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Avoiding a desktop critique, I ask myself: is it possible to provide a relational critique within a text? One of which the performativity doesn't have to be outlined or pointed out. It might be a remote communication, a never succeeding attempt to meet.

Saying: *I did not invite you.*

Meaning: *I will listen to you.*

¹ But not this one. Manon Santkin, April 3 2016.

Without the invitation, the context of the meeting is not determined. Then, the communication might be common, since the I – to be received and practiced by the invitee, does not define language. Instead, in the becoming of the context, the ritual passages of the meetings are still not established.

Saying: *Hi, are you here?*

Meaning: *I am here as well, are we here together?*

Meeting on the street might be the movement of a common writing. Not as communication, but as an unconscious sharing of social space – a shared writing of the event. Here, the street serves as a liminal space in between buildings; contexts – but also in between people's approach to the non-prepared meeting. Here, the writing is not about signs, but about movement of agents. This includes an on-going interpretation of what is written, and where the interpreter; the reader, is not absent.

Please note that I am not at all referring to practice of the flaneur, but to the present absence of writing; of the closeness to the death stated by Cixous and Barthes; of the end of the writing as a practice. Here, I regard writing as way of moving, not to transport a meaning, the thought: the content, but us – the writers/readers.

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In such a shared writing, there is no pre- or redefined addressee, by which the present now is defined. Instead, the practice is doing the presence, instead of extending it prospectively. Co-elaborating such a centre, points of orientation never turn into metaphors within the sign [of a sign]. No supplement of be-ings.

Saying: *I write.*

Meaning: *We write.*

So, when happens the inclusion? When is the writing walk a practice of alliances, instead of one of visits?

Saying: The visitor is from elsewhere, but you are here.

Meaning: I do not know my language.

The trace as a spur to memory of what is not yet happening: a sign that is not significant, and of which the analogy is non-existent. This writing cannot be calculated, neither to a context and nor to a time: a presence.

This is the poly-semiotic of the meeting, meaning, the movement of signs without signification, nor context. So, what is being written, and with what?

I suggest that writing takes place within the reading, but not as a reading of defined signs, but as a reading of the undefined. Such a reading does also have to be undefined; it happens within the unconscious meeting.

This is why I prefer to discuss writeability instead of readeability. Who is present within the writing of the reading?

What if writing happens in the radical presence of the writer – who is reading? Not as a rupture in presence, but as a doing of it. Here, the consequence of what is being read happens within the writing. This is not a question of flow, but of a non-existing distance of the formulation of movement. It is a doing within the writing, where no action can be cited, but remade.

Here, the writing is the reply to what is read within the writing, and this is always question of time. Here, I am the sign of what I write. No one can write me down. I engage within the spacing. I do not mark, but I do follow.

It is a way of not including the defining practice of the reader, the referent, and the Outside.

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Without an Outside, repetition is not possible. Then, the crisis of meaning is constant, as the presence is not definable. It is a crisis not to perceive, but to practice. In such a wound, there is no objective signification.

Disengagement is then part of the presence. Here, the citation is not read, but still being written. There is no referent, since the meeting (reading) is unconscious, not intended.

The mark is a ritual, but what if this mark was never been formulated before, and being reformulated each time it is being written?

The letter R^2 , again and again. There is no essence, neither was this an accident.

With no hollow utterance, language doesn't happen outside of itself, since language is my movement. It is a constant failure to meet, that is: doing the accident. Here, context and time are not yet performed.

² I never succeeded with the P. Frida Sandström, 1996.

Epilogue... or so

so, my friend received this e-mail that he couldn't read. The words were taken out of his context. It was citations of him-self. The email was composed to be read by an absent reader that couldn't be him. The spur to memory of what could have been written was all he got. It was dealing with the outside of the space in which he was present.

He was cited, not because of what he said, but because of what he was.

I cannot avoid asking: who is the absent reader of me?

Wherever it is written, those words figure as my body. The citation is not a configuration of the context of an utterance, but of the uttering body itself. If I am part of this writing, my body moves. If the context is empty or absent, I might become a letter.

But: writing is not only about letters.

I was part of this text, until it was written. The writing act is a closing movement, taking me out of the context of the text, where the absent reader might be an absent chair.

What *is your seating capacity?*

Is *it possible to be seated within a system of empty chairs?*

In those systems, there are no absent words. There, the void in-between the words might be the only gaps remaining.

There might also be absent writers. Not ghostwriters, but post-post-human writers. Those who don't exist before the text is read; before my friend receives that e-mail, within which he will never be read.³

³ Please join the reading at the web site of Köttingspektionen during the summer. Then signs will be read backwards, and letters will be brought forth. You might take part.