



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)
- 3: 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.

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

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

When we go looking for it in our reveries, we relieve it even more in its possibilities than in its reality.
Gaston Bachelard
This is where we find ourselves... alone, and yet, accompanied, by figures or by shadows or by the hint of voices...
1. Interference
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 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 is punctured by interference, set off balance, plunged into vertigo and chaos; however momentary, every chaos is cause for alarm, for the order it disrupts dies a reluctant death. These conflicts of order and chaos occur as territorial challenges, along fault-lines of noise and silence, grating along the edges of coherence, harmony and discord.



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

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 doppelgänger 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 therapeutic 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) 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 architecture. 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 volume fragments indefinitely, or rather, as a series of splinters or jags in the surfaces of form, as abrasions, cuts, curls, or fevers. In other words, interference is a performance, however unexpected or problematic: it makes itself apparent at the instant of makeshift rendering, as points of transition, provisional spaces, a choreography sabotaged by its own design.

2. Interstitial

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

From here,
though always again, as if the grey of this sky
would lessen
under the recurring hopefulness
This
is
no more a pleasure or agitation, but
being – a condition found
in
these eyes
that stare, past the
fading
lightly
I hesitate to write
for every
writing is a rewriting
of the same word –
drumming
I once admired and still,
enchanted
by the pressure of your fingers

light, resonance of beams, chemistry of vision – electricity is scopie, 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 original 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 vocabulary is of lesser terms, barely there, hushed referents.

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

of poetic imagery in an attempt to define and conjure reverie. He refers to the “oneiric” 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 occurrence, as a kind of interior conversation, whereby individuality is brought to a brink of knowing, of consciousness. 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.

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

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

This “more” can be found in the tiny quivers 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.

Language imposes itself, as both authority and escape.

and as repetition:

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

– this is why speaking is also a longing that can be heard in the silences between words, in the breaks of thinking, in the chasms of the body that wait for a signal – and why “the imagination attempts to have a future” which paradoxically resides in memory:

one dreams while remembering (psychoanalysis would say: one remembers while dreaming) –

Georges says, “I used to think we’d eventually know where to find the right stars...”

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

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

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

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.

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

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

“Hello?”

3. Message

“Hello?”

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 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.

[Though an emptiness remains _____: a left-over space, unaccountable, where thinking falls short and the body stops, solidifies into a hard point.

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 pushional outbursts once lived – it reverberates with the city recites back all the 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 disembodify 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 excitement – 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 unnameable. Here, it is not so much

PARENTHESIS:

being. 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 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, orality then is one which in actuality never completes itself: it is neither the signaling ever-present, realized in a signage necessarily fuzzy. The third actions of desire – but as a moment of recognition. This recognition locates itself on a threshold of meaning, a liminal space of potential signs: it is a 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

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 vocabulary 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.

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

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 of 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.

Bachelard writes: "The imagination ceaselessly revives and illustrates the memory."

In this flushness memory slips through the imagination.

[Now, as you can see, we are inside another space, a space that in a sense of brings together, and articulates in radical fusion, our subjects: the space of the inside and 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 scopoc 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 trembling surface. This trembling is how she speaks, not as troubled or passionate heart, not as driven body, but as

necessitates, all the vocabulary that must rewrite itself under the very word 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 Hélène Cixous allows me to speak of love – she allows a trembling. Her name

spatially which is a kind of trembling. touches of love's body, under the gaze that witnesses one's becoming, one's individuality arises, takes on its name in the flexibility of adoration, in the and touching the vein and setting the blood on edge. In this clearing the individual names it through clearing the way, through opening the skin mechanics of love's suspendedness, its rapidness, its velocity. Love constructs puncture of love's arrow – it is written and given definition through the very In this way, the space of the name is made apparent, is built, through the accurate image, aligned with the very truths of love's becoming – its piercing. impression the body leaves, as in love's deepest puncture: the arrow is an name. This space is where you'll find only a trace, not the body, but the immediately conjures not so much the name but the space of the name, her 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

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