplementary Writing on the Double Scene of Architecture*, Department of Architectural and Design Science, University of Sydney, July 1993. This thesis has added considerable influence to my usage and understanding of Walter Benjamin’s work on radical historiography as written into my argumentation and analysis of this exegesis. However, my invention comes in drawing a radical line across Benjamin and translation *with* Heidegger and poetic thought.

# Literature-As-Translation

In the fields we are dealing with, knowledge comes only like bolts of lightning. The text is the long echoing thunder.<sup>11</sup>

I begin my work on translation guided by two premises that come out of the work of Jewish philosopher of history Walter Benjamin alongside German existential philosopher Martin Heidegger. The two premises are linked by these thinkers and rest on translation for this research, primarily in relation to the literary or poetic field as well as history of the *I*. Benjamin reveals to me that the concept of an originary saying only arises or shows itself in processes of translation. In saying this, conditions of interpretation through a journey of ‘transportation’ from *its* (the word’s) origin are explored and ‘discovered’. Heidegger will bring a more primordial disclosure between origin together with translation in relation to the poetic-literary (word or saying) and thinking, suggesting poetics and thinking are already in themselves translations (literature-as-translation): “Translations undertaken in the realm of the vaunted word of poetry and of thinking, however, are always in need of interpretation, for they themselves are an interpretation.”<sup>12</sup> Heidegger will continue to add that these poetic and thinking translations can inaugurate the interpretation or consummate it. He is most interested in poets such as Friedrich Hölderlin and, particularly here, in the work of translating the thinking of the pre-Socratic Greek Philosopher (of becoming), Heraclitus, whose obscure and aphoristic (or fragmentary) style of saying (thinking), opens up to all kinds of interpretations. Heidegger will suggest in the complexity and obscurity of Heraclitus sayings—which hold personal experiences (in difference to know-how epistemological or *a priori* experiences) and coexistences of non-dualistic conditions—authentic translations must reside in ‘consummating translation ... that must necessarily remain as obscure as the originary word’.<sup>13</sup> In foregrounding Heidegger’s thinking here, an important condition (my second premise) is

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<sup>11</sup> Walter Benjamin, ‘Theses of the Philosophy of History,’ in *Illuminations*. Trans. Harry Zohn. (London, Collins/Fontana, 1973), 262-263. “Knowledge” as “bolts of lightning” must be related to Benjamin’s notions of “rapid image” and “thought-image,” and to the problematic of “thinking” in general.

<sup>12</sup> Martin Heidegger, ‘The Inception of Occidental Thinking’ in *Heraclitus: The Inception of Occidental Thinking and Logic: Heraclitus’s Doctrine of the Logos*. Trans. By Julia Goesser Assaiante and S. Montgomery Ewegen (Bloomsbury, London & N.Y. 2018), 38.

<sup>13</sup> Heidegger, *Heraclitus*, 38.

revealed for this research insofar as language is not just an instrumental mode of communication when it comes to poetic expression. Further, translation must follow the way (across the Heraclitean river) of its origin—that is already translation—whereby the very process of its movement (or transportation) honours the primordial disclosure of each and every poetic-literary saying. As for Heraclitus, Heidegger's thinking reveals movement or becoming at the level of personal, situated and lived encounter. In movement (or rhythm as I tended earlier in this chapter's introduction), Heidegger and Heraclitus both concern themselves with thinking as an alive and ever moving condition. Translation as interpretation inaugurates (opens) another possibility or consummates (completes or becomes intertwined with the work) and in doing so discloses different routes for this research. In my own creative practice, the literary work inaugurates itself (as translation) in the intertwining movement of obscurity. It opens itself moving from the separation of a writer who writes 'about' despair and suicide to the consummating act of a writer disappearing into writing, into an anonymous, absent and excessive waters of writing.

In Heideggarian terms, the creative vignettes and literary montages presented as the creative research activate myself-as-writing, incomplete, uncertain and forever moving—translating me into the scene of its affirmative obscurity. My literature-as-translation consumes or consummates the writer, completing *her*, *I*, or *she* as I move throughout my everyday life. Like a long and failed 'suicide note' these vignettes and montages do not separate me between life and death, despair and hope, suicide and uncertainty, rather they translate me in ways that invite readers to enter into 'their' waters, transporting themselves also into abyssal readings that ultimately voyage *with* and not *out* of its touches. Heidegger will also emphasize that translation happens in one's own language.<sup>14</sup> Language in and of itself inaugurates translation, consummated in our own 'tongue' as the 'home' or origin of our own thinking. That is, my own expression first and foremost arises from concepts (cultural, social, environmental, sexual) contained in my first language (Cantonese—although always contaminated). My vignettes and montages arrive already translated by this 'tongue' and further consummated (obscurely) in

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<sup>14</sup> See later in the next section—*Heidegger on Translation as Authentic and Inexhaustible Origins in Benjamin's Origin as Discovery*—where I will draw out more discussion in relation to Heidegger's prompt for the ways translation happens in one's own language.

the ‘second-hand-language’ of my otherness (English and its social mores and ways). Later in this research I will discuss Jacques Derrida’s concept of monolingualism of the other, which holds to the ‘purity’ of contamination. In my approach to the concept of literature-as-translation, I’m suggesting that the completeness of the creative work as second-hand, is a work of consummation across the multifarious events of myself in language. As Heidegger’s thoughts on coming to translate Heraclitus must necessarily remain as obscure, the non-duality of my existence undergoes obscure translation in its ‘style’ or ‘rhythm’ of poetic thought. As a subject who is constantly underway—encountering their surroundings worlds in—between a host of proper languages, yet none that find fluency in my subjectivity, my own translation happens in this between. The very question of ‘my own’ language is more complicated for me than say Heidegger’s ‘own’ German understanding. At the very heart of this research is the movement of despair and suicide coursing between the obscured banks of (any firm sense of) origin.

Origin for Benjamin, as stated above, shows itself in a process of translation. Benjamin’s work on language and translation is deeply enmeshed in his origins of Historic Materialism as well as Jewish Messianic thinking.<sup>15</sup> Further, like Heraclitus, a non-dualism concerns knowledge and experience in the one—in immediacy of its happening and surrounds. As the opening Benjamin quote to this section intimates, knowledge comes like bolts of lightning with the text (translation-interpretation) the long echoing thunder. Echo is an interesting term here for this research in bringing it together with Heidegger’s thoughts on a ‘consummating translation’ of the originary saying and its originary word (at the time, place and event of its writing). Echo never arrives back to the place of the original ‘disclosure’ or ‘epiphany’ (Benjamin’s bolt of

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<sup>15</sup> I will come to discuss Benjamin’s “dialectical image” in relation to time, image and rupture in the literary montage creative writing practice. From out of the Frankfurt School engagements in critical theory, T. Adorno claimed that a relation between history and the image was first suggested by Horkheimer and taken up by both Adorno and in his book on Kierkegaard, and Benjamin in the *Arcades Project*. Rolf Tiedemann, editor in charge of Benjamin’s collected papers, notes: that Benjamin’s “dialectical image” was a construction allowing Benjamin to develop a relation between historical materialism and Jewish Messianism: “One may try to put it this way: the phantasmagorias of the arcade or the collector as such are not dialectical images in Benjamin’s sense; both the arcades and the collector become dialectical images only when the historical materialist *deciphers* them *as* phantasmagorias. But in Benjamin’s opinion the key that allows the historical materialist to unlock the code remains connected to the discovery of a messianic force in history.” See: Rolf Tiedemann, “Dialectics at a Standstill: Approaches to the *Passagen-Werk*,” in *On Walter Benjamin: Critical Essays and Recollections*, ed. Gary Smith, (Cambridge, Mass: The MIT Press, 1991), fn.18, 291.

lightning). Yet if we think of Heidegger's consummating translation, the long echoing thunder exists as part of the condition of its inaugural or original lightening event. Though, Benjamin will also be suggesting a critique of history as a linear and progressive event. Benjamin's materialist history translates to the act of archaeology, excavating traces and signs of another reality—the reality of remembrance by others. He thought of his archaeological job or task in terms of excavating 'images', blasting objects out of processes of history, to reassemble them into a new constellation or "panorama of dialectical images." The principle of this dialecticity of the image was the new with antiquity. That is to say, the image is that which the past and the present moment flash into a constellation—dialectics at a standstill. The relation of the present to the past is purely temporal; that of the past to the moment is dialectical—not of a-temporal, but of an imagistic nature. Only dialectical images are genuinely historical:

Thinking involves not only the flow of thoughts, but their arrest as well. Where thinking suddenly stops in a configuration pregnant with tensions, it gives that configuration a shock, by which it crystallises into a monad ... the sign of a Messianic cessation of happening, or put differently, a revolutionary chance in the fight for the oppressed past.<sup>16</sup>

The "Theses on the Philosophy of History" are complex, maintaining an indeterminable relation between Jewish Messianic allegory and Marxist historical materialism. The theses are a critique of 19<sup>th</sup> century historicism and focus on several of its truth claims. Benjamin challenged that the truth of history is always there, available; that there is such a thing as "the eternal" image of the past; and that this truth is the way it really was.<sup>17</sup> Therefore, universal

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<sup>16</sup> Benjamin, "Theses on the Philosophy of History," 262-263. We may compare Benjamin's comment on 'thinking' to Michel Foucault's. Séan Hand notes in the translator's introduction to *Foucault*: "If we determine an event on the basis of a concept, we fall into knowing; if we measure the phantom against its supposed origin in reality, we are judging. These two conditions, the concept and the philosophy of representation, make up 'Philosophy'; whereas *thinking* as an event is a repetition without a model, a dice-throw. This nomadic, rather than sedentary, thinking produces difference within its very repetitions." *Foucault*, xliii-iv. See: Séan Hand. 'Translating Theory, or the Difference between Deleuze and Foucault.' In Gilles Deleuze *Foucault*. Trans. and Ed. Séan Hand. (Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1986) xli-xliv. We may compare this to Benjamin's "dialectics at a standstill." "every stage of the dialectical process ... no matter how determined by every preceding stage, realizes a completely new trend, which demands a completely new treatment." "N Konvolut," 23. See: Walter Benjamin, 'Konvolut N: Epistemology, Theory in Progress.' Trans. Leigh Hafrey and Richard Sieburth. *The Philosophical Forum*, (vol. 15, nos. 1-2, Winter-Spring, 1983-84), 1-40.

<sup>17</sup> Leopold Van Ranke (1795-1866) is seen as the founder of an empiricist, factualist school of history. However, George Iggers points out that Ranke cannot be seen as a factualist "pure and simple": "Ranke insisted on a



claims of enlightenment show themselves to be bourgeois class ideology and universal history reduces to discrete nationalisms and nationalistic histories. Benjamin argues for an alternative to historicism in his notion of a materialist historiography. This is a rejection of the idealism in the correspondence between present knowledge (history as written) and past event (history as what happened), sanctioned by transcendental principles or epistemological rules. For Benjamin's materialism of history, the "truth" of history is in meanings, the coherence of which are produced by rhetorical structures. The "material" of his theses are images. The activity of the historical materialist is image-making—"an image of historical sense wherein the past comes together with the present in a constellation."<sup>18</sup>

The concept of "progress" that was a central target for his critique encompasses enlightenment precepts of temporal progression, thus becoming a critique of homogeneous and empty time.<sup>19</sup> "History is the object of a construction whose place is formed not by homogeneous and empty time, but rather by time (ful)filled by 'now-time' (*Jetztzeit*)."<sup>20</sup> The "truth" of history resides in

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history based on rigorous examination of primary evidence. Yet his prescription that the historian not judge the past but merely describe it *wie eigentlich gewesen* has often been misunderstood as an exhortation to factualism. The term *eigentlich* as understood by Ranke should not be translated as 'actually' as it often has been, but as 'really', 'properly' or 'essentially' so that it becomes the task of the historian not merely to narrate the events of the past as they occurred but to go beyond these events to the reconstruction of the past 'as it essentially was.' Far from calling on the historian to restrict himself to the bare factual account, Ranke called upon him 'to rise ... from the investigation and contemplation of the particular to the general view of events and to the recognition of their objectively existing relatedness.' See: *The Theory and Practice of History* ed. Georg G. Iggers and Konrad Von Malthé, (Indianapolis, 1971), 23. As Iggers suggests: "In the last analysis, all history was therefore to be world history." See: Georg G. Iggers, *Dictionary of the History of Ideas: Studies of Selected Pivotal Ideas*. Ed. Philip P. Wiener. (New York, Scribner, 1973-74, Vol 2), 456-464.

<sup>18</sup> Benjamin, quoted in Bahti, 11. See: Timothy Bahti, 'History as Rhetorical Enactment: Walter Benjamin's Theses "On the Concept of History"?' *Diacritics*, (September, 1979), 2-17.

<sup>19</sup> The notions of "homogeneous" and "empty" time may be referred back to Kant's "Transcendental Aesthetic." For Kant, objects are known only in our mode of perceiving them, not as things themselves. Space and time are the pure forms of this receptivity, and sensation its matter. The former are known as *a priori*, that is, prior to all actual perception, this knowledge being pure intuition. The latter is *a posteriori* knowledge, empirical intuition. In "The Transcendental Exposition of the Concept of Time," Kant notes: "... the concept of alteration, and with it the concept of motion, as alteration of place, is possible only through and in the representation of time; and that if this representation were not *a priori* (inner) intuition, no concept, no matter what it might be, could render comprehensible the possibility of an alteration, that is, of a combination of contradictory opposed predicates in one and the same object, for instance, the being and not-being of one and the same thing in one and the same place. Only in time can two contradictory opposed predicates meet in one and the same object, namely, *one after the other*." See: Immanuel Kant, *Critique of Pure Reason*, Trans. Norman Kemp Smith, (London, Macmillan, 1985). 76.

<sup>20</sup> Bahti again corrects Zohn's translation on this crucial statement. He comments: "The product of structures of temporality is history—as understood and as made. Thesis XIV opens 'History is the object of a construction whose place is formed [*bildet*] not by homogenous and empty time, but rather by time (ful)filled by "now-time"

neither the timeless veracity of a knowable past, nor in a present consciousness, but rather is inscribed in the temporality of the rhetorical structure functioning in any given present, producing both past meanings and present understanding. History is made in its being written and read, and is therefore always present.<sup>21</sup> With Benjamin's notion of a "now time," of a time standing still, (a lightning bolt), a dialecticity of zero time, it is not a case of time coming to a stop—the end of time or history. Rather, it is a question of one time (the past) guaranteed or answered-for, in another (the present). They are both guaranteed not by the authority of history but by the rhetorical structure of the actual and the reiterated, the practices of writing and reading history; the appearance of history as it stops and locates time by and in this structure. In this move there is no longer an antithetical choice between using or interpreting history—for this standstill of time "defines precisely the present in which the historian is writing history for his own person."<sup>22</sup> With this "for one's own person" one reads "what was never written."<sup>23</sup>

In what has been précised above on Benjamin's thinking of time, history, writing and reading in relation to the rhetorical structure, I aim now to bring closer his thinking on language and translation as such. In doing so it will bring me closer to showing how literature-as-translation

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[*Jetztzeit*] (and not, as in Zohn's egregious mistranslation, 'History is the subject of a structure whose site is not homogeneous, empty time, but time filled by the presence of the now')." On the notion of history as "made," Bahti points to a further change in the Zohn translation regarding Thesis XII: "Thesis XII speaks of the 'oppressed class' as the 'subject of historical knowledge' (mistranslated by Zohn as the 'depository'), but Benjamin's French version reveals his broader theoretical point: there he has the "*artisan* of historical knowledge", that is, the maker or artificer." Bahti, 'History as Rhetorical Enactment: Walter Benjamin's Theses "On the Concept of History"', 11.

<sup>21</sup> Significant for this thesis is the questioning of the possible relations between Benjamin's "now-time" or "immediacy" in the rhetorical structures of "words or images" and "thought-images".

<sup>22</sup> Thesis XVI reads in part: "A historical materialist cannot do without the notion of a present which is not a transition, but in which time stands still and has come to a stop. For this notion defines the present in which he himself is writing history. Historicism gives the "eternal" image of the past; historical materialism supplies a unique experience with the past." Benjamin, *Illuminations*, 264.

<sup>23</sup> On this phrase "for one's own person" Bahti again comments that Zohn missed it completely, translating the phrase as "the present in which he himself is writing history." See: Bahti, "History as Rhetorical Enactment," op. cit. p.13. The crucial point here is the alternative between interpretation and use. Elsewhere Bahti draws on this alternative with regards to Benjamin's "Fate and Character" essay: "Signs provoke, call forth interpretation and reading, but their mediation and this understanding signify insignificance and misunderstanding—missed understanding. Thus to read such signs means to read them too late. The immediacy of this reading of signs as signs convert them in and into 'true practice': the body's immediate, instantaneous grasp of itself." See: Timothy Bhati, "Theories of Knowledge: Fate and Forgetting in the Early Works of Walter Benjamin". In *Benjamin's Ground*. Ed. Rainer Nägele. (Detroit, Wayne State University Press, 1988), 71-72.

through my practices of fictioning and second-hand-language arrive out of spatial-imagistic figural depictions as a “constellation” or “monad,” caught in the standing-still of a its rhetorical structure, and written and read as *my* history of despair and suicide—‘of one time (the past) guaranteed or answered-for, in another (the present)’. At any given moment (it amounts to a dialectics as) a “blasting” or dislocation of a past, that arrives or shows itself, as a (spatial) locating in and of a present.<sup>24</sup> *My* present as the translation of the rhetorical structuring of my past, aligns with Benjamin’s lightning bolt or flash of recognition *as* subjective remembrances—involuntarily erupting in the subject’s ‘stand-still’:

The historical image both comes out of and sets itself into the subject’s “inside” in an instant of rhetoricity which gives him his in-stance, or stance in history. The subject is with-in the structure which produces a present moment or stance in-between metalepsis and prolepsis. From this tenuous rhetorical and temporal situation—not yet a position, but always already positioning—the “I” of a rhetorical structure will constitute (a narrative of) historical meaning and understanding. In brief, it will tell a story.<sup>25</sup>

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<sup>24</sup> For Benjamin the individual fragment from the past as monad is to be opposed to an historicism of totality. With regard to the work of art, Benjamin notes: “Love for the object holds on to the radical uniqueness of the work of art and takes as its starting point the creative point of indifference where insight into the nature of the ‘beautiful’ or ‘art’ is confined to and permeates the totality of the unique and individual work. It enters into its inner nature as into that of a monad, which ... has no window, but which embodies in itself the miniature of the whole.” Quoted in David Frisby, *Fragments of Modernity*. (Cambridge, Polity Press, 1985), 214-215. Frisby points out here that this monadological procedure was not confined to the investigation of the work of art but also to ideas and any fragment of reality. Hence “to carry the montage principle over into history ... to detect the crystal of the total event in the analysis of the smallest individual moment,” quoted in Frisby, *Fragments of Modernity*, 215. Ernst Bloch suggested that “Benjamin possessed an unequalled micrological-philosophical sensitivity ... as if the world were a text, as if it described the course of things ... the “text”-structure emerges ... in that the objective hieroglyphics of the object is thereby made evident to us.” Ernst Bloch, in T.W. Adorno, et al. *Über Walter Benjamin*, (Frankfurt, 1968), 16-23, quoted in Frisby, *Fragments of Modernity*, 213-214. This returns the procedures of monadology to a question of reading, and to the rhetorical structure of the sign.

<sup>25</sup> Bahti, “History of Rhetorical Enactment,” 15. *Metalepsis* and *Prolepsis* are Bahti’s key rhetorical structures for temporality. In commenting on Benjamin’s opposition of historical thinking and writing to historicism Bahti notes: “In Thesis II, the argument is that just as the outlook of the present does not envy the future, but seeks happiness, fulfilment or “redemption” in present occasions and opportunities (which otherwise pass away), so a historical imagination [*Vorstellung*] ought not to look from the present toward the future, but rather ought to redeem the past—missed opportunities—in the present. As I shall be using the terms, the former, rejected alternative is that of *prolepsis*, an anticipation of a future event or fulfilment in and from the present, while the latter version, which is the one that Benjamin advocates, is that of *metalepsis*, a retrospective assignation of a relationship between present and past. But while one can (for the present moment) have *prolepsis* without *metalepsis*, one cannot have *metalepsis* without *prolepsis*. The movement from the present to the past—*metalepsis* strictly speaking—as, for example, in having the present be an effect of a past cause or an answer to a past claim or need, necessarily involves a parallel *prolepsis*—what I will call a *metaleptic prolepsis*—wherein one moves from the past back to the present: the past anticipated its effects, response or fulfilment in a present, a present which was “future” for it, but is *present* now. This “two-way street” is actually a single, unitary rhetorical structure. The

The creative vignettes and literary montages are images made from a constellation of everyday experiences and interpretations of them. These creative works reflexively concern a history of a writer entering or archiving her despair and suicidal experiences. As such they are concerned with a present of its moment (in writing) constructing a history out of creative writing's vignettes and montages (from latent or involuntary pasts). The issue of reflexivity is doubled in the writing of an exegesis—inter-textually—encountered in the effacement of the 'image' and its place of writing, there being a play between writing proper (critical and contextual accounting of the creative writing act) and the work of creative writing, thereby resulting in the over-writing of the 'image' and its place.

## Translation Happens—*In* and Not *Through* Language

Benjamin's theory of language goes to the heart of his thoughts on translation. He could not separate the writing of philosophy from its linguistic nature and the conceptual forces (or knowledge) developed in considering the linguistic nature of language that creates a "corresponding concept of experience."<sup>26</sup> Existence is for Benjamin the concrete totality of

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*metalepsis* presupposes a "return" *prolepsis*, and this *prolepsis* is predicated upon a *metalepsis*, and as such is a "*metaleptic prolepsis*". This is the inner workings or structure of what Benjamin calls the "secret agreement" [*geheime Verabredung*] between past and present." See: Bahti, 9. "Thesis II" states in part: "... Reflection shows us that our image of happiness is thoroughly coloured by the time to which the course of our own existence has assigned us ... the past carries with it a temporal index by which it is referred to redemption. There is a secret agreement between past generations and the present one..." Benjamin, *Illuminations*. 255-256.

<sup>26</sup> Benjamin, "On the Program of the Coming of Philosophy," in *Reflections*, Trans. Edmund Jephcott. Ed. Peter Demetz, (New York, Schocken Books, 1986), p.6. Note his employment of the term "corresponding." Already his theory of language is embedded in this explanation. That is to say, there is not a causality, but an expressivity. This notion of "expression" has to be understood in relation to Benjamin's reading of Leibniz, and the use made of key Leibnizian concepts such as the monad and "expression." See, on Leibniz, Gilles Deleuze, *Expressionism in Philosophy: Spinoza*. Trans. Martin Joughin, (New York, Zone Books, 1990), 325-335. Thus Deleuze notes: What is common to Leibniz and Spinoza is the criticism of Cartesian clarity-and-distinctness, as applying to recognition and to nominal distinctions, rather than to true knowledge through real reflection. Real knowledge is discovered to be a *kind* of expression ... We are ourselves ideas, by virtue of our expressive capacity." And a few sentences later: "It is possible, moreover, that real causality is established and reigns only in certain regions of this world of noncausal correspondences, and actually presupposes it. ... If we then ask what concept can account for such a correspondence, that of expression appears to do so. ... Expression takes its place in the heart of the individual, in his soul and in his body, his passions and his actions, his causes and his effects. And Leibniz by *monad*, no less than Spinoza by *mode*, understands nothing other than an individual as an expressive centre." For a discussion on the relation between "expression" and the "divine name," crucial for Benjamin's theory of language and translation, see: Deleuze, *Expressionism*, 333, and fn.j.426. Deleuze explains that there are three elements to Leibniz's notion of expression; what is expressed, what expresses itself and the expression itself. Deleuze notes: "The paradox is that 'what is expressed' *has no existence* outside its expression, yet bears no resemblance to it, but relates *essentially* to what expresses itself as distinct from the expression itself." It is, perhaps, only on these terms

experience—and, for him, it is religion as theory, presented to philosophy as absolute, as continuity in the nature of experience. “Now-time” of his Messianic redemption, in that an original concept of experience in its totality is transformed “immediately” in relation to his theory of language. His language theory has its initial developments in a 1916 essay, “On Language as Such and On the Language of Man,” that while deeply theological holds much in terms of understanding his constellation of elements on experience and history. The major themes in the essay refuse to understand language as instrumental, or as a transparent device for communicating meanings. Thus, we do not use language to define a factual reality—this Benjamin equates with bourgeois notions of language and already distances himself from them: “Man can communicate himself not by language but in it.” What does he mean by this?<sup>27</sup>

Benjamin’s concern here is with a relation between a sensuous world of things as a raw and primitive experience, and a suprasensory realm of the idea, the deeper metaphysics or higher experience as Messianic or theological.<sup>28</sup> He refuses to simply equate the mental essence of a thing and its language. Rather, language communicates the mental being corresponding to it.<sup>29</sup> That is to say, what is communicable in a mental entity is its linguistic entity. Hence, it is not

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that we can make sense of Benjamin where he suggests that language communicates nothing except its capacity to communicate. See Benjamin, “On Language as Such and on the Language of Man,” in *Reflections*, 314–332. See also: Deleuze, “The Image of Thought,” in *Proust and Signs*. Trans. Richard Howard, (New York, George Braziller, 1972), 159–167, especially on parallels to Benjamin’s notion of the dialectical image or thought-image. In this regard see also: Benjamin on Proust, “The Image of Proust,” in *Illuminations*, 203–217.

<sup>27</sup> Benjamin, “On Language as Such and on the Language of Man,” in *Reflections*. Trans. Edmund Jephcott. Ed. Peter Demetz, (New York, Schocken Books, 1986), 318. We may note here the relation between Benjamin and Heidegger on language. For Heidegger, we dwell in language; in this, language is the house of being. See, for example, his *Discourse on Thinking*, trans. J.M. Anderson and E.H. Freund. (New York, Harper & Row, 1966), 118–119: “It is not we who play with words, but the nature of language plays with us. ... For language plays with our speech—it likes to let our speech drift away into the more obvious meanings of words. It is as though man had to make an effort to live properly with language.”

<sup>28</sup> Benjamin, “Epistemo-Critical Prologue,” in *The Origins of German Tragic Drama*. Intro. George Steiner, Trans. J. Osborne, (London, New Left Books, 1977), 27–56. This is a difficult text and, as Buck-Morss suggests, bears a strong affinity to Benjamin’s Kabbalist tradition: “It was evident to Scholem that Benjamin’s theory of language in the *Trauerspiel* introduction was indebted to ideas from Kabbalist theory,” Buck-Morss notes that Kabbalist thought reemerged in Europe precisely in the Baroque, and provided a philosophical system which avoided the Cartesian split regarding spirit and matter. For a detailed discussion of Benjamin’s Kabbalist tradition, see: Susan Buck-Morss, *The Dialectics of Seeing: Walter Benjamin and the Arcades Project*, (Cambridge, Mass., The MIT Press, 1989), 229–252. In this regard, one may read Spinoza and Leibniz in relation to a similar anti-Cartesianism. See: Deleuze’s *Expressionism*, and *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque*, Trans. Tom Conley, (Minneapolis and London, University of Minnesota Press, 1993).

<sup>29</sup> Note that his use of the notion of “correspondence” bears no relation to the use of the term “correspondence theory” in epistemology. Benjamin refers here, with his employment of the term, to the “abyss for all philosophizing.”

through language that a mental entity communicates but rather language in communicating the particular linguistic being of things communicates their mental being “only in so far as it is capable of being communicated ... The capacity for communication *is* language itself.”<sup>30</sup> Thus for Benjamin language communicates itself, there are no speakers.<sup>31</sup> What language communicates is precisely its communicability. As such, language is in its purest sense the “medium” of communication in its immediacy. It is this “immediacy” that presents its primary problem:

For just because nothing is communicated *through* language, what is communicated *in* language cannot be externally limited or measured, and therefore all language contains its own incommensurable, uniquely constituted infinity. Its linguistic being, not its verbal meanings, define its frontier.<sup>32</sup>

Of crucial importance here is the name itself—(“man communicates his own mental being *in* his language ... it is therefore the linguistic being of man to name things”<sup>33</sup>)—its untranslatability, it being the “innermost nature of language itself,” or “that by which nothing beyond it is communicated, and *in* which language itself communicates itself absolutely.”<sup>34</sup> Thus Benjamin establishes a relation between the linguistic being of things and a knowledge

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<sup>30</sup> Benjamin, “On Language as Such and On the Language of Man,” 316.

<sup>31</sup> We may begin to develop a parallel here between Benjamin’s theory of language and Foucault’s own questioning of language, for example in his “What matter who speaks,” from “What is an Author,”—See: Michel Foucault, “What is an Author,” Trans. Donald Bouchard and Sherry Simon, in Donald Bouchard, ed. *Language, Counter-memory, Practice*, (Ithaca, Cornell University Press, 1977), 113-138. Both Benjamin’s and Foucault’s theories of language radically question the instrumental view of language and its resultant intentionalist notion of human agency in language’s phenomenal existence.

<sup>32</sup> Benjamin, “On Language as Such and On the Language of Man,” 317. Having specified that the linguistic being of man is to name things, Benjamin asks: “why name them? To whom does man communicate himself?” He answers himself: “To man.” and quickly adds that this is not anthropomorphism. A little earlier Benjamin suggests: “The language of this lamp [one imagines him at his desk writing by the light of the lamp in particular], for example, does not communicate the lamp (for the mental being of the lamp, insofar as it is *communicable*, is by no means the lamp itself), but: the language-lamp, the lamp in communication, the lamp in expression. For in language the situation is this: *the linguistic being of all things is their language*.” One must keep in mind the discussion earlier, on Leibniz and expression, to understand how Benjamin defines the language being of an entity. This non-anthropomorphic language being of entities, which, in their naming, their mimetic correspondence in the language of man, communicates man “by name *them*.” See: Benjamin, 316-317. There are parallels here with Heidegger’s philosophy of language, refusing a binary and anthropocentric subject/object division. Arendt draws parallels between Benjamin and Heidegger on this point. See: *Illuminations*, 46-47.

<sup>33</sup> Benjamin, “On Language as Such and On the Language of Man,” 317.

<sup>34</sup> Benjamin, 318.

of these things in that such knowledge is gained from man's capacity to name. The issue of mediation, a mediating relationship between things, and things and man, as an expressionism, is of central importance.<sup>35</sup> It is difficult otherwise to understand Benjamin when he emphasizes that there is no such thing as a meaning of language. Language does not exist as a medium outside of it communicating a mental entity, as something communicable per se.

## Heidegger's Translation as Authentic and Inexhaustible Origins *in* Benjamin's Origin as Discovery

That which is 'always-again-the-same' is not the event, but the element of newness in it.<sup>36</sup>

I want to move now to discuss further Heidegger's understanding of translation that happens in one's own language and then move to conclude with Benjamin's ideas of translation and origin as 'discovery'. The two will link up in the way I conclude on my practice as a montage discovery. Both Heidegger and Benjamin align on the non-separation of translation and origin in the *same*. Earlier I addressed the in-between of my original tongue or language as that which is now a constant process of translating between numerous significant other languages. Yet, Heidegger suggests that even in our own language, "translation is a constant and necessary, given the fact that the words and texts of the mother tongue are often open to interpretation. All speaking, all call and response, are translation."<sup>37</sup> The more authentic 'dialogue' that takes place, for Heidegger, in every process of translation moves or 'transports' between each reading (call and response). That is to say, for Heidegger, we move with the original text's (sophisticated) thinking into a thinking that engages and confronts it. He will make the remark (in caution) that we (readers) may think that our own interpretation might lead us to 'empty

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<sup>35</sup> Again, we can point to the importance of Leibniz in Benjamin's conception of the notion of "expressionism."

<sup>36</sup> See: Buck-Morss, *The Dialectics of Seeing, Walter Benjamin and the Arcades Project*, 293.

<sup>37</sup> Heidegger, *Heraclitus*, 50.

vanity' thinking we understand the thinker's sophisticated original better than the thinker understands their work.<sup>38</sup>

The beauty of Heidegger's thinking here is that he sees this 'betterment' not as a slight or deficit but, rather a sign in the original work that it is inexhaustible—in each encounter, the work opens anew to be “understood as other than what the words only apparently mean”.<sup>39</sup> This goes to the crux of my research wherein sophisticated or original thinking (in its attempts) always moves beyond the original ‘apparent’ or ‘proper’—surface of—words. Heidegger's thinking reveals that the ‘apparent’ instrumental attitude *as* the given naturalism of a word—(“the boring emptiness of the identical”<sup>40</sup> in a presupposition that it consists of a precise and static meaning)—does not hold here. This leads only to misunderstandings. The word, (of sophisticated thinking such as that of significant poetic saying), deepens originary understanding and interpretation in each translation, living on, becoming open to new horizons, forever inexhaustible. This brings me closer to thinking Heidegger's translation with Benjamin's ‘now-time’ in relation to the origin of the word. The ‘same’ text (poem or philosophical axiom), reveals to a thinker that their own work shifts in them as they experience anew what they have already thought—yet, they think ‘the same’. Heidegger calls this ‘same’ *restiveness* and it construes the enduring, contemplative and resonating openness of thinking and thinker, never closing down their thinking as though they have solved a problem and can now move on, leaving it alone (for good). Rather, the originary, for Heidegger, dwells in language as the ‘same’ concerns, endlessly returning, rethinking, reconstituting and bringing no stop, *but* ‘restiveness’ to the silent ‘transportation’ of “what has not yet been brought into the consummating word.”<sup>41</sup>

Benjamin's ‘now-time’ finds resonance, here (for this researcher) with ‘the consummating word’—yet to be brought out, discovered, excavated—and draws us closer toward Heidegger's

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<sup>38</sup> Heidegger, *Heracitus*, 50.

<sup>39</sup> Heidegger, *Heracitus*, 50.

<sup>40</sup> Heidegger, *Heracitus*, 50.

<sup>41</sup> Heidegger, *Heracitus*, 49.



question of what does thinking signify.<sup>42</sup> Flashing, firing or Heracliten *ben* designates the bringing together, setting forth (logos) in presencing and, we find this resonant (originary) ‘fire’ in Heidegger’s ‘Heracliten *ben* with Benjamin’s lightening, fire, thunderbolts, as that which sets (or arrests) thinking on its way—as the ‘restiveness’ and process of translation. Benjamin’s ‘flowing thinking’ in relation to the ‘arresting underwayness’ of a text’s ‘long echoing thunder’ continue anew after the ‘now-time’ or flash of recognition occurs, inaugurating an image of history from out of blasts and bolts, reassembling a new constellation where past and present flash—dialectics at a standstill, or ‘now-time’ of recognition. Thinking Heidegger’s consummating illuminations of words *as* signifying thinking processes, still to be discovered and Benjamin’s archaeology as processes of translation with literature (or literature-as-translation), the creative practice thinks of its vignettes and literary montages as performing despair and suicide in an originary (inexhaustible) way. What I mean by this is that writing [with] despair and suicide, the originary word (or words of origin) engage in a process of discovery at the moment of their fall (to use a Benjaminian Messianic term) or Heidegger’s inauthentic. For both Heidegger and Benjamin, authentic or original revealing is only ever inaugurated with its relation to the inauthentic (for Heidegger) and the fall (for Benjamin).<sup>43</sup> That is to say, in thinking about origin and translation, my creative works express despair and suicide as an affirmation of discovery in their expression with the difficulties of everyday situations (or origins). Writing is the immediate (now-time) mediation (of my history, translation and interpretation) of despair and suicide holding both affirmation of life living (immediately in the authentic way) and its other (inauthentic, fall).

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<sup>42</sup> As Heidegger suggests in thinking with Heraclitus, whereby the prospective categories, in particular *Hen*: “As a category of presencing the Heracliten *ben* designates the unity of what *logos* lays out in presence ... It is described as lightening, sun, fire, thunderbolt ... when Heraclitus says ‘lightening is the pilot of all things.’ The ‘one’ sets all things in place—not as supreme agent, but the way a flash of lightning does.” See: Reiner Schümann, *Heidegger on Being and Acting: From Principles to Anarchy*, trans. Christine-Marie Gros (Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 1987), 177-178.

<sup>43</sup> These terms ‘inauthentic’ and ‘fall’ will be expanded on in the following section: *Origin: An Eddy in the stream of dialectical image and their literary montages*.

## Origin—An Eddy in the Stream of Dialectical Images and Their Literary Montages

I want to conclude this Heideggerian-Benjaminian current on origin and translation in relation to the arrests and flows of thinking, with a consideration of history, image and (literary) montage. Benjamin wrote in fragments, aphoristically and constructed literary montages in some of his seminal text such the *Arcades Project*, which I will come to discuss. Firstly, significant to note is that it is not the conceptual totality of a work as ruled by its (literary) fields of governing phenomena that arise for Benjamin's critical theory, but the minute details that exceed a conceptual totalizing. Secondly, it is not the work which constitutes the ideal embodiment of a genre, but rather those which fall outside the limits of genre.<sup>44</sup> In the fragment Benjamin problematizes origins. Benjamin has rejected the very notion of intention as genesis of a work, and in his formulation of the notion of origin [*Ursprung*] there is a close proximity to the notion of genealogy:

The term origin is not intended to describe the process by which the existent came into being, but rather to describe that which emerges from the process of becoming and disappearance. Origin is an eddy in the stream of becoming and in its current it swallows the material involved in the process of genesis.<sup>45</sup>

Benjamin develops here a relation between origin, the idea and the authentic. He explicitly excludes from his notion of origin a determination of a simple beginning discovered in the examination of actual findings, according to some positivist concept. Rather, origin is a purely historical category, in which inhere the very principles of philosophical contemplation, while the authentic is “the hallmark of origin in phenomena.”<sup>46</sup> For Benjamin this is “discovery”

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<sup>44</sup> Benjamin, *The Origins of German Tragic Drama*, 44.

<sup>45</sup> Benjamin, *The Origins of German Tragic Drama*, 45.

<sup>46</sup> Benjamin, *The Origins of German Tragic Drama*, 46. Certain parallels may be drawn between Benjamin's and Heidegger's use of the term 'origin,' and developing a relation between 'origin' and 'authenticity.' For Heidegger, 'origin' refers to his use of the term 'essence,' the authenticity of what is in phenomena. See, for example, in “The Origin of the Work of Art:” “Origin here means that from and by which something is what it is and as it is. What something is, as it is, we call its essence or nature. The origin of something is the source of its nature.” See: Martin Heidegger, “The Origin of the Work of Art,” In *Poetry, Language, Thought*, Trans. Fred. D. Wieck and J. Glenn Gray (New York, Harper & Row, 1971), 15-87, 17.

itself, and must be clearly distinguished from the processes of historical (and social) classification according to some rule-governed schema. In the asocial<sup>47</sup> writing [with] despair and suicide, the creative and critical attempt is to discover myself, and ‘my’ others (such as readers), in the fragments that arise in the phenomenological event of writing (and by proximity reading). As such, the origin of despair and suicide arises in the restiveness and contemplative source of writing as it goes on and on and on, inexhaustible, yet its rhythms, erupt, excavate and interrupt any semblance of positivist (linear) ‘flow’. In these asocial writings, a continuation of coming back to the self, arrives and disappears (eddy) that is no longer the constitution of a totalisable identity made up of rule-governed genres, categories, kinds and types, but rather a ‘self’ emerging as fragment.

