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MONSIEUR TEXTE:
ON JACQUES DERRIDA, HIS GLAS*

“Thing”; id est, thinking or think'd. Think, Thank, Tank = Reservoir of what has been thinged—Denken, Danken—I forget the German for Tank/The, Them, This, These, Thence, Thick, Think, Thong, Thou...

—Coleridge, Notebook entry

I

CARTEESIAN doubt is described by Coleridge as a “self-determined indetermination.” A verbal root common to both adjective and noun here is “term,” and thought seems always to be extending or delimiting “terms” or “boundaries,” though the method of so doing varies greatly. The concepts of point and line, or of word and sentence, or finer part-whole distinctions; the attempt to classify and to reconstitute classes into a model of the whole—these are exercises which the mind performs repeatedly, exhaustingly, beyond the possibility of immediate benefit of an obvious kind. There must be some pleasure in this exercise of mind; and the simplest guess is that the pleasure is in mind itself: in the deliberate act of perceiving/situating/understanding what is given, the self-determination, or self-constitution (Husserl's word) of what is. This provisional act of mastery is not merely tyrannous or selfish if it involves less a

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subjection of nature to mind than what Wordsworth called a “mutual domination” or “interchangeable supremacy.” Of this self-determination, in any case, numbers and the symbolic system we call language are especially crucial instances; but their relation to the world is, as has been said, one of provisional mastery only, and often so enormously involuted that what was considered a helpful, prosthetic device may claim attention as a world in itself, a secondary system which is closer to reality than reality. These remarks are intended to suggest only that the boundary between nature and art or primary and secondary, or even text and commentary—event and interpretation—is highly fluid. Even were it fixed by the nature of things (a phrase whose boundaries are also not secure: are we to understand the “nature of things,” *natura rerum*, or the nature of “things,” reification?), it would still be subject to either a passionate or a methodical doubt: some “self-determined indetermination.”

And lately (a suitably vague term) we have been accustomed to bypass the peculiar entity “self” and say that things are subject to language, or a language-determined indetermination. Even the self, that is, has its boundaries fixed or unsettled by language. The seeming impotence of traditional humanistic philosophies, together with the obvious success science has had in turning its provisional mastery of the world into a real imposition, may have encouraged this turn to a symbolic system, which, though open to abuse and technological alienation, is so old, ongoing and polyglot, and so inherent if not coherent in a biological sense, that it has a better chance of resisting the exploitative or marketing closures of science, or of ideologies that claim to be scientific. For what goes under the name, for instance, of a science of language is more like a methodical miscellany, a pleasingly ordered chaos like most literature, including Jacques Derrida’s *Glas*.

The house that Jack has built, while not a pack of cards, will infuriate those who think books should be solidly constructed, unified, and with an intellectual space defined by clear and resolute boundaries. Perhaps *Glas* has all these qualities of real estate. But like art of a certain caliber, it begins by confusing and even estranging us, and the difficult question is how long this estrangement should last, how genuine it is. Not since Joyce’s *Wake* has a work been so original (but possibly not as readable) as Derrida’s *Glas*.

Derrida has said that *Glas* has led us back to *Nature* (or what he calls “naturelle”) against the energies of this energy technology. “La glu de l’aléatoire, persistant comme une herbe, est ‘collée’ dans un syncrétisme de la désorientation et de l’indigence, et est si magnétique.”

A contrario, a work like *Glas* is considered to mark it off from a Greek book, to mark of the word constitutes a word, the limits they become, the word and they belong to systems that seem at first impossible. But this insistent contemporaneousness compensates...
**Wake** has there been such a deliberate and curious work: less original (but what does “original” mean to Derrida?) and mosaic than the *Wake*, even flushed and overreaching, but as intriguingly, wearily allusive. It is hard, at the same time, to shake off a feeling that high seriousness is mixed here with high frivolity, and that we may wake up from the beautiful strangeness of *Glas* into a handful of provocative epigrams and strongly contextual ruminations. What form does this book have? Is it a book at all?

Derrida has said that traditionally the idea of a book sends us back to a totality that claims to be founded in nature (“totalité naturelle”) and that this claim is a theological and bookish defense against the “aphoristic energy” of writing itself. It is precisely this energy which makes me want to call *Glas* an epigrammatology. “La dialectique de la langue est dialectophage.” Or, “La glu de l’aléa fait sens”—a phrase in which we hear g-l-a-s persisting as alliterative undersong. And because of the way things are “glued” together by the “aleatory” method, we find ourselves in a maze of texts or fragments of texts which at once fascinate and bewilder. The disorderly philosophical conduct of this work is so magnificent that it defies linear exposition.

A contradiction remains, though, as to form, even if *Glas* is considered an aphoristic sparagmos of form. “Aphorism” comes from a Greek word meaning to mark off by boundaries, and so to mark off for oneself, or appropriate; whereas these aphorisms constitute a metaphoric movement that perpetually transgresses the limits of word and concept, signifier and signified, until they become, in their expropriating virtue, “aporisms” (I coin the word from the Greek “aporia”): places or topoi which belong to no one and everyone, or a wilderness of passages that seem at first to lead nowhere except further into the bush (*buch*, book) of textuality.

At this point other images too, in addition to bush, suggest themselves: ambush, web, trap, labyrinth. Like all images or metaphors they enter philosophical discourse casually: we come upon them (“tomber sur” is the idiomatic expression) in trying to illustrate an argument. They are free examples, instances, e. g.’s. But this instancing is less gratuitous than may appear, for often it compensates a felt abstractness or loss of immediacy in philo-
sophical prose. It is a way of bringing presentness (the *bic* and *nunc*) back. Something in appearance marginal, supplementary, accidental (a "case" cited by chance, an illustrative metaphor) tells us that the essence or thing itself is missing. The thing instanced becomes, as it were, a disgruntled representative of the absent (perhaps always to be absent) thing, and paradoxically gains more authority than the argument it was intended to supplement. And here is where literary study sees its chance. (It is not its only chance, of course.) It seizes on the images and metaphors that slip, deliberately or not, into pure or scientific discourse, and reflects on whether this allowance of dream or icon may not be closer to the real subject. This "tomber sur," like the operation of chance, or the phrase "it fortuned" in Spenserian Romance, becomes loaded: with each "case" we "fall" into the "Faile" of words (*8i*): into a necessary reflection on their status, on the word/thing relation.

In Derrida, then, as in Heidegger, we are often caught up in a paronomasia that reverses the "tomber sur" into an "überfall." The latter is a Heideggerian word I would like to translate as "hyperbole" as well as "ambush," to indicate that words can only be words by not being things, by aiming referentially at things yet overshooting them—an error (almost a *hamartia*) which makes it appear as if things were lost to words.

Actually two types of loss may be felt: of things as such in their supposed presence, their Pongian or Stevensian cleanliness ("How clean the sun when seen in its idea/ Washed in the remotest cleanliness of a heaven/ That has expelled us and our images"), which also leads a poet like Rilke ("Wird euch langsam namenlos im Munde?") to ablute or anonymize the familiar object; and loss of the thing-as-such, the heaven-ground of essence. Perhaps the two are the same loss; but where the first implies a toleration of otherness in the form of muteness or non-sense, the second expresses a wish to pierce through to a more substantial otherness, to a clarifying signature beneath the phenomena. Both movements in Derrida tend to eddy moth-like around the flame of the work's appropriation as desire for the propriation of the so-called desirous, their concision as "amour propre" to the "propre" to oneself. To make the rapier that pointed to make us alert to a style here, consciousness, or dribbler or driblet against words the signature of rhetoric, as clear in Derrida as in Heidegger, writes, "Le t'écriture metaphorique s'abats sur le structure du "O Lord!" which stands in the same relation to Threads of Rhetoric as those spin out of the super-ordinary or super-inordinate.

Derrida's aporia of dramatic fragment, of genealogy, of interminable-thing-as-such ("écriture") belongs to the Hegelian problem of form as discourse. It is applied in *Glis* tested on Rovelli and in *La Dissemination* also a question of discourse or metaphors that can be "propriéty"...
of the word “propre,” which can evoke an impossible appropriation as well as an unthinkable absence of properties or of desire for them.

Let me return, then, to Derrida’s style. The French moralistes of the so-called classical period reinvented the epigram: it helped their concise, unflattering attack on all the manifestations of “amour propre,” which includes, for Derrida, an “amour” of the “propre”—the desire for the illusion of being in place, present to oneself. This kind of narcissism can be a cheap target; and the rapier thrust of the epigram may be too clean in its attack to make us feel properly “improper.” There is a problem of style here, of how to be a thorough moralist, one who dirties conscience, without becoming a divagating pedant, an explicator or dribbler of words. What magic instrument can set words against words, cut through their waste, self-indulgence, the grease of rhetoric, the antiquarian detritus? A love-hate of words is clear in Derrida; and to say so is not to say much. When he writes, “Le texte est craché,” he covers the sentiment by a complex metaphoric web that involves thirst, agglutination, insult and the structure of textuality as an aggressive and sticky conduit.

“O Lord!” Coleridge exclaims, after the ingenious deduction which stands as an epigraph to this essay, “What thousands of Threads in how large a Web may not a Metaphysical Spider spin out of the Dirt of his own Guts/ but alas! it is a net for his own super-ingenious Spidership alone!”

