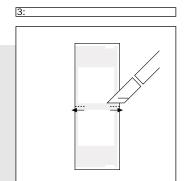
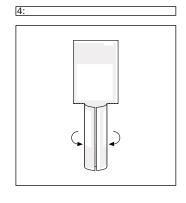


Construction





1: First, fold each sheet in half along the vertical axis.

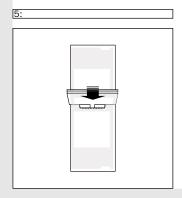
2: Using a craft knife or scalpel, cut a horizontal slot along the centre dotted line of the first sheet. (pages 1/2/13/14)

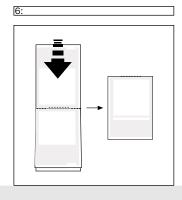
Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.

4: Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second page (pages 3/4/23/24).

5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/21/22), fourth (pages 7/8/19/20), fifth (pages 9/10/17/18) and sixth sheet (pages 11/12/15/16) with the even pages in ascending order.

6: When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.





14 ET

speaking of repression – an opening up of the interior – but acknowledgement of repression's function: to deliver up one's vulnerability. This vulnerability is necessarily public – it makes itself apparent to another yet as a privacy which occurs as the naming of each other, the naming which allows for vulnerability. In this way, speaking is not so much an airing of an interior life, but a caring of another to a point of vulnerability.

This writing is a naming of Hélène Cixous: and thus, it is a caring for her name and the space it opens up, makes apparent in the lateral dimension, for her space is a space of poetry which always sets its sights on the periphery. The periphery is another horizon in the perspectives of knowing – an unfolding of multiplicity, where time overlaps onto itself as simultaneous events, a shuddering of duration.

EXCESS: speaking is also listening: the ear is a wet organ, washed over in the flood of voices.

5. Ghosts – or, outside with Perec:

You say: "Look at the tiny lights! they seem so sad..."

The moment of recollection is a flushed experience, for everything rises to the surface: faint images suddenly fill the mental frame, whispered days amplified and overshadowing the time and space of this city.

FIGURING SPACE... 1... 2... 3... 4

BRANDON LABELLE

movements of desire and anxiety. What Hèlène proposes is not so much a a space of conflict that the body must live out, articulate and repress in of every name. The space of the name, of every signalling of individuality, is stretched history across the void, and that haunt the very coming into being letter by letter has the power to inflict all the buried fears and pains that have buried inside every word, inside each sentence, for the hand tapping out written, how her writing unfolds as a careful challenge to the very lineages outlive. For caring can also destroy in its adoration - this is what Hélène has the colonizations which have come before and which we now attempt to careful in this gesture not to tread across the lines of respect, not to enact saying something nestles against the figuration you imply. One must be caring is the way in which I align this writing against your name, how this built the very environment I have found, and that in this motion I care for. This in the very conjuring your name inspires and makes possible. Your body has the very name, but the space of the name, in the architecture made apparent a new musicality in the harmonics of language. I find this musicality not in in turn am named by you, arriving at the end which can only be a beginning, inadequacies of existence, however simple or banal. I write your name, and experience. She provides me with a vocabularly for how to escape the something more, something greater in the very promise of writing and phantasm of my own imagining - she is a vapor in how I hope and desire the cover of this intention, under the name. In this way, Helène Cixous is a readying itself to let fall all it hopes to say, all that needs to be written, under deepest language which again, is just under the surface, which is always sedimentation - she places a demand on the language of the inside, the Helene forces me to rewrite this writing, to rethink my own individuality as a periphery, for there can be no greater suggestion or reality or promise. Love. The word itself forces writing to expend itself, to strive toward its own

harmony and discord.