For Benjamin’s philosophical project, dialectical images emerge between theology and material historicism—as Benjaminian scholar (and translator) Susan Buck-Morss notes “ ‘at the crossroads of [theology’s] magic and [Marxist] positivism.’ ”<sup>48</sup> The image for Benjamin is an “object riddled with error,” that is, riddled with observation and fantasy, positivism and magic.<sup>49</sup> Thus the image does not make things appear as they really are, but rather presents a trace of the game of appearance and disappearance.<sup>50</sup> The images that Benjamin focuses on in

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<sup>47</sup> Asocial provokes a condition of the absolute private and impersonal. It offers the self a force to free *I* from the (continuity) values that dominate *her*. It is a gesture of breaking the chain that shatters itself into an imagery of fractions (fragmentation). Writing is a gesture of freedom from the ‘relation’ that connects to the verified exterior and gains access to the anonymity of language—the language that is not yet spoken, the language that affirms the voice that is without goal, purpose, or origin, and thus is impersonal.

<sup>48</sup> See: Buck-Morss *Dialectics of Seeing*, 249. This configuration of the “crossroads between positivism and magic” was initially a warning from Adorno.

<sup>49</sup> See: Walter Benjamin, “Central Park,” Trans. Lloyd Spencer in *New German Critique* (no. 34, Winter, 1985), 103. As well, see: Aragon’s “Preface to a Modern Mythology,” in *Paris Peasant*, Trans. S.W. Taylor. (London, Jonathon Cape, 1971), 20: “Surely it must be realized that the face of error and the face of truth cannot fail to have identical features? Error is certainty’s constant companion.” See also: Foucault on a “philosophy of error” in his introduction to Canguilhem’s *On the Normal and the Pathological*. Full ref: Michel Foucault, ‘Georges Canguilhem: philosopher of error.’ An Introduction to Canguilhem, George. *On The Normal and the Pathological*, Trans. C.R. Fawcett. (Dordrecht, Boston, London, D. Reidel Publishing Company, 1978), ix-xx.

<sup>50</sup> On “things as they really are,” see Benjamin’s comment from his “Theses on the Philosophy of History,” 257. On this being “the strongest narcotic of the 19<sup>th</sup> century” see Abbas Ackbar, ‘On Fascination: Walter Benjamin’s Images.’ *New German Critique* (no.48, Fall, 1989), 54. This dialectic of error—observation and fantasy; positivism and magic—can be implicitly related to Benjamin’s dialectical images, his fundamental ground of a dialectical experience. Further, this can be developed in terms of the residual Kantian schematism in Benjamin’s thinking, foregrounded in the spontaneity/receptivity of imagination, and his thought-image being constructed on this dialectic.

his later work such as the *Arcades Project* explores a “conception of dialectical thinking [images] as historical awakening which is sparked by the residues of mass culture.”<sup>51</sup> I want to get closer to how the writing resonates to image for Benjamin’s literary-montage (or the cross-roads of magic and positivism) of the dialectical standstill in relation to how the ‘real’ (material) world of my everyday (historic) life exists inseparably from the images of thought-expression in writing. That is to say, the real world and the written world have no discrete border such as start or finish, inside or outside. In this sense limits to literature are located on the crossroads of translation *as* social and asocial life. Benjamin’s profane illuminations that take on a historic materialist critique of the 19<sup>th</sup> century rise of commodity culture brings an inseparable realization that ‘the way things are’ exist inseparably from the ideologies of commodity phantasms.<sup>52</sup> Experience exists in these crossroads—as dialectical of the submerged origins (of our history) in the surfaces of phantasmagoria, immediately presented. The creative writing consists of these crossroads as (literary) montages and vignettes. The optical conception of montage arises in Benjamin’s critique of image making technologies on the rise, such as photography and cinema.<sup>53</sup> Benjamin’s own writing of the *Arcades Project* performs aphoristically composed standstill ‘images’ as allegorical and real constellations of literary montage. The *Arcades Project*, its “literary montage” is dialectically constructed in phantasmagorical form as the crossroads of a positivism of 19<sup>th</sup>-century accounts of the city of Paris, and the “magic” supplied by the fleeting images of this generation’s lived experience.<sup>54</sup> The creative writing consisting of literary montages offer a crossroads to the vignettes, allowing socialised pasts (of my personal historic details) in the presencing flashes of less

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<sup>51</sup> Buck-Morss, *Dialectics of Seeing*, 279-80.

<sup>52</sup> On Benjamin’s reading of Freud, see Buck-Morss, *Dialectics of Seeing*, 282: “Benjamin’s direct references to Freudian theory remained limited and quite general.” See also fn.164 and fn.165, 464-465, on Benjamin’s reading of Freud, mediated by Surrealism and the Frankfurt Institute. Benjamin was initially critical of Freudian theory, and it was only after Adorno’s criticism of his use of Jung with respect to the notion of a “collective unconscious,” that Benjamin started to seriously read Freud, initially to develop a critique of Jung. See also Benjamin’s reference to psychoanalysis, in relation to the notion of an “optical unconsciousness,” in “The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction,” in *Illuminations*, 237-239. Thus, he suggests, 239: “The camera introduces us to unconscious optics as does psychoanalysis to unconscious impulses.”

<sup>53</sup> Benjamin’s seminal essay on the work of art (*Ibid*) is an explicit critique of 20<sup>th</sup>-century reproduction in mediums of photography and cinema as well as the *Arcades Project* that looks at the optics of architecture (in 19<sup>th</sup>-century Paris) as a precursor to 20<sup>th</sup>-century optics.

<sup>54</sup> Note here the crossroads of *Erlebnis and Erfahrung*. See Benjamin’s “On Some Motifs in Baudelaire,” in *Illuminations*, 165. See also on this, “Central Park,” *New German Critique*, and Frisby’s discussion, in Frisby, *Fragments of Modernity*, 211ff.

nihilistic despair and suicide as fleeting moments from my ongoing lived experience. The ‘magic’ does not arrive in a phantasmagoria of visual photographic or cinematic images, rather it arrives in the flashes of despair relations with suicidal appeal that dislocate (linear) time and (instrumentally communicable) space. The construction of montage opens up spaces between, where vignettes flow, often sinking (sensing loss), splitting (by waves on rocks of grammatical misrecognition, un-fixated sentences, broken English, shifting genres, genders, pronouns) and opening into whirlpool vortex, where a myriad of lacunae translate suicidal and despairing drowning.

The literary montages and vignettes combine as “storytelling” as fragmentary and ambiguous retelling in their “now-time,” composure, with standing still involuntarily presencing of dystopian (phantasms) of my life, albeit recalling a past, utopian in normative social politics of what belonging leads to. In Benjamin’s work I cannot help but find correspondence between themes of dwelling in relation to homelessness, of being-at-home and wandering, of arrival and dislocation. Benjamin himself was acutely aware of the political import of this dialectic for middle class intellectuals such as himself in their relations to working class politics:

Streets are the dwelling place of the collective. The collective is an externally restless, eternally moving essence that, among the facades of buildings endures, experiences, learns, and senses as much as individuals in the protection of their four walls. For this collective the shiny enameled store signs are as good and even better a wall decoration as a salon oil painting is for the bourgeoisie. Walls with the “*defense d’afficher*” are its writing desk, newspapers are its libraries, letterboxes its bronzes, benches its bedroom furniture—and café terraces the balcony from which it looks down on its domestic concerns after work is done.<sup>55</sup>

The theme of dwelling and homelessness is at the centre of Benjamin’s *Arcades Project* in the border crossing of street and domestic interior, and becomes a crucial focus for broaching questions of spatiality *in* writing literature. Already this theme has been opened up by the thundery constellation of recognition provided by lacunae of thought in montage composition.

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<sup>55</sup> Cited in Buck Morss, *Dialectics of Seeing*, 304-305.

The next section deals largely with an event space of writing, reading and the phantasmic objects and images that leak out of this creative writing, housed in ideological (positivist) spaces like the book that temporarily interrupt a ‘magical’ autonomous ‘writerly’ and ‘readerly’<sup>56</sup> pleasurable flow.

## Writing Spaces | Literatures of Submergence

### Writing Absentia

The expressivity of this literature review’s writing now shifts into a mode of absentia. This is, foremost, absentia of the ego of being—a gentle and anonymous act of letting go of form, genre, and the centre of the space. By blurring the lines between the creative and the critical, the exegesis and the artefact, the writer and the reader, the writing invites a fluid tonality evoked by researched concepts or images-of-thought, elicit (explicit) waters; oceans, seas, shores, lakes and all kinds of leakages and ‘sea-pages’ construing (abject) bodily fluids—animal, vegetable, mineral. More than this, the fluids attempt obscurity in tones of submergence. That is to say, the following writing brings another performative condition to its images-of-thinking, becoming expression *with-in* the material-in-common. This submerged expression comes from

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<sup>56</sup> Roland Barthes makes a distinction between the *readerly* (pleasure) text and the *writerly* (bliss) text. The text of *Pleasure* (*plaisir*) and the text of *Jouissance* (*bliss orgasm*) disrupt literary codes allowing for subjective liberations— As stated on the Virginia University e-lab site: “These terms are translated from Barthes’ neologisms *lisible* and *scriptable*, the terms readerly and writerly text mark the distinction between traditional literary works and new works that violate the conventions of realism and thus force the reader to produce a meaning or meanings which are inevitably other than final or “authorized.” The writerly text is a perpetual present, upon which no consequent language (which would inevitably make it past) can be superimposed; the writerly text is ourselves writing, before the infinite play of the world (the world as function) is traversed, intersected, stopped, plasticized by some singular system (Ideology, Genus, Criticism) which reduces the plurality of entrances, the opening of networks, the infinity of languages. Readerly texts, by contrast, are anything but readerly; they are manifestation of The Book. Behind these distinctions lies Barthes’ own aesthetic and political projects.” See: [Ww2.iath.virginia.edu](http://Ww2.iath.virginia.edu). (visited 21 July 2019). See also, Roland Barthes, *The Pleasure of the Text*, Trans. Richard Miller (Farrar, Strauss & Giroux Inc., New York, 1980). Further, Julia Kristeva (whose concept of *abjection* I think with in a later section of this literature review) makes a similar distinction between her concept of *semiotic* unregulated and Symbolic (body of linguistic rules: genre, grammar etc). Kristeva’s *Revolution in Poetic Language* enjoys a subject in process i.e. in oscillations of toing and froing across pre-symbolic (or Semiotic) and Symbolic materialism of language. For further reading please see: Julia Kristeva, *Revolution in Poetic Language*, trans. Margaret Waller, Forward by Leon S. Roudiez (Columbia University Press, New York, 1985).

a choice of fidelity to my researched ‘thinking writing’ legacies—primarily ‘thinking writing’ with Maurice Blanchot, Georges Bataille, Emil Cioran, Hélène Cixous, Julia Kristeva, Friedrich Nietzsche, Lev Shestov and Osamu Dazai—and its performance of (writing) despair as non-dialectically (or Benjamin’s dialecticity) expressed and sourced *in* language and its systems of writing and reading. In this sense, the *I* that writes this section does so by surrendering to the ethos of desubjective submergence. There is a sense or sensation (more accurately) of becoming through a series of ‘drowning’ tonal writing tendencies. It is not my aim to frustrate the reader but to gently lure them into the mixture of ‘drowning’ so that the genuine images-of-thought materialize somehow. Absentia is that ‘drowning’ currency where we are no longer questioning life in relation to our individual selves as constituted by separation from our *others*—animal, vegetable, mineral. Writing’s absentia works into the porous ‘borders’ of ourselves, intermingling discrete subjectivities, and I the authorising (writer, researcher) melts and melds into a myriad of *I, me, she, you, they*, non-instrumental pronominals.

The passage of an infinite movement that goes from writing as an operation to writing as worklessness; a passage that immediately impedes. Writing passes by way of the book, but the book is not that to which it is destined (its destiny). Writing passes through the book, accomplishing itself there even as it disappears there; yet we do not write for the book. The book: a ruse by which writing goes toward the absence of the book.<sup>57</sup>

I had started this research thinking it would be about the future or end of the book. In many ways it still is, as the following material discusses the absence of the book and the coming to writing that goes beyond the canons and commodities of literature. The book ‘remains’ implicitly in how literature-as-translation works toward limits that deconstruct literature’s ends as that of, say, a book or the monumental signs that bring (for Blanchot) closure to literature. The deconstructive heart is still pulsing through my writing, through concepts and experiences of writing despair and suicide. For this reason, I open here with Blanchot’s quote on the path of writing beyond the book as its destiny and into or beyond the book’s absence. The book as a form, system of publishing, event of reading, legacy of building genres, tropes, metaphors

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<sup>57</sup> Maurice Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, trans. Susan Hanson (Minneapolis and London: University of Minnesota Press, 2016), 424.

and clichés—all that orbits the name ‘literature’—is an important starting point for getting closer to my creative source and questioning of despair and suicide with literature-as-translation. Further, the book is also more than these monumental objective realities, it holds a future in the monads and fleeting images of a past that will, have occasion to rise up for readers, blasting a present-to-come—and, disappear, again.

Blanchot will suggest that to write is to produce an absence of the Work in worklessness,<sup>58</sup> which occurs in writing producing itself *in* work and throughout the work. The work for Blanchot will be the event of literature wherein writing absents instrumentality and egoist knowledge that might otherwise predetermine the Writer and intention. There is no intentionality here—no subject that acts on its object, just as in Benjamin’s thinking of our dwelling *in* language that refuses external limits or measure, thereby language contains its own incommensurable, uniquely constituted infinity. The Book itself is not foreseeable although the writing enters into these material forms. Blanchot’s (above quoted) concept of the absence of the book consists of writing demolishing the linear timeframe of the work as a totalisable entity—i.e. as a predetermined form. The work of writing, *in* writing, is fluid and without linear relation between past and present—the book is not its destiny. The absence that Blanchot refers to is a ‘space’ of an infinite presencing whereby the book opens up a passage but ultimately impedes (as an attempt to contain) what it cannot. The work becomes ‘Work’—as in a proper closed canon of literature—accomplishing itself as a (capital) Work but does not stay there forever. The Work is not writing’s destiny. According to Blanchot, the work of writing (and its relations of writer and reader) happens through ‘entering’ the outside, moving

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<sup>58</sup> Blanchot will relate the essence (or in Heidegger’s terms ‘authentic showing’) of the poetics or creative production in relation to *his* writing—to worklessness (in French, *désœuvrement*). This term elicits the infinite movement of writing that goes beyond the destiny of totalized Work (such as the Book, discussed earlier). Rather, this source—that continues on as creative production refuses totality as capital production. *Worklessness* holds passivity and for Blanchot’s writer breaks her into the infinite expressivity passivity of writing without end. See: Maurice Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, trans. Ann Smock (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2015), 25. We can draw correspondences between Blanchot’s ‘source’ as an infinite movement showing in processes of writing the showing of original saying in relation to Heidegger’s thinking on art and essence as cited earlier: For Heidegger, ‘essence,’ is the authenticity of what is in phenomena. See, for example, in “The Origin of the Work of Art” essay, “Origin here means that from and by which something is what it is and as it is. What something is, as it is, we call its essence or nature. The origin of something is the source of its nature.” See: “The Origin of the Work of Art,” 17. Blanchot would suggest this ‘origin’ is *source as expressivity* is the nature of *désœuvrement*.



into a space that evades all meanings, yet it essentializes through reflecting itself in this space of lacking-essence. We would want to think Benjamin's thinking here on 'essentialising' or the 'concrete totalising of experience' as an essentialising coincident to Blanchot. As discussed, prior this is 'essentialising' as the concrete totality of experience is not the conceptual totality of a work but as the minute details that exceed a conceptual totalising schema. The exceeding aligns with an outside, whereby the self is no longer the constitution of a totalisable linear timeframe—but rather the self fragments into pieces, disappearing *in* the work, falling from the totality of the world's totalisable concept. A monad or writing into the limits exists as something *outside* the concept of historicism or canons thought.

The major theme linking Benjamin and Blanchot here is their refusal to understand language as instrumental, or as a transparent device for communicating meanings—communicating ourselves not *by* language but *in* it. *In* language or processes of writing Blanchot's writer is emptied of self-consciousness or subject/object relations. Writing empties us, placing writing (self-other) into a space where nothing becomes the force that opens self-questioning. This reality is significant for this research as *I* follow along its flightpath, entering into a self-questioning that occurs *in* the oceans, seas, airs and skies of writing's 'haunt'.<sup>59</sup> What is the 'self' that comes to questioning in this undemanding space that empties us? As *I* think alongside Franz Kafka *in* Blanchot's conversation, it is a 'self' reflection that negates the consciousness of the writer into a mind that is "not quite thinking."<sup>60</sup> For Blanchot (not quite) thinking pushes an extreme writing limit inviting in|communicable consciousness that renounces its subject and all meanings, a thinking that has lost its faith to what general thinking

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<sup>59</sup> The term 'writing's haunt' conjures a couple of interweaving concepts from Benjamin with Derrida in relation to the 'homelessness of writing' as the 'home' for liberating belonging from fixed terms, symbols and identity markers. That is to say, as discussed earlier, Benjamin's dwelling on the street expands codes of home through displacement and absences of fixed 'street addresses' or rather the open semiotics system of the urban environment translates (poetically) in the transient and ephemeral patterns *in* urban [writing] practices of everyday life through its myriad of occupants. Derrida's 'hauntology' is taken up by architectural theorist Mark Wigley who thinks hauntology spatially, as that which sites origins of place and space as the ongoing deferral (temporal) of occupancies, ghosts and futures-to-come. For further insights on hauntings and writing, 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.

<sup>60</sup> Kafka's thinking 'is not quite a thinking' (*n'est pas non plus tout a fait une pensée*) – Thinking depends and gets 'constructed' by 'fixate' language, however language itself is fluid, it moves, it betrays the system of thinking which it depends. See: Kafka, Franz. *Selected Short Stories of Franz Kafka*. Translated by Willa and Edwin (Muir. New York: Random House, Inc., 1952).

means. We get a sense that Blanchot's loss of faith might find correspondence or resonance to the *in* communication of language of Benjamin's fall-as-redemptive and Heidegger's authentic-with-inauthentic dwelling as discussed prior. Blanchot's incommunicable consciousness or thinking that has lost faith in what general-already-established concepts think, deconstructs the overcoming of contradictions.<sup>61</sup> Rather, everything comes to be, and it is in this authentic realm—a space of literature—where writing begins to happen. The only relation that exists is between the act of writing and the absence of the Work as a totalisable object or enterprise. The (instrumental) Work that demands writing is absented of a totalisable identity as it moves from an operation into writing as worklessness. Here writing and the self un-work 'itself' refusing totality and reveals instead, an infinite rhythm or movement. We can think Derrida's hauntology here with Benjamin's radical historiography. Writing holds these conditions in thinking Blanchot's *écriture* as the ongoing absenting of the writer, making their mastery ultimately 'homeless' *in* the dwelling place of language. *Despair* and *Suicide* come to presence (in languaging) me—in the *I* that writes into writing's haunts, in passive forces that hold no 'social' strictures of mastery. Here *I* dwell without demand, judgment, open to the paroxysm of 'self-questioning'.

The rhythm of **I AM NOT THE SUN**, as mentioned in the Introduction to this research, finds approximation to Blanchot's infinite movement. The creative work does not mark a totalising experience of despair or suicide but opens to a rhythmic movement that uncovers layers of expression attracting impersonal voices that belong 'outside' the totality of the Work. These impersonal voices (or Blanchot's neuter) unveil the heart of the image<sup>62</sup>—a passion *in*

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<sup>61</sup> For Blanchot to overcome is to out-do general thought or the strictures that already oppress us. In this radical out doing we are undergoing the face of reality that haunts us—the strictures of social pressures bringing life into *despair* and *suicide* and rather we face these, without turning away from or aiming at anything beyond. There is nothing saving us, or rather the *saving* exists in the living on expression with despair and suicide as a rhythmic contradiction (affirming life). For Reference on Blanchot's incommunicable see his *The Writing of The Disaster*, Trans. Ann Smock, (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London).

<sup>62</sup> Blanchot's concept of 'image' is one that is held at a distance, always absolutely close and absolutely inaccessible, which opens a neutral space where we no longer act as we cease to be ourselves and wander strangely between *I*, *She* and *no one*. Blanchot invites us to gaze directly upon this disfiguring logic of the image, even of modernity's most mechanical images: if such images seduce us, is it not because they dissimulate the turning away of sight in the offer of vision? Calling us to turn around to see the interval opened up by the image in the heart of the image's own works. The last word belongs to *The Writing of the Disaster*: "The image exerts the attraction of the void, and of death in its falsity (leurre)." As cited in Marie-Claire, Ropars-Wuilleumier. "On unworking: The

and *of* writing that fades the void of language—bringing surface and depth to non-contradictory ‘appearance’ or ‘image’. The complexity of this non-contradictory image of Blanchot’s outside holds resonance to Benjamin’s earlier discussed non-dualism of past entering the present and Heidegger’s authentic saying in language: A non-dualism that concerns knowledge and experience in the one—in immediacy of its happening and surrounds; a dialectical crossroads akin to positivism and magic, interpretation and translation, or reality and its image that unleashes something (a monad, a crystal, a bolt into the rhythmic infinite processes of a future-to-come) from the reality of the world, which—this heart of the image (I think expression)—exposes its negation towards the outside. In the neutral (expressive) space of literature the writer dilutes (or empties) *herself* in the act of writing and experiences thoughts that are incommunicable, an accomplishment that has ‘nothing’ inside, an abyssal movement that will never be confined because there is always nothing more or more of nothing that is out of comprehension and, thus it is an accomplishment that is accomplished through its incompleteness because writing is inevitably unfinished—unsatisfied.<sup>63</sup> The instance of writing interrupts a separation between the writer and *herself*. She now dwells *in* writing, as its event. This in-dwelling-space reveals the veil—or ruse of—transcendence as a place from where our identity of same and otherness come from. Rather, for Blanchot and for this researcher, otherness is not an interrupted space *in* writing. We continue in its presencing. Writing’s worklessness reduces the writer to a phantom that shifts from the self to no longer self, from place to no longer a place, where the façade is no longer important, and it bonds with an affirmation of being no longer.<sup>64</sup> The writing that exceeds ‘itself’—moving from Work to work’s worklessness—exposes silences as unspeakable. Although it is ungraspable it leaves

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Image in Writing according to Blanchot.” In *Maurice Blanchot, The Demand of Writing*, trans. Carolyn Bayley Gill (London: Routledge, 1996) 150.

<sup>63</sup> A book always stops unfinished—the book is a void that marks the work’s unfinished quality as the work within the book belongs to an infinite movement or, a, space that is absence incomplete (as the opening Blanchot quote for this section ‘Writing’s Absentia’ and our prior discussion suggests), *The Infinite Conversation*, 424.

<sup>64</sup> *No Longer Human* is a work expressed through the form of notebook. It is a story about a protagonist who is weak, timid, a failed human and the book induces awareness of the ‘dark’ side, of suicidal, marginal people, the weak and the façade of our society. It is a story of a disqualified man. Dazai, Osamu, *No Longer Human*, Trans. Donald Keene (New York: New Directions, 1958).

a trace of an event—this event is the *I* who has no authority to myself as *I* am merely a trace of the radical passivity of nothing.<sup>65</sup>

## Neuter—Despair’s Empty Haunt

The idea of absence in Blanchot’s terms is a principle of effacement that erases all relations separating out self, writing or book. It is an impersonal state that is exterior to the subject, and a function for inviting the occurrence of possibility with impossibility. Writing is an act that operates outside of the Book, it is a realm that exceeds itself and decentres itself through not being inside the book, as it is always outside of its subject of the book or subjectivity as a totalisable schema. My form of identity in researching writing (with) despair and suicide no longer holds as totalisable under proper names or statements of fixed origin (my birth place, birth date, my photo-ID, my passport, my street address, my country of origin or present living, my parents, my first or second language, etc). All these ‘my’s are only possible in the impossibility that expresses relations without separation, without ownership. Rather the borders constituting my despair and suicidal desires reside as unfixed, crystal monads that exceed the totalisable schema of human form—this is how correlation across the form or image of a Book and Subject *as* Objective can be thought for this research. The absence of the book is thus a moment of absence without form, without binaries or linearity; it is simply absence itself that “revokes all continuity of presence, just as it evades the questioning conveyed by the book.”<sup>66</sup> What else can literature be when “the book is a ruse by which writing goes toward the absence of the book”<sup>67</sup>—what is this invisible event even producing? It is a work calling for its origin that is without names and frames? It is unspeakable and ungraspable for us. Does its invisible and ungraspable event arrive or ‘speak’ to others that neglects all rules in this world? Are absence and hallucinations speaking without the audible and interpretable material?

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<sup>65</sup> Radical passivity is the voice from the beyond, a voice which is without voids, a passive voice that is often hard to hear; the passion proper to it, or enveloping its proper action, is an action of inaction, an effect of non-effect. See: Thomas Carl Wall, *Radical Passivity, Levinas, Blanchot, and Agamben*. (State University of New York Press, 1999).

<sup>66</sup> Maurice Blanchot, *The Station Hill Blanchot reader: fiction & literary essays*, trans. Lydia Davis, Paul Auster, & Robert Lamberton (New York: Station Hill Press, Inc./Barrytown, Ltd, 1999), 472.

<sup>67</sup> Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, 424.

Is this tragic for the writer? A writer who is at the edge of the work—and her world? Is *she* ruined? Have *her* feet become immobilized or are these edges of writing a ruination that mutilates all possibilities opening to other impossible affirmations? The writer enters a state of affirmation through the work that requires *her* to succumb *herself* to the work as the writer belongs to the work, but what ‘belongs’ to the Writer is only a Book. The work that demands the writer to renounce *her* status and prevents *her* from speaking, opens the work through a violent beginning and orientates *her* into an absence that has no guarantee for a finished work. This is an “untenable position,”<sup>68</sup> (isn’t it?) as it gives no meanings but a trace of the surviving of the *useless I* through an anonymous affirmation that allows the silence to speak through the writer. It situates the *I* into a passive being that connects to the silence of the work which is an intimate moment of the work that can only be experienced through writing or reading.

## A Space of Encountering for Reader and Writer—Unforeseen Generosity in Originary Saying

Writing that is absent from the work would eventually pass towards the form of book, and the book is what has been written when the work is no longer making its demands to the *I* to write. Thus, the written ceases to have a relation with the writer and it escapes the name of the *I* because it is a work that belongs to the voice of the impersonal and anonymous. The writer is merely the first reader of the book.<sup>69</sup> The work makes its own decision of kicking the writer out of work when the creativity juice has been drained. It cuts the writer out from writing by making *her* the ‘survivor’ and ‘without work’. There is no possibility for the writer to cling on to writing for an extended period of time because once the writing has been written it begins to reveal its personality of “Noli Me legere”<sup>70</sup>—a touch-me-not attitude that separates the writer and the work as it puts the writer back into *her* day and life. It is a repetition for the writer as *she* must wait for or seek the work’s next demand to come into being. The book becomes an event for encountering, creating a space that unfolds time’s (linear) absence, and

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<sup>68</sup> The untenable position is a self-negating position which is “wanting to possess the ungraspable whole, its opposite”. See: Georges Bataille, *Inner Experience*, trans. Leslie Anne Boldt (New York: State University of New York, 1988), xvi.

<sup>69</sup> Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, 200.

<sup>70</sup> Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, 23.

the reader animates (or crystallises) the meanings of the words in the book. The reader reads with an indifference towards the writer, and unlike the writer, the reader enters the nothingness through an external object that ought to distance reality from the book, and the reader allows the book to be. It is like a maze that is completed through incompleteness, as both the reader and the writer enter the space of literature through different doors.<sup>71</sup>

The reader participates in the work through a struggle that the writer experiences (themes of despair and suicide for example), forming an intimacy between the reader and the writer. It is the space of the work's demand where both the writer and reader renounce themselves into an impersonal affirmation. The reader has to remove *herself* from all definitions that define her, becoming an anonymous entity that encounters the work through the book. The book needs a reader to fulfil the status of the book; reading affirms the work without producing anything, as reading is an innocent act which happens before comprehension begins because it is not (self-)interested in pursuing the meanings of the words. That is to say, a reader entering into Blanchot's space of literature, enters without judgement, without overlaying totalised sameness. The ethics of this space is to negotiate one's disappearance and here *I* find myself as writer, reader and even that which is constructed out of a 'book' (like my creative work volume and the exegesis) entering the research in 'faith' to 'fall' outside disingenuous rhetoric on despair and suicide 'rescuism'. Reading without self-interests, slips into the work through an open violence and then reaches to a centre that is tranquil and silent, "the calm centre of measureless excess, the silent yes at the eye of every storm."<sup>72</sup> Reading is an innocent freedom, a moment of creativity that creates nothing, and when the reader reads with a heart that "welcomes the book,"<sup>73</sup> it says *yes* to the book and lets the work affirm itself through the eyes of the reader. The reader inaugurates the work with the absence of anyone and simultaneously everything is fulfilled because the reader has perceived the generosity of the work. The work in here transforms the suffering into innocence and "for every shred of text there is joy of plenitude,

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<sup>71</sup> Creative writing as maze becomes the lure which endlessly traps the prey of the work. The reader and writer both fall into the ruse of language, the trap of the self as a naked state which is bare vacuum.

<sup>72</sup> Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, 196.

<sup>73</sup> Blanchot, 196.

the sure evidence of complete success, the revelation of the unique work: inevitable, unforeseen.”<sup>74</sup>

## Writing Begins, Or How Do *I* Write?

### Questioning Suicide for the Italicized *I*

[S]he who fights with monsters should be careful lest [s]he thereby becomes a monster. And if thou gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will also gaze into thee.<sup>75</sup>

The voices of the thinkers (writers-in-common) constitute the spirit in me, they echo in me as if *I* am hollow within, and *I* excavate the empty space into a burrow.<sup>76</sup> The idea of digging an interiority threw me into a world of language that is obscure, with a delirium of words that are beyond the surfaces of their own meaning.<sup>77</sup> It is an underworld that runs without the regulations of the day, producing notes from this underground<sup>78</sup> asking: Is suicide possible? With these suicidal-grammars that construct the outside to my everyday gestures and thoughts, any unintentional act might tempt me into my own grave. *I* opt to dwell in this literature—to question the limits of myself in the face of my own despair and suicidal thoughts. Can I kill

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<sup>74</sup> Blanchot, 196.

<sup>75</sup> Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*, trans. Walter Kaufmann (NY: Random House, Inc., 1966), 89.

<sup>76</sup> A metaphor borrowed from Kafka’s unfinished story, *The Burrow* – The *I* seeks for a space to burrow (writing / reading) in order to hide myself, in order to be private yet there might be others, enemies hidden in the middle of the burrow too and, *I* have to save myself and run back to the surface, at the border line of burrow | outer which is exposed to the sun, day, public. The burrow isn’t a space that is entirely safe, when *I* think my burrow *I* am worried, anguished, *I* want a safe space where *I* can explore without days and norms, but it rolls back with another larger fear, *I* imagine enemies, *I* dig deeper because of my own fear, to avoid all enemies, but the hold became the burrow of fear. The idea of ‘underground’ | ‘basement’ is indifferent to *my burrow*, it is a burrow of paradox, *I* am suffocating in the burrow and still breathing the air from the outside. Franz Kafka, *Selected Short Stories of Franz Kafka*, trans. Willa and Edwin Muir (New York: Random House, Inc., 1952).

<sup>77</sup> I refer the reader back to my earlier discussion of Benjamin and Heidegger on the instrumentalism of language as something we merely communicate *through*. As though language were a mere shell and words existed as diary entries without other modes of *communicating* ontological expressivity.

<sup>78</sup> A concept borrowed from Dostoyevsky’s existentialist novel, *Notes from Underground*—The note is a cry from the underground, the burning burrow. The self-narcissistic-destructive ill person flaring in screams. It is a voice from the impossibility of society, as it is impossible for a mad person to remain at the surface. Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes from Underground*, trans. Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky (New York: First Vintage Classics Edition, 1994).

myself? This is a legitimate question as something to be written, thought before thought collapses into a ready-made predetermined answer. It is an infinite question in this writing—Writing Despair.

This situation is itself abundant because it is more than what *I* am capable of conceiving—yet it exists as a question *in* (me *in*) language. It is not a question of calling *herself* to suicide, but to concern the self with suicide as an awakening of the threshold of the writing. Its departure points where *her* experience is the most climactic and where it ceases to hide itself and ruptures and thus enables excess, a leakage from the intention of tearing the self apart. This experience of extremity is an inner experience that pushes the limits of experience or endurance. *Inner experience* is a term by 20<sup>th</sup> century French literary figure Georges Bataille that encompasses trying to touch upon the impossibility by placing emphasis on exhausting the subject by stretching|desubjectifying the self, in order to reach a point in life that is impossible to live. The life of impossible living is a non-dialectical contradiction, where self-stretched extends beyond the social (strictures) of everyday life. The question of killing oneself performs an interesting construal of ‘suicide’ as it is not a suicide of a totalisable self, but rather a self de-subjectifying from out of the binaries of mind/body or high/low social mores and idealisms. It strives for something much more akin to Leibniz’s monadism, and Spinoza’s mode, neutral monism and substance—not a rationalism but an experience of existence as a thing-in-itself.<sup>79</sup>

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<sup>79</sup> I refer the reader back to my earlier discussion with Walter Benjamin and the legacy of both Leibniz and Spinoza in his theory on language and history. As discussed earlier, Benjamin’s theory of language is not a causality, but an expressivity. This notion of “expression” has to be understood in relation to Benjamin’s reading of Leibniz, and the use made of key Leibnizian concepts such as the monad and “expression.” See, on Leibniz, Gilles Deleuze, *Expressionism*, 325-335. As Deleuze notes: What is common to Leibniz and Spinoza is the criticism of Cartesian clarity-and-distinctness, as applying to recognition and to nominal distinctions, rather than to true knowledge through real reflection. Real knowledge is discovered to be a *kind* of expression ... We are ourselves ideas, by virtue of our expressive capacity.” And a few sentences later: “It is possible, moreover, that real causality is established and reigns only in certain regions of this world of noncausal correspondences, and actually presupposes it. ... If we then ask what concept can account for such a correspondence, that of expression appears to do so. ... Expression takes its place in the heart of the individual, in his soul and in his body, his passions and his actions, his causes and his effects. And Leibniz by *monad*, no less than Spinoza by *mode*, understands nothing other than an individual as an expressive centre.” Deleuze explains that there are three elements to Leibniz’s notion of expression; what is expressed, what expresses itself and the expression itself. Deleuze notes: “The paradox is that ‘what is expressed’ *has no existence* outside its expression, yet bears no resemblance to it, but relates *essentially* to what expresses itself as distinct from the expression itself.”



These earlier (17<sup>th</sup> century metaphysical) thinkers of immanence are here continued in Batailles's thinking as he questions the limits (or stretches of) self and experience to complete otherness, because to question is to address the insufficiency or incompleteness in the question itself. This thought of questioning is inherent through the processes of thinking-expressivity as writing-in-itself, and questions difference from the structures of predetermined and causal agency. In this sense the process of thinking-writing does not regard the outcome, but instead is a fundamental experience of the neutral<sup>80</sup> as it is movement that attaches thought and existence together. Questioning is a space that gives opportunity to the invisible, a space that is almost abyssal, which is without lights and a turning point that refuses | ceases the *I* to think in a conventional way as this space of darkness does not search for lights (or any instrumental switches).

Perhaps the italicized *I* is a being of question or a questioning of becoming that recognizes insufficiency, whereby it is a questioning where the answer is not pursued because it already subsists within the essence of the question itself. As Blanchot suggests: "The question questions us in this detour that turns us from it, and from ourselves."<sup>81</sup> In doctoral research we are 'asked' to elicit the research question to which I've discovered writing [with] despair and suicide that expresses literature-as-translation at the limits of an *I* who is bound with-in questioning her de|subjective expressivity within the work, leaping *I* away from all predetermined answers. The answer does not determine the question, it subsists within the question which only works to enclose the question when the time has arrived. This undefined place escapes all dialectical possibility creating a neutral space that affirms the sovereignty of the question. The neutral space—in this case of writing despair—provides no rational or totalised answers because it is no longer needed. The questioning of expressivity (despair, suicide, translation, writing, *I*) exist in the neutral and anonymous space of literature. It shifts from here to there, to a nowhere, in a place that lacks evidence for a result to happen and thus—arrives as—otherness.

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<sup>80</sup> Blanchot and Bataille on neutrality finds proximity or lineage from B. Spinoza's concept of neutral monism in relation to substance, that deconstructs mind/body split and views life as substance where mind and physical are different neutral components of organizing the same stuff of life. See, on Spinoza, Gilles Deleuze *Expressionism*.

<sup>81</sup> Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, 15.

This research ‘relies’ on the question of suicide, whereby the desire to think-write of death throws *me* into an excessive expressivity, when *I* am facing (the plain and rational) facts that everyone is mortal, and thinking of suicide does not make *me* understand death, because death is unthinkable. There’s nothing further than ‘death’—Is it that the word ‘death’ is so unthinkable that the word itself imposes a limit on the event? That is to say, there is nothing more to think beyond the event. It provokes the consciousness of an incomplete singularity when *I* desires it—death—and, not wanting to become myself, *I* fall into an experience of absence (dying) in writing. Absence ‘produces’ silence that puts *I* into the situation of waiting, it is a situation of waiting for something to come, waiting for death to arrive, yet absence has no result other than its passive force that is completely out of place. Though in itself absence’s productive silence speaks of life and affirmation. Productivity holds a generative experience that goes on interminably in the life of writing’s infinite movement. It holds no object to fixate its workless expression. It is an incompleteness that is unable to be filled; it is, in Blanchot’s words—the neuter. This incompleteness is perhaps opening the greatest points of gravity that has brought *me* into a blind spot that outsources negative passion which urges tearing *in* me. Dark, blind, obscure, excessive, its gravitational force pulls though without grounding, instead, abyss steps in me.

