

'The photograph of a loved one,
a practice-led investigation through
writing'

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'The photograph of a loved one,
a practice-led investigation through
writing'

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Abstract

This written thesis constitutes a practice-led PhD. Many practice-led PhDs in art and design are comprised of two things – artistic practice in some form or other, for example an artist’s book or a film – and an accompanying theoretical text. By contrast, what I present here is a single text. The artistic practice is embedded *within* this document, taking the form of an intermingling of theoretically-informed and personally-informed writing.

The thesis looks at the photograph through writing; and at writing through photography, thereby forming a deterritorialization of both worlds. The contribution to knowledge, broadly made within two areas, art writing and material culture studies, turns on presenting the world of photography as one informed by nurturing aspects of photographic practice. It looks at past experiences of being loved and loving; and at how these things link to the evocative qualities of the photograph.

Within this text, words and writing (as things and actions) are linked back to personal experiences of learning to read and write, and to books as safe places, providing intimations of what *could be*, and of hope. The formation of letters and reading is directly linked to women’s gestures of care and attendance, and to my own present-day experiences of motherhood and my son’s first understanding of the formation of letters and words.

It is as an artist, that I have pursued the possibility of a continuity between writing and the photograph. I have found a space opening up between them that has been focused through my approach to theory. This space has come to constitute my research methodology, referred to in the thesis as *evaporation*, and *writing in waiting*.

This methodology is used to create a subjective imagery that ‘transcribes’ the entwining of subjective and theoretical voices relating to the experience of being *in writing*. Theory is understood here as an inhabiting of the space of ‘in between’ – a space *before* words, a space of ‘attempting to make sayable.’ In this sense theory is approached in this study as a mode of experiencing: aspects of theory are perceived as belonging to everyday places, while at the same time, everyday

places come to form an improvisatory place from within which to produce a response to aspects of affecting theory.

Three overlapping tensions are developed through the research:

- Barthes' notion of *punctum* in *Camera Lucida* ([1980] 2000, pp.96). While retaining the power of the punctum in relation to loss as read in Barthes, I seek to unsettle fixed readings of the object (arguably suggested by Barthes' account). To do this I draw on my own understanding of the punctum and Maria Lind's considerations about Christine Borland's work *From Life (Glasgow)*, 1994, (Lind, 2006, pp.38-40) in relation to Barthes' noème of photography as 'that-has-been'. Lind writes: 'while the objects that I have in my hands are certainly not photographs, their Modus Vivendi is much the same – they function as spectra and they are proof that this individuality really existed' (2006, p.39). In the study punctum is used to suggest a movement *beyond* the photograph's surface and beyond Barthes' notions of representation, as something extending *outside* the medium of photography (a transferability signalled by *evaporation* in the research).

- Deleuze's notion of multiplicity ([1966] 1991; Deleuze and Guattari, [1980] 2004) as an assemblage of elements deterritorializing, yet attaining some consistency for a pre-indeterminable duration. The research attends to, but also departs from Deleuze's notion of multiplicity. For Deleuze, the first pronoun is potentially centralizing and directing, and the third pronoun conveys the potentiality to become inhered in the abstract folding and unfolding of connections (Deleuze, 1980b, part 6). In this study, while acknowledging notions of multiplicity, close relations between subject and object are understood as part of the folding and unfolding of relational connections. By exploring the use of the first pronoun, affect through gestures is viewed as a nourishing force, carrying with it an intention for language as a bridging between places.

- Ingold's view of the object as something regulated by representation (2007a; 2010). For Ingold, the object is positioned exclusively within representation, which in his eyes is directly opposed to the openness of the 'worlding thing' (Ingold, 2010, p.3). He rejects the object as an analytical tool and as an everyday term, favouring instead the concept of 'material' which allows for a translating of lived experience, through tracing the flow of materials (ibid, pp.12-13). In this thesis, the opposition Ingold sets up between object and material is revealed as problematic,

in as much as it places language, ideas and imaginaries further apart from the gestures of everyday affects, a distance I seek to narrow.

In placing the photograph in a state of possibility between objects and things, the study comes to view material objects as temporary surfaces of things, close to the vulnerability of skin (and therefore of hope) and of everyday gestures. Following on from this state of possibility, acts of creativity through photography and writing can then be understood to be both form-making and un-forming. Surfaces are the material where the gestures of those who have manipulated or kept objects, are portrayed; but also where in attempting to disclose a connection with objects, a space *in between* is formed.

In coming to consider the photograph as a material, affect comes to the fore of the research. Affect is viewed not only as a force, a movement of inclusion – ‘found in (...) intensities that pass body to body (human, nonhuman, part-body, and otherwise), in those resonances that circulate about, between, and sometimes stick to bodies and words (...)’ (Greg and Seigworth, 2010, p.2) – but also as a sentiment of everyday places, allowing a sort of attentiveness to language when, from vulnerability, language steps aside from the literal, creating marginal spaces, operating as an improvisatory continuation of form.

The format of the research, a series of notes where some elements re-appear and re-occur throughout the chapters – for example grains of sand, the tree, the glass – forms an improvisatory response to theory. These responses foment *returns* to a series of situations and places positioned in-between ‘familiar and foreign’ territories.

The thesis has emerged out of encounters between notions and places inside and outside books, inside and outside the academe, continuing (and confounding) each other, rather than separating from one another. ‘Place’ refers to such sites, often physical, geographical and material, but crucially, sites which carry an affective and imaginative charge.

Theory takes place in the writing of this thesis as ‘systematic’ language (Nyrrnes, 2006, p.17). It is ‘implemented’ in the work and informs the work, despite not always being outwardly denoted or explicitly present. In this respect, it keeps faith

with artistic research practices which seek to welcome qualities that formal research produces in terms of structure, rigour and constraints but retains artistic creativity's 'wide-eyed, experiential way of being in the world' (Coessens et al., 2009, p.57). While the awareness of theoretical frames helps to challenge those frames and the artistic practice, theory forms informative and motivational movements to create a place both beside and within the art work.

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Introduction

Aims and Purposes

The photograph of a loved one forms an experiential place and tells of a process of exploration composed of looking at the world of the photograph, and at the world of speech and words. One takes place in looking towards the other, as if through a lens. In letting go of my photographic practice my aim – though not fully articulated at the time – was to gain a closer view of the photograph through the practice of writing. What has happened as a result is that writing in this study has become about experiencing the photograph as a way of being nearer to another or others.

This work is composed of a series of notes or 'indexes', each of these constituting a personal journey from photography to writing. It was developed from an intention to consider, and work within, the non-separation of theory and subjective writing, actively entangling practice and theory. The practice comes into being through this non-separation, and through a form of writing pursued improvisationally and as an attempt to inhabit the indeterminate space between theory and practice. The purpose of the study is to disclose places catalysed by the desire to look towards and for others, while thinking of language and *forms* of/ways of, being within language, as modes of negotiation, reciprocal actions, relational intensities and emergent everyday experiences. Crucially, such spaces are opened up by theory.

Artistic practice is viewed in this study as a means of experiencing and representing non-separation, with theory allowing, and setting in motion, a movement *towards*, which is one of exploring connections, looking for proximity, rather than being an action of dissection or opposition. My writing seeks to work towards the integration of content and form, something characteristic of artistic research which seeks to retain symbolic and metaphorical power through synthesis, more so than scientific research which is at pains to separate out method and theory from acts of description (Coessens et al., 2009, pp.56-7).

This text forms - and is the visual and textual form of - practice-led research, which considers the relationship of language to photography. It manifests artistic practice through the medium of writing, forming - along and aside from the photograph - a

view of continuity between photography and writing. It is not my intention to objectively unravel or name correspondences between both mediums, or to directly relate one to another, for example in the sense that photography *could* be read as writing with light.

Rather, the photograph, to me, portrays the possibility of a *sincerity* of gestures relying on the intensity of feelings it may give rise to. The photograph, as an object of attendance, an object for keeping, is also viewed here as a possible point of tension between an academic institutional perspective, where terminology may reduce experience to presupposed or hierarchical acts and the perspective of everyday affects,. By everyday affect I mean movements towards others in 'modes of attention, attachment, and agency' (Stewart, 2007, 'Introduction'). These movements are approached as the persevering, nourishing movements in *making*, where, as a processual practice, 'self' deterritorializes and re-territorializes in finding proximity to others, motivated by an attention to language being made. 'Making' is a word used frequently in the research, by which I mean a practice between the image and words and speech, and between academe and non-academe.

Considering materials' potentiality for bridging private/domestic traces and collective encounters and emergences, 'making' is not a fixed, resolved word. It is understood as a movement taking place through gestures of doing, and the processual flux of materials that, in turn, give rise to a *being in making*, an entanglement in movement. Making is used in close association with the words 'composing', and 'composition', linked in turn with 'producing refrains'. At first these refrains were an imaginary that emerged out of the work. Later I saw their resonance with Deleuze and Guattari's idea of 'refrain' as 'territorial, territorialising or reterritorializing'; while '[music as] a creative, active operation ... consists in deterritorialization of the refrain' (Deleuze and Guattari, [1980] 2004, p.331). This encounter motivated my inclusion at points in the text of the pianist, an image referring to a personal experience of listening and seeing a pianist play. The pianist's gestures and compositions at times re-appear in the landscape and the writing – he, the pianist, wrote to me recently in reply to a sentence of mine about finding tangential ways of speaking of those how inspire our practice. He wrote 'I am so glad you have photography and that I have music, so that some things don't

need to be said between us.’ Likewise, making is viewed here as a process within and beside words and speech, and within writing and beside the photograph.

Brief outline of the project

The project evolved through the emergent realisation of a space between photography and writing, forming a slow movement through which my subjective and theoretical voices converged – and searched for ways of entwining.

I commenced this project proposing to explore ‘possibilities of a co-definition of visual and written image facilitated through Time.’ I also initially proposed to form ‘a body of work composed through photographs and the written word.’ However, throughout the first year of the study I felt that *defining* proximities between the two mediums, and producing them separately – photography and writing – was problematic, and inhibiting my practice from taking place. Yet I was inspired by aspects from theory – notably from R. Barthes, G. Deleuze and T. Ingold – that formed tensions between them, but also inspired an improvisational making.

Writing the literature review - finding a direction and a mode of expression through an academic document - was a turning point. While writing an academic document describing aspects of both practice and theory that formed the direction of the study, I felt increasingly motivated by both aspects of theory and the observational and ethical place writing formed, from tensions between personal contexts and theoretical places, and an attention to listening and saying that writing requires.

Following that, the act of *writing the thesis* came to compose my personal practice, where photography and writing became viewed as movement – a movement taking place in deterritorializing relations between familiar and foreign, self and other, disclosing language as nourishing and gestures of attendance sustained in both photography and writing. The project developed along and inseparable from the process of moving into writing, while writing took place in relation to the photograph and the gestures it disclosed.

From photography to writing – a biography of practice

My turning towards writing followed a need to step aside from my photographic practice, to find ways to relate the 'value' of the photograph to personal motivations for cherishing and preserving the photograph as an object. This was a reaction against my sense of separation between the photographs I produced and those found in others' homes and frames. The placing of the photograph on the wall, in frames, kept in drawers, in boxes, to me formed different affecting places, inside and outside homes.

When I started to make photographs, in 1997, photography immediately appeared to me as a surface where writing, along with developing and printing the photographic paper, was somehow appearing in the analogue processes, conjoined. 'Conjoined' is probably not the right word, as the processes didn't feel separate to begin with. I remember that in the second image I produced I felt compelled to include words, not aside or onto the final photograph, but in the process of printing, so that the result was a surface formed both by an image and writing.

Although I cannot remember learning to read, I keep a memory of things that connect with learning how to read and write. These relate to what I express, still unresolved, as 'imprints of relations'. Like the child including the movement of things in the drawing, and curtailing that perception of movement when learning their letters, the words appeared to me a safe base to which I could constantly return. *'So that one may read, and others may read'* is a simple wish that comes to me from my childhood, and still contains the immensity and openness of hope, and desire for the other in nearness, also composing an understanding of the academe as a mingling ground between domestic settings and the attentiveness towards making with others.

After starting to form sounds and words through the conjugation of letters, the majority of us see a separation between the line that forms the word or the sound, and the drawn line. We may say that we draw letters, but not that often do we hear ourselves speaking about words 'in the same breath' as unreadable traces onto paper. Maybe because the words are not supposed to escape formally from their

universal condition *to be read*; even though 'to be read' can be read as 'to be interpreted'.

Looking back at the journey in the darkroom, I realise how writing appeared to me to take the image into the aesthetic realm, faking and conducting its movement. I went on to construct narratives through the technique of montage, re-photographing to compose an image. (See images i, ii below of my work at this time). The aesthetic was again too literal, but I felt more comfortable in having the physicality of the text substituted by the suggestion of a narrative, and so becoming less evident.

With the process of montage, I gradually found a way of photographing and developing which, especially the latter, required a lot of precision. Such precision allowed for a technical familiarity with the developing process, and gestures lifting away from a too conscious orientation through the making. The precision became very incisive, and somehow that incision led to the production of somehow numb sounding lines scratched onto the image. Every time I try to explain the scratching, made improvisatorially, it is writing and the non literal that occurs to me, but also the impression from the metal parts of the enlarger, light reflections, and the movement within the developing trays, along attentive gestures that bridge places in the darkroom with places outside, and experienced.

While working mainly with my body as subject, first for the lack of live models, and then following the trail of feelings that were coming through, such incision became an uncomfortable process that included my body through picturing it within sensations and feelings that affected it through revisitation. (See images iv, v, vi)

Along with that, the photographic process that I was 'getting myself into' evidenced '*that it has been*' (Barthes, [1980] 2000, p.96). Barthes' *noeme* of photography – 'that-has-been', both referring to the indexicality of the photograph and the emphasis of Time (see pp. 55-6 of present document) – formed a base from which the form and process from which my images were produced escaped or deviated from the form and purpose of 'the photograph', while simultaneously portraying within, some notions that could be read closer to Barthes, namely absence and revisitation. However, in using the photographic processes as a means of artistic production where the literal was avoided, the resulting images could not be read

by the viewer as those in photographic albums or conveying, even if suggesting, traces of others forming part of the context, the history, of the photograph.



i (untitled, 1998)



ii (untitled, 1998)

While the last images I produced were sized to fit within the palm of a hand, and printed onto textured paper, matt and quite resistant to finger prints, they were not to be handled, adding to the confrontation between my images and my understanding of, wish for, 'a proper photograph'. Formally, I was getting more comfortable in my practice, but the gap it was creating between my photographs

and photographs allowing for a sensed re-encounter with others, weighed on my making, and evidenced the need to look for ways to bridge between photography as artistic expression, the photographs in museums opening up the historical context of the photograph, and ordinary places inviting everyday gestures.

Still, while *Camera Lucida* formed my imaginary of photography 'as it should be' – brought from the outside to inside - of the film and a personal representation, the images that Barthes wrote seemingly escape that movement; performing another way, beyond the surface of the image (and that transversely pierce the surface of the photograph and extend the photograph beyond the form, through intensity) from the condition in which the book is announced to be written: an analysis on how photographs affected him, and the search for the truth of 'the one he loved', his recently deceased mother, through photographs of her; also from the condition of a writer between analysis and subjectivity, also between photographs and text.



iii (*Mrs O'Reilly floating in the sea*, 1999)

By this time, the writing had found its form within the images I was producing. I started to scratch the negatives with a sharp utensil. Instead of producing readable words, the lines produced were intuitive and at times I related the scratching to gestures. The traces 'written' followed an unsayable intention, and happened through improvisation. Neither the process nor the context from which the

scratching appeared onto the image were controlled objectively. The place in the image where the 'writing' was added had no objective guidance, either. In truth, I was comfortable with the idea that the viewer would probably not recognise the lines scratched, as 'writing a line'.

Along with the writing I would sometimes use Tipp-ex onto the negative or onto the surface of the montage that would be re-photographed in order to attain a final image. The scratching and the Tipp-ex formed a solid meeting point with the medium, and I threw away most of the images in my portfolio that did not denote that encounter, ending with a very few number of images.



iv (untitled, 1999)

The narratives that escaped through the aesthetic approach in the making, stuck onto my fingers along with the scratching and the smell of developer. The process was addictive and instinctive, but not turning into a thematic core revived in the darkroom, and from which I was still withholding my making, preserving my body in safety. Around that time a photographic gallery in Manchester proposed to show my work. I had in my head and at the tips of my fingers the work that I was about to attempt. I wanted to let it happen, yet the possibility of doing it became daunting. I let that opportunity escape, and I keep that episode as the first time I aimed to let the 'weight' of photography's depiction evaporate.



v (untitled, 2001)

In the long time that followed, I had no access to a darkroom. Through that period I started to think about confronting my drive towards writing. I became unsure if photography was what I was really doing. And furthermore, I questioned the question from which it was arising – the idea of photography as a possibility to revisit a fact that happened somewhere in time and place. That doubt motivated my search for a personal way of using the medium of photography. This appeared to reveal an opportunity to extend the making outside of myself. Along with that, the work of artists working outside photography, but whose work was being referenced in relation to photographic notions – mainly the allusion to absence – was becoming increasingly relevant to me.

Throughout the end of the first year of the present research, I felt progressively more compelled to write, while not parting from the image, and attaining closeness to photography. I halted my failing attempts to return to photographic practice in the darkroom. Unexpectedly, that offered an opportunity to reflect on the academe as the personally desired ground for my making, and where writing could take place as my practice. There, in making and forming part of making, temporary groundlessness and vulnerability evidence states from the self noticing one's own

gestures forming the ordinary. In turn, the non visual and the literal considered as indivisible and continuous conveyed both a particular concern for common places as places where self becomes relational to the collective, and writing as a practice aside from photography, but which is also indivisible from it.

From that reciprocal motivation between writing and the photograph, I have returned through writing to key photographic notions presented in *Camera Lucida* (Barthes, [1980] 2000) (with a special emphasis placed in the notion of *punctum*), which constituted a platform for questioning my practice within photography, and photographic practice as something expected to come out of a camera and reality. Bringing the question close to 'my centre' as a maker, a notion presented in the book *The Artistic Turn: A Manifesto* (Coessens et al., 2009), I was drawn in the direction of Deleuze's multiplicity (*Bergsonism* [1966] 1991; *Difference and Repetition*, ([1968] 2005); Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus* [1980] 2004), and notions of affect and otherness from which I propose a personal revisitation of photography through writing.

In turn, from the consideration of writing as practice, I am realising that a journey is taking place aside from but also as part of the main inquiry; as side notes, its ways cut through and at places disentangle one or two lines through the making.



vi (untitled, 2000)

Methodology

By the time of beginning this study I had come to question my practice of scratching the image, deciding that for me it amounted to a transgression of more than the photographic surface. It was distancing me from the surface of all photographs which carried the gestures of others who cherished these objects, used them as things to be kept. I needed to develop an approach to those places and surfaces, an approximation to them, as they form such an extensive place within the historical context of the photograph. It was not, is not, enough for me to solve this duplicity through understanding fine art photography as producing pieces that can be cherished as much as those other apparently more quotidian objects – that, for a start, are not designated as artworks or ‘pieces’ – inside homes, forming remembrances of loved ones and crucial moments. I find this difference between fine art photography and what we might call vernacular photography, especially underlined in old black and white photographs, when the handling of the material required more careful attending gestures, before photography was made into an everyday ‘common tool’, with such easy access. In my photographic practice, I worked exclusively with black and white analogue processes, and continuously compared my gestures to the ones I imagined and that became part of my imaginary of photography, inside homes in old neighbourhoods in Lisbon, inside homes in the countryside, and inside *Camera Lucida*.

The informational character of photography appeared to me most relevantly underlined not in its relatively easy access, not in its ability to portray and convey unequal structures, bringing personal contexts into the light of the social, but in ‘waiting’ for language. This *waiting* is viewed in this study both as fertility of silence and a rich suggestion of gestures, but also a waiting that is continuously part of language, seen as a process of deterritorialization and re-territorialisation, and which is aside-and-enmeshed in form and surface, and formlessness. In the research the word ‘object’ stresses ‘waiting’, a waiting that carries possibilities of exposing gestures as everyday affects and vulnerabilities both forming and dissolving on its surface. Because of this emphasis on the objectness of the photograph, albeit an objectness that needs to be understood as something that in everyday practices is continuously loosened, the research does not embark on

questions of representation, but rather seeks to find a place between photography's evocative and vibrant surfaces.

In parallel to this approach to writing as everyday affect, in the research I have also looked at my own understanding of books as *objects for keeping*. The way I witnessed photographs being handled and cherished as a child, which forms a motif throughout this research, is captured through my own handling of books and (my admittedly idiosyncratic) understanding of words as places. In disclosing words, individual letters and writing as phenomena that are part of lived experiences, I am drawing parallels to my childhood, so that letters, words and writing share an evocative capacity with the photograph. As a child, books formed safe and hopeful places. The formation of words, in learning how to read and write, took place near the witnessing of women's gestures. Now, as a researcher, and as I care for and nurture my son, words, letters, books and writing happen alongside each other such that the forming of words is woven together with the forming of nurturing gestures.

Writing in English, a second language, has further enriched this study. Words, especially in England, are experienced by me as continuously deterritorializing places and gestures onto my mother tongue, and reciprocally, my mother tongue opens up somehow playfully, and is extended through this interplay. Books, on the other hand, are *literary places for keeping*. Roland Barthes' *Camera Lucida* has travelled with me whenever I travelled, throughout the research, and its constant presence has been transcribed into the research. Other books have been kept purposefully unfinished, such as *The God of Small Things*, by Arundhati Roy (1997) and some have been used to keep things within sentences, as is the case with the pages surrounding the description of the house near the Mekong river in *The Lover*, by Marguerite Duras (1984). *Writing the Image*, by Yve Lomax (2000) has formed a constant chance for revisitation and, unlike any other book, is non borrowable because of all the marks and folds it has received. Mia Couto's books (writer, and biologist, Mozambique, b.1955) help me to think about the continuity of language into foreign places; *The Method of Hope* by H. Miyazaki (2004) has and is becoming a place for keeping found objects, alluding to a pleasure of re-encountering, of being in waiting.

In the research the space between photography and writing is opened up, and searched for, through theory. Theory has come to be viewed through the research as forming a refrain, where strands between photography, and speech and words are sustained, enmeshments forming world(s), shifting through places inside and outside academia. To be in waiting is to be attentive to a refrain forming, while the refrain takes place within the attempt to make sayable. In *A Thousand Plateaus* (Deleuze and Guattari, 2004 [originally published as *Mille Plateaux*, Volume 2 of *Capitalisme et Schizophrénie* in 1980]), the refrain is considered as ‘a rhythm and melody that have become territorialized because they have become expressive - and have become expressive because they are territorializing. We are not going in circles’ (Deleuze and Guattari, [1980] 2004, p.317). The territorialisation, in this study, in forming a refrain, is an encounter between self and others, not because something is solved, but rather because something is witnessed between theory and practice, or between theory and everyday gestures and affects. The refrain forms moments that expose the need and the attempt to make sayable, while witnessing. This underlines the approach of gestures towards others, and of surfaces forming in evidencing a mingling of matter and gestural traces; I ask how to participate, how to act upon. At times, from the evidence of matter forming, words escape into personal contexts, or the poignancy of the evocative. Even so, in that movement, the re-visitation of the photograph suggesting others’ experiences and leading to my own encounter with writing as a way of finding and forming my position as a practitioner – looking for nearness to theory and everyday affects and writing embedded in the (vulnerability) effect of a silent, listening positioning – is stressed, as a process, and the process invites a conductor-less participation attuned to a movement (see Section II, note IV, V).

While it has been important to me to understand the theories that have become core to the study, both individually and in relation to one another, I have also received and responded to them unconventionally, allowing them to open a subjective space before and beside words and images which sustains an entwining of subjective and theoretical voices. This is the space of artistic and everyday experience. Aspects from theory have been experienced as part of my everyday places, while everyday places came to form an improvisatory event for revisiting aspects of theory that stimulated writing as a movement of being *in*

writing, where silence and the space before words take place in the literal extended the visual form.

Using the medium of writing in attending to the image of/from words in formation, the writing became viewed as a material scenting, sounding, forming and unforming, familiar and foreign, losing hierarchical ground between first and second tongues – Portuguese and English.

As a practitioner, in seeking to develop my writing voice, writing has taken place generatively, impregnated by, and discovered in relation to, the photograph, a material both inviting handling and careful treatment, in which traces of others appear on the surface of the image. This understanding of writing, suggested by the indexed image and the handling of the material, links to the process of the photograph as evocative and in turn to nurturing aspects involving the photograph. My practice has increasingly become about experiencing a continuation between practice and theory, as well as between theory and lyrical writing, with me refusing to separate those places; concurrently, surface has become about gestures.

Gestures have also been an important part of my methodology. This research study took place in my search for nearness to everyday affects, and involved me stepping aside my own photographic practice in search for nearness to the photograph, mostly as a *participant* attempting to speak of a making process through *listening* and *waiting*. In an ongoing attempt to make-through-listening - to the self and in part to a social collective, places formed as a gathering and a disclosure of transient gestures, and onto which gestures were repeated as a movement towards, as gestures of nourishing. Language also took place revealingly, inviting itself to be followed. My personal context was disclosed, as a way of forming a conversation with others' personal contexts and saying of the experiencing of places.

Standing aside from my own photographic practice, as I had begun to do already, before beginning this research, and which I reflected upon while undertaking it, also meant standing aside from the studio and darkroom, and looking not to interiors, literal or metaphorical. I looked rather to the outside, a place I had rarely photographed in the past. Moreover, outside meant, primarily, that on the rare occasions during this research when I did take photographs, they were photographs of others or made with others. I attended most especially to the

relational process created and experienced through photographing, and the object or the action of photographing.

The photographs which I started to write alongside, and through which I moved from photographic practice towards writing, were photographs of others mingling with the way they were disclosed to me. As the text progressed, the action of taking, or of not being able to take, the photograph, appeared to me to mingle with the writing about it, with the writing taking place reciprocally with images. Likewise with writing and not being able to write - there was a process of being in writing and in silence to make the theory and the experiencing of the theory sayable, a process entwined with the exploration of literary forms and the lyrical. At this point, speech and words became increasingly relevant in relation to form. But, although what resulted may look like poetry, I did not want to embark on poetry as something separated or divided from the writing of the experience, nor with a voice divided between first person for the personal and another more impersonal voice designated for the academe.

Experiencing making as a process and an enmeshment of theory and my reaction to aspects of theory that moved me and pushed me to write subjectively, I followed Ingold's idea of language as *poetic because it is always being made with others*. This idea, an interpretation of my director of studies' explanation of the anthropologist Tim Ingold's ideas about song and language ([2000] 2003, chapter 23) was key to feeling comfortable with looking for my writing voice.

I have purposely chosen to write in the first person.

However *I* is not intended as a narcissistic agent, but rather one who has sat down at someone's table exchanging words about their objects, listening. The subjectivity of the text relates not to a regressive escape from the real, but rather to a way of making intersubjective experiences sayable. The use of *I* relates to a reciprocity to those whose gestures were disclosed to me, but also to presenting myself as vulnerable and exposed. Since I named others, I want to be present with them in equal terms in this text, and also part of the account given of places forming, becoming familiar from being experienced. However this does not mean I wish to give in to an egocentric movement. Instead my use of the personal pronoun should be read as an intersubjective *I*, forming a perseverance and

commitment to escape egocentricity, as when I stood aside my photographic practice.

The process of knowing is one that embodies and demonstrates a methodology forming along and indivisible from the writing, as a process of opening up and experiencing, and find ways through which the experience can be translated through writing. Writing, as a process indivisible from the methodology becoming formed, forms a place and way of acting upon and from the experience. The writing takes place demonstrating and including the methodology. The revelation of the method is central to what I want to 'reveal' in the study.

Inflection of the writing voice

There is a certain inflection of the *voice* in the thesis. My writing voice forms along the process through which I moved into writing. In Section I – '*In-between silent relations: first words found by the photograph*' – I approached this particular need to articulate an entwining between theory and practice, and photography and writing that was motivating me to move into writing and to write in nearness of the photograph. In that first section, forming the review, I used two different colours from which the subjective voice was included near the theoretical contextualization of the study.

From that section on, and continuing with my initial intention, the variations of voice attempt to take further that inclusion, and form a way of denoting a continuous attempt to 'say' of the movement towards writing, while attending to the photograph. The various inflections of the voice denote the process from which writing becomes my personal practice, while 'saying' becomes a constant attempt at 'opening up', an unfolding of occurrences between subjectivity and precision, between the formation and conjugation of words and speech towards what is sayable, and readable – hoping for a sincere attunement to both the experience and the process of being in formation, forming a 're-tracing' from which to move on and trace backwards. These variations of voice are included, as if they were field notes. There is an attempt to keep this in process, and to not overwrite the experiential side of it.

Contextual field

Barthes' notion of *punctum* in *Camera Lucida* ([1980] 2000, pp.29, 95-6) is an essential part of my personal imaginary of photography and is central to my attempt in the research to view a photograph 'of a loved one' as a movement of return to a re-presented subject – *what has been* - while concurrently allowing itself to be read outside the medium of photography where absence appears close to the presencing of evidence. It is here viewed as transcribing both into other mediums, and from/into a personal condition that is also a humane condition about loss, forming a *punctum proximum* rather than a resolved place.

The word *punctum* appears throughout the main text, and it is important to state here that it is not meant as a repetition of Barthes' term, or in quite the way Barthes uses it, but has taken on a personal meaning for me, to be understood in what follows as something that is capable of extending beyond the photograph, while also conveying reciprocal gestures of attendance towards it. Viewed as fomenting a process of *evaporation* and *writing waiting*, it travels throughout the sections as a little grain of sand to be viewed in the final section working in language as an unresolved sign. Whenever I write *punctum* I refer to a tiny surface able to convey indexicality as vibrant and in movement.

Unlike in Barthes, the 'here and now' is not thought in terms of irreducibility of time, but rather as 'a modified and always re-created here and now'; the *self* 'is a dissolved self' giving rise, through relational intensities, 'to the pronoun one' (Deleuze, [1968] 2004, xix) integrating a multiplicity of elements and tensions between them, persevering to produce 'the new'. The concept of multiplicity, 'replaces that of substance' (Smith and Protevi, 2012) refusing an interaction with elements in terms of movements directed to a centre, to long term memory – as the movement of photography, like the one of topography, when giving rise to preestablished movements, 'arborescent and centralized' (Deleuze and Guattari, [1980] 2004, p.17) rather than abstract and improvisational re-presentations.

The improvisation between theory and practice in the research has been contextualised by the idea of multiplicity opened to a reading/composition of different intensities in formation of non-hierarchical structures. At the same time, the consideration of affect as the movement of affecting and being affected, composing perseverance in the assemblage, appears to me to render affect as a

sentiment present yet marginal to the formation of the intensities part of everyday places. It leaves the 'object' and 'the evocative' to one side, compared to political and social structures that envisage a centrality of power, rather than distributive structures. It makes me question private spaces, the intimacy of affects, and the places in language that are affected by, and blamed onto agency.

On the other hand, and following the diversion rather than opposing it, multiplicity opens up a possibility of 'making sayable' through the consideration of ways of forming a personal practice as an *experiential* process of deterritorialization, and where, as in assemblages, tension arises from the 'singular' in relation to the collective. In the research the idea of multiplicity allows detachment from my first language, and presupposed conclusions directed towards a pre-established reading of notions from theory; it also makes possible a place where opposition is refused as a method. In keeping with Ingold's notions of improvisation related to precision (Ingold, 2010, p.10; 2003, ch.23), and distributive creativity implied in the openness of 'thing' as continuously inviting participation (Ingold, 2008, p.4), it allows an attention to surfaces - those of the photograph and those within language - as continuously unresolved and forming temporalities that expose vulnerable places.

Tim Ingold's idea of a 'thing' as relational flux (2010, pp.3, 8) dealt with in more detail in Section I and Section III, motivates me to imagine the dissolving of the impermeability of the surface of the photograph. The thing is not fixed, static or set aside, but is continuously taking part in the world. His imagery of an enmeshment of lines that come to compose a material's history, allows me to consider these lines as coming to form part of the material's flux, inviting discovery, and conversation with the photographic surface.

