

ללא כותרת

(Lelo' Koteret)

(Untitled)

charcoal paperwork by M Kennedy Volcofsky

text accompanying *Troy Open Studios*

Saturday, October 11th, 2025

Sukkot Shabbat Chol haMoed 19 Tishrei 5786

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- *Drain Catch n.39* (transcript of oral composition in bath). [bracketed words = written additions.]
- footnotes, incl. excerpts from WIP *Mickey Who Will Be Eighty-Five In The Year Six Thousand*.

[n.39]

One fifty-two third street, number one, October eighth, twenty twenty-five, twelve oh nine p.m.

the subject
is the beyond
the physical
gives access
to

The Subject is the beyond the physical gives access to.

The subject is the beyond the physical gives access *to*.

The Beyond is the subject the physical causes to appear.

The beyond the subject, but not *the subject beyond*, which is: un-inscribable.

And what is un-inscribable is: unsayable.

Contemporary - meaning latter 20th century and present day psychoanalytic theory, that which traces its roots to Freud - characterizes (and I emphasize *character* in relation to what is hung, here, for you) characterizes this '*beyond*' and *The Subject* which is its vehicle of appearance, both as antecedent and posthumous [to one another]. Both: anterior and interior and posterior, all three of them being copulated into the single word *extimacy* by [Jacques] Lacan. These theoretical

[psychoanalytic] bodies [of thought] are inscribed, incised, inhabited by their calling this *subject beyond*, or subjects beyond, or being subjected-*to* this beyond ... they ... inscribe it as *The Feminine*.

For Lacan¹, it was what was impossible to totalize in language. Not simply [in] language, but in the spoken. There is a sense in Lacan that the written can subtend dearly enough to this unspeakable that it can cast a reflected light on it in the written [via logical notation]. He names it *The Feminine* because it is what is beyond the speakable. And so, something ... something supplemental to the experience of being human, and being human is nothing other than being *the subject of the signifier*, meaning *a being who speaks* [parlêtre]. Currently in Québec, in a school called the *École freudienne du Québec* [EFQ], Willy Apollon, a man with roots in Haitian voodoo (from where he was born, in Haiti) also calls this beyond *hors langage*, 'the outside language'. He doesn't add the conjunction. He doesn't say outside *of* or outside *to* or outside *from* language, he says *outside language*. Which gives the sense that this *outside*, this *hors*, this *beyond*, is structured like a language. Precisely because it is language which delimits its outside situation. Its outside ... situate ... its being situated beyond, *hors*, outside.

What can an outside language say? It can only say what it cannot. It can only speak what it's unable to speak *of*. *Not-of*, it can only speak *of*, what it's able not to say. Just like Freud identified the lack of negative valence in the unconscious ['there's no *no* in the unconscious'], so too that has to be sustained in the sense of [this] *outside*, not as an inability but as an *other* ability to 'say' what is outside [of] saying. All of this, however, begins with what in all three teachings is called *castration*. Which is the event of one's power being delimited, lost, known [lived] as impossible; power • less • ness become one's fundament. And so there is a, in some sense, primordial negativity which all three teachings link to *The Feminine*, and [which] all three teachings insist is not connected to biological sexuation. Only psyche-logical, with an *E*, I add the *E*, not the *O*: psychological sexuation.

While Freud's and Lacan's narratives [trace their own mythic ways] of arriving at this label, this word applied, this appliqué, of *feminine*, Willie Apollon's idea is: all humans pass through the belly of a woman, out from, from, the belly of a woman. All humans pass out at the moment they are born from woman. They pass out from woman. *The blackout* is implied; is implicit. The gap: of time broken in two. [Yet] this is not the first castration Willy Apollon ascribes to conception and gestation of the one inborn yet to be born. He ascribes [this to] the seismic shiver that a voice other than the mother's ([voice]which the developing being is most familiar with, being within its interior echo); this other voice penetrates uterine waters, shivering the interior of the developing being. The mother responds with her body. Not voluntarily; a unconscious response, a animal's response, an animal

