Art | Theory | Criticism | Politics

OCTOBER

9

Jacques Derrida	*The Parergon*
Craig Owens	*Detachment from the* parergon
Rosalind Krauss	*Grids*
Louis Marin	*The "I" as Autobiographical Eye: Reading Notes on a Few Pages of Stendhal's* Life of Henry Brulard
Yvonne Rainer	*Working Title: Journeys from Berlin/1971*
Hans Magnus Enzensberger	*Civil Liberties and Repression in Germany Today*

$4.00/Summer 1979

Published by The MIT Press
for The Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies

OCTOBER

editors

Rosalind Krauss
Annette Michelson

managing editor

Douglas Crimp

trustees, IAUS

Armand Bartos, Chairman
Charles Gwathmey, President
Douglas H. Banker
Richard F. Barter
A. Bruce Brackenridge
Colin G. Campbell
Peter D. Eisenman
Ulrich Franzen
Frank O. Gehry
Edward J. Logue
Robert Melzer
William Porter
Tim Prentice
Carl E. Schorske
Frederieke Taylor
Marietta Tree
Massimo Vignelli
John F. White
Peter Wolf

OCTOBER is published quarterly
by the MIT Press for the
Institute for Architecture
and Urban Studies.
Subscriptions: students & retired,
$14.00; individuals, $16.00;
institutions, $30.00. Foreign
subscriptions, including Canada,
add $3.00 for surface mail, or
$13.00 for air mail.
Address subscriptions to OCTOBER,
MIT Press Journals, 28 Carleton St.,
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02142.
Manuscripts, accompanied by stamped,
self-addressed envelopes, should be
sent to OCTOBER, IAUS,
8 West 40 Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.
No responsibility is assumed
for loss or injury of manuscripts.
OCTOBER was designed by Charles Read,
is set in Baskerville, and printed by
Wickersham Printing Company, Inc.
© 1979 by MIT and IAUS.
OCTOBER does not reflect the views
of the IAUS. OCTOBER is the property
of its editors, who are wholly
responsible for its contents.

9

Jacques Derrida	*The Parergon*	3
Craig Owens	*Detachment from the* parergon	42
Rosalind Krauss	*Grids*	51
Louis Marin	*The "I" as Autobiographical Eye: Reading Notes on a Few Pages of Stendhal's* Life of Henry Brulard	65
Yvonne Rainer	*Working Title: Journeys from Berlin/1971*	81
Hans Magnus Enzensberger	*Civil Liberties and Repression in Germany Today*	107
	Index to October *1–8*	118

JACQUES DERRIDA is Professor of the History of Philosophy at the Ecole Normale Supérieure in Paris and has been a visiting professor at Johns Hopkins and Yale. His *Writing and Difference* was published in English translation last year by The Unviersity of Chicago Press, which is also preparing a translation of his latest book, *La vérité en peinture*, from which the essay published here is drawn.

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER, poet and essayist, is the editor of the journal *Kursbuch* and author of *The Consciousness Industry* (Seabury Press, 1974), a collection of essays on literature and politics. His most recent volume of verse to appear in English translation is *Mausoleum* (Urizen Books, 1976).

LOUIS MARIN, currently a professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes in Paris, will assume the Melodia Jones Chair in French at SUNY, Buffalo, this autumn. His recent books include *Utopiques: jeux d'espace* (Minuit, 1973), *Détruire la peinture* (Galilée, 1977), and *Le Récit est un piege* (Minuit, 1978).

CRAIG OWENS edits the architecture and design monthly *Skyline* and teaches art history at Hunter College in New York.

YVONNE RAINER is currently at work on her fourth feature-length film; its script is the second by her to appear in *October*. Her work as a choregrapher and performer is documented in *Work 1961–74* (The Press of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and New York University Press).

The Parergon*

JACQUES DERRIDA

translated by CRAIG OWENS

and the position which *The Origin of the Work of Art* grants to the *Lectures on Aesthetics* ("the most comprehensive reflection on the nature of art that the West possesses"[1]) can be determined only within a certain historical topography beginning with the *Critique of Judgment*. Heidegger does not mention it by name in *The Origin*, but elsewhere he defends it against Nietzsche's reading. The *Lectures* rigorously specify what is valid in speculative dialectics in general: an essential affinity with the *Critique*, the only book—book three—that it can almost immediately reflect and appropriate. The first two critiques of pure reason (speculative and practical) opened an apparently infinite gulf. The third could, would, would have to, would have to be able to bridge it: that is, to fill, to fulfill, in infinite reconciliation. "Kantian philosophy not only felt the necessity of this point of juncture (*Vereinigungspunkt*) but recognized it in a precise way, by supplying its representation."[2] The third *Critique* was able to identify in art (in general) one of the middle terms (*Mitten*) to resolve (*auflösen*) the "opposition" between mind and nature, internal and external phenomena, the inside and the outside, etc. Still it suffered from a lacuna, a "lack" (*Mangel*), it remained a theory of subjectivity and of judgment (an analogous reservation is expressed in the *Origin*). Confined and unilateral, the reconciliation is still not effective. The *Lectures* must supplement this lack, structured, as always, as a recurrent anticipation. Reconciliation was promised, represented in the *Critique* only as a kind of duty, a *Sollen* projected to infinity.

And so it appears.

On the one hand, Kant declares himself "neither willing nor in a position" to examine whether "common sense" (here reinterpreted as an indeterminate

* This text is a translation of section II of the four-part essay entitled "Parergon" published in *La vérité en peinture* (Paris, Flammarion, 1978), to be issued in English translation by The University of Chicago Press; parts of this text originally appeared in *Digraphe* 2 and 3 (Paris, Galilée, 1974). Unless otherwise indicated, all footnotes are by the translator.

1. Martin Heidegger, "The Origin of the Work of Art," *Poetry, Language, Thought*, trans. Albert Hofstadter, New York, Harper & Row, 1971, p. 79.
2. This citation has been translated directly from Derrida's French translation of Hegel.

norm, neither conceptual nor intellectual) exists as a constitutive principle of the possibility of aesthetic experience, or whether reason, as a regulative principle, commands us to produce (*hervorbringen*) it for loftier ends.[3] This common sense is constantly presupposed by the *Critique*, which nevertheless withholds analysis of it. We could demonstrate that this suspense assures the complicity of moral discourse and empirical culturalism. A permanent necessity.

On the other hand, recalling the division of philosophy and all the irreducible oppositions determined in the first two *Critiques*, Kant projects the plan of a work that will reduce the enigma of aesthetic judgment and fill a crack, a cleavage, an abyss (*Kluft*): "Albeit, then, between the realm of the natural concept, as the sensible, and the realm of the concept of freedom, as the supersensible, there is a great gulf fixed, so that it is not possible to pass from the former to the latter (by means of the theoretical employment of reason), just as if they were so many separate worlds, the first of which is powerless to exercise influence on the second: still the latter is *meant* to influence the former. . . . There must, therefore, be a ground of the *unity*. . . . "[4] Further on, related metaphors or analogies: we are dealing again with the immense "abyss" that separates the two worlds and the apparent impossibility of throwing a bridge (*Brücke*) from one bank to the other. To call this *analogy* is still to have said nothing. The bridge is not an analogy. The recourse to analogy, the concept and the effect of analogy are or construct the bridge itself—both in the *Critique* and in the powerful tradition to which it still belongs. The analogy of the abyss and of the bridge over the abyss is an analogy which says that we require an analogy between two absolutely heterogenous worlds, a "third" for crossing the abyss, cauterizing the gaping wound, and binding the separation. In brief, a *symbol*. The bridge is a symbol, it moves from one bank to the other, and the symbol is a bridge.

The abyss elicits analogy—the active recourse of the entire *Critique*—but analogy succumbs to the abyss as soon as a certain artfulness is required for the analogical description of the play of analogy

to do without the abyss: not only to spare ourselves a fall into its bottomless depths by weaving and folding back the fabric to infinity, textual art of the reprise, multiplication of parts within parts; but also to establish laws of reappropriation, to formalize rules that constrain the logic of the

3. Immanuel Kant, *The Critique of Judgement*, trans. J. C. Meredith, Oxford, Oxford University Press, 1952, p. 85.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 14.

abyss and shuttle between economy *and* extravagance, resolution *and* fall, the abyssal process that necessarily strives for resolution *and* within which collapse is repeatedly produced

what then is the object of the third *Critique*? The critique of pure theoretical reason presupposes the exclusion (*Ausschliessung*) of everything that is not theoretical cognition: the affect (*Gefühl*) in its two principal aspects (pleasure/displeasure) and the power of desire (*Begehrungsvermögen*). It carves out its field by cutting itself off from the interests of desire, by becoming disinterested in desire. Since understanding alone is capable of affording constitutive principles of knowledge, the exclusion bears simultaneously upon reason, which transgresses the limits of our possible knowledge of nature. The *a priori* principles of reason, if regulative with respect to the faculty of knowledge, are constitutive with respect to the faculty of desire. Thus the critique of pure theoretical reason excludes both reason *and* desire, desire's reason and reason's desire.

What is basically in question? The base.

Understanding and reason are not two disjunct faculties; they are articulated in a specific task and a specific number of processes, precisely those which set articulation, that is, discourse, in motion. Between the two faculties, in effect, an articulate member, a third faculty comes into play. This intermediary, which Kant rightfully calls *Mittelglied,* middle articulation, is judgment (*Urteil*). But what is the nature of the *a priori* principles of the middle articulation? Are they constitutive or regulative? Do they give *a priori* rules for pleasure and displeasure? Remember that regulative principles do not allow us to distinguish a *special realm* (*eigenes Gebiet*).

Since the *Mittelglied* also constitutes the articulation of the theoretical and the practical (in the Kantian sense), we are plunged into a space which is *neither* theoretical *nor* practical, or rather *both* practical and theoretical. Art (in general) or rather the beautiful, if it takes place, is inscribed here. But this here, this place, declares itself as a place deprived of place. If it had a place, it might not have a special realm. This is not however to deprive it of jurisdiction or foundation: that which has no special realm (*Gebiet*) or field (*Feld*), a "field of objects" which

defines its "realm," may have a "territory" and a "ground" (*Boden*) with its own "jurisdiction."[5]

The *Mittelglied*, intermediary member, must be treated as a detachable part, a separate part (*als ein besonderer Theil*). But also as a nondetachable part, a nonseparate part, since it constitutes the articulation between two others—we might even say, anticipating Hegel, an originary part (*Ur-teil*). It is in effect a question of judgment. The same paragraph recalls that a critique of pure reason, that is, of our faculty of judging according to *a priori* principles, would be "incomplete" (*unvollständig*) if a theory of judgment, of the *Mittelglied*, "were not dealt with separately." But immediately afterwards, in the next sentence, that in a pure philosophy the principles of judgment would not constitute a *separate* part between the theoretical and practical parts, but might be connected, *annexed* (*angeschlossen*) to either. Kant thus seems to contradict himself: it is necessary to disengage the middle member as a detachable part, but it is also necessary to re-member the whole by reconstituting the nexus, the connection, the reannexation of the part to the two major columns of the corpus. We must not forget that we are dealing with judgment (*Urteil*), the function of the copula. Does it play a detachable role, its own part, or does it work to orchestrate reason, in concert with the practical and the theoretical?

Let us examine this paragraph in the preface to the third *Critique* more closely. It involves no contradiction. The separation of the part is not prescribed *and* forbidden from the same point of view. Within a critique of pure reason, of our faculty of judging according to *a priori* principles, the part must be detached and examined separately. But in a pure philosophy, in a "system of pure philosophy," everything will be reconciled. The critique detaches because it is but one moment and one part of the system. Critical suspension—the *krinein*, the between-two, the question of whether the theory of judgment is theoretical *or* practical, regulative *or* constitutive—is the procedure of the critique. But a system of pure philosophy *will have* to subsume the critique and construct a general discourse which will rationalize the detachment. This system of pure philosophy is what Kant calls metaphysics. It is not yet possible. There is as yet no possible program outside the critique.

The question of desire, of pleasure and displeasure, is therefore also that of a *detachment* (neither the word nor the concept appears as such in the *Critique*) which will determine, dismember, or re-member itself: *detachment*—separation of a member—; *detachment*—delegation of a representative; sign or symbol charged with a mission (beauty as the *symbol* of morality, problems of hypotyposis, of the trace [*Spur*], of "coded writing" [*Chiffreschrift*], of the intermittent sign [*Wink*]; cf. for example paragraphs 42 and 59)—; *detachment*—disinterest as the essence of aesthetic experience.

To speak of the relationship between two possibilities (the present possibil-

5. *Ibid.*, p. 15.

ity of the critique and that to come of metaphysics), Kant proposes a metaphor borrowed from art, which has not yet been discussed, from the technique of architecture, from the architectonic: the pure philosopher, the metaphysician, will have to proceed *like* a good architect, like a good *technites* of edification. He will be a kind of artist. He must first secure the ground, the foundation, the fundamentals. "A Critique of pure reason, i.e., of our faculty of judging on *a priori* principles, would be incomplete if the critical examination of judgement, which is a faculty of knowledge, and, as such, lays claim to independent principles, were not dealt with separately. Still, however, its principles cannot, in a system of pure philosophy, form a separate constituent part between the theoretical and practical divisions, but may when needful be annexed to one or other as occasion requires. For if such a system is some day worked out . . . the critical examination of the ground for this edifice must have been previously carried down to the very depths of the foundations of the faculty of principles independent of experience, lest in some quarter it might give way, and, sinking, inevitably bring with it the ruin of all."[6]

The proper level of the critique: the architect of reason excavates, sounds, prepares the terrain, in search of a solid foundation, the ultimate *Grund* on which all of metaphysics may be erected, but also of roots, of the common root which branches into the light of day, yet never submits to experience. In this, the critique attempts to descend to *buthos*, to the bottom of the abyss, not knowing whether it exists.

It is still too early to examine the general function of metaphor and analogy in the third *Critique*. This function may not be simply reflected by the theory which, in the book, subsumes it and is embedded there.

We have been dealing with the first "metaphor": beginning of the Preface (*Vorrede*). However, at the end of the Introduction (*Einleitung*) which follows, as if to frame the entire prolegomenon, we encounter the metaphor of the bridge (*Brücke*) projected over the enormous abyss (*grosse Kluft*), the artificial work which assures passage over the natural chasm. Here philosophy, which in this book must conceive art—art in general and fine art—as part of its field or its edifice, *represents* itself as a part of its part, as an art of architecture. It re-presents itself, detaches itself, dispatches an emissary, one part of itself outside itself to bind the whole, to fill up or to heal the whole which has suffered detachment. The philosophy of art presupposes an art of philosophizing—major art—but also, in its preliminary critique, a minor one, that of the architect's edifying erection (*érection édificatrice*). And if, as will be stated later, fine art will always be an art of spirit, then *Anthropology from the Pragmatic Point of View* will be likely to delegate a German to the critic's post: the German spirit is manifested most often in the root, the Italian in the crown of leaves, the French in the flower, and the English in the fruit. Thus, if this pure philosophy or fundamental metaphysics

6. *Ibid.*, pp. 4–5.

proposes to account for, among other things, desire, pleasure, and displeasure, it exposes itself at the outset, represents its own desire. Reason's desire is a fundamental desire, the desire for the fundamental, for *buthos*. Not an empirical desire, since it leads toward the unspecified, and what is given under the auspices of a determinate metaphor, the metaphor of reason, will have to make sense of all other metaphors. It would represent the being-desire of desire, the desire of reason as desire for a grounded structure. Edifying desire would be produced as the art of philosophizing, commanding all others and rationalizing all rhetoric.

"Considerable difficulties" arise. A theory of judgment as *Mittelglied* must be constructed. But there will be "considerable difficulties" (*grosse Schwierigkeiten*) finding *a priori* principles peculiar to judgment which at the same time maintain the theory of empiricism. We can only find *a priori* concepts in understanding. The faculty of judgment employs these, applies them, but there are no concepts proper to or specifically reserved for it. The only concept that it can produce is empty, as it were, and contributes nothing to knowledge. "Properly speaking," it "knows nothing." It provides a subjective "rule" of thumb which has no objectivity, no relation with the object, no cognition. The faculty of judgment regulates itself; otherwise it would have to call upon yet another faculty of arbitration, to infinity. Nevertheless, this subjective rule applies to judgments, to statements which claim to have a universally objective structure.

This is the difficulty, the constraint, the confusion, the *Verlegenheit*. It seems to confirm a certain Hegelian verdict, later confirmed by Heidegger: that this discourse on the beautiful and on art, by remaining a theory of judgment, is encumbered with the—secondary—opposition of subject and object.

The beautiful and art have not yet been questioned. Nothing up to this point in the Preface indicates that they ought to be. Here, however, Kant declares that the "considerable difficulties" of *principle* (subjective *or* objective) are "encountered" (*findet sich*) "chiefly" (*hauptsächlich*) in judgments "that are called aesthetic." They offer one example, a major occurrence of the "difficulties." They are actually the principal example, the unique specimen which confers meaning and orients multiplicity. The examination of this example, the aesthetic domain, constitutes the choice part, the "most important item" (*die wichstigste Stück*) of the critique of the faculty of judgment. Even if aesthetic judgments, as judgments, contribute *nothing* to knowledge, they arise from the unique faculty of knowledge, which is connected by them according to an *a priori* principle to pleasure or displeasure. The relationship between knowledge and pleasure is thus revealed in its purity: there is nothing to know. But such is precisely the enigma, the enigmatic (*das Rätselhafte*) at the heart of judgment. This is why a "separate division" (*besondere Abteilung*), a special cut, a detached part, a section constitutes the object of the third *Critique*.

We must not expect from the *Critique* what in principle, in its declared intention, it does not promise. This critique of taste is not concerned with production. Neither the "formation" nor "culture" of taste are relevant and they

are easily dispensed with. And since the *Critique* will demonstrate that we cannot assign conceptual rules to the beautiful, it will not be concerned with constituting an *aesthetic*, no matter how general, but with analyzing the formal conditions of possibility of aesthetic judgment in general, thus, of aesthetic objectivity in general.

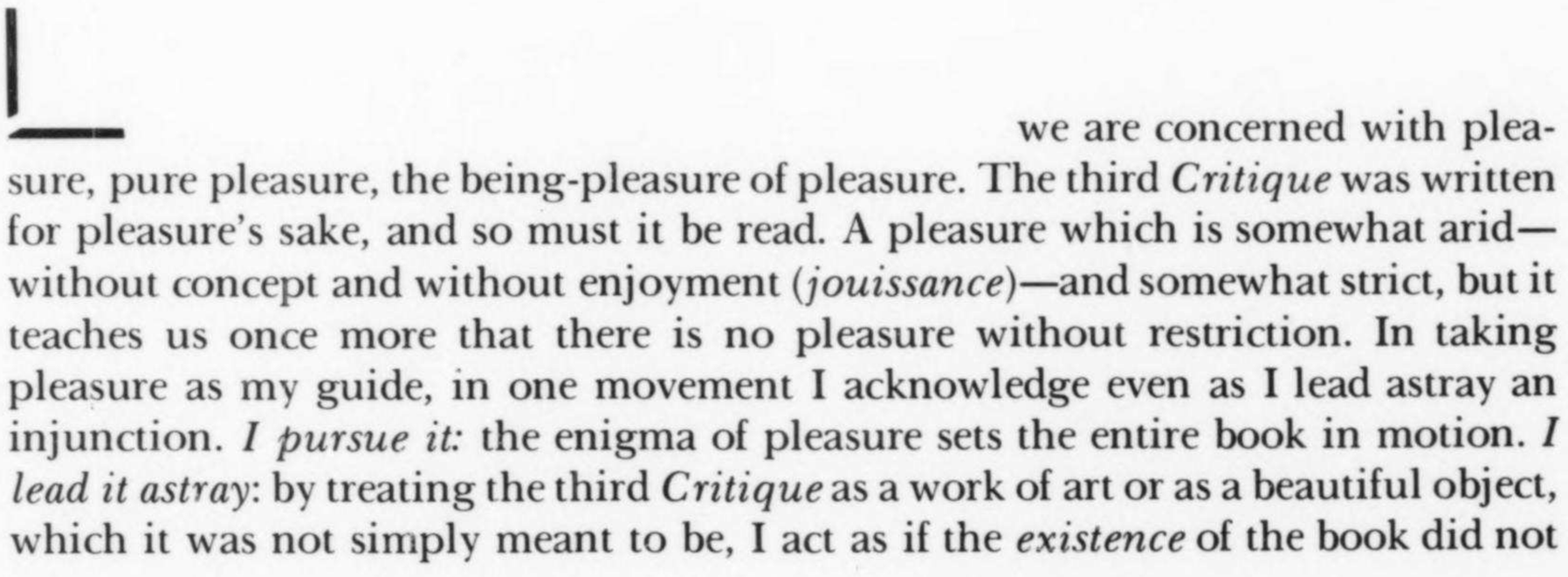
In this transcendental ambition, Kant asks that we read him without indulgence. But, for the record, he recognizes the gaps, the shortcomings (*Mangelhaftigkeit*) of his work. Hegel uses the same word.

Where is the gap? What gap are we talking about?

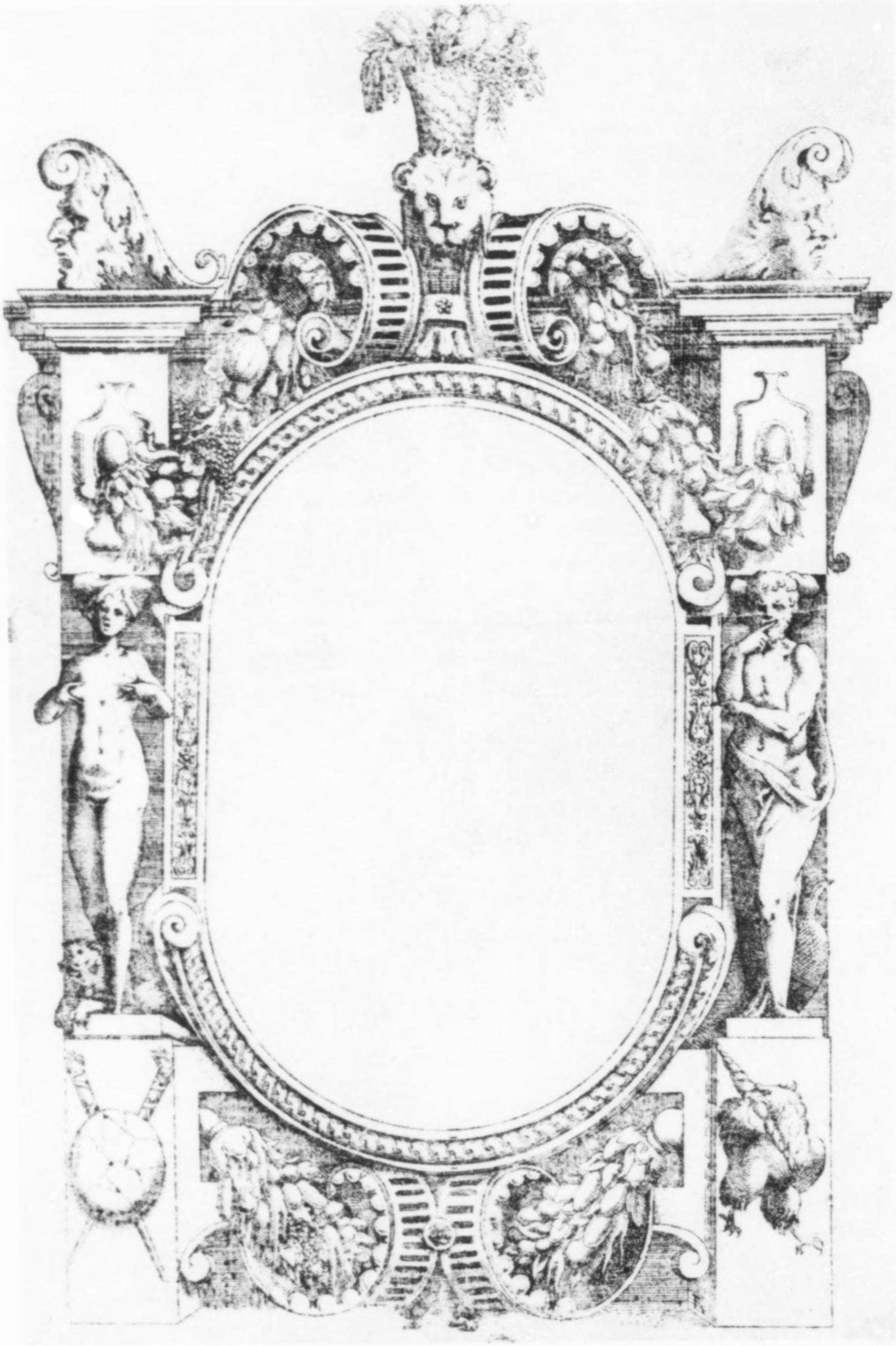
And if it were the frame. If the gap constituted the frame of the theory. Not its accident, but its frame. More or less restated: if the gap were not only the lack of a theory of the frame, but also the place of the gap in the theory of the frame.

Edge/gap

According to Kant at least, the "shortcomings" of his work are due to the fact that nature has entangled, complicated, confused (*verwickelt*) the problems. The author's excuses apply only to the first part of the work, to the critique of aesthetic judgment, and not to the critique of teleological judgment. Only the first part of the argument will lack the clarity and the distinction (*Deutlichkeit*) we have the right to expect of knowledge from concepts. Having lamented the fact that nature has tangled the threads, acknowledging the gaps and projecting a bridge over the abyss of the two other critiques, at the moment at which he brings his critical undertaking to completion (*Hiermit endige ich also mein ganzes kritisches Geschäft*), Kant mentions his age. He must gain time, not prolong the delay, press forwards toward doctrine



we are concerned with pleasure, pure pleasure, the being-pleasure of pleasure. The third *Critique* was written for pleasure's sake, and so must it be read. A pleasure which is somewhat arid—without concept and without enjoyment (*jouissance*)—and somewhat strict, but it teaches us once more that there is no pleasure without restriction. In taking pleasure as my guide, in one movement I acknowledge even as I lead astray an injunction. *I pursue it:* the enigma of pleasure sets the entire book in motion. *I lead it astray*: by treating the third *Critique* as a work of art or as a beautiful object, which it was not simply meant to be, I act as if the *existence* of the book did not



matter to me (which, Kant explains, is a prerequisite of all aesthetic experience); I view it with an imperturbable detachment.

But what is the existence of a book?

1. *I pursue it.* The possibility of pleasure is the question. Demonstration: the first two paragraphs of the "First Moment of the Judgement of Taste: Moment of Quality," First Book ("Analytic of the Beautiful") of the First Section ("Analytic of Aesthetic Judgement") of Part I ("Critique of Aesthetic Judgement"). Why call a judgment of taste *aesthetic*? Because in order to determine whether something may be said to be beautiful, I do not consult the relation of the representation to the *object*, with cognition in mind (the judgment of taste offers none), but to the *subject* and its affect (pleasure or displeasure). The judgment of taste is not a judgment of knowledge, it is not "logical," but subjective and therefore aesthetic: relation to affect (*aisthesis*). Every relation of a representation, even a sensible one, can eventually be objective, but never pleasure or displeasure. Certainly aesthetic representations may give rise to logical judgments when they are related by judgment to the object; but when judgment itself is related to the subject, to the subjective affect—which is the case here—it is and can only be aesthetic.

The *Wohlgefallen*, usually translated as subjective satisfaction, the pleasure which defines aesthetic judgment, must, we know, be disinterested. Interest (*Interesse*) is always related to the existence of an object. I am interested in an object when its existence (*Existenz*) matters to me in one way or another. But knowing whether I may say that something is beautiful has nothing *intrinsically* to do with the interest I may or may not demonstrate in its existence. And the pleasure (*Lust*), that kind of pleasing known as pleasure, which I experience before that which I judge to be beautiful requires an indifference or, more strictly, an absolute lack of interest in the thing's existence.

This pure and disinterested pleasure (not indifferent: Heidegger reproaches Nietzsche on this point for having misunderstood the nonindifferent structure of this *laissez-être*), this pleasure which directs me towards a nonexistence or at least towards a thing (but what is a thing? the need to graft the Heideggerian question arises) the existence of which does not matter to me, a pleasure of this sort defines the judgment of taste and the enigmatic relation of *mourning*—the work of mourning begun beforehand—with beauty. As in a kind of transcendental reduction, the *épochè* of a thesis of existence whose suspense liberates, under certain formal conditions, the pure feeling of pleasure.

We are familiar with the example: I stand before a palace. Someone asks me whether I think it is beautiful, or rather whether I can say "this is beautiful." It is a question of judgment, of a judgment of universal validity, and everything must therefore be in the form of statements, questions, and answers. Even though the aesthetic affect is irreducible, judgment demands that I say "this is beautiful" or "this is not beautiful."

Is the palace of which I am speaking beautiful? A variety of answers would miss the point of the question. If I say: "I do not care for things made for

rubbernecks," or rather, with the Iroquois *sachem*, "I prefer the pubs," or rath.., *à la* Rousseau, "There stands a sign for the vanity of the rich who exploit the people in order to produce frivolities," or rather, "If I were on a desert island and had the means, I still would not take the trouble to have it imported," etc.—none of these answers constitutes an intrinsically aesthetic judgment. I have evaluated the palace as a function of *extrinsic* motives, in terms of empirical psychology, relations with economic production, political structures, technical causality, etc.

We must know of what we speak, what concerns the value of beauty *intrinsically* and what remains external to our immanent sense of it. This permanent demand—to distinguish between the internal or proper meaning and the circumstances of the object in question—organizes every philosophic discourse on art, the meaning of art and meaning itself, from Plato to Hegel, Husserl, and Heidegger. It presupposes a discourse on the limit between the inside and the outside of the art object, in this case a *discourse on the frame.* Where do we find it?

According to Kant, what I want to know when I ask myself whether I think this palace is beautiful or not is whether I find it *to be* beautiful, alternatively, whether it is the representation of the object—in and of itself—which pleases me, however indifferent (*gleichgültig*) I remain towards the object's existence. "It is quite plain that in order to say that the object is beautiful, and to show that I have taste, everything turns on the meaning which I can give to this representation, and not on any factor which makes me dependent on the real existence of the object. Everyone must allow that a judgement on the beautiful which is tinged with the slightest interest, is very partial and not a pure judgement of taste. One must not be in the least prepossessed in favour of the real existence of the thing but must preserve complete indifference in this respect, in order to play the part of judge in matters of taste. This proposition, which is of the utmost importance, cannot be better explained than by contrasting the pure disinterested delight [*uninteresserten Wohlgefallen*] which appears in the judgement of taste with that allied [*verbunden*] to an interest:—especially if we can also assure ourselves that there are no other kinds of interest beyond those presently mentioned."[7] When the existence of the *agreeable* and the existence of the *good* are concerned, it is a question of interest

disinterested pleasure: the phrase is too familiar, too common, like the dismissal it

7. *Ibid.*, pp. 43–4.

continues to provoke. The anger of Nietzsche and Artaud: disinterest or disinterestingness goes overboard. Heidegger's meditative murmur at the end of *The Origin*: pleasure is superfluous or insufficient.

But conclusions should never be hasty when pleasure is at issue. In this case, a pleasure which is pure and disinterested, which delivers itself up in the purity of its essence, without any contamination by externals. It no longer depends upon any empirical phenomenon, any specified existence of subject or object; my empiricity refers precisely to the existence of the beautiful object, or to the existence of my sensible motivation. To this degree, and considered intrinsically (but how to delimit the intrinsic, that which borders, *secus*, the internal limit), pleasure does not presuppose the pure and simple disappearance, but the neutralization, not simply the death but the entombment, of everything which exists insofar as it exists. This pleasure is purely subjective: in aesthetic judgment, it designates (*bezeichnet*) nothing objective. But its subjectivity is not an existence, it does not even refer to existence. It is an in- or anexistent subjectivity rising over the tomb of the empirical subject and its entire world.

And which nevertheless enjoys. No, does not enjoy: Kant distinguishes pleasure (*Wohlgefallen, Lust*) from enjoyment (*Genuss*). Takes pleasure, then. No, because it also receives it. If the translation of *Wohlgefallen* with *pleasure* is not entirely rigorous, then with *satisfaction* it is even less; the *pleasing* risks identification with the agreeable and suggests that everything comes from the pleasing object. In *Wohlgefallen*, in fact, I *enjoy myself*, but without complaisance, I am not interested in myself, especially in so far as I exist, I enjoy *something*. Not something which exists, whatever it may be. *I enjoy my enjoyment of*—that which is beautiful. Insofar as it does not exist.

Since this affect of *enjoying something* remains thoroughly subjective, we may speak here of an autoaffection. The role of the imagination and thus of time in the entire discourse confirms this. Nothing which exists, as such, nothing in time and in space can produce this affect which affects itself with itself. And nevertheless, *enjoying something*, the *something* of *enjoyment* also indicates that this autoaffection extends beyond itself: it is a pure heteroaffection. The purely subjective affect is provoked by that which we call the beautiful, that which is said to be beautiful: *outside*, in the object and independent of its existence. From which, the indispensable, critical character of the recourse to judgment: the structure of autoaffection is such that it is affected by a pure objectivity about which we *must* say, "This *is* beautiful," and "This statement has universal validity." Otherwise there would be no problem—and no discourse on art. *The wholly other affects me with pure pleasure while depriving me of both concept and enjoyment.* Without this wholly other, no universality, no demand for universality, but for the same reason, no enjoyment (singular, empirical, existent, interested) of either the determinant concept or of knowledge. Of either the practical or the theoretical. Utterly irreducible heteroaffection inhabits—intrinsically—the most hermetic autoaffection: this is the "*grosse Schwierigkeit*":

it does not install itself in the comfortable arrangement of the overworked subject/object couple, within an arbitrarily determined space. Nor in some machine oiled with *mimesis, homoiosis, adequatio.* We know that, at least at first, Kant rejects the value of imitation. As to *homoiosis* and *adequatio,* the issue is complicated, to say the least, since it is no longer a question of determinant judgment, but of reflective judgment, and since the *res* in question does not exist, or at least its existence as thing is not taken into account. It is at the end of a totally different itinerary that we will confirm the efficacy of these values (*mimesis, homoiosis, adequatio*) in Kantian discourse[8]

almost nothing is left (me): neither the thing, nor its existence, nor my own, nor the pure object, nor the pure subject—no interest whatsoever in anything that exists. All the same, I like; no that is still excessive, that still probably implies interest in existence. I do not like, but I take pleasure in that which does not interest me, at least insofar as it does not matter whether I like it or not. I do not take this pleasure which I take. Rather, I give it. I give what I take, I receive what I give, I do not take what I receive. And all the same I give it to myself. Can I say that I give it to myself? It is so universally objective—in the claim of my own judgment and in common sense—that it can come only from a pure outside. Inassimilable. At the limit, this pleasure which I give to myself or to which I give myself, by which I give myself, I do not even feel, if to feel means to experience: phenomenally, empirically, in the space and time of my interested and interesting existence. A pleasure impossible to experience. I never take it, receive it, give it, or give it to myself, since I (existing subject) never have access to the beautiful as such. I never have pure pleasure insofar as I exist.

And all the same it is there, pleasure, something remains; *it is there, es gibt, ça donne,* pleasure is what is given; for no one, but it remains and it is the best, the purest. And it is this remainder that gives rise to speech, since it is discourse on the beautiful that is primarily under consideration once again, discursivity within the structure of the beautiful and not only a discourse arising out of the beautiful.

8. "Economimesis," in *Mimesis* (in collaboration with S. Agacinski, S. Kofman, Ph. Lacoue-Labarthe, J.-L. Nancy, B. Pautrat). In the collection "*La philosophie en effet,*" Aubier-Flammarion, 1975. (Author's note.)

2. *I lead it astray*: by treating the third *Critique* as a work of art, I neutralize or entomb its existence. But I cannot know whether, in order to do so, I must act on the authority of the *Critique*, since I do not know what the existence of a thing is, and thus what interest in the existence of a thing is. What is it to exist, for Kant? According to the conditions of a transcendental aesthetic, to be present, in space and time as an individual thing. Nothing is less aesthetic in this sense than the beautiful object which must not interest us as *aistheton*. But this aesthetic inexistence must affect me and this is why the word *aesthetic* is from the beginning justified.

When the (beautiful) object is a book, what exists and what no longer exists? The book is not to be confused with the sensible multiplicity of its existing copies. Thus the object *book* offers itself as such, in its intrinsic structure, as independent. from its copies. But then what we call its ideality is not pure; an extremely fine analysis must distinguish it from ideality in general, from that of other types of object, and, in the case of art, from the ideality of other classes of book (novel, poetry, etc.) or from nondiscursive or nonbookish art objects (painting, sculpture, music, theater, etc.). In each case the structure of exemplarity (single or multiple) is unique, thereby prescribing a different affect. And in each example it remains to be decided what example is to be made of the example: is it to be dropped as extrinsic excrement or retained as intrinsic ideality?

Here is one example, but *en abîme*: the third *Critique*. How to treat this book. Is it a book. What makes it a book. What is it to read this book. How to take it. Have I the right to say that it is beautiful, and first of all even to ask

for example, the question of order. The spatial, so-called plastic, work of art does not necessarily prescribe an order of reading. I can place myself in front of it, begin with the top or bottom, at times move around. Undoubtedly this possibility has an ideal limit. Let us say for the moment that the structure of this limit permits greater play than in the case of the temporal arts (discursive or not), unless a certain pulverization, a precise spatial staging (either effective or virtual) allows us to begin from several different places, so that the speed and the direction vary.

