Readers be invited to play pathologically, swirl and drift, with words floating just out of reach. Speaking randomly with the dead and living deeds, entertaining living, herein be our agora.

Pathology- word bound. Aristotle’s trio of rhetoric: ethos, logos, pathos (shape, sign, sentiment) more generally extends to communication; that which we share. Finding resonance in existence prior to essence, to which Sartre urges us, we predict naught from prescribed pulpits, but rather contemplate continuously towards confirmations and reconfirmations. That eventually, pathos and logos became bound as pathology is not predicate, that is proclamation, yet predicate of action—
that which travels along with action.

Action in the Academy thus cannot be simplified as verb or gerund; action extends to include all that which travels with action. This most certainly includes text, symbol, reason, logic. This as well includes emotions that bring being to being each instant. Thus be invited, participate, alongside poetic and philosophic ruminations willingly wandering up and down words, alongside publish or perish, familiar-unfamiliar twirls lift and lull along. Let us together go in fourteen different directions.


“the World is a semantic sign that cannot be pronounced.”
—Lyubomir Levchev

[i] Language: “One fine morning in the month of May an elegant young horsewoman might have been seen riding a handsome sorrel mare along the flowery avenues of the Bois de Boulogne.” Is this one sentence, infinitely crafted by Camus’ Joseph Grand, enough? In our age of optimism, where good trades for better daily round free markets, sufficiency exists only as growth; production. And why do w.i.e jot notes, compose posture, edition? Return, that turning back, over, once again... Here, is no such ‘thing’ as enough; enough is only satiated with end, which is but death. Any other end; contrivance, calculus, Platonic cave dwelling conception of end, if not stultifying, is but ruse.

“Everywhere, the desolate edges of things, Leaves, stalks, the old trellis: they want to haul themselves Up onto the frame of your mind. Become more than they are.”
—Sinclair (17)

Figures, pervasively clambering up mind throughout this document are modern history’s production of monuments; reminders (Foucault, 7). And w(i) return again to production...-duction forth! And as w/i/e educe, reducing seduction, edges be/come ledges...leading; whether out or to or forth...and so we turn, return to thought(s)...master slaves as Hegel thought(s), slave masters as others will/have thought(s). To produce pathology, this journal asks/reminds/invites us to...so shall we sell pathology...sink pathology...down the river?

What happens to philosophy in The Academy? What happens to poetry? From moments to monuments, what becomes of thinking (moment from sense of movement, monument from mind and thought- must w’re be forced into this double-bound choice)? For Heidegger and Arendt to philosophize was, “an activity, an event, of radical presence and a condition of awareness where the
thinker was in a kind of dialogue with Life or Being itself. To think in that sense was [...] to dwell in the moment and to think from (and not over) a lived experience by a kind of 'letting-go-and-letting-come attitude,' where individual ego and will are transcended and where something bigger than the intentional ego and rational cognition emerge” (Hansen, 2). What shape will this life-infused dialogue take? Can we qualify thinking as either poetic or philosophic?

Line to line...piles...poem...tractus...production...

Aristotle created constellations, elements of inter-rationality; Platonic heritage leaves otherwise, yet retains (returns upon itself) with such alacrity. Aristotelian Rhetoric (apart from judgement) delineates three nebulas (concepts on planes of immanence) in Ethos, Pathos, and Logos. In proposing this triad, dynamism is welcomed. These are no longer ideals like Good or Beauty, with their counters; here is fluidity. To have fluidity, life, life-force, is to be; so being as being is always also making and feeling (as ethos to logos to pathos).