¹ 1901-1981; French psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, Jacques Lacan used the 20th C's sciences of linguistics and logic [as well as the logic-disrupting aesthetics of Dada & Surrealism] to renew the invention which Freud could only describe in his Victorian era's languages: mechanical dynamics, biological science, Darwinism, Goethe, etc. Our Viennese Dr's discovery of *the human* not being master of its own house is reformulated and extended by Lacan's phrase *Desire is the desire of the Other*: i.e., to solve the gnawing lack being's *being* produces we use the objects found *by others* (meaning: both in others' vicinity ((i.e., because they want it/him/her we do too)); but also that our choices of objects *we want* is only supplied to us by others); except – *our* lacking's cause is our being entered into, or by, language – split: become *the subject of the signifier* [eternal] and *animal* [mortal]. The two times of the human. Time of the body, time of speech : which is the time of : Love. And so *extimacy* is the presence within us of that which is most outside us: that which calls each of us *I*. "In you more than you", another Lacanian formula. That each *signifier* (such as "I") only attains meaning by *what it is not* – by the difference which traces its meaning, a trace created by all the other words – leads to the lack which the objects of desire are sought to stuff. And yet the lack itself *is* the mobilizing *force* of meaningfulness, and the *beyond within* the effraction's [see below] trauma installs.

mother's response to this – what Willie Apollon calls *effraction* – this *breaking in*, this invasion of this voice's force [of effect]. The developing being *feels* the mother's response, as well as has its own response to this invasion, this break-in of sound of an other [to] whom the mother is linked because of her body's involuntary reply, gives this voice a site – which is outside.

For Apollon, this is the first instantiation of a *beyond*. What has happened to the developing being's body, because they are yet to be engulfed, enveloped in the net of signifiers, of language, must simply be experienced sensorily, and a sense memory of this *effraction* causes the outside, *the beyond*, to be interiorized in [or: as] the developing being's psychologic. [A primordial *extimacy*.] Birth, passing out from the woman, passing out from the mother ... *passing out from the mother*: before that [effraction], in that interior, there are no gazes, there are no seen, there are no faces. The voice, and what it causes in the body: the emplacement of *the beyond* that excites [ex-sites], that causes anguish, that causes a change in time's pulse. It may be the sound of the father's voice, it may be ... whoever has this effect. The identity in some sense is less important because they're, at this point, there is only the ... the cataclysm of the *effraction*. This ~~catechism~~ cataclysm is linked to the mother's desire, [to] her object that interrupts the fusion of these previously inseverable two, or this previously undivided couple. [So begins *différance*, and infinity's – not eternity's – time of deferral.]

So, something remains. Because humans pass out ... from the mother, the mother is the central character in all cultures' structurings, globally, because species-future depends on the presence of mothers. The erection of laws begin with the collective commandments of relationship to what is beyond – understanding that that already conjoins 'mother' *with* 'beyond'. And the fraught insecurity trained upon her idea is linked to what remains of the *effraction*. Culture organizes around the *effraction*, the breaking-in of a voice. It organizes around the *effraction* to protect the mother who's passed-out-from.

Another conjoined set emerges: that of *the voice*, which is externality, and that of *speech*, which is the signs-attributed or the signs-applied to what is external. Thought and language are always linked to the interior from which one passes out. Speech is always linked to the exterior – which broke in. This is how humans are able to be born²; and this is the obstacle presented by beings encountering other beings whose inmost, own-most interiority is unsayable – and yet is that which is most absolute and undisavowable. An interiority, an absolute which cannot be disavowed because it is one's source, as human.

Apollon will continue on to describe culture, and then, in a larger collective, civilization's, management of this beyond-speech, this outside-language, and the drive ['the mission'] to speak of, without possibility, *the beyond* that insists in each one [each person]. And *only* in that one. And that one. And that one. Once species-logic irrupts in adolescence (the drive to procreation), already the boy has been inculcated with the knowledge that the girl is, above all other things, the

² The Jewish blessing recited after putting on the prayer shawl (*tallit*) – a garment which joins angel's-cloak, Edenic skin, infant swaddle and death shroud – and in which is sensed the origin of superhero capes – reads: *the children of men take refuge in the shadow of Your wings*. 'The children of men.' If all people pass out the belly of woman, what are *the children of men*? And who are these so exposed they must find refuge? The imagery of the phallus ejaculating the alphabet is found in Jewish mysticism; but – also in the teaching of Willy Apollon. Again this inference: it is in the cut of *the signifier* that nudity, exposure, vulnerability – *difference* – are caused; and while the nurture and sheltering embrace of the mother is crucial, a second time of danger or vulnerability is entered when entering the chain of signification, which is the law – of the father. The children of men are corded by the umbilicus of *signification* in link to the outside of what has no exterior – extimacy's uterine impossible; no exterior: paternity has no guarantee beyond *the letter* itself.

mother-to-be. The girl as well has been inculcated that she is the mother-to-be, fundamentally. This produces what Apollon will call *the immunity of pleasure* [also ‘the censorship of the feminine’], which is this unconscious knowledge being transmitted to the children about the mother’s primacy. First in the boy, because he must know the mother as the object before she [the girl] does, because his orgasm is the one that motherhood will arise from.