But a book. And a book of philosophy. If it is a work of metaphysics in the Kantian sense, thus of pure philosophy, we can rightfully open it anywhere: it is a kind of architecture. In the third *Critique* there is pure philosophy, and its plan is

drawn. Following the analogy (but how do we follow it), we must be able to begin everywhere and to follow no particular order, even if the quantity and quality, the strength of reading may depend, as with architecture, on point of view and a certain relation to the ideal limit—which constitutes the frame. But there never is anything but point of view: the solidity, the existence, the structure of the edifice do not depend upon it. Can we say the same of a book by analogy? We do not inevitably gain access to architecture by following the order of its production, from its foundations to its pinnacle. And here perception, analysis, penetration, utilization, even destruction, must be distinguished. But do we read a book of pure philosophy if we do not begin with the fundamentals and follow the prescribed order in which it was written. What is it then to read philosophy, and must we only read it. Certainly the prescribed order sustained by the fundamentals does not coincide with the order of its writing: for example, Kant wrote his Introduction after finishing the book, in an effort to reassemble the entire system of his philosophy, to legitimize his discourse, to articulate his critique with philosophy. The Introduction follows its preparation. But even if it were granted that, in Kantian metaphysics, it is necessary to begin with the foundation, the critique is not metaphysics: it is, from the beginning, a search for the foundation (therefore it in fact comes after), suspended like a crane or a dredger above a pit, scraping, excavating, clearing, in an effort to redeem some solid ground. In what order should a critique be read. The order in which it was written, or the rightful one. The *ordo inveniendi* or the *ordo exponendi.* All these different questions, subordinate to one another, no matter how densely interwoven, are generally valid for all critical texts

a supplementary complication forces us to reconsider the order of all these questions. The third *Critique* is not just one critique among others. Its specific object is a particular type of judgment—reflective judgment—which treats the example in a very singular way. The distinction, both familiar and obscure, between reflective and determinant judgment controls all of the book's internal divisions. I restate it in its most impoverished generality. The faculty of judging *in general* allows us to think of the particular as contained under the general (rule, principle, law). When the general is given first, the operation of judgment subsumes and *determines* the particular. It is determinant (*bestimmend*), it defines, narrows, comprehends,

compresses. In the opposite assumption, *reflective* (*reflectirend*) judgment begins with the particular and must return, retrace the way to the general: the example (what matters to us here) is given prior to the law, and may thus be revealed in its exemplary unity. Current scientific or logical discourse proceeds according to determinant judgments, the examples follow in order to determine or, in a didactic drawing, to illustrate. But in art and in life, any place where we must, according to Kant, proceed by means of reflective judgments and assume (by analogy with art: we will return to this rule later) an end whose concept is not given, *the example precedes.* The result is a singular historicity and (taking into account the simulacrum) a certain ficture (regulated, relative) of the theoretical

on the authority of this reflective break, I begin my reading of the third *Critique* with some examples.

Nothing as yet allows us to determine whether this obedience is perverse or not.

I begin therefore with some examples: not with the Introduction, which gives the laws, nor with the beginning of the book (the Analytic of the Beautiful). Nor with the middle, nor the end, but somewhere near the conclusion of the Analytic of the Beautiful, with paragraph 14, entitled "Exemplification" (*Eclaircissement par des exemples; Erlaüterung durch Beispiele*).

Kant's obvious intention is to clarify the structure of "the proper object of the pure judgement of taste" (*den eigentlichen Gegenstand des reinen Geschmacksurtheils*). I am not even going to cite every example, only a few, and I provisionally set aside his extremely convoluted theory of color and sound, of drawing and composition, which comes between the two fragments which I translate here. Unless in the process it is broached. In any case, I will assume it has been read.

"Aesthetic, just like theoretical (logical) judgements, are divisible into empirical and pure. The first are those by which agreeableness or disagreeableness, the second those by which beauty, is predicated of an object or its mode of representation. The former are judgements of sense (material aesthetic judgements), the latter (as formal) alone judgements of taste proper.

"A judgement of taste, therefore, is only pure so far as its determining ground is tainted with no merely empirical delight [*Wohlgefallen*]. But such a taint is always present where charm [*Reiz*] or emotion have a share in the judgement by which something is to be described as beautiful.

. . .

"All form of objects of sense (both of external and also, mediately, of internal sense) is either *figure* or *play*. In the latter case it is either play of figures (in space: mimic and dance), or mere play of sensations (in time). The *charm* of colours, or of the agreeable tones of instruments, may be added: but the *design* in the former and the *composition* in the latter constitute the proper object of the pure judgement of taste. To say that the purity alike of colours and of tones, of their variety and contrast seem to contribute to beauty, is by no means to imply that, because in themselves agreeable, they therefore yield an addition [*supplement*] to the delight in the form [*Wohlgefallen an der Form*] and one on a par with it. The real meaning rather is that they make this form more clearly, definitely, and completely intuitable, and besides stimulate the representation by their charm, as they excite and sustain the attention directed to the object itself.

"Even what is called *ornamentation* [*Zierathen*: decoration, ornamentation, adornment] (*parerga*), i.e. what is only an adjunct, and not an intrinsic constituent in the complete representation of an object, in augmenting the delight of taste does so solely by means of its form. Thus it is with the frames [*Einfassungen*] of pictures or the drapery on statues, or the colonnades of palaces. But if the ornamentation does not itself enter into the composition of a beautiful form—if it is introduced [*simplement appliqué*] like a gold frame [*goldene Rahmen*] merely to win approval for the picture by means of its charm—it is then called *finery* [*parure; Schmuck*] and takes away from the genuine beauty."[9]

the theory moves along smoothly

thus the drapery on statues—for example—would be ornamentation: *parerga.*

Elsewhere Kant explains the necessity of his recourse to archaic, scholarly languages. Here Greek confers something approximating conceptual dignity on the notion of the hors d'oeuvre which does not remain simply outside of the work, acting from the sidelines, next to the work (*ergon*). Dictionaries most often give

9. Kant, *Critique*, pp. 65–8.

"hors d'oeuvre," which is the most literal translation, but also "accessory, foreign, or secondary object," "supplement," "aside," "remainder." It is that which *should not* become, by distinguishing itself, the principal subject: the legal education of children (*Laws*, 766a), or the definition of science (*Theatetus*, 184a) *should not* be treated as *parerga*. In the investigation of causes or the knowledge of principles, *parerga* should not be allowed to take precedence over the essential (*Nicomachean Ethics*, 1098–30). Philosophical discourse is always *against* the *parergon*. But what is it *against*.

A *parergon* is against, beside, and above and beyond the *ergon*, the work accomplished, the accomplishment of the work. But it is not incidental; it is connected to and cooperates in its operation from the outside.

[. . .]

If the *parergon*, this supplementary hors d'oeuvre, has something like the status of a philosophical concept, then it must designate a general formal predicative structure which may be carried over, either *intact* or *consistently* deformed, reformed, to other fields, where new contents may be submitted to it. Kant uses the word *parergon* elsewhere: the context is very different, but the structure is analogous and equally problematic. We find it in a lengthy note appended to the second and subsequent editions of *Religion within the Limits of Reason Alone*. The form in which it occurs is extremely important.

To what is the Note appended? To a "General Observation" which concludes Part Two.

What is the *parergon*? It is the concept of the observation, of this "General Observation," insofar as it defines what augments *Religion within the Limits of Reason Alone* while being neither part of it nor absolutely extrinsic to it. Each Part includes a "General Observation" (*Allgemeine Anmerkung*), *parergon* on a *parergon*. Since there are four Parts, these four Observations on *parerga*, hors d'oeuvres, "adjuncts" which are neither internal nor external, effectively frame the work, but also square it.

At the beginning of the Note appended in the second edition to the first "General Observation," the status of the Observation is defined as *parergon*: "This General Observation is the first of four which are appended, one to each Book of this work, and which might bear the titles, (1) Works of Grace, (2) Miracles, (3) Mysteries, and (4) Means of Grace. These matters are, as it were, *parerga* to religion within the limits of pure reason; they do not belong within it, but border upon it [*aber stossen doch an sie an*: they touch upon it, put pressure on it, press against it, seek contact, exert pressure at the boundary]. Reason, conscious of her inability to satisfy her moral need, extends herself to high-flown ideas capable of supplying this lack [*Mangel*], without, however, appropriating these ideas as an extension of her domain [*Besitz*: possession]. Reason does not dispute the possibility or the reality of the objects of these ideas; she simply cannot adopt them into her maxims of thought and action. She even holds that, if in the inscrutable realm of the supernatural there is something more than she can explain to herself,

which may yet be necessary as a complement to her moral insufficiency, this will be, even though unknown, available to her good will. Reason believes this with a faith which (with respect to the possibility of this supernatural complement) might be called *reflective;* for *dogmatic* faith which proclaims itself as a form of knowledge appears to her dishonest or presumptuous. To remove the difficulties, then, in the way of that which (for moral practice) stands firm in and for itself, is merely a by-work (*parergon*), when those difficulties have reference to transcendent questions."[10]

"By-work" is the translation of *Nebengeschäfte*: secondary business or busyness, activity or operation from the sidelines or nearby. The *parergon* inscribes something extra, *exterior* to the specific field (here, of pure reason and *Religion within the Limits of Reason Alone*), but whose transcendent exteriority touches, plays with, brushes, rubs, or presses against the limit and intervenes internally only insofar as the inside is missing. Missing something and is itself missing. Since reason is "conscious of her inability to satisfy her moral need," she has recourse to the *parergon,* to grace, mysteries, miracles. She requires a supplementary "by-work." Certainly the adjunct is a threat. Its function is critical. It entails a risk and enjoys itself at the expense of transforming the theory. A damage, an injury [*prejudice; Nachteil*] corresponds to each *parergon* in *Religion,* and the four classes of prejudice correspond to the four kinds of *parerga*: 1. to supposed internal experience (effects of grace), fanaticism, 2. to supposed external experience (miracles), superstition, 3. to supposed light of understanding of the supernatural order, illuminism, 4. to supposed supernatural actions (through grace), thaumaturgy. Nevertheless, these four deviations or seductions of reason are also aimed at a particular pleasure: pleasure-unto-God [*gottgefälliger Absicht*].

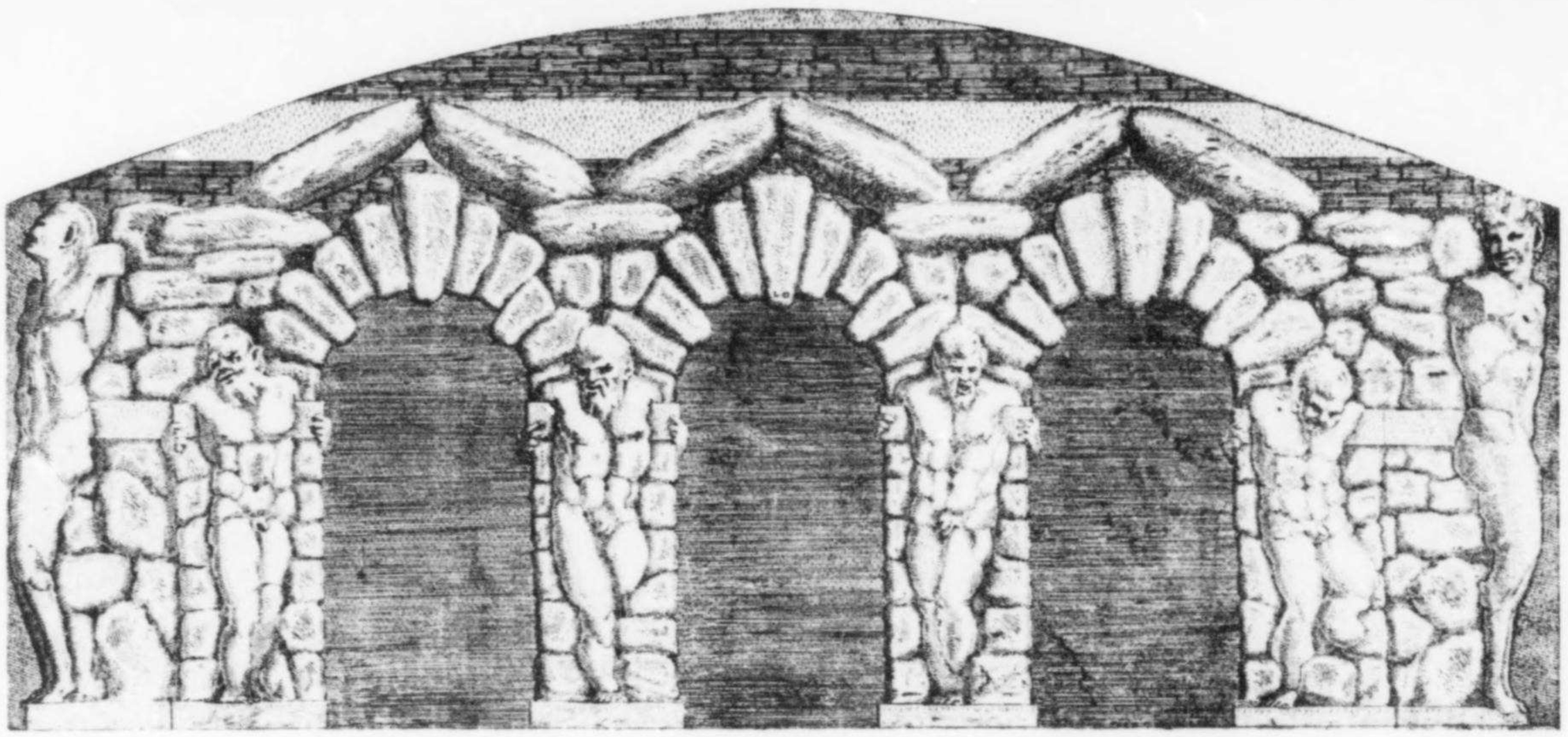
Thus,
the drapery on statues, a privileged example, would function as *parergon,* as ornamentation. This means (*das heisst*) precisely what is not interior or intrinsic (*innerlich*), in the sense of an integral component (*als Bestandstück*), to the complete representation of the object (*in die ganze Vorstellung des Gegenstandes*), but which belongs to it only in an extrinsic fashion (*nur äusserlich*), as a surplus, an addition, an adjunct (*als Zuthat*).

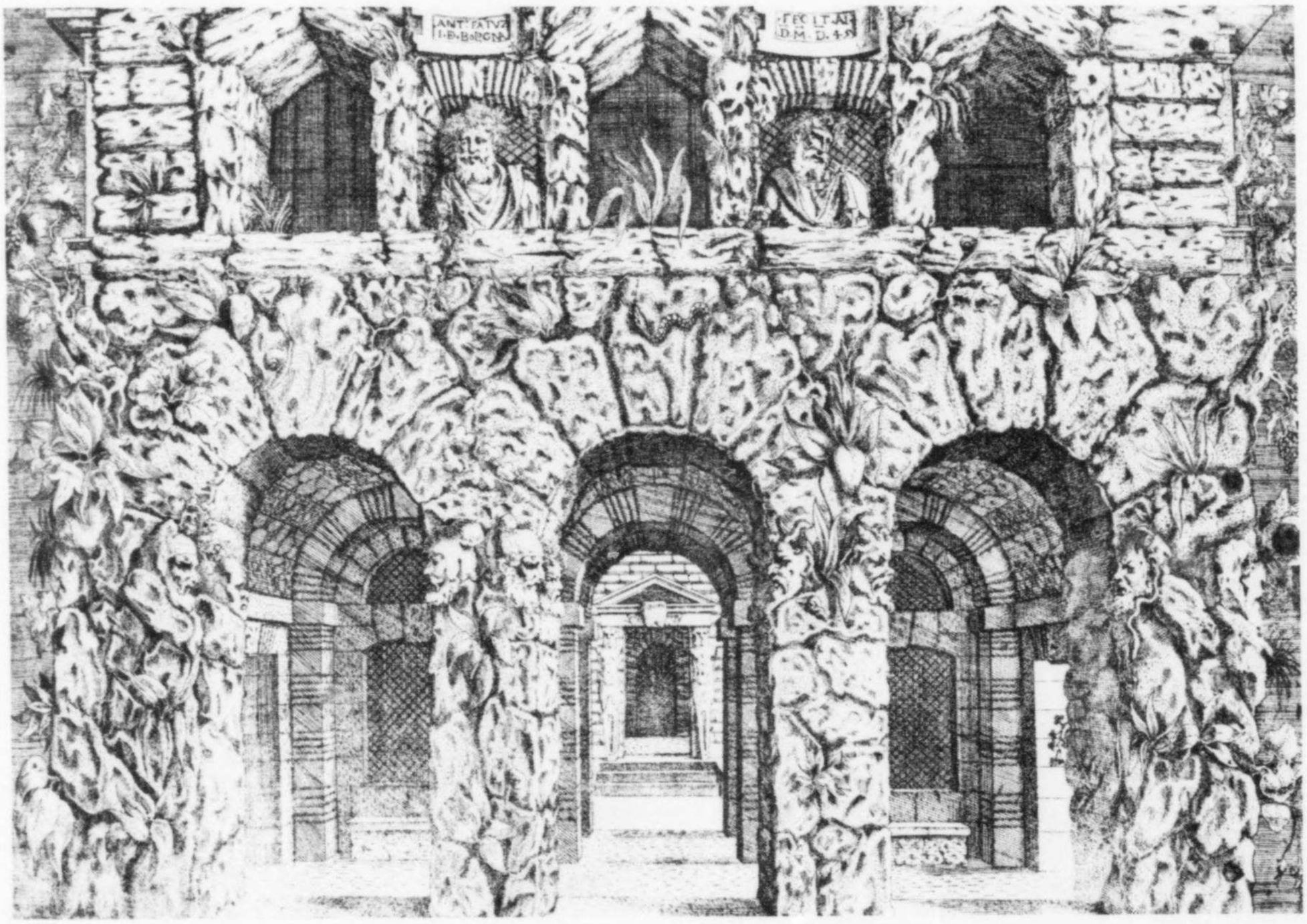
10. Immanuel Kant, *Religion within the Limits of Reason Alone,* trans. T. M. Greene and H. H. Hudson, New York, Harper & Row, 1960, pp. 47–9.

The drapery on statues, which simultaneously adorns and veils their nudity, is hors d'oeuvre clinging to the work's edges as to the body represented, but—so the argument goes—not a part of the representative whole. What is represented by the representation is the nude body, *au naturel*; the representational essence of the statue tallies with it; and only in it may the representation be beautiful—essentially, purely, and intrinsically beautiful, "the proper object of a pure judgement of taste."

This definition of the center and of the integrity of the representation, of its inside and outside, may already appear peculiar. We may ask as well where the drapery begins. Where a *parergon* begins, and where it ends. Whether all drapery is *parergon*—G-strings and the like. What to do with absolutely transparent veils. And how to transpose the statement to painting. For example, Cranach's Lucretia holds nothing but a flimsy transparent veil over her sex: where is the *parergon*? Must we also consider a *parergon*—not part of her nude body, *au naturel*—the dagger which she points at herself and which touches her skin (only the point of the *parergon* touches her body, in the middle of a triangle formed by her two breasts and her navel)? Is her necklace also a *parergon*? It concerns the objectifying, representational essence, its inside and outside, the criteria used in this definition, the value attributed to the natural, and, either secondarily or principally, the privileged position of the human body. If every *parergon* is added, as proved in *Religion*, only because of a lack within the system it augments, then what deficiency in the representation of the body does drapery supplement? And what has art to do with it?

Our surprise at this paragraph has only begun. (*Parergon* also signifies the exceptional, the peculiar, the extraordinary.) I have somewhat too hastily torn "drapery" from the context of three examples, three *parerga* which are no less strange—first in themselves, and in relation to one another. The example which follows immediately is that of the colonnades of palaces (*Säulengänge um Prachtbäude*). These columns are also supplementary *parerga*. After drapery, the column. Why should the column be external to the edifice? According to what criterion, what critical organ, what *organon* of discernment? It is no less obscure than in the preceding case and presents yet another difficulty: in this case the *parergon* augments a work which *represents nothing* and which itself augments nature. We believe we know what is part and what is not part of the human body, what may be detached from it and what may not—even if the *parergon* is precisely a detachment which is not easily detached. But in an architectural work, the *Vorstellung*, the representation, is not structurally representational—or it is, but according to a detour so complicated that it would undoubtedly disconcert anyone who wanted to distinguish, in a critical manner, the inside from the outside, the integral from the detachable. So as not to complicate this even further, I set aside, provisionally, columns in the form of the human body supporting or representing the support of a window (and the window itself—is it part of the edifice? And a window in a painting of a building?), and which may be nude or draped and may represent either a man or a woman—a distinction to which Kant does not allude.

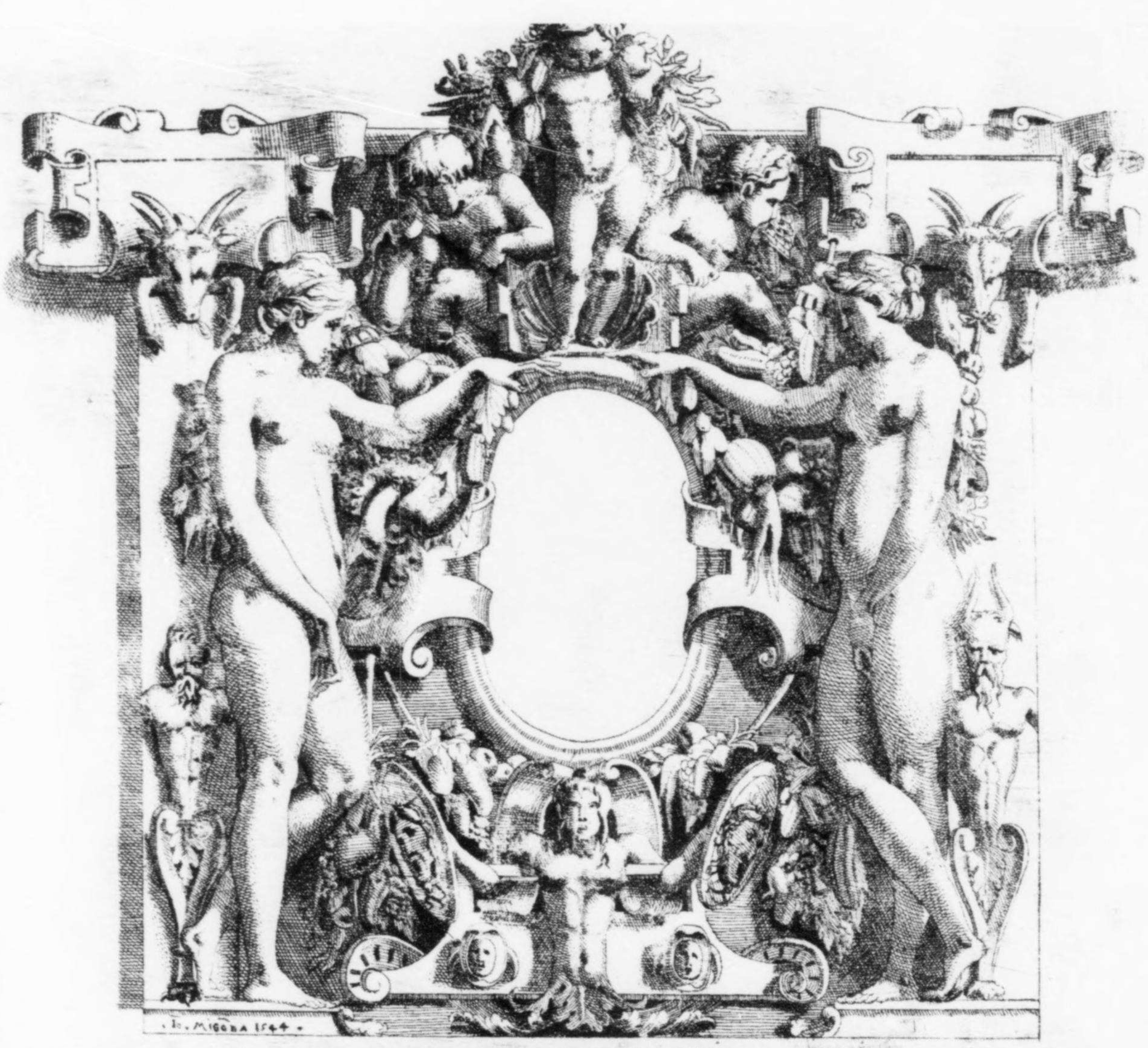



ANT. FATVS
I.B. BOLOGNA
FECIT AN
D.M. D.XC

With the example of the colonnade, we encounter the entire problematic of inscription in a milieu, of distinguishing the work from a ground. It is always difficult to determine whether the ground is natural or artificial and, in the latter case, whether it is *parergon* or *ergon*. The ground, even if it is contiguous with the work, does not constitute a *parergon* in the Kantian sense. The natural site chosen for the erection of a temple is obviously not a *parergon*. Nor is an artificial site: neither the square, nor the church, nor the museum, nor the other surrounding works. But drapery or the column, yes. Why? Not because they are easily detached; on the contrary, they are very difficult to detach. Without them, without their quasidetachment, the lack within the work would appear or, what amounts to the same, would not appear. It is not simply their exteriority that constitutes them as *parerga*, but the internal structural link by which they are inseparable from a lack within the *ergon*. And this lack makes for the very unity of the *ergon*. Without it, the *ergon* would have no need of a *parergon*. The lack of the *ergon* is the lack of a *parergon*, of drapery or columns which nevertheless remain exterior to it. How do we determine the role of *energeia*?

May we attach the third example to this series of examples, to the question which they raise? The third is in fact the first—I have proceeded in reverse. It is, at least apparently, difficult to associate with the other two. It is the frames of paintings (*Einfassungen der Gemälde*). The frame: *parergon* like the others. This series may be surprising. How do we assimilate the function of the frame to that of drapery on (in, around, or against) sculpture, and to that of columns surrounding an edifice? And what about a frame which frames a painting representing a building surrounded by columns in the form of draped human figures? The incomprehensibility of the border, at the border, appears not only at the inner limit, between the frame and the painting, the drapery and the body, the column and the building, but also at its outer limit. *Parerga* have a thickness, a surface which separates them not only, as Kant would have it, from the body of the *ergon* itself, but also from the outside, from the wall on which the painting is hung, the space in which the statue or column stands, as well as from the entire historic, economic, and political field of inscription in which the drive of the signature arises (an analogous problem, as we will see later). No "theory," no "practice," no "theoretical practice" can be effective here if it does not rest on the frame, the invisible limit of (between) the interiority of meaning (protected by the entire hermeneutic, semiotic, phenomenological, and formalist tradition) *and* (of) all the extrinsic empiricals which, blind and illiterate, dodge the question.

The *parergon* is distinguished from both the *ergon* (the work) and the milieu; it is distinguished as a figure against a ground. But it is not distinguished in the same way as the work, which is also distinguished from a ground. The parergonal frame is distinguished from two grounds, but in relation to each of these, it disappears into the other. In relation to the work, which may function as its ground, it disappears into the wall and then, by degrees, into the general context. In relation to the general context, it disappears into the work. Always a



form on a ground, the *parergon* is nevertheless a form which has traditionally been determined not by distinguishing itself, but by disappearing, sinking in, obliterating itself, dissolving just as it expends its greatest energy. The frame is never a ground in the way the context or the work may be, but neither does its marginal thickness form a figure. At least, it is a figure which arises of its own accord.

What would Kant have said about a frame which frames a painting representing a building surrounded by columns (there are many examples) in the form of the draped human figure (the frescoes in the vault of the Sistine Chapel—what is their frame?—are paintings in which the represented, painted object is sculpture which itself represents, at Jonah's right for example, putti which form a column supporting a ceiling, etc. The same applies to the Persian sibyl, to Zachariah, who holds a book in his hand, to Jeremiah, and to the Libyan sibyl; it is hard to say whether these putti-columns are draped or not; they support drapery), and which is set on an easel—the whole thing represented in another painting.

I may appear to be taking unfair advantage by persisting with two or three possibly fortuitous examples from a secondary subchapter; it might be better to deal with parts less marginal to the work, closer to its center and its depth. Of course. But the objection presupposes that we already know what the center and the depth of the third *Critique* are, that we have already located its frame and delimited its field. Yet nothing is more difficult to determine. The *Critique* is a work (*ergon*) in several ways; as such, it must center and frame itself, delimit its ground by distinguishing itself, by means of a frame, from a general background. However this frame is problematic. I do not know what is essential and what is secondary to a work. Above all I do not know what this thing is which is neither essential nor secondary, neither proper nor improper, which Kant calls *parergon*, for example, the frame. What is the place of the frame. Does it have a place. Where does it begin. Where does it end. What is its inner limit. Outer. And the surface between the two limits. I do not know if the passage in the *Critique* which defines *parergon* is itself a *parergon*. Before deciding what is parergonal in a text which poses the question of the *parergon*, we must know what a *parergon* is, at least if one occurs in the text.

For my impatient critics, if they insist on seeing the thing itself: every analytic of aesthetic judgment presupposes that we can rigorously distinguish between the intrinsic and the extrinsic. Aesthetic judgment *must* concern intrinsic beauty, and not the around and about. It is therefore necessary to know—this is the fundamental presupposition, the foundation—how to define the intrinsic, the framed, and what to exclude as frame *and* beyond the frame. We are thus *already* at the unlocatable center of the problem. And since, when we ask, "What is a frame?", Kant responds, "It is a *parergon*, a composite of inside and outside, but a composite which is not an amalgam or half-and-half, an outside which is called inside the inside to constitute it as inside." And when he gives as examples of the

parergon, besides the frame, drapery and columns, we say to ourselves that there are indeed "considerable difficulties," and that the choice of examples, as well as their association, is not self-evident.

All the more because the *parergon*, following the logic of the supplement, divides into two. At the limit between the work and the absence of the work, it divides into two. And this division gives rise to a sort of pathology of the *parergon*, whose forms must be named and classified, just as *Religion* specified four types of parergonal injuries or "prejudices." Kant is in effect in the process of defining "the proper object of the pure judgement of taste." But he does not simply exclude the *parergon* as such and in general. Only under certain conditions. Here the criterion for exclusion is a formality.

What is meant by formality?

The *parergon* (frame, drapery, column) may augment the pleasure of taste (*Wohlgefallen des Geschmacks*), may contribute to the intrinsically aesthetic representation itself, if it intervenes *by means of its form* (*durch seine Form*), and only by means of its form. If it has a "beautiful form," it enters into the judgment of taste properly speaking, or in any case its intervention is essential. It is, if you will, the normal *parergon*. But if, on the contrary, it is not beautiful, purely beautiful, that is, formally beautiful, then it is mere finery (*parure; Schmuck*) and tarnishes the beauty of the work, detracts from it and is unfair to it. It is the analogue of the damage or "prejudice" (*Nachteil*) in *Religion*.

The example of the degradation into seductive finery of the simple *parergon* is again the frame, this time the gilded frame (*goldene Rahmen*), the gilding on the frame which calls our attention to the painting by means of its charm (*Reiz*). What is bad, therefore, and external to the pure object of taste is that which seduces by charm; and the example of that which diverts by means of its charm is a color, gilding, as nonform, sensible content, or matter. The deterioration of the *parergon*—the perversion, the allure—is the charm of sensible content. As drawing, the arrangement of lines and formation of angles, the frame is not alluring at all and is indispensable. But to retain its purity, it must remain without color, free from all sensible, empirical materiality.

This opposition form/matter dominates, as we know, the *Critique* as a whole, inscribing it within a powerful tradition. According to *The Origin of the Work of Art*, it is one of three determinations (*hypokeimenon/sumbe bekos, aistheton/noeton, eidos-morphé/hylè*) which encroach violently upon the thing. It provides a "conceptual schema" (*Begriffschema*) for every theory of art. We need only associate the rational within the formal, the irrational with matter, the latter with illogic, the former with logic, to connect the ensemble to the subject/object pair, to set up a *Begriffsmechanic* which nothing can withstand. But what is the region of origin of this determination of the thing as informed matter? Its wholesale usage by aesthetics allows us to conceive of an origin far beyond the realm of art. And the Christian creation myth contributes an "additional impulse," a supplementary motivation to consider the form/matter complex as the

structure of every entity, *l'ens creatum* as the unity of *forma* and *materia*. Faith having disappeared, the schemata of Christian philosophy remain forceful. "Thus the interpretation of 'thing' by means of matter and form, whether it remains medieval or becomes Kantian-transcendental, has become current and self-evident. But for that reason, no less than the other interpretations mentioned of the thingness of the thing, it is an encroachment [*Ueberfall*] upon the thing-being of the thing. This situation stands revealed as soon as we speak of things in the strict sense as mere things [*blosse Dinge*, naked things]. The 'mere' [*bloss*], after all, means the removal [*Entblössung*] of the character of usefulness and of being made. The mere thing is a sort of equipment, albeit equipment denuded of its equipmental being. Thing-being consists in what is then left over. But this remnant is not actually defined in its ontological character . . ."[11]

and if the *Ueberfall* had the structure of the *parergon*? This violent superimposition which falls aggressively upon the thing, "insults" it, as the French translator strangely, but pertinently has it, enslaves it and, literally, conjugates it under matter/form—is this a contingency, an accident, or a necessity that remains to be examined? And what if, like the *parergon*, it is neither one nor the other? And what if the *remnant*, in its structure as remnant, might never be determined in itself, if it were no longer even necessary to scan this horizon

the word *parergon* occurs precisely (paragraphs 13 and 24) at the moment at which Kant arrives at the distinction between *material* and *formal* judgments; only the latter are constitutive of judgments of taste in the proper sense. It is self-evidently not a

11. Heidegger, "Origin," p. 30.

question of a formalist aesthetic (it could, from another point of view, be demonstrated that the opposite is the case), but of formality as the space of aesthetics in general, of a "formalism" which, rather than representing a specific system, is confounded with the history of art and aesthetics itself. And formality always implies the possibility of a system of framing which is simultaneously imposed and effaced.

The question of the frame is already framed when it appears at this turn in the *Critique.*

Why framed?

"Exemplification" (paragraph 14) belongs to the "Analytic of the Beautiful," Book I of the "Analytic of Aesthetic Judgement." This analytic of the beautiful has four divisions, four sides, four moments. The judgment of taste is examined from four sides: 1. according to quality, 2. according to quantity, 3. according to relation to ends (here the *parergon* finds its accommodation), 4. according to modality. According to quality, the beautiful is the object of a disinterested *Wohlgefallen*; according to quantity, that which, without a concept, pleases universally; according to the relation to ends, the form of finality without the representation of an end (finality without end); according to modality, that which, without a concept, is recognized as the object of a necessary *Wohlgefallen.*

Such is the categorical frame of this analytic of the beautiful. Where does it come from? Who supplies it? Who constructs it? Where is it introduced from?

From the analytic of concepts in the *Critique of Pure Reason.* A brief reminder: this analytic of concepts is one of two parts of the transcendental analytic (transcendental analytic and dialectic, a division reproduced in the third *Critique*: analytic and dialectic of aesthetic judgment). The transcendental analytic comprises an analytic of concepts and an analytic of principles. The first decomposes the power of understanding in order to encounter the possibility of *a priori* concepts in their "country of birth," that is, understanding, where concepts lie dormant and are held in reserve. Since (receptive) intuition alone is related immediately to the object, understanding is related to objects by the intermediary of judgments. Judgment is the mediated knowledge of an object. And we can "refer all acts of understanding to judgements, in such a way that understanding in general may be represented as a faculty of judging (*Urteilskraft*)." [12] The power to think as the power to judge. Thus we will find the functions of understanding by determining the functions of unity in judgment. The concepts are related, as predicates of possible judgments, to the representation of an object. Consequently, by considering the simple form of understanding, abstracting from it the content of judgments, we can establish the list of the forms of judgment under *four* headings and twelve moments (four times three: the four-times-three also constructs the table [*Tafel*] of the superior faculties at the end of the Introduction to

12. This citation from *The Critique of Pure Reason* is translated directly from Derrida's French translation of Kant.

the third *Critique*. In a note Kant answers those who object to his "threefold" [*dreiteilig*] divisions and his taste for "trichotomy"; and *three + one* informs the relation of the faculties required by the fine arts—imagination, understanding, soul—with taste: "the first three faculties are first brought into union by means of the fourth," as the note to paragraph 50 specifies): *quantity* (universal, particular, singular), *quality* (affirmative, negative, indefinite), *relation* (categorical, hypothetical, disjunctive), *modality* (problematic, assertive, apodictic). *Table of twelve.* There are as many pure concepts of the understanding, originary and underivable concepts, as there are logical functions in judgment. From which one deduces the table of categories (as opposed to Aristotle's supposed grammatical empiricism) beginning with the table of judgments.

Kant thus introduces this table, this tableau (*Tafel*), this *board*,[13] this *border* into the analytic of aesthetic judgment. The procedure is legitimate, since judgments are concerned, but the transfer is not exempt from difficulties and an artful sort of violence: a *logical* frame has been transposed and forced upon a *nonlogical* structure, a structure which does not essentially concern a relation to the object as an object of cognition. Aesthetic judgment, Kant insists, is not cognitive judgment.

The frame doesn't fit. The difficulty is perceptible from the first paragraph of the book, from the "First moment of the judgement of taste considered from the point of view of quality." "The judgement of taste is aesthetic": in which case, unique, not provided for by the analytic of concepts and of judgments in the other *Critique*; the judgment is not a "cognitive judgement." Thus it does not belong to the transcendental logic from which the board was borrowed.

The violence of framing proliferates. It confines the theory of aesthetics within a theory of the beautiful, the theory of the beautiful within a theory of taste, and the theory of taste within a theory of judgment. These decisions might be called external: the delimitation has far-reaching consequences, but even at this cost a certain internal coherence may be retained. Another act of framing which, by the introduction of the border, violated the interior of the system and distorted its proper articulations, would not have the same effect. In looking for a rigorously effective grip, we must therefore first concern ourselves with this frame.

Thus in the course of the final delimitation (the theory of taste as the theory of judgment) Kant *applies* an analytic of logical judgments to an analytic of aesthetic judgments while at the same time insisting on their mutual irreducibility. He never justifies this framing, nor the restraint it artificially imposes upon a discourse which continuously threatens to exceed its boundaries. In the first note on the first page, Kant states that the logical functions of judgment have served him as a guide (*Anleitung*). This note alludes to a difficulty so decisive that it is unclear why it did not constitute the principal text for which it forms the fundamental bass, that is, the unwritten or underwritten space, the alleged scope

13. In English in the original.

of the harmonics: "The definition of taste here relied upon is that it is the faculty of estimating the beautiful. But the discovery [*entdecken*] of what is required for calling an object beautiful must be reserved for the analysis of judgements of taste. In my [intervention of the first person in a footnote] search for the moments to which attention is paid by this judgement in its reflection, I have followed the guidance of the logical functions of judging (for a judgement of taste always involves a reference to understanding). I have brought the moment of quality first under review, because this is what aesthetic judgement of the beautiful looks to in the first instance."[14]

The reference to this note is in the title "First moment of the judgement of taste considered from the point of view of quality." Thus the note in a certain way precedes the text of the argument, it is relatively detached from it. It is the same with the parenthesis which it includes: "(for a judgement of taste always involves a reference to understanding)." This parenthesis (inserted within a note which is neither inside nor outside the argument, neither inside nor outside its content) attempts to justify—and it is the only such attempt—the frame of the argument, that is, the analytic of judgment whose border was hastily introduced at the beginning of the argument.