The breakdown of amplification between input and output is a moment of anxiety: suddenly the clarity of the message is disturbed, splintered and made suspect, overshadowed by an unknown interference, a glitch of intention. Cast across the one-to-one equation of input-output, signal to message, word to definition, the shadow of the unknown unsettles the belief in technology and its ability to convey the message, to deliver up the appropriate output in response to input – to simply do the job. Against the appropriate output in response to input – to simply do the job. Against the grain interference appears: from an unknown source, within the musculature of the body, inside vocal chords that strain to speak, to draw up the proper words, from inside the very instruments and machinery of culture. The body words, from inside the very instruments and machinery of culture. The body dies a reluctant death. These conflicts of order slarm, for the order it disrupta dies a reluctant death. These conflicts of order and chaos occur as territorial challenges – between regions of meaning that slip against the tectonics of coherence, along fault-lines of noise and silence, grating along the edges of coherence, along fault-lines of noise and silence, grating along the edges of coherence, along fault-lines of noise and silence, grating along the edges of

1. Interference

This is where we find ourselves... alone, and yet, accompanied, by figures or by shadows or by the hint of voices...

When we go looking for it in our reveries, we relive it even more in its possibilities than in its reality. Gaston Bachelard

HIFFUSIUN Species of Spaces



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Figuring SPACE... 1... 2... 3... 4 Brandon Labelle

SPECIES OF SPACES

Interference here is akin to a parasitic invasion: "para-Site" being a space unto itself, a space occupied by an ill-defined entity, or the grotesque, for isn't the monstrous defined by its endless need to prey on the healthy, as an other who nonetheless craves to enter properly into the normal? Yet, the parasitic as a condition occurs as the very living with an alien presence that is privately one's own - a personalized other constituted by the very stuff of one's body, for the parasitic feeds on the material already privately cultivated: in other words, the parasite is secretly what one desires. This makes the parasitic, as a pathological alternative, a kind of inverse of oneself, a haunting doppelganger that exists up close - too close - as an underside to every gesture and impulse. Interference too is up close, always on the border, in the wings, emerging inside the very fabric of cultural production, infringing upon the wholesome perfection of proper recording, of a clean signal or spoken word. It lashes out across the spectrum, right at the instance of performance, inside the very movements and mutations of identity, within the negotiations of social display.

On the other side of this divide – this opposition between the normal and the pathological, the site and the para-site, clarity and interference – is the cultivation of the parasitic as a productive model, as a norm or paradigm framed not by the antagonism of its other, the proper, but by anxiety itself, yet anxiety without its medicinal prescriptive, its remedy, its therapuetic imperative, but anxiety given free reign, as Monarch of this region. This region here is a spatial one, and the parasitic as that alternate site defined by sources that interfere and set reeling, thrust outward by the internal longing for the very disruption of things, for a shift in cartography, an expansion of view.

THIS IS A BREAK: a cut in the system, a stutter in the space of this text (or a hiccup of intention $\underline{}$ for we are inside electronics, which is flickering

This necessarily points the way for a rethinking of space, and a repositioning of walls – for interference inevitably ruptures the certainty of form and function, of schildecture. And at the same time it provides a third term in the splintering of input-output, in the rupture of the binary, and in the sequence of actualizing ideas: it appears as an in-between space allowing one to glimpse outside the very parameters within which one is positioned, and which in turn occupies oneself. For architecture is inside – it situates the body as a pivotal object, spinning one on its fulcrum of experience and possibility, making private what ultimately needs to be made public: all the imaginary potential of hidden practices.

The map of this space is also a social map: for interference spans the divide between architectural plan and actual construction, between the weight of measurement and the slippage of the hand, between financial sponsorship and economic collapse. What arises in this disrupted map, this exploded view, is a production of space which undermines itself – for interference by nature is never a solid object or intended mass: it is never a certainty. Its nature is never a solid object or intended mass: it is never a certainty. Its volume fragments indefinitely, or tather, as a series of splinters or jags in the surfaces of form, as abrasions, cuts, cutls, or fevers. In other words, sufference is a performance, however unexpected or problematic; it makes itself apparent at the instant of makeshiff rendering, as points of transition, itself apparent at the instant of makeshiff rendering, as points of transition, provisional spaces, a choreography sabotaged by its own design.