[In this way] Apollon describes the *beyond-pleasure*, much like Freud will, much like Lacan will with his *not-all*, and Freud [with] his *beyond the pleasure* principle. Apollon’s *beyond pleasure* is the asocial, ravaged *effraction* by *the beyond* disrupting the culturally accepted mode of sex related to pleasure. ‘Pleasure’ is the boy’s orgasm; *beyond* is the impossible which language leads one to the crevasse[-edge] of, where then to enter, to leap into that crevasse, with the girl – not as a mother-to-be [or was], but as a human, to be addressed by his own unspeakable – [and] to be desired for his – not orgasm, but for his own beyond, and for him to desire to address, not her motherhood, but her own language ... language-crevasse ... language cutting of its own crevasse ... for them to leap into this crevasse together³ would be to overcome the immunity of *community*.⁴ And there, the ability to know: ends.⁵ At its beyond.

³ Together? Is this possible? Lacan’s adage *there is no sexual relationship* means precisely this: whether performed in unison, conjunction, simultaneity, perfect agreement, the notion of *together* in the ex-site of *jouissance* is non-sense. And for the bodies in communication, in flow or sync or love, still, there is no *together*: outside the signifier there is *nothing to be said*; and this nothing is not nothing (nor is it ‘everything’); it’s just not speakable. The highway ends at the ocean: the vista grows flat and wide and bright and the wind that rips through the convertible’s seat smells of salt and fishlife and hot sand, the light increases as the car’s speed increases and the arrival at the water grows near. There’s a reason the film fades out in a bright white flash here. At the apex of joy the lamp of darkness floods the screen and the screen itself is destroyed. And, with it, the letter of the body. *It was while I was away the cove of my sorrow was born. While I was not here, and she saw me. While I was away, and only my body remained. The cove of my sorrow, its ebb and flow, its suction and release, its baring and covering. A body, called me, lying there, without me to protect it. And what was done was done; the memory of not remembering – that gap of helplessness. The cove of my sorrow, scooped out by others’ hands. Its tides slap and sink, hush and rustle. Its currents, my life’s danger and desire, tides leading me street by street, body by body, spinning, a toy boat caught by an eddy in its cup. Around and around in the hollow of my sorrow’s memoryless dark, cove of origin, sadness’ body. But what of the current? Where does that begin? This is what needs be known / but when was I away? was the cove where I was born? or was this cove born when I was born? which of us is older? I can say it was carved out and filled while I was away, while hands were on me. did those hands carve its hollow? or did they find their pleasure discovering its depths, its roundness, its lack of resistance?*

⁴ Here is where to note the fact: Moses is the only *man* in *The Book* who is ever described as wearing a veil: to hide from the people the *קרן*, *keren*, glow, radiance – or, even, per Robert Alter, the radiation scars his *face-to-face* encounter on Sinai with *The Source* incurred. Moshe descends, bearing not only the engraved Law, but a body whose having undergone this encounter now bears this surplus, one which changes his link between himself and the community he leads ... and his wearing of the veil links it to *the feminine*. *קרן*, *keren*, ‘radiance’, was deformed by St. Jerome, in his Vulgate translation, as *horns*. His phallicizing the ineffable is a perfect expression of the *immunity of pleasure*; it persists to this day in its most basic form: Jews being asked, in all sincerity: *where are your horns?*

⁵ THE WIND changed. The storm never came. I remember the day that never came better than the one came yesterday. I remember the dropping pressure building calm, the swelling promise of soft white catastrophe, a’va house of books and fire, a’va world sent way from the world, of relief, in it gone away, soon I could look at it stilled, streets buried wind dead the skymachine reproving eternity collapsing down on us, all ways always. Withdraw, what I always want, withdraw catch my breath and inbody the wish of never-have-been. Death of the world my blanket, I’d luxuriate in it its wrap. And probably never crack a book never set a fire never speak or write or open a screen; just the silent mouth of the evacuated city become mine [again], say and finally: do nothing. Finally be in love. The snow would light dark’s fall, I’d admit no lit light in my room. Only the light inside snow. Noiseless, my aspiration to be skinned in mute light, be muted, be heard not-to-be. Eachenevery inch of wall, every corner every skein of dust prepared for our ceremonial release from the worlding world. And then the wind changed and it never came. And the book that awaits the burial of the world – not the book not heard but the book heard not-to-be: lost. The book – book of time after the end of time –