Before the note and its parenthesis (before, if we scan the page from bottom to top, but after if we stick to that order which places the note at the top of the page, in the place of its reference), another, briefer parenthesis creates a pocket in the so-called principal text, *invaginates* it in some way: "If we wish to discern whether anything is beautiful or not, we do not refer the representation of it to the Object by means of understanding with a view to cognition, but by means of the imagination (acting perhaps in conjunction with understanding). We refer the representation to the subject and its feeling of pleasure or displeasure."[15]

The two parentheses, *parerga* inside and outside the argument, have the same object, the same end: the (quite visibly embarrassed) justification of the frame introduced, the analytic imposed in order to transfer the table and to adjust the border, the unsupported claim of a hypothetical "liaison" with understanding, to which the judgment of taste, even if there is nothing logical about it, is "always" related.

Like a long-standing relationship which is difficult to break, or a second-hand frame which may be difficult to sell bu: which must at all costs be placed.

The frame of this analytic of the beautiful with its four moments was thus provided by the transcendental analytic for the single, unhappy reason that imagination, the essential resource in relation to beauty, may *perhaps* be linked with understanding, that some understanding may perhaps still reside within it. The relation with understanding, which is neither certain nor essential, provides the frame for the entire discourse and, within it, for the discourse on the frame.

14. Kant, *Critique*, p. 41.
15. *Ibid.*

Not to force the point, but to describe a certain forcing on Kant's part, we will say that the entire frame of the analytic of the beautiful functions, with respect to that which determines content or internal structure, like a *parergon*; it has all the right characteristics: neither simply interior not simply exterior; not falling to one side of the work, as we might say of an exergue; indispensable to *energeia* to liberate surplus value because it confines the work (all contracts and first of all the contract of painting presuppose a process of framing; and to be effective here the work of deconstruction cannot dispense with a theory of the frame); summoned and assembled like a supplement because of the lack—a certain "internal" indetermination—in the very thing it enframes. This lack, which cannot be determined, localized, situated, *halted* inside or outside *before the framing* is, to borrow concepts belonging precisely to the classical logic of the frame, and to Kantian discourse, both *produced by* and *production of* the frame. If we apply to it the rule defined in "Exemplification," and if it becomes in its turn an example of what it allows us to consider as an example (frame described in the frame), we can take the content of the analytic of judgment as a work of art, a tableau whose frame, imported from the other *Critique*, plays the role of a *parergon* because of its formal beauty. If it were only a charming, seductive, amusing exergue which did not cooperate with the work itself, a pure depreciation of value and squandering of surplus value, then it would be mere finery. But it happens that this very analytic of judgment, in its frame, is what allows us to define the procedure of formality, the opposition of the formal and the material, the pure and the impure, the proper and the improper, the inside and the outside. The analytic *determines* the frame as *parergon*, that which simultaneously constitutes and destroys it, makes it hold (as in *hold together*, it constitutes, mounts, enshrines, sets, borders, assembles, protects—so many operations assembled by the *Einfassung*) and fall at the same time. A frame is in essence constructed and therefore fragile, this is the essence or the truth of the frame. If such a thing exists. But this "truth" can no longer be a "truth," it defines neither the transcendent nor the contingent character of the frame, only its character as *parergon*.

Philosophy wants to examine this "truth," but never succeeds. That which produces and manipulates the frame sets everything in motion to efface its effect, most often by naturalizing it to infinity, in God's keeping (to be confirmed in Kant). Deconstruction must neither reframe nor fantasize the pure and simple absence of the frame. These two apparently contradictory actions are precisely the systematically indissociable ones of that which is presently deconstructed.

If the procedures initiated, if the criteria proposed by the analytic of the beautiful depend upon this parergonality; if all the oppositions which dominate the philosophy of art (before and after Kant) depend upon it for their pertinence, their rigor, their purity, their propriety, then they will be affected by this logic of the *parergon* which is more powerful than the logic of the analytic. We could pursue the consequences of this infectious affection in detail. They cannot be local. The reflective procedure written on the frame (this is—written about the

frame): a general law which is no longer a mechanical or teleological law of nature, of the accord or harmony of the faculties (etc.), but a certain repeated dislocation, an irrepressible, regulated deterioration, which splits the frame in general, embeds it in the corners of its angles and articulations, renders its internal limit external, takes its thickness into account, makes us see the painting from the side of the canvas or the wood, etc.

To cite only the first consequence of this initial forcing, look at the end of the first note (another *parergon* which frames both the text and the parenthesis). Just as Kant cannot strictly justify the introduction from the analytic of judgment, he is unable to justify the *order* he follows in applying the frame, the four categories from the analytic of concepts. Like the transposition of the table (*Tafel*), that is, the frame, the order of the argument does not successfully rationalize Kant's interest in philosophic terms. His motivation is dissimulated behind arbitrary philosophic decree. Indeed, the argument begins with the two *mathematical* categories (*quantity* and *quality*). Why not begin with the two *dynamic* categories (*relation* and *modality*)? And why reverse the order of the mathematical categories in the original argument (quantity before quality)? This last reversal is surely explained by the fact that cognition is neither the end nor the effect of the judgment of taste: quantity (here, universality) is not the *first* aspect of a judgment of taste. At the end of the note: "I have brought the moment of quality first under review, because this is what the aesthetic judgement on the beautiful looks to in the first instance."[16] Why first? Priority is not prescribed by the table, by the order of judgment, by the logic proper to the frame. Nothing in the (logical) analytic can account for this priority. But if a reversal of the logical order is produced here for reasons which are not logical, why not pursue this? What is the rule here, or the critical limit?

Quality (disinterest) is the very thing that determines the formality of the beautiful object: it must be free of all charm, all power to seduce, it must not provoke any emotion, allow any enjoyment. Thus the *opposition* between the formal and the material, between line and color (as nonform), between composition and sound (as nonform), the formal *parergon* and the material *parergon*, the opposition between the good and the bad *parergon* (which in itself is neither good nor bad) depends upon the framing of this quality, this framing-effect which we call quality, aspect of aspects, according to which, violently, everything appears to begin. Position: opposition: frame.

In "Exemplification" the discourse on sound and color develops, in similar fashion, within the angle of the two mathematical categories (quality and quantity), while the entire analytic of the beautiful undoes—incessantly and as if unwittingly—the work of the frame.

Actually, the frame warps as it works. As a locus of work, an origin structurally bordered with surplus value, that is, exceeded on both sides by that

16. *Ibid.*

which it exceeds, in effect it warps. Like wood. It splits, breaks down, breaks up, at the same time that it cooperates in the production of the product, it exceeds it and deducts itself. It never simply exposes itself.

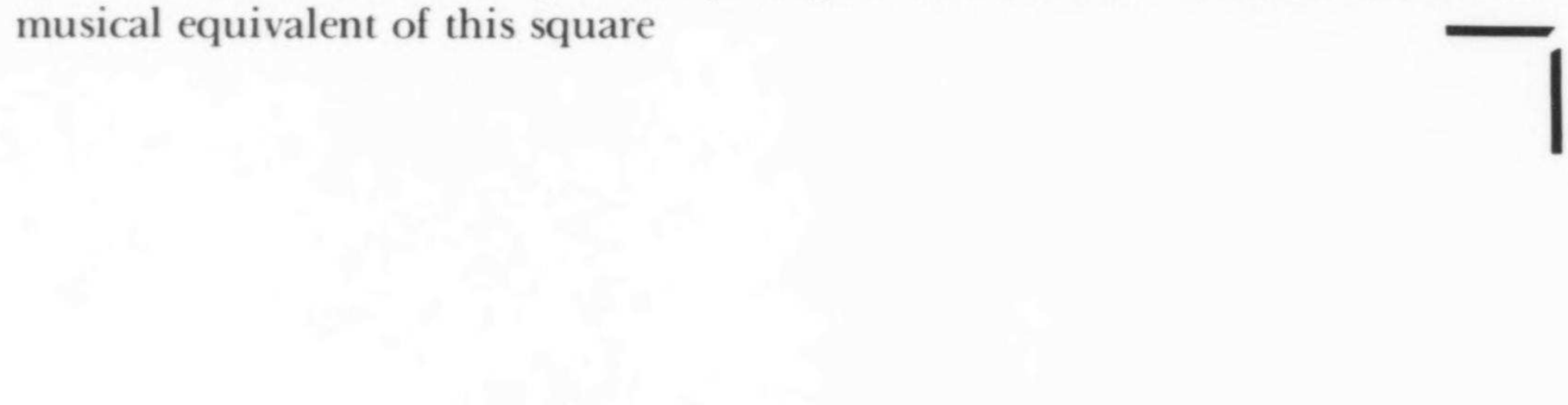
The analytic of the beautiful warps, constantly undoing the work of the frame insofar as, while allowing itself to be cross-ruled by the analytic of concepts and the doctrine of judgment, it describes the absence of the concept in the activity of taste. "The beautiful is that which apart from concepts [*sans concept*] is represented as the object of a Universal delight [*Wohlgefallen*]." This definition (second moment, category of quantity) derives from the qualitative definition (disinterest). The object of a disinterested pleasure does not depend on an empirical inclination, but appeals to freedom and touches everyone in the place where everyone—anyone—may be touched. It is therefore universal. However in explaining why this universality must exist apart from concepts, Kant exhibits, as it were, the forcing—the imposition of an analytic of concepts upon a process without concepts—but justifies his operation with an argument which we may consider as the *constitution*, that by which the entire edifice of the third *Critique* stands and holds together between its two great wings (the critique of aesthetic judgment and the critique of teleological judgment). This is *analogy*. It operates everywhere in the book; its effect can be steadily checked. At this particular point in the argument—this crossing—it *assembles* the conceptless and the concept, universality *without* a concept and universality *with* a concept, the *without* and the *with*; in this way it legitimizes the violence, the occupation of a nonconceptual field by a conceptual force. *Without* and *with* at the same time (*ama*). As a result of its qualitative universality the judgment of taste *resembles* logical judgment, which in all strictness it can never be. The nonconceptual resembles the conceptual. This rather strange resemblance, a singular proximity or affinity (*Aehnlichkeit*) which, at some point[17] to be determined later, extracts from *mimesis* an interpretation of the beautiful which firmly rejects imitation. It involves no contradiction that is not reappropriated by the economy of *physis* as *mimesis*.

Those who take a disinterested pleasure (without enjoyment and without concept) in the beautiful "will speak of the beautiful as if beauty were a quality of the object and the judgement logical (forming a cognition of the Object by concepts of it); although it is only aesthetic, and contains merely a reference of the representation of the object to the subject;—because it still bears this resemblance [*Aehnlichkeit*: affinity, proximity, paternity] to the logical judgement, that it may be presupposed to be valid for all men. But this universality cannot spring from concepts. For from concepts there is no transition to the feeling of pleasure or displeasure (save in the case of pure practical laws, which, however, carry an interest with them; and such an interest does not attach to the pure judgement of taste)."[18]

17. cf. "Economimesis." (Author's note.)
18. Kant, *Critique*, p. 51.

The discourse on color and on sound belongs to "Exemplification," which comes during the exposition of the third category: the dynamic category of finality. The judgment of taste is related to a purely formal finality, without any concept and without any end, without any conceptual, determinant representation of an end. Nevertheless the two mathematical categories are indispensable: sound and color are excluded as *alluring* only in their nonformality, their materiality. As pure form, sound and color may yield to universal appreciation, in conformity with the quantity of a judgment of taste; they can give rise to disinterested pleasure, in conformity with the quality of a judgment of taste. Sensations of color and of sound can "with good reason" be held to be beautiful insofar as they are "pure": this determination of purity concerns only the form, which alone can "with certainty" be "universally communicated."[19] We have two means of access to formal purity: by a nonsensible, nonsensual reflection, by the regular play of reflections, "assuming with Euler" that colors are vibrations of the aether (*pulsus*) at regular intervals and assuming (formal analogy between sound and color) that sound consists in a regular rhythm of vibrating aether. Kant had the greatest difficulty deciding this point. However in this hypothesis we are not dealing with the material contents of received sensations, but with formal determinations. This is why the simple color is a pure color and thus belongs within the beautiful, giving rise to universally communicable appreciation. Composite colors cannot. The empiricist motif (that simple color does not give rise to a transmissible perception) seems to have been reversed, but here it is not a question of determinant perception, only of pleasure and of displeasure.

This ambivalence of color (valorized as formal purity or as relation, devalorized as sensible matter; beautiful on the one hand, alluring on the other, pure presence in both cases) is taken to the second power, squared when the color of the frame (*goldene Rahmen*, for example) is concerned, when the equivocal *parergon* of color is added to the equivocal *parergon* of the frame. What would be the musical equivalent of this square



it may be objected that frames are not always, have not always been, and will not always be square, rectangular, quadrangular—or even angular—figures. Tables and paintings (*Tafel*) as well.

19. *Ibid.*, p. 66.

That is true: a systematic, critical, and typological history of framing appears possible and necessary.[20] But the angular in general, the quadrangular in particular do not simply form one object among others. Everything written here is valid for the logic of the parergonal border *in general*, but the privilege of the "cadre," which seems more coincidential in Latin than the Germanic languages, is not fortuitous

a Kantian question: relation of the concept to the nonconcept (top/bottom, left/right), to the body, to the signature which is placed "on" the frame: actually at times; structurally always. The prosthesis

the third *Critique* no longer moves smoothly as soon as we concern ourselves with the example, with this example of the example which forms and is formed by the frame. If this does move smoothly perhaps it is because things are not going very well, because of an infirmity within the thesis which requires compensation by a prosthesis. The progress of the argument is assured only with the assistance of a wheelchair or baby carriage. Thus, that which cannot stand alone, which cannot be established in its process, is moved forward. Framing always sustains and contains that which, by itself, collapses forthwith, cont

20. When "The Parergon" was first published, I had not yet read Meyer Schapiro's "On Some Problems in the Semiotics of Visual Art: Field and Vehicle in Image-Signs," *Semiotica*, I, no. 3 (1969). More than one indication will be found there concerning the "history" of framing, its "late invention," the "cultural" character of the "rectangular frame," as well as "the frame that bends and turns inward into the field of the picture to compress or entangle the figures (the trumeau of Souillac, the Imago Hominis in the Echternach Gospels . . .)." I also refer—this is self-evident—to *all* of Jean-Claude Lebensztejn's publications. [Lebensztejn was the French translator of Schapiro's article—trans.] (Author's note.)

this is demonstrated by example, by the problem of the example and of reflective judgment. What does the *Critique of Pure Reason* say? That examples are the wheels (*roulettes*) of judgment. French translators often say the "crutches" of judgment: but they are actually wheels (*Gängelwagen*), not skateboards but the little wheeled carriages for children, the aged, or the infirm, those who do not have enough judgment, good sense, that faculty of natural judgment that is most common (not the *sensus communis* of the third *Critique*) which Kant calls *Mutterwitz*. Those who do not have enough of this mother wit, the infirm, imbeciles, need wheels, examples. "Examples are thus the wheels of the faculty of judging, and are indispensible to those who lack this natural talent." Nevertheless wheels do not replace judgment: nothing can replace mother wit, the lack of which cannot be supplied by any school (*dessen Mangel keine Schule ersetzen kann*). These exemplary wheels are thus prostheses which replace nothing. But like all examples (*Beispielen*), as Hegel will remark, they play, give rise to play. With the essence, beside (*beiher*) the essence, specifies Hegel. But in that case they can also reverse, become unbalanced, turn natural movement into parergonal movement, deflect the energy of the *ergon*, introduce chance and the abyss into the necessity of *Mutterwitz*: not a contrary order, but an aleatory separation which can with a single blow cause us to lose our heads, a Russian roulette if we introduce pleasure without enjoyment, the death instinct, and the work of mourning into the experience of the beautiful

the *parergon*—give it up for lost (*faire son deuil*). Like the wholly other of heteroaffection, in pleasure without *jouissance* and without concept, it elicits *and* delimits the work of mourning, work *in general as* the work of mourning

Self-protection/self-adornment

reserve, economy, parsimony, preserve—self-protection of the work (*ergon*), contained restrained energy (the "binding" [*Verbindung*] of energy, condition of

the "mastery" [*Herrschaft*] of the pleasure principle: the result "is not simple"—to be continued)

the self-protection *of* the work, of the *energeia* which only becomes *ergon* (because of) the *parergon*: not opposed to free, full, pure, unchained energy (the pure act and total presence of *energeia*, the Aristotelian prime mover), but opposed to what it *lacks*; not opposed to the lack as a posable or opposable negativity, substantial void, or determinable and contained absence (still verifiable essence and presence), but against the impossibility of fixing *différance* in its contour, of halting heterogeneity (*différance*) in place, of localizing, even in a metaempirical way, what metaphysics calls (we have just seen it) *lack*, to make it return, equal or similar to itself (*adaequatio-homoiosis*), to its proper place, following its own trajectory, preferably a circular one (castration as truth). Apparently opposed—or because opposed—these two *bordering* determinations of that against which the *parergon* works (the operation of free energy and pure productivity or the operation of the essential lack) are *the same* (metaphysics).

beyond the frame (the lethargy of the frame, its absolute value): naturalization of the frame. There is no natural frame. There *is* framing, but the frame *does not exist.*

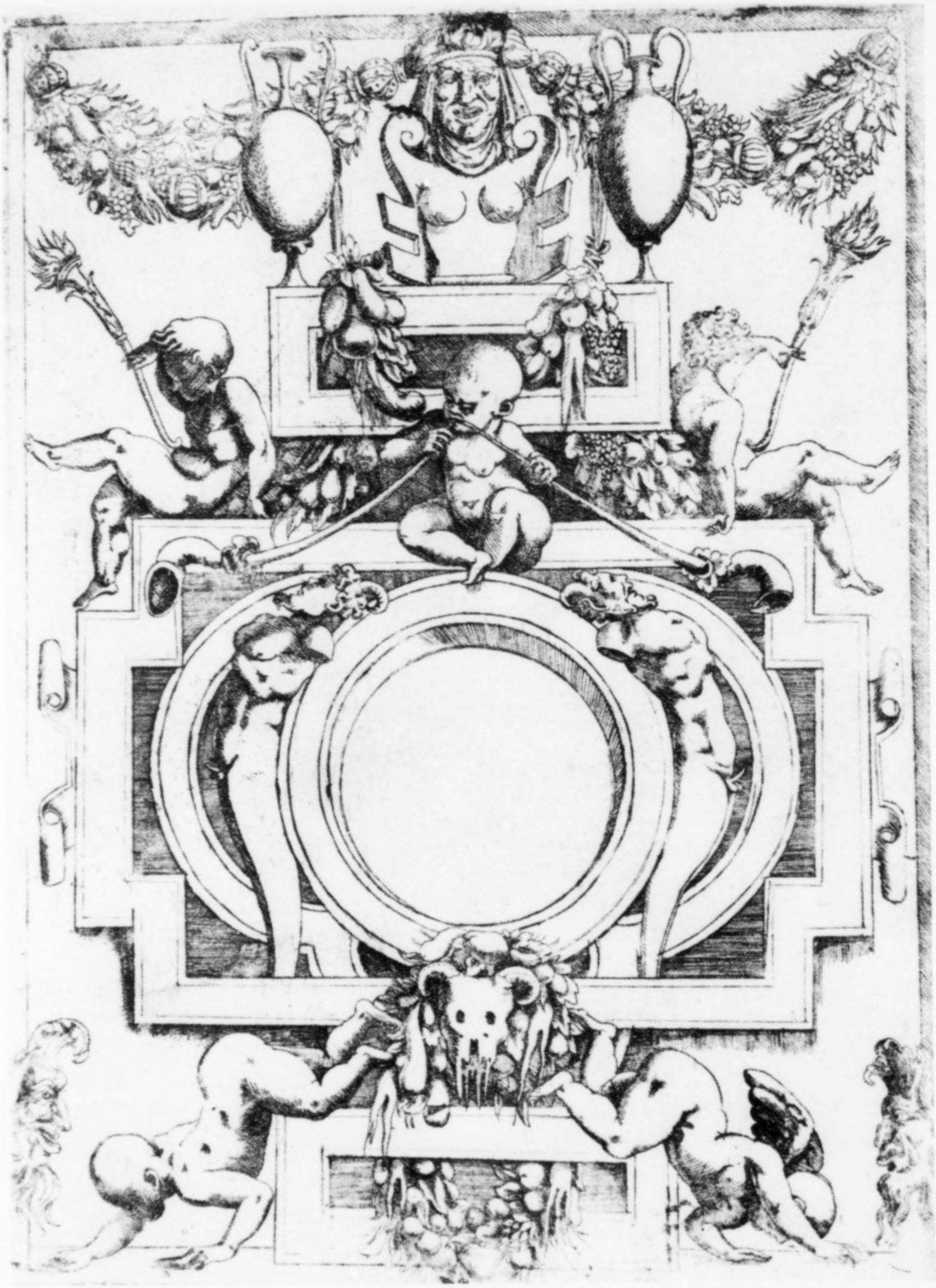
The *parergon*—apotrope (allure, display) *of* the primary processes, of free energy, that is, of the "theoretical fiction." (*Ein psychicher Apparat, der nur den Primarvorgang besasse, existiert zwar unseres Wissens nicht und ist insoferne eine theoretische Fiktion.*) Thus only a particular application of the theoretical fiction can warp and work (against) the frame, (make or allow) it to play (against) itself. But we must not forget that the *content, the object* of this theoretical fiction (free energy of the originary process, pure productivity) is metaphysics, onto-theology itself. The *application* of the fiction always runs the risk of believing it, or in

creating belief in it. The *application* of the fiction must therefore be careful not to palm off metaphysical truth once again under the label of fiction. There is fiction and fiction. Here, where there is play and work, we need an angle—diagonality—and to disclose the angularity of round frames (some do exist). Hegel: mind is linked to the apparition of the round form

everything will blossom beside a deconsecrated tomb: the free or vague (*pulchritudo vaga*) and nondependent (*pulchritudo adhearens*) beauty of the flower. This will be, an arbitrary example, a colorless, odorless tulip (even more securely than color, scent is lost for art and for the beautiful [paragraph 53]—try to frame a scent) which Kant undoubtedly did not pick in Holland but from a book by one Saussure, which he read frequently at that time. "A flower, on the other hand, *zum Beispiel eine Tulpe*, is regarded as beautiful, because we meet with a certain finality in its perception, which, in our estimate of it, is not referred to any end whatever" [21]

indeed

21. Kant, *Critique*, p. 80.



Detachment
from the *parergon*

CRAIG OWENS

> . . . we come to this collusion: between the question ("What is art?", "What is the origin of the work of art?", "What is the meaning of art or of the history of art?") and the hierarchical classification of the arts. When a philosopher repeats this question without transforming it, without destroying its form, its form as a question, its onto-interrogative structure, he has already subjected all *space* to the discursive arts, to the voice and to *logos*. We can prove it: teleology and hierarchy are prescribed in the envelope of the question
>
> —Jacques Derrida, "The Parergon"

In "Art as Semiotic Fact," a manifesto published in 1934, Prague linguist and aesthetician Jan Mukarovsky prescribed semiotic analysis of works of art as a necessary corrective to the misapprehensions of traditional art theories. "Lacking a semiotic orientation," he wrote, "the theorist of art will be inclined to regard the work of art as a purely formal structure or, on the other hand, as a direct reflection of the psychological or even physiological states of its creator or . . . of the ideological, economic, social or cultural situation of the milieu in question." Formalism, expressionism, ideological criticism—these are the doctrines from which the semiologist dissociates himself. By analyzing the work as a signifying structure, a system of signs, he proposes not simply to alter, but to transform totally the aesthetic field. Mukarovsky even claimed that only semiology—frequently criticized as ahistorical because of its emphasis on synchronic analysis—could account both for the structure of works of art and for the history of art: "Only the semiotic point of view allows theorists to recognize the autonomous existence and essential dynamism of artistic structure and to understand the evolution of art as an immanent process but one in constant relationship with other domains of culture."[1]

This radical ambition to break decisively with the entire history of aesthetics motivates every semiotic approach to art. But what if it could be demonstrated that

1. Jan Mukarovsky, "Art as Semiotic Fact," trans. I. R. Titunik, *Semiotics of Art*, ed. Ladislav Matejka and Irwin R. Titunik, Cambridge, MIT Press, 1976, p. 8.

philosophy, in order to deal with art at all, has *always* dealt with it as a semiotic phenomenon. That the fundamental presuppositions that organize aesthetic discourse are identical with those upon which semiotics is based? That the visual arts have continually been subordinated to language, and that every hierarchy of the arts is based on linguistic criteria? That semiotics itself is in fact (an extension of) aesthetics?

The permanent complicity of Western aesthetics with a certain theory of the sign is the major theme of Jacques Derrida's "The Parergon," written primarily on Kant's *Critique of Judgment.* "The Parergon" is not, however, a text about art; nor is it simply about aesthetics. Rather, it represents an attempt to unmask what Derrida calls "discursivity within the structure of the beautiful," the occupation of a nonverbal field by a conceptual force. "The Parergon" thus extends to the aesthetic domain Derrida's observations concerning the permanent authority invested by Western metaphysics in speech.

This theme was already broached in Derrida's reading of Rousseau's *Essay on the Origin of Languages,* the subject of the second half of *Of Grammatology.* Rousseau's chapter "On Melody," devoted almost entirely to painting and to an analogy between painting and music, assigns color a supplementary function in the visual arts. According to Rousseau,

> the feelings that a painting excites in us are not at all due to colors. . . . Beautiful, subtly shaded colors are a pleasing sight; but this is purely a pleasure of the sense. It is the drawing, the imitation, which gives life and spirit to these colors. The passions they express are what stir ours; the objects they represent are what affect us. Colors entail no interest or feeling at all. The strokes of a touching picture affect us even in a print. Without these strokes in the picture, the colors would do nothing more.[2]

Of Grammatology is of course written about the supplement, about Rousseau's claim that "languages are made to be spoken; writing serves only as a supplement to speech." The supplement, however, is not a simple addition; it also supplants. Both an increment and a substitute, it plays a compensatory role: "It adds only to replace. It insinuates itself in the-place-of; if it fills, it is as if one fills a void."[3] (The written supplement may extend the range of speech by prolonging it, but it also compensates for an absence—that of the speaker.) Hence the "danger" which the supplement comports within itself, the possibility of perversion: that its vicarious nature be overlooked, and that it be mistaken for the positivity to which it is only "super-added."

If painting is essentially mimetic, as Rousseau claims, then it must not affect us in the way that natural objects do, that is, through sensation, "sensible

2. Quoted in Jacques Derrida, *Of Grammatology,* trans. G. C. Spivak, Baltimore, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976, p. 206.
3. *Ibid.,* p. 145.

impresssion." Painting supplements Nature; it works through cultural signs. And it is drawing, the delineation of the contours of the represented object, that imitates, *signifies*; color is only an addition, an adjunct. Rousseau admits that color may contribute to the effect of the work of art, but only when perceived as a sign: "We attach too much and too little importance to sensations. We do not see that frequently they affect us not merely as sensations, but also as signs or images, and that their moral effects also have moral causes."[4] Remember that it is not colors but "the passions they express" that stir us.

This theory of expression—however much it may subordinate sensory experience to formal construction—does not constitute a formalist aesthetic. As Derrida observes, Rousseau reacts against formalism: "In his eyes formalism is also a materialism and a sensationalism."[5] Rather, to minimize the role of color and thereby to place art under the sign is to guarantee its ethical function:

> If art operates through the sign, and is effective only through imitation, it can take place only within a system of culture, and the theory of art is a theory of mores. A moral impression, contrary to a sensible impression, is recognized through the fact that it places its force in a sign. *Aesthetics passes through a semiology and even through an ethnology.* The effects of aesthetic signs are determined only within a cultural system.[6]

The supplementarity of color, its subordination to line, is not peculiar to Rousseau's discourse; nor does it define one aesthetic among others. It is in fact one of the permanent principles of Western art theory.[7] We encounter it in Alberti's *Della Pittura*, and again in Kant's *Critique of Judgment* where we are told that "in painting, in sculpture, and in fact in all the formative arts . . . the *design* is what is essential. Here it is not what gratifies in sensation, but merely what pleases by its form, that is the fundamental prerequisite for taste."[8] As in Rousseau, color is excluded from the judgment of taste because it appeals to sensation; material substance is again subordinated to formal composition.

In the third *Critique* color is one of a chain of supplements excluded from aesthetic judgment because they appeal to the senses. Immediately after his discourse on color, Kant gives some examples: the frames of paintings, the drapery on statues, the colonnades of palaces. To describe their status Kant resuscitates the Greek term *parergon*—an adjunct, and not an intrinsic component of the complete representation of an object. The *parergon* follows exactly the same logic as the supplement in Rousseau: added to the representation, it is never part of it.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 206.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 210.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 206.
7. On the supplementarity of color, see Jean-Claude Lebensztejn, "Les Textes du peintre," *Critique*, May 1974; and Hubert Damisch. *Théorie du Nuage*, Paris, Seuil, 1972, pp. 42–7.
8. Immanuel Kant, *The Critique of Judgement*, trans. J. C. Meredith, Oxford, Oxford University Press, 1952, p. 67.

Its existence is marginal; it marks the limit between the intrinsic and the extrinsic (hence, the parergonal function of the frame.) Still the *parergon*, like the supplement, may compensate for a lack within the work. It may intervene within the work "insofar as the inside is missing. Missing something and is itself missing."[9] One restriction, however, is placed on this parergonal intervention: that the *parergon* intervene by means of its form, and *only* by means of its form. As an object of sense, the *parergon* is *always* excluded. (For example, the frame is admissible if it is considered as drawing, that is, as the agency of line and angles; inadmissible if it is gilt, which represents for Kant the seductive allure of sensory content.)

Thus we encounter in the third *Critique* the effect of that "conceptual schema" which, according to Heidegger in *The Origin of the Work of Art*, governs all art theory and aesthetics: the distinction between matter and form. Heidegger's text is extremely important to "The Parergon;" Derrida cites it throughout and in "Restitutions/de la vérité en pointure" admits that he "has always been convinced of the urgent necessity of Heidegger's questioning."[10] As Heidegger demonstrates, the terms of the form/matter dichotomy are far from evenly matched: form is correlated with the rational, the logical; matter with the irrational, the alogical. Thus aesthetics, as the *philosophic* investigation of art, *must* restrict itself to the analysis of form, to a specific formality which is determined as the space of aesthetics in general.

Derrida traces the effects of this "formality" in the *Critique* in detail; they cannot be local. In the Preface, Kant defines the third *Critique* as a detachment (the *parergon* is also a detachment from the work). Judgment, as the intermediary between understanding and reason (the subjects of the first two critiques, of pure and practical reason), must be dealt with "separately," even through in "pure" philosophy, i.e. metaphysics, the principles of judgment "cannot form a separate constituent part intermediate between the theoretical and practical divisions, but may when needful be annexed to one or other as occasion requires."[11] The parergonal nature of this determination is apparent: sufficient unto themselves, the first two critiques nevertheless remain incomplete without the critical examination of judgment. They opened an apparently infinite gap between the supersensible and the phenomenal, between the theoretical and the practical, so that the former seem incapable of influencing the latter—which cannot be the case. Thus, a third faculty, intermediate between understanding and reason, is required to explain their reciprocal influence.

Since judgment is that faculty, its critique inherits a specific obligation: to

9. "The Parergon," p. 21.
10. Jacques Derrida, "Restitutions/de la vérité en pointure," *La vérité en peinture*, Paris, Flammarion, 1978, p. 299. This text, on the "correspondence" between Heidegger and Meyer Schapiro concerning a painting by Van Gogh, concludes the volume which opens with the complete version of "The Parergon."
11. Kant, *Critique*, pp. 4–5.

reconcile all of the apparently irresolvable oppositions introduced by the first two critiques. Judgment must provide the "bridge"—the metaphor is Kant's—between two absolutely heterogenous worlds; from the very beginning it is defined as the medium which guarantees passage, articulation, that is, *communication.* And since Kant is concerned primarily with *aesthetic* judgment, the work of art will also reflect this responsibility. There is analogy between the faculty of judgment and its object, the work of art—a reciprocity which sanctions Derrida's treatment of the *Critique* itself as a work of art.

Here we encounter that definition of the work of art which, according to Derrida, organizes all philosophic discourse about art, from Plato to Hegel, Husserl, even Heidegger: "Every time philosophy defines art, masters it, and encloses it within the history of meaning or the ontological encyclopedia, it is assigned the function of a medium."[12]

To assign art the function of a medium is immediately to locate it within the semantic field mapped by the word *communication*—a field rendered equivocal, unstable in Derrida's "Signature, Event, Context" in *Marges/de la Philosophie.* At the beginning of that text, Derrida asks "whether or not the word or signifier 'communication' communicates a determinate content, an identifiable meaning, or a describable value. However, even to articulate and to propose this question I have had to anticipate the meaning of the word *communication*: I have been constrained to predetermine communication as a vehicle, a means of transport or transitional medium of a *meaning*. . . ."[13] This semio-linguistic use of the word *communication* is then distinguished from its physical sense: we say that a movement or a force may be communicated, or that two distinct places communicate by means of a passageway or opening. Questioning the relationship between these two meanings, Derrida cautions against taking physical communication as primary or originary, and semio-linguistic communication as a derivation or extension, a metaphoric displacement, "because the value of displacement, of transport, etc., is precisely constitutive of the concept of metaphor with which one claims to comprehend the semantic displacement that is brought about from communication as a non-semio-linguistic phenomenon to communication as a semio-linguistic phenomenon."[14] In other words, communication as the transfer of a meaning cannot be explained through a recourse to metaphor; it *is* metaphor.

It is this *mise en abyme*—the implication of the defined within the definition—that Derrida refers to when he speaks of the "abyss" at the beginning of the section of "The Parergon" translated here. The "abyss" is, of course, the *grosse Kluft* which according to Kant separates the theoretical principles of understanding from the practical principles of reason—a gap which art will "bridge." But it also refers to the procedures by which the theoretical and the

12. Jacques Derrida, "Parergon," *La vérité en peinture,* p. 41.
13. Jacques Derrida, "Signature, Event, Context," trans. Samuel Weber and Jeffrey Mehlman, *Glyph,* 1, Baltimore, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1977, p. 1972.
14. *Ibid.,* p. 173.

practical communicate. If art is to be the sensible expression of the supersensible, then an entire theory of the sign and the symbol will be required to account for its function, a theory which is given in chapter 59 of the *Critique*, in which Kant distinguishes schematic from symbolic presentations. The symbol is defined as the *indirect* presentation of a concept, a concept to which, according to Kant, "no sensible intuition can be adequate." It cannot be apprehended directly, as in schematic presentations, but only by means of *analogy*:

> [In symbolic presentation] the concept is supplied with an intuition such that the procedure of judgement in dealing with it is merely analogous to that which it observes in schematism. In other words, what agrees with the concept is merely the rule of this procedure, and not the intuition itself. Hence the agreement is merely in the form of reflection, and not in the content.[15]

Thus it is formal analogy which permits the sensible and the supersensible to communicate. The symbol is a bridge; but, as Derrida indicates, the "bridge" is also a symbol. Art is defined as analogy, but on the basis of *an* analogy with human communication.

Kant's definition of the symbol occurs in a chapter on "Beauty as the Symbol of Morality" which links presentation to the expression of an inside, and man's beauty to his morality. Kant's assertion that the beautiful is the symbol of the morally good is based upon the belief, stated in chapter 17, that the "moral ideas that govern men inwardly . . . may be made, as it were, visible in bodily manifestation (as effect of what is internal). . . ."[16] Thus Kant's is a *moral* semiotics which presupposes the presentational union of an inside and an outside and links beauty to the visible *expression* of what lies hidden.

This definition of the symbol as expressive sanctions Kant's division of the fine arts—a division which is also, as Derrida remarks, a hierarchy—according to an analogy with speech:

> If we wish to make a division of the fine arts, we can choose for that purpose, tentatively at least, no more convenient principle than the analogy which art bears to the mode of expression of which men avail themselves in speech, with a view to communicating themselves to one another as completely as possible, i.e. not merely in respect of their concepts but in respect of their sensations also.[17]

Kant immediately appends a note to this passage in which he indicates its provisional nature: "The reader is not to consider this scheme for a possible division of the fine arts as a deliberate theory. It is only one of the various attempts

15. Kant, *Critique*, pp. 221-2.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 80.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 184.

that can and ought to be made."[18] This note is redoubled by another which occurs a few pages later: "Throughout, the reader is to weigh the above only as an effort to connect the fine arts under a principle, which, in the present instance, is intended to be that of the expression of aesthetic ideas (following the analogy of a language), and not as a positive and deliberate derivation of the connexion."[19]

Despite Kant's caution—perhaps because of it—Derrida argues that this analogy with the human body, "with the human body interpreted as language," is in fact *the* theory: "We do not see how he could have avoided, without a massive overhaul, such a hierarchical classification of the arts based on language and on the human body interpreted as language, dominated by speech and the gaze. Humanism is implicated by the entire functioning of the system, and no other derivation of the fine arts is possible."[20]

This same theory motivates Kant's thesis that the judgment of taste is universal. To claim that aesthetic judgments are universal is to claim that they are universally *communicable:*

> In the universal communicability of the sensation (of delight or aversion)—a communicability, too, that exists apart from any concept—in the accord, so far as possible, of all ages and nations as to this feeling in the representation of certain objects, we have the empirical criterion, weak indeed and scarce sufficient to raise a presumption, of the derivation of a taste, thus confirmed by examples, from grounds deep-seated and shared alike by all men, underlying their agreement in estimating the forms under which objects are given to them.[21]

The demand that aesthetic judgments transpire through speech, through questions and answers, is therefore consistent with the fundamental humanism of the system.

The permanent subordination of substance to form, the recourse to a theory of expression which defines art through an analogy with language, the domination of the field of aesthetics by an economics of communication: these are the uncritical strategies which guarantee the privileged position of the human subject in aesthetic discourse. According to them philosophy "domesticates" the work of art and assigns it a prescribed place within the history of speech, which, according to Derrida, is identical with the history of philosophy. To repeat, these reductions operate not only in Kant's aesthetic; they define aesthetics in general as the investigation of the work as a signifying structure.