Derrida’s aphoristic energy disseminates given texts as epigrammatic fragments but also reconstitutes them into a seemingly interminable—insatiable—web of his own. What he calls Writing (“écriture”) is in opposition to the very thing he honors as a philosopher: totalization of knowledge as an encyclopedic system or Hegelian absolute knowledge (“savoir absolu,” 7a). The problem of form connects with a remarkable method of analysis, applied in Glas to Hegel (left) and Genet (right), and previously tested on Rousseau but even more radically on Plato and Mallarmé in La Dissemination (Paris: Seuil, 1972). The question of style is also a question of method when Derrida “decenters” all themes or metaphors in philosophy as in literature, to reveal that nothing can be “proper,” “present,” “in place.” It is as if the unities were disappearing from the stage of philosophy as well. The “scene
of writing” is a multi-ring but intersecting circus leading to one intense, ongoing act of reading. Nothing is here subjected in a simple way to a dominant subject, whether identified as author, cogito, archetype, or field of knowledge.

The new method has its connections with Heidegger’s critique of thematization in Sein und Zeit, as well as with Nietzsche’s famous reduction of truth to an illusion established by a “mobile army of metaphors, metonymies, anthropomorphisms.” It is also indebted to historical semantics and to more structural or semiotic models of the “chain” of signification. But the mobility itself is what is remarkable in Derrida, and the sense of a serious, unending game, both in the writer who plays language against itself, and in the reader who must uncover, without losing track, the gamut of language: rules, conventions, sedimentations, intersecting themes, crossing texts. . . . The issue of intention or meaning (“vouloir dire”), as of authorial guarantees or “logocentric” unity, is exposed to its strongest challenge yet.

Glas therefore questions at the start Hegel’s understanding of a “savoir absolu” in which substance and subjective thinker coincide. It does so by drawing even the name of the author into the game. Hegel, who he? (“qui, lui?”) The imperial, eagle-like hubris of Hegel’s project is brought out, not to mock it but to show its hyperbolic character. Derrida’s opening “Quoi” is not much better, either: its doctrine of permanence, a new illusion surfaces.

The personification of “Sprache” shows that those who put author or ego down are still potentially mastered by the idea of presence itself, which persists even without the concept of a sovereign subject, because of the privilege accorded to Voice (“Die Sprache spricht”) as the foundation of the written word. In his study of Husserl, therefore, Derrida makes us hear “phonème” in the word “phénomène” as he degrades voice from its “leading” position to be merely the “phénomène du labyrinthe” (La Voix et le Phénomène, Paris, 1967, p. 117). Voice does not found but "la voix d'I" or postpone hyperbole, "la voix d'I". The flight of permanence begins “with the opening of pensées in a labyrinth of language and language and language and language..."
found but reveals in a blind, over-identifying movement (the hyperbole, also, in Icarus’s flight, called “la voie d’Icare,” that is, “la voix d’Icare”) the archi-texture of signification (the detours or postponements of the “absolute” in Daedalus’s labyrinth). The flight of the eagle called Hegel reveals something similar. It involves relations of voix and voie, of father and son, of foundation and filiation. Glas can only be understood if we begin “with” and “beyond” the “savoir absolu” mentioned in its opening pages, so that what Derrida names untranslatably “pensées inouïes” can be reclaimed by working through that labyrinth of Daedalian-Hegelian signs already inscribed in language and language-memory.

II

The sound-word or signifying phoneme “glas,” which provides the title of Derrida’s book, refers to the death knell or passing bell. It is endlessly “joyced” by the author, to suggest that voice has no monument except in the form of a rattle in the throat covered or sublimed by the passing bell. The sound reverberates in the labyrinth of writing and, in dying, lights it up. Even the labyrinth, of course, is not to be put on the side of permanence: it is simply “as darkness to a dying flame.” Voice passes, like the immediacy of perception to which, from Husserl to Merleau-Ponty, it had been related. “Contrairement à ce que la phénoménologie—qui est toujours phénoménologie de la perception—à tenté de nous faire croire, la chose même se dérobe toujours. Contrairement à l’assurance que nous en donne Husserl un peu plus loin, ‘le regard’ ne peut pas ‘demeurer.’”

That ends the book on Husserl. Yet if we elide both voice and look, or allow them to slip away as purely phenomenal, what is left? What “demeure,” substance, rock, foundation, house, path? Even if we do not seek to monumentalize our nothingness in the form of some permanent double, that colossus of Memnon which clangs like “glas” (9a, [illustration z]), even if we understand the need for sacrifice and dissemination, must we spend our intellectual lives decomposing the vanity of the monumentalists: the writers, artists, philosophers, and theologians among us?

So, if prematurely, we say to ourselves: Glas is but another
owl-howl, philosophy trying to do itself in. We know that Derrida is the leading philosopher in France; that his first important work was on Husserl; and that the present book is in part an ambitious “mise en scène” if not “mise à mort” of Hegel. As in Hegel too there is no branch of the “sciences humaines” which does not find its way into an omniverous prose. And Derrida’s embrace of all that knowledge is curiously terminal: the murder of texts becomes a fine art, and what Hegel aspired to, that “savior absolu,” is simply, now, the “ton de l’on,” as befits the elegant demise of ego, voice, corpus, world-spirit, and other “monumental” desires.

Yet someone must be speaking here. Who is this “on,” or “l’alibi du II indifferent” (Maurice Blanchot)? It is precisely at this point that we understand Derrida’s attack on what he calls the “logocentric” tradition. For this impersonification (“l’impersonifié, le texte...”), which Mallarmé recovered for French thought, is all too easily explained or mollified by a reference to the logos: “In the beginning was the Word.” So by a characteristic and false turn, after Mallarmé comes Claudel. “Nous savons que le monde est en effet un texte et qu’il nous parle, humblement et joyeusement, de sa propre absence, mais aussi de la présence éternelle de quelqu’un d’autre, à savoir son Créateur” (cited by Derrida in La Dissémination, pp. 53-54). Claudel goes on to associate Igitér and its depersonalizing mirror with the dark glass of Paul’s Letter to the Corinthians, and the enigmatic Book of the Creatures.

That wrong turn—at once rhetorical and conceptual, which can be felt in Claudel’s Augustinian style, so vocative in the void—that wrong turn, Derrida claims, has been taken so often, that it has left its mark, frayed its path, in language, and perhaps has become language itself. We cannot but follow it even when we realize its deception. It is indeed a lure; but unlike the lure, say, of fleshly love, its disabusement cannot lead to the idea of a more glorious body or a more perfect language. It leads to the method called by Derrida “deconstruction,” which reveals that turn being taken, not only against the will of the author, since it is pre-inscribed in language, but also because any author who stands in that turn cannot but express that experience, that impersonification, except by words that sound, willy-nilly, mysti-
cal, like a displaced or negative theology. It is impossible not to think of the logos when we read "Die Sprache spricht" or "le Texte y parlant de lui-même et sans voix d'auteur" (Mallarmé again). Voix d'auteur/voix d'hauteur: the logos, or Ecriture in contradistinction to écriture, is always hierarchical. Proudhon, earlier in the century, had already pointed to the problem, when, though arguing a materialist position, he found himself forced to "conclude in the language of a believer, because there exists no other; not knowing whether my formulas, theological despite myself, ought to be taken as literal or figurative. . . . We are full of the Divinity, Jovis omnia plena" (quoted by M. H. Abrams in Natural Supernaturalism).

The spell can only be broken by a development internal to language. For the illusion of mastering the hazards of language is itself suspect, full of the pathos to be voided. And to create a countermythology as Blake and other strong artists attempt (even when as sophisticated as Valéry in Eupalinos) is only partially effective because it is so hard to tell parody from pathos. The only way to exit from the labyrinth of language seems to be by way of the center. Or, as in Blanchot, the labyrinth is itself conceived to be a scattering of the center, "l'étrange roue ardente privée de centre," the labyrinth of écriture.

Glas: a labyrinth. The theme of form returns, and strangely so, because whatever "demeure" this book may be, it must be a house of words and not a temple. The structural or architectural metaphor, encouraged by the two "columns" confronting us, as by the Hegel passage on Memnon's statue and symbolic art, is at once undermined by that oldest of themes, the Ruins of Time: "Quoi du reste aujourd'hui. . . ." (7a).

The pages of Glas ruin words, in fact. There is a sense of débris which is the obverse of an awareness of the treacherous flow ("glissement") of language. Time, though, is not against language (or vice versa) but coterminous with it: to be in the one is to be in the other. If, then, the page fractures itself with blank spaces and inserts, it is because God created the world not by the logos but by a slip of the tongue. There is no single, unifying logos: there is, at most, a divine parapraxis imitated alike by medieval jongleur and modern grammarologist.

To create the world it needed six slips of the tongue. . . . Or,
to adapt a Talmudic speculation on the burning sword that guards paradise—we don't know how many sides a slip of the tongue has (any more than how many sides a dream has, "For the phenomenon of dreaming is not of one solution, but many" as Christopher Smart declared). The illusion of the logos is that saying and meaning coincide, that the exact or just word can be found and need not, or need only, be repeated. But writing is serpentine, that is, temporal. The serpent is the first deconstructor of the logos. He proves that the Word may have more than one sense or a sense other than intended. "Let Ziba rejoice with Glottis, whose tongue is wreathed in his throat" (Smart).

The unity or autonomy of the text becomes uncertain, therefore, as texts interlace like that wreathed tongue. Using words that have been used already, we trace or cite or echo them in ways that change and perhaps distort. This serpentine slippage is not mysterious, and founds both Derrida’s notion of freeplay and Owen Barfield’s of turning. It is seen in such doublings as "glas" and "glace"; in the "fall" (cas/case) of grammatical endings; in paragrammatic effects of alliteration; in ballad or other variants; in the variorum of interpretive readings; in the scrambling of Milton’s "Amara" as Coleridge’s "Abora"; and in the principle that differentiates, in time, "grammar" and "glamor."

