

love/limit 2/2

~~ÜBERFALLEN~~

or

Return; Heretofore, Eden

or

The(y')re



On Love and Castration

or

Écrits: ~~Æternelle~~ Exegesis iii

or

Incidental, Sigmatic

or

Despairing to Return

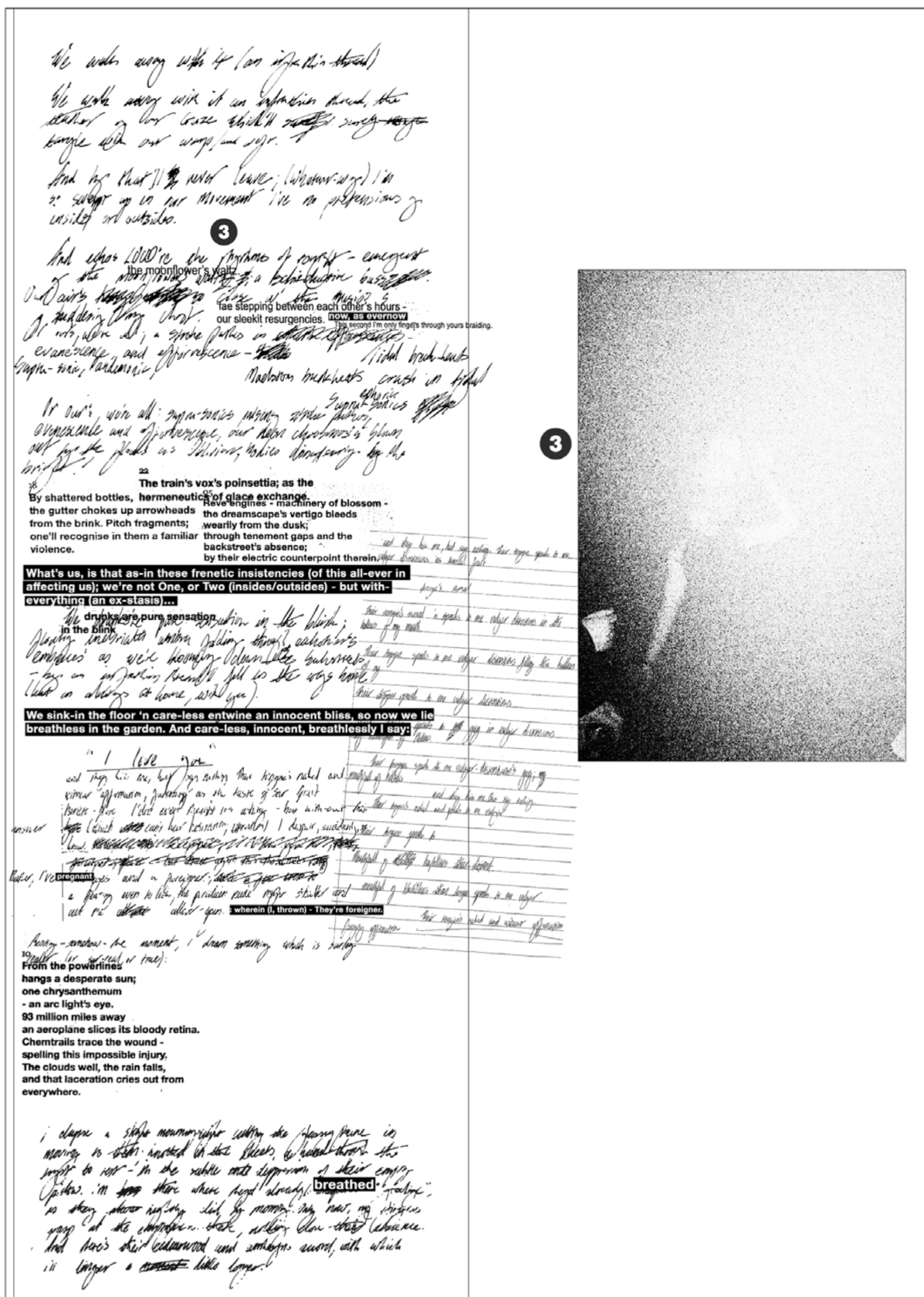
or

Love/limit: in Praxis

or

They / I : We

IRONSIDE



Ferox, ce la vite
A...
A really taking care of taking
the me
A piece of jewelry
After being

I turn-back in
smudges the
water winks a
into my nights
my lips w/the

meanly like the other before from experience

And from a daunting ridge left (of me, some might)
which I look to (in my own eyes must change me),
to see their hand abating each gesture, and a residue of
them in the ridge of my basilaria nose.
(basilar, over-aquiline)

It can see (me), that I'm all cut up-over Them; then the drawing's an estimate thing. Or that I'm cutting-up everything; leaving a note of Them everywhere as to remember or want Them. Or, perhaps, it sees to my merril all-the-time. I remember how the folle-doux or Two or whatever of us began, when They took us if I have a girl, and I saw no (but only because I don't smoke. They corrected me then, and... Then I asked Them "I love you", and They kissed me, but said nothing. I wish They'd correct Themselves, but it's I (-y-e) always in misrecognition.

A splendor, carried ^{by} ~~the~~ wind with wings that let
the Earth its counter-point. I've heavily waxed wings
which have me as the ground runs out from under
me, like power-line-^{or} falling, evaporating, impregnating, smaller
into streamers, ^{correctly} wine, (I never at the floor).

Although its not as it was, its simulacral, deliberate without Their hand, and I've lost Them again by the room They'd left me. I stand to the window, where for a second I realised Them-in my sudden reflection, just as I blinked. But of course as I look the split-(again)-second They aren't.

Why will I never look like the end
of Warrender Park Road;
when the sun sets, and the butcher's
blue neons
shiver brisk in the dusk light,
and the double-flowered interim-lovers
settle down for dinner in the Argyle.