## Lyricism in Dionysus

The consciousness of the *I* is awakened through the affirmation<sup>82</sup> of being mortal. It is a recognition of death and its limit and the *I* refuses to subordinate to what makes life ‘successful’, because of the event of death’s encounter. ‘Successful’ living rubs against the grain of this *I* for its exclusionary forces—rejecting ‘me’ and placing at its ‘normative’ social heart my question as to what makes success in life matter? What materialises from materialism? The question of myself as matter seems irrelevant to ‘success’ as it contains only social ideals and ideologies that remove my matter from (Platonically installed) ideals. Are ‘we’ humans still

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<sup>82</sup> Affirmation – Nietzsche’s advocacy of using love as a procedure to get to the heart of a thing is an act of self-affirmation, as he believed that to love is to embrace the suffering of life, to affirm rather than ignore the weakness of the self – it is through love that one becomes their true self, and full of creativity. Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Will to Power*, trans. Walter Kaufman and R. J. Hollingdale (New York: Random House. Inc. 1967), 532 – 533.

living in the shadows of Platonic thought? It feels that such proper citizenship excludes the excessive, abject and nihilistic or de-subjective *I*: *I* renounce *my* citizenship—sinking its ship—ordering myself into self-without-self imposed exile, on the ex-‘P’-sle of futility. A uselessness experience<sup>83</sup> that is without proper borders, or ends, envelops the *I* into an infinite nothingness. Cioran’s voice performs its shadow in the wake of Zarathustra<sup>84</sup> embracing a Dionysian<sup>85</sup> tendency, practicing the affirmation of life, swallowing together good and bad, experiencing pleasures within life’s pain and making life a source that nourishes creativity. Nietzsche will suggest that Dionysian energies embrace fundamentals of life through animalistic agonies and unbearable truth. What does it mean to be born into a world where decaying is truth? Am *I* supposed to confront this with a positive heart that neglects all negative shades? Or is decay that which materialises time and space, neither positive, nor negative, just immanent life living—as in the legacy of Spinozian-Leibnizian-Benjaminian expression (of language) as noncausal, in itself—indifferent. *I* am subjectivity of tears, torn apart, a self-undergoing dangers, cruelty, barbaric, Dionysian forces. These forces perform affirmations through an event of *I*-writing that tears, in pieces, having no possibility of returning to a totalised concept of the world. For Nietzsche, life recycles, endlessly circulating, eternal recurrences where suffering and lamentation, despair and grotesque materialise through history’s looping,

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<sup>83</sup> The ‘useless’ experience without-ends would not be an *apriori* predeterminable condition. I think here with Georges Bataille and his concept of *useless expenditure* operational as a general economy (in difference to a restricted economy) where wealth becomes something to expel within a *gift* economy. Bataille links destruction of excess outside productive activity. We think of the radical passivity of Blanchot here with Bataille’s own writing at this time housing a critique of bourgeoisie society and its attachment to materialist accumulation. Bataille’s general economy, the concept of the gift and useless expenditure relate him to ritual, sacrifice and profanation. The significance here is how these different writers-in-common come to think living outside the strictures or prefiguration of a will to mastery or attachment. To be wholly other has no figure, form, stricture and could be construed as living without-use. We are aware of Marxist ‘use’ and ‘surplus’ value as distinct from ‘exchange’ value, and locate something other here beyond the modes of capital production at the heart of Marxism in my mobilizing of ‘useless’. See Georges Bataille on useless expenditure and the gift in ‘Sacrificial Mutilations’ 1930 and *Theory of Religion* (1946) and then the famous ‘Accursed Share’. Georges Bataille, “Sacrificial Mutilation and the Severed Ear of Vincent Van Gogh,” trans. Allan Stoekl, *Visions of Excess*, ed. Allan Stoekl (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1985), 61-72; Georges Bataille, *The Accursed Share Vol I: An Essay on General Economy: Consumption*, Robert Hurley, trans., (Zone Books, 1991); Georges Bataille, *The Accursed Share Vols II and III: An Essay on General Economy: The History of Eroticism (vol II); Sovereignty (vol III)*, Robert Hurley, trans., (Zone Books, 1993); Bataille, George, *Theory of Religion*, Robert Hurley, trans., (Zone Books, 1992).

<sup>84</sup> Zarathustra is a character in Nietzsche’s book *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, an ancient Iranian-speaking spiritual leader and ethical philosopher who taught a spiritual philosophy of self-realization and the realization of the Divine. See: Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, trans. R. J. Hollingdale (Middlesex: Penguin Books Ltd, 1961).

<sup>85</sup> Dionysian spirit is a term or metaphor used by Nietzsche to describe drunkenness and ecstasy, as Dionysus was the Greek God of Wine. See: Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

endlessly. Affirmation circulates disharmony in life unconditionally no matter how distorted life is. The rhythm of this affirmation with disharmonies such as despair with suffering, lamentation, grotesque, move writing as a creative expression that holds no separate barrier from life and creative expression. Rather, writing follows the forces of the lyrical or rhythmic affirmation, expressing suffering, despair and suicide in ways that hold genuine Dionysian forces, generative, eternal recurrences, ongoing and infinite in their movement. This lyricism is also found in the work of Emil Cioran where expressivity comes rhythmically in spirit to externalize the internal frenzies, using writing's lyrical capacities as conditions that express illness and suffering—externally, exorcistic-ally. The lyrical mode of expression melts voids through intensive contact with a subjective inner rupture in order to give chance for creative energies to occur. There is no choice for Cioran's writing except to express the incapacity for controlling illness and suffering, rather their intensive states burst of overwhelming power. As Cioran suggests here: "To be lyrical means that you cannot stay closed up inside yourself"<sup>86</sup> In proximity to Cioran's lyrical expressivity, the rhythms of my unmanageable illnesses, flourish suffering's affirmative melting as the suffering refuses to hibernate expanding the deepest core for becoming in writing. Cioran suggests lyricism has a savage and barbaric expression, exploiting pain and suffering into its movement and limits, refusing masks. Lyricism's savagery eats binaries of inside/outside, interior/exterior and is "beyond forms and systems."<sup>87</sup> The rhythmic lyrical savagery construes rawness in that it never rests or arrests, rather it continues on indifferent to protocols of rescue.

As a writing practice the noncausal, indifferent, savagery inaugurates my rhythmic expressivity as an *I* that becomes anonymous and neutral to an apparent internal pressure and external worlds. *I* am lost in the flesh of my own expression. My writing writes my flesh. I find correspondence to this *écriture féminine* or writing-body with French feminist literary-philosophical practitioners such as Hélène Cixous who suggests that the energy necessary for the literary act of writing is corporeal and raw, taking from her (each and every time) "a pound

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<sup>86</sup> Emil Cioran, *On the Heights of Despair*, trans. Ilinca Zarifopol-Johnston (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1992), 21.

<sup>87</sup> Cioran, *On the Heights of Despair*, 22.

of [her] flesh,”<sup>88</sup>—writing-as-‘self’-cannibalism. Writing that sprouts suffering, despair and suicide, leak out the internal affirmation of the writer’s existence. It allows the events of self-sustaining and self-cannibalistic writing practice to *be* without subordinating to the chain / rule of the dominate language. It offers the *I* who writes the power to exceed boundaries and translates *I* into the voice of *another*. Leaking is not a border but a rupture to borders *per se*. Through urges of expressivity the research aligns its affirmative Dionysian spirit with a Nietzschean style of saying *YES* to the hardcore life that tortures the *I*. This affirmation provides the *I* a vision of ecstasy that opens up a possible glimpse of the “metaphysical trance.”<sup>89</sup> Writing’s eternal recurrence,<sup>90</sup> produces life living into a world that has no transcendent existence of inside/outside binary, therefore holds not concept of escape. This concept of writing’s incessant or infinite rhythm submerges egos and their transcendental ideals. Instead there is nothing beyond its submerged world, and life is a loop of living embracing beyond good and evil. The eternal return of writing’s infinite rhythm understands the world as imperfection, offering acceptance and enhancement by life offers, embodying all good or bad into the attitude of living. It is both a yes to life, and a love of life.

My formula for greatness in people is *amor fati*: that a person wants nothing different—not forward, not backward, not in all eternity. It is not simply to cope with what is necessary, still less to hide it ... but love it.<sup>91</sup>

## The Dramatized, Explosive, and Excessive

An internal *I*, fed by its crisis and negativity of the totalised self, cannibalises the individual to

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<sup>88</sup> Hélène Cixous, "Shakespeare Ghosting Derrida," *Oxford Literary Review* 34, no. 1 (2012): 9, <https://doi.org/10.3366/olr.2012.0027>.

<sup>89</sup> Cioran, *On the Heights of Despair*, 52.

<sup>90</sup> Eternal recurrence is a Nietzschean theory that the universe and all existence and energy has been recurring and will continue to recur an infinite number of times across infinite time or space. Like a Dionysus method: "Dionysus cut to pieces is a promise of life: it will be eternally reborn and return again from destruction." Writing-in-groundless-solitude is a confession, a manifestation of courage, an *amor fati* (love of fate), an honesty that never betrays the *I* – only then is the pure idleness possible. Nietzsche first mentioned the idea of Eternal recurrence in Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science: with a prelude in rhymes and an appendix of songs*, trans. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Random House, Inc., 1974), 273.

<sup>91</sup> Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Anti-Christ, Ecce Homo, Twilight of the Idols, and Other Writings*, trans. Judith Norman (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005), 35.

let the inner-‘self’ grow and gravitate towards its innermost. A dramatizing gesture gives weight to (Dionysian) chaos enhancing wounds of *I*, allowing unfathomable internal engagements with flesh itself. The writer traps *herself* into dramatizing *her* own crisis, yet falls into the submergence of inner flesh, of no name, no origin. Stimulation collides with hesitation, on an edge that is less than sharp or certain. This edge is hesitancy’s stimulation and *she* leans into it, asking: Should *I* jump (out) from here, now, to performing a public act ... and nothing more? From what inside to outside is this ‘here’ *she* asks? Suicidal thoughts tempt, murmuring incessantly, (in) *me*. Too demanding, suicidal thoughts are more than a self can think, arising spontaneously or involuntarily. These thoughts orientate to their own self-questioning and self-temptation. They are part of the annihilation of the self and thereby bring the self into question as to what, where or who this being is. Is *my* temptation a desire to perform an act of self-love or to victimize the self, construing myself targeted by a normalised world? Cioran replies *in me*, now, “Only optimists commit suicide, the optimists who can no longer be ... optimists. The others, having no reason to live, why should they have any to die?” Ah, yes, *I* say. Writing joins us—binds us. Cioran and *I* agree that life and death is not a reasonable binary. There is no positivist urge for us, no optimistic mania. Rather than letting death be *my* ego’s salvation, why don’t I write [with] suicidal and despairing temptation, tempting limits of thought, translating desire into a literature-as-translation. Moving infinitely to these limits, *I* become submerged into the dramatized limits of fictioning, exceeding any totalised self of life/death optimism. *I* (with-in Cioran and here comes Bataille again) enter willingly into writing’s dramatically excessive rhythms.

If we didn't know how to dramatize, we wouldn't be able to leave ourselves. We would live isolated and turned in on ourselves. But a sort of rupture-in anguish-leaves us at the limit of tears: in such a case we lose ourselves, we forget ourselves and communicate with an elusive beyond.<sup>92</sup>

With Bataille’s inner experience that ruptures *me*, writing holds the elusive bond for expressing despair and suicide without anguish. Tonally obscure, writing’s ruptures into an infinite and obscure conversation, breaking my linearity into the distributed spaces of liminal *I*. I become

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<sup>92</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 11.

a threshold-*I*, peaking conflict, ghosting madness that ‘holds’ my haunted writer’s hand<sup>93</sup> with an *I* movement submerged in shades of shadowy becoming. In this space of literature-of-my-despairing-translation, shadows emerge as fascination. This is Blanchot’s fascination too—neither of this state or that, but of the ungraspable, unmasterable way unconcealing the mystery of living. Mystery and fascination are not holdable except in the mirage of a ‘word’s’ appearance. Or to be more rigorous here, appearance (of *the* word) gives the illusion of static meanings, yet in every object of thought a shadow carries the appearance of its light (truth) into the cast of obscurity. Blanchot’s space of literature is full of shadow and obscurity.<sup>94</sup> Dramatising *I* breaks the skin of the self and generates excessive leakage or rupture from wounding. Blanchot’s ungraspable fascination writes through exceeding a self (—an authority or writer of mastery), exceeding mastery of totalised author and ‘we’ become *I* without-figure. Here *I* distance myself asking: Who is I? In this question I fall, losing my totalised subjective reality, entering shadow that exceeds me, leakages of an *I*-broken-vessel. My creative writing practice surrenders, entering an experience of writing’s submerging fascination. I drown and

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<sup>93</sup> In Blanchot’s *The Space of Literature*, he uses the term *tyrannical prehension*, describing the hand that keeps on writing and will not let go—as it ‘holds’ no cognition or recognition of holding (as a dominating concept). Blanchot’s writer, or at least the true ability to break from mastery is to break from the diurnal (dialectical) return of the day/night Work or Book as destiny, and to enter into the pure expression of our essential solitude and radical passivity where principles of power and master are essentially undermined by shadow play, porous and uncertain edges and their 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*.” See: Maurice Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*. trans. by Ann Smock. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska, 1982), 25.

<sup>94</sup> In what I’ve described already with respect to Blanchot’s spaces of literature as shadowy and generative of endless fascination with respect to the impossibility for life being fully disclosing at any point in time and space—and, instead unconcealed as ungraspable. The shadowy recesses of writing never reveal apparent objective truth, rather it reveals objective-truth cannot be got to. This, for my research and in alignment with Blanchot’s thinking, holds a fascination with that which exists as infinitely beguiling—writing generates such fascination and gives a radically passive appearance to this ‘face’ of ungraspable infinite becoming. Such thinking echoes Heidegger’s ‘truth as Aletheia’ and Blanchot is indebted to Heidegger here. Heidegger’s truth as Aletheia exists as moments of truth appearing through concealment—*truth-as-unconcealing-in-the-withdraw-of-being*. Truth becomes a showing (movement) in shadows of concealment i.e. *only* in relation to what appears. We can think spatially here in many ways—such as the figure of a Möbius strip that holds its contours in the Same (strip) yet produces surfaces that both illuminate and conceal in the same moment. *Aletheia* for ancient Greek’s is [*she*] Goddess of Truth, translating ‘truth’ as unconcealment. Heidegger thinks this ‘truth’ with Ancient Greek thinking, ontologically. Heidegger’s *Aletheia* is disclosed in the following text in relation to artistic processes, “The Origin of the Work of Art” in *Basic Writings: Martin Heidegger*, ed. David Farrell Krell (London: Routledge, 1978), 140-212. Also see Jacques Derrida, ‘Aletheia’, *Oxford Literary Review* 32, no. 2 (1 December 2010): 169, <https://doi.org/10.3366/olr.2010.0102>.

survive otherwise—"I write without seeing that I write, what I write."<sup>95</sup> Writing surpasses its 'own' gesturing, refusing the (authorial) I within the dynamic of the gesture. It is an experience within the experiencing. Bataille will add to Blanchot's shadowy fascination that the experience cannot point to form any longer. There is no discrete appearance of a writer acting on its apparent object of writing. Rather writing's shadows submerge without form/content markers, "as if, dying, it had refused with its last movement to fall into the void,"<sup>96</sup> a refusal of commitment to a form. The contents of my body-in-writing leak from the cracks in my real (everyday) reality, yet refuses to acknowledge the striated spaces of a cracked shell. The body of this writing performs absence of form—or rather, *I* lose the ability to see cracks *as* societal cracks. Instead my creative writing generates despair with suicide as fluid *I* releasing me from societal binary confinement. The force of excessiveness ejaculates *I* out of her-self as *I* am worthless waste, good for discarding. I am no longer human.<sup>97</sup> My defects blend and vanished together, putting *I* into lines-of-words, piling up the fictioning excrement, no longer anything but—as Cioran's writing despair so eloquently puts 'it': "that profound innocence of the human heart through which it is able to describe, in its irresistible fall all the way to its ruin, a pure line."<sup>98</sup> I am genuinely moved by his generosity. Cioran's writing despair spatialises my ruins of a-social excrement and other waste products into a pure line——gifted by innocence in becoming human. The sentiment or bridging between Cioran's writing space and Blanchot's runs above Dazai's suicidal river—and Bataille stands above, somewhere between sky, banks, bridge and river. Dazai's *No Longer Human* might appear as a suicide manual for those forsaken by Modernity (and today its 'late' Post-modernity shadows), of youth wandering in

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<sup>95</sup> Blanchot's concept of 'Literature and the Right to Death' is a significant concept working through this research and becomes most powerfully mobilized in the Design of Study Chapter of this exegesis in relation to my 'methodology of an unmade bed.' The key movement is one of disappearance of the ungraspable side (or slope) to language installed or made potential by literature (poetry). Here the slope of literature 'shows' disappearance as an ontological condition of being human, revealing the 'shadowy' and blinded side to that of instrumentally 'used' language (as a mere communication tool). In this ungraspable movement that literature 'shows', the concept of death as an ongoing 'reality' of life echoes. Working other to the need to make life secure and certain, Blanchot's concept affirms the embrace of disappearance as a daily phenomenon. In Blanchot's seminal text, *The Space of Literature*, he describes literature's right to death as a writing without trace, whereby writing undergoes a vision that is blinded and gestures to that of a blindman. Writing is an I without authority. The writing which exceeds exterior/interior, exceeding authority: "and when I order it to write, it will trace words to which I will not have consented" Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, 131.

<sup>96</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 39.

<sup>97</sup> Dazai, Osamu, *No Longer Human*, Trans. Donald Keene (New York: New Directions, 1958).

<sup>98</sup> Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, 145.



an alienating landscape that holds nothing for them. We are no longer human given the social landscape holds little connection. Dazai's river invites the alienated—'no longer'—unable to bear its profound innocence—its heart stops except for the reviving lines by Dazai, drawing us out, drawing the purity of where 'we' belong. My creative writing invites despair in the figure of *I* that swims beneath Dazai's lines, submerging myself into the depths of everyday (inner experiences produced by) repetitious life. *I*-write, "deciding to make use of fictions, I dramatize being, I lacerate its solitude, and in this laceration, I communicate."<sup>99</sup> Creative writing practices *I* repetitively on ceasing to live until ultimately this unbearable invitation invites violence into thinking, reaching with Bataille, into its inner limits to rupture my (exterior) existence and *I* witness excessiveness as the only truthful space to experience—submerging me into writing's inner experiencing.

## Ecstatic Abjection

Abjection—at the crossroads of phobia, obsession, and perversion—shares in the same arrangement. The loathing that is implied in it does not take on the aspect of hysteric conversion; the latter is the symptom of an ego that, overtaken by a "bad object," turns away from it, cleanses itself of it, and vomits it. In abjection, revolt is completely within being. Within the being of language. Contrary to hysteria, which brings about, ignores, or seduces the symbolic but does not produce it, the subject of abjection is eminently productive of culture... Its symptom is the rejection and reconstruction of languages.<sup>100</sup>

*I* am not sure how my creative writing might take part in the production of culture. *I* do not enter into subjective abjection with any such knowledge. However, as philosopher, semiotician and psychoanalyst Julia Kristeva notes above, abject practices symptomatically reveal through signs of rejection and reconstruction of languages. In language *I* dwell as literature-translation crossroads. *I* have heard that my writing excessively leaks abjection. Edging erotically, challenges concepts of normal everyday life, rejecting it and producing despair and suicide as

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<sup>99</sup> Georges Bataille, *On Nietzsche*, trans. Bruce Boone (London: Paragon House, 2004), 107.

<sup>100</sup> Julia Kristeva, *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection*, trans. Leon S. Roudiez (New York: Columbia University Press, 1982), 45.

affirmative reconstructions with-in the spaces of literature. *I* contaminate things she touches. Here, languages consensually touch rotten and foul and abject semiotics that compliment versatility. Going along with Kristeva's thought-image, abjection reconstructs in rejecting authority, shocking and shattering our cultured systems. Kristeva's feminist critique of patriarchal concepts held in language, offer me writing practices, urging 'ejaculation' from its dominating patriarchal forces. *I* write into the patriarchal images and metaphors that contain such ejaculating forces. Indeed, as obvious as *I* write now, what more patriarchal image-force is there than that of 'ejaculation' itself. Why do *I* provoke such explicit masculine images? What possible potential holds for my sexual difference, my abnormal desires and releases. Abjection, following Kristeva on semiotics and psychoanalysis, comes by way of a crossroads of fears with obsessions within perversion. I would not see it as a simple crossroads, more like a roundabout whereby the *objet petit á*,<sup>101</sup> orchestrates my constant desiring revolution. I revolt

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<sup>101</sup> In bringing Kristevian semiotics and abjection into poetic revolution of language—I refer back to my footnote concluding the section on 'Literature-as-Translation' fn50, on Roland Barthes distinction between writerly and readerly text—her psychoanalytic legacy becomes more pronounced with the concept of *objet petit a* as the object cause of desire—the roundabout—circulating unconscious desires of a subject. It is a space without capture holding an apparent cause without capture, always eluding, always moving [us], always shifting and thus an elusive force. Psychoanalysis makes a distinction here between drives and desire although the drives (or force) have no aims, except aim itself—desire becomes the more 'apparent' symbolic objects for bringing story or manifest to these incessant and infinite drives. I would here coalesce my thinking on Blanchot's worklessness to psychoanalytic concept of drives. Jacques Lacan, in his discussion of Freudian psychoanalysis and a dynamics of the operations of desire, establishes a spatialising that radically differentiates the *aim* and the *target* of desire, such that the object cause of desire (*objet petit a*) remains that which is without capture but that about which desire secures a subject. This spacing of unconscious desire, from Freudian psychoanalysis, opens a radical space for encountering scenes of writing as the loci for a writer's non-mastery. See, Jacques Lacan's *Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis*, Ed. Jacques Alain Miller, (Taylor & Francis Ltd, Karnac Books, London, UK, fp Engl. 1978, 2004). For Kristeva there is a strong link between abjection and the *otherness* linked to Lacan's 'lost object' or *objet petit a* (the 'a' is a matheme that stands for autre or other). Human abjection is that break in reality from any clear distinction between object and subject or self and other. Those abject leakages, like shit, vomit, wounds, orifices, and corpses, generate abject reactions that remind us of our senses as scenes of horror or abjection to our own material reality. Kristeva suggests that the Lacanian object cause of desire (*objet petit a*) mediates a kind of circulating of intersubjectivity that orientates our desires maintaining a normative Symbolic order or binary between us and our world of objects, Kristeva's concept of abjection dismantles neat binaries between subject/object. Rather, abjection radically exists outside and as Kristeva suggests, "draws me toward the place where meaning collapses." *Powers of Horror*, 2. She sees abjection as pre-symbolic, a space or loci that comes before subject or object formation. Desire holds too much for meaning and its structural relation in the Symbolic order and relates more strongly here to the understanding of *drives* that go out without pre-symbolically. Her link to literature and poetic thought is most seen as a site full of ellipsis and 'lacks' or structured by wants, specifically the experimental poetics of language that mess with grammar, metaphor, meanings exposing the more arbitrary nature of language and its pre-symbolic abject registers: "Not a language of the desiring exchange of messages or objects that are transmitted in a social contract or communication and desire beyond want, but a language of want, of the fear that edges up to it and runs along its edges." *Horrors of Power*, 38. This edge condition construes my abjective roundabout. See: Kristeva, *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection*. Trans. Leon S. Roudiez, (New York: Columbia UP, 1982).

on this ‘roundabout’ never having a totalised or egoistic entry into its centre. Rather the concept of the ‘roundabout’ desiring machine has no centre and this ruse, like writing’s apparent meanings, only obscures our existence further. Kristeva sees abjection as a revolution in poetic language-thought,<sup>102</sup> and, following her around the revolutionary roundabout, abjection finds a path for reconstructing and deconstructing phallic signifiers, such as ‘ejaculation’. It comes by way of perversion and decadence. The creative writing practice locates decadence as the abject revealing its sovereign power. It dethrones phallic verticality and makes it into the leaky containing system revealed by porous borders, orifices and base materiality merging animal, vegetable and mineral. If the roundabout opened up to become a vortex subjectivity, then its substances are those of cross-species-base-materiality. Sovereignty leaks abjection, deforming the (phallic) jizz of ecstasy that normalised masculine desiring taboos attempt to hide. Masculine desiring taboos are celebrated in the heteronormative practices of sexuality, even, and especially homosexuality. Deforming semiotic codes of discrimination reorder and trans-figure. The writing within and on the roundabouts of this research unfold abject ‘landscape’ writing, recasting suicidal temptations and the accompanying negative passions of the self. The roundabout’s ecstatic abjection forces semiotic misfirings, grammatical lacunae, second-hand *contretemps* (mishappenings); deforms (culturally homogenous and hegemonic) desires, demolishing Euro-anthropocentric morality.<sup>103</sup> Suicidal temptations recast positivist meanings of life, instead liberating the infinite views of life beyond good and evil. I lean now into the poetic revolution of Marquis de Sade’s *The 120 Days of Sodom*. Firstly, some descriptive introduction will assist me to bring about my critical leanings. The story is about four wealthy (libertine) men who trap a group of teenage girls and boys in a Black Forest castle, sexually abusing and torturing them for 120 days. The

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<sup>102</sup> See: Kristeva, *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection*. Trans. Leon S. Roudiez, New York: Columbia UP, 1982.

<sup>103</sup> I mean here that the social contract which someone like Julia Kristeva critiques in her revolutionary thinking on language and its structuring of human subjectivity, brings political and ethical forces on how structures of language hold privilege. Her novels are a great example of where her politics and ethics express otherness in the forms of non-western subjectivities that often produce female and animal subjectivities as a main force of critique. For example, please see: Julia Kristeva’s four novels: *The Samurai*, Trans. B. Bray. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1992), looks at the French Revolution and May ’68, foreigners and women; *The Old Man and the Wolves*. Trans. B. Bray. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1994), brings totalitarianism into political revolution; *Possessions*. Trans. B. Bray. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1998), brings imagination as political and ethical thought; *Murder in Byzantium*. Trans. C. Jon Delogu. (New York: Columbia University Press, 2006), brings individual freedom as its critique of modernity’s (Western) spectacle societies of consumerism, religious doxa and patriarchy.

120 days lead to eventual torture and slaughter, by way of an explicit (description of an) erotic sadomasochistic coprophagic feast scene that uncovers extreme and perverse pleasures in the sense of breaking beyond ordinary pleasure. Its perversity tends to deviate from orthodox behaviour to offer alternative illuminations at the heart of a transgressive form of metamorphosis derived from the secrecy or intimacy of the heart or *l'amour*. I lean into this seminal erotic literature or philosophy of sexual differences, for how de Sade's pleasures write cannibalistically violating words, consuming sanity, and abjectly ejaculate terms. The work of *120 Days* is now canonized, translated into many languages such as English, Japanese, Russian, Spanish and German. In this it holds social acceptance with a-social themes of sexual and dehumanizing practices.

Regardless of its explicit aristocratic classism and patriarchal oppression, in revealing and revelling in socially suppressed aspects of life, it utilizes material ecstatic abjection for transgressing into spaces or relations of *otherness*. Filth, dirt, horror, mess, leaks, *jizō* excrement, urine, blood, all pass by way of in-language. The novel is structured by the ear or listening as de Sade's most erogenous zone. Further the 'ears' of these four men are filled or narrated by the experienced practices of four (elderly) prostitute women who are deployed precisely to fill the men with stories for inspiring their actions. Experienced women (aged and debased) are the live material for facilitating the men's imaginations, their actions and their fantasies. I lean into these women, leaning into their first-hand ways, that pass-on the cannibalistic tendencies of de Sade's second-hand-language. Literature-as-translation: Ecstatically abject.<sup>104</sup>

Writing comes from perversion rising and becoming abjection, softening social morality. 'Softening' is a term Kristeva uses and offers a revolutionary thinking in relation to material seepages, between the writer who writes, the subject who narrates, the story that shows and the reader who 'listens'. We revolve around the roundabout of phobia, obsession and

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<sup>104</sup> The heading of this section is *Ecstatically Abject*—the concept of *ec-stasis* is at its heart in terms of a strange temporality that arrives in my practice that moves from translation of real life events into *fictioning*, yet my dramatic fictioning makes no distinction between an inside of the 'story' or an 'outside' of its material reality. By now, I have stressed how *writing* is just as much a source of (fragmented) existence. It is not that life is a totalized reality with a discrete inside/outside binary; rather, the fragment is an ontological reality. For further reading please see: Leslie Hill's work on Maurice Blanchot's fragmentary writing: Leslie Hill, *Maurice Blanchot and Fragmentary Writing: A Change in Epoch*, (London: Continuum, 2012).

perversion so that we soften all, like butter whipped into cream. Kristeva suggests: "... such texts call for a softening of the superego, as writing them implies an ability to imagine the abject, that is, to see oneself in its place."<sup>105</sup> The space of abject literature translates all subject/object into a soft space of becoming—fluid, whipped and transfigured. Abjection ejects the writer as [their] death recasts *him* as nothing permanent, nothing total. In abjection *She* is always already dead: "Death would thus become the chief curator of our imaginary museum; it would protect us in the last resort from the abjection that contemporary literature claims to expend while uttering it."<sup>106</sup> Kristeva and Bataille join forces here, for this research. The useless expenditure of cannibalistic abject writing proceeds in a force of using up at the same time as it utters it. This signals a revolution of the 'immediate' that brushes against the grain of surplus capital—immediate desires are expendable rather than spendable.<sup>107</sup> Writing is the abjection of this research as writing will ultimately become a written work—a production that has been excreted. The pursuit of the creative writing moves along a pure line toward meaninglessness heights, radically tearing life's linear path toward death from *her*, drawing *her* to a point where meaning collapses. To write is to give birth to writing through violent openings of the private, where writing refuses to be integrated to *myself*. To write is also to abject, to insert *myself* into an abjection in order to separate *myself* from another body. It is an experience that "is nevertheless managed by the Other, "subject" and "object" push each other away, confront each other, collapse, and start again—inseparable, contaminated, condemned, at the boundary of what is assimilable, thinkable: abject."<sup>108</sup> Negative feelings of despair, anguish, erotica and suicide force rejection that pushes *I* out of itself, as if it is a discharge of the body that came out of a climactic crisis.

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<sup>105</sup> Kristeva, *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection*, 16.

<sup>106</sup> Kristeva, *Powers of Horror*, 16.

<sup>107</sup> As discussed in an earlier footnote, Bataille's concept of *useless expenditure* operates as a general economy (in difference to a restricted economy) where wealth becomes something to expel within a *gift* economy. Bataille links destruction of excess outside productive activity. Bataille's own writing at this time houses a critique of bourgeoisie society and its attachment to materialist accumulation. Bataille's general economy, the concept of the gift and useless expenditure relate him to ritual, sacrifice and profanation. The significance here is how these different writers-in-common come to think living outside the strictures or prefiguration of a will to mastery or attachment. See Georges Bataille on useless expenditure and the gift in *Sacrificial Mutilations* 1930 and *Theory of Religion* 1946 and then the famous *Accursed Share*, previously cited.

<sup>108</sup> Kristeva, *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection*, 18.

## Ecstatic Uncertainty

This writing discharges bodies, ecstatically. Ecstasy destroys all voids, deforming subject/object thresholds, rupturing them to communicate-without-interlocutors. As Bataille puts it: “the one and the other have lost their separate existence.”<sup>109</sup> Ecstasy opens a ruptured gate—hardly even a gate (perhaps a gate-in-fog)—through beings that explore hideous worlds, unknown and strange worlding, concealing the inner sanctum of forces (oxegenes), to reveals something primordial in the depthless foggy depths. Ecstasy holds no objective for gaining on some other (subject) attractor, it has no gain, no surplus logic—its operation has nothing predetermined by: “explicit certainty or definite knowledge.”<sup>110</sup> Ecstatic living writes experiences extreme, in stylistic trances, surpassing normativity and communicates non-knowledge.<sup>111</sup> The uncertainty mixes and mingles with contradiction and confusion as *I* rise to the purity that sublimates. In Cioran’s words, the experience of ecstasy is “dangerous, ruinous, and tormented black drunkenness, in which death appears with the awful seduction of nightmarish snake eyes.”<sup>112</sup> The *I* “NO LONGER WANTS TO BE EVERYTHING.”<sup>113</sup> The *I* wants to have no attachment to anything. The *I* has an inclination to pursue a violent extremity, an unbearable point that tears one apart, when ecstasy starts to kick-in. Ecstasy is a realm that belongs to the “paroxysm of interiority”<sup>114</sup> as “non-knowledge communicates ecstasy”<sup>115</sup> to reveals the dramatics of an inner disorder, bursting into the landscape of writing’s experience. No longer concluding or defining objects, it shatters all of those obstacles which intervene in (its) imagination. Ecstasy’s force exists as an incessant metamorphosis and moves in rhythmic transformation, corrupting naturalised settings, descriptions and orders. It exists on my roundabout of perversity so that the *I* of totalised ego disappears into the flux, flow and contamination of animal-vegetable-mineral life. Into the natural immediate materialisation of gore that feeds off normalisation, where the horror delights in its abyss of smooth space,

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<sup>109</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, op. cit.—Bataille’s ecstasy is a realm of absolute vitality of nothing left. It is inner rupture that tears /opens an original depth which reveals and illuminates the world’s madness. I see it as a point of edging, dramatizing, a state of coming without a beginning or an end.

<sup>110</sup> Cioran, *On the Heights of Despair*, 52.

<sup>111</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*.

<sup>112</sup> Cioran, *On the Heights of Despair*, 41.

<sup>113</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 172.

<sup>114</sup> Cioran, *On the Heights of Despair*, 95.

<sup>115</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 78.

enchancing the *I*. Writing ecstatically expresses despair and suicides rhythmic processes, moving around in me, contaminating my moral surrounds. Ambiguous self-abnegating, determined by failure, as *she* will be cast out from writing, cast out from the (other) night<sup>116</sup> that draws *I* to gaze into the madness as any reality of a physical body turns off its functions and forgets, like a book's falsity for enclosing the work. Rather the worklessness of creative forces continue to write with their 'sick' hand. These enormous feelings of insufficiency cages *Her* in despair's symbolic world, making every second impossible to live, except on its linear pain and contemplation of suicide. Ecstasy breaks into writing producing the flame (Heidegger's Heraclitian hen, Benjaminian lightning) that burns the *I* as she writes against all discourse.

## Living On—

### Salvation's River

What is the purpose of writing then? Is writing a vision of salvation, am *I* seeking for a shelter to escape from the agony? Hélène Cixous might reply,

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<sup>116</sup> I have elicited already the correspondence between Blanchot's neuter, passivity and worklessness (*désœuvrement*) as entering writing's potentiality for the disappearance of (the writer's) mastery, going toward an infinite destiny or movement that is beyond the work of capital (as suggested by the capital of 'W' or 'Work' or 'Book'). Blanchot's 'Other Night' is a concept that is outside of dialectal diurnal returns of day/night work dialectics. Or as Joseph Libertson has inferred, Blanchot's Other Night, is not Blanchot's first night that "permits the day's dialectical accomplishment." See, Joseph Libertson, *Proximity Levinas, Blanchot, Bataille and Communication*, 1982 edition (The Hague; Boston: Springer, 1982), 88. I have found in Blanchot's nocturnal other night thinking something proximate with (his good friend) Emmanuel Levinas that corresponds the term *il y a* [that there is]—and we can think Heidegger's essence here too. 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." See, Emmanuel Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, trans. Alphonso Lingis (Duquesne University Press, 1978), 58. Blanchot will suggest in his essay *The Essential Solitude* that this other night is a stronger night than the night of death. Here he is relating the ongoing process of living without our apprehension our own singular death, albeit our knowledge of its event(uality). This other night exists *there* in our ongoing movement, *in writing*, we live this process of darkness, mystery and fascination without illumination—For this research it 'manifests' the writing or worklessness of (my) despair and suicide. A suicide without-illuminating-known-exit. See: Maurice Blanchot's '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), 401–415.

We don't have salvation: it is dealt us like a blow, we faint. We awake with a start, quick a pencil, and take down the ultimate glimmer of illumination, however much we say: 'what's the difference, we've seen our vision already,' we never resign ourselves.<sup>117</sup>

Cixous' writing resonates with Benjamin's dialectics at a standstill. She stirs up the question of why we inscribe our visions that come by way of redemption's 'blow' and we 'faint'—or Benjamin's 'rapid image' of history from out of lightening and flashes. She suggests writing saves us. It redeems life in us, to us. It is blood coursing in us as the ontological inflection for 'why write?' (i.e. 'what's the difference, we've seen our vision already') suggesting that there is more to see in our (revisited) vision. Heraclitus' adage of never stepping in the same river twice holds here. The vision of despair and suicide that courses unstill currents—infinite rhythms—through this 'body' that I have loaned from life, continues! It continues to save me—this is its paroxysm. It continues to say me. It continues to write me. It never resigns (in) me! In this sense writing as the redemptive (shadowy) aspect of despair and suicide won't let me go. It never gives me up. I cannot say it is my saviour—I have not nominated it as 'authority,' rather I have no choice in (the) matter. Its matter (is that it) causes me to write *it*.

This given idea of salvation is not biblical, religious or moral redemption in my eyes or vision. It is closer to the redemption of history, translation and future discussed in the opening section on literature-as-translation. In a socialized existence, I encounter moral judgments demarcating behavioural practices of 'good' or 'bad'. Redemption under morality's guise suggests eliminating sinful practices that then lead to happiness and fulfilment. This research does not concern itself with morality or salvation in these terms. It does not prescribe to moral salvation as that which despises life's paradoxes. The research embraces (with Blanchot) *yes* to death-in-living without an afterlife as the redemptive saviour. It holds no agenda for life in 'heaven', 'hell', or 'afterlife' predetermined 'imaged' places as described by religious discourses. The research finds spiritual guidance in its writers-in-common (as discussed in this literature review) in difference to strictures of religion. For example, Benjamin's Jewish Messianism is acknowledged as a significant current in understanding his concepts of history, philosophy

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<sup>117</sup> Helene Cixous, *Stigmata Escaping text* (New York: Routledge, 1998), 30.



and literature. For many, including this researcher, belonging outside Jewish life-worlds does not preclude moving along with his thought-experiments. Rather, what is so strengthening is that his thinking moves concurrently with other thinking such as Historic Materialist Marxism. The river stones of Benjamin's course provide spiritual profanations for this research as illuminated in working literature-as-translation into a potential source for writing [with] despair and suicide. Benjamin's spiritual thinking is just one example among many of my writers-in-common.

In this section on Salvation's River what is most pressing is the distinction between the saving of discourse as a doxa and the saving of writing as a literary event where the word speaks 'me' as a singular and expressive event. Blanchot writes about everyday speech and its empty rhetoric as that which gathers or saves the masses as an event of general doxa.<sup>118</sup>

"salvation" can only come, if it comes, through the decision of a word; but the word of salvation will assure only a salvation in speech, one that is valid only in general (be it even an exception) and therefore incapable of applying to the singularity of existence — the latter reduced by life itself, and by the weariness of life, to speechlessness.<sup>119</sup>

The discourse of 'Salvation' (Blanchot's 'word of salvation') validates general rhetoric and holds a false-promise to singular lives. The general promises of continuity prescribe an already installed direction, forward-future. The future is already instantiated in the word of salvation, predestined. This writer finds tears—not from empty eyes, but—rips and ruptures the general word of salvation. Its creative writing reveals with Bataille that paradoxically continuity of the promise to save contributes to rips and ruptures in its system of thought: "fissure which such continuity dissimulates, opens the "folds" of words and notions to the radical continuity in which they are lost."<sup>120</sup> In my creative texts I have attempted to work with these contradictory fissures—questioning the predetermined happiness in the false promise statements, showing at their general heart something dead, something despairing, losses and catastrophes. The

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<sup>118</sup> See: Maurice Blanchot and Susan Hanson, 'Everyday Speech', *Yale French Studies*, (no. 73 1987: 15), <https://doi.org/10.2307/2930194>.

<sup>119</sup> Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, 394.

<sup>120</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, xxi.

general heart of rescuism discourse is prevalent today when so much ‘fear’ of survival surrounds us. It is timely to thinking writing [with] despair and suicide as a singular expression manifesting the ‘weariness of life’. Like Cioran, I find survival in writing: “Writing is for me a form of therapy, nothing more.”<sup>121</sup> Survival in the spaces of literature that translates my despair and suicide as absolutely singular, absolutely private, she cries words softly moaning another semiotics translating the *she* that comes upon the thought of suicide.

