

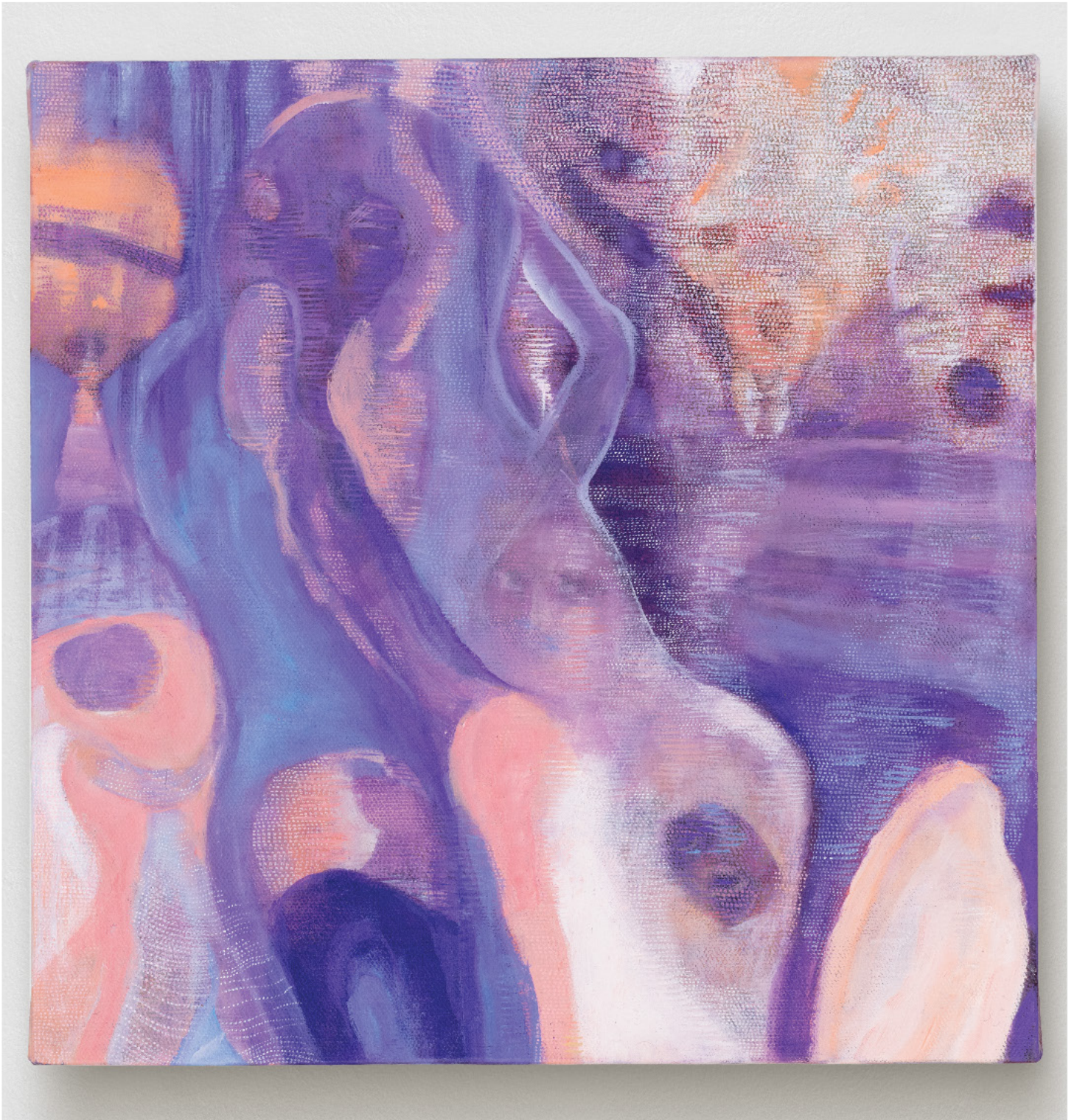


Bracha L. Ettinger, *Angel of Carriance n.1*, 2017-2021. Oil on canvas, 25x25cm. Collection Museo delle Civiltà, Roma. © Courtesy of the artist.



Bracha L. Ettinger, *Annunciation - Birthing - Pieta n.4*, 2017-2021. Oil on canvas, 25x25cm. © Courtesy of the artist.





Bracha L. Ettinger, *Eurydice, n.58*, 2019- 2022. Oil on canvas, 30x30cm. © Courtesy of the artist.





Bracha L. Ettinger, *Eurydice, n.57*, 2019- 2022. Oil on canvas, 30x30cm. © Courtesy of the artist.

**And My Heart, Wound-Space With-In Me.  
The Space of Carriance**

**Bracha L. Ettinger**

*Ve'libi, halal be'kirbi*

וְלִבִּי, חָלַל בְּקִרְבִּי  
תְּהִלִּים קָטָן, כָּבֵד

*And my heart is wounded within me  
— Psalm 109:22*

Carrying is knowledge. *Carriance* is the symbolic relief for a Real of carrying and being-carried, and for its sublimation. In the Real, carriance absorbs the effects of depth-working of subreal strings and threads. While the one carries and the other is being carried, some conscience of carriance, some conscience that includes matrixial encounters and resonance of elements on the subreal level, is formed at the unconscious level. String-working and formed threads in-form subjectivity, singular and plural as of the several units, of our being-in-borderlinking-borderspacing even while or if we are (as individuals) retracting in withdrawal, away from the other and from the world. Webbing, spinning continues. Threads are spun, nets are knotted. At what depth? Hurting the other will “in”-hurt us across the heart-

shadow-rope.

Thick Easter smoke flowing, [ ... ] (Sky never was. / But  
there is sea still, flame-red, / sea.) [ ... ] At the uttermost edge  
of vision; the dance / of two blades / across the heart-shadow-  
rope. / Beneath it, the net, knotted / out of thought- / ends  
– at what / depth?<sup>1</sup>

Subjectivity relies on our modes of being-for-carriage in psycho-co-  
poiesis, modes in-formed by the feminine-maternal-matrixial.  
Carriage, with its “positive” and “negative” implications, informs  
thought and, out of thought, it shapes our ethical stance, by which my  
other will in me be charged.

Vast, glowing vault / with the swarm of / black stars pushing  
them- / selves out and away: // on to a ram’s silicified forehead  
/ I brand this image, between / the horns, in which, / in the  
song of the whorls, the / marrow of melted / heart-oceans  
swells. // In- / to what / does he not charge? // The world is  
gone, I must carry you.<sup>2</sup>

The world has gone — or I have withdrawn from it, or it has no ethical  
meaning any more, it has become an *ain* [no-thing — אֵין]. No more  
beauty — but! But, precisely, since no matter what I must carry you,  
an other *ain* appears. Eye-spring, spring-eye [*ain* — אֵין]. From the  
heart of the spring, I will carry you.