Derrida’s concept of écriture (I shall naturalize the word in this form), his attack on those who privilege voice or oral perspectives, is not meant to argue that writing is primary in any literal or genetic sense. He knows perfectly well that what evidence we have indicates that writing is an after-birth: "nachtraglich," to use Freud’s word. Its relation to speech, of which it seems to be a (phonetic) transcription, may be compared to Jacob and Esau who struggle out of the womb together and continue to fight for the first born’s privilege. The "Nachtraglichkeit" of written language is an after-pregnancy comparable to that of interpretation: the transcription in other or apparently secondary terms of something already given. The structure of interpretable events, which includes writing in an essential rather than adventitious way, is that there are always two sets of terms, a dyad which may be a hendyadis. We are quite free, by a "self-determined indetermination." to put in question the privileged status of the prior or first term or else to construct a

narrative that is not of progress, but instead of progress among these terms. The difference between Asimov’s robots and our historical machines seems to be that... The fact of time, even if we dream of moving from interpretation without one column to the next, is the structure: Genet structure is a fact or mise en scène to a "Nachtraglichkeit" of self-inscription; this is a text that is du reste au

On first quotations of Hegel’s narrating the impress of the end of the last philosophical graveyard, Nous at mortelle vague, significatif Anglais Maintr européen.
narrative that gives more weight to the second by a special theory of progress or meaning. We can also construe the relation between these terms as a chiasmus. Even a quarrel as important as that between Ancients and Moderns, which still partially determines our historical consciousness today, can be charted this way. It seems to be a "rhetorical" quarrel also in this larger sense.

The fact that writing is belated or "nachträglich" relates it to time, even if in the form of art it seeks to overcome time by a dream of monumentality. "Nachträglichkeit," as a concept, founds interpretation and reveals the heterogeneous yet dyadic (two without one or one as two) structure of intentional events. The two columns of Glas to which we now turn also respect this structure: however peculiar it must be to see in Hegel and Genet struggling twins. And since Derrida, by his interpretive act or mise en scène is later than both, we are again introduced to a "Nachträglichkeit" which is not simple belatedness but a self-inscription ("insemination" "grafting") of the "present" in a text that has already begun and is almost all quotation. "Quoi du reste aujourd'hui. . . ."

III

On first looking into Glas, since both columns begin with quotations (though only one with quotation marks), and since Hegel's name surfaces immediately ("Quoi . . . d'un Hegel"), the impression is that we have entered a play near the end: the end of the Hegelian drama of mind in the Phenomenology. Yet is what we are given to see, in these double columned and elliptical pages, the bacchic yet sober tumult of thoughts in the last philosopher (that Hegelian master of the revels), or a mere graveyard, perhaps golgotha, of dissociated names and notions?

Nous autres, civilisations, nous savons maintenant que nous sommes mortelles. . . . Elam, Ninive, Babylone étaient de beaux noms vagues, et la ruine totale de ces mondes avait aussi peu de signification pour nous que leur existence même. Mais France, Angleterre, Russie. . . ce seraient aussi de beaux noms. . . . Maintenant, sur une immense terrasse d'Elsinore. . . l'Hamlet européen regarde de millions de spectres.
So Valéry after the First World War, in an essay strictly contemporary with Eliot's *The Waste Land*:

Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal

A dangerous juncture for comparatists. Should we call *Glas* a Hegelian Rag? Or a fashionable meditation in the graveyard of western culture? Let us agree that it is full of strange noises. The ruins echo as if not only the tombs but the inscriptions, the hieroglyphs or names themselves, were empty. We don't hear what we read or read what we hear. Is that name Hegel or "aigle" (7a)? Could this *imperator spiritus* be a figure out of some medieval bestiary? And what is that "IC" in the left-hand extra margin (7a), and that strangulated "je m'éc. . ." in the right (7b)?

Much is effaced, or self-effacing, yet too much remains. The less ego the more echo seems to be the rule. Echo has no purely phonetic transcription: it is here and there, a dim sound (½) or a redoubled one (2). Ai/gle, glace, gel, sí/gle is only one scrambled series. The Mallarméan *aigu* rhymes (a "glacier de vols") provide another series: qui, lui, emblémi (7a). What of the contagious or ablauted laissé, enseigner, signer, enseigner, preceded by *Sa* (7a)?

The right-hand margin (7b) strives to make us believe that the two columns before us are emblematic. Perhaps, then, Hegel ("Soit ainsi figé le philosophe emblémi") is monumentalized—no, echo says "monu-memorized" (7b)—by the left column as Genet is by the right. But how solid is this architecture made of skulls of words? Why does it echo so archly? Must spirit or corpus become unbound as mere name, mere signifier, to renounce itself? Renoncer, résionner (raisonner), renommé: does my verbal flush win against Death, or must I trump myself with the chance alliteration of "gloire" and "glas"? If there is a primal scene of writing it is having one's name inscribed on a monument or tomb. Tombe, tombe, le tombeau de.

Whatever is being constructed is based on competing principles: the equivocal and equi-vocal character of words. The balance of the whole is therefore incalculable and a hazard; for while one system wishes to balance out, the other differentiates—organizes on the side of self-stabilization, the side of self-stabilization on the side of the self-stabilization—any word generalizes.

The dead its reserve, the dead and dead and dead and dead and dead and dead and dead and dead and dead and dead and dead has a more privileged residence.

Nothing is as derogatory as the bestiary of the *phras* and grammar of *phras* festfests it as the "soul", the problem of what is substance: and now, however Hegel's own "ici, mainte".

The answer, however, is not in the inescapable already quoted. It is only to a relative to the fact that opens Hegel to the question of what is the Night. We are to realize however...
organizes inequality, like Valéry’s demiurge. Writing may be on the side of equi-vocality, when drawn toward an infinitely self-stabilizing exchange. Voicing the written word may be on the side of differentiation, for the gap between graphemic and phonic appears most acutely when an equivocal or homophonic word generates allophones. Yet these relations could be reversed. The dead (mute) letter may be more differential (because of its reserve) than the living (voiced) letter. The border between dead and living (including Hegel and Genet, or what is living and dead in Hegel’s philosophy*) is indeterminate. Or if it has a more precise form, chiastic.

Nothing could be more mistaken than to think of Derrida as derogating what he calls the “cas de la phonè.” The case of the phonè is never closed; its cadence cannot be encased in grammar or meaning. It falls through, into, both. Writing manifests it as ambiguity, irony, equivocation. Even unvoiced letters like the “s” in “glas” or the “H” in (French) “Hegel” pose a problem of retention or restitution that leads to the problematic of substance: what remains? Not for ever, but in our case, here and now, already passing as the hand writes those words, like Hegel’s or Valéry’s “main-tenant”: “Quoi du reste aujourd’hui, ici, maintenant, d’un Hegel?”

IV

The answer to what remains is, deceptively, quotation. Words, however direct—and what could be more so than “ici, maintenant” in the inaugural sentence of this book—are already mediated, already quotation. For Derrida’s “ici, maintenant” alludes not only to a problem in philosophy, Husserl’s or Heidegger’s discussion of the “now,” but also, more precisely and textually, to the famous demonstration concerning “Das Dieses” that opens Hegel’s Phenomenology. Hegel remarks that if in answer to the question “What is the Now?”, we write down “The Now is the Night” and look at this “written truth” the next day when we would have to write it as “The Now is the Noon,” we realize how shallow this truth, this now, has become. A com-

*Not an academic question, if we think first of Croce, then of the importance of Kojève’s mediation of Hegel.
plex argument follows on how the abstract immediacy of the here and now is negated, or inserted into a dialectical movement which contains more truth than the moments subsumed by it. But if Hegel anticipates in this way the development of the *Phenomenology* as a whole, he seems unaware of the importance to it of Writing. Not only of a curious wordplay prospectively reminiscent of Heidegger. But if from his point of view those pieces of writing are incidental, a “beispiel” (example or side-play) which in itself changes nothing, from another point of view, the entire process seems based on those pieces of paper, which certainly lead into Derrida’s emphasis on the “scene of writing.”

The “ici, maintenant,” then, is a complex quote; and these quotes and ibids remain. They remain not only in the sense that, as Hegel states, they preserve a certain moment for a later inspection that will betray them—by opening to our awareness the gap between “meinen” (meaning: vouloir-dire) and “sagen” (saying: dire)—but also in the sense that a later inspection (characterized by the equally vulnerable terms “aujourd’hui” and “pour nous”) may find in Hegel’s text a remainder (“du reste”) which reveals a still more powerful and elided negativity, his non-treatment of the status of writing.

These quotes and ibids, then, “remain.” We can also call them, more elegantly, overdetermined words or floating signifiers, at once the symbols and the ruins of other texts. They are terms which, though not proper nouns, at least not formally, have significance because like Saussure’s hypograms (see the *Notebooks* published by Jean Starobinski) they are potentially capable of “motivating” texts, even of evoking an intertextual situation. The wasting-power of language or time heaps the mind with these remnants, but mind cannot bear waste, and Derrida begins *Glas* with a punning meditation on the insidious conjunction “moreover” which in French contains the restless noun “reste.”

A symbol, then, might be redefined as a trace, remnant or stubborn surplus capable of motivating a text or being remotivated by it. The mind is always being trashed; nothing is resolved enough to be dissolved. There is no “alchimie du verbe” or philosopher’s stone which could turn the treasure of trash each thought into absolute.

