

Jeremy Fernando
on Gabriela Golder

20 January 2023

un oeil d'or —

how to start a fire with Gabriela Golder

choose a level spot

a flag not just any flag a red flag she waves
she waves a flag not just any flag a red flag
she waves a red flag not just any flag

and she never flags in waving that flag
one even starts to wonder if it is not the flag that is waving
her — it certainly is moving her she is almost certainly
moved by the flag moved while waving the flag moved by
what the flag is flagging up as it moves

— *almost* —

for not only can we not ever be certain — and not because
of the screen in front of us as we are looking of the overt
screen we are looking through attempting to see through
bearing witness through, at least not only because, *just*
because (after all the ability to be certain to have a sense of
certainty to ascertain that one might be certain about one's
certainty is often linked to the question of *justice* of *being*
just of being judged as to whether one is justified in doing
saying even thinking something even if the one who is doing
the judging is oneself one's very self; in writing all of this am

I not inadvertently always also putting myself *before the law*
no wonder I writhe whenever I write)

but it is not as if one can choose which flags visit one, which
notions ideas questions wave out at one come to one would
not leave one alone

for, one does not visit thoughts

one goes there — where they are potentially, hopefully,
housed; to the places, spaces, which they possibly haunt

and hope that the thought opens itself to you

that the thought visits you

[and if the question that has visited you is why everything is
— at least for the moment, I'm not sure how long one can
hold on to these things these moments no matter how much
one wants to certainly I want to — if the question that
would not leave you refuses to leave you that you find
cannot leave you alone leave you in peace is the question
that has left you in pieces is, *why is everything in lower case*,
perhaps the only response I can offer (can I call it a
proffering, oh why not) is that I try not to write with capital
letters as one should at least attempt not to sentence one's
sentence to a capital sentence]

which might well be one of those asides that one can only do
make perform stage in a staged-whisper of sorts ... only
admit to it whilst setting it aside confining it in the bars of a
parenthesis [oh parents]

perhaps one of the lessons of the flag might well be to *free*
your desires ...

... or at least hope that this particular bar makes good
cocktails

Haven't had a dream in a long time
See, the life I've had
Can make a good man bad
So for once in my life
Let me get what I want
Lord knows, it would be the first time
Lord knows, it would be the first time

~ The Smiths¹

it could well be that dreams might well be how we flag our
desires try to flag them down wear them as flags ... at least
to ourselves

[no, it has not escaped me that thus far the only thing that I
have written that is in capitals is « I » ... let's leave aside at
least for a moment the status of quotations: do we write
them even as we write them down which is also the question
of notation taking notes noting down ... *when is writing*
writing?

¹ Johnny Marr and Morrissey, 'Pleases Please Please Let Me Get What I Want', B-side in *William, It Was Really Nothing*, London: Rough Trade, 1984.

I suppose inevitably one is — oh I must as well go the whole-hog and say, *I am* — always *writing death*]

or, as one might say — particularly in a Viennese accent — *be careful what you wish for*

*... Dreams can come true
Look at me babe, I'm with you
You know you gotta have hope
You know you gotta be strong*

~ Gabrielle²

clear away any rock or debris

Does one ever catch flak for waving flags?
For waving particular flags waving some flags rather than other ones for standing under around with a certain flag than certain other ones for not being associated with what is deemed to be the right flag for being a part of what was once the right flag but apparently no longer is for being with the right flag at the wrong time the wrong flag the right time is there a time to flags?

Which is also the question of:
are there red flags to waving a flag?
are there red flags to waving a red flag?

² Gabrielle and Tim Laws, 'Dreams' in *Find Your Way*, London: Go Discs!, 1993.

*I'm unclean, a libertine
And every time you vent your spleen
I seem to lose the power of speech
You're slipping slowly from my reach
You grow me like an evergreen
You've never seen the lonely me at all*

~ Placebo³

Of aligning oneself with a flag of standing with alongside under the flag.

So perhaps, it is always also a question of shadows: *of which shadow does one fall under*. Whether it is assigned to one whether one is consigned to it whether one is resigned to being under that sign is both relevant maybe even important at least one oneself and moot at the very same time — regardless of the circumstances one has always already *co-signed* the flag ...

... often regardless of what it is flagging.

Bearing in mind that one can never even be certain what the flag itself stands for let alone means.