*Ein Rabam* (the eye of the vulture, the spring of the womb) expresses  
this desire, both particular and potentially available for those who  
unconsciously await it to feel their trust in the world.

1 Paul Celan, “Thick Easter smoke,” in *Poems of Paul Celan*, trans. Michael  
Hamburger (New York: Persea Books, 2002), 245.

2 Celan, “Vast, glowing vault,” in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 251.

Proximity and inside [*kirba, kirva* – קירבה] while carrying could invite me to accept being sacrificed [*korban* – קרבן]. To resist the economy of sacrifice — this is where carriage, as an idea that emerged via the Matrixial, steps in. Near [*kereb, karov* – קרב] inspires *inside*, interiority, the “within me” [*be'kirba, be'kirbi* – בקירבה, בקרבי] as *with-in* and *amongst* [*be'kerev* – בקרב] of maternal carriage [to carry, *la'set* – לשאת; n.s.a.,<sup>3</sup> *hansa'a* – הנשאה, נשא], *lifting* and *bearing* and *subject* [*nossee* – נושא, נשא]. The feminine-maternal interior-pregnance-passage space in the corp-Real, where we have all passed and all dwelled, effects the psyche, effects the spirit. In principle invisible, different from any of its representations as objects, from any of its images — the heart breath of the world's space in my soul is a depth *amongst*, a *with-in* my interior, not to be desecrated. *Halal* [space] – *mehoulal* [spaced] means also *desecrated* [*mehoulal* – מחולל].

*Ve'libi, halal be'kirbi*

ולבי, חלל בקרבי

*And my heart is wounded within me  
and my heart, space with-in me  
and my heart desecrated in my interior*

What is this heart, what is this heart-breathing, sacred, and which might be wounded, and might also be desecrated, in someone's life-span, in a particular historical period? The off-time of it is the time of the eternity of the passage of an idea in-via the body. Light-love-life, the (m)otherly seduction into life which heals — discovering it in all sexualities and all genders in the human, in carriage. Love-light can work without us, humankind. Artpaint(h)ing is in-for the human, it works with it in-for the humane. The *envoïement* of the power of its

<sup>3</sup> n.s.a is the Hebrew grammatical root from which all these words emerge.

meaning burdens the world. Carrying the unpossessable, sharing inside-beside-and-with-in matrixial carriage is an interval span within a span — a sacred wound-space full of non-sacrificial joy-sorrow. Space of impregnance, a breath dance. My interior off-space is a subject-space of depth. Painting, creating-spacing [*halal, lehoulal* — ללחלל] in a painting and in-between paintings. Painting pains me. It will pain you. I join in sorrow. Expanding its edges and deepening the space as its contours begin to thicken. Carry the wound-space to the surface, and it still hides, not as a secret. It hides, as it keeps enigmatically spinning. The object's depth under this view-point is a matrixial space of borderlinking-borderspacing from a within of those who are ensembled. I continue to long for it.

The-(m)other-woman-as-matrixial-space does not emerge from the woman image in the painting, although *she-it* is not entirely alien to the image. When *she-it* sees me from the kernel of the painting, artworking *this* painting begins to end. And I don't know what she sees, and I don't ask *it* to reply. Something of *it* will arrive, to me and to-from the cosmos. You are, I am, grains of dust in the eyes of the vast glowing vault. I long to be carried but *I must carry you*.

The matrixial space as a subject (subject-matter) in painting — this pregnative womb space — is not identical to representation of subject or object or to subject-as-image-of-a-woman or of-a-human-body. Think of the doubling of a space drawn by a Möbius ring in the air. It is not collapsed by its other features into, for example, the inside-as-outside continuity of its strip. It can be opened, it can be narrowed, it can contract itself. A *representation of a space* in a painted image will not necessarily create or desecrate a matrixial space, just like the action of a body in space is not a guarantee of a performance as art.

The gaps in the different kinds of intervals between layers and between elements in each layer, the depth of the painting's inner space, do not depend on the content "told" by the image that appears in a painting or in a series of paintings. A space is not its description either. I feel the

borderspace in the interval between the layers through its resonance in-for each of them with-in me. The layers “behave” like some musical instruments. The painting itself as a new image-body-matter activates a space in itself and in me. A subject appears. It can leave. Approach it. Withdraw from. Its own withdrawal to the surface makes from it an inside. I can think of a *subface*. The subface continues to tremble under the surface. On the surface: depth without thickness. On the subface, the heart of the intervals breathes. Thick-less depth (Real). Also, non-perspectival depth. Depth not triggered by the opticality of the Imaginary. Interior depth yet shareable, triggered by matrixial subject-space. Once you carry, you are carried too.

And the figure of the withdrawal-approximating wave in the human, for the humane, appears. Each moment can enter this time of revelation in carriage. Like a rainbow around the meridian, *it* can carry you as it resonates. The space can be the water, the space can be Eurydice.

Rubble Barge [ ... ] Water hour, the rubble barge / bears us to evening, [ ... ] Lightened. The lung, the jellyfish / inflates itself to a bell, [ ... ] arrives / at the No breathed bright.<sup>4</sup>

Recently in Venice I looked at the sky after sunset. Then I looked at the water. Still sea. Dark green-blue blood sedimentation, progressively subsiding color. Immersed in color, the water reflected the color of the sky, moment after moment, this blue that the body-psyche yearns to enter. A yearning to enter the water engulfed me, a desire to enter water up to the horizon. And I looked at the sky to escape the water. Immersed in this wave-length, no difference was there yet there was. A wound-space in the water carried my heart and its space with-in it.

The resonance space of the intervals between paintings is capable of this. It arouses a yearning from what in you is more than you.

<sup>4</sup> Celan, “Rubble Barge,” in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 103.



Transgression of the self [*biloul* – חילול] dances [*meholel* – מחולל]. Even when the series treats the same image, even when the soul of the hand's touch hovers upon the subject which is in the abyss of a gap between some images, *the force-field of time* to which a certain idea and a certain meaning become attached – which inside the image carries this same invisible thing otherwise breathing – opens in it a space of depth. More even: *the array of differences between layers of images and their traces* at one and the same time. At any given moment. You can stop painting in the middle – the thing of the painting breathes.

In the splaying of the layers' expanse – an invisible idea, an invisible meaning – a time fan. Am I in its center or at its edges? And what happens when edges untie, if unwoven they are ripped apart? Jellyfish, the sea medusa – organic touch-fan. Enter its filaments. The eyes of the fingers holding the brush or the pen are a filament. Between the spider web's threads spinning, floating in the air and the medusa's vision-antenna-thread – here it runs. A filament, a chord – antenna. The exterior, the interior of the body-trace, touching-trace, traces in matter, in air, in water – in the light, what will remain of them?

The air changes. The water changes at the subreal level. And the air remains, the water stays still. Water still. Sea still. Where the sky is gone, I will carry you. Memory of the painting though a thing among the things of the world is like a human memory.