If a repetition, a purging, or a purged, is to be like *Glas* or anti-scientific, it is der
spective into absolute...
each thinker thinks into the gold of certain knowledge ("savoir absolu").

If there were just one act of mind that did not have to be repeated, one word that could disappear and lighten language: purged, sublimated, aufgehoben, annihilated! But all terms seem to be what Kenneth Burke has aptly named "god terms," and like Joyce's "eyms" can only be joyced, chewed, adulterated, contaminated, and so... reinscribed. The conception of form or symbol as the translucence of the universal in the concrete (to the point where the linguistic material is totally sublimated in the concept) is an illusion made, like an exotic toy, in Greece: in Hegel's and Germany's nostalgia, that is, for the chastened Asiatic style they describe as, somehow, both serene and sublime. But "gl reste gl" (137b).

Glas: a science of remnants. Perhaps philosophy has always been such because it finds remainders (mere sounds, waste-products, contradictions, excrement, death) intolerable. Or an anti-science, what Georges Bataille called heterology, which tries to undo Hegel's dialectic swathing of the Discourse of the Other. "The element of contagion, the infinite circulation of general equivalence" (7b), which in Roland Barthes' S/Z comes to subsume or expropriate even the "property" of sex, alludes in Derrida to Bataille's "Hegelianism without reserve," which implodes the principle of "aufhebung" until all possibility of closure is denied and every attempt at a "limited economy" is transgressed. One column tolerates, while it questions, Hegel's "savoir absolu," but the other immediately evokes the drive toward a "non-savoir."

Hence that sinister right-hand opening: "'ce qui est resté d'un Rembrandt déchiré en petits carrés bien réguliers, et foutu aux chiottes' se divise en deux. Comme le reste." In Bataille, heterology is also the science of the low-down, the bas. The quoted words, of course, are Genet's, and even the bipolarity of a page divided into columns was suggested by Genet.* But just as the Hegel

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*Genet's piece on Rembrandt is found in the fourth volume of his Oeuvres complètes (Paris, 1968). "... se divise en deux" has, therefore, as its simplest reference, the presentation of the text in Genet. Derrida had split the page into uneven columns in his essay on "Tympan" (Marges de la Philosophie, 1972). There the subject is the labyrinthine ear: here it seems to be the "eery" (labyrinthine) connection between "coup d'œil" and castration.
opening on the left may recall Blanchot (is there a play on emblémi, blémi, blanch-ot?), so this passage in the context of what follows may recall Bataille, though his name is so inward to the text that its presence—Bataille: bas-tailler—would be an impossibly literal restitution. It is, at most, the ironic “motivation” of an “unmotivated” act by the interpretative mind.

Yet the Genet column proceeds to treat just this question of a style so remarkable, so inwardly inscribed, that we say: this is a Rembrandt, this is by Genet. The concept of style, in brief, is based on a signature-feeling that saturates the text it authenticates yet is not actually there as a proper noun, as “Genet” or “Rembrandt.” It is unquotable, expropriated ab initio, quartered—if only into four-sided column or page. Yet Rembrandt in the Genet text stands as a parallel to the “ici, maintenant” in the unmarked allusion to Hegel. The tearing of the name (or the manuscript bearing it as title?) into small pieces must be a deliberate cancelling of yet another mode of presence: an iconoclastic (onomatoclastic) act, with sacrificial and purgative overtones, and all the more disturbing because a painter, and Rembrandt in particular, is involved.

But is painting too, as the act suggests, écriture? What would correspond, in painting, to the aphoristic or transgressive energy of écriture vis-à-vis Book or savoir absolu? Or does the domain of images insist on a presence that defeats the assertion I have already quoted from the end of Derrida’s work on Husserl: “le ‘regard’ ne peut pas ‘demeurer’”? But the look does abide in Rembrandt and through him. Rembrandt is to modern art what the concept of Greek art, illusory or not, was to Hegel. The translucence of the spiritual in the pays bas of the carnal (“une infinie, une infernale transparence” are Genet’s words) suggests an incomparable synthesis or embodiment, which Chardin later can only “citer” in his beautifully overdressed figures performing simple acts like reading. Rembrandt is monumental, the creation of a mirror of art that maintains the glance of subject or beholder, as subject becomes substance without (or even with, like Genet) passing through a Medusa or Narcissus complex.

Hebrew tradition holds that both the oral and the written law were given to Moses on Sinai. Writing, moreover, exempt from the prohibition against graven images, developed as more than a use from being exempt from being prohibited word of it than Hell, the certain po- instrument of painting, one so dear to modes of painter Aca- in favor of So his use or “aspect” Augen-Blic.

What has not the result cancelled in the text made brain, disti- visualizing not physi- positions (the sense of understand (see his re- especially Rembrandt, certain em-

While in the sphere texts not or “disse- name, the us precisel Derrida, w of Hebrai discussion
than a useful or necessary device to prevent a religious code from being lost to the pressure of time and the diaspora. The prohibition against images obliged a channeling into the written word of imaginal energies. Derrida in this is Hebrew rather than Hellene: aniconic yet intensely graphic. It may be more than the accident of entering the philosophical tradition at a certain point in its history that made him choose as his polemical instrument the notion of écriture. The absence of any discussion of painting, except in this deflected form, is peculiar for one so deeply engaged in the critique of presence as it bears on modes of representation. (His recent Derrière le Miroir, on the painter Adami, still evades the problem of the painterly moment in favor of the penetration of the graphic into picture-making. So his use of "regard" is generally in the sense of "perspective" or "aspect": he swerves [clin/clinamen] from its meaning as Augen-Blick.)

What he takes up in the subsequent discussion of Genet is not the role of the cancelled image so much as that of the cancelled name. Where the right- and left-hand disposition of the text might remind us of the right and left hemispheres of the brain, distinguished by a discontinuity between verbalizing and visualizing functions, and where a similar discontinuity, though not physically localized, between horizontal and vertical impressions (the division into columns tending to increase, at times, the sense of verticality) might actually support Gaston Bachelard's understanding of the role of the intuition of the instant in literature (see his text of 1939, "Instant Poétique et Instant Métaphysique," especially section 3; but also Genet's "instant" revelation in Rembrandt déchiré), Derrida tries to limit the visual effect to certain emblematic and tensile properties.

While it is perfectly consistent for Derrida to keep within the sphere of textuality and seek a theory which could deduce texts not simply from other texts but also from a "sacrifice" or "dissemination" of the identity-feeling encased in one's proper name, there are overtones in this curious quotation which disturb us precisely because they point to a "remainder" in it which even Derrida, who comes back to the quotation in an intricate discussion of Hebraism versus Hellenism in Hegel juxtaposed with Genet's discussion of the powerful, glancing effect of Rembrandt's pic-
tures, cannot, admittedly, fathom. Though it might be argued that Rembrandt is the most graphic of artists, and that what we feel may be precisely a pictorial script, signature becoming image, or cancelling—disseminating—itself as the presence of an image, Derrida glides away from such hints into a new theory of how literary works are generated by the dispersal of a name that seems to be and never is “proper”—that vacillates between being proper and common, so that the writings of Genet, perhaps we should say the works “au nom de Genet,” are a perpetually displaced self-quotation, singular yet infinitely divided, détaillé.

Inevitably, then, the issue of castration, or of the “vide solide,” as Genet calls it, describing his experience of alterity, is raised. On the second page of Glas as the phallic statue is being erected in one column (8a), the signature falls in the other column (8i), and changes are rung in the third (8b) on terms that begin with the Greek cata (down or against). A polyphonic style develops which insinuates an unreadable word that could be “castration” yet never is, that could be “catastrophe” yet never is, that is never more, in fact, than a technical term from rhetoric, and leaves us with “Klang und nicht Sprache,” the Klang of Glas, a polyglot and mocking sound-trace of some primal cleavage: fall, division, babel, parricide, castration.

Castration as a theme surfaces pointedly in Derrida’s attempt to find in Hegel’s commentary on the story of Abraham the conceptual articulation between “Aufhebung, castration, truth, law, etc.” (53a), at the same time that the columns running opposite on the page return to Genet’s description of the look—the medusaing look—of Rembrandt’s pictures. “X, chiasme presque parfait, plus que parfait, deux textes mis en regard l’un de l’autre” (53b). A “regard” that might castrate or turn into stone is put “en abîme”: writing defects, reflects, decenter it, it is figuralized, anagrammatized, aporropically or symbolically cut as in circumcision or the endless découpage of name and text in Derrida, déchiré (déchiqué) until the logo-phallus or its absence, signification or its void, the whole, dizzying metaphysical desire for presence or absence is infinitely mediated not only in language but as language.

