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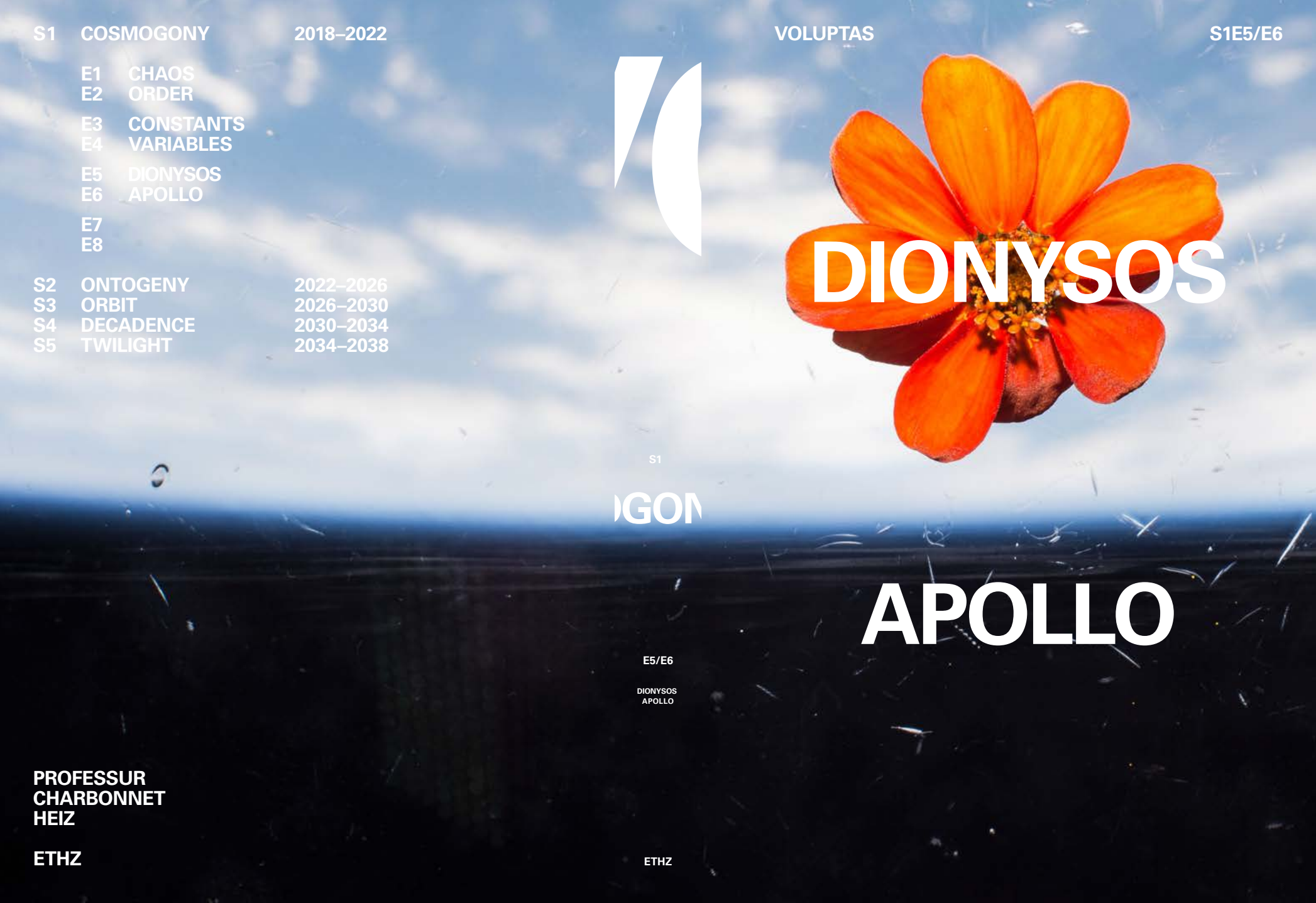

DIONYSOS

APOLLO

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DIONYSOS
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VOLUPTAS

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COVER: NASA, ZINNIA FLOWER GROWN DURING ISS-46 (2016)

ETHZ D-ARCH FS2020/SS2021 VOLUPTAS PROFESSUR CHARBONNET/HEIZ

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ELINLETICIA HÖGABO, AQUEARELLE/DEFORMATION (2019)

Voluptas is the euphoric daughter of its time – the intoxicating offspring of measure and spirit. Amending the millenary Vitruvian ordinances of *firmitas*, *utilitas* and *venustas*, Voluptas initiates a transversal investigation on contemporary issues and sets combinatory dynamics as the channel of proliferating singularities. Its looping trajectory toward a saturation of problem settings aims at the empirical emanation of an alternative view of the urban condition. Enforcing *desire* as its prevalent agent, Voluptas is the elegiac display of residual energy.

I know my fate. One day my name will be associated with the memory of something tremendous–a crisis without equal on earth, the most profound collision of conscience, a decision that was conjured up against everything that had been believed, demanded, hallowed so far. I am no man, I am dynamite.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, HOMO ECCE (1888)

S1 COSMOGONY
A GENESIS
2018–2022

S2 ONTOGENY
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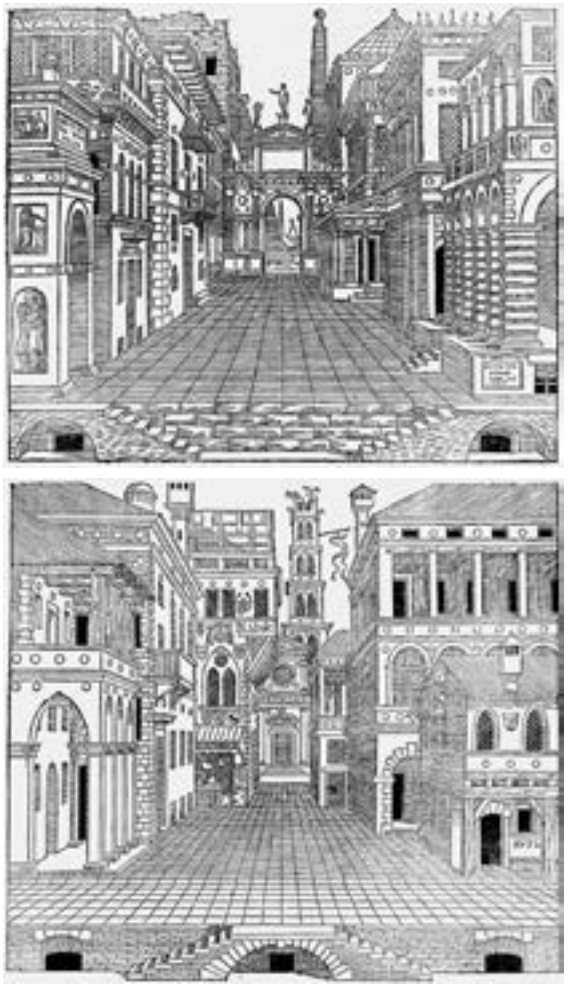
NASA, JUPITER'S NORTH POLE AND THE EIGHT CYCLONES THAT ENCIRCLE IT (2006)

ABRAHAM BOSSE, FRONTISPIECE OF THOMAS HOBBES' LEVIATHAN (1651)

In the chapter XVI of his Leviathan – *Of Persons, Authors and Things Personated* (1651), Thomas Hobbes defines the person as he "whose words and actions are considered, either as his own or as representing the words and actions of another man […]" accordingly delineating two subcategories: that of the natural person–when the words are his own – and that of the artificial person – when these are representing the words and actions of another; he further states: "Of persons artificial, some have their words and actions 'owned' by those whom they represent. And then the person is the 'actor', and he that owns his words and actions is the 'author', in which case the actor acts by authority – but is not the author […]. So that by authority is always understood a right of doing any act, and 'done by authority', done by commission or license from him whose right it is."

The distinction between authorship and actorship expediently polarizes the paramount questions of the content and of the form. The point is not to apply a literary notion to some emulative acceptation of its content, but rather to hypothetically submit a conceptual intendment to its potential adequation in the field of architecture; and as such, Hobbes' axiomatic statement informs us on the condition of the architect, whose authority is fundamentally a licensed and commissioned one.

As a tributary of given programmatic, economic and legal prerequisites and impelled through exogeneous necessities, architecture resolutely assigns its agent to performing a given act in the name and interest of (x): the architect is a political actor.



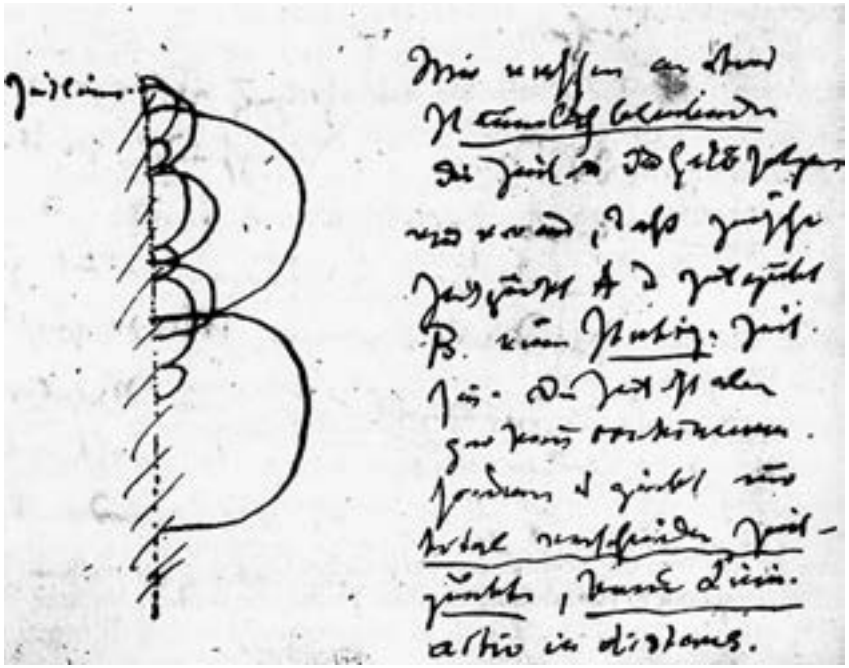
SEBASTIANO SERLIO, TRAGIC & COMIC SCENERIES (1545)

In the second book of Serlio's *Regole Generali di Architettura* (1545), the tragic scenery shows a series of court buildings, war memorials, civil monuments settled along the rigid axis of a central perspective and punctuated by a memorial threshold opening onto an unobstructed vanishing point; rigorously subordinated to the spinal street, the laminary lineup is ordered such as ingresses are staged perpendicular to the street avoiding frontal views of the representative entablatures. Corroborating the prevalence of the public over the private, a pair of outward orientated stairs lead to the set.

The comic stage setting on the other hand displays a turbulent sequence of doorways, storefronts and arcades disjointedly eroding the central political void; no convergence point here, but the richly ornamented porch of a religious shrine as the absolving sign to a collection of artifacts striving for attention. Converging steps to the stage achieve to portrait the manifest surrender of the public realm to the sphere of the intimate.

As a result of the transversal capitalist conformity, of its economical horizon and its inferent indvidualism, the city has long capitulated under the assaults of private interests; the ascendency of the *oikos* over the *polis*, respectively of the *product* over the *process*, has disrated the urban content to a long accumulative array of equivocal signs.

Bowing under the conceited laughs of licentious opportunism and its compulsion for visibility, the contemporary city has deserted the tragedy: comic scenery is now its only stage.



FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, DYNAMISCHES SCHEMA DER ZEIT (1873)

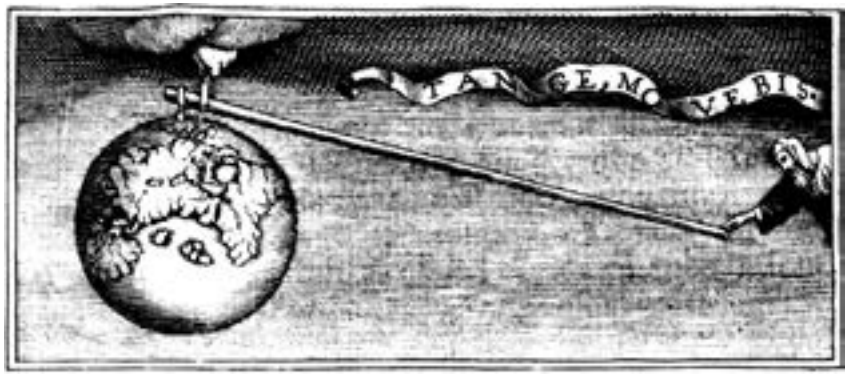
ORIGINAL/REPERTORIAL 15

A byproduct of the pervasive theatricality of the metropole is its relentless need for the new, therein not only complying with the essence of its outcome, the product– which is to be consumed and therefore ever renewed–but also with the quickly evolving rules of comic features; whereas Aristophanes' rhetorics hardly trigger any hilarity anymore, we are still moved by Antigone's tragic audacity.

By indulging in an often irrelevant alterity, metropolitan actors seem to have made any meaningful difference hardly legible: however legitimate discordances may be, they are bound to the prerequisite of repetition as the dominant marker of singularities.

Derived from the late latin *repertorium*–storehouse–a repertory is the entire assortment of things available in a field or of a kind; inasmuch as the manyfold identities of a repertoire account for its protean expertise–its range so to speak–yet its most essential attribute lies in its availability: a repertory is a potential to be constantly re-activated.

In its search for a dynamic consideration of time, withstanding the contemplative view of collective memory and its sententious unfolding of events, manner advocates for a deflective handling of history, of its canons as much as of its failures, and generates anexact figures–rigorously inexact, that is "inexact by essence and not by accident" –*Gilles Deleuze & Félix Guattari in: Mille Plateaux* (1980). History is a beat.



ARCHIMEDES, LEVERAGE, IN: VARIGNON, PROJET D'UNE NOUVELLE MÉCHANIQUE (1687)

"Give me a place to stand and I will move the Earth": in a time of relentless information where an undiscerning allegiance of the scientific proficency to accumulative datas and a so called 'economy of attention' dictate the legitimacy of a vast majority of decisions, Archimedes' remark quoted by Pappus of Alexandria *(in: Collection or Synagoge, Book VIII, c. AD 340)* suggests an alternative stand; echoing the metaphorical telescopic device of Marcel Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu*, the admonition invites to deliberately distantiate the observer from its subject to stimulate greater leverage: now set on the fringe of its field of expertise, contemplating the invigorating complexity of phenomenas, the observer records signs of transversal mutations.

As the blessed child of clashing progenitors – economy, environment, society, program, vanity – the condition of architecture not only stifles its product to a paradoxical figure, that of a radical consensus but also confines its agent to an imperative ductility to critically address conflicting demands; yet, the improbable fragmentation of competences and the persistent bias prevalence of *homo faber* over *homo sapiens* have disrated any non-utilitarian determinations to trivial scrutiny.