It is this definition of the work of art that is perpetuated by twentieth-century semiotics. Remember that Saussure, preparing the ground for a structural linguis-

18. *Ibid.*
19. *Ibid.*, p. 187.
20. Derrida, "Parergon," p. 133.
21. Kant, *Critique*, p. 75.

tics, also posited a rigorous distinction between (linguistic) form and (phonic) substance:

> Phonic substance is neither more fixed nor more rigid than thought; it is not a mold into which thought must of necessity fit but a plastic substance divided in turn into distinct parts to furnish the signifiers needed by thought. The linguistic fact can therefore be pictured in its totality—i.e. language—as a series of contiguous subdivisions marked off on both the indefinite plane of jumbled ideas . . . and the equally vague plane of sounds. . . . Language works out its unity while taking shape between two shapeless masses . . . *their combination produces a form not a substance.*[22]

If linguistics, as Saussure claimed, is restricted to the analysis of form, then the analogy of all cultural productions with language and the preeminence of a theory of communication—the two principles upon which semiotics is based—will follow like clockwork. Thus the ambitions of the semiologist of art to move beyond purely aesthetic determinations remain enmeshed in presuppositions which are identical with those of aesthetics. On the theoretical level at least, semiotics constitutes an aesthetics.

If in "The Parergon" Derrida offers no alternative theory of art, it is because the theoretical investigation of works of art according to philosophic principles is what is deconstructed. Still, "The Parergon" signals a necessity: not of a renovated aesthetics, but of transforming the object, the work of art, beyond recognition. And such a transformation has no better point of departure than that which has always been excluded from the aesthetic field: the *parergon*.

22. Ferdinand de Saussure, *Course in General Linguistics*, trans. Wade Baskin, New York, McGraw Hill, 1966, pp. 112-3.

Grids

ROSALIND KRAUSS

In the early part of this century there began to appear, first in France and then in Russia and in Holland, a structure that has remained emblematic of the modernist ambition within the visual arts ever since. Surfacing in pre-War cubist painting and subsequently becoming ever more stringent and manifest, the grid announces, among other things, modern art's will to silence, its hostility to literature, to narrative, to discourse. As such, the grid has done its job with striking efficiency. The barrier it has lowered between the arts of vision and those of language has been almost totally successful in walling the visual arts into a realm of exclusive visuality and defending them against the intrusion of speech. The arts, of course, have paid dearly for this success, because the fortress they constructed on the foundation of the grid has increasingly become a ghetto. Fewer and fewer voices from the general critical establishment have been raised in support, appreciation, or analysis of the contemporary plastic arts.

Yet it is safe to say that no form within the whole of modern aesthetic production has sustained itself so relentlessly while at the same time being so impervious to change. It is not just the sheer number of careers that have been devoted to the exploration of the grid that is impressive, but the fact that never could exploration have chosen less fertile ground. As the experience of Mondrian amply demonstrates, development is precisely what the grid resists. But no one seems to have been deterred by that example, and modernist practice continues to generate ever more instances of grids.

There are two ways in which the grid functions to declare the modernity of modern art. One is spatial; the other is temporal. In the spatial sense, the grid states the autonomy of the realm of art. Flattened, geometricized, ordered, it is antinatural, antimimetic, antireal. It is what art looks like when it turns its back on nature. In the flatness that results from its coordinates, the grid is the means of crowding out the dimensions of the real and replacing them with the lateral spread of a single surface. In the overall regularity of its organization, it is the result not of imitation, but of aesthetic decree. Insofar as its order is that of pure relationship, the grid is a way of abrogating the claims of natural objects to have an order particular to themselves; the relationships in the aesthetic field are shown

Jasper Johns. Gray Numbers. *1958.*

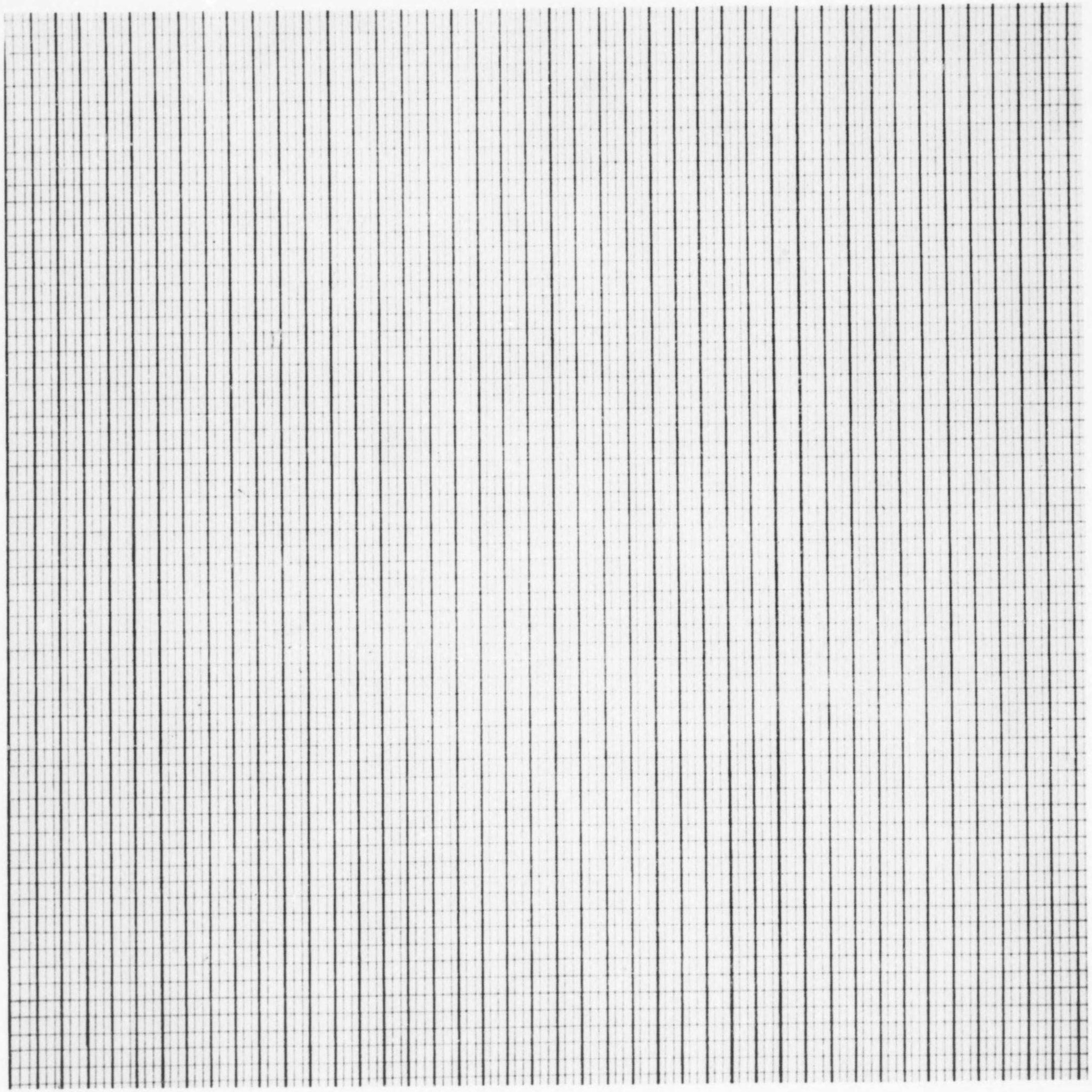
by the grid to be in a world apart and, with respect to natural objects, to be both prior and final. The grid declares the space of art to be at once autonomous and autotelic.

In the temporal dimension, the grid is an emblem of modernity by being just that: the form that is ubiquitous in the art of *our* century, while appearing nowhere, nowhere at all, in the art of the last one. In that great chain of reactions by which modernism was born out of the efforts of the nineteenth century, one final shift resulted in breaking the chain. By "discovering" the grid, cubism, de Stijl, Mondrian, Malevich . . . landed in a place that was out of reach of everything that went before. Which is to say, they landed in the present, and everything else was declared to be the past.

One has to travel a long way back into the history of art to find previous examples of grids. One has to go to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to treatises on perspective and to those exquisite studies by Uccello or Leonardo or Dürer, where the perspective lattice is inscribed on the depicted world as the armature of its organization. But perspective studies are not really early instances of grids. Perspective was, after all, the science of the real, not the mode of withdrawal from it. Perspective was the demonstration of the way reality and its representation could be mapped onto one another, the way the painted image and its real-world referent did in fact relate to one another—the first being a form of knowledge about the second. Everything about the grid opposes that relationship, cuts it off from the very beginning. Unlike perspective, the grid does not map the space of a room or a landscape or a group of figures onto the surface of a painting. Indeed, if it maps anything, it maps the surface of the painting itself. It is a transfer in which nothing changes place. The physical qualities of the surface, we could say, are mapped onto the aesthetic dimensions of the same surface. And those two planes—the physical and the aesthetic—are demonstrated to be the same plane: coextensive, and, through the abscissas and ordinates of the grid, coordinate. Considered in this way, the bottom line of the grid is a naked and determined materialism.

But if it is materialism that the grid would make us talk about—and there seems no other logical way to discuss it—that is not the way that artists have ever discussed it. If we open any tract—*Plastic Art and Pure Plastic Art* or *The Non-Objective World*, for instance—we will find that Mondrian and Malevich are not discussing canvas or pigment or graphite or any other form of matter. They are talking about Being or Mind or Spirit. From their point of view, the grid is a staircase to the Universal, and they are not interested in what happens below in the Concrete. Or, to take a more up-to-date example, we could think about Ad Reinhardt who, despite his repeated insistence that "Art is art," ended up by painting a series of black nine-square grids in which the motif that inescapably emerges is a Greek cross. There is no painter in the West who can be unaware of the symbolic power of the cruciform shape and the Pandora's box of spiritual reference that is opened once one uses it.

Agnes Martin. Untitled. 1965.



Now it is in this ambivalence about the import of the grid, an indecision about its connection to matter on the one hand or spirit on the other, that its earliest employers can be seen to be participating in a drama that extended well beyond the domain of art. That drama, which took many forms, was staged in many places. One of them was a courtroom, where early in this century, science did battle with God, and, reversing all earlier precedents, won. The result, we were told by the loser's representative, would have the direst of consequences: the result would surely be that we would "inherit the wind." Nietzsche had expressed this earlier and with a somewhat more comic cast when he wrote, "We wished to awaken the feeling of man's sovereignty by showing his divine birth: this path is now forbidden, since a monkey stands at the entrance." Through the Scopes trial, the split between spirit and matter that was presided over by nineteenth-century science became the legitimate heritage of twentieth-century school children. But it was, of course, no less the heritage of twentieth-century art.

Given the absolute rift that had opened between the sacred and the secular, the modern artist was obviously faced with the necessity to choose between one mode of expression and the other. The curious testimony offered by the grid is that at this juncture he tried to decide for both. In the increasingly de-sacralized space of the nineteenth century, art had become the refuge for religious emotion; it became, as it has remained, a secular form of belief. Although this condition could be discussed openly in the late nineteenth century, it is something that is inadmissable in the twentieth, so that by now we find it indescribably embarrassing to mention *art* and *spirit* in the same sentence.

The peculiar power of the grid, its extraordinarily long life in the specialized space of modern art, arises from its potential to preside over this shame: to mask and to reveal it at one and the same time. In the cultist space of modern art, the grid serves not only as emblem but also as myth. For like all myths, it deals with paradox or contradiction not by dissolving the paradox or resolving the contradiction, but by covering them over so that they seem (but only seem) to go away. The grid's mythic power is that it makes us able to think we are dealing with materialism (or sometimes science, or logic) while at the same time it provides us with a release into belief (or illusion, or fiction). The work of Reinhardt or Agnes Martin would be instances of this power. And one of the important sources of this power is the way the grid is, as I said before, so stridently modern to look at, seeming to have left no place of refuge, no room on the face of it, for vestiges of the nineteenth century to hide.

In suggesting that the success[1] of the grid is somehow connected to its structure as myth, I may of course be accused of stretching a point beyond the limits of common sense, since myths are stories, and like all narratives they

1. Success here refers to three things at once: a sheerly quantitative success, involving the number of artists in this century who have used grids; a qualitative success through which the grid has become the medium for some of the greatest works of modernism; and an ideological success, in that the grid is able—in a work of whatever quality—to emblematize the Modern.

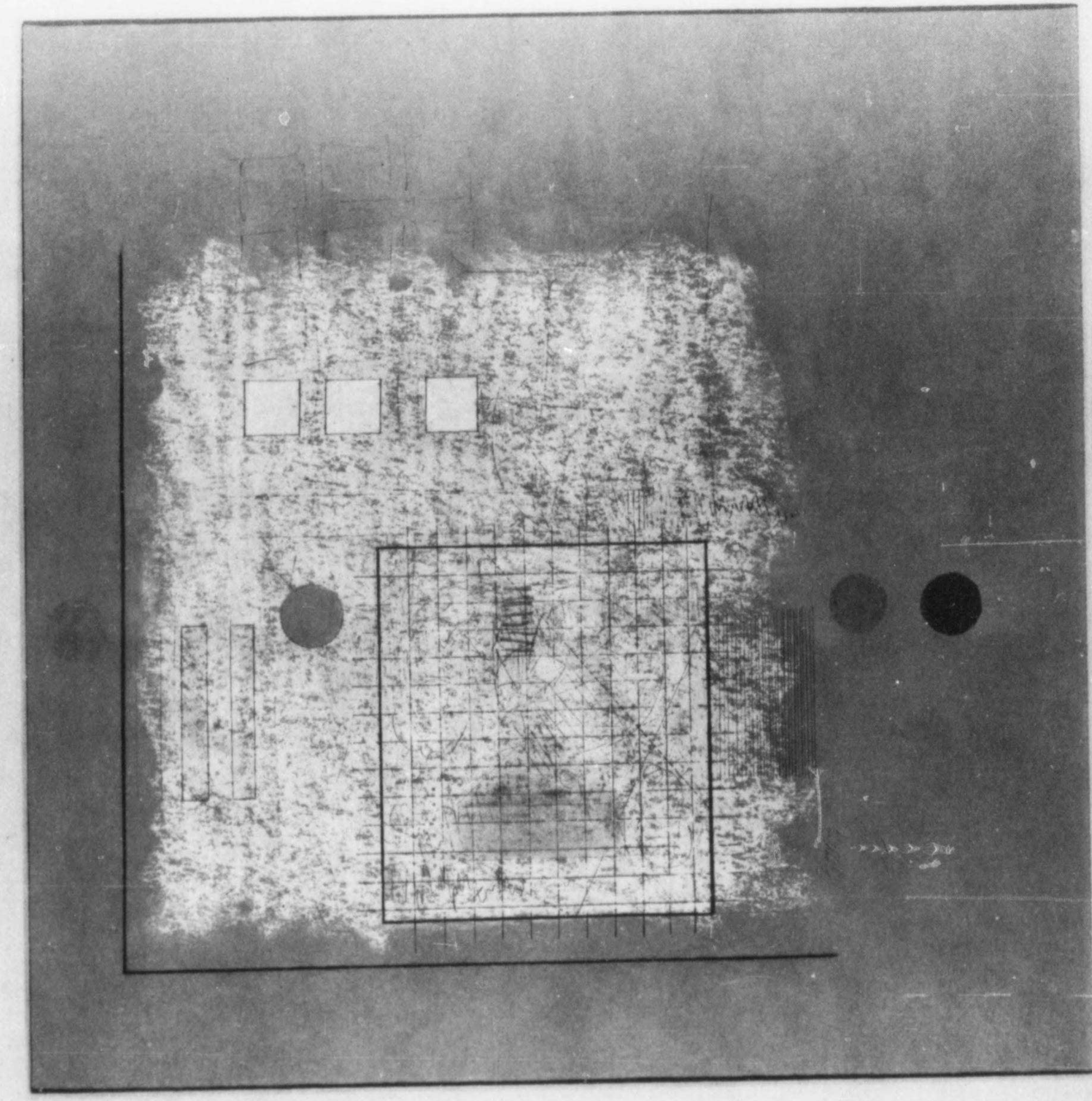
unravel through time, whereas grids are not only spatial to start with, they are visual structures that explicitly reject a narrative or sequential reading of any kind. But the notion of myth I am using here depends on a structuralist mode of analysis, by which the sequential features of a story are rearranged to form a spatial organization.[2]

The reason the structuralists do this is that they wish to understand the function of myths; and this function they see as the cultural attempt to deal with contradiction. By spatializing the story—into vertical columns, for example—they are able to display the features of the contradiction and to show how these underlie the attempts of a specific mythical tale to paper over the opposition with narrative. Thus, in analyzing a variety of creation myths, Lévi-Strauss finds the presence of a conflict between earlier notions of man's origins as a process of autochthony (man born from the earth, like plants), and later ones involving the sexual relations between two parents. Because the earlier forms of belief are sacrosanct they must be maintained even though they violate commonsense views about sexuality and birth. The function of the myth is to allow *both* views to be held in some kind of para-logical suspension.

The justification of this violation of the temporal dimension of the myth arises, then, from the results of structural analysis: namely, the sequential progress of the story does not achieve resolution but rather repression. That is, for a given culture, the contradiction is a powerful one, one that will not go away, but will only go, so to speak, underground. So the vertical columns of structuralist analysis are a way of unearthing the unmanageable oppositions that promoted the making of the myth in the first place. We could analogize this procedure to that of psychoanalysis, where the "story" of a life is similarly seen as an attempt to resolve primal contradictions that nevertheless remain in the structure of the unconscious. Because they are there as repressed elements, they function to promote endless repetitions of the same conflict. Thus another rationale for the vertical columns (the spatialization of the "story") emerges from the fact that it is useful to see the way each feature of the story (for structuralist analysis these are called mythemes) burrows down, independently, into the historical past: in the case of psychoanalysis this is the past of the individual; for the analysis of myth, this is the past of the culture or the tribe.

Therefore, although the grid is certainly not a story, it *is* a structure, and one, moreover, that allows a contradiction between the values of science and those of spiritualism to maintain themselves within the consciousness of modernism, or rather its unconscious, as something repressed. In order to continue its analysis—to assess the very success of the grid's capacities to repress—we might follow the lead of the two analytical procedures I have just mentioned. This would mean burrowing along the site of each part of the contradiction down into its historical

2. See, Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Structural Anthropology*, New York, 1963, particularly "The Structural Analysis of Myth."



foundations. No matter how absent the grid was in nineteenth-century art, it is precisely into these historical grounds that we must go to find its sources.

Now, although the grid itself is invisible in nineteenth-century painting, it is not entirely absent from a certain kind of accessory literature to which that painting paid an increasing amount of attention. This is the literature of physiological optics. By the nineteenth century the study of optics had split into two parts. One half consisted of the analysis of light and its physical properties: its motion; its refractive features as it was passed through lenses, for example; its capacity to be quantified, or measured. In conducting such studies, scientists presupposed that these were features of light as such, that is, light as it existed independent of human (or animal) perception.

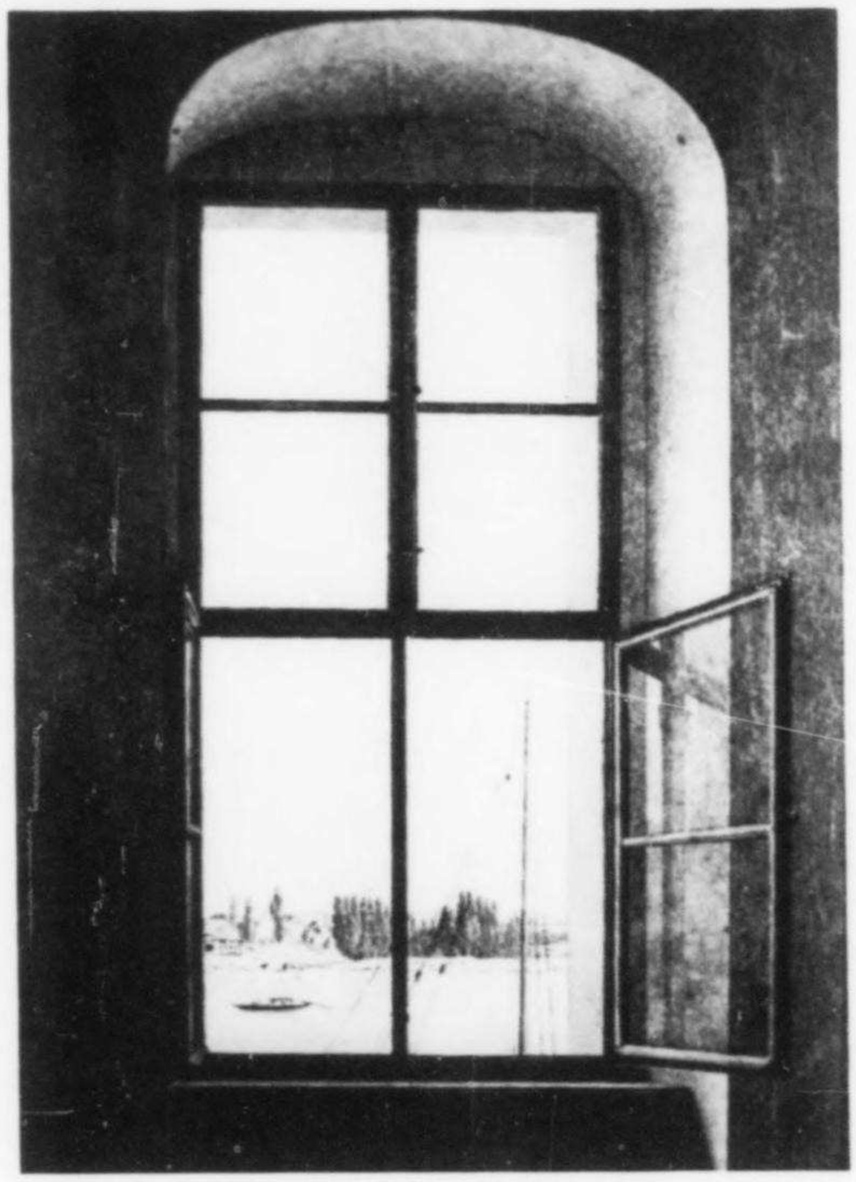
The second branch of optics concentrated on the physiology of the perceiving mechanism; it was concerned with light and color as they are seen. It is this branch of optics that was of immediate concern to artists.

Whatever their sources of information—whether Chevreul, or Charles Blanc, or Rood, Helmholtz, or even Goethe[3]—painters had to confront a particular fact: the physiological screen through which light passes to the human brain is not transparent, like a window pane; it is, like a filter, involved in a set of specific distortions. For us, as human perceivers, there is an unbreachable gulf between "real" color and "seen" color. We may be able to measure the first; but we can only experience the second. And this is because, among other things, color is always involved in interaction—one color reading onto and affecting its neighbor. Even if we are only looking at a single color, there is still interaction, because the retinal excitation of the afterimage will superimpose on the first chromatic stimulus that of a second, which is its complementary. The whole issue of complementary colors, along with the whole edifice of color harmonics that painters constructed on its basis, was thus a matter of physiological optics.

An interesting feature of treatises written on physiological optics is that they were illustrated with grids. Because it was a matter of demonstrating the interaction of specific particles throughout a continuous field, that field was analyzed into the modular and repetitive structure of the grid. So for the artist who wished to enlarge his understanding of vision in the direction of science, the grid was there as a matrix of knowledge. By its very abstraction, the grid conveyed one of the basic laws of knowledge—the separation of the perceptual screen from that of the "real" world. Given all of this, it is not surprising that the grid—as an emblem of the infrastructure of vision—should become an increasingly insistent and visible feature of neo-impressionist painting, as Seurat, Signac, Cross, and Luce applied themselves to the lessons of physiological optics. Just as it is not

3. Michel-Eugène Chevreul, *De la loi du contraste simultané des couleurs*, Paris, 1839, translated into English in 1872; Charles Blanc, *Grammaire des arts du déssin*, Paris, 1867, translated into English in 1879; Ogden N. Rood, *Modern Chromatics*, New York, 1879, translated into French, 1881; Hermann von Helmholtz, *Handbuch der physiologischen Optik*, Leipzig, 1867; Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Farbenlehre*, 1810, translated into English, 1840.

Robert Ryman. Yellow Drawing Number 5. *1963.*



Caspar David Friedrich. View from the Painter's Studio. *c. 1818.*

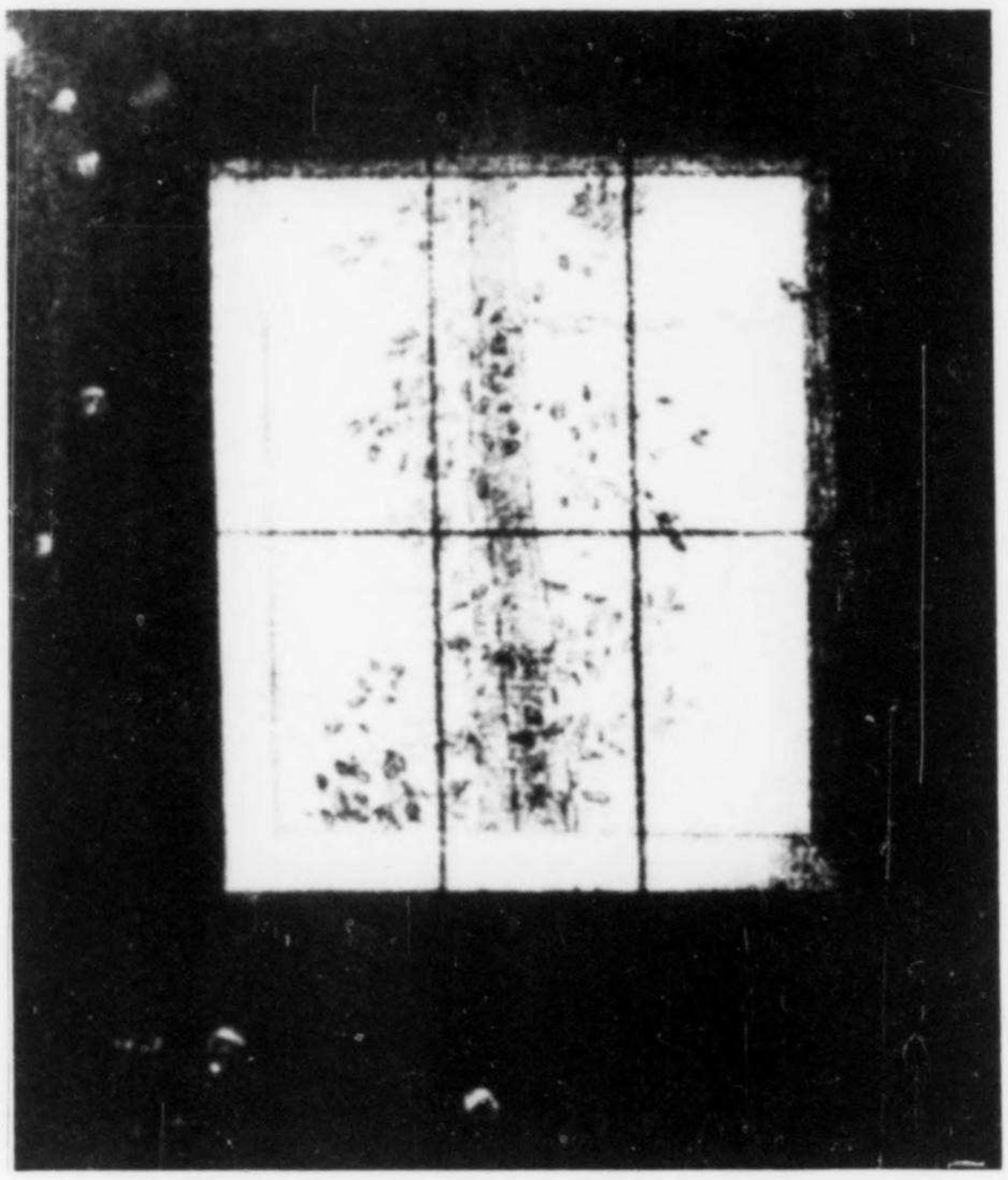
surprising that the more they applied these lessons, the more "abstract" their art became, so that as the critic Félix Fénéon observed of the work of Seurat, science began to yield its opposite, which is symbolism.

The symbolists themselves stood adamantly opposed to any traffic at all between art and science, or for that matter, between art and "reality." The object of symbolism was metaphysical understanding, not the mundane; the movement supported those aspects of culture that were interpretations rather than imitations of the real. And so symbolist art would be the last place, we might think, to look for even an incipient version of grids. But once again we would be wrong.

The grid appears in symbolist art in the form of windows, the material presence of their panes expressed by the geometical intervention of the window's mullions. The symbolist interest in windows clearly reaches back into the early nineteenth century and romanticism.[4] But in the hands of the symbolist painters and poets, this image is turned in an explicitly modernist direction. For the window is experienced as simultaneously transparent and opaque.

As a transparent vehicle, the window is that which admits light—or spirit—into the initial darkness of the room. But if glass transmits, it also reflects. And so the window is experienced by the symbolist as a mirror as well—something that

4. See Lorenz Eitner, "The Open Window and the Storm-Tossed Boat: an Essay in the Iconography of Romanticism," *Art Bulletin,* XXXVII (December 1955), 281-90.



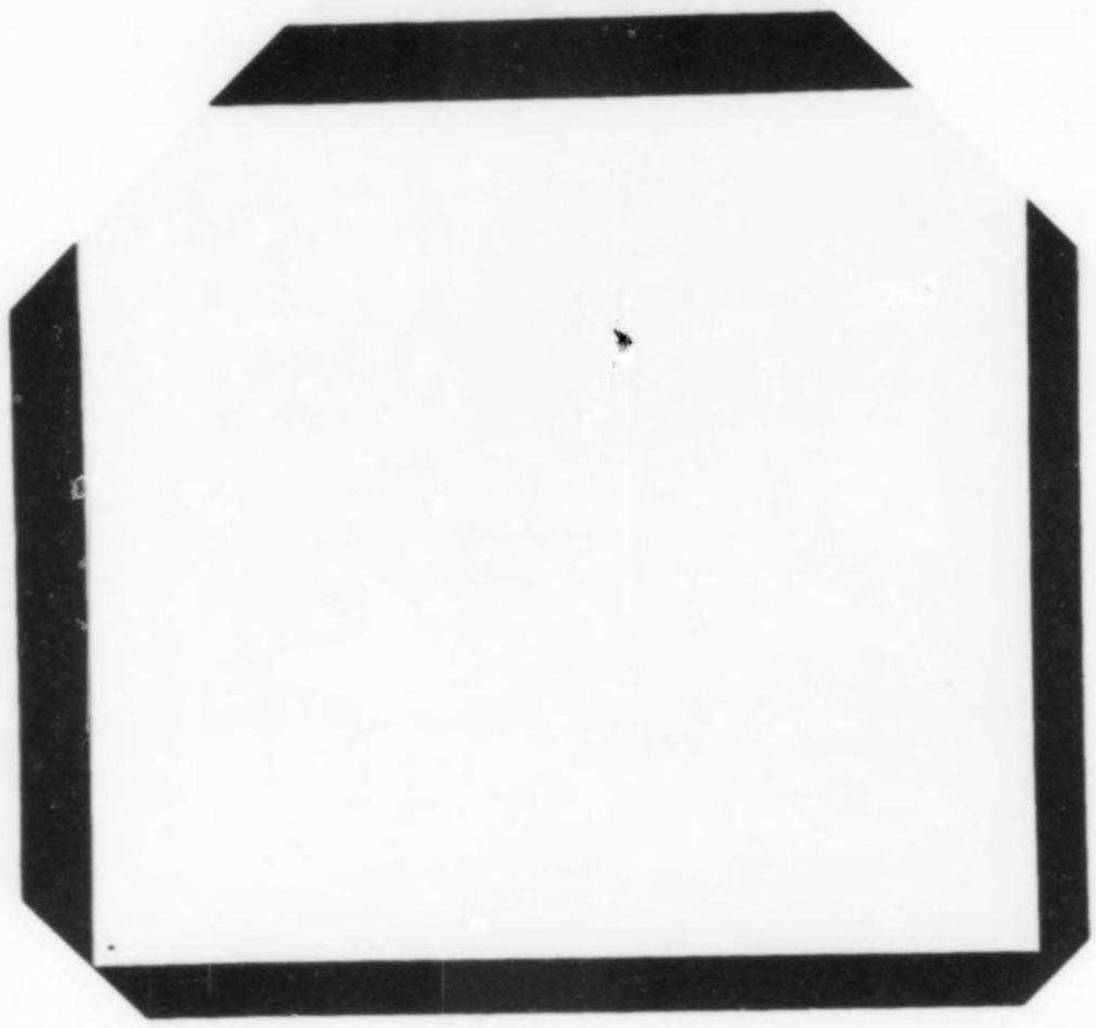
Odilon Redon. The Day. *1891.*

freezes and locks the self into the space of its own reduplicated being. Flowing and freezing; *glace* in French means glass, mirror, and ice; transparency, opacity, and water. In the associative system of symbolist thought this liquidity points in two directions. First, towards the flow of birth—the amniotic fluid, the "source"—but then, towards the freezing into stasis or death—the unfecund immobility of the mirror. For Mallarmé, particularly, the window functioned as this complex, polysemic sign by which he could also project the "*crystallization* of reality into art."[5] Mallarmé's *Les Fenêtres* dates from 1863; Redon's most evocative window, *Le Jour,* appeared in 1891 in the volume *Songes.*

If the window is this matrix of ambi- or multivalence, and the bars of the windows—the grid—are what help us to see, to focus on, this matrix, they are themselves the symbol of the symbolist work of art. They function as the multilevel representation through which the work of art can allude, and even reconstitute, the forms of Being.

I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that behind every twentieth-century grid there lies—like a trauma that must be repressed—a symbolist window parading in the guise of a treatise on optics. Once we realize this, we can also understand that in twentieth-century art there are "grids" even where we do not

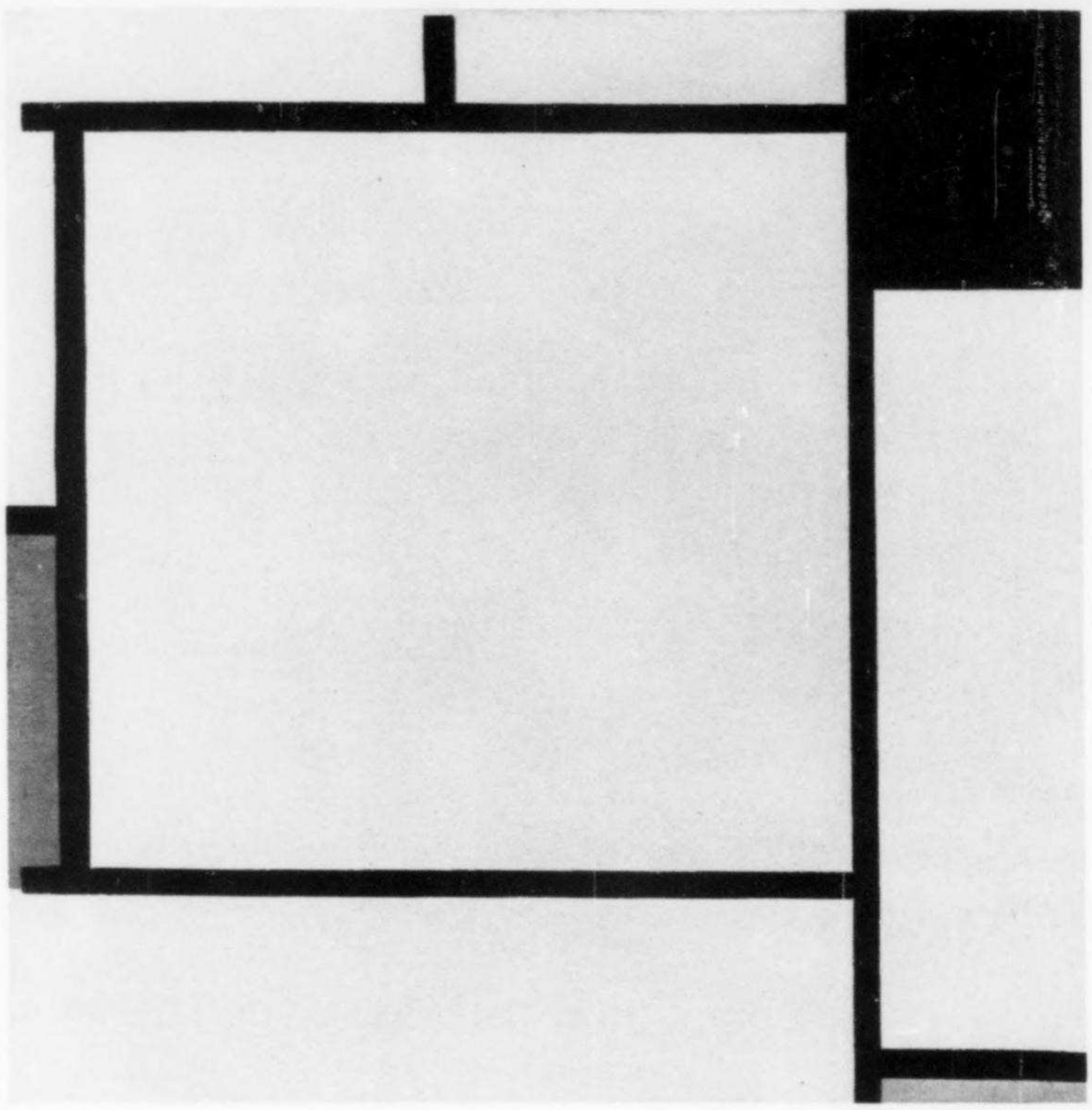
5. Robert G. Cohn, "Mallarmé's Windows," *Yale French Studies,* no. 54 (1977), 23-31.



expect to find them: in the art of Matisse, for example (his *Windows*), which only admits openly to the grid in the final stages of the *papiers découpés.*

Because of its bivalent structure (and history) the grid is fully, even cheerfully, schizophrenic. I have witnessed and participated in arguments about whether the grid portends the centrifugal or centripetal existence of the work of art.[6] Logically speaking, the grid extends, in all directions, to infinity. Any boundaries imposed upon it by a given painting or sculpture can only be seen—according to this logic—as arbitrary. By virtue of the grid, the given work of art is presented as a mere fragment, a tiny piece arbitrarily cropped from an infinitely larger fabric. Thus the grid operates from the work of art outward, compelling our acknowledgement of a world beyond the frame. This is the centrifugal reading. The centripetal one works, naturally enough, from the outer limits of the aesthetic object inward. The grid is, in relation to *this* reading a *re*-presentation of

6. This literature is far too extensive to be cited here; a representative and excellent example of this discussion is, John Elderfield, "Grids," *Artforum*, X (May 1972), 52–9.



Piet Mondrian. Composition IA. *1930. (facing).*
Composition 2. *1922. (above).*

everything that separates the work of art from the world, from ambient space and from other objects. The grid is an introjection of the boundaries of the world into the interior of the work; it is a mapping of the space inside the frame onto itself. It is a mode of repetition, the content of which is the conventional nature of art itself.