5

A tongue traces the catchlight that fleeting kissed, through the window, your skin which - in its grace, is the flight of our (lovers) phrase. Those leaves by the sill, in their kanny shade's refrain (and dancing with the wind), reflect us in our common care. & let me care for this; beautiful, blushing, lacquer red verbena cleft, to which I'll idle-while wonder, through the lower back as brae, whistling verbatim the wee lick of taper-light; which from here to that sunrise-peaking, intones: *us, love*.¹

Our languor's long as a breath; a finger's rumination by you; as long as the bed, with our toes, with your Mazarine polish, wiggling from the womb at its length; or it forgoes it (duration) absolutely. We're where there's no-thing before us - 'cept as we kiss (without lips, but voracious wildflowers and the red of my childhood front door). There's no-time with which to fantasise - we've an immanence such that the Now's forever.²

Presence is a twilight, besotted without our wanting (for what?); we're the shadows shifting through covers and I, or we, see us by these aria/arrays. We're foresight-less Gaze' met in the re(a)sonance; here, and all through our gossamerskin. We're every wave or drift which affect the fabric; settling here, erstwhile rib - we're as if Eden or spring.³

Or these bathers at Asnières with whom (cherubim-kin) we'll emerge of the waters with (with all the amniotic river desiring with us). Seurat's move in echos and fields; dreamslender ebbing as warm, skinny road-shimmer, or gallery overheads glittering the cerulean surf. Holding (here) our-cloven-selves, is a semblance with the borderspace, where a halo has every slight and partial mobile, rest into everyother; like the arch of a back and the riverbank breathing.⁴

We walk away with it an infrathin thread, a tether of the Gaze which'll surely tangle in our warp/ and weft. And by that'll never leave; (whatever-way) I'm so swept up in our movement I've no pretensions of insides or outsides; comings and goings. We've, instead, something like *echos and fields*.⁵

And echos LOUD're the rhythms of tonight - emergent of the moonflower's waltz; a schizductive bass; our air's close w/the music's shuddering my chest. 'Fae stepping between eachother's hours, their's no sin or misstep in our sleekit resurgences; (now, as evernow) I'm only fingers through yours braiding. Or ours, we're all; supra-sonics pulsing pathos, evanescence and effervescence, our neon chaosmos' blown out by the floods as oblivion; bodies disappeared by the bright!⁶

By shattered bottles, the gutter chokes up arrowheads from the brink. Pitch fragments; we'll recognise in them a familiar violence. The train's vox's poinsettia; as the hermeneutics of glaze-exchange. Réve engines - machinery of blossom - the dreamscape's vertigo bleeds wearily from the dusk; through tenement gaps and the backstreet's absence; by their electric counterpoint therein. What's us, is that as-in these frenetic insistentcies (of this all-ever in affecting us); we're not One, or Two (insides/outside) - but with-everything (an ex-stasis)...⁷

Drunks're pure-sensation in the blink; floating inebriates umbra'll folding through our embraces as we're blooming down the byway - by an *infrathin thread* 'll fell us the ways home (but as always at home, *with you*). We sink-in the floor 'n care-less entwine an innocent bliss, so now we lie breathless in the garden. And care-less, innocent, breathlessly I say:

"I love you..."⁸

...and They kiss me, but say nothing. Their tongue's naked and without affirmation; furrowing as the taste of sour fruit. Heretofore I'dn't even thought it's asking - but without Their answer (which can't bear hesitation, iteration), I despair to *know*. Rather I've pregnant eyes and a foreigner; a fearing even to look them-porcelain 'll shattercutting me all overopen: wherein (I, thrown) - *They're foreigner*.⁹

Resting - somehow - the moment, I dream a dream's repeating which is surely realer (or sur-real, or true): From the powerline hangs a desperate sun; one chrysanthemum - an arc light's eye. 93 million miles away an aeroplane slices its bloody retina. Chemtrails trace the wound - spelling this impossible injury. The clouds well, the rain falls, and that laceration cries out from *everywhere*.¹⁰

I elapse a slight mourning-light cutting the glassy pane in moving to Them; knotted in the sheets, a hand through the tryst to rest-in - the subtle depression of Their empty pillow. I'm there a second where They'd already breathed "goodbye", as They nightly did by morning. Only now, I grasp close their withoutness. And there's Their cedarwood, and ambergris accord, with which I'll linger a little longer.¹¹

Pitched towards the mirror's stained Perspex, I'm silhouetted with the light behind me and my shadow's bleary edge gazing. Between forefinger-thumb I pinch, sleep's little red lines running, from the abdomen up my neck like the spine of a flower. Adjusting slowly, all these imperfections/abrasions bleed wearily from the dark; tiny, rogue, incidental, stigmatic. Traced to my throat, I catch the space between my fingers (where Their's fit perfectly), and clasping my two hands together. I feel *unanswered*.¹²

I turn-back into the bedroom. A rose, salve smudges the mouth of a half-empty glass, water winks at the contact lenses withering into my nightstand; I pull one hair from between my lips w/the drink. Like this They're everywhere; looking, everywhere. And from a drawing they'd left (of me, some night) which I look too (it's my own eyes that caught me), to see Their hand allowing each gesture, and a vestige of Them in the ridge of my (bastard, over-aqualine) nose. I'm looking at it and putting it back (so They're gone) and looking Them here again, but onlyever a re-presence (of - alone - the absence).¹³

It can see (me), that I'm all cut up-over Them; then the drawing's an estimate thing. Or that I'm cutting-up everything; leaving a note of Them everywhere as to remember or want Them. Or, perhaps, it sees to my erring all-the-time. I remember how the folie-à-deux or Two or whatever of us began, when They asked if I had a light, and I said no - *but only because I didn't smoke*. They corrected me then, and... Then I asked Them "I love you", and They kissed me, but said nothing. I wish They'd correct Themselves, but it's I (-y-e) always in misrecognition.¹⁴

I'd return; to what? To uncondition, abandon or mastery, to our being an infinite terrain, a Oneness. Or, that's jealous, to what-else; to without-condition, absolution or amnesia, before I'd silenced something unspeakable speaking anticipations (hysterical foregoings, paranoid excesses, insufficiency - Their return). Returning, then, where? Where I'm or otherwise... A sp[arrow], carried by wind with wings that let the Earth it's course (or indeed, *the Earth*). Instead I've bearily these plastic things which have me, as the ground runs out from under, live the forever-I've-left falling infinitely (infinitesimally) smaller into stillness, or contradiction.¹⁵