That quite possibly being the beauty of flag, especially the best of them: they cast such an encompassing shadow that

³ Steve Hewitt, Brian Molko, and Stefan Olsdal, 'Without You I'm Nothing' featuring David Bowie in *Without You I'm Nothing*, London: Hut Records, 1998.

they bring many under their shade their protection their shelter perhaps even a belonging one might well call it solidarity.

And their danger: shades can always *throw shade* at one, one can be pulled away from the light (not that light is always necessarily good: as my old friend, Slavoj Žižek likes to say, « the light at the end of the tunnel might well be another train »⁴), one might have *shade* thrown at one, might well be accused of being *shifty* ... (one always appears to be moving when one is under a billowing flag and there seems to be few things that drive others more mad than appearing to be inconsistent to not being able to be pinned-down categorized put in shackles within the auspices of genre ... *how dare you change you mind, the audacity* ... after all there is very little that sets the madding crowd off than

⁴ I'm sure Slavoj has said this many a time has written this quip on many an occasion: I first heard it though at his seminar, *Art, Politics, Psychoanalysis* at The European Graduate School in August 2004 and it has since remained in me ... one might even quip that it has installed itself as a track in my playlist.

One of my favourite things Slavoj has said — by that I really probably mean one of the things he has said that has written itself onto into me (so I do plead a *mea culpa* for a touch of narcissism here ... mmm mirrors ...) — be, « art *lies* in the gap between the frame and the viewer ».

I don't quite know exactly how it'll come to bear on us here — my pieces play themselves out as they are written; at least I'm asking you to hold on to the fiction that there isn't too much revision editing revisionism taking place here; authenticity by way of spontaneity seems to be very much in fashion these days; the craft seems to be craftily seeming there is no craft at play — even though I suspect it will [just so I can seem to be prescient and all that ... after all, we once used to believe that the eye of the camera was all-seeing even *kino pravda* ... disappointment shouldn't make us completely jaded at the very least we could strive to become *optimistic nihilists*]

someone who is gender-fluid even worse if said person does bother about doesn't believe in gender at all) ...

... the shade itself might well be *shady*.

create a platform

Me, I first heard about *Todo se enciende*⁵ many moons ago while Gaby was first conceiving of it, perhaps even before there was a full conception of it; it was over a call, and even then I found it calling out to me, as my dear friend's works always do.

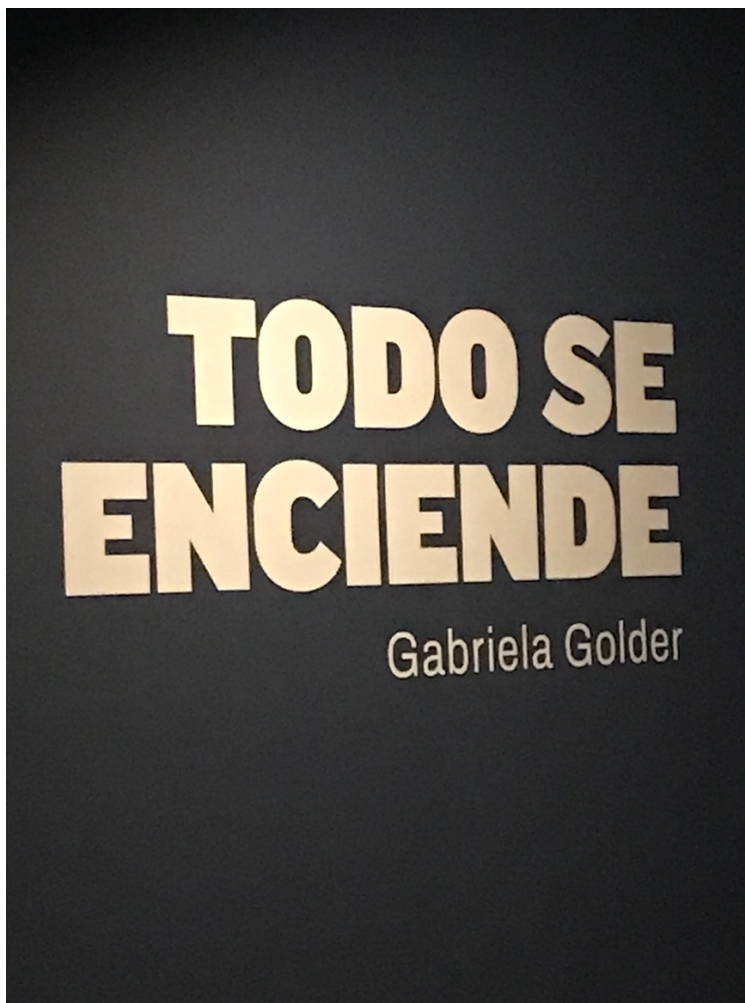
And then, as it was being conceived, I was seeing it as it was coming into being in the midst of its gestation during the period of its labour; and one could already know — *know without knowing*, feel — that it was going to be immaculate.