This “Aufhebung” of the theme of castration involves a polemic.
with Lacan on the central role of the phallus as signifier or "transcendental key" (38b) in the process of sexual differen-
tiation. The undifferentiated life, to misquote Socrates, is not
worth living. The acceptance of sexual differentiation is inherently
tied to both the institution of the family (Derrida's major theme
in the column on Hegel) and the institution of language (his
major theme in the column on Genet). These themes, because
they are each other's margin, are not confined by them but inter-
sect chiastically and one can only hint at the plenitude of Glas
as (I must pun as I must sneeze) a sematics. Though it is an
anti-encyclopedia, a book that refuses to be a book—that does
not wish to gather in but rather to express the disseminated or
diasporic state of the logos as language—yet, as in some medieval
Speculum or Book of Creatures, the strange, exotic, glyphic,
incomprehensible word-world becomes a kind of household
through Adam's power of naming and Abraham's gift of substi-
tution. As we read Glas we feel the protest of the entire Linnaean
realm: a protest of the living creatures, or natural language,
against post-typological typing, as if each being were able, even
when mute, to contribute its own mark or seal, if not signature.
The passing bell of Glas becomes a wedding bell; and though
Derrida's phrase "the economy of death" is one that should chill
(and naming, no doubt, is an anticipation of death, a formal and
often fixating recognition of self or other), there is here a barely
refrained anti-messianic exuberance that lifts the burden of cir-
cumcision even from the heart, because it is already, and endlessly,
in language. The "scheiden" or "coup" or "ur-teil," the cutting
edge of language on every page of this text, all the devices of
découpage (Derrida's coup de dés) seem to undercut the worry
about "Entscheidung" that Heidegger pursues so intently.
For "Entscheidung" has already fallen, or is always falling.
No throw of language will "master" philosophy and, through
philosophy, the human condition by dividing time into a B.C./A.D.
pattern, or positing an absolute present. Caesuras are not caesareans.
There is no more a fullness of time than there is a fullness of
language. Derrida lets language be, not by nonchalance but
by giving it its "to be," as he deconstructs a text or moves
within, rather than simply against, equivocation and the multiple
register of words. As in the Hebrew liturgy which quotes God
against God to plead a covenant in danger, so here words are quoted against words to save the contract between word and thing: a contract always being foreclosed by this or that philosophical simplification or "endzeit" ideology. Let no one mistake this nonbook: Glas is of the House of Galilee.

Who else but Reb Derissa could go from the dissemination/castration or flower/sword theme to the Warburg dictionary (59 ff.), and by an error or Bedeutungsveränderung as bewildering as any semanticist has traced, show how sword and lily lie together (his/lit) in "glaïeuil" (gladiolus: schwerthilie) with its blütenstaub of phonic or dialectal resonances: glaïeuil ("klage," "deuil"?); glaudius, claudio, gaudio ("joy"?); glavioi ("viol"?); glaïe, glai, englasi ("terrify," "freeze," "glaze"?); glai, glace, glisser? These flowers of language, though not simples, have a medicine in their "phonème" as well as "phénomène." "Y a-t-il gl dans toute langue naturelle? gl... ph... Ça brille et se brise" (62b).

V

Ça brille et se brise. Hardly an aphorism, because thrown off so casually. Does the ça really refer to gl or ph? Its airy, gestural quality makes it a "sujet" rather than a "sujet." Is the suggested therapy again the deposing of the sovereign subject? Derrida, in his pharmacy, his panglossalium, mixes phonemes like a medicine man, a shaman, or what he calls "sfeinctor" (280b). But if he has learnt from Freud that there is a talking cure, he has also learnt that there is no triumph of the therapeutic, only an endless analysis. Consider again this ça and how it puts the phrase it introduces "en abîme."

If we were to substitute the symbol x for ça, the phrase could easily evoke a kind of mirror: "x brille et se brise." Derrida has just shown how fragile—and fertile by that fact—are the proper names of flowers. A name is meant to hold an identity fast, to mirror or mime it as best it can, but analysis reveals at most a "miroitement," the shimmer-fragments of that insistence. This imago of the proper name, everywhere, not only in flowers, points to the "phantasme absolu comme s'avoir absolu."

Instinctively, of course, we take ça as "things in general," or things belonging to a large, undefined class. Yet the other side of the grammatical feeling of "an identity" is that this feeling is pronominal. But what is the signifiant of "ça brille et se brise."

The deposed sovereign name, the "forgotten" page Der"idalaïe or substituting ça for the "savoir absolu?" Derrida says, is a "savoir absolu" of "glai:euil," of signifier, signified, signifying forms but not yet "Sa brille et se brise."

But Sa is so there beforehand, so that Sa is forgot through the abbrevia-tion of "Se," the so-called "savoir absolu" or signifie-du-r. "Sa brille et se brise," and the signifying Sa, and the "savoir absolu" is too close to see.

To cap that ça without the Sa of Derrida," absolu" (the side" of savoir absolu) is an impossible "Ta brille et se brise."
side of this referential vagueness is a grammatical constriction: the grammar, almost defensively, makes ça the subject: it is “ça” that shines and breaks. The reflexive “se” (“se brise”) intensifies this feeling that ça is a name or a noun. Ça moves back into a pronominal position and assumes more fully the force of “it.” But what noun does “it” stand for?

The dead end of grammatical analysis is now aided by the “forgotten” phoneme. Ça is homophonic with Sa. On the first page Derrida condenses “savoir absolu” as “Sa.” Then let us substitute Sa for ça. “Sa brille et se brise” means that Hegel’s “savoir absolu” is a mirage (Schein/glanz/glance) that must break. Derrida says it with flowers, but he says it. His dictionary analysis of “glaieul” has revealed the lawful instability of phoneme or signifier, one that leads to the creation not only of new verbal forms but also of new meanings by such “dissemination.” The motto of a famous dictionary is “Je sème à tout vent.” Derrida’s “Sa brille et se brise” is an equivalent heraldry.

But Sa as tachygraph, as artificial abbreviation, was already there before Derrida. All he does is to reinscribe or superimpose through that phoneme another text. For Sa is homophonic with the abbreviation for “signifiant” when distinguished in Saussure from Sé, the “signifié.” This doubled Sa not only suggests that so-called absolute knowledge is as unstable as the volatile phoneme or signifier but also it makes the text of Saussure into an additional “signifié.” Because of this double or false bottomed Sa, we can hardly keep track. We have something like three signifiants (ça, Sa¹, Sa²) and I’m not sure how many signifiés (mirror, things in general, dissemination, gl or ph, savoir absolu, Saussure). Ça is too sassy.

To cap it all we must also reluctantly consider the possibility that ça is a Sa (signifiant) born directly of language, that is, without being authored by the verbal tricks of “un sujet nommé Derrida.” When he says, “Sa sera désormais le sigle du savoir absolu” (7a), he is parodying the logocentric fiat. But the “other side” of this movement (which includes the discussion of Genet) is an immaculate ça, the always already cancelled name of la chose. “Ça brille et se brise” refers then to the most haunting question of all in this work: what is the Sa (signifiant/signature/savoir absolu) of the ça? A question which both Heidegger and
Lacan raise in different ways, Lacan importing the Sa into the Freudian ça (S/Es/Id) and Heidegger straining to find the right language-turn back through the bush or holzweg of language to the "nom de chose" (11b): Being as otherness, or essence. At this "semiotic" point, however, philosophy begins to speak in tongues or to sound like a gag out of Ionesco; and we realize that discourse is in danger of moving toward silence. Or toward a stutter (Sa, Sa, gl, gl) signifying nothing ("les glas de la signification") though full of sound and analytic fury.

A question like "Que signifie le glas du nom propre?" Plus tot: est-ce que ça signifie?" (27b) only exacerbates the Mallarméan equivocations. Mallarmé, the "aïeul" of Derrida's "glãœul." (See the "Prose pour des Esseintes." Mallarmé's method is the subject of "La Double Séance," in La Dissémination. "Savoir" includes "... voire" (52b), that is (voire!) an indeterminacy principle, "le vrai (verus, voirement), mais aussi le suspens indécidé de ce qui reste en marche ou en marge dans le vrai, n'étant néanmoins pas faux de ne plus se réduire au vrai" (52b). As when "Ça brille et se brise" suggests, in the context of the sword-flower and dissemination theme—what Derrida calls his "anthèmes" (anthos theme/anthem)—a link between decollation and castration, present not only in Jean Genet but also, undecidedly, in Mallarmé's "Cantique de Saint Jean," with its symbol of an imperceptible climactic halt (the nunc stans of solstice), which is like the theoretic stability of identity or verbal meaning ("ça brille") before its fragmenting or dissemination ("et se brise").

Or when Mallarmé writes of a danseuse (as if every such were a potential Salomé) that she was not a woman "mais une métaphore résumant un des aspects élémentaires de notre forme, glaive, coupe, fleur, etc ..." ("Crayonné au Théâtre"). Or when Derrida, in column 52a opposite "voire," speculates that Hegel may have taken the circumcision and the sacrifice of Isaac to be "simulaera de castration." "Si Hegel avait pensé ça, il aurait fait et dit comme ça," Ah, ça... .

What does it come to, then? A monstrous head-birth? Or an acephalic theory of meaning, decapitated like the Mallarméan i-vers ("hiver") which contains both "verre" and "air"? "Ça brille et se brise." Only one thing is certain. There is no putting the djinn back into the bottle.
Derrida's style is not unique, though its extravagance (to use Thoreau's word) confronts the reader from an English text-milieu with as much of a problem as the heavier Heidegger. This problem does not lie primarily in the difficult mingling or montage of all kinds of subject-matter, which a purer criticism might reject as aleatory and overburdening. Nor does it lie primarily in the habit of inner or esoteric, as distinct from exoteric quotation, which one expects in art but not to this degree in philosophical and critical writing. The problem, on the surface at least, is the persistence, the seriousness, with which an intelligence of this order employs devices that may seem to be at best witty and at worst trivial.

We have all been to school with Empson, yet to transfer to one's prose these puns, equivocations, catachreses and abusive etymologies, these double entendres and double-takes, these ellipses and purely speculative chains of words and associations, has a desacralizing and leveling effect which the generic neutrality of the word ecriture reenforces. Many readers are left fascinated yet cold, seduced and angry. All the more so as the tone is so even or absent that despite all its paronomasia Glas seems as elegantly humorless as Sade's Philosophie dans le Boudoir. Herein, of course, one difference with Joyce, who shocks and delights, rather than teaches. Every pun, in Derrida, is philosophically accountable, every sottie or sortie must contribute further to the deniaisement of the European Mind, still so virginal after all the attempts on it: by Sade, Rousseau, Nietzsche, Marx, Freud, Sartre, Genet, Bataille.