There is of-sorts, a maelstrom's ecstasys (*in ex-stasis*) - in the red jouissance's edges exceeding and verve, where's limerance to bind and heartbreak-open every *thing*. But then! I've imagined Their heart's opening for anOther (any Other, they're all One in their Otherness to me), and I can't think They're not being wholly *mine*. Or, indeed, they won't be at all (to me), storming through everything to be thrown away in black bags, everything they're. And now I'm sat in my emptiness, to one by one replace everything as it was. Although it's not as it was, it's simulacra, deliberate without Their touch, and I've lost Them again by the room They'd left me. I stand to the window, where for a second I realise Them-in my sudden reflection, just as I blinked. But of course as I look the split-(again)-second They arn't.¹⁶

*After months straving, with their face moving through those of passers-by (and without ever meeting them), I realised something - despite myself (and despite them; beyond or by them - that I love). In forgetting them slightly, and having met Others thinking of them, and regretting it (and myself), and that's (slightly) getting easier; the details of them softened into an air. And then, once, the lure (or look), is cut in clarity with these new features: an ear which is so acute, curls into shorter hair moving to a gait - and an eye - lazier in a perfect kind of way.*¹⁷

*And again; the cut, and the forgetting, and anOther; this time they'd something ineffable, nothing particular - a voice, excitement. And again (and again), as though eternally returning only in difference, promising only its returning again. And it is re-turning; an enamoured rev(olation/olution) of the world. We (I/Other; we) share this infrathin thread, that air of Eden which insists as the spirit, as grace, as drive; as eros - love. And it is with fidelity to that unspeakable truth, and the promise of its return, that we're fated to pursue love through this world, into the next...*¹⁸

¹ Ettinger's Matrixial feminine allows the psychoanalytic "woman" an (ex-)formalisation¹ independent of the phallic regime. As a mode of subjectification, it deals in resonance; an un-cognized knowing (or perhaps, "gnosis") of the non-I in/by our mutual affectation/co-poiesis². The Matrix (derived from Matrice; womb³) is archaic, in that it denotes a relational stratum un-cut by (Oedipal) castration; there is no image economy, but the exchange of affect - the transmission of desire unmediated by negativity⁴. In as much as the feminine refuses symbolic particularisation, the borders between I and non-I⁵ become sites of flux (borderspaces); the body explodes into a diffuse field of fragments and libido-linkages - transgression of the jealous thresholds that sever I from Other is inevitable⁶. This feminine trans-individualisation, then, is poetic (or indeed, poetry bears some "access" to the feminine). The poet elucidates an assemblage thing-power; the vibrant potentiality of things, not in themselves, but in their becoming-with whatever's else⁷. Poetry is emergent, its emergent properties reflected in our appreciation of its object's emergence; their assuming a virtual/vital force as they are networked, as they exceed their base semiotics. We can understand, then, the *romantic* tenor of the feminine - it's making us expressions of a world in desire⁸.

² Out-with particularisation, the matrixial feminine does not understand time in such linear (abstract⁹) terms. Instead, the past and the future fold into each other with the rupture and continuity of events¹⁰. Everything returns now, forever; if indeed only to be (re)produced in difference¹¹.

³ The matrixial Gaze, uncastrated, is not stained by a desire which pursues the satisfaction of an absence, nor does it possess the territorial ambitions of the phallic-scopic field. Rather, Ettinger invites us to think not so much of eyes, but of asexuals - eroticised sensors which send/receive on the level of frequency¹². It is prior to the organisational function of the castrated Gaze, eschewing the issue of meconnaissance in its refusal to recognise. Then, there is not the pursuit of a "lost" object, knowing is (un)limited to affect, and - we forget our *nakedness*. We can think this in terms of the Christian Genesis story, in which it is only after Adam and Eve eat from the Tree of Knowledge that they realise they are each naked. What the Tree of Knowledge bestows upon (or cuts within) them, is a Gaze which identifies the non-I as Other; an Other that is intrusive, exactly for their assumed foreignness to me¹³.

⁴ Ettinger sees artworks as particularly important tools both in the theorisation, and in the reproduction of a Matrixial relation. She says "Art works-through the unsymbolised phantom of the world [...] The artist interweaves a matrixial screen and interlaces a transtext of/for the otherwise nonsymbolizable oblivion"¹⁴. It is through this Transcryptum field, an infra-symbolic screen saturated with trauma and phantasy without distinction, that we might share in the artist's Gaze; becoming-together¹⁵. The artist allows us into the semblance of the art-event (a semblance of course, is all the artist themselves bears witness to, in the event's unfolding)¹⁶.

⁵ The Infrathin is a term coined by Duchamp, who then refused to define it, saying that one can only provide examples of it¹⁷. As a term it is like a gossamer web, only letting a knowing wink in those instances where it catches the light. It is, in a sense, an exformal term, in that it plays on the "infrathin" periphery between one thing and another; at the point at which they are (paradoxically, simultaneously) together and apart. When combined with Ettinger's use of linkages, I believe that describing the feminine Gaze as an infrathin thread is true to the sentiment of her text. The Matrixial Gaze, our becoming-with subjective-objects in desire, is a trace which links the fabric of our subjectivity, and the event-encounter, binding us together in relation. And in that sense, we never stop looking at a work (or perhaps we should say, looking-with). This is a further manifestation of the feminine's refusal of binary oppositions - outsides and insides, comings and goings, one and infinity; all these are problematised by Ettinger's radical co-emergence¹⁸.

⁶ Effervescence, specifically collective effervescence¹⁹, as described by Durkheim is a sense of one's being swept up with a group in an emphatic togetherness. This is usually associated with religious ceremony, however it could also be used to describe the likes of the German Nazis. It is, in some ways, decentred - in this state we are moved with the frenzy or force of the collective towards...*something, a shared future*. The ecstatic theology proposed by Julian of Norwich is another reference which might make clear what is at stake in Ettinger's feminine relation. Upon her realisation that God constitutes everything in an undifferentiated fabric, and that whatever happens is an expression of his will, she asks "What is sin? For I saw truly that God does everything, however small it may be, and nothing is done by chance or accident but by the eternal providence of God's Wisdom. Therefore I had to grant that everything which is done is well done, and I was sure that God commits no sin. Therefore it seemed to me that sin is nothing"²⁰. Ettinger does not argue with the concept of sin (although, sin is of course the phallic law, which, as the fall of man from Eden demonstrates, has an intimate connection with the codification of knowledge in castration), such a view of our becoming does have radical implications as it pertains to ethics. Cause and effect are complicated by the networked causality of all co-poetic effects²¹.