None of which ever prepares you for the moment in which you see the work, that you first bear witness to a work that has long been working inside of you gestating gesticulating waving weaving engendering thoughts feelings emotions moments you never even realised you had.

It was on the evening of 13 December 2022, at six fifteen in the evening, at the Museo Nacional del Grabado on Riobamba 985, Buenos Aires.

⁵ Gabriela Golder, *Todo se enciende*, video-art installation in Buenos Aires: Museo Nacional del Grabado, 23 September 2022 – 22 February 2023.

Exiting the elevator on the 3rd floor:



After which I was **consumed** ...



A consumption that as Georges Bataille continues to teach us, « does not have to destroy as fire does; only the tie that connected the offering to the world of profitable activity is severed, but this separation has the sense of a definitive consumption; the consecrated offering cannot be restored to the real order »⁶. In other words in Bataille's worlds a *sacrifice*: where what is sacrificed, bearing in mind that « *sacrifice destroys that which it consecrates* »⁷, be nothing other than *time*.

⁶ Georges Bataille, *The Accursed Share: an essay on general economy, volume 1*, translated by Robert Hurley, New York: Zone Books, 1991, 58.

⁷ *Ibid*, 58.

For, I nary moved in the next minutes.

And only knew that minutes had passed when I was prodded by a friend; hunger had called out to her. Quite possibly a hunger that was called forth by the nourishment that we were receiving from Gaby's works; one never knows what gifts one receives; all one can know is there has to be a reciprocation that a gift calls for a return — what is appropriate might be considered appropriate [and who is even might be consider would even consider themselves authorised to make such a consideration?] is one appropriating the gift might one be trespassing on the propriety of the one who is giving overstaying the welcome of the gift might well be mistaking something for a gift; all those being remaining leaving themselves as questions in themselves.

In those moments of non-movement, of *time that is timeless* as it were, « the tie that connected the offering to the world of profitable activity is severed » ; and for a moment I was « unsubsordinated to the *real* order and occupied only with the present »⁸.

Where one is both in-time and outside of time itself.

And what else is *timeless time* — something that is both concretely rooted in its own time, context, situation, and at the same time, just slightly outside of it, *un pas au-delà* — than *art* itself.

⁸ *Ibid*, 58.

Ah time.

*The **time** is out of joint — O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!*

~ Hamlet⁹

Six-fifteen: coincidentally the time I was born. But perhaps nothing is purely coincidental;

for I was certainly reborn.

Not that I was a different person, that I had somehow changed: nothing that banal.

But, of course, I had, and was ... maybe even *were* ... can one really tell the time with change is there a time to change when one alleged detect change is there not always also already a change in time

Same same but different.

For one always also returns to time, into time: she would not have it any other way. So we went for dinner. And had calamari; for, Gaby's work had already inked itself her photos had inscribed themselves into us — perhaps with a reed (*calamus*) ...

... as **traces** to be read.

⁹ William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act I scene V.

Not that I was ready to write about them:
for first, you have to learn how to read these ghosts.

There is always the risk that they will be calling out to «
remember me! »¹⁰.

Bearing in mind they tend to have an idea of how they
would like to be remembered: Daddy Hamlet certainly did;
he wanted to be remembered as the proper King, as a King
that was proper to his idea of what a King should be as a
King were as he remembered what he thought he were as
King — to be fair, at least he told Jr his wishes; the rest of us
have to remain guessing.

And here, it is worth noting that when confronted with the
ghost of his murdered father, Hamlet's response was to take
out a writing pad: ostensibly scribbling down the diktat of
the dead sovereign so that he could go 'ah yes, noted' and
then go off to play hooky with Ophelia.

Writing as a reminder, so that we can momentarily forget,
put something a thing anything out of our minds — be it a
call something which calls out to us some thing which we
think calls out to us, perhaps especially when it seems
particularly urgent — so that we can extinguish a thought
particularly a thought that is particularly haunting us.

This being precisely why Socrates was so skeptical of
khirographic arts.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

I might well be guilty of this too [I suspect only guilty parties ever say something like this begin sentences with such disclaimers attempt to avoid any sentencing with such preambles]: the only thing I can probably say in my defense is that I didn't deliberately forge any letters resulting in deaths.