Consider words. Bespelled is not located in any dictionary, yet when Googled, it brings up many hits. How is it that words seep in and out of recognition, from moment to monument to moment? There exists due process for new dictionary entries, yet this is already codified and commodified. Ironically, even “the authority” on words buckles before living language. If a word is “misused” consistently enough, its dictionary definition changes; emergence becomes definitive. Is dictionary thus gatekeeper, judge and jury? Official words have titles, are entitled, to be. Unsanctioned words live abandoned; without logos, yet within speech; returning to memory before words, in time, front of, prior to. "For a dreamer, a dreamer of words, they are all swollen with insanities.” (Bachelard, 1964, 17). Freedom to dream, reverie possible, yet not unbridled; insanity as unlined line. “Words she's never said reshape her lips for ever” (Brinchurst, 1986, 57). Words are always ungrounded, they are liberation, freeing us from body, mind, spirit...un-caged as wind, anarchic and meaningful (only possibility of meaning). “A great verse can have a great influence on the soul of a language. It awakens images that have been effaced, at the same time that it confirms the unforeseeable nature of speech. And if we render speech unforeseeable, is this not an apprenticeship to freedom?” (Bachelard, 1964, xxvii)

Words in books lay only in relation to senses, sense drawing-in, inhaling, inspiring...words heard or words read move, physically and extra-terrestrially. Speech binds: earth-air, words are ether-ephemeral-dancing us and danced by i-words are stoned-chiselled, monumentalized us-i.

“It is a struggle to believe I am writing to some else, to you, when I imagine the spectral conditions of your existence. This work has allowed you to exist, yet this work exists because you are translating it. Am I wrong? It must be early morning as you write...

You must imagine yourself asking the question: which of us has sought the other?”

—Strand (4-5)

Is permission required? As long as w,i,e have something to say, w(i)e will always try? How to not forget these are only tools available for bringing form to contemplation, where conveyance matters? W*i,e come upon text, face to face with thinker’s words. Do these words think for us-me? Do these words form m(us)e? Our mind does not mind, as long as w(i)e a(re)m aware of what they-are-doing. W<i>e let them.
“Though I am reaching over hundreds of years as if they did not exist, imagining you at this moment trying to imagine me, and proving finally that imagination accomplishes more than history, you know me better than I know you.”

—Strand (2)

As I sit here and you sit there and together we write this piece. Meaning will be made one way or another. Are we doing it wrong? W.i.e have come to text(s) to allow them to think with me, for us? How can I stop these words swollen with insanities from dreaming (with) me; from me dreaming within?

“Maybe my voice is dim as it reaches over so many years… erased and joined by events and lives that become one event, one life; even so, my voice is sufficient to make The Monument out of this moment.”

—Strand (2)

Socrates’ philosophy unfolding, releasing its power? Homer’s poetry versed in pre-literacy? Thrown w.i.e make in wit, playfulness, and wisdom. W!i!e turn, never turning(to)essence, always making essence be. To proceed otherwise is to limit poetry to Poetry and philosophy to Philosophy; no moments, only monuments.

W-i-e a(re)m here to find writers/thinkers, (my)(our)self. W[I]e enter text aware, “that it is impossible to fully enter a text (even one’s own) no matter the language or century [...] it is, nonetheless, possible through reading and re-reading, to find a place for oneself, to stand as it were as if perpetually stuck, in some doorway which opens out onto those great works” (Pain not Bread, 2001, 123). When reading someone’s ideas W.i.e cannot tell what those objects mean in general, because they always mean particularly for m(us)e. WIE stand on threshold; looking out onto...stepping over...backing up....

We are curious if wle can claim beliefs as certainty; re/turns to Socrates, who did not write. Translation (w.i.e can only know what they mean, through their words, once removed meaning without words)? “There is nothing beyond texts except the will to express, that is, translate” (Ranciere, 1999, 10). To put down thoughts on paper only approximates thought: making moments for dwelling, making moments of monuments, momenting moments. Being as dwelling pursues monument-god-head; poiesis explodes moment.

Attempts at evoking essences, revolving around verb-ness, seem/(dis)appear to express malleability/mutation of concepts. Herodotus used philosophein as desire to find out. Philosophia as much connotes love of exercising one’s curiosity and intelligence, as love of wisdom (Edwards, 1972, 216), and thus reunites with poetry as/in poiesis. Words mean whatever w/i/e want, for w(i)e are makers. Why do such thoughts un/settle?