⁷ Luce Irigaray, describing love in a feminine framework, writes that lovers are "Neither one nor two. I've never known how to count. Up to you. In their calculations, we make two. Really, two? Does not that make you laugh? an odd sort of two. And yet not one. Especially not one. Lets leave one to them: their oneness, with its prerogatives, its domination, its solipsism: like the sun"²². What is important here, is that the feminine relation cannot know mastery - it cannot ever know the Other, but in that un-knowing knows them all the better for their not anticipating them, for their being without expectation²³. It is not a symbiotic becoming, in the Matrix, but a co-becoming - a becoming-with. For all their resonance with the world, for all the echos they might encounter, there is never a "Two", nor a "One", as the feminine is without number, without such abstraction²⁴.

⁸ What does that mean - "I love you"? Is it an acknowledgment of our being in love - our becoming-with desire?²⁵ Or does it speak to a lack²⁶ (or, indeed inaugurate one). In announcing it, does One attempt to define a relationship with another; is it a question, a matter of seeking mutuality, reciprocity? Here, in this instance, even if it was not meant as such (even if it's meaning couldn't even have been conceivable to the speaker), it is the latter.

⁹ It is symbolic castration that has the subject recognise themselves as insufficient to knowledge²⁷; they strive for mastery, and - as subjects of language - are condemned to articulate themselves in terms which are themselves insufficient to the Real²⁸. The feminine order of subjectivation has no pretence of mastery, it is castration which overcodes the subject's relational machinery to pursue the negation of lack (again, a lack which is inconceivable to the feminine subject)²⁹. Language itself is an expression of this lacking; as castration inaugurates the subject as split (or barred)³⁰, language orders the subject's relation to World in terms of presence and absence³¹. There is a switch, then, from the world as always-becoming, to that of identifiable (stabilised, fictionalised) *being*.

¹⁰ Žižek states, "In the opposition between dream and reality, fantasy is on the side of reality, and it is in dreams that we encounter the traumatic Real - it is not that dreams are for those who cannot endure reality, reality itself is for those who cannot endure (the Real that announces itself in) their dreams"³². It is in the relatively unmediated state of unconsciousness that the subject is exposed to the full traumatic force of the repressed. The dream described here is one of a series of direct quotations from the *Écrits*: *À l'Éternel* (a series of hermeneutic aphorisms around which I base my art practice) that work their way into the quilted text.

¹¹ "It smells like time, as is always the case in a love story"³³ says Cisoux, "Time is the turning of times"³⁴ says Blanchot, "Time is [...] the emergence of what is other"³⁵, says Castoriadis. The melancholy sense of lack which accompanies both obtaining and losing the object of desire has the function of making present an absence. Even if the lost object never existed (which it certainly

didn't - at least as the phallic subject anticipated it), melancholy acts to post-produce that thing, such that we are allowed to master its loss³⁶.

¹² The mirror stage is not merely the assumption of an ego-ideal by the subject³⁷, but the m consequent instantiation of "hysterogenic zones"³⁸. The symbol-image that the subject identifies with, in its presumed sovereignty, creates a dialectic of lack between the subject's anticipating themselves, and who/what they actually are in Real-ity³⁹. Although we are subjects of language, Lacan makes it clear that we are always beyond it, always excessive, comprised of a complexity to which the symbolic cannot pay fidelity⁴⁰. This means that as the subject's Gaze prosecutes a territorial regime of Othering, we must reckon with the uncomfortable truth that the Outside pervades our innermost being⁴¹.

¹³ The Gaze is the subject manifest in the visual. The scopic field is particularised in *the terms* of subjectification⁴², and is stained by desire; refixed in the (granted, often ineffable) objet a. Not the object, but the object-cause, it is to the objet a that the castrated subject looks to master (satisfy) their sense of lack⁴³. And in the nexus of this (non-) rapport⁴⁴, one might recognize the Other's gaze⁴⁵; or rather, their desiring Gaze *gazing back*⁴⁶. It is in this sense of being seen by the Other, that we realise our presence in the visual field; although it is their (perhaps judgmental, perhaps adoring) Gaze that we anticipate, it is our own Gaze, our own desire, which meets us there⁴⁷.

Just as the subject's desire for the phallus is deferred of their desire for the mother (or more generally, love, attention, survival)⁴⁸, the subject can cathex libido unto erotic objects through which they might pretend mastery of an (adjacent, sublimated) absence. The most famous example of this is the Freudian Fort/Da game⁴⁹, however the principle applies to any memento. The aim here, is to stabilise the ego by reenacting the cut; although in as much as it is an object of desire, this melancholic shadow-puppetry remains insufficient⁵⁰. Nonetheless, we often find that in art, particularly when the artist leaves the brush of their hand⁵¹, we are invited into a desiring-relation with the (lost, dead) artist themselves⁵² (which does, indeed, complicate things)⁵³.

¹⁴ Through the perverted mediation of the castrated Gaze (and of course, corpo-Real physiological limitation), the subject is condemned to misrecognition, or méconnaissance⁵⁴. Its capacity to cut the world up such that it leaves our eyes full of its blood, blinded - the Gaze, the territorialisation it prosecutes; these are no doubt violent⁵⁵. However, sometimes we might recognise ourselves in the Other, which then cuts us wide open. Extimacy is, as Lacan put it, "something strange to me, although it is at the heart of me"⁵⁶. It reveals something to me which I must have otherwise repressed, but which in that instant can no longer be ignored. In that sense, it sturs something uncanny in me, something threatening that lives in my own home⁵⁷. Once again, it is not so much that I am seen by the Other, but that as my Gaze is expressed in the field, I am forced to witness myself denuded.