Questions arise⁶, produced by language, by the ears that hear, [questions] of this pathogen ascribed to the community's, the culture's, exterior⁷ [being] linked to the mother one passes out from. This hygiene [structured by femininity] evokes many other traditions, and gives a sense of what humanity is always in inseverable agon with.

⁶ INSIDE EACH one, a seed to grow to its destruction. Inside each one a seed that splits the letter of the world, the the the very letter of the world that begins each their book of the book after that the world's end. This seed the last, the very last I hold to: to remain: this single letter, the single letter each. What keeps me. Listening. This, the silence inside snow light never arrived now solely remaining in this each one's single letter. This, the world: the book inside the screen: light of afterlight: world that ignites world.

A MIRROR with stitches.

A SINGLE image or sense of movement, repeating ... inside the body in the eye inside ... the [this] body is not not real, it's a body that is not seen ... the [this] body is not not real, ... [this] the body is not not the body, there's a body in the body is the a [this] moving image – its translating seen, felt-not-seen, of the thing ... this season ... these weeks days however long ... *timelapse bloom of a rose's geometric unfurling* repeats in succession ... the influx of the world ... in the chest ... moving back to front ... the capsule *where I am* am carried in through the world. Is this the *placental object* spoken of in Lacan? ... *empfindung* of encapsulated difference which accompanies? ... the *who is the third who walks beside you?* ... flower in bloom in timelapse inflicting difference without change ... bloom ... rage and hunger to consume the sun and swallow the rain ... body-not-the-body ... season, weeks, days, years, however long – *standing on the corner waiting for the light and someone smashing my skull from behind*. ... the universal collective was unprepared, unable, and utterly at bay to the body-not-body – *six feet apart* was a geometry of dream ... *wish for the world-not-the world* – the wake of that 1/5 of a decade ... 80% stayed in Egypt ... *thinking* had stopped ... a feed, a feed, a feed, a feed, a feed had halted *my thought's travel plans*. NO BODY, and then – no thought extended past the horizon of the *not*; something happened in this *timelapse repeating its unfurling as image of its written empfindung* ... last scartissue scabbing off ... a letter restitches into torn prohibition ... intimate concourse with the ground itself ... [this] the body-not-the-body penetrating itself ... doubling desire for noneness ... *shivers rippling across the image of a thought finding its form*.

⁷ PORNOGRAPHY'S EXPOSURE of what is lacking is one grammar that remains of the ethical image; pulling the skin of the hole out of itself, splatting it on the wall. But to make the wall a screen is to lose the structure of the temple, and the temple is what is required to give profanity its power. Is there a pornography now that can be incised on – or *as* – the temple wall, and not a screen – even though *screens* were a crucial element of the 'Ohel Mo'ed [portable desert sanctuary], it was only from the *thing to be screened* they gained power. Is there an image – unmoving, wallhung form – that can provoke the gap between screen and sacred absent-object that does not repeat the crucifixion's? Because the Temple blueprint is *writing itself* the sacred object exists only in speech. Or, more accurately: *in the letter*. What picture now can be that christian severed tongue? Only what is inassimilable can induce the risk that is the sensed-presence of the ethical.

PERHAPS THE picture can only locate the proximity of the ethical, sensed as near as one's feet – but not the thing itself. For that, *writing is required*. But more : for that – the Other is required. For that – another *time* is alive. There is no *loss* in the encounter with the picture. And this is why our historic moment is sucked backwards helplessly into the sinkhole of the image: the horror – induced by the object that is the pocket-mirror-screen – of the reality of castration: the drain-plug on the sinkhole that itself is the eye.

