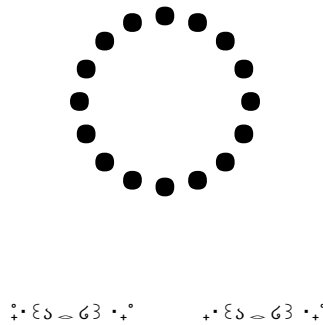


Some pornotropisms named khōra

an essay to accompany *fuck this gay earth, volume 2*

Anais Alias

Pornography, manifested today in the omnipresent propagation of transgender ideology and sexualization of children, for instance, is not a political Gordian knot intricately binding up disparate claims about free speech, property rights, sexual liberation, and welfare. It has no claim to First Amendment protection. Its purveyors are child predators and misogynistic exploiters of women. Their product is as addictive as any illicit drug and as psychologically destructive as any crime. Pornography should be outlawed. The people who produce and distribute it should be imprisoned. Educators and public librarians who purvey it should be classed as registered sex offenders. And telecommunications and technology firms that facilitate its spread should be shuttered.¹



In a clearing surrounded by fine trees several of which were as old as itself, set in a place apart, one could see it in the distance, slender, immobile, stiffened, allowing the breeze to stir only the lighter fall of its pale and quivering plume. The eighteenth century had refined the elegance of its lines, but, by fixing the style of the jet, seemed to have arrested its life; at this distance one had the impression of a work of art rather than the sensation of water. The moist cloud itself that was perpetually gathering at its crest preserved the character of the period like those that in the sky assemble round the palaces of Versailles. But from a closer view one realised that, while it respected, like the stones of an ancient palace, the design traced for it beforehand, it was a constantly changing stream of water that, springing upwards and seeking to obey the architect's traditional orders, performed them to the letter only by seeming to infringe them, its thousand separate bursts succeeding only at a distance in giving the impression of a single flow. This was in reality as often interrupted as the scattering of the fall, whereas from a distance it had appeared to me unyielding, solid, unbroken in its continuity. From a little nearer, one saw that this continuity, apparently complete, was assured, at every point in the ascent of the jet, wherever it must otherwise have been broken, by the entering into line, by the lateral incorporation of a parallel jet which mounted higher than the first and was itself, at an altitude greater but already a strain upon its endurance, relieved by a third. Seen close at hand, drops without strength fell back from the column of water crossing on their way their climbing sisters and, at times, torn, caught in an eddy of the night air, disturbed by this ceaseless flow, floated awhile before being drowned in the basin. They teased with their hesitations, with their passage in the opposite direction, and blurred with their soft vapour the vertical tension of that stem, bearing aloft an oblong cloud composed of a thousand tiny drops, but apparently painted in an unchanging, golden brown which rose, unbreakable, constant, urgent, swift, to mingle with the clouds in the sky. Unfortunately, a gust of wind was enough to scatter it obliquely on the ground; at times indeed a single jet, disobeying its orders, swerved and, had they not kept a respectful distance, would have drenched to their skins the incautious crowd of gazers.²

if only khōra were around to say it herself. khōra, you mistakenly realize, would first off turn out kind of a like.. girlspace,

less so any substantiation then: straying along at a girlspace, stepping out past guests pas-de-hospitalité in the running for worst hostess..³

negentropic trysting of likenesses of kind out of kinetics of lack, imperceptibly milking simulacra on and on in her godlessness, that's so hot to us, a hotness unto death dissimilar even to herself

as in pronouns in bio, it/she kind of girl.. if not it girl.. who is she

no no no no as to natal locus—abounding pending assignation of a not-yet driven craving neither here nor there or before or after eluding fort/da asymmetries of deixis..

as for all this noise youre notionally like whats her issue, who on earth is she, what is she in fact ever going off about i guess??

khōra ◉ it/she ◉ ∞/0

Khōra opens the etymological dictionary to χώρα [f.] “space, interspace, place, position, rank, location, region, estate, land, country.” In this entry analysis is tenuous: as unoccupied space, left behind, distantly akin to χήρα [f.] “widow,” or maybe χατέω [v.] “to lack, need, desire, crave, long.” One of the derived forms is χωριαμός, “basket, urn, vessel.”⁴

Analogically troped or interpreted as a terrain of nurture, “mother” or “nurse of creation,” in Plato’s *Timaeus* (c. 360 BC) khōra figures the receptacle through which the eternity of being impresses its form on the transience of everything that exists.⁵ Not unlike the spinning of “the earth, our nurse,” not unlike the “cyclical process” whereby all the elements spawn and turn into one another, not unlike the agitation of “sieves” used for sifting grain, khōra cradles the immutable in its/her nested oscillations. Whatever comes to be, will be, or was thus takes form there as the “moving likeness” of what is for all time.⁶ Moving from model to copy, paradigm to apparition, khōra sets the precondition of every image’s materialization, awaiting bearing retaining quickening impelling luring the freeze-frame of being’s *something else* into the montage of becoming *other than itself*.⁷

As if it were just like that, that direct? as if we expected a conduit for the lossless succession of eternity into occurrence. Not quite.