¹⁵ Death drive is indicative of a desire to repeat, or better, to return; to resolve the tensions that rise of our (castrated) desires⁵⁸. One expression of death drive in love, is the psychotic attachment which has one desire to merge absolutely with the Other (thereby, to finally satisfy desire in either an obliteration of self, or mastery of the Other)⁵⁹. This of course, is distinct from a desire to return to a feminine, or Matrixial relation, which does not prize one-ness, but non-one-ness (perhaps the subject, alienated in castration from the truth of their desire, becomes lost on their route back to the womb...)⁶⁰. But alas, even as the subject might despair not to be themselves⁶¹, they are trapped by an elastic ordering principle, and an Eliatic paradox: "The arc of its strivings appears to the subject as Zeno's arrow - an endlessly interrupted flight that can only asymptotically approach its goal. It is cutting off the subject from a part of itself, this part being the object-cause of its desire, that accounts for the cutting up of the subject's movements and the *reductio ad surdum*"⁶².

¹⁶ Castration, inasmuch as it splits oneself as subject, is an incognisant annihilation of *alterity*. It subsumes difference under a totalising ordering principle, which can only comprehend the Other according to the terms of one's own subjectivity⁶³. We know the Other as we know ourselves; we take possession of them (or at least, aspire to). In so doing, we enact a strange procedure of transcendental cloning, in which we engage with image-doubles rather than the Other as they exist in Real-ity⁶⁴. This repetition, as with any repetition, is a phallic function which only compounds our alienation⁶⁵. No matter how slight, there is always a difference which is vanished by the term for the sake of consistency⁶⁶; something is always lost⁶⁷.

¹⁷ In love we always love something beyond the image, indeed, something beyond the Other as they are⁶⁸; and thank god, because otherwise heartbreak might be a mortal wound, and I may never love again. Love qua desire, is a reflection of my lack - of anOther's relation to that lack (but which is always-only a lack in me, something which cannot be filled by any-Other)⁶⁹.

¹⁸ For all its conditionality, our infidelity, its (traumatic/ecstatic) emergence, there is something Utopian in this love. We are constantly assailed by new perspectives, the world is forever lit up with an amorous charge; truly, we are as if the fallen children of God, with visions drawing us always to (re)build the kingdom on earth. Utopia is not a place, but a process⁷⁰ - one of progressive self-reflection, of desire, of rupture and continuity. If we are condemned to misrecognition - so what? In love, we each pursue something true to ourselves; if not something true to all of us - even if it is the heartbreaking return of pure difference⁷¹.

¹ I say "(ex-)formalisation" because of its general refusal of form, but also for Ettinger's insistence that the Matrix haunts phallic identification. It is uncanny in that it continually brings to the surface affects which problematise the totalisation of masculine identity; thereby, it is exformal in its (often traumatic) capacity to reveal the dynamic of inclusion and exclusion native to the subject's territorialisation. See: Ettinger (1996), 125-126. Ettinger (2006), 100-101. Bourriaud, x.

² Ettinger (2006), 64.

³ Ibid, 47.

⁴ Ibid, 142.

⁵ In her Introduction to Ettinger's *Matrixial Borderspace*, Griselda Pollock writes "In English, 'I and non-I' allows for a distinction between not and non: the former is an adamant Otherness, the latter a minimal, constantly mobile, and shaping differentiation between subjects who are in a constant play of mutual affecting that can be as solacing as it may be traumatizing". This is distinct from what Ettinger points out is the phallic binary of One/Other. Although the terms are rough equivalents of each other per their respective modes of identification, Ettinger's I and non-I speak to the in-/inter-determinacy of distinction in the Matrix. See: Ibid, 11.

⁶ "Borderlines between subjects and objects become thresholds, borderlinks between partial-subjects are transgressed, and traces of diffracted objects are shared between, and are transferred among, several partial-subjects with-in active-passivity in metramorphosis. This sharing and this transferral are created from, but also create, a borderspace where the passage occurs from unintelligible traces to the subsymbolic." Ettinger, in describing the boundaries of difference between the I and the non-I, also problematises the distinction between subject and object - particularly as it relates to the (Lacanian) objet a. She instead prefers the term "link-a", to express the irreducibility of the subject and the object, "And the matrixial objet a is not the figure of a rhythmic absence/presence scansion, but the figure of relational difference in co-emergence. Relations-without-relating and distance-in-proximity preserve the co-emerging Other as both subject and object without turning the Other into an object only; and they preserve the matrixial woman as both subject and object, not as object or Other only". See: Ibid, 71, 84, 90.

⁷ "Thing Power" is Jane Bennet's term to describe the emergent potential of object-assemblage. She understands, not dissimilarly from Ettinger, that all objects are in a relation of co-emergence, "living, throbbing confederations", and that, further, as Bruno Latour states: "There is no object, no subject [...] but there are events". This conception of becoming as event-encounters with emergent potential is shared by Ettinger, her feminine being a "matrixial subjectivity-as-encounter" - events produce affects, rather than sovereign beings or in-partial objects. Deleuze writes in *Difference and Repetition* that such articulations of multiplicity, "cannot be spoken in the empirical usage of a given language, but must be spoken and can be spoken only in the poetic usage of speech coextensive with virtuality". See: Ibid, 64. Latour, 281. Bennet, 3. Deleuze (1968), 253.

⁸ I say "expression", meaning to elude towards the Leibnizian concept of expression: "The monad expresses the world 'according to' its body, according to the organs of its body, according to the actions of other bodies upon itself". However, I might add, that the Matrix has no conception of "organs" as such (product of its non-equivalence to phallic subjectivation). Therefore the comparison is made more to draw out that the feminine relation is a movement of transmission, through which trauma and phantasy (desire) echo through the partial subject-object in their co-emergence; "In the phallus, we confront the impossibility of sharing trauma and phantasy, whereas in the matrix, to a certain extent, there is an impossibility of not sharing them". See: Deleuze (1993), 113. Ettinger (2006), 90.

⁹ Cornelius Castoriadis says that time is the emergence of the figure of the Other. What we can understand from this is that it is at once an abstraction of the event (cutting it into its pastness and its futureness), and a perpetuation of our castration in its identification of One and Other. However, as Pollock states, "the feminine moves beyond the linear time of a historical beginning and end. It opened up a space for and a method to move towards a future that does not involve forgetting because it cannot imagine cutting, splitting, caesura: hence a time is transformed by what appears as an attention to a "prehistoric" condition of subsymbolic connectivity". See: Castoriadis, 119-120. Ettinger (2006), 11.