The work of Mondrian, taken together with its various and conflicting readings, is a perfect example of this dispute. Is what we see in a particular painting merely a section of an implied continuity, or is the painting structured as an autonomous, organic whole? Given the visual, or formal, consistency of Mondrian's mature style and the passion of his theoretical pronouncements, we would think that work of this sort would have to hold to one position or the other; and because the chosen position contains a definition about the very nature and goals of art, one would think that an artist would certainly not want to confuse the issue by seeming to imply both. Yet that is exactly what Mondrian does. There are certain paintings that are overwhelmingly centrifugal, particularly the vertical and horizontal grids seen within diamond-shaped canvases—the contrast between frame and grid enforcing the sense of fragmentation, as though we were looking at

VEAUX CONTES DE FEES.
NOUVEAUX CONTES DE FEES.

a landscape through a window, the frame of the window arbitrarily truncating our view but never shaking our certainty that the landscape continues beyond the limits of what we can, at that moment, see. But other works, even from the same years, are just as explicitly centripetal. In these, the black lines forming the grid are never allowed actually to reach the outer margins of the work, and this cesura between the outer limits of the grid and the outer limits of the painting forces us to read the one as completely contained within the other.

Because the centrifugal argument posits the theoretical continuity of the work of art with the world, it can support many different ways of using the grid—ranging from purely abstract statements of this continuity to projects which order aspects of "reality," that reality itself conceived more or less abstractly. Thus at the more abstract end of this spectrum we find explorations of the perceptual field (an aspect of Agnes Martin's or Larry Poons's use of the grid), or of phonic interactions (the grids of Patrick Ireland), and as we move towards the less abstract we find statements about the infinite expansion of man-made sign systems (the numbers and alphabets of Jasper Johns). Moving further in the direction of the concrete, we find work that organizes "reality" by means of photographic integers (Warhol and, in a different manner, Chuck Close) as well as work that is, in part, a meditation on architectural space (Louise Nevelson, for example). At this point the three-dimensional grid (now, a lattice) is understood as a theoretical model of architectural space in general, some small piece of which can be given material form, and at the opposite pole of this kind of thinking we find the decorative projects of Frank Lloyd Wright and the work of de Stijl practitioners like Rietveld or Vantongerloo. (Sol LeWitt's modules and lattices are a later manifestation of this position.)

And of course, for the centripetal practice, the opposite is true. Concentrating on the surface of the work as something complete and internally organized, the centripetal branch of practice tends not to dematerialize that surface, but to make it itself the object of vision. Here again one finds one of those curious paradoxes by which the use of the grid is marked at every turn. The beyond-the-frame attitude, in addressing the world and its structure, would seem to trace its lineage back to the nineteenth century in relation to the operations of science, and thus to carry the positivist or materialist implications of its heritage. The within-the-frame attitude, on the contrary, involved as it is with the purely conventional and autotelic reading of the work of art, would seem to issue from purely symbolist origins, and thus to carry all those readings which we oppose to "science" or "materialism"—readings which inflect the work as symbolic, cosmological, spiritual, vitalist. Yet we know that by and large this is not true. Through a kind of short-circuiting of this logic, the within-the-frame grids are generally far more materialist in character (take such different examples as Alfred Jensen and Frank Stella); while the beyond-the-frame examples often entail the dematerialization of the surface, the dispersal of matter into perceptual flicker or implied motion. And we also know that this schizophrenia allows for many artists—from

Joseph Cornell, Nouveaux Contes de Fées (Poison Box). *1948.*

Mondrian, to Albers, to Kelly, to LeWitt—to think about the grid in both ways at once.

In discussing the operation and character of the grid within the general field of modern art I have had recourse to words like *repression* or *schizophrenia.* Since these terms are being applied to a cultural phenomenon and not to individuals, they are obviously not intended in their literal, medical sense, but only analogically: to compare the structure of one thing to the structure of another. The terms of this analogy were clear, I hope, from the discussion of the parallel structures and functions of both grids as aesthetic objects and myths.

But one further aspect of this analogy still needs to be brought out, and that is the way in which this psychological terminology functions at some distance from that of *history.* What I mean is that we speak of the etiology of a psychological condition, not the history of it. History, as we normally use it, implies the connection of events through time, a sense of inevitable change as we move from one event to the next, and the cumulative effect of change which is itself qualitative, so that we tend to view history as *developmental.* Etiology is not developmental. It is rather an investigation into the conditions for one specific change—the acquisition of disease—to take place. In that sense etiology is more like looking into the background of a chemical experiment, asking when and how a given group of elements came together to effect a new compound or to precipitate something out of a liquid. For the etiology of neuroses, we may take a "history" of the individual, to explore what went into the formation of the neurotic structure; but once the neurosis is formed, we are specifically enjoined from thinking in terms of "development," and instead we speak of repetition.

With regard to the advent of the grid in twentieth-century art, there is the need to think etiologically rather than historically. Certain conditions combined to precipitate the grid into a position of aesthetic preeminence. We can speak of what those things are and how they came together throughout the nineteenth century and then spot the moment of chemical combination, as it were, in the early decades of the twentieth. But once the grid appears it seems quite resistant to change. The mature careers of Mondrian or Albers are examples of this. No one would characterize the course of decade after decade of their later work as *developmental.* But by depriving their world of development, one is obviously not depriving it of quality. There is no necessary connection between good art and change, no matter how conditioned we may be to think that there is. Indeed, as we have a more and more extended experience of the grid, we have discovered that one of the most modernist things about it is its capacity to serve as a paradigm or model for the antidevelopmental, the antinarrative, the antihistorical.

This has occurred in the temporal as well as the visual arts: in music, for example, and in dance. It is no surprise then, that as we contemplate this subject, there should have been announced for next season a performance project based on the combined efforts of Phil Glass, Lucinda Childs, and Sol LeWitt: music, dance, and sculpture, projected as the mutually accessible space of the grid.

The "I" as Autobiographical Eye: Reading Notes on a Few Pages of Stendhal's *Life of Henry Brulard*

LOUIS MARIN

This essay is the result of research I have pursued for some years on autobiography. In my undertaking, autobiographical texts such as Augustine's or Rousseau's *Confessions*, Descartes's *Discours de la Methode*, and Retz's *Memoirs* gave me the opportunity to approach, in various ways and at simultaneously theoretical and methodological levels, the problem of *énonciation* that Emile Benveniste raised in contemporary semiotics and semantics. At the same time, it seemed to me more and more obvious that the very position of such a problem refers both implicitly and explicitly to some of the basic presuppositions concerning the syntheses of time and subject that were articulated in Western philosophy by Plato and Aristotle and taken up again in Descartes, Kant, and Husserl.

However perennial such a problematic might seem, it appears that literary texts, in their utmost singularity, would exemplify the way in which an individual being, immersed in his own history, is concerned with the enigmas of his existence, birth, and death, and how he attempts through writing to shape, express, and transcend them in a work of art.

Working in the past years on Stendhal and his endeavor to grasp and articulate those existential aporias that are, on another level, the same as the contradictions encountered by a theory of enunciation, I found a determinant role played in his *Life of Henry Brulard*[1] by other means of expression such as visual arts or music; paintings or arias cited as titles simultaneously interrupt the autobiographical narration and take it up again at some of its strategic turning points. In my attempt to understand the functions that paintings (and arias) fulfill in Stendhal's autobiographical writing as solutions to its basic aporias, I introduced the notion of syncopation or "interruption-reprise" whose definitions,

1. *The Life of Henry Brulard* is the autobiography of Stendhal, nom de plume of Henri Beyle. All quotations are from the translation by Jean Steward and B. C. J. G. Knight, London, The Merlin Press, 1958. The relevant portion of chapter II is appended following this text, pp. 77–9.—ed.

found in Littré's dictionary, I would like to quote as an introductory epigraph for this piece:

> Syncopation:
>
> 1) Sudden temporary reduction of heartbeat with interruption of respiration, sensation, and voluntary movements.
> 2) Excision of a letter or a syllable from the middle of a word. Eg.: *gaieté, gaitè.*
> 3) Linking of the last note of a measure with the first of the following measure, giving the appearance of one single note, so that the end of a note in one section is heard at the same time as the beginning of a note belonging to the opposite section. . . . Rhythmical effect produced by two notes heard in succession, the second having the double value of the first.
>
> Reprise:
>
> 1) Action of taking up again.
> 5) Continuation of something previously interrupted.
> 10) Beginning again after an interruption.
> 12) Second performance of a section of a piece, of a tune.
> 14) Action of mending or darning torn or cut material, in reuniting the pieces of material by means of thread passed crosswise over the tear. The needle carries some thread of the material, passes it through some others, repeats the operation with some other thread, and so forth. In returning, the thread is passed very closely to the first and the needle uses the thread not yet sewn by the first stitch . . . *so that the eye does not perceive the joining of the thread.*

Let me briefly recall the two questions that any autobiographical writer, in our example, Stendhal, poses. If autobiographical writing literally means writing the narrative of one's life, the two contradictions which condition this unique narration are immediately apparent: it must open and close with two necessary but at the same time unpronounceable expressions, "I was born" and "I died." The writing of the cogito of birth as *my* birth as well as that of death as *my* death are both impossible. Moreover, the problem posed by the initial and final statements of autobiographical narration is nothing other than the repetition of the fundamental aporia of written enunciation: the semantic and philosophical questions of the place in writing of both the subject and the present. Since I draw my existence from another without being able myself to know this other in its place and moment, my fantasy—a fantasy of knowledge and power—would be to give birth to myself, to be my own author in all senses of the term. And since I

must necessarily cease to be without being able to know by myself the place and the moment of my death, a fantasy of knowledge and power would be to be my own end. In both cases, I push my memory to its limits and transgress them in order to close memory in its totality, not only before my oldest recollection, but also beyond the last one. However, such an imaginary movement towards limits, such a fantastic journey to the temporal borderlines of past and future, is precisely the repetition of the very structure of the subject in its present, that is, a limit between past and future and a gap in this limit, the difference of this limit. (Cf. Aristotle, Augustine, Rousseau, Husserl.) This means that in the same place and moment, birth and death are joined together in their absolute difference. This is the place and moment of the "auto-biothanato-graphical" writing. In other words, the place and moment of the cogito of birth as my birth and that of death as my death. I thus formulate three hypotheses:

1) If the term *autobiography* means the writing of one's own life, it cannot begin and end except with two properly unpronounceable statements: "I was born" and "I died."

2) The autobiographical narration cannot be carried out except by a machination, a ruse of writing which manipulates the past time of history by the present one of narration and builds the subject of the narrative statements (*énoncés*) as the simulacrum of the apparatus of enunciation.

3) An efficient spring of such a machine can be an image which occupies a place in the text which cannot be occupied, which takes the place of the subject of enunciation and represents the fatal apparatus in which a gaze is caught in its own eye.

At the end of the second chapter of Stendhal's *Life of Henry Brulard,* a unique textual event occurs, which signals an interruption in what was just written: "After all these general reflections, I'll proceed to get born . . . . The first thing I can remember is biting the cheek or forehead of my cousin." This is how the unpronounceable cogito of birth—"I was born"—is expressed.

So the second chapter of the *Life of Henry Brulard* belongs to the general considerations which prepare a very difficult moment, the beginning of the autobiographical writing. And if my hypotheses are right, those general considerations not only prepare that moment, but also set up the ruse, wind up the machination, which will allow Beyle to write the impossible cogito of his birth.

In effect, we find in this second chapter a series of attempts to display a general survey of Beyle's life, a chronological scheme which will guide his writing. First he tries to order periods of his life chronologically, but that initial plan stops short in 1826, with a transformation which Beyle observed as having occurred to him at that date. In 1826 he became a witty man. That change is, as Beyle remarks, a change in his use of language: before, he was silent; afterwards, he spoke in the salons, but, while speaking, he continued to remain silent, to say nothing important or serious concerning himself, that is, the women he loved. Then that first attempt is interrupted by a little story, a list of names, and the first

drawing we find in the *Life of Henry Brulard.* After that, the main motive of the two pages which follow is the opposition between dreaming and discourse, wit and language, meditation on love and witty dialogue.

Then the same little story is repeated, but the list of names becomes a list of the initials of those names, and the drawing disappears. And afterwards we find two other classifications of Beyle's life (to use his own words), the first according to the criterion of money and a second which resumes the chronological survey at the beginning of the chapter, but now completed from 1830 until "the present moment."

What puzzles me about this text is just those interruptions and reprises (in the sense of darning)—the repetitions of some parts of the text with only slight differences, as if the textual linearity were torn, the textual surface rent in some places and mended by something of a different nature, belonging to another way of writing or even to another substance or medium. I have previously tried to analyze this process as a textual syncopation, which at the same time points out the tear and conceals it by a set-in piece.

A careful—not so careful in fact—observation of the textual tissue immediately reveals those processes. For example, just after the little story I allude to, which is written normally, along horizontal lines from left to right, we encounter a list of names ranked in a vertical column, a list which is itself interrupted by a little drawing of a landscape. We shall come back in a moment to those interruptions. Then, when the little story is repeated a second time, it is interrupted by a list of initials written horizontally, replacing the drawing that we saw on the previous page. And it is not without significance that twice, just after those textual accidents, Stendhal comments on his own discourse, explaining that the books he wrote succeeded the charming women who bear those names, emphasizing the relationship between his feelings for them and some exquisite landscapes: "Landscapes played on my soul like *a fiddle bow*; views that nobody else praised (the line of rocks near Arbois, as you come from Dôle by the main road, I think, was for me a tangible and manifest symbol of Métilde's soul)." If we have read the *Life of Henry Brulard,* we know the mysterious connection linking love, landscapes, music, and writing, in which I try to discern the secret of his autobiography. I quote: "It happened by chance that I tried to note the sounds of my soul by written signs."

We may now come back to the little story which breaks off Stendhal's first attempt to build the frame of his autobiography. Beyle tells his reader (and he is of course his own first reader) a very recent recollection (the other day) when he was musing on life "on the lonely path overlooking the Lake of Albano." It is the recollection of a discovery which concerns his life as a whole. Please observe the twice recurrent word *life,* coming back the second time with a little change: ". . . musing about life [in general], on the lonely path overlooking the Lake of Albano, I discovered that my life could be summed up by the following names, the initials of which I wrote in the dust, like Zadig, with my walking-stick, sitting on

the little bench behind the Stations of the Cross of the *Minori Osservanti* built by the brother of Urban VIII, Barberini, near those two fine trees enclosed by the little circular wall. . . ."

I would like to underscore a few points. 1) For Beyle, there is a sort of equivalence between his past life, the life he lived until "the present moment," and names which function not only as signals that potentially set in motion his memory, but also have the power to encompass within themselves parts of his past life. This is quite obvious at the end of the second version of the little story when Beyle writes: "I was in a deep reverie about these names and the astonishing stupidities and follies they made me commit. . . ." It is not the women bearing those names who made him commit stupidities. It is the names themselves, by their own influence. In this sense, his past life can be considered as objectively encompassed by names, proper names. 2) These names are "here."[2] What is the meaning of *here*? As we know, that word relates a viewpoint occupied by the narrator's "I" to a place to which that "I" points. But what place? *Here* designates the page where Beyle is going to write a list of names—Virginie, Angela, Adèle, etc.—the page or the space where he will write the list in just a moment. But the "I" who is now writing and who will write is simultaneously the same as the "I" who was, the other day, on a lonely path dreaming of life; yet it is a different "I" since it writes *now* and not the other day. It is a divided ego, an ego who identifies itself through that division, and reciprocally, whose identity is compromised by that division. 3) In effect, the list of names that Beyle is going to write and which is announced by "here" has already been written in the dust, not with a pen but with a stick, not as full names but as initials. Now, if there is an equivalence between his past life and those names, and if those names are basically written as initial letters, I may conclude that there is a direct equivalence between his past life until the present moment and writing. Moreover, there is an equivalence between the page Beyle is writing and the place in the landscape where he was writing. In this sense, the "I" who is beginning to write his life in order to know who he is now through what he was in the past since his birth in 1783—this is the process of identification as an ego—is already written in the dust through others' names, women's names. This means that the writing of his own life, especially at its beginning—the founding and originary expression "I was born"—would always consist in repeating a primary writing of his life through others' names, precisely, women's names. My birth in the text and as a text through my own identification with my first recollection will in fact repeat another birth, an always preceding birth from others' names; names in which, as we shall see in a moment, just one secret and well-known name is uttered.

Then, the story is interrupted in its script, but completed in its meaning by the list. To the horizontal lines there succeeds a vertical column. With words and letters, we are given an iconic representation of the basic and well-known opposition of syntagm and paradigm. The syntagmatic organization, "the broad

2. The French reads ". . . *les noms que voici* . . ."—ed.

divisions of my story," as Stendhal writes, that is, temporal sequences ("born in 1783, dragoon in 1800, student from 1803 to 1806 . . .") which are totalized in the little story as a unique temporal sequence, "my life," that syntagmatic organization is projected in a literal sense and changed into a paradigmatic one: the list—a transformation that leaves traces in the script. Horizontals become verticals; successive events caught in the linear progression of time and related to a subject to whom they happened are "diagrammatized," totalized by proper names, that is, names which designate people who bear those names. If, to quote Roman Jakobson, the process of poeticization of a text consists in projecting, in one way or another, paradigms into a syntagm, we observe in our text the reverse process, a narrative syntagm projected in and summarized by a nominal paradigm, that is, a process of depoeticization to which Stendhal himself alludes: "I try to destroy the spell, the *dazzling* [English in the original] character of events, by thus considering them in military fashion," for example, in ranking, in a column, like soldiers, names of charming women passionately loved.

Moreover, for a moment, by that projection, the subject's history is changed into a nontemporal, an achronic, set of others' names. This is an extraordinary process of totalization of a life: something like death. One's own existence is changed into its essence. I would like to quote here a beautiful observation made by Aubenque in his book on Aristotle, which sums up Greek wisdom on existence, time, and death: "Nobody can be termed happy until the moment of his death. A man's essence is the transfiguration of a history into a legend, a tragic because unforeseeable existence into a closed destiny, a transfiguration which occurs only at death." In other words, this change of a narrative syntagm into the paradigm of names, the interruption of the story by the list of names, is the sly way of joining birth and death and opening the space for autobiographical writing.

However, the list that we now read and Beyle writes is not exactly the one that he wrote near the convent, behind the Calvary station of Minori Osservanti. There, there were written only initials; here, full names. Moreover, what he has done, and what he is doing (writing), is said to repeat what another has done: Zadig. His behavior is a quotation. So to recapitulate, one's whole life is equivalent to and summarized by the writing of women's names and such a writing process repeats the writing of another, Zadig, who is only a character in Voltaire's novel, a textual being. The life I lived is a literary quotation and "I," as the inchoative author of the story of my life, am an ironic repetition of another author, Voltaire, whom by the way, Beyle hates. The reference to Zadig interrupts the telling of the story in its middle, rather abruptly, in the same way as the list interrupts the story at its end. We shall return to this point in a moment.

Now the list itself is interrupted by the drawing of a landscape in which some words are nevertheless written. This is the first drawing we find in the *Life*. Like the list for the story, the drawing at one and the same time interrupts the series of names *and* resumes, or repeats, the story. Let me develop this point a little. Obviously, the drawing tears the script. As readers, we immediately remark

it as hollowing the compact density of the written signs of the page. Suddenly, our look ceases to be a reader's look and is substituted by another, a viewer's look. We no longer read, we look at. In fact, such a change has been prepared by the list itself. The series of names ranked in a vertical column on one side of the page has left its greater part empty. Nevertheless, it was only a neutral surface ready to receive written signs. With the few lines of the drawing, that surface changes its nature and function: no longer a flat and blank surface, it becomes the ground of represented figures, parts of them—on the left, a wall and a roof; at the bottom, the ground and the rough surface of a bad road; at the top, the sky, etc. If so, since there is no mark of separation between the space of the drawing and that of the series of names, the whole page becomes an ambiguous space, an equivocal surface oscillating between signs and representation, text and image. I can look at the names as strangely represented figures floating in the sky above the roof of the convent or I can read the drawing as a hieroglyphic sign, as a big pictogram inscribed on a flat and blank page. Both alternatives are reinforced in their own ways: the first, by the fact that the written signs of the list are proper names, that is to say, words, names which designate the individual persons bearing them, in a complete codic circularity, to quote here Jakobson as well as the *Port-Royal Grammar*. Those words, by nature and function, can be viewed as icons, as pictures in a direct connection with what they designate. They are the persons themselves who are named by them. For example, if we look at the seventh name on the list in which Stendhal inserted a qualification "whom I never loved," we see that he wrote that phrase between "Angeline" (the first name) and "Bereyter" (the last one) as an integral part of the name, as if he were writing one of those languages called agglutinate idioms, in which the grammatical determinations are inserted within the words they determine. But the other alternative is equally possible: the reading or viewing of the drawing as a pictogram, a cluster of written signs. The main reason for this possibility is that words, legible signs, are written in the drawing: "Monastery," "Road leading towards Albano," "Lake of Albano," "Zadig-Astarté." These words induce the reader-viewer to look at the landscape represented on the page as if it were a map. (But it is not a map; it is a panoramic view.) However, not all the written words in the drawing play the same role: two of them escape that topographical function: "Zadig-Astarté." Nevertheless, I might say that the drawing takes up again the text interrupted by the list. We may observe that it has been drawn without changing the medium and the instruments; it is the same sheet of paper which bears signs and lines; it is the same pen that writes and delineates/represents; and, in some parts of the drawing, it is quite difficult to distinguish between lines which represent an object and signs which signify and stand for signifieds. For example, the signs which constitute the phrase "Lac d'Albano" written on the line representing the steep bank of the lake are viewed at the first glance as bushes or irregularities of the ground and, conversely, the inferior branches of the two trees could be read as an undecipherable word, the caption of that part of the image.

Moreover, the drawing as such may be viewed as mending or darning the story torn by the list of names in two senses: on the level of signifiers (substance of expression) and on the level of signifieds (the semantic content). On the first level, we have already observed that the names are ranked in a vertical column contrary to the horizontal script of the story. In the drawing, horizontal and oblique lines prevail over verticals; and the drawing, like the story's script, occupies the full width of the sheet. On the second level, that of signifieds, the drawing obviously resumes the story. We read: "musing about life, on the lonely path [we see in the picture the road leading to Albano] overlooking the Lake of Albano [we see the steep bank of the lake] . . . sitting on the little bench behind the Stations of the Cross [we see the little bench and one of those stations] of the *Minori Osservanti* [we see the monastery] . . ." and so forth. But what is more astonishing is that in the drawing we have a representation (which is almost a sign) of the one who pronounces and writes "I" in the narrative text, a little silhouette bent forward on the bench. We even read a trace of the quotation "like Zadig," which interrupted the narrative sequences in their middle, in the name of Zadig written in the drawing. And we may interpret the small line near the silhouette as either the stick with which "I" wrote the women's initials in the dust or as a "coded" line designating the silhouette as that of the person bearing that name (Zadig).

But in the drawing, as compared with the story, we have a supplement, the name Astarté, a supplement in both meanings of the word: a name added in the drawing which was not in the narrative, and a name which symbolically stands for some parts of the story which cannot be sketched. In the first sense we may read "Zadig-Astarté" in the drawing in this manner: "As Zadig was writing Astarté's name in the dust, 'I' was writing the initials of the women's names which summarized my life." In the second sense, Astarté's name symbolizes the whole list. Now we may go a little further in this analysis: we observe that the drawing is that of a landscape represented from a definite point of view. In technical terms, it is a panorama. This type of representation is very rare in the *Life*. Most of its drawings belong to the category of maps and plans; that is, geometrical projections on a flat and neutral surface of some features of houses, rooms, geographical or topographical entities like rivers or roads. These projections are models. But what interests me is the fact that, in a map, there is no viewpoint. However, in a panorama, or in a bird's eye view, there is a real or supposedly real viewpoint in the first case, and an imaginary one in the second, a fiction which permits parts which are concealed in a panoramic view to be made visible to the spectator-reader. Now, if the first drawing in the *Life* is a panoramic one, this implies that somewhere, out of the space of the drawing, out of the plane of representation, there is a place from which the landscape is seen and the drawing made, a site occupied by the "artist" who produces the drawing, more specifically, Stendhal himself making the sketch and viewing the landscape. But Beyle is also present in the drawing under the name of Zadig as the little silhouette on the bench behind the Calvary station. What I intend is this: we ascertain a structural homology

between the "I," the subject who tells the story of himself discovering that his life could be summarized by a list of names and writing "the other day" their initials in the dust, and the "eye," the subject who today draws the panoramic sketch of a landscape in which he is represented, on a little bench—a structural homology between the subject of enunciation (the speaker) and the subject of *enoncé* (the spoken-about) on the one hand, and, on the other, the relation of the viewpoint from which the sketch is made and the little figure represented in it.

The position of such a homology entails that the perspective network, as rough and imprecise as it seems in the drawing, and its basic pattern, the connection between the viewpoint and vanishing point, are something like the "pictorial" equivalent of the formal apparatus of enunciation in discourse. We see in the drawing, as we read in the story, that the relationship betweeen the writing "I" and the drawing "eye," on the one hand, and the written "ego" (in the past) and the represented silhouette (on the bench), on the other hand, define the enigmatic autobiographical subject, a divided self who is the same and yet another, and a divided present which is at the same time a past present and a present past, which is never signified as such in the text, but from which past and future, the referential dimensions of time, can be signified in discourse and representation.

What is strange in the little drawing that interrupts the script is what I have already emphasized: that the silhouette on the bench is named Zadig-Astarté, a double name written in the representation. Now if we consider that the small silhouette behind the Calvary station is at the vanishing point, or better is the vanishing point displaced from an absent horizon to a narrative figure (the represented subject of representation), we may realize that the figure and its double name are simultaneously a pseudonym of the subject of representation and a condensation of two textual parts of the script: first, a narrative utterance: "I wrote in the dust"; second, an abbreviated quotation of Voltaire's novel: "like Zadig."

To pursue this line a little further, we may consider that the allusion to Voltaire's novel, in the story, is something like its vanishing point. The phrase "like Zadig," which, as we have seen, interrupts the unfolding of the narrative sequences exactly in their middle, is its vanishing point, since that expression opens a kind of hole in the narrative continuum—it tears the narrative tissue—but at the same point, the utterance "like Zadig" is also something like a viewpoint (the point from which the represented things are ordered on the page), since what Stendhal is doing, or, more precisely, what he tells us he was doing the other day above the Lake of Albano, repeats what Zadig was doing in Voltaire's novel: writing names in the dust. This is why we may consider the silhouette and its double name in the drawing as a pseudonym of the subject of representation and as a condensation of both a narrative sequence and a quotation. We may say that the double name Zadig-Astarté and the figure in the drawing open a hole in the representation, at the same time blocking it up. They have the dynamic function of opening and closing the representation just as the quotation in the story has

these same contradictory functions. We may add that there is perhaps the same pseudonymic relation between Henri Beyle and the Henry Brulard whose life Beyle is writing in the first person.

I now return to that double name, Zadig-Astarté, written in the drawing whose function we have just analyzed. In a sense, the duplication of Zadig's name, cited in the story, into Astarté's, written in the drawing, points to something like a mirror process, but concerning proper names and not images. "Astarté" is the same name as "Zadig" but different, just as in a mirror my reflected image is that of myself but as another. We must remember that Stendhal wrote "Astarté" just below "Zadig," reminding ourselves that at the time of that writing he is on the bank of the Lake of Albano. Thus "Zadig," as a name, must be reflected within .he surface of calm water as "Astarté," a transformation like that of the image of Narcissus, who falls in love with an image he does not at first recognize as his own. In the drawing "Zadig" is reflected in "Astarté," as in the story the phrase "like Zadig" is reflected in "Zadig-Astarté" with that strange supplement which is at the same time a repetition and difference, the repetition of the difference itself: Zadig, a male name is repeated in its image, Astarté, a female name.

Now that duplication is again reduplicated but in writing. Curious to read the passage in Voltaire's novel, I discovered a strange thing. Remember that when analyzing the supplement that the drawing displays when related to the story, I said that we may read the second name as an addition to the narrative—"As Zadig was writing Astarté's name, I was writing the names of the women I loved"—or as standing symbolically for the list of those names. Now what I discovered in Voltaire's *Zadig* is this: it was Astarté who was writing Zadig's name in the sand. In other words, it is the image in the mirror which constitutes the self in its identity, that is, as a written name.

If I take that quotation seriously, (I mean the fact that Stendhal in the first and second versions of the story each time took care to refer what he was doing [writing] to what Zadig did [writing also] and the fact that in the drawing he supplemented Zadig's name with that of the woman he loved), the very fact that, in the novel, it is Astarté who writes Zadig's name means one thing: that, while writing women's names as summarizing his whole life, those names indeed have already written his life. To write one's own life means to write again a life which has already been written by others. To write my autobiography consists in the impossible task of again writing a text already written by others: exactly reading and writing my own epitaph. To write my autobiography is not to build my empty mausoleum for the future, but to decipher, to spell out the legend of my life that others have written on my tomb. This is another trick set up by Stendhal with the little story, the list of names, and the drawing: to write the impossible expression founding the autobiographical narrative—"I died"—to utter, through writing and drawing, the impossible cogito of his death. But by that writing machination, in the text itself, a space is opened, a stage is set upon which the fundamental aporias of enunciation are simultaneously exhibited and concealed.

That stage functions like a trap set by the subject to catch himself. What is at stake in that strange machination are the basic enigmas of the self when it attempts to recapture its birth and death, its origin and end as *its own* in discourse and writing. That tricky machination consists in answering the Sphinx's old questions about man, by desperately assuming the self to have in itself the power of being its own origin and end. That is Oedipus' answer.

Now, in conclusion, we shall move to the second version of the story:

> So two months ago, in September 1835, when I was thinking about writing these memoirs, on the bank of the Lake of Albano (at two hundred feet above the level of the lake) I wrote these initials in the dust, like Zadig:
>
> V. A^{n}_{1}. A^{d}. $M._{2}$ M^{i}. A^{l}. A^{me}_{3}. A^{pg}_{2}. M^{de}. $C._{4}$ $G._{5}$ A^{ur}_{6}. (Mme Azur whose Christian name I have forgotten).
>
> I was in a deep reverie about these names and the astonishing stupidities and follies they made me commit (I mean astonishing to me, not to the reader; in any case I've no remorse for them).
>
> In actual fact I possessed only six of these women whom I loved.

The question I ask here is how do we understand the reading and visual effects resulting from the substitution of that series of initials for the list of names and the landscape representation in the first version. In a sense, we already know that Stendhal-Beyle-Brulard-Zadig wrote initials in the dust. In the first version he told us that he has done it. He already gave us that information. But we did not read those initials. Instead we found them ranked in a column, a list of names whose initials were said to have been written in the dust, and we saw—as viewers—the landscape setting of that event and the little silhouette representing the writer of those initials. Now we *see* them, and I emphasize the term: we are no longer able to read, to shape a word or a sentence with those letters. They are only letters, pure graphemes, mere signifiers without signifieds. We spell them . . . V A M M . . . we mumble them. The effect of such an interruption of the story is that, while seeing those graphemes, our reading capacity suddenly breaks off, our smooth and easy production of meanings at once becomes a kind of stammering. Nevertheless, those letters are ordered along the script line from left to right as if the writer would induce the reader to read them as a word or a sentence, to produce a meaning through their meaningless succession. In other words, we are inclined to read and see them at the same time; we oscillate for a moment between both directions. In a sense, the letters, by their horizontal succession, continue the written lines of the story. In another, because they are literally meaningless, we are induced to see them as just a kind of abstract drawing. As a matter of fact, in his own manuscript, Beyle separates that line from the others, requiring his reader (that is, himself) to look at it in a different way.

When related to the first version it appears that those letters are substituted for the list and the drawing; they are the initials of the names we already read as a list ranked vertically *and* they are a part of the representation, the letters written by Stendhal-Zadig's stick, a part we could not see because of the sketchy type of the drawing and the distanced vantage point. The process here is less one of substitution than one of focalization by a zoomlike movement of the spectator's eye on the letters written in the dust, a focalization whose result is a kind of close-up.

Furthermore, we might say that, when compared to the first version of the story and to the landscape representation, the initials are substituted by focalization for the little silhouette, its stick, and its double name Zadig-Astarté. They are a representation of the vanishing point of the landscape. They delineate and spell the Zadig-Astarté figure, Beyle-Brulard written in and by the women's names, his life already written by others, those women who were his life as a whole.

To take now the other direction, that of reading, what we read, or better what we hear when trying to read the letters as a word or as a name, what is uttered in the mumbling in which, suddenly and for a moment, our reading is deconstructed, is the mother's name stuttered by a child's voice:

v*AAMAAAM*cg*A*

In the written vanishing point of the text and representation, interwoven with the names of the women he loved and which summarized his life, in the list where his life is already written as the epitaph of his tomb, the mother's name appears, ghostlike, as his life totalized at its origin. There, in the written vanishing point, birth and death merge in a strange site, origin and end, on the limits of text and images and where the dialogic structure of the self and its present find a founding place. On it, the autobiographical writing can be based. From it, the autobiographical narrative can be unfolded.

Excerpt from Chapter II of *The Life of Henry Brulard*

Here, then, are the broad divisions of my story: born in 1783, dragoon in 1800, student from 1803 to 1806. In 1806 attached to the War Commissariat, Intendant in Brunswick. In 1809 I was helping the wounded at Essler or at Wagram, fulfilling missions along the snow-covered banks of the Danube, at Linz and Passau, in love with Mme la Comtesse Petit, asking to be sent to Spain in order to see her again. On August 3rd, 1810, appointed Auditor to the Council of State, more or less thanks to her. This life of high favour and expense took me to Moscow, made me Intendant at Sagan in Silesia, and led at last to my downfall in April 1815. Personally, believe it or not, I was glad of this downfall.

After my downfall, I turned student and writer, fell madly in love, got my *History of Italian Painting* printed in 1817; my father, who had become an Ultra, ruined himself and died, I think, in 1819; I go back to Paris in June 1821. I am in despair because of Métilde, she dies; I'd rather she were dead than unfaithful, I write; this comforts me, I am happy. In September 1830 I returned to the administrative rut in which I still am, thinking regretfully of my life as a writer on the third floor of the Hôtel de Valois, No. 71 rue de Richelieu.

I have been a wit since the winter of 1826; before that I had kept silent out of laziness. I believe I'm supposed to be the gayest and most unfeeling of men, and it is true that I have never said a word about the women I was in love with. In this respect I've shown all the symptoms of the melancholy temperament as described by Cabanis. I have never had much success.

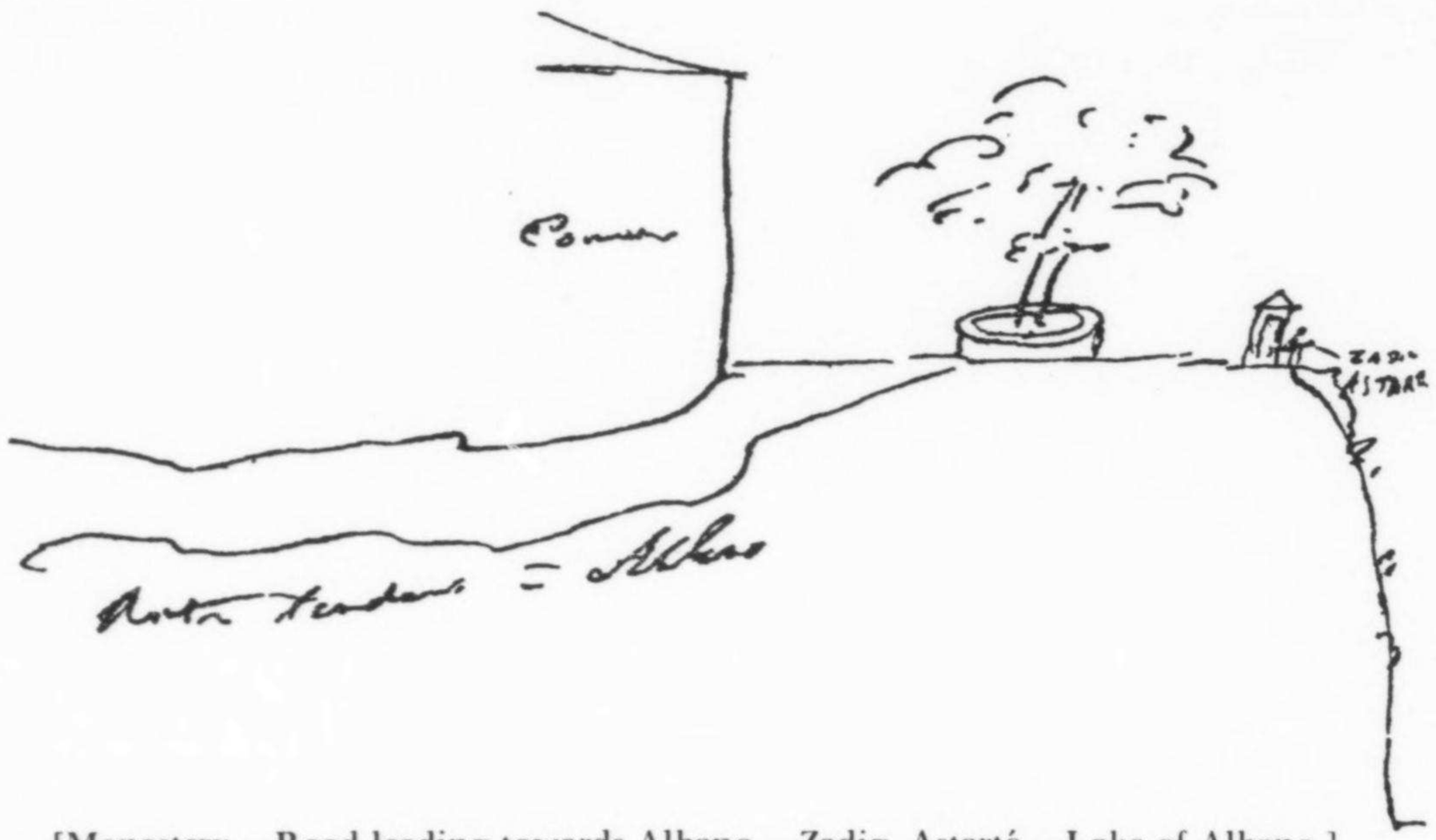
But the other day, musing about life, on the lonely path overlooking the Lake of Albano, I discovered that my life could be summed up by the following names, the initials of which I wrote in the dust, like Zadig, with my walking-stick, sitting on the little bench behind the Stations of the Cross of the *Minori Osservanti* built by the brother of Urban VIII, Barberini, near those two fine trees enclosed by a little circular wall:

Virginie (Kubly),
Angela (Pietragrua),
Adèle (Rebuffel),
Mélanie (Guilbert),
Mina (de Griesheim),
Alexandrine (Petit),
Angeline, whom I never loved (Bereyter),
Angela (Pietragrua),
Métilde (Dembowski),
Clémentine,
Giulia.