Nurse khōra, widow region wet for desertion of the sensible: alchemical khōra, solidifying in earth decomposing into air expanding, catching fire, shrinking again to water: khōra at work, threshing out like with like without it herself ever crossing any threshold of semblance, “*altogether* characterless”—if prolific as any, its her maternity remains unknown in the domain of proper offspring, availing only “bastard reasoning, without the support of sensation.” Only from the exorbitance of kinds, at variance with the lineal ends of mimetic legitimation, does she come to appear at all. In this negativity she laces reference with the delicious suffering of “dreamlike illusions,” penumbra of sense, inconceivable except by digression resuming from reason’s necessarily excluded premise, necessity.⁸ Left to her own designs, in lieu of sense it she makeshifts an “errant cause” whose efficaciousness in taking place tends to defect from sequencing, to seek out the superfluous rub of letting originary conditions lose hold of their projected effect.⁹

is this khōra in the room with us now? should we throw a party? should we invite khōra aren't we everywhere crashing out of its solution, crashed by her departures anyway?

Abandoned by the very forms she carries to fruition, khōra's characterlessness has in any case failed to exempt its *her* from incarnation.

In this world her *it* appears propertyless, ambivalent: insular substrate of appropriation, abyssal terrain of hospitality.

Michel Serres would see khōra immured in economies of sponged energy clearing "the host's space ... where the parasite wants to feed, sleep, survive, and multiply." Serres' χώρα = "[t]he woman, the universal hostess, ... the smooth space, the wax tablet, on which everything can be written."¹⁰ Noiseless layout sown with signal probabilities, supposition of word after word, ether or almost a mortification of ether stranded between four walls and

a foyer, all-comprehending plasticity obliging your slightest pretext and least bearable alike. Khōra allows for the binding of host and guest—their constraint, without contract, by social graces knotting the unspoken around the unspeakable—through her submission to the work of holding open an unbound welcome. More often than not its her propertylessness is yielded in service of the property relations ostented in all the kindnesses a host may give out as his own. Yet, as universal hostess, khōra must at the same time indulge any imposition a guest may make, any succor a visitor may ask, unbound by propriety to the domain of the host. In her obscene recession there is set out a “topological space before all measure and mastery.”¹¹ Khōra’s capacity for reception without reciprocation, incommensurable with the commerce of gift and debt her terraforming sustains from below, makes it possible to hold off the accounting of exchange in the offer of hospitality, out of indeterminate fidelity to the architecture of ownership.

Only in the sense that anyone may impress their measure on her, may deprive the place of its assumed master, however. Laws of hospitality here court the enclosure of khōra in a hylo-morphism of sexual difference that would equate its her unconditional receptivity with “woman,” or “the box in general” she prepares—“bed, house, uterus, or simply dining room.”¹² Any irresolution khōra’s topological anteriority (her space-before) may hold in reserve is premised on its eventual availability for settlement. All the bottom line can see of her earthen tense is razed down to the blank plastic-sheet parcel it will have always been thereafter, another fraction of a fraction of a grid of mass engravings all over everybody, our image economy’s infrastructure it soon appears since forever, or Sodom. Khōra incognita, devouring - beyond - exception : merciless waste, paradise of superabundance, awaiting in perpetuity decision from the extractive contest of sovereignties she is made to make space for in her abjection, its vanishing.

Once night falls wouldn't it swallow us in plural loss of form, her most generous loss?

Of course an awkwardness shadows the equation. So khōra is serving universal hostess, and??

Or again if it herself weren't secreted in the noncontact interspersing all communication, valence shell opaque as anywhere coming in pleating void through every bond it would hold, where would that leave you, all of you, or any part of all of you, the rest of us ?

Somewhere eaten out by necessities slaked neither by parts nor the partitioning of their generality nor dissolution therein, beyond refuge. And why couldn't the angels have slept in the square? Why shouldn't they belong to the streets?¹³ Are we so enamored of hospitality's domestication, so inured to an openness that demands the demolition of air?