¹⁰ "Female subjects have a privileged access to the paradoxical time, the matrixial time, where the future traumatically meets the past, as well as to the paradoxical matrixial space where the outside meets the inside." This statement, as with most made relative to Ettinger's feminine Matrix, aligns with the Deleuzian understanding of time, in which "synthesis constitutes time as a living present, and the past and the future as dimensions of this present". Massumi makes these ideas particularly clear when he describes events as being constituted both of rupture and continuity; although their may be these "ruptures" wherein an event marks an instant of encounter, that event has the rhythm of breath - an inhale leads to a preparation to exhale, the exhale leads to a preparation to inhale again, and so it goes on in a procession of events-in-continuity. See: Ettinger (2006), 19, 142. Deleuze (1968), 101. Massumi (2017), 79.

¹¹ In this sense, we can understand time, rather, as tendency: "Tendency dies ceaselessly, but it is only dead in the time during which it dies, that is, instantaneously, in order to be recreated in the following instant". Deleuze (1993), 133-134.

¹² Ettinger (2006), 50.

¹³ Ibid (2006), 65.

¹⁴ Ettinger (2006), 169.

¹⁵ "Transcriptum" is the effect of sharing a buried affect. In the phallic schema, this sort of relation would be unthinkable, however, "Matrixial affects index a transformation and an exchange, and matrixial phenomena, like knowledge in/by the other accompanied by affects of compassion or even something like telepathy". See: Ettinger (2006), 65, 167.

¹⁶ Massumi describes the Event in terms of a series of movements in a dynamic unity, which unfurl almost indefinitely. In that sense, we are insufficient to the symbolic capture of the event. Rather What you mainly see is the arcing, its dynamic form - its semblance - and you act accordingly [...] What you've seen and act according to is the semblance of the event. Nothing sensuous corresponds to it. What you're "seeing" is the abstract double of the event, still with some unresolved potential [...] So the semblance weaves together the immediate past, the immediate future in the dynamic unity of the event that is seen without being visible [...]". See: Massumi (2017), 87.

¹⁷ Manning, 97-99.

¹⁸ Ettinger (2006), 6.

¹⁹ Durkheim, 237, 381, 422.

²⁰ Julian of Norwich, 11.

²¹ Bennet refers to her theory of Vibrant Materialism, but nonetheless, this statement is applicable here: "Autonomy and strong responsibility seem to me to be empirically false[...]. In emphasizing the ensemble nature of action and the interconnections between persons and things, a theory of vibrant matter presents individuals as simply incapable of bearing full responsibility for their effects [...] but it does not thereby abandon the project of identifying [...] the sources of harmful effects. To the contrary, such a notion broadens the range of places to look for sources.". See: Bennet, 54.

²² Irigaray, 207.

²³ It is the symbolic screen of ego-image which has the castrated lover always misrecognise their amOr. Without castration, the feminine subject does not attempt to subsume the non-I under an image or principle - their relation as affect-encounter is then, authentic. See: Ettinger (2006), 70.

²⁴ "Number is itself an abstraction insofar as it applies to the existing modes "considered in the abstract"...Hence not only does the numerical distinction not apply to substance... because the numerical distinction expresses the nature of the mode and of the modal distinction only abstractly and only for the imagination" Deleuze's explanation of number in a Spinozist context, concerns us here because that single, undifferentiated fabric is effectively the plane of immanence, as understood by the feminine. It is a fabric of movement, of virtuality; the feminine can only engage on those terms. See: Deleuze (1970), 46.

²⁵ This could be taken to mean various things depending on the situation. However, in the context of a feminine subjectivity, this statement would be almost without meaning. Indeed, there may be no reason to speak it at all. The very attempt to communicate in such (clumsy, limited, castrated) terms, one's becoming with another, is contrary to the affective co-poeises, and gnosis of the non-I that the feminine acts by. Irigaray, however, does find a use for it (even if it is a little arbitrary), and explains it in these terms. "When you say I love you - staying right here, close to you, close to me - you're saying I love myself. You don't need to wait for it to be given back; neither do I. We don't owe each other anything. That "I love you" is neither gift nor debt. You "give" me nothing when you touch yourself, touch me, when you touch yourself again through me. You don't give yourself. What would I do with you, with myself, wrapped up like a gift? You keep ourselves to the extent that you share us". See: Irigaray, 206.

²⁶ Bruce Fink says that per Lacan's statement that "love is giving what you don't have", the statement "I love you", is a confession that the speaking subject is lacking (as a result of their castration), and that their amor-Other is related in some way to that lack (not necessarily that they satisfy it, but that they desire them such that their lack calls for them). See: Fink (2016), 36.

²⁷ Loveless, 84.

²⁸ Lacan (1966a), 165.

²⁹ Ettinger (2006), 51.

³⁰ Fink (1995), 41.

³¹ Bartlett, Clemens, Roffe. 58-59.

³² Žižek (2006), 57.

³³ Cisoux, 51.

³⁴ Blanchot, 11.

³⁵ Castoriadis, 120

³⁶ "Melancholy [...] [has] the imaginative capacity to make an unobtainable object appear as if lost. If the libido behaves as if a loss had occurred although nothing has in fact been lost; this is because the libido stages a simulation where what cannot be lost because it has never been possessed appears as lost, and what could never be possessed because it had never perhaps existed may be appropriated insofar as it is lost." See: Agamben, 20.

³⁷ Lacan (1966), 2-6.

³⁸ "one recognises "hysterogenic zones" as symptoms inscribed by language. The body is written, it is constructed by language and not pregiven". See: Copjec 51.

³⁹ Loveless, 91.

⁴⁰ Copjec, 52.

⁴¹ Lacan (1993), 139

⁴² Lacan (2016), 70.

⁴³ Of course, it is not desire which is lacking, neither is there truly an object which could satisfy the subject's lacking, but rather a lack which is *constitutive* of the subject. See: Deleuze, Guattari, 26. Fink (1995), 59-60.