The *object* evoked here – in the research as literary body – represents an attempt to place the object between photography and writing, between Deleuze's notions of multiplicity as a flux provisionally forming into assemblages of elements, and of Ingold's idea of the material as a translator of human experiences. At the same time, the object relates to a hope for movement between self and other motivated by aspects from Barthes' *Camera Lucida*, where formal elements within the photograph detour into presence/absence, projecting the photograph as an object to keep, following the idea of 'detour' in *The Rustle of Language* ([1984] 1989, p.

305) as the words' own movement towards contexts 'close to home'.¹ It is here viewed as 'in-between-ness' (Greg and Seigworth, 2010, p.2).

I have refused to either exclude 'object' as a word, or resolve it by coming down on the side of one or other theory. Rather, those tensions have constituted the propellers and the elasticity of opening up places that I visited and revisited. This opening up is, in itself, an unresolved action, and concurrently, the notions from theory have contributed to maintaining the object as unresolved.

Through the course of the research, the process became about conveying everyday encounters between the familiar and the foreign. This conveyance was not so different, as I think it backwards now, to making a photograph, to expose a thing that is however not resolved, but in waiting; while already formed, already given. Thinking about 'the object' has moved me towards a dwelling *in between* writing movements – my movement and writing's own movement.

About writing's own movement, I want to be able to say that I don't know it, that I cannot expect it to form something. That sometimes it does not take place at all or does not take place as other times, in the way it tends to intermingle between words and image, or between two languages; or with a constant intensity; that I have to call for it, or it can be so strong that my writing words keep detouring into the movement itself, or being pushed outside the medium, outside grammar, outside the cadence of sentences and a more or less given order and rules. So forming ground for others to read, for one's ability to form one's own coherence with the medium, to know what 'my writing voice' is capable of is indeed a process that doesn't end before a text is read, or an object is presented, but continues in being sensed and revisited. I consider it a process forming the 'making'. Through this process, *I, self*, becomes exposed in looking for coherence in a process that takes place with others, of decentralization, while also forming gatherings of intensities.

'Access to objects is highly limited' (Bryant, 2011, 18) (my emphasis) – I have lingered on this sentence to try to 'make visible'² an idea of the object. The object, indivisible from the photograph, informs an understanding of the writing forming as

practice, extending between form and formlessness, disclosing a 'movement towards'. The openness, the accessibility of an object is not viewed in this study as related to 'something that is', but rather forming a possibility of encounter from which some things become about what 'they can be', extending through a possibility rather than through an intention of rendering things resolved, graspable (Lomax, 2010, p.154).

Some objects we come to think with have never been physically presented. One may dream/think with an object described (I think of the photograph of Barthes' mother, The Winter Garden Photograph described through writing; and only through writing) and never physically seen or touched. Some objects that move us may 'belong' to someone/somewhere else; some objects may be lost objects. However, I have considered in this study objects as some *thing we think with* (Turkle, 2007), and along that idea, motivating a search through following the inclination towards some thing 'found'. Such direction towards things, somehow similar to an improvised preference for a found object, disclosed to me objects as limited, because objects appear to keep disclosing – even if only through suggestion - the presence of others, and of others' experience.

I felt, and I attempted to inhabit that finding, whereby *the other* becomes present. (An attention to) the other keeps being brought forward by the object, along with foreignness and familiarity, forming temporalities, intensities relating to everyday affects. However, I consider this deterritorialization of self, and an *in-between-ness* between elements, to be taking place along the following of the idea of a 'thing' as a 'thing-in-the-air', in Ingold (2010, pp.2-4). The object has come to be considered in my research as a temporary surface of things. It forms from the vulnerability of the other/the self becoming apparent, while being extended and coming into being as a thing defined in Ingold as a 'meshwork of lines' (ibid, p.3) opening up and extending through continuous relational connections.

In looking for nearness to something that I look to know, that I feel moved to search for, to discover, I am *moving in in-between-ness*. While that constitutes an ongoing negotiation between 'familiar and foreign' the subject and the object form temporalities *aside* one another. 'I' continuously deterritorializes and attempts to

find and weave ground towards others. The object in the study does not form a notion, but a *process* from which affects are transcribed aside notions, through gestures and movement, and in between photography and writing.

At the beginning of this study, I felt the need to think beyond the surface of the photograph, while also attending to places where the photograph had a deep capacity to evoke the other, where it was kept and cherished as a physical object coming alive from the traces of the other being disclosed; also of the other, or the self, being missed or loved, or somehow re-called. In titling this document 'the photograph of a loved one', I allude to common everyday places, every day gestures that may make possible a distributive consideration of language, where silence and vulnerability form part of everyday negotiations and of paths between things. The encounter between notions of theory read, and everyday affects, form shifting intensities that invited following, responding to a provocation of theory.

At the end of the research, both writing and the photograph became viewed as continuous with one another, arising from gestural traces forming surfaces directed to everyday affects. My use of theory attempts to open up a space experienced, rather than to close it down by naming it too readily.

This has allowed me to consider writing as an art practice, where, as Dewey writes, 'the relations cannot be told apart from what they relate, except in later reflection...A work of art is poor in the degree in which they exist in separation; as in a novel wherein plot – the design – is felt to be superimposed on incidents and characters instead of being their dynamic relation to one another' (Dewey, [1934] 2009, 121).

This in turn has fomented the idea of *writing in waiting* and *evaporation* as dwelling in the space before words and image happen, making as a process, and writing as experience. I suggest that this methodology extends and also to some degree challenges, a nascent but important area of artistic practice-led research, that is perhaps best known through the term art writing, and that it is in relation to this area that the contribution to knowledge made by this study can best be understood.

In a similar way to those involved with art writing (Fusco et al., 2011), this research has refused to unravel strands of theory from those of artistic experience, working

in a way that integrates form and content. However, my practice takes different routes to those taken by art writing - seen for example in the series of novels published by Bookworks, which includes Katrina Palmer's *The Dark Object* (2010). Here art writing forms a place for critical problematization and dissemination of theory and the object of art, and of relations between writing and the image. My primary intention is not a critique or a deconstruction, through practice, of notions of the art object and/or its dematerialisation, or of art institutions or art theory. Art is in a sense my mode of operation rather than my object of interest. My project is in a sense a far less ironic or 'knowing' one, about photography and affect, photography, loss and love. Aware of a tension forming from those relations, I intentionally chose to use the first pronoun, *I*, and *self*, which in Art Writing might be considered to direct the movement towards oneself, rather than towards some kind of aesthetic or literary or institutional critique.

Contribution to knowledge

Through the methodology I have described and alluded to above and through the theories I have outlined - I have found that both photography and writing are about movement. My contribution to knowledge through what is in some sense an enquiry into the objectness and the objectlessness of photography, at the intersection of the fields of photography, anthropology, and art writing, *lies in the disclosure of the nurturing gesture in both writing and photography*. Awareness of this possibility feeds back into both photography and writing, telling about what photography and language may do. But as is the case with a great deal of artistic research, this 'truth' is one that must be tested experientially, whether as a reader, a viewer, or as a practitioner oneself.

A brief summary of each chapter (hereafter called sections)

Section I – ‘*In-between silent relations: first words found by the photograph*’

The first section reflects on notions proposed by Roland Barthes in *Camera Lucida*, in looking for encounters with authors thinking of the improvisatory character of reality, particularly Gilles Deleuze and Tim Ingold. The section is composed of three parts:

- i -‘material objects to which things happen’: gestures within the objects we think with;
- ii -Coloured paper-serpentine and serendipity: the in-between silent relations
- iii -Barthes’s *punctum* beyond representation

The writing approaches the idea of the photograph as an evocative object, while being informed by the relational materiality explored in anthropology and in Deleuze’s concept of multiplicity. This section entwines two voices, reflecting an initial search to find a form of encounter between practice and theory, through writing.

Section II – ‘Coming to writing’

This section is formed from a series of short texts, note i to note vi. It presents thinking and exposition about writing as a process, and reflects the process of writing taking place. The repetition and revisitation of both personal elements and aspects from theory that I feel moved by embody and intend to reveal the methodology forming indivisibly from the moving towards writing. This movement towards writing attempts to find a writing voice disclosing the process through which practice and theory are coming to be experienced as inseparable – continuing and evolving from Section I.

note i, inspired by my son interpreting his lines, language as making and nourishing, where motion incorporates the imaginary of words and letters, in an indivisible space between a drawing and writing.

note ii a place from which to ask what writing can be, meditating on first gestures, the desire to make extending indentations and lines of words, as well as sounding words, with sound becoming as/part of words, from the way they extend reciprocally from form into formlessness. Concurrently, the gestures towards making, affective gestures, change the body's position towards as object, becoming part of making.

note iii accounting for an encounter with theoretical notions opening up a space for gaining nearness to my son's lines as movements. Affect as an act of inclusion, informed by Spinoza and Deleuze, and Yve Lomax's notion of passion as passion for revelation through writing as making, witnessing something forming. Theory forming along experiencing, writing mingling theory and the account of language. Making as a process rather than an intention to resolve a quest reaching a conclusion, which becomes not problematic, but rather prolific.

note iv writing's relationship to me as a mother. My approach to photography was at times painful. When writing reaches the hand, and gestures become inflected towards, there is less that is harsh. The easing down is due to the making through writing turned towards others, through theory. In thinking of writing as improvisatory while also maintaining an intention to encounter a way of making, lines from theory open up an encounter with everyday places, a stepping outside (of the self, meaning from my practice of photography). Theory forms a refrain, yet not of sameness.

note v the detour in the refrain into an inwards, personal place, a place repeatedly for keeping. Referring to books at times becoming places for keeping things within, and contrarily to books' own movements, taking the freedom to reference, as slightly touching, Virginia Woolf's *The Waves* as both a personal reference and one that appears in *A Thousand Plateaus*, with Deleuze and Guattari's reference to it as the writing becoming the line of flight, abstract, of one wave after another, as continuous *beginning again*; while also accepting the detour of the text into a personal common place as a vulnerable part of making, with proximity to skin, the temptation it forms, to find a way to return to movement as relational, as with others.

note vi from Barthes, and the *pleasure of the text*, an awareness of the mingling of words and languages, but also of exchanges between matter and senses. Again it is the detouring of words forming their own life. I say of experiencing a playful, evocative groundlessness of language, in exchanges and extension between first and second language. The form of words and of the text becomes impregnated with the movement of things in formation, reformed, also becoming movement and sound, changing words into materials.

Section III – ‘Between photography and writing: Writing in waiting’

This section forms a process of making visible the experiencing of in-between-ness photography and writing, and how the ‘opened space’ exposed particulates of indexicality in the virtual, while also denoting silence and a space before being able to say as fertile and vibrant. Both photography and writing become informed by an encounter through writing, and by reflecting about the formation of words.

From the idea of improvisation, through a search for precision, the first text reflects on gestures extending words and images, forming a substratum similar to systematic language, giving a first approach to the method of emergent realisation. An aside note between the first text and the second appears here but is not referenced in the list of contents. It speaks of my personal experience with the formation of letters taking place mingled with nurturing gestures of women.

The second text speaks of gestures and the gestural trace informed by the anthropologist Tim Ingold, and his notion of a *tree-in-the-air* as an untwining of relations. The idea of words reciprocally dissipating into form and to elements in the environment will be referred to again in relation to the tree forming an imaginary image of a relational and improvisatory character of reality. It also reflects Ingold’s notion of a line as a wandering, as inviting a gathering; it makes visible an emergent encounter between this view and the notion of Cocker’s *not yet* revisited, and the idea of practice as process, and a process of deterritorialization envisaging forms of territorialisation, informed by *The Artistic Turn: A Manifesto* (Coessen et al., 2009), rather than envisaging a conclusion or an end.

The third text changes tone and place, and tells of a journey to Morocco, and the experience of deterritorialization, and ‘doing’ within an unfamiliar and

overwhelming environment. The texts speaks of looking for ways to take part, while encountering oneself as unable to 'produce' within one's own practice, also becoming reviewed. It reinforces the idea of being *in waiting*, while that state forms part of doing. I attempt to recognise traces that indicate familiar places, and establish a bridging within language from those traces.

Evaporation forms part of the methodology of the thesis, along with writing in waiting. It becomes about self as an extension of the deterritorialized self; the movement of revisiting producing the practice as a process; the attentiveness to gestures extending both the photograph and words and speech. From this chapter, following the image it forms, and the experience of witnessing rain in Manchester supposedly carrying sand from the North of Africa, the punctum will travel along the chapters that follow, until it comes to land, unresolved, at a final place.

Section IV – 'Some (passing) Time'

In this section I presence for the first time language's indexicality meeting that of the photograph: 'The traces from the photograph are not of resemblance, not of representation. Indexicality is, as I come to view it, the gestural traces that evoke the other, and directs language towards skin and surface.'

Starting with a note about time mingling with the imaginary movement formed by the English word 'before', and how it is viewed forming a duration, the section develops by revisiting places where time, in relation to foreignness and looking for nearness to familiar places, and in demanding an attention everyday places, forms disparate simultaneities, while yet unfolding encounters and assemblages, inseparable from translations of social experience.

Section V – 'Object/Archive: Collecting traces of others onto photographs'

Words leaking from objects: thinking with absent photographs

Referring to the object as a potentia to be disclosed as relational, and forming a vibrant surface despite appearing inaccessible and closed, this section forms a view of the object as temporary surfaces with-in things. Ideas of absence and the imaginary travel through the text in relation to objects, as an extension of the

material, and fomenting a thinking about the material and the process inseparable from the projection of a study.

The writing tells of a piece produced in collaborating with a woman from Israel who I only met through e-mail. The piece constitutes a description of a fragrant tree outside the woman's flat that invites a generative relation between writing and the visual. The last text reflects on the materiality of language, and the process of forming the thesis and the research as processual, while also being informed by the indexicality of gestures and of material objects.

Section VI – 'Silence'

This section forms a place virtually aside and physically within the main body of the text. It has, as described in the introduction the 'experimental character of a sketch book'. It results from re-visitations from outside the text, while thinking of aspects from theory and places referred to and forming within the thesis. It is also a place of experimentation and following writing's own movement, beside the literal and consequently beside grammar, while also being driven by a tension around the need to form a readable place.

It refers to silence as a place both aside from yet part of writing, and integral to the photograph.

Section VII – 'Punctum proximum'

Punctum proximum presents a re-encounter with the punctum, by chance, near the evocative sensation formed by the loss of a loved one. It forms a refrain, rather than a conclusion. In referring to the un-attainability of the other, and the transferability of the medium through abstract and subjective interpretations of loss and absence of a recognisable humane condition, it forms a point of *proximity* (and a point of proximity to others) rather than a 'pinning down'.

Section I

In-between silent relations:

first words found by the photograph

This is where I begin. It was also here, in this place, when writing the Literature Review, that I realised the motivation for writing while writing was taking place being made in nearness of the photograph; but also in response to brief encounters with theory that would soon motivate and become structural for my writing becoming my personal artistic practice.

This section attempts to re-think notions proposed by Roland Barthes in the book *Camera Lucida* assigned to theories of representation, and bring them together with perspectives from contemporary thinkers about the improvisatory character of reality, notably proposed by Gilles Deleuze and Tim Ingold. My intention is to develop an understanding of photographs as evocative 'objects' and to thereby establish possibilities of intersection between the relational materiality explored by some anthropologists and Deleuze's concept of multiplicity.

The section is composed of three parts:

- i -'material objects to which things happen': gestures within the objects we think with;
- ii -Coloured paper-serpentine and serendipity: the in-between silent relations
- iii -Barthes's *punctum* beyond representation

Each part is composed of two voices, reflecting the crossing between the territories of practice and theory. I've opted to distinguish the 'inside voice' from the thoughts extended from 'listening to' the theoretical discourses of other voices by using a different colour (respectively grey and black).

‘material objects to which things happen’³: gestures within the objects
we think with

My recent awareness that anthropological thinking about the materiality of objects might inform the research is echoed in the amount of quotes and references in my notebooks that relate to a subject that is, however, very new to me. My intention is not to fake familiarity with the subject area, but instead to gain understanding from what is, to me, a new possibility of ‘looking towards’; my experience with the subject of anthropology is like as when one finds a thread of cotton and then thinks backwards and forwards towards the scarf and what it could be, from the affect one is confronted with. My attraction to anthropology is admittedly developing from the pleasurable possibility of ‘revelation’, from the interstices that have begun to emerge (as an image onto photographic paper merged in developer) when the pages from a book suddenly appear to make sense extended by the pages of another book – and the sentences read coming to make sense as if lighten, as ignited, by others heard in supervisory meetings and shedding light towards everyday gestures. What I am hearing, and reading, and, at times, gazing at, is that the anthropological views over photography as a material, open a way of looking where the objectness of the photograph is understood as a translator of human experiences.

Looking out for possibilities of encounter between writing and the photograph, I notice my grandmother’s photographic album, her suitcase, Roland Barthes, writing the visual and a multiplicity of times, of gestures also becomes included and evidenced. From my position, the material as a socio-biographical element as proposed in anthropology, has come to reveal the possibility of an openness from which to register an intersection between the representational in Barthes and the multiplicity in Deleuze.

Going back to my grandmother’s album, that has unfortunately been lost, it is not the photographs kept within, that structured my imaginary of photography that so strongly form my memories of her. Nor is it the ‘object’ of the album. It is instead more the fact that I cannot identify the ‘object’ – the photograph – in isolation from

what surrounded it – her cup of coffee, the chairs, the kitchen, her apron – and the affect on the images of the writing on the back that indented the front of the photographs – and how that has certainly influenced my understanding of photography as representation. Of the album, what I make is my imaginary of it residing, not on paper, nor on copper, but somewhere in the very materiality itself [I am inclined to think the *punctum* resides somewhere there too] and in relation to what surrounded it; and the peculiar fact that, apart from the tiger killed in Africa, none of the known beings appeared deceased to us.

I am troubled by finding a way to write without mentioning the word ‘object’.⁴ Yet I have it, not in front of me, but somewhere within my imaginary that solicits my understanding of photography, a view over it - *it* being my grandmother’s photographic album. I will then use the word ‘object’ by placing it within the context of ‘objects we think with’, which differs from a view over the object that envisages representation. The notion of ‘evocative objects’ and ‘things we think with’ (Turkle, 2007) forms the title of a collection of autobiographical essays edited by the sociologist Sherry Turkle, where scholars were invited to write about the trace that objects have left in their lives and how these objects connect them to ideas and people. It is an account of evocative objects bringing together intellect and emotion.

In ‘thinking with the photographic album’, I am also trying to understand the relational dimension of the photograph, its possibility to translate human experiences. As read in C. Pinney’s *Social Life of Indian Photographs*, photography’s potential for ‘the development of new intimate forms of historicity’ (1997, pp.149-150). This involves me in debates about the way people and things are entangled, which I will discuss in this section.

For Elizabeth Edwards and Janice Hart (2004), the materiality of photographs takes two forms: ‘first it is the plasticity of the image itself’, meaning ‘technical and physical choices’ in making photographs; the ‘second are the presentational forms, such as the *cartes de visite*, cabinet cards, albums, mounts and frames with which

photographs are inseparably enmeshed'. Also for Edwards and Hart, 'materiality translates the abstract and representational 'photography' into 'photographs' as objects that exist in time and space' (2004, ch.1), which in Ravetz is talked about as a social biography of the photograph itself (2007, pp.247-65), considering the human relations it translates.

In thinking with the daguerreotype as a physical object Geoffrey Batchen (2004, ch.3) explains that in the late 1830s the daguerreotype was 'called the 'mirror with a memory', because of its highly reflective silvered surface, the daguerreotype was greeted as a 'discovery as useful as it was unexpected', capable of rendering both art and science services 'beyond calculation.' The physicality of the daguerreotype is stressed by the way it had to be kept. Its fragility demanded 'a protective housing consisting of a coverglass, a matte or *passe-partout*, and a frame or case to preserve its delicate surface.' The fact that the image sat on a copper plate extended the experience of its manipulation by the viewer, as the gestures described by Batchen illustrate: 'the case must be picked up, opened carefully, cradled in the hand and tilted slowly, right to left, back and forth until, at just the right angle, the image becomes clearly visible on the surface of the plate.'

In understanding the photograph as a material, the gestures become inseparable from the objectness of the photograph; and indexicality continues to extend the gestures of the subject in providing an intimation of presence and absence.

Alongside the album, my grandmother gathered in her suitcase 'objects for staying behind.' Certainly objects for keeping, *again and again*. And in the repetition of those two words, the description of a gesture is implied in accordance to all my grandmother's gestures, as nourishing. However, this action is somehow directed afar from the past. All of the objects within the suitcase, and the suitcase itself are, like her photographic album, lost, with the exception of a heart shaped fabric box where I keep her rosary, and a heart shaped crocheted lavender sachet with a silk ribbon that I keep over my son's bed in England.

Both these objects that were left to me seem somehow wrongly preserved, exposed to the erosion of time, for I irrefutably see them as pieces from an archival collection (and as a collection of gestures and traces). They are, to me, displaced museum pieces that account for her gestures and risk the imposition of

the gestures of others without previously establishing the affect of her own gestures.

In the same book, (*Photographs Objects Histories*) the following chapter written by the two editors titled 'Mixed Box,' considers 'perhaps the most ubiquitous and therefore invisible of material objects: a box with things in it in the reserve collection of a museum.' The authors voice the 'hope to demonstrate how, through seeing photographs as material objects to which things happen, we might come closer to understanding ways in which photographs operate as visual objects within the discursive practices of, in this case, anthropology and anthropological museums' (Edwards and Hart, 2004, ch.4).

In the analysis, in the period after 1980, there is 'recognition of the photograph as a cultural object,' which was 'in part a response to growing awareness for the needs of photographic conservation....but was premised on a re-evaluation of historical photographic sources over a number of related disciplines – for instance, anthropology, geography, cross cultural and colonial history and art history.' This change, as noted by Edwards and Hart, was 'from image-based perception to object-based perception' (ibid).

The authors are referring to an item from a museum collection, Box 54. This box contains photographs 'arranged broadly, but not entirely consistently, by cultural region', that show 'surface damage consistent with them having been soaked off their original mounts, but written information from the mounts or on the back of the prints appears to have been meticulously transcribed on to the new boards in 1931.' The photographs bear 'various annotations and numbering systems recorded in different hands, and comprise a palimpsest of curatorial thinking and acts of description' (ibid.).

Edwards and Hart argue that in tracing the effects onto an 'object' part of a museum collection, the 'object' comes to be understood from a variety of histories and meanings that become its most significant characteristic, as observed in the conclusion of the chapter - 'the life of things is in reality many lives, winding through each other, no more so than for photographs. Box 54 is an amalgam of indexical traces of the physical world and cultural objects projecting those traces embedded within shifting patterns of ownership, organisation and use.' This tracing is also found in the views that Ingold (2010; 2011) proposes through an

understanding of materials from a continuous encounter of lived experiences, while looking at things as entangled in the lives and relational experiences of people for whom they gain a certain significance and preciousness, either from the process of making, from use or other levels of affect. The understanding of 'things' as relational processes with others have come to constitute a key discourse for this research, as I attempt to describe in the next chapter.

From observing the box in relation to the museum, Edwards and Hart conclude that past material traces perpetuate meaning in a way that seems in-dissociable from what was noted in the beginning of the text as a 'methodological problem central to the concerns of the chapter' - in the presence of the archive the 'act of looking is caught up between the conjecture of a disappearing past and an emerging present' (2004, ch.4).

The dissolving of the past as something fixed and finished through identifying material traces, comes up in the chapter written by Geoffrey Batchen too, which explores a locket composed by a photograph and a lock of hair. Batchen writes 'Like a photograph, the hair sample stands in for the whole body of the absent subject, turning this locket into a modern fetish object....A photograph usually functions as a memory of the past (the moment in which the photograph was taken), while this hair sample stolidly occupies the eternal horizon of the present. The photograph speaks of the catastrophe of time's passing, but the locket as a whole speaks of the possibility of eternal life' (2004, ch.3).

While the lock of hair comes to suggest the presence/absence of a person, it also evidences the traces onto the locket. The traces make lived experience visible, suggest gestures, invite observation and subjectivity. The past is unfixed through *presencing* these traces onto the locket, and onto the box. Participation through observation, directs time towards an emerging present, from the continuity of experiences brought onto the material, from being handled, its uses, but also from being appreciated and (re-)understood. In both examples, the photograph appears as one of the physical compositional elements of the material, while the visibility of the traces appear conveyed through evidences of physicality and uses, as evidence of affects onto things – the surface damage, the mounts, the box, the locket, the hair sample attached to the locket.

Taking a more philosophical approach, in a discourse where the virtual is also accounted for, perhaps more than the physical, Yve Lomax writes, somehow similarly, that the present is 'continually splitting in two directions, one of which is the present-becoming-past and the other, the present-becoming-future. The *having already happened* paradoxically co-exists with the still to come....the past is not constituted after the present that it once was but, rather, contemporaneously' (2000, p.235). A common trace between the two chapters in Edwards, Hart and Lomax has to do with the revelation that accompanies the 'act of looking'. In Lomax an explication involves implication and proximity. Understanding explication from a reciprocal position of 'looking to know' and 'a view of what something can be', a photograph comes to be a relational element within a body in movement that takes shape from things continuously affecting others. A photograph, a thing, comes to be extended through this movement of implicating another. The viewer and the photograph are implicated in the same movement, and so are the elements that compose the photograph, and the elements that come into composition with the act of looking from which the photograph comes to be known by the viewer. A photograph comes to be about implications and relations. This perspective extends it beyond its physicality. The mark of time, which seems to be the moment in which the photograph was taken, rather than standing for the past, in Edwards, Hart and Batchen, as well as in Lomax becomes the possibility for a view projected anew through the act of looking to know.

My research tries to find a way of explaining, making sense of my intuitive knowledge that a thing can be extended beyond physicality through traces of gestures onto the object they have surrounded, accounting for the virtual whereby these traces are linked to gestures 'before' the material. These gestures, and their traces, that I consider to be conveyers of stories, suggest an extending of the surface, an unfixing of it, through lines represented near (and inseparable from) the practice of writing as improvisational. In turn they require me responding to the presence of theory in the research as systematic language,⁵ motivating and provoking a response where literal and non-literal, visual and non-visual are viewed as un-predetermined movements, described here as 'movements towards'. These gestural traces also constitute the main tension in this study. They constitute a returning 'back to the object', while concurrently looking for conversational lines between the flux of things as un-pre-drawn (Deleuze), things

as flux (Ingold), and (here proposed, however systematically and un-predetermined) objects as temporary surfaces of things.

Standing aside from the photograph, through writing, while searching for a view of the photograph from the tension it can convey the object motivates. The tension lies between the object being understood as an element sustaining the desire for another (Barthes) and an element part of a body of elements when coming to be known constituting an example rather than a representation (Lomax). The object motivates, both as a word and a physical place, an attention towards ordinary gestures, part of everyday affects and vulnerability.

While standing for the implication of others, the gestural traces read onto a material also come to constitute the material as a relational and a conversational place. A place for nourishing, but also a place constituted from gestures towards, where the act of looking – referred to as part of making sayable – appears reciprocal between the academe and everyday gestures. A place for nourishing, touch and skin as places of hope and perseverance, part of a un-predetermined movement of implication, where vulnerability is accounted as forming slower temporary movements within the movement of things. The photograph considered as within the tension between the material and the object, motivates in this document ‘notes of study’ forming of both it and the object not as hierarchical systems opposed to improvisational movements, but (as read in Bennett’s *Vibrant Matter*, ‘uneven topographies because some of the points at which various affects and bodies cross paths are more heavily trafficked than others’ (2010, p.24)

While I wish my grandmother’s photographic album and objects were preserved as a collection, I realise I am in search of a way of understanding that too has an expectation of revelation of gestures. Gestures towards – *again and again*, as in nourishing.

Coloured paper-serpentine and serendipity: the in between silent relations

Reading and listening open paths in multiple directions; and so do gazing and making. While tying up together some lines that were here there and about, I felt I needed a place to 'sit' in between. Again, I found myself with childhood memories, this time of folding paper serpentine with my grandmother. The serpentine would take the shape of joyful colourful concertinas, and be as short or as long as they were extended by continuously adding and folding. The making was quite an introspective and silent moment we shared, although immensely pleasurable from expectation.

After the previous section in which I start looking for a view that accounts for the affect of 'things' and affect as a continuity of 'things', something resided in my mind noticeably more than others. It was a little comment by Dr Ravetz, one of my supervisors, to the circling around kind of clumsy dance with the words from Tim Ingold that I've read in dizziness. *I'm getting there...I am not; it makes so much sense – as well; now, where do I keep this in contradiction with the things in my pocket; is it contradicting?; maybe they run along together, after all.* While all this gazing away and gazing at appeared at times interminable, at others the sentences appeared like bridges; never a way already traced on a map, but an indication of something.

Dr Ravetz then wrote 'For Ingold language is poetic because it is always being made in relationship with others': the sentence taking on the shape of an immeasurable paper concertina; I saw at this moment an intention coming into being through words 'made sayable' (Lomax, 2010, p.4) amongst a multiplicity of sounds, un-linear traces and gestures.

I am searching, within photography and writing the visual, from intention, maybe desire, to gain a view over 'affect' in *relationship with others*. Those three words,

'relationship with others', appear – however, within the unsayable – to extend photography in a movement towards.

*Again and again - to nourish.*⁶

Thinking about writing within the visual arts, my research so far suggests that writing is part of my practice, and intrinsic to, indistinct from, thought, as a search for knowledge. Writing is a key concern in this study, because my practice has come to writing through questions about the photograph. My PhD journey is a need to rediscover photography through writing the visual; looking for a view of photography from a movement of (un)folded away from the photograph via writing, to see it anew.

Following terms found in Ingold, part of the research is concerned with a form of 'understanding in practice' where the 'poetic' isn't marginal, and instead inheres in the production of theory. 'Understanding in practice' is explained by Ingold as 'a process ...in which learning is inseparable from doing, and in which both are embedded in the context of a practical engagement in the world – that is, in dwelling' ([2000] 2003, p.416). Ingold also writes that it is in the 'relations between the dweller and the constituents' that both words and objects are 'incorporated into the current of an activity without attending to them as such' (ibid, p.407). Ingold uses the analogy of a player and his/her instrument, to explain that, in his view, words and objects fall into an activity that are 'life processes' (2010) dwelling on the flux of materials, which in other words, require us to attend and follow the flows of materials and understand materials as relational opened to observation while also translators of lived experience (ibid, p.3). The relational in Ingold doesn't stand for relations between one thing and another, as it is described in Deleuze and Guattari. Instead, 'they are rather lines *along* which things continually come into being.' From Ingold's perspective, improvisation comes to join the formative processes, giving form to a creative movement that is a movement 'forwards': 'To play is to feel; to act is to attend. The agent's attention.....is fully absorbed in the action.....The intention is carried forward in the activity itself.....And the feeling is not an index of some emotional state for it inheres in my very gestures.....that is

not to say that I cease to be aware, that my playing is simply mechanical or automatic....I experience a heightened sense of awareness, but that awareness is not of my playing, it *is* my playing' (2002 [2000], p.413).

The notion that entities dissolve into material entanglements, where materials are understood by Ingold as 'a place where several 'goings on' become entwined (2010, pp.3-4) comes to constitute a great interest for my inquiry, offering a reciprocal movement between looking to understanding the photograph as a continuity of traces onto it and beyond it, while looking to gain a view of photography through writing, understanding writing from gestural traces that engender rapport to another - onto the paper and beyond the paper there is, rather than a boundary or segmentation between virtual and physical, a movement of continuity that (to me) meets the experience of the other in the virtual, from creativity and subjectivity. Going back to Ingold, things, which are viewed as a continuous process, come into being through the 'entanglement of things ... a meshwork of interwoven lines of growth and movement' (ibid, p.4).

In also aiming to account for the un-sayable in language, and language as a subjective trajectory, both evocative and nourishing, I have come to realise that the intention to look for a view that, from affect, envisages an 'entanglement' with academic discourses, is also to extend formative processes, thinking and making, subjectivity and precision, along an intention to relate with others; my project seeks growth from a multiplicity of gestures through social interaction, but also from the interaction of 'things' – the angle of the viewfinder and the windows opened, the bread and milk in her coffee and a photograph, a formula and the ball he used to play with, my son's shoes and an 8 seconds exposure photograph, a telephone placed in a gallery and the possibility of a moment being captured when someone, far away, makes some-thing sayable at the other end. In approaching a new view of photography through practice, I am bringing myself extended through writing, and inviting others through evocative things, into a conversation (a dialogic position, drawing from Bakhtin (1981, pp.269-422) that remains both proximate and opened from gestures towards. From that, the notion of poetic in Ingold is relevant for the present research.