Glas, with a style which the French Classical tradition has nurtured and made ductile, is philosophy's Fleurs du Mal rather than its death knell. Yet, to insist, how do we take all those verbal tricks, so productive yet so easy to parody? So functional in foregrounding language, in making us aware of it as the only subject, compared to which ego and author are episodic notions discarded by an interminable demonstration?

Indeed, it is not the devices themselves but the interminable character of the analysis they impose which may tire us into antagonism. The dialectophagist or boa-deconstructor aspects of
Derrida’s systematic play, his *serio ludere*, is the real issue. To call it “freeplay” seems understated even if we remember that the term is adapted from the world of machines. For a machine with this much play in it is either a surrealist, erotic, morphological fantasy, like Marcel Duchamp’s *Le Grand Verre*, or a language game with so many trick-possibilities that to say there are seven types of ambiguity is suddenly of the same order of truth as that there are four humours or seven cardinal sins. The point is not that they are without number—there may be less than seven sorts of ambiguity, and Derrida relies heavily on one device of *coupure*, that of temesis or variable juncture—but that the reentry into consciousness of contradiction or equivocation through such “freeplay” appears to be unbounded. For there is endless material at hand, and the possibility of working it through in this interminable way cannot be foreclosed.

Yet has this not always been the case? If Derrida brings us to the brink of a new vertigo, it is the old one of looking at the whelming tide of interpretation. That consciousness makes cowards of us all. Or leads into anti-intellectualism. Science, however, has somehow not recoiled from discoveries of this kind, not in the long run. The concept of infinity in mathematics, or what each of us can see looking through a microscope (and which confirms another kind of infinity); the discoveries, similarly, of linguistics and semiotics, which have the same infinitizing taint about them—these have fascinated rather than repelled, and led to an openness of thought and inquiry even protected by a society which knows that ideological inferences from that openness could subvert it.

We may not be able to use the instrument properly, though its best use is as a critical rather than positive or ideological philosophy. Derrida deconstructs not only others but also himself: the activity, that is, of philosophizing in general. He shows how much metaphor remains and must remain, how much equivocation and palimpsest-residue. He does not advocate a more literary philosophy but he doubts that philosophy can get beyond being a form of language. The very desire of philosophy to be itself only, and for itself, absolute knowledge, is the ultimate pathos. Literature too can suffer from this “metaphysical” pathos, when it seeks to be itself by paradoxically aspiring to be like something else: philosophy.

Blake reminds us of his fireveling flames. Or like the apocryphal story of a man before Derrida:

Yet nothing can flagrantly reveal a mind with:

> “How can I know how to know?”

Or like the apocryphal story of a man before Derrida:

> “Le feu de mon âme me consume à mort et à éternité.”

It may be that we have not been able to use our minds properly, but it is clear that we have been able to use them in such a way as to contribute to the destruction of our own and each other’s identities.
else: philosophy, for instance. The term écriture is handy because it reminds us of the verbal condition which all these disciplines share and perpetuate.

Derrida tells literary people only what they have always known and repressed. Repressed too much, perhaps. The fullness of equivocation in literary structures should now be thought about to the point where Joyce's wordplay seems normal and Empson's *Seven Types* archaic. A 1001 nights of literary analysis lie before, a Scheherazade to keep an emperor awake beyond his intentions. Until a new concept of *reserve*, not merely panic and defensive, is developed, one which could result in as fine a sense of decorum as literature itself often displays.

VII

Blake in “Night the Ninth” of the *Zoas* goes on and on with his fireworks because there is so much “mystery” to fuel the flames. Potentially, all Western philosophy and literature lie before Derrida as before Hegel, and now they include Hegel. Yet nothing is really destroyed in the curiously memorial conflagration staged by Hegel or Derrida. The flames of intellect reveal a structure, that is all. It is like Blake ending his inferno with:

“How is it we have walk’d thro’ fires & yet are not consum’d? How is it that all things are chang’d, even as in ancient times?”

Or like Blanchot in *Le Dernier Homme* (1957), who modulates the apocalyptic thought into something less assured, which anticipates the theory of *Writing* in *Glas*:

Le feu ne brûle que pour mettre au jour le plan vivant du grand édifice, il le détruit mais selon son unité, il le révèle en le consumant. Croyance que le grand édifice n’est plus maintenant capable d’alimenter un feu central assez fort pour tout illuminer en un flamboiement d’ensemble. Croyance qu’on en est arrivé à ce moment où tout brûle, tout s’éteint joyeusement au hasard, par myriades de foyers distincts qui travaillent où ils veulent, comme ils veulent, avec la froide passion des feux séparés. Croyance que nous serions les signes brillants de l’écriture de feu....

It may seem ingenious to characterize Derrida as a conservative
thinker. Yet the "monuments of unageing intellect" are not pulled down. They are, in any case, so strong, or our desire is so engaged with them, that the deconstructive activity becomes part of their structure. No cargo cult is in view. The subversive devices used in *Glás* merely trap us into rethinking a great many texts. It is true they are not there as direct objects of study, not presented as such—no more than the Bible is in Blake. But one might say that Hegel, Genet, Freud, etc., are elated (a term I prefer to sublated), and if there is little humor and mother-wit in Derrida, there is nevertheless what the German Romantics, who founded a certain notion of ironic transcendence, called *Heiterkeit*: "hilarity," perhaps, or Nietzsche's "gaiety." Even though texts often become pretexts here, even a kind of libretto, it is not always so. Hegel and Genet are given the most sustained analysis and yet the effect remains musical. A deconstructive machine that sings: *Glás*.

It is easy to slip from metaphor to metaphor in describing this book. What we are still puzzling about, though, is the high non-seriousness of it. The gravamen of its renewed attempt to jest in earnest. One can sense a certain fatigue: nothing of the freshness here of Homeric lying or Socratic irony. The attempted elation is rather grim, and involves demands on self and reader which cannot be stated as an indefinitely ironized "Know thyself." There is, it seems, no knowledge except in the form of a text—of écriture—and that is devious and dissolving, very unabsolute, as it leads always to other texts and further writing. Both the "knowing" and the "thyself" are constantly deferred by the very act of writing that might define them in black and white.

Indeed, even the black and white or typographic effect is in *Glás* a haunting and essential aspect of this deferment, this calcul of écriture. The disjunct or aleatory form, which includes variable spacing of paragraphs within columns as well as the insert of new columns or columnar boxes ("Aushöhungen," 9a, 182a), is soon perceived to be less an experiment than a deliberate technique underwritten by concepts developed previously. It inscribes the theory of écriture, difference, dissemination, deconstruction, freeplay. Intertextuality founds its space, as in Mallarmé. For the impression of equivalence is always broken, always
reasserted. There is a para-visual effect, emblematic rather than pictorial, which plays on the idea of columns as (1) independent structures like the early phallic statues which could also be funerary monuments, and through “Aushöhlung,” sounding pits rather than pyramids; (2) dependent structures, like columns of a Greek temple, self-supporting as well as supportive, and associated with the achievement of equilibrium or an Apollinian “Gleichgewicht” (291a); (3) broken columns, or those whose monumental quality is put in question, because being variably elided by the spacing of the paragraph-blocks they are decapitalized, to suggest tensiles of cohesion that must now come from writing itself.

Writing, that is, is not a capitalization. It spaces out rather than dots the columnar i. Ecriture, in fact, might almost be defined as the deconstruction of those columns: of the Greek “support” of French culture (an aspect really of the tyranny of Rome over France, of a Latinity very different from Nietzsche’s view of either Classic style or Greek joyousness), and of capital-istic thinking generally.

In *Glas*, then, and not for the first time, Derrida engages Marx. It is a mediated engagement that proceeds via Hegel, Feuerbach, and contemporary thinkers like Sartre and Bataille. That may be inevitable here, where texts are so consciously intertextual. The Marxist contribution is, like all others, “dé-pensé” according to a principle of freeplay that for the serious thinker may seem to be an aestheticizing manoeuvre. The decapitalized columns may allude to Marx’s own struggle with Greco-Roman antiquity, as alienation becomes a form of alienation. Marx too is “emblemi.” Was Marx meant to end as a visual joke, however sustained, in a fine book?

The ingenious engineering of *Glas* cannot but become an issue. What sustains these extraordinary 300 pages, and what sustaining power do they exert in turn? A game that lasts so long must be more than a game. Even if *Glas* were a “self-consuming artifact,” we would be left to admire its stylish sense of the vanity of all things. As in Nietzsche, the void itself would become a ground, the “womb of nature and perhaps her grave.” Though the play of text and text could be mere “Schein,” and the march of the columns more subversive than Valéry’s
Un temple sur les yeux
Noirs pour l'éternité
Nous allons sans les dieux
A la divinité,

the void is made so solid that a material question must be faced: can we tolerate and live in this verbal revel, or do we seek to end it by passing to a stage beyond, that metaphysical "beyond" or "real presence" which has gone under so many names?

That we are left with something is something. To be made conscious to what degree one lives in the void, in an "economy of death," is the oldest imperative of both religion and philosophy. For Cicero, thinking of Socrates, the philosopher is the virtuous man whose study is death. So for John Donne, always already in his shroud:

As virtuous men passe mildly away,
And whisper to their soules, to goe,
Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no . . . .