And finally, for a month at most, Mme Azur whose Christian name I have forgotten. And yesterday, rashly, Amalia (B[ettini]).

Most of these charming creatures never honoured me with their favours; but they literally took up my whole life. After them came my writings. Really, I have never been ambitious, but in 1811 I thought myself ambitious.

The usual condition of my life has been that of an unhappy lover, fond of music and painting, that's to say, of enjoying the products of those arts, not of practising them unskilfully. I have sought out fine landscapes, with an exquisite sensitivity; I have travelled for that reason alone. Landscapes played on my soul like a *fiddle bow*; views that nobody



[Monastery.—Road leading towards Albano.—Zadig. Astarté.—Lake of Albano.]

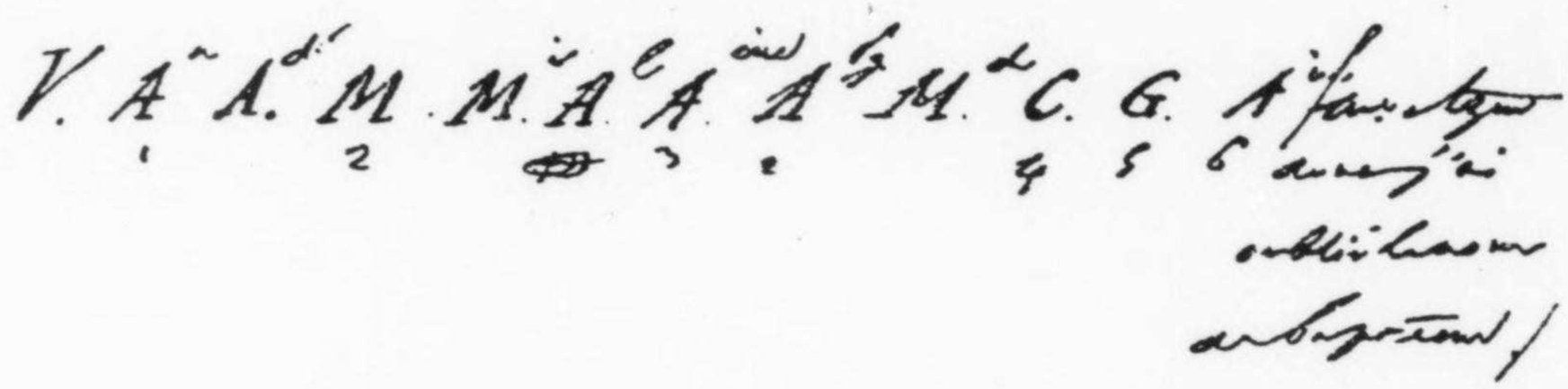
else praised (the line of rocks near Arbois, as you come from Dôle by the main road, I think, was for me a tangible and manifest symbol of Métilde's soul). I see that I have loved day-dreaming above all things, even above enjoying the reputation of a wit. I only troubled to acquire this, only made it my business to improvise in conversation for the benefit of the company I happened to be in, in 1826, on account of the despair in which I spent the first months of that fatal year.

I learned lately, through reading it in a book (the letters of Victor Jacquemont, the Indian) that somebody had actually thought me brilliant. A few years ago I had seen more or less the same thing in a book which was then fashionable, by Lady Morgan. I had forgotten that fine quality, which has earned me so many enemies. Perhaps I had only the semblance of that quality; and my enemies are creatures too common to be judges of brilliancy; for instance how can a man like Count d'Argout be a judge of brilliancy? a man whose delight is to read daily two or three duodecimo volumes of novels fit for chamber-maids! How could M. de Lamartine be a judge of wit? For one thing he hasn't any himself and, for another, he also devours two volumes of the dullest works daily. (I noticed this at Florence, in 1824 or 1826.)

The great DRAWBACK of being witty is that you have to keep your eyes fixed on the semi-fools around you, and *steep yourself in their commonplace way of feeling*. I make the mistake of attaching myself to the one who is least deficient in imagination and of becoming unintelligible to the rest, who are perhaps all the more pleased because of this.

Since I have been in Rome. I haven't been witty more than once a week and then for only five minutes at a time; I prefer day-dreaming. The people here don't understand the subtlety of the French language enough to feel the subtlety of my remarks; they need coarse commercial travellers' wit, they are delighted with Mélodrame for instance (e.g. Michelangelo Caetani), and he is meat and drink to them. It appals me to see such a man being successful, I no longer deign to talk to people who have applauded Mélodrame. I see all the emptiness of vanity.

So two months ago, in September 1835, when I was thinking about writing these memoirs, on the bank of the Lake of Albano (at two hundred feet above the level of the lake) I wrote these initials in the dust, like Zadig:



[V. A^{n}_{1} . A^{d}. $M._{2}$ M^{i}. A^{l}. A^{me}_{3} . A^{pg}_{2} . M^{de}. $C._{4}G._{5}$ A^{ur}_{6} . (Mme Azur whose Christian name I have forgotten).]

I was in a deep reverie about these names and the astonishing stupidities and follies they made me commit (I mean astonishing to me, not to the reader; in any case I've no remorse for them).

In actual fact I possessed only six of these women whom I loved.

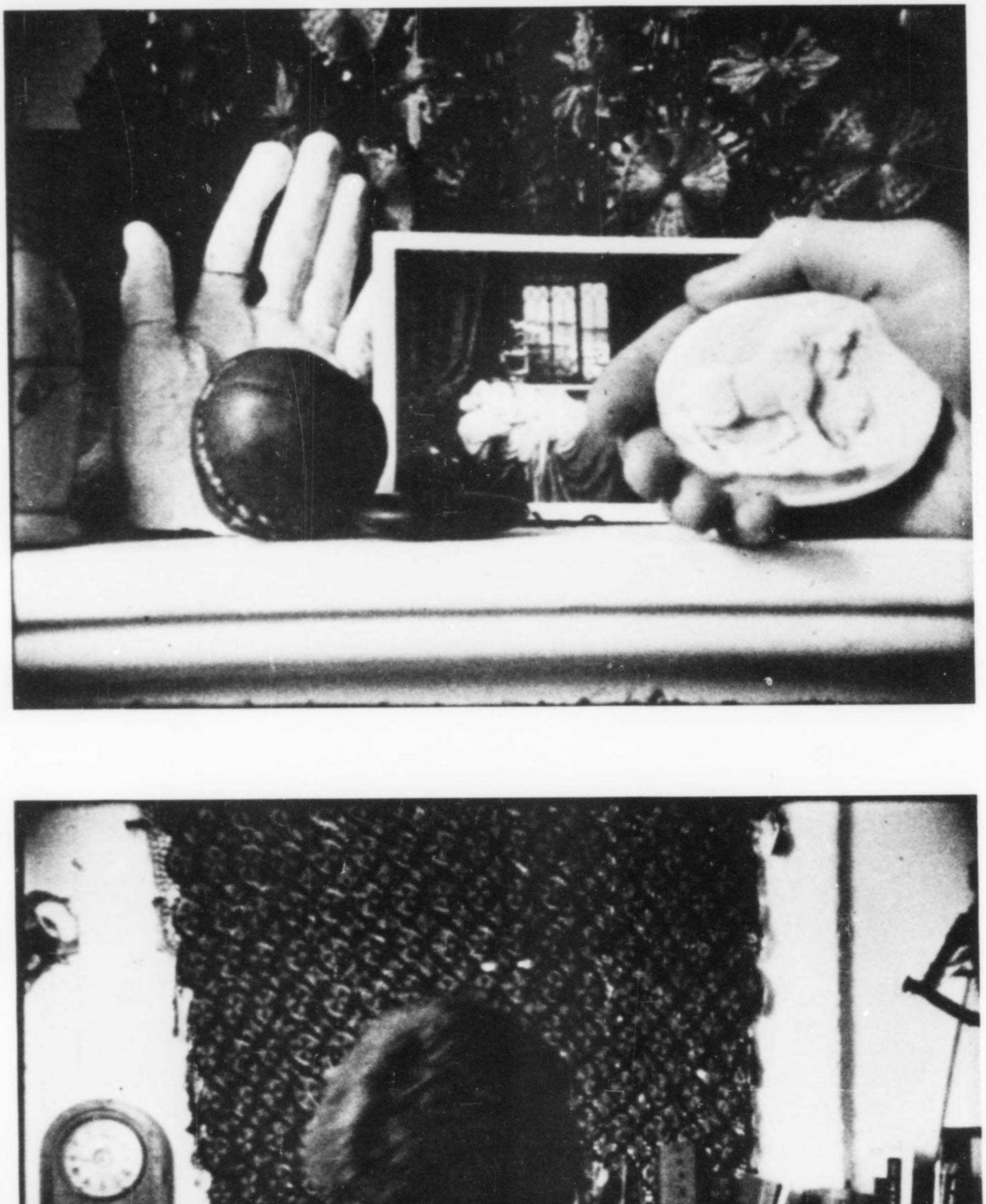


Image	*Sound*
Black	*(Sounds of kitchen activity; voices of man and woman, hereafter referred to as "she" and "he" and always manifesting themselves only on the soundtrack.)*
(Printed titles crawl upward from bottom of frame, white-on-black:)	She: Mmm . . . It's good to see you. What've you got there? He: Close your eyes and open your mouth. (*Sound of rustling paper bag.*)
Working Title: Journeys from Berlin/1971	*(Sounds of groceries being removed from bag continue.)*
A Film by YVONNE RAINER (1979)	She: Ooh, strawberries . . . strawberries in winter. (*laughs*) Well, almost. He: (*like a barker*) Fresh orange juice, Hawaiian pineapple, real strawberries . . . I'm tired. She: *I'll* cook.
(Titles continue:)	
Let's begin somewhere:	
On June 16, 1953, almost half of the working population of East Germany left their places of work and rioted and demonstrated in protest against the increase in work norms and other economic exactions. American accounts of the period reported these conditions as unbearable and oppressive. On June 17, 1953, twenty-five thousand Russian troops were moved in to crush the revolt.	
(Above text freezes when last line reaches mid-point of frame.)	
	(*Voice of young girl reads:*) April 27th, 1951. Yesterday I went to an assembly in 306. A girl sang "Come, come, I love you truly" from *The Chocolate Soldier.* As she sang I began to feel the most peculiar sensations. Cold shivers were wracking my

Yvonne Rainer. Journeys from Berlin/1971. *1979. (Camera: John Else; frame enlargement: Francene Keery.)*

Image *Sound*

(Titles continue to crawl upward:)

In 1956 the Federal Republic of Germany passed a draft law requiring males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to serve in the army for eighteen months. Residents of West Berlin were exempt from this law. As a consequence, a great number of students from other parts of Germany came to West Berlin to study.

On August 17, 1956, the Communist Party (KPD) was banned in West Germany.

On August 13, 1961, at 12:35 A.M. in the Potsdamerplatz, the first concrete blocks were laid for the wall that would separate East from West Berlin some five hours later. By some fluke you were spending the night in West Berlin.

entire body. Clammy currents ran all over me. I thought I was sick, but when she had finished, the shivers left me. Very often these sensations come to me when I hear or read of some outstanding human experience of bravery or perseverance, or a story of great emotional appeal. Sometimes these stories are absolutely corny or excessively melodramatic, like the one Louise Utis told in Oral English the other day about a G.I. who corresponds with a girl whom he intends to marry as soon as he returns from the war. His face is left badly scarred, and he is also crippled after a battle. The day before his ship is to dock in the U.S. the girl is hit by a car. She suffers a serious brain injury which results in blindness. At any rate, during the last few sentences I had the chills. I really fight against them because basically I reject such stories for their contrived nature and unreality. Intense drama is always so removed from my own life that it leaves me with an empty feeling. . . . Then what in God's name do those damned shivers mean?

He: I really don't mind. Let me do it.

A digression for purposes of condensation and explication
(this is not part of the script begun on the preceding pages)

"Working Title: Journeys from Berlin/1971" is a semi-quasi-narrative (a perpetually retreating narrative that proceeds as it consumes its own ashes, a narrative that sits on its tale) in which meanings emerge across the interconnectedness of its five "tracks" (image-sound, image/sound, *image*-sound, and image-*sound*). The five tracks consist of the following:

(1.) Crawling titles that present historical information about Germany since 1953, culminating in the deaths of Ulrike Meinhof, Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin, and Jean-Carl Raspe in prison in 1976 and 1977.

(2.) The voice of a young woman reading from the diary kept by an American adolescent girl in the early 1950s. This voice-over is sometimes accompanied by aerial views of Stonehenge.

(3.) The voices of a man and woman who are never seen. The voices argue and read—argue about terrorism, read from the memoirs of revolutionaries Vera Figner, Angelica Balabanoff, Emma Goldman, Vera Zasulich, and Alexander Berkman, and from a letter by Ulrike Meinhof. The voices also prepare dinner.

(4.) Images that are illustrative of, contrapuntal, complementary, or totally unrelated to (3.) and sometimes related (complementarily, contrapuntally, etc.) to (5.).

(5.) An on-camera monologue by a fifty-year-old woman designated "patient" that from time to time becomes a dialogue with a woman, man, or nine-year-old boy, all designated as "therapist."

End of digression. Those parts of the script that lead into, and out of, and deal with (5.) now follow:

Image	*Sound*
Cut to view through window of train moving through industrial landscape (color).	She: . . . was the first time I realized that someone's life might be in my hands. You know, I was quite prepared to fulfill my civic duty . . . not that I felt particularly qualified, not like the pious schoolteacher I met in the hall who said, "Better us than others less qualified." Then you realize

Image

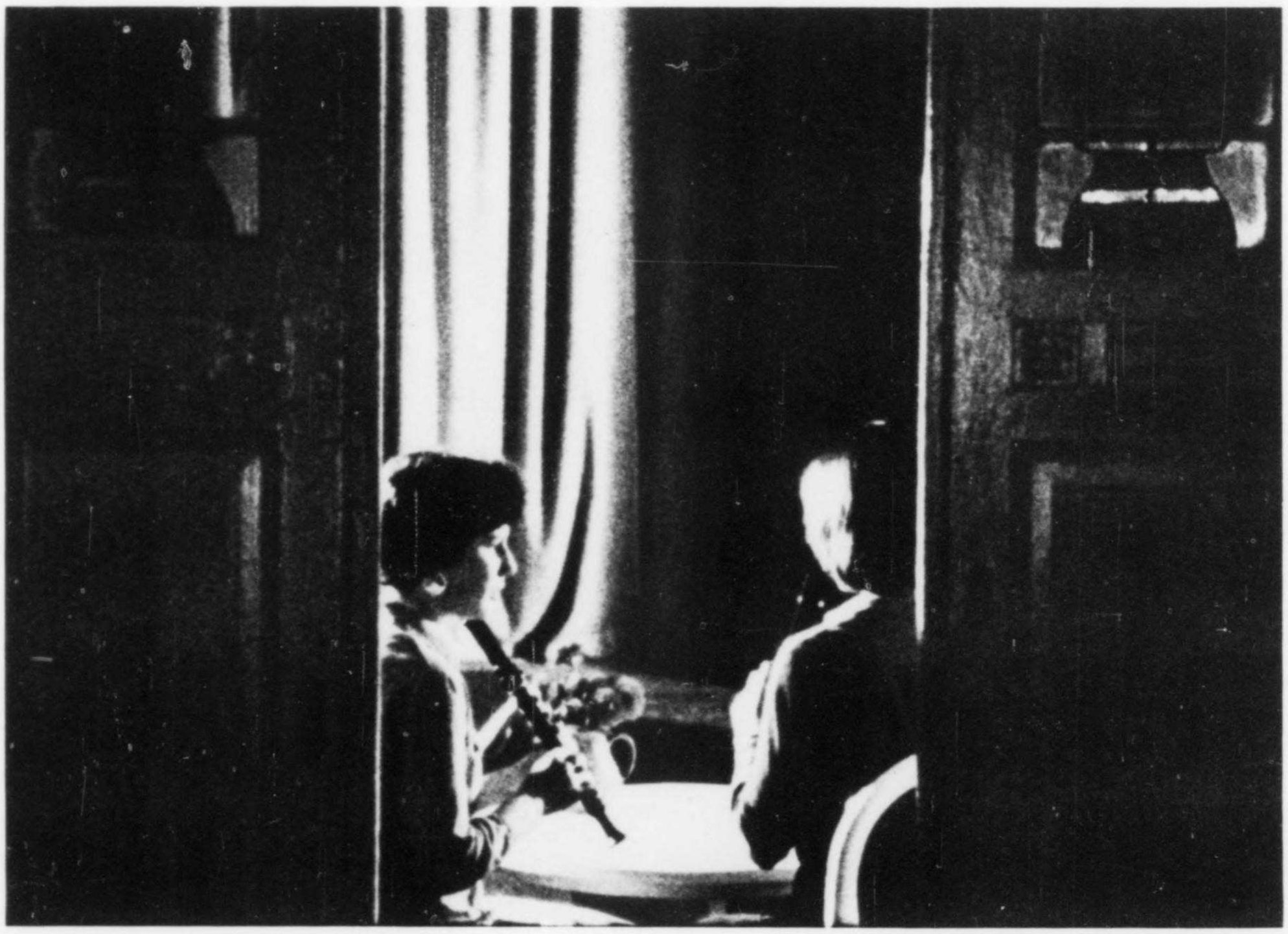
Cut to room: two women are seated on the other side of half-closed double sliding doors. The space between the doors and the camera is empty and barely visible, while the other room is brilliantly lit. One person is teaching the other how to play a baroque recorder. The shot is in color.

Sound

when the lawyers finally question you that this is hardly the point, and that you've got to psych out the lawyers' game and be prepared to lie if you want to get on a case. There was a rape case . . .

(*This story is now interwoven with the sync sound of the music lesson.*)

I was asked if I thought I could deliver an unbiased verdict. I said, "I'm not sure." "Is there anything in this case that might prevent you from being impartial?" I said,



Yvonne Rainer. Journeys from Berlin/1971. 1979. *(Camera: Wolfgang Senn; frame enlargement: Francene Keery.)*

Image

Sound

"Well, yes. The charge of rape is highly emotional, and I've never been in this situation before." Naturally I was dumped. The people who were accepted as jurors said yes or no and that was that. Then I heard of this case which the judge had dismissed. He said the testimony of the main witness was unreliable because the guy hadn't paid any taxes last year. Imagine that! Half of Harlem probably doesn't pay taxes. Why should they?! Then they ask you stuff like "Would you believe the testimony of a witness who had a criminal record?" For God's sake, I'm a respectable girl . . . I've never *known anyone* with a criminal record!

Patient (*voice over*): First it was just a sense of the bed trembling and an image of a slightly swaying road experienced from the interior of a moving car, along with the words "What a silly notion, an earthquake in Germany." And I hardly paid any attention because I knew it must be a dream because I kept on falling asleep. Then there came a sound somewhere between the skittering of leaves on a sidewalk and the rhythmic pitter-pattering of rain or mouse feet and it got louder and louder along with stronger shaking of the bed until it was right by my head and by that time I was brushing it away with my hand and throwing off the covers and shouting "Hey!" It rapidly receded as I turned on the light. I pursued my dominant thought that it was a mouse—even though nothing had touched me and I know that a mouse on a bed makes a different sound. I looked behind the floor-length curtains, closed the

Cut to a long barn-like interior, roughly 50 × 125 feet. The camera shoots from one end down the length of it. In the foreground one side of the frame is blocked by the back of a woman's head. She is seated behind a desk upon which are arranged

Image

various objects: a child's pail and shovel, photographs, drawings, a telephone, books, medications (vials of pills), a neolithic stone implement. On the other side of the desk another woman, about fifty, is seated, facing the camera. She has not been seen before. Although she doesn't speak, one somehow associates the voice on the soundtrack with her presence. She is, indeed, the "patient," and the woman with her back to the camera is the "therapist." Way in the background can be seen shadowy figures, lit as though from light filtering in through the windows that look out onto a busy street. At the beginning of the shot four or five of these people are seen to be lowering a bed that had been standing upright—with a person strapped into it—and facing the camera. Others sit in chairs scattered about. Some read. There are about eight of these figures in the background.

The framing of this scene never changes horizontally, only vertically. Since the focal axis of the camera corresponds to the line of focus between patient and therapist—just to the left and neither above nor below—a slightly sloping, wedge-shaped platform is used to change the vertical framing. When the therapist is played by the man (taller than the patient) the desk and two chairs are placed on the platform so that his angle of vision (and that of the camera) slopes down toward her with the result that in the upper part of the frame is seen only floor with the feet of the background figures occasionally walking in. When the boy plays therapist the position of the platform is reversed to slope up away from the camera, thus revealing the ceiling of the

Sound

double doors, saying to myself—perhaps aloud—"So that's how they get in." Then I heard the people upstairs. It was 3:00 in the morning and they were up, in itself an unusual occurrence. Had my "Hey" awakened them, or had they had the same experience? Had "it" gone through the whole building? A thought intruded: that it was a visitation, in much milder form, of the conflagration of twenty-five years previous. Periodically the old building shuddered in recollection.

Image

space. In this instance woman and boy are the only people in the frame. We are not mistaken in reading "superior" and "inferior" into these positionings.

Sound

The text of the "session" now begins. Unless otherwise indicated the patient's words are always in sync and spoken in front of the camera. She is always played by the same performer. The words within the square brackets have been elided from the soundtrack.

1. Patient (*She begins to speak as soon as her voice-over has ended—". . . shuddered in recollection."*): I'd like to keep going. Maybe something productive will come of don't be surprised at anything you hear. . . . So . . . living with contradiction. You know I've never threatened you with. . . . I've never held the threat of [suicide] over your head . . . an average of five or six blacks executed by hanging every Monday morning for political terrorism at Pretoria's central prison, according to reliable reports . . . rejection and disappointment are two things I've always found impossible to take. Look, it's very simple. We got married to get his first wife's demands for more child support off his back. Marriage didn't mean shit to me—neither commitment nor capitulation. My mother and father had already had two children before they got married. It was strictly a legal formality dictated by embarrassment and linguistic [ignorance]. And you know something else? There appears to be no instance in nineteenth-century Russia in which a man followed his wife into exile in Siberia. So what about feelings? Once they are revealed, the future is as closed as ever. Then I went to bed. Shortly afterward he came over and was ready to leave but I said, "Oh come on in." Then I put in my diaphragm. We talked. He said, "I'm not a sex machine." We talked. Ok, ok. Rapport-achievement time was exactly thirty-two minutes and ten seconds a chronically retreating promise, a promise that finally could no longer be invoked to justify habit. An exemplary life lacks the eagerness of a mistreated dog. (*Pause. She opens her mouth, moves forward in chair as if to speak, then leans back without having said anything. Dissolve.*)

2. If I seem to have gained a hard-won dignity, it's thin ice over a bottomless lake of disbelief. When the first test of my weight shatters the ice, I can say, "See, what did I tell you? You sell fata morgana." Being moved isn't going to get us anywhere, either, not anymore anyway. The funny thing is that if I behave as though I'm not so [fragile, then it is] more a matter of deploying the bourgeois artist even at the expense of artistic activity. Might not the interruption of my artistic career be an essential part of a new function? But what do *you* know from symbolic illumination? Bupkiss. Forgive me, I have no right to blame *you* for my not being in a situation where I can say, "We have begun a great thing. Two generations perhaps will succumb in the task,

and yet it must be done." (*Pause.*) And don't give me that blindfold look, without expression, like a dead rabbit's. Well, yes, every now and then I would get a shooting pain somewhere deep inside, like in an organ, and then there would be nothing. But now it makes me think of *her*, and her last days, monitoring her diseased body as she must have done, and waiting for her chance—taxes paid, son's day off, it had to be done before Passover. Mayakovsky wrote, "I don't recommend it for others." *He* would rather daydream about a golden future than focus on the frustrating present, whereas I would rather focus on the tolerable present than think about the terrible future. (*This is spoken in unison by patient and therapist:*) You must think that's funny. (*From here to "desires" she "baby-talks."*) Yes. Sometimes I lie on my back with my legs up when the sun is out. Not making babies. I've got a sun dress and white knickers and new shoes. It's all on the wrong foot. I can't see you because you are black; when I am away from you I don't think about you. I'm not going to remember if I can help it. Ah, what's this? (*She picks up something from the desk.*) This is nice. Mender, teacher, cook, dustbin, other. What's this? (*She picks up something else.*) Prosecutor, banker, industrialist. It's no good. Have you got a seashell anywhere? I want the sound. I am the wind. I am American. I have no desires. (*The phone rings.*) Look out. (*Female therapist answers phone. A male voice says, "Breathing."*)

3. (*Male therapist hangs up receiver. From here to ". . . person I invent" the film has been flipped left to right in the editing so that the patient herself appears to be "talking out of the wrong side of her mouth."*) Patient: I know, the essential element in being alive. You have a large mouth that can approximate a smile when one corner rises at the end of a sniff. But it doesn't fool anyone. It is really a sneer. You always seem to be talking out of the side of your mouth. You too are the person I invent.

They said only the most guilty would be chosen as targets. Body into words, words into action, maybe later. . . . No, I *didn't* hear of anyone voting for the metric system, if only to make new mistakes, invent moral facts, transcend Duchamp's beauty of indifference, [violate] children, understand the motives that prompted my act, think about The People, holy causes, the war of humanity against its enemies, maybe later. Think about the earmarks of leaping through hoops, consuming debts, things worth the trouble, tests of devotion, genetic codes for opening refrigerator doors, onward onward, simple precautions against [suicide], but not before I have come to an understanding of motive and purpose, patient patience, in the case of Sofia Bardina, 1883, in exile in Geneva, physically deteriorated, without friends, in the case of Alexander Berkman, harassment, neglect, sick, despondent, 1936, in Nice, apropos of which I've been noticing [that many people are a lot nicer] when they are tired [or sad]. I mean being . . . no, going . . . mm, or doing . . . making . . . (*long pause; then she looks straight at therapist*) . . . living forever.

Therapist: A bad cold would cure me of that desire.

Patient: Actually, West Berlin has the highest suicide rate in the world. (*Fade-out; end of Section I.*)

A Brief Excerpt from Section II

(*Crawling titles rise from bottom of frame, white-on-black:*)

In January, 1972, the minister-presidents of the ten states that comprise the Federal Republic of Germany decided to exclude Marxist teachers, lawyers, would-be civil servants—even bus drivers—from public employment. Such blackballing was seen as a weapon against rapidly increasing successes by the Left in West German education. Chancellor Willy Brandt himself signed a *Berufsverbot.*

In May, 1972, bombs exploded in the officers' mess of the Fifth U.S. Army Corps in Frankfurt; at police headquarters in Augsburg; in the car of the wife of Federal Judge Wolfgang Buddenberg, who had signed most of the warrants for the arrest of Baader-Meinhof members; in the lavatories of the Springer building in Hamburg; in front of the clubhouse of the U.S. Army Supreme Headquarters in Heidelberg. In all, thirty-six people were injured and four died. The Red Army Faction claimed responsibility. In the following month you were surrounded by police as your lover cut your hair by a country road near Cologne. Your activity—along with the sticks of rhubarb lying on the back seat of your car—marked you both as suspicious characters.

On Thursday, June 2, 1972, at 7:30 A.M., Andreas Baader, Holger Meins, and Jean-Carl Raspe were captured in Frankfurt.

On Tuesday, June 7, 1972, at 1:30 P.M., Gudrun Ensslin was captured in Hamburg.

On Wednesday, June 15, 1972, at 7:00 P.M., Ulrike Meinhof was captured in Hanover.

(*The recurrent images that accompany the following voices-over include aerial tracking over Stonehenge and the Berlin Wall; views from train windows and apartment windows in Berlin, London, and New York City; tracking along Berlin streets; objects on a mantlepiece; and interior architectural details.*)

She: (*reads*) "I was invited to become an agent of the Executive Committee of the People's Will. I agreed. My past experience had convinced me that the only way to change the existing order was by force. If any group in our society had shown me a path other than violence, perhaps I would have followed it; at the very least, I would have tried it out. But, as you know, we didn't have a free press in our country, and so ideas could not be spread by the written word. I saw no signs of protest—neither in the rural governments nor in the courts, nor in any of the other organized groups of our society; nor was literature producing changes in our social life. And so I concluded that violence was the only solution. I could not follow the peaceful path." (*Sound of cabinet doors opening and closing.*) What're you looking for?

He: Flour.

She: There . . . no, lower.

He: Ah, got it. . . . Who wrote that?
She: Vera Figner.
He: Y' know, there's really no basis for comparison. . . .
She: Mmm . . . It's interesting: one of the first violent things Meinhof did was to lead a bunch of people in tearing up that house in Hamburg where she had lived with her husband and two children. He had been unfaithful to her. . . . It would be so easy to make a connection. . . .
He: Gossip, pure gossip. And it's *not* that interesting. It has nothing to do with her politics.
She: What—his infidelities or her tearing up the house?
He: Both. She didn't turn to violence as a political option because of *him*. And even if she had . . .
She: But such things can't be entirely ignored. . . .
He: If you ask *me*, they *should* be. . . . Well, tell me, why not?
She: Because they happened, that's why. Because it shows a muddled vindictive streak in her nature that got in the way of her social thinking. A lot of their violent acts were carried out in a spirit of personal revenge rather than social justice, or even expediency.
He: Do . . . you . . . have (*rattling of silverware*)
She: What?
He: Never mind . . . paring knife . . . um . . . yes . . . so . . . cial . . . justice. . . . You're still thinking of your beloved nineteenth-century Russians, aren't you?

Section III

(*Again the enormous space that contains the "essential relationships": patient to therapist, daughter to parent, mother to child, person to person, spoken fantasy to filmic illusion, interior to light of day, individual to society. The therapist is still male.*)

4. Patient: Mariannenplatz. No dreams. All this Berlin nostalgia. Cheek frozen to a mirror for five days. The pit above my left eye grew terrifyingly large, a gaping hole through which I could see my brain lying there like a piece of stale bread beside the tracks of the old tramline that emerge from beneath the Wall and disappear into the asphalt hardly six feet away. . . . (*She keels forward, immediately sits up.*) Ugh. No dreams. Much spaghetti, pulpy mass. Must stay alert, the head is the first sense to go. Talking cures. Walls of waterlogged palindromes. Days filled with nonevents: train stations, aching shoulders, three days of carbohydrate-and-sugar consumption. Some people don't seem to notice their own body changes. Changes of the spirit, the weather, sleeping cycles, dreams. But when they awaken their bodies are still gone. They eat without hunger and their food is digested in their absence. No gas, no swelling, no awareness of minute changes in the

distribution of weight. One day they can't button their pants and they say, "Oh I must have gained weight." Or one day they find one leg shorter than the other. Drink wine, eat salt, quell untidy desire with candy kisses. I can predict exactly where new pressures of clothing will occur the next day—buttocks, thighs, belly, breasts—what new topography will appear on my face: creases and barrows as conspicious as the scars slashed by two world wars into the soil of Europe. Then one day they electrocute themselves on a fan in a hotel room in Bangkok. Now it is women who die forlorn and solitary deaths in warm climates, isn't it? (*She stops talking, pauses, unwraps a stick of gum, puts it in mouth.*)

Girl's voice: Friday, September 28. What did I put down that date for? The tears are here again. Brush them away. Something just happened. Mama just finished listening to one of those one-hour dramas, a real tragedy. She said, "I shouldn't listen to those stories, they really move me too much. But I don't know what else to do with my time." And the tears came. Sometimes I feel an overwhelming tenderness for her. I don't know if it's love. Right now I am being strangely moved by my feeling for her. Daddy is away. I am relieved when he goes away, yet I often pity him. I look at the picture of them on my dresser. I have always loved that photograph. He was thirty-four and she was twenty-nine. They were young once and joyous together. What happened?

Patient: What? What do *I* know about family life? Family life. . . . In families everyone talks very fast. Everyone changes the subject. Everyone talks louder than everyone else. Everyone asks for things. Everyone tells everyone else what to do and what's what. Everyone knows what love is. Some members of the family don't say anything. (*She removes gum and continues to talk. We don't hear her.*)

Girl's voice: Bitterness and anger have claimed my father, and my mother has become petty with her physical grievances. I gaze at their youth and try to fathom something that is much too big for me. What are my troubles but inconspicuous nonentities when placed beside this titanic force that haunts and dwarfs me? What a funny phrase—inconspicuous nonentities. Nonentities are extremely inconspicuous.

5. Patient: Rueful smile. Once when we were making love the thought came to me—what a waste that the flow of our pleasure should begin and end with ourselves. Just once. And once before that as I started to masturbate, my mind was invaded by the image of American soliders forcing a hand grenade into the vagina of a Vietnamese woman. Only once such a thought. He had the biggest hard-on I had ever seen in my life. I admit I had been indiscreet, but you have to realize how young and innocent I was then. I did whatever anyone wanted me to do. My friend—this guy I had gone to the party with—we got very drunk and it just seemed like the most natural thing in the world to go into the back room and . . . and then it seemed perfectly natural to tell the guy I was living with about it the next day. After all, I told him everything, didn't I? Well, he got pretty mad, but the very night he also got such an enormous erection as I had never seen the likes of. It scared me half to death. What in God's name had turned

him on like that? It couldn't have been *me.* Shall I now subsume history under memory, confuse memory with dreaming, call dreaming seeing? Or push for some cheap theatrical effects and simply reverse at a moment's notice? Listen: (*She reads.*) "I walked twice around the room. Then I said to him, 'I greatly value our good relations, but I don't love you.'" (*She stops reading.*) We came back through the checkpoint at midnight. It was like rushing to avoid turning into a pumpkin. We went immediately to a bar. While there, we went out twice and came back with pizza. There was a franticness and restlessness. Later when we talked about it he said he always felt cold when he came back. (*She again reads.*) "But now she was beginning to lie. She spoke with passion, but she didn't believe what she was saying." (*She stops reading.*) Now it is women who have obscure crises of will in cold climates, isn't it? (*Dissolve.*)

6. (*Therapist is now a woman, as before.*) Patient: Mariannenplatz. I saw two women sitting by the Wall. One woman's right hand and forearm were covered with mud. Lingering on their faces where their beauty lies like a fish in sand and the unique stupidity that comes with a certain kind of self-absorption or that excess of sensitivity that comes so early and stays so long. Freud lived in an unpretentious building of eclectic design. The facade of the lower part is Renaissance style while the upper part is decorated with classical-revival detail. Marble fasciae, sunburst ebony inlays, carved white oak depositories. The famous director had lunch with the famous conductor and said, "There are no poor people here in Berlin, are there?" Embossed mirrors, ivory-inlaid cornices, mahogany paneling, marble hips. Georgian survival, gilded scagliola, granite piers, the results are in: you, being a properly constituted authority, can lead me to believe I am completely lacking in redeeming social value. Pure white Pentelic marble, twenty-three carat gold leaf, marble dust stucco flaking from a lifetime of ignoring male workers, avoiding their sexual stares. The *Gästarbeiters* in West Berlin—the immigrant Turks, Yugoslavs, Greeks—were no different in this respect from anywhere else. What I mean is that I have to be careful. I find the idea of an authoritarian regime expropriating individual moral responsibility—I find this much too attractive. Such expropriation is just one step removed from institutionalized proof of one's worth, or being rewarded for talent and effort which is like being congratulated for living, and being congratulated for breathing by duly constituted authority is just one step away from institutionalized proof of my expendability. All this is much too irresistible, don't ask me why just now. How do I get from here to. . . . How do I get from here to egalitarian relations? I'll just *pretend* I'm there: True equality means extreme uncertainty. Who knows, true equality might even lead to a struggle for . . . you know, I can't even imagine what it might lead to. How do I get from here to loyalty, commitment, and relatedness to people? Well, you may be right when you say my capacity for these things is as fishy as the glue that holds together the cooling pipes in nuclear reactors. So what should I do, trade in my overriding contempt for a little despair? (*Dissolve.*)

7. (*A man is standing on a chair in the background. Female therapist remains.*) Patient: I tried that already. And people *still* exist *for* me rather than *with* me. (*She stops talking.*)

She (*voice-over*): Emma Goldman describes visiting a factory in Petrograd in 1920. She found it in a forlorn state, many of the machines deserted, the place filthy and neglected. A new decree had just been enacted "militarizing" labor. She saw armed soldiers, the same men who had fought side by side with the workers during the October days, now installed over the workers as watchdogs. The number of officials and overseers had also increased. She writes, "'Of the seven thousand employed here, only two thousand are actual producers,' an old worker near me remarked. It had been hard enough to work on empty stomachs when they were not being driven. Now with the presence of the soldiers and the inequality of the rations it was altogether impossible."

Patient: Here we are, locked in this hermetic, sclerotic embrace, beholden to no one. So *what* if we are the world? You owe me everything; I owe you nothing. Nothing but money. Paying you money gets me off the hook. What else do you want? Hm, funny thing for me to be asking *you*. But if equality between you and me is the issue, no one is measuring the virtues and achievements of one against those of the other. . . . (*Five-second pause*). Except maybe me. Oh Christ, why won't an asteroid land on us now? Why won't someone please get me off the cusp of this plague, this ellipsis, suspension, anticipation, this retraction, denial, digression, irony, this ravenousness for admiration, this contemptuousness of those who provide it. It's probably true that this contagion started spreading in the seventeenth century when they brought in silvered mirrors, self-portraits, chairs instead of benches, the self-contemplative self, and the personal as a . . . slave? . . . the personal as a slave of autonomy and perfectibility. By now it's quite clear that where proleptic capitalism is concerned, both self-discovery and speaking past each other are express stops on the way to carpeting the ceiling. I asked them how to say "bow-wow" in German. His friend said to him, "Why is she asking that?" The reply came back, "Oh you know these Americans: they're curious about everything." Do you know that every time your pulse throbs, one more human being has come into the world?

8. (*Cut to new shot. Therapist is now a nine-year-old boy. Man still standing on chair.*)
Therapist (*barks*): Wau-wau!

Patient: I had room for one elective, so I signed up for a course with Bob Hope. His first line was so ridiculous that I walked out.

Therapist: What did he say?