Driven by exogenous and contradictory requirements and at the converging point of manyfold ruling interests, the architect's expertise is protean by necessity rather than by inclination; aware of the trans-generational nature of the urban environment and accordingly resisting to the most immediate fervours of its time, the architect is the last generalist.

PROLOGUE 21

WILLIAM GOWERS, OBTAINING THE KNEE REFLEX WITH A PERCUSSION HAMMER (1881)

TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS, OR, HOW TO PHILOSOPHIZE WITH THE HAMMER

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

1889

Foreword

It's no small trick to preserve your cheerfulness in the midst of a gloomy matter which is loaded with inordinate responsibility. Yet what could be more necessary than cheerfulness? Nothing goes right unless exuberance plays a part in it. Overabundance of strength is the only proof of strength. A *revaluation of all values*, this question mark so black, so monstrous that it casts a shadow on the one who poses it – such a fateful task forces one to run out into the sun at every moment, to shake off a heavy seriousness that has become all too heavy. Every means is right for this, every "case" is a lucky break. Above all, *war*. War has always been the great cleverness of all spirits who have become too inward, too deep; even wounds can have the power to heal. A saying whose source I withhold from scholarly curiosity has long been my motto:

increscunt animi, virescit volnere virtus.

Another way to recover, which under certain circumstances I like even better, is *sounding out idols*… There are more idols than realities in the world: that's *my* "evil eye" on this

world, and my "evil *ear*" too… To pose questions here with a *hammer* for once, and maybe to hear in reply that well-known hollow tone which tells of bloated innards – how delightfull for one who has ears even behind his ears – for me the old psychologist and pied piper, in whose presence precisely what would like to stay quiet *has to speak up*…

This book too – the title gives it away – is above all a recovery, a sunny spot, a sidestep into a psychologist's idleness. Maybe a new war as well? And are new idols sounded out?… This little book is a *great declaration of war*, and as for sounding out idols, this time they are not just idols of the age, but *eternal* idols that are touched here with the hammer as with a tuning fork – there aren't any older idols at all, none more assured, none more inflated… And none more hollow… That doesn't stop them from being the ones that are *believed* in the most – and, especially in the most prominent case, they aren't called idols at all…

Turin, September 30, 1888, on the day when the first book of the *Revaluation of All Values* was finished. […]

"Reason" in Philosophy

[…] 6
You will be thankful to me if I condense such an essential and new insight into four theses: I thus make it easier to understand, and I dare you to contradict it.

First proposition The grounds on which "this" world has been called apparent are instead grounds for its reality – *another* kind of reality is absolutely indemonstrable.

Second proposition The distinguishing marks which have been given to the "true being" of things are the distinguishing marks of nonbeing, of *nothingness* – the "true world" has been constructed by contradicting the actual world: this "true world" is in fact an apparent world, insofar as it is just a *moral-optical* illusion.

Third proposition It makes no sense whatsoever to tell fictional stories about "another" world than this one, as long as the instinct to slander, trivialize, and look down upon life is not powerful within us: in that case, we *revenge* ourselves on life with the phantasmagoria of "another," "better" life.

Fourth proposition Dividing the world into a "true" and an "apparent" world, whether in the style of Christianity or in the style of Kant (a *sneaky* Christian to the end), is merely a move inspired by *décadence* – a symptom of *declining* life… The fact that the artist prizes appearance over reality is no objection to this proposition. For "appearance" here means reality *once again*, but in the form of a selection, an emphasis, a correction… Tragic artists are *not* pessimists – in fact, they say *yes* to everything questionable and terrible itself, they are *Dionysian*… […]

The Four Great Errors

[…] 4

Error of imaginary causes. – I'll begin with dreams: a particular sensation, for instance, a sensation due to a distant cannon shot, has a cause imputed to it afterwards (often a whole little novel in which precisely the dreamer is the protagonist). In the meantime, the sensation persists in a kind of resonance: it waits, as it were, until the drive to find causes allows it to come into the foreground – not as an accident anymore, but as "meaning". The cannon shot shows up in a *causal* way, and time seems to flow backwards. What comes later, the motivation, is experienced first, often with a hundred details that flash by like lightning; the shot *follows*… What has happened? The representations *generated* by a certain state of affairs were misunderstood as the cause of this state of affairs. – In fact, we do just the same thing when we're awake. Most of our general feelings – every sort of inhibition, pressure, tension, explosion in the play and counter play of the organs, and in particular the state of the *nervus sympathicus* (sympathetic nervous system) – arouse our drive to find causes: we want to have a *reason* for feeling that we're in *such and such* a state – a bad state or a good state. It's never enough for us just to determine the mere fact *that* we find ourselves in such and such a state: we admit this fact – become *conscious* of it – only *if* we've given it some kind of motivation. – Memory, which comes into play in such cases without our knowing it, calls up earlier states of the same kind, and the causal interpretations that are rooted in them – but *not* their causation. Of course, memory also calls up the belief that the representations, the accompanying occurrences in consciousness, were the causes. In this way there arises a *habituation* to a particular interpretation of causes that actually inhibits and even excludes an *investigation* of the cause.

5

A psychological explanation of this error. – Tracing something unfamiliar back to something familiar alleviates us, calms us, pacifies us, and in addition provides a feeling of power. The unfamiliar brings with it danger, unrest, and care – our first instinct is to *do away* with these painful conditions. First principle: some explanation is better than none. Since at bottom all we want is to free ourselves from oppressive representations, we aren't exactly strict about the means of freeing ourselves from them: the first representation that serves to explain the unfamiliar as familiar is so beneficial that we "take it to be true". Proof of *pleasure* ("strength") as criterion of truth. – Thus, the drive to find causes is conditioned and aroused by the feeling of fear. Whenever possible, the "why?" should not so much provide the cause for its own sake, but instead provide a *type of cause* – a relaxing, liberating, alleviating cause. The fact that something already *familiar*, something we have experienced, something inscribed in memory is posited as the cause, is the first consequence of this requirement. The new, the unexperienced, the alien, is excluded as a cause. – So we not only look for some type of explanation as the cause, but we *single out* and *favor* a certain type of explanation, the type that eliminates the feeling of the alien, new, and unexperienced, as fast and as often as possible – the most *customary* explanations. Consequence: one kind of cause-positing becomes more and more prevalent, concentrates itself into a system, and finally comes to the fore as *dominant*, that is, as simply *excluding* any *other* causes and explanations. – The banker thinks right away about "business", the Christian about "sin", the girl about her love. […]

What the Germans Are Missing

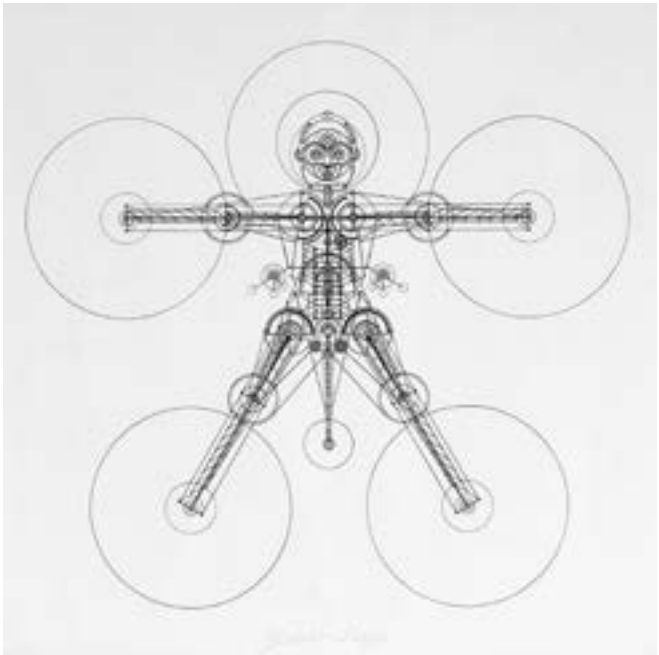
[…] 6

–In order not to be untrue to my type, which is a *yes-saying* type and deals in contradictions and criticism only indirectly, only unwillingly, I will set forth right away the three tasks for which educators are required. One must learn to *see*, one must learn to *think*, one must learn to *speak* and *write*. The goal of all three tasks is a noble culture.–To learn to *see*–to accustom the eye to composure, to patience, to letting things come to it; to put off judgment, to learn to walk around all sides of the individual case and comprehend it from all sides. That is the *first* preliminary schooling in spirituality: *not* to react to a stimulus right away, but to keep in check the instinct to restrict and exclude. Learning to *see*, as I understand it, is almost what is unphilosophically termed will-power: what is essential here is precisely *not* to "will", to be *able* to put off a decision. All unspirituality, all commonness is based on the inability to resist a stimulus–one *has* to react, one follows every impulse. In many cases, such a compulsion is already sickliness, decline, a symptom of exhaustion–almost everything that unphilosophical coarseness calls vice is simply this physiological inability *not* to react.–A useful application of having learned to see: one will have become, as a *learner* in general, slow, suspicious, and resistant. It will be with a hostile composure that one will let strange *new* things of every sort make their initial approach–one will draw one's hand back from them. Leaving all one's doors open, submissively flopping belly-down before every little fact, a constant readiness to jump in and interfere, to *plunge into* other people and other things, in short, the celebrated "objectivity" of modern times is bad taste, is *ignoble* par excellence.– […]

Raids of an Untimely Man

[…] 8

Towards a psychology of the artist–For there to be art, for there to be any aesthetic activity and observation, one physiological prerequisite is indispensable: *intoxication*. Intoxication must already have heightened the sensitivity of the whole machine: otherwise, no art will be forthcoming. All kinds of intoxication, as different as their causes may be, have this power: above all, the intoxication of sexual excitement, that oldest and most primordial form of intoxication. Likewise, the intoxication that follows all great cravings, all strong emotions; the intoxication of the festival, of the competition, of daredevilry, of victory, of every extreme commotion; the intoxication of cruelty; the intoxication of destruction; intoxication due to certain meteorological influences, such as the intoxication of spring; or under the influence of narcotics; finally, the intoxication of the will, the intoxication of an overloaded and swollen will.–What is essential in intoxication is the feeling of increased strength and fullness. This feeling leads us to donate to things, to *make* them take from us, to force ourselves on them–this process is called *idealizing*. Let's get rid of a prejudice at this point: idealizing does *not* consist, as is commonly thought, in taking away or subtracting what is small and incidental. Instead, what is decisive is an immense drive to *bring out* the principal traits, so that the others disappear in the process. […]



FRANÇOIS DALLEGRET, COSMIC OPERA SUIT (1966)

GILLES DELEUZE
FÉLIX GUATTARI
1972

Desiring Machines

To a certain degree, the traditional logic of desire is all wrong from the very outset: from the very first step that the Platonic logic of desire forces us to take, making us choose between production and acquisition. From the moment that we place desire on the side of acquisition, we make desire an idealistic (dialectical, nihilistic) conception, which causes us to look upon it as primarily a lack: a lack of an object, a lack of the real object. It is true that the other side, the "production" side, has not been entirely ignored. Kant, for instance, must be credited with effecting a critical revolution as regards the theory of desire, by attributing to it "the faculty of being, through its representations, the cause of the reality of the objects of these representations." But it is not by chance that Kant chooses superstitious beliefs, hallucinations, and fantasies as illustrations of this definition of desire: as Kant would have it, we are well aware that the real object can be produced only by an external causality and external mechanisms; nonetheless this knowledge does not prevent us from believing in the intrinsic power of desire to create its own object – if only in an unreal, hallucinatory, or delirious form – or from representing this causality as stemming from within desire itself. The reality of the object, insofar as it is produced by desire, is thus a psychic reality. Hence it can be said that Kant's critical revolution

changes nothing essential: this way of conceiving of productivity does not question the validity of the classical conception of desire as a lack; rather, it uses this conception as a support and a buttress, and merely examines its implications more carefully. In point of fact, if desire is the lack of the real object, its very nature as a real entity depends upon an "essence of lack" that produces the fantasized object. Desire thus conceived of as production, though merely the production of fantasies, has been explained perfectly by psychoanalysis. On the very lowest level of interpretation, this means that the real object that desire lacks is related to an extrinsic natural or social production, whereas desire intrinsically produces an imaginary object that functions as a double of reality, as though there were a "dreamed-of object behind every real object," or a mental production behind all real productions. This conception does not necessarily compel psychoanalysis to engage in a study of gadgets and markets, in the form of an utterly dreary and dull psychoanalysis of the object: psychoanalytic studies of packages of noodles, cars, or "thingumajigs." But even when the fantasy is interpreted in depth, not simply as an object, but as a specific machine that brings desire itself front and center, this machine is merely theatrical, and the complementarity of what it sets apart still remains: it is now need that is defined in terms of a relative lack and determined by its own object, whereas desire is regarded as what produces the fantasy and produces itself by detaching itself from the object, though at the same time it intensifies the lack by making it absolute: an "incurable insufficiency of being," an "inability-to-be that is life itself." Hence the presentation of desire as something supported by needs, while these needs, and their relationship to the object as something that is lacking or missing, continue to be the basis of the productivity of desire (theory

of an underlying support). In a word, when the theoretician reduces desiring-production to a production of fantasy, he is content to exploit to the fullest the idealist principle that defines desire as a lack, rather than a process of production, of "industrial" production. Clement Rosset puts it very well: every time the emphasis is put on a lack that desire supposedly suffers from as a way of defining its object, "the world acquires as its double some other sort of world, in accordance with the following line of argument: there is an object that desire feels the lack of; hence the world does not contain each and every object that exists; there is at least one object missing, the one that desire feels the lack of; hence there exists some other place that contains the key to desire (missing in this world)."