You can always take notes, but to launch yourself into the writing of a novel you have to wait for all of that to become compact and irrefutable. You have to wait for the appearance of an authentic core of necessity. You never decide to write a novel: a book was like a block a concrete that had decided to set, and the author's freedom to act was limited to the fact of being there, and of waiting, in frightening inaction, for the process to start by itself.

~ Michel Houellebecq¹¹

Until perhaps now.

Bearing in mind — even as this might always remain a **burden** on me on one on us — that *now* is never quite: that it can only be uttered in anticipation and once uttered past ... a future-anterior at best.

Ah time.

¹¹ Michel Houellebecq, *The Map and The Territory*, translated by Gavin Bowd, London: William Heinemann, 2011, 166.

Perhaps only glimpsed after we have forgotten about the
waters of the river Lethe.

A non-lethe: *aletheia*

*The time is gone
the song is over
thought I'd something
more to say*

~ Pink Floyd¹²

¹² Roger Waters, David Gilmour, Nick Mason, and Richard Wright, 'Pink' in *The Dark Side of the Moon*, London: EMI Records, 1973.

build up tinder

*One is photographable, 'photogenic',
and this is perhaps the catastrophe, that one can
be photographable, that one can be captured and
caught in time ...*

~ Hubertus von Amelunxen¹³

... a thought which reaches us through a conversation between Jacques Derrida, Michael Wetzel, and Hubertus, comes to us as part of a convergence of verses ...¹⁴

Something, a thought a thing a thought as a thing a thing that quite possibly thinks, that is quite possibly some thing that will remain important to us not just because each photograph is an attempt to interact — allowing all echoes of *inter-* to resound with us here — with some other thing with someone with some other; nor even that these collections are speaking with each other, in their particular sequences, within their own syntax, their own orderings,

¹³ Hubertus von Amelunxen, in conversation with Jacques Derrida and Michael Wetzel, in *Copy, Archive, Signature: a conversation on photography*, edited with an introduction by Gerhard Richter, and translated by Jeff Fort, Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2010, 36.

¹⁴ It might be worth making a note about noting remarking on *faire une remarque dans* — so maybe there is hopefully some music involved — that this is a conversation, so always also a turning-around-with (*versare*) one hopes there was dancing involved, that quite possibly took place in across multiple languages at least in languages which are not necessarily their own not that any language will ever belong to one; languages that reach us through the **translation** into English, in itself not just an *mélange* of languages but multiple languages in one, by Jeff Fort.

orders; nor that a photograph is often what remains of things that have taken place, is that which transforms a transient moment of time into space; but that photography itself is a conversation.

An interplay —
between light and writing.

A writing of light.

Which opens the question:
what is being written?

For, it is not as if one can see light as such — one can only experience a certain spectrum of it, a part of it. So, even as we can see the photographs, perhaps even read them, certainly have a phenomenal involvement of and with them, the question of *the status of the writing of light as a phenomenon* remains.

Not the phenomenon that stands before, one might even say comes to, the photograph. And here, we should try not to forget that there has to be something before the camera, **there**, in front of the lens, to be captured by the film — even in a digital age where this something, this thing that stands before the photograph (whether we can still call it photography is another question), might lie in one's imagination, might reside in the imaginary (even then, there has to be something, some thing, that comes to mind before being inscribed into any photograph). And when we speak of the inscription within digital photography (perhaps we should momentarily settle for that term, that

name) we should keep in mind that the digital brings with it echoes of hands, more specifically fingers (*digits*). So, it might well be a writing of light through the hand; a handful of light, perhaps even entailing a light touch.

Nor the phenomenon that is the photograph:
that is clearly in front of one.

But rather, what if one sees *what light has written* rather than a writing of light? Which opens the possibility that there are two hands involved — the one holding the apparatus, and that of light. And this might well be why (s)he is called a photographer; a writer of light. Not because (s)he is the one doing the writing — for, it is light that is writing. That is not to say (s)he is completely divorced from the process — for, without her hand, light would not be able to inscribe. But that at the moment of writing, at the point where light writes, *(s)he and light are indistinguishable*.

*You do not take a photograph.
You make it.*

~ Alfredo Jaar¹⁵

Which means that — since one cannot see light as such —
at the moment of photography, at the point of bringing

¹⁵ Alfredo Jaar, *You do not take a photograph. You make it*. Photograph and photographic installation, 2013.

forth what remains after light writes, (s)he is **blind** to what (s)he is writing.