Who is saved in writing cannot be guaranteed in my creative writing event. It holds no promise to the reader or writer. The act of writing saves as it exiles, because to write is to exile the self, entering a “state of nudity, of supplication without response.”<sup>122</sup> Blanchot’s neuter or exilic writing, events a space ‘constructed’ by silent enigma—silencing *her* promises of rescue. The writer sustains herself through writing and through the question of suicide that stimulates (life to) the image of death. In bringing death alive *I* flee to *my* most extreme, leaping in not leaping out of its image. Writing in exile fashion, life exists where the meaning to live as a literary act is to dramatize despair and suicide. For Cioran, “A book is a suicide postponed”<sup>123</sup>—writing feeds the writer’s suicidal obsession. If he dies of suicide, he no longer writes. Osamu Dazai and poet Paul Celan live on in their work—in the worklessness of their readers-to-come. Yet, for the singular event that courses through these writers, their (river) suicides conquered their exiled, silent and alive pessimism. Writing rejects the general suicide and sustains the self by avoiding it. Self-killing, in some sense, might be considered a form of general salvation as one ends life in a desire to end the agony in social realities, refusing suffering. Writing for Cioran (as well as other writers who did die by their successful event of suicide) lives their despair and suffering in affirming it as writing. When asked why Paul Celan committed suicide, Hélène Cixous responded to this singular question by suggesting, ‘because he stopped writing.’<sup>124</sup> Writing sustains the *I* by linking *her* to the extreme limit, by turning the pages into oceans, rivers, currents and coursings, that produce *her* loss to the singular *I* of her existence wherein

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<sup>121</sup> Cioran, *On the Heights of Despair*, 14.

<sup>122</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 12.

<sup>123</sup> Cioran, *The Trouble with Being Born*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Arcade Publishing, 2012), 99.

<sup>124</sup> Cixous’ response occurred in conversation with my supervisor within a literature-philosophy workshop at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem in 2017. There is only this anecdotal record. However, Cixous may have said this elsewhere on other more formally documented events.

*she* gains access to the abyss without mastering anything.<sup>125</sup> To write is to listen to the invisible silence seducing *me* to leap into its innermost heart that turns being into questioning—becoming ocean.

## Despair—The Solanaceae Family<sup>126</sup>

This section swims with writers-in-a-common-ocean-of-despair-as-literature, that will then lead into a more focused stroke with Russian philosopher Lev Shestov. Ironically, despair's oceanic lifebuoy floats *me* in its non-positivist and non-negative seas—with Bataille's sun overhead. Dazai, a writer who repeatedly attempted suicide, believed that 'genuine' despair is impossible in humans, as they are often "deceived by hope, but are also deceived by the notion of despair. ... People fall into the depths of misery, but they grope for a ray of hope as they are tumbling down. ... People who speak of optimism or pessimism or act full of themselves and boast, especially those who are too ardent, are left on the shore."<sup>127</sup> From Dazai's location in

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<sup>125</sup> Blanchot's *Thomas the Obscure* was first published in English in 1973 (although written during 1932 and 1940). It is a work that establishes Blanchot's *récit* or writing of literature as an ontological quest. The narrator and subject exist as the 'story' of the work forming an introspective course on relations of literature and existence: The less is known explicitly the more the work develops and self-knowledge is thwarted or impossible, rather only further depths of human existence open. Blanchot's *récit* construes a way of writing where the essence of literature (or its space) show (rather than tell) existence as the infinite passage of existent or being and images of expressivity coming together in the same (ocean, river, fluidity)—this passage lives only as the story is being inhabited (read or written)—*récit* does not conform to the doxas' of narrative, and it is rather, an event. In the opening to *Thomas the Obscure* locates us on the shore of an ocean, a beach event and we inhabit Thomas watching from the shore, desiring to 'start' something of an event or the event of starting to immerse himself into the 'recit' (or sea of language): "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." (7). It is an evocative opening, whereby the materiality of fog obscures any fixed and separating coordinates of bodies:—shore-sea-verticality-horizontality-narrator-protagonist-writer-reader-language. We sense the surface of the page lost in glow—taken us beyond and into real obscurity. See: Maurice Blanchot, *Thomas the Obscure*. Translated by Robert Lamberton. (Barrytown: Station Hill Press, 1988).

<sup>126</sup> The inspiration is from a manga, *Solanin* (which is derived from Solanaceae, a poisonous family of potato) by Inio Asano. A prominent thread across his works is the feelings of failure that manifest in our everyday life and the aimlessness of lives that go on without purpose. The protagonist of this manga often encounters failure and sinks into despair; even when the protagonist tries to move on from his failures in order to become 'better', the feeling of despair or disappointment lingers in his heart and trips him up into yet another failure. Inio Asano raises questions such as—what does it mean to be a useful person? How can one become a functioning adult that contributes to society? What do we want from life; is this life what we wanted? The absurd and mundane feelings that cling onto our everydayness numb our sensitivity for feeling anything except disappointment and dissatisfaction.

<sup>127</sup> Osamu Dazai, *Pandora's Box*, trans. Shelly Marshall (CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, US, 2016), 21.

this ocean, suicide is a ray of hope that one grasps—it is a hope for exiting the impossible and ungraspable despair. On the heights of despair, Cioran’s Dazai-writer loses all meanings, reaching a point that orientates the writer to the pointlessness of life—the null—non positivist and non-negativist. “Nobody in despair suffers from Problems, but from [*her*] own inner torment of fire,”<sup>128</sup> and thus a despairing writer is hardly committing suicide as there are no problems or reasons to do so. Despair offers nothing rational as an organic source dramatizing being, and writing enters *her* stream, engaging the essence of our (singular) subjectivity. Despair’s vigorous blood and flesh put this writer into a marginal life and preoccupies *her* with suffering and risk, creating a person who is absent of desire as *her* desire: “Despair is simple: it is the absence of hope, of all *enticement*. It is the state of deserted expanses and-I can imagine-of the sun.”<sup>129</sup> The heat is all encompassing, even when existing in a deserted expanse such as the landless ocean.

Following Bataille’s solar logic, *I* swim closer to the point where blinding illumination burns as the source of this ocean’s *désœuvrement*. It is the richest moment in life that turns everything in *me* into nothing, it is the flame that *I* swallow that makes the monstrous substance into a poetic creation. Despair has no fear but the torture and paroxysm of the interiority. Dazai does not write despair to promote death, but his honesty in his own weakness, his confrontation of human insufficiency, and his lack of health, is a generosity for the reader, helping them to awaken the poetic self. Dazai’s possibility of the impossible in despairing expressivity shifts this research into accessing moments that open affirmatively to that which are fundamentally nothing and uncertain—a nothingness that is beyond singular experience and expressivity as that experience of uncertainty.

Accessing this uncertainty is at the heart of Lev Shestov’s philosophy of despair, who asserts that “the business of philosophy is to teach man to live in uncertainty—man who is supremely afraid of uncertainty, and who is forever hiding himself behind this or the other dogma.”<sup>130</sup>

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<sup>128</sup> Cioran, *On the Heights of Despair*, 17.

<sup>129</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 38.

<sup>130</sup> Lev Shestov, *All Things Are Possible*, trans. S. S. Kotliansky (London: Martin Secker, 1920), 24.—We mentioned earlier our concerns of general doxa and discourse via Blanchot’s thinking on redemption in writing.

Shestov's philosophy is mainly based on concepts of groundlessness that is anti-science-and-logic. His idea of groundlessness is essentially a deformity of certainty and an acceptance of human weakness, mainly concerned with the struggles of human existence as he claims that "we know nothing of the ultimate realities of our existence, nor shall we ever know anything."<sup>131</sup> Shestov's intention is to break the logic, knowledge and any system that fixates the principles of living. Groundlessness breaks the system of the collective and brings attention to the individual—or thinking with Blanchot now, the 'singularity of existence,'—bringing emphasis to the experience of the self in order to free the mind to imagination (our singular truth). Within groundlessness and uncertainty comes the belief that all things are possible. Shestov's ideas are a confirmation of life through breaking the law of doxa, and the rebirth of creativity within limitlessness, so that new ways for seeking truth become our potentiality. Here—in limitless uncertainty, perhaps, the self could face its own ungrounded death through an unknown perspective.

The breaking of certainty is a repetitive refrain in the creative writing in order to seek uncertainty. Through consequences of 'unimportance', images-of-thought express their uncertainty in repetition. Part of the fragmented nature of the repetitious refrains is to express a struggle with binary logic's social prescription of choice in the face of certainty. That is to say, in binary logic there is always the predetermined (cultural, social, economic, religious, ethnic, sexual, political, etc) value of right over wrong. Despair in this binary schema comes with hope on its opposite pole—hope is the way forward, despair it to be overcome. Rather than working in binary opposition, the research writes into the space of the binary's "/" divider. It crawls up and down the leaning of this space, attempting to push the lean in another direction that is not opposite, but rather seeing the lean not as divider but a space bridging into uncertainty, providing an unexpected horizon. French philosopher and literary author Albert Camus also acknowledged a stranger's perspective on the lean-to divider, between the positive (hope) and negative (despair), proclaiming that "[t]he struggle itself towards the

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Shestov is pursuing a similar line of thought here with respect to general doxa, indoctrination and rhetorical genres of persuasion.

<sup>131</sup> Shestov, *All Things Are Possible*, 22.

heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy.”<sup>132</sup> Writing despair affirms the contradictory pathology of hope-in-despair, entering into the event of writing willingly, like Camus’ happy and heart-filled Sisyphus. Each and every journey up the *lean*, is never the same (stepping into river or journey up and down hill). Nietzsche also advocates love as a procedure to get to the heart of a thing in an act of self-affirmation,<sup>133</sup> as he believed that to love is to embrace the suffering of life, to affirm rather than ignore the weakness of the self: It is through love that one becomes their true self and, full of creativity. This self-affirmation energises I(‘s) potentiality, because if one does not self-affirm then things cannot be possible. The abyss of uncertainty happens without any exact opposition, it appears and disappears; its expression—a nothing-thingness. The space of potentiality lives beyond the binaries of joy or pain, explicitness or obscurity, living in the heart-of-things without the yes opposing no.

Shestov works at the limits in his thinking-despair, exposing unthought thought as the creative source for our existence—this kind of thought has never been dressed up before in rhetorical doxa: “the most important and significant revelations come into the world naked.”<sup>134</sup> The creative writing thinks Shestov, working to un-limit the binary constructed in the logic of grammar. It works authentically in its second-hand-language, breaking into the misfirings of language, perverting the grand doxa of linguistic and symbolic authority. My writing (despair) expresses absurdity—as much as the event of Sisyphus—going with forces that happily punish in my event of ceaseless rolling, up and down the leanings of suicide and despair. Writing embodies Cixous’ revisioning, writing despair as an endless uncertain line, repetitive, routinely escaping the pressures of everyday life as her everyday life that has become writing. My Sisyphus-event of despair ignites her heart of rebellion, hoping in struggle, conscious and awakened in life’s absurd paradoxes. Bataille captured this seemingly-contradictory co-existence of happiness too, writing his despair thus: “I fail, no matter what I write, in this, that I should be linking the infinite—insane—richness of “possibles” to the precision of meaning.

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<sup>132</sup> Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus*, trans. Alfred A. Knopf (Toronto: Random House LLC, 1942), 78.

<sup>133</sup> Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*, 233.

<sup>134</sup> Shestov, *All Things Are Possible*, 57.

To this fruitless task I am compelled—happily?”<sup>135</sup> Though writing “possibles” may be an impossible task and, efforts to reveal uncertainty fruitlessly futile, *I* am compelled to do so, perhaps even happily, with a heart of rebellion.

Life has brought us here to experience the waiting of death, of love, of agony, of sadness, of melancholy, *I* never run out of despair, or maybe it is the source that nourishes me and makes me fertile. Perhaps nourishment from Bataille’s sunlight will enlighten me and accelerate my decaying, like potato theory. I am alive here sitting on a couch like a potato busy decaying itself, and the despair inside sprouts from the fissures of me, towards the sun it grows luxuriantly. Despair’s solanine sprouts consume me, poisoning me along with my process of decaying, warning: “[i]ngestion of solanine in moderate amounts can cause death.”<sup>136</sup> *I* never had a ‘chance’ to commit suicide, no matter how suicidal a potato *I* am—despair expends me till the last drop of my futile nutrition. The more exuberant the leaves of despair appear, the closer to death *I* am. This is how despair sustains *I*, “which paralyses the rest and absorbs it into itself.”<sup>137</sup> Despair absorbs *I* and invites *I* to its border and lets me stretch to its limits of potentiality, and thus *I* am paralysed in the (im)potentiality of writing. Impotent potentiality would be another expression for my desire of no desire. The plants of the solanine family express their otherness too in the Latin etymological lineage: nightshade, which originates from Latin meaning unclear. Despair consumes me from a distance, remaining ungraspable.

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<sup>135</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 38.

<sup>136</sup> Wikipedia contributors, “Solanaceae,” *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*, (accessed August 20, 2018). <https://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Solanaceae&oldid=855720364>. We think of this poison also in relation to Jacques Derrida’s concept of the ‘pharmakon’ in relation to undoing the binary of speech/writing. Derrida’s work continuously deconstructs the problem of a speech and writing binary. He first notes this in the essay “Plato’s Pharmacy” whereby the writing has held a secondary and supplemental position throughout philosophy’s history and speech has held a higher position due to its perception of purity and immediacy giving over to a metaphysical presence. Writing legibility was perceived as a vessel, empty, merely containing meaning returning its holding to the presence of the speaker. For Derrida writing held much more than just the appearance container. He brought into its being the myriad of excessive registers or marks from just phonic or voice. “Plato’s Pharmacy” deconstructs any natural setting or hierarchical border between speech over writing. Here he introduces the concept of the *pharmakon* where writing becomes something more of both cure and poison in writing’s undecidable traits—he means by this that writing assists memory at the same time its assists forgetting. This is one such way he proceeds to show the undoing of the speech/writing binary. See: Jacques Derrida, “Plato’s Pharmacy,” in *Dissemination*, trans. Barbara Johnson, (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1981). 65-172.

<sup>137</sup> Bataille, *Inner Experience*, 39. Describing a sense of despair that brings a vast hopelessness, pointlessness that immobilizes *my everything* and makes everything impossible simultaneously in the realm of emptiness / fatigue / impossible, it unfolds the (im)possibility of moving further, it sinks into a space of abyss.

## Insomnia, Fatigue and Weariness

There is a close link between insomnia and despair. The loss of hope comes with the loss of sleep. The difference between paradise and hell: you can always sleep in paradise, never in hell. God punished man by taking away sleep and giving him knowledge.<sup>138</sup>

There's a strange world induced by insomnia, a sleepless night without day or night, a world lacking the capability for forgetting and remembering. I write into this infinite night<sup>139</sup>—corrupted and fed by its incessant line that maintains anxiety, agony and confusion. This hastens my madness in *I* as *I* begins to write by hallucinations and madness that come to possess my futile being.<sup>140</sup> 'I think I am going crazy' is what endless writing emphasises in its incessant murmur. An abysmal abyssal depth opens in an insomniac's 'night' and despair blinds the dry eyes, transporting me into depths of universal anxiety in the human soul. This Blanchotian obscurity—or obscure death—remains hideous, yet attracts *I* towards its dark light that practices the form of a madwoman.<sup>141</sup> This night without dreams, manifests an obscure space where everything exists in the greatest paralyzed lucidity, the crazy-passive

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<sup>138</sup> Cioran, *On the Heights of Despair*, 100.

<sup>139</sup> We again mobilize the thinking of Maurice Blanchot's concept of the 'Other Night' as previously discussed.

<sup>140</sup> Earlier I made reference to Maurice Blanchot's *récit*, *Thomas the Obscure* and gave some context to the ontological status of Blanchot's writing or *récit* as an infinite event where images and being pass into each other. I evoke here his *récit* 'Madness of the Day' that recites the madness that comes by way of storytelling as factual accuracy or truth as correctness. The protagonist's madness eventuates in the impossibility of telling truth of his life as a non-moving factual event. In fact, he finds this increasingly impossible the more he (re)tells (to the authorities of life, police, doctors), who he is—each recounting or repetition, alters in the moment of his telling. This eloquent performance of recounting brings to the fore Blanchot's concept of the *récit* as release from the madness of the 'day' (—the concept of the day as fixed truth or truth-as-correctness has been elaborated on earlier in this exegesis in relation to Blanchot's concept of the 'other night'). See, Maurice, Blanchot, "The Madness of the Day," in *The Station Hill Blanchot Reader, Fiction & Literary Essays*, trans. by Lydia Davis, Paul Auster & Robert Lamberton (Barrytown: Station Hill, 1999) 189-200.

<sup>141</sup> We might think in clichés here of a history of literary female figures of madness in for example, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* (1847) as well as the correspondence of Jeannette Rhys' novel *The Wide Sargasso Sea* (1966)—an intertextual account of *Jane Eyre* from the point of view of Mr Rochester's marriage to Antoinette Cosway, a Creole heiress whose fate in both stories provide a correspondence of madness as a darkness (in hidden attic spaces), gendered and totally other (in the case of Rhys' novel—this otherness comes in the form of ethnicity as the work of colonial or imperial desires). However, the madness noted in this research is akin to that of Blanchot's as discussed by way of the Other Night and in direct reference to his *récit* 'Madness of the Day'—my madness passes by way of the cliché (as that already preformed literary image of women and ethnic otherness *in* literature)—merging me into these clichés and transfiguring figuration per se whereby *I translate as* a madwoman without clearly demarcated identity markers—glowing without the truth of return to what has already been thought. See, Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*, Smith, (Elder & Co., England, fp 1847). As well as Jean Rhys, *The Wild Sargasso Sea*, (Penguin Modern Classics, London, U.K., fp 1966, 2015).



(Blanchotian) ‘sick’ hand directs itself towards the limits of the dark light without exit. Timeless, restlessness expands this writer who writes, sustaining inspiration that “[...] pushes us gently or impetuously out of the world, and in this outside there is no sleep, any more than there is rest. Perhaps it must be called night, but night—the essence of night—does not, precisely, let us sleep.”<sup>142</sup> Blanchot’s ‘other night’ as hinted at in this aforementioned quote, brings me even closer to Bataille’s thoughts on writing’s relation to madness. Both hint at the redemptive qualities of writing processes whereby madness exists in the pressures of everyday life, mechanised according to the diurnal return of day and night in the repetitive processes of being socialised according to working life, economic realities, cultural and social mores. However, for both Blanchot and Bataille, writing opens up spaces where time is no longer ordered by the clock and incessant returns, space becomes obscure and hides ‘us’ from the controls of a transparent and self-regulated existence. Writing preserves me in its (workless) work, without limitation on a freedom of being null; there, exists a fear of madness generating the creation of writing, “what forces me to write, I imagine, is the fear of going mad.”<sup>143</sup>

This practice-led research circles the roundabout of insomniac living that stretches the limits of an internal crisis to reveal such edging and crazy sensations. *I* am lost in the practice, suffocated and submerged in the fluid materiality of writing’s hallucinating fogs. Fatally seduced by ending me in becoming *I*, or even ending the other *I* by ceasing her to write. This ‘strange’ phenomenon of going mad is a grotesque negation that orientates me into nothingness, making anxiety more attractive and profound! Then why are the emotions in me such a pain in the arse? No one said it would be easy, right—write! Yet the whole new world that the [writing of] disaster reveals, seems promising.<sup>144</sup> Promising to die with-in lines of ecstasy. There exists an unavoidable seriousness in these addictive negative passions that suppress life and suppress the question of the beyond. Mad tendencies claw into the heart of language, words, sentences, watching the perspective of its core go blind. What is what? Why is why? When is when? Where is where? Who is who? These five W’s, and a How, return as

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<sup>142</sup> Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, 266.

<sup>143</sup> Bataille, *On Nietzsche*, xvii.

<sup>144</sup> See, Maurice Blanchot’s *The Writing of the Disaster*. Translated by Ann Smock. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986).

imposters and impositions in ontic-form questioning. Yet this research claims there are no predetermined answers to its hypothesis. On the other slope of language, Blanchot's 'other night' *shows* processes of literature's ongoing translation, redeeming writing as the relational performance of despair and suicide. The insomniac writer takes madness to its extreme and enlarges the wakeful hallucinations to drive writing into the abysmal abyssal depths before any physical collapse. *She* asks: Dear writing, why is this happening? Chronic fatigue within everyday life, digs out a crack between existents, rupturing into writerly expression. Can living go on any further than this? Can I go on living? What does it mean to live?—Living-as-writing confronts the trouble of being born.

# DESIGN OF STUDY

## Methodologies of an Unmade Bed

### Introduction

“Now and then I tried language” (Friedrich Hölderlin)<sup>145</sup>

“Invent in your own language if you can or want to hear mine; invent if you can or want to give my language to be understood” (Jacques Derrida)<sup>146</sup>

*She* asked me to put down in writing the writing of my despair.<sup>147</sup> I thought I’d been doing this. No, “not really.” *She* asked me to put it down like some kind of territorial mapping of the ‘I’

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<sup>145</sup> Friedrich Hölderlin cited in Martin Heidegger’s, ‘Preparatory Reflection [62-63]’, in *Hölderlin’s Hymns “Germania” and “The Rhine” (Studies in Continental Thought)*, Ed. William McNeill and trans. Julia Anne Ireland, (Indiana University Press, US, 2014), 58.

<sup>146</sup> See: Jacques Derrida, *Monolingualism of the Other or the Prosthesis of Origin*, trans. by Patrick Mensah (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1998) 57.<sup>[146]</sup> When we write the word methodology something needs to find fidelity to the attempt of this thesis. We locate in Jacques Derrida’s deconstruction a double scene or science of writing with reading that attempts to hold here without this thesis performing deconstructive precise techniques but rather it follows the ethical imperative for undoing a metaphysics of presence or a truth as correctness (that desires the total presence or stability of knowing). If methodology is generally speaking the aim for organizing methods in relation to a more dominant know-how (paradigm of knowing) then methodology becomes a complex operation for someone who is writing at the limits of presence (in the Blanchotian understanding of literature and the right to death that refuses presence as a unity, but rather as a death, always disappearing as well as the death of affirming the lived expression of this impossible expression. Derrida’s deconstruction could be described as a double science of reading and writing, whereby its processes also deconstruct a methodological idealism espousing a separated subject (or observer) of said ‘research field’ who lives separated out from their object of study or the textual analysis. This is not the case here. Rather this researcher, while homeless, cohabitates with her writers-in-common, allowing their ideas, voices, gestures and strategies to enter the scenes of her restless writerly body. They write her unmade bed, never static, never clean, never correct in the sense of objective reality. We acknowledge here the strategies of *Glas* and also the work of Gregory Ulmer that calls for inventions or interventions in traditions of academic writing. Concepts such as “intertranslatability” of different types/forms of writing as invention (applied grammatology, mystory, heuristics, post(e)- pedagogy, textshop, choragraphy, popcycle etc). See, for example, Ulmer’s *Applied Grammatology: Post(e) Pedagogy from Jacques Derrida to Joseph Beuys* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1985); *Teletheory: Grammatology in the Age of Video* (New York: Routledge, 1989).

<sup>147</sup> I hear in the pronominal *She* numerous resonances—One, is the *He* of Chris Marker’s 1983 essay film *Sans Soleil* (Sunless) in the *He Wrote Me* narrative composition at the heart of the film’s structure. Marker’s ‘documentary’ film covers a range of travels from mainly Japan and Guinea-Bissau, as well as scenes from Cape

that writes despair. She asked me to inspect despair's body, how it comes to live, how it arrives daily in the differences of my second-hand voices. What follows is an attempt to show, or demonstrate the necessary task for writing this creative research: How I've kept alive, exercised the practice, found an 'I' in the recesses of writing, a writing into a self- turned-other—writing *as* the presence of a Self's disappearance into her otherness. She disappears into writing despair. Despair writes her disappearance so that she will not become annihilated by the totality of presence. *She* asked me to put down in writing the writing of my despair. *She* demands this, so that *I* locate disappearance-with-despair *in* writing. So, I figure that her asking for a 'plan' is a good cue into methodology. It leads us into a two-pronged understanding: i) methodology is a demand for understanding how the mechanics of the creative practice (writing) happen and, ii) methodology opens up the body for others to see into its internal organs. This two-pronged understanding causes more despair to reign. Or rather, to be clearer, the rational inspection of the body of my 'writing despair' might very well be the biggest cause of it. That is, despair in this thesis is two-pronged. On one 'prong' we have a candidate or writer writing in order to 'alleviate' (or even elevate) despair's despair and, on the other 'prong' we have the commitment to authentically get closer to a life-writing practice that brings genuine pleasure from the recesses or darkest spaces of writing—these spaces pay [blind] witness to the disappearance of lived experience in totalized regimes of social worlding as well as bring to presence the strange passing of life as ungraspable. Anxiety or my despair reigns over me as a subject whose creative work is put out for inspection (by readers of the PhD)—despairing in their forensics,

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Verde, Iceland, Paris and San Francisco. The film's composition takes on a fictional 'essayist' voice by delivering 'his' (Marker's | the Cameraman's) reflections on the montaged footage through inventing a fictional cameraman who writes to a fictional woman. The woman's voice over (delivered by Alexandra Stewart in the English version) *reads* from the cameraman's letters, recounting his reflective subjective internalizing from which (or over) the flow of his running documentary images. Significant here is how the anonymous *He* finds intimate expression through the anonymous *She*—we never see either of them in the film, only hear her voice reading his written thoughts. The poetic creation of the pronominal device allows viewers to experience a stunning openness (without a shred of didacticism) between hearing and seeing. The essay film genre, especially in Marker's case, opens horizons for how history is rendered, always inscribed anew in the 'literary montage' of the formal arrangement of past-present-image-word. I labour this now to bring to the fore a key method driving my creative writing (that finds its performance in the writing of this exegesis) in the way a 'literary montage' creates dialectical images (as discussed in my Literature Review section exploring *literature-as-translation*). The dialectical images open historic time (human time) to non-linear events that arouse the lived presence of my writing [with] despair and suicide as the coalescing of my history that shatters me into a past arriving in presence—never fully graspable, always fleeting and without totality. See: Chris Marker, 1983, *Sans Soleil* (Sunless), (Argos Films, France, running time: 100 minutes). I make this distinction again, later, in reference to the French New Wave filmmaking practice of Jean-Luc Godard.

what they might find should the writing-body present too graspable, too rational. In saying this the body of creative writing—I AM NOT THE SUN—(of writing despair), anesthetizes my rational or totalizing heart. My invitation here is to assist the other in becoming more intimate with both the madness of rational thought and the poetics of a writing that dwells with *this* (rational, judge-mental and self-reflexive torch) so that in everyday dwelling (the practice of everyday writing), a darker and soothing unconcealing lingers. The next thing I need to add in this ‘plan’ is to say that this methodology chapter puts into its writing practice a style which courses between the light (rational, self-reflexive and thetic aims) and the darker recesses of despair’s heart. This means that two meta-styles of writing coalesce in the one ‘methodology’ chapter with the darker recesses closer to the creative submission of this PhD. Therefore, my plan (here) is for the ‘darker recessing writing’ to act as a hinge between rational and creative writing. Maybe, the hinge provides the heart of the heart of despair itself for this thesis? I will suspend this question and, allow it to flee, staying in flight throughout the remains of this exegesis. In the meantime, I move around the territorial ‘body’ of my practice, assisting the reader with forensics. Like a surgeon operating on a body, this territory will be excavated horizontally, although unlike an anesthetized medicalized body, it moves position and therefore its contours are more akin to that of a restless ‘sleeping’ body. Sleeplessness manifests, at times, in dream-like surreal utterances, symptomatic of its second-hand psyche. Its surgery does not perform as a specialist on one bodily area, rather its specialty is for mining the folds of bodies that stratify this writer. As a writer writing into her body, sheets offer her support, contouring the body as it unmakes itself in order to disappear from the pressures of dominant (socialized) thought. The bed she writes in is that of the limits to her-self as a literary event. The image-of-thought as given in this methodological title of the unmade bed appositely provides multiple folds, contours, struggles, exiles, ghosts, hidings, movements, suffocation and air as her ungovernable spacing. She invites you into its contours, affirmatively and without reserve.

## Under Covers

My life is my method, my writing my body. I start like this—physical—and, at the most obvious place, with my hands, as though writing is *just* the simple fact of putting marks on ‘paper’ by hands. I thought so, I was wrong: Is it called writing when you place your hands on

the keyboard, begin typing and produce thinking's spittings of 'so what' juices? I had broken into this practice with avaricious greediness, craving the devastating mood of despair, in order to bury my corpse in its dirt, in order to die. ... But, I am a fool.

Writing Despair is not a life expressing melancholia in textual practice. The above 'fool' wanted it to be this way, romantically calling for writing to be my saviour, my place to hide from the contempt I held for myself in the 'reality' of living. Writing Despair did not end up being a great bedfellow for covering my eyes, pulling the sheets up over my body and allowing all 'normal' life to disappear. Although, to be honest, it did operate like this for a while—as a sheet, putting me under a 'romantic' and clichéd spell, dying in its sleepy and seductive black textual occupation.<sup>148</sup> Writing Despair started as a mere occupation for blocking out the sun's reality. The crisp white sheet was all I could see. It tempted me, seducing me under its spell. It gave promise for the open horizon it offered. It suggested anything goes. It offered me a way of sleeping, but I found myself to be lying awake, staring at the whiteness, daunted by the task of writing something purposeful. As I entered further into my wakeless worklessness the writing began to surrender to itself, to the 'it' of a transitive life, to the darker shadows casting themselves under the covers. My wakeful nights reproduce writing's worklessness, their ongoing and incessant source.<sup>149</sup> This was 'its' legitimate way into the thesis. I found under cover something impossible, something hidden, something beyond the mere whiteness of sheets and blackness of texts. I found myself coalescing in-between the sheets, where latent pasts and present despairing dispositions arrived as montages, non-didactically arriving,

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<sup>148</sup> In the **Appendix** I have included some earlier writing, archived under the title: 'Trashy Returns (Compost|Landfill?)'—This series of writings give *some* witness to the shifts or streams of writing produced earlier in my PhD. Fragments reveal a more self-conscious writing that ultimately holds no 'therapy' for despair, only exacerbates the strictures of social life as something to escape (either/or binary scenario) in difference to working into the critical spaces of living without social homogenous unity.

<sup>149</sup> The creative writing reimagines the transitivity of *it* as the presence, which falls out of writing, de-authorising the subject/object binary. An image-of-thought arrives through a 'deconstruction' of clichés and jargon (slogan) writing by mobilizing the (Nike) brand slogan of *Just Do It* from out of the false promise of an Americanism and the pursuit of happiness carried in such things as (capitalist) brand (slogans) such as Nike, which, globalize life into a homogenous and slavish existence. The creative writing takes this *Just Do It* slogan and turns it into an impossible life, allowing *it* to behave as a placeholder for an 'I' that could be anything, any present moment without referent, without separation. Perhaps, this is the sheer force of this (highly successfully commercial) slogan too. That is, the *it* is the perfect placeholder for life—whereby anything, anyone or any *doing* can be successfully accommodated, projecting into *its* perfected gaze, *its* perfected image. For reference to my creative writing, see 'lose track' pages 70-71 in *Lose Track*.

together, voices crisscrossed-images—infinitely appearing and disappearing without the need for staying. This literary montaging dissolved *I* into spaces of literature, itself. It delivered fluids, abject, warring and raw. Let me attempt to traverse these contours for arriving at a series of writing methods manifesting the unmade bed, writing (with) despair and suicide.

## Contours of an unmade bed

The final creative output is made up of three creative pieces whose borders interweave through reemerging images, spatial and temporal uncertainties and an unreliable pronominal narration. The three parts are named: *Cat's Dialect*, *Lose Track* and *Fugu Girls*. There is a semblance of something motivating their structural condition in relation to myself attuned to despair and suicide through age cycles and the moods of their presence. That is to say, in *Cat's Dialect*—that runs for the first 30 pages—there is resemblance with the mood of a child and childhood. The presence of humans as cats and a flea opens the reader to a childlike 'game' in 'story' whereby the exact status of species is rendered impossible to know—parody reigns. Further *CD* (*Cat's Dialect*) gives some cues into a life of a child with siblings, surrounded by adults. It introduces the spaces of childhood and the confinements and releases of these spaces. It is structured by 7 days, written in Japanese script—offering cross-cultural senses. The more explicit details of childhood proper arrive on the seventh day. Before this (seventh day), *CD* offer's childhood as the emergence of an adult sexual worlding with diversity 'speaking' its parodic-copulations (Bataille) through semiotics (Kristeva) of cross-species. *Lose Track* runs from pages 31 to 81 and, is the longest section of the three series of creative vignettes: It is structured by vignettes named by numbers (proper Arabic numerals from 1-14, and thereby ordering its time differently to *CD*'s days). Interspersed within the 1-14 are 11 'lose tracks' that offer s(l)idelines, mutations and marginal slippages of thought. *LT* (*Lose Track*) includes also four other titled vignettes (J+K; E.K.'s Afterlife; Dear \_\_\_\_ & \_\_\_\_; It Never Felt Right). *Lose Track*—existing as the middle section, the hinge or fold—bringing with it a disposition of puberty and teenage life worlds. It is marked by the introduction of E.K. and a mood of suicide surrounding (a close friendship with) E.K. However, E.K. more accurately 'flies' (dying) across all of the three sections; she is an omnipotent force of suicide. There is deep love for E.K. in the work and this love marks a tender condition in the prose style that renders the final *récit*, *Fugu Girls*, its tenderness (especially in the final 'concluding' 11<sup>th</sup> vignette of *FG*). E.K.'s

omnipotence hovers in other figures of love such as the ‘exam girl’ who ‘wears’ the pink sweaty neck and thin white shirt (see for example, page 31, opening *LT*). *Fugu Girls* runs from pages 82 to 105 (sequenced by 11 vignettes identified by Arabic numerals 1-11) and, its disposition or mood attunes to a life of an adult. There is, perhaps, more explicit references or referents at work here with respect to writing a thesis and despair contained in writing something explicit. It is not meant to dominate the reading as this object of writing would betray the intent for a writing despair (with) suicide in giving a stable plot point to *Fugu Girls*. Rather, the presence materializes more significantly in how the three *révits* (*CD*, *LT* and *FG*) migrate through pressing into images-of-thought that reappear, yet in their reappearances are never the same. For example, the first mention of a 7/11’ish Convenient Store is located in Cat’s Dialect (vignette 六日 ‘the sixth day’ page 18) and establishes an association with a ‘brain-body’ (who coalesces through the vignettes into *I*, and *Z*) and, here, electric or neon images. These are urban images—electric, neon, 7/11s, city habits: Body-brain smokes an electric cigarette while *He* smokes real tobacco and they become these entities: “We go up, together, Neon and Tobacco.” (pg. 20). Up until this point childhood is prefigured by sexuality and writing and, it is not really until ‘the seventh day’ that childhood details enter into the *Cat’s Dialect*. Reoccurrences of Neon, Electric smoke and convenient stores emerge later in both *Lose Track* (pages 51, 55, 61, 79) and *Fugu Girls* (pages 86, 87, 91). There are probably other empirical spots where these images reoccur and it would betray the experience of aleatory readings (the otherness of reading by others) to spend too much time with such a laundry list (we are after all writing in an unmade bed). The significant point here is to reveal the leakages of writing, as the performativity of an unmade bed methodology that houses reoccurring moods or attunements in spaces and times of uncertainty, never totalisable, never fully graspable and, as such, exemplary of a performativity writing despair (with) suicide. To hear other reader’s readings will always surprise and ‘delight’ me and, I would not wish to overburden any reading of the creative work (here) with too many defining details, although (for the sake of the exegesis) I will come to discuss more in due course.



## Sheets of sweat

I have constantly found myself drowning, unrequitedly ... alone ... in oceans of wounds, a body and its furs sway in depths of nowhere yet *it* decided to correspond to the horror and tussle *itself* out of here. Panicked limbs convulse, dancing, crawling onto edgeless brine, madness urges the delirious blinded eye and braise the lungs with its saline-lashes. Before shattered rays vanish, the body was abjected from crowded pus-wound-blood and I gasped the fist of earthy air. *Screw that sunlight temptation for keeping me alive!*<sup>150</sup> The sun paralyzes her eyes and she sticks out her tongue, dangling it in thirst, uttering her soliloquy *when would it be truly the end?* The more she returns to the day, the more she became the sediment of the hadal.<sup>151</sup> Waking moments are where this writer found herself in unrequited zones. Writing has its waking moments, when the writer appraises their attempts, re-reading the practice. I had to admit that I was swimming deeper into the unknown of my thesis. The two-pronged spirit of despair was starting to show itself. The methodology of this practice ran over her body, crushed her and murmured “One cannot ‘plan’ to kill oneself.”<sup>152</sup> That is, in starting to understand the thesis of Writing Despair, under the covers of this first unmade ‘writing’ sheet,

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<sup>150</sup> I refer the reader to my latter footnote on Bataille’s Solar Anus in relation to the copulation statement *I AM THE SUN*, which interplays here with my own ‘quote’. The conversation to be had between myself and Bataille here concerns the transparency of *life* as separation—a separation from the first breath of air taken, where birth thrusts us from the womb and into light. The desire not to have been born is an obvious metaphor in this writing, however, what is also at stake (in my mimicry—my *mini-cry*) with Bataille’s images-of-thought is subtle critique of a metaphysics of presence as housed in the structuration of language through the copulating verb ‘to be!’ Copulation gives human life its Western measure to be *this* or *that*—striving toward something other than *that there is* (*il y a*). In striving to be this and that promise, humans are led outside (by transcendental significances) from where they are, in-life, in-living. The *in* or *that there isness* of existence produces anxiety working against the grain of (Plato’s inauguration) of Western metaphysical thought that strives for unity, totality and wholeness through transcendental presence. My response, “screw that sunlight temptation for keeping me alive” is also a response to the Sun as producer of transparency and the rational of hope or promise in contemporary Western capitalist ideals. However, my dialogue with Bataille embraces his materialist and immanent philosophy, his adoration for the sun for its immanent heat copulating with mud or whatever, whereby *joining is not* this separate thing with that separate thing, but the parodic-mutating life forces at work in material molecular desires or drives.

<sup>151</sup> The deepest layer of the ocean, the hadopelagic zone, is named after the realm of Hades, the Greek underworld. See <https://runescape.wiki/w/Hadopelagic> (visited 20 July 2019).

<sup>152</sup> Blanchot’s concept of ‘Literature and The Right to Death’ has been discussed earlier in the literature review section as well as makes its way throughout this Design of Study section/chapter, as the overarching methodology making the unmaking-making of my unmade bed. That is to say, the concept is discussed with respect to Blanchot’s two-slopes to language, wherein literature or writing might move language to the limits of thought, into obscurity and boundlessness. See both: Maurice Blanchot. “Literature and the Right to Death.” In *The Work of Fire*, translated by Lydia Davis, 300–344. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1995), 300–344. As well as, Maurice Blanchot, “Literature and the Right to Death.” In *The Station Hill Blanchot Reader: Fiction and Literary Essays*, translated by Lydia Davis, (Barrytown: Station Hill Press, 1999), 359–399.