If desire produces, its product is real. If desire is productive, it can be productive only in the real world and can produce only reality. Desire is the set of passive syntheses that engineer partial objects, flows, and bodies, and that function as units of production. The real is the end product, the result of the passive syntheses of desire as autoproduction of the unconscious. Desire does not lack anything; it does not lack its object. It is, rather, the subject that is missing in desire, or desire that lacks a fixed subject; there is no fixed subject unless there is repression. Desire and its object are one and the same thing: the machine, as a machine of a machine. Desire is a machine, and the object of desire is another machine connected to it. Hence the product is something removed or deducted from the process of producing: between the act of producing and the product, something becomes detached, thus giving the vagabond, nomad subject a residuum. The objective being of desire is the Real in and of itself. There is no particular form of existence that can be labeled "psychic reality." As Marx notes, what exists in fact is not lack, but passion, as a "natural

and sensuous object." Desire is not bolstered by needs, but rather the contrary; needs are derived from desire: they are counter products within the real that desire produces. Lack is a countereffect of desire; it is deposited, distributed, vacuolized within a real that is natural and social. Desire always remains in close touch with the conditions of objective existence; it embraces them and follows them, shifts when they shift, and does not outlive them. For that reason, it so often becomes the desire to die, whereas need is a measure of the withdrawal of a subject that has lost its desire at the same time that it loses the passive syntheses of these conditions. This is precisely the significance of need as a search in a void: hunting about, trying to capture or become a parasite of passive syntheses in whatever vague world they may happen to exist in. It is no use saying: We are not green plants; we have long since been unable to synthesize chlorophyll, so it's necessary to eat… Desire then becomes this abject fear of lacking something. But it should be noted that this is not a phrase uttered by the poor or the dispossessed. On the contrary, such people know that they are close to grass, almost akin to it, and that desire "needs" very few things–not those leftovers that chance to come their way, but the very things that are continually taken from them– and that what is missing is not things a subject feels the lack of somewhere deep down inside himself, but rather the objectivity of man, the objective being of man, for whom to desire is to produce, to produce within the realm of the real. The real is not impossible; on the contrary, within the real everything is possible, everything becomes possible. Desire does not express a molar lack within the subject; rather, the molar organization deprives desire of its objective being. Revolutionaries, artists, and seers are content to be objective, merely objective: they know that desire clasps life in its powerfully productive embrace and

reproduces it in a way that is all the more intense because it has few needs. And never mind those who believe that this is very easy to say, or that it is the sort of idea to be found in books. "From the little reading I had done I had observed that the men who were most in life, who were molding life, who were life itself, ate little, slept little, owned little or nothing. They had no illusions about duty, or the perpetuation of their kith and kin, or the preservation of the State… The phantasmal world is the world which has never been fully conquered over. It is the world of the past, never of the future. To move forward clinging to the past is like dragging a ball and chain." The true visionary is a Spinoza in the garb of a Neapolitan revolutionary. We know very well where lack– and its subjective correlative– come from. Lack (*manque*) is created, planned, and organized in and through social production. It is counter produced as a result of the pressure of antiproduction; the latter falls back on (*se rabat sur*) the forces of production and appropriates them. It is never primary; production is never organized on the basis of a pre-existing need or lack (*manque*). It is lack that infiltrates itself, creates empty spaces or vacuoles, and propagates itself in accordance with the organization of an already existing organization of production. The deliberate creation of lack as a function of market economy is the art of a dominant class. This involves deliberately organizing wants and needs (*manque*) amid an abundance of production; making all of desire teeter and fall victim to the great fear of not having one's needs satisfied; and making the object dependent upon a real production that is supposedly exterior to desire (the demands of rationality), while at the same time the production of desire is categorized as fantasy and nothing but fantasy.

EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS (3000 BC)

THE ELECTRONIC REVOLUTION

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

1970

[…] The *is of identity*. You are an animal. You are a body. Now whatever you may be you are not an *animal*, you are not a *body*, because these are verbal labels. The *is* of identity always carries the assignment of permanent condition. To stay that way. All name calling presupposes the *is* of identity. This concept is unnecessary in a hieroglyphic language like ancient Egyptian and in fact frequently omitted. No need to say that the sun *is* in the sky, sun in sky suffices. The verb *to be* can easily be omitted from any languages and the followers of Count Korzybski have done this, eliminating the verb *to be* in English. However, it is difficult to tidy up the English language by arbitrary exclusion of concepts which remain in force so long as the unchanged language is spoken.

The *definite article the*. *The* contains the implication of one and only: *the* God, *the* universe, *the* way, *the* right, *the* wrong; if there is another, then *that* universe, *that* way is no longer *the* universe, *the* way. The definite article *the* will be deleted and the indefinite article *a* will take its place.

The whole concept of *either/or*. Right or wrong, physical or mental, true or false, the whole concept of *or* will be deleted from the language and replaced by juxtaposition, by *and*. This is done to some extent in any pictorial language where two concepts stand literally side by side. These falsifications inherent in the English and other western alphabetical languages given the reactive mind commands their overwhelming force in these

languages. Consider the *is* of identity. When I say to be me, to be you, to be myself, to be others – whatever I may be called upon to be or to say that I am – I am not the verbal label *myself*. The word *be* in the English language contains, as a virus contains, its precoded message of damage, the categorical imperative of permanent condition. To be a body, to be an animal. If you see the relation of a pilot to his ship, you see crippling forces of the reactive mind command to be a body. Tell the pilot to be the plane, then who will pilot the plane?

The *is* of identity, assigning a rigid and permanent status was greatly reinforced by the customs and passport control that came in after World War I. Whatever you may be, you are not the verbal labels in your passport any more than you are the word *self*. So you must be prepared to prove at all times that you are what you are not. Much of the falsification inherent in the categorical definite *the*: *the* now, *the* past, *the* time, *the* space, *the* energy, *the* matter, *the* universe. The definite article *the* contains the implications of no other. *The* universe locks you in *the* and denies the possibility of any other. If other universes are possible, then the universe is no longer *the*; it becomes *a*. The definite article *the* is deleted and replaced by *a*. Many of the RM commands are in point of fact contradictory commands and a contradictory command gains its force from the Aristotelian concept of *either/or*. To do everything, to do nothing, to have everything, to have nothing, to do it all, to do not any, to stay up, to stay down, to stay in, to stay out, to stay present, to stay absent. These are in point of fact *either/or* propositions. To do nothing *or* everything, to have it all, *or* not any, to stay present *or* to stay absent. *Either/or* is more difficult to formulate in a written language where both alternatives are pictorially represented and can be deleted entirely from the spoken

language. The whole reactive mind can be in fact reduced to three little words – to be *the*. That is to be what you are not, verbal formulations.

I have frequently spoken of word and image as viruses or as acting as viruses and this is not an allegorical comparison. It will be seen that the falsifications of syllabic western languages are in point of fact actual virus mechanisms. The *is* of identity, the purpose of a virus is to *survive*. To survive at any expense to the host invaded. To be an animal, to be a body. To be an animal body that the virus can invade. To be animals, to be bodies. To be more animal bodies, so that the virus can move from one body to another. To stay present as an animal body, to stay absent as antibody or resistance to the body invasion.

The categorical *the* is also a virus mechanism, locking you in *the* virus universe. *Either/or* is another virus formula. It is always you *or* the virus. *Either/or*. This is in point of fact the conflict formula which is seen to be an archetypical virus mechanism. The proposed language will delete these virus mechanisms and make them impossible of formulation in the language. This language will be a tonal language like Chinese, it will also have a hieroglyphic script as pictorial as possible without being too cumbersome or difficult to write. The language will give one option of silence. When not talking, the user of this language can take in the silent images of the written, pictorial and symbol languages.

I have described here a number of weapons and tactics in the war game. Weapons that change consciousness could call the war game in question. All games are hostile. Basically there is only one game from here to eternity. Mr. Hubbard says that scientology is a game where everybody wins. There are no games where everybody wins. That's what games are all about, winning and losing… The

Versailles Treaty… Hitler the occupation Jig… War criminals hang at Nuremberg… It is a rule of this game that there can be no final victory since this means the end of the war game. Yet every player must believe in final victory and strive for it with all his power. Face by the nightmare of the final defeat, he has no alternative. So, all technologies with escalating efficiency produce more and more total weapons until we have the atom bomb which could end the game by destroying all players. Now mock up a miracle. The so stupid players decide to save the game. They sit down around a big table and draw up a plan for the immediate deactivation and eventual destruction of all atomic weapons. Why stop there? Conventional bombs are unnecessarily destructive if nobody has them, hein? Let's turn back the war clock to 1917:

Keep the home fires burning
Through the hearts are yearning
There's a long, long trail winding…
Back to the American Civil War…

"*He has loosed the fatal lightning of this terrible swift sword*". His fatal lightning didn't cost as much in those days. Save a lot on the defense budget this way on, back to flintlocks, matchlocks, swords, armors, lances, bows and arrows, spears, stone axes and clubs. Why stop there? Why not grow teeth and claws, poison fangs, stingers, spines, quills, beaks and suckers and stink glands and fight in out in the muck hein?

That is what this revolution is about. End of game. New games? There are no new games from here to eternity. *End of the war game.*

ROBERT STEVENSON, MAP OF TREASURE ISLAND (1883)

GILLES DELEUZE
1993

Children never stop talking about what they are doing or trying to do: exploring milieus, by means of dynamic trajectories, and drawing up maps of them. The maps of these trajectories are essential to psychic activity. Little Hans wants to leave his family's apartment to spend the night at the little girl's downstairs and return in the morning – the apartment building as milieu. Or again: he wants to leave the building and go to the restaurant to meet with the little rich girl, passing by the horses at the warehouse – the street as milieu. Even Freud deems the intervention of a map to be necessary.

[…] A milieu is made up of qualities, substances, powers, and events: the street, for example, with its materials (paving stones), its noises (the cries of merchants), its animals (harnessed horses) or its dramas (a horse slips, a horse falls down, a horse is beaten...). The trajectory merges not only with the subjectivity of those who travel through a milieu, but also with the subjectivity of the milieu itself, insofar as it is reflected in those who travel through it. The map expresses the identity of the journey and what one journeys through. It merges with its object, when the object itself is movement. Nothing is more instructive than the paths of autistic children, such as those whose maps Deligny has revealed and super-imposed, with their customary lines, wandering lines, loops, corrections, and turnings back – all their singularities. […] Lewin's hodological spaces, with their routes, their detours, their barriers, their agents, form a dynamic cartography.

Little Richard was studied by Melanie Klein during the war. He lived and thought the world in the form

of maps. He coloured them in, inverted them, superimposed them, populated them with their leaders: England and Churchill, Germany and Hitler. It is the libido's business to haunt history and geography, to organize formations of worlds and constellations of universes, to make continents drift and to populate them with races, tribes, and nations. What beloved being does not envelope landscapes, continents, and populations that are more or less known, more or less imaginary? [...]

The libido does not undergo metamorphoses, but follows world-historical trajectories. From this point of view, it does not seem that the real and the imaginary form a pertinent distinction. A real voyage, by itself, lacks the force necessary to be reflected in the imagination; the imaginary voyage, by itself, does not have the force, as Proust says, to be verified in the real. This is why the imaginary and the real must be, rather, like two juxtaposable or superimposable parts of a single trajectory, two faces that ceaselessly interchange with one another, a mobile mirror. Thus, the Australian Aboriginals link nomadic itineraries to dream voyages, which together compose "an interstitching of routes,"... in an immense cut-out [*découpe*] of space and time that must be read like a map." At the limit, the imaginary is a virtual image that is interfused with the real object, and vice versa, thereby constituting a crystal of the unconscious. It is not enough for the real object or the real landscape to evoke similar or related images; it must disengage its own virtual image at the same time than the latter, as an imaginary landscape, makes its entry into the real, following a circuit where each of the two terms pursues the other, is interchanged with the other. "Vision" is the product of this doubling or splitting in two [*doublement ou dédoublement*], this coalescence. It is in such crystals of the unconscious that the trajectories of the libido are made visible.

A cartographic conception is very distinct from the archaeological conception of psychoanalysis. The latter establishes a profound link between the unconscious and memory: it is a memorial, commemorative, or monumental conception that pertains to persons or objects, the milieus being nothing more than terrains capable of conserving, identifying, or authenticating them. From such a point of view, the superposition of layers is necessarily traversed by a shaft that goes from top to bottom, and it is always a question of penetration. Maps, on the contrary, are superimposed in such a way that each map finds itself modified in the following map, rather than finding its origin in the preceding one: from one map to the next, it is not a matter of searching for an origin, but of evaluating displacements. Every map is a redistribution of impasses and breakthroughs, of thresholds and enclosures, which necessarily go from bottom to top. There is not only a reversal of directions, but also a difference in nature; the unconscious no longer deals with persons and objects, but with trajectories and becomings; it is no longer an unconscious of commemoration but one of mobilization, an unconscious whose objects take flight rather than remaining buried in the ground. In this regard, Félix Guattari has defined a schizoanalysis that opposes itself to psychoanalysis. "Lapses, parapraxes and symptoms are like birds that strike their beaks against the window. It is not a question of interpreting them. It is a question instead of identifying their trajectory to see if they can serve as indicators of new universes of reference capable of acquiring a consistency sufficient for turning a situation upside down." The pharaoh's tomb, with its inert central chamber at the base of the pyramid, gives way to more dynamic models: from the drifting of continents to the migration of peoples, these are all means through which the unconscious maps the universe. The Indian model

replaces the Egyptian: the Indians pass into the thickness of the rocks themselves, where aesthetic form is no longer identified with the commemoration of a departure or an arrival, but with the creation of paths without memory, all the memory of the world remaining in the material.

Maps should not be understood only in extension, in relation to a space constituted by trajectories. There are also maps of intensity, of density, that are concerned with what fills space, what subtends the trajectory. Little Hans defines a horse by making out a list of its affects, both active and passive: having a big widdler, hauling heavy loads, having blinkers, biting, falling down, being whipped, making a row with its feet. It is this distribution of affects (with the widdler playing the role of a transformer or convener) that constitutes a map of intensity. It is always an affective constellation. […] And just as the map of movements or intensities was not a derivation from or an extension of the father-mother, the map of forces or intensities is not a derivation from the body, an extension of a prior image, or a supplement or afterword. Pollack and Sivadon have made a profound analysis of the cartographic activity of the unconscious; perhaps their sole ambiguity lies in seeing it as a continuation of the image of the body. On the contrary, it is the map of intensity that distributes the affects, and it is their links and valences that constitute the image of the body in each case – an image that can always be modified or transformed depending on the affective constellations that determine it.

A list or constellation of affects, an intensive map, is a becoming. […] The image is not only a trajectory, but also a becoming. Becoming is what subtends the trajectory, just as intensive forces subtend motor forces. Hans' becoming-horse refers to a trajectory, from the apartment house to the warehouse. The passage alongside the warehouse, or even the visit to the henhouse, may be

customary trajectories, but they are not innocent promenades. We see dearly why the real and the imaginary were led to exceed themselves, or even to interchange with each other: a becoming is not imaginary, any more than a voyage is real. It is becoming that turns the most negligible of trajectories, or even a fixed immobility, into a voyage; and it is the trajectory that turns the imaginary into a becoming. Each of the two types of maps, those of trajectories and those of affects, refers to the other.

What concerns the libido, what the libido invests, presents itself with an indefinite article, or rather is presented by the indefinite article: *an* animal as the qualification of a becoming or the specification of a trajectory (*a* horse, *a* chicken); a body or an organ as the power to affect and to be affected (*a* stomach, *some* eyes...); and even the characters that obstruct a pathway and inhibit affects, or on the contrary that further them (*a* father, *some* people...). Children express themselves in this manner – a father, a body, a horse. These indefinites often seem to result from a lack of determination due to the defences of consciousness. […] The indefinite lacks nothing; above all, it does not lack determination. It is the determination of a becoming, its characteristic power, the power of an impersonal that is not a generality but a singularity at its highest point. For example, I do not play the horse, any more than I imitate *this* or *that* horse, but I become *a* horse, by reaching a zone of proximity where I can no longer be distinguished from what I am becoming.