And if so, this suggests (s)he not only cannot quite tell exactly what (s)he is writing, even less so the outcome of that writing but, more importantly, (s)he may never be able to know if the writing, if what is written by light, is her very self.

*Nature's first green
is Golder¹⁶*

¹⁶ *Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.*

Robert Frost, 'Nothing Gold Can Stay' in *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, edited by Edward Connery Lathem, New York: Henry Holt & Company, 1923.

light the fire

What do we see?

What are we seeing?

What do we think we are seeing?

*What might see us be looking at us whilst we are seeing
whilst we imagine we might be looking at them?*



*Mirror mirror on the wall
who be the prettiest of them all?*

Now that we have opened the possibility that it is light that is doing the writing writing itself as it is writing, perhaps even writing her — the hand holding the camera — as it is writing, we have to (and here I say ‘have to’ as if it were a necessity, but it might well be on a whim that I am drawn towards this notion or that there is something that draws me towards this question leads me on this quest that this idea is *drawing itself* to me as it is drawing me to it drawing itself into me; do ideas have directions do they merely drift wait for something someone us to drift into it for it to drift onto us), we could, open the possibility that what we see is not the trace of the light, what remains of light as it were, but *what it-is-not*, the *not-light* (which is not darkness, an antonym of light) that is being written.

Which brings us back to the question of sight of seeing.

For, if a *not-light*,
how do we even begin to see?

Which is not even a question of *what light is* — even as that might well be its compendium, might come along with it — but, more pertinently, *how can one speak of the negative of something we cannot quite see.*

All whilst trying not to forget that it is light that we need to even begin to see.

Which suggests that sight, that the possibility of seeing, **lies** within *the play between light and not-light.*

Perhaps then seeing sight itself lies in the *not-*.

And more pertinently, that the *not-*, what is written by light, might well be the very one attempting to take the photograph in the first place.

The *click* of the shutter;
or, the very possibility of a glimpse of the (s)he that is *not-*.

Which is not to say there is no risk involved.

For, even as a **dash** connects, joins, brings together, one should also try not to forget that dashing opens the possibility of being dashed broken shattered.

Where an image quite possible tears you in its showing, perhaps bringing forth tears in you, maybe even causes you to cry — and in its scream (*cri*) might well even write (*écrit*) onto one inscribe itself into you ... whether you know it or not.

After all, a craft might well be crafty.

Without which one does not seize power from the powers-that-be.

gather kindling

Being gentle with objects and beings means understanding them in their insufficiency, their precariousness, their immaturity, their stupidity. It means not wanting to add to suffering, to exclusion, to cruelty, and inventing a space for a sensitive humanity, for a relation to the other that accepts his weakness or how he could disappoint us. And this profound understanding engages a truth.

*We can't help but observe violence, fanaticism, brutality, cynicism; their reign within servility as much as they do within authority, and they continue to be exercised for all purposes. But if **gentleness** can have the intelligence to comprehend violence, sometimes including it in its inevitability or because it recognises its history, then the reverse is not true. And there will always be nobility in gentle power — without condemnation, reexamining what devastates and what is devastated by violence.*

~ Anne Dufourmantelle¹⁷

*Do not hesitate to read the scars
that crater the textual body!*

~ Avital Ronell¹⁸

¹⁷ Anne Dufourmantelle, *Power of Gentleness: meditations on the risk of living*, translated by Katherine Payne and Vincent Sallé, with a foreword by Catherine Malabou, New York: Fordham University Press, 2018, 15.

¹⁸ I first heard this line this thought this wonderful advice whilst on a walk with my dear teacher, Avi, in the forests of the fairie mountains of Saas Fee.

add kindling ... slowly slowly

I see myself first and foremost as a reader: *reading* being understood as the relation to an other that occurs prior to any semantic or formal identification, and therefore prior to any attempt at assimilating what is being read to the one who reads. As neither an act nor a rule-governed operation, *reading* needs to be thought as an event of an encounter with an other — and more precisely an other which is not the other as identified by the reader, but heterogeneous in relation to any identifying determination. Thus, a *pre-relational relationality* where what the reader *encounters* may only be encountered before any phenomenon; hence a non-phenomenal event or even the event of the undoing of all phenomenality.