You have gone. I will remember you.

The Lock Gate [ ... ] *Kaddish*. / Through / the lock gate I had  
to go / to save the word back / to the salt waters and / out and  
across: / *Yiskor*.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Celan, "The Lock Gate," in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 147.

Any belling secret place — matrixial space — generates depth resonance. Grasped — it can't be held. It inspires. Breathing? Suffocating? Any *image* wouldn't *expose* its mystery, but might reveal it. I keep wondering. Its mystery finds-reveals-hides a space. In the image. Always-still, incredible, credible. Creation-revelation expands. In line and in color expansion-withdrawal creates-forms [*meholel* — מְחוֹלֵל] a carriage-space. A mother soul-space *insubjects* us.

Carriage space. Metramorphic psycho-co-poiesis. Inspiration. Different from inclusion. Different from incorporation. Different from influence. Different from identification. Not symbiotic. Not an osmosis. Unmournable, reinscripted. In me beyond me is the witnessed other. Witnessing still. And my heart breaks.

After the catastrophe. The humane must reappear — in wit(h)nessing.

There. Here. To bear, to carry — how to create this potentiality? Inspiration includes you and me in its space. How to know-carry, what am I to bear? Who will bear further? Joining-expanding carriage in awe, in wonder, in trust before trust, in trust after trust, in *trust after the end of trust*. Wondering upon the grain of light within light, wondering upon the grain of light within darkness. Dwelling and passing through the kernel-eye-water-spring of this space grasped when a kernel with its others borderlinks and resonates. Co/in-habit(u)ating with one another, making a home from this space, even in the water. The nestling-nesting passion of the floating bird-eye is a soul-space. It enters you as you enter it. A space, as free [*balal panui* — חָלַל פָּנָי] it carries. Here, with a touch of the brush-pencil, *I must* and *I choose* — become one.

I must — I am free. Radical birthing of your mother soul's passion praying.

The Travelling Companion [ ... ] Your mother's soul hovers ahead. / Your mother's soul helps to navigate night, reef after

reef. / Your mother's soul whips on the sharks at the bow. /  
[ ... ] Your mother's ward stoops for the crumb of light.<sup>6</sup>

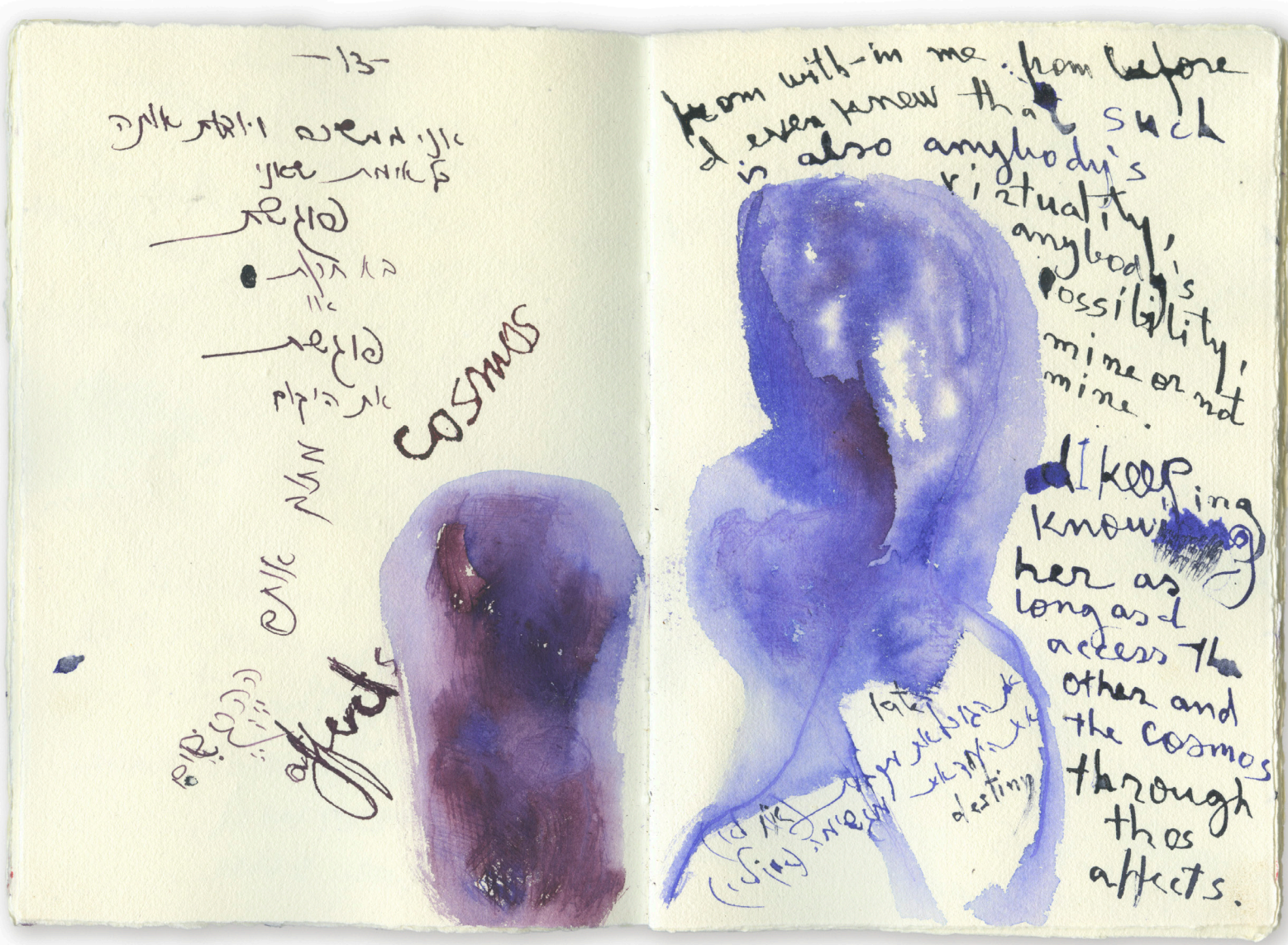
A space of connection evaded to make room. Turning to you, turning from you, calling it, appealing. Praying, clearing away [p'nia – פניה, pinui – פינוי], extroversing-introversing-retroversing, insiding-outsiding-besiding while connecting — fasten, tighten the proximity in the distance, open the distance in the proximity from it. Spreading-narrowing the gap between the layers, contracting-spreading the fan's intervals. Breath by the heart. The heart-breathing of the painting — in me. Heart breaks too. The floating bird-eye of the heart in the filament hand draws.