⁴⁴ Here referring to the issue of sexual non-rapport, where relations with unmediated alterity, and therefore relations of genuine non-equivalence are impossible within the Lacanian schema, because of the subject's alienation. See: Lacan (1975), 14. Žižek (2006), 51

⁴⁵ Freud states that, "In love, the object after all takes the place of the super-ego.", quite literally we feel as though our amOr is watching us, or that we are constantly watching out for them. See: Freud (1914-26), xvii.

⁴⁶ Ettinger (2006), 98.

⁴⁷ "The horrible truth, revealed to Lacan by Petit-Jean, is that the gaze does not see you. So, if you are looking for confirmation of the truth of your being or clarity of your vision, you are on your own; the gaze of the Other is not confirming; it will not validate you. [...] It is rather an impossibility that is crucial to the constitution of the subject - the impossibility, precisely, of any ultimate confirmation from the Other. The subject emerges, as a result, as a desiring being, that is to say, an effect of the law but certainly not a realisation of it, since desire as such can never be conceived as a realisation. Desire fills no possibility but seeks after an impossibility; this makes desire always, constitutionally, contentless.". See: Copjec, 36.

⁴⁸ Freud (1914-26), 17.

⁴⁹ Ibid, 52-54.

⁵⁰ Han, 44. Bataille, 142.

⁵¹ "The moment of the brush brings with it imbricated registers of expression. Its signs are at once visual and vocal; its art is intensely manual and gestural", See: Lamarre, 154.

⁵² Jane Gallop's re-reading of Barthes' seminal *Death of the Author*, orients around the premise that reading is a relation with the Other, and that the author must exist (however diffuse, however much desiring-necromancy the reader/subject must perform) within the text. See: Gallop, 44-50.

⁵³ "I want stigmata. I do not want the stigmata to disappear. I am attached to my engravings, to the stings in my flesh and my mental parchment. I do not fear that trauma and stigmata will form an alliance: the literature in me wants to maintain and reanimate traces. Traumatism as an opening to the future of the wound is the promise of a text". See: Cisoux iii-iv.

⁵⁴ Méconnaissance is the term used by Lacan to describe the subject's general misapprehension. Whether we discuss the objet a, the symbolic's insufficiency to the Real, even the subject's not being the "phallus" they identify with, these are all manifestations of their méconnaissance. Adding to this, the ambiguity of the symbolic, the exact relativity that allows lovers to construct a shared, secret language of referents and signals with which to communicate their affections without the knowledge of "outsiders" - this is the lovers benefiting from the outside-Other's méconnaissance. Equally, it is that same méconnaissance which, if one lover announces their love, and their amOr replies with a kiss - not because they cannot say "I love you", but simply because they were so excited - that the speaker may find in this miscommunication, a cutting rejection. It is, after all, a further limit on our symbolic pact, that the phrase "I love you" is "beyond syntax and yields itself to no structural transformation". Infact, it is between our méconnaissance, and the heartbreaking infidelity of language, the one can never ask (perhaps, in grasping for resolution), how much our beLOved loves us. It is something which can never be spoken, anything but the poetry of our becoming is true to our love (and even that is not sufficient to you). See: Lacan (1966b), 565, 753. Lacan (1973), 75. Barthes, 147-150, 157. Leader, 56.

⁵⁵ It is a "tattooing, excising, incising, carving, scarifying, mutilating, encircling, and initiating". See: Deleuze, Guattari, 168.

⁵⁶ Lacan, (1992), 71.

⁵⁷ Freud (1941), 152. Loveless, 46.

⁵⁸ Land (2007), 283.

⁵⁹ Either way, "The psychotic's Eros is located where speech is absent. It is there that he finds his supreme love.". See: Lacan (1993), 289. Fink (2016), 86-88.

A

⁶⁰ As Bartlett, Clemens, and Roffe state, "the death drive may not exist at all, and its features may simply be better understood as unprecedented ruses of a symptom-formation - meaning they may still ultimately be dictated by the creative vicissitudes of eros. No positive evidence can possibly be provided of its operations." See: Bartlett, Clemens, Roffe, 51.

⁶¹ Referring to the Kierkegaardian "despairing not to be oneself", in which the subject despairs that they cannot surrender themselves completely to God's will. See: Kierkegaard, 99.

⁶² Copjec, 52.

⁶³ Ettinger cites this tendency as the "battle position at the heart of the modernist struggle", gesturing towards Kantian pretensions of unlimited knowledge, allowed through the subsumption of difference under universal principles. Nick Land argues then, that "Alterity cannot be registered unless it can be inscribed within the system". See: Ettinger (2006), 96, 51. Kant (1790), 19. Land (1988), 87-90.

⁶⁴ This phrasing is derived from Laruelle's non-philosophy, See: Laruelle, 30.

⁶⁵ Deleuze (1968), 100, 345, 355.

⁶⁶ "The vanishing term [...] this little nothing from which all consistency results", See: Badiou (2009a), 70.

⁶⁷ "In our relation to things, in so far as this relation is constituted by the way of vision, and ordered in the figures of representation, something slips, passes, is transmitted, from stage to stage, and is always to some degree eluded in it - that is what we call the gaze." See: Lacan (1973), 73.

⁶⁸ Copjec, 148.

⁶⁹ Fink (2016), 36.

⁷⁰ Developing from Angelika Bammer's statement that her "goal is to replace the idea of 'utopia' as something fixed, a form to be fleshed out, with the idea of 'the utopian' as an approach toward, a movement beyond set limits into the realm of the not-yet-set. At the same time, I want to counter the notion of the utopia as unreal with the proposition that the utopian is powerfully real in the sense that hope and desire (and even fantasies) are real, never 'merely' fantasy. It is a force that moves and shapes history", It is, to repeat the title of Ruth Levitas' book, 'Utopia as Method'. See: Bammer, 108-109.

⁷¹ Badiou and Deleuze scarcely agree, so let us marry them here at the end (if even, in a Vegas-wedding, aesthetic, inauthentic kind of way). With Deleuze's principle of pure difference as backlight, Badiou says that love, as a procedure of decentering and co-emergence, allows access to a universal truth. *What is it?* "This truth is quite simply the truth about Two: the truth that derives from difference as such.". See: Badiou (2009b), 38.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Agamben, Giorgio. (1977) Trans: Martinez, Ronaldo L. (1993). *Stanzas: Word and Phantasm in Western Culture*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.