A thought that came to me — that was sent as a missive to me, as a reading of one of my works, *Reading Blindly*¹⁹ — from my dear teacher, the late great reader Werner Hamacher. One that has clearly written itself onto me, will, I suspect, always remain with me, in me, even as I will never quite know exactly what Werner might have intended by it, even less so why it came to me at that exact moment, why it returns to me at this one. But perhaps it might be completely apt: after all, one of Werner's great lessons to us is that « understanding is in want of understanding »²⁰ —

¹⁹ Jeremy Fernando, *Reading Blindly: Literature, Otherness, and the possibility of an Ethical Reading*, New York, Cambria Press, 2009.

²⁰ Werner Hamacher, 'Premises' in *Premises: Essays in Philosophy and Literature from Kant to Celan*, 1996, 1.

that any stance entails putting (*mis*) in place; that to have anything to stand on you might well be standing on something under you; at the very same time this very thing (if it is even a thing) you are standing on could well, perhaps by moving, *put you in your place*, **transport you** to another place.

Like when we are standing in front of a wall of photos, photographs coming to us like a wall of visions, especially when they are photographs that are evoking — translating transforming giving a new other another form to — the emblematic lithographs of Guillermo Facio Hebequer, works that might have long engraved themselves in us already, certainly in Gaby.

Guillermo Facio Hebequer, our friend who makes inscribes engraves flags — red flags — even when we don't necessarily see them, whose flags wave to us calling us to rise to shed our blindfolds even if all seeing always also entails a certain blindness ... to hold steadfast to what calls out to us to our beliefs even at the risk of being blinded to other (potentially more seductive certainly more comfortable comforting conforming) alternatives even at the risk of being accused of being blinkered of wearing blinders of being unrealistic out of touch with reality being constantly yelled at to get-real.

Gabriela Golder, who reminds revives fans the breeze which keeps the flag moving ... always ... reminding us to remind us revive us gift us a new breath of life ...



So even as I might see myself as a reader, even call myself — name myself as — a reader, not only is there the distinct possibility that no one else would do so [there being the

distinct possibility that many — whomever they are, so this might well be all in my mind be all only *voices in me head* — who would not call what I do reading; after all, so maybe it's not just me, I've many-a-time been dubbed a charlatan], it could well be that reading might not even have taken place, that even as one is a reader, is trying to read, *reading itself* might always be to-come.

*Reading is
out of joint!*

Which is not to say that to call something, to name someone, is insignificant: far from it.

TODO SE ENCIENDE

For, *a name* both refers to one and one alone, is singular, and also references every other with the same name, that is referred to by the same sound, word, at the same time. Is *singular-plural* as Jean-Luc Nancy might say. Which means that a name is always already a matter of translation: where it has to be both fully-translatable (into everything else) and completely untranslatable, absolutely singular, at the same time. So, always already an impossibility: for if fully-translatable, it can be anything and everything, thus meaningless; and if completely-untranslatable, would not be in relation with anything else, thus, a pure tautology, if that were ever possible.

Babel.

Bearing in mind that it is not only an effect, but that it were the name that Yahweh gave to the tower. That *Babel* is the very name of confusion: which also means that one can never quite know what *Babel* itself means ... the name only refers to itself, and its significance (even if not signification) is confusion.

And where the site of every name — where the name is quite possibly the very site of — a singular-universality: and where one should probably be hearing (but it is not as if one can ever tell a ear how or what it should hear) *singular* and *universal* as tautological, as different that is always also same.

Where to say *I see myself as a reader* might also be another way of saying *my reading of myself is as reader*.

« My » — *what does the word designate?*
Not what belongs to me, but what I belong to, what contains
my whole being, which is mine insofar as I belong to it.

~ Søren Kierkegaard²¹

Even as it is no longer fashionable to speak of relation being in relation-with perhaps even less of **love** in that manner.

²¹ Søren Kierkegaard, *The Seducer's Diary*, edited and translated by Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1997, 146.

Where there might well be a background, one could call said-backdrop a cultural, interdiction on fashioning it in that way. But here, one should try not to forget that *to belong-to* is not to *stake a-claim-on*, but to open oneself to the possibility of a possession. To the risk even of **being possessed by** the loved one. Of opening oneself to the possibility of seeing the world — as Alain Badiou, in a conversation on love with Nicolas Truong, says — of being in the world, « no longer from the perspective of the One but from the perspective of the Two »²². Which is not to say that *two become one*, despite what the Spice Girls might want us to think: for, if this were to become a relationship of the « Two », it would be one where both see the world alongside the perspective of the other — perhaps even, the world comes to both of them with the perspective of the other — whilst remaining *wholly other* from each other.

One might even posit: seeing the world in a manner in which one is always also taking-up taking-on what the other cannot quite know see feel what you cannot know the other feels sees knows.