2. Intersticial

3

t

22

Think of, alongside this page which is the space I never know, yet always discover

It is a space of longing, like the movement of some other figure, where all conversation begins ends drumming I once admired and still, enchanted by the pressure of your fingers

I heartate to write for every writing is a rewriting to the same word – the

that stare, past the fading lightly

This is more a pleasure or agitation, but a persistent being – a condition found in

From here, though always again, as if the grey of this sky would lessen under the recurring hopefulness

.0

light, resonance of beams, chemistry of vision – electricity is scopic, and therefore plays tricks with desire, for this reading is really a staring, a gaze into light. What one sees is at the same time what one reads:

Interference is not interested in remedies, in finally arriving at the interpretive moment, in the void inside – or applying mythic dimensions to the way in which one arrives inside the hall of identity and announced as a subject – this thinking nonetheless desires to promote a plumbing of the depths. These depths arise as part of the production of consciousness, as part of the processes that make one knowable against the dynamic of private and public spaces. For this necessarily has to do with a psychological appearance or dynamic – an acting out, yet one that slips across the field of signification in a way that leaves it behind, or rather, continually defers apprehending the originary pulsation. It is operational rather than functional.

Operational rather than functional, systematic rather than semiotic, pulsional rather than interpretive: I am thinking here of reverie, for reverie is a minute disturbance of the interior that can best be described as "drift", a slipping, as a production of consciousness. Here, the surfaces of individuality glide across each other in a quiet jarring that is not so much a shattering as it is a soft splinter or tiny fracture through which interior pulses become audible. As a daydreaming, reverie occurs in full view, in the open and not as a nocturnal haunting — it appears as a momentary quietude, and not as trauma, where the body leaves or forgets itself for an instant. This is not to say that reverie is a plenitude or ecstasy, because it is too small an event — its vocabularly is of lesser terms, barely there, hushed referents.

Gaston Bachelard has charted this space of reverie through evoking a repetoire

point of quietude: a kind of communion, however banal and insignificant. In be seen, in its slippage of interiority, a recognition of something exterior to a something of oneself to a point of empathy. Following this line, reverie can torth through imaginary sympathy: the ability to register on this exterior rather than being evoked from some direct and knowable past is brought that which appears to me. This has as part of its power a nostalgia that, psychic recognition where one is overcome with an exterior appearance, with to me." Here, the punctum is a violence yet one that is completely interior, a being apprehended; reverie is "that accident which pricks me... is poignant reverie is a puntured moment, one which comes to me, as an experience of without its intensity, or "punctum" as in Barthes photographic analysis. For slippage and silence. It is necessarily a quiet space, yet one that is not between interior and exterior, a space revealed in the drift of reverie, in the of daydreaming. In contrast, this spatiality that I want to describe is a space towards exterior space as "locations" of reverie, as points in a topoanalysis map, or territory external to oneself, though his Poetics of Space looks As Bachelard describes, reverie is also spatial - not a locatable point on any

of poetic imagery in an attempt to define and conjure reverie. He refers to the "oneinc" in describing reverie's ghostly presence, its trembling. This term in turn suggests a mystical value, a coloring of spirit, which in a sense is a way of getting to the interior, yet a particular interior, imbued with quietude. Reverie draws forth the possibility of oneiric occurence, as a kind of interior conversation, whereby individuality is brought to a brink of knowing, of consicousances. This brink is necessarily an edge, yet an edge which is not jagged, but rather softens itself against the wake and pull of the oneiric: it silences its own sharpness in the momentary sleight of figuration, for reverie is a silence of the body.

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20 6T

through the recalling of languages spoken and heard in other days.

This "more" can be found in the tiny guivers and releases, the small words and subtle contacts, at the base of perception, in the joints of the body's occasional outspokenness:

a recognition that one is recognized, a kind double-take with no originary call, of what has come before, voices in whose reverberation one speaks.

than its material presence, and which is always invaded by and produced of ordinary living - we are on the side of experience, which is always more catharsis. In this way, we are on the side of the banal, the ordinary humdrum There is no final apex, no ultimate journey or culmination, no angst and no

It mirrors back, and makes possible, the realization of difficult pleasures.

factory of repression, subversion, warm caresses and broken bones. and pure fragment, spittle and release, the oils of whispered requests, a restlessness, impertinent rapture, false starts - the city is breaking beats

eraka...