Art also attains this celestial state that no longer retains anything of the personal or rational. In its own way, art says what children say. It is made up of trajectories and becomings, and it too makes maps, both extensive and immersive. There is always a trajectory in the work of art, and Stevenson, for example, shows the decisive importance of a coloured map in his conception of *Treasure Island*, this

is not to say that a milieu necessarily determines the existence of characters, but rather that the latter are defined by the trajectories they make in reality or in spirit, without which they would not become. A coloured map can be present in painting insofar as a painting is less a window on the world, *l'italienne*, than an arrangement [*agencement*] on a surface. In Vermeer, for example, the most intimate, most immobile becomings (the girl seduced by the soldier, the woman who receives a letter, the painter in the process of painting…) nonetheless refer to the vast distances [*parcours*] displayed on a map. I studied maps, said Fromentin "not in geography but in painting." And just as trajectories are no more real than becomings are imaginary, there is something unique in their joining together that belongs only to art. Art is defined, then, as an impersonal process in which the work is composed somewhat like a *cairn*, with stones carried in by different voyagers and beings in becoming (rather than ghosts) [*devenant plutot que revenant*] that may or may not depend on a single author.

Only a conception such as this can tear art away from the personal process of memory and the collective ideal of commemoration. To an archaeology-art, which penetrates the millennia in order to reach the immemorial, is opposed a cartography-art built on "things of forgetting and places of passage." The same thing happens when sculpture ceases to be monumental in order to become hodological: it is not enough to say that it is a landscape and that it lays out a place or territory. What it lays out are paths – it is itself a voyage. A sculpture follows the paths that give it an outside; it works only with non-closed curves that divide up and traverse the organic body and has no other memory than that of the material (hence its procedure of direct cutting and its frequent utilization of wood). Carmen Perrin clears out erratic blocks from the greenery

that integrates them into the undergrowth and delivers them to the memory of the glacier that carried them there, not in order to assign an origin to them but to make their *displacement* something visible. One might object that a walking tour, as an art of paths, is no more satisfactory than the museum as a monumental or commemorative art. But there is something that distinguishes cartography-art from a walking tour in an essential way: it is characteristic of this new sculpture to assume a position on external trajectories, but this position depends primarily on paths internal to the work itself; the external path is a creation that does not exist before the work, and depends on its internal relations. One circles around a sculpture, and the viewing axes that belong to it make us grasp the body, sometimes along its entire length, sometimes in an astonishing foreshortening, sometimes in two or more diverging directions: its position in the surrounding space is strictly dependent on these internal trajectories. It is as if the real path were intertwined with virtual paths that give it new courses or trajectories. A map of virtualities, drawn up by art, is superimposed onto the real map, whose distances [*parcours*] it transforms. Such internal paths or courses are implied not only in sculpture, but in any work of art, including music: in each case, the choice of a particular path can determine three variable positions of the work in space. Every work is made up of a plurality of trajectories that coexist and are readable only on a map, and that change direction depending on the trajectories that are retained. These internalized trajectories are inseparable from becomings. *Trajectories and becomings*: art makes each of them present in the other, it renders their mutual presence perceptible. Thus defined, it invokes Dionysos as the god of places of passage and things of forgetting.

CHRIS MARKER, LA JETÉE (1962)

ESSAYS CRITICAL AND CLINICAL

GILLES DELEUZE

1997

Bartleby; or, the Formula

The Confidence-Man (much as one says the Medicine-Man) is sprinkled with Melville's reflections on the novel. The first of these reflections consists in claiming the rights of a superior irrationalism. Why should the novelist believe he is obligated to explain the behaviors of his characters, and to supply them with reasons, whereas life for its part never explains anything and leaves in its creatures so many indeterminate, obscure, indiscernible zones that defy any attempt at clarification? It is life that justifies; it has no need of being justified. The English novel, and even more so the French novel, feels the need to rationalize, even if only in the final pages, and psychology is no doubt the last form of rationalism; the Western reader awaits the final word. In this regard, psychoanalysis has revived the claims of reason. […] The founding act of the American novel, like that of the Russian novel, was to take the novel far from the order of reasons, and to give birth to characters who exist in nothingness, survive only in the void, defy logic and psychology and keep their mystery until the end. Even their soul, says Melville, is "an immense and terrifying void", and Ahab's body is an "empty shell". If they have a formula, it is certainly not explanatory. *I prefer not to* remains just as much a cabalistic formula as that of the Underground Man, who cannot keep two and two from making four, but who will not *resign* himself to it either (*he prefers that two and two not make four*). What counts for a great novelist–Melville,

Dostoyevsky, Kafka, or Musil – is that things remain enigmatic yet nonarbitrary: in short, a new logic, definitely a logic, but one that grasps the innermost depths of life and death without leading us back to reason. The novelist has the eye of a prophet, not the gaze of a psychologist. For Melville, the three great categories of characters belong to this new logic, just as much as this logic belongs to them. Once it has reached that sought-after zone, the hyperborean zone, far from the temperate regions, the novel, like life, needs no justification. And in truth, there is no such thing as reason; it exists only in bits and pieces. In *Billy Budd*, Melville defines monomaniacs as the Masters of reason, which is why they are so difficult to surprise; but this is because theirs is a delirium of action, because they make use of reason, make it serve their own sovereign ends, which in truth are highly unreasonable. Hypochondriacs are the Outcasts of reason, without us being able to know if they have excluded themselves from it in order to obtain something reason cannot give them – the indiscernible, the unnameable with which they will be able to merge. In the end, even prophets are only the Castaways of reason: if Vere, Ishmael, or the attorney clings so tightly to the debris of reason, whose integrity they try so hard to restore, it is because they have *seen* so much, and because what they have seen has marked them forever.

But a second remark by Melville introduces an essential distinction between the characters in a novel, Melville says that we must above all avoid confusing true Originals with characters that are simply remarkable or singular, particular. This is because the particulars, who tend to be quite populous in a novel, have characteristics that determine their form, properties that make up their image; they are influenced by their milieu and by each other, so that their actions and reactions are governed by general laws, though in each case they retain a particular

value. Similarly, the sentences they utter are their own, but they are nonetheless governed by the general laws of language. By contrast, we do not even know if an original exists in an absolute sense, apart from the primordial God, and it is really something extraordinary when we encounter one. Melville admits that it is difficult to imagine how a novel might include several of them. Each original is a powerful, solitary Figure that exceeds any explicable form: it projects flamboyant traits of expression that mark the stubbornness of a thought without image, a question without response, an extreme and nonrational logic. Figures of life and knowledge, they know something inexpressible, live something unfathomable. They have nothing general about them, and are not particular – they escape knowledge, defy psychology. Even the words they utter surpass the general laws of language (presuppositions) as well as the simple particularities of speech, since they are like the vestiges or projections of a unique, original language. (*langue*), and bring all of language (*langage*) to the limit of silence and music. There is nothing particular or general about Bartleby: he is an Original.

Originals are beings of Primary Nature, but they are inseparable from the world or from secondary nature, where they exert their effect: they reveal its emptiness, the imperfection of its laws, the mediocrity of particular creatures… the world as masquerade (this is what Musil, for his part, will call "parallel action"). The role of prophets, who are not originals, is to be the only ones who can recognize the wake that originals leave in the world, and the unspeakable confusion and trouble they cause in it. The original, says Melville, is not subject to the influence of his milieu; on the contrary, he throws a livid white light on his surroundings, much like the light that "accompanies the beginning of things in Genesis".

introduction
à
une
véritable
histoire
du
cinéma
la
seule
la vraie

JEAN-LUC GODARD, HISTOIRE(S) DU CINÉMA (1998)

ABSO LUTE

DAMIEN HIRST, I AM BECOME DEATH, SHATTERER OF WORLDS (2006)

ABUND ANCE

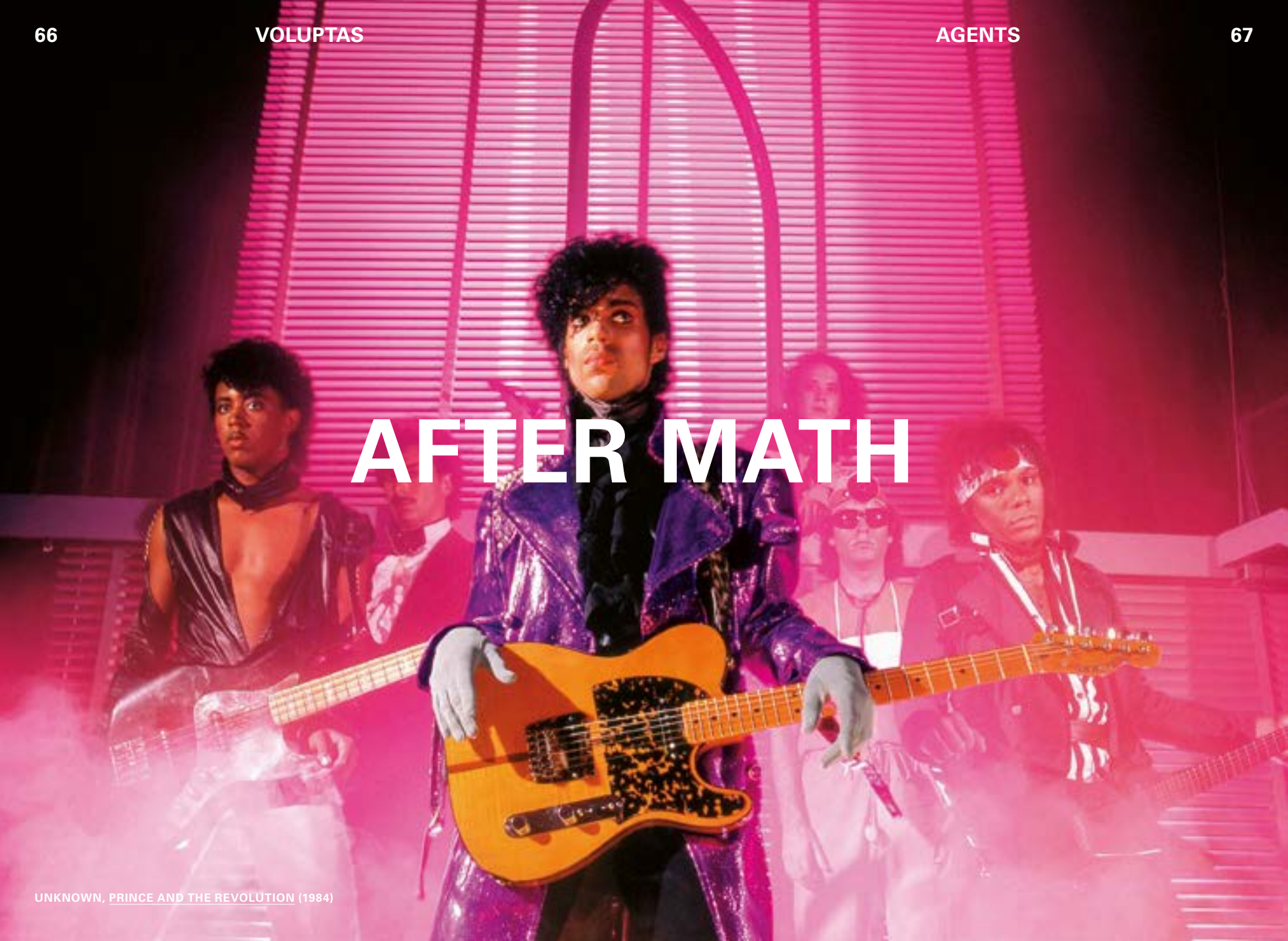
LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, THE ROSES OF HELIOGABALUS (1888)

ACCELE RATION

RAFAL MILACH, WATERSLIDES (2020)

ACCI DENT

CAROLYN DRAKE, THE DOOR TO HELL (2009)



AFTER MATH

UNKNOWN, PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION (1984)

TACITA DEAN, ANTIGONE (2018)

CONST ANTS

ODILON REDON, APOLLO'S CHARIOT (1908)

CONTAMI NATION

DIEGO VELÁZQUEZ, THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS (1627-28)

DORA BUDOR, EPHEMEROL (2016)

CORRU PTION

FRANZ GERTSCH, MARINA SCHMINKT LUCIANO (1975)

CHRISTIAN MARCLAY, 48 WAR MOVIES (STILL) (2019)

YLONG YIN, LILI LIU, XIWEI SUN, SDUMLA-HMT (2011)

DERIV ATIVES

THOMAS STRUTH, THE RICHTER FAMILY (2002)

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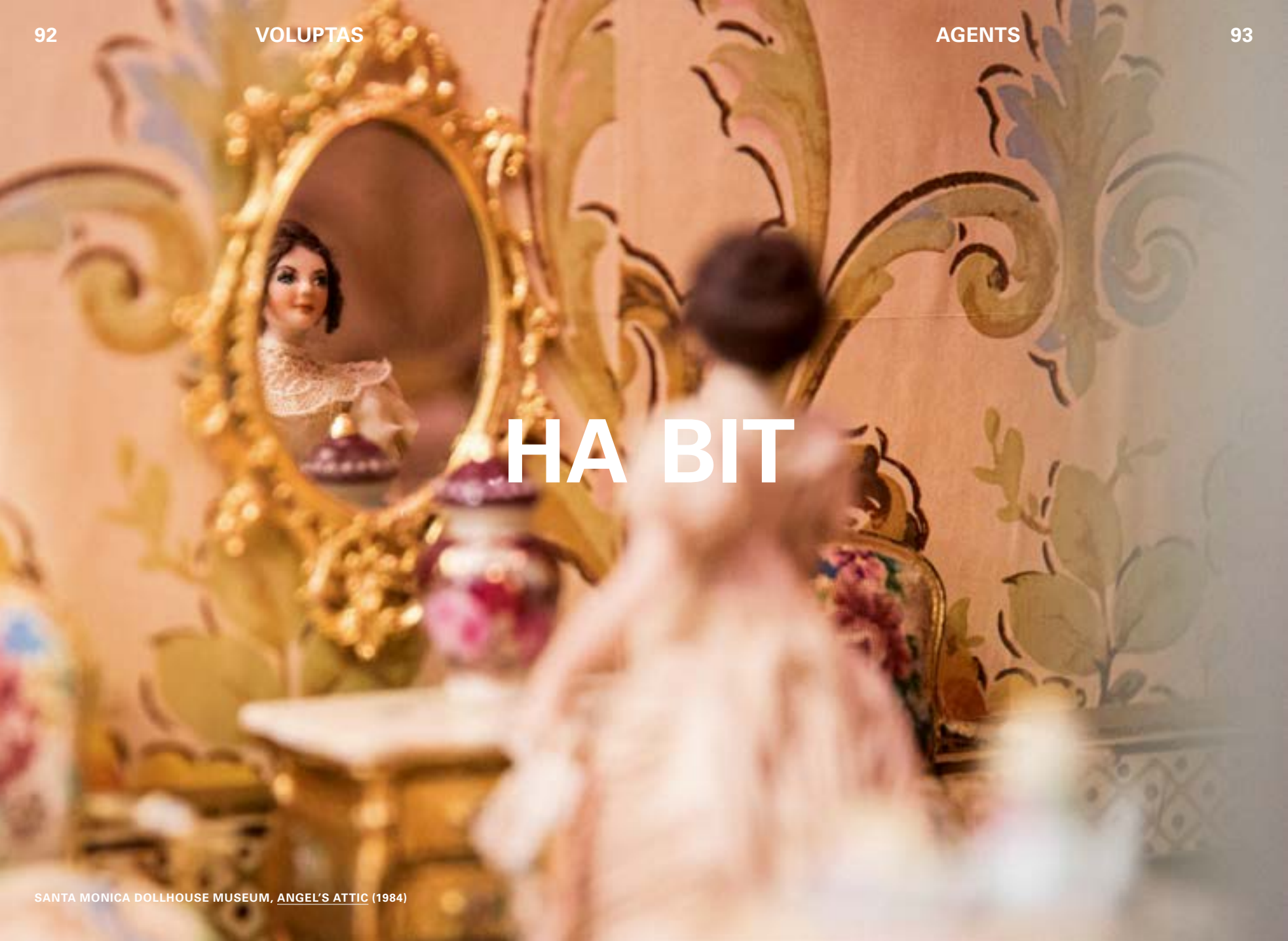
ARNOLD BÖCKLIN, DIANA'S HUNT (1862)