ROTHKO'S POIGNANCY is also in his manifesting the painting as *korban* [קרבן : *sacrificial offering*]. His works are the *mis-en-scene* – the flint – of the butchery of the offerings on the altar. The site, and the sight, of the *spurt of blood*, which Artaud well evoked. All these 'suicided by society' (in Artaud's case living death's aliveness) link the creative act with the fatal moment of infinite – and infinity's – desire. These are Rothko's blood lettings, seen in various times of day and season, which affects their tints and shadows. Each time I see his work now it appears both as the moment of the sacrifice and its remaining stains – [this] over and under space of the altar and its beyond – glimpsed at dawn, at noon, at dusk; in rain and full sun; in darks of the new and full moons.

Femicide,⁸ as the root of antisemitism, as the root, next in sequence, of racism, [is] audible in this description. And so I wonder, by offering you [this new series of] these images of which there are no eyes, no faces [and yet whose breasts see and look]; of which all are female; within [this,] a moment of Jewish precarity, returned to its logical epochal cycle – perhaps subtending Judaism’s placing at its center the breaking in of the voice without a face which is installed to defend the future of the people; [I wonder] *with*⁹ all these associations, with me as this moment’s joining these three of art and psychoanalysis or psyche, psyche-analysis, and Judaism, my [beloved] heritage – [since] I as the fourth am in discourse with these three¹⁰ – so what I offer you here, alongside its title of *Lelo’Koteret*, ‘Untitled’ (which itself might evoke a *beyond-the-letter*) – I offer also ‘tetralogy’ or ‘tetralogue’: a speaking of four together.¹¹

⁸ YET THERE *is* the loss-of-loss in the encounter with a painting: it is the painting itself. Just as words are a gag on speech, the image is a blindfold on presence. The desire I can identify in my act (and only its desire, not its result) is the-want-to-have that which supports *the object* (page or picture or screen or stage) be so ruptured its support is fatally compromised or destroyed entirely. This puts the witness themselves in position of *korban*; and yet – just as on the altar, the animal-witness is a third, a stand-in for the link that *being a link* is an impediment/object between *I* and *Other*. [Not other – the strikethrough exactly what remains, in love – or as love: struck: the fact that *one’s mother’s face is proof of death, the stranger’s grunt made visible.*]

WHO DO I love when I love you?

ELSEWHERE. I’D have to call it that.

IT IS not correct: the witness is not made *korban*; they are made *HaMakom*, the place-holder of The Name which writing and speaking destroy. The site prepared for their arrival – the [art]work as *face* – they occupy as water does a depression: fill, then evaporate. The work’s face narrows: squeezing in, pausing, wriggling out again; the witness seeming-to-look as a prism seems-to-live. Work *made* is the work of *response*⁸, in reply to an original message (origin which is the work’s face itself), an exchange: the witness separates *source* from *work*, and offers a moment’s relief – the appearance of identity.

עֲרֵוָה, ERVAH, nakedness.

“‘The world to come’ is a wrong translation; it’s the world that is coming.”

⁹ As I approach the crest of the bridge, where the interference is, something hits me in the right side of my neck, down near the collarbone.

¹⁰ LIKE A man that tugs his own ear to signal he’s got a fare: ‘plea-pliét’, he says, as if I know what that means. ‘Plea-pliét.’ *Second view first desire*, I think – and then realize: I know as little about the thought I just heard in my head as I do of the words this man just spoke. He tugs his right earlobe again. ‘Off we go,’ he says.

¹¹ *In the other world the kiss is – always – a sealing of lips that ignites the fuse which ends everything. There’s a word for that. It’s never said, because it always comes after. In the other world the poles of desire are the same charge, and so the planet does not spin, it’s a knuckleball, it coasts through interstellar space without gravity and without course; on it, we three – only three, of course – sense the change, but it’s just the willowy rumpling of the curtain in this one-window shack, this 1, too close to the road. We being seen as ‘three’ were there another to see is –*

ERVAH, *Ervah*, I cried, come back.

FOOTCUPS IN snow filled with blue light.

ERVAH, *Ervah*, I cried, come back.

[Addendum:] ‘*Untitled*... can be heard as *being deposed*, [*beheaded*,] *stripped*, or ... *unlocatable in speech*.

Second addendum: Just as psychedelics dilate the pupils. and (not surprisingly) opiates contract them into languageless dark, I use the heat of the bath to dilate my thinking.
This [text] is one result of that act.

Addendum 3: The violence [in these pictures, ripped, naked, torn] is inherent in being stripped and [is] not disavowed.

The creative act is always in a un ... severable structure [of violence] with aesthetics. [Passing out.]

A' Traveling Yeshiva Sideshow
5786