Georges says, "I used to think we'd eventually know where to find the right

one dreams while remembering (psychoanalysis would say: one remembers

baradoxically resides in memory:

for a signal - and why "the imagination attempts to have a future" which between words, in the breaks of thinking, in the chasms of the body that wait - this is why speaking is also a longing that can be heard in the silences

itself, as a calling and a response, there as both beginning and end. For in speaking one participates in a space that is both before and after

and as repetition:

while dreaming) -

Language imposes itself, as both authority and escape.

fact, this banality is what draws reverie into a special category, a unique ontology.

To return to the notion of interference, I want to suggest that reverie is such a space - that it arises as an in-between that negotiates the interior life with exterior location; that reverie's oneiric quality is found in the quieting of the separation of oneself with one's surroundings, and that this in turn is a kind of disruption, but again, a disruption that is not a jarring, but a splintering off, a drifting which does not traumatize but releases. In this release is the sudden and slow progression of slight movements, a dreaming in the full light of day - in essence, it is a dream we need not interpret but instead, to let flow: to be inside of for as long as it lasts, but not to carry it with us.

This then leads us to recognize interference not so much as a breaking off of communication, or a confusing of a message, but rather as a completing of communication on another level: it slows down the relay by pointing toward its own digression, yet a digression that is always part of the message, as an aside, an other chain of events: an operation of thought. This "aside" is both communicative and spatial: it is that term which is next to, or between, the chain of signification, as a shade of intention - or what Bachelard might adopt as the "poetic image" - and the very space alongside the one we are occupying, a space always just around the corner, a secret passage. In this way, reverie is a kind of reverberation because it extends outward, not as a directed signal but as an impression, a trace that is both originary and secondary, an instant within a series. For reverie is never a beginning or an end, but rather, it renews itself along the trajectory of thought, continuing where it left off, and disappearing back into itself. It is neither input or output, signal or noise, but an instant of being that is already in conversation, already pronouncing itself before one can name it as such.

speech, or the socializing nature of language, but appears inside of language, with an unexpected vibrancy. This vibrancy is not solely antithetical to proper are distracted by the vocal eccentricities of the mouth, thwarting meaning deliver oneself up into the formation of social codes. In turn these formations against the uncontrollable spasms of the mouth one must articulate properly, Within these reverberations lawlessness and discipline mingle, conflict;

gibberish, vernacular commands that speak only to the small authorities. excesses, by getting carried away with laughter and chatter, gossip and of identity itself. The mouth decenters itself by succombing to its own contracting inside the oral cavity as a deep hole on the body - in the center slippery muscle, wet passaage, teeth and gum, phlegm and bacteria, interior whose privacy is ensured through becoming public. Wagging tongue, exterior that in reverberating with this vocalization confirms it as such: as an to expel, to command, to reveal - and yet it must announce itself into an as a complication, because it necessarily follows from an interior impulse there, intentional and unexpected at the same time. The voice reveals itself space, reverberating past its intended receiver, as a noise that is steadily Overheard and outspoken, the voice crosses the lines of private and public

"Hellos,

3. Message

"Hello'?"

18 Jτ

Here, no other imaginary figure looms to incite the movement of fruit and flower, of breath whispered.

Memory empties out language.

Yet writing persists because memory never ends:

How to find the center? locate the axis around which the days circulate? How to know one's place? within the gentle and frustrated organization of living. And to verbalize - (for the body is always motioning toward exhalation, an extroversion that pushes beyond itself, into the social, shared space, into the temporal passing). Through this the city takes shape, given form through a contrasting of intention and meaning:

one body is featured and located against and through another.

This state of relating makes possible - and problematizes - the delicate unfolding of consciousness. [a note to Perec: what would have happened had the expansion from "point on a page" to "expanded universe" reversed itself back in, returning to its initial beginning, as a contraction?] What would have been spoken in this return, in the inverse trajectory, as a recalling of the point ${\bf r}$ of origin?