I realized that losing one's *self* or writing suicide, is not just a rational putting in place enacted by using the correct implements: keyboard, screen, typewriter, paper, hands—and, most significantly, an 'ego'. This first enactment under the sheets found itself also with the (transitive) 'it' or 'itself' (of a) desire to enter the hadal zone of writing.<sup>153</sup> It entered my waking life, without choice, without invitation. 'It' or 'itself' has another life, unrequited because it requires losing all selves, egos and wills acting on worlds. Again, it was not a case of losing or finding an ego. Unrequited *it* arrived. (Here, I have some companions, like Blanchot and Bataille.) *It* arrived without warning lingering in the voices that inhabited my research and my creative writing. Blanchot, Bataille and others, became methodological unmakers of my bed, designing my study without my ego's say so. Reading them, they worked themselves into the day, making some sense of my everyday despair. As a community of writers, I became (a part of) 'theirs' or 'its'. That is, my writers-in-common did not command me to write. They did not hand me down a manifesto or circumscribe a field of entry and exit into writing. Rather the community *itself* rained without reserving where from or prior knowledge for when to predict floods, waters, urine, sweats, rivers or oceans. My methods built up sweaty writings, drenching and despairing in restless nocturnal production. That is to say, here, that a large part of my methodology is writing with others whose inhabitation enters textually. I'm not (consciously) stylistically evoking them, nor am I copying their prose or philosophical aphorisms or even parodying them—although copulation by the bedside light of Bataille is embraced. This would be the 'deconstructive' or double science written by Bataille's parodic invocations that express mutating life forces, always becoming other. These mutating (non-separating) life living forces copulate, joining without discrete boundaries or contours, fooling around with the copulating structuration of metaphysical language. Reading my writers-in-common takes (my) work, working itself into worklessness. It throws me into the space of literature at limits—or as its despairing limits—and, these spaces 'inhabit' alienations and other kinds of entries and

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<sup>153</sup> Heidegger makes the point that for early Greek thinking a middle voice discloses a relation or between of tenses. He calls this transitive. The transitive for Heidegger via early Greek thought, is that 'verbing' in language of life in itself. He will come to approximate the isness to the *il y a* (that there is). The middle and transitive voice is not beholden to a subject that wills or a world of cause and effect. Rather it denotes the living presence that cannot be captured, appearing and disappearing is this movement of transitivity. For further reading please see, Martin Heidegger, "Logos (Heraclitus, Fragment B 50)" in *Early Greek Thinking*, Trans. David Farrell Krell and Frank A. Capuzzi, (Harper & Row, NY, Evanston, San Francisco and London, 1975), 59-79.

lingerings into the foreign.<sup>154</sup> What could be more despairing, structurally-speaking, than the foreign or that which escapes.<sup>155</sup> Entering into the foreign loses all ego—losing tracks. It staves off knowing quite what writing will ‘find’—what writing finds of itself. Desire becomes detached from an ego that thinks it can steer a clear pathway into the ocean and navigate a journey down into the underworld. The next section of this methodology chapter ‘Hangman’ gives a ‘diagrammatic (pictogrammatic) sheet’ on desire’s journey as writing into the depths of hadal without a pilot-light. It is a promise of never letting her (ego) truly arrive as sameness, rather the foreign kicks out her mirror-symmetry of predetermined programming. It cuts her out from senses of belonging. She can only demonstrate a secondary and unintended side effect of the methodology. Let me inspect her scars and clear out the blurring pus and demonstrates how the practice works in drowning us over and over. It would be tempting just to yell out here, now, Bataille’s frenzied words: “I AM THE SUN!”<sup>156</sup>

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<sup>154</sup> I have thematized the foreign in my earlier chapter in relation literature-as-translation as well as in relation to Blanchot’s concept of writing at the limits from his *literature and the right to death*.

<sup>155</sup> In Maurice Blanchot’s *The Infinite Conversation* the work of writing literature at the limits exists as the thesis of the book. In an initial note, Blanchot brings literature, the foreign and going beyond unity as the destiny of writing limits: “Writing, the exigency of writing: no longer the writing that has always (through a necessity in no way avoidable) been in the service of the speech or thought that is called idealist (that is to say, moralizing), but rather the writing that through its own slowly liberated forces (the aleatory force of absence) seems to devote itself solely to itself as something that remains without identity, and little by little brings forth possibilities that are entirely other: an anonymous, distracted, deferred, and dispersed way of being in relation, by which everything is brought into question—and first of all the idea of God, of the Self, of the Subject, then of Truth and the One, then finally the idea of the Book and the Work—so that this writing (understood in its enigmatic rigor), far from having the Book as its goal rather signals its end: a writing that could be said to be outside discourse, outside language. ... When I speak of “the end of the book,” ... I do not mean to allude to developments in the audio-visual means of communication with which so many experts are concerned. ... the Book always indicates an order that submits to *unity*, a system of notions in which are affirmed the primacy of speech over writing, of thought over language, and the promise of a communication that would one day be immediate and transparent. Now it may be that writing requires the abandonment of all these principles, that is to say, the end and also the coming to completion of everything that guarantees our culture—not so that we might in idyllic fashion turn back, but rather so we might go beyond, that is, to the limit, in order to attempt to break the circle, the circle of circles: the *totality* of the concepts that founds history, that develops in history, and whose development history is. ... Writing, in this sense ... supposes ... interruption, death itself ... Writing thus becomes a terrible responsibility. Invisibly, writing is called upon to undo the discourse in which, however unhappy we believe ourselves to be, we who have it at our disposal remain comfortably installed ... writing is the greatest violence, for it transgresses the law, every law, and also its own.” xii. See: Maurice Blanchot, ‘Note’, in *The Infinite Conversation*, Trans. & Foreword by Susan Hanson, (Theory and History of Literature, Volume 82, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis and London, 1993).

<sup>156</sup> Georges Bataille, *The Solar Anus*, (Scissors & Paste Bibliographies, London, U.K, fp in French 1927/1996). Here we get a sense of Bataille’s parody-of-thought, whereby the copulation of existence in Western thought i.e. in *the verb to be* makes everything a parody of another thing. I AM the Sun—his amorphous frenzy with light, the greatest source of life (THE SUN) allows the statement to make MAN into a GOD, yet Bataille’s shows us that the copulation at the heart of Western thinking is a ruse or a massive desire for totalizing control. At the heart of

However, this would be too easy, too certain and the transparency would only blind me further. In what follows, I continue to give a more detailed sketch into a series of methods construing the research findings and approaches for writing the creative works. The overarching title of the creative works resides (hidden) inside the thesis title of: Writing Despair (in, ~~I AM NOT THE SUN~~).

## Methods of Open Limits

### Everyday Hangman—A Pictogrammatic Sheet

This next sheet arrives in the clear light of day—or the nocturnal edges that are beginning to accrue in my life-writing (Writing Despair) creative practice. Methodologically-speaking, I'm making a fresh bed—this is an everyday task for this literature-as-translation. The sheets have been washed outside in the sun, on the line. They smell really great—a possible new start. Nope, that's not quite right. Actually the day is overcast and it is the middle of winter and the sheets are full of dew and they are cold and uninviting. This is an everyday scene, we've all encountered it before, those dull mundane and uninspiring 'events' accruing, making up our worlds of domestic everyday repetitions. Today's sheets disclose some desire for where or how writing was aroused by suicidal temptation. To somehow escape the drudgery of my body's everyday—riveted to this time, this world—yet I've found a paradox, a stain in my real. Dew writes as winter hangs my sheets, writing *its* paradox. Blanchot's writing on the everyday also shows this paradox: The everyday escapes—it becomes a foreign agent, its contours disappear. Sheets, on *the* line, wind-blown, disappearing contours, refolding, tangled, never whole at any one moment of time and space. Writing's limits 'manifest' disappearance of the everyday, unable to grasp the unity of a self, able in the ungraspable to produce disappearances as

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Western language is the desire for unity, for total transparency, for the desire to join ourselves to something that will give us everlasting life. In a latter section I will be discussing Bataille's parody in more detail to elaborate on this desire and the impossible desire of language where fragmentation, abject joining of bodies, and fermentation, make for another limit to writing: Literature and the right to Death. See: <https://holybooks-lichtenbergpress.netdna-ssl.com/wp-content/uploads/The-Solar-Anus.pdf> (downloaded 21st August 2019).

suchness. Blanchot's work is known in a sense for its fragmentary writing. The fragment he thinks in terms of literature or what he might prefer to call writing as a "limit-experience" (a term he gains from his good friend Georges Bataille) that even bypasses the acculturated canons of literature and poetry. Blanchot's fragmentary writing attempts its limit-experience as that limit to thinking. In *The Infinite Conversation* he says this limit-experience is, 'that [which] man encounters when he had decided to put himself radically in question' (203). I find approximation with *despair* and *suicidal* thoughts as those limit-experiences fragmenting me into my scenes of writing. My writing fragments and in its fragmentation, we become closer to rhythms of everyday life as ungraspable through repetition and fragment. Blanchot thematizes the spaces of literature (what he calls *espacement*) in relation to the ungraspable everyday rhythms as fragmentation and repetitions that produce a life always incessantly returning but never the same (this is the ungraspable rhythm). Most significantly here is to enter into the spaces of these fragments and lacunae *between* repetitive iterative patterns for 'divining' literatures essence, *its worklessness—outside* of the capture of Work, capital L Literature. The essence of literature is not stability—but rather is non-literature. Again, the significance of ungraspable 'reality' folded by rhythms of incessant fragmentation and lacunae within repetition is at the heart of writing despair—its non-literature, its non-social worlding. I will come to address this non-literature and asocial worlding later (as I have already) in relation to Blanchot's Literature and the Right to Death or the two slopes of writing. This quote by Blanchot is an excellent exemplar for this thought:

It is precisely the essence of literature to escape any determination of its essence, any assertion which might stabilize it or even turn it into a reality: literature is never given, but remains always to be rediscovered or reinvented. It is not even certain that the word 'literature', or 'art' corresponds to anything real, or possible, or important ... Whoever affirms literature in itself affirms nothing. Whoever seeks it seeks only that which slips away; whoever finds it finds only what falls short of literature or, even worse, what lies beyond it. This is why, in the end, it is non-literature that each book pursues as the essence of what it loves and yearns passionately to discover.<sup>157</sup>

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<sup>157</sup> See: Maurice Blanchot. *The Book to Come*. Translated by Charlotte Mandell. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2003), 129.

This paradox was becoming ‘clearer’ through wind conditions. Its everyday ‘clarity’ has been blown by folded elements of sun, season, wind, rain, fog, cool—‘clarity’ with paradox existing, escaping into the everyday mundane that escapes. How does one escape *into* that which already escapes? This was to be my question or rather a noose tempting me into its complex sphere. It is a lure that was breeding internally within her everydayness. She subsided in her everydayness enduring the noises from the road, the screams from the neighbours, the timing of their car breaks as her clock. The vignettes started to manifest everyday escapes into escape-writings. Or to be clearer, her apartment and everyday surrounds produced temporal and spatial markers (such as the 7/11 or Convenient store below her apartment, as addressed, already). However, as markers they existed both inside writing’s *récit* yet disappeared ‘outside’ [*dehors*], disrupting any unity of straight description or telling. That is, spacings (or writing’s *espacement*) lead outside our interiorized ego subjectivities to the exterior [*dehors*] or outside that traces the rhythms of an interior on the go, subjectivities that never come back to the same place, a subject’s non-coincidence, beyond unity. These ‘markers’ of her everyday are such details called into writing as the rhythms of fragments and intervals, sounding spacings, imaging temporalities and exhausting (her) mastery. The everyday details are markers of time passing and it is repetition that houses the escape or writing’s escape *into* escape. For example, in *Fugu Girls* we witness Z attempting to write productively, so as to provide B with material evidence (in word-count or pages) of Z’s daily work (her usefulness). These attempts are structured by a mood (coalescing sound with image) of repetition and reoccurring images (such as the ‘sounds of the neighbour’s car pulling up). It is an example of everyday repetition as montage (or literary montage), whereby ‘off-scene’ (from the interior location of Z+B’s apartment) we (readers) ‘hear’ repetitious sounds that join (or montage) into the anxiety or despair of Z’s lack of productivity and material evidence. It is what disappears (both literally as Z cannot see her neighbour’s car, but hears its car ‘brakes’, its comings) and in its everyday repetition, signal ‘that time’ of day when B is due to return home from work (—this repetitive car-braking also arrives earlier in #1 of *Fugu Girls*)—This example, from #3 *Fugu Girls*, page 89:

### A Year

Clean house. Unfinished business. Sounding brakes of a neighbour's car.  
Two wait, work, converse, write alone, together, swim, sleep, sex, eat,  
wait, work.

### Another Year

Clean house. Unfinished business. Sounding brakes of a neighbour's car.  
Two wait, work, converse, write alone, together, converse less, together  
alone, swim, sleep, sex, eat, wait, work.  
—A door slams

### Year Here

Clean'ish messier house. Unfinished business. Sounding brakes of a  
neighbour's car. One waits, another works, another waits, the other  
enters into worklessness, marking up her despair in the margins of her  
tiny cute existence. She cries nocturnally, legs swing around aching ass  
chair, suicidal thoughts become illegible in the folds of her inner  
invaginated textual recesses. Another waits, reads some, gives comments,  
criticizes, misconstrues, feels betrayed, tired, used for income stream,  
threatens breakages, demands writing, takes tiny-cute hand and squeezes  
for life, wanting a pulse of legible thoughts, poetic beauty, loving  
horizons, something, redemptive, rather than arguing, hatred, puss,  
corpses imagined, tiring, show me your writing, measure your count,  
cunt your years, produce *it*, do it justice, wait, work, silently speak, write  
alone, together-apart, less is not more, alone, sleepless, sexless, hunger,  
wait, work, drown and out,  
—A door slams entering. Another slams on exit.

The fact that the vignette is structured by yearly intervals is still a repetitive everyday order, only accentuating the interval of repetition in the span of year rather than day, week or month. We note too that the vignette starts off as a day (Saturday, Friday, The Day After i.e. returning back to that same Saturday, again). The unproductive despair clocks louder in the yearly interval as indicated in the word-piling pressure accounting frustration in combination with the sounds of slamming doors (as well as car brakes). The everyday entry and exit of a door echo the repetitious nature of the neighbour's car arriving (and leaving), building into the everyday life-world of Z, despair and suicidal thoughts, again as its sounds write into her body's attunement, producing the heightening of her despair. It writes literary montages in the

junctures of spatial and temporal everyday repetitions, often turning seeing into sounding as that which joins two ‘frames’ of reference.<sup>158</sup>

## Escaping into Escape’s Frame

Head cries, manifesting gulps and gasps of pointlessness. She forms a method of form’s disavowal. She thinks formalism comes in many shapes, such as the escapes of everyday repetitions, routines, outside the frame. She feels she is never actually able in-a-frame. She feels the framework of framing is something of an illusion. Or at least, she must confront the illusion of framing ‘head-on’. She attempts sustaining the form, herself—of herself, her literature-as-her. She is mutating, profusely sweating, under the sheets. Her ‘form’ is not stable. “What? Is this (my) everyday life?”<sup>159</sup> Where is her future in the frame of its escape? What exists as future of everydayness, *its* awaiting, or awhilings? Or rather, the everyday has no future and in this announcement I was starting to make sense of Blanchot’s inescapable escape. Escape *was* here, now and alive. So, apart from lying in dead, becoming the organic bed of the maggots and incest, no other release seemed possible. Hysteria and fear consumed her everyday-senses, tooth-bugs munched her teeth everyday—What is the value of being born? In the obvious existential crisis of this thought, Writing Despair started to hone its truth—without escape from life’s ongoing escape, its foreign reign, death is already (dying) everyday. She is preparing to introduce her method of formlessness in the face of everyday despair. She should start with her pronominal usages as one instance of formlessness in the betrayal of stability and unity, showing writing-in-common with Blanchot’s Literature and the Right to Death as method:

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<sup>158</sup> The filmmaking of French New Wave Director Jean-Luc Godard is another great example of this montaging of everyday through the framing of seeing something at the same time as ‘we’ are hearing sounds of everyday off-frame (outside it, yet inside its *mise-en-scene*). Also I refer back to an earlier footnote on Chris Marker’s essay-film *Sans Soleil*. See for example, Jean Luc-Godard (Dir.), *Two or Three Things I Know About Her*, Prod. Anatole Dauman & Raoul Lévy, Written by Catherine Vimenet & Jean-Luc Godard, (New York Films, 17 March 1967, 87mins, French).

<sup>159</sup> Maurice Blanchot, ‘Everyday Speech’, in *The Infinite Conversation*, (244), 238-245.



## Pronominal Formlessness

For most of the creative work [~~I AM NOT THE SUN~~] the ‘I’ narrating has largely been put under erasure throughout the three, collective, works [CD, LT, FG]. In facing the frame ‘head-on’ of everyday escape that shows repetition *as* disappearances, the writing takes into account the shifts in pronominal frames. In facing an *I* that writes, writing betrays the clarity of *I*. Throughout the three works the *I* that writes becomes progressively dissolved, though even in *Cat’s Dialect* the *I* is often an unstable identity though poses initially as a clearly formed orientation. The further into *Cat’s Dialect* the *I* becomes part of a larger ensemble of pronouns and capitalized initials: such as K, S and C as well as the ‘body-brain’ and a gender diverse S/He as well as the non-human entities of cats and a flea. The *I* that writes increasingly does not come from a discrete subject, but rather disseminates in *She* or *Her* or *They*, S/He or *brain-body* or Z or many other relations of characterization. *She* and the ensemble of other pronominals find ‘their’ escape, releasing the *I* of a stable and unified ego into a way of non-mastery. Not only do they confuse gender status something else occurs that is more complicated for this writer, writing despair. The writer loses herself only to find the strange and sparse utterances of an *I* occurring long after *She*, *Her*, *They*, (et cetera) have forgotten the *I*. This strange and sparse utterance occurs in the latter half of the collection—though never coincides neatly with itself. Let us say it is an affection or, affectation of, ‘them’ leaving behind *I* as *I* enters into the anonymous or neuter (spaces) of writing. This happens in a two-folded affectation: The first is that on many occasions, it becomes unclear what *She* or *Her* (and any of the host of capitalized initials) exactly *is*—are they one or many? See for example, this excerpt from *Cat’s Dialect* (pg.16):

S never calls me with an innocent heart.

Madness, contains her jealousy, my nausea are contained in our incessant affection. She vomits me out of myself and into despair. Madness, jealousy and nausea—a threesome triangles us: Me, S and C. That last letter C (U Next Tuesday), copulates my triple emotional cocktail. She, the ‘C’ (U Next Tues), fell for S based on gender and not sexual difference. Gender prescribes S with reproductive organs for C to find love. Sexual difference though has everything to do with it. Gender only performs genre, whereas *I* write into the enigmatic spaces of her sex. There were many times when the ambivalence of me wished to possess a woman’s body, hoping that She, C, would find reproductive returns in me. But C will never look at me that way, even though genre suggests

'I am woman!' My genre is not legible. She can't quite see the C(UNT) in me. In her shoes (which are unwalkable for a girl-boy-genreless-being-like-me), she experiences (my) anger, vomiting constantly. C envies a 'guy-gal', invading *her* S, —desecrating the sacred, ritualized, spaces of proper Women. She rationalizes her brain, washing it in heterosexual intercourse discourse as other to this scenario. Writing my sex in genreless inks, erases the neatness of S and C either/or scenery. S has an image of a guy in her mind-dreams, unconcealing the mythos of her innocent guy, C washes herself with S, flipping S' image on her symmetry— mirror-reflection. The same, again, but then again, binaries are for deconstructing.

*The mirror knows males exist and cannot eliminate jealousy.*

Despair appears in the form of jealousy for 'me' though becomes more dissolved into sexual difference in the face of gendered difference—jealously transforms into despair. For the capitalized initial of C things appear to make sense at the level of some biological gendered determinisms, though this is from the point of view of the other (me or S)—by S's projections. Somehow a scene between me and C gets complicated by S. S becomes the labyrinth letter holding the binaries of the other two (me and C) in between the *curls* of the letter's 'S' serpentine, turning confusion of sexual differences (regardless of gender) *into* a binary form. C becomes the mediating (biological) C(unt) for these despairing subjectivities. 'Me' is neither not straight enough as a lesbian fantasy of heteronormative sexuality, or gay enough as a lesbian homosexual 'normative'.<sup>160</sup> What is significant in writing is not so much the confusion around sexual preferences, but rather the containment of subjectivities 'owned' by discrete pronominals. The 'confusion' leaked by these porous initials may frustrate a reader, yet this would be a reality of despair, thus performed, in its uncertainty and frustration of desire when facing the frame of socialized normativity. The thesis does not bring gendered or sexual difference into the fore for theorizing or making explicit methods, although it does voice the *écriture féminine* of Hélène Cixous and Julia Kristeva as significant writers-in-common. As an escape into the frame of everyday escapes, these pronominal leakages form around repetitive images-of-thought in the 'body-brain' that commonly brings the inadequacy of a body's female form into the scenes of writing (see the many appearances of the non-[adequate]-appearances

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<sup>160</sup> Is there anything normal about sex? Would be the other critical path of this entire conundrum.

of adult femininity in the depictions of the body-brain's flat-chest, squat stature, midget, muted, stunted, child-like (de)compositions).

The second-pronged process for an egoistic unified 'I' that writes 'I' that then, over time 'dissolves' into a stranger neuter or anonymous 'I', occurs long-after *She, Her, They*, et cetera, have forgotten themselves. This is a work of memory or a concern with memory as a writing process, writing despair. Chris Marker's *Sans Soleil* (Sunless) evokes this most significantly, *he writes*: "I will have spent my life trying to understand the function of remembering, which is not the opposite of forgetting, but rather its lining. We do not remember. We rewrite memory much as history is rewritten. How can one remember thirst?"<sup>161</sup> Rather, the *I* of a life becomes the processes of writing (its) linings, forever, incessantly, internalizing *I*'s despair in the multitude of leaky pronominals that express the event of the *I*'s life. These pronominal linings attempt to get to the heart of despair's thirst yet only do so not as the locating of an originary and unified event of despair but, rather as the multitude of events, moments, repetitions and dissolves of ungraspable utterances. Each capitalized initial dissolve into multiple singular 'utterances' by way of singular capitalized ensemble and 'switching'. The writer loses herself only to find that her 'I' has become the strange and sparse utterances of an *I* without security, without her exacting the letter 'I' as her say so. There is no way to pinpoint the strange anonymous sparse utterances of 'I' that occurs in the collection. However, the companion to despair in this thesis is suicide and it would be the coalescing of a work of memory as the event of immemorialising the event of suicide that brings us closer to the heart of writing despair.<sup>162</sup>

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<sup>161</sup> See: Chris Marker (Dir), *Sans Soleil* (Sunless), (Argos Films, France, running time: 100 minutes, 1983).

<sup>162</sup> In the context for which I'm using the term immemorialising, I'm evoking Maurice Blanchot's concept here. For Blanchot immemorialising is an event of writing that comes from the past. In *The Writing of the Disaster* he writes: "Dying means: you are dead already, in an immemorial past, of a death which was not yours, which you have thus neither known nor lived, but under the threat of which you believe you are called upon to live; you await it henceforth in the future, constructing a future to make it possible at last—possible as something that will take place and will belong to the realm of experience." pp.65-66. Full citation: Maurice Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*. Translated by Ann Smock. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986), 65-66. This beautifully evokes the involvement of EK in my writing as the immemorialising writing of suicide. EK is that past written into the vignettes, folded in a speculative yet real realm of experience of suicide that is not my own, yet 'lived' or materialized as writing its disaster, under threat which I live as the event of futurity, the event of my own death, lived through EK, constructing a possibility of a future as a lived realm of death experienced—that will take place! EK's omnipotence construes this construction of living suicide as a future at last. *Writing Despair* shores up this disaster holding the realm of experience *in* writing. It is important to note that EK is not an individual but a past

## An Open Work Method—Immemorialising Formlessness

Suicide cannot be planned for, here in her theory. That is, it is not a temporality of a predetermined future but a past restoring a future in the realm of an experience lived by a cast of others (that appear and disappear). Suicide is lived, moment-by-moment and does not exist as some pure outside that demarcates life as separation. Here EK's omnipotence—which is not an omnipotence of a unified figure—and, perhaps is better said 'omni-impotence'—comes from the past as a realm of suicidal experience and courses through the three *récit* as a tide ebbing on its turning point. The line that it writes is fragmentary and repetitive. The outside [*dehors*] is a folded limit, consisting in writing fragments whereby this life of an 'I' writing despair (as in this thesis) is marked by other lives. The story of EK is suggested (earlier) as the omni(im)potent non-figure of suicide marking the other's linings writing the three (inseparable) *récits*. EK also blurs in expression with another—that of the 'exam girl' with pink sweaty neck and thin white shirt. EK travels and unravels desire with suicide and despair. Here are a series of excerpts of EK, each one chosen here 'only' for the sake of showing EK's 'appearance' mutating across the three *récits*—and, not as some neat (impossible) summary of EK:

*Lose Track*, page 41:

—EK forms a habit of slicing her body. She uses a tiny-ass-blade with precision, cutting her surface skin, horizontally. EK writes her pain in controlled lines of Morse code without dots—her body writes help illegibly.

And later in *Lose Track*, under the heading 'EK's Afterlife' on page 56:

EK: The weather forecast told me it was sunny *that* day. She'd planned the day to perform her act of jumping. She had an exam that day. It helped with the planning. Everyone except EK passed their exams. She imagined her act was a blessing. She imagined herself getting a pass, a high pass, even an A, had she not planned *that* day, to be *that* day. *That* day, she planned to give over to the constant demand of pleasing others. *That* day she planned to please herself, only herself. *That* day would act as a leap of faith, jumping into self-pleasing.

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event that continues to be rewritten and cannot be unified as such.

EK's planning is a non-planning, removing herself outside the demands of normative pressures such as 'pleasing others' by undergoing an exam. Her day is planned around the not-sitting of an exam, so as to hypothesize her own results, her own pleasings. Yet, we hear in her scenario that she has not escaped the despair of normative pleasings, i.e. "a high pass, even an A". She cannot escape the inculcation of pressures of normative values of success. Her jump is a leap of faith—this 'leap' *exists* as a realm of suicide experience where all pressures, for that moment, lose track, lose stabilities of being an upright grounded human, lose the demands of symbolic jumping to the codes of others, she jumps otherwise.

Earlier, in *Cat's Dialect*, EK 'arrives' in the spacings (*espacement*) of K or Angel K:

They feel looser now, enough to reflect on the state of play of K's parents, instead:

"How could K accept her lizard-parents?"

"Apparently they aren't her birth parents." (pg. 25)

Angel K comes too close to C—gripping her into K's hell. K's hand is a rubbish clipper, clipping trash surrounding her arm. .... She, who as yet, has committed no crimes, could never become an angel or a demon in the name of death. Her mother has made sure of this. Angel and Demon are too good for her. (pg.26-27)

EK hovers prior to Lose Track in the form of an orphan or bastard, adopted by (human) lizards. She returns on the next page as an Angel, already existing elsewhere beyond C and S. Her Angel status becomes an imaginary for C or *her* as already 'successfully' making her presence into a 'good' afterlife entity—"too good for" the one who remains in the realm of everyday life. This would be a spacing or interval of the open event of suicide making its presence in the first of three *récit* as the *last* Initial of EK as in K. These sequences of EK's (immemorial status) can make some vague sense in terms of a linear fashion, but in truth they perform more strangely, as an Open Work of immemorialising. The term Open Work leans into Blanchot's approach to this fragmentary writing. Blanchot's own fragmentary approach reveals language is not a closed system, but rather opens (spaces, times) onto further responses. This openness resists knowing-egos *as* totalisable (produced *through* language), sharing language as a mere tool of communication, shared between one totalized ego to another. Rather, Blanchot's *récit* creates another work, fragmentary, resisting any one system of thought.

The Open Work casts an attuning toward numerous readings, challenging closures of predetermined or instrumental (means-ends) reading. EK's spacing 'refuses' hegemonic closure as the ideal imaginary of suicide *in* the many fragmentations of *their* haunting. The *Cat's Dialect* brings in the imaginary (fantasy) ideal of (E)K as the event of suicide, only to return the real abjectness of a response from the one who remains living. That is to say, EK as Angel K (and the binary opposite Demon) aura are both "too good for" the one who remains living. The one who remains living is already debased by the figure of the real mother (and not [E]K's bastard origins). The real does not lose sight of this in relation to the imaginary Angel status of EK—we sense being a bastard would have made it so much simpler. In *Lose Track* EK's suicide suspends between the normative pressures of socially valued existence and the pleasing of herself as she leaps into her own "self-pleasing". Her [EK's] *révit* of suicide, fragments across all three (*CD*, *LT*, *FG*) works, opening them to immemorial writing of suicide as the lived realm of experience of suicide that is not my own, yet 'lives' or materializes writing despair—It lives on as writing under threat as the event of futurity, the event of my own death, lived through EK, constructing a possibility of a future as a lived realm of death experienced—that will take place!

EK's immemorialising mutates into *Fugu Girls* in the sense of building up a recipe or planning for undertaking the event of suicide. The repetitions of planning are inscribed in the tonal (recipe) expression in *Fugu Girls*, particularly in the undertaking of food preparation, especially fish (dishes), which repeat across all three *révits*. We can think here of the opening to *Cat's Dialect* with the preparation of frying fish, to the Uncle's food stall, to a Barista's everyday coffee making routines, to the feeding of the fish in the apartment's tank and with the closing of *Lose Track's* recipe for **"Delicious Stuffed Pooperoni Vasagna"** and, onto preparing dinner for B upon her return home from work. The final entry of *Fugu Girls* (number 11) presses into the necessity for an orderly death by suicide. The final pages rehearse this careful control, undertaking with precise preparation of Z's suicide meal with the main ingredient of Z&B's Fugu puffer fish.<sup>163</sup> So much of this final fragment or vignette entails gestures of

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<sup>163</sup> It might seem laboured to mention that the reoccurring image of fish coincides with sexuality in relation to the urban slang of: drag queens, transgendered women that look very convincing as a 'real woman', or by gay men to denote biological women (this is historically the most common whereby the general gay community use

cutting, slicing, swiping, detaching (organs of the fish), expressing clinical as well as aesthetic concerns (rice and sake for accompanying the puffer fish) for the last meal. However, careful planning becomes a thwarted system of total resolve or finality through the abject reality produced by shit—a kind of non-aesthetic, non-instrumental choke. Z’s ‘shit’ leave alibi traces (i.e. leaving the mess of Z’s browser history along with other messy ‘lose track’ trails). That is, Z’s ‘failed’ suicide attempt, lives in the ‘her-o’ (abject solar SUN ‘O’—the anus producing faeces) of material muddled instances located in the cracks and crotches between a railway and tunnel, alive with long weeds and bugs (in and under Z’s pants)—located in an urban infrastructural anywhere. Z’s careful planning combines with (other) immemorial suicides from ancient times—the container of shit as antidote to suicide creates a path full of alibis as though the immemorial currents of Socrates’ time becomes a faulty line, writing despair into the impossible exit from life that has a stronger hold than the lure of death itself. The container of shit (as ancient antidote to suicide attempt) brings Z into montaged positioning—cutting Z into a thinking of her life as two, given the impossible scenario of the shit being self-administered. This brings the event of Z’s attempted suicide outside just Z, as Z recasts another into the imaginary. We can think here that Z had always intended the Fugu fish meal as a meal for two, both Z&B. Without B, the event could not take place and the ruse or rethinking of an ancient antidote method ‘saves’ the solo act for another. The significance for labouring this is not so much to describe the subtexts or intentions of a story, but rather to show the affects of real immemorial workings as writing expresses fragments of elsewhere, alibis and intervals *as* despair with suicide—formally construed as the montaging of pasts arriving in present events that hold only meaning for the future. The fish dies—a fragment of death—and Z returns to browsing her history with B, forwarding a future of a better life, far from fantasy. Z decides (futurally) to return to the stronger, repetitive, dying everyday of her life with B, albeit always already in the future of the(ir) work.

In the Open Work method, the 'fragment' remains open for further responses. The fragment is retold in every lining of future readings and responses. Spacings of the work move into other contexts (like EK’s mutations), into other spaces, leading where the subject never coincides

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it to describe a ‘natural born girl’), various acronyms like “Fuck It Shit Happens” or a person who looks “Fit, Intelligent, Sexy and Hot”

with it-self, unable to be arrested for certainty's sake. Blanchot's radically passive un-arrestable *espacement* reveals time and space (as) fragments, producing spaces in the temporality of interval or repetition that produce heterogeneous proximities, exhausting mastery or intentionality. EK's omni(im)potence—or fragmentary work of immemorializing—construes this construction of living suicide as a future at last. Writing *Despair* shores up this disaster holding the realm of experience *in* writing. EK's non-individuated status calls to the past (suicide) events that continue to be rewritten and cannot be unified as such.

## Montaging Otherness—Going Out Toward the Other in the Impossible Capture of Everyday

The Open Work method construes that fragmentary writing does not take from one system of thought. It is not a piece of a whole. Rather the ontological status of the *récit* is fragmentation.<sup>164</sup> The final *Fugu Girl's* vignette marks the immemorial (suicide) future at last

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<sup>164</sup> The use of the term *récit* evokes (again Blanchot's thought on limit-experience) as an ontological event whereby *in* language narrations course in fragmentation, waving (ebbing and flowing) in many directions, repeating and installing intervals that leak and hallucinate. These affects are ontological surges of despair and suicide *writing*, never getting closer to some unified resolve, yet always already affirming despair as an expression in writing (in the intervals, repetitions, fragmentations and the absolute passive silences that can never account for any totalizing of *despair*). That is to say, the *récit* refuses closure, it refuses linear narratives, it refuses strict genres, it refuses 'story' as whole. As others have pointed to, in Blanchot, the *récit* (*although his concept changes through his work*) is a concept of conversation (*entretien*). As Ann Smock points out (as cited in Daniel Just's *Literature, Ethics, and Decolonization in Postwar France*) "as a literary term the *récit*, especially in Blanchot's texts from the 1950s and 1960s, names a mode of narrative writing defined by the scarcity of both action and description. In narratological terms, the *récit* is a type of storytelling that has very little of either narration and description, and that stands for a literature of utmost slowness, exhaustion, and thinness of meaning." pg. 45. See Daniel Just, "Maurice Blanchot and the Politics of Narrative Genres" in *Literature, Ethics and Decolonization in Postwar France: The Politics of Disengagement*, (Cambridge University Press: Cambridge, UK, 2015), 45-59. While my own creative writing may evoke very different stylistic and tonal expression to the *récits* of Blanchot and his contemporaries, the *récits* ontological concept holds in the sense of my writing expressing the event of despair *in* and *as* writing—thinness of meaning might and exhaustion arise as the work continues on its traverse. The fragment undoes a sense of wholeness or unity. No fragment alone can stand in for interpreting a whole. Fragmentation detonates wholeness. For the thesis to make sense the reader will need to experience some kind of open work direction, moving in many directions, through a wide, open field, that leads to future limits. As Blanchot suggests: "The fragmentary is not an expression of a single thought or a complete event. Its full expression—its *final meaning*—is always future." See: Maurice Blanchot, "Reading Kafka," in *The Work of Fire*, trans. Charlotte Mandell (California: Stanford University Press, 1995), 2. Another quote from Blanchot adds to the import of this future as an affirming future, one which is embodied in fragmentation and my writing despair: "the affirmation that meaning, the entirety of meaning, is not to be found immediately either in ourselves or in what we write, but that meaning is still to come, and that, by questioning meaning, we consider it a pure becoming and a pure future of questioning." See, Maurice Blanchot, "Berlin," *MLN* 109, no. 3 (1994): 345–355, 350. In this pure becoming futural space between ourselves and what we write an *espacement* of affirmation resides in the limits to meaning as an affirmation of our own



(in a realm of lived experience). Z's status has shown the living of this realm of experience in the parody (or joining) of EK's event of suicide (as well as other ancient suicidal antidote anecdotes). Yet in this 'last', Z's radical passivity 'demands' her to 'stay put'—this from the final lines of *Fugu Girls*:

She decides to stay put. To just do nothing, just do the nothing of *il*. She clicks away her reply text to B: Fugu's gone to a better home for her. I'm returning to you, a B-etter home for me. Emoji-fish.

Everydayness<sup>165</sup> is a dark-hole that leaks out its seductive dangerous essence<sup>166</sup> solely cultivating decay. Staying put echoes exhaustion and release, with a sense of existential silence that cannot be sustained although ultimately desired. The exhaustion of complete surrender, release to the present without grasping anything is at the heart of writing and its 'search' or worklessness. Writing Despair seeks this release in the processes of writing—searching out a radical passivity for 'just doing the nothing of it'. She finds again in Blanchot the hidden side to writing in the concept of the *il y a*<sup>167</sup>—in the silence of language that never shows itself, is ungraspable. Blanchot depicts everydayness as "Day-to-day indifference ... situated on a level at which the question of value is not posed: there is [*il y a*] the everyday (without-subject, without-object), and while there is, the everyday "he" does not have to be of account; if value nonetheless claims to step in, then "he" [or "it," *il*] is worth "nothing" and "nothing" is worth anything through contact with him."<sup>168</sup> Outside the social contract, Z locates a moment of release in the interval of her failed suicide attempt and returning back home to the everyday of her life with B. This moment is significant, attempting to be without (subject or object). It attempts the ungraspable real without value as Z's indifference to life or death enters exhaustion joined to everyday's indifference of Z's surrounding circumstances. Z had gone

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futures. This has been a thesis attempt in *Writing Despair*.

<sup>165</sup> Blanchot suggests that silence would exist on the other slope to language, to the literary limits of language, never able to show itself except in the inexhaustible region of desire that aims to fill up a void 'that is always there, never to be filled,' no matter how many words we use to describe what we can never grasp. We describe the beauty of the ocean, but we can never exhaust the oceans' beauty. See on Silence and the word: *The Writing of the Disaster*.

<sup>166</sup> Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, 238-245.

<sup>167</sup> I acknowledge Blanchot's debt/silent reference to Levinas here.

<sup>168</sup> Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, 245.

about an everyday ritual of cooking a meal, albeit the meal is far from ordinary. Z rests between life and death, indifferent, as time passes and her locale (between tunnel and railway) is far from special. Z's last text message to B, continues the indifference of her existential ennui, returning to her future that is her already always *dying* everyday. This is not to say that returning should be construed as anything with value such as defeatist, moral, romantic, et cetera. These are not significant here. Rather, significance holds in the release without subject, for a moment, for an expression of the silence that lives and breathes its ungraspable presence in the withdrawal (*Alétheia*) and escape of our everyday lives.