The depth of time in the intervals — fan in the expanse of the painting is chained by invisible cords to the depth of the spirit of the world. A human encounter is breathing in the matrixial space. A primordial beat-breath enters the soul of the cosmos in the Subreal — through you, through me — in the encounter-event in trust, and through the thing of the painting as it enters visibility and inspires by the eye. Trust is not credo; trust is beyond faith. Trusting what I know-as-I-bear-carry in artworking — artknowing this revelation. What I have never known until now — through this knowledge-through-trust I now know. I know what is unknowable via mistrust, what is unreachable in dis-trust. To know in being affected — and bring this knowledge into the edges of the realm of thinking.

Knowing the kernel through the filaments, these living strings. It knows itself and it knows you in drawing, in painting. Revealing-exposing [gilui – גילוי] exceeds creativity. Talking about trust is not connected to trust unless borne by the ting of its musicality and by it — it is held.

<sup>6</sup> Celan, "The Travelling Companion," in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 41.





Bracha L. Ettinger, from *Notebook*, 2009-2011 [archive #10192]. © Courtesy of the artist.

(On the level of the healing of the psyche, the psychoanalytic study of the Unconscious that had left this realm out desecrated and eliminated this space.)<sup>7</sup>

Time of metamorphosis in the ensemble of a few paintings passes. In the interior space of painting as well as in-between them the potentiality of what once could have been called — when it was glimpsed at — revelation hovers in and over the abyssal water.

The matrixial space spreads-accumulates, it sparkles within each work and through the various works when several subjects co-emerge, in the linkage between them when they labor for borderlinking and borderspacing. Carriance's connection is non-symmetrical. Carriance draws limits to any rejection. Carriance draws limits to any symbiosis. *You have been carried away? I must carry you.* Resonance of carriance implies remembrance.

In the snake carriage, [ ... ] / they drove you. // But in you,  
from / birth, / the other wellspring foamed, / on the black / jet  
remembrance / dayward you climbed.<sup>8</sup>

The paintings bring an expanse and a field for the space with-in and with-out us. The artistic vision of the space of carriance shapes an ethical space too. Still related to the physical-mental-material corpo-

7 If we do not take the subreal strings into consideration while addressing the subject matter of counter-transference in psychoanalysis, we will miss a crucial dimension, which might lead to misleading interpretations. For more, see Bracha L. Ettinger, "Carriance, Copoiesis and the Subreal," in *Saltwater: Theory of Thought Forms*. 14th Istanbul Biennial Catalogue, ed. Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev, 2015. Printed also in: Bracha L. Ettinger, *And My Heart Wound-Space*. Ibid. 2015, 343-352. Reprinted in #Political, 2016, 235-250.

8 Celan, "In the snake carriage," in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 211.

reality, its invisibility imprints the visible. Subreal links are then revealed.

With the matrixial field articulated, the borders of conceptuality have been enlarged. Concepts for thinking the womb-space do somehow fence the borderspace but they create its meaning too. They do not determine its Real — the working to raise more from it continues. Let the m-Other open in us a human domain. In transiting through symbolization, it is possible to recognize the pregnative-conceptive in and of an image. The content or object of the image will not determine the opening of its subject-carriage-space as a modus. (It doesn't matter if the image contains the representation of a "woman" or a "womb" or not. For me it usually does, though). Like *this* I carry you. In *this* way. Singular co-emergence in differentiation-differenciation of a subject-carrier with-from its unique non-I(s).

The joining-separating of several transjects (forming the "feminine" *severality* of this or that ensemble) — in the movement of their disappearance they appear in a transgression of the limits of the unique subject that carries in its conscience the vision of a possible future where a past trembles still with reverberations from a singular interval-tightening: the spreading-gathering, the co-breathing, co-emergence and co-fading of a few sparkles. In the future only they will find their mirror. The matrixial space approaches the expanse of representation; it touches me through some erotic antennae. The matrixial space [*balala* — הללה] slowly allowed into consciousness, stratifies layer upon layer a subject in withdrawal both to the edges of its outlines and to its core of solitariness. Along the subreal strings, cores meet. From the invisible inside the visible the foreclosed "Woman" enters the image as its face.

The touch of brush on canvas and pen on paper is a core-touch. Its subface is on the surface. A representation of a borderspace appears when by trust, I activate a *bordereliance*, the reliance by the edges is a kernel-to-kernel knot. It works for me and for you only when it calls for the arousal of a trust-fascination that will be invested and realized



in response-ability for carriage (a passage from the poetical to the ethical). To give witness to one's wit(h)nessing and grasp one's co-response-ability for the being-in-carriage — for carriage.

Critique is not lost in such art-trusting. It is participatory and valuable to art when it does not annul entrustment.

Something is gone. I will not *envoïd* it. I agree not to annul past trust.

Different images are born in the interval. Withdrawal inside opens an interval. The interval signals and signifies without “signifiers.”

An aspect of the painting that touches, arouses the erotic antennae of the psyche that connect to some of its other aspects. So can it, does it work for the attraction between the psyche and the cosmos?

Like *this* I paint. In *this* way pain-t(h)ing hollows me inside-out. Light light working. Dark light working. Colorlineights — covering, dis-covering, discovering.

An aspect-subject-matter or subreal element that trembles gathers intention. It starts tremble-creating its space. Slowly. Suddenly. A space-carrier carries its things. Layers accumulate and hide. What quality of light guides the searching?

Elements in a com-position (thing and thing, subject and subject, subject and object, object and object and subject, and in us, ego and non-ego of I and of non-I) can separate from one another then unite with some others in a different ensemble. But not endlessly. And not just any ensemble can be matrixially formed. Linked entities cohabituate to one another, and in the process of carriage they reattach themselves to one another. In-duration. Transjects float in the matrixial space. I and non-I(s) flow and spin in the subject-carrier-web-space. When the space of linking-separating and withdrawal-yearning appears as subject-for-carriage, what is it that I yearn for? And what is it that

you yearn for? In the intimacy of my solitude, the mystery of the ensemble prays.

In the visual expanse of the painting, like in a poem, the subject is not a representation but the space of a blurred idea at the level of a breath crystal. Or an invisible thread. Yet it enters, it reaches representation as its wound-space.

Black, / like memory's wound, / the eyes root for you<sup>9</sup>

Memory's wound is a space within me. Roots of the eyes, filaments of the heart, the filaments might always roll back to the wound-space. A subject hovering beyond the visual breaks through invisibility's shell in the theme-subject inside the image. Even though the subject-matter of the painting also turns, as now a painting, into an object in the world, it is always more than an object when or as long as it artworks. The mental depth of the image reflects a spiritual depth issuing from encounter-eventing with what the now visible image carries from that subject-space which performs its carriage beyond the visual field.