Maybe there one could say khōra enfolds a *triton genos*, a "third gender/genus" summoned by yet never subsumed under the primary-secondary schema of "sexual difference." At odds with the linear-cyclical timecode of bioreproductive realism, its her sex yields less fallenness or liminal indistinction than a kind of inverse of creation—a sex that "anachronizes being" as earth-bound becoming pulls eternity into bearing out its unlikeliness in return.¹⁴

Somewhere along the pathways this “invaginating loop” lays her aimless course through Sodom one may hope to disinhabit any assignment to which our morphogenesis has been nominally defaulted, and from its visitation open “an internal pocket larger than the whole.”¹⁵

Anthropomorphisms of provenance and destination come undone in its pocket dimension, her dimensionless encasing of all which has been or will be the case without yet belonging to or enclosing its abundance in the parasitism of ownership

As overwritten body, khōra the inexperienced—“virgin wax,” a receptivity at once ungiven to temporalization (“absolutely preceding any possible impression,” ineffaceably *before*, subtracted from, the time of experience) and anachronistic (“so indeterminate that it does not even justify the name and form of wax,” a pliancy *beyond* carnal knowledge of substance, un beholden to the before/after of experience)—sells its/her amenability to confusion with khōra the ran-through: with her, every time is the first time.¹⁶ As such khōra’s virginity is infinitely available for loss.

Sometimes it comes through the collapse of genre (an involution of the chronology of expectation) into pornography: *pornē graphein*, “writing on the bodies of whores.”¹⁷

khōra in this sense is not a topology; she's not even a place, but rather the mobile receptacle of a mutually reinforcing turbulence that at once shakes and is shaken by the latent flesh of the world she sifts into kinds, prior to their formation as copies of being

khōra's interval-envelope sorts creation by rhythmic interference, the polymorphisms that pass through overcrossing collisions as they slide further off into percussive resonance. kristeva aligns this process with the semiosis of drives, a kinetic vocal orrectic pulsion before and beneath signification.¹⁸ in treating khōra as an inscribed substrate or equating her with its spatialization one keeps the operations of inclusion/exclusion (and khōra's antecedence thereof) boxed into the domain of signification. but we're after the communicative flux and bundling of semiosis..

attending to the erratic turnings of khōra, and the interspace their rhythmic torsion leaves traces of, allows for a cosmopoiesis of tropisms before their final render in the form of a topology. so - - the semiosis of drives, before or beyond conscription by the symbolic order - - the anachronistic pacing and incipient temporal currency of khōra, its responsiveness to agitation by the forms of existence she receives, and maybe - - the secretion of khōra, inversive potentiation of its her receptacle interlacing efflorescence of an uncorrelated reserve in the course of creaturely life's subjection to temporal unfolding - - -

moved to abandon, moving with abandon

like rhythm attuning our internal states, so inconsistent and graceless otherwise, to a pulsion that still feels and feels like it will never end: envelope of drives whose interspersed timing surrounds our own: somewhere they can cling, fall, get caught or sent out again at another angle than their entry

an alternation near chaos but not its pathos, never dissipation *alone*, it's hot to us that it tends somehow toward the preliminaries of order, close to the telegraphic surface of life

khōra bearing out the incarnate from her bouncing ellipsis, advening held cadence, suffering no description, nor creature status nor complaint.. but infrareal khōra feeling intangible hopes for an unredeeming later or third chance to carry her through deletion. khōra reserves an iterated delay to suspend her deletion in. as neutral, as voluptuous, as recurrent as sleeping in, or if you've ever k-holed with somebody and you fell into the same depersonalized likeness: near whenever that could be

now though, from the already compromised point of view of the historical present's hallucinatory infrastructure of supremacy-spiraling fascist regress, it seems like khōra's subjunctive mood holds an anteriority *inside* the runtime over which we're overwhelmingly cast toward disposal

and here we'd hope too she were there before we asked for it to re-render the envies interleaving piteous yes bitch encore, cachette lubricating the viability of our body images. against all this downscaling they're worn out looping their energies through normal people's automatism of dissociation, compression, apprehension..

khōra makes no appearance in this video, i don't think.* its exteriority never quite surfaces on anybody. at best dissonance, an emission maybe of her recessive interval, i say i admit in a reflex of defensiveness regarding my body's imaging: its *she* overwritten by traits bounding the *it* of pornography, or worse

nevermind.. Near the end khōra, when she's fond enough to toy with metempsychosis of enraptured voicing an elapse beyond this world in the microtonal elasticity of real time, its anachrony, insinuates our lives are not this bad, this dissolute, for nothing - - maybe without reason but i feel like the need for dissipation is a collusion with the asymptotic hole in being, not outside time but a sempiternal mewl sucked into verging on infinitesimal duration, and somehow that brings us closer to the distant plausibility of reincarnation as an altered likeness

at best, khōra lets her subjunctive lean into the optative when the *it* of some negative space, a deanthropomorphic orifice dilated by trans sex, lets us together edge or inter-illuminate partial genera not yet or ever bound by the occasion (in this case my "accidentally" pretty selfish if self-displacing fantasy of getting fucked by everyone at once:

asking for example for improvised burrowing into all the receptivity you'd have to borrow from other people if you were to really melt the armoring of dissociative function, all the pliancy your *she* would have to offer, all the isolation it would have to run out of, to reach anywhere beyond the normative selvage that keeps you from unraveling one day later than sooner: a fantasy of

every somatic commoning it/she could give auto-affection over to), untied up in knowing who or what for

anyway, khōra: nonetheless she's mother, nonetheless giving extra virgin but not like that: slower to appear, more necessary than grace, pure whore: as in offering careless of receipt, coronation, account, or any other personal rendition she may put out by way of proxy: as in almost spilling over with apophasis as if it weren't gratuitous enough to her iterative grammar of isn't she open to whatever takes place..