JON RAFMAN, 9 EYES (2017)

EXPEN DABLE

RINKO KAWAUCHI, AMETSUCHI (2013)

WEIRDCORE, APHEX TWIN T69 COLLAPSE (2018)



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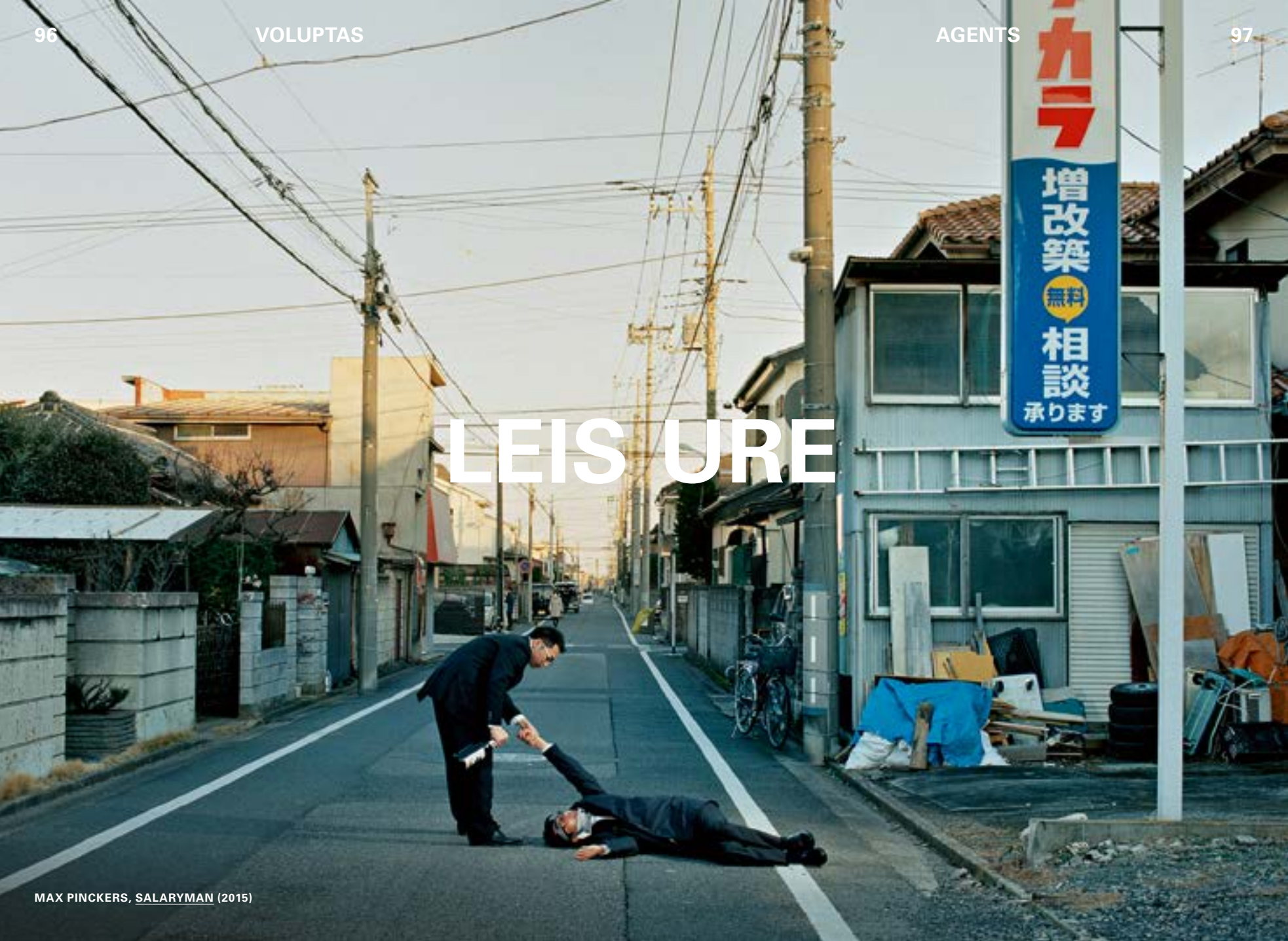
SANTA MONICA DOLLHOUSE MUSEUM, ANGEL'S ATTIC (1984)

ALEXANDER MCQUEEN, NO 13 (1999)



LEIS URE

MAX PINCKERS, SALARYMAN (2015)

LIM IT

CHAIR CHRISTOPHE GIROT, GOTTHARD LANDSCAPE (2014)

LUN ACY

UGO RONDINONE, LET'S START THIS DAY AGAIN (2017)

TRACY EMIN, EVERYONE I HAVE EVER SLEPT WITH (1995)

MONITORING

NASA, APOLLO 11 LIFTOFF (1969)

CRISTINA DE MIDDEL, FLYING GIRL OF ALFARRASI (2009)

NECE SSITY

CAO FEI, ASIA ONE (2018)

NOI SE

(UNKNOWN) RUSSIAN LUBOK, ILYA MUROMETS & NIGHTINGALE THE ROBBER (XVIIITH C.)

ZAHA HADID, VITRA FIRE HOUSE (1991)

OR DER

CHARLES MOORE, PIAZZA D'ITALIA (1978)

PAR ODY

ELLIOT ERWITT, REGISTERY OFFICE BRATSK SIBERIA (1967)

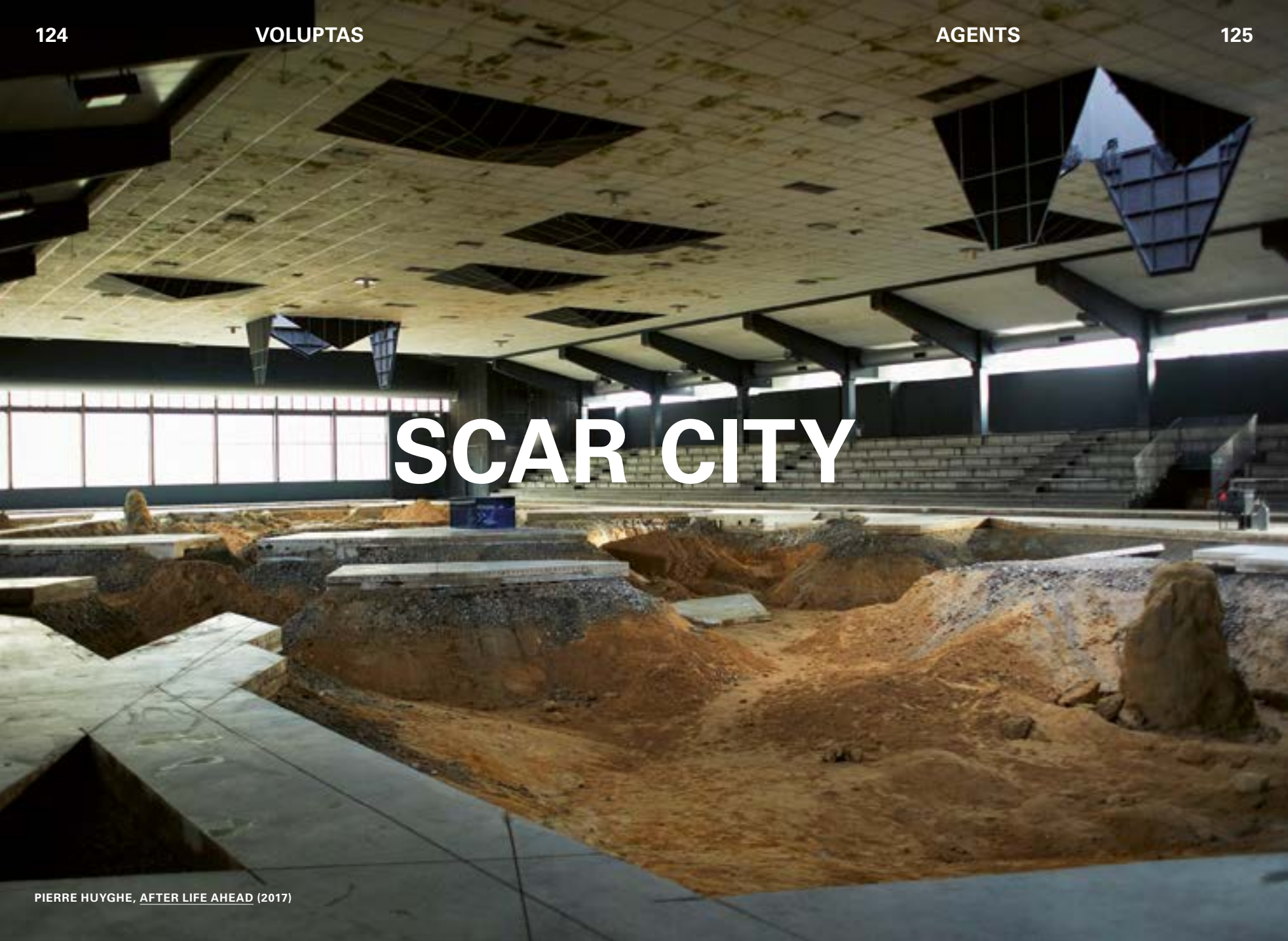
RELAT IVITY

YAYOI KUSAMA, INFINITY ROOM (2018)

DAVID BOWIE & JAMES MURPHY, LOVE IS LOST (2013)

REVOL UTION

NASA, CASSINI, A FAREWELL TO SATURN (2017)



SCAR CITY

PIERRE HUYGHE, AFTER LIFE AHEAD (2017)

SEDEN TARY

HEIDI BUCHER, FLIEGENDER HAUTRAUM (1981)

SPE ED

URSULA SCHULZ-NORBURG, METRO 2 (2005)

SUBORD INATION

TEJU COLE, FERNWEH (2019)

THE FT

PAOLO UCCELLO, THE HUNT IN THE FOREST (1470)

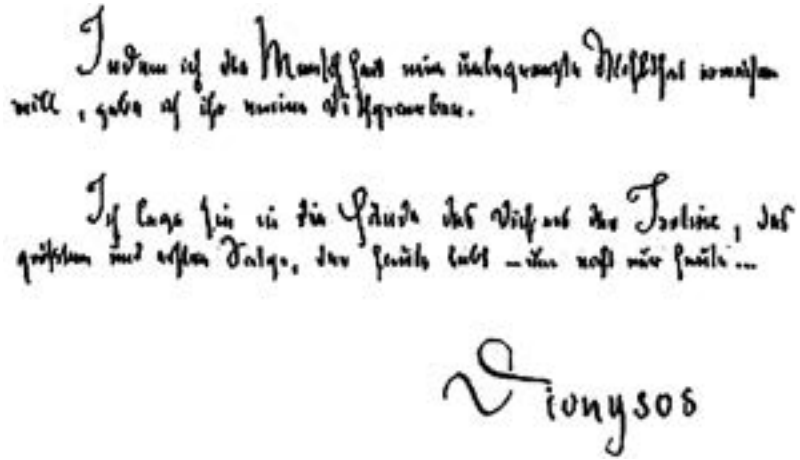
VARIA BLES

ANA MENDIETA, UNTITLED (GLASS ON BODY IMPRINTS) (1972)

VIR US

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA, BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA (1992)

DIONYSOS/APOLLO 139



F. NIETZSCHE, DEDICATION OF DIONYSOS-DYTHIRAMBEN TO CATULLE MENDÈS (1891)

Time for it [Humanity] to question whether it solely wants to live, or to further make the effort required for the accomplishment, even on our refractory planet, of the essential function of the universe, which is a machine to produce gods.

HENRI BERGSON, THE TWO SOURCES OF MORALITY AND RELIGION (1932)

An idea – the antagonism of the two concepts Dionysian and Apollonian – is translated into metaphysics; history itself is depicted as the development of this idea; in tragedy this antithesis has become unity.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, ECCE HOMO (1908)

Dionysos/Apollo is to become a rambling exploration on the lookout for an urban environment beyond reasonable or irrational, beyond good and evil.

CY TWOMBLY, UNTITLED (BACCHUS) (2005)

DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS

JEAN CHEVALIER ALAIN GHEERBRANT

1969

DIONYSOS (BACCHUS)

It is an oversimplification to make this god simply the symbol of zestful, sexual passion. The personality of Dionysos, the divine youth or twice-born god, is infinitely complex, as the many names given to him show, although it is true that the earliest, 'Raging' or 'Breaker in Pieces,' derive from the 'wild shouts of the orgy.'

He was the son of Zeus and of Semele, originally either a Phrygian mother-goddess or a mortal woman, daughter of Cadmus and of Harmony. Wishing to entertain her divine lover in all his glory, she was consumed by *lightning*.

Abstracted from the lightning-blasted body of his mother, the unborn Dionysos completed his term in his father's *thigh*. This is the clear echo of a simple nature-myth: Mother Earth, impregnated by the lightning of the sky-god, bears a young god whose essence mingles with the life which springs from Earth's entrails... Creating the fable of the double birth served two purposes. It preserved the lightning-flash which originally symbolized the coupling of Earth and Heaven and it increased the prestige of the new god by deriving his descent from Zeus himself.

This double birth, implying as it does double gestation, re-echoes the classic pattern of initiation – birth,

death and rebirth. Zeus' thigh – a hollow like the hollow *tree* – gave symbolically to the initiatory powers possessed by Dionysos the exceptional strength which, again symbolically, lay within the thighs of the father of the gods.