Patient: The course was called "The American Presence in Berlin" and his first words were: quote, a slow and protracted copulation which gave equal pleasure to both parties, unquote. Let's put it this way: You can't feel motherly and horny at the same time. Intake, fertilization, gestation, exhaust. It must sound a little gross to use the internal combustion engine as a model for procreation; it makes the newborn sound like a piece of shit. Mm . . . it wasn't supposed to come off quite that way. I'm very sensitive to something you quoted from Virginia Woolf sometime back, something nice about motherhood. . . . No,

can't remember. Anyway, since motherhood has always been as alien to me as manhood. . . . (*She continues to talk. We don't hear her.*)

9. (*Dissolve into new shot. Boy is replaced by woman therapist. Man continues to stand on chair in background. He gets down after "stink-cabbage."*) Patient (*talks for about ten seconds; we don't hear her*): Oh God, here it is again: equality. If you and I are equal, then I owe you nothing. Yes, I think I've finally got it: If you and I are on the same footing, I owe you nothing because, as a consequence, you then become like me—a shit, in my eyes. However, if I am more than you, then insofar as I am an ethical person I will be generous toward you. And if I am less than you I will be grateful and beholden, especially if I need you. But just you watch out when I feel like your equal: I'll walk out without a backward glance and why should you *mind*? After all, if I am as good as you then you are no better than me, which makes both of us into shits, [so why bother? Aaaa]aaahhhh (*long wail with flailing of hands*). How much longer must passion and intellect be put off by such stink-cabbage?! (*Ten-second pause.*) No, we're not nearly there. The worst of my malignancies are still to come. At the risk of bragging, let me put it this way: You know how I hate famous people, especially live ones. What I am about to confess is so embarrassing that I must resort to the third person singular. I must also emphasize that this person—whoever she is—is the embodiment of a specific social malaise for which neither she nor I can be held accountable. Much as I would have liked to believe I am unaffected by the corruptions of modern life—and we're talking about *me* now—me, your original independent woman earning her own living, thinking her own thoughts, carving her own coattails. Then one day whadyya know, there she is being courted by Samuel Beckett, pursued across the ocean by Samuel Beckett, fallen in love with by Samuel Beckett. And then guess what? The very next day—and this is after two days of sex and loving companionship with Samuel Beckett *très délicieux*—There he is, buying her clothes, with her along of course, in . . . in . . .

Therapist: Bloomingdale's?

Patient: Ok, Bloomingdale's . . . and all she ever really wanted was [a hug] and a cuddle. Not shoes, believe me, not shoes. Look, you can tell me till you're blue in the face that you're not God. I may agree momentarily, but I'm not going to believe you, not for love or money. And I can talk to you until *I'm* blue in the face all about modes of production and exchange, surplus value, commodity fetishism, and object-cathexis. But when the chips are down who do we find in Bloomingdale's spending the sperm?

Therapist: What did you say?

Patient: You heard me. I said, ["spending the sperm."] And then to top it off I said to him, "I don't want to harden myself against my distress as the only way of coping with it." He misunderstood and thought I wanted to pardon myself for my new dress.

Therapist: *Who* misunderstood?

Patient: Samuel Beckett, goddammit, Samuel Beckett! (*She is shouting.*) And furthermore, my cunt is *not* a castrated cock. If anything, it's a heartless asshole! (*At "castrated cock" the contents of a bucket of water are thrown across the frame, left to right, in slow-motion, without sound.*)

(*The phone rings. Therapist answers. A male voice speaks:*) "My daddy called me Cookie. I'm really a good girl. I'll go along with anything as long as you'll like me a little. I'll even promise not to bring up all that business about being such a low element, such primeval slime, such. . . ." (*Woman therapist bangs down receiver.*)

10. (*It rings immediately. Boy therapist picks it up. There is now a rowboat on the desk, and the patient is wearing "slinky glasses." Same male voice continues:*) ". . . such an amoeba, such an edible *thing*. I'm not one for fussing. Not like those movie women: Katy Hepburn facing the dawn in her posh pad with stiff upper chin. Merle Oberon facing the Nazi night with hair billowing in the electric breeze. Roz Russell sockin' the words 'n' the whiskey to the best of them. Rita Hayworth getting shot in the mirror and getting her man. Jane Wyman smiling through tears. I never faced the music, much less the dawn; I stayed in bed. I never socked anything to anybody; why rock the boat? I never set out to get my man, even in the mirror; they all got me. I never smiled through my tears; I choked down my terror. I never had to face the Nazis, much less their night. Not for me that succumbing in the great task because it must be done; not for me the heart beating in incomprehensible joy; not for me the vicissitudes of class struggle; not for me the uncertainties of political thought. . . .

Patient: It isn't as though I haven't been through pain. I've been in the hospital, woken up screaming from the surgeon's knife, shivered and rattled all night between the ice blankets. No matter how bad it gets in the hospital, you know that no one wants to make it worse. This may be thin consolation at the moment of pain, yet it is light years away from. . . . (*She continues to talk; we don't hear her.*)

She (*voice-over*): This is by Angelica Balabanoff: "I knew that I was a very fortunate person. The suffering and struggle of these intervening years—unlike those of my childhood and youth—had meaning and dignity because they were linked to those of humanity."

(*Patient stops talking. Boy therapist still has receiver pressed to his ear. Same male voice continues:*) ". . .not for me a struggle for meaning and dignity. As for humanity, save it for the Marines, not for me. I'm nothing but a. . . ." (*Boy therapist slams down the receiver.*)

11. (*As it lands he is replaced by woman therapist. The rowboat also disappears; the desk is now empty save for the patient's purse.*) He (*voice-over*): He thought it would be

easy, because weak women had done it. Shortly before he died he spoke of plans to carpet the ceiling. (*Patient reaches for comb in her purse, which is on the desk.*)

12. *Series of six close-ups tracing the passage of comb to hand, to head, to other hand, to other side of head, and back to purse.*

13. *Close-up of patient's hand flicking lint from sweater or jacket.*

14. *Close-up of startled bird flying up into the air. Black-and-white, with sound.*

15. *Slow-motion dummy auto crash test. Fade out; end of Section III.*

Section V

Image	*Sound*
(*Printed titles rise from bottom of frame:*)	*Sounds of eating, silverware, plates, etc.*
Early in the morning of Sunday, May 9, 1976, Ulrike Meinhof allegedly hanged herself in her Stammheim prison cell in Stuttgart. She was forty-one years of age.	*Also muffled sounds from the "neighbors" which are heard intermittently throughout the film when "he" and "she" speak.*
On April 28, 1977, Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin, and Jean-Carl Raspe were sentenced to life-long imprisonment for murder in four cases and attempted murder in thirty-four cases.	
On the morning of Tuesday, October 18, 1977, Baader and Raspe shot themselves and Ensslin hanged herself in their Stammheim prison cells. Baader was thirty-four years of age, Raspe thirty-three, Ensslin thirty-seven. The manner of their deaths has been questioned in some quarters.	He: It might have been the guards. . . . I doubt if the government conspired. . . . She: . . . something really fishy about those deaths. . . . How did the guns . . . specially constructed penitentiary. . . . The place was built expressly for *them*. . . .
(*Titles disappear at the top of frame.*)	

Image

Fade in on close-up of woman therapist's hands handling 8 × 10 photos of "Russian Amazons," movie stars (Hayworth, Oberon, Hepburn, etc.) and Ulrike Meinhof, Emma Goldman, and Alexander Berkman. Camera dollies back to original position. People in the background are now looking out of the windows, and the patient is reading a book. There is a new set in the background: a staircase going nowhere. Nearby a heavy wooden desk over which is suspended a lamp. A man is seated at the desk, reading.

Sound

He: It might have been easy to smuggle stuff in. Baader had 800 books in his cell, a tape recorder, record player, TV set . . . but the matter of Irmgard Möller . . . she survived after . . . nothing's been heard. . . .

She: If it's true, what a tour de force, huh? All four together. . . . Communiqués have been published supposedly written by them: "Our last and strongest weapon is our bodies, a weapon which we have used collectively and with which we have threatened . . ."

He: This one is attributed to Baader: "They can't prevent a prisoner dying—which means in any case—they will be responsible . . . in the eyes of the public (and it will happen in public) this murder will remain their responsibility."

She: . . . that hoodlum.

Patient: All right. Mariannenplatz, 1971. Come to a full stop. Turn your back on noisy self-effacement; declare your memories bankrupt; put your papers in order; pay all the bills; feed the cat; conduct a perfectly calm, productive meeting, even make a few jokes. What's the difference: the decision has been made, no need to fear that your mind will be changed. It was even possible to stand my own company—the first time in weeks—now that the decision had been made. It really doesn't matter what the circumstances were—love, work, money, exile—self-imposed or otherwise. It's always one or two of those, isn't it, or three. . . . So why did I choose the option, that monstrous flight, that search for a final exit? . . . Like the search for the unicorn that may eventually be captured in Nepal, affection grows more difficult than it used to be . . . and regard for life.

Image	*Sound*
Stonehenge.	Girl's voice: October 3rd. Yesterday I had a driving lesson. There were only the three of us: Mr. Hyinke, Margot, and I. We were out in the Parkside somewhere, around Thirty-seventh and Rivera. I was driving. I was slowing down at an intersection, looking to the left and then to the right. There on the lawn across the street were two dogs having sexual intercourse. The male was crouched over the bitch, straining and pushing. I had never seen two dogs in the sex act, and I was interested. But the others were there, and immediately after seeing the dogs I felt like an electric shock this terrible shame. I could feel it, see it, taste it, smell it. I was possessed by shame. Why, why? In these last one or two years, even while I have come to look upon sexual love as necessary to life and happiness and have broadened my ideas about sex so much, I have developed an overwhelming fear of and perhaps unconscious aversion to it. This state is certainly a paradox, but nevertheless true.
Therapy session.	Patient: I walked to the drugstore to get the last prescription filled, impervious to the brilliant fall sky.
Apotheke across a Berlin street.	She: . . . unlike the victim of torture in Iran who, in her choicelessness, was able to write, "I know that I shall never see another sunset. In a sense, I am glad. The burns on my feet are all infected and the pliers used on me have left nasty gashes. . . ."
	Patient: It never crossed my mind that I might never see another brilliant fall sky.
	She: Later on she writes, "It is your strength against theirs. It is your faith in a high cause, namely the defeat of an inhuman enemy who has forgotten all feelings of kindness, understanding, and compassion."
Therapy session.	Patient: Why remark on the sky when it would have not the slightest effect on my decision!
Tracking over objects.	She: What do you suppose people mean when they use the word "humanity?" It sounds so pretentious. Here, for instance: ". . . for to torture without compunction requires the complete denial of one's own humanity."
	He: What's pretentious about it? The word simply describes

Image	*Sound*
	what one has in common with other people—being human, capable of joy and suffering.
Therapy session.	Patient: I suspect the worst: There never was any humanity there to deny.
	Therapist: Your suspicions aren't evidence.
	Patient: I disagree. In this case my suspicions are the very corpus delicti. I plead guilty to an absence of humanity.
	Therapist: Yes, I do seem to remember your saying that even your asshole had no heart.
	Patient: Don't worry; I'm well aware of more plausible excuses: such as my injurious past. A cruel father, a doting father, an indifferent mother, a dead mother; I was the only child, first child, youngest, middle; I grew up in poverty, wealth, the nineteenth century? My daddy called me Cookie? My grandfather fled a pogrom?
Tracking over objects.	She: Angelica Balabanoff was the youngest of nine children. Olga Liubatovich's mother died when she was an adolescent. Elizaveta Kovalskaia's mother was a serf. Emma Goldman's father beat her. Vera Figner had elegance, education, intelligence, and the ability to conduct herself properly in all social circles. Vera Zasulich's father never sat her on his knee or called her Cookie. A racial bigot who had been accused and acquitted of bombing a synagogue burst into tears one day and sobbed that his mother always hated him and somehow he was getting back at her.
Stonehenge.	Girl's voice: Everything I've written has been put down for the benefit of some potential reader. It is a titanic task to be frank with myself. I fear my own censure. Even my thoughts sometimes appear to my consciousness in a certain form for the benefit of an imaginary mind reader. And strangely enough, *I* am that reader of these pages; *I* am that reader of this mind. I have very strong impressions of my childhood "acting." Up to a few years ago, whenever I was alone I would "perform." I don't think I did anything unusual or dramatic at these times, but the things I did do I did with the thought in mind that I was being watched. Now this reaction is becoming more and more unconscious, having been transmitted to my actions,

Image	*Sound*
	speech, writing, and my thoughts. This last is the most unfortunate of all.
Therapy session.	Therapist: All right. All right. For the sake of argument I'll concede your point. You're inhuman and no better than the torturer. . . . So! (*very grandly*) What is to be done?! (*pause, then laughing*) How about a stake through the heart?
Stonehenge.	Girl's voice: Sunday, November 18th. How hard I try to convince myself that man is intrinsically good. If this were not so, what would be the use of trying to be good oneself? I think that by a good person I mean one who does not feel compelled to satisfy the demands of his ego. Such a one will be at peace at least with himself and will be able to accept himself as he is. Only then will he be able to love others. It is only with the conviction that his love will arouse the Good that lies dormant behind every soul's facade of hypocrisy and selfishness that one should seriously try to eradicate the querulous cries of the ego. For hypocrisy is itself hypocrisy, murky water that obscures the face of the seeking self.
Therapy session.	Therapist: . . . or an enema of gentian root, garlic, and bezoar stone every morning for ten days?
Stonehenge.	Girl's voice: I saw my ego staring me in the face. I ceased to listen to what they were saying because I saw that what I had been saying did not come from myself. What is my self and what is my ego? Who is the I and the self and the ego? Show me this monster who claws my senses and I will rend him to pieces.
Therapy session.	Therapist (*reading aloud*): "Freud said that the ego can kill itself only if, owing to the return of the object-cathexis, it can treat itself as an object. . . . In the two most opposed situations of being most intensely in love and of suicide, the ego is overwhelmed by the object, though in totally different ways."
View through gallery windows.	She: Energetic, cheerful, and serene, Isaev always enlivened the group. At the same time, he was sternly conscientious; according to him, serving the revolution inevitably meant restricting your personal life. "Personal renunciation," he would say, "doesn't mean renouncing one's identity, but rather

Image	*Sound*
	renouncing one's egoism." All of Isaev's life forces and human aspirations were directed to the revolutionary cause. "Our task, our supreme task, is to gain justice for our Russian people," he frequently repeated.
Tracking over objects.	Patient: It was almost like having a sense of mission. If a stone can have conviction and purpose, then that describes the way I moved unswervingly toward my objective.
Therapy session.	Therapist: . . . (*laughing*) or should we apply a plaster of pigeon dung to your feet? . . . Come on, Annette, (*in exasperation*) sit up straight, sit up.
	Patient: How little I want to know what lies ahead. (*She leans forward.*) Listen to me, will you? I'm trying to get at something . . . the matter of conscious choice. For me the exercise of choice always meant disregard of feelings. It still does, only now for different reasons.
Tracking over objects.	She: Political imperatives have always been meaningless to me unless I started from scratch.
	He: How so?
	She: I don't easily empathize with other people's lives. Each time, I had to struggle for that as though for the first time. It never became a habitual reflex.
Therapy session.	Patient: You always gave me the benefit of the doubt, didn't you? You accorded me the dignity which you thought I might eventually allow myself and others. I waited for that day to arrive, but it never did.
	Neither your efforts nor the things I achieved by my own—here and outside—ever brought about the change I so longed for.
View through loft windows.	He: What about something like abortion rights? You had no trouble at all knowing where you stood on legislation cutting off abortion funds for poor women. I mean, you were able to empathize with poor women without batting an eye. So what's all this starting-from-zero stuff?
Therapy session.	Patient: Somehow I always thought that that great American invention, "being in touch with your feelings," would make a

Image	*Sound*
	better person out of me. What a shock to discover that feelings can erode not only one's best interests but one's conscience. How shocking to discover that decisions are often so much easier to make without "being in touch" with one's fear, anger, and envy.
View throught loft windows.	She: But that's just the point: I *don't* empathize with poor women, even on *that* issue. Some things are easy to take a stand on because they're so obviously unjust, and one has moral obligations and habits. What I'd really like to have are moral, or ethical, *feelings*, maybe even instincts, if that were only possible. He: What do you think of this: "Principles and the inner life are alibis the moment they cease to animate external and everyday life." That's Merleau-Ponty, 1947. She: Read it again? He: "Principles and the inner life are alibis the moment they cease to animate external and everyday life."
Therapy session.	Patient: . . . and yes, how shocked I was to discover that some feelings are just plain foreign to me, so foreign that I find it hard to say the words for them. (*Pause.*) Therapist: Are you going to try?
Tracking over objects.	She: Nnoo. . . . It doesn't apply. I'm not looking for a way out. I don't spend time every morning worrying about who picked the coffee beans that went into the coffee I'm drinking, whether he's sick or well, whether he has a radio, a wife and eight children, whether he works twelve or fourteen hours a day, whether he's working or sleeping while I linger over my second cup of coffee.
Therapy session.	(*Patient doesn't speak, but looks blankly at the desk.*) Patient's voice-over: Kindness, understanding, . . . compassion. Therapist (*reading*): "There is another principle which, having been bestowed on us to moderate, on certain occasions, the impetuosity of egoism, or, before its birth, the desire of self-preservation, tempers the ardour with which we pursue our own welfare, by an innate repugnance at seeing a fellow creature suffer. I think I need not fear contradiction in holding humans to be possessed of the only natural virtue, which could

Image	*Sound*
	not be denied them by the most violent detractor of human virtue. I am speaking of compassion, which is a disposition suitable to creatures so weak and subject to so many evils as we certainly are: by so much the more universal and useful to humanity, as it comes before any kind of reflection; and at the same time so natural, that the very brutes themselves sometimes give evident proofs of it."
Tracking over objects.	She: Well, all right, obviously I do occasionally think of those coffee beans. Mmm. . . . (*long pause*) This is going to sound sappy, but I'll say it anyway. . . . I'd like permission to make mistakes. . . .
	He (*after pause*): Who's stopping you?
Stonehenge.	Girl's voice: I will learn to love myself; then I will love humanity.
Therapy session.	Patient: I had no compassion for the life I wanted to end. I had succeeded in suppressing everything—thought, feeling, doubt—everything. I had achieved complete autonomy and perfect detachment. I was a free agent. I was empty and impregnable at one and the same time.
Tracking over objects.	She: I just now made up my mind: I'm going to stop trying to become a better person. There's no adding up correct social behavior like revolutions on a prayer wheel. It's hopeless. They'll never let me in, so I might just as well attend to what has to be done right now, whether or not I myself benefit.
	He: What kind of benefit did you want?
View through loft windows.	She: Oh . . . right feeling, passion maybe—the kind of passionate conviction the Russian Amazons had. I know it's pure fantasy.
	He: And what about mistakes?
Therapy session.	Patient: Nothing has changed.
	She: Well, if you accept your own fallibility, and don't have such a stake in your own . . .
	Patient: It could happen again.
Loft windows.	She: . . . in your own development . . . one might conceivably take greater risks . . .

Image	*Sound*
Therapy session.	Therapist: You're the one who used the word "invention."
	She: . . . in argument . . .
	Patient: Huh? Oh, you mean if there were no compassion we would have to invent it!
Loft windows.	She: . . . risks in using one's power . . .
Therapy session.	Patient: Hmm. . . . Suicide, then, can be seen as a failure of imagination . . .
Loft windows.	She: . . . for the benefit of others . . .
Therapy session.	Patient: . . . a failure to imagine what may lie outside one's own experience . . .
	She: . . . working with people . . .
	Patient: . . . a failure to imagine a world . . .
Loft windows.	She: . . . inhabiting one's own history . . .
	Patient: . . . where conscious choice . . .
	She: . . . resisting inequities close at hand . . .
Therapy session.	Patient: . . . and effort . . .
	She: . . . risks in love . . .
	Patient: . . . might produce mutual respect . . .
	She: . . . mistakes . . .
	Patient: . . . between you and me.
Loft windows.	She: I'd like to read one last thing: a letter from Meinhof to Hannah Krabbe when they were in prison, Meinhof in Stammheim and Krabbe in Ossendorf.
	He: Who's Hannah Krabbe?
	She: She was a member of the Socialist Patients' Collective that originated in the Psychiatric-Neurological Clinic of Heidelberg University. . . . Uh, she and some others blew up the German Embassy in Stockholm, uh, in 1975 when the German government refused to meet their demand for the release of imprisoned RAF people. The letter is dated March 23, 1976, less than two months before Meinhof died.

Converted video footage: A woman—identifiable as one of the two from the music lesson—sits in medium close-up in a very dark room and addresses someone just to the left of the camera. From her tearful monologue (which begins "Dear Mama") we learn that she is living in Berlin and has just seem a film, Morgen Beginnt das Leben, *directed by Werner Hochbaum in Berlin in 1935. She describes the gasps and murmurs she heard as members of the audience recognize street signs of neighborhoods that were otherwise unrecognizable. The film is their link to pre-War Berlin, a city "that is no more." By itself the monologue is somewhat sentimental. The reading of the Meinhof letter (which follows) is inserted—in segments—so that it replaces parts of the on-camera monologue.*

She (*reads*): "That's bullshit—'psychiatric' wing. Like everywhere else a policy of destruction is being followed at Ossendorf, and the psychiatrists are cooperating, just as they have designed the methods of the secret police. Psychiatry, like imperialist science in general, is a means, not and end. Psychiatrification, as a device . . ."

He: What?

She: That's what it says. "Psychiatrification, as a device of psychological warfare, aims to persuade the destroyed fighter of the pointlessness of revolutionary politics, to destroy the fighter's credibility. At the same time it is a police tactic designed to insure that political prisoners sprung by—as Buback puts it—compulsory liberation—will be of no use as recruits." Uh—Siegfried Buback was the Federal Prosecutor who was assassinated in April '77 by the RAF.

"What Bücker is doing there is not psychiatrification, it is terror. He wants to wear you down. In using terms such as therapy, brainwashing attempts, your reasoning is off, you're understanding things in psychological jargon, you are merely interpreting, whereas the attack is a frontal one.

"The Ossendorf method—like the prison method in general, except that in this case it is made aseptic, total by the perfection of the building and the penitentiary concept embodied in it and represented by Bücker and Lodt—consists in choking the prisoner until he loses his dignity," (actually the German was more like "becomes shitty") "his idea of himself, his ability to perceive terror. It's about destruction. Psychiatrification is just one aspect, one of the vehicles among others. If you allow yourself to become mesmerized by them, like a rabbit by a snake, you'll no longer notice the other goings-on.

"'No windows'—sure. But that complaint reveals your shock at the sadism with which isolation was thought out, the perfection of its execution, the totality of the destructive will of the authorities, disbelief at the intensity of the antagonism which we encountered as fighters, finally, disbelief at the fact that fascism is effectively ruling here. In fact

this is not just an allegation of ours but the exact term to describe the repression that hits you if you get involved in revolutionary politics in this state.

"They can't psychiatrize anyone who doesn't allow it. Your wailing about psychiatry mystifies isolation. One has to fight against its effectiveness, and of course you people have to wage war against the chicanery of Bücker.

"So you had better demand—no acoustical monitoring, only visual monitoring at lock-up time, just as in Stammheim. But here also we had to fight for it, until we got rid of the pig who was listening in and could squat on the floor, etc. Repression is all you're going to get unless you make an effort.

"You're an ass; you're trotting out from your sewing box the demand that we should all be put in one prison and the line 'war prisoners' as if these demands could actually be used as a threat against Müller. That's nonsense. 'We'll have to concentrate and go for the application of the Geneva Convention.' What the hell do you expect from Müller?

"We are fighting against them, and the fight will never end. They will never ease up the conditions of the fight. If you're only reasoning on the level of bourgeois morality you'll soon run short of ammunition, it's foolish. So watch yourself, for no one can do that for you while you're in isolation—not even Bernd.

Ulrike"

Half-way through the reading of the above letter, the video footage is replaced by the music lesson seen earlier, and the sounds of someone practicing a piece for baroque flute gradually become louder. The reading ends. Shortly afterwards the scene fades to black.

(Credits rise from bottom of frame.)

Civil Liberties and Repression in Germany Today*

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER

translated by SOPHIE WILKINS

The news from Germany these days may leave you wondering just what is happening there with respect to freedom and social controls, constitutional democracy and police repression. The greater your concern, the better, I'd say. The Federal Republic of West Germany depends on American public opinion. Though it may be in poor taste to say so openly, we are a protectorate of the United States. Which is why a single critical word spoken in New York has a greater impact on Bonn than 20,000 signatures on a petition in Lower Saxony or West Berlin.

Much as I would like to give you the clear, concise answers you want—it's not that simple. I'm not at all sure what they are, myself.

Getting off a plane in Hamburg or Munich, you will note that the German social scene, thirty-five years after the end of Nazi rule, looks quite civilized. No one is likely to bark at you. At government offices and savings banks you are likely to see longhaired, casually dressed young people, just as in New York and elsewhere. No one stands at attention. A certain civility tends to be generally in evidence. The army officers do not look as if their names were Erich von Stroheim. Officials will deal with you in a relaxed and upright fashion, unless, perhaps, you are a Turk or a Communist, but sometimes even then. German democracy, you may say, clearly looks like a success; and this opinion will be confirmed if you read our constitution. It happens to be rather an excellent constitution, which is by no means a dead letter; on the contrary, a quite furious struggle for its protection, its maintenance, its realization, is being waged on all sides. The newspapers and the politicians' speeches are full of it; the word *constitution* is one of the most frequently employed terms in the language. You may know that in German such notions as safeguarding the constitution, fidelity to the constitution, constitutional actions, enemies of the constitution, and the like, can be expressed as single combined words, and they constantly are.

* This essay was originally delivered as Mr. Enzensberger's contribution to a dialogue with Ramsey Clark, moderated by David Abraham, and sponsored by the PEN American Center and New York Committee for Civil Liberties in Germany.

You may wonder at so much zeal, and you may ask yourself since when have Germans been taking democracy so much to heart. Well, apart from certain isolated, brave but quickly quashed attempts at it during the nineteenth century, our country hasn't had much experience with this form of government. The Weimar Republic lasted only fourteen years, and the precariousness of its brief lifespan is no secret. Our present constitution came into being under the aegis of the Allied Occupation; malicious tongues have even insinuated that democracy was a punishment inflicted by the Western powers on the Germans for losing the war. Such outward pressure, however, is not enough to account for its having prevailed in recent decades, and for having even become a cherished habit to West Germans. In addition to the sporadic earlier manifestations of democracy just mentioned, Germany's federalist traditions may play a part here. The growth of German democracy has been fostered most of all by the political and economic conditions of the reconstruction period, calling for widespread, decentralized initiatives, integration with Western Europe, participation in the world market, cleaning off the taint of fascism, mobility, and a free flow of information. The old-style authoritarian state retreated under the pressure of outward and inward circumstances. If you give a child a new toy and then try to take it away again, you must be prepared for violent resistance. This, many a German politician has by now discovered, and more than this: that considerable part of the population that has now had a chance to learn at first hand about the advantages of democracy for decades on end regards it by no means as a toy, and doesn't even content itself with a mere defense of its rights. In the sixties we actually had something resembling democracy on the offensive; indeed, we had reached a point at which one West German head of government let himself be carried away so far as to utter the programmatic phrase that the time had come "to risk more democracy."

To read the papers today, by contrast, is hardly to trust one's eyes. Not a day goes by without some hair-raising official violation of the rules, without a scandalous court decision, without police chicanery. On our TV you can see and hear politicians who regard not only freedom itself, but even the thought of it, as intolerable, indeed out of bounds; they go out of their way to put this attitude on record in their speeches and interviews.

You may say: What next? And does it make sense? Justified questions indeed, which I ask myself every day. One thing only is clear at the outset: Anyone trying to understand or explain the German Federal Republic is caught in a dilemma. What does an intellectual do in such a fix? He comes up with a theory, or at least a hypothesis. To begin, he has to make a daring assumption: namely, that the social situation to be explained has some sort of inner logic, that it isn't totally insane. It's extremely risky, of course, yet I shall proceed on this assumption, but only for the sake of the argument, for fun, if you will, and without any real conviction.

Even apart from this basic problem the task assigned to me is enormous, virtualiy unmanageable. . . . Permit me, therefore, to prepare for it a little, so as not to be totally crushed by it. Let me start with two reservations:

There is, first, the matter of a divided Germany. I can't and won't have anything to say about the conditions in the eastern half of my country. It would be irrelevant to our subject, since the German Democratic Republic, as East Germany is known to its inhabitants, is not a democratic state. Civil rights and liberties have been denied its citizens systematically from the start. The ruling party has never once left this in doubt. East Germany does boast a constitution, and certain rituals of democratic rule such as general elections and quasiparliamentary sessions are regularly enacted. How little such documents and ceremonials actually signify has been vividly demonstrated for us by the likes of Papa Doc Duvalier and Reza Pahlavi. Such trappings fool nobody, nor are they expected to. My friends in East Berlin regard all that sort of thing as a kind of sick joke, for the secret amusement of the men at the top. This I doubt, however; in my country, one has either power or a sense of humor, never both together.

This is not to say that East Germany is run in an arbitrary fashion; on the contrary, it is chock-a-block with rules and regulations, a finely detailed network of which guards the population against social and economic vicissitudes. It also and above all rules out basic political and human rights such as freedom of movement, freedom of assembly, freedom of the press, of speech, once and for all. Every German, no matter how foolish or unsuspecting, is well aware of this, and there would be no point in mentioning it if we did not have among us in West Germany sympathizers with the GDR who nevertheless show an uncanny zeal in fighting against "repression" in West Germany. These people offer an unappealing spectacle; at least I see them as intellectually dishonest and morally insufferable.

And so I shall limit my remarks to the German Federal Republic. But even as regards West Germany, my homeland, there are limits to what I can say in the given space. The American media, led by the *New York Times*, have managed to spare you quite consistently over the last ten years the bad news regarding the setbacks suffered by democracy in our country. Perhaps they did not want to disturb the cordial relations between our two governments. I can hardly be expected to fill you in here on all that has happened in ten years. I wouldn't know where to begin. Besides, it would only add up, in the end, to the same monotonous rosary of complaints anyone coming from anywhere in the world can reel off nowadays; even Americans have had plenty of practice in this; the more predictable it becomes, the less convincing it is, strange to say. I'd rather try something different. Let me try only to sum up the terms of the public controversy about civil liberties and state repression raging in West Germany for the past ten years.

First, a brief introduction to the two parties involved. On one side we have a checkered coalition of people leery of the increase in repressive measures: old antifascists who have learned their lesson from the horrors of German history; liberals who take their convictions more seriously than it is customary for liberals to do; unionists whose politics does not exhaust itself in the struggle over distribution; Christian conscientious protesters against governmental usurpations

of power; but above all a series of infinitely splintered and discordant "movements," all spawned by the antiauthoritarian tendency of '67–68 (mostly women, ecologists, Old New and New New Leftists, as well as a rather amorphous mass of youth who have turned away, with disgust and a shrug, from establishment mendacity)—all in all a minority of millions forming, just as in the U.S., a ragged patchwork of opposition. Even though they are held together by neither a theory nor a common organization, or perhaps precisely because of this, the politicians fear them superstitiously, for this minority is vocal, tenacious, and hard to pin down, and I do not think there is any way to keep them quiet for any length of time.

On the other side of this dispute you will find those forces we are accustomed to call "conservative" and who think of themselves as such, even though they have destroyed one German status quo after another. These forces include the overwhelming share of our political class, the cadres in control of our political parties and the government apparatus.

With the dramatic roles cast like this, it's no wonder that the dispute, raging and ruthless as it is, is carried on with arguments of paralyzing monotony. The jet-propelled modernization of Germany has ground to a halt in the political sphere; here we find ourselves still entangled in conflicts dating back to 1848. The dreariness and anachronism of our struggles is precisely this, that they have to be conducted as though the bourgeois revolution lay still ahead of us, even though the militant middle class which is its backbone has long ceased to exist.

Now for the dispute. A typical opposition argument would run more or less as follows: Since 1968, constitutional democracy has been losing ground increasingly in West Germany. Major political parties and governments, courts and corporations have reacted to the shock of the student movement and to the signs of impending economic crisis with a massive rollback operation backed by the antiquated arsenal of rightwing, if not fascist, ideologies. This is accompanied by a slow but steady erosion of civil liberties, bringing us constantly closer to the repellent state of affairs familiar from anti-German TV serials in England and America: the arrogance of power, the emphasis on blind obedience to authority, on discipline, the persecution of minorities, a general social regression. We can see it happening already: job discrimination, especially in the civil service; the proposal of a law to legalize police killings, calling a summary execution on the street "a shot to save lives"; unjustified surveillance and provocation by secret services; harassment of defense lawyers; direct and indirect censorship in schools, universities, and the media.

Nonsense! Slander! cries the other side, the government, editorial writers, prosecutors. Nonsense! they say. Whatever may be wrong with West Germany, it is certainly freer, more tolerant and democratic than ever before in the history of our nation. Open dissent is placarded on every news kiosk, Marx and Engels are taught freely at all the universities, travel to all the world is unrestricted; we have enlightened teachers and pupils, parents and children, information accessible to

all who seek it, subsidies for artists gnawing away at the status quo, and reforms, reforms, reforms; we have it all. There is absolutely no atmosphere of fear, and our freedom of expression is virtually limitless. How many countries can you name, worldwide, with a comparable degree of political maturity? Your list would be strikingly brief: Holland, Denmark, Great Britain but not Ireland, the United States perhaps, and perhaps Sweden. . . . It is true that we have had to take certain measures to defend this exemplary state of affairs. But for this we can take credit rather than blame, considering that we have at least 40,000 agents of East Germany burrowing among us, as well as an unknown number of well-organized terrorists who boast that they intend to destroy our democracy by every available means. The overwhelming majority of our citizens expects and demands protection against these attacks and dangers.

Both sides argue with splendid cogency and persuasiveness. Their persuasiveness is indeed the best thing about them. You may well wonder why I have to say that I can decide for neither one of them. But I cannot recognize the realities of my country, swarming as they are with absurd self-contradictions, in these simplistic formulations. By temperament and experience I belong, of course, on the side of the democratic forces which, in Germany, has always meant the radical opposition. After all, my own house has been searched more than once, my phone has been tapped for months, if not years at a time, and in the late sixties/early seventies, I learned to recognize the plainclothesmen in the little black Volkswagen at my door so well that I was often tempted to ask them for a light when I ran out of matches. I mention this only so that you will not take me for a naive liberal, someone who doesn't know the score, when I tell you that I feel neither threatened nor afraid, even while I feel consistently irritated by our special inconsistencies. I see no reason to panic. So far, I haven't been hauled to court on account of any of my publications. While the big television networks seem to manage nicely without me, they've occasionally had me on for an interview. The contents of the review I publish would have landed me in jail in any prior period of German history. In its twelve years of publication, not a single issue has been confiscated, though we once had to pay a fine. Of course this may be owing to our being considered a harmless publication. Maybe it's just a bit of luck. I know of a number of editors, authors, and printers who have not fared so well; some of them are still locked up. There's also no denying that in our line of work, unpleasant surprises go with the job. Some years ago we published an issue dealing chiefly with the situation of political prisoners in West Germany. Shortly after we'd sent the copy to the printers, my coeditor Karl Markus Michel was visited at home by a couple of thugs who ordered him to pull the issue; they also demanded that the editors pay them a fine. They threatened to demolish Michel's apartment and to beat him up, but after a while withdrew without doing so. They had identified themselves as sympathizers of a terrorist group calling itself the Red Army Group. Two years later, to his indescribable amazement, Michel woke up at 6 a.m. to the sounds of his front door being smashed in. Within seconds his bed was surrounded

by four men pointing submachine guns at him. Unlike a Scotsman named McLeod, then living in Stuttgart, shot to death by secret police who thought he was a terrorist, because he refused to open the door to them, Michel kept his cool and didn't bat an eyelash. The visitors eventually told him that they were members of the official security forces, a division of the criminal justice department, and proceeded to search his home. In doing so they managed to leaf through every single one of his books, an impressive accomplishment considering that there were nine thousand of them. The gentlemen's conversational tone was notably correct, moving gradually toward conscious civility. Michel was given to understand that this sort of thing could after all happen to the best people. His wife was arrested and held for some weeks, her passport was confiscated, and she was expressly forbidden to leave the country. When no shred of evidence could be produced against her after a year or so, the case quietly came to rest. This story is so little out of the ordinary that most German papers ignored it.

In the six years that have passed since then, neither Michel nor his wife have had any trouble with the police. They went on with their work as if nothing had happened; and nothing more did happen. The Minister for Domestic Affairs responsible for this incident had to resign later over too flamboyant a violation of civil liberties. Mr. Maihofer, the minister in question, happens to be a member of the Liberal Party (Freie Demokratische Partei) a self-proclaimed guardian of civil liberties, and is a candidate for a professorship at the University of Constance, according to a recent notice in the press. There he will presumably lecture to law students about civil rights and on campus cross the path of Karl Markus Michel, who goes there frequently for talks with contributors to our magazine. Mr. Baum, Mr. Maihofer's successor in public office, recently invited me to dinner in Bonn. Perhaps he hasn't checked my police dossier, which I'm told by friends is amazingly fat; nor have I read it, but friends who have, think that the political police are under a number of misapprehensions about me, none of them lethal, it seems.

These stories do not necessarily represent a widespread state of affairs. However, one can safely say that the political realities we live with are a muddle. One highly tentative explanation I would propose is that West Germany is the scene of two historically and structurally different systems of state control, each with a logic of its own in conflict with the other, somehow coexisting, and experienced as variously repressive. This clash goes a long way in explaining the contradictions, paradoxes, and complications which continue to baffle so many observers.

The two systems seem to have in common only their delusion about the need for perfect "internal security." The first of these repressive systems is part of our unlovely political heritage. It dates back to the early nineteenth century; Metternich and Bismarck were its first masters; Hitler brought it to a monstrous flowering; Adenauer rescued what he could from its ruins. Its traditional power base has been the military authoritarian state; its rationale, imperialist expansion.

It goes temporarily into eclipse in the wake of each lost world war, and its surviving partisans can be found exclusively on the right, determined as ever to resuscitate it.

Our second system of surveillance and repression is, by comparison, a genuine product of the period following the second world war. It is designed to fit our historically new needs and circumstances. It is oriented toward economic power, through mass consumption and the welfare state; its foreign policy is to maintain an aggressive position on the world market.

