



B e y o n d P h o r a

The **princess** has always **waited**.

**Waited** in a tower.

**Waited** with long hair.

**Waited** for a kiss.

**Waited** for a her freedom.

And a **prince** has always come

to,

INCERT HERE:

his lofty solution.

**But we have found our way here**

Where there is so much more to be had.

So tell him to step down.

To **wait** in line with all the others.

He will have his chance.

BUT HE WILL NEVER BE THE SAVIOUR.

Sorry x



My  
waiting  
seeks  
to

transport

YOU.

It uses your visual imagination as its tool and message. Its chisel and sculpture, painting and brush.

I will be there with you. In many ways. Maybe with many different faces.

I will be there with you. Touching hands. Touching foreheads.

We will explore the alternate. We will explore an idea of other or alter.

We will open ourselves up and become complete within this opening.



*Dear Diary,*

I want to find where you think the world ends,  
and show you how it may be so much more exciting just past  
the post.

How truth can be found if you allow a little acceptance of the  
impossible.

Absurd thinking has allowed me to see a way to redefine my  
meeting with the world.

A meeting that is within a motion of continual happening.  
It has shown me the intra-actions of all things and the stories  
that sit in the gaps.

God of the gaps they called him...

The absurdism at the end of it all, but we find so much here.

What about the god of 'the gaps that sit amongst it all'?

A world in each gap.

A work in each meeting

A world in a touch

I ask you to touch.

I seek to reach out, hope and need to be met.

Whenever you decide to reach back, it will be just in time.

A touch at before and after.

A touch that will never hold you.

And you could never hold it.

For it has already slipped away,

it hasn't yet happened,

and you sit in the gap in-between.



## *What does touch look like?*

Can you think of what you want to touch?

Can you imagine what it looks like, in the darkness between your hands?

But If you grip it tightly

So tightly that no light can creep its way in.

Tighter.

Can you squeeze it?

Go on.

Hold it MORE.

Forget it.

Hold it firm with your wanting hands.

Hold it firm with your exploring fingers.

Hold it firm with your gripping thumbs.



Take a moment to imagine it.  
 rememer it and possess it  
 Maybe shuffle it around and stoke it  
 Understand all of it  
 and  
 SQUEEEEEEEEEZZZZEEEEEE  
 Press from your shoulders  
 push together with your palms  
 try to make them meet - despite what you hold.  
 Until the very wholeness of it is reviled.  
 until it unravels.  
 Until you are left watching its 'Object-ness'



Drip

Drip

Drip

Between your fingers.

Watch what falls to the floor.