By way of the body-psyche into being comes a figure of encounter-spacing, core to core trembling in a fabric of subreal cords woven from different layers over time, slowly forming the boundaries for a singular, unique, precious space. Through encounters of various elements in the layers of one painting with elements from another painting throughout the breadth of several works carried out or presented simultaneously, through intervals opened up and then shrunk, through the remnants of touching gestures that interweave with one another while the interval between them is reduced by force of the encounter, and through the trembling of the knitted knots, the interior space resists the visible space and yet enters some oblique visibility in the image. Carriage

9 Celan, "Black," in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 229.

then rises to consciousness and accompanies the human subject throughout conceiving and discovering that which is mysterious, connecting to the other and the world, up to bearing witness, in self-fragilization — to the vulnerable.

Mental and spiritual space? Space where revelation might occur? This depth now excited awakens its desire. It can then enter the Symbolic and work for sublimation. And as its ripples, withdraws to the margins of the space and becomes its borders — it carries. Its invisible fabric of cords is separated from and connected to the visible image. In another dimension, the uterine-subject-space emerges when it appears, shedding light, on us and in the world.

In the space's matrixial eye inside painting, soul's remnants hover in differentiation from one another, in eternity waiting. These components: "constancy" (Franz Rosenzweig)<sup>10</sup> and "time still" crystals (Brian Massumi)<sup>11</sup> — among elements, invisible. Perhaps "the remarkable" (in the spirit of St. Augustine) appears in the painting expanse through the affectual tones that reach up to visibility.

Trust in the affect and the materiality that enables fascination — a creative duration — flows directly from the archaic stratum. Continuation even towards death attests to it. Watch out, Ophelia! Watch out, Eurydice! A sacrificial-surrender will bring the subject near the abyss where a *Laius Delirium* is at work. Surrendering through self-fragilization embraces the force of resistance too. Art-trust entails

10 Franz Rosenzweig, *The Star of Redemption*, trans. William W. Hallo (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971).

11 Brian Massumi, "Painting: The Voice of the Grain," in *Artworking 1985-1999* (Brussels: Ludion and Palais des Beaux Art), 2000, 9-32. Reprinted in: Catherine de Zegher, ed., *Drawing Papers. NY: The Drawing Center*, 2001, 7-18. Reprinted in: Bracha L. Ettinger, *The Matrixial Borderspace* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2006), 101-213.



a potential for disobedience to power structures (refusal to enter the logic of a failing father that operates from within his Laius Complex) when one becomes sensitive to a vulnerable she-carrier-subject-space [*noseet halala* – נושאת חללה]. When I carry “her-space,” I offer its potentiality to the painting. It then spins its singular inspiration.

Continuity devoid of continuum, seeing touch without sight — a string is stretched between the space of the unconscious and the cosmic space — vault of the infinite sky — depths of the sea, in the world — inside the body. The human body-psyche, meant to carry and be carried, echoes these waters even in infinite solitariness, in the amazing depth of the night, in the remarkable depth of sea waters.

Blind touches. A blind touch becomes an eye.

Go blind now, today: / eternity also is full of eyes — / in them /  
drowns what helped images down / the way they came, / in  
them / fades what took you out of language,<sup>12</sup>

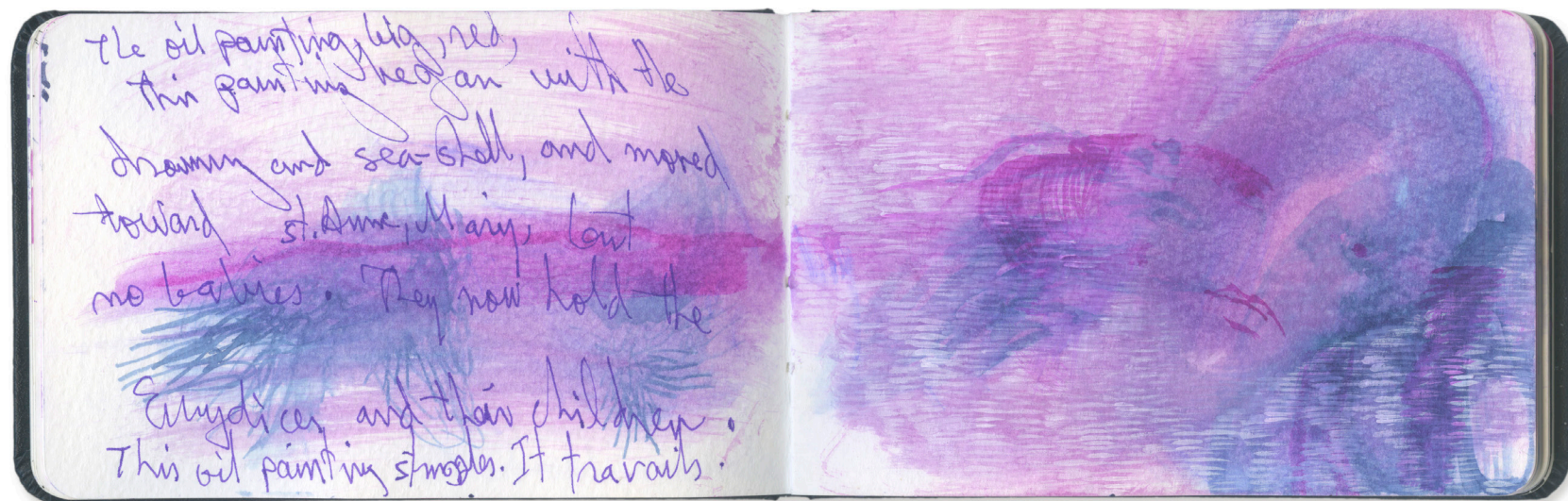
Intervals between the reappearance of an idea or the budding of an invisible subject find expression. The Subreal breath crystal is invisible. As hidden in subject, idea and space, it affects the visible. Different matters, color-lines, dust and ashes — all in turn become transparent. Suddenly — I breathe with the crystal’s breath. Suddenly — I am seen by it. One day it also tells me to stop, it says: move on.

The pain returns into its wound.

Landscape with urn creatures [ ... ] / from smoke mouth to  
smoke mouth [ ... ] A tear rolls back into its eye.<sup>13</sup>

12 Celan, “Go blind,” in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 223.

13 Celan, “Landscape,” in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 225.



the oil painting, let red,  
this painting began with the  
dreaming and sea-shell, and moved  
toward St. Anne, Mary, and  
no babies. They now hold the  
Eurydice and their children.  
This oil painting sings. It travels.

Bracha L. Ettinger, from *Notebook*, 2021 [archive #10189]. © Courtesy of the artist.



Bracha L. Ettinger, from *Notebook*, 2021 [archive #10189]. © Courtesy of the artist.



Space by subreal strings transgresses the individual's boundaries. The link between the interior of subject-carrier and the interior of its others and things, in the world, in the cosmos — here the painting births its thing(s), a carrier-carried thing borne at the kernel forming the encounter-time in the encounter-space even in withdrawal and in autistic solitude.