In other words — and here there might be nothing more appropriate than channelling the words of the other than foregrounding the otherness of words — *love* might well be nothing other than opening oneself to *the not-* of another, to the other as *a not-*

[No wonder those in love purported to in-love performing themselves as-in-love staging love keeping taking making

²² Alain Badiou with Nicolas Truong, *In Praise of Love*, translated by Peter Bush, London: Serpent's Tail, 2012, 29.

photographs of each other of themselves with the other — quite literally a « making love out of nothing at all »²³ as Bonnie Tyler might say.]

Which doesn't mean that one remains unchanged: far from it.

For, opening oneself to the possibility of being-in-relation-with opens oneself to being contaminated with, being inseminated by, another. And one's image of oneself might well be exposed be under exposure — whether double, over, under, remains unknown perhaps until it be seen but even then ...

But perhaps in ways that might remain unknown hidden-from veiled-from one; even after it has happened. For, as Badiou continues, « an encounter is not an experience, it is an event that remains quite opaque and only finds reality in its multiple resonances within the real world »²⁴.

That is, *traces* to be read.

²³ Jim Steinman, 'Making Love (Out of Nothing at All)' in Bonnie Tyler, *Free Spirit*, London: East West Record, 1995.

²⁴ Alain Badiou with Nicolas Truong, *In Praise of Love*, 24.

*If you want to read, jump,
do not set yourself so much as a comma.*

~ Hélène Cixous²⁵

add larger logs

Maybe even *shadow writings*.

A relationship between (but not a coming-together of) *light* and *darkness*. Where what we see catch a glimpse of might well be from the perspective of these two.

Or, what lies betwixt.

Even perhaps, what remains of the relationship between them.

Gaps.

²⁵ I first heard this phrase during a seminar hosted by Hubertus von Amelunxen and Adel Abdessemed, where Hélène Cixous was a guest speaker, at The European Graduate School in June 2016. I'm here almost tempted to claim that it also appeared in a text of hers (I'm quite sure it has actually, that is is there awaiting you to read it find it attend to it, to see it and find that I've been erroneous been looking awry) to even to give you a reference if only to open the question of origins of the *auctor* of authorship. And if you really must see evidence of a place space some text this quotation has been printed in, do please see *Writing Art* (The Hague: Uitgeverij, 2015, 74); if you want to be even more specific, in an essay entitled 'A triptych to — T' ... at this point, I should probably leave out the fact that the one who scribbled the essay and the rest of the book be me; but perhaps uttering it [can one speak in writing; does writing have a voice?] does open the question of *reproduction* of what it might be to *produce again* of whom might this replication be ascribed to if there is any inscription in said-repetition perhaps even of the relationship between the hand (*manus*) and what has been produced of whether it is a manuscript or merely some document (the status of which remains — as it was allegedly not crafted — crafty).

Spaces. Between us and what we read, attempt to read,
between us and what we think we read, have purportedly
read.

*Every translation signifies the space-between, the gap, the
historical chasm or the repression of history; translation is the
most cautious form of communication since there is always
the inherent admission of a certain departure and uncertain
arrival.*

~ Hubertus von Amelunxen²⁶

Comings ... Goings ... Echoes.

*And no one sings me lullabies
And no one makes me close my eyes
So I throw the windows wide
And call to you across the sky*

~ Pink Floyd²⁷

²⁶ Hubertus von Amelunxen, 'Afterword' in Vilém Flusser, *Towards a Philosophy of Photography*, translated by Anthony Matthews, London: Reaktion Books, 2000, 88.

²⁷ Roger Water, Richard Wright, David Gilmour, and Nick Mason, 'Echoes' in *Meddle*, London: Harvest Records, 1971.

for **Xiuhtecutli**

Which brings us back to the middle, after all, why should things have to begin in the beginning or end at the end; without the possibility of ever knowing where *now* is (feeling sensing is not quite knowing or at the very least a different form of knowing maybe even a knowing in translation a translated form of knowing) to where we — you are part of this; after all, you are seeing looking writing onto the images in the text over the photographs even writing into the text which appear in the form of images as *graphein* whilst you are reading, responding to and with it.

And the consideration that perhaps this is the very catastrophe the fatal turn that my old friend, Hubertus von Amelunxen, speaks of: not just that the *not-* is photographed, written in light, but that what can be « captured and caught in time », is only perhaps seen as *what it-is-not*, in non-sight, in blindness.