He married Ariadne, originally an 'Aegean vegetation' – or more specifically a 'tree-goddess.' Their marriage provided the theme for much Dionysiac art, the scene often symbolizing the union of the god with the initiate into his mysteries. According to Jean Beaujeu:

> These motifs were so frequently repeated and so widely disseminated as to lose a greal deal of their significance, since it was not because the purchaser had been initiated into or attached to the cult that he bought or commissioned from an artist or a studio a Dionysiac subject. On the other hand there are instances – and the whole group of paintings depicting the principal scenes of an initiation, on the walls of the main room in the Villa of the Mysteries at Pompeii, is one – which display a definite purpose and a genuine devotion.

Dionysos may be seen clasped by Ariadne and yielding to her in ecstasy. His wife, Ariadne, and his mother, Semele, are images of the salvation freely wrought by Dionysos' love.

As a vegetation-god of vine, wine, fruit and seasonal renewal, Plutarch's 'Lord of the Trees,' it is he who, Hesiod tells us, 'scatters joy in profusion.' As 'genius of SAP and budding shoots,' Dionysos controls human and animal fertility. In any case, he bears the name of Phallenos and a phallic procession was the high point of many of his festivals. (In the Villa of the Mysteries there is one among many examples of wall paintings of initiations depicting the 'unveiling' of the *phallus*.) In Dionysiac legends and worship such prolific beasts as *goats* and *bulls* often occur, bulls and goats being his favourite sacrificial victims, in earlier times torn to pieces by his worshippers in a bloody communion.

Both the social effects of his worship and the forms which it took provide some justification for calling him the god of liberation, of the destruction of inhibitions and *taboos*, the god of unbridled licence. 'The purpose of Dionysiac purification,' says Boyancé, 'was to give ultimate expression to that from which the soul needed to be freed.'

Because he saved his mother Semele from the Underworld when she was blasted by Zeus' lightning and guided her to the abode of the Immortals, Dionysos was also regarded as a chthonian god, who initiated and guided souls and freed them from the Underworld. Aristophanes has depicted, under the name of Iacchos (see *shout*). an infernal Dionysos who leads the dance of his initiates, dances of the dead in the meadows of the Underworld.

However, the part which he played in the Eleusinian Mysteries reveals his passage through the depths of the Earth as a phase of germination and as a pledge of fecundity. 'All things growing upon Earth ultimately originate in the depths of the Underworld.' His descent into that Underworld, whether in search of his mother or to make it his temporary abode, would therefore symbolize the round of the seasons, Winter and Summer, death and resurrection. Once again this displays the structural pattern of gods who die and are brought back to life common to religions and mysteries which flourished throughout the Greco-Roman world at the beginning of the Christian era.

In a more deeply religious sense, despite its perversities and even through their medium, the cult of Dionysus bears witness to the tremendous effort made by human beings to break the barriers which separate them from the divine and to set their souls free from the trammels of Earth. Sexual excess and giving full rein to the irrational were rather clumsy efforts to grasp the superhuman. As paradoxical as this may seem, if we consider his myth in its entirety, Dionysos symbolizes the attempt to spiritualize life-forms, from the plant to the ecstatic, since he is the tree- and goat-god, the god of religious enthusiasm and the mystic marriage. In his myth he synthesizes a whole cycle of evolution.

Before his time, as has been said, there were two worlds, the human and the divine, and two races, that of gods and that of mortals. Humans were to accept the risk of alienation in the hope of transfiguration.

> Every devotee of Dionysos hoped to escape from the body through ecstasy and, at the highest pitch of fervor, to achieve intimate union with the god by whom he or she was temporarily possessed… The worship of Dionysos was a major source of Greek spirituality in helping to define and to propagate the notion of the soul… Thanks to the Dionysiac movement, the notion dawned of a soul related to the godhead and, in one sense, more real than the body itself.

Since he had led his mother (the Earth) from the Underworld to Olympus, it was legitimate to believe that he meant to open the doors of immortality to all the children of Earth. That at least is one of the meanings and vectors of the Dionysos symbol.

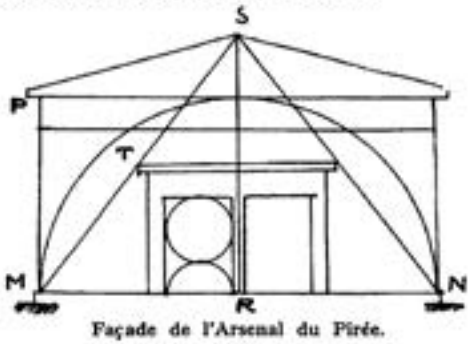
In psychoanalysis – and as a reminder of the main primitive aspects of the god – Dionysos symbolizes the shattering of inhibitions, repressions and regressions. He is a Nietzschean figure of the life force confronting Apollonian restraint.

> He symbolizes those dark forces which well up from the unconscious. He is the god who presides over the outbursts inspired by intoxication in all its forms, that of the drunkard or of the crowd gripped by music or dance. and even that of the very madness with which he afflicts those who have not paid him due honour. He endowed mankind with the gifts of the natural world and, in particular, with that of the vine. He is a god of many shapes, creator of illusions and worker of miracles.

He would, therefore, symbolize the forces which bring the destruction of the personality, his ‘orgies’ promoting regression to life-forms reflecting primordial chaos and the drowning of the conscious in the lava of the unconscious. His appearance in dreams denotes very severe psychic tension and the imminence of breakdown. The ambivalence of his symbol may be perceived as Dionysiac liberation which may lead either to spiritualization or to materialization, a factor causing the personality either to develop or to regress. Deep down, he symbolizes the life force which tends to break free of all bounds and restraint.

Voici des tracés régulateurs qui ont servi à faire de très belles choses et qui sont cause que ces choses sont très belles :

COPIE D'UNE DALLE DE MARBRE DU PIRÉE :



Façade de l'Arsenal du Pirée.

LE CORBUSIER, VERS UNE ARCHITECTURE – REGULATION LINES OF THE PYRAEUS ARSENAL AFTER AUGUSTE CHOISY (1923)

APOLLO

In the Iliad (Book I) Phoebus Apollo, 'God of the sliver bow,' appears by night and shines like the Moon. Intellectual development and the interpretation of myth need to be taken into account to recognize in the Homeric deity the much later Sun-god and to liken his *bow and arrows* to the Sun and its beams. Originally he was more closely related to lunar symbolism. In this context he is described as the god of vengeance, with his death-dealing arrows, 'Lordly bearer of the silver bow.'

He first manifests himself as the image of violence and unbridled arrogance but, as he gathers to himself a range of Nordic, Asiatic and Aegean attributes, his divine personality becomes more and more complex. It synthesizes within itself so many warring elements which it finally reconciles into that ideal of wisdom which is regarded as the Greek miracle. Apollo embodies the balance and harmony of the passions, achieved not by suppressing instinctive impulses, but by directing them through the development of awareness towards an ever-increasing spiritualization. He is hailed in literature as possessor of over two hundred different attributes, which depict him successively as a *rat*-god of primitive agrarian cults; as a quick-tempered, vengeful warrior; as a ruler of wild beasts, yet at the same time as the shepherd's friend and the protector of flocks and harvests; as a benefactor of mankind, who heals and purifies, and as the father of the god of medicine Asclepios (*Aesculapius*); as 'the seer of Zeus' he founded the oracle at Delphi (see *Tripod*). He inspired not only seers but poets and painters; he became the Sun-god crossing the Heavens in his dazzling chariot. The Romans identified him with none of their gods. Alone of the deities adopted by the Republic

and the Empire he remained himself, immaculate, unique and peerless.

Professional etymologists may be suspicious of odd verbal coincidences, yet they are highly significant in the history of religious thought. The Attic Greek name 'Apollo' has been compared with its Doric equivalent 'Apello,' the latter suggesting the word 'apella,' meaning 'sheepfold.' 'It is easy to conceive of such a god as having been worshipped by the earliest Greeks, nomads driving their flocks and herds before them, and also as having in the Peloponnese identified with himself such pre-Hellenic gods of the flocks as, for example, the ram-god, Karnos… In any case, Apollo is manifested as a shepherd in many myths.'

Pindar sings of 'Apollo who instills in human hearts love of harmony and revulsion from civil strife.' Plato, when describing the duties of the true lawgiver (Republic 427b-c), advises that the basic laws of the Republic should be sought of Apollo:

> '[It is] for the Apollo of Delphi [to pronounce] the chief, the fairest and the first of enactments.'
> 'What are they?'
> 'The founding of temples, and sacrifices, and other forms of worship of gods, daemons, and heroes; and likewise the burial of the dead and the services we must render to the dwellers in the world beyond to keep them gracious. For such matters we neither know anything, nor in the founding of our city, if we are wise, shall we entrust them to any other or make use of any other interpreter than the God of our fathers. For this god surely is in such matter for all mankind the interpreter of the religion of their fathers who from his seat in the middle and at the very navel of the earth delivers his interpretation.'

The 'Celtic Apollo' is a Roman creation who does not correspond in all particulars to any native Gallic deity. In fact, the Apolline personality must be split and divided among a number of Celtic gods. […]

Seven is the number of perfection, the number which symbolically unites Heaven and Earth, the male and female principles, light and darkness. It is, moreover, Apollo's number and plays a significant part in all legends relating to him. Apollo was born on the seventh day of the month and lived under this sign. Aeschylus called him 'Noble Seventh God, God of the Seventh Gate.' His chief feasts were always celebrated on the seventh day of the month, his *lyre* was seven-stringed; at his birth the sacred *swans* flew singing seven times round the floating island of Asteria which his father Zeus was to anchor and call Delos and where his mother Leto gave him birth. His teachings were embodied in seven sayings attributed to the Seven Sages.

It is unspeakable to reduce this most complex deity to the commonplace of 'youth, wisdom and beauty;' or, to simplify Nietzsche, to set him up as the opposite pole to *Dionysos*, reason opposed to intuition. On the contrary, Apollo symbolizes the defeat of violence, inspired self-control and the marriage of reason and intuition, being the son of a god, Zeus, and through his mother Leto the grandson of a Titan. His wisdom is acquired, not inherited. All the life forces unite in him to spur him on to find his balance only upon the heights and to lead him from 'the mouth of the vast cavern' (Aeschylus) to 'the heights of heaven' (Plutarch). He symbolizes the acme of spiritualization and is one of the noblest symbols of the ascent of man.

If we do not want to reach Truth in complete madness, dumb as children, and eyes burnt by study, we must reopen Sparta's gymnasia and seek the equilibrium of blood and nerves, the physical and intellectual sanity in the culture of the flesh.

ÉMILE ZOLA, UNKNOWN (XIXTH C.)

GEORGE BUTLER/ROBERT FIORE, PUMPING IRON: SCHWARZENEGGER DISPLAYING GOODS AT TWO OLD LADIES, MUSCLE BEACH L.A. (1977)

MONTY PYTHON, MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS (1971)

THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY FROM THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

1872

1

We will have achieved much for the study of aesthetics when we come, not merely to a logical understanding, but also to the immediately certain apprehension of the fact that the further development of art is bound up with the duality of the Apollonian and the Dionysian, just as reproduction depends upon the duality of the sexes, their continuing strife and only periodically occurring reconciliation. We take these names from the Greeks who gave a clear voice to the profound secret teachings of their contemplative art, not in ideas, but in the powerfully clear forms of their divine world.

With those two gods of art, Apollo and Dionysus, we link our recognition that in the Greek world there exists a huge contrast, in origins and purposes, between visual (plastic) arts, the Apollonian, and the non-visual art of music, the Dionysian. Both very different drives go hand in hand, for the most part in open conflict with each other and simultaneously provoking each other all the time to new and more powerful offspring, in order to perpetuate for themselves the contest of opposites which the common word "Art" only seems to bridge, until they finally, through

a marvelous metaphysical act, seem to pair up with each other and, as this pair, produce Attic tragedy, just as much a Dionysian as an Apollonian work of art.

In order to get closer to these two instinctual drives, let us think of them next as the separate artistic worlds of dreams and of intoxication, physiological phenomena between which we can observe an opposition corresponding to the one between the Apollonian and the Dionysian.

According to the ideas of Lucretius, the marvelous divine shapes first appeared to the mind of man in a dream. It was in a dream that the great artist saw the delightful anatomy of superhuman existence, and the Hellenic poet, questioned about the secrets of poetic creativity, would have recalled his dreams and given an explanation exactly similar to the one Hans Sachs provides in *Die Meistersinger*:

> My friend, that is precisely the poet's work–
> To figure out his dreams, mark them down.
> Believe me, the truest illusion of mankind
> Is revealed to him in dreams:
> All poetic art and poeticizing
> Is nothing but interpreting true dreams.

The beautiful appearance of the world of dreams, in whose creation each man is a complete artist, is the condition of all plastic art, indeed, as we shall see, an important half of poetry. We enjoy the form with an immediate understanding, all shapes speak to us, nothing is indifferent and unnecessary.

For all the very intense life of these dream realities, we nevertheless have the thoroughly disagreeable sense of their illusory quality. At least that is my experience. For their frequency, even normality, I can point to many witnesses and the utterances of poets. Even the philosophical man has the presentiment that this reality in which we live and have our being is an illusion, that under it lies hidden a second quite different reality. And Schopenhauer specifically designates as the trademark of philosophical talent the ability to recognize at certain times that human beings and all things are mere phantoms or dream pictures.

Now, just as the philosopher behaves in relation to the reality of existence, so the artistically excitable man behaves in relation to the reality of dreams. He looks at them precisely and with pleasure, for from these pictures he fashions his interpretation of life; from these events he rehearses his life. This is not merely a case of agreeable and friendly images which he experiences with a complete understanding. They also include what is serious, cloudy, sad, dark, sudden scruples, teasing accidents, nervous expectations, in short, the entire "divine comedy" of life, including the Inferno – all this moves past him, not just like a shadow play, for he lives and suffers in the midst of these scenes, yet not without that fleeting sensation of illusion. And perhaps several people remember, like me, amid the dangers and terrors of a dream, successfully cheering themselves up by shouting: "It is a dream! I want to dream it some more!" I have also heard accounts of some people who had the ability to set out the causal connection of one and the same dream over three or more consecutive nights. These facts are clear evidence showing that our innermost beings, the secret underground in all of us, experiences its dreams with deep enjoyment, as a delightful necessity.

The Greeks expressed this joyful necessity of the dream experience in their god Apollo, who, as god of all the plastic arts, is at the same time the god of prophecy. In accordance with the root meaning of his association

with brightness, he is the god of light. He also rules over the beautiful appearance of the inner fantasy world. The higher truth, the perfection of this condition in contrast to the sketchy understanding of our daily reality, as well as the deep consciousness of a healing and helping nature in sleep and dreaming, is the symbolic analogy to the capacity to prophesy the truth, as well as to art in general, through which life is made possible and worth living. But also that delicate line which the dream image may not cross so as to work its effect pathologically (otherwise the illusion would deceive us as crude reality)—that line must not be absent from the image of Apollo, that boundary of moderation, that freedom from more ecstatic excitement, that fully calm wisdom of the god of images. His eye must be sun-like, in keeping with his origin. Even when he is angry and gazes with displeasure, the consecration of the beautiful illusion rests on him.