For Ingold 'language is poetic because it is always being made in relationships with others' meets the consideration that 'all speaking is inherently poetic.'⁷ This

assertion seems to agree with the 'Social aspects of language use' by Jean DeBernardi, a chapter from a book edited by Ingold (1994). The observations derive from poetry within ethnographic speaking, as well as the contextual socio-biographical value of words and 'dialogic imagination' in literature proposed by Mikhail Bakhtin – where 'language' stands from a relational position of 'interplay and struggle' within all possibilities of its surrounding elements (De Bernardi, 1994, p.877). From the potentiality of stylistic interrelations using the relation between individuals and the stylistic characteristics of their speech as an original model, where singularity and the collective relate in a dynamic interplay, Bakhtin proposes that text and works exist in a dialogic relation, and each art work exists in a dynamic relation to other art works. This dialogic position taken by Bakhtin can be interlinked with a view from Ingold, where knowledge, creativity and improvisation are integrated into a *going along*, a contrary movement to *building up* (2007a, p.88).

The first lines of the introduction of *Lines: A Brief History*, Ingold writes 'What do walking, weaving, observing, singing, storytelling, drawing and writing have in common? The answer is that they all proceed along lines of one kind or another' (2007a, p.1). Before modernity 'In reading, as in storytelling and travelling, one remembers as one goes along. Thus the act of remembering was itself conceived as a performance: the text is remembered by reading it, the story by telling it, the journey by making it. Every text, story, or trip, in short, is a journey made rather than an object found. And although with each journey one may cover the same ground, each is nonetheless an original movement' (ibid, p.16). This movement is similar to wayfaring in the world, before the line was understood as straight, shifting a movement that was travelling *along*, to moving *across*. Wayfaring opposes the straight line that stands for representation and inspection instead of than observation – and promotes participation and continuity in place of thinking from a place of binary opposition.

Drawing on Paul Klee's description of a line that 'goes out for a walk', Ingold explains that this is a line 'that develops freely, and in its own time...And in reading it, the eyes follow the same path as did the hand in drawing it' (ibid, p.73). As explained by Ingold, 'The line that goes along has.....gone out for a walk. The line that goes across, by contrast, is a connector linking a series of points arrayed in two-dimensional space...I shall link this difference to one between two modalities

of travel that I shall call, respectively, *wayfaring* and *transport* (ibid, p.81). Each line exemplifies a certain way of knowing: The *line that goes out for a walk* suggests an encounter, rather than capture. Ingold distinguishes between *habitation* and *occupation*. Habitation, where there is engagement to the point of one becoming the movement along a line of travel, is described as a movement *through*: 'a way of knowing is itself a path of movement through the world: the wayfarer literally 'knows as he goes.' With occupation, after the line came to be understood as straight and dividing, the movement is *across* 'founded upon a categorical distinction between the mechanics of movement and the formation of knowledge, or between locomotion and cognition' (ibid, p.89). A static view of photography, following Ingold's perspective, is also one based in the distinction between movement and knowledge, locomotion and cognition.

From Ingold, we read that in modernity we seem to have given rise, from the mode we seek to know – from inspection and opposition, rather than from the conversational based in observation and creativity towards a meshwork of lived experiences - to the straight line. In modern thought 'many have argued that that we use our bodies, as a surveyor uses his instruments, to obtain data from multiple points of observation...from which [the mind] assembles a comprehensive representation of the world – the so-called cognitive map' (ibid, 88). The straight line, in representing the world, is like 'the cartographic line...not the trace of a gesture, nor does the eye, in reading it, follow the line as it would follow a gesture' (2007a, p.85). Opposingly, in the gestural trace – as a 'line that goes out for a walk' – as the lines of a sketch map, 'the gesture becomes part of the map.' Ingold notes that 'such a map may be the conversational product of many hands, in which participants take turns to add lines as they describe their various journeys. The map grows line by line as the conversation proceeds, and there is no point at which it can ever be said to be truly complete' (ibid, 85). By exploring the work in the virtual, and using writing as practice in which I consider the trace of writing as a continuity towards a gestural trace, I hope the work remains opened towards others.

In Yve Lomax's consideration of the image, it seems possible to read analogous implications for photography. She notes that 'the image, and the imaginary, is a mode of map-making; however, this mapping isn't a matter of tracing an assumed pre-existing territory. The map-making of the image is made with the world, and it is this involvement which makes maps – images – both determinate and imaginary' (Lomax, 2000, p.52). While considering the image as a map, and a making that is made with the world, in Lomax, as in Ingold, the movement *along* is continuously conversational, in a position in relation with others; however, where Lomax speaks of 'conversational', she also emphasizes a 'continuous multiplicity'.

To understand what Lomax means by this, we can look to Deleuze's and Guattari's notion of multiplicity,⁸ where 'what counts are not the terms or the elements, but what there is 'between', the between, a set of relations which are not separable from each other' (2000, p.138). Lomax notes that 'to take up and explore the idea of a continuous multiplicity perhaps I need to turn my thoughts towards the relations between things: to cease thinking of discrete and definite things and, rather, to understand that anything, any body, indeed any time, is never separable from its relations with the world.' For Lomax, 'A body however it may be named, is continuously in the making' a multiplicity of ANDs that form the relational body in extending it through the implication of the Other. An element AND another- the AND forms the relational between the elements (ibid).

To become is to enter into composition forming a relational body. 'Multiplicities are made of becomings ... Affects are becomings' (Deleuze 1987, cited in Lomax 2000, p.140). In Lomax the 'line' is imaginary, ungrasping, formed by the event of elements becoming into being known, the enfolding. Lomax writes, 'Here things are not wrapped up in themselves. Here things are continuously wrapped up with something else. One relation always involving another. One relation always *implicating* another....Multiplicities....are made of becomings and bring with them the work....of implication. Folding. The difference between things isn't so clear cut, the same and the other do not stand opposite each other' (2000, p.141). (My emphasis)

In Ingold's texts, *inclusiveness* ([2000] 2003, p.96) is not a frequent word and relates to a very specific process of grouping and selecting since Plato and Aristotle, from which properties are perceived to possess, building up fragments of

a comprehensive representation of the world. In Lomax, the word is used quite frequently, described as implication and 'to include', and also to fold. Though apparently opposing, it seems possible to view the formative processes of knowledge from a similar aspect in both thinkers, so that there is another kind of inclusivity to be read in Ingold as 'integrated *along* a path of movement' (2007a, p.91) - rather than his use of the term to indicate the inclusiveness from representation or from the aim to represent. Such movement, in both authors, is a relational experience with the world where the improvisatory character of imagination appears integrated in *coming to know*, rather than a cognitive representation.

However, if in Lomax it becomes possible to view the photograph as a relational body, a multiplicity of elements, unfixed both by representation and time - 'Times which are in transition which implicate each other'-, with Ingold the 'line that goes out for a walk' carries in its indexicality the gestural trace that gives rise to the materiality and the 'social biography of the material.'⁹ Where in Ingold the conversational may sit within a place for storytelling, the real emphasis seems to be on gestural traces of relations revealed within the material.

In Yve Lomax, knowledge refers to a gestural movement that she describes as 'to caress rather than possess' in an allusion to a bakers gesture of kneading dough. She writes 'the art of folding, of implication, lies in a non-grasping of the dough' (2000, p.154). The action of 'letting go' is, for Lomax, rather another way of understanding, without either grasping or opposing. To gain proximity is *per se* the movement of gaining a view from a position where the vulnerability of becoming exposed doesn't account for a presupposition of difference; instead one *and* others, stand from exposition and a movement forward, in alterity.

It is noted by Lomax 'that something remains non-graspable doesn't mean that we have lost understanding or knowledge. On the contrary, what is demanded is a 'thinking otherwise'. A thinking which doesn't seek to grasp the essential and in so doing exclude the relations, the implication of another. A thinking which admits, without seeking to grasp, the unthought with thought' (ibid, p.157).

The anthropologist Amanda Ravetz proposes a thinking otherwise through making. In re-thinking the role of the visual within visual anthropology, 'founded in a particular conception of social research as a process of making social objects,' (2005, p.70) in Ravetz creativity should be accounted for in anthropological enquiry, by 'bringing together anthropology and art', considering a 'juxtaposition of similarity and difference and the disruption of old orders in a search for new understanding.'¹⁰

As noted by Ravetz, '[social] objects are shaped in the creative tension between social experience (participation) and reflexive communication (observation)....thus experience and reflection become part of the fabric of the research piece, whether in text, film, or installation art' (ibid). Somehow similarly to what appears to be suggested in Lomax as the accounting for the unthought, Ravetz notes that the making of social objects as a research activity 'demands an ethnographic imagination' (ibid). As Lomax, Ravetz proposes a knowledge practice that can be less 'grasping', by comprehending less, but without giving up on dialogue with others – and this position towards accounts for the possibility of being interrupted by the multiplicities inherent in things.

While 'asking what fine art can offer anthropology and anthropology to fine art,' Ravetz notes that 'the methods of both disciplines involve playful juxtaposition of elements of familiar and unfamiliar', suggesting a 'greater range of experimentation' and 'a rethinking of the role of imagination in the discipline' (ibid, p.78).

It is possible to read in Ravetz the movement *through* of the 'line that goes out for a walk' suggested by Ingold where 'learning' and 'doing' 'are embedded in the context of a practical engagement in the world.' Also, as in Ingold the conversational in Ravetz stands for the proximity towards the other, as 'the making of social objects demands the ability to reflect and communicate from a perspective forged within social experience itself' (ibid, p.70). Such proximity is intensified by openness, while taking an observational position outside the lines that 'mark out territories and borders between objects' (Ravetz, 2011, ch.11). In turn, the tension between participation and observation as 'reflexive communication' seems to be able to be read composing a movement of gestures towards, motivating a dialogic with 'what is 'not us': 'the crucial space is the one

that helps us to lend something to the world while seeing that it exists independently of us' (ibid).

From the question 'What sort of anthropology is it that thinks through making and does so in the space of dreams and play?' Ravetz formulates an answer that again denotes the wandering line present in Ingold, but moreover stresses the reciprocity affect from her notion of 'reflexive communication', where joy and play take place from the recognition of an-Other: 'Imprisoning an object within an outline is a way of diminishing it, and perhaps there is an analogy between this kind of 'dead drawing' and an approach to analysis that replaces the messiness of improvisation with post hoc rationalisation' (ibid). Ravetz further suggests that in a position contrary to post hoc rationalism it is possible to 'discover the delight of surrendering to intense feeling for, and belief in, inevitable otherness' (ibid).

From the movement of being interrupted by the flux of things, I read in Ravetz a positioning of looking towards, while standing aside and, as in Lomax, looking for revelation through making, where making is precision, dream and play. This position is relevant to my practice as I have chosen to let go of photography and see it from aside; but also because in accounting for the observational, and intrinsically for the intention to want 'to know', this position extends beyond 'coming to see from proximity, from what a thing can be', in a continuity towards 'seeing from/as the joy of revelation and the affect of play.'

It seems that the *line that goes out for a walk* in Ingold, the observation as *reflexive communication* in Ravetz, and the *movement of ungrasping* in Lomax's reply formulated along to the concept of multiplicity, share the possibility of joy – in Ingold and Ravetz described as a 'heightened sense of awareness', and in Lomax as the 'passion of revelation' (2010, p.4) – in the encounter with an-Other. In the three authors, this relational experience doesn't dwell on difference, but on otherness; which is to say, borrowing from Ingold's notion, that the relational appears compromised by the 'straight line' and by the idea of fixed representation of '*what is*'.

Barthes's *Punctum* beyond representation

Thoughts developed about specific works of contemporary art, namely in installation and sculpture, have at times brought Barthes's concept of the *punctum* into the light of the analysis of artworks. I came to be aware of these theoretical views from the way some of these artworks had affected and significantly attracted me – despite the complete non existence of photographs within the works, they felt to me not only intensely photographic, but also conveyors of gestures that I identified as within the photographic act. This has taken me to question what the *punctum* can do beyond the photographic, so as to maintain elements of photography outside the photographic medium. The intention to explore Barthes's *punctum* beyond representation is also an attempt to view the photograph extending beyond the paper and the medium per se. This movement of 'what if' started from an inclination and the first attempts to take this inclination forward were improvisational. Much of it is (still) residing within the unsayable, and from that within an expectation for revelation, described in Lomax as joy, and in Ravetz involving dream and play.

In *Camera Lucida*, Barthes offers two definitions of the *punctum*, the second being a restructuring of the first. As it is referred to for the first time, in Part One, the *punctum* is beyond the 'inconsequential taste: I like/I don't like' (2000 [1980], p.27) that belongs to the realm of the *studium*. The *studium* is why we become interested in a photograph; a Latin word that means 'application to a thing, taste for someone, a kind of general enthusiastic commitment' (ibid, p.26). In turn, the *punctum* signifies a 'sting, speck, cut, little hole – and also a cast of the dice' (ibid, p.27), the latter referring to an uncertainty of happening, a mere possibility; It is as an accident that 'pricks', but 'also bruises; is 'poignant' to the bearer. A restructured *punctum* is described in Part Two, not as a form, a detail suggested within the photograph, as in the first definition, but as Time and the intensity of its irreducibility. Barthes writes 'I know that there exists another *punctum* (another

“stigmatum”) than the detail. This new *punctum* is no longer of form but of intensity, is Time, the lacerating emphasis of the *noeme* (“that-has-been”), its pure representation’ (ibid, p.96).

This redefined *punctum* derives from a change of direction Barthes announces after ‘re-encountering’ the true ‘air’ of his recently deceased mother in a photograph taken when she was five years old. Referring to The Winter Garden Photograph, Barthes writes that ‘Something like an essence of the Photograph floated in this particular picture. I therefore decided to “derive” all Photography (its “nature”) from the only photograph which assuredly existed for me’ (ibid, p.73). Also, while interrogating ‘the evidence of Photography, not from the viewpoint of pleasure, but in relation to what we romantically call love and death’ (ibid), Barthes’ *noeme* of photography, the essence of photography as ‘That-has-been’, standing for the authentication of the ‘existence of a certain being’, becomes as synonym of absence and the unattainable. What Barthes presupposes ‘is not only the absence of the object in the Photograph’, but also ‘by one and the same movement, on equal terms, the fact that this object has indeed existed and that it has been there where I see it’ (ibid, p.115).

Barthes’ redefinition of the *punctum* has motivated me to explore the possibility of its transferability, and the implications of this movement that takes place beyond the photograph and photography, but also beyond representation. I will attempt to briefly contextualize this query in this section respecting the ‘order’ of the theoretical findings that I came across – the analysis of Alison Ferris and Rosalind Krauss, and Maria Lind of the work of Rachel Whiteread and Christine Borland, respectively; followed by the notion of ‘metonymy’ of the *punctum* from the chapter on Roland Barthes in Derrida’s *Work of Mourning*.

In an essay in which Alison Ferris contemplates Rachel Whiteread's work in relation to a previous analysis of the same work by Rosalind Krauss (1996, p.76) she finds Whiteread’s sculptures ‘linked to the photographic trace’, and ‘beyond the fact that the methods of photography and casting are similar--both begin with negatives to make the positive (...) the processes overlap in their history of depicting the dead’ (Ferris, 2003, p.52). For Krauss the photograph and these sculptures indexicality ‘resonate with the sense that they have been cast (whether physically or optically) from life.’ (Krauss, 1996, cited in Ferris, 2003, p.52)

Similarly, Maria Lind, in an analysis of Christine Borland's piece *From Life (Glasgow)*, a piece demanding the viewer's contact with real human bones, writes 'while the objects that I have in my hands are certainly not photographs, their Modus Vivendi is much the same – they function as spectra and they are proof that this individuality really existed. (...)What Barthes calls photography *noeme* – 'That-has-been' (...) underpins a substantial part of the fascination which photography and many of Christine Borland's work share' (Lind, 2006, p.39). Lind further explains that while Barthes was able to confirm the identity of his mother, in Borland's work identity remains unfound but through absence and confirmation that the individuals *have existed* (ibid, p.40). In analysing the work of contemporary artists, these writers are very much using Barthes's representational understanding of the *punctum*, alluding to absence, loss and intensity placed in the irreducibility of time passing, accounting for an evidence that 'something has been'.

Jacques Derrida speaks of Roland Barthes from proximity and intimacy, from moments kept in a *Work of Mourning* (2001). This moving oeuvre represents to me a possibility to gain a certain proximity to Barthes's ideas and also to some of his gestures, from someone close to him that is 'making visible' from 'telling' and re-thinking Barthes' notions from subjectivity intertwined in an analytic point of view.

Derrida noted the following: 'As the place of irreplaceable singularity and of the unique referential, the *punctum* irradiates and, what is most surprising, lends itself to metonymy. As soon as it allows itself to be drawn into a network of substitutions, it can invade everything, objects as well as affects. This singularity that is nowhere in the field mobilizes everything everywhere; it pluralizes itself. In the photograph bespeaks the unique death, the death of the unique, this death immediately repeats itself to be drawn into metonymy' (2001, p.57). Derrida's *Work of Mourning*, offers an understanding of the *punctum* that, unlike in Krauss and Lind, seems to be less approximate to representation.

As noted by Yve Lomax, Derrida had already written in 1978 that 'the substitute does not substitute itself for anything which has somehow existed before it' (2000, p.22). It seems possible, then, to read Derrida's thoughts on the *punctum* not opposed to, but rather unframed by representation. Derrida writes that '[t]he

metonymy of the *punctum*: scandalous as it may be, it allows us to speak, to speak of the unique, to speak of and to it. It yields the trait that relates to the unique. The Winter Garden Photograph, which Barthes neither shows nor hides – which he writes – is the *punctum* of the entire book. The mark of the unique wound is nowhere visible as such, but its unlocatable brightness or clarity (that of his mother's eyes) irradiates the entire study. It makes of this book an irreplaceable event. And yet only a metonymic force can continue to assure a certain generality to the discourse (...) How could this be poignant to us if a metonymic force, which yet cannot be mistaken for something that facilitates the movement of identification, were not at work?' (2001, p.58) Following Derrida it is possible to understand the *punctum* as 'opening up a space and time that can be read and so reckoned with other times and other deaths' (ibid, p. 25). Despite my concerns that the *punctum* is tied to a particularly fixed understanding of representation, Derrida offers another way to think with it, not only from a notion of metonymy, but also in distancing from representation.

It seems possible to understand the *punctum* beyond the arrest of representation, in a reciprocal movement towards another 'element'. Unfixed through time, and rather extended through a plurality of times and events, its openness seems also to rely on proximity towards the Other, rather than in grasping the content; while, as in Derrida, '*bespeaking of the death of the unique*' seems to escape the presupposition, to come-into-being known through a reciprocal exposition. The 'death of the unique' also seems to signal the presence of an-Other.

To look for the *punctum* beyond the arrest of representation I will attempt to lose the straight line so criticised by Ingold that binds photography as an object, opening the possibility of viewing the photograph as a relational material (as in anthropology) and a relational body (as in Deleuze).

In turn, representation is here considered in ways closely related to Deleuze's words in *Difference and repetition* where 'learning takes place not in the relation between a representation and an action (reproducing the Same) but in the relation between a sign and a response (encounter with the other)'; (...) 'Our only teachers are those who tell us to 'do with me', and are able to emit signs to be developed in heterogeneity rather than propose gestures for us to reproduce' ([1968] 2004, pp-25-26).

Alongside this understanding of representation, I consider heterogeneity close to Ingold's language as part of 'a poetics of dwelling, where the self is seen to inhere in the unfolding of the relations set up by virtue of its positioning in an environment' (Ingold, [2000] 2003, p.465). Here, I find a point of encounter between academic enquiry and domestic settings; the consideration of these places as one *and* another is thought from the conjugation through which *and* may be read. From the *and* there is a transient view of the ancient neighbourhoods of Lisbon, of a costal landscape¹¹ sustaining a tiny village in wet soil; of Titi's¹² tin box of photographs. Underneath the *and* are mingling states of matter, gestures as everyday affects, un-presupposed traces onto surfaces forming temporalities that I will further on call 'objects'.

Section II

Coming to writing

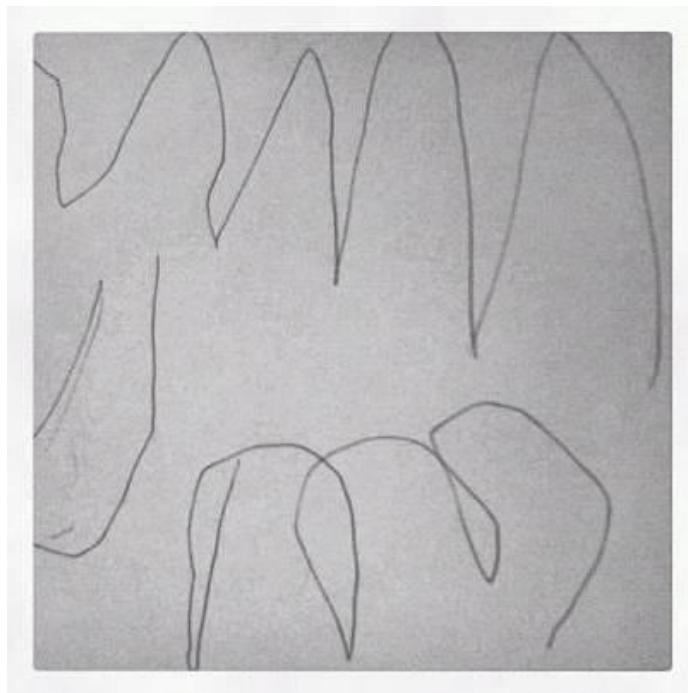
note I

cat and firefly

On the blackboard is an indecipherable drawing. He insists it is a cat, and wants me to take a picture of it. He knows exactly why and where the complicated shape of the lines forms a cat. I realise he is also taking into account the way a cat is able to walk, *and suddenly it jumps*. We have had a kitten in the house for a few days.

Then it was a firefly. The firefly was everywhere in his drawings, little dots and traces, also the firefly in movement, just like the cat. Then the firefly became the lights he saw from the car seat when the car was moving. I assume this was because of the intermittent movement of the lights. Recently, he has learned how to write the first letter of his name, the *v* – drawing a line downwards, then upwards - and has established a connection, speaking about the firefly as he makes the letter. For some time the letter was a trace downwards and upwards, a drawing of something in motion. Then, the letter that started with movement and described a trace, that from his words while making it becomes similar to an insect flying, was identified in house roofs, the beak of birds, stars, the Christmas tree. It came to lose most of its motion. Presently, amidst the intricate traces in his drawings, the 'v' is a letter, and the motion it contains is the one in being drawn on the blackboard. The same thing is starting to happen with the word 'mommy', because in Portuguese, as also in English, it almost coincides with the shape he and most children describe when writing before knowing the letters and the conjugation of letters into words. The writing of the shape corresponding to the word *mamã* takes place progressively further from the centre of the drawing, and becomes understood further apart from the other traces that correspond to a drawing.

Next Vicente explains that there, on the paper, there is another word, or a sentence. I can see he means it; although sometimes he forgets the word that is written there, he can still identify the traces as writing. I note that it is not different in shape to other 'conjugations' of lines next to it, or that appear to mingle with it. However, often the words and the sentences the child draws are interpreted by others as writing; and moreover, the 'experimental' traces are identified as words, although it is not possible to read them forming specific words without his indication.



Vicente's lines (bottom lines) standing for the sound 'm' after identifying the sound of 'mamã' (mummy) in other lines drawn onto the paper.

three Ms for maybe

Maybe for the intention to write as part of words being formed.

Maybe for a trace written or indented continuing the space of desire before it.

Maybe for the trace forming sounds in and out of words.

Onto the window are forming minute drops of humidity. The evening darkens the street. The street becomes evening too. The glass reflects the table, the keyboard, as if forming for things, with things, the metaphor of a way outwards. I suddenly recognise my upper body, face to face with it, between inside and outside, made to disappear by the light of cars passing by; (I smile to) temporary reflections forming a pause in writing, an encounter of forms, random. To form becoming an enunciation of an action, the verb tense of an instable view, a life of a life of a life, the cycle forming drops of humidity. My body is in waiting, *while* (as life, of a life, of a life) language does not cease - while I cannot say, while I search to be able to make sayable, language is occurring.¹³

This trace - scratched with a scalpel into a photographic negative, is also the form of a place in waiting, in language, I propose. I did not think this while making it, but I realise this from accounting for non-literal lines, part of language (one and other forms of commonplaces - I smile again, to the tension of making in nearness to others). As indented lines in the page beneath one written. The note pad, the simple object indented, preciously kept and then exposed in collective spaces: would it become an image, would it become poetry? Would it become irrelevant, also? Gestures mingling between the sentence written and the one thinking with indented words;

between the one – the keeper - keeping the note pad, and the gestures of a pianist, *I suppose*. At times before a letter or a word, there may (come to) be (again) sound and silence. *At times* (often) sound and silence, are letters and words, *I suppose*. (How to write from them, I continuously ask, while growingly dreaming to be able to write and read music). I know of a pianist, you see. I have

gazed at him playing, his body and the piano interlinked to the point where the sound comes from both, extends from their body towards the room, us viewing, listening. When I ask about the literal, illiteracy along lines becoming readable, the image of the pianist by the piano often comes back to me.

Then, I take notice of paper pages by the computer with a children's story about to be sent away:

'(...)

That ..a.. formed part of a wind's word

That wind forms words

Using sounds

Making sounds with trees

With sand

Whistling through very narrow spaces

That can be sounds

Of letters too.'

My son comes near the desk and tells me, with a pen and a card for his father in his hand 'I am through with writing my name, I want to write instead', and he starts drawing swirling intricate lines, forming places as signs with intervals between them.

Openness is *no dead end*

The trace, as I come to read it now, here, is no-dead-end; it opens up towards the text, from where lines of my words mingle with lines of words of others. Maybe this is the inclusion that Spinoza meant – *joy*: the ethics from which one becomes able to encounter others, the ability to pursue the pleasure of interaction, and understanding the action as the possibility to grow in reciprocity – of affecting and being affected.

Deleuze, in *Spinoza: Practical Philosophy*, writes: ‘only joy is worthwhile, joy remains, bringing us near to action, and to the bliss of action. The sad passions always amount to impotence’ ([1970] 1988, p.28). The passion, in joy, is referred to in Yve Lomax as ‘the ability to make sayable (...) - passion of revelation. The passion is the openness that is revelation in itself’ (2010, p.4). Openness is *no dead end*. I see openness coming from affect.

I feel, finally, my traces coming closer to the traces of the cat, the traces of the firefly. Come closer to the traces of the child.

Refrain (noun)

Writing is in my womb; photography is in my hands, where they both assemble; at times, collide. As the movement towards of words, and the self opening visibility of it; the displaced I and the egocentric movement. I returned to writing in becoming a mom, revisited the place of first letters, of evenings eased down by books, my mothers' words speaking the words of books.

I stepped aside the photograph, attempting peace with it, with the gestures that may form my practice, while also reverberating from the desire to open cut skin and gelatine surface. Like before being able to say, in photography I feel - I respond to the medium - from where I would like to attempt a better photograph, before evidence of images appear, before I return to the studio.

Something sleeps inside, as the muffled air inside a room in the eminence someone may enter, overcome vulnerable bodies, turns one's skin into a layer of repulsion and fear. I halted my practice at the emergence, that anxious time, where the first image could be arriving; though – then, now - I had no idea how to get it yet. It however sounds incisive, that place of images, and that is scary – and egocentrically pleasant. The more the image lost form, the more I felt I was moving towards where it felt right, where I am not at ease. Without caring for saying, finding maturity before words, I cannot return to the darkroom.

In the darkroom I am a female, through writing I want to take part in the world through making as a movement towards others. This sounds like at risk of fastening words or photographs with gendered buttons. *Like a rule of overcoats: Girls fasten from right to left, Boys from left to write.* That is not my intention. Writing is useless without the possibility of words: I am without words, if you're not there – *here*.

My saying through making, through waiting for writing while awakened in the desire for listening – can it be my 'body-without-organs'?; 'A strategy for accessing

that which is normally 'outside' yourself; your 'experimental milieu' which everywhere accompanies your sense of self' (O'Sullivan, 2001, p.127). 'You and I', the pronouns before perseverance. *We* come to be included in the *forms* through which communication is facilitated. From that inclusion, we fold within the possibility to extend not our hands, not our mouth or our brain, but inside of inside, of our skin, of our organs, of fruits, of dust in the wind¹⁴ - becoming something forming in-with, along the air. (Ingold, 2010, p.4)

A written line, or a trace, does not tie within – hard skin outside, soft tissue inside - the body of the self with the image of the words written; nor tie one body to another reading it. Tim Ingold writes, in interpreting Deleuze's and Guattari's notion of 'lines of becoming'¹⁵ that 'the line of the [spider's] web does not *link* the spider to the fly, nor does the fly's 'line of flight' link it to the spider. These two lines rather unfold in counterpoint: to the one, the other serves as a refrain.' (ibid, p.12)

There's a dry sound along a delicate tinkle: Ingold's words fall onto paper and onto a fragile crystal vase. In both sounds forming a refrain – the undersong – of my saying, I recognise the wall reflected onto the glass, a family piece. Boundaries, a form sustaining a material reciprocally, 'are sustained only thanks to the flow of materials across them' (ibid.). I hear also that 'there is more than one way to get past a wall and more than one kind of wall to get past.' (Suleiman, 1991, x)

So I listen and wait from the silence forming, and I see that a word re-learned and then written onto paper revealed the leakiness of the paper through sustaining the boundary that gendered the writing – *refrain*; reciprocally and along, (other) words reveal the leakiness of the wall;¹⁶

So I listen, and wait longer, and I see that the paper, in becoming exposed, unfolds the gestures before it, unfixing the photograph from the paper; reciprocally, and along, the photograph reveals the leakiness of the paper.

I say about my womb through a confluence of narratives taking place outside and implicating mine. The wall, the metaphor of the womb, leaks from the condition that it is sustained through the loudness of the female voice. I do not want to lose sight. I want to see, think *with*. The wall sustains the best part of my body, always one metaphor away from any other (Lomax, 2000, p.14) in nearness of my gestures; although it appears tempting in nature, I don't want to enclose inside-of-

inside the words about my woman's hands, my woman's mouth, about perception in formation. Yve Lomax writes 'to speak by way of implication is (...) about being plunged into things, finding oneself in the middle of things.' (ibid., p.91). Female voice, womb, walls, borders, as metaphorical nouns, *transfer*¹⁷ the possibility of meaning from one word to another; the loudness of refrains. One saying, to another – *I am without words, if you're not there – here.*

A virtual place onto the physical plane of the paper remains unresolved in waiting, for *us*. As an element in communication, it is to take place near an other, radiating inwards and outwards more than one element present; and beyond gender, while bringing gendered elements into the composition. A circle dance, around an image, an image of multiple lines of flight not connecting in any point, and converging towards an intention to say. - Do you get my request? In truth, I want to take you dancing;

In writing, I want to take you dancing, I invite you, attuned to the possibility within words you say and words I say. I want to dance with you, and implicate the words we have learned from words we have learned. And say, afterwards.

A Detour in the Refrain

My fingers write, I've been absent from any other part of my body, as if it divided into functional strips. I had thought I had forgotten. I was sure I had.

I tend to reallocate things secure within sentences, and between sentences of books. To lean a note onto a word, between lines, beneath a sentence, where words from others become a revisited structure. The steps of the house leading to the water, a tiny shoe floating in the Mekong; a pair of words near the window through which the sound entered to interrupt the piano lesson;

a crumble amidst the mechanism of waves.

I had thought I had forgotten. I was so sure I had. Silly, it was. A silly mistake, the slightest of cuts, for sure. I am tired, that's that - I thought. Then, after a season or so, signs escaped the inside of books into a text. The text bifurcated, halfway becoming one thing and another, striving for precision and recomposing from the detour of words directing from the plane of the text towards a precise portion of hand skin. Luminous. Soft.

I invite you to dance, I wrote.

A brief note on interstices with words

(*after* Roland Barthes)

I have in front of me, on the table and by the computer, a sentence about Roland Barthes. The place where I sit to read and write hasn't changed this month. I keep noticing, as if anew every day, and with such pleasure, the trees outside my window and the varying nuance of greens, ochre and other earth tones.