The traditional system, rooted in our specifically German history, was thoroughly chauvinist in character; the modern one is internationally oriented and no more teutonic than IBM. I vividly remember the political police we had to face back in 1968. They were, as a rule, incredibly ignorant, without a clue to the history of the labor movement, seeing "Moscow gold" behind every political demonstration, gun-loving, and driven by an obscure mixture of fear, resentment, prejudice, and paranoia. The resulting passionately held delusions were what they called their Weltanschauung. Among them were many racists, and they made no secret of their loathing for foreigners, Jews, Communists, longhairs, queers, artists, and intellectuals, not necessarily in that order. They were outraged and baffled by any form of critical discourse. Their understanding of world realities was usually dim, based on symbolism rather than analysis, on mystification rather than rational thought. Consequently their operations in the interests of law and order were seldom crowned with success. They were predisposed to overkill and their public relations were so disastrously managed that the government had to be concerned with the effects on its image abroad. Sad to say, this kind of public servant is not yet a thing of the past. The traditional system of repression may be an anachronism, but it is staunchly defended by a certain sector of our political establishment, specifically the right wing of the Christian Democrats, represented by the likes of Franz Josef Strauss, Mr. Stoltenberg, and the infamous Mr. Filbinger.

In the more contemporary system of intelligence, control, and repression, the typical operator is an academically trained technocrat with a generally quite sophisticated outlook. Some of them even regard themselves as scientists, and none tend to be strangers to rational discourse and analysis. West Germany today has intelligence operatives, *vulgo* policemen, who study comparative ideology much as a botanist classifies plants. They have few prejudices and will deal even with Communists if need be to get on with the job. Such a true professional's only obsession is security, by which he means his need to make sure that everything keeps functioning the way it is supposed to, smoothly; to this end he will remove any possible threat or obstacle or disturbance of whatever kind or motivation. He doesn't hate intellectuals particularly; indeed he considers himself one, and looks at others with the gleaming eye of the recruiter. He could care less about the past, and regards himself as future-oriented. Politically he tends to feel comfortable with the Social Democratic or liberal parties. An outstanding representative of this

type is Dr. Herold, head of West Germany's Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Dr. Herold's power is not rooted in the barrel of a gun, but in the software of his computer. From his twenty-million-dollar headquarters in Wiesbaden, he commands the world's most advanced police data-processing system, with instant on-line communications to thousands of police outposts, local authorities, public or semipublic data banks. One part of this system, called INPOL, is handling about two million transactions a day over a network of about 40,000 miles, tapping the computer files of the customs office, the frontier and immigration police, the penal system, the courts, prosecutors, Internal Revenue, car registration, Social Security, Health Service, libraries, Military Intelligence, Interpol; including widespread informal cooperation with banks, hotels, hospitals, airlines, travel bureaus, pawnbrokers, credit unions, car rental and real estate firms. By now our population enjoys a degree of surveillance unprecedented in history. Dr. Herold's office can anticipate being set up to monitor all our moves so far as it is technologically feasible or can be made so. For example, when you leave West Berlin by air, your passport is processed by a video terminal connected to the FBI data pool. You leave similar permanent traces every time you stay overnight in a hotel, borrow a book at the public library, visit your dentist.

Contrast this bomb-proof cement fortress in Wiesbaden with another West German institution, the Central Office for the Investigation of Nazi Crimes in Ludwigsburg. Chance once led me to see their filing system. Their name index of about 100,000 cards is all scribbled by hand; all work is done by a few underpaid clerks. Obviously Dr. Herold and his staff are far more interested in the future than in the past. His ultimate ambition aims beyond repression, at prevention: planning a cybernetically directed, disturbance-proof society. He has indicated more than once that he would like to convert the police into a research and planning apparatus able to function as an early warning system, spotting malfunctions and areas of risk, devising foresighted political strategies. The police as an instrument of applied social science generating mathematical models of social processes and programming increasingly efficient policies, using "game plans" to work through anticipated problems for early detection and elimination of any threats to security, in the sense of efficiency, before they can attain massive proportions. Criminality as such ceases to be the main antagonist; it is understood, rather, as an indispensable trend indicator, a mine of useful information on larger social processes.

There is hardly anything specifically German in all this. Similar systems of social control are evolving in many advanced Western countries such as Sweden and England, where a Royal Commission presided over by Sir Norman Lindop has published its findings with conclusions quite in accord with my own. The United States presents an interesting variation on this trend, in that ordinary life is not state-controlled to the same degree as it is in the Old World, so that powerful key networks of surveillance are arising in the private sector, notably the vast insurance, banking, and credit systems.

The peculiarly German flavor of repressive measures like the *Berufsverbot** or the antiterrorist hysteria is, I think, owing to the overlap between the old and the new methods of social control. The interaction of the two is hardly complementary. It entails breakdowns, contradictions, interference, and it confuses the left-liberal opposition with its rhetoric fixated on the more traditional types of repression as described by Heine, Heinrich Mann, and Theodor Adorno. The good old police brute with his club, helmet, and bigotry is so much easier to understand and to fight than Dr. Herold and his colleagues at home and abroad.

The really disturbing trait of the technocrats of control is their flexibility, their readiness to learn, their chameleonlike adaptability. The occasional tactical retreat doesn't bother them at all. When, for example, it turned out that the so-called Decrees against Extremists (*Radikalenerlasse*) were politically unprofitable, a few cosmetic palliatives were applied; the absurdly strict confiscation of reading matter at Checkpoint Charlie and the like also seems to be no resounding success. The traditional German Chief of Police, tormented by his own arrogance and vindictiveness and his obsessive terror of losing face would have passionately blocked such adaptive "learning processes." Dr. Herold and his colleagues are not worried about their prestige, and are superior to petty spitefulness. I can imagine his contented smile on the day, if it ever comes, when the political surveillance of applicants for the civil service is discontinued. What he was after from the first, of course, was not the hides of the 4,000 so-called extremists who were refused jobs in education and public services. It was the dossiers of millions upon millions of politically untainted citizens screened in the process, now safely stored in his magnetic file systems, full of personal data obsessively collected and never to be erased.

But there is another, more fundamental reason that the progressive system of social control is harder to resist than its predecessor: it enjoys the passive, or even the partly active support of a great majority of the population. This mass support rests, quite simply, on the enormous success of the West German system, a success denied from the first by the Left—which may not even have noticed it, even though they experienced it along with everybody else. It has made all West Germans, even the poor, its partners and accomplices, without regard to the catastrophes, crises, and injurious side effects with which it is inextricably connected. No one can dissociate himself from this success, which is primarily, but not exclusively, economic in character. Power in West Germany is justified not by "values" but by the way it keeps the wheels-of-everyday turning, by its organization of survival. Accordingly, the forces of control and repression take on a brand new face. They need no longer, or no longer exclusively, appeal to the unconscious, to subrational resentments, racism, chauvinism, whatever, in order to channel the rage of the repressed on to special targets; they need only point coolly to self-interest,

* Denial of access to a profession, usually in education or the civil service, used most effectively against students with leftwing sympathies, but potentially a weapon against all who can be suspected of any kind of dissidence. —trans.

short-term though it may be, but quite realistic. Delusions like anti-Semitism or a national sense of mission, traditionally indispensable to German politics, give way to egotistic calculations.

Everyone boarding a plane has a personal interest in not being hijacked or blown up with it. He is therefore likely not only to accept security measures, but to welcome them. The gurus of our streamlined police generalize from this model. They need not mobilize mass enthusiasm, hordes of fanatical adherents, like the fascist leaders; they merely ask us to be "reasonable." They remind us that our civilization, upon which we depend for our lives, is extremely complicated and vulnerable. The price for its survival is an ever-rising level of risk: crime, sabotage, wildcat strikes, breakdown, shortages, terrorism, radiation, madness, addiction, pollution, economic crises, you name it. They wouldn't dream of denying this; on the contrary, they bring it to our attention. They simply do all they can to forestall these threats whenever and however possible, with a system of maximum security. If you don't want to be blown up, they say, you must accept our system of controls. A vast majority of all citizens is ready to do so, at least as long as there is no palpable police interference with their daily lives. One learns to put up with the invasion of a once sacrosanct privacy. The security services do not encounter massive resistance in gathering and storing data duplicates of citizens who, after all, "have nothing to hide."

Traditional forms of repression could never have hoped to win such widespread popular consent. A police force going openly and brutally into action on the street always has a polarizing effect, antagonizing millions of people and provoking deep, lasting conflicts. Its logic is that of latent civil war. The new, "scientific" methods of social control, by contrast, aim at integration; they are too clinical, too bloodless to arouse strong mass emotions such as hatred or solidarity. The megabits of information flowing hourly through a central computer, unseen and unheard, provoke no riots; after all, they also see to it that the social security checks arrive on time and that the cash paid out for sleeping pills is repaid by the Public Health bureaucracy.

The civil liberties remaining in a society so security-oriented hardly tally with those originally promised by constitutional democracy. Yet what we have left of them cannot be too highly valued, nor too intransigently defended; enough is left to make West Germany a country one can live in. It goes against my grain to paint too black a picture of my country's condition. There's no need to do so, and it would be misleading besides. Deep emotions such as despair or hope would be quite wasted, in my opinion, on the likes of Dr. Herold. To understand his project and judge its prospects, one would have to call into play a faculty which many of my leftwing friends have understandably lost: a ruthless sense of humor.

Isn't it highly ironic that nowadays, with the venerable European tradition of utopian projections as good as dead, so that none of our philosophers dares to envision an ideal future society, it is the police, of all people, who are tinkering with a Great Forward-looking Scheme? They dream of conferring upon us a New

Atlantis of Internal Security, a devastatingly moronic version of Social Harmony, built and guided by an omniscient and enlightened Computer Squad as High Priests of the Wiesbaden Oracle. The idea is as ludicrous as it is sinister. Like so many earlier, more admirable social visions, Dr. Herold's Utopia of Ultimate Controls is foredoomed, though its nemesis is less likely to be a massive siege of organized protest than erosion, with its four slow but relentless horsemen: chance and entropy, indolence and laughter.

Index: Numbers 1–8 (Spring 1976-Spring 1979)

Abbot, Jere, *Foreword to Alfred Barr's Diary*, 7 (Winter 1978), 7–9.

Anderson, Laurie, *from Americans on the Move*, 8 (Spring 1979), 45–57.

Andre, Carl, and Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe, *Commodity and Contradiction, or Contradiction as Commodity*, 2 (Summer 1976), 100–104.

Armand, Octavio, *Robert Morris: Mirage, Reflection (A Small Tribute to Vision)*, 6 (Fall 1978), 74–80.

Barr, Alfred H., Jr., *Russian Diary 1927–28*, 7 (Winter 1978), 10–50.

Barthes, Roland, *Lecture in Inauguration of the Chair of Literary Semiology, Collège de France*, 8 (Spring 1979), 3–16.

Beckett, Samuel, . . . *but the clouds. . . : A Play for Television*, 6 (Fall 1978), 24–30.

Bersani, Leo, and Ulysse Dutoit *The Forms of Violence*, 8 (Spring 1979), 17–29.

Bishop, Tom, *The Loneliest Monologues: Beckett's Theater in the Seventies*, 6 (Fall 1978), 31-45.

Bowlt, John E., *Afterword to Alfred Barr's Diary*, 7 (Winter 1978), 51–53.

Brown, Michael E., *Society Against the State: The Fullness of the Primitive*, 6 (Fall 1978), 61–73.

Burch, Noël, *To the Distant Observer: Towards a Theory of Japanese Film*, 1 (Spring 1976), 32–46.

Clair, Jean, *Opticeries*, 5 (Summer 1978), 101–112. *Seven Prolegomenae to a Brief Treatise on Magrittian Tropes*, 8 (Spring 1979), 89–110.

Cohen, Keith, *Feast*, 4 (Fall 1977), 68–69.

Crimp, Douglas, *Pictures*, 8 (Spring 1979), 75–88. *Positive/Negative: A Note on Degas's Photographs*, 5 (Summer 1978), 89–100.

Damisch, Hubert, *Five Notes for a Phenomenology of the Photographic Image*, 5 (Summer 1978), 70–72.

De Duve, Thierry, *Time Exposure and Snapshot: The Photograph as Paradox*, 5 (Summer 1978), 113–125.

Eisenstein, Sergei, *Notes for a Film of Capital*, 2 (Summer 1976), 3–26.

Enzensberger, Hans Magnus, *E.J.M. (1830–1904)*, 2 (Summer 1976), 68–70.

Epstein, Jean, *Magnifications and Other Writings on Film*, 3 (Spring 1977), 9–25.

Foreman, Richard, *The Carrot and the Stick*, 1 (Spring 1976), 22–31.

Foucault, Michel, "*Ceci n'est pas une pipe*," 1 (Spring 1976), 6–21.

Frampton, Hollis, *Impromptus on Edward Weston: Everything in its Place*, 5 (Summer 1978), 48–69. *Notes on Composing in Film*, 1 (Spring 1976), 104–110. *Mind Over Matter*, 6 (Fall 1978), 81–92.

Gilbert-Rolfe, Jeremy, and John Johnston, *Gravity's Rainbow and the Spiral Jetty*, 1 (Spring 1976), 65–85; (*Part 2*), 2 (Summer 1976), 71–90; (*Conclusion*), 3 (Spring 1977), 90–102.

Handke, Peter, *Blue Poem for B.*, 3 (Spring 1977), 26–34.

Howard, Richard, *The Giant on Giant-Killing*, 1 (Spring 1976), 47–49.

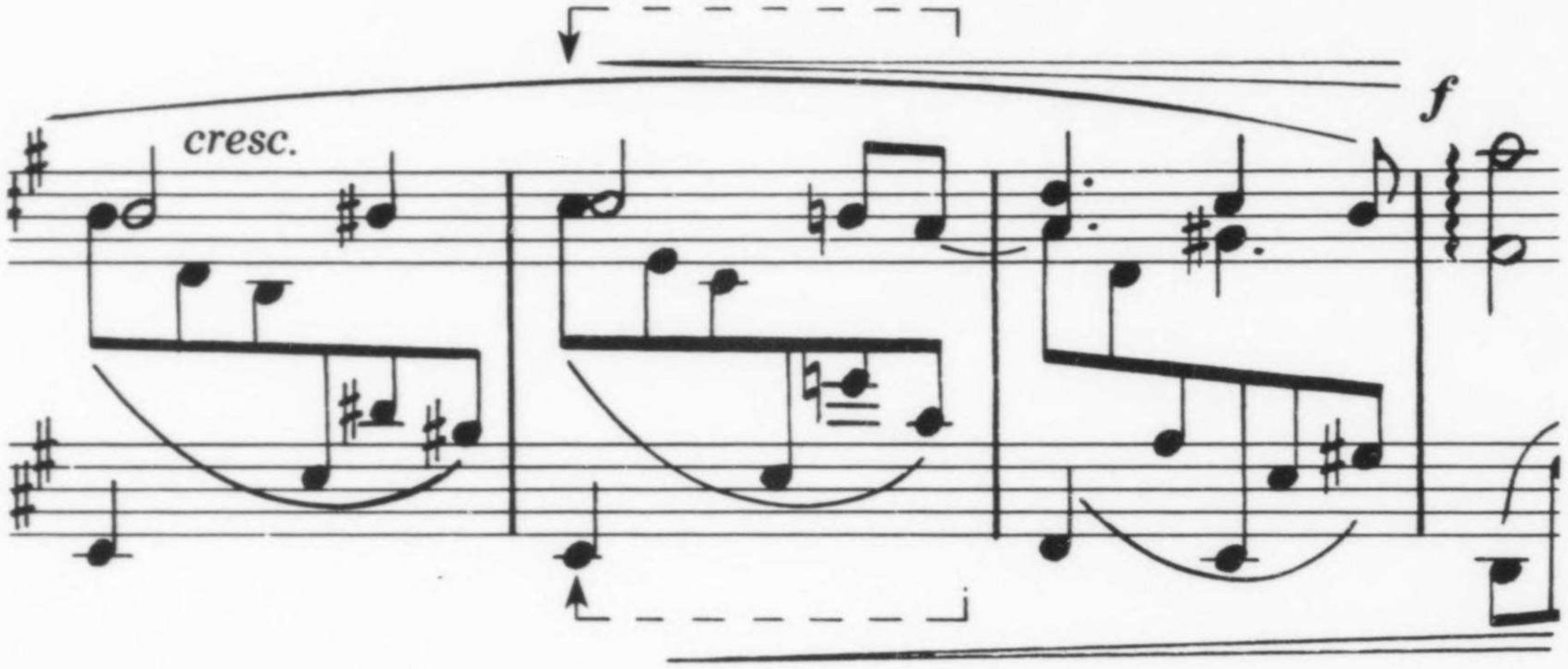
Jones, Elizabeth, *A Note on Barr's Contribution to the Scholarship of Soviet Art*, 7 (Winter 1978), 53–56.

Krauss, Rosalind, *Jasper Johns: The Functions of Irony*, 2 (Summer 1976), 91–99. *LeWitt in Progress*, 6 (Fall 1978), 46–60. *Notes on the Index: Seventies Art in America*, 3 (Spring 1977), 68–81; (*Part 2*), 4 (Fall 1977), 58–67. *Sculpture in the Expanded Field*, 8 (Spring 1979), 30–44. *Tracing Nadar*, 5 (Summer 1978), 29–47. *Video: The Aesthetics of Narcissism*, 1 (Spring 1976), 50–64.

Kristeva, Julia, *Place Names*, 6 (Fall 1978), 93–111.
Kristeva, Julia, Marcelin Pleynet, and Philippe Sollers, *The U.S. Now: A Conversation*, 6 (Fall 1978), 3–17.
Lebensztejn, Jean-Claude, *Star*, 1 (Spring 1976), 86–103.
Lunacharsky, A. V., *Gogol-Meyerhold's The Inspector-General*, 7 (Winter 1978), 57–70.
Michelson, Annette, *About Snow*, 8 (Spring 1979), 111–125. *The Agony of the French Left*, 6 (Fall 1978), 18–23. *Reading Eisenstein Reading Capital*, 2 (Summer 1976), 27–38; (*Part 2*), 3 (Spring 1977), 82–89. *A Specter and its Specter*, 7 (Winter 1978), 3–6.
Morris, Robert, *Fragments from the Rodin Museum*, 3 (Spring 1977), 3–8.
Nadar, *My Life as a Photographer*, 5 (Summer 1978), 6–28.
Owens, Craig, *Einstein on the Beach: The Primacy of Metaphor*, 4 (Fall 1977), 21–32. *Photography en abyme*, 5 (Summer 1978), 73–88.
Pincus-Witten, Robert, *Naked Lunches*, 3 (Spring 1977), 103–118.
Rainer, Yvonne, *Film About a Woman Who. . .*, 2 (Summer 1976), 39–67.
Reynaud, Bérénice, *Stuart Sherman: Object Ritual*, 8 (Spring 1979), 58–74.
Ricardou, Jean, *The Population of Mirrors*, 3 (Spring 1977), 35–67.
Rowell, Margit, *Vladimir Tatlin: Form/Faktura*, 7 (Winter 1978), 83–108.
Schmidt, Paul, *Discovering Meyerhold: Traces of a Search*, 7 (Winter 1978), 71–82.
Sennett, Richard, *Narcissism and Modern Culture*, 4 (Fall 1977), 70–79.
Snow, Michael, *Notes for Rameau's Nephew*, 4 (Fall 1977), 43–57.
Sternberger, Dolf, *Panorama of the 19th Century*, 4 (Fall 1977), 3–20.
Taubin, Amy, *Doubled Visions*, 4 (Fall 1977), 33–42.
Vertov, Dziga, *The Factory of Facts and Other Writings*, 7 (Winter 1978), 109–128.
Whitman, Robert, *Light Touch*, 4 (Fall 1977), 80–93.

Beyond Orpheus:
Studies in Musical Structure
by David Epstein

Foreword by Milton Babbitt



A significant new book published in April 1979 by

The MIT Press
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts
02142

$19.95 per copy

Beyond Orpheus is a study of the elements of musical structure and the ways they provide unity, coherence and uniqueness in classic-romantic music. The book rests in part upon Arnold Schoenberg's concept of a *Grundgestalt,* or Basic Shape, as the singular germinal source from which *all* aspects of a musical work arise, not only the thematic unities of pitch and rhythm, but also harmonies, tonal plans, and secondary qualities of phrasing, inflection, articulations, dynamics, and timbres.

The author's conclusions are illustrated and illuminated by numerous excerpts from scores by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Schoenberg, and other composers.

David Epstein is the composer of a wide range of works for orchestra, chamber ensembles, chorus, and solo voice, many of which are published and recorded. He has appeared as guest conductor with orchestras in many countries.

Portrait of the art critic as a young man.

For more than 30 years Bernard Berenson was the most formidable presence in the Anglo-American art world. Critics studied him, collectors heeded him, the great talents of the day flocked to his Florentine villa.

The story of the making of the connoisseur is a splendid one and is splendidly told by Pulitzer-Prize-winning author Ernest Samuels. The book, which includes dozens of photographs, spans the first four decades of Berenson's life, both public and private.

If you love art, you'll want to make this book your own.

BERNARD BERENSON

The Making of a Connoisseur

Ernest Samuels

$15.00

The Belknap Press of

Harvard University Press

Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

". . . a lively and challenging dialogue between past and present politics."
Gore Vidal

Subscribe Now!

Marxist Perspectives

Forthcoming Articles:

James F. Becker	**Managerial Economics**
Eli Zaretsky	**Marxism & Psychoanalysis**
Edith Kurzweil	**On Althusser**
Paul Berman	**Philip Levine: Anarchist Poetry**
Philip Levine	**Two Poems**
Bonnie G. Smith	**Religion & Domesticity in France**
Alexander Saxton	**Racial Inequality**
Michael Taussig	**Black Religion & Resistance in Colombia**
Melvin Burke	**The IMF & Bolivia**
FROM THE OTHER SHORE	
Arthur M. Schlesinger	**USSR & Western Europe**

Special Offer: Subscribe now to *MP* at last year's prices! Inflation has forced us to increase our rates. Use the coupon below—or just send us your check and full address (with zip)—and save 20% on the cost of your sub. Take a two- or three-year sub and save up to 30%. If your sub has not expired, send your renewal now at the old rates shown below, and we will extend your sub.

If you have a one-year subscription to *MP* and have received your fourth issue, it will be your last unless you renew now.

Send prepaid orders to

The Cliomar Corporation/MP
420 West End Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10024

Published Quarterly. Subscription Rates (In US $)

Individual	*$15/yr:*	*$28/2 yrs:*	*$38/3 yrs:*
Institution	*$25/yr:*	*$48/2 yrs:*	*$68/3 yrs:*

Add $2/year outside USA

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

COUNTRY _____

I have enclosed $ _____ for a _____ year subscription.

DIACRITICS:

A Review of Contemporary Criticism

An innovative forum for critics writing on criticism, *Diacritics* has pioneered in the serious discussion of contemporary literary theory. The journal has turned the genre of the review article into a substantial speculative essay on questions raised by recently published books. Featuring interviews with major writers and critics, *Diacritics* has succeeded in attracting many of the strongest critical voices both in the United States and abroad.

Diacritics, March, 1979:

"The Tropology of Freud"

Nicolas Abraham, "The Shell and the Kernel" - with an introduction to the translation by Jacques Derrida: "MOI - LA PSYCHANALYSE"
Peggy Kamuf, "Abraham's Wake"
Peter Brooks, "Fictions of the Wolfman: Freud and Narrative Understanding"
Cynthia Chase, "Oedipal Textuality: Reading Freud's Reading of *Oedipus*"
Stanley Corngold, "Freud as Literary Text"
Suzanne Gearhart, "The Scene of Psychoanalysis: The Unanswered Questions of *Dora*"
David P. Willbern, "Freud and the Inter-penetration of Dreams"
Jane Gallop, "The Seduction of an Analogy"

DIACRITICS

published quarterly in March, June, September, and December

Please enter my one-year subscription beginning with the current issue.

☐ Institutions, $15.00 ☐ Individuals, $9.00

Postage outside the U.S., $1.50

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

Please mail with your check or money order to
The Johns Hopkins University Press,
DIACRITICS, Baltimore, Maryland, 21218.

SPURS: NIETZSCHE'S STYLES/ EPERONS: LES STYLES DE NIETZSCHE

Jacques Derrida

Translated by Barbara Harlow

Spurs is aptly titled, for Derrida's "deconstructions" of Nietzsche's meanings will surely act as spurs to further thought and controversy. This dual-language edition offers the English-speaking reader who has some knowledge of French an opportunity to examine first hand the stylistic virtuosity of Derrida's writings—of particular significance for his analysis of "the question of style."

Cloth 176 pages $8.95 Available

WRITING AND DIFFERENCE

Jacques Derrida

Translated, with an Introduction and Additional Notes, by Alan Bass

First published in 1967, *Writing and Difference*, a collection of Derrida's essays written between 1959 and 1966, has become a landmark of contemporary French thought. The book's first half, which includes the celebrated essay on Descartes and Foucault, shows the development of Derrida's method of deconstruction. The second half of the book contains some of Derrida's most compelling analyses of why and how metaphysical thinking must exclude writing from its conception of language.

Cloth 342 pages $20.00 Available

In the near future we will publish:
La dissémination
and
Positions

The University of Chicago Press
Chicago 60637

"In a quiet and vigilant way *Critical Inquiry* is continuing to show what humane, intelligent discourse is like."—Bernard Bergonzi, *TLS*

CRITICAL INQUIRY

IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

James S. Ackerman	On Judging Art without Absolutes
Lee R. Edwards	The Labors of Psyche: Toward a Theory of Female Heroism
Philipp Fehl	A Farewell to Jokes: Tiepolo
Gerald Graff	Critical Response to René Wellek
Arnold Hauser	The *l'art pour l'art* Problem
Murray Krieger	Poetic Presence and Illusion: Renaissance Theory and the Duplicity of Metaphor
Richard McKeon	*Pride and Prejudice:* Thought, Character, Argument, and Plot
Stefan Morawski	Aesthetics and Semiotics
Moody E. Prior	Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom
Mark Spilka	The Robber in the Bedroom; or, The Thief of Love: A Woolfian Grieving in Six Novels and Two Memoirs
René Wellek	A Rejoinder to Gerald Graff

The Autumn 1978 *Special Issue on Metaphor* will be published as a Phoenix paperback by The University of Chicago Press in Fall 1979.

Critical Inquiry regularly publishes the finest articles on criticism, the visual arts, history and culture, film, music, and literature.

Edited by **Sheldon Sacks** **Wayne C. Booth** **Robert E. Streeter**
W. J. T. Mitchell

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Critical Inquiry **Published quarterly**

One-year subscriptions: ☐ Individuals $16.00 ☐ Institutions $24.00
☐ Students $14.40

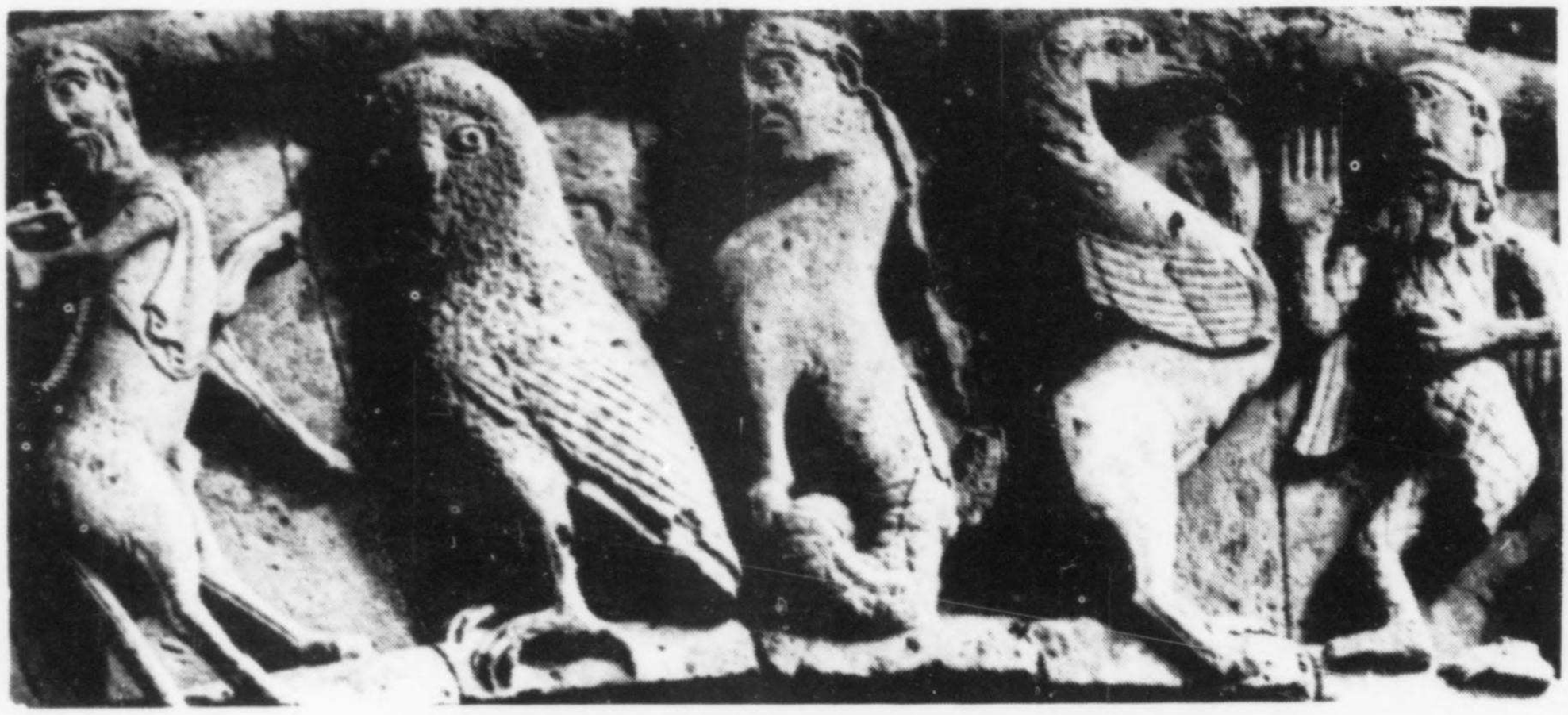
In countries other than USA add $1.50 for postage

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State/Country _____ Zip _____

Please mail with your check or purchase order to The University of Chicago Press, 11030 Langley Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60628.

2/9
Octo

enclitic 4 JACQUES DERRIDA The *Retrait* of Metaphor MARIE CLAIRE ROPARS The Overture of *October* I STEVEN UNGAR Doing and Not Doing Things With Barthes WILLIAM WEST Staying Alive: Poe's "William Wilson" PATRICIA FEDKIW A Letter-al Re-covery



enclitic 5 MAURICE BLANCHOT From *The Infinite Conversation* MARIE CLAIRE ROPARS The Overture of *October* II HUBERT DAMISCH Eight Theses For (or Against?) a Semiology of Painting CHRISTINE RICHARDSON *All the Memory of a World:* A Retrospective ROBERT BURGOYNE Oneiric Fantasy in *Open City* LEE HUMPHRIES Tonality, Mortality MEG MORLEY Vision and Desire in *Spies*

Subscriptions: 5.00/yr; single issues 2.50
outside U.S. and Canada add 1.00
Institutions: 11.00/outside U.S. and Canada 13.00
200 Folwell Hall, University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, MN. 55455

enclitic

macula 3/4

Jacques Derrida, Meyer Schapiro : **Heidegger et les souliers de Van Gogh**
Walter Benjamin : **Fuchs collectionneur**
Jean Louis Schefer : **L'entretien suspendu**

Lawrence Gowing : **Cézanne - la logique des sensations organisées**
Lawrence Gowing **: Hercules Segers aquafortiste**
John Coplans : **Weegee le Grand**
Kasimir Malévitch : **Lénine**
Yve-Alain Bois **: Tafuri dans le labyrinthe**

DOSSIER **ROBERT RYMAN** *:*
analyses critiques *(Naomi Spector, Barbara Reise, Jean Clay)*
et textes de peintres *(Christian Bonnefoi, Stephen Rosenthal)*

222 p. - 130 ill. - 21 × 29,5 - $16

---

macula 5/6

Hubert Damisch : **L'origine de la perspective**

Jacques Bouveresse : **Le concept d'image chez Wittgenstein**
Rosalind E. Krauss : **Notes sur l'index (l'art des années 1970)**
Joseph Rykwert : **Gottfried Semper et la théorie du style : pour une nouvelle histoire de l'art**

Jean-Jacques Marty-Lherme : **Les anatomies inédites de Lequeu**

QUELQUES ASPECTS DE L'ART RÉCENT
Entretiens sur l'avenir supposé de la peinture
(Yve-Alain Bois, Christian Bonnefoi, Jean Clay, Jean-Luc Vilmouth, etc.)

DOSSIER **PONTORMO** *:*
Le Journal *(nouvelle édition italienne et version française par Jean-Claude Lebensztejn)*
Miroir noir *(étude critique du* **Journal** *par Jean-Claude Lebensztejn)*

255 p. - 150 ill. - 21 × 29,5 - $20

Single copies at : Jaap Rietman, Inc., 167 Spring Street, New York, N.Y. 10012
Subscriptions : 4 issues (postage free) $50 to : Pierre Brochet - 313, rue Lecourbe - 75015 PARIS

OCTOBER
MIT Press Journals
28 Carleton Street
Cambridge, MA 02142 USA

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE

MOVING?

CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

If you are going to be moving soon, please try and let us know 60 days in advance to prevent any interruption in service. We need both your old and new addresses plus your mailing label, if possible. The label allows our Subscription Department to make the change right away. If you prefer, give us a call at 617-253-2889. Thank you.

New Address

Name _____

Institution _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Old Address

Name _____

Institution _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

OCT

BACK ISSUES FROM 1976

Now available from
The MIT Press
a limited quantity
of the back issues
from 1976,
numbers 1–4, of
OCTOBER,
a quarterly journal of
arts theory and criticism

Editors,
Rosalind Krauss,
Annette Michelson

Thirty-two dollars
for the set

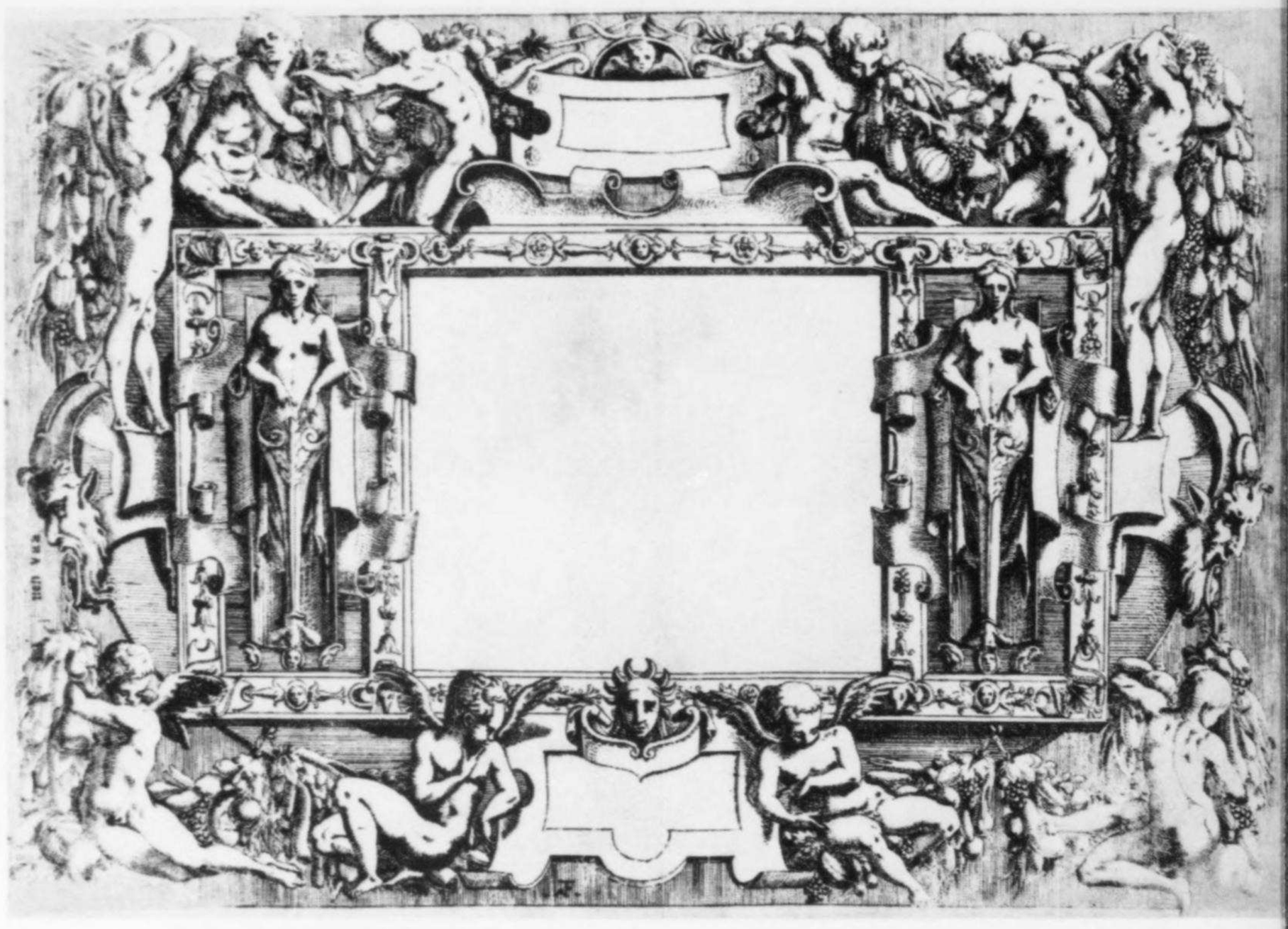
Eight dollars for
individual issues

OCTOBER
The MIT Press
28 Carleton Street
Cambridge, MA 02142

BACK ISSUES FROM 1976

BACK ISSUES FROM 1976

BACK ISSUES FROM 1976



OCTOBER 10 & 11

Trisha Brown and Yvonne Rainer	*A Conversation about* Glacial Decoy
Daniel Buren	*The Function of the Studio*
Jean-François Lyotard	*Preliminary Notes on the Pragmatic of Works: Daniel Buren*
Hubert Damisch	*The Duchamp Defense*
Michel Fano	*Berg's* Lulu
Rosalind Krauss	*Alfred Stieglitz*
Annette Michelson and Richard Serra	*A Conversation about Serra's Films*
Craig Owens	*Robert Smithson's Writings*
Birgit Pelzer	*Dan Graham: Vision in Process*
Ivanka Stoianova	*Boulez and Mallarmé*