Within this dynamism, one is brought into relief, and at the same time, one is leveled off, forced into convention. It is only against the passions of another - as being inside the social flurry of chance and conflict, the subtle violence of propriety and self-hood - that the movements of body and mind confront themselves, and find articulation.

a nard point.

unaccountable, where thinking falls short and the body stops, solidifies into [Though an emptiness remains_

regret and want.

body certain, only a continual thrust of necessity and fantasy, obligation and radiophonic existence where no voice remains stable, no image secure, no memory, and through this one is held within a multiplicity of conversations, a hidden dreams and pulsional outbursts once lived - it reverberates with As private cosmology, as disjointed narrative, the city recites back all the

fullness of the subject, the weight of it all?] [This necessitates a fragmentation: how can one otherwise express the

embodiment between individuality and its surroundings. the city is an interior space taken on by the very structure of the body: a dual on the city's surfaces, on the faces and bodies of those who dwell inside, for construct, the other as a living fever. The signs of their meeting can be read the city has two maps: bureaucratic and libidinal, the first as a designed

desire.

In turn, the city unfolds as a repository of experience - as nothing other than

interior skin, and amplifies all that's inscribed there. scratches tiny abrasions onto a moment of recollection, onto the deep across the surfaces of memory, stirring its dirt and sand, delicate grit that This cartography in turn is a psychological space, for the city is inside, sliding

slightly out of bounds, as a colorization. In this way, the mouth becomes a space, an architecture of phlegm and bone, muscle and gum, echoing in its chamber the meeting point of an interior and an exterior, the darkness which bubbles up and spills into an illuminating outside.

In this procession of speech, which Walter Ong defines as primary and secondary orality, primary being based on the properly oral, before the printed word, as a before-technologizing of the word, and secondary orality being the mediated and systemization of technologized words - orality as transmitted through the conduits of amplification which necessarily disembody speech, leaving it to find its way through the social milieu - along this path of speech desire announces itself, or rather, makes itself known. Speaking, in articulating desire, is flooded with all that lurks behind – it gives way in forming syllables to greater necessities and impulses. These become commands which direct bodies not necessarily to rational ends, but rather, push through to spaces where irrational needs express themselves - where one speaks from a there which is never there but always afar, or next to. Social codes contend with such announcements, either in praise or punishment, through confusion and altercation - speech is referred to the order it itself upholds, and which it nonetheless agitates and undermines, for one speaks many languages. Yet one must follow through to give voice, to expel in articulation, the forces of the interior, according to social directives: one must become answerable. Pushing through necessarily reveals more than what is expected, because it arises in moments of excitation - the body spills over with enthusiasm, joy and ecstasy, under the caresses given within shadows, the anxieties we endlessly orbit. As a third orality, this pushing through necessarily articulates something that hesitates on the threshold of speech, or arrives past speech, as the unameable. Here, it is not so much

PARENTHESIS:

but only a series of variables shuffled in the confluence and disjunction of course of action - yet action that has no foreseeable end, no locatable plan, kind of coloring, a shadow, an impression that directs, on some level, a - this orality is neither cause or effect. And yet it resides against orality as a the moment of input and transmission or the instant of output and reception The third orality is a weak orality, because it has no foundation; it is neither

letting it go - allowing oneself to slip. powerlessness", for one must recognize this orality while at the same time nonetheless presses against speech, brings individuality towards a "will to orality. We could say then, that the orality that never completes itself yet itself over, or to bring forth in an act of desire, or loss, the full presence of because the interior presence of agency - the will to power - fails to give itself before realizing it is even there. In this way, it is beyond intention wet lip, a kiss. It tremors with an anticipated orality, one which interrupts technologizing of words. It is rather a secret passage, a swollen tongue, a primary culture of oral order, or the secondary amplification and orality then is one which in actuality never completes itself: it is neither the signalling ever-present, realized in a signage necessarily fuzzy. The third ifself on a threshold of meaning, a liminal space of potential signs: it is a actions of desire - but as a moment of recognition. This recognition locates course of being, and not so much in the actual verbalization of thought or the interior of speech and makes an impression: its legibility is discovered in the that this something finds its name, but rather, that it presses against the 16

Memories, like cities, are palimpsests of fevers: of desire and disappointment, longing and distraction, hopefulness and sincerity, distress and sleep, and the overflowing of movements that slip in and out of their own failure and loss, letting fall the secrets one always hopes to reveal.

Memory is a secret; the imagination is a fever.