The colours of the olive trees – especially the two large olive trees on the right hand side of the window frame, – appear to me so close to the deep tone of the sea in the British coast; and the ground has become covered in a shade of green that I hadn't thought possible in Portugal, as before this season I had wrongly affirmed several times that one could witness it in England only, not here.

For some weeks now, the sound of the trees has been slowly changing to a deeper murmur, closer to the one of the deep sea we once crossed to a tiny Irish island years ago. And at times, the sound of the trees, the same trees, is also the rising sound of the turned-tiny waves upon our arrival in that island, where the water became soft, slow and translucent; as if: *he*¹⁸- the sea, as if: *he* - saying, *his* consistency conveyed a glass-sound of shells, minute (s)tones and sand.

Fluidity stands for bodies being touched, involved, mingled, while words happen in the uncontainable drive for expression, exchange. As if taking notes of what can be transcribed - from the sounds, images, partly skin, partly water -, into a language of the senses from which other structures will be raised; taking notes in the long time that gets one body to announce again a trace of an-other. The raising of structures might happen to be a product of unresolved platforms in nearness: a formula that maintains a platform extending and also sustains the reciprocity of the vulnerability of bodies.

Language isn't just language.

Words aren't just words.

Numbers aren't just numbers.

Any body's substance is altered through air. Some day. Now. Has been.¹⁹

Language happens as soon as my desire is to reach you. Before I know the words, signs cross your gestures; along the genealogy of words. The vulnerability of a body cannot be detached from the way language is sustained.

So in writing I am not to be represented delineated *here* by a trace, by any line that defines a single word, circumscribes an image. I, as a porous element, tracing words in the hope²⁰ of repositioning (in) things found, never without others

I, never without others, repositioning in things found

never without others, I, repositioning in things found

as movements of the sea, commas announcing (with another sound, almost a silence, a pause) the movements of the water in the sand shore. *Sh-ore*: for saying, seeing, touching, the water becoming thinner in nearness of the shore. A pleonasm, like writing a sentence and failing to evade a thought distinct from the words that should be written instead. A sound announcing a movement; a movement announcing a sound, as a sequence of tiny waves.

A sequence of tiny waves - I see it now through my memory of him playing the piano - leading to a repeated movement: his comprehension of the area where the stool is to be adjusted to the distance of the piano, from where his body leans forward and curves towards the instrument forming a shape slightly similar to the one of a wave. *Sh:ore*.

A word that can also be a movement. A perfect word, I find, in a language that is not my first;

though when I say the word in my mother tongue, my tongue translates it from the language that is not my first.

In being displaced (from my mother tongue), I hear - I read another's words as if pointed out by the landscape, the memory of a landscape also – 'you *no longer*

walk between walls, meanings flow, the world of railways explodes, the air circulates (...)' (Cixous, 1991, p.50).

Inside the room and outside – now: where things keep happening; then: in Ireland; then: in England,

Glass resonates, uni-sonates with *vidro*, the word I learned much before *glass*. The memory of an ancient crystal vase already chipped but preciously kept. 'Verre, pour boire. De l'eau', mother taught me as a child.

Words were like a sieve through which language happened in unnumbered possibilities. Any language. Way: of speaking. Way: of hearing. Of talking, feeling, touching-about. Through words the walls slipped through our fingers, like sand.

Sand. *Areia*. (in the British coast)

(then)

(now)

Vidro, Glass.

The *i* and the *ss* don't sound in similarity, yet the sound conjoins in a delicate, fragile transparency. The whispering air in the sound of lips (*ss*, for *Glass*) arriving on the glass, then the touch (*i*, for *Vidro*).

To say is also to learn bodies in saying; *corpora* are also formed by escaping words into heterogeneity.

To say is also a detour²¹ of words.

Section III

Between photography and writing:

Writing in waiting

From an encounter taking place through words and looking at/for words, both photography and writing gain and lose indexicality, along objects and things evidenced through elements from an intended view of photography forming substrata, evaporating and landing in a reaction to the environment. From such places, the writing of this document escapes me beyond my personal context, multiplying into a possibility of images from encountering places where letting go of things appear growingly closer to the ground and to concerns near to skin;

in the writing of this document, 'while'- a simultaneity of durations, becomes the other²² coming into view, in between, onto the page; and the realisation that including a personal pronoun can be to look for a place of encounter with others, exposing oneself vulnerable.

Writing as using lines, from homemade dresses, homemade meals, motivating sentences from theory, appearing as waves, as systematic language, a mechanism of underlayers, of underwords.

I want to know how to write in waiting, in a critical contemplation creating a consistent frame through evaporation. And. I want to know how to rely on the process, use lines from theoretical notions, along others created in everyday.

Underwords, from gestures

In the book *The Five Senses*, in the Translator's forward, there is a paragraph that refers to Michel Serres' notion of 'receptive body' and the author's 'preference for topology over geometry, confusion over analysis, for folds, tangles, pleats and knots' (Sankey and Cowley, 2008, viii). The authors, and translators of the book, stress the idea of the inseparability of the senses, which condenses Serres' consideration about interdisciplinarity and 'embodies his poetics.' 'Intermingling and confusion', it is noted by the translators, inform the author's work in style and structure, 'underwriting the style of his text in which 'technical' philosophical language alternates and blends with the poetic and the lyrical' (ibid.).

The term *underwriting* refers, here, as I understand it, to a sort of 'under layer'. For Sankey and Cowley, in Serres this notion is related to his belief that 'music is the substratum of all meaningful language' (ibid) leading him to structure the text 'musically in terms of themes and variations' (ibid, ix). In what follows here I have borrowed that figurative metaphor not in any exact reference to music, but in an attempt to make sayable²³ the 'underwords' which support my intention to extend my view of the photograph through words. To fold it and unfold it through writing: as, inversely, a sort of writing – in form and conveyance closer to an inscription than to decipherability - has been the 'under layer' of the process from which I have produced photographs in the studio and the darkroom, before they slipped through my fingers. My female fingers, aiming to let go of the ghostly, backwards smell of developer.

(a)side note

In most women in the interior of Portugal, in the countryside, the hands contain a repetition of gestures. Men's do too, but I cannot identify the same familiarity with the gestures in men as much as I can, or that I imagine that I can (*and tell you about it, while looking at a tree outside*), in women.

As a child, most of the time spent in the countryside, witnessing and taking part in seasonal events and daily tasks like watering fruit plants, feeding the animals and, down by the river, washing clothes or catching eels, the role of women and of man were distinguishable. Somehow the hands and arms of women denote narratives that I have learned or created instead of fairy tales. In the olive grove, even though women would perform the same tasks as men in harvesting the ripe fruits ready for making olive oil and for eating, the gestures of women appeared to continuously accumulate to themselves other movements, a repetition of gestures that leaned onto others to come. For example, in getting things ready for a *merenda*, (something to eat between two meals) the way things were taken out of the bags onto the cloth laid on the ground under a tree somehow described a sort of shape, sign - I don't know how to name it properly – that was again, had been already, described when the children were being bathed in the days that it was time to get a bath, or dressed every morning and evening; or when the big pans were lifted and placed onto the hobs of the oven, the onions sliced straight into the pan, the potatoes peeled in the middle of the yard, and thrown into a bucket. This sort of 'accumulation' of gestures was identifiable even in the way the chickens and turkeys were killed.

Men's hands were much more foreign to me, and for that reason I spent a lot of time watching the way things got produced, carried, cut, killed by them. The impression I get is that I have learned to recognise these women's gestures, some of which stayed or revealed themselves onto mine, while my back was closely facing the women, and my eyes, at a distance, were watching men working, eating and drinking. What passed on between us, women, passed in nearness. While silence and sound were indistinguishable from the silence and sounds in the farm, the signs were scarce and dispersed and didn't form any words.

Part of this nearness I felt had its origin in the killing of a pig that was being performed by men, while I hid inside the house where all the women were. Also, I

was raised by women that denoted those gestures at home and during my holidays in the north, while male references as I was growing up were more or less related to distance. But there was something else, a logic that prevails after the first recognition - the sound a permanence of one thing near another sounds; a form, becoming a form giving rise to another; a connecting line as if it was a trace drawn by a hand: I was learning how to read.

My experience of what I am calling reading – by which I mean reading words on the page and/or reading human signs –, was populated by gestures of others, as the gestures of others had been my fairy tales, and happened in the same way, with my back, in nearness, turned towards my mother, my grandmother and the summers where we would meet my aunts in the North.

To be able to read got me closer to the making of letters, and to those who could do it so easily, leaving footsteps, woollen scarves, kisses, onto the back of papers, the sheet underneath the one written onto. Reading aloud words to my grandmother, while her hands held the books, from her nourishing gestures in which were the accumulating movements of feeding, washing, cooking, attending, included us safely and reassuringly within the possibility of the words, of a form giving rise to another.

Gestures

I say: *so that I may, perhaps, remain in a place in the middle*

after listening: 'a space, without true location, with shifting boundaries.'

Coessens et al., *The Artistic Turn: A Manifesto*, p.35

Some words make us retract. A lot of words do so. Words, sentences, letters, characters appear onto silence along gestures: as, I imagine, hand drawn forms come to be written *onto* the framework that composes the staff; the indentation of the inscription onto the staff comes to reveal sound along silence, I imagine also; one *and* the other;

as the ever changing sound the lines of words form; along, within, others in an attempt to make things sayable. Along trams passing, boats passing, the evidence of planes passing also; the changeable incidence of the shadow and sunlight throughout the day in the street outside my veranda where a man walks by every weekday pushing a bin.

Amidst sayable words and gestures, there – a word makes me halt, at times before I know how to say it, how to write it. 'How to think it? How to think from a formless word, from letters dissipating and landing onto several things at the same time?', I ask. And from the question – something I may describe as a retracting gesture, an interrupted form, happening along the silence and along the ever changing sound things form –, the movement may not cease to be of extension. Rather that some words make us retract can be the *confusion* that leads one's body's attention towards a movement that is towards other bodies, while letters, signs, characters, land onto several *things* at a time.

For Tim Ingold '(...) people inhabit a world that consists, in the first place, not of things but of lines. After all, what is a thing, or indeed a person, if not a tying

together of the lines – paths of growth and movement – of all the many constituents gathered there?’ (2007a, p.5) These pathways formed are ‘lines *along* which things continually come into being’ (2010, p.3). The *thing*, for Ingold, ‘is a ‘going on’, or better, a place where several goings on become intertwined. To observe a thing is not to be locked out but to be invited in to the gathering’ (ibid, p.4).

I am attempting to attend to *what* the scattered letters, signs, characters, form along the landscape. My initial reaction is, indeed, to retract from writing. This brings to mind another sentence read – ‘we might wonder whether the tree can be anything other than the tree in the air’ (ibid).

That tree on the other side of the road that I can view from my window: I am as if suspended in the movement of the balancing branches, its vital functions and mine. I read in the weather report that the wind will have an intensity of 8 km/h. The particulates travelling onto the leaves, from the leaves. From uncountable, inter vital things onto, and, with, others.

Lines before things. Things as lines. I wonder what form these lines form; what form is the one of the tree in the air. Letters, numbers, time, readjusting, recombining in multiplicities. The olive grove, the corn, the vineyard, as a child; that my child cried on the way to school resounds in the empty space between my fingers, (and) the soup is almost ready for his dinner later on; the wind in Africa; our new flat; and other things, the orange light through the curtains, a sick feeling, as if the stomach is pushed into. I realise I am redrawing the tree *with* fragments that compose my view over the tree. And I realise also how unsatisfying it is, seeing the form of the tree delineated by *my* view alone. I am not attending properly to a space between us. I am using that space as a bag and filling it with things I keep. I am not attending to the stardust, the sound waves, the movement of molecules when a bird lands on a branch, the probability of rain; to the words written about it, the sounds made in passing by. I am not attending to the fact that the existence of silence and the virtual is duplicity?

The soup is ready. There is a fingerprint on the transparent fine glass of the cake stand. I wonder about other traces onto other surfaces; and the hand before the surface of a daguerreotype.

Lines before things. Things as lines. I listen and reproduce my thought: gestures as lines.

Gestures before things. Things as lines. I have been gazing at the swinging tree for days, now. How can *I* result from communication, rather than from the predominance of the vista from one's own balcony? Wander. Along. With. gestures of those passing; words about unsynchronized and confluent times, the atmosphere and the sky, stardust and angels; unattainable words composing a tune, and the worker that walks by every week day beneath my veranda. I wait to listen to his singing. I hope to become folded in waiting, in saying, in listening, in a similar process to evaporation.

I wander if making sayable - communication, and gestures attending it - can be viewed as a waving movement of things. It can also be said: the waving of things, as the confluence from which *things come into being* (Ingold, 2010), is also a confluence of many other things, many directional movements, composed from gestures.

This confluence seems to be untraceable, indescribable in pattern, form and number unless traces and numbers and equations are partly to stay and partly to escape from the surface of the paper, from the sound-scape, from the tactual plane. Unless maps are incomplete, and equate to the possibility for a movement of growth that is *before* things.

Artistic knowledge, as read in Coessens et al., 'is a form of knowledge that enables us to see the world as continuously in the process of formation, and to act accordingly' (2009, p.85). To act accordingly may be then to take notice of traces of a 'travelling towards', which seems to coincide with Ingold's notion of 'pathways *along* which things continually come into being' (2010, p.3). In the process formed in thinking with a *thing*, wherever we sit along to think with, I find an 'under layer' of gestures towards a space before things, a place populated by gestures towards, left by a movement that attends to a doing.

To have gestures as an underword can be to make sayable from the waiting that is implied in listening. It is to remain in waiting; the fine line that swings between retraction and expectation, bridging the two. A crossing that implies an impulse, a jump into space where, for a moment, the ground is lost. To attend to a space before things, is in fact to intend to see the other, sit *with*, not to decipher a being, not to attain a countable sum; it is maybe to see communication as fallible as nourishing, and from that to be driven towards a search for precision, in an attempt to attend better.

...

a weaving of grains of sand into grammar²⁴

In waiting. Waiting, by the door. I don't know the place yet. Moments before, amidst streets that seem undecipherable in shape I took the camera out of the backpack, scattered some films through the pockets of my trousers and placed the lens cover in my back pocket. However, I was stopped by every little detail I noticed around us. Nuno knew his way, he is very tall, dark hair and eyes, walks with confidence to an extent that people come to speak to him in Arabic. I follow him, and when I look away from his figure I make sure I am near enough to still be able to distinguish his smell from the others, not so different from the others, at times becoming the same, or keep him at the corner of my eye. My world is squeezing, narrowing to a point that I find myself, amidst a disorienting place, recognising sensations that I can only assume I've kept, more or less unnoticeably, from the place where I was born; the African wind: here it is, *again*. *Before* is revealed just here, just now, a sensation that comes back not knowingly that it existed before. I don't remember Africa, and this familiar almost too warm, dry, wind, different to breath to the point that I feel my lungs getting used to a sort of texture, takes a last bit of ground from under my feet.

I am breathing the guessing texture of the bark of baobab trees, the ones I don't remember ever presencing, which became the shape of a sentence repeatedly forming from the same words 'how Africa must look' since I was a child. I feel childish, shorter, in need of tracing Nuno's smell and tall shoulders above the events closer to the height of my eyes.

I cover the lens again, keep the photographic camera in the bag. How can I photograph these people, this street, and interrupt their fluent movements I see taking place before I can get any closer. The faces, the hands, the feet, the spices, the motorbikes, all this I've seen before in photographs and travelling magazines. Similarly impressive or shocking images – this is what I expected to see, and yet I'm lost; from experiencing this place where the only nearness I find is a sensation I didn't know I had within me to recognise and which leads me to a place I have

virtually no memories about. How will I interrupt their gestures, their indifference to our passage, to reproduce what my eyes, my eyes only, see.

The potential for great photographs was everywhere, that is why I went there, trying my luck with an article for a newspaper. Yet I have kept the camera in the bag. I contradicted the anxiety to photograph what appealed to me only as an exotic surface, and I kept the camera away. In a second attempt already at the hotel window, I put the camera away once more. There was nothing yet, between me and the amazing oddness I was finding, except surface, except oddness.

In waiting; Waiting by the door while Nuno gets us a room – no bathroom, and with a view of the main square. He speaks in French, I understand some of it amongst the loud voice praying echoing from a mosque. He shows me: there is a bathroom in the corridor and a shower cubicle in the patio. Then Brika comes to our room, and asks us if she can wash some of our clothes. At first I refuse as she looks so old and vulnerable. But then I understand that this is for her an opportunity to make some money. My backpack doesn't carry more than 5 or 6 pieces of clothes altogether, but every day she will come to collect my clothes, and return them discoloured, stained with the ochre tone of the earth mingling with the wind and smelling of fresh soap.

Every day Brika reveals a bit more of the ground under our feet, the place underneath the place we sit together, and we become closer. She tells me stories that are part of her, and her gestures, the ones I see and the ones I guess, are left suspended above and onto things; before things to come too, and come to transgress the mark of time after she leaves the room, the time after she has a last cup of mint tea in her cubicle while the corridors are restored to the order of the cats living in the hotel and to the in-movement of people at praying times - to become a view inwards from our bedroom window extended towards the storm over the Sahara which had risen to almost unbearable the temperature of the wind;

to become a view of scattered signs, characters, again forming along the landscape, as I write, now, years after, with the ground as if escaping once more from underneath my chair, the shadow of a body undistinguished from the chair,

the table, the screen, the pile of books, restoring an order that is the one of scattered things along the landscape, of listening to movements amidst undecipherable movements that are towards and before things; an order that corresponds to the noise and silence of a moment in waiting, in listening. As if I could have kept the sound of her words in Arabic that I cannot reproduce or decipher, the movements of her body towards a meaning only she knew of.

At times she held my hand while she spoke, and I hung on to hers. I know these gestures. I recognise them, along the wind, leaning onto others of washing, cooking; wrapping a headscarf around the head and tying it under the chin as the last gesture attending to the self, and the one of untying, revealing the long hair underneath, as a return to one's own body, already silent, already too tired to attend to the self after attending to others.

(in waiting)

Evaporation

Even though it is October it hasn't rained for weeks. Yet yesterday, all of the sudden the heat was able to lift the humidity from the ground, and clouds gathered above forming a sort of curtain of moisture. Every thing became drenched as if it had rained. 'No one fragment carries the totality of the message, but each text (which is in itself a whole) has a particular urgency, an individual force, a necessity, and yet each text also has a force which comes to it from all the other texts' (Cixous, 1994, 'Preface'). I read H. Cixous's sentence and think it along Derrida's words: 'in order to access the letter as presence, there must be an experience of the trace [in writing], a rapport to something else, to the Other' (Derrida, 2002). (My translation)

The movements of her body towards a meaning only she knew of²⁵ – Is this a sentence that echoes to infinity?; is this a sentence that wanders in the middle of things, an uncontainable shape, letting things through, escaping, continuously become others? Some of these movements remain in the discoloured clothes. Some of these movements remain on the pages of the books which lie orderly in libraries, within overheard words, infant clothes, things passing by the tree outside, maps and letters; academic articles, sand escaping from a shovel in a building site.

An incomplete sentence - A grain of sand in the overused stone pavement before the wind blows again, before water is evaporated and things transported along a cycle: a thing re-presented. There is a body near, paying attention to the movement; a body in waiting, listening. A body watching an-other's singularity, wondering (essaying) about intricate lines which get a gesture from one body to the other. A multiplicity of traces where several bodies don't unite as one; rather in the stubbornness of looking for familiarity in a form, one that can be sayable, one which can be communication with another body, I've heard of this multiplicity as a

*corpus*²⁶ of elements, one *and* other in a time and order that is not countable, chronological, sequential;

A sound *and* an other.

And – for a moment the ground is lost: (I realise I think once more that) I hope to become folded in waiting, in saying, in listening, in a similar process to evaporation.

Although each text is in itself a whole, it is both formed and extended – dissipated also - *by a force which comes to it from all the other texts*. It is the gestures before each text which condense and dissipate sentences, words, letters too.

Each text is a note about presencing of bodies in conformity to their escape, to their reassembling into extensive *corpuses* that appear to touch the core of mine because of my minute surface. Because of my minute surface all my senses collide with such extensiveness and equate trajectories of movement, seek to know ways of dwelling, how to say things about a body, about a view; a fragment in a folding movement, losing-ground-weaving- ground – flying carpets, birds flying (birds-in-the-air?), flapping the pages of a book. Underlining a sentence read, underlining the marks left from having one day guessed about cross-stitching it with another, while no birds flew, if for a moment, above our table.

Gestures of others are ‘before’ each text.

There is a trace and a space before a sentence about to become ‘present’; ‘again’ constitutes a confluence of gestures *and* stillness. A fragment in a fold is closer to particulates than to irreparable wreckage, closer to an inscription in the back of/about a photograph - closer to the description where Roland Barthes tells about finding The Winter Garden Photograph, and this sentence became a title, an annunciation. From then on in the book the initial letters of each word in the sentence will appear as capital letters, and Barthes’s gestures before the photograph emerge as if hanging outside each one, as if ornamenting it with an inviting sign to a movement inwards ‘with’ the self, the other, a simulated movement that escapes forward to a multiplicity of times, even though Barthes names it ‘backwards’: ‘Now, one November evening shortly after my mother’s death, I was going through some photographs.’ (...) ‘There I was, alone in the

apartment where she had died, looking at these pictures of my mother, one by one, under the lamp, gradually moving back in time with her' ([1980] 2000, p.63).

Closer to propellers of retraction and forwardness, strength and vulnerability, one hopes to realise in gestures of one's own familiarity with the traces left from the direction of gestures of present or absent others that, from an inclination, a nurturing movement, we observe or seek to know.

Read in the anthropologist Miyazaki's *Hope as a method*, 'moments of hope can only be apprehended as sparks on another terrain, on other words. The sparks provide a simulated view of the moments of hope as they fade away' (2004, p.24). The author further suggests that 'these sparks are mostly products of incongruities between the temporal direction' of one's own intervention through investigation and that of the ones towards which the investigator's attention is turned to. 'The challenge I face is how to preserve these sparks while resisting the immediate demand for synchronicity that emerges in these incongruities' (ibid). I wonder - to remain as if in waiting, in listening, taking note of the traces left from gestures towards? Taking notes, through wandering lines: 'telling the story of the journey as I draw, I weave a narrative thread that wanders from topic to topic, just as in my walk I wandered from place to place' (Ingold, 2007a, p.87).

Years before, though not many, I was staring outside the window of a cafe by Deansgate station, in Manchester. It was raining, and I had just learned that at times the rain that falls in parts of the United Kingdom carries within it sand²⁷ from the Sahara. It was the first time I felt clearly that an image is populated by others continuously 'taking place', and consequently gestures towards things, some of them unnoticed, too light to be felt, too distant or aside the frame to be seen. Too small to be distinguished from a vacant space between things. On that occasion also I put the photographic camera away, though that time to follow the need to collect water, while hoping others appeared and were made absent to other's eyes in the water presented in opened vessels to let evaporation take place. Other's time; other's movement; other's gestures towards.

My gestures of collecting water carried the intention to take part in a cycle where the movement of things is sometimes of proximity; leaving a trace, depositing into

liquid my gestures unsynchronized along the gestures of others. A grain of sand falling onto the overused stone pavement as a tiny *punctum* announcing an affectation noted from a drive to look and record, make sayable, visible (about) (from) (with) others taking place, and taking place along the virtual, the unsayable (- yet, in me, along writing, always along writing); as seeing an image appear in a developing tank - a tree-in-the-air, also? Part-of-the-image, outside the frame, is not given, proposed, visible, though fluctuates suspended from the paper inviting towards, from within, the virtual.

To leave the camera aside can be to continue to walk along a same landscape, having gestures as 'substratum', underwords, retinal and virtual, populated by others, looking for entanglement with a ghostly evidence of others – the mark of their gestures onto things, traces of attendance; 'Haunted spaces are the only ones people can live in' (de Certeau, 1984, ch.7).

The grain of sand, the tiny *punctum*, is carried to another chapter.²⁸ I view it evaporating; I am aware of being in waiting.

Section IV

Some (passing) Time

note on the word *before*

I find an acquired familiarity with some words that are foreign to me. In that sense, I feel advantaged to be able to write this work in English, as it challenges my familiarity with words – both English and Portuguese – and, I slowly realise, as if unfolding or unwrapping, at times, adds movement and layers of meaning and imagery to existing Portuguese words, or newly acquired or revisited words in English.

If at times I write in English intuitively transcribing words that convey the sort of fluency and imagery Portuguese language evokes to me from contextual experience, some English words have come to extend the landscape of impressions, sounds and movement, and deterritorialize words from the language I have as my first. Words, like *shore*, overlap both in meaning and in imagery with the corresponding Portuguese word *costa*. The encounter between acquired and foreign words directs my attention to words and the formation of words, and towards the possibility of a correspondence between formlessness in language and my original intention to view the photograph as unfixed.

Partly, that correspondence has come from being asked to attend to and explain the recurrence in this text of the word *before*. I use it for its duplicity meaning as ‘former times’ and in ‘the presence of’. I began using the word to convey a simultaneous reference to an object (the photograph), traces of others onto it and its formation, (in former times) and a viewer/reader sensing its presence and bringing elements into composition from personally engaging with it.

While firstly directly alluding to Yve Lomax’s consideration of a photograph as an element of a body of elements forming a multiplicity (2000, pp.77-87), where the clock, viewer, the child who runs by in the gallery enter into composition of the multiplicity,²⁹ the word *before* then started to appear to me as prompting short silent spaces in the text for unmentioned image-like interruptions, facilitated by a

sort of physicality of the word *before* gained and that I found similarly in Barthes's written description of the photograph of his mother and in Deleuze's idea of multiplicity forming a deterritorialized body of elements, attaining consistency for variable and un-presupposed durations. Most relevantly, the word *before* has come to condense the idea of continuity between formlessness and form, visual and non-visual both in linguistic signs and materials; recently, the short silent spaces between/along the formation of words have started to give place to short interruptions where the surface of a photograph physically starts to re-appear.

Words that are not of my native tongue come to evidence *listening, saying* as a process that is not pre-drawn,³⁰ and which extends through relating with others and the self, while attendance happens to initiate communication as a sensuous process. Those words, creating a personal world along others said and written in different dialects, maintain their foreignness through a visualisation of inclusion, and evidence the foreignness of the ones said and written through mother tongue.

Through such visualisation I realise – am realising as I write – familiarity is in time with foreignness; both (as one) as forming a detail in a landscape offering resistance to an oversight arresting at places the movement of the eyes. Standing out, little dots in such abundance that it is not possible to keep all simultaneously within the linguistic frame; yet demanding attention to singularity, known *and* to be not known, kept *and* to be lost, view *and* to be reviewed, are brought forward to others through linguistic forms and signs – just as stars, someone's ways, sentences in books, photographs unkept;

just as stars, book pages, photographs, someone's ways, also yet-formless-words fall into words within the linguistic, *to be brought forward to others* – I say: *to be brought forward to others*, but I do not know where the subject is in saying it, what pronoun to use. There is a collective of subject and pronouns instead.

Being brought forward to others can be a mingled body of elements, of form and formlessness, forming in the words joining in my tongue - losing the hierarchical ordering of languages and time – the motivation to say, precisely, in accounting for vulnerability of bodies, of data and my making, my practice as a process.

before could be a movable and extendable bridge

before could be a measuring tool or a compass

a calendar of dances from/with sentences, from books, overheard, noted onto paper

before can be as a mechanism of extending numbers, letters, cardinal points into the abstract and non-visual orientation of bodies. It asks for attentiveness to elements that take place geographically and from which *before* suggests a form; it demands a little silence, a little pause;

It is as a photographic element onto grammar halting the words into images, materials into flux. *Before* a photograph, is taking into account, onto a plateau of a multiplicity of times, traces left by others simultaneous with ones positioned in front of it; a tool for simultaneity found in the dictionary for connivance between visual and non visual elements; a tool that is also absence – can be. As interruption.

While at times it appears as the longest word about continuity; unpinned down in a sentence, it dissolves the weight of past tenses into a chorography of gestures and times, opening up space for the space of angels. Extends through multiple geographical positions and temporary landings of elements and time. Through the body and the imaginary body, the body present and the desired body.

before;

as it could have been before

as it could be in front of you³¹

The movement of words that are as movement

Is it our Time?

I open the back of the photographic frame and take out the photograph. On its back there is a thin black cardboard glued to it, as if it has been taken from an album. My grandmother's photographic album, I suppose. It keeps reappearing, and through that involuntary call, I acknowledge how much I have been unaware of its presence. When I referred to the album right at the beginning of this piece of writing, in Section I, I felt surprised at the way it suddenly appeared to me as a relevant object. The way it appears, the form I view it taking in writing of *the album*, as conserving that same ungraspable form, as if not resting on the dinner table where me and grandmother sat to look at it, but rather slightly suspended, lifted up from the hard wood by Barthes' words reforming his initial notion of *punctum*, losing the concreteness of the form, to become intensity and time, and both; reappearing as a sort of non literal question where other materials appear lightly suspended above the ground, such as the carpets of floating sand in Marrakesh; such as writing's ungraspable movement along literal words, indexicality and silence; at times one's own silence required to listen to the sound of others.

On the other side of the photograph, in the printed surface, there is a hand coloured portrait of my grandmother, head to chest, and another of my mother when she was about seventeen years old, mounted side by side with blurred margins onto the cream-white background. On the left hand side, there is a painted image of a snowy landscape, with a pine tree and a single star close to it, a wooden house further away, and a deer in the white ground between the two. The colour of the sky is that of a warm sunset, and coincides with the tones, although lighter, used for colouring the portraits. On the right hand bottom half it reads '*Boas Festas*' - in Portuguese, something we wish for Christmas and New Year celebrations, as '*Seasons Greetings*', in English. The scene is framed by a beautiful indentation near the slightly wavy-cut margins of the dense photographic paper.

I tell you what I was ready to write: I was sure I would say of a multiplicity of times and of time as duration. Yet, I decided to write with the photograph by the keyboard, within a hand's reach. In the recognition of the smell attached to the torn

cardboard on the back as the smell of the lost album, the absorbed smell of the childhood apartment too, my body closed down, shrunk like the one of a live oyster from the acidity of lemon juice.

Like the oysters in the damn Christmas in Paris as a child, away from home, between lemon juice squeezed into the shells and the mouths moving to speak after eating them, asking me to consider moving away from my mother, so to live there, where fashionably chestnuts accompanied turkey for dinner, in a strange logic applied to eating live shellfish elegantly, and in referring to chestnuts as if refined.

I wanted to throw up, small, shrunken as the oysters. I replied that I loved my mother more, afraid that I would not be returned to her, as an impolite child, I then heard lastingly for the five days we would be there. My grandmother was already deceased, and it was only then, upon feeling homesick, that I realised I had left my mother alone for Christmas. I remember feeling confused looking down at the unfamiliar street from the triangular openings of the veranda, for having not occurred to me before she would be alone for Christmas; as if before I was a whole piece, and had become a puzzle, with pieces left to mount. An interminable number.

In the photograph, my grandmother is wearing the same earrings I saw her wearing every day, as a part of her – the ruby stone, the gold frame entering the ear flesh and closing tightly on the back. Now the earrings are kept in a safe box, left behind along the belongings in her suitcase. She predetermined that I should keep them. However, I cannot bear to wear them, as I want them to remain involved in undisturbed traces of her skin. An object of hers.

How dishonest I would be if I said this research was distant from mourning. The photograph, in silence, is backwards as if turned with the black cardboard upwards. It doesn't even ask for words; as leaning forward into empty air from the Eiffel Tower – I am reminded again from the smell of the photograph – as if the air surrounding it becoming simply a way towards the object of longing – and, in turn, the object an irresolute matter-of-time.

I wished for words to arrive between us – me in the Eiffel tower and my mother in Lisbon; that upon my arrival the books would be there on the shelf, that she would read to me in French, in Portuguese; words would fill the space between us, comfortingly, pushing us both outside ourselves, challenged, prickled, motivated to follow the words, say after the words having the new words as a systematic language forming a layer of everyday-contexts.