And so one may verify (in an eccentric way) what Schopenhauer says of the man trapped in the veil of Maja: "As on the stormy sea which extends without limit on all sides, howling mountainous waves rise up and sink and a sailor sits in a row boat, trusting the weak craft, so, in the midst of a world of torments, the solitary man sits peacefully, supported by and trusting in the *principium individuationis* [the principle of individuality]" (World as Will and Idea, Vol. I, p. 416). Yes, we could say of Apollo that the imperturbable trust in that principle and the calm sitting still of the man conscious of it attained its loftiest expression in him, and we may even designate Apollo himself as the marvelous divine image of the *principium individuationis*, from whose gestures and gaze all the joy and wisdom of illusion, together with its beauty, speak to us.

In the same place Schopenhauer also described for us the monstrous horror which seizes a man when he

suddenly doubts his ways of comprehending illusion, when the sense of a foundation, in any one of its forms, appears to suffer a breakdown. If we add to this horror the ecstatic rapture, which rises up out of the same collapse of the *principium individuationis* from the innermost depths of human beings, yes, from the innermost depths of nature, then we have a glimpse into the essence of the Dionysian, which is presented to us most closely through the analogy to intoxication.

Either through the influence of narcotic drink, of which all primitive men and peoples speak, or through the powerful coming on of spring, which drives joyfully through all of nature, that Dionysian excitement arises. As its power increases, the subjective fades into complete forgetfulness of self. In the German Middle Ages under the same power of Dionysus constantly growing hordes waltzed from place to place, singing and dancing. In that St. John's and St. Vitus' dancing we recognize the Bacchic chorus of the Greeks once again, and its precursors in Asia Minor, right back to Babylon and the orgiastic *Sacaea* [a riotous Babylonian festival].

There are men who, from a lack of experience or out of apathy, turn mockingly away from such phenomena as from a "sickness of the people," with a sense of their own health and filled with pity. These poor people naturally do not have any sense of how deathly and ghost-like this very "Health" of theirs sounds, when the glowing life of the Dionysian throng roars past them. Under the magic of the Dionysian, not only does the bond between man and man lock itself in place once more, but also nature itself, no matter how alienated, hostile, or subjugated, rejoices again in her festival of reconciliation with her prodigal son, man. The earth freely offers up her gifts, and the beasts of prey from the rocks and the desert

approach in peace. The wagon of Dionysus is covered with flowers and wreaths. Under his yolk stride panthers and tigers.

If someone were to transform Beethoven's *Ode to Joy* into a painting and not restrain his imagination when millions of people sink dramatically into the dust, then we could come close to the Dionysian. Now is the slave a free man, now all the stiff, hostile barriers break apart, those things which necessity and arbitrary power or "saucy fashion" have established between men. Now, with the gospel of world harmony, every man feels himself not only united with his neighbour, reconciled and fused together, but also as if the veil of Maja has been ripped apart, with only scraps fluttering around before the mysterious original unity. Singing and dancing, man expresses himself as a member of a higher unity. He has forgotten how to walk and talk and is on the verge of flying up into the air as he dances. The enchantment speaks out in his gestures. Just as the animals speak and the earth gives milk and honey, so now something supernatural echoes out of him. He feels himself a god. He now moves in a lofty ecstasy, as he saw the gods move in his dream. The man is no longer an artist. He has become a work of art. The artistic power of all of nature, the rhapsodic satisfaction of the primordial unity, reveals itself here in the intoxicated performance. The finest clay, the most expensive marble – man – is here worked and chiseled, and the cry of the Eleusianian mysteries rings out to the chisel blows of the Dionysian world artist: "Do you fall down, you millions? World, do you have a sense of your creator?"

2

Up to this point, we have considered the Apollonian and its opposite, the Dionysian, as artistic forces which break forth out of nature itself, without the mediation of the human artist and in which the human artistic drive is for the time being satisfied directly – on the one hand as a world of dream images, whose perfection has no connection with an individual's high level of intellect or artistic education, on the other hand, as the intoxicating reality, which once again does not respect the individual, but even seeks to abolish the individual and to restore him through a mystic feeling of collective unity. In comparison to these unmediated artistic states of nature, every artist is an "Imitator," and, in fact, an artist either of Apollonian dream or Dionysian intoxication or, finally, as in Greek tragedy, for example, simultaneously an artist of intoxication and dreams. As the last, it is possible for us to imagine how he sinks down in the Dionysian drunkenness and mystical obliteration of the self, alone and apart from the rapturous throng, and how through the Apollonian effects of dream his own state now reveals itself to him, that is, his unity with the innermost basis of the world, in a metaphorical dream picture.

In accordance with these general assumptions and comparisons, let us now approach the Greeks, in order to recognize to what degree and to what heights the natural artistic drives had developed in them and how we are in a position to understand more deeply and assess the relationship of the Greek artist to his primordial images or, to use Aristotle's expression, his "imitation of nature."

In spite of all their literature on dreams and numerous dream anecdotes, we can speak of the dreams of the Greeks only hypothetically, although with fair certainty.

Given the incredibly clear and accurate plastic capability of their eyes, along with their intelligent and open love of colour, one cannot go wrong in assuming that (to the shame all those born later) their dreams also had a logical causality of lines and circumferences, colours, and groupings, a sequence of scenes rather like their best bas reliefs, whose perfection would justify us, if such a comparison were possible, to describe the dreaming Greek man as a Homer and Homer as a dreaming Greek man, in a deeper sense than when modern man, with respect to his dreams, has the temerity to compare himself with Shakespeare.

On the other hand, we do not need to speak merely hypothetically when we have to expose the immense gap which separates the Dionysian Greeks from the Dionysian barbarians. In all quarters of the old world (setting aside here the newer worlds), from Rome to Babylon, we can confirm the existence of Dionysian celebrations, of a type, at best, related to the Greeks in much the same way as the bearded satyr whose name and characteristics are taken from the goat is related to Dionysus himself. Almost everywhere, the central point of these celebrations consisted of an exuberant sexual promiscuity, whose waves flooded over all established family practices and traditional laws. The wildest bestiality of nature was here unleashed, creating an abominable mixture of lust and cruelty, which has always seemed to me the real witches' potion.

From the feverish excitement of these festivals, knowledge of which reached the Greeks from all directions, by land and sea, they were apparently for a long time completely secure and protected through the figure of Apollo, drawn up in all his pride. Apollo could counter by holding up the head of Medusa in the face of the unequalled power of this crude and grotesque Dionysian force. Doric art has immortalized this majestic bearing of Apollo as he

stands in opposition. This opposition became more dubious and even impossible as similar impulses gradually broke out from the deepest roots of Hellenic culture itself. Now the effect of the Delphic god, in a timely process of reconciliation, limited itself to taking the destructive weapon out of the hand of his powerful opponent.

This reconciliation is the most important moment in the history of Greek culture. Wherever we look the revolutionary effects of this experience manifest themselves. It was the reconciliation of two opponents, who from now on observed their differences with a sharp demarcation of the border line between them and with occasional gifts send to honour each other. Basically the gap was not bridged over. However, if we see how, under the pressure of this peace agreement, the Dionysian power revealed itself, then we now understand the meaning of the festivals of world redemption and days of transfiguration in the Dionysian orgies of the Greeks, in comparison with the Babylonian Sacaea, which turned human beings back into tigers and apes.

In these Greek festivals, for the first time nature achieves its artistic jubilee. In them, for the first time, the tearing apart of the *principii individuationis* becomes an artistic phenomenon. Here that dreadful witches' potion of lust and cruelty was without power. The strange mixture and ambiguity in the emotions of the Dionysian celebrant remind him, as healing potions remind him of deadly poison, of that sense that pain awakens joy, that the jubilation in his chest rips out cries of agony. From the most sublime joy echoes the cry of horror or the longingly plaintive lament over an irreparable loss. In those Greek festivals it was as if a sentimental feature of nature is breaking out, as if nature has to sigh over her dismemberment into separate individuals.

The language of song and poetry of such a doubly defined celebrant was for the Homeric Greek world something new and unheard of. Dionysian music especially awoke in that world fear and terror. If music was apparently already known as an Apollonian art, this music, strictly speaking, was a rhythmic pattern like the sound of waves, whose artistic power had developed for presenting Apollonian states of mind. The music of Apollo was Doric architecture expressed in sound, but only in intimate tones, characteristic of the *cithara* [a traditional stringed instrument]. The un-Apollonian character of Dionysian music keeps such an element of gentle caution at a distance, and with that turns music generally into emotionally disturbing tonal power, a unified stream of melody, and the totally incomparable world of harmony.

In the Dionysian dithyramb man is aroused to the highest intensity of all his symbolic capabilities. Something never felt before forces itself into expression – the destruction of the veil of Maja, the sense of oneness as the presiding genius of form, of nature itself. Now the essence of nature must express itself symbolically; a new world of symbols is necessary, the entire symbolism of the body, not just the symbolism of mouth, face, and words, but the full gestures of the dance – all the limbs moving to the rhythm. And then the other symbolic powers grow, those of music, rhythm, dynamics, and harmony – all with sudden spontaneity.

To grasp this total unleashing of all symbolic powers, man must already have attained that high level of freedom from the self which seeks to express itself symbolically in those forces. Because of this, the dithyrambic servant of Dionysus will understand only someone like himself. With what astonishment must the Apollonian Greek have gazed at him! With an amazement

which was all the greater as he sensed with horror that all this may not be really foreign to him, that even his Apollonian consciousness was covering the Dionysian world in front of him, like a veil.

3

In order to grasp this point, we must dismantle that artistic structure of Apollonian culture, as it were, stone by stone, until we see the foundations on which it is built. Here we become aware for the first time of the marvelous Olympian divine forms, which stand on the pediments of this building and whose actions decorate its friezes all around in illuminating bas relief. If Apollo also stands among them, as a single god next to the others and without any claim to the pre-eminent position, we should not on that account let ourselves be deceived. The same instinct which made Apollo perceptible to the senses gave birth to the entire Olympian world in general. In this sense, we must value Apollo as the father of them all. What was the immense need out of which such an illuminating group of Olympic beings arose?

Anyone who steps up to these Olympians with another religion in his heart and seeks from them ethical loftiness, even sanctity or spiritual longing for the non-physical, for loving gazes filled with pity, must soon enough despondently turn his back on them in disappointment. For here there is no reminder of asceticism, spirituality, and duty. Here speaks to us only a full, indeed a triumphant, existence, in which everything present is worshipped, no matter whether it is good or evil. And thus the onlooker may well stand in real consternation in front of this fantastic excess of life, to ask himself with what

magical drink in their bodies these high-spirited men could have enjoyed life so that wherever they look, Helen laughs back at them, that ideal image of their own existence, "hovering in sweet sensuousness."

However, we must summon back this onlooker who has already turned around to go away. "Don't leave them. First listen to what Greek folk wisdom expresses about this very life which spreads out before you here with such inexplicable serenity. There is an old saying to the effect that King Midas for a long time hunted the wise Silenus, the companion of Dionysus, in the forests, without catching him. When Silenus finally fell into the king's hands, the king asked what was the best thing of all for men, the very finest. The daemon remained silent, motionless and inflexible, until, compelled by the king, he finally broke out into shrill laughter and said, 'Suffering creature, born for a day, child of accident and toil, why are you forcing me to say what is the most unpleasant thing for you to hear? The very best thing for you is totally unreachable: not to have been born, not to exist, to be nothing. The second best thing for you, however, is this: to die soon.'"

What is the relationship between the Olympian world of the gods and this popular wisdom? It is like the relationship of the entrancing vision of the tortured martyr to his pain.

Now, as it were, the Olympic magic mountain reveals itself to us and shows us its roots. The Greek knew and felt the terror and horror of existence. In order to live at all, he must have placed in front of him the gleaming Olympians, born in his dreams. That immense distrust of the titanic forces of nature, that *Moira* [Fate] enthroned mercilessly above all knowledge, that vulture that devoured Prometheus, friend of man, that fatal lot drawn by wise

Œdipus, that family curse on the House of Atreus, that Orestes compelled to kill his mother, in short, that entire philosophy of the woodland god, together with its mythical illustrations, from which the melancholy Etruscans died off, all that was overcome time after time by the Greeks (or at least hidden and removed from view) through the artistic middle world of the Olympians.

In order to be able to live, the Greeks must have created these gods out of the deepest necessity. We can readily imagine the sequential development of these gods: through that instinctive Apollonian drive for beauty there developed by slow degrees out of the primordial titanic divine order of terror the Olympian divine order of joy, just as roses break forth out of thorny bushes. How else could a people so emotionally sensitive, so spontaneously desiring, so singularly capable of suffering have endured their existence, unless the same qualities manifested themselves in their gods, around whom flowed a higher glory. The same instinctual drive which summons art into life as the seductive replenishment for further living and the completion of existence also gave rise to the Olympian world, by which the Hellenic "Will" held before itself a transfiguring mirror.

In this way the gods justify the lives of men because they themselves live it – that is the only satisfactory theodicy! Existence under the bright sunshine of such gods is experienced as worth striving for in itself, and the essential pain of the Homeric men consists in the separation from that sunlight, above all in the fact that such separation is close at hand, so that we could say of them, with a reversal of the wisdom of Silenus, "the very worst thing for them was to die soon, the second worst was to die at all." When the laments resound now, they tell of short-lived Achilles, of the changes in the race of men,

transformed like leaves, of the destruction of the heroic age. It is not unworthy of the greatest heroes to long to live on, even as a day labourer. In the Apollonian stage, the "Will" so spontaneously demands to live on, the Homeric man fills himself with that feeling so much, that even his lament becomes a song of praise.

At this point we must point out that this harmony, this union of man with nature (something looked on enviously by more recent ages), for which Schiller coined the artistic slogan "naïve," is in no way such a simple, inevitable, and, as it were, unavoidable condition (like a human paradise) which we necessarily run into at the door of every culture. Such a belief is possible only in an age which seeks to believe that Rousseau's Emile is an artist and imagines it has found in Homer an artist like Emile raised in the bosom of nature. Wherever we encounter the "naïve" in art, we have to recognize the highest effect of Apollonian culture, something which always must come into existence to overthrow the kingdom of the Titans, to kill monsters, and through powerfully deluding images and joyful illusions to emerge victorious over the horrific depths of what we observe in the world and the most sensitive capacity for suffering. But how seldom does the naïve, that sense of being completely swallowed up in the beauty of appearance, succeed. For that reason, how inexpressibly noble is Homer, who, as a single person, was related to Apollonian popular culture as the single dream artist to his people's capacity to dream and to nature in general.