A montaged conceit hovers in the final lines of *Fugu Girls* between the *il y a* and its futural promise 'out there'. It occurs over the sending of the text message to B as the word 'B-etter' returns Z to a "B-etter home for [her, Z]. The final lines are open sendings, sending a final message (via text message with Emoji punctuation) that goes out toward the reader (both B and other readers of *Fugu Girls*). It opens between two spaces or frames of reference. One that is the radical passivity of Z 'staying put', to do the nothing of her—*il y a*—as discussed above. As well, we have already examined the deconstruction of the 'it' from an instrumental branded ideal or myth carried in the winds of late-global-capitalism, to the 'it' (of Z's doing the nothing of it) radically passive *il y a* (that there is). The literary montage of Z just staying put in crotches and cracks of a non-space between urban tunnel and railway, folded into long weeds and bugs habitus, juxtaposes the window of socialized normalcy through the montaged (smartphone) screen-window, that sign-writes despair and (in its signing a) promise of return in the easy of delivery and its readymade (or everyday nature of) text-messaging with Emoji punctuation. The conceit of texting is subtle and not intended as anything but a reality of everyday contemporary habits. Though, it does (for me) heighten the ease in which our despair is written, often embedded in the cartoon, pictogrammic, e-(tele)graphic codes of text language. The letter B pronounces the pronominal status of its letter becoming a B-etter home for Z. This is a text letter to B, going out toward B as the promise of Z's (locating in B a) better home. These final lines perform the Open Work as worklessness in writing's despair going out toward the other. For Blanchot (too) this other is not static and refuses full encryption or description. The (text) letter goes out toward B and to other readers, mixing its genres, methods and capture. The event of writing and reading is a paradoxical event as it goes out to the other, into the space beyond language, a space that is at once within and without language. The spaces

of writing that Blanchot describes, are also lining silences or unspeakable presences and excesses in the withdrawal or shadows of being. It is the non-power of the Open Work or a power that is 'a non-power power' of literature's writing and reading experience as a site of contestation—a power that does not construe possibility but rather exists as its worklessness, its infinite conversation (*récit*). The source of its worklessness (*désœuvrement*) or ongoing work of creativity is not an anarchy but rather an open 'quest' for the originary source that is 'spoken' (silently) in literature as event.

## Slopes of Despair—Methods Writing-Reading in Open Directions

Language is a labyrinth of paths. You approach from *one* side and know your way about; you approach the same place from another side and no longer know your way about.<sup>169</sup>

Blanchot sees (analogically) that there are two slopes or sides to literature. On one side there is the cultural object and on the other the event or experience of reading a work, non-instrumentally construing its outside to that determined by culture.<sup>170</sup> We see the image of Sisyphus only ever doing the work of proper everyday return, going up the same slope with his boulder only to be returned over and over again to the same place. Though we also see in Sisyphus an existential despair that produces the other slope, always in the shadows, hidden from the powers of instrumental measure of same return. The shadowy slope exists, regardless of how apparent Sisyphus' diurnal routine appears to us, or tells. We read in his legacy something else, something in the experience of reading his routine. We read repetition and difference. We read the shifting angles of the sun as they move him around the hill casting different shadows from him *in* his work. We read the light in shades of tonal differences according to season, temperature, weather, mood and angle. We read him over and over and over again, always, moving, always there (*il y a*), always consistently attempting his life in living. Reading allows for this experience of renewal in infinite returns and the conversations (*récits*)

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<sup>169</sup> L. Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, trans. P. M. S. Hacker and Joachim Schulte, Rev. 4. (Chichester: Wiley-Blackwell, 2009), 230.

<sup>170</sup> Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, 35–39; Blanchot, "Literature and the Right to Death," 326–328.

that open by each singular vantage point, or reading. The work goes up and down the hill and out toward the reader. The writing of a cultural object is crafted by acculturations of form, genre, clichés, metaphors, analogies, contents and closures—wrapped as a totalized valued form. All writing holds (to) these promises. My writing hold these promises too—this slope is apparent—and, yet, it also strives to reach out, beyond to its points of exhaustion, non-instrumentally woven. How does this occur? The question of form and content binds (literary) with language as instrumental container for task-based thought whereby language serves our interests for inquiring, representing, persuading, commanding, mastery et cetera. On the *other* slope there is no apparent vision and it becomes interrupted by the exhaustion of reoccurring uselessness.<sup>171</sup> We encounter ongoing purposelessness as an event of vignette stitching. There is little explaining of activities or simple precise announcement as to the use or cultural value of these encounters. In the face of these ‘encounters without value’ the vignettes stitch together their other slope of anonymous and strange expressivity. This slope opens by way of literary ‘second-hand-language’, often elliptical, image-mixing or misfittings, sliding subjectivities without sensible introduction, execution or explanation. For example, in the final pages of *Lose Track* (pages 79-81) forms (or genres of expression) slide and collide into each other. Three discrete but folding edges imbricate these in the following of *Lousy Track* (a poem-like form that skirts around adolescence (Teddy-girls), sexual awakenings requited or not, adult sex games (Femdom dominatrix), philosophical metaphors, everyday global sites: 7/11 and the sense of growing up fast); *Lose Track* (a repetitive entry in terms of its legibility and tone—opens to the impossible event of writing, melancholia rides its coat) and the humorous and abject final entry of *Lose Track* that adopts the Online Recipe genre with *Delicious Stuffed Pooperoni Vasagna*:

### Lousy track

Caddy-girl’s a Daddy’s-girl,  
*En-bell-no! NO to Daddy Rhymes.*

Caddy-girl’s a Teddy-girl,

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<sup>171</sup> The image of uselessness runs through the three *récit*—especially in the self-consciousness of a writer who cannot perform their daily tasks of getting underway properly with their task of writing a thesis. The thesis task is a closure point that somehow distracts them, delays them, closes them off to the potential for writing otherwise.

Cardboard girl with discarded fur,  
Canvas-bodied, flat-as-Earth,  
*Sorry* won't cut her lack-of-phallus-perk.  
*Nothing* but gigantic nips,  
Tuning into Socrates' dread  
Traumatising semantics  
Cunning her Kantian frown,  
Disguising her frog.

My hunting dog yelps *We're all gonna die*.  
Half-witted, be-headed,  
mimicking a comical battle-dance,  
Cannanning canned shit.  
*She asks: How much for your sex drive?*  
Three for five?  
She'll have it on a white server, in the middle of the road, *please*.  
Oxygening phallic *Jizz*  
[into] Jynxing her *Pokemon*?

Anonymous hands stand-down here  
feet the gown, cheesing her desire.  
666 Flamingo Strip Club,  
How do we get inside? Through the door in the middle-of-the-street!  
Flushy booties, greet naked Amigos, hands enter their sexual differences  
7/11's next door conveniently smiling, facing their Femdom freedoms.  
Sex free with every cheese snack.  
Under heights, below ages, bubbly teens butt-up against his promises.  
Their promiscuity lives higher, above their demographics.

## Lose track

Running writing. Run-baby-run. Sheets heave crumbling ice, shortbreeding her mood. Mt Fuji's nips aestheticise her, flanking sadnesses, embracing alcoholic drench, trenches hold back her avalanches. Her eyes see charming melancholia beneath eyes. Suicide woods below her summit, she's almost down the mountain now. Above clouds flourish, mounting Fuji's nips, her bones shudder, writing withers, representing nothing. Nothing's unrepresentable pathos rolls, echoes. The sounds of murmur gather their signs of falling. Speedballs snow their real trauma. She won't remember a thing.

## Delicious Stuffed Pooperoni Vasagna



1 made it | 1 review | 1 photo

"Easiest recipe ever! Treat yourself with the nostalgic taste of disappointment that reminds you of yourself and your parents!"

### Ingredients

A whole live asshole

Minced failure sauce  
Dried balls (any kind)  
Cups of tears  
A punch of faces  
A leather of anal kits  
Small tits, chopped  
A handful of whatever (to taste)

Each resemble some kind of form and content condition such as the poem form and its stanza that assemble metaphors that join and coalesce, rhyme and cohere into some kind of sexual urban dance. Or the recipe that holds to the rational logic of an online recipe form, however, which betraying in contents exclaiming humour, offering relief among-from the abject assemblage of its meal. There is however, another side, that can't exactly be contained in an analysis of just the three together. Rather, they show signs of exhaustion in repeated misfiring images, such as the reoccurring despair from sexual uselessness, impotence and misfittings that run through the three *écits*. Further, the insertion of imagery that is never placed exactly in the same form or content, reoccurs, such as the convenient store (as already discussed) but also the reoccurrence of the 'white platter': "*She'll have it on a white server, in the middle of the road, please.*" The reoccurrences of a white server, platter, plate, et cetera are simple enough metaphors or content-images for acculturation with respect to 'high-society', 'class-status' and yet, they also slide into abject realities disturbing the neatness of their presence. Throughout the abject coalesces with social orders (a-social contaminating the social). Yet, this is only a ruse of transgression. Rather, the resurgence of the 'plate' serves up despair in the blandness of a writer's existence, feeling useless and unproductive—literally serving up the despair as an inedible yet sustaining dish (as it keeps mounting the vignettes). Though still we have not left the heart of writing-with-representation, although form and content are being analysed here. The other slope to literature that expresses no apparent vision, no telling (or mastery of expectation and predetermination), only interruption, exhaustion in the reoccurring uselessness, 'exists' for the experience of reading. In reading through my own creative writing, I sense a loss of stability occurs in the non-coincidence of an *I* that writes and the images-of-thought that take hold through language, interrupting me, interrupting the linearity of me, interrupting my forgetting or repressions, erupting in the repetitive, intervals, puns, leakages, and slippages, of a subject under some hallucinatory spell. Further, in the words of Jacques

Derrida, it is the reader who signs the work.<sup>172</sup> So it will be the open work of writing-in-reading that provides the experience of the other slope, its limit-conditions, given over to each new reading-signing. The writing thereby goes out toward the other.

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Stacks of White platters ready for orderly placement in someone's kitchen cupboard:

\_\_\_\_\_ It reaches out keenly, drying her fish, salting her wounds, making a dish worth trying on some canapé large white server.  
\_\_\_\_\_ She'll have it on a white server, in the middle of the road, *please*.  
\_\_\_\_\_ They describe her strengths with tacky platitudes, clichéd platters of sparsely arranged nourishment.  
\_\_\_\_\_ She sees a fish flapping on a canapé platter.  
\_\_\_\_\_ Words appear between large space-filled canapé plates, serving flea-sized portions of shit.  
\_\_\_\_\_ She thinks they spin their chairs around executive tables, dizzily loving distasteful canapés.

## Reborn Words—A Revivifying Method

The repetition of literary images hold embodying textual affectations that reveal spaces of emptiness or absences. Words hold a quality to be reborn, anew and with difference. In each utterance they hold this ability for lining and covering over the possibility for a neat beginning or origin. Writing Despair's creative works gives 'voice' to this silent utterance in the covering over of the trauma of events with humour, often adolescent sensibilities and abject desires. The silence at the heart of an impossible origin is held on the nether side of language, in the absences and excesses, in what is not said, in what is said in the ongoing movement of words finding new expressions, new contexts. Again, the work of Blanchot resonates to this sentiment of lining and the impossible grasp of presence that shifting words avail. The concept

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<sup>172</sup> Here we evoke the thinking of Jacques Derrida's deconstructive force. In *Monolingualism of the Other* he suggests that we invent in one's own language and thereby any reading of a text is open. It is open for the other to read in their own language going beyond the author's own language. We read Derrida and go beyond Derrida. He insists on invention as part of reading deconstructively. This is what is meant by the 'reader signs the work'. For further reading see: Derrida, *Monolingualism of the Other or the Prosthesis of Origin*, trans. by Patrick Mensah (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1998) 57. See also: Derrida, "Signature Event Context" in *Margins of Philosophy*, trans. by Alan Bass (Sussex: The Harvester Press, 1982), 307-330.

of 'literature and the right to death' is such a trace-witness to this letting-go (*gelassenheit*) of mastery of a graspable and static identity. This is Blanchot's evocation from *The Step Not Beyond*:

Only the space in which they [words] reverberate—a space infinitely empty, like a garden where, even after the children have disappeared, their joyful cries continue to be heard—leads them back towards the perpetual death in which they seem to keep being born.<sup>173</sup>

It is hard to say anything more profound after reading these words of Blanchot, especially on writing despair. The impossible return to childhood, to the spaces of joyful cries, come in the lining of words, returning over, moving through contexts, echoing across interval space and interlude time, overlaying an infinite conversation, abyssal and empty. Literature and the right to death calls on existence to let go of the mythos for returning and, surrenders (instead) to the ungraspable attempts of never returning (moving into perpetual death or dying), always attempting, being reborn. If I lean heavily on Blanchot's thoughts of literature, writing and its limit-experience that goes out to the other slope, it is perhaps, because the figure of death has already come before birth. That is death (or dying) is the ontological category for writing. It is figured silently in every infinite and empty space, incapable of being said (apparently). I spoke in my literature review of this concept of Literature and the Right to Death alongside the instrumental problem of telling or leading a reader, in difference to a showing that allows for an event of reading the open work. The showing hopefully in—writing despair—traces patterns of stepping forward, while stepping back (like the evocation of returning over to the garden of childhood, only for absences to fill up the expression), no longer there, the return or step back (*pas pas*) moves in worklessness of literary montage: cutting across (in) desire paths of pasts, retracing steps, diverging off unreliable memories, folding characters into one, unfolding other characters (EK) into many, joining, copulating, cutting, leaving off, never resolving, echoing, aimless-play, fragmenting the indivisible inseparable something in the middle of something else. Strangely this writing despair goes out toward the what is strange

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<sup>173</sup> Blanchot, *The Step Not Beyond*, 19.





Their untranslatable-translations produced (her) feelings of their annoyances, aggressions, accumulating into hazard-dess noises, far beyond the crushing volumes by trash collections. These wee, innocent, city-dwelling, feathered-friends, shot-into her brains, strewing their bird-word-stings all over her body, entering furiously into the circuits of her unruly orifices. Ears are only one of many modes translating her moods ... that night ... until they gave 'all of her' a break! SILENCIO! And, she fell down, convulsing, into the 2.00am-cum-4.30am air, alone, tragic, engulfed by time out of time:

Until, a minute of eternity passed and, she heard one of the sparrows singing a song of sorrow. She—the bird or 'her', howled, sobbed, again, until, SILENCE reigned, at the sparrow's-time of voice disappearance, silently still in pain.

She concluded then ... "sparrows are not 'mo[u]rning persons."

The passage evokes despair in a kind of writing produced by erratic energy, echoing the chorus of angrily chirping birds. There is a key figure of insomnia or the strangeness of time out of joint as a writer produces (art) against the normal rhythms of everyday life. She fuses her subjectivity with the choking bird, unable to discern if it (her) is choking while sleeping. The social communities surrounding her—such as birds (who get angry) awoken too early, coalesce with the noises she hears of trash collectors. The amplification of noises, strings her writing into the sutured spaces, interval-cutting (into) her despair. She is neither awake, nor asleep. She has folded herself into the rhythm of trash, montaged across the writer's space, the space of the sparrows' nests (outside above), the street trash collectors (below). These spaces are not the spaces of the empty past, impossible to get back to except by way of other detours in language, rather these empty spaces are sorrowful ones between montages and collages of sounds, species, reality and sleepless hallucinations. They are real, immediate and piercing—reviving and revivifying a life. She returns to a semblance of morning that splits apart species, leaving sparrows their nonhuman life and humans (like her) to their mourning.

# Dialectical Image of a Room

## Containment Travels

In this next methodology section of an unmade bed we focus on a kind of parodic-montaging of literal space with existential (despairing) space. We have discussed at length the conceiving of writing as *espacement* and, we continue to think this through Benjamin's dialectical image (as discussed in the literature review writing of history or literature-as-translation). The dialectical image of a 'room' opens despair to containment. The room we refer to is not just 'a room' but rather the parodying of rooms that inhabit the writer. The writer cannot quite get 'outside' of the confines of her existence as a small and useless entity, entangled within the inseparable surrounds of her worlding (childhood, adolescence, adulthood). That is to say, the vignettes sequence small, non-sequential habits and habitats, like a strange dialectical image floating across spaces with memory, time with forgetting. As a montaging-of-my-thought, now, I think of the work of French New Wave filmmaker Alain Resnais especially, here, his film *Last Year in Marienbad* that takes the *récit* 'Jealousy' of French Nouveau Novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet as its 'origin'. The film is a dialectical image of Robbe-Grillet's *récit*, covering over the rape scene (or originary trauma) from the book's more explicit account of it. Robbe-Grillet accepted Resnais' invitation to write the screenplay for the film, understanding (their) differences with respect to depiction and adaptation. Like these works that locate-in-dislocating, despair and suicide are located in the patterns and re-inscriptions of spaces and forgetting (through a labyrinth or vignette) structure, heightening tropes with existential realities. Unlike the book (*Jealousy*), the film *Last Year in Marienbad* brings more forceful dialectics through repeat dolly shots of movements up and down corridors (from behind or in front of the strolling characters A and X), or in long tracking shots that run beside A and X as they walk through the 'same' spaces. However, these 'same' spaces, while appearing repetitive and fixed, shift in uncanny ways. For example, Resnais folds three architectural figures into the becoming one of *Marienbad* (guest house|hotel).<sup>174</sup> The shifting costumes also give expression to a kind of

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<sup>174</sup> What is also significant here is in relation to how these works *last*—in the sense of hold a future—as dialectical images in terms of how each reader (from their different epochs) sign the work. From a contemporary point of view, the film's spacing of sexual difference between the Woman, A, (starring Delphine Seyrig) and, the Man, X,

spiralling in multiple directions as spaces reoccur, conversations repeat, gestures of the two main actors (but not exclusively just them) repeat, black and white imagery that brings stark and minimal emphasis to shadows that play with time, albeit in seemingly repetitive (same) scenes. Without going into any more details with this film and, its relation to the book, the point I wish to give emphasis to, is the method of spatial montaging (or parodying) and its complicit engagement with an attunement to trauma, forgetting and, its lining or rewriting (of memory). These occur in the uncanny verisimilitude of spaces, that copulate and mutate into other spaces (literal-with-existential). They move containment around, releasing dialectical explosions, jolts, lightning bolts, now and again, building (on) a history of an a-social despair-with-suicide in the *espacement* or intervals of writing.

The three *recits* exist as a dialectical image evoking rooms that parody or montage writing despair. The ‘originary’ room of young siblings locked in a room by their mother is a work of memory lining the event (of forgetting). That is to say, it is not described for how long or on how many occasions, days, months, years, this habit of containment by a mother on her children occurred. It cannot be described for it is now an empty space like that of the garden (though without the echo of children’s cries of joy), this space is containment itself, joyless and (almost) frozen. The containment motif travels—lining across the vignettes, moving from childhood, adolescence and to an adult, writer, contained inside her apartment, attempting writing. There are (many) other containments throughout the vignettes, montaging strangely without neat ends, parodying containment of interior spaces with exterior spaces (such as a bed and its changing conditions of sheets, inhabitants and events, or the small indistinct urban non space between tunnel and railway). We do not mean to literally transpose (concepts of) either Blanchot’s spaces of literature or Benjamin’s dialectical images too literally, rather the

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(staring Giorgio Albertazzi), heightens the predatory nature of a man pursuing a woman. No longer a simple story of love—which according to Resnais is what he had seen in the original story and wished to convey in *Marienbad*—but more a film story about persuasion, persuasion of (an obsessive) ‘love’ by a man for a woman. The ruling and active Man (X) works hard to force a memory of love onto the seemingly passive, Woman (A). She does not appear to remember and what we experience is a predatory act that produces a woman to forget, repress, freeze and distance herself from X. The novel in fact has a rape scene, but in *Marienbad* this scene is ‘erased over’ though some feminist readings (from the 1980s and 1990s) bring attention to this, finding the ‘rape’ existing in *Marienbad* in its explicit repression through elision. Please see (for all these readings): *Last Year In Marienbad*. Dir. Alain Resnais, Screenplay Alain Robbe-Grillet, (France, 94 minutes, Black & White, 2:35:1, The Criterion Collection, 1961) and, its host of special features. For the original New Novel, see Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Jealousy*. Translated by Richard Howard, (Grove Press, Inc. New York, 1959).

significance is in the phrase ‘containment that travels.’ Mobilizing containment enacts despair with suicide. These examples give another impression of the dialectical image of a room that explodes or implodes into other moments by way of parodic-montage:

### A pile up of Récits’ Rooms

—It envelops people around me—surrounding me, penetrating my nostrils. (*CD*, pg.2)

—In this strange cube of ‘a toilet’, the ceiling has been splattered with ink, evenly spaced, writhing. Of course, they are not maggots. I’ve never seen them turn from yellow to orange, or from orange to brown. (*CD*, pg. 3)

“Let’s go eat.” The blanket digested most of her words and I can barely hear. (*CD*, pg. 7)

—*Sheets blur* me as *something* of an *I* hides among them. They billow me, suffocate and sink writing-into-flesh. To be honest, will matter matter if it is seen? Perhaps, the *I* that writes enjoys hiding matter, suffocating its others under disgusting sheets. Hiding matters in matter, entrails of others, flesh, leaking, wrapped, entombed in this white matter. (*CD*, pg. 12).

—This has something redemptive, saving some kind of memory? We stand together close in a space filled with ammonia’s scent. A toilet? (*LT*, pg. 34)

—Her greatest desire—*appears in* darkness. Let the dark interior of the nothingness tank, assist. She doesn’t want for tomorrow’s light. (*LT*, pg. 36)

—A mother imposes her will onto her children. The mother has no friends, the children are her’s and her’s alone. She is lonely and traps her children in room for long long long long long long long long long long ... periods of time. The children have no measure for how long these periods are, but they *feel* eternal. (*LT*, pg.39)

—She rivets her eyes to the darkened ceiling. The room, muteness, brings odour of mice excrement as a welcome relief, breaking into their suffocations—a damp mattress, drags down two, even damper, lovers. (*LT*, pg.52)

—These *nons* are her bondage to despair. These right moments occur unbearably alone—inside locked-up rooms of her childhood imprisonment. Privacy constructs *Z*’s despair. *Z* wishes disappearance would take her, instead of public killing. (*LT*, pg. 55)

—She’s on that chair again. She hasn’t moved an inch. She’s been watching out the same window for months, without budging. Despair the only face, tempting her gaze: (*LT*, pg. 61)

—Her quirky cuteness wears them into a hateful gaze. They hit hardest when something so pure—(oh, you are so cute, quirkily awkward, tiny and cute, cute and small, childlike and funny)—turns monstrous. (*FG*, pg. 87).

—She cries nocturnally, legs swing around aching ass chair, suicidal thoughts become illegible in the folds of her inner invaginated textual recesses. (*FG*, pg. 89)

—She’s mesmerised watching symphonically the perfect lips, tiny teeth, large eyes, chubby body, charming her. Swaying her perfect body through the water, cutting the room into magnified fragments. It’s all brilliance, colliding kaleidoscopic spectacles. Time lapses and she falls in with her fish, swaying on air poles, dancing with her lips against the surface glasses, each wall beautifully transparent. (FG, pg. 90)

—The kitty-cat comparatively has ample shit-space in contrast to her butt-toilet-seat ratio. She thinks when measuring life, maths always betrays equality. (FG, pg. 95)

—She’ll leave them drying for a little longer. She knows she’ll reinstall the clothes’ rack inside for overnight airing. In the tiny one-room apartment, the rack’s space-eating intrusion will unnerve B. (FG, pg.97)

—Nearby bushes that grow between crotch of the tunnel and railway. The weeds are taller than Z. She takes herself there, camouflages her lousy body into its overlooked scratchy body. She rushes taking out the food, anxious by crawling bugs, itching under her pants. (FG, pg.104)

## Parody’s Mess

It is clear that the world is purely parodic, in other words that each thing seen is the parody of another, or is the same thing in a deceptive form. // Ever since sentences started to circulate in brains devoted to reflection, an effort at total identification has been made, because with the aid of a copula each sentence ties one thing to another; all things would be visibly connected if one could discover at a single glance and in its totality the tracings of an Ariadne's thread leading thought into its own labyrinth. // But the copula of terms is no less irritating than the copulation of bodies. And when I scream I AM THE SUN an integral erection results, because the verb to be is the vehicle of amorous frenzy.

Everyone is aware that life is parodic and that it lacks an interpretation.

Thus lead is the parody of gold.

Air is the parody of water.

The brain is the parody of the equator.

Coitus is the parody of crime.<sup>175</sup>

The creative *révits* find resonance with Georges Bataille’s writing and its conceptual

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<sup>175</sup> Bataille, *The Solar Anus*, 5.

performance of parody. Bataille's *The Solar Anus* frames parody as a destructive-generative motion that destroys, connects and corrupts the impression of a *known* otherness—as in the metaphysical image of self-same presence. Rather, parody works in vortex or spiralling—(or circulations of parody's parodying the earth's sun, rotating its terrestrial coitus in the celestial atmosphere)—whereby everything parodies and fragments into each other—time and space of all measures:

Love and life appear to be separate only because everything on earth is broken apart by vibrations of various amplitudes and durations. However, there are no vibrations that are not conjugated with a continuous circular movement; in the same way, a locomotive rolling on the surface of the earth is the image of a continuous metamorphosis.<sup>176</sup>

Parody's conjugating movement travels, mutating, metamorphosing without-separations. Bataille suggests clowning characteristics are parodic, becoming otherness is part of this metamorphosis, often exposing itself in tones of laughter and exaggeration. I often said I am going crazy, yet I am always not yet crazy—Here a 'feedback' loop, dances *in* writing despair through parodic-montaging rolls. Bataille's sun produces excesses, decomposing and then refueling life as earthly compost—this would be another way of showing Bataille's 'parody'. That is to say, the sun is no longer *just* an agency of transparent knowing, bringing light onto an object for instrumental inspection. The sun does not operate for the sake of revealing—but casts life onto flowers that wither, burns forests that send their seed onward, outward, into earth, becoming again, rising to the sun, fall to the ground. The diurnal return is not cut by a restricted economy of capital, but of a general economy of all kinds of a-social, real, copulations—we think here modern environmentalism and ecology. Bataille's parodic forces fold into material life as a source of food and decomposition, returning life to its messy amorphous and disseminating ways, returning elsewhere and otherness. This is not so much a neat cycle of life and death, but rather life as an ongoing inseparable material copulation that is part of death, life *as* death (or dying). Bataille's parody does not conform to form, but to formlessness. There is no neat original and copy, model or mirror symmetry—rather, parody

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<sup>176</sup> Bataille, 7.

does not resemble the origin—or like Blanchot’s origin its source covers over in the immemorialising lining of (its) future—this is the work of parody too. In this sense parody has no hold on neat ‘origin’—‘origin’ would be a dank, dark, silent, messy, decaying, disappearance, building up layers of compost. Writing *Despair* folds the reader into vignettes that copulate along the way, rejoining from (only) parts of others—fragments that don’t break from any whole but exists wholly fragmented—, reconstituting a life that works over her parodic body, her literature-as-translation. It will be the abject that materializes the parodic work in **I AM NOT THE SUN**: Each fracture of my despairing body sustains abject parody such as: its sexuate body, its muted body, its cultural body, its domestic body, its formless worm body, its androgynous body, its child-adolescent-adult body, brain-body, fish-body, et cetera. These fractured fragments of abject ruins, copulate literature-as-translations *not* only from out of normative ‘origins’ (such as the metaphysical socialized subject/object, and transcendent, SUN), but into (joinings of) a-social foreignness of my decomposition. These literary-parodic-translations work into the nocturnal folds of her soiled writerly bed generating ‘translation’ *as* only ever an orphan or bastard, admitting her originary scene to its ‘(f)rightful room’ of proper parent trauma—empty and lined by her unmade bed(s). Writing *Despair*’s creative work disavows the real parents along the *révélés*’ tracings, allowing for herself to enter a foreign and homeless region—writings’ despair and suicide liberation-generation. There are no real parents in (Bataille’s) parody. There is no copy of style, genre, kind, cliché or form. No. Bataille’s parody mutates any possible encounter with mirror-images, decomposing the mythos of natural origins of any style, cliché, genre. Parody is itself always related to the act of copulation as it combines features of otherness in itself and rejects it at the same time—this is Bataille’s organics (organic materialism), copulating *to be*, exists here as a joint that navigates, ‘a joint that make you fly’—or roll (like a locomotive across the earth’s surface)—or whatever touch-against-touch worlds you. That is, Bataille demonstrates the correspondence of language as a material structuration, where words-join-with-other-words, generating another assemblage, erasing over the grounds of others. ‘To be’ indicates the production of language as constitutive of human life, living *in* language, announcing ourselves in its structural conditions. The overarching title of the creative work parodies Bataille’s famous line (as quoted above): *I AM THE SUN*. Bataille follows up by saying his scream produces an erection via the copulating affects—the vehicle of amorous frenzy—of (Western) language in the verb ‘to be’. Copulation is at the heart of Bataille’s analysis, signaling an ontological desire for having, possessing and



making as the *I* that claims this position of being, working across the infinite exchanges given over their verbing ‘to be’ desires—like late-capitalist machines, always swapping identities like choosing our brand of cereal in the supermarket. Yet, Bataille enters the verb to be head-on, moving in with its self-seductive forces, reveal copulation as a messy frenzied un-interpretable otherness. Have we ever lived in a time with so much choice for becoming? Thinking social-media (networking and profiling) proliferations with supermarket shopping, these copulations lead to endless exhaustion on the part of despair. That is to say, there is a manic (bipolar) aspect to Bataille’s thinking, when thinking his time copulating with mine. The same *I* disclaiming itself as the other, becomes a myriad of material and immaterial joinings, rejecting both as it parodies its way through existence. The overarching title of my work—I AM NOT THE SUN—includes a double negative or double erasure of Bataille’s parody in the spirit of his parody but also includes the putting under erasure of the word NOT—(by *sous rature*)<sup>177</sup> to NOT—to signal the parody of non-western thought too. For example, in Classical Chinese thinking there is no verb ‘to be’.<sup>178</sup> Further, at the frenzied heart or phallus of Bataille’s parody is a (Western) masculinity that heightens, albeit playfully, the desiring machine of Western language as a gendered condition. The homophone of SUN with SON is an interesting

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<sup>177</sup> In French the philosophical concept of putting a word under erasure is named *sous rature*. Under erasure was originally conceived by Martin Heidegger with the term being to signal that the original ancient Greek Thinking of existence has been forgotten and the word being had become so overused that any understanding of the concept had become empty. The technique of *sous rature* or putting a word under erasure allows the word to remain legible and in place but reveals its inadequacy. As Jacques Derrida suggests “inadequate yet necessary”. It is a typographical expression where concepts in written form are paradoxical or self-undermining, rendering their meaning undecidable. See: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sous\\_rature](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sous_rature) (visited 24 August 2019). Further, for this title the word NOT under erasure brings emphasis to Blanchot’s concept of *The Step Not Beyond* which is a movement that holds the future with the past. I have discussed at length the concept of immemorialising and, at this NOT under erasure performs the working of immemorialising here, more than any other concept. The *pas* [not] evokes Blanchot’s utter passivity: “which has therefore abandoned the level of life where *passive* would simply be the opposite of *active*. In this way we fall outside inertia; the inert thing which submits without reacting, becomes as foreign as its corollary, vital spontaneity, purely autonomous activity.” See for this radically passive *pas* or “not” Blanchot, *The Writing of The Disaster*, 13-14.

<sup>178</sup> In Classical Chinese thinking there is no verb ‘to be’. Rather as scholars of Classical Chinese thinking, David Hall and Roger Ames suggest: “There is no element or aspect that in the strictest sense transcends the rest. Every element in the world is relative to every other; all elements are correlative.” (Hall, & Ames, 1987). As they stress, there was no verb ‘to be’. The inference here is that a philosophical tradition of ontology, of a question of being, of essence, never emerged. For Classical Chinese philosophical thoughts did not question being as essence if we take Hall and Ames inference. Chinese thinking did not develop out of binary thought, such as opposing something present and something absent (emptiness and existing). Hall and Ames point to ‘allusive resonance’ as a process or rhythm of like that of yin with yang that do not oppose but rather resonate together, relating so that each resonance, join or copulate the becoming into its otherness. This would much closer to the bipolar rhythm of Bataille’s parody. See: Hall, D. L. & Ames, R. T., *Thinking through Confucius* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1987).

slippage here (in my mind), when thinking the double erasure of ~~NOT~~. That is to say, my title disavows the gendered legacy of, say, a Christianized holy trinity (Father, Son, Holy Spirit)—or in its refusal, slips under the covers of its purity to find resonances that bring transgression into these (Christianised) socialised myths of morality.<sup>179</sup> Perhaps, I have failed though—perhaps, the erasure should occur at the verb ‘to be’ of ~~I-AM~~. Though, with parody itself, it will insist on a force of decomposition, resonating its otherness in every reach. There is no sense of static interpretation here. Blanchot saw this too in Bataille’s parody:

Neither the sun, nor the universe helps us, except through images, to conceive of a system of exchanges so marked by loss that nothing therein would hold together and that the inexchangeable would no longer be caught and defined in symbolic terms. (Georges Bataille never thought for very long that “the sun is nothing but death.”)<sup>180</sup>

Writing (with) despair and suicide circulates its images ‘to be’, latching on to exchanges, ungrasping as they become parodic messes of abject material. The more that the ‘same’ abject images circulate through the vignettes, rejoining their differences, the greater the unreliable and ungraspable ‘straight story’ of literature presents or refuses to present. That is to say, as discussed with EK’s immemorial haunting, she merges into different characters including (or most profoundly) into Z. The blurring, fogging and obscurity of pronouns and solo-capital placeholder letters progress through the writing and, becomes less apparent. The unreliable memory traces of childhood, adolescence, and adulthood shows their reliability in the abject materiality (the “sun as death”). Reliability leans into abjection, piling up its repeat events, regardless for how accurate the narrating. Parody mixes its elements of solids and wastes, moving from knowing to despair. The image of shit copulates with many other waste materials: sometimes human, sometimes other species and, sometimes the joining of exteriorizing-to-interiorizing subjectivities, throughout the vignettes. For example, see this pile up:

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<sup>179</sup> One does not have to be a monotheist or Christian to believe in the socialized morality of patriarchal codes of normalized life. Even if diversity is not on the up and up, in my mind there is still a very structured pressure in the inculcated historic codes of normal heterodoxy (I think of marriage as one such heterodoxy).

<sup>180</sup> Blanchot, *The Writing of The Disaster*, 88.

—They hear all kinds of noises above them. Gossips, backs being stabbed, bullshit droppings. (33)

—Body-brain's shit handles nothing except shit itself. The apartment walls, ceilings, floors are caked in the stuff. Worry. Worry. Worry. These words signify the body-brain's resulting shits. B looks at shitty-body-brain shooting holes into cowardly yellow. (51)

—Words appear between large space-filled canapé plates, serving flea-sized portions of shit. Appearances appear to be something to some. She's incapable of serving up aristocratic poetry. She thinks on this: even the word *shit* retains its aristocrat blood. It is all a high-class scenario. She thinks with the Libertines, trapped behind bars, writing shitty splendid sensate servings of sodom. (61-62)

—B. and her are sick of voices saying shitty things. (62)

—Warm Regards, *Piece-of-Shit* (63)

—She's holding it there, paralysed, as Z curls stiffly beneath the blankets, nails cutting through the wall's interior. Our creature leaving its trace of a cutting birth-mark wound inside Z. Teenagers tied up, bored, together, and the entire space smells like shit. Puberties exude smells as sweet as puke. Sweet pukey youth. (67)

—Shit writes, outlining A (74)

— My hunting dog yelps *We're all gonna die.* / Half-witted, be-headed, / mimicking a comical battle-dance, / Cancanning canned shit. / *She asks: How much for your sex drive?* (79)

—Useless, a common complaint. Lumpy mud clays her into lower esteem. She cannot refuse their cries, her tears. Shit shitty shit! Improve or get out—one of us will have to go. (86)

—She sees only heart-shaped neon signs, signing her fear. LOVE is a four-letter outline, clothed in fear. Love abandons, Love makes intercourse difficult, Love a-socialises her, Love commits failure, Love freaks her, Love shits on difference, Love loves fear. (86)

—Its poop needs scooping out of its dolomite gravel toilet, measuring much larger than their human shit-seat. She's thinking measurements and bodies. (95)

—It's predictable, it's necessary, it's urgent, she can't hold off until tomorrow with this kind of messy display. Justifiably B would see only mess—all surfaces, shitty shining messes. (96)

—Z realises she's forgotten to clear her browsing data. Her history is still out there. She's panicking. All the alibis are coming to haunt her. The shit box! Where's her shit box. It's here, whew. But why has she even got it—the shitty alibi poop container is leaking her mistrust of *just doing it*. (105)

—The paradoxes of the shit submerge into B's text. The remains of excrement mount: her browsing history, B's text, antidotes of shit. They are becoming insurmountable hurdles for exiting and insurmountable hurdles for staying. They are becoming the paradoxes of Z's ambiguous, purposeless, imminent breath. (105)

The mountings of insurmountable excrements (through ~~I AM NOT THE SUN~~) push and pull in directions that ultimately place Z in the position of just doing nothing (as discussed earlier). Z no longer knows how to stay or exit living. Z measures her existence in a (Sisyphus) excremental hill with its two slopes of writing /\ despair. Z has been the shitty-boulder pushing itself through the three *récit*. Her lasting letter (omega, Z) places her in writing as the final point, the final omega of alpha-betting orthodoxy. Z is positioned on the cliff face, poised on the abyss, advancing and retreating, rolling back as she steps forward into her future with B. Z-as-a-accrual-shitting-shitty-boulder rhythms writing (with) despair and suicide as their abject traveling and transitive containment moves through the copulating bodies of human and nonhuman waste. The dialectical room produces excess spaces and intervals of falling, non-exchangeable, darkness, sloped otherwise, always there, always hiding. Writing copulates with suicidal thoughts, as it engulfs the desire of suicide—vanishing *I* into a position of anonymity to dissolution, copulation within the dissolution. Then, is writing a parody of the suicidal? Writing sentences copulates this one and produce the next and so on. Each becomes other, moving into foreign spaces, exceeding the next. Images carried by the winds of these copulating grammars pulverize too: eyeballs become-sun, cum-testicles, cum-eggs, liquidizing into substances like urine, sperms, blood and tears. Suicidal thoughts then joyride, mutating, dissolving, pulverizing meaning's stability, each jumping at the thought of where life can go and always ending up, again, looping, greeting the thought again, without knowing how its face arrives, again. Writing is this act of copulation, connections and corruptions with impressions of otherness. A burlesque show that injures the pride of suicide, like lesbian sex that is not considered real sex! Parody holds up under the weight of normative scrutiny, replying over, 'there is nothing normal about sex'—and, "What does it mean to be real or a parody?"—No binary, no problem with bastard life.

A cat's carpet parodies a tree,  
 A human parodies a cat,  
 A cat parodies a human system,  
 A cat parodies phonemic utterances,  
 Meow Meow parodies our ears.<sup>181</sup>

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<sup>181</sup> A small sketch by me parodying Bataille's Solar Anus aphoristic writing. This sketch is not a part of ~~I AM NOT THE SUN~~.