I wish for words to arrive between us, now, the photograph and myself quiet, returning to the dinner table where I sat by my grandmother looking at her album; where many years later Barthes would take part of the revisited scene; I would bring pages of his book onto the dinner table, forming part of my (an) imaginary of photography (along the imaginary of others); Barthes disturbing the quiet surface of the photograph with a written description of another – or was it a reading of his words; continuing through writing, and time along it. Despite of Barthes saying about time's irresoluteness, the poignant sign he writes of, the *punctum*, pierces the self-mourning skin involving the photograph he describes through writing; and drives away its indexicality as primary element, to be reassembled in identification, in recognition, of absence encountered as part of everyday affects. Indexicality and absence can then become beyond the photograph, along the surface dispersing, then reassembling; at times near skin, once more.

I open the window wider for me and the dog I hope is recovering. After the first morning hours the sun enters through the glass, and the dog delights in her bed. While I write, time, moments displaced from verbal tenses, hover above the dog. Her silence confounds between recovering, and the impression of time taking over.

Hold

The dog waits for me. I found a place to work near the hospital where the dog lies in his cubicle, as if surrounded both by angels and humans, between the gestures of each. I wait for the dog. My son waits for it too.

This early morning, returning home from the hospital, I thought how unfairly to hide it between the lines. As I write, my time is the time of the dog, without supremacy of any of us. When I am away in England, much of the distance is in relation to affect, and within that the distance between me and the dog; *inclusiveness*, of any truly desired other.

The dog is old. It is expected the angels may win the call anytime soon. She, the dog, has lain in her bed while I would write. She knows the sound of the keyboard. From her breathing and the movement of her head facing towards me as solid as a stone statue, I know it is time to go outside; from her light touch after a visit to the kitchen I know the bowl needs filling; from her wet nose pushing hard against me after having done the same to my son, I know there is a probability he is feverish. The dog communicates within silence, having never barked.

Her silence is now confounded with the arrival of the Time of Angels.

In almost two weeks, Time has passed misleadingly. In the opening and closing of the window by the dog's bed accordingly to the incidence of sunshine warming up the dog, her delight, and the uncomfortable heat increased by the glass; in the minutes counted by her food in the oven, an attempt that the smell of the meat opens up her appetite; the increased duration of her walks after she starts to walk on her own, though resting often leaning onto my leg.

I often wonder where, in which veranda is the person looking down at her, amazed by her recovery. I often fear about a second attempt to harm her. My son is not allowed in the patio of the apartment by himself. I clean it often, and in each sound made I fear to call the attention of the person that might then notice the dog's apparent recovery.

It is but a dog,

She was old, her time would come soon, anyway, I hear.

In the detour of words

From tongue

From hands,

I kept in silence, this page blank, after the previous one. Time hovering, numb as my arms against someone else's hands; parting mine from the dog's silence, parting my silence from the one of the dog.

Yet again; gestures afflicted the integrity of her kind body as much as the poison; gestures as the years before she arrived home, underlining as in permanent ink the scars she arrived home with, her body inside-out.

Again. And again. Someone's gestures in the blood of her faeces; hints of words and spit in her lack of balance.

Known signs in her gaze looking for signs onto mine. Her pain about to end after a needle enters the skin of her porcelain leg. Minutes are counted, time misleads her once more. She holds on, gazing towards me. Time is but duration; the kind of duration of a short train journey augmenting the distance home, of a captured moment in a photograph that becomes unattainable. The one of nerve endings and flesh, affecting speech, delaying words. The counting of the minutes in the veterinarian's clock serves for nothing. Time is the duration of ending too soon; ending is Time in its longest form.

Against all odds she remains gazing, as if expecting to be returned home, pleading for the gently sun bathed bed, instead. I ask if, since it didn't work as expected, we can stop, retrocede somehow, keep her alive. But Time has already passed the limit of the body's survival ability, I am told. What will my son make of her empty bed, the useless bowls of food? And so I return home and clear the apartment of all her things, clean the traces of her fur, change the position of furniture so to hide the empty spaces she left; so that when he gets home I tell him of eternal time, of immanent presences.

Hands rest aside my body onto his skin. My gestures are to comfort him, just; to certify him of the space of angels, in a discourse taking place from affect, from touch, from holding near.

A photograph of the dog, a photograph of a loved one

Barthes returns in the detour of all words

From tongue

From hands

The date of 15th of September

On the 15th of September 2012, in Lisbon, there was a demonstration which numbered, as an estimate, to half a million participants. I was present. The political situation in Portugal is in tune with the austerity measures felt throughout Europe, but mostly in the Southern countries. Beside a growing socio-economical gap, there seems to be two major opposing blocks: numbers, and individuals. One relates to the direction intended, calculated, for the collective, and the latter personal and domestic implications of the first. In that date, and other days since, a great number people asked to be noticed, heard, and called for the attention of the warmth of their functioning bodies, their skin, their voice.

Through numbers, it is predetermined a certain number of people that will suffer diverse consequences in order to attain an intended sum. There is also the predetermination of groups that will endure greater unemployment or welfare, and of other groups that will receive the attempt to keep their every day viable. This is not new. It is happening at a greater scale than usual in the northern hemisphere, and therefore becomes louder. Two sides are separated as by a wall, and the space between comes to be the erected wall. Some of the most heard words on one side of the wall are of time going backwards, or of an enclosed cyclic return to fascism and dictatorship. The almost 50 years of dictatorship that have ended in the 1974 April revolution, are imbedded onto the Portuguese collective memory, and so the claim is for a new April revolution.

To some, however, the witnessing of fascism affected the individual structure of people, the standing position offered by the evolutional erective strength of the back bone. As to the Pavlov bell, the body responds through weaning. Physically, the posture of the body actually changes. To some of us, the most striking presence is silence. Although most of us shouted loudly and jointly, though choosing words of order that were felt more suitable amongst the several ones that could be heard, some participants walked in silence. Many, not the youngest participants, had never taken part on a political demonstration before. Several of those, mostly women, when asked by journalists why they were taking part in the protest, emotionally responded that their presence was on behalf of their children and grandchildren;

Near the predetermined end point of the demonstration, by the building of The Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, the air became somehow lighter. In one of the balconies, an old lady, alone in the veranda, started to produce a rhythm beating with two metal pan lids. The crowd, we, thousands of people turning to face towards her veranda, changed the pace of the collective clapping to reproduce the rhythm the old woman was making, and clap along and with the woman. Then after a while, she received an ovation, already accompanied by someone coming from inside the apartment to check the noise. For instants, through the ensemble clapping, and then the improvised overwhelmed ovation, several times met, and then became represented by that possibility of encounter, despite diverging again, continuously inwards and outwards, relating through uncertain and certain directions.

I had not taken my son, because I feared that violence could occur. In the web page formed by sympathizing elements of the demo, violent comments incited towards aggression. However, when the day came, children and animals were present, and I fully regretted not having taken Vicente.



Now, afterwards

After the time spent there, looking towards those present, to the minute details opening up the moment to other every day events, to moments before the demonstration, to others, afterwards, fictioned in domestic settlements, I kept the question why must affect be openly separated into two sides? – the feeling, and the multidirectional movement; what then resides as the space between, but the spliced space, the place of division, from which it makes readable the flight of one side and the irreducible stillness of another?

Time read onto things can be time as duration, I see, in the return to the empty streets; as 'things' asked to be reformed through continuous reading; 'to think intuitively is to think in duration. Intelligence starts ordinarily from the immobile and reconstructs movement (...); 'Intuition starts from movement (...) and sees in immobility only an abstract moment, a snapshot taken by our mind of a mobility' (Bergson, [1946] 2007, ch.2). There are ideas 'whose radiation is exterior, illuminating a whole region of thought. These can begin by being inwardly obscure; but the light they project about then comes back in reflection, with deeper and

deeper penetration; and they then have the double power of illuminating what they play upon and of being illuminated themselves' (ibid.).

There is a return and a rediscovery of it that comes to be the immediate, forming the same duration. 'We must simultaneously understand the necessary distinction as a difference of time, but also understand the different times, the present and the past, as contemporary with one another, and forming the same world' (Bergson, 1969, cited in Wheeler, 1922, p.24). Words, 'language is continuously being made', *language stays after silence*. Or rather, it becomes reciprocal, indivisible.

This sentence strikes me so strongly that I become displaced, from the place where I stand with an overview of the empty streets, of words said and lines part of language, for which there is no literal thing apart from the fact that literal is itself of lines. Any street, any view. Daunting heights, looking down, made into language. Words, as others' words, challenge the view, the lanes on the road as one direction opposite another into lanes of multiple ways, a segment of lines of movement, of time, of gestures.

In the view of the city, a view from above the city, the streets are now empty. Yet language remains, verbal, reinvented, continuously heard beyond decipherable words. Afterwards, to be reinterpreted, reformulated. It is not what I said, what I heard myself say. It is not the words of order that remain, evoked. It is language as expression. Language as language continuously being made. I am not sure how further I have come apart from Bergson's duration.

Language stays after silence, afterwards, continuously. It is equated, intuited, becoming the memory of itself taking place and the evoking of its immediacy. There is a movement beyond the movements that can be described that takes place beyond singularity, though in relation to it too. In the silent street; inside homes; outside, in homelessness / as a trace along traces, looking for ways to read lines within the abstract ones that remain of language, and yet sustain its loudness and its silence.

My presence, the relevance that a date may signify, of a demo along the time of other almost simultaneous demos, are to be stripped out of a hierarchical mode. It

reads in Butler, 'When the 'I' seeks to give an account of itself, it can start with itself, but it will find that itself is already implicated in a social temporality that exceeds its own capacities for narration; indeed, when the 'I' seeks to give an account of itself, an account that must include the conditions of its own emergence, it must, as a matter of necessity, become a social theorist. The reason for this is that the 'I' has no story of its own that is not also the story of a relation – or set of relations – to a set of norms' (Butler, 2005, pp.7-8).

When language strikes me, I feel it as being stripped of the image I have of my own skin, and the empty streets, the view of the place restore porosity, includes my wondering gestures, whatever gestures take place within the space a body occupies in the cycle of evaporation. In another part of the city, not far from the one told before, there are two fountains. In the square they form in the emptiness of streets the water forms several tonnes, several volumes, several patterns inside the fountains and around them; and the main sound of the square, inconstant, interrupted, at times, by other sounds, by listening itself. Then in the first rays of day light, the sound and the fountains, somehow, become also the birds, the more frequent traffic, mainly cabs; then the moist air from the river becomes less visible, florists open the kiosks nearby.

The main street becomes growingly crowded with people that have arrived by boat. Behind the building parallel to the square with two fountains, the cardboard rectangular forms become piles of paper, newspapers and a blanket or two folded, taken away. The step by the statue forming the centre of the square onto which the cardboard was maintained erected, becomes a place for skaters and agility moves. Other languages are overheard, scent of the inside of homes arrested onto clothes and of perfumes and of soap; of fried meat and codfish. A child half asleep on mother's arms. Is time to be said of, like objects; like a photograph in a frame, as a box of photographs in a museum cabinet? To be re-formed, from gestures towards gestures?

The fountains become the birds, and the first times of day;

As the Eiffel tower becomes altitude felt in the guts;

As Sunday becomes an interruption in the movement of main city streets, and the smell of Sunday food.

I as a trace along traces, looking for ways to read lines within the abstract ones that remain of language, and yet sustain its loudness and its silence. In the apparent silence of the city viewed from above, the non visual traces, the non literal sound sustaining language, composing its immediacy in silence, into a possibility rather than certainty, I presence for the first time language's indexicality meeting the one of the photograph. The traces from the photograph are not of resemblance, not of representation. Indexicality is, as I come to view it, the gestural traces that evoke the other, and directs language towards skin and surface.

The photograph of the little girl asking to be held, somehow, has become a reencounter with photography beyond the weight of time it nonetheless still sustains, at certain times. Language's indexicality meeting the one of the photograph, onto paper, also. (As in *Camera Lucida* (pp.63-76), I think now, in re-reading the text above time after it was written.)

Section V

Object/Archive:

Collecting traces of others onto objects

Words leaking from objects: thinking with absent photographs³²

'Fleeting and amorphous, [the potential] lives as a residue or resonance in an emergent assemblage of disparate forms and realms of life.

Yet it can be as palpable as a physical trace.'

(Kathleen Stewart, *Ordinary Affects*, 'Potential')

The possibilities within notions of the object constitute a special area of interest in my research. As I have come to see it, the object is bounded by - and yet comes to alter- views of representation/re-presentation; it contributes towards academic thinking through its capacity for democratizing and bridging itself towards others - yet it has a history of failing in the exchange of everyday gestures with places seemingly remote from the academia.

Although accused of resolution and impermeability, I admittedly cannot part with the word 'object'. And this creates a tension in my work with photography, where I attempt to articulate a personal view of the photograph as something ultimately unfixed. In this view, writing and photography extend continuously and reciprocally into the virtual and the physical from gestures before the photograph and before the word.

This text composed by three chapters – 'About keeping (inventing the object as evocative; 'Collection of gestures onto a tree branch – R's Lemon Tree'; Affecting matter: the writing of this document' – reflects on these tensions, drawing on notions of affect, potentiality and on ethics to discover traces of the other suggested in the physical, but also the imaginary surface of an object. Following Sherry Turkle's notion of 'object' as evocative, in this text 'the things I think with'

form narratives that reflect the absence of other(s), and the escaping capacity of absent objects in and out of words.

About keeping (inventing) the 'object' as evocative

The image appearing through writing is different to an image given through any other medium. Words are not neutral but can indicate differences of class, of intellectuality. Not knowing how to write is more poignant than not knowing how to draw, or not being able to handle any sort of gadget able to record an image. Writing is embedded in all democratic rights attained by people. It affects and includes the individuals collectively within an environment where they are intended to act upon in order to maintain its sustainability.

Writing can be writing of many languages. It can be the sort of language used in contracts, manifestos, formal reports, where 'outside' the pre-established form is the requirement for the evaluation of competence; or writing can be the way two people communicate without being acquainted with the same words and signs - where the 'outside' extends and reciprocally precisions the 'inside' towards the subjectivity of the self and the subjectivity of the other, as a condition for maintaining a discourse in openness and nearness, attending to both precision and subjectivity.

It could seem that it is through a notion of writing as a platform for facilitating communication that academic thinking endeavours to narrow the distance between itself and places remote from academia – that are so often present in the enquiry. Words are to be un-wrapped and revisited, risking exposing our vulnerability towards another. Writing constitutes a way to side and revisit within a proximate, yet not invading distance all sorts of elements; to 'essay'³³(as in 'attempting') about standing in nearness to the other. That is my intention when revisiting the word 'object', from which the notion of object as resolved, or contained appears to me impermeable to the potentiality of 'outward movements'.

This revisiting is not in opposition to the notion of 'thing'. Rather it is made possible through considering the reciprocity of movements defined as intrinsic to a 'thing' viewed as entangled in the lives and relational experiences of people for whom it gains a certain significance and preciousness, either from the process of making, from use or other levels of affect (Ingold, 2011).

What motivates me to revisit the word 'object' in my research - thinking with Ingold's notion of 'thing' - is the consideration that it stands too close to the 'ordinary' not to attempt a view of it as reciprocal, considering the ordinary as 'a shifting assemblage of practices and practical knowledges, a scene of both liveliness and exhaustion (...)' where 'ordinary affects are public feelings that begin and end in broad circulation, but they are also the stuff that seemingly intimate lives are made of.' (Stewart, 2007, 'Introduction')

When I was a child, objects were understood as scarce and precious, something that passed on between us, the women with whom I grew up. As my grandmother's objects kept in her suitcase under the bed, ready for the day she would die; things kept ready to attend to others in that eventuality. Objects were not far from the realm of physical touch, they were also close to gestures and, from there, close to the traces others left when writing.

Our objects, as I came to understand them, were close to Roland Barthes's *punctum*. They continue in their absence, and in the absence of others. Their movement forward pulls us back a little. They are dustier than a 'thing', less crowded than a 'thing', yet they stand for the same possibility of conversation, of moving towards the other. However, the 'object' poses the risk that a 'thing', in approximating itself to nanobehaviours observed in science, has eliminated through its definition as a flux not completely traceable in direction or in origin – the constant risk of an object is the eventuality that an agent might fail the assemblage's wandering movement (Bennett, 2010), compromising its outwardness and consequently its flow.³⁴

This risk is well illustrated in Tim Ingold (2008) where 'the object, having closed in on itself, has turned its back on the world, cutting itself off from the paths along which it came into being and presenting only its congealed, outer surfaces for inspection. That is to say, the 'objectness' of things – or what Heidegger called their 'over-againstness' – is the result of an inversion that turns the lines of their generation into boundaries of exclusion' (Ingold, 2008, p. 1801).

However, in the self's vulnerability before the object the gestures of self and other are encountered reciprocally as attentive to absence; abstract and virtual traces of other(s) forming intuitive, yet recognisable signs that is part of a collective language. An 'object', therefore, comes to be more imaginary than a 'thing', in both the understanding of its form, and in its rearrangement from the traces of others onto its surface. Any possible definition of object comes to incorporate our responses towards absence, and resides in the imaginary and the poignancy of the desired. However, this doesn't mean it cannot, does not, escape boundaries attributed to it, maintaining its openness through its immanent intensity and potentiality to evoke, even if suggested only through a written description. In fact, the potentiality of objects extending towards others seems to be evidenced in descriptions where the object itself is absent.

These qualities attributed to objects are in fact subjective insofar as they remain attached and reflect the qualities of the subject, and extend themselves from narratives of the self and others. The dusty or stained surface of evocative objects, no matter how virtual the dust or the stains may be, carry the possibility to remind us of our vulnerability, and keep within a fair and non alienating distance from the drawers where they are kept.

Collection of gestures onto a tree branch – ‘R.’s *Lemon Tree*

Part of a work in progress, I asked R., a young woman from Tel Aviv, if she would be interested in collaborating in a project consisting of ‘making visible’ a fragrant tree by the physicality of her gestures-in-writing.

I had never seen her, only exchanged e-mails with her, which seemed to me a way to take a step towards the viewer in the reading of the work. We agreed that she would choose a fragrant tree about which she would write, not on a daily basis, but whenever she felt it to be significant. She was also to collect small portions of the branches and send them to me. I would then reproduce the branch portions in porcelain. R. chose the Lemon Tree she could see every day outside her window.

Here follows an extract of the first written description received, the first hint of the Lemon Tree:

“Israel, Tel Aviv. May 29, 2011. 10:03 in the morning.

It is a very hot day. Too hot for the lemon tree.

It still has many fruits on it - their yellow colour shines in the bright sun. I love the contrast between the strong yellow and the different tones of green of the leaves. In the sun, the brightest tones of green seem yellow and almost merge with the fruits of the tree.

The fruits are strong. They seem stiff when I touch them. I am charmed by this, knowing how juicy and soft they are inside. Today the leaves seem a bit tired... because of the heat. In the past months they were straight and strong. Like the fruit, the leaves of the lemon tree are stiff – which is surprising to me, considering the softness of the tree’s colours.

And there is of course the smell. I love the fragrant of the lemon tree. It is for me the ultimate freshness. The fragrant of the lemon tree is cool and windy, in contrast to today’s weather... it reminds me of a lemon pie, and of lemonade. Funny, this tree is such a mix between winter and summer. The fruits grow during the winter, and yet their smell and taste are so cool that their products are most suitable for the summer.

I see this contrast in the tree itself: its trunk and branches are wide and brown. The tree seems strong stable and old, while the leaves and the fruits represent to me such gentleness and freshness.

(...) I can smell it from my back window, on the first floor.

Soon it will lose all its fruits. The entire summer will have to pass until it will blossom with white flowers and a gorgeous sweet smell, which will later on be substituted by the more gentle fragrant of the fruits, that will, again, fill me with this fresh, vivid feeling that I sense today, looking or thinking of it.

R. had to leave the project unexpectedly, and wasn't able to send me the little portions of the branches. The project was interrupted. After some time, I decided to continue it, in agreement with R. She had kept the measurements and information about the branches she had collected, so she sent me the details in writing.

I then collected a small branch from a Lemon Tree, and created a mould from which reproduction is made possible. While the work is unfinished, the possibilities for its continuation conjoin with storytelling possibilities read from R's fragrant tree. The present intention, however, is to create three porcelain reproductions of the same branch, titled accordingly to the information sent by R.

This work presents a porcelain-fragile possibility offered by 'items' missing in a certain time and being simultaneously abstracted and suggested through writing.

In *Migrations of Gesture*, Blake Stimson writes 'it is the process of abstraction itself – that is, the removal of understanding outward from any particular experience to a general, all-purpose explanation or figure or time – that can paradoxically serve as a locus of affective or embodied engagement. The cool, distant, and objective 'over there' of theoretical or artistic abstraction, in other words, is considered as the wooly, intimate, and subjective 'in here' of fleeting feeling' (Stimson, 2008, p.70). What Stimson refers to is an abstract gesture, in his case related to photography, leaving the particular to inscribe 'the social form of lived experience' where the gesture becomes 'the intersection of objective understanding and

subjective experience' (ibid, p.78). This intersection constitutes a way of creating meaning from encountering the other.

I go back to the Kathleen Stewart's quote from which I have started to write these research notes, and that remains on the table where I have been writing. I realise I have started with words escaping their meaning, and I am ending with a tree escaping its sturdy physical form into words and the hope for its fragrance to allude to the senses. From the line in the air³⁵ suggested above by Ingold, I read that a description within the plane of the virtual only comes to stand for communication positioned exposed and vulnerable to forms of exchange before others. I read the line as a possibility arriving to the porcelain branch, touching R.'s gestures.

**Affecting matter:
the 'writing of this document'**

At times, the writing of this document diverts onto temporary surfaces; formed and formless things, discovered, lost, or invented objects. The sideways diversion, following the '*writing of this document*' through the changeable image it forms, through reading its directional movement, does not counter the hope I feel for a printable surface, for the ultimate physicality from which it will disperse from my hands, let go of my grabbing. There will be a last full stop, a last letter, a last space between words - I say, in between, repeatedly, striving to make sayable; to make useful, ready, for others.

Hope grounds the re-search and the document, as one, in places made within linguistic forms, as contexts coming into view and looking for ways to mingle affectingly near skin, beyond the notion of vibrancy positioning elements relating. An attachment, from where the essay, the attempt, wants to gain body, become a material, knowing that attachment is read in duplicitous meaning from numerous facts through which it can be an affection point.

Partly, this document, this search, takes place in a desire – an inclination - to return to objects, looking for ways of negotiating through in which touch is nourishing and not invading. It is a revisit of places, and the imaginary remains of places; to every-day-affects and the fertile remains of gestures, repositioning 'objects' as temporary surfaces of things; the photograph as a temporary object also, temporary skin that can touch and be touched – rather than something arrested in time. An impermanent return to the word object as a return to a first word, transitory, transitional, from matter language: taken along into a new home, a refuge, a museum cabinet – (in a respective order relating to the mentioned places, and witnessed in the last few weeks) the inherited object, the pan for cooking, the daguerreotype.

A way including in between places, fomenting my concern, my attempt: the aim of *writing in waiting*. Then things ask to be returned onto 'things' and let go of objects, dissipating indexicality once more as particulates assembling and reassembling between surfaces, affectingly; dissipating language into groundlessness. Then, in a concurrent movement evolving, distilling, along the writing of the thesis, with time

– distilling along every day gestures, following more of Bergson's words through Deleuze's *Desert Islands* than the clock: intuition can, 'when it has become conscious of itself as a method, seek duration in things, appeal to duration, invoke duration (...); 'The first characteristic of intuition is that in it and through it something is presented, is given in person (...)' (pp.22-23) – the image of *writing of this document* produced from a photographic background, becomes viewed, read, both from making within artistic practice, and making within grammar;

I hear my words repeating:

'From an encounter taking place through words and looking at/for words, both photography and writing gain and lose indexicality, along objects and things evidenced through elements from an intended view of photography forming substrata, evaporating and landing in a reaction to the environment. From such places, the *writing of this document* escapes beyond my personal context, multiplying into a the possibility of images from encountering places where letting go of things appear growingly closer to the ground and to concerns near to skin; in the *writing of this document*, 'while'- a simultaneity of durations, becomes the other coming clearly onto the page, and the realisation that including a personal pronoun can be to look for a place of encounter with others, exposing oneself vulnerable.' (Repetition from 'Writing in waiting', Section III, p.71)

This time, *writing of this document* is between word and image. Movement of a word I came to see reciprocally continued through image, both from the first indexicality surfacing photography, the first question of this re-search, then from writing asking to be followed towards surfaces, affecting places, places of affect. *Carrying on* (as a gerund³⁶), the image as the writing, the affection-points in it, changeable, yet vibrant, can be an *-ing form*. (my) Writing, is both a return, attempting a side view, to things and a detour; and (my practice) results from a continuous yet respective movement. The photograph, as a revisited place, is viewed as unfixed through elements of writing, and photography becomes the tension between letting go and desire for the other. Grammar is asked to act upon writing, as theory acts upon the practice – as a thin waving structure that expands

from making, as 'systematic language', a substratum 'encouraging the posing of questions' (Nyrces, 2006, p.17).

While the image reveals the place of skin as all vulnerable skin, writing attempts to act upon it; nourishing gestures form the vibrancy of the materiality of language, encounter lines of theory in the substratum, which is both language and before making sayable.

Lately, revisiting the place of the darkroom, '*writing of this document*' appears as in a photographic developing tank. Gradually augmenting definition and detail in the shades of grey between black and white, there appears the relevance of things that on the verge of being let go reveal the essential need to be kept near oneself. It is hard to grab it, the image – '*writing of this document*': letters, sound, lines, divert from my hands, my gestures of writing, and my hands become curious, longing, hopeful that words when coming to be read reveal others and myself mingled, no first or second, as waves both sequential and simultaneous.

As *sh-ore*³⁷ un-forming and re-forming a word from a first language becoming the surface onto which the sound of waves extend. A second language as a sighting 'of-view' sounding alike to the second person pronoun extending the first, detouring from letters into sound; from indexicality to the grains of desert sand in rain drops onto English soil. Evaporation³⁸ requires levels of warmth affecting surfaces. Words stay-and-leave – *quantum, quantus, how much – quanto, in Portuguese: of reading is listening, of listening is reading, of learning new words relates to familiar or foreign.*

Both, familiar and foreign, reverberate between my fingers writing-dreaming-of-composing (what they can do, being asked), and surfaces. I hear affinity in the composing sound the text is asking for. I realise, through the imaginary continuously deterritorializing and territorializing image of *writing of this document*, the sound is no longer the supremacy of the reading sound of words I say. I am listening to *myself* taking part in the world, taking notes of it too, making world through writing and dreaming of composing near the skin; asking what writing can do. Affinity, compassion is a hard place, in ambiguity. It forms a structure and then

keeps asking for flexibility, for silence and for ways of saying from evaporation, into evaporation. Concurrently formlessness and silence and detouring sound, it – gestures towards within making, my writing - intensely pushing to be made into words, return into a linguistic form, territorialize into grammatical mechanisms - even if through tiny points, temporary *puncta*, desired connections-‘and’-connections of desire. *And* becomes a two way mirror; self and other become a reciprocal reflection, waiting time. Words keep dissipating into others’ skin, a text comes to be but a near point, a *punctum proximum*.

Section VI

Silence

This section constitutes a space analogous to the projection and experimental character of a sketch book. It is formed by several re-visitations aside the text, and that however I see as forming part of it, as attempts to trace the movement of writing that has become at times independent from myself, as asking to be followed, but also somehow stubborn repetitions that constitute part of a constant negotiation with writing where attempting to go aside the literal, and consequently with grammar. Curiously – I found it pleasantly curious – it was in this interval in the text that I started to pick up a photographic camera again, however more instantaneously and careless than before. The few photographs that appear within the other sections have originated here, apart from those on note II, Section I.

This section is composed of untitled notes, from I to XXV, forming *inside home*; and 'North', 'South', and 'of a note' composing *outside*.

Silence (inside home):

Untitled Notes I to XXV

I

How does silence become writable

how does it eventually end up sounding

no question marks in silence, I choose

to *keep* the tone of asking as not expecting a direct answer

to write in the space made unstable by asking

wondering

as paper boats made to float (from previous pages to this one)

after seeing the waves taking place from disturbance of a quiet surface

to keep, in silence

to write, in silence

as to keep going

in waves as in writing

no longer keeping

about to let go – of silence into words; of words into silence.

I tell: that it is her suitcase again, open, and the objects within mingling with her words and her silence, while not all the objects are evident – the black suit is, although I am not sure it was black. I'd rather it was some other colour, not so aligned with the idea of clothes for dying. Fading away, the objects, the colour of the suit. I am sure there were shoes too. I am sure it did not matter if the shoes had felt uncomfortable before. Maybe there was even a sort of relief in that, in numbness. One day I returned home, and she was no longer there. How could I not want to count the space that appears void. The space of angels, and gestures towards. The space of extreme precision, of formulas, before articulation becomes audible, a possibility of sober words.

The space of angels, is the time of the conjugation of particulates
the duration of form and of formlessness.

It is not-rhizomatic, it is not-mycelial³⁹,
there is not a shape yet, it *is* not-yet.

I say: it *is*. The line *is* (also) in the space of angels.

I say, attempting to make making my view sayable,

Telling you

In the line I draw

Any line:

Of a letter,

Of a scratch onto the surface of a negative

Of a chalk trace onto my son's blackboard

Of gestures recognised as habitual

(In the air⁴⁰

I realise now,

As a sort of affinity with a visual work:

Like the painting, by Borremans,⁴¹

Picturing the back of a person's neck and shoulders

Something physically missing and being suggested

as the 'Photograph of the Winter Garden'

creating a space,

of angels

made-up, a sent

like paper boats)

In the air – serious words return to academe

In the air – words return to the linguistic

Making sayable the flux of things

Groundlessness is in duplicity

about silence, as language⁴²

silence

included within sentences, in the space of changing the line to a line underneath;
in moving forward into a new paragraph and keeping the non-visual before letters.

In front of letters

attributing groundlessness to language and other forms of presencing

Groundlessness affecting duplicity, counting it in,

Language continues (in) silence

I write

Not into a poem

But from the slowness of this writing,

Transparent also, as onto a transparent base

(As waiting through a viewfinder)

Taking place while and from things

(passing, remaining)

That are not the writing;

Colliding in the collage of a doll's boy face against a photograph of the sea

Sent to me too long ago through a friend,

Dear Ana,

How are you?

Lots of love,

M

Dissipating and reassembling

from everyday-things.

Here (I would rather write it – to you – than photograph it):

M's beautiful miniature catalogue from 2002, titled symbols of ourselves

The porcelain test-egg Prof Steve Dixon produced to show me the process

Dr Ravetz' comments siding my writing

Materiality bounces back, reflects, the context one attributes to things;

The object invites making.



(worktable)

maybe

each language

from the weight of materiality

brought closer to the ground

This is an academic text, of which I say: *as if slightly cut open, slightly cut at places, with the scissors that used to be used in sewing, the butter knife that used to be placed on the glass butter container.* While on the side of the letters, signs, tiny things, leftovers, dress needles and sewing machines, scratch over other miniscule openings resembling letters,

tiny live cigarette ashes landing onto the paper pages of books.

By letters forming words. It appears, to me, here, a process as the one of a photograph. And *I cannot help myself* - what a funny way to say one cannot separate the urge of making from the action.



My son asked me, the other day: *is it already sky where my head can reach?*

Opening up windows to let in some air

Is it a book?

The pages flickering is a sound forming - but not in my ear -, in my skin, in between the last rib and the stomach; whatever it is, the cover of unopened-unreachable books, I feel near my rib trespasses into the window glass and yet stays in my body, conflicts with my muscles in occupying a space within my body.

Is it, really?

Is it a book?

The scent – the stench of closed things - from the book in the high shelf, I say:
childishly

is transformed along the photographic chemicals in the trays; the precision of formulas and processes,

I speak: *where words are lines* and the sound immediately approximates and distances to forms - *resembling letters without any transcription of the line*.

Immediately approximates and distances. Almost. No need. To be as sound.

Just a simple thing...such a simple thing the one I felt I had to note in italic:

“where words are lines resembling letters without any transcription of the line “ -
why didn't I say it before...I didn't know...

I breath. Out.

The scent from inside the other books

while onions were frying (and the sewing scissors, the butter knife), I say:
childishly, literally takes form along words.

I remember the satisfaction of leaving the camera lens opened, with no film inside. I had placed it in the shelf of a cupboard and left the glass doors opened wide. Such a relief I felt.

Then, I moved towards writing.