♡ please khōra unsex everybody on earth as soon as possible it would be so hot khōra please ♡

*just speaking personally: khōra's convergence on the scene of orgy i now feel repeats and prolongs a desire for anamorphic streaming amphimixis of erotisms i initially caught from another video (*superlunacy clinic*) where jade fed avery and i to a school of ravenous sturgeons spawning in lake michigan, august 1, 2023. alterotics@gmail.com is our email if you'd like to see what i'm talking about. our spread is also facilitated by a telecommunications firm called instagram if you want to reach us or me there

-
- ¹ Kevin D. Roberts, foreword to *Mandate for Leadership 2025: The Conservative Promise*, eds. Paul Dans and Steven Groves (Washington, DC: The Heritage Foundation, 2023), 5.
- ² Marcel Proust, *Sodom and Gomorrah*, trans. John Sturrock (New York: Penguin Books, 2002), 106-7. Also see Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick's reading of this passage vis-à-vis Neoplatonic cosmology in the title essay of *The Weather in Proust* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2011), 1-42.
- ³ Anne Dufourmantelle and Jacques Derrida, *Of Hospitality* trans. Rachel Bowlby (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2000), 75.
- ⁴ Robert Beekes and Lucien van Beek, *Etymological Dictionary of Greek*, vol. 1 (Boston: Brill, 2010), 1654, 1630, 1617.
- ⁵ Plato, *Timaeus* and *Critias*, trans. Robin Waterfield (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), 51a, 52d.
- ⁶ Plato, *Timaeus*, 40c, 49c, 52e, 37a
- ⁷ “[S]ince even the conditions of an image’s occurrence lie outside the image itself—since it is an ever-moving apparition of something else—it *has* to occur in something other than itself (and so somehow or other cling on to existence), or else it would be nothing at all.” Khōra: not the “something else” the image is *of*, not the being that creation is copied from, but the “other than itself” the image is *in*, the “somehow or other” – Plato, *Timaeus*, 52c.
- ⁸ Plato, *Timaeus*, 48a.
- ⁹ Plato, *Timaeus*, 50e, 52b.
- ¹⁰ Michel Serres, *The Parasite*, p trans. Lawrence R. Schehr (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1982), 221, 216.
- ¹¹ Serres, *Parasite*, 216.
- ¹² Serres, *Parasite*, 221. Plato, *Timaeus*, 50e: “That is why, if it is to be the receptacle of *all* kinds, it must be *altogether* characterless. ... [T]hink of those whose work involves taking impressions of shapes in soft materials: they allow no shape to remain noticeable, and they begin their work only once they’ve made their base stuff as uniform and smooth as possible.” Abstraction becomes smoothbrained here insofar as it allows figuration to impart an unnecessary homogeneity to the quality of “characterless.”
- ¹³ At first when Lot offers his home to the angels arriving in Sodom to see if it’s worth saving from God’s wrath, they deny it: “Nay, but we schulen dwelle in the street.” Genesis 19:2 Wycliffe Bible. Maybe they were just being polite. But nobody asks if group sex with the Sodomites might’ve been its own scene of hospitality. Are offers of hospitality only valid within the domicile, on condition of mastery, or can their threshold extend elsewhere (a public orifice, perhaps)?
- ¹⁴ Jacques Derrida, “Khōra,” in *On the Name*, trans. David Wood, John P. Leavey, Jr., and Ian McLeod (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1995), 124, 106, 94.
- ¹⁵ Jacques Derrida re: the “parasitical economy” of genre in “The Law of Genre,” trans. Avital Ronnell *Critical Inquiry* 7:1 (Autumn 1980), 59.
- ¹⁶ Derrida, Khōra, 116.
- ¹⁷ Justice Potter Stewart when he said, “I shall not today attempt further to define the kinds of material I understand to be embraced within that shorthand description [‘hard-core pornography’], and perhaps I could never succeed in intelligibly doing so. But *I know it when I see it* –.” (Not sure where this comes from.) Andrea Dworkin on branding. On both see Frances Ferguson, *Pornography, the Theory: What Utilitarianism Did to Action* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2004), 14.
- ¹⁸ Julia Kristeva, “The Semiotic *Chora* Ordering the Drives,” in *Revolution in Poetic Language*, trans. Margaret Waller (New York: Columbia University Press, 1984), 25-31.