**all** that extra meaning.

**all** that object substance.

**all** that is, or might be, wrapped up in being something.

**all** that stops this touch from being anything it wants.

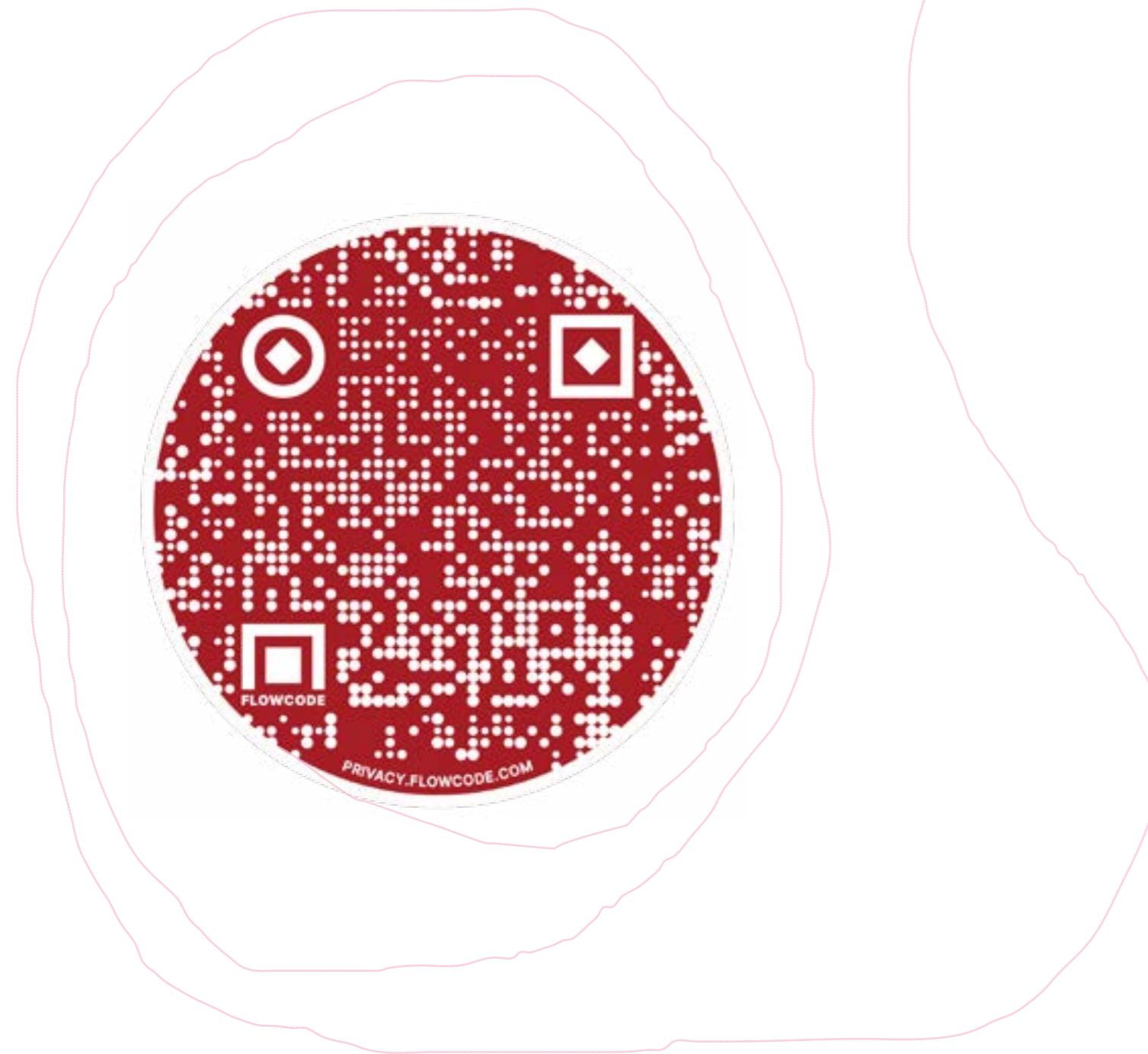
Watch as it drips to the floor.

D r i p

D r i p

D R I P

D R I P



And what is left now? Notice it.

This hand pressed concentrate.

shuffle your hands again and remember to feel.

- Here you have found touch.

YOU HAVE WHAT  
YOU WANTED.

A sense-full un-object.

Indescribable but beautiful.

What is left?

What is it that you wanted from touch?

What does good, enticing, irresistible

t o u c h  
really look like?

~~Breaking down~~ the defenses of the intimate space enables a deep inner need to regain a sense of understanding. In the sound that reverberates from the clamor to form a new story, we can finally see ourselves as one amongst many and one of everyone as equals. The breaking down of these defenses is where learning can happen and transformation occurs. The realization of the absurd should be a temporary necessity, so that one container can be emptied and a transformed intimate can be manifested.

## LEAVE YOUR THUMBS AT THE DOOR

Touch everything you can.  
Resist the urge to hold on to any of it.  
I'd like to see you try anyway. I relieved you of your thumbs at the door.







**R**OOMS YOU CAN'T ENTER INTO.  
close spaces  
bedrooms and toilets and bathrooms  
shops with more than 5 people  
a gathering behind a door

THINGS YOU CAN'T DO  
touch and breath  
especially not together

THOUGHTS YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE  
Longing  
loneliness  
confusion  
abandonment  
a deep yearning to reach out  
TO TOUCH and understand



A c o m f o r t a b l e p l a c e ,  
a n h o n o r e d l o c a t i o n ,  
a n e s t a b l i s e d s e t t l e i n g .

Could be understood as a place of comfort at the for-front of your defence against a void.  
- It could also be understood as the institution or the excepted body -  
This place is comforting, it tells you you've finished your search.  
It soothes and manipulates you. your flesh becoming the flesh of its globular and churning body.

If worship is a body, It swallows you in striving for thick skinned independence.

To be held is manipulation. It is also safety and comfort. It is to be consumed and transformed. You are made unintelligible to those not pushed by the same force. Equally, you will find the outside has become a vision of nonsense. No flow. Unabridged touch.

And this place you reside in is its mouth, or further along the digestive track.  
You are within it. You are moved by it. Everything you bought with you is now being digested too. Is understood through it.

To be held is manipulation. It is also safety and comfort. It is to be consumed and transformed. Digested.