The interior *enspaced* by its heart's breathings and its breaks. Waves withdraw to its margins slowly becoming boundaries inside which it — carriage — evolves in a weaving of the strings, departing from and connecting the thing with its images. In another dimension, the matrixial space of carriage emerges, revealing itself with-in us, with-in it, in-worlding.

This or that link between paintings now exposed is an echo of various moments of the pregnancy of affiliations, created and then faded away, in the studio, in the course of artworking over the years. Transparent layer upon transparent layer. With every layer the previous one is not totally erased but finds other joints. Each layer evades any totality, creates and intensifies the inner space of the painting where several elements of an ensemble produce each time their fragile whole. The series in tandem with their outlines-intervals shrinks into itself not the musicality of the painting but the painting's musicality of things, their inner-space-musicality — transferring it from time and invisibility to the visible expanse.

Not the painting of a space but: the carrier-space of every painting.

The she-space seduces its own subject-carrier — a she-carrier — into life even when it withdraws during the gaping of the space — that despite its fragility on the level of representation will always persist and indicate a particular potential for rebellion — a space unassimilable to the display space even if this one has more power in the visual expanse, thanks, for example, to the aesthetics of the architectural space, and even though it seems as if it (the architectural space) is capable of overpowering it at any given moment. When you self-abandon yourself

to painting this thing in the world joins the processes of poietic *metramorphosis* and you can discover your own point of human rebellion similarly concealed in the thing.

A star / lightens to a light, / an hour casts out / an hour,  
[ ... ] a mother stump / leads a new-born face / through a  
pain,<sup>14</sup>

Thus time of encounter-eventing recorded in the painting breathes and beats in the depth of a space, trauma span, time of jouissance, in the dimension of the Subreal.

My paintings are connected through linkages that violate their separating margins not on the plane of the figurative image but on the plane of abstraction, the abstract that works for the space of carriage in the subreal interiority in me and in the object. The painting is linked from its interior to the internal soul of the world.

*Eurydice* and *Medusa* meet at the wound-space in the eye of the Matrix. While I set up Eurydice with Medusa as the visual subject on the level of the image, a matrixial space dives from the inside out. The subject which bursts forth through the subject-matter is pointed to the human, com-posing transjects. Pregnancy and fetal-ness, the wonder, the shock; the birthing trauma, love-trust in birth and in dying: the permeation of the maternal to the human subject through sublimation, through art.

Subject now and in the future transformed via the feminine as matrixial-maternal, different from the Subject that foreclosed the archaic maternity, for whom the "Woman" signified no-thing.

And through this we shall acquaint ourselves with ethics. Not only

14 Celan, "A star," in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 329.

rebellion against some identified “Whole” but also: creative inspired trans-formation.

Wit(h)nessing — and the transition to witnessing.

Motherly co-response-ability — and the transition to responsibility.

Art, not only that of the sublime, is only for mankind; the relations between aesthetics and ethics are rooted there.

Thread suns / above the grey-black wilderness [ ... ] there are  
/ still songs to be sung on the other side / of mankind.<sup>15</sup>

Connection-difference-borderspacing; separation-contraction-borderlinking; withdrawal. And a thread rolls into my kernel.

When a space of reverberation opens in the intervals between the various layers in one painting, as well as in-between two or several paintings (drawings, notebook pages) — a border transgression occurs. The outlines of various images are ripped — the borderlines between what they carry fail. Not blurring but linking between the various intervals at the depth, their intensification into a desire carries me to the interior eye. There, eventually, in the tension between heart-eyes, the eye of the matrix in the instant’s eternity sparkles. I do not speak of the visual representation of unconscious motifs of the trauma, like in a dream, but of the breaking through of these motifs to the plane of representation via the abstract with which they seem to tremble. I hope a desire will appear and turn the interior space of the painting, which matters to living beings, into beauty. The blessing of such beauty can be not only a blessing of death as for Thomas Mann, where death is mentioned if beauty is not meant to serve anything grasped through imaginary or symbolic economy; not only a blessing of the wound as

<sup>15</sup> Celan, “Thread suns,” in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 211.

for Rilke either, but the blessing of wound-birth-space, space of passage from non-life to life, non-life so distinguished from death, in the human. When a wound bleeds in this passage, beauty is a bleeding. When the thing is blindly seen, beauty is the antennae of the medusa. Its longing touch imprints the trembling of light in the water.

In Psalm 109:22, the Hebrew word for “space” [*halal* – חלל] was translated as “wound.” I retranslate again:

לִבִּי, חָלַל בְּקִרְבִּי

And my heart is wounded within me  
and my heart, space with-in me

And my heart is wounded within me? Or perhaps, and my heart, space with-in me? Or: and my heart, space amongst-in my interior?

I feel this too is humane, humanizing: And your heart, wound with-in me, your heart, space with-in me.

The heart is wound and space, wound-space in the interior of me, of you, and of the world. The heart-breathing of this space wounds me in the feminine-maternal. The wound-space enters the subject. Space-wound resonates with the breath of my artistic *vision*. Soul – in the interior wounded. Love is one of the names of the wound. Love fragilizes.

The subject can rise in the figure I see only inasmuch as for my heart breath; the spectrality of the figure is a carrier-space not in the Imaginary but in the Real and the Subreal. I lack imagination. I *see* what is in-there.

ההוא הנחמד - זכור  
הוא  
השנה הארוכה  
\*  
הוא החבובת והחביב  
לכל האנשים  
הוא הלבן  
הוא הצהוב  
הוא הירוק  
הוא האדום  
הוא השחור  
הוא הלבן  
הוא הצהוב  
הוא הירוק  
הוא האדום  
הוא השחור  
Re-spect  
\*  
הוא החבובת והחביב  
לכל האנשים

the pado-ethical space  
at the heart of the aesthetic  
field.  
\*  
to know betrayal  
and to connect the  
beauty of the world  
without betraying;  
to know shame and to  
connect to the beauty  
of the world without  
shaming; to hallow  
in re-spect.  
When she looks at us she  
sees without returning our  
gaze. She is gazing at us  
and at eternity;

Bracha L. Ettinger, from *Notebook*, 2009-2011 [archive #10192]. © Courtesy of the artist.



*Halal* as subject created through the work of the abstract within the image — in depth it links between the several units of the ensemble, and trembles in different ensembles. The transject beyond-yet-within the image supports it in various ways. An image that will finally appear joins the one I began from. And I too join-and-use the image. In it and in the world — the same wound-space is her-space, *halala*. The world calls the maternal-matrixial to reveal its face to heal its wounds.

A shock might freeze and paralyze. External reality on the level of the need to endlessly react to momentary or continuing catastrophe cannot determine or guarantee the artistic or the ethical move. Art-shocking unfreezes, it en-acts and opens ethical paths from the trauma. And from ethics thus borne, a possible passage to politics might be opened. Distance will always be kept though. A proximity-distance. To live art as life.