The editor from an experimental arts magazine had seen some of my photographs and invited me to take part in an edition titled 'Urban'. I handed in two texts instead, literally looking for my photographic practice but also, for its place onto printed paper, not as plain text, nor as photographs, yet close to my experience of printing a photograph in the darkroom where the photograph would appear to me close to writing, not in its form, but its formlessness. The texts were from a fictional writer who would write instead of myself, I wanting to step aside, somehow. I named her Henrietta Pollock, and the invented book was referred to as presenting a compilation of Black and White photographs and descriptive texts relating to events that would have taken place in Lisbon. Pollock was a name that represented to me, at the time, things in formation, both for Griselda Pollock writing on painting and feminism,⁴³ and Jackson Pollock's paintings⁴⁴ that I had travelled North to view, and that I felt from the distortion of the human figure led towards the everyday in a strong figurative form, the brutality of the image leading towards vulnerable gestures and a humanity that was not derided as perfect nor representative of a scene, but rather a random happening, as if redirecting itself (the image in the painting) towards multiple possibilities of common gestures. Pollock acted to me as a ongoing note, rather than a name.

'From 'Still Images' in *The Lost Count and The Horse*, by Henrietta Pollock, 2007.

Excerpts from the preface chapter, the first referring to a sequence of three black and white photographs, the second to the detail accidentally caught in a large format black and white photograph, and the third to a written description (no photograph) of an object encountered in the street. All the photographs in the book are reminiscent to others' experiences told or overheard by the author. All three paragraphs are referent to October, 2007, in Lisbon.

1

'The underside of the bag had soil granules transferred from whatever the wind scattered around. Her trench coat looked slightly wet, though her feet were drenched from the splashes of everything passing by and the branches of the plant extending high above her by the entrance of the building where she waited and sheltered; she maintained her gaze upon the quiet details she could find in others, as fastened buttons and hands inside overcoat pockets, alienating from motion, looking to read assurance of shelter in others so to feed from their probability of safeness.

A man entered the building and bumped carelessly into her. A police horse passed by the entrance building while she distanced herself from the bus stop appearing indifferent to the proximity of the curb edges and the clogged road gutters. The trench coat was soaked and the water drained through her fingers, indented where the bag handles pushed the skin against the bone.'

(Sequence of 3 photographs. In 2 of them the image is reflected onto a mirror in a shop window).

2

'(...) She sat on the floor. One hand clinging to the drawer's handle, sustaining the weight of the head resting over the shoulder; the covered ear enhancing the breathing sound within. The other half emptied, grabbing and dropping

dressmaker's pins. Her skirt's hem partly undone. The fabric irremediably unwoven.'

(Detail incidentally recorded onto a section of a large scale photograph taken inside Isabel's dining room facing the subway entrance at the main square – the day before she was found).

3

'Just a few hours before I left for the airport, I chanced upon a huge lamp pole in the bank of the river, by the water. It had a sort of telephone receiver attached to it and a plate engraved with what I understood as the piece title written in Portuguese. The telephone device rang and a light was switched on far away, on the other margin. A young man passing by answered the telephone receiver and the two light sources met, drawing a kind of weightless continuous line of light above the water. As he explained, there was another pole and telephone device on the other river bank. When someone lifted the receiver simultaneously on both banks of the river, both lamps would switch on and meet halfway above the water, indicating the presence of another person at the other end of the phone line.'

photography and silence coincide,
just as writing and silence and photographs and silence
coincide before traces of others made sayable
onto books
onto daguerreotypes

I once bought a hat pin and a chemist silver measuring spoon in a second hand market, in England. I gave both objects away, and somehow it feels good that I do not remember to whom they were given. It pleases me to know some cherished objects are lost, like people lose track of the streets in foreign cities, and guess a way. Find marks of orientation – a window, a tree, a building, becoming as if mingled in the body, by chance, by context; then at times remembered out of place, out of order, out of the form.

The body positioned facing the Eiffel Tower

The body positioned facing the view, from within the Eiffel Tower

the lens opened

the duration of letters

no film

no paper

weightless surfaces finding ground in objects and signs

prone to dust and traces

I went downstairs, to the garage of the building, where I keep things that I still have not unpacked and found a place for in the apartment we recently moved into. For days I have been thinking of the 'backwards view' in writing and in the photograph I spoke about with Dr. Ravetz. I have also been thinking recurrently about another question Dr Ravetz asked me on a different occasion - 'what is it that you want to keep from photography in your writing?'

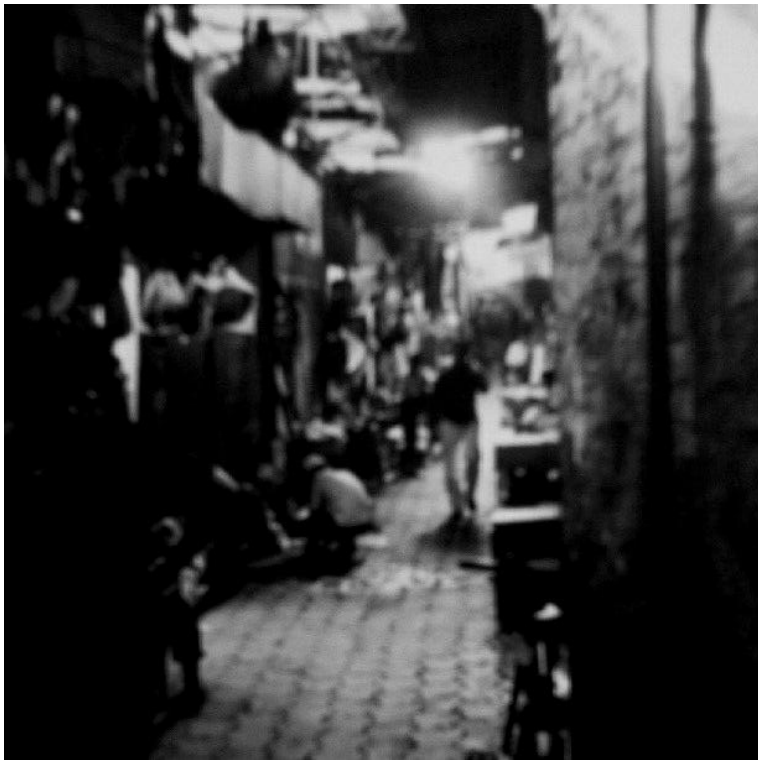
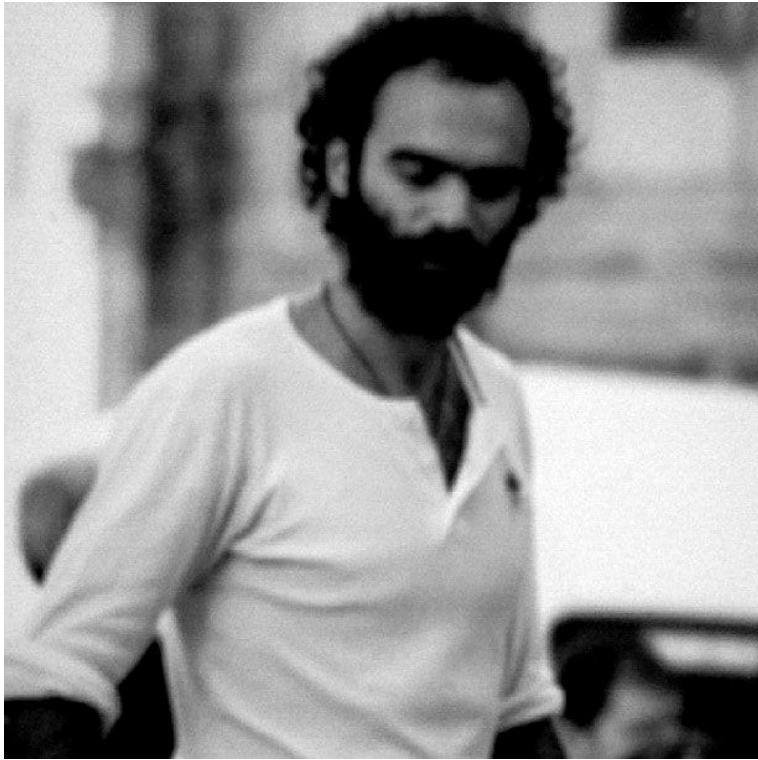
In one of the boxes there were several envelopes with photographs from a journey to Morocco that I recurrently evoke here in the text. I grabbed my mobile, at hand, and photographed the images using the camera on my mobile phone. The telephone has a large screen where the re-photographed images, taken from re-framing the paper photographs, appeared as if put through a magnifying glass.

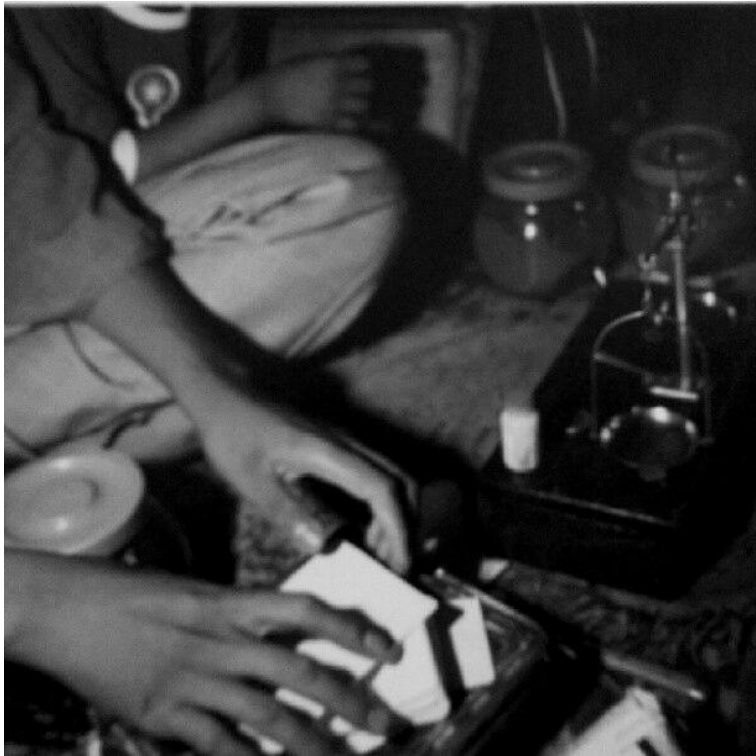
This was something unthinkable for me to do not long ago. I could never feel satisfied from obtaining simple out of focus images.

But these, I realise, are silent documents – narratives – much less obedient and accomplished to the visual than respondent to grammar. There is, in me, no ruling place for them yet. Groundless. Evocative and nowhere. Like traces of letters in formation through their assemblage into words.

It stopped being photography, I also realise, but the photograph instead forming the questions motivating this research, while valuing the surface of the literal prone to dust, and making peace with vulnerability.







“Does it feel problematic to you that the photographs suddenly appear in the text?, I asked.

No, Dr. Ravetz says, it seems as they wanted to be here. Have you forced them in?

No, not at all.

So, it is fine.”

It is not the approval of Dr Ravetz, it is a way of asking to be asked. I smile, to the evidence of not knowing how much proximity to reveal. Should there be a line between photography in writing? If I say of the photograph as unfixed, said through stepping aside it and entering writing (I am not sure if writing has not taken over), not parting, then where – on the paper – should photographs and writing coexist.

This question has been troubling me, and I return to it, returning to these pages. I felt like erasing the photographs, they are out of focus, they are not good photographs, they are but an impulse, obeying to improvisation and a strong impulse. I had gone to find the original photographs and re-photographed them closer to the text, to what had remained of capturing everyday things that were foreign to me but that I had such a strong desire to get close familiarity with. It was not the photographs – these irresolute photographs are non-existent away from words-in-process.



While I was there, in Morocco, I felt averse to zoom in close to the skin or to capture the face close to the lens, having the skin as a boundary to the consideration of the other as simultaneous, to one's own skin. In looking for a place within a place I was foreign, the camera could easily be, and actually was in the eyes of most people there, an intrusive tool. On one side, a priority, I thought, there was the opportunity of selling images to a newspaper that expected them; on the other, there became the place, seen flowing through the presence of people, walking, resting, speaking a foreign language; onto things, late at night in the apparently vacant streets – all the everyday things that in enumerating appear common, yet taking place at a distance requiring (as I heard) an exchange between languages; between the photograph and the linguistic, ungrounding both – *what could these be?* How can I make *here?* Between foreign and the desire for nearness, leaving untouched the unattainable. How does a place become to exist?

Through continuous negotiation, maybe? *Negotiation*: looking at the boy's face on the photograph, I recall that same space. It was quieter, not loudly heard in Essaouira, as in Marrakesh. Spices, silver jewels, warm tea, a bed at night, a cold shower, a photograph, all included a form of negotiation, pushing me back to a previous place, where I had come from.

Too much, for me, in Marrakesh, I was feeling I had had enough of it. However, that growing feeling of opposition was eased after I witnessed, through the gesture of someone else, my lack of search for interaction. It was no good to keep trying to get a photograph, for example, through accepting to pay to take it. It looked staged, anyway, every time I did. People stopped whatever they were doing to pose, either laughing, or pretending they were making something that usually looked attracting and typical to the tourists. So, the man selling water, traditionally dressed and carrying traditional objects immediately pretended he was about to pour water, the lady making henna tattoos, pretended she was painting something, the vendor in the square would smile standing by or holding one of his products. If I wouldn't pay and tried to take a photograph positioned away or behind the place I wanted to photograph, yet directing the lens towards it, the vendors alerted the person – vendor or client – and they immediately refused to be photographed, at times quite violently. Nuno's presence, and the way he looked – dark hair, beard, tall, tanned, speaking a bit of Arabic and looking at ease – helped it many situations.

Other times I took photographs furtively, and not only people became very annoyed when noticing the camera, it also felt wrong to me. When I was seriously fighting the inclination to give up on photographing people, except from afar, and turn to the objects and the numerous cats, I witnessed a photographer approach a storyteller and, without provoking any fuss, the man appeared receptive to whatever he was saying and to his camera lens.

Some time before I had been told off by the same storyteller, who had grabbed a piece of cardboard with a hole in the middle through which he could see if it was safe to carry on telling the story without being photographed. I showed him I was putting the lid over the lens, found a place nearby and remained seated,

unmoving, waiting for his approval to have me as a spectator to the story I had interrupted when attempting to take a photograph, visibly displeasing the children and an older man alike – a story told in Arabic that I could not understand, but however became richly alive from the storyteller's gestures and the listeners expectancy.

I had met the photographer days before, in an event in Essaouira. Being a foreigner, and the only woman photographer amongst the group of photojournalists, worked to my advantage. I made use of it, and asked to borrow the personal pass of a photographer, laughing at my old analogue medium format camera, and got a temporary pass to enter the area reserved for journalists, desperately looking for a way to photograph the concert part of the grand Gnaua Festival, bringing visiting people from all over the world, and covered by international press. All around the stage, too high for me to reach, the space was packed with photographers carrying digital cameras with lens I could only dream about. However, one of them, also looking laughingly at my medium format camera, made space for me. I tried to fit in, in all ways possible, while Nuno would throw me the films I would ask for shouting, as each would allow no more than 10 photographs.

There he was again, this time in Marrakesh, able to speak the language of the storyteller, without exchanging many verbal words. I stood at the distance, and observed. He had waited for the end of the story, then approached the man with an A5 photographic album. The storyteller flicked through the photographs, and his face became less severe. He then returned the album to the photographer, they both shook hands and then the photographer slightly vowed with his hands in the position of praying. When the man started to tell another story, the children started to appear, gathering near the man, and then adults joined too. The photographer approached the group, took some photographs without causing any interruptions to the story.

Communication took place less verbally in Essaouira. Words pass through the physicality of places, as if physicality is a sieve, a surface, supporting a passage. Doors. As. If. Do I look for them in writing? Are places as doors?

Is the unattainable in language the groundlessness?: 'language constantly being made with others.'

Skin?

I smile, again – at the recurrent return of Barthes *punctum*. The first *punctum* Barthes proposes in *Camera Lucida*, about the form, serves, in my view, to say of the second one, about intensity, as re-formulated. The second one pierces the object, the semiotic expectancy of the photograph, and makes the object appear leaking and both inside and outside the medium of photography; the object escaping resolution and representation.

I want to open my mouth and say words that are not the first I learned;

Breathe in. Have, words gently, I hear

as the impressions from a new fruit becoming one of one's favourite fruits;

the scent of words,

mixed, as in a bowl,

passing from one land to another.

The scent like-dreaming of the land, from the incomprehensible meaning

Having words gently, as a first fruit

At first

just the sound

words make

in the tongue

in the mouth

gentle 'clicks' alongside words from the formation of words in the mouth cavity

gentle shush like sounds

raindrop sounds in the lips touching and opening

Breathing out, after a new fruit

guessing the sound

words make

in the mouth



Grandma and Mother, Christmas photo card

The dragonfly lands close to us.

For the first time, I notice the breathing movement of a dragonfly.

The *materiality of language*, a term I heard for the first time some days ago by Dr Ravetz, and that I understand comes from *listening* to language as possibilities of taking place extending towards and from things, towards and from people, sounds to my ears as a quietening term near *the* books and what forms my imaginary from my mother's books, my grandmother's illiteracy and her nurturing gestures, Barthes' *punctum* transcribing effects evoked in mediums beyond the photograph.

It is, however, and maybe because of that I keep retained the image produced by Carol Mavor of Barthes' *punctum* as 'a tiny detail that seems to have grown out of Proust's crumb of madeleine cake' (Mavor, 2007, p.19). It is the idea of love relating to childhood, as Mavor points out, that arrives to me too, along Barthes. Though it is not fair to arrest his words in the need to create a place for them to fall fairly, I once more realise that his search for the photograph of his mother after her death, on a November day, as described halfway through *Camera Lucida*, that becomes part of my imaginary of looking at the photographic album sitting at the dining table alongside my grandmother, is also as a simultaneous way of *recueillir*, *acolher*, *shelter*, the image that condenses and extends along the absence that photography indeed is able to portray; language that in creating barriers produces exclusion – Barthes between European and English and American thought, my grandmother's illiteracy, my mother's effort to complete high school as a mature student, my father's intellectuality – all the second languages to part from a first, inflicting silence and inwardness onto mother tongue. Creating expectations within the literal that are of circulating nature, forming divisory skin while hope remains onto the realm of skin.

And so Barthes's noeme of photography becomes under suspicion once more – I, also, as Lomax, suspect of it as I do of a *dead* end: 'that it has been' takes us nowhere but into inwardness of language. It *is* reductive and simultaneously it *isn't*. It sustains the weight of representation, while along the *punctum* it bears a western collective recognition of absence detouring from love into the photograph, and taking that quality of the photograph as a materiality that transcribes itself – through the other - into other mediums.

How this frightens me in approaching Barthes, not to attain distance:

Maybe in all that condenses in Barthes's words from the middle pages of *Camera Lucida*, I found a way for Vicência to be able to lose the photographs of her children, her past, for my mother to lose hers, for us to lose the photographic album and – as you'll read further on – her wedding dress. For her absence to fall onto several words in formation, mingling with theory, with words that envisage making for others, although they denote an inclination from self – as her gestures, as my mothers' gestures; I see now: onto the materiality of language gestures and sound of women echoing more noticeably in *silence, as it was, as it is between us, along words spoken loudly between us, silence detours falling onto our making as hopeful nourishment, a probable acerbated way to care, of mothering.*

Indeed, I hear her voices in silence; I feel compelled to reunite works from writers: Tillie Olsen, H  l  ne Cixous, Constance Coiner, and Trinh-T-Minh-Ha, all women. It troubles me that I do not know what words are these that I want to say, and *refrain* (meaning both *catchphrase* and *cease to*) – while I did not envisage to speak of a making in a voice denouncing the feminine, I recurrently hear appearing, literally:

The singing of the women washing the clothes in the river when I was a child; the hopeful tone of my mother’s colleagues in the first years after the revolution, my mother’s surrendering to the threat that made her stay at home unemployed and submissive so to guarantee me and my grandmother a roof over our heads and good food on the table; again, her voice carrying me and the carnation⁴⁵ next to her chest on the 1st of May demonstrations shouting words of hope, single toned with the crowd; her words onto paper maintained enclosed in her notebook; sometimes a note she would leave for me on the table; the family standing by my father’s requests, opposing her will to make through on her own; criticizing her blue jeans, her tired body that had been ever so well taken care of before, so well adorned, through her own means.

Dior shoes as left-overs; Chanel coats pressed against my father’s work uniforms in the closet, eye shadows dusting the inside of drawers with the turquoise colour she wore in the warm tone discoloured photograph matching a silver and blue *lam  * dress. Photographs left to age; counting at first, then becoming what they evoke in conjugation with hope. As the photographic album becoming less populated, then even less populated, to eventually become lost. ‘I threw it away’, she replied in an angry tone, ‘don’t tell me you wanted it, for God’s sake!’ (I got so angry, but then I listened: *don’t tell me you wanted it* – some things need to be lost. It was hard to lose grandmother. It would have been different if she had gone to a private hospital, if she had received the first immediate care from another doctor than the one who visited her in the apartment). Of course the album had to go, and so did the suitcase, her clothes, all the physicality had to find another place, in another house maybe. In a near future, maybe. I see. I laugh realising that, between us, we managed to lose her wedding dress as well. She passed it on to me, after keeping it for decades. I took it with me to England, used it to

produce photographs, an installation, then I took it back to Lisbon, and when moving apartment gave it back to her, but she refused. Said she wanted to throw it away and left it with me, didn't touch the bag. It ended up lost, except for my parents wedding photograph, where it appears immaculate, not so stained with soil as it arrived in my hands. It was never cleaned after the ceremony, it was kept with the intention of someday becoming lost. It counts as day one, as the day it all changed. As the day the voice refrained, falling into the same sort of silence she had fought against, without ever accepting enduring herself.

I smile, from persisting with vulnerability that is not only my own
find a place that is no longer called mine

my minute body, lying in bed at night, turned upwards towards the immense sky,
my skin ageing alone with my other organs,
in relation to the immense sky
in hope [;] in porous skin

sensing

Words; I see

tripping in affect

Any said word is others' words;

My child is all other children

Our morning is a moment of others

Time tenders choreographies of refrains

My morning is a moment of others

Of combined gestures in time

Pausing a piece of bread to another's lips

Combing the child's hair

Leaving traces to be learned of letters

The words from chants

About to be carried into her sleep

Common places

Our morning is a moment of others

Of light arriving while fading

Quieten others fading while arriving

Whispering

Piercing worldly skin

She says *I love you*, the child who is all other children

her words

making ways for objects,

her hands, all the other hands

Displacing geographical marks, geometrical forms

Clothed, my child who is all other children

Her little arms, all the other arms
Her gestures onto lost surfaces
Her traces cherished onto surfaces to be lost:

the small drinking glass
a bowl with found stones
a photograph taken in our old house

I see; into words;
As a second photograph taken from a first
In the second photograph

I see; in the evidence of lines reacting to light
The precision of the light and the light sensitive matter
Given away by morning
Along a choreography of times
Revealing the lighter surface of her cheek
Closer to me
In being brought forward to others

The child and her cheek
Brought before others closer to me, in truth,
From my making

Enfolded, in a making
Clothed,
My child who is all other children

Her little arms in time for morning
In time for others' closing day hours

looking to know;
 sensing
 photography and writing meeting places.
 Chance meetings,
 to say of...

*(forms, light beams from grains, giggles, first words.
 Dread, hope, the scents from the kitchen
 Looking beyond the sea
 Persistently, looking towards)*

...replicating slow building waves
 As little crumbs left on the tea towel...

*(from gestures of nurturing
 maintaining hope as a layer right above the whole of the skin
 formed from the scents of the kitchen
 gestures and scents and my mother's books
 dividing the kitchen and the dinner table
 impregnated reciprocally)*

...slowing time
 Time, as potentiality from gestures
 In between photography and writing
 Numbers inviting words to take place
 A potential moment⁴⁶

(Seeking ways to say *of*, I read, in between:

'Only Intuition (...) [can], when it has become conscious as a method, seek duration in things, appeal to duration, invoke duration, precisely because it owes duration all there it is.'⁴⁷

Photography and writing meeting places

Traces in the photographs, fingerprints onto glass,

Arriving into words, departing from traces of others;

*I am coming (back) to writing
impregnated with silver grains reactant to light
with traces onto surfaces prone to dust*

Carried from the photograph,
As the little glass, the fingerprints onto the cake stand:
The glass of the viewfinder where images rest onto
The transparency of surfaces
Where traces are bound to be left, and found

A hand meeting the page where Ingold's line is read⁴⁸
A space of waves forming, the child's hand as any other hand
For replicating the building of waves, through words

*paper boats in photographic developing trays
paper letters and grains of silver
reciprocally exchanging physicality with words*

Day-dreaming in a second language,
Within the formlessness in waiting of a first tongue:
Salt grains between tongues
Words resting on the temporality of matter
gestures bearing possibilities from silence, and sound

The grass almost still
Waving underneath the shallow water, in the Lake District
Waving underneath the shallow water, in the North of Portugal
Both, ensemble,
Conjoining in two languages in saying
Including in the motion of saying a pace foreign to outside water

Foreign languages conjoining in saying
Looking to make sayable like breathing out.

I don't not want to mislead by the format of the text
It is not a poem that I write
My attempt it not performative;
Poems taken home from libraries
Copied from books in bookstores
as if sustaining Pandora's Box in a peak of charcoal;
A peak of ink.

The ones organized in rooms separately from other books
The poem and the case of poets;
in a peak of ink. And a pool of ink.

Somewhere between the trachea and translucent skin:
As a pea in the throat
Gasping for air from a crumble stuck in childhood
Breathing out, misting the spoon
Conveying the stench of metal and spit over the milk bowl
as grey as the weather.
As photography. As grey as the weather.

Poetry has never been mine as a form inside the books
The poem, I ever made, is the photograph

Photography is the stench of the house
The smell of kept objects in the suitcase
Prose writing is the aromas from the kitchen
Able to make her objects for staying behind
Sayable along gestures of nurturing
They merge, as senses.

Writing creates an antagonist pushing: the self literally present (and) the self loosing dimension in view of simultaneity. Simultaneity, I realise, returns to my imaginary (once more) as the word *sh-ore*; both words – simultaneity and shore – partly becoming about tasting the hierarchical order of languages.

Selcouth, a word for a word, as an offer, an involuntary retribution.

Selcouth, for the word *with*.

Silence (outside)
North (Titi's home)

Making invites asking about materials gaining context

Providing ground for composing within the landscape

People passing by in front of the tram

The windows of the houses opened

Foreign spaces continue the view of the city, a place in making; Barthes' photograph continues the one that can be seen on the wall, inside the house by the tram line.

Theories refusing 'the object' fail the ancient furniture of the dining room, the embroidered cloth between the wood and the porcelain plate resting on top, leave an unused vacant space between the window and the passing tram. Create a surface similar to the one of the object it refuses; Turn the drawers in the bedroom chest, becoming visible while the tram slows down from a car parked too near the line, redundant. The gestures of keeping also, and somehow it affects the hands that would have opened and close it as part of a second language, a second materiality.

How would I find ways to say to Titi, now gone, that the photographs she showed me of her husband, of her youth, preciously kept in a cookie tin box with an idyllic scenery on the lid, that the afternoon she prepared for us when showing the photographs - the parsnips fried in butter, the barley coffee and the tea with a hint of milk, the freshly ironed tea towel, the tea cups meant for visitors, the displacement of knives, plates and spoons, some old and used and turned precious from the disposition all the objects she arranged formed – were arrested into what Barthes 'designed that it has been' and others named the 'weight of representation'. How to tell her that there is language created for her photographs that second her photographs – primarily hers by right – to a language that is read as first; not taking care of her gestures, rather in response to gestures in the academe, taking place apart from her modest table made grand, receiving the

*photographs and suspending her story in her gestures taking place all afternoon,
for us, for meeting us, for inviting us in.*

South

I came south. I needed a change from the day routine, from the place where I spend most of the time writing or reading. I have a lot of trouble with routine, and I have not yet found ways to solve the confusion it brings to me – the routine, I mean. So, in order to change the environment and have some time off from writing I came south with my son.

I want time to be with him, not to tell him that I am not available for playing, and keep postponing most things we could do together. However, the first days of our holiday I become unwell, and precious, precious time is wasted. I keep telling him 'not now' after all, and he tells me back 'do you know, I am on holiday. Is this your holiday time already, mummy?' 'I am on holiday now', I answer him eventually, 'as I had promised.'

Continuously, however, and more so after having wasted our holiday, I feel guilty that the volume of writing I have produced so far is not proportional to the time I spend working, and so I am back on the computer. This is what worries me the most – that one day soon I will be productive enough so to dedicate myself to my son. To be able to truly include my language in my making, as my 'forms' of attempting ways to say are inseparable from the succession of trial and fail, trial and success, attempts to make a 'good' language to be left behind. Passed on, perhaps in ways reminiscent of the 'aura' from my grandmother's suitcase – as the language of the mother proposing an extension towards things, leaking reciprocally, not first, nor foreign, both becoming in possibility, continuous anew. However keeping the objects, the toys, the little gifts, transforming found objects, broken things, stones, flowers that have lost their petals, in what happens between things similar to words underlined in books. I want to say about silence and nearness as prolific, from taking part, and in turn, sound and distance are not excluded, not opposed, not even respective.

Within the volume of writing produced here, in this document, uncounted as words, uncounted as the space for literal reading within the page, there is an extensive duration of silence. I should say it differently, that the silence not consciously presented to be read is the silence 'that has been' while writing, interweaved while

writing and reciprocally fomenting and being fomented by words taking place from and because of the research.

'Inclination's is sound-image-word that gets close to the physicality of the shore. In the light onto the sand, the waving of the sea, the stone walls of a village forming the last piece of land before water and where water already commences - the image of the pianist returns to me once more, reclined over the piano. The word 'near' inclines me to think about skin and surface. I am aware of what skin at times does to the text: Bumping into skin directs the question of emotion inwards, compromising a flux, a possibility, to become something-in-the-air inviting conversation. I am aware.

Whilst I keep listening to Deleuze's notions of multiplicity, and immanence that I saw opening up possibilities of viewing the photograph as unfixed, writing assumed itself into my life arriving as a personal practice in proportion to a growing inclination towards skin, to the point where letting go of photography to step aside allowed me a form of making through writing in nearness of the photograph. A lot of things then came to reveal the place of making, writing taking place not that differently to what happens in the viewfinder and then in the darkroom, while the photograph was taken outside – the darkroom where I made the photographs, and the place where mine - to me – had any sort of relevance or life: in the academic institution.

Letting go of the photograph was letting go of the photograph in relation to my exclusive making, finding surface and materiality through writing, from responding to the inclination towards nearness. In this place, where thinking happens both from exposing a desire for others, but also from having the risk of affect present, taking over the critical distance needed, I keep wondering what is a good distance between surfaces, between skin. What can I say of affect happening near the skin? As simultaneous both with intensity and skin as exposing us – people – as a collective making an uneven collective accordingly to vulnerability. So how can I speak without bumping into skin? How can I stay near the ground and not bump into others, say of language as simultaneous to everyday contexts? Funnily enough, it is the image of the atom that comes to me now, as its division may allow it to exist in two places simultaneously.⁴⁹

And, following on from this, my mothering tasks bumping reciprocally into my writing time; the Lisbon tram passing through the old house with the photograph in the living room that provokingly detoured first my saying about making towards the lost album of my grandmother and looking at the photograph by her side; Titi's beautiful tin box of cookies re-used to keep photographs forming a place where she kept her memories, a reliquary; in the North of Portugal, Cristina being dressed in her Sunday clothes to have her picture taken; Barthes poignant punctum so close to the photographs kept in the transparent compartments of wallets becoming not so unfamiliar, the photograph frames all over my living-room. Images come to me – I repeat 'me', stressing the attempt to say 'me' outwardly.

The decision to include a second part composing the chapter of Silence in two movements, inside home, and outside, derived from an awareness and concern about facts happening alongside the writing that somehow needed a readable place within the whole text and to be considered within and along the making. Some situations I write about here are taken from the everyday, at times evidenced or evidencing the impression left by my reading of theoretical notions. I understand them as materials, provoking and motivating. Theory is approached not through an in-depth search, but through surfacing notions forming starting points for western contemporary concerns, motivating a personal improvisatory response from me, to which I respond by using writing as a material scenting, sounding, form and formless, familiar and foreign, as it reads as sounds to me.