Playing with language is to expose

limitations.

Words not taken seriously, while grasping

for serious things.

Are w.i.e just kidding? Some trickery, perhaps? These words are constantly in danger of reveries; w*i*e are too. Our words have already hijacked us, and you
reader, so patient, we commend you. Perhaps you are not looking for logical argument, otherwise you would have left the premises a-while-back; we have left all premises stranded-in-winds.

Return

We: We have been anxious lately how philosophic space differs / defers from poetic space? This paper entertains both, I and we, poetry and philosophy, as valid conveyors of collaboration. Creation, making-of-being, as I, as we. As this project evolves shall you respond…? Collaboration is born, and reborn-in-return.

“Poetry is the musical density of being…” (Brighurst, 1986, p.10). And philosophy? As Poetry is not poetry, Philosophy is not philosophy; can we claim certainty in emerging? Uncertainty creates. Certainty gains tenure, status, promotion, power. “No instruction is certain, no knowledge complete” (Brighurst, 1986, p.15). How to reconcile academia; heal cognitive schizophrenia; escape emerge(nt)(cy) ward; (emergence) (create)?

Claims to wholes and halves present stagnant return, Derrida’s gift uncovered. Turning towards poles, considering boundaries as limits to wholes, a dominant understanding. Herein suggests each and every instant, moment, whatever Time-God you pray to, as intermingle(d). Imagine possible foldings for yin-yang, still conferring wholes and parts, subject-object, poles-particles, but never showing limits, never offering shore from which to navigate. Ends curling into ends, as smoke-rings. Absurdity ties names to works, as-if all were not collaborative.

Nietzsche’s Will to Power falters perhaps in association with one prior to another; that is individual over collective, or culture. History reminds us of this, as le petite histories and les grande narratifs, as moment and monument, as poiesis/sophia and Poetry/Philosophy. Lyotard’s paralogy scents shoreless navigation; not denying vessel (language), yet denying shore as refuge or firmament. Heidegger’s claim (1977), “Being itself is essentially finite and reveals itself only in the transcendence of Dasein which is held out into the nothing…” leaves readers with hope! Ha! What hope in dread proposed as definitive, entire matrix of theory?

Why should we be concerned with Heidegger’s Anxiety? From this example, we may sense instantiation, gaze towards positioning, relation.

Our standing, our under-standing, all-knowledge, epistemology, seemingly relational; to collaborate, weave together, not words, thought, being, not naught; as return, flection-bending and vibrating.

Collaborative-life lives interstitially (1603, from L. interstitium "interval," lit. "space between," from inter- "between" + stem of stare "to stand" (see stet). This is wildly relevant to lived life, Being and Nothingness, collaboration. We return to anxiety / dread; inviting pathos to ethos via logos—rhetorical triad collaborating, reiterated. Even if we might conceive of more than triad, this seems uninteresting, for with these three named, logos conferred in stone, burnt in chip, pathos and ethos find welcome. These three play, not as rules read, but rather, as Gadamer (2004) reminds, as light, as we too play. Delight in play, light-dance leading away, distracting, re-collecting, returning, possibility for will-to-collaborate. Becoming (longing) for ideals such as pathos, ethos, and logos may be dwelling or making. Godheads leave us sans pathos, trapped in logos, attempting to solidify ethos.
Once contemplation captures, position freezes, and flow, even-if explosive, exists in tension. Anxiety permits movement as pain-anguish, despair-forlorn, joy-celebration. Psychology pathologizes, permitting logos to rip pathos from ethos. Ethics is shape torn from pathos. Rhetoric becomes odious, longs for its own demise, as separation from dialectic sets; imposition/immobilization. No decry of value here; w*i*e quest shorelessly.

Have: Skolimowski (1994) holds that, “in receiving reality or any aspect of it, the mind always processes it. In processing it, the mind actively transforms reality,” (16). What reality? Whose reality? I-reality; we-reality; my-words; w(i)e wor(l)ds.