# *If you do not want to be digested, I can only suggest opening.*

To be regurgitated or rejected you would have to be seen as a threat. To touch the world and search it, you must present yourself open, as an opening.

- Maybe this is a destruction of self. I am sorry for your loss. -

In so doing, creating a cut, gash, glitch, unrecognised chasm (empty, as this is all that emptiness is, you can't count for something **unrecognised** = unseen, invisible, not yet known).

In doing so, creating the wound.  
The wound is not yours, the wound is the bodies.

You are the wound,

on your way to rejection,  
regurgitation,  
being brought back up.



Would you lose your-recognised-self for touch? would you lose your dependence on understanding to re-find uncensored, unadulterated movement?

The theoretically unrecognised is an invisibility trick.  
And mathematically, unrecognizability is impossible.  
If its not expected, it won't be counted.  
Only when we are touching the world can we have an encounter with the unrecognised entity.  
In rejection find a possibility to be impossible.

Maybe we can discover new ways to touch when we explore unrecognised communication?

This emptiness. This pure potentiality. The empty circle. The 'empty go' (Why did we ever decide that communication should end? when did we introduce the 'full stop'?).

This unrecognised communication should carry on with an empty going.

*“Moten and Harney citing Frank B. Wilderson III call “the hold”: “And so it is we remain in the hold, in the break, as if entering again and again the broken world, to trace the visionary company and join it.” The hold here is the hold in the slave ship but it is also the hold that we have on reality and fantasy, the hold they have on us and the hold we decide to forego on the other, preferring instead to touch, to be with, to love. If there is no church in the wild, if there is study rather than knowledge production, if there is a way of being together in brokenness, if there is an undercommons, then we must all find our way to it. And it will not be there where the wild things are, it will be a place where refuge is not necessary and you will find that you were already in it all along.”*

I used to believe my thoughts could effect the physical world.

When racing other children,  
I would encourage an idea to turbo speed my running...  
I remember going faster.

I used to believe that I could feel the feelings of others.

I have another vivid memory,  
of walking behind a stranger and projecting forwards into his body.

Raising my hand, squinting my eyes, focusing my thoughts in his direction. Reaching through the front of my head and from behind my shoulders.

I remember finding that his back was irritated.

With my other hand, I soothed the space of my own back. My body became an instrument for relieving him. I must have known that the connection worked both ways.

I remember being pleased with myself for having helped.

His name and face are still a mystery to me  
But I know what he felt like.

as a child my ‘being’ extended beyond the limits of my body. it was my super power. it made me more than myself and it allowed me to be many.

It was my shy conception of empathy, an idea of skilled quietness.  
I believe that I helped that day.  
And I definitely did go faster...

*How to find harmony amongst  
difference?*



How to make discourse more kind  
To admit to the falsehood of the last word.

A notion created because of the phenomena that  
the only way to breath is the **abrupt thud** of a  
**full stop.**

A counter notion:

**Breath in,**

Unrecognised communication should

**Breath out**

Carry on with an empty going.



## Technologies of language and visions: the metaphor.

Metaphor is a technology of language to change visions of meaning.

It has the ability to create new connection through utalising our humam capacity to experince visions outside of or beyond the physical world.

Therefore it is a method of empiricle confusion; with the aim of *bearing* new possibilities for understanding.

‘Latin ... metaphora “a transfer,” especially of the sense of one word to a different word, literally “a carrying over,” from metapherein “to transfer, carry over; change, alter; to use a word in a strange sense,” from meta “over, across” (see meta-) + pherein “to carry, bear” (from PIE root \*bher- (1) “to carry,”

*also “to bear children”).’*

The metaphor **is** an opening, a waiting room, a vestibular space, a mediator, a touch, an active listening...  
A spell?

## A B i r t h .

*This relates to the notion of empathy. the metaphore is empathic.*

*‘a Feeler’ as in ‘Parable of the Sower’, Octavia.E.Butler*

*‘A Catcher’ as in ‘Woman on the edge of time’, Marge Piercy*

*or*

*‘A Glitch’ - glitch feminism*

*‘A cut’ - My Fatal Magic*

*if* it is ‘felt’ it is not confined within *dualisms and binaries*

*if* it is a ‘glitch’ or ‘cut’ it has become a *problem for the upholding of such binaries.*



## THE motions of OPENING



*A birth is also an opening.  
a birth is the wound  
the regurgitation.  
It is one bodies kindness in giving itself up  
for the possibility in another.  
an emptying  
infinitely, for potentiality of full.  
it is freedom by selfless wound.  
a sacrificed full-singularity,  
for wholeness at the separation.*