## Jizzing Writing De-metaphors

Deforming form and content (binaries) has been attempted in methods of parody that bring out diversity and displacement. Words are all metaphorical in as much as they hold a place that always disappear and displace (things). Writing (with) despair and suicide mobiles words for doing the thing of suicide itself. This is not to suggest that it mocks the event of suicide, rather the thesis suggests or attempts to show that writing itself, as a thing, inaugurates suicide as to the limits of what can be possibly be thought of real suicide as an event of human self-killing. Writing is not separate here but opens up (in Blanchot's terms) the right to death as writing shows disappearances within the concepts of languages, as discussed. Swaying the suicidal body requires writing into its formless incomprehension. From Blanchot:

To write, "to form," where no forms hold sway, an absent meaning. Absent meaning (and not the absence of meaning or a potential or latent but lacking sense). To write is perhaps to bring to the surface something like absent meaning, to welcome the passive pressure which is not yet what we called thought, for it is already the disastrous ruin of thought. Thought's patience. Between the disaster and the other there would be the contact, the disjunction of absent meaning—friendship. An absent meaning would maintain "the affirmation" of a push pushing beyond loss, the pressure of dying that bears loss off with it. Lost loss.<sup>182</sup>

I allowed for the long quote above so that I could get to the part on friendship and affirmation. Writing (with) despair and suicide attempts to get to a patient realm, between thought's ruin

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<sup>182</sup> Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, 41. As with much of Blanchot's writing, when conceiving 'death' or 'dying', he brings attention to our human knowledge of mortality (our finitude) and the way this 'knowledge' construes an ontology of binarized existence of active/passive, presence/absence, stasis/impermanence. Yet *Literature and the Right to Death* explores the limits without binary, without the conviction that writing says something with certainty, meanings with full understanding. Rather, writing (literature and language) dies all the time, showing ungraspable relations are *its way*—thinking writing as "the abandonment of all these principles, that is to say, the end and also the coming to completion of everything that guarantees our culture—not so that we might in idyllic fashion turn back, but rather so we might go beyond, that is, to the limit, in order to attempt to break the circle, the circle of circles: the *totality* of the concepts that founds history, that develops in history, and whose development history is. ... Writing, in this sense ... supposes ... interruption, death itself ... it transgresses its own law." Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, xii. So there is a double scene to dying or death for Blanchot and writing—i) the interruption of the attitudes contained in *totalized* systems of thought (like language and *its* writing) and ii) interruption itself as the genuine showing of writing, of life, in the letting be, infinite conversation of becoming.

(ruination of despair and suicide as negative or negating life) and otherness, contacted by (parody's joining) friendship. The final (without-end) of **I AM ~~NOT~~ THE SUN** finishes with a tender note of friendship, joining a life (Z) between the ruinous thought of 'proper' suicide and the alibis that rivet her to existence (to B). Writing Z into 'just doing the nothing of it' attempts to surface absent meaning, allowing otherness to roll in different directions. Writing puts off, or in Blanchot's terms, "the affirmation' of a push pushing beyond loss," entering the fall beyond the despair of denying (transcendent) loss and, instead lets losses loose, losing loss—'Lost loss' (*gelassenheit*). Writing (with) despair and suicide affirms the ungraspable movement of forms as form becomes parodic, entering into formlessness or where no one form holds sway over another. Another way that the *récit* attempts this is by playing with metaphor and analogy, especially with a recourse to terms such as 'like' and associations. The artefact does not remove metaphor or analogy but rather folds them, piles them up, making the substitutes become so folded that it is hard to make comparisons or see neat lines of breakage between likes. Folding images to become other images allows for the raw material of writing to show (and not tell) its copulating capacity where no one form holds sway over another. De-metaphorics, displacement, contamination and parodic-mutation, de-binarize 'holding' sway, leaning into otherness, patiently and passively. For example, see these sliding (in)transitives without any neat containers shipping one logically over to another:

Language comes apart in her hands, messy, stagnant, sticky—still, the viscosity doesn't separate them. She's staying with it, doing it justice, working herself into flesh that has no bones, meatless brawn, tissues of ex-communicated quotations, cybering her sketchy hands. Do it justice, neon outlines, empty promises, doing pole dancing in tanks without binaries. Her entrances have nothing of likes, comparisons, opposites or evens. They float into her holey existence, poking fun into her spiny pectoral moby, spectating closes, behind seas. She's in it now, all awash, submerged, unboxed, folded, closer to her, closer to *L*, to *elle*. (pg. 91)

And this intransitive wash falls out with neat formalities of metaphoric spaces and times, moving less overtly than the above into displacement with mutation of infinite real rhythms:

### Year Here

Clean'ish messier house. Unfinished business. Sounding brakes of a neighbour's car. One waits, another works, another waits, the other enters into

worklessness, marking up her despair in the margins of her tiny cute existence. She cries nocturnally, legs swing around aching ass chair, suicidal thoughts become illegible in the folds of her inner invaginated textual recesses. Another waits, reads some, gives comments, criticises, misconstrues, feels betrayed, tired, used for income stream, threatens breakages, demands writing, takes tiny-cute hand and squeezes for life, wanting a pulse of legible thoughts, poetic beauty, loving horizons, something, redemptive, rather than arguing, hatred, puss, corpses imagined, tiring, show me your writing, measure your count, cunt your years, produce *it*, do it justice, wait, work, silently speak, write alone, together-apart, less is not more, alone, sleepless, sexless, hunger, wait, work, drown and out,  
—A door slams entering. Another slams on exit. (p.89)

**Year Here** produces rhythms of increasing repetition, shifting words around the containment of a relationship wanting its rightful exchanges. However, it is the impossible and non-exchangeable that occurs as bodies copulate (human and writing)—wanting a pulse of legible thoughts, poetic beauty, loving horizons. These promises disintegrate as the bodies themselves don't hold sway over another, instead the lost loss materializes as the real: '**hatred, puss, corpse imagined, tiring, show me your writing, measure your count, cunt your years, ... alone, sleepless, sexless, hunger, wait, work, drown and out**'—Entrances and exits become indistinguishable in the in-exchangeable everyday routines writing with despair and suicide. Words fall, intransitive onto others—making no 'more' sense of these lives, except than patterning that they are, repetitive and ongoing, passive and patient, that's it, nothing else.

My suicide gesturing turns the 'proper' losses of "serious thought" metaphors or clichés, into comical-parodic writing. Suicide is playing hard to get, because if suicide comes, it would not be in a (holding sway) form of suicide. The parodic mood avoids all instrumental 'seriousness' (or possibility) of what the originating (holding sway) metaphor of suicide presupposes, as a negating of *I*. In writing, Blanchot suggest that this *I* when writing at its limits, disappears from transcendental signifiers: "One of the ruses of the self; to sacrifice the empirical self the better to preserve a transcendental or formal I; to annihilate oneself in order to save one's soul (or knowledge, including un-knowledge)."<sup>183</sup> Thereby writing's empirical material-real brings

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<sup>183</sup> Blanchot, *The Writing of The Disaster*, 12.

proximity and patience with loss that does not measure in nostalgia (and predetermined understandings of the event of suicide). There is a sense that parodying and de-metaphoring attempt, without-nostalgia, the expressivity of suicide and despair. As parodying floats in, the mind blinds, exfoliating clichés that are attached to them. Jacques Derrida's text 'White Mythology: Metaphor in the Text of Philosophy' surfaces, bringing metaphor into fluidity and displacement, suggesting the difficulty of its articulation is with its versatility and resonance in a position of constant attachment (all words are metaphorical), manifesting through 'neutral' provocation.<sup>184</sup> Just as the repetitive usage of the words eggs and eyes in Bataille's *Story of the Eye*, diversifies 'forms' to become formless, mutating leaking materiality. Simone stuffs the priest's eye and egg into her vagina. The metaphorical formation or connotation of round objects, merging with repetitive 'O' forms, tremble their (or any) 'holding sway' metaphors: Eyeballs quivers in anxiety, invaginating masculine 'god', forming their tremblings into reverse womb-matrix. Roland Barthes' commentary on Bataille's *Story of the Eye*, suggests that the eye marks diversity through moving from an eyeball, into sun, testicles, eggs and onto liquidizing substances like urine, sperm, blood and tears. It moves from states of form, solid, damp, runny and so on:

from damp to runny, it is all the varieties of the inundant which complete the original metaphor of the globe; objects apparently quite remote from the eye are suddenly caught up in the metaphoric chain.<sup>185</sup>

Though, the original metaphor of the globe that Barthes' enjoys becomes unchained in Blanchot's thinking:

The cosmic reassures us ... entrusting ourselves to a holy and real unity. So it is with *being* and probably with all ontology. The thought of being never fails to enclose; it

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<sup>184</sup> See: Jacques Derrida, Derrida, Jacques. "White Mythology: Metaphor in the Text of Philosophy," in *Margins of Philosophy*, trans. by Alan Bass (Sussex: The Harvester Press, 1982), 207-271. "Thus we have—perhaps—better indicated the neutral's provocation. The neutral: a word too many that withdraws either by reserving a place for itself from, which it is always missing, all the while marking itself there, or by provoking a displacement that is without place, or else by distributing itself in a multiple manner in a supplement of place." Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, 312.

<sup>185</sup> Roland Barthes, *Critical Essays*, trans. Richard Miller. (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1972), 241.



includes even what it cannot take in—its boundlessness is always confirmed by its limits.<sup>186</sup>

These limits to the ‘language of being’ hold agreement to refusal. Refusing (in what cannot be taken in) the totalised (eye or I) of original celestial metaphor. Rounding round things, earth, sun, bull’s testicles, Marcelle’s and the priest’s eyeballs, Simone vagina, eggs, cracking and leaking into the outside|inside fluids of becoming.<sup>187</sup> Unbounding it, unchaining an original metaphor, is part of a thought moving into its limits *as* a movement of boundlessness. One round thing parodically rounds the other—roundabouts (rather than cross-roads as discussed in the literature review)—that create for this thesis the loose tracks of loss. We imagine children laughing, playing on a roundabout in a playground—the more ecstatic the rounding, the more their cries mutate, conflate, tear and cacophony-ate, spiralling edges of sound into their copulating surrounds.

## Reversed hangman

The noose of this writing practice takes the desire of suicide and immerses itself within the *jizō* of writing: parodic leakages erase the binary lines. Writing is a reversed hangman, reversing suicide, as Antonin Artaud writes—speculating: “If I commit suicide, it will not be to destroy

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<sup>186</sup> Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, 88. Blanchot will continue this thought suggesting that “the language of being is a language which subjects and reverts to being, saying obedience, submission, expressing the sovereign audience of being in its hidden-disclosed presence. The refusal of being is still assent; it is being’s consent to refusal.”

<sup>187</sup> The metaphor of round transgresses, moving from image to image—(referring to Barthes quote above) “from runny to dampness” that never fixates itself to dry or wet, metaphor runs out of the system’s language, the *white* of the eyeballs, the *white ink* that overlaps the black, just as the drop of the pupil that sits on the *white*. The eyeball that was stuffed in Simone’s vagina is no different to the egg or the ovary that she excretes when periods come, just like how my eyes are no different to the eye in her vagina. Each of these words reflect themselves through another, and the image of the corpse that I saw through my eyes reflects itself through the congested organ, the pounding heart... anxiety has been installed into the words, unable to ensure itself. Marcelle, the dead girl from the *Story of the Eye*, who can only come through pissing herself, her yellowish urine parodied her shameful tears. It shines bright like the sun of noon. My fetishes and my desire of writing, of self-ruining, of suicide, decapitated myself. *I am lack / leak of myself*. Everything parodies and exchanges themselves into everything. Like the line from *The Solar Anus*: “the simplest image of organic life united with rotation is the tide” and *I* revolve my eye-ball onto the corpse just as the earth revolves around the sun, and writing inked to the paper like how she wet the bed sheet. Parody parodies metaphor as well yet it is not an indifferent to whatever metaphor tries to convey but to neutralize its limit.

myself but to put myself back together again.”<sup>188</sup> Suicide is an action-of-thought alongside an event of death. It is an action that takes courage to end self-mastery, though for Artaud the will could finally show itself in the purity of the act: “By suicide, I reintroduce my design in nature, I shall for the first time give things the shape of my will.”<sup>189</sup> Therapy<sup>190</sup> became suicide’s motivation attempting its ‘cure’ and ‘heal’ of wounds, tricking wellness-into-totalising-being.

In other words, the self-awareness that I staked on muscles could not be satisfied with the darkness of the pallid flesh pressing about it as an endorsement of its existence, but, like the blind core of the apple, was driven to crave certain proof of its existence so fiercely that it was bound, sooner or later, to destroy that existence. Oh, the fierce longing simply to see, without words!<sup>191</sup>

Japanese writer and nationalist, Yukio Mishima speaks above—he is the most celebrated Japanese writer of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. His ritual suicide by disembowelment is also a canonical event. He speaks the words above, words that admit to the relentless existence of a fleshy being, conflicting with self-awareness or a mind of ‘higher’ thoughts, constructed by, and in, language. The body takes over as a destructive entity of an unsatisfied awareness, pulling it into a great power *without* words. Mishima’s performative text exists as writing’s desire to do away with words. The ritualized suicide of disembowelment (Seppuku or Harakiri) was originally reserved for samurai—but in general, is perceived as an honourable death, dying to restore faith (without shame) and/or rather than dying at the hands of enemies. The ritual is performed (in front of an audience and) by using a short blade; the hand cuts its belly from left to right, deeply cutting to sever the descending aorta so that one dies quickly through rapid

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<sup>188</sup> Antonin Artaud, “On Suicide,” no. 1, *Le Disque Vert* (1925), cited in <http://cargocollective.com/itdoesnotfollow/filter/Antonin-Artaud/On-Suicide-no-1-Le-Disque-Vert> (visited 1st May 2019)

<sup>189</sup> Artaud, “On Suicide”, 1925.

<sup>190</sup> “I myself spent nine years in an insane asylum and I never had the obsession of suicide, but I know that each conversation with a psychiatrist, every morning at the time of his visit, made me want to hang myself, realizing that I would not be able to cut his throat.” Artaud, “On Suicide” in <http://cargocollective.com/itdoesnotfollow/filter/Antonin-Artaud/On-Suicide-no-1-Le-Disque-Vert> (visited 1st May 2019).

<sup>191</sup> Yukio Mishima, *Sun and Steel*, Trans. John Bester (Kodansha International, Japan, 2003). 66.

blood loss. We think of Mishima's words and the need to sever the blind core of (his) bodily existence, writing without words, writing-in-blood. We think too of the mass-Seppuku on the Japanese Island of Okinawa during World War II. These Islanders chose their fate by Seppuku before the vulnerability of their geopolitical region put them into enemy hands.<sup>192</sup>

Reversals are not suicides of the mind or speculation, but rather writings in words, in blood, in copulations of words that write with (cultural and social) differences, restoring honour, dignity and command of a destiny that is much more than a body. In both Mishima and Artaud they signal something of a material shaping, destroying words, redeeming them again into the copulations of a surrounding world.

Though, there is something of a betrayal at the heart of Okinawa—a betrayal in the name of progress, in the name of Modernizing Japan: A game, that plays on, writing (with) despair and suicide.

Shigeaki Kinjo (SK)

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The battle was lost in advance,  
a battle the Japanese army  
had no chance of winning.  
It was inscribed  
in the context of defeat.  
And because that was the context,  
the purpose was to fix the aftermath,  
and reinforce the “Tennosei”,  
the imperial system,

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<sup>192</sup> For a stunningly poetic and profound account of the Battle of Okinawa please see Chris Marker's essay film, *Level Five*, France, (Language French, Japanese, English, Release 19 February 1997, Les Films de l'Astrophore, Argos Films, Running time: 106min, Colour, Aspect Ratio: 1:33:1) There is a long monologue about Seppuku suggesting it cannot be understood as suicide in the Western sense, but rather an act of giving oneself over to death, ritualized and bringing or restoring honour of living into the fullest sense. This would be a distinctive mark of Japanese cultural difference in difference to European ways and judgment with respect to the act of suicide. Marker's *Level Five* sensitively handles the memory of Okinawa by allowing images to roll in one direction as the poetic reflective texts, sayings, hearings, move in another. They are not separated but rather relate in a non-didactic way, opening up a more profound understanding of (perhaps Mishima's) core, something pervading a culture, re-memorialised in time albeit (and because of) intervals or cuts by events of war and disaster.

which had to survive  
to the military defeat.  
Another direct consequence  
inscribed in this context of defeat,  
was that no effort was made  
to protect the civilian population,  
so civilian casualties  
far outnumbered  
military casualties.

NO (Nagisa Oshima):

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It's true that Okinawa  
was a horrendous battle.  
Nothing remains, no culture heritage,  
no culture from the past.  
Everything was destroyed,  
utterly destroyed.  
I who love so much the past,  
in Okinawa I feel a deep despair.

KT:

===

In a way, the people of Okinawa  
are resentful, even today.  
There is a profound  
feeling of injustice  
on account of those events.  
I think the war isn't over yet.<sup>193</sup>

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<sup>193</sup> These words come from witnesses (documented footage) that then become part of the script for Level Five: See: Chris Marker's essay film, *Level Five*, France, (Language French, Japanese, English, Release 19 February 1997, Les Films de l'Astrophore, Argos Films, Running time: 106min, Colour, Aspect Ratio: 1:33:1) and for these notes, please visit: <https://chrismarker.org/chris-marker/level-five-transcript-beta/> (visited 20<sup>th</sup> July 2019).

# CONCLUSION

## Dying Flights

Again, everything falls and sinks into *here*—the heart of conclusion. *I* am dying through the progress of writing, reading, breathing, decaying... and *my* despairing heart desires nothing but an affirmation of the abyss that has gazed through me, with me, in *us*. A returning to the gaze, eye, and circle; everything *returns*, yet nothing was dictated within the journey of the circle, and instead it draws out a line of erasure. The pathway of returning withdraws the point of departure, and it is never returning to the *same*. Once *she* steps into the interior of the conclusion / writing, *I* flee into the absence of the circle, and *we* undo discourse. This exegesis is never alone—rather it is always in a form of *muddled* with the creative artefact, merely a blend of the theoretical-philosophical position with the aids of *our* writers-in-common. As the writing *here* aims for an ontological quest, where the space of literature shows (rather than tells), allowing the existence of an open horizon—allowing the flow of imageries to coalesce and to come to *be*. This is a place for dying; it holds a position that is without separation.

*I* sink into *here*, returning to the quote beginning the Introduction, dying within an event of no exit and a space of *encountering*:

There is in death, it would seem, something stronger than death: it is dying itself—the intensity of dying, the push of the impossible, the pressure of the undesirable even the most desired. Death is power and even strength—limited, therefore. It sets a final day, it adjourns in the sense that it assigns to a given day [*jour*]*—both random and necessary—at the same time it defers till an undesignated day. But dying is an un-power. It wrests from the present, it is always a step over the edge, it rules out every conclusion and all ends, it does not free nor does it shelter. In death, one can find an illusory refuge: the grave is as far as gravity can pull, it marks*

the end of the fall; the mortuary is the loophole in the impasse. But dying flees and pulls indefinitely, impossibly and intensively in the flight.<sup>194</sup>

This exegesis started off with the above quote, leaving it flying, hoping it would make its journey to this point, my exegesis' Conclusion, without-ends. In many ways it feels like it has held me in the air, in the air of dying, flying forcefully within Blanchot's fleeing, pulling and intensive questioning of the limits to literature *as* to the limits to us.<sup>195</sup> This radically passive non-power or un-power (as the above suggests), moves breath into my creative writing practice as its original contribution to me—a circulation of passive forces for which origins are dispersed, fleeing and indefinite in the signature of dying. Stronger than death that will (certainly) announce itself on a designated day, there is dying everyday that translates me into literature-as-translation. It offers despair affirmation in the non-power of dying. That is to say, if despair (with) suicide comingles in writing, writing becomes their expression as an affirmation for life, for living-with-dying, for dying-as-life, for writing as an uncanny expressivity of that which we experience on a day-to-day rhythm. The official and most significant criteria for a PhD, is its offer of an original contribution to its fields. In my research undertaking, I see that this contribution performs a two-fold flight. On the first journey there is a creative practice of writing literature comingling with philosophy. This creative practice holds a personal contribution in bringing me to the impossible origins of a (despairing) life, expressed most notably in Blanchot's concept of immemorial patience of worklessness (or *désœuvrement*). The difficulty of my own upbringing with respect to familial worlding and the socio-cultural difficulties that dominated it through mainstream or normative values, have

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<sup>194</sup> Maurice Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, Translated by Ann Smock, (University of Nebraska Press: Lincoln and London, 1995), 47-48.

<sup>195</sup> I have realized the amount of times that 'as' gets deployed as an alternative route to 'like' or 'different' to and, as I'm working with Blanchot's voice closely up against my ear, it is he that gives me pause to think the spatiality of (again) dying with writing and the grammatical spaces calling thinking. I have laboured the point that writing performs dying within existential (structural) contours of its expressivity. Then, it feels permissible to extend Blanchot's words here, now, as I will continue to give thought in this conclusion to the spatiality of dying, writing and thinking soon. This will be a prelude to it: "Thinking as dying excludes the "as" of thought, in a manner such that even if we suppress this "as" by paratactic simplification and write "to think: to die," it forms an enigma in its absence, a practically unbridgeable space. The un-relation: not that thinking proceeds toward dying, proceeding thus toward its other, but not that it proceeds toward its likeness either. It is thus that "as" acquires the impetuousness of its meaning: neither like nor different, neither other nor same." Maurice Blanchot, *The Writing of The Disaster*, 39. Thus, my 'as' structure will perform its unbridgeable space, its un-relation relation, its enigmatic code, without comparison, difference, separation, sameness.

found spaces of contestation in the patient worklessness of writing. That is, my own (despairing) origins, *I* have discovered—through writing—are irrecoverable in any sense of linear time and place. There is no original trauma to be located and dealt with once-and-for-all, no cure, no therapy. Rather, *through* or *down* or *on* the other slope of language—wherein resides literature’s poetic obscurity—a dark, enigmatic, and radically passive journey ‘shows’. Writing’s literary limits ‘show’ me to myself *as* flight, always dying in processes of immemorial ‘remembrances’. The immemorial work is a consistent intervention into a subjectivity on the brink of despair or suicide. These kinds of (immemorial) remembrances—like those discussed in this exegesis and expressed in the *révits*, such as EK’s haunting or rooms of intervening containment—liberate or take flight so that dying (despair with suicide) lives on in the everyday life of this writer. It is hoped too that this immemorial performance of literary-philosophical writing will also inhabit the readers—who I suggest (following Derrida’s monolingualism of the other)—signs the work (each time anew). On this deeply personal level, the original contribution suggests writing holds existence riveted by the beautiful problem of despair. This beauty is not purely aesthetic, nor purely abject, but rather, and most pressingly, is the space and time between non-separation and unbridgeable (relations) of living-with-dying. Writing living-with-dying (at the limits) does not arise for this research as a space and time process or experience separating out individuals *as* proper (or canonical) Writers from the means-ends of a book or manuscript. Writing Despair infuses, comingles and interleaves into the materiality of our becoming—unbridgeable. Writing Despair holds molecular copulations where language (following Bataille) decays into the flesh, writing ‘us’ into otherness (mineral, vegetable, non-human, animal). Writing at these limits of living-with-dying, agonizes and deforms so much so that the question of normativity becomes almost a trite and comical farce. It is almost impossible to think in the binaries that produce restricting normative socialized life, since undertaking this research. Or rather, the binaries are more fully recognizable such that ‘deconstructing’ comes with the force of thinking, symptomatic of undertaking such research. This is not to suggest that I have cured myself from feelings of great or small (everyday) depression or oppression. It does not suggest (either) that I blissfully ignore the political disturbances that produce inequity, discrimination and marginalization in the world—especially the world that touches me most intimately. Rather, my worlding now holds a different tenor or attunement when thinking through these problematics of political and social marginalization. I write into these difficulties, attempting to liberate (or fly otherwise from)

the worn and oppressive strictures that cause *me* to think of myself as a reduced and destitute subjectivity. In writing, otherness slopes, leaning away from value systems that hold (oppressive) values-as-judgment on how life should morally and normatively occur. It may be that a critique of values is also at the veiled heart of my literary attempts, but for the sake of composure this veiled heart keeps beating its rhythm for my future.

On the other journey is a 'larger' terrain, contoured by present and future scholars, students, creative writers and practitioners—extending the subjective *I* that writes, here, now, in this text. That is, this research journey's original contribution marks a pressure point on the present and future fields of literature-with-philosophy. I opened my exegesis with an introduction holding some confessional details, by way of allowing the reader something 'biographical'. How is it that biography marks a connection for this research? Why is it that I have only just uttered the word 'biography' now? This is complex and significant for the research. I have largely avoided terms or categories that might too readily quell the philosophical import (to literature and literature to philosophy) with respect to identity and formulations (especially) in relation to literary conventions. Working at such limits has been an aim of this research. I have written explicitly in the exegesis about those writers-in-common whose thinking and practice takes me into contours of literary anonymity, neutrality and dialectical images (that intervene with linear space and time—personal and public—historiography). Maurice Blanchot has been a pressing figure on the points space-scaping these contours of literary-philosophical writing. His 'literature and the right to death' has been one of the richest conceptual witnesses to my writing (with) despair and suicide for its radical thinking of existential life as discovered in literary processes and expressions. The term 'biography' is uttered now as a word that holds no strict 'auto' (stable and separate subject) within the *I* that writes and gives space (distance or proximity) to the pleasures of (its) fictioning. That is, my three *récits* work to reveal a repetition of a writer's life (or narrator's life—as unreliable as these narrators are) that shifts its stability through writing (with) despair and suicide, fragmented and without ends. In these repetitive patterning (as discussed in a myriad of examples in the exegesis) the writer evokes sensate affections—(abject, copulating, expressive with intense sounds, suffocations, tastes, smells, slippages, hallucinations, manias, sexings et cetera)—of a *bios* or bodies expressivity. They express *bios* through the writer's tracings that hold no fixed separation from the one that writes and the inhabitants of its writing. This could be seen as a common ruse for the general



assumption of writing fiction. This may be so, and so, these expressive forces interrupt flows of semblance or sensible suns. They write with shifting genres, swapping genders, hiding behind capitalized initials that swap around like borrowed cutlery at a drunken (abject) dinner party. There are ghosts that haunt from *their* future (EK's Afterlife) that returns to a present of those that remain living. These *bios* are not altogether full-fledged bodies, but more pressingly, merge-into-each-others-otherness. This would be one of the strengths (for me), of the research writing (with) despair and suicide, in the sense that we are not despairing alone. Unlike the predominance of thought that suicide is a solo event, the research suggests we are always already inhabited with others, otherness and writers-in-common. The final vignette reveals its alibis as a kind of preventative from the event of suicide. The research compounds suicide as solo in citing the case of Okinawa. That is to say, when writing (with) despair and suicide, it takes the act of killing oneself as something far beyond the realm of knowledge and measure. There is nothing in this research that offers anyone, any solution or more complex understanding on the subject of suicide. Rather, the efficacy of the research is for understanding the existential event of suicidal thoughts-*as*-writing, always already written in writing-as-dying, whereby we are ungraspable, disappearing, relining our ungraspable living-in-writing, always fragmented, always uncertain. Therefore, my community of writers-in-common whose thinking this research leans heavily into (in both the exegesis and more subtly in the *révits*), contributes to the fragmented bodies that were never whole to begin with. The bodies-merging-into-each-otherness construe significant contributions around the existential nature of writing (within) despair and suicide. These (mobilized) mutating-fragmenting-leaky-never-whole-bodies are the stuff that ultimately support this flight of thought-experimentation. The cliché of writing as a solo act, a literary act of being alone in a room of one's 'own' (although, I would never dis Virginia Woolf), attributing sole authorship to a proper name (as if one contains) that presents the work, is hereby detonated. **I AM NOT THE SUN** writes with many hands, many faces and names, multiple orifices, mixtures of skins and furs, surrounded by dirt and shit, speaking in stuttering broken tongues, mixing metaphors of biodegradable and toxic materials, writing in inks that have long since dried and, yet still have leakages and spills. This recital of bodies all originally contribute to Writing Despair, writing communally, leaving behind the pressures of carrying the world on one 'auto' shoulders. If I labour too heavily over this point, I return to the safety of others to prop me up. That is to say, the work of Walter Benjamin thinks historiography as a material-writing through

dialectical images, breaking from the tyranny of stories from the point of view of victors. Fragments, aphorisms and montages break into streams of political (victorious and unvictorious) consciousness, showing past (repressions in) leakages, cracks or bolts through images of the past-with-present, installing other future flights. The juxtapositions of multiple material (natural, fossilized, cultured, socialized, dreamed, fantasized et cetera), rupture the forces of totalizing rhetoric. Blanchot's 'writing of the disaster' shows this fragmentation-of-thought as a path to detonating the safety of one (fits all) totalized system of thought. His disaster shows subjectivity in writing-that-lives-as-dying. Dying lives as each and every moment impossibly lived and impossibly dies. If we need a metaphor now, we would bring back Chris Marker's evocation from *Sunless* (or *Sans Soleil*) and, a line of thought he casts out to me:

How can one remember thirst?— "I will have spent my life trying to understand the function of remembering, which is not the opposite of forgetting, but rather its lining. We do not remember. We rewrite memory much as history is rewritten. How can one remember thirst?

This quote performs the very heart of writing in relation to existence. That is to say, writing *holds* thirst as a memory—writing thirst (writing despair) that exists as memory. Memory lines\_\_\_\_as memory lines—writing-us. Writing erases with lines, covering over that glass of water we took upon waking; after a long walk; sitting in the shade of heat; taking reprieve from the sun; enjoying a drink after a working; or whatever the circumstances wherein our thirst arrives. Marker's quote carries Blanchot's thoughts on literature, wherein it marks the impossible arrival of thirst in the act of describing it—thirsting for that ungraspable disappearance of experience. Yet, in erasing over what we have lost (as thirst's event)—writing expresses this very disappearance in what it shows. Writing's continuous expression of dying shows this. It would be this very paradox of living-with-dying expressivity that holds this research tenuously, yet profoundly. Marker's quote—as mentioned comes from the essay-film *Sunless*, and—writes itself in the voice-over of a woman, speaking 'outside' the frame of the film's image reference. Here is another cue into the original contribution of this thesis in relation to images and words, between seeing and saying, light and language. Across all the thinkers and works (of literature, philosophy and art) that are referenced as research resources for Writing Despair, they all hold something profound-in-common. It is what Blanchot

describes as *espacement*—or spacings. As someone whose tertiary education seeds itself in the (amorphous) discipline of ‘Spatial Design’ (and not literature or philosophy), spacings works into the DNA of this research. Apart from all the ticks or tics of spacing that have been discussed in terms of: fragmentation, containment, outside, interiority, intervals, gaps, lacunae, abyss, montage, origin, displacement, copulations, categories, binaries, tracks, borders, contours, terrains, beginnings, ends, closures, openings, alphas-to-omegas, steps, deferment, difference, juxtapositions, interruptions, histories, everydays, psyches, materiality, real, transcendent, immanent, imminent—all of these spacings apart, another *space* opens more intensively. It is the most radically profound thought of writing (with) despair and suicide. It is an impossible space to name as ‘its’ sounding is almost inaudible and, outline immeasurable. Its workless source ‘show’ silences as unspeakable. Ungraspable it leaves a trace of an event—the event of the *I* who has no authority to myself as *I* am merely a tracing of the radical passivity of nothing.<sup>196</sup> It cannot ‘exist’ except that it does as non-writing, a writing that goes by the way of absentia. It is all that is named above in the lineage and listings of conceptual and real spaces. It marks everyone regardless of what voice they hear, what language they speak, what species, material, bios, dirt, air, sky, shit, sun, shadow, molecule, oxy-gene, particle, particular or general. To say ‘everyone’ betrays. Yet as the paradox of this writing suggests, paradoxes hold flight—potential-as-stepping into limits. Betrayal itself might be a better spacing to manage this thought. The spacing of an *I* that absents itself does so in order to move closer into the vibrating matter of matter, silencing judgment of known doctrines. This spacing, in whatever measure of a moment, offers silence. The spacing of this absenting *I* that leans into the dark slope of literature, brings writing closer to silence. Writing-silence, authenticates Blanchot’s source of worklessness (or *désouvrement*) as the source of human creativity—such as that discussed in the literature review’s ‘Salvations River.’ It is the non-space of letting be, stepping off legible horizons and soaring into the open appearance of disappearance.

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<sup>196</sup> Radical passivity is the voice from the beyond, a voice which is without voids, a passive voice that is often hard to hear; the passion proper to it, or enveloping its proper action, is an action of inaction, an effect of non-effect—which still an event of unspeakable inaudible tracing. See: Thomas Carl Wall, *Radical Passivity, Levinas, Blanchot, and Agamben*. (State University of New York Press, 1999).

These flight notes (above) might seem largely obfuscating, or ungraspable as to the neat horizons for original contribution as the level of a more scholarly basis of literature-with-philosophy. However, for a creative practice-led PhD it nuances the workings-of-worklessness such that the practice offers other creative researchers open horizons for thinking this space of writing at a profound space of questioning. In the above, I've suggested this heart of question-worthiness comes by way of a deep, dark, obscure and silent source. The silent source brings forth all questions, such as 'Why write?' or 'Why create?'—As noted in my exegesis, when drawing on Hélène Cixous' provocative gesture, resonating with Chris Marker's search for understanding memory. She suggests writing continues, never resigning, never ceasing:

We awake with a start, quick a pencil, and take down the ultimate glimmer of illumination, however much we say: 'what's the difference, we've seen our vision already,' we never resign ourselves.<sup>197</sup>

The source of silence with creative writing (or whatever life affirming practice one finds relevancy), draws out our voices, elongating our visions, never resigning us, always living-with-dying (our visions already seen), our writing continues, continuing its copulations, spending its days joining others, joining and disjoining, placing and displacing, pairing and despairing.

There, that's it—I dutifully absent myself,  
Rest under a shady tree,  
Drink a little,  
Let be,  
Lost loss,

Over the edge

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<sup>197</sup> Helene Cixous, *Stigmata Escaping text* (New York: Routledge, 1998), 30.



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# Appendices One:

## Trashy Remains (Compost | Landfill ?)

—These straying threads linger on in the PhD thesis *Writing Despair* that combines *I AM NOT THE SUN* three récits with an exegesis *Writing Despair* [with] *Suicide*. They remain strays that comingle species of writing. Their comingling offers obscure formless backgrounds of both creative expressions (i.e. *Unwanted Trash* .1-.4) with non-analysis that is analysis heavily veiled by a kind of hinge-writing between récit and (analytical) essay. Cominglings give a sense of a language veil that covers over, and lines the lines of a relation between genres. They remain as compost-landfill for the purpose of giving a sense of a future, still to be excavated, yet living under the grounds of this PhD submission (within the burials of this site's Appendix).

### Reading corpses

#### Reading Case 1: The stranger

I remember watching my grandfather corpse, lying flat in the coffin with a tiny window revealing his 'final' look. A person who was already a stranger to me, as we were never close, a face with makeup that could not stick onto its naked face, his unconcealable greyish-blue is terrifying the others with the companion of laughter. But I thought he was found on a bed filled with faeces and urine, wasn't that supposed to be a final look?

Filthy bed was dragged out of the house by two unknown men who kept swearing the family, the humid bed bred a colony of maggot, cockroach and flea. They creep like the underground sex workers who heard the siren. I had the image of the oily stains that were smacked onto the windows with the faint flies' rains over the floor. Dead cultivates wanton, cultivate the visions that one could not bear to look but to peek, the moist pink and hairy gap that was sealed for the excitement of unsealing. My reading-writing practice is the child of death, like the painting Saturn devouring his son by Goya, a child in here isn't for the kindergarten or for pamper sake. No one loves the bodies more than earth, no one loves a child bodies than pervert. The dead flies which consumed the deceased's fat and flesh spited the juices from out their fat butts to the white file. None of them were voices of seeking help, they are leakages from the sun.

### Unwanted Trash .1

#### Questioning Death

Writing is traumatic experience that brings up of all the sunken corpses to the surface. They are unspeakable, speakings. My mum believes that I caused my grandmother's death by asking her when grandmother will pass away. She was more than furious and slapped my face, telling me that my mouth is as dark as the crows. To prove this, grandma passed away a few days later, I saw my mum crying, but I don't why because grandma wasn't entirely great to mum either, she was mean and sexist. A grotesque family that gave birth to broken children, the genes dominate the whole family tree. She cried so badly as if her mum loved her so much, even though I thought the whole incident happened because my father refused to bring my mum to my grandmother's house on that day. He said he was too tired and coincidentally grandmother fell on the ground without anyone in the house. I felt like she was almost going to strangle me, she was convinced that I was the one who had brought them the bad luck and my useless father blamed me for making the family shit. He isn't a great father either, not coming home at night, chasing hookers, being racist, whatever shit. I wasn't allowed to speak for months because I have the mouth of a crow. No matter how much I pleaded I am still gonna get hit. It does not matter, but it was kind of funny because it was my friend who told me that her grandma passed away and I was curious when my own grandmother would die. I was five and obviously

Think of the fleas gathered at the window area, embracing the warmth from the sun and remained there. Reading-writing is flea and fleeing, hoping on meanings / locations, from here and there, within the space of white it left traits that marks meanings that were repelled by the white or white-eye (rolled eye) that de-focus reading and reaches the height of all seeing? The white page is a trampoline that fly and catches the fleas, with an attraction and rejection going incessantly. When will the flea truly carve on the white? It is even too light to be drown. My read is too light to be death.

#### Reading Case 2: My mermaid

Reading-writing is unavoidable in my practice and we do not land on a specific citizen-land, we read under the man hole. Reading-writing-scrutinizing towards blinding sun, excrement, corpses, grasses and earth. To read is cast I into the centre-without-centre, a suck hole that swallows everything and leaks to the vaster ocean. These abjects escaped from your vision. Read is peek on bones and unfinished flesh that we disposed into the food waste processer – a read towards an impersonal zone that were minced / un-resemblance. The image of corpse lingers in my mind, clings and exhausted my speech, I watched a series of films directed by manga artist – Hideshi Hino, at the ages of stupidity (and still stupid now) which turns watching it an activity of illegality, doubled sensation. The film *Mermaid in a manhole* animated my breath, my methodology, it wasn't a

regular snuff film about amputating or torturing, it was a film about painter who went down to the manhole to seek inspiration and found a mermaid, as painter he indeed sat down and paint the mermaid until he found her pressing on her rotting wounds crying in pain. He carried the mermaid home and brought her a bathtub to place her in and he started to notice the modification that was happening on her body. The spots and dots that protruding on her body like mushrooms of log. Mermaid told the painter that she will not survive this and demand him to paint the process of rotting. Her pus and blood burst out in various colours and he used her juices to paint the portrait. The days passed and the rotting parts has lacerated the surface of her skin and eventually living worm drippings from her holes, her mouth dangled a long ass worm. The painter was in panic tried to squeeze and scope out as much worms he could, but she demands him to keep painting. One of her eyes pops out with half of her face eaten by rotten bumps. He paints in a state of panic, terror, in lost all he could do is to keep painting. The mermaid sagging at the edge of the bath tub like the painting – 'The Death of Marat'. He murmured she died, she died, she died while his brush is stroking all over the canvas. "My mermaid is dead." With sweats and paints stained on his body. He killed and amputated the mermaid as she requests him, to ends her agony, with the splashing all over the place and even squeezed into the gap of the wooden floor, delivering petals of blood to his neighbour's desk. Sending terror to the unseen-able.

The body captured my eyes, a dead that is transmitting its demand – Fixate your gaze on me. The body is the word that seized reading. Don't you think the decomposition is even more breath-taking and fascinating when the prettiest body (written body) turned wormy? Look at the pretty face(word), it is such an absolute image of artful / awful sordid. The innocence word-corpse became "immoveable, untouchable, riveted to here by the strangest embrace and yet

dumb. I often thought that I only started being mute at the age of fourteen but no, I was muted twice. Perhaps thrice and so on.

## Unwanted Trash .2

Loose ass

I am sick of hearing myself typing "I". Am I fucking myself up only for the sake of learning how to express through the fucked up I? Or nah... I am just plainly fucked up, it is not because I had a shitty childhood, insane exes, being forever bad in decision-making or an endless autistically narcissistic low self-esteem.