That it is a « catastrophe » in the precise sense that photography happens, that the writing of light takes place, in a turning (*strephein*) down (*kata-*), through a particular *looking awry*.

That the very act of looking at the image which remains looking at what is left to us by the writing of light looking at quite possibly what light allows one to see of its writing quite possibly also entails writing onto it staining onto thus adding and — at the very same time — scratching out of removing reshaping sculpting even.

That we are making alongside what we see look feel touch — therein lies the impossibility of photography of seeing looking feeling touching of fully bearing witness [whatever that means ... holding on to that ideal some idea of one who fully sees and testifies means both bearing guilt being guilty for some imagined sin of incomplete seeing thinking feeling some alleged infidelity] ... and also the responsibility of witnessing testifying testimony looking seeing making in all of its incompleteness in full recognition that is all one can do we can do is respond in spite of — with and through — the fragmentary nature of our seeing feeling touching thinking [thank goodness for fragments; who wants to be complete total who wants to believe in some sort of totalising notion world, except perhaps for totalitarians ...]

Where in seeing — even as one might well be doing one's best to respond to the photograph, to attune oneself in accordance with what lies in front of one's eyes — seeing *what your writing inscribes* and *the writing of light* might well be indivorceable.

And where the possibility of attending to what light writes — attending to the possibility of photography itself — might well lie in the moment of turning away, when *you not-see*.

Poetry is not about seeing the very visible or the completely invisible. Poetry, instead, is about seeing the slightly visible.

~ Michel Deguy²⁸

Which is not a deliberate blindness, a refusal to see, but a seeing that acknowledges that it is not-seeing at the same time.

*Art does not reproduce the visible;
rather, it makes visible.*

~ Paul Klee²⁹

A seeing which opens itself to the possibility of the *not-*, whilst never quite knowing if it is the writing of light or the one attempting to let light write as (s)he writes, that we might momentarily catch a glimpse of ...

... like a fleeting spectre ...

²⁸ This was Michel Deguy's very poetic response to my question, 'what is poetry to you?', during Judith Balso's seminar, *Poetry & Philosophy*, at which Deguy was her guest, at The European Graduate School in August 2004.

²⁹ Paul Klee, 'Creative Credo' in *Notebooks Volume 1: The Thinking Eye*, edited by Jürg Spiller, and translated by Ralph Manheim, London: Lund, Humphries, 1961, 76.

click

flutter

wave

Where in lighting up light boxes **Gabriela Golder** is not just reminding us to see to look to think to feel to try not to forget the messages we first received that we were enlightened by due to the works brought forth by made by Guillermo Facio Hebequer but that she is continually teaching us that *to remember* is to **re-member** to continually recharge with power; that we have to constantly be on our guard never stop reigniting the fire re-firing ourselves ... to not let anything especially ourselves turn cold that even if temperatures drop (as they do from time to time) to search within the ashes of time in order to rekindle the flames ...

And for that for her guiding light for her reminder — in Gaby's inimitably singular way — to *stay gold* we remain infinitely grateful ...

brief bio

Jeremy Fernando reads, writes, and makes things.

He works in the intersections of literature, philosophy, and art; and his, more than thirty, books include *Reading Blindly*, *Living with Art*, *Writing Death, in fidelity*, *Tómate un paseo por el lado oscuro del camino*, *resisting art*, *Writing Skin*, *A Ghost Never Dies*, and *The feather of Ma'at*. His writing has also been featured in magazines and journals such as *Arte al Límite*, *Berfrois*, *CTheory*, *Cenobio*, *Entropy*, *Full Bleed*, *Poiesis*, *positions*, *Philosophy World Democracy*, *Queen Mob's Teahouse*, *Qui Parle*, *Testo e Senso*, *TimeOut*, and *Voice & Verse Poetry Magazine*, amongst others; and has been translated into the Brazilian Portuguese, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Spanish, and Serbian. Exploring other media has led him to film, music, and the visual arts; and his work has been exhibited in Seoul, Vienna, Hong Kong, and Singapore. He has been invited to perform a reading at the *Akademie der Künste* in Berlin in September 2016; and to deliver a series of performance-talks at the 2018, 2020, and 2022 editions of the *Bienal de la Imagen en Movimiento* in Buenos Aires, the latter at which he also curated a filmic omnibus entitled *reading dreaming malaya*. He is the general editor of Delere Press; curates the thematic magazine *One Imperative*; is the Jean Baudrillard Fellow at The European Graduate School; and the writer-at and co-creator-of the private dining experience, *People Table Tales*.