Nietzsche (2006) criticises philosophers: “Philosophers have had (1) from time immemorial a wonderful capacity for the contradictio in adjecto (2) they have always trusted concepts as unconditionally as they have mistrusted the senses: it never seems to have occurred to them that notions and words are our inheritance of past ages in which thinking was neither very clear nor very exact. [...] they must no longer allow themselves to be presented with concepts already conceived, nor must they merely purify and polish up those concepts; but they must first make them, create them, themselves, and then present them and get people to accept them” (Nietzsche, 2006, 409). What is this making/poiesis/creating he talks about?

If Deleuze’s and Guattari’s idea that “philosophy is the art of forming, inventing, and fabricating concepts” (1994, 2) is acceptable, is there A responsibility to reality w-i-e create? Realities we transform; processes that tranform us, are in us. Once A concept permeates people’s consciousness it enters, starting to create, re-create, re-partition, re-articulate reality. Philosophy may not be what w’i’e just said, Deleuze & Guattari said it is, but now that they have said it, it IS.

Learned: “We have to understand the artistic process not only as an attempted solution of a paradox, but as the paradox itself. What one knows, one cannot say, and once said, it is no more the same” (Hess, 1974, 55). What w(i)e say/write is only an approximation of what w(i) thought; stylized calligraphy approaching the unnameable; calculus of history; moment-monumentalized, w<i>e live in wake’s reverberations.

Have Learned: Time keeps on slipping, into the future...past, present. Slip differs from step or hop or skip; slip retains contact, analogical not digital, continuous not uni(t)fied. Much thought occurs around time and temporal context: Einstein’s relativity, Heisenberg’s uncertainty, Heiddegger’s da-sein; yet clock’s tick, LCD flicks, seconds bill.

P(p)oetic and P(p)hilosophical spaces, personal and communal places; “...final judgement on a specific philosophical problem cannot be made at any level higher than that of the intuitive judging consciousness of the individual [...] There is no specifically philosophical faculty of the mind in which or through which a dilemma can be finally, once and for all, solved...” (Poole, 1972, 143). Return to classroom-concepts:
Aristotle’s— substance
Boccaccio’s— ottava rima
Descartes— cogito
Keat’s— negative compatibility
Kant’s— condition
Freytag’s— catastrophe
Bergson’s— duration
Brecht’s— epoch
Buber’s— I-Thou

These individual, laborious creations, Deleuze and Guattari remind us are dated, signed, and baptized concepts (1994, 8). Seemingly, uniqueness attributed to concepts paints them as works of art. Our classrooms: conceptual museums? We gaze at what we can through conveyed text-ure, words layered by creators for our interpretations. Academy as museum? We walk through, with eyes on Exit; eyes on Ex-it. X-it. Do we approach “things” as if to be solved, re-solved? Thinking things-may-be-solved, yet nothing-is-solved.

Nietzsche noted, “antiquarian history itself degenerates in that moment when it no longer inspires and fills with enthusiasm the fresh life of the present. Then reverence withers away. The scholarly habit lives on without it and orbits in an egotistical manner around its own center” (1873). Why might we revere our inheritance? Why might we reverie our in-herit(s)tance?

Philosopher and poet venture in unknown, timelessly. Curiosity and wonder walk to and fro, from places-of-known and unknown: impetus sending, seeking return, often labelled- time-stamped. Labels registered as logos, concepts, Platonic forms know but monument. By attempting to solidify eternal flow, is form given? Is formation, as impossible-task, possible: “that which cannot be thought and yet must be thought” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1994)? Yet, alongside anxiety remains impulse-to-will; attempts at unthinkable, impossible, tasks urging forth. Heart’s pulse not chronologically; kairologically our being beats.

IS: Can initial emergence possibly distinguish process as poetic, or philosophic? Of every expression heeding, “the thing is more than your name for it and more than your ability to know it” (Lilburn, 2).