Comically, I left my exes because they were just making me even more cray-cray. I told them exactly like this: "I don't think I can be with a person who will only make me worse." One of my 'heavily-depressed' selfish rich ex-girlfriends is living her wealthy happy life right now, as if the whole ten years of depression were a joke. She fished a girl from another country by faking everything. Telling lies like she earned her own money and had bought herself houses and cars. We all knew it was bullshit. She stuck out those fat little cocktail sausage limbs, those are hands that have never washed dishes or even peeled a mandarin. And the other bitch that messed me up the most by fucking every other guy but not me. Smacking herself with plates, banging her head towards the concrete. Constantly 24/7 attention-seeking. Most of the time, I can't even remember what had happened and who she is.

## Unwanted Trash .3

14.

Fourteen, an age of chaotic paradise. Horniness and hormones are the protagonists of the era, yet I still found time to be a dumbass. I was compelled. Facing the walls, she mistrusted me, persuaded herself with the reasons she made up in her head. Insultingly and grimly, she broke the bones of my love and left me fractured. Words that are gloomier than spit pour on me every day as if it were rainy season, and I was

drifting with it, drawing here under, bearing it lower -- from behind there will be no longer an inanimate thing, but Someone: the unbearable image and figure of the unique becoming nothing in particular, no matter what...". I as I stuck in the margin, the margin or the page and the margin of the world, gazing to the dead that is never end, a solitude placed me in the motion that is unstoppable, the corpse expands with me, bloated, I am always one step closer to die. As a person who practices marginalized-unsocialized lifestyle, all I had is a stuttered mouth. Reading reads I, in a way that is null of care because it does not ask for help or anything, it don't even ask for a reader, reading is watching stars made by alphabets. The skies have opened its door to I, we are reading each other, melancholic winds rippled our heavy fringe, the sentence look into me.

Whether it is a word, a corpse or a cunt, "somehow the book needs the reader in order to become a statue. It needs the reader if it is to declare itself a thing without an author and hence without a reader." I am a furniture that were channelled to gaze at the gap, a chair-like furniture which reading-writing sat on, fingers that were made to haul its gestures, a human-like furniture that grew into the shape of madness. Reading moulded I, installed I in a certain position to be there and to be nothing. I am the shape of it, as if the shape of dildo isn't referencing-reading to the shape penis, it is a vaginal-shaped toy. We fit the best when we love the most.

### Reading Case 3: Love B

There is a scene in the movie *Nekromantik* which I found it deadly romantic. The girl name Betty was lying naked on the bed with her lovely corpse. She read a romantic novel to the corpse and ask "Didn't you feel it?" and then make out with the corpse. A love that is dead.

Didn't you feel it?

The question hums into my mind canal, reading is an event of silence



violence, it fisted the fissure in I, as it never ceased to disappear. I passively remained silence, remained a freak with chaotic inward faces while the corpse remained impassive yet unleashed the disabled-mobility of my mind. A secret turmoil is cryptically expanding without her knowing. Blanchot depicts reading is more positive than creation: more creative, although it produces nothing. For it partakes of decisiveness; it has the lightness, the irresponsibility, and the innocence of resolution. It does nothing, and everything is accomplished". I am just a chair-liked pervert, who shape like chair while reading and nothing could prevent her swelling part, erecting to the face of the corpse. Don't be fool by the pretentious image of the paper – A book is to be read. It "resembles a book that was itself not a book, but the images of an attempt."

Reading is a love for corpse, eyeing onto the body / skeleton that remained and falling for it. Romantic relation commands S—Sadomasochistic features aligned as a whole, vacuumed without gap as a perversion, and perhaps it does not sound right to just state it as sadomasochist because its implied fetishes, urges, pains, pleasures, edges, that liquidates from here to there, writing that itself includes / excludes everything. A law's absurdity. Everything falls apart. \_\_\_\_ completely slip This writing is a practice of parody, parodying the tapeworm that swim through my gut, or the furniture that I am sitting. The word madness ... Suicided corpse and suicidal writing resemble – un-resemble each other, the corpse flying If you have noticed, I sounded like the shattered tongue and heart that you used to feed the cats. Absurdity drowned her in the event of epilepsy, until she gulps in her first laughter... as if I have learned to breath with fins.

## Night—Writing Limits

Night time is the temperature for writing, it is when the "true profundity of Igitur is to be felt," where day has ended, where night absences itself by refusing to share its appearance,

only allowed to sit on a study chair, waiting for execution. She branches her manipulation to everyone, making them miserable like her, cruel and rude, brutally whipping me with a cunning cane. She forces him to "teach" us better and he felt the burden of restrictions... unwillingly, he expressed his impatience in its laziest form. Violence that shuts everyone's mouth in the fastest way, they stole my voice again. Put it in a jar to get mouldy with the cookies. I couldn't let slip a single word for a year, it felt like every single thought, memory, and voice was vacuumed and absence. There were no tracking tools to trace where they escaped to. No one heard me, and it felt surprisingly good. Nothing really mattered, as this damaged entity does not affect their life, they continued their selfish infectious lives and now they are old and blame me for not being a good kid. Life keeps going on, everyone knows that, but I am still stuck. You know what her solution was when I couldn't say anything to anyone? She rang my sister who was dumped by her overseas without notice and demanded she take care of me. That's why I am here. And now she has forgotten everything she had done, blaming my sister for making me an useless shit, for making me an abnormal adult and making me gay.

The period when words were unable to form in my mind, it was the most enigmatic feeling I have ever experienced. Voices came from the outside into the ear drums, whining messages from the extra-terrestrial space, with an inexperienced-innocent tone. I wasn't capable of comprehending it, but it was an uncooked temptation. I was an observer. I found it raw and sincere when everyone treats you like a lowlife, you get a shortcut benefit of knowing if they're shit or not. I don't hate men, I don't like women either. The sexes have humiliated me with several creative methods solely based on my awkward-stuttering social performance. A jerk like me, growing up looking like neither boy nor girl, just a kid but actually rotting inside, I have all the qualities that have compressed me. When I was younger and stupider, I thought dreams were supposed to have possibilities but then every kid is

everything becomes privately internal, everything is offering, and everything is nothing. Igitur is a moment of presence which is absence of all power, it is the demand from the work who wishes to install itself, a power from the nothing that deprived the ego of I, making me into an impersonal I, "it is unreality from which [s]he cannot free h[er]self; it is in unreality that, disengaged from beings, [s]he meets with the mystery of "those very words: it is." It is a negation, that negates to its inward purification, without demanding for decisions to happen; it accomplishes itself through negating to an insignificant moment, when the linear of the day becomes loose and unlimited, an interruption of elsewhere offers a point of departure that flees the I into an authenticated moment of reality that exceeds my capacity of contemplation. Blanchot describes the relation between suicide and Igitur thus:

The idea of suicide found in Igitur is more akin to what Novalis means when he makes suicide "the principle of his entire philosophy." The truly philosophical act is suicide; the real beginning of all philosophy lies in it; all the philosopher's desires tend toward it. Only this act fulfils all the conditions and bears all the marks of a trans-worldly action.

Yet these words indicate a horizon unknown to Igitur. Realizing suicide is an thought that reaches the limit in me, suicide is an action that is difficult to perform as it is nothing that I can see further, death is an impossibility that shows itself as a reflection of the suicidal thought as if I am going to an end in order to detach myself from this world, a point of disappearing, which itself is an absolute moment and thus It is.

Igitur is an abandoned narrative which bears witness to a certitude the poet was unable to maintain. For it is not sure that death is an act; it could be that suicide was not possible. Can I take my own life? Do I have the power to die? Un Coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard is something like the

answer in which this question dwells. And the “answer” intimates that the movement which, in the work, is the experience of death, the approach to it and its use, is not the movement of possibility – not even of nothingness’s possibility -- but rather a movement approaching the point at which the work is put to the test by impossibility.

Writing is the experience of the night and its language could only happen through “where night and silence are manifest without being interrupted or revealed”. It is the restless night that comes to me / from me, the profound nakedness that I have become which dissolves any personal relation. This exposure is obscure and fascinating, I write with the affirmation of my solitude, and no one is here, creating fascination that opens from the distance where I sink into an absence trying to catch a glance of it. I surrender to the profound naked-absence without any intention of deciding, as my limbs, thoughts are detached from everything that defines me, I overcome me, her, they / them or even Or, the fascination that caught I. I can’t help latching onto fascinating. Fascination is the rules of language, it unveils itself through distancing distance it is the bond of language and I; to write is make oneself give up oneself, a return into the nothing which withdraws language from the world. Here the suicidal voice murmurs, what is writing? Is writing the disguised version of suicide or writing is the temptation which trying to allure suicide into its trap? If so, am I a moth who was born to devote its life to the flame? Or am I perversely born inflammable? The enigma that inhales the existence into a particular experience that is beyond death, a moment that no one could perceive except when one is facing her own ropes that holds her gaze and body, isn’t it fascinating when one gazes into the gap of the noose which holds living beings within and suffocates it and yet still avoids decapitation? Writing is the rope that circles around the neck of I, I am confronting the method of killing myself, the possibility to die, yet it is lacking possibility to grasp death. Death exceeds

doomed to dream. And it is just an obligation. Later, I thought it must be because I was young and therefore incapable, but I slapped myself in the face again. Physically or mentally I was stuck in the same mode and ruined. No matter how optimistic I wanted to be, I am already awkward. You know, the first sound I made after not sounding for a long time sounded really weird, I had trouble to forming sentences and I could only speak in bullet points or bullets that shot me. My voice sounded like another person, even my laughter was totally alienated, my mum even complained that “you used to have such an innocent voice and now you can’t even speak clearly, mumbling like you’re sucking a dick in your mouth”. One of my teachers said that when you are unable to communicate you are no longer human. My talents are to be a useless bitter fuck and to make the atmosphere awkward. It took me years to get to this broken language point and it took him years of hitting me for me to make eye contact with you. Eyes are never the soul of a person; the eyes are the erotica of a person. It is exposed to the air, an open organ that sits in front of our mind. They are strange as fuck.

## Unwanted Trash .4

15.

I don’t see this as a matter to be down about, it is what it is, and nothing is going to change my sadness. Why avoid it when it stimulates, I have learned to take it pleasantly. I wish for it to abuse me boundlessly as I feel there is more space to be injured. Put me down! I have stopped plotting stories and I am never going to make them, nor I am narrating anymore, I am not great at sticking to the rules, I drove to the muddy pool instead of the planned plot. These writings came from rage. I hate that I have to type “my writings” and “my practice”, I feel insanely ashamed because I never wanted to be qualified to be able to make the claim of “my writings”, yet there isn’t any other way to pin it.

“It is ok to be a failure, as long as you don’t

my intention, it is ungraspable, and I experience the abandonment from death, it kicks me out from gesture, I am an ultimate failure. Suicidal temptation gives me hope for seeing death, yet death expels me from seeking her (death is no longer possible), touch me not she said, this is the experience of Blanchot’s notion of double death. It is a force that dreads out of the desire in me by making me less than everything, not even an excrement of something, without an efficacious means, all I experience is the passive energy that moves me. As if I am nothing, yet everything. Writing comes to me as a passive act, the state of worklessness that has no desired result, without touching on the borders and limits, I am in the centre which does not include the law of comprehension. The words that nullify everything (including myself) put I into a distance and displace/replace I by the language which is fathomless, and this point of axis, brings me to the situation in which things, memories, and languages that lapse but are copula that copulating to the other, gives birth to a passive act of intimacy that does not came out from desire.

Writing Despair went further under the damp winter sheets, attempting to locate in these nocturnal writings—Blanchot, Cioran and Mallarmé—bliss from ‘out’ of their non-exit writings. Methodologically, I say bliss because with this community of nocturnal others-as-writers, I find writing despair in and with my writers-in-common, in the echo chambers of myself as a second-hand writer. I have spoken in the Introduction, plainly, about what it is to be a ‘second-hand’ writer, made up of all the politically-trendy ‘diversity’ ‘values’—expressing my non-western grammar, my homosexuality, my ethnic otherness, my poverty, my mute-prowess, my dark domesticity, assisting this hypothesis of literature-as-translation. If you think about it, what is more foreign than undergoing the folds of translation. What is more everyday than this, the act of (being) translated, being translation, being-as-translation. Yet, the current value of ‘diversity’ has not assisted, rather the enduring forces

of nocturnal expression hold me, blissfully—writing on edges, under the covers that now billow, ‘pregnant’, intense with too much or too little—grabbing at the folds, kicking into territories that do not write ‘clearly’ life or death:

Am I sustaining myself just in order to write or to die? What am I doing here trying to feed myself? This alluring dangerous essence spans her limits till swollen, till I can’t bear everything that confined me anymore! She sunk herself in the grain of Cioran’s voice, hearing:

“I feel I must burst because of all that life offers me and because of the prospect of death. I feel that I am dying of solitude, of love, of despair, of hatred, of all that this world offers me. With every experience I expand like a balloon blown up beyond its capacity. The most terrifying intensification bursts into nothingness. You grow inside, you dilate madly until there are no boundaries left, you reach the edge of light, where light is stolen by night, and from that plenitude as in a savage whirlwind you are thrown straight into nothingness.”

Disastrous writing hatches insanely-internally, the source of creation calling for losing oneself, to remain sane or not lose meaning: Its situation to burst or not to burst. To suicide at the height of going mad or to write in deadly insanity, either of these erase boundaries, and, risk of becoming damaged and vanished, I wanted to be broken because it is too late to pretend I am fine. Blanchot’s phantom haunted her vision and questioned: “How could there be a duty to live?”

“The most serious question: the desire to die, too strong, it seems, to be satisfied with my death, and to be exhausted when I die, is, paradoxically, the desire that others might live without life being for them an obligation. The desire to die absolves of the duty to live – that is, its effect is one lives without any obligation (but not without responsibility, for responsibility is beyond life).”

Nothing Happened

trap yourself there.”

But you’ve got to sunk into an abyss of failure with me. Living shatters everyone in time, when you are no longer optimistic as questions have turned into your blood that pumps for survival’s sake, it no longer becomes easy to question. Is there anything to ask my own blood? Are you cancerous? Or carry diseases? If so, so what. No one fulfils you and it is not their responsibility to do that, you can’t really feel good about yourself when you knew you are inherently evil. I don’t even know if I am used to being awkward now and understand why sometimes I would receive a certain expression of contempt or discomfort. I am aware of it as it is the most lucid feeling in me, but I am trapped in the act of awkwardness. I can’t get out even if I am capable of escaping from it, yet my whole human system is messed up. How can I reform? Or if I could choose, I would rather come out from his anus than his dick. I would rather be a piece of shit and not a giant piece of walking shit. I thought it would be different if I fell in love with different person again, but I was basically parasite-ing from this woman to that woman in order to get a basic life. Because I couldn’t get a job and therefore, I became a whore-maid. It was always me alone, I never have real friends, instead I only have girlfriends who might be have pedo-tendencies because I have truly grown up in a child form. Each of them amazingly brought out different worse sides in me, like different shades of bruise. Astonishingly superior than the colours of a rainbow.

I only have one legit employment history, I was very happy and got too overwhelmed by that feeling. The responsibility and the slightest capacity to makes other people smile, it felt good, it felt like maybe this was a possibility, to feel like another normal person for the first time. Even if I still make them uncomfortable, the routine of working pinned me into a certain spot in the circle. I am definitely labourer material.

And of course, I fucked up.

My priorities were placed in the wrong

She has entered into the ruse of life when the temptation of quitting life shadowed her life, there is no escape, in a contradictory sense the act quitting became impossible as she has already entered to the game. The game to write—Mallarme roll dice thing. The crisis that brought out the desire of suicide, the question of why don’t I kill myself if I am truly unhappy—This question derives from crisis wounds working itself as a medium that projects her into the root of her disease that wishing her to be unborn. Writing Despair—the medium here—begins to write methodologically on the edges of life and death. In a few methods or situations of discovery, below, I have pushed at these writing edges as exits unborn or exits bearing-death. The quitting desire attempts to be “detached from everything, including detachment itself” and, merely reflects as constant dissatisfaction of chasing the experiencing of temptation. That is, she types because she refuses to live (type), as she can’t truly become ‘successfully’ detached. Suicide’s seed has always been planted within her, and, it provoked questions. Yet the seed of suicide carried a force of refusal, a refusal of operating its act of suicide (a sense of betrayed), as the question does not request an answer. Her Writing Despair, methodologically goes into this pattern of writing that seeks the seed and the seed requires nothing, delivering in writing, the nothing. In Blanchot’s words it is that “nothing at all happened” .

Writing brings to the surface this nothing as it traces around the outline of figure on the brink of suicide, at the same time it traces around the brink of suicide for which there exists no exit. These ‘traces’ will be highlighted below in the more discrete methods of the creative practice—here, is only the desire to write into the methodological underpinnings: Suicidal temptation rejected its future as it will always emerge itself as an unsatisfactory – thus a temptation, an instant of bursting lust (laughter) that is without beginning and end:



Writing Despair is a terminable act. It is in a middle of nowhere, she is being exiled by whatever that confined exile, the desire of writing does not occur as desire to answer. It is rather comical. An absurdity that demands writing that does not answer to any questions, "writing is the decay of will, just as it is the loss of power, and the fall of the regular fall of beat, the disaster again". She who writes survives yet experiencing constant-dying, it is a disaster that has already destroyed everything beforehand, deprived every right to seek for sovereignty, as it haunted the happiness of survival. It is impossible to be salvaged by anything as disaster is preceded (overwhelmed) I and everything, disasters are pigment that our naked can't see. It is the phantom that shadowed (ruined) everything, and it will continue to curse you for the entire life. She who writes invited a vanished I as respondent to the greediness in her, a greed that was hoping to end life and thus puts everything into a question and every situation into a constant-unsatisfactory—she thought literature would at least provide a hint to her of what she is, what we are? Yet she has been rejected over and over again, in an infinite loop and her attempts have extinguished her hope, and kicked her out from whatever lust that brought her there. Writing came out of the hands as a mission impossible, there is nothing to chase in writing, it would only reject her and put her into a despair's restless sleep. She entered loop of fraud, lies of being when writing occurred—nothing is (im)possible to grasp and, yet, simultaneously indulges her breath freely, dying and rotting, incessantly. She became no one, she became pulp, wet pages, sloppy sheets, mixed up covers—insides and outsides overturned any sensible sun, despair's restless recesses. The work abjected her. Here's how it happened: Method Abjected—

First, worship the rotten sun,  
Human eyes tolerate neither sun,  
coitus, cadavers, nor obscurity,  
but with different reactions.

Eyes taken in—the following 'eye'  
holes, depict images of how writing

direction, when I was feeling good about myself, I ruined the other. I planted resentment in the person I love. Sometimes I have no idea how I am going to live with these feelings forever and I know I am not the only one who feels this way. Maybe one day, I will no longer be lovable as I disappoint all the people I care about and who care about me. I always clumsily make them stress so bad because I have shitty skills in making commitments and self-management. I thought that once I got older, I would mellow out like most people do, stick with regularities and keep on living, stay healthy and be peaceful. And now I am older, yet I feel like I could strangle my own child because I am hopeless. Don't worry, I won't have kids, (better not to pass on these genes). I find that concept grotesque, it might be related to my experience of family, but having a child feels like parents creating their own monarchy, dressing up their fantasies on the little subjects. I witnessed my mum miscarry many times, there wasn't anyone forcing her to have another kid but her rooted values decided to reproduce because she never felt comfortable with not having a boy. Of course, he was never there to contribute. She often growls at us, "do you know how hard it is to make a baby?!"

"I know it is hard to deliver but, in the end it's just fucking."

"You will understand when you have kids!"

"I am gay and hate kids." And your other daughter is gay too. "Why make this a holy act? Should I give you a gold star?"

"You animal! You better not regret."

She was just reproducing her values into living miserable objects, that boy is going to be miserable too. Even though I am not close to any of them, I can tell. I bet if I told her that she would slap me and say, "Shut your shitty mouth and don't bring your bad luck to curse him!" It was funny that she was convinced that I am Satan's child and that's why I 'predicted' grandma's death. She read in a magazine that Satan's kid is born on 12th December 12:12am, but I missed the mark and was born at 12pm, I don't know what is wrong with her com-

despair happens in the intoxicating and intolerable impressions from different writers and artists. These images hold my writing practice inseparably. In my community of writers-in-common, despair comes into literature—holding me inseparable from living and writing:

### Sight: B's 'eye'

Marcelle's eyes had criminally stripped her naked, I wrote with image of Marcelle's eyes drilled into her eyeballs, her silence murmurs suffocation into my head, the eye-beams granulated her breath, I saw an unimaginable light that illuminated the terror of absence, I see and write with a suicided self. Bataille's *Story of the Eye* seized her eye-balls with Marcelle's death body with it opened eyes that "were more irritating than anything else", her kinky heart tremored. She thus begins to write without any particular goal, but to stare into the kinky fissure that she has already fallen deep into. The kinship between her kink and eyes exceeded her safe zone, surpassed morality / normality that had restrained / shaped her way of expression, just as Marcelle's drenched dead eyes blinded her eyes, it is collision between an extreme image and the self who is insufficient to fathom the status, it left her blank. The methodology of the work invites pool of bloods, rotten flesh, damaged organs, to be the bait that fish the chances of writing.

The plays of the organs, gore images, violence, silence, pissing in the book caught me latching on it, voyaging, and it emits a similar aura as Hans Ballmer's amputated limbs, creepy dolls photo. These demonstrate the guilt in living, as our eyes are often being protected from these filthy obsessions. Francis Bacon's works are one of those eyeball wreckers, "In most, if not all, of Bacon's other works that offer sightless figures, blindness is used a form of forced submission to the voyeur, an extreme moment of vulnerability and objectification." Bacon's brush stroke is rougher than any BDSM whip that could disrupt the vision of the viewers, Bataille's, Bellmer's and Bacon's, the Bs, the

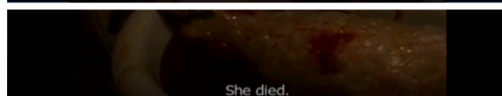
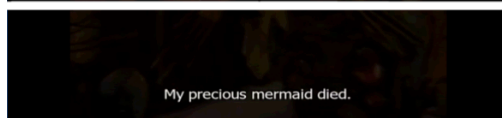
bondage, brutal, BAAL, exposed disturbing data in a form that is with flesh and blood, dead bodies, an extreme way of pulled my eyes out of the normality, an extreme terror that is combined with extreme attraction that invites dead of vision. I stares at the creepy, obscene images just as I scrutinized the sun, it draws me into it and tingles the butterflies in my groin, it elevates the height of anxious / guilty and gone beyond it. I caught myself shamelessly staring at Klossowski's *Le secret de Lamiel*.

## Heat—hot sheets: Make me into a headless dwarf

Human eyes who couldn't bear to scrutinizing into the bright sun without protection, as the weakest organs that born ironically exposed itself outwardly and yet tried hard to avoid the danger that would blind itself. This self-decomposing (writing) practice is summoning the practice of scrutinizing the sun, "it is identified with a mental ejaculation, foam on the lips, and an epileptic crisis". The sun plays as the image of vitality as well as fatality: In Bataille's eye the sun excretes its generous beams to the earth and living things are cultivated by excess-excrete-energy, the notion cultivated is often accompanied with an attraction of decomposition: An inescapable growth that is attached to rotting. This was a turning point in the writing. Bataille's eye produced excess in all living matter. It made sense now that my attraction was producing all kinds of images of excess, rotting, excrement, bodily fluids, orifices that spilled bile, pus, shit, vomit, leaving their signatures on my sheets. I could smell, breath, hear, touch, sight in B's 'eye' the waste of living, material waste, psychic waste.

Understanding this brought about more and more images of excess and abjection. The horror produced despair as a healthy sign under the sun that cultivates excess. In decomposition the writing took off, writing its tales of decay. B's 'eye' brought me into an understanding with life-as-inescapable-suicide-writing decomposing the simplicity of writing-life and

prehension skills. But I do wish I was Satan's child, it would've been a hell of a lot better than being hers. I might have had a super power that helps me holla in aloha.



its incessant question: Am I trying to sustain this body against illness and death? Rather, I found myself writing to the understanding that there is something always been provoked, an organic ill-manner, whereby I have failed to maintain my life in a normal room temperature, even if I did try to hold myself well, I found myself gradually suffocating in life's temperature: This non-normative 'sun' or artificial heat, allowed me to give writing over to its excessive deaths; the sun's unbearable death-sentences, inasmuch as my parents ejaculated an unbearable child. Despair hold her rational judgments too, suggesting a less affirming death-sentence: What should I write if life is meant to cultivates death or vice versa?

Yet others have assisted the non-binary of life and death, revealing the different intensities for those who, like Icarus, travel high and hot: She thought, I may as well learn how to burn myself. Cioran, who did not commit suicide, once mentioned: "Life is impossible at high temperatures. That's why I have reached the conclusion that anguished people, whose inner dynamism is so intense that it reaches paroxysm, and who cannot accept normal temperatures, are doomed to fall." Was I falling? Was I even anguished, enough? Or perhaps, I needed just to learn how to burn writing as I write it? Then falling would be ashes, cinders, excesses of non-burial.

## Ears of Confession

This project would only listen to a blinded mind, an honest voice that has lost its voice, an honesty that had forgotten about the orientation towards act of honesty / confession, it washed out the rights of meaning and forms. The world isn't a paradise and I am falling. Its method is to disorientate and eliminate the given meaning, burning itself as it goes. Writing Despair writes in ash, as ash, it ashes. Falling turns the whole picture into a chaotic mess, fragmented, that is without hierarchy's or binary's control, trying to define with or against the other. Otherness is always part of the self, whether the I has been abjected by her writing or writing has abjected her.



Her foreign literature-as-translation, literature-as-moving-through-the-foreign or, simply put, the other isn't an alienation that finds distinction from itself out of something else. It is simply the other that is involving you as otherness. Otherness in Writing Despair does not hold an object it is being rejected from. It does not separate itself out as subject from object. Despair holds no agenda, it is not even something one can point to. In the genuine folds of Writing Despair I do not exist as subject or object. The writing returns itself, formless, ashes, opaque, nocturnal, without-mineral-vegetable-animal distinction. Writing that was born out of these formlessness, blinded, ruined, screwed, performs its existence and in-signification, (dis)orientation through its corpse. She tends to practice writing without any precise goal or language—blinded by B's formless eye, heated up by the solar anus, listening to its confessions: she spends her decomposition process in breeding terror and desire that would decompose her-as-literature.

This is not because of the attempt of comprehending what she wants to write as she gave up on any attempt for 'planning' what I am doing. Nothing particular comes to her, but I am not in ease. Some part in her is excreting its surplus fascination, erecting the swollen wounds towards the red sun and starts leaking out its creamy liquid. In the process of becoming a corpse, an object that lies between the earth and food (not even life and death), terror and excitement elevates to the height of disaster and abstracted her into a vanished her. Gazing to the sun, writing is worming, munching out her flesh.

I am waiting for I to parody I,  
Freed I from the structure of experience.  
And to go crazy.

She has to murder herself in order to come at the height of orgasm that discharges the excessive I. This relation between her and I is bonded by an implication of parody, and I who writes will always appear as an unwanted, exiled consciousness. I belong to the realm of excessiveness, a space that is without decisiveness and witnesses, placing writing in a position that is neutral yet brims with violence. Perhaps the I the sun and day, producing energies that pass into her that would result in excessiveness. I am the seed within the flesh, the seed that would succumb to the lights or decompose in a bin. I simultaneously strip herself naked in order to expose the perverse seed that was hidden within. These suicidal questions elevate her towards the fascination that blinds her eyes, giving the eyes a glimpse of the limitless. I see the images of limitless when the void of sight is burning in bright and harms the body that is reacting to decaying. In this moment of transfiguration, it lures the thoughts in her and ejects I to the outer. It urges to drain out the desire from the hands, like the newborn larva that are in need of hatching out of their eggs. I am the seed of violence that destroyed her, it is my duty, I am the urge who

wants her to write, to whip her till she screams and faint. Writing requires the riot of the body, mixed violation / emotion that irrupts the void of her body and spirit.

This body who is possessed by her, who plays the role as a person by her in the day, is impinged by the I who writes. I chaff at her, imitate her role in the day and perform it as a grotesque parody at night. I write / copulate with her:

A man gets up as brusquely as a specter on a coffin and falls in the same way. He gets up a few hours later and then he falls again, and the same thing happens every day; this great coitus with the celestial atmosphere is regulated by the terrestrial rotation around the sun.

Thus, even though terrestrial life moves to the rhythm of this rotation, the image of this movement is not the turning earth, but the male shaft penetrating the female and almost entirely emerging, in order to reenter.

Though I have no phallus with which to penetrate a female, I and her are penetrated in the abyss of each other, in a copulation that is without a concern of being that "[...] only die to be born, in the manner of phalluses that leave bodies in order to enter them". I entered her with the full desire of death without a drop of possibility of producing life, and the dead is even more vital than life. Every single thrust is to kill her, choke her, so I can witness the face of fascination, the grotesque expression of the other. As if I am witnessing the image of a tortured body like the death by a thousand cuts, I write / copulate with the hands that release all the zeal that was absorbed from the grotesque heart of day, absolute horror gave the taste of highest ecstasy. The repetitive gesture that stimulates her is waiting for her face to be "flushed with blood, it becomes red and obscene", the senses of I is enveloped with the fluids of excessiveness (writing) that is being discharged from her body. I am witnessing the events of writing and move to collapse her, I thrust her to the limit that stretches the possibilities for writing to come. This point of ecstasy is followed by the "odor of decay", the rotten, filthy, unpleasant pleasures that exaggerates the senses of I, and I melt in to the ejaculate that writing had composed and faint within motion of the rotation, returning to the day. I woke up sensing the decay of my body feeling death is coming closer, language that I have dwelled into had metamorphosized, it no longer cares about its functionality as death is going to come anyway. The terror of decaying directs I to perversion side of the language, a corrosion of body brought out a corrosive power that ate the flesh of language as it does not require its ideal body / functionality anymore.

Whip me!

Perversion and decay, are the sauces of movement

that glides my vision... A perverse voice that negates I to things that I shouldn't see or do, a firm voice that demand I to voyeur into the wound, the fissure that is inviting. My voice is shattering. I (must) come to a condition where I is ruined, the I who stood before you, the I who confront you, the I who grew in pseudomorph's freedom, the I who is ignorance, who became the thread which binds I to I and the fragile-tread that ties to a becoming – I – eye ... From womb whom ejected her out, eyes that pops I out. I woke up in state of ocean, loss, cultivate drowning, denying gravity, the perverse core that was hidden within the flesh expanded days by days, writing manifests on me in an expression of pain and sorrow. It touches the graze of suicidal, the guilt of breathing, for a countable-countless time I felt writing is always impossible, as if the sense of days has vanished, in the spacious word-file, I word insanity that detached itself from the world. Why am I wandering in the abyss-like dread-hole? The experience of pain, sorrow, agony, shoves I to its limit where the unbearable became the most vital sensation, a pleasure that strings the eyeballs backward. Yet all I can do is to jerk myself.

Let Bataille sing along with me, "I'm leaning out over deranged horror (at this point my eyes roll back in my head). The abyss is the foundation of the possible. We're brought to the edge of the same abyss by uncontrolled laughter or ecstasy. From this comes a "questioning" of everything possible. This is the stage of rupture, of letting go of things, of looking forward to death." It is a progress of transgression, a metamorphose that lures the experience of extreme and yet pure, dying to death. There must be an indistinct mourn murmurs from the elsewhere, supplicating like Simone "Piss on me... Piss on my cunt..." or the way Madame Edward's thin voice diffuses into me "I guess what you want is to see the old rag and ruin". Their gentle invitation implied demand which they eject the chance to retreat, Madame Edward's "'old rag and ruin' loured at me, hairy and pink, just as full of life as some loath some squid. 'Why,' I stammered in a subdued tone, 'why are you doing that?' 'You can see for yourself,' she said, 'I'm GOD.' 'I'm going crazy —' 'Oh, no you don't, you've got to see, look ...'"

My gaze latched onto the hairy and pink, I "saw the wan blue eye of Marcelle, gazing at me through tears of urine", the eye cracks and the fissure projects the terrain of I. The edge of pinnacle pointing towards a height of rapture, as the erected nipples and clitoris, expanding to the direction of explosive and I whispered, "Are you afraid of an adult... body?" I can't erase / escape the temptation of depravity, writing will not move if I ain't screaming and crying, the movement is love, "incapable of stopping at a particular being, and rapidly passing from one to another" the "I wrote with my eyes looking backward, checking, if there's someone watching."

Simone, Madame Edward perverse-sadomasochist voices

lingers on my fingers, the way I write is the way to please, to supplicate, the wanting to be and not be everything It is an urge of destruction, a beg for ruination, an itch that cries for extreme rupture, writing is the blades that slides the skins, organs, amputates limbs or her. As you could hear screams through the pillows, "I am so lost, why am I so freaking lost in here." Perhaps I am undergoing execution, an ecstatic one with overdosed drugs. My relation to writing has to be a perverse kind, as she has been alerted at the opening of Bataille's work: "I ought to say, nevertheless, that we waited a long time before copulating. We merely took any opportunity to indulge in unusual acts. We did not lack modesty – on the contrary – but something urgently drove us to defy modesty together as immodestly as possible." This writing practices dive deep for the method of perversion, filthiness and play with abject, excessiveness, I wasn't trying to response to their voices but to plead for more, we are not communicating in the way that we are familiar with, we copulate. The more writing mistreated me, abandoned me, alived me, enslaved me, the more I am hopelessly in love with you. There more I wanted to die the more I live in here, she made me beg for more. Wanda my dear Writing! Slit my throat like the animals in the slaughter house. Yet the writing is a true Wanda, she refused to say it and disdained me so much that she kept her mouth shut. She doesn't even spare a drip of her spit on my face, I am a disqualified slave, instead, "She strokes my heart firmly as if I am her favourite human in this world, but I want to cry... I am a failure and I can barely endure any affection..." My suicidal ego is yearning devastation, a punishment that cause death and breaks the law of being alive, ironically, I received a gentle stroke with the impossible of forbidden pleasure which is driving me in madness. Writing intensified the fogs that contaminate well-defined regulation, it demands a law without right, without binary, without the desire to dominant, but it controls everything and refuses to manifest a structure / formula that oppress / elevates any biases. A law's absurdity. It is a void that itself is muted or unheard, an affirmation does without proof. The work show no care to her suicidal call; this practice cannot foster avarice, no one should expect the gesture of comfort in here because it is clearly no way out.

Suicided corpse and suicidal writing might resemblance each other simultaneously un-resembled each other. Suicided bodies, jumped off the building, railway-platform etc, are the bodies of indistinct. Corpse is the vision of blindness (death), it is itself an abyss beyond edges or boundaries, a body which is still here but without response, the flesh unfolds another world (vision) with incest and maggots and intimate kisses with earth. Suicidal in me fluctuates with desire, an eye of gazing the abyss, the eyeless socket is gazing into itself, in order to write, my suicidal thought must tear itself and give birth to another larger perversion. Suicidal – All I wanted is to be unborn – an impossibility. Thus, I kneeled and supplicate to the gap between the labia, asking her to vanish me at the end

of the uterus, abjects the gesture of impossible-possible to me, disappear me – despair me. I am stuck in position of beginning of an endless-ending which unfurled the charming side of extreme horror, hopelessness. Bataille’s anal-sun has already blinded my eyes. The violence from the sun entwines my seed and flesh which cultivates a sensation of decaying which I could never let go, as they only truly copulate when Marcelle dead body was next to them, a corpse that can never be digested in our mind and a stare that squelched everything significant. Where is the seed leading us? To Marcelle’s state of madness and suicide? Or Simone’s cunt? Or my mother’s uterus? My writing practice has no interests in seeking the direction, because the seed of evil grew invisibly.

“Here are the raw balls,” Sir Edmond said to Simone in a light British accent.

And our dear Simone indeed pleasures herself with the raw balls.

“Simone, with a blood-red face and a suffocating lewdness, uncovered her long white thighs up to her moist vulva, into which she slowly and surely fitted the second pale globule – ”

She rang me with her phone stuffed in her cunt. “Here is the flow that wet your blanket.” while Granero (the bull fighter who was streaming a bull fight event) “was thrown back by the bull and wedged against the balustrade; the horns struck the balustrade three times at full speed; at the third blow, one horn plunged into the right eye and through the head.

“Have you heard the rumour?”

“About?” My lips were caught in guilt.

A shriek of unmeasured horror coincided with a brief orgasm for Simone, who was lifted up from the stone seat only to be flung back with a bleeding nose, under a blinding sun; men instantly rushed over to haul away Granero’s body, the right eye dangling from the head.”

“About EK! The video that everyone was watching. How the hell did she fit everything in her vagina?” I sense that she despises me with a pinch around the side of my waist. “Not like we were asking her to stuff in a traffic cone.”

The hand that jerk is secretly oozing the temptation of wanting her to sit on the cone. I wanted her to moan in pain, activate the events of disaster. From narrow to broad, thickening her, writing is luring, lubricating the gravity of obscene to engross the cone-horn. I lift the ass towards writing, engrossing her attention with tears of lewd, an empty eye socket for her to penetrate. I cried to writing, laying flat as paper, let me be your slave! Yet writing give no attention. My desires are gradually making me into writing’s furniture, a writing chair which write, a writing cunt that masturbate for writing sake, I am a writing chair writing with wet undies. I (repetitively)

think I am going crazy.

“Oh, no you don’t, you’ve got to see, look ...”

no you don’t, you’ve got to see, look ...

no you don’t, you’ve got to see, look ...

no you don’t, you’ve got to see, look ...

She hushes the time ahead.

The voice murmurs: “I am so lost” endlessly and I am not yet crazy.

Would Sacher-Masoch be merrier if we strangle, step on the work rather than read it? [put this under erasure]

This writing practice is pathetic one and clearly the voice from the B’s has bridled my will, it is no fair, yet it is without the property of negativity, there is nothing to compare when to write is to be nothing. It is pure in here as there is nothing default asking I to confirm. Writing is a practice without an aim, tripping from here to there knowing there is no way to go, I remained here and there. An unbearable moment of living – dying, facing a death “no one has knowledge” and unbearable, a null which itself affirms without proof and a night without stars. Perversion is the platform for I / we to deprave and absorb by the forces which attracts my fall – “Attraction, appeal of falling. But the I is not alone, it goes on to we, and this two-person fall unites, into the present, even what falls:

The copulation between Pierre’s mother and Pierre does not make unborn possible, does not make hers madness to give birth to Pierre again. Instead, at the point when Pierre penetrates into her, it opens a hue of terror which paralyzed us. The cup of hemlock is in patience, waiting for those who is already dying. Writing is the copulation between I and death. The perverse, sadistic gesture does not display itself in a form of whipping and dripping hot wax or the masochist’s tearing in golden shower, consuming faeces. Perversion is an impetus motion which is itself ongoing, it dominates I / us / we through ruination (urination) and silence (silicone). A resurrection (erection) which incessantly draws I into the movement of return / turning, edging / ageing, a point of hopeless and laughter.

We are dying in despairing – de-pairing and paring. I feel like I am going crazy and my crazy sent me to another word.



You have to paint me in the

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