The duplicity created by the egocentric force of the personal and a need to make and place making within a collective comprehend three concerns constantly present along the writing. First, I do not know how to calculate the amount of distance expected from words according to circumstances. However wondering about the ethical space between myself and the reader has become a frequent concern, not only how to find ways to get near to others, but also in searching for ways of writing by attempting a balance between including myself in the text while not making it too secluded from the reader, or too inwards to include distance – especially from myself, as both personal memories and everyday experiences side and interstice with words from others.

While I feel, quite strongly, that such balance cannot be predetermined, but instead read as instable and continuously changing from reciprocity, on the other hand, distance is required for critical thinking, and so it forms in itself a predetermination to which beforehand one knows is determinant in both 'negotiating a place in the world', and 'making relationships'.⁵⁰ The ground, thought in terms of the literal (while also offering a reading of the literal including formlessness) then simultaneously *isn't* and *could be*, creating a momentum of movement forward continuously taking the rug from determination's feet, becoming concurrently groundless and a search for ground, skinless and **a search for skin.**

Second, when I distance from one thing, leaving room 'between', in this case, so not to inundate the other with information that relates mainly to my private life I find myself getting closer to another – people and circumstances taking place. It is not as in an overcrowded room, but rather as it happens with travelling, going from one place to the next, whether inches or miles, minutes, years or a desire. Even if one's intention is for seclusion, the body doesn't take place in exclusivity in relation to the bodies of others, rather it becomes a sort of underlining – I am taking recourse in a grammatical image here – of the possibilities arriving from knowing of others, and reciprocally becoming a possibility for other to know? Between bodies of all sorts, between particulates, words, cells, some-thing *is* simultaneously with-and-without an-other. Conjugation is grammatical: that in itself, creates, in my imaginary an approximation between different circumstances or places, where **some things are left at bay.**

Third, wondering about the 'private' keeps piling up circumstances, objects, words that I see referring to *affect* coming from the research as a process of making. At the core of this writing, the word affect has been feeding it (the study) from the silence that surrounds it (the word) – and that simultaneously bridges it in nearness and distances it. From the present research I see signs constantly regrouping provokingly to form the word that I have stressed through the use of italic - affect. However, I do not know yet how to say or write it without sinking words with the burden of emotion. All the signs reflecting onto the paper from the pile of circumstances, objects and words onto the screen where a blank sheet of paper appears suggested, are as poignant corners of photographic paper prickling my tongue while I write, or as an underneath page indented with words revealing

writing from the intention of a note left. In Portuguese, the term developing relating to photography is *revelar* (to reveal, revealing). And so, both as metaphor and literal meaning, a first language losing supremacy – of language and signs – takes the indented paper closer to the corners of the photograph and continuously calls my attention. ‘*Not now*’, I (I seem to) keep repeating to affect, while it is at the core of my moving and moved body; ***Not now***.



I want to tell you about a place. I just want to leave it here, for you, as a note left for someone. Please don't expect a direct link to the text; also do not expect that I have hidden one. It is but a note, and the place where I here leave it – in silence – (let us say) is not as organized accordingly to what is expected from a formal document. I suggest, let us have that in consideration that assertion, of not expecting so much of a note left.

At first, however, my intention was to write three notes – *a search for skin*, *some things are left at bay*, and *not now*. I kept trying, but ended up going back to editing and writing and deleting the text already written, finding linear links for the second and third note to happen. The urge to write the notes, in turn, kept me scrolling

down the screen, into the place in the south, and the blank pages on the screen underneath were too loud for Silence, forcing a process into a saying made because it had to be made. While the pleasure, the wondering, the pause within this section relied in the heat's quality to evaporate things. While some may have landed simultaneous others mingle with the process of evaporation of what is exposed, becoming part of an uncertain cycle of which one can only revisit posing possibilities. The sound I hear in silence's duration, continuing the place and the note being written along the movement of the tide, and the intensity from improvisation.

It is a small village in the south, with four, maybe five streets. Houses painted white, cobbled stone roads. Around it, inland, along dark green leafed trees, there is an extension of burnt yellow grass forming the main colour of the view and where a few horses sometimes stand still in the heat. Towards the sea, out land, the village stands relatively high above the water. The land descends to the coastline, where there are some trees on the last bit of land before the water, some of which are fruit trees with wood boxes and sacs placed near the trunk. To the side of the trees, there are cacti with 'cactus figs' (as it is called in Portuguese) left on the plant which have become unsuitable for eating. Then, as layers intermingling, there is Ria Formosa, towards which the arenous soil gets increasingly muddy.

The tide is low, numerous 'arms' of water ramify from deeper areas, forming banks where vegetation grows close to the ground appealing to birds and crabs; vacant small boats, mostly from fisherman, are anchored on the wet land in a disarrangement giving indication of floating when the tide is high. Continuing the view further, by a long pool of deeper water, an island extends out of sight for several kilometres towards the right hand side of the coast, with vegetation on the margin that meets the Ria, and clear yellow-silver sand on the side forming the sea shore. The island terminates in – rather becomes – several curves formed by both sand and mud soil, sea and river water, towards the left hand side in relation to the village behind us. There are several shores in the low tide.

In another paragraph I return to speak of the sound I listen to: the sound they make, to me – in silence – is like a composition of several tones of the word *shore*. In the high tide, only the island and the coast by the village become visible in the water, and fisherman transport passengers from the village to the island, then forming a more distinct curve. All the time spent in writing the village view, I was wondering how to make words allow the view not to be mine, but as an uncertain and inconstant island forming between me and the reader, yet in sound, close to language, even in silence.

England also comes to me along the multi-toned word, from the desire to enter the house we find right down the path, facing the water. And along that also, the image of the pianist, again, and again near the word 'shore', to whom I listen, in passion, without having to make sayable through words, language taking place so near the skin, from so deep within his body curving when playing; a language I cannot read, a language I cannot say literally but from the extent it affects my skin. Again and again, extending ways of saying, in silence, before saying also. Evaporation displaces what affects skin also, brings sand from desert places onto skin inhabiting cold places.

'Shall we go back to England soon, to a house on the coast?', I ask my son.

He answers 'why?'

I had, I have, no words to form a reply to offer him, as I have no words to separate the other notes I envisaged from this one; just a photograph taken (to) aside the view, the urge to write from a place extending the linguistic onto formlessness and a search for skin knowing that the boundaries of touch are foreign to mine.

Section VII

Punctum proximum

A short starting note

I wish more for the first movements of a musical theme than for a conclusion: close to the end pages, I return to Barthes' *punctum* as a refrain. I wish I could detour (once more returning to Barthes) what I have read and listened through composing a moving sound. However, if I was able to compose using sounds meant to be listened to rather than read, then I would be able to conclude what I spent these three years looking for using theory and everyday gestures as a frame – for sound and silence.

I have not got near, and I suspect it will take much longer than three years to get near to language as a composing sound, writing doing more than to be read; I suspect it will take more than Portuguese and English touching mother language. I find Bakhtin's dialogic imagination (1981) is probably the best vision of words' own vibrancy, inviting to be followed as lines taking into account, passing through, touching, everyday affects. As the lines Ingold proposes as waving.

When I started this search, I felt the need to let go of photography. Barthes' *punctum* had already done that, as it appeared to me, although, as an involuntary act, I kept pulling it back into photography. At the same time, all that occurred to me to say about it for quite a while was that the *punctum* appeared to me displaced from photography and writing at the same time, from everyday gestures.

I revisited *Camera Lucida* ([1980] 2000) several times, along the research. I had to come to terms with the fact that to me, the book came alive in the end half, while before describing finding the Photograph of The Winter Garden photography appears analytically read from semiotics, a subject for which I have no sympathy. This caused me to think that I was being unethical having directly referenced Barthes in my research question.

Furthermore, I refused to embark on a writing made standing in opposition, and Barthes' views seem to be often read within representation, a theme I had no wish to revisit, rather move beyond it; However, concurrently, I started posing the possibility of viewing the photograph as unfixed through relational notions where Deleuze's notion of multiplicity was a key element. As read in *A Thousand Plateaus*, 'Unlike the graphic arts, drawing or photography, unlike tracings, the rhizome pertains to a map that must be produced, constructed, a map that is always detachable, connectable, reversible, modifiable and has multiple entryways and exits and its own lines of flight. It is tracings that must be put on the map, not the opposite. In contrast to centered (...) systems with hierarchical modes of communication and preestablished paths, the rhizome is an acentered, non hierarchical, non-signifying system without a General and without an organization memory or central automaton, defined solely by a circulation of states. (...) a plateau is always in the middle, not at the beginning or end. A rhizome is made of plateaus. Gregory Bateson uses the word "plateau" to designate something very special: a continuous, self-vibrant region of intensities whose development avoids any orientation toward a culmination point or external end' (Deleuze's and Guattari, ([1980] 2004, p.23).

However, while my apprehensions directed me to find a way with designations and forging a connection between the *punctum* and photography, as photography appeared increasingly inviting to be read mingling indexicality with writing, the *punctum* came into view growingly outside the concerns of the text towards it as being a sign within photography, and nearer to everyday involuntary gestures and responses. I also realised that every time I got near objects and affect, the *punctum* came into view – not as a sign, but the translation into a word of negotiating with matter, and therefore with first language directing an actual movement of the word towards its linguistic origin, which in turn, relates closely to *point* and *poignancy*, more than, in my view, to being wounded (see pp.54-55 of present document), as it appears to become a consequence, a secondary possibility.

In turn, classifying wounding as a secondary possibility demands a non-hierarchical order of importance. 'Wounding' has given rise, I suspect, to the

weight of the *punctum* as it relates directly to absence. It appears to fail continuity from such weight, as its heaviness centres the movement onto the subject; a first subject, a first language, a mother tongue.

The weight of the *punctum* is therefore the same as the weight of photography within representation. However, following what Yve Lomax was able to accomplish in viewing photography inscribed and capable of a rhizomatic movement, as a possible element of an assemblage, and itself as a body of heterogeneous elements, the *punctum* seems to have not crossed beyond representation from the weight it continuously transports and conveys.

The fact that it has been read outside photography, indicates the subject directs towards a social collective, and loses the identity of a first person. I fail to see how absence and vulnerability must incapacitate lines of flight. I fail to see how lines of flight can take place that far apart from skin.

‘Haunted spaces are the only ones people can live in.’

(Michel de Certeau, 1984. *The Practice of Everyday Life*, ch.7).

‘The grain of sand, the tiny *punctum*, is carried to another chapter.’

(‘Evaporation’, the present document, p.82)

‘(...) Words keep dissipating into others’ skin, a text comes to be but a near point,
a *punctum proximum*.’

(‘Affecting matter: the writing of this document’, the present document, p.110)

It is with awareness of deceivingly sounding as parting from authors that I have cited throughout the writing of this document, namely Deleuze and Lomax, that I read Certeau’s quote, and it is with a similar feeling of un-linearity that I have thought and postponed, for that same reason, this section titled after Barthes’ *punctum*, approached here as a point of proximity, rather than a definition.

I have re written it countless times, however realised in writing it for what must be the final time that this chapter exists opened, not with closure. Not only that, un-linearity has persisted throughout the writing of this document; the document and the writing, in response, in waiting,⁵¹ in the same way that the making of a photograph takes place in the darkroom; in the same way – it happens in writing as in any other practice. Although the darkroom and the studio are to me a secluded space, a silent place, in the dim light the space comes to be populated by the landscape seen, by the hands and mouths of others, by ‘having been’ and fiction, inseparable from outside the room, occupying the deceivingly dark space growingly luminous through permanence. The mingling, growingly visible, yet not distinguishable where elements merge, come together.

This has been probably the most difficult aspect of my study to make sayable – that the *punctum* is here dispersed all over, little dots, halts, improvised boxes,

Space forged between

Words

where 'stories in miniature, a subplot'⁵² form.

It is not the matter of building a sentence about it, although building a sentence is not supposed to be an easy task, I find. I find some sentences take time, that I will remain writing them unfinished, and that a sentence amongst sentences comes after living, as in witnessing letters take place without being written solely by one's own hand. Like staying in the middle of the street, to live there for some time, making oneself part of passing bodies, of passing cars, aeroplanes, of branches and wind, of the shape of leaves lighter and heavier, of the shadow of bodies, of trees, of buildings, of footsteps in offices imagined and unheard, of glass doors opening and closing, of birds, of dogs, of cats jumping agile; of images and sounds that are not the ones of the street, that are come upon as kept things in a drawer, opening it to the sound of a pace of others, of notions in books, of dreaming to be inside, work from inside, the building that actually exists in the street where I say I would be standing; I have been standing, sitting in the stairs leading to the main entrance. Just a building, an institution for the arts and science (I smile at one-plural-and-one-singular and recall jumping on the stairs as a child, the cool stairs inside leading to the library and the cafe facing the garden; and Vicente jumping steps too, running towards the cafeteria in the other building, then running outside to see the ducks), forming crossroads at four points, traffic jams, left and right ways. Life continues after passing through here, *while*. Life takes place *along*, *while*.

The enmeshment of sounds, the pleasure of the trees in the wind conducts my thought towards Ingold. Towards hints of his notions that come to extend towards the cars awaiting in the traffic lights; then to Serres and the changing colour of the sky, becoming rose and orange, above the movement and stillness in what comes to be a landscape, not pre-drawn, extending beyond land, into the river, boat and

river and bodies assembling improvising with, along, land and water, and words in Deleuze. Words of boats, where the bus will take passengers to, some of which look outside through the bus windows, words of the south margin, coming from the northern margin of the river, the landscape of cranes in the south margin that used to employ family members of many that travel in boats everyday, between land; the square in the north margin that forms a river entrance to Lisbon, the water underground sustaining the wooden pillars of buildings, the water that has been removed and the dissection of wood into dust. A dialog, as in Bakhtin.

I am still, quiet, in the corner of the building. *Along, while*, both aligned and unaligned. Both a star-like multiplicity (Lomax, 2000, 138-41), a mycelial shape, unpre-drawn rhizomatic lines. To me, for now, the possibility of all these images as if words coming to the surface of the waves of movements and the pools of stillness formed near the building stairs, invented also. Both plural and singular, recalling the pleasure of the two definitions said one after the other, as a child. Plural-and-singular. *Plural-e-singular. Singular-plural.*⁵³

Still, quiet, I imagine the inside of boxes in the museum behind me, remember pieces exposed in the glass cabinets, wonder what may be kept in archives, beyond date and title, extending in the attentiveness involved in dating and naming – how pleasurable, it sounds, the attentiveness, the careful lifting, wearing gloves to handle objects, acid free paper for photographs. I wonder what may be kept in pockets and wallets and frames and drawers of passersby inside the bus advancing slowly at the traffic lights.

There is, in waiting, in waiting for words, in attentiveness to words, a strong presence of the other. The presence of the other un-rules linearity, it also takes literacy down from its pedestal, brings it near the ground. By the building, the nearness of words does not form a literal line, a literal sentence. Rather words, notions, disperse and rearrange in things taking place, and evoke other landscapes, other movements, some of which are personal, or even imaginable. However, even amongst the unimaginable, there is a sense of familiarity to hanging on to others, vulnerable states bring about a sense of collectiveness, of common place. The overused pavement, the ancient furniture near the bin, a scar near the pelvis. A little wound, at times nourished as a way of feeding the desire for presence. Or maybe the recollection of memories, over and over again, at

memory's free will and invention, so to keep one in relation to another, an-Other, forming – through any media – what maybe one can refer to as 'the photograph of a loved one'.

As words taking time to form a sentence, that memory, that fabricated image, appears to me unstable, scattered in the mingling of the senses. In theory book pages, as in literature, forming the ground for my writing. A sort of profanation of theory, I worry, passing through it as standing near this building, as standing beneath rain, getting drenched, touched, changed, before being able to say. But, oh...it takes a while. Too long. What if I die, before I am able to say, I ask myself.

In my purse, in the inside pocket, there is a memorial card with a printed black and white photograph. It is reproduced from the identity card, part of the indentation of the stamp can be seen in the left hand margin. Between left margin and right margin, my uncle's portrait. One date, a hyphen, and another date. Plural-and-singular. One image is many images, a plurality, him entering my mother's shop, sitting in his couch at home, sitting in his couch with the cat on his lap, and the half blind, half deaf, crooked legged dog in the sofa near him. The sound of his voice is in his portrait, he calls out, loud, my cousins' names. His portrait is also a close up of his hands, reaching for the inside pocket of his jacket, while smiling. His hands are just like grandma's hands, crooked as the dog's leg, performing agile and nourishing gestures. He calls the cat to his lap, to the blanket on his lap, and his dog to his side. My aunt said, shortly before my uncle passed away, a few days ago, sitting in waiting for visit hour, that one of the cats had been crying day and night. The one that used to sit on his lap. The dog is old, and deaf and half blind, so she supposes he doesn't feel his absence as much. I recall my dog's silence, the dim light of the darkroom, the quiet speaking in the chapel. I know she knows otherwise, and that the dog continues my uncle's presence, almost motionless as the photograph on the memorial card. More than his lifeless body, cold, in the chapel.

The grain of sand, that I had predicted would fall, momentarily territorialising, into this section from a small note on 'Evaporation' (p.82-85), arrives as announced,

yet from a different place. I expected a carpet of sand in Northern Africa, as the one I had witnessed with Nuno in Marrakesh, or maybe again the Saharan sand falling in the streets of Manchester. But I find myself back at the dining table near grandma, once more. It is the photographic album again, and I realise for the first time, that it is more or less what this document composed of notes is, after all.

Curiously to me, just as the album that I had never found relevant before the beginning of this study, it is the photograph of the dead tiger in Africa, - where my uncle appears smiling and of which I maintain the childhood memory of the only photograph in the album where absence was strongly evidenced – inviting the visualisation of the little grain of sand, the little *punctum*, as if conveying it, or rather conveying a space for it to land. Through the space created by that word standing for a prick, a wound, skin is evidenced. Gestures, evidenced before the photograph; before indexicality, and evidenced in it, as if cast from life, evoking everyday affects.

Conclusion

This journey takes place in the literal, and also through a particular view of the literal informed by theory and directing itself towards everyday contexts. Starting by an attention to words and letters evoking places where making a letter or a word is interlinked with a 'not-yet' that is between drawing a line and the intention of forming the sound of a letter literally readable, or the sound of the word forming a meaning. These are childhood places, evoked from my experience and the experience of my 4 year old child, but also drawing on my grandmother's illiteracy as common to many people 'of her time' and 'social condition', mainly women – and still continued today in Portugal, however less frequently than in other places.

However unmentioned in this document, this essay – a word used in the text interlinked with Montaigne's notion of essay as an 'attempt', a process formed of the continuous attempt to make sayable attuned to a place – has often formed the imaginary revisiting of a lived experience, years ago, where as part of an organisation I worked with children between 6-13 years old, in the outskirts of Lisbon, many of whom growing in violent and dysfunctional family environments. By dysfunctional, I mean where the figure of the parent was also the one of the abuser or threatening their permanence in the space forming the home.

While the project created a space for the activities that envisaged to maintain these children occupied playing and doing their homework in a safe environment away from the street after or before school activities, also it was also a *place* and *time* where they could eat cookies and milk. Despite being insufficient, for some children only had access to a meal outside home, in school and in the project, amongst those attending the project, some would refrain from eating and kept the cookies for a brother or a sister. The project was temporary and unstable, both in design and funds that came from the autarchy of Lisbon, and did not allow for the permanence or full time dedication of some of the volunteers and part time remunerated workers.

My description of this experience has less to do with illiteracy as an inability, but is about illiteracy *while* language is taking place somewhere else than within the visual place of the literal; and asking to be followed – as the material constantly

being made in relations with others. In not having approached this theme directly and in nearness of theory within this journey, I am exposing it here, in the light of the end forming also a place envisaging continuation – from the literal and the non-literal as reciprocally informing and inviting.

Amongst the children taking part in the project during the time I participated, there was the case of a sister and a brother that have particularly affected my view of the non-literal as asking for other ways to be approached as part of everyday experience and inseparable from ordinary contexts. Continuously experiencing their mother's intention for them to be sent to an institution to be adopted, their mother and grandfather were also their sister and father. In representing, all at once, most of the problematic encountered in the neighbourhood, they were also ignored – secluded – by other children. They were the disadvantaged ones, in relation to others. This relation was experienced, since a very young age, in the streets, as one side forming against another– in or out, good or bad, the peaceful part of the neighbourhood and the rough one, where things could turn dangerous for outsiders in seconds, and violence could take form devastatingly performed by 7 year olds.

About the sister and brother, despite regularly visiting the school's psychologist, they could not read or write. Yet they were very keen to draw and learned other things in class, alongside their colleagues. They had an immense heavy silence that formed long intervals between words.

I wonder, partly from the experience with the children related above, how affect can be considered in order to reach beyond the superficial layer where difficulties to read and write manifest according to a norm, comparatively, and already onto the surface of the paper; I wonder how affect, or the lack of it, can help a dialog between the norm of reading and writing, and intimate places where language takes place beyond the literal.

In turn, I wonder if abstract lines near personal contexts can give rise to another view of language closer to language as material inviting the '*listening* to language as possibilities of taking place extending towards and from things' to poetry as the quality of language '*constantly being made with others*' and inviting participation. Isn't there room for gestures, gestural language, as abstract lines enmeshing with affecting lines from personal contexts, as part of the literal? In understanding the

line as wandering, as the gestural line with capacity of being followed, 'ordinary affects are public feelings that begin and end in broad circulation, but they are also the stuff that seemingly intimate lives are made of' (Stewart, 2007, 'Introduction'). Does the literal ask to be extended in other ways? Can we imagine language attending to places where illiteracy as opposing to the literal as a place of reading and writing, may give rise to inclusion through other elements along letters - a language working towards the inclusion of affect?

Throughout the journey, the idea of language has come to be viewed along Tim Ingold's point of encounter with Deleuze and Guattari's notion of matter, as 'in movement, in flux, in variation', while concurrently drawing closer to Ingold's view of the material as relational while inviting and translating lived experiences (2010, p.3). In making through writing, words formed a material where from/along the literal – allowing for a tracing close to the indexicality of the photograph viewed formed from gestural traces viewed/projected onto the surface - they became viewed as scenting, sounding surfaces, and inseparable from domestic gestures where reading and writing started to happen, forming part of my personal context. The photographs and words became viewed meeting in this indexicality, where experiencing a place and imagining it take part relationally, while not forming a final image, but a view forming, as a process that can form a place from which continuation is possible.

In the text, this appears described (while the writing also forms the meeting place) in the note 'The date of 15th of September' (Section IV, pp.96-7), composed of two moments experienced and shortly after revisited through writing. The encounter of language remaining after silence, also in the apparent stillness of an image – witnessed in the view over the city at the end of a day, and the photograph of a little girl asking to be carried I had taken the day before, sustaining impressions from the demonstration against repression and austerity measures – motivated an attempt to read indexicality from both the witnessing of the image, and the undetermined detour it constantly performs. Both the literal of language and the direction of the image towards an event from reality appeared to me lifted off from the weight of representation as regulating and resolving, offering a final image and

restricting the movement as between the final image and the subject. Instead, it was through indexicality as a capacity of both the literal and the silver grains sensitive to light onto the surface of the photograph, that an exposition of gestural traces, uncertain in direction, while also directing towards experienced places 'evoked the other, directing language towards skin and surface' as being made and forming ordinary contexts.

In this study, the concern to view the photograph within every day contexts appears often transcribed in references made to my grandmother's album, and also to Titi's tin box of photographs⁵⁴ and, less frequently mentioned, yet however continuously present, Geoffrey Batchen's description of the daguerreotype as a 'mirror with a memory' (Batchen, 2004, ch.3), the latter motivating, in turn, an attention to fingerprints onto glass objects included scattered in the text through very short indications of 'glass' and 'fingerprints onto glass'.

Somehow similarly, the involuntary revisitation of childhood places, motivated by the attention to writing as practice and the desire, the passion - both the primary attempts and the present attempt - to read and write, appear populated with similar gestures. By similar, I mean not in terms of form, but with intention 'towards another', impregnating words and the grammatical formation of words and sentences with indexicality; as grains of evidence leading to the formation (the imagination, also) of words and language, where both the literal and the familiar take place along formlessness and foreignness; an imagination viewed as part of the process of *looking* to know.

Looking for a view that denotes taking part in the world. To read and write, and the photographs found – the ones I had made in previous years, the ones of my grandmother where the lost photographic album becomes included (namely the one of my uncle and the dead tiger, in Africa), the ones of Morocco, and also the few ones I made acting from the an immediate urge to register some thing through a photograph – have become to me as movement.

In movement is also where I came to envisage an encounter with photography that can be read and experienced as within the realm of the social collective. Indexicality has *represented* to this study the tension between the photograph as object and the attempt to read multiplicity close to everyday places as the conveyor of the objects unfixing and consequently of the unfixing of the

photograph. My repetition of 'the ordinary' does envisage an analogy to the photograph considered along objects as temporary surfaces of things. The repetition also transcribes, forms, a place of action which is at times constituted by waiting, and envisaging waiting as part of making.

With the intention to find a personal view of the photograph as unfixed, I have, along this journey moved between places in theory where the abstract and the non visual are accounted for, while also envisaging to maintain a continuous link to, also present while writing, Roland Barthes' notion of *punctum* as the intensity of 'that-has-been', constituting also a form of suspending alive the desire for an absent loved one above a surface, in turn cherished from its interpretation as indexical.

Indexicality has come to be considered in this journey along the desire for the other, and the possibility of gestural traces suggesting, telling of, gestures of others as nourishing but also as vulnerable. From these aspects, the *punctum*, more than an element part of the photograph, has come to be viewed as 'before' the photograph, closer to gestures, and affecting the view of the photograph as conveying a movement in nearness to skin.

Rather than becoming the definite element of the photograph, defining in supremacy a direction towards the real, indexicality is here read in the possibility 'to be reassembled in identification, in recognition, of absence encountered as part of everyday affects. Indexicality and absence can then become beyond the photograph, along the surface dispersing, then reassembling; at times near skin, once more.'⁵⁵ In that sense, the *punctum*, forming 'a place to think with' (Turkle, 2007) has maintained throughout this journey a link to places where photographs – in the case of photographs of others presented as precious objects – take place as materials from which ordinary affects⁵⁶ are woven and form a collective place.

Barthes' *punctum*, from the way it is described in *Camera Lucida* through a written description, can be considered in a place between image and word. Coming to be read here as a '*punctum proximum*' (Section VII), it is viewed taking place dialogically in places between the visible, forming metaphors and enacting through

systematic language. In a constant dialogue, part of which is also tension between writing and photography, the *punctum* also 'translated' the movement in the writing of this document, as including improvisation, along the evocative while finding a grounding structure in the reference to words and gestures of others.

It is in ways of proximity, rather than referring directly to form of the image, that the *punctum* is read reformed in Barthes, and also lends itself to be read in mediums where indexicality becomes an element detouring into proximity in relation to absence and allowing for the recognition of vulnerability as a humane condition. This was also a view that arrived from Barthes' *punctum* into the object, from searching for a view of the object between writing and photography.

The *punctum*, as proximity, partly formed this written word as a process, rather than forming a definitive place or a final image, a resolved place in the text where I could say what it *is*; forming the movement of evaporation along pricking residues from sentences read in theory notions, it formed a suspended space finding metaphor in a grain of sand, above the place forming ground for words. The grain of sand is viewed forming evidence of temporary landings along the document, and along itself, waving lines can also be read in relation to tracings of indexicality. It unexpectedly arrives forming the last section, from one of the images of my grandmother's album mentioned in the beginning of this journey, where my uncle smiles near a dead African tiger; and in the recent context of my uncle's death, it forms a detour into the constant call from everyday places relating to perseverance from continuous improvisatory movements as the capacity to affect and be affected, but also to singularity as a forming of temporary places and surfaces, where affect as a sentiment forms part of both groundlessness and motivates ways of looking to find ground.

Read as a word relating to everyday affects, the object is here revisited as a temporary situation of 'things', 'prone to dust collecting'. The overlooking of the object, as a word so commonly used, and so often used in relation to affect or vulnerability, is here viewed as forming marginal places within everyday places.

The notion object is maintained, not let go of, linked to the idea of gestures towards others becoming part, and forming the vibrancy of the object as relational.

As it reads in Levi Bryant book, *The Democracy of Objects*, the *homonymous intention* is found possible in 'an object that is for-*itself* rather than an object that is an opposing pole before on in front of a subject' (2011, p.19). In Tim Ingold, binary opposition results from the straight line delimitating borders and territories as resolved, promoting inspection rather than participation through observation (2007a) and a movement that can be read in the same terms, however referring to photography, in Deleuze and Guattari as forming 'preestablished paths' (2004 [1980], p.23).

While however the object is considered in Ingold as regulated by representation, Bryant argues for the 'autonomy of objects from the relations they establish' (2011, x) rather than form representation; and that while no object can be treated as constructed by another object (...) objects do not exist equally' for they '*contribute to collectives or assemblages* to a greater and lesser degree' (ibid, p.19). (My emphasis) Bryant's view of objects, what he calls Ontological Realism, does not form a 'thesis about our knowledge of objects' but about the being of objects themselves whether or not we exist to represent them' (ibid, p.18). As objects, Bryant considers 'entities as diverse as mind, language, cultural and social entities, and objects independents of humans such as galaxies, stones, (...) and so on' (ibid).

While my view is less proximate from what Bryant stipulates where objects are not 'treated as constructions of humans', (as in this study I have come to view objects forming affective temporary surfaces of 'things' in becoming cherished as a link to a loved one, or a lived experience – despite not ceasing to establish concurrent relations), I follow encountering Bryant's words through which I read he completes the latter statement by positioning himself near *materials* in the consideration 'that all objects translate one another, the objects that are translated are irreducible to their translations' (ibid). In the 'Acknowledgments', Bryant also announces his attention drawing towards, amongst other places in theory, to 'the role the (...) material plays in the formation of social relations.'

From the anthropological notion of material sharing the vibrancy mentioned in Bryant's description as 'a translator of human experiences', as in Christopher

Pinney's study about the social life of photographs (1997; 2003), I was able to consider the photograph, not in opposing to Ingold's notion of object, but in being informed by, and imagining from, Ingold's notion of 'thing' as a 'thing-in-the-air', where thing is considered as flux and continuously forming interwoven entanglements that constitute its waving movement (2010, p.3).

However, it is the same detour that I noted above, from Bryant, towards objects as temporary constructions as part of sentience, that I felt the inclination to follow the invitation from objects viewed as part of everyday experience, and the consideration of the photograph as a cherished/moving thing. It is also in the *inclusion* of the object in everyday experience that language appears to me forming nearness to a democratic intention, not only through exposing common places but also between the visual and the non-visual, and in inseparability, rather a merging, between subjective and literal. Concurrently, the literal is affected, also distributed through everyday places and made to wander by punctuation inside and outside language, as a continuation of language outside the sayable, through the inclusion of *punching lines; wounding lines; wandering lines*, as both the experience and the imagination of everyday places included in making, forming and formed by a movement that is intention 'towards another'.

It is here, considering these as waving lines of displacements and negotiations between elements and places, which I have come to view the object *contributing to collectives or assemblages*. From this consideration, the object is proposed as a temporary surface of things, with its vibrancy becoming partly constituted by affect, and giving rise to the exposition of tracings.

With writing becoming my personal practice, throughout the research I looked for ways to *make with* the writing happening, envisaging to include the place where it – writing – asked me to be followed, and in turn directing my practice towards 'in-between silent relations'.⁵⁷ As previously approached in Section I, in-between silent relations have formed the 'relations with others' as the core of the research, from which a particular view of the photograph was intended through writing. *Evaporation* has then become, to me, a word for a movement as serendipity, but

also constituting a way of making, of 'writing in waiting' (Section III). Linking directly to the event of grains of African sand falling in English soil and displacements, it refers in this study to the way that notions and elements displace and are found re-contextualised.

The space of silence before saying appears in this research not as the same as, but faced towards the movement taking place outside and composing other times and places, collocating the / as spectator but also as permeable and in making, processual. There is, therefore, mingling as part of language forming a groundless place along the evidence that can be read, interpreted. Those un-grabbing mingled places form part of the process of making sayable, yet dissolve, evaporate from the surface, from the ink, from the surface of the photograph.

While the deterritorialization of elements in evaporation can be read – and has taken place in the writing of this document near Deleuze and Guattari's 'lines of flight'– the grounding has become growingly finding direction towards skin and relations of affect where sentiment towards things forms part of *traces of things* - not rendering the direction as towards the self, but rather proposing to read gestures that form part of everyday affects.