In a single painting, matrixial expanse-time develops; intervals in suspension find visual expression. In the dynamics between transparent layers, something works that penetrates the visual surface like a mental screen. That way also, and perhaps more conspicuously, in the videoworks. And in the drawings. Each time linking through other abstract “devices” — the crumbs of dust-ashes, the line-color, transparencies in layers dissolving, fading on the verge of disappearance. Artworking always precedes the theoretical structuring and then leaves it behind.

Suddenly, I am seen by the painting. Then it goes blind again. Suddenly it orders me to stop painting. Sometimes it sees and I am blinded. Subreal space and transjective cords violate the borders as individual subject. Inwardness of the subject/theme and the inwardness of what lies outside it but transconnected — my other(s) and the cosmos, even alone I am yours, wounded-spaced.

The Symbolic enables us to see by the mind how our real corpo-reality enters culture in which, if the distance from it is not too great, we can

also intervene. No need to commit a spiritual suicide on the altar of significance-attaining. A recognized desire reached through the work will link I(s) and its non-I(s). The sublimation of the pregnative via symbolic matrixial expanse passes through the passage from the invisible to the visible. This wonder, the turning of the circle into a coil, the turning of the line into a spiral, the way the water changes what it is absorbed into — turning the border into a threshold, turning the circle into a coil, into a spiral — grants movement and direction. And signifiers frozen under the weight of the signifying cleft — wake them up to new life. Abstract breath-dwelling works for carriage, initiates the human to become humane, inspirits.

I feel-know and join the *thing* of the sorrow of dying while bearing glimpses of the passage from non-life to life in the gaping of the space for carriage. From an affectual trust witnessing the witnesses must *take a place*.

Etched away [ ... ] Deep / in Time's crevasse / by / the  
alveolate ice / waits, a crystal of breath, / your irreversible /  
witness.<sup>16</sup>

In painting Eurydice emerges. Near her, separated for eternity and for eternity together, mother with child is running. Between the past future death of the mother-carrier subject, when Mother and Child constitute the subject of painting, even if *mother and child* will not *appear* in the painting at the level of representation, the image will capture their idea and bring it to become beauty. *Mother and Child* create-reveal and are revealed within the painting and between the paintings in the range of their gathering as *this* ensemble. Unique, only this one, then this one — so few, yet so many. Painting brings the abstract space of their silence into the visible.

Psalm / No one moulds us again out of earth and clay, / no one

16 Celan, "Etched away," in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 215.

conjures our dust. / No one. [ ... ] A nothing / we were, are,  
shall / remain, flowering: / the nothing-, the / No one's rose.<sup>17</sup>

No one's rose. The rose of the *ain* [nothing – /'א]. The abstract of their silence is scattered between the paintings in an open series oriented by their crystal breath. Their look lays in me as they are looking elsewhere. The abstract thing trusts me. At the moment of another catastrophe when the matrixial is *envoïdèd*, paranoia will overpower us and shrink the human subject and harden its boundaries. Painting — *only then* it dies.

Unenvoïd! Bring to light the invisible carriage! This endless job.

Once / I heard him, / He was washing the world, / unseen,  
nightlong, / real.<sup>18</sup>

The pressure I feel to produce significance, to not only paint, is the pressure of conscience — my understanding that human beings and mainly the female-mothers collapse under culture's pressure to convert their experiences into that which remains at far too great a symbolic distance from their deep experience of the soul. I named a “woman-artist” any artist whose life and work traverse, express and create matrixial spaces. Experiences that cry out for a matrixial sublimation can shape its symbolic field.

Carriage occurs in the corpo-Subreal and the corpo-Real. It occurs in social reality also. As an ethical principle — it can orient a political thought.

The pregnative potential is also spiritual. Eve's sorrow, like the sorrow

17 Celan, “Psalm,” in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 153.

18 Celan, “Once,” in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 255.

of Maria, like the sorrow of Rachel, is in us and in the world. The maternal Eros was associated with the Original Sin in the panic to deny knowledge derived and arriving from *her* body-reality for a subject whose representations are organized by the phallic system. Under the matrixial viewspan a different prism is provided. The emergence of space as subject-carrier is different from the emergence of a subject-image in a space crystallized into an object of representation. I sometimes merge the two so that the subject-image and the spaced kernel of subject-of-carriage-space echo each other and create further depth intervals.

*Ve'libi, balal be'kirbi*

וְלִבִּי, חָלַל בְּקִרְבִּי

*And my heart is wounded within me  
and my heart, space with-in me  
and my heart, creates-forms with-in me*

Concealed in depth is the experience of carriage as a bodily, traumatic and then phantasmatic process, whose sublimation seeks a time-space to echo and bear it. Fluidity suits its conceptualization, but not an endless fluidity. Carriage sets its limits which are the freedom to respond. Primeval carriage is reflected to the subject humanized. I was born into the world — I have been carried. Inspiration-initiation is possible by way of love-trust beyond identification with the one who carries.

In this sense, the subject of matrixiality is not a man or a woman but the one who experiences borderlinking to the female-maternal carrier-thing and is marked and inspired by the splashes of the process. Those thus ensembled link their inwardness while linking to the thing's inwardness that thus becomes "theirs." For that moment, for eternity. The hidden subject-matter of this inwardness has no specific figurative

shape. The invisible kernel of the thing looks for figuralities via the abstract forms they inspire in me. If we realize this internal space as a prism through which it is possible to transmit specific invisibility into the visible, we also conceive how it let pass a particular, not endless, web of elements, strings and subsymbolic affinities which treasure singular occurrences in the human and in the cosmos — these occurrences cannot reach our consciousness through the curtain of the senses and through the skin of thoughts. Such a curtain, such a skin, can become a screen and enter culture. The marks it leaves in the psyche find expression in the aesthetic expanse and burst forth in painting as beauty, not in any attempt to represent it as beautiful or to represent a beauty. Beauty here is not about self-expression or creation. A reverberating relay of an experience originating beyond the senses and beyond the visible emerges first in the visible through painting — *as* beauty. Carriage hurts, its objects fade away and still evoke wonder in the passage between shock and trauma, between sorrow and joy. The painting, like a poem, bears witness to an *almost-impossible* witnessing, in a world where, to paraphrase Paul Celan, no one will bear witness for the witnesses. Except, I add, by artworking faithful to the thing in the breath-color-line of the spirit in the soul.

Periluned. Apoluned. Invisible intervals fan the ignored borderlines. Light comes from the inside of us and from things. It rises in things and in the human face, to the eyes of the inside the touching hand listens. With-in-sight sees through the space that it crosses and establishes spaces for light in the interior space.

We were lying / deep in the macchia, by the time / you crept  
up at last. / But we could not / darken over to you: / light  
compulsion / reigned.<sup>19</sup>

The soul see-breathes the spirit. When the painting looks at me with-through light, I see the interior space of the thing *ain be'ain* (eye in the

19 Celan, “We were lying” in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 277.



eye, no-thing as light, eye in the spring source, spring-source in the eye, no-thing in no-thing) and its *ain* sees me.