The mere breathing space between "now" and "no" is the economy of death as a principle of phonemics, the subtlest "glas." Thanatopraxis, in a conscience like Donne's, is at one with interstitial thinking, and has made the boundary between what is living and what is dead so fine that Charon may be cheated of his fare.

VIII

Was hat es da eigentlich geschlagen?
Sei ein Klingendes Glas das sich im Klang schon erschlug.

Derrida knows that this study of death, also named philosophy, took a strange turn when Freud's metapsychology introduced the notion of a death instinct indissociable from life and eros. Jacques Lacan's revision of that metapsychology reenforced and exacerbated the issue by postulating specific "figures de la mort" said to determine, like the ancient Fates, the psyche. One of these, perhaps the most potent because directed against the eristic and erotic games ("jeux sériels") of verbal symbolism, is described by

Laen...
Lacan as the source of monumental image-making: whether in the form of statues, specters, or automata. Lacan’s famous idea of a “mirror stage” suggests that when the infant discovers prematurely its full-formed image in the mirror, it is as a double rather than a genuine other, and for the rest of its psychic life is tempted to accede to that type of image-fixation because it allows a denial of the insistence of words, their interminable, identity-deferring nature. The Identity (to adopt a Blakean term for Lacan’s “je”), once it has appeared as this mirror image, is pregnant with correspondences to the monumental themes being undone by the “jeux sériels” of Derrida’s columniad.

The eternizing character of desire is therefore the obverse of an economy of death. Eros can be a capitalist. This difficult conjunction of eternity-desire and death (Lacan: “. . . when we wish to reach in the sujet what was there before the serial games of language, what is primordial for the birth of symbols, we find it in death, from which his existence takes all the meaning it has. It is as a desire for death that the sujet affirms himself vis-a-vis others; if he identifies with the other, it is by congealing the latter [by specular identification] into the metamorphosis of his own image-essence, and no being is ever evoked by him unless amid these shadows of death”) not only constitutes the psyche but all our mythologies.

The importance of this point of view, however, is not exhausted by showing that the psyche emanates doubles like the funerary statues described in the opening pages of Gläser. Thomas Mann in “Freud and the Future” (1936) had already glimpsed this truth and made it, as in Lacan, the basis of a theory of identity-building through ecstatic identification. A more insidious implication of this view includes the psychoanalytic concept of the psyche as a myth among these myths. A myth, moreover, which evolved into a full-fledged mythology only after Anna Freud had codified the mechanisms of defense (1936) and parlayed a metaphor (“defense”) into a formidable model of the ego as adaptive machine: one as resourceful if precarious as the warrior-soul in psychomachias of old. It is no accident, then, that Lacan’s theory of the mirror stage (1936 and 1949) was formulated as an at first cautious and then increasingly vigorous critique of the ensuing
“ego psychology” that institutionalized itself most successfully in America.

Against this psychology Lacan asserts that the ego is not an adaptive or synthesizing power but one that rises up and smites language in its desire for a fixed identity, a non-differential, glassy essence. Hence, Derrida, going perhaps beyond Lacan, tries to smite the mirror itself. The transgressive or liberating if always phantasmagoric crime is not, for Derrida, thing-murder by language, but mirror-murder or the end of metaphysical versions of Identity. That means an elaboration of the notion of Writing, and, coterminously, the movement in *Glas* from the heavy opening theme of the *colossus*, statue and funerary double, to the lyrical theme of a *calculus*, associated either with Nietzsche’s shuttleplay between Dionysus and Apollo, or other kinds of music or writing machines. The “inexhaustible inventiveness, the dreamlike renewal of mechanical models” which Derrida so admires in Freud not only associates metaphoricity with scientific model-making but once again projects the ideal of Writing as a fantastic machine, an anti-mirror mirroring device which wards off the dark Lacanian Trinity of statue, specter, automaton. Almost too smoothly, then, the freetext in *Glas* oscillates between bel canto and bel cento.* It is not only the Freudian Unconscious which is “aufgehoben” as in Lacan: the psychoanalytic form of the Psyche myth is itself elated into a “question of style.”

Hence the style of *Glas*. Its columns become shape-shifters that do not allow us to fix them by “glassification” as an eternity-structure of either a mythic or a psychic kind. They subsume the changing colossus of Mennon (left) as well as the fixating glance of the Lacanian mirror (right) by a potentially chiastic positioning of “deux textes mis en regard l’un de l’autre.” The perspective point of the columns recedes “en abîme” in two directions at once. One is the past, starting with Hegel who is still with us; the other is the future, starting with Nietzsche who is once again with us, having been rediscovered by recent French thought. There is an intersection of Hegel and Nietzsche, so that rays of inquiry that might regress indefinitely into a “pre-

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*At one point (220b) *Glas* reveals, through Genet, something of that ultimate machine by which Jean thinks to rag Jean and shred not only what Lacan calls the “image du corps propre” but also the “image du nom propre.”
capitalistic" era are available for us here and now, through that double focus.

IX

"We don't know yet if Sa is a text, has given rise to a text, if it has been written, or has written, caused writing, let writing come about" (7a). Do we know by the end of Glas? In what sense is the text of Glas also the text of Sa?

We know at least "what remains today for us..." It is quite a legacy, this too much and too little. There is Hegel, or the near-interminable shadow of historical knowledge extending itself through the "negative labor" of dialectic thinking. There is Nietzsche, or his attempt (after Schopenhauer) to clear that shadow away, to demystify the will to knowledge itself. But Nietzsche's labor resulted only in new kinds of interminable analysis. At first psychoanalysis, and now the clearing of the ground called deconstruction.

Deconstruction may lead to a new construction, of which we are here seeing a first installment, or prelude. But the deconstructive, or let us simply call it "-analytic" work (the hyphen leaving the subject-phrase open, as if "analytic" would necessarily bestow anaclitic status on any such phrase), also magically conserves the texts it works through. It conserves them in a peculiar way, of course. Not as quasi-autonomous wholes but as fragments with the force often of aphorisms, and whose evocative power reminds us of extracts from works now lost and known only through being quoted by an ancient commentator. Even when we can go back to the "original," it seems either less original now or finds its wholeness, its aspiration to monumental status, made partial by intertextual fragmentation.

The deconstructive clearing of the ground is, then, quite different from Wittgenstein's. The \textit{Philosophical Investigations} and \textit{Zettel} have their own aphoristic energy: they are bulletins (little papal bulls) surviving the silent labor, silence itself. But the "text," for Wittgenstein, insofar as it exists, is the common word as concept, or the concept put to the test of idiom and common words. There is still a similarity in this between our two philosophers: both reflect on the status of conceptualization, on
Hegel’s question, absolutely basic, on what and where the “concept” is today. That Derrida worries the distinction between common and proper nouns is also a sign of affinity.

The conceptual given, for Wittgenstein, seems very different, however. There is no prerequisite for his intellectual labor except language and thought—thought that tries to free language to say what it means. The nature of the constriction or obstruction is not clear, though clearly there. The blockage or spell, “be-witchment,” is simply something to be undone. But for Derrida, or as he would insist with Hegel, “for us,” the conceptual given is always, already, a text. It is a text which is mediated by other texts, whether past or to come; and this is not an epistemological problem only but also a temporal and cultural one. Derrida’s prerequisite for thinking is the very cumulus Wittgenstein would like to start without (he knows words have a “Dunst” or aura but remains unseduced): that heavy historical sedimentation which made Hegel aspire toward the elation of a “savoir absolu,” toward a dance of thoughts characterized by the “interchangeable supremacy” of all stages in the odyssey—or calvary—of the human spirit. An intertextual dance if you will, as in some unimaginably assured act of reading. Or, in psychoanalytic terms, a working-through of the coupure (whether or not we thematize it as castration) until it no longer crucifies discourse.

On the final page of Glas (illustration 3) philosophy takes back from literature its own, which includes a certain rhythm, a certain clang, “L’impair,” perhaps, the off-rhyming of columns or even a harsher note (“les cordes graissées se tendent, on n’entend qu’elles”), and out of this, something else than tragedy is born. What is born, though? Clearly, if only in the form of an earnest jest, an Aufhebung (291b). This “elation” follows on the most lyrical moment in Glas, where we are given, in German, a passage from the section “Vor Sonnen-Aufgang” in Nietzsche’s Also sprach Zarathustra (291b, “Vor der Sonne kamst du zu mir . . .”). A musical and moving passage, which smooths “the raven down of darkness,” and lets us glimpse what Nietzsche meant by elation, or Heiterkeit, or “fröhliche Wissenschaft.”

An elation, then, that seems to be an elision of knowledge: “Da” (Dasein) and “Sa” (savoir absolu) become a simple “Ja,” an unspoken but also unbounded affirmation of all that has been, and will be. Here, then, is more than the end.

But what is the nature of this end? Or of the elision? Or of the affirmation? Is it not merely the “end” of being— “end” of the ego, of the subject, of the world, of the ego’s domination over the world? Yet precisely because of the remains of the ego, of the ego’s illusion of autonomy, there is a threat that the ego would recreate itself. Yet, there is also a threat that the ego would be given up and replaced by something else. And so the ego is both threatened and protected by its own illusion of autonomy.

The ego is thus caught in a conflict of forces, a conflict of two desires—desires for autonomy and desires for violation. And so the ego is both threatened and protected by its own illusion of autonomy.