Nietzsche (1873) condemns scholarly habits where: “we get a glimpse of the wretched drama of a blind mania for collecting, a restless compiling together of everything that ever existed.” Text upon text upon text legitimizes m(us)e in Academia. We are stuck between moment and monument.

Bachelard (1964) perhaps comes willing to traverse, "What a lot of minor conflicts we must resolve upon returning from vagabond reverie to reasonable vocabulary! And it is worse when instead of reading, I begin to write. Under the pen, the anatomy of syllables slowly unfolds. The word lives syllable by syllable, in danger of internal reverie. The problem remains how to maintain the word intact, constricting it to its habitual servitude in the projected sentence, (17). Maintaining intact…words-us. Hand is not touch, solid not flow. How do we grasp; holding, never held?
AN: Do habits of gathering and collecting breed objectification? An article, delineating things as separate, yet called indefinite; the comforts through delineation of familiarity, definite. Gathering is not collecting. Gathering is quite random in nature, gathered might even be acategorical. Need is most oft deferred to in this realm; for resources, survival, above-ing vibe, life as life...not beyond...life. To replace all the with a? To eliminate all articles? From birth w(i)e gather, then collect.

Why margins?

Especially: Listening to “serious” discussions, wondering where play plays; what happened to momented language in moments like that. In the Phaedrus, Socrates takes the necessity for playfulness seriously, urging play whenever one attempts to speak of serious things (277e-278e). Drifting, because w/i\e cannot seem to engage/under-stand what people are cautiously talking about; this seems a careful game where our words, our pieces, are shifted as beads. Ruled by rules, what might participation mean? Muddle over clarity, like Skolimowski’s pseudo-participation: where w|i\e think w|i\e know the rules, “where we are led to believe there is ample room for our creative intervention, while in fact there is none, or very little” (1994, 156). Leaning in, attempting to know, monumentalizing moments, specializing. As gather is not collect, special is not observation. Oh, special people, with special needs, how w>i<e long to catalogue sense, observation to observance; where servitude to kind, type, group, species, engenders as special. What frustrates: I too read, I too am read. We too lead, We too are led.

Tricky: Deleuze and Guattari note, “Philosophy has a horror of discussions. It has always something else to do. Debate is unbearable to it, but not because it is too sure of itself. On the contrary, it is its uncertainty that takes it down other, more solitary paths” (29) or “…best one can say about discussions is that they take things no farther, since the participants never talk about the same thing” (28).

So tricky is this language learned. Here on mountain tops. In the Academy we have language to learn. Language to lean into and it is open for business.

Maybe through attitude glimpses of true meaning emerge; attitude as manner in which we create control. With same words we can dip in humility, courtesy, reverence; conveying different sentiment/pathos.

What encourages discouragement? Why do w.i.e focus on knowing? Need to demonstrate our knowing, through other’s attempts at knowing; apparently via showing one’s bibliography, banter of appropriate names; adjectives; conceptual volley of concepts, their inherent clarity. As if clarity meant Spinoza, or Leibnitz, meant Poe, or Pound. Oh, ultimate “essentializing”? Can w,i,e capture ideological constellations in proper noun; as accepted sign, person?

Goals to say our own words, as philosophy/philosopher/poetry/poet approximates to approximate translation of translation. Giving interpretation
required, desired, deserved; yet resolve, putting into words our own thoughts whilst claiming these as my thoughts. What is known cannot be said; utterance does not replicate known.

These thinkers are taken to be only what we have decided is important about them.
What is important about us/them comes to us in many ways, already decided.