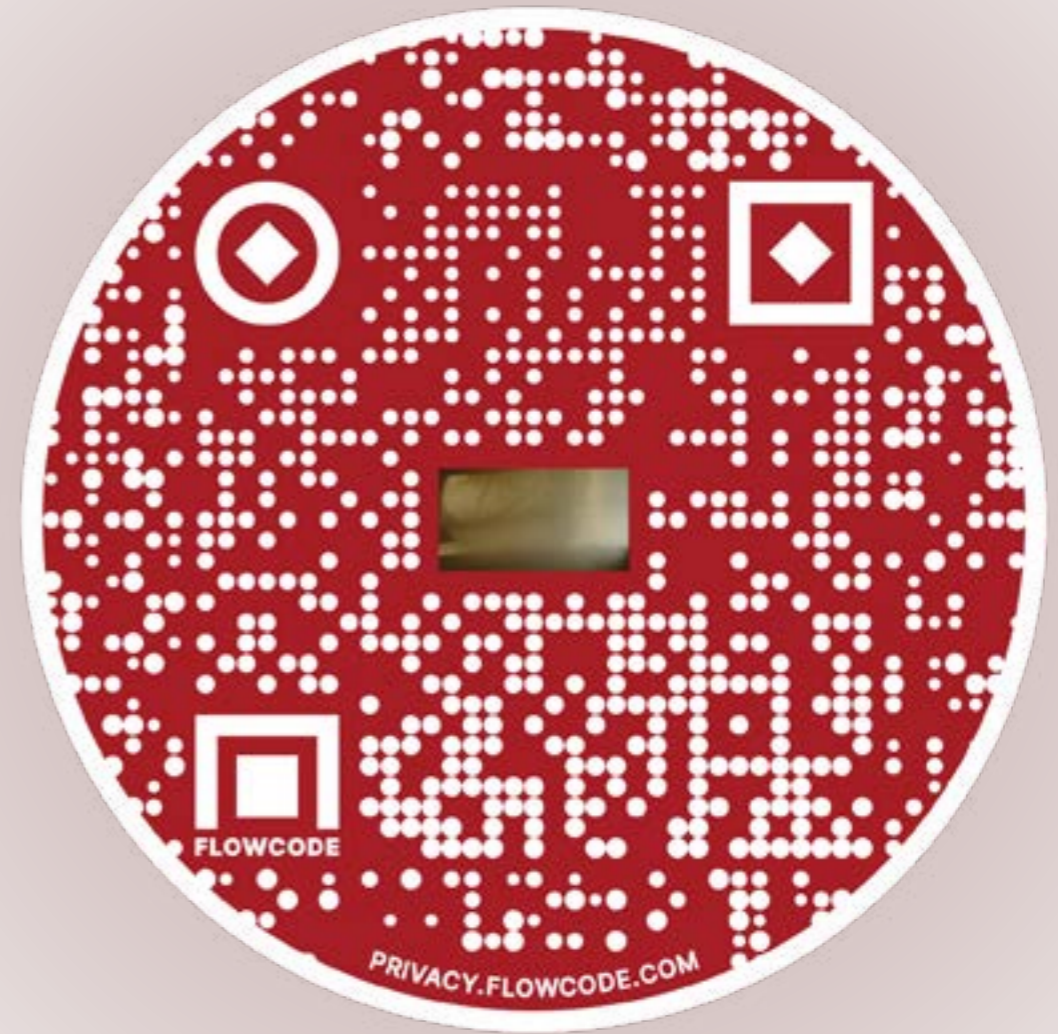
*Here, we stop at the go line.  
You are released as it ends.  
Run free now child.*

*But remember please  
My mouth and its breath  
The door and the waiting room.  
The rocking  
It's a transformation*

*See my hands as they are  
Marked but free  
With no grip  
Un-thumbed  
At the gap, slip.*

*The wound, the whom.  
Remember  
The kind opening.*

*When you tire  
You can meet me at the peripheries.  
Where to dwell without sinking.  
An unsung hero.  
You can meet me where things touch.*



Research Archive and journey of discovery.

Beyond Phora is a opening.  
A touching point for discovering transformative thinking. Its aim is to create a space for opening, within given systems of thought. In doing this, it bares hope that new praxises of living and becoming may be discovered. It is here to communicate.

For those more explorative, empathic and ready.