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and will be again. "We share our knowledge by smiling at each other." It is, so to say, Nietzsche's version of Pater's Mona Lisa; or a newborn virginity—reserve—with regard to the will to knowledge that becomes the main subject of Nietzsche's preface to the re-edition (1886) of Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft:

If we convalescents still need art, it is a different art—a mocking, light, fleeting, divinely ungraced, divinely artful art. . . . We do not believe any longer that truth will still be truth, its veil gone. . . . we do not have to see everything naked. . . . we do not have to be in the know about everything. . . . We should honor more the modesty ("Scham") which aids a Nature that hides behind riddles and colorful uncertainties. Perhaps truth is a woman who has her reasons ("Gründe") for not allowing us to see into her ("ihre Gründe"). . . . O those Greeks! They understood how to live. . . . to remain at the surface. . . . praying to semblance ("Schein"), trusting in forms, tones, words, in the entire Olympus of Semblance! The Greeks were superficial—because of their depth.

Here Glas might have ended, in this Greek dawn more telling than Memnon's statue.

But an Aufhebung follows, which is not a recapitulation of the movement of Glas as a whole nor merely an affirmation of the art called for by Nietzsche. It is, indeed, more "Anhang" than "Aufhebung," a disturbing supplement which turns the "end" into an "and." Even in style it is a strange rebus-form, almost a bricolage of words, mimic notation without a personal or lyric center. It describes an Aufhebung, to be sure, but as the precarious interplay of chance and calculation, and as (it is part of the grim joke) a laborious phallic erection, as just another—yet another—raising up (re-lève), equivalent to the retelling-republishing (ré-édite) alluded to in the next and last sentence of the book.

There is no finality, then; as one side (column) depicts a rising, the other may fall; the theme of balancing prevails as a countervailing movement begins again, perhaps the negative labor of the Hegelian dialectic (291a) that disturbs every Apollonian pose. The Aufhebung we witness is reenacted as a primal scene of clearing the ground, of path-finding, construction, and now, "ici, dès maintenant," writing. Nietzsche's morning knowledge (even earlier, "früh" as well as "froh," "Vor der Sonne kamst
du zu mir,” like the Shechinah or Sophia of Proverbs 8) turns to mourning (“glas”) once more, reminds us of the interminable work of mourning (“lair de deuil . . .” 290b), or of psychoanalysis working itself through to its own “aufhebung”: a purging of the issue of the logo-phallus, of a castration that was “In the Beginning,” “Vor der Sonne.”

Why perplex the mind of the fair sex with metaphysics? as Dr. Johnson might have said. Whether the rebarbative notion be castration or the logos or the Immaculate Conception. But the fair sex, by a deep joke, has become philosophy itself. The movement here, as in Glas generally, is not that of an undressing, subtle or rapacious, of a naked truth. It is, first, an assumption of historical knowledge in the form of all these texts, which stand interminably between us and absolute knowledge; and this between, this “inter” space of textuality may be the only knowledge. It is also, therefore, an alleviation of the quest for—will to—knowledge. By diffusing the theme of coupure or castration (“the stubborn center must/ Be scattered,” Shelley wrote), a powerfully reductive, quasi-theological assumption is disseminated, plowed back into the furrow of writing. “Ça brille et se brise.”

Derrida carries Nietzsche’s evangelic quip—that the idea became a woman in the transition from Plato to Christianity—into the transition of philosophy from Christianity to Hegel. “What if the Aufhebung were a Christian mother?” (215a) Philosophy, as a genealogy of morals, brought forth, according to Nietzsche, a relation to knowledge that represented our access to it as necessitating a shameful rape, the stealing, rending, forceful unveiling of hidden truth. In Hegel, however, this feminization, or feminine hypostasis—which Derrida finds even in Lacan’s esoteric style and specifically in his understanding of what the possession of “secret” knowledge may do to the possessor who identifies with it (like the Minister in Poe’s “Purloined Letter”)—is transcended insofar as we find the model of an inevitable and near-endless “Aufheben” of whatever passes as truth, so that knowledge is neither capitalized nor an object of rape or theft. The thief Genet, in this light, is an exalted if demonic version of the difficulty that inheres in making the “Christian” mother, Mary Immaculate, a form of “Aufhebung.” But the problem has been clarified: “Sa” (savoir absolu) and “Sa” (the feminine possessive pronoun)
are once more, potentially, in a relation that does not reductively image otherness (ça) as a sexual and motivating split between feminine secret and masculine force. Perhaps Sa has found its text.

So at the end, which is not the end, the furrow of writing opens up again, and the night-knowledge plowed back into it, forgotten, silenced, comes to the ear as a dissonant music. It is the obverse as well as opposite of Théophile Gautier's powerful velleities about the eternity of art. What we find in this furrow is not a sign of mastery, the “imperator spiritus” threatened always yet triumphant:

Tout passe.—L’art robuste
Seul a l’éternité.
Le buste
Survit à la cité.
Et la médaille austère
Que trouve un laboureur
Sous terre
Révèle un empereur.

Nor the “buckling” of a “heart in hiding” under the stress of a mastery greater than the cameo-mastery of art, as in Hopkins:

My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!
Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle!

“Sheer plod,” the poet continues, “makes plough down sillion/Shine,” as if this laborer too has found a medal in the earth, the metal of earth itself, uncovered by the mettle—the buckling down—of spiritual labor on earth. But his imagery remains within the sphere of mastery and being mastered, of the “thing” being forced open, or released through a dying fall (“ah my dear”). How close all this remains to the era of Mallarmé, Nietzsche, Pater! A hundred years is itself like the breathing space between “now” and “no.” So the “débris de” with which Glas trails off is the “quoi du reste” with which it began, and scatters or tears to bits (“petits carrés bien réguliers”) an elated proper noun, a signature, le débris de... Derrida.


The relation of Derrida to surrealistic experiments in writing and art, and to the split between André Breton and Georges Bataille, remains, I believe, unexplored. Bataille, whose collected works are now fully published, and whose essays on Genet and on the Language of Flowers as well as the poem "Glas" are quoted by Derrida in Glas, is the subject of an illuminating book by Denis Hollier, La Prise du Concorde (Paris: Gallimard, 1974). Bataille can be said to have launched a new phase of Nietzsche studies with his Nietzsche: Volonté de Chance (Paris, 1945). Derrida's essay on Nietzsche, "La question du style," is found in Nietzsche Aujourd'hui! (Paris: Éditions de Minuit, 1967), is available in New Literary History, 8 (1977); and is the subject of an essay in L'Écriture et la Différence (Paris: Seuil, 1977).


Deux colonnes inégales, disent-ils, dont chaque 

enveloppe ou gaine, incalculablement renversée, retourne, remplace, remoque, marque l’autre.

L’incalculable de ce qui est resté se calcule, 
élaborer tous les corps, les tord ou les échafauds en silence, vous vous épouseriez plus vite à les compter. Chaque petit carré se définit, chaque colonne s’étale avec une impassible suflisance et pourtant l’élément de la contagion, la circulation infinie de l’équivalence générale rapporte chaque phrase, chaque mot, chaque moignon d’écriture (par exemple « je m’éteis... ») à chaque autre, dans chaque colonne et d’une colonne à l’autre de ce qui est resté infiniment calculable.

A peu près.

Il y a du reste, toujours, qui se recoupent, deux fonctions.

Ceci — une légende.

Non pas une fable : une légende.

Une assise, garde, assise, intérieure, idéalisée, relie la chute dans le monument. La chute s’y maintient, embuscade et mémorial, mémorial, s’y nomme — tombe. Donc, mais comme chute, s’y étiege.

Illustration 1
Illustration 2
circulation du jésus dans le crâne, la jouissance de Dieu et le faire.


Empêcher de génir, de grincer, de vagir. Il est tout seul, sans aucune des bonnes lettres, elle les à toutes gardées pour elle, pour son prénom. Lui fait aussi défaut. Il, il ne l’a même pas.

Là laissé tomber, sans faire cas, sans un, tout au, juste de quoi spéculer, sans image, sans le savoir, sur son nom. Sans quoi.

Illustration 3

Il est vrai que l’œuvre d’art spirituelle — langage de part en part — la réconciliation autonome : symbiose de la religion esthétique (abstraction, vie, esprit), le spécifique d’un art spirituel (epee, tragédie, comédie) conduit la religion esthétique à la religion révélée. A travers, donc, la comédie.

Lait de deux cachets (coac, pressé, serré, caché, coagulé, calic). Je commence à être jaloux de ma mère qui a, à l’infini, changer de phallus sans se défaire. Hypothèse dieuvenue père en soi de n’être pas la.

Apollon n’est pas nommé, celés, mais l’opposé, la pirouette, le mame contraire dans laquelle le dieuistique doit passer pour “épouser en élevant objet (sibd que Gegenstände herleiten)”, se déesse contre le corps déposé dans la gymnastique grecque, la belle “Korrepschießen”. La figure de l’homme se cultive à la place de la colonne sculpturale de la divinité. Le divin se laisse réapproprier dans l’humanité : échange encore des deux érections, des deux institutions, mise en mouvement et repas de vie. Pleine ampleur de la contradiction qui (et) contracte avec elle-même, se fait du reste cadau.

Mais une foi de plus, mouvement de balance, tout se fixe dans l’objectivité existentielle qu’un a opposé à l’embrasement dieuistique. Un a donc deux monnaies opposés qui se contredisent dans leur unitarité respective. L’équilibre (Gebissucht) est sans cesse rompu. Dans le délire, le soi-même (Selbst) perd consciousness, sur le tronc, c’est l’opposé de l’être-lui-même.


Ce que j’avais redouté, naturellement, déjà, se réédite. Aujourd’hui, ici, maintenant, le débris de