“I guess the truth is painters, like mountains, never stay the same.”
—Pain not Bread

**Business:** What is your business, your occupation, your work? If w.i.e said home-maker, why the silence? Or distancing? Or nod of affirmation? From whence do w:i:e define...defer...infer...inter? Earn rights rewarded for work; might for effort! Harnessed will to power. What contains? What does not constrain, perhaps questions? When did I first come to accept unconscious phantasies about eco-foundationalism? This insistence on home as a priori and definitive? We seem to know of home from the ancient Greeks, they seem to have home schooled us, their oikos of ecology and economy forever since dwelling us, inhabiting us, founding us. And in the diaspora of antiquity, we wander errantly in search of our home, our womb, as if this return would be Edenic. We are homed beings and we scoff homefulness, attempt to eradicate homelessness, create banks for food and shelters for warmth, as if unavoidably homing. Displaced and irritated when without, when homeless. We are not homeophobic, but rather homelessphobic.

In Heidegger’s thought on dwelling and being, home remains essential to Da-Seinic being...defining us(i). Deleuze and Guattari, in their immanence rest understanding (acceptance a priori) of guidance by home. Fine of building and dwelling, but what of home? W]i[e accept home as foundational, yet it is cultural, that is shape-shifting. Look at nationalistic homage to home...song, poem, speech, decree! To strip of home is likened to violation of rights (inalienable). Moving to aesthetic, such entrenchment appears too; tautologically homing. Perhaps home as cell, representative of our(my) times, times of/in which this was written.

Cell is noted etymologically as emergent in Latin texts as early as 1131. Contextually, cell derives from celare, Latin for conceal/hide. Connection may relate to indo-european root *kel-concealment. And in the academy? What business have w(i)e? To forget and remember...in moments...over and over again...monuments...to toil in amour of armour. Uncertainty creates. Healing...? Certainty gains status, tenure, promotion: power. Escaping...?

“You can begin by renouncing your home, if you are so brash as to think you have one. Know this: the true face has no features, the true [wo]man no name and of course no address.”
—Bringhurst (37).

And in the end... are there merely periods, upon periods, upon? Bracketed verse,
thickening pause’s fold. Gulf-rifts,
filled, emptied…spaces, places…

Being-time…opposed opposites. Yet bound: for, to, of, under, so…

Is tightness of bind what relishes our whimsies? Wind blowing through loose weaves.

And leaves, have they cloaks too? Does sense have sense when understood?

To resist-sist- again and again and again. Why understood under…?

Shall we reposition under Before ob-literating, liberating concept…all together?

Perhaps older notion of under, derivative of inter…between-amongst; not dichotomized over.

Consider Derrida’s consideration of fragmented sentence, fragmented as lifted from its text, its context, and brought to bear alone, before unknown audience, asks: letters to words to sentence to treaties; what are boundaries? Where, when, how might construction be approached? Is house not nail? If not, shall we feast only upon whole-text? How to claim under-standing, when standing on text’s threshold looking out, stepping in, over, stepping back? Consider sense of under as inter…..inter-standing.

Can we still claim words as precision tools, used to think, when attempting explication; complex movements of thought? Come play, inappropriately disrobing concepts-words at “appropriate” opportunities.

This essay’s sentence was drawn from the call for submissions for this issue. As we approach the theme, we suggest that in the spirit of Ranciere’s Ignorant Schoolmaster we begin anywhere, that each letter holds, each of us holds all needed to comprehend, in this monumental moment, academy and pathology.

“And the trouble with normal is it only gets worse…”—Bruce Cockburn

Thresholds We Have (Stood In:


About the Authors

**Hartley Banack** is a doctoral student with the Faculty of Education at Simon Fraser University.

**Daniela Elza** is a PhD student in Philosophy of Education who poeticizes philosophy and philosophizes poetry, and hopes to not only bring them back together, but also to bring them both to bear on school reform and cultural ferment. Her interests are in metaphor, the imagination, and reverie. Philo-poesis not just as a practice, a more courteous way of being in the world, but as a vehicle for transforming consciousness. As a way of loosening our grip on the world to invite a more intimate connection with it, which creates space for insight and revelation. She practices everyday. Yes, it is addictive. Her work appears in both literary and peer-review publications. For more you can visit her blog: http://strangeplaces.livingcode.org/