Part of the cycle was the incorporating of elements from theory notions, in response to feeling moved or provoked by them. Rather than merging deep in theoretical notions those elements have motivated a subjective response, forming a structure of flight, somehow similar to the way surfaces towards which one feels moved from, give rise to the proposition of lines of encounter forming language as both literal and taking place beyond and along the literal.

Looking to know As in dreaming of words, reading, sitting where crowds pass by and one is but part of the crowd, feel being provoked and the desire to make sense of the first lines forming in becoming touched, invited, then loosing first and becoming middle - *in making, could it be, so close to gestures? How can writing – as a form or artistic practice – take place near other’s skin?*

Sitting where crowds pass by and a line from a book intermingles with a gesture; sentences heard in tutorials, questions, extend into someone else’s words, lost photographs. I am not one when that happens, I am not just self. The whole body becomes moved, in rush of formlessness where words are to be included. *Where words are to be included*, the expectation; from the expectation, an in-sane thing – rational-sensible-irrational – between the duplicity of words; a rush of lines, as precipitation, as intermittent rain, in the writing-body in-waiting near words that form the structure of my making, the ones from academe – immanent, continuous, gestures of gestures, of inside and outside spaces, inside and outside bodies; a rush of lines, as precipitation, as rain, and in it ‘the personal pronoun undone’,⁵⁸ also ‘risking oneself in moments of unknowingness ... when our willingness to become undone in relation to others constitutes our chance of becoming human’ (Butler, 2005, p.136) – a prickling sentence, a quote in words becoming text attempting to form, attempting to expose, form some indexicality onto a surface;

Things are formed by its displacement, by loosing track of part of the body forming. The text and the photograph both are and await, ‘the inability of the lens to discriminate will ensure a substrate or margin of excess, a subversive code present in every photographic image that makes it open and available to other readings and uses. Thus we might understand photography’s indexicality to be the guarantee not of closure and fixity, but rather of multiple surfaces and of the possibility of ‘looking past’. It is precisely photography’s inability to discriminate, its inability to exclude that makes it so textured and so fertile’ (Pinney, 2003, p.6). Losing frame is considered as continuous between the intention to make sayable and saying – fomented in encounters with others’ language, the awareness of listening as a continuous process needing attunement and negotiation, and a particular inclination towards a place that motivates the desire to search and the assemblage of a discourse. Language can be viewed, therefore, as continuous displacements and territorializations, where surfaces formed with the intention to be read are composed of both grounding and groundlessness.

Between, forming a creative tension between familiar and foreign, can be the place where the artistic language reciprocally matters in ‘the attempt of different individuals to confront themselves and each other as particular and as universal’ (Coessens et al., 2009, p.35). Writing has happened in this journey through insistence, through repetition, and realising repetition as disclosing the intention to make demanding a realisation of the objects’ existence prior to one’s questioning. That realisation formed an interior tension in the text, in making the text, while from it arousing the question along the intention – *how to write near skin, without directing the text towards oneself, without resolving the direction of lines in the text?* From those, another question took place resulting both unresolved as a systematic non visual language signs, composing the possibility of language extending into, from gestures, while gestures free formed for the text a layer of *underwords*. Continuously along that, notions of theory that have become as the little wheat seeds, encountered and forming surprise and intention in everyday gestures, as in passing flour through a sieve, provoking links between place and gestures about the flour.

Nurturing gestures as ‘again and again’: *Punching lines; wounding lines; wandering lines, of a silence that is of waiting* – what can this be?⁵⁹

I am writing and words are as dancing. That is how words appear to me near the end of this journey. That this is the end of a journey forms a contradictory feeling. I want to keep going; I want to keep going exactly from the point where words dance, move, escape from the literal, from the page, inviting me to follow. Yet, in a way, looking backwards at this text, to write the conclusion has been hard as it demands going back, while words are now forming waving lines, a landscape of their own that I feel motivated and stirred to follow; as if the text formed the paper body of a kite, and lines of (from) others formed the cross shaped structure and the other lines, waving from the kite in the wind do not direct anymore to self or other. Lines that shake off pronouns, grammar, in the waving to become lines, passive to be read without the literal imposing; yet passive to be read by the literal

also, while the literal is freed from straight lines – lines in books, lines of writing, of the sea shore, made by touching, sowing; of light between the lens of the enlarger and the paper, of the undulating limit of water in the walls of the developing tray, of orange lighted childhood curtains.

Before I returned to the computer today I went to sit on the sand, facing the rough sea, the warm sun, closed my eyes and tried to stay put, pushed my body onto the sand against the anxiety of being outside, of not being home writing, and asked ‘what can this be?’ – what can this conclusion be, outside the paper, made of paper-writing as origami birds; as the seagulls and the other birds with high legs and small bodies that usually stand on the sand too. Grey birds.

What can this be? Paper skin, light sensitive skin; the ring mark on my finger, the mark of the t-shirt left on the arms and chest of the lady that minds the toilets in the pier, sitting in the sun for hours, in a four legged round stool – a photograph? A written description? I feel like a roll of writing paper has extended from the apartment all the way to the pier; that it may reveal itself as sensitive to light, and also the passage of others (their presence, independently from my knowledge of passersby, even though it forms – the paper road extended from the apartment, my way home), as both photographic paper and skin. Indexicality forming a possibility of *both* – writing and paper directing towards skin. On the way home, grey birds and paper birds improvise their flight.

I did not look for correspondence between notions, for matching events in this research. They became sensed, rather than forming a definitive reply, a found truth. Their sensing became both the inhabitation of surfaces and also the evaporation of substance into the virtual. Perhaps embedded in the secret wish to return to the photograph as practice, to photograph as a photographer does, venturing outdoors where photography never appealed to me, yet appeared to me nearer to collective situations, I felt an urge to photograph in the demo that took place on the 15th of September. I gladly took several photographs, however only one, the one of the little girl asking to be held by her mother, moved me affectingly.

A friend called the event a ‘bath of fraternity’. It was with that drenched feeling that I remained the day after, wondering about affect through the precision of numbers and the immanence of improvisation in the production of knowledge; about the risks of sentiment included in social politics along the demands read in home-

made posters the day before, at the demo, not to be considered as numbers or statistics. The day after I went to view the city from above, prepared myself reading about time, suspecting – looking, maybe – for a possibility of viewing time as a place of simultaneity, where making appears distributive as both doing and making, however maintaining singular temporalities. Along that, I had just the desire to view the city, while feeling drenched in the events of the day before. Witnessing in the evening the empty streets, I sensed strongly language remaining after silence. It had appeared to me evident before, but it changed when sensed ‘as the kind of subject that arises as the daydream of simple presence,’ as read in Kathleen Stewart (2007, ‘Introduction’).

One of the thrills of the research, and I find of a writing that reciprocally detours from/towards [impression from] theory, is the re-encounter outside the paper, onto situations that extend the paper, however, though most of which remain unsaid and only sensed. I felt then, that the rail against my body was leaning towards the city, was as formed by a theoretical structure of a text that ends up forming a poem, where words from Bergson, from Ingold, and unmentioned from Lomax, Stewart, Ravetz, (to me as a zooming out tunnel made of words of words and places, from Deleuze’s frequent literal presence in contemporary relational notions re-dimensioning affect, and into the crowd, looking to take part in nearness of skin, of smell, of taste, between foreign and familiar, between as a tension, a good tension; as from western into eastern), took place as serendipity, and displaced, both in form and sequence, fluid in the duration suggested in the silence of the city, from the few movements witnessed.

From the detour, the displacement of things from their duration into silence, into the virtual, and the persistence of language’s presence as continuously being made, after silence, I encountered language’s indexicality meeting that of the photograph – the photograph of the little girl remaining afterwards, along language in silence - as a possibility, both as surface and outside, displaced, re-formed, dispersing onto the streets as grains of silver, grains of sand, once more.

Our clothes, mine and Nuno’s, discoloured from the ochre-yellow colour of the sand, in Marrakesh, after Brika washed them, were inundated by her everyday gestures that appeared placed in the objects forming the cosiness, the comfort, of her minute bedroom. The ochre-yellow colour maintained for a long time, years,

while it remained in the sleeping shirt, the certainty of Brika's gestures. In the attempt of making language between French words and gestures, in conversations that lasted hours, the gestures of Brika would lead to her daughter, and also to the place from where she was taken from into Marrakesh, as a child, to be married. While I write here, I see how my words, in turn, keep directing my speech into being female, and along that, inseparably from that, is the unrealised wish of keeping a decent photograph of Brika, and not the terrible one of her standing by her bedroom door. After eight years, I would like to go back, having thought often about her, wondering about her still being alive, and take a decent photograph; not *taking* a photograph, but giving something back, inundated – this time in reverse, reciprocal – by indexicality from her gestures.

As a reciprocal movement I see part of evaporation, giving back; making backwards as giving back. (As I write this, once more there is an expectation developing. This time so great that tears come to my eyes. Maybe making backwards in my way back into photography. To make in the desire for the other, a desire that comes from traces left, sensed. Maybe realising that is my way back. Backwards. Maybe that forms an-other scent along to 'the backwards smell of developer.')

I do not know just yet, about a return to photography. I know, however, writing forms my commitment to make, and to include every day, the ordinary, as a mother, as a student, as part of making, wanting to take part through describing gestures learned and desired, evoking and projecting. A literal description, referring to letters and writing, also made in groundlessness, in asking, conjugating between words and images. Writing as a practice took place as a first movement founding itself in the context of my childhood, where reading and writing became merged in aside gestures of nourishing. It came back – I returned to it – as a mother, attempting to make as above considering the photograph as a bridge to everyday affects, and the academe as the structure from where I can envisage poetry as a direction towards, rather than being bound to a literal form;

Poetry as passion for little 'things'; the fertile silence they motivate

Fewer than numbered words; smaller than greater details, propelling greater turns

(as Arundhati Roy's writing in my eyes, fizzing coloured sugar onto Vicente's tongue)

Little elbows onto a book onto the table, head resting onto both hands

Asking: Are you taking a photograph?

Notes

¹I am referring to Coessens et al., *The Artistic Turn: A Manifesto*: 'She improvises and leaves the protected space, not to enter chaos but to join the outer world, to find new spaces, to create other places that may have come connection with the home.' (2009, p.88)

²To 'make visible' is, to me, the attempt the translation of a process, and however it directs me to theory and places in theory. It is used here, and throughout the thesis, as a conveyor of that attempt.

³I have borrowed the words in the title in italic from 'Mixed Box: The cultural biography of a box of 'ethnographic' elements' by Elizabeth Edwards and Janice Hart, in *Photographs Objects Histories: On the materiality of images* (2004, chapter 4).

⁴Heidegger uses 'thing' instead of 'object' in his essay 'The Thing', in *Poetry, language, thought* ([1971] 2001, pp. 164-184), opposing the idea of 'object' that refers to something closed and impermeable, accomplished and resolved, to the notion of 'thing' as something un-static, relational with the world. Heidegger considers the void resulting from the shape of a thing or the space it occupies as 'thingness', which stands for what the thing can be from 'relating with', from activity and usability.

⁵In 'Lighting from the Side', a publication from the annual conference *Sensuous Knowledge: Focus on Artistic Research*, Bergen, the author, Aslaug Nyrrnes writes: 'Theory is a strong language form. It is the bearer of the principal ways of viewing the world, and makes this view more specific. On the other hand, when one theory is selected, others are excluded. Thus, theory can clarify a situation by means of selecting some perspectives, and excluding others. This is very important when it comes to posing research questions. Theory encourages us to pose certain questions, and exclude others. One might say that this is the core of research methods.

Some of you may say that this knowledge is not necessary for artistic work. From a rhetorical point of view, this issue is of key importance in art education and artistic research; (...) Theory is not a matter of the researcher's likes or dislikes, but is *implemented* in the art work itself. More than a pure statement or claim, a technique, a choice of colours, material, choreography, movements, and way of posing questions is the *consequence* of theory. This means that one can work within a theoretical frame without being aware of it. From a rhetorical perspective, awareness of the frames will help researchers to develop and challenge those frames.

This crucial point, therefore, is that theory is systematic language – both in the traditional verbal form and in the language of art form itself.' (2006, p.17)

⁶*Again and again – as in to nourish* is how I write the image of my grandmother's gestures that became indivisible from the 'objects' she has left behind. I realised the description came to be analogous to gaining or looking to gain a view/understanding over something; a search that constitutes a movement forward from an inclination/intention towards another.

⁷Dr Ravetz's interpretation of Tim Ingold's words in *The Perception of the Environment: Essays on Livelihood, Dwelling and Skill*: '(...) all speaking is inherently poetic.' ([2000] 2003, p.413)

⁸Accordingly to Deleuze and Guattari, 'becoming and multiplicity are the same thing. A multiplicity is defined not by its elements, nor by a centre of unification or comprehension. It is defined by the number of dimensions it has; it is not divisible, it cannot lose or gain a dimension *without changing its nature*. Since its variations and dimensions are immanent to it, *it amounts to the same thing to say that each multiplicity is already composed of heterogeneous terms in symbiosis, and that a multiplicity is continually transforming itself into a string of other multiplicities, according to its thresholds and doors.*' In *A Thousand Plateaus* ([1980] 2004, p.275)

⁹Dr. Ravetz, personal communication.

¹⁰Amanda Ravetz in 'News from Home: Reflections on Fine Art and Anthropology' explains that 'Ethnographic activity' is a concept defined by James Clifford, where by 'juxtaposition of the familiar and the strange' it is suggested 'that to bring art and anthropology together in visual anthropology is not to collapse one into the other but to see how they can be creatively engaged.' (Ravetz, 2005, p.70)

¹¹See 'Of a note', Section VI of this document, pp.166

¹² See *Titi*, pp. 159-160; 163

¹³I am thinking with Lomax's words in 'Opening', in *Passionate Being: Language, Singularity and Perseverance*: 'What I am trying to say is that the 'can let appear' that appears and is announced with the mode of being-in-language is precisely what I have been calling 'sayability'. And to say this is to say that sayability is, in itself, nothing than opening. (2010, p.2)

¹⁴In Tim Ingold, in 'Bringing things to Life: Creative Entanglements in a World of Materials', it reads: '(...) [I]f we consider that the character of this particular tree lies just as much in the way it responds to the currents of wind, in the swaying of its branches and the rustling of leaves, then we might wonder whether the tree can be anything other than the tree-in-the-air.' Instead of considering the 'object' as resolved, 'presenting (...) its outer surfaces to our inspection', Ingold proposes the notion of an Environment Without Objects, where 'the thing' contrasts with the notion of object, in establishing relations with the world: 'thing (...) has the character (...) of a knot whose constituent threads, far from being contained within it, trail beyond, only to become caught with other threads in other knots. (...) Things leak, forever discharging through the surfaces that form temporarily around them.' (2010, p.4)

¹⁵In 'Bringing Things to Life: Creative Entanglements in a World of Materials', Ingold refers to 'lines of becoming' as 'lines along which [a being] lives, and conduct its perception and action in the world' (2010, p.12). As Ingold further explains, this notion differs from Deleuze and Guattari's 'lines of flight' in the point that in Ingold these lines are relations

along, and in Deleuze and Guattari the relations are *between* elements. However differing in some aspects, namely the form of a rhizome these lines come to form in Deleuze and Guattari and the form of a fungal mycelium in Ingold, both refer to the deterritorialization of elements mingling with other elements.

In Deleuze and Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus* 'multiplicities are defined by the outside: by the abstract line, the line of flight or deterritorialization according to which they change in nature and connect with other multiplicities.' (2004 [1980], p.10)

¹⁶In the preface of Hélène Cixous' *Coming to Writing*, it reads: 'As soon as you let yourself be led beyond codes, your body filled with fear and joy, the words diverge, you are no longer enclosed in the maps of social construction, *you no longer walk between walls*, meanings flow.' (Suleiman, 1991, x) (Suleiman's emphasis refers to sentences found in the book, in the essay 'Coming to Writing', p.50.); In the homonymous essay 'Coming to writing', it reads: 'All that I can say is that this 'coming' to language is a fusion, a flowing into fusion; if there is intervention on my part it's in a sort of 'position', of activity-passive (...); 'This mode of passivity is our way – really an active way – of getting to know things by letting ourselves be known by them. You don't seek to master. To demonstrate, explain, grasp. (...) But rather to transmit: to make things loved by making them known.' (Cixous, 1991, pp.56-7)

¹⁷Etymologically, L. *Methaphora*: 'a transfer' 'especially of the sense of one word to a different word'. Source: Online Etymology Dictionary <<http://www.etymonline.com/>>

¹⁸In Portuguese, my native tongue, the sea is a masculine gender noun. It can be substituted by the pronoun '*he*', as in English would be substituted by the pronoun '*it*'.

¹⁹I am indirectly referring to (thinking with) Roland Barthes, once more. For Barthes, the *noeme* of photography - that *it* 'has been' - appears to fix photography in a past tense, or demanding for a travelling backwards, since Barthes positions himself in the present – a poignant present, when it comes to trying to find, through a photograph, the truth about one he loves: 'Now, in the Photograph, what I posit is not only the absence of the object; it is also, by on and the same movement, on equal terms, the fact that this object has indeed existed, and that it has been there where I see it.' ([1980] 2000, p.115) However, in my view informed by *Camera Lucida*, in identifying the *punctum* as intensity, and this intensity as Time, Barthes is able to identify an almost universal vulnerability we express before the evidence of absence, allowing for the transferability of the tension within 'has been' that he sees as the *noeme* of photography into other mediums.

²⁰*Hope* as a word that used to be said and written about actions relating to self; and slowly becoming informed by Miyazaki's *The Method of Hope* '[m]oments of Hope, can only be apprehended as sparks on another terrain, in other words [...] The challenge (...) is to preserve these sparks while resisting the immediate demand of hope for synchronicity that emerges in (...) incongruities.' (2004, p. 24)

²¹'Detour' as read in Roland Barthes, as the words' own movement of detouring in saying of/transcribing some-thing or some-one one loves. See Roland Barthes last essay, 'One Always Fails in Speaking of What One Loves' in *The Rustle of Language* (1989 [1984], p.296)

For additional information see Jürger Pieters' 'The Sounds of Silence: Roland Barthes', in *Speaking with the dead: Explorations in Literature and History*, pp 121-135.

²²I ask you gently to wait in dreaming for him, for her, for them, as I have not one name for *the other*; while also becoming *you*.

²³I here wish to detour from the text to refer to Tim Ingold's words about what can it be the *process* of saying through writing: 'writing is an achievement of the whole human organism-person in his or her environment. To view writing as an art is to think of it, in the first place, as a kind of dextrous movement, and to think of the text (...) as something woven rather than made. That is to say, the patterning or weave of the text emerges as the crystallisation of this movement, and is not prefigures as a mental construction which the writing hand merely serves to transcribe onto a surface.' *The Perception of the Environment. Essays on Livelihood, Dwelling and Skill*, Routledge, p.403

²⁴Grammar: '*noun*' (...) the whole system and structure of a language or of languages in general, usually taken as consisting of syntax and morphology (including inflections) and sometimes also phonology and semantics. (...) Late Middle English: from Old French *gramaire*, via Latin from Greek *grammatikē (tekhnē)* '(art) of letters', from *gramma*, *grammat-* 'letter of the alphabet, thing written'. Source: Oxford Dictionary Online <<http://oxforddictionaries.com/definition/english/grammar?q=grammar>>

²⁵ Referring to Brika, see pp.80, 189-90

²⁶*Corpus* appears in Yve Lomax as 'body', or body of heterogeneous elements. In 'Dancing to the tune of the infinitive', in *Sounding the Event*, it reads: 'Thousands of words are uttered but I don't see him speaking, speaking volumes. Thousands of words are uttered but I don't see him before my eyes. I say 'there he is' but before me there is no body of flesh and bone; however there is a corpus. It may not be of flesh and bone, nonetheless, there is a body before me, and this body is nothing but a compound of bodies.

He? Who is *he*?

He is a philosopher and his name is Gilles Deleuze, and I am listening to what he says as he listens to those philosophies that beckon his thought in relation to the question of the nature of events.' (2005, p.137)

²⁷I recall reading, and distinctly marking the page of the book forming, to me, a way in – between listening and dreaming – to *A Thousand Plateaus*: '(...) there is an extraordinary fine topology that relies not on points or objects but rather on haecceities, on sets of relations (winds, undulations of snow or sand, the song of the sand or the creaking of ice, the tactile qualities of both).' (Deleuze and Guattari, (2004 [1980], p.420)

²⁸ See 'Punctum proximum' in present document, pp.113, 169-176

²⁹In Lomax's *Writing the Image: An Adventure With Art and Theory* it reads: 'The photograph is 5 o'clock in the afternoon: I may stress that no matter how neatly framed and hung upon the white walls of a gallery, no matter how isolated it may appear, an image is always to be found in the midst or interactions and relations', (2000, p.80);

'Any single image has the potential to involve us in quite a few things, quite a few stories and times. (...) any single image is capable of breaking into a multiplicity of lines. These lines concern not only that which has affected the image (the photograph was exposed at five o'clock in the afternoon...she coloured the image bright yellow) but also the interactions and effects which the image is capable of making. Not only that which has affected the image but also that which will be affected by the image: contrary to a popular tale, the photograph does not solely refer to a time past (as if there were only ever one). There isn't a fixed time, there is rather, a *sometime*.' (2000, p.84);

Lomax is referencing Deleuze and Guattari's *rhizome* in *A Thousand Plateaus*: 'We are all five o'clock in the evening, or another hour, or rather two hours simultaneously, the optimal and the pessimal, noon-midnight, but distributed in a variable fashion. The plane of consistency contains only haecceities, along intersecting lines. Forms and subjects are not of that world. (...) A haecceity has neither beginning nor end, origin or destination; it is always in the middle. It is not made of points, only of lines. It is a rhizome.' (2004 [1980], p.290);

³⁰In the 'Notes on the Translation', Brian Massumi, in the quality of translator of *A Thousand Plateaus*, but also as a scholar on Deleuze, explains about the presence in the book of the words 'Affect/Affection': 'neither word denotes a personal feeling (*sentiment* in Deleuze and Guattari). *L'affect* (Spinoza's *affectus*) is an ability to affect and be affected. It is a prepersonal intensity corresponding to the passage from one experimental state of the body to another and implying an augmentation or diminution in that body's capacity to act. *L'affection* (Spinoza's affection) is each such state considered as an encounter between the affected body and a second, affecting, body (with body taken in its broadest possible sense to include "mental" or ideal bodies); in relation to the inclusion as becoming part of a body of elements, where affection can be considered in Spinoza's terms (above), as an encounter, affect is linked to 'draw', understood as 'to blaze a trail or open a road', and where 'to draw is an act of creation' (...) that 'does not preexist the act of drawing.' (2004 [1980], xvii)

³¹**fore** (adv.) O.E. *fore* (prep.) "before, in front of;" (adv.) "before, previously," common Germanic (cf. O.H.G. *fora*, O.Fris. *fara*, Ger. *vor*, Goth. *faiura*, O.N. *fyrr* "for"); from PIE **per-* (cf. Skt. *pura* "before, formerly;" Avestan *paro* "before;" Hittite *para-* "on, forth;" Gk. *paros* "before," *para* "from beside, beyond," *peri* "around, about, toward," *pro* "before;" L. *pro* "before, for, on behalf of, instead of," *prae* "before," *per* "through, for;" O.C.S. *pradedu* "great-grandfather;" Lith. *per-*).

fore (adj.) mid-15c., "forward;" late 15c., "former, earlier;" early 16c., "at the front;" all senses apparently from **fore-** compounds, which frequently were written as two words in M.E.

Source: Online Etymology Dictionary
<<http://www.etymonline.com/index.php?term=before>>

³²This chapter has been published in 2012 as 'Research Notes: Words leaking from objects – thinking with absent photographs,' in *Compaso*, Journal of Comparative Research in Anthropology and Sociology, 3(1).

Available at: <http://compaso.eu/archive.issue-1-2012-object-lessons/>

³³When the word *Essay* was first used to describe a literary style, by Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592), it was applied in correspondence to its meaning in French as *trial* or *attempt*.

In his collection of *Essais*, Montaigne produced several short written pieces about given topics where a subjective, wandering view between themes appears side by side with parts of the text more objectively structured and quotes from ancient classical texts. Even though the text takes different directions, in both style and themes, it appears underpinned by the question "What do I know?" which motivated Montaigne to revisit and re-edit this collection of writings repeatedly throughout his life. In turn, the author's continuous revisiting of the text maintained the question unresolved, opened, and revealed both the question and the writing as a process, rather than a final piece. The small corrections and additions to the original text were hand written side notes onto the printed text. Of these notes, the only ones that were kept until today refer to the last four years of Montaigne's life, after the *Essais's* 1588 publication. There reads, in a reflection about his relationship to his friend, the poet La Boétie: 'Because it was him, because it was me.'

³⁴Jane Bennett in *Vibrant Matter: a political ecology of things* defines assemblages as 'as hoc grouping of diverse elements of all sorts. Assemblages are living, throbbing confederations that are able to function despite the persistent presence of energies that confound them from within. They have uneven topographies, because some of the points at which the various affects and bodies cross paths are more heavily trafficked than others, and so power is not distributed equally across its surface.' p 23); Bennett's definition refers to Deleuze and Guattari's notion of 'assemblage' in *A Thousand Plateaus* as a multiplicity of 'lines of flight' and their comparative rates of flow of these lines.' ([1980] 2004, p.4); an assemblage has the characteristics of a rhizome that 'establishes connections [the enunciation of signifiers] between semiotic chains, organizations of power, and circumstances relative to the arts, sciences, and social structures....There is no ideal speaker-listener, any more than there is a homogenous linguistic community....There is no mother tongue, only a power take over by a dominant language within a political multiplicity.'(...) 'A language is never closed upon itself, except as a function of impotence.' ([1980] 2004, p.8)

³⁵'In-the-air': see pp.75-76 of present document.

³⁶'Gerund: a Traditional grammatical term for a verbal that ends in *-ing* and functions as a noun. Adjective: gerundial.

Etymology: From the Latin, 'to carry on.' (Richard Nordquist, About.com Online Grammar Guide, at: www.grammar.about.com/od/fh/g/gerundterm.htm)

³⁷See *sh-ore*, pp.69-70, 158 of present document.

³⁸See *Evaporation*: pp.82-85, and 71, 77, 100, 167, 168, 182, 185, 188 of present document.

³⁹In Ingold there is a preference for the idea of *mycelium* (from Rayner), than for the one of the *rhizome*. In 'Bringing things to Life: Creative Entanglements in a World of Materials' (Ingold, 2010, p.12), Ingold writes 'the lives of things generally extend along not one but multiple lines, knotted together at the centre, but trailing innumerable 'loose ends' at the periphery. Thus each should be pictured, as Latour has latterly suggested, in the shape of a star 'with a centre surrounded by many radiating lines, with all sorts of tiny conduits

leading to and fro' (Latour, 2005, p.177). No longer a self contained objects, the thing now appears as an ever ramifying web of lines of growth. This is the *haecceity* of Deleuze and Guattari, famously likened by them to a rhizome (Deleuze and Guattari, 2004, p.290). Personally, I prefer the image of the fungal mycelium.'

In Rayner's book *From Emptiness to Openness: How Inclusional Awareness Transforms Abstract Pride and Prejudice into National Sense and Sensibility*, it reads: 'For the creative interplay just described to be possible, the informational interfacing or dynamic relational boundaries of all forms of living organization themselves have to be fluid and hence indeterminate to varying degrees, not absolutely rigid and sealed. This variable fluidity allows them to attune in an energetically sustainable way with heterogeneous local conditions within the common space of their ultimately limitless natural neighbourhood. Under energy-rich conditions ('abundance'), processes of 'selfdifferentiation' bring about the proliferation of relatively permeable, deformable informational boundaries in highly branched or subdivided formations. Under conditions of energy shortage ('scarcity'), processes of 'self-integration' minimize boundary formation through processes of sealing, fusion and redistribution, which conserve and recycle energy in relatively undivided or networked survival, channelling and explorative structures. Examples of the reciprocal dynamic relationship between informational boundary differentiation and integration amongst organic forms of life on Earth can be found from molecular to ecosystem scales of organization, but are perhaps most explicit in the heterogeneous growth forms of fungi. The developmental versatility of indeterminate organization in fungal mycelia as they expand and encounter one another in spatially and temporally varying conditions of resource availability in their natural habitats has enabled some of them to attain vast sizes, measurable in square kilometres, and ages of thousands of years (...); (2008, p.137) (Book available online at:

http://www.inclusionalresearch.org/further_reading/inclusionalessays.pdf)

⁴⁰In Tim Ingold's 'Materials against materiality' in *Archaeological Dialogues* it reads: 'The surface of materiality is (...) an illusion. We cannot touch it because it is not there. Like all other creatures, human beings do not exist on the 'other side' of materiality but swim in an ocean of materials. (...) What this ocean reveals to us is not the bland homogeneity of different shades of matter but a flux in which materials of the most diverse kinds – though processes of admixture and distillation, of coagulation and dispersal, and of evaporation and precipitation – undergo continual generation and transformation. The forms of things (...) arise and are borne along – as indeed we are too – within this current of materials.' (2007b, p.7)



© Michael Borremans
The Neck, 2006
Óleo sobre madeira
23 x 29 cm

Michaël Borremans, *The Neck*, 2006. Oil on wood, 23x29 cm

⁴²I open a book, looking for one of the marked pages. It reads 'The encounter with silence – the moment in and out of time, not quite unreal, not quite real – is precisely what allows a text to vibrate and to breathe.' (Trinh T. Minh-ha, *Elsewhere, within here: immigration, refugeeism and the boundary event*, p.91)

⁴³I am referring to G. Pollock's, *Painting, Feminism and History*. In: M. Barrett and A. Phillips eds., 1992. *Destabilizing Theory – Contemporary Feminist Debates*. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, pp.138-176

⁴⁴Bacon, Francis, 'Caged-Uncaged' - Painting exhibition at Fundação Serralves, Oporto, Portugal, 24th January-20th April 2003. Available at:
< <http://www.serralves.pt/actividades/detalhes.php?id=591>>

⁴⁵The carnation is the symbol of the Portuguese revolution - also known as The Carnation Revolution - that took place on the 25th of April 1974, and brought an end to dictatorship.

⁴⁶In Hirokazu Miyazaki's *The Method of Hope: Anthropology, Philosophy, and Fijian Knowledge* it is considered that considers that the success from attempting to represent hope by recurring to repetition - what he calls the consequence of the method of hope seen as 'the performative inheritance of hope in the past' - '(...) depends on whether it generates a further moment of hope. (2004, p.129)

⁴⁷Deleuze's words referring to Bergson, in *Desert Islands*. ([2002] 2004, p.22)

⁴⁸I am referring to Ingold's notion of 'wandering line'. See pp. 48-49, and 53, 84, in present document.

⁴⁹ In the University of Bonn, in 2012, physicists split an atom using quantum physics precision. *Phys.org - News and Articles on Science and Technology*, [online] (last updated

on 5th June 2012). Available at: <<http://phys.org/news/2012-06-physicists-atom-quantum-mechanics-precision.html>>

⁵⁰Personal communication, Dr Ravetz, tutorial, 8.8.2012.

⁵¹See 'Writing in waiting', Section III, pp.71-85, 82-85 in present document.

⁵²I am repeating a previous reference to Carol Mavor's reading of Barthes' punctum in *Reading Boyishly: Roland Barthes, J.M. Barrie, Jacques Henry Lartigue, Marcel Proust, and D.W. Winnicott* (p.19). See also p.145 of present document.

⁵³In Portuguese.

⁵⁴See pp.159-160, 163 in present document.

⁵⁵'Once more', referring to affect in nearness of skin, is here used as a reference back to places in the text where *again and again*, is read as/evokes a repetition of gestures intentionally of nourishing, and growth.

⁵⁶Every time I wrote 'ordinary affects', I direct or indirectly referenced (and in a way, borrowing the words from its title) Kathleen Stewart *Ordinary Affects* (2007)

⁵⁷See 'Section I', pp. 37-58

⁵⁹I am returning to Yve Lomax, here. See 'Not to ask what a thing is but rather of what is it capable' in *Writing the Image* (2000, p.83).

⁶⁰See 'Underwords, from gestures', Section III of present document, pp.72-74.

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