In this confluence and conflict of situations, of the flow of blood and ideas and the gripping of caresses given in soft hours, within the flowering of interaction: through and against the ordering of passions, the dictations that spell out the meeting points of experience, knots tied within the fabric of everyday desire:

The city is such a name: it breaks across the vocabularly of interaction, of the conversation which is the movement toward the social, the force of words themselves fragmented across urban organization –

The city is named on multiple levels, each with its own history, each with its own lexicon, each with its own uneven futures.

 It functions as a mental construct, a scaffold on which hangs all the random and complicated erotics of passions lost in the breathing and expirations of reverie and interaction. It is where we perform in public display.

in this way, we are on the side of a quiet that fades into uncertainty, or angst – for this is a kind of mapping of the urban: cartographic writings that unwind inside the drama of sheer density and movement, of pure din.

 the imagination is a fleshy archive in which all fantasies are stored: and which inevitably interrupt and fulfill memory.
It completes and disrupts recollection.

one overhears.

Not the stuff of images, but the body itself, which should not be misunderstood as pure physicality, but more the phantasmic conversation no

Memory becomes an imperative: a determining figure on the edge of every wandering and decision, a loose thread from every cloth of intimacy, every coupling and release – . It beats with the sensitivities only expressed in the interior, the deepest privacy which must elude every probe, every sequence of letters that aid in the process of interpretation.

This is a kind of stepping out of time, and a stepping in, a falling behind and a falling into, a deeper breath and a passing out.

Ceaselessly.

memory."

Bachelard writes: "The imagination ceaselessly revives and illustrates the

In this flushness memory slips through the imagination.

[Now, as you can see, we are inside another space, a space that in a sense brings together, and articulates in radical fusion, our subjects: the space of the outside.]

Where are we? in the architectures of this text, in the fusion of electronics and spaces; what species of spaces are we confronting here? I have no idea in what distributive node this is now residing – in what digital cavity this writing has found itself, against which eye it now rests.

Node and network, mesh and object, nexus and nucleus: the parenthesis functions as an "island in the net", breaking off from the body, but remaining attached — an appendage resting in the full light of day, hiding in the light...This particular parenthesis remains empty, vacant brackets, for this is where you're eyes can rest, not with the intention of filling the void — though of course, the scopic drive will long for what it cannot, nor will ever, see; though, looking will create, in the imaginary pulse of the vibrancy of the body, something in the likeness of beauty.

(

4. Care

I want to write (create) something for Hélène Cixous.

I want to say something equivalent to what Hélène has said – to hover alongside her words in a way that would only further suggest their very form, to extend their meaning through my own articulations, because Hélène speaks from her blood – not a heart, but a blood, because the blood vibrates with the pulse of the heart: it is a tremoring surface. This tremoring is how she speaks, not as troubled or passionate heart, not as driven body, but as

Hélène Cixous allows me to speak of love – she allows a trembling. Her name offers up the space for these words to flow – she gives me the courage to say the word and in doing so to follow through with all it demands and necessitates, all the vocabularly that must rewrite itself under the very word

To speak her name is to have already begun, for she is right there, behind her name – she fills the space that is her name, and in writing it one immediately conjures not so much the name but the space of the name, her name. This space is where you'll find only a trace, not the body, but the name. This space is where you'll find only a trace, not the body leaves, as in love's deepeat puncture: the arrow is an accurate image, aligned with the very truths of love's becoming—its piercing. In this way, the space of the name is made apparent, is built, through the very puncture of love's arrow — it is written and given definition through the very mechanics of love's auddenness, its repidness, its velocity. Love constructs methanics of love's auddenness, its repidness, its velocity. Love constructs and touching the vein and setting the way, through opening the skin and touching the vein and setting the blood on edge. In this clearing individuality arises, takes on its name in the flexibility of adoration, in the space and the space that witnesses one's becoming, one's spatiality which is a kind of trembling.

revealing themselves.

trembling blood, as a fluid inside the very mechanisms of desire, language, and love. So, in writing something for and with Helène Cixous reveals a deeper desire, or impulse or need, to write about love – not the love found in the heart, or in the body, but in the trembling and tremoring blood, the blood inside the deepest and most available vien. For what Cixous has shown is that repression is the surest way to find the right vein, to locate the swelling that repression is the surest way to find the right vein, to locate the swelling interiors that ride the surface tensions of language, and which are always