Badiou, Alain. Trans: Bosteels, Bruno. (2009a). *Theory of the Subject*. London and New York: Continuum.

Badiou, Alain. Truong, Nicolas. Trans: Bush, Peter. (2009b) *In Praise of Love*. London: Serpent's Tail.

Bammer, Angelika. (1991) *Partial Visions: Feminism and Utopianism in the 1970s*. New York and London: Routledge.

Batallie, George. Trans: Dalwood, Mary. (1957). *Eroticism*. United Kingdom: Penguin Group.

Bartlett, A.J. Clemens, Justin. Roffe, Jon. (2014). *Lacan Deleuze Badiou*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press.

Barthes, Roland. Trans: Howard, Richard. (1977) *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*. London: Penguin Random House.

Bennet, Jane. (2010). *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology of Things*. London: Duke University Press.

Bourriaud, Nicolas. Trans: Butler, Erik. (2015) *The Exform*. London: Verso

Blanchot, Maurice. Trans: Hanson, Susan. (1969) *The Infinite Conversation in Theory and History of Literature*, Vol. 82. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press

Castoriadis, Cornelius. Trans: Blamey, K. (1997). *The Imaginary Institution of Society*. Cambridge MA: MIT Press.

Cisoux, Helen. (1998) *Stigmata*. Oxford: Routledge.

Copjec, Joan. (1994) *Read My Desire: Lacan Against the Historicists*. Massachusetts: The MIT Press.

Durkheim, Emile. Trans: Swain, Joseph Ward. (1915). *The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life*. London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd.

Deleuze, Gilles. Trans: Patton, Paul. (1968) *Difference and Repetition*. London: Bloomsbury Academic

Deleuze, Gilles. Trans: Hurley, Robert. (1970). *Spinoza: Practical Philosophy*. San Francisco: City Lights Books.

Deleuze, Gilles. Trans: Conley, Tom.(1993). *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque*. London: Continuum.

Deleuze, Gilles. Guattari, Felix. Trans: Hurley, Robert. (1983). *Anti-Oedipus*. London: Bloomsbury Publishing Plc.

Ettinger Bracha (1996) *Metramorphic Borderlinks and Matrixial Borderspace in Rethinking Borders* ed. John Welchman. London: MacMillan.

Ettinger, Bracha. (2006) *The Matrixial Borderspace*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press

Fink, Bruce. (1995). The Lacanian Subject: Between Language and Jouissance. New Jersey: Princeton University Press.

Fink, Bruce. (2016) *Lacan on Love: An Exploration of Lacan's Seminar VIII, Transference*. Cambridge: Polity Press.

Freud, Sigmund. Trans: Reddick, John. (1914-26). *Beyond the Pleasure Principle and Other Writings*. London: Penguin Group.

Freud, Sigmund. Trans: Haughton, Hugh. (1941) *The Uncanny*. London: The Penguin Group.

Gallop, Jane. (2011). *The Deaths of the Author*. New York: Duke University Press.

Han, Byung-Chul. (2021). *Capitalism and the Death Drive*. United Kingdom: Polity Press.

Irigaray, Luce. Trans: Porter, Catherine. (1977) *This Sex Which is Not One*. New York: Cornell University Press

Julian of Norwich. Trans: Windeatt, Barry. (14th Century). *Revelations of Divine Love*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

Kant, Immanuel. (1790) Trans: Pluhar, Werner S. (1987). *The Critique of Judgment*. Cambridge: Hackett Publishing Company.

Kierkegaard, Søren. Trans: Hannay, Alastair. (1849). *The Sickness Unto Death*. London: Penguin Books.

Lacan, Jacques. (1966a). Trans: Sheridan, Alan. (1977). *Écrits: A Selection*. London: Routledge.

Lacan, Jacques. (1966b). Trans: Fink, Bruce. (2006). *Écrits: The First Complete Edition in English*. London & New York: W. Norton & Company

Lacan, Jacques. Trans: Sheridan, Alan. Ed: Miller, Jacques-Alain (1973) *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis*. United States: W.W. Norton & Company Inc.

Lacan, Jacques. Trans: Fink, Bruce. Ed: Miller, Jacques-Alain (1975) *On Feminine Sexuality: The Limits of Love and Knowledge / Book XX: Encore 1972-73*. United States: W.W. Norton & Company Inc.

Lacan, Jacques. Trans: Dennis Porter (1992) *The Seminar: Book VII. The Ethics of Psychoanalysis, 1959-60*. London: Routledge.

Lacan, Jacques. Trans: Griggs, R. ed. Miller, Jacques-Alain.(1993). *The Seminar of Jacques Lacan, Book III: The Psychoses (1955-1956)*. New York: Norton.

Latour, Bruno. (1999). *Pandora's Hope: How to Bring the Sciences into Democracy*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

Laruelle, François. Trans: Rubczak, Nicola. Smith, Anthony Paul. (1996) *Principles of Non-Philosophy*. London: Bloomsbury Publishing Plc.

Lamarre, Thomas. (2002) *Diagram, Inscription, Sensation*. in A Shock to Thought. (Ed: Massumi, Brian). New York: Routledge

Land, Nick (1988). *Kant, Capital, and the Prohibition of Incest*. Third Text, 2:5, 83-94

Land, Nick. (2007). *Fanged Noumena*. London: Urbanomics.

Leader, Darian. (1996) *Why Do Women Write More Letters Than They Post*. London: Faber and Faber.

Loveless, Natalie. (2019) *How to Make Art at the End of The World*. Durham, London: Duke University Press

Manning, Eric. (2017) *For a Pragmatic of the Useless, or the Value of the Infrathin*. In Political Theory, Vol. 45, No. 1.

Massumi, Brian. (2002) *Parables for the Virtual*. Durham and London: Duke University Press

Massumi, Brian. (2017) *The Principle of Unrest: Activist Philosophy in the Expanded Field*. London: Open Humanities Press

Žižek, Slavoj. (2006). *How to Read Lacan*. London: Granta Books.