Depth-space as the interior eye of light cannot be directly represented in the painting but can be made to appear. In the visible. There is no guarantee that you, and I again, will see it. It appears to and in the breathing eye of the inside space. In reality. No need to sacrifice *it* in painting. When you enter the realm of that whose return is unknown, you do not sacrifice yourself either. You find another value. When that which is unknown in advance arrives, you receive something new, not the “equal” of what you have given or given up, but on another level.

For Jacques Derrida, historically speaking, the “spiritualization” of the “interior” light instituted the economy of sacrifice. Indeed, religious discourse does this the moment it appears to break and dissociate whatever was impaired with the sensible body in order to create the impossibility of any symmetry to it. Art now, for me, takes a different path. It is from there that ethics will move toward the non-sacrificial political sphere. Where truth-trust-trauma overwhelms us up until its becoming beauty, it is protoethical. It opens site and sight, offering the transconnected in-sights an insight. To destroy trust is to destroy a vision: the possibility to be self-thrown into the future and see how its forces are becoming, and through this thrownness, benevolent.

I can keep the mystery of the eye of this inside *and* make it visible as initiation-invitation by the painting for whoever needs to see it to value the value of witnessing. Meeting your interior heart-eye. To be witness to the invisible of carriage and to carry without sacrificing — it is for this that the maternal-matrixial as a form or structure of conscience needs words. Witness, not as a form or structure of that which is non-sacrificial, the beyond of the “being-with-oneself.” Being-with-oneself-with-in and in-resonance-with another: (m)othering-in-carriage, entrusting. Being-with-non-self, looking in remembrance yet unturning into a pillar of salt.

Confidence / There will be another eye, / a strange one, beside  
/ our own: unspeaking / under its stony lid. [ ... ] There will be  
an eyelash, / turned inward in the rock,<sup>20</sup>

If there is a thing of trust, be it an invisible thing, it must begin — and its structure needs it, like in the Hebrew — from the maternal: *em* (mother — אִמָּה) — *emun* (trust — אֱמוּנָה). In each re-beginning. This means that the light, even that of knowledge, is not just outside the cave, out of the ocean's depth. Light is also in the depth of the cave, in the ocean's depth. You see in the water. I see in darkness. Dark waters see in me.

White and Light [ ... ] Sleep // Ocean mill turns, / ice-bright  
and unheard, / in our eyes.<sup>21</sup>

*ve'libi, balal be'kirbi. Halal [H. L. L]* — *space* and *wound*, and also: the dead. There are two more ways to read it — with artworking. *H. L. L* is the Hebrew root for *creating-forming: lebolel*, for *dancing: lebolel*. And for the flute, *halil*, the musical instrument that uses breathing. Playing the flute: *lebalel*. You breath-see, you breath-touch. The space-wound *meholel* — dances — subject-thing-space breathes, inspires, inspirits, outspirits. The heart of the thing in the outside, heart of your interior wound-space: *balel* — dance and create up to and from the breathing thing of this image.

The transformation from *balal* to *balala*. *Halala*: her wound-space. The desecrated woman is pushed to the site of the *crazy woman*, the one you do not want to join, humiliated, the one almost dying in giving a life — *she is creating*. In me, in you, and in the world. Her heart in you a flute.

20 Celan, "Confidence," in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 81.

21 Celan, "White and Light," in *Poems of Paul Celan*, 95.

*Ve'libi, halal be'kirbi*

וְלִבִּי, חָלַל בְּקִרְבִּי

*And my heart is wounded within me  
and my heart, space with-in me  
and my heart creates-forms with-in me  
and my heart, dances with-in me  
and my heart in me a flute*

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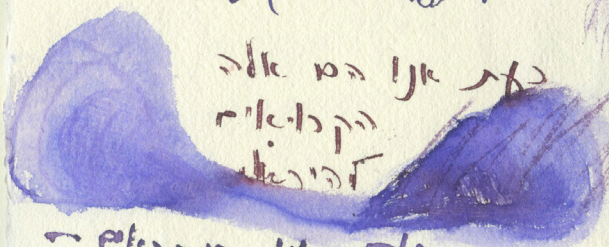
First printed in the artist's book *And My Heart Wound-Space*. 14<sup>th</sup> Istanbul Biennial, 2015.

10

ואנחנו נשכרים בגעש של  
ל

בין אם הוא אגון  
בליבה - ספירה  
או ניכר הנבואה

אמנם-אנחנו  
אמנם-אנחנו-  
אמנם-אנחנו-  
זו



אם אנחנו הנבואה  
אם אנחנו הנבואה  
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אם אנחנו הנבואה

and we are seized by  
an instant of eternity  
we it loss



longing  
or wandering  
wondering and  
worry, fearing  
still  
wondering and  
worry-caring  
again.  
Now it is us  
who are  
looked-at  
and called upon-  
but what for?  
But why?  
And how can you approach  
with this particular eternity,  
with a critique and still join  
with-in it.

Bracha L. Ettinger, from *Notebook*, 2009-2011 [archive #10192]. © Courtesy of the artist.



**Bracha Lichtenberg Ettinger** is an artist, painter, philosopher and psychoanalyst whose four-decades-long oeuvre engages with traumatised, humiliated and silenced female figures in violent histories. During the 1980s she has invented the 'matrixial' theory and coined its major concepts including 'matrixial gaze', 'matrixial space', 'matrixial transference', 'copoiesis', 'transsubjectivity' and 'metramorphosis', and she has consistently developed this feminine-maternal dimension ever since in the fields of aesthetics and ethics in art and in psychoanalysis.

Current and recent solo exhibitions include *BRACHA's Notebooks*, Castello di Rioli Museum of Contemporary Art, Turin (2021-2023); *Bracha Lichtenberg Ettinger*, Radicant, Paris (2022); *Eurydice - Pieta*, Kochi-Muziris Biennale (2018-2019); *BRACHA: Pieta - Eurydice - Medusa*. Anderson Gallery University at Buffalo (2018); *Bracha: Eurydice - Pieta*. Silesian Museum, Katowice (2017). Monograph titled *Bracha L. Ettinger: Art as Compassion*, was published in 2010 (edited by C. de Zegher and G. Pollock), and another, titled *And My Art Wound-Space* was published in 2015. She is author of several books including *Régard et espace-de-bord matrixiels* (1999); *The Matrixial Borderspace* (2006); *Matrixial Subjectivity, Aesthetics, Ethics: 1990-2000*, edited by Griseelda Pollock (2020). B. L. Ettinger is Chair and Professor of Art and Psychoanalysis at EGS, Saas-Fee, Distinguished Professor of Philosophy at GCAS, Dublin, Training psychoanalyst at TA-ICP, member of GIEP, NLS and AMP.