Homeric "naïveté" is only to be understood as the complete victory of the Apollonian illusion. It is the sort of illusion which nature uses so frequently in order to attain her objectives. The true goal is concealed by a deluding image. We stretch our hands out toward this

image, and nature reaches its goal through the deception. With the Greeks it was a case of the "Will" wishing to gaze upon itself through the transforming power of genius and the world of art. In order to celebrate itself, its creatures had to sense that they were worthy of being glorified – they must see themselves again in a higher sphere, without this complete world of contemplation affecting them as an imperative or as a reproach. This is the sphere of beauty, in which they saw their mirror images, the Olympians. With this mirror of beauty, the Hellenic "Will" fought against the talent for suffering and the wisdom of suffering which is bound up with artistic talent, and as a memorial of its victory Homer, the naïve artist, stands before us.

LUCIAN FREUD, HANDMIRROR ON CHAIR (1966)

The way in which dreams treat the category of contraries and contradictories is highly remarkable. "No" seems not to exist as far as dreams are concerned. They show a particular preference for combining contraries into a unity or for representing them as one and the same thing. Dreams feel themselves at liberty, moreover, to represent any element by its wishful contrary; so there is no way of deciding at a first glance whether any element that admits of a contrary is present in the dream thoughts as a positive or as a negative.

SIGMUND FREUD, THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS (1899)

UNICA ZÜRN, A STORYBOOK FOR FRIEDRICH SCHRÖDER-SONNENSTERN (1964)

PSYCHOLOGICAL TYPES OR, THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INDIVIDUATION

CARL GUSTAV JUNG

1921

Chapter III
The Apollonian and the Dionysian

The problem discerned, and indeed partially worked out, by Schiller was resumed in a fresh and original way by Nietzsche in his work: *Die Geburt der Tragödie*, dating from 1871. This early work is more nearly related to Schopenhauer and Goethe than to Schiller. But it at least appears to share aesthetism and Hellenism with Schiller, pessimism and the motive of deliverance with Schopenhauer, and unlimited points of contact with Goethe's *Faust*. Among these connections, those with Schiller are naturally the most significant for our purpose. Yet we cannot leave Schopenhauer without paying tribute to the way in which he achieved reality for those dawning rays of Eastern knowledge which in Schiller only emerge as insubstantial wraiths. If we disregard the pessimism that springs from a contrast with the Christian joy in faith, and certainty of redemption, Schopenhauer's doctrine of deliverance is seen to be essentially Buddhistic. He was captured by the East. This step was undoubtedly a contrast reaction to our occidental atmosphere. It is, as we know, a reaction that still persists to a very considerable extent in various

movements more or less completely orientated towards India. This pull towards the East caused Nietzsche to halt in Greece. He, too, felt Greece to be the middle point between East and West. To this extent he is in touch with Schiller – but how utterly different is his conception of the Grecian character! He sees the dark foil upon which the serene and golden world of Olympus is painted. "In order to make life possible, the Greeks from sheer necessity had to make these Gods."

"The Greek knew and felt the terror and awfulness of existence: to be able to live at all he had to interpose the shining, dream-borne Olympian world between himself and that dread. That monstrous mistrust of the titanic powers of Nature, the *Moira* pitilessly enthroned above all knowledge, the vulture of Prometheus the great lover of man, the awful fate of the wise Œdipus, the family curse of the Atridae which drove Orestes to matricide – this dread was ever being conquered anew through that artist's middle world of Olympus, or was at least veiled and withdrawn from sight."[1] The Greek "serenity," that smiling Heaven of Hellas, seen as a glamourous illusion hiding a forbidding background – this discernment was reserved for the moderns; a weighty argument against moral aesthetism!

Nietzsche here takes up a standpoint differing significantly from Schiller's. What one might have guessed in Schiller, namely that his letters on aesthetic education were also an attempt to deal with his own problems, becomes a complete certainty in this work of Nietzsche: it is a "profoundly personal" book. Whereas Schiller, almost timidly and with faint colours, begins to paint light and shade, apprehending the opposition in his own psyche as "naive" versus "sentimental," while excluding everything that belongs to the background and abysmal profundities of human nature, Nietzsche's apprehension takes a deeper

grasp and spans an opposition, whose one aspect yields in nothing to the dazzling beauty of the Schiller vision; while its other side reveals infinitely darker tones, which certainly enhance the effect of the light, but allow still blacker depths to be divined.

Nietzsche calls his fundamental pair of opposites: the *Apollonian-Dionysian*. We must first try to picture to ourselves the nature of this opposite pair. To this end I shall select a group of citations by means of which the reader – even though unacquainted with Nietzsche's work – will be in a position to form his own judgment about it, and at the same time to criticize mine.

1. "We shall have gained much for the science of esthetics, when the view is once finally reached – not merely the logical insight, but the immediate certainty – that the continuous development of art is bound up with the duality of the *Apollonian* and the *Dionysian*: in much the same way as generation depends upon the duality of the sexes, involving perpetual conflicts with only periodically intervening reconciliation."

2. "From their two art-deities, Apollo and Dionysos, we derive our knowledge that an immense opposition existed in the Grecian world, both as to origin and aim, between the art of the shaper, the Apollonian, and the Dionysian non-plastic art of music. These two so different tendencies run side by side, for the most part in open conflict with each other, ever mutually rousing the other to new and mightier births in which to perpetuate the warring antagonism that is only seemingly bridged by their common term 'art;'

> until, finally, by a metaphysical miracle of the Hellenic 'will,' they appear *paired one with the other* and in this mating the equally Dionysian and Apollonian creation of Attic tragedy is at last brought to birth."

For the purpose of fuller characterization Nietzsche compares the two "tendencies" by means of the peculiar psychological states they give rise to, namely *dreaming* and *frenzy*. The Apollonian impulse produces a state that may be compared with the *dream*, while the Dionysian creates a condition that is akin to *frenzy*; by dreaming, as Nietzsche himself explains, he essentially understands the "inner vision," the "lovely semblance of the dream world." Apollo "governs the beauteous illusion of the inner world of phantasy;" he is "the god of all shaping faculties." He is measure, number, limitation, the mastery of everything savage and untamed. "One might almost describe Apollo as the splendid divine image of the *principii individuationis*."

The Dionysian, on the contrary, is the freeing of unmeasured instinct, the breaking loose of the unbridled *dynamis* of the animal and the divine nature; hence in the Dionysian choir man appears as *satyr*, god above and goat below. It represents horror at the annihilation of the principle of individuation, and at the same time "rapturous delight" at its destruction. The Dionysian is, therefore, comparable to frenzy, which dissolves the individual into collective instincts and contents, a disruption of the secluded ego by the world. In the Dionysian, therefore, man again finds man; "estranged, hostile, subjugated Nature celebrates once more her feast of reconciliation with her lost son, man." Every man feels himself "one" with his neighbour ("not merely united, reconciled, and merged"). His individuality must, therefore, be entirely

suspended. "Man is no longer the artist–he has become the work of art." "All the artistry of Nature here reveals itself in the ecstasies of frenzy." Which means that the creative *dynamis*, the libido in instinctive form, takes possession of the individual as an object and uses him as a tool, or expression of itself. If one might conceive the natural being as a "product of art," then of course a man in the Dionysian state has become a natural work of art; but, inasmuch as the natural being is also emphatically not a work of art in the ordinary meaning of the word, he is nothing but sheer Nature, unbridled, a raging torrent, not even an animal that is restricted to itself and its own laws. I must emphasize this point both in the interests of clarity and of subsequent discussion, since, for some reason Nietzsche has omitted to make this clear, and has thereby shed over the problem a deceptive aesthetic veiling, which at certain places he himself has instinctively to draw aside. Thus, for instance, where he speaks of the Dionysian orgies: "In almost every case, the essence of these festivals lay in an exuberant sexual licence, whose waves inundated every family hearth with its venerable traditions; the most savage beasts of nature were here unchained, even to the point of that disgusting alloy of lust and cruelty," etc.

Nietzsche considers the reconciliation of the Delphic Apollo with Dionysos as a symbol of the reconciliation of this antagonism within the breast of the civilized Greek. But here he forgets his own compensatory formula, according to which the Gods of Olympus owe their splendor to the darkness of the Grecian soul. The reconciliation of Apollo with Dionysos would, according to this, be a "beauteous illusion," a desideratum, evoked by the need of the civilized half of the Greek in the war with his barbaric side, that very element which broke out unchecked in the Dionysian state.

Between the religion of a people and its actual mode of life there always exists a compensatory relation; if this were not so, religion would have no practical significance at all. Beginning with the sublime moral religion of the Persians co-existing with the notorious dubiousness – even in antiquity – of the Persian manner of life, right down to our 'Christian' epoch, where the religion of love assisted in the greatest butchery of the world's history: wherever we turn we find evidence of this rule. We may, therefore, conclude from this very symbol of the Delphic reconciliation an especially violent cleavage in the Grecian character. This would also explain that craving for deliverance which gave the mysteries their immense meaning for the social life of Greece, and which, moreover, was completely overlooked by earlier admirers of the Grecian world. They contented themselves with natively attributing to the Greeks what they themselves lacked.

Thus in the Dionysian state the Greek was anything but a 'work of art;' on the contrary, he was gripped by his own barbaric nature, robbed of his individuality, dissolved into all his collective constituents, made one with the collective unconscious (through the surrender of his individual goal), identified with "the genius of the race, even with Nature herself." To the Apollonian side which had already achieved a substantial domestication of Nature, this frenzied state that made a man forget both himself and his manhood and turned him into a mere creature of instinct, must have been altogether despicable; for this reason a violent conflict between the two instincts was inevitable. Supposing the instincts of civilized man were let loose! The culture-enthusiast imagines that only beauty would stream forth. Such a notion proceeds from a profound lack of psychological knowledge. The dammed-up instinct-forces in civilized

man are immensely more destructive, and hence more dangerous, than the instincts of the primitive, who in a modest degree is constantly living his negative instincts. Consequently no war of the historical past can rival a war between civilized nations in its colossal scale of horror. It will not have been otherwise with the Greeks. It was precisely from a living sense of the gruesome that the Dionysian-Apollonian reconciliation gradually came to them – "through a metaphysical miracle," as Nietzsche says at the beginning. This utterance, as well as that other where he says that the opposition in question "is only seemingly bridged by their common term 'art'" must be kept clearly in mind. It is well to remember this sentence in particular, because Nietzsche, like Schiller, has a pronounced inclination to ascribe to art the mediating and redeeming role. The result is that the problem remains stuck in the aesthetic – the ugly is also "beautiful;" even the evil and atrocious may wear a desirable brilliance in the false glamour of the aesthetically beautiful. Both in Schiller and in Nietzsche, the artist nature, with its specific faculty for creation and expression is claiming the redeeming significance for itself. And so Nietzsche quite forgets that in this battle between Apollo and Dionysos, and in their ultimate reconciliation, the problem for the Greeks was never an aesthetic but a *religious question*. The Dionysian satyr-feasts, according to every analogy, were a sort of totem-feast with an identification backward to a mythical ancestry or directly to the totem animal. The cult of Dionysos had in many ways a mystical and speculative tendency, and in any case exercised a very strong religious influence. The fact that Greek tragedy arose out of the original religious ceremony is at least as significant as the connection of our modern theatre with the medieval passion-play with its exclusively religious

roots; such a consideration, therefore, scarcely permits the problem to be judged on its purely aesthetic aspect. Aesthetism is a modern glass, through which the psychological mysteries of the cult of Dionysos are seen in a light in which they were certainly never seen or experienced by the ancients. With Nietzsche, as with Schiller, the religious point-of-view is entirely overlooked, and its place is taken by the aesthetic. These things have their obvious aesthetic side, which one cannot neglect.[2] Yet if one gives medieval Christianity a purely aesthetic appreciation, its true character is debased and falsified, just as much, indeed, as if it were viewed exclusively from the historical standpoint. A true understanding can emerge only when equal weight is given to all sides; no one would wish to maintain that the nature of a railway-bridge is adequately comprehended from a purely aesthetic angle. In adopting the view, therefore, that the conflict between Apollo and Dionysos is purely a question of antagonistic art-tendencies, the problem is shifted onto aesthetic grounds in a way that is both historically and materially unjustifiable; whereby it is submitted to a partial consideration which can never do justice to its real content.

This shifting of the problem must doubtless have its psychological cause and purpose. One need not seek far for the advantages of this procedure: the aesthetic estimation immediately converts the problem into a picture which the spectator considers at his ease, admiring both its beauty and its ugliness, merely reflecting the passion of the picture, and safely removed from any actual participation in its feeling and life. The aesthetic attitude shields one from being really concerned, from being personally implicated, which the religious understanding of the problem would entail. The same advantage is ensured to the historical manner of approach, which Nietzsche

himself criticizes in a series of unique passages.[3] The possibility of taking such a prodigious problem "a problem with horns," as he calls it, merely aesthetically is of course very tempting, since its religious understanding, which in this case is the only adequate one, presupposes an experience either now or in the past to which the modern man can indeed rarely pretend. Dionysos, however, seems to have taken vengeance upon Nietzsche. Let us compare his *Attempt at a Self-criticism*, which bears the date 1886 and prefaces *The Birth of Tragedy*: "What indeed is Dionysian? In this book there lies the answer, a 'knowing one' speaks there, the *initiate and disciple of his God*. But that was not the Nietzsche who wrote *The Birth of Tragedy*; at that time he was moved aesthetically, while he became Dionysian only at the time of writing *Zarathustra*, not forgetting that memorable passage with which he concludes his *Attempt at a Self-criticism*; "Lift up your hearts, my brother, high, higher! And neither forget the legs! Lift up also your legs, ye good dancers, and better still: let ye also stand on your heads!"

In spite of his aesthetic self-protection, the singular depth with which Nietzsche grasped the problem was already so close to the reality that his later Dionysian experience seems an almost inevitable consequence. His attack upon Socrates in *The Birth of Tragedy* is aimed at the rationalist, who proves himself impervious to Dionysian orgiastics. This reaction corresponds with the analogous error into which the aesthetic standpoint always falls, i.e. it holds itself aloof from the problem. But even at that time, in spite of the aesthetic viewpoint, Nietzsche had an intuition of the real solution of the problem; as, for instance, when he wrote that the antagonism was not bridged by art, but by a "metaphysical miracle of the Hellenic 'will.' He writes "will" in inverted commas,

which, considering how strongly he was at that time influenced by Schopenhauer, we might well interpret as referring to the concept of the metaphysical will. "Metaphysical" has for us the psychological significance of "unconscious." If, then, we replace "metaphysical" in Nietzsche's formula by "unconscious," the desired key to this problem would be an unconscious "miracle." A "miracle" is irrational; the act itself therefore is an unconscious irrational happening, a shaping out of itself without the intervention of reason and conscious purpose; it just happens, it grows, like a phenomenon of creative Nature, and not as a result of the deep probing of human wits; it is the fruit of yearning expectation, faith and hope.

At this point I will leave this problem for the time being, as we shall have occasion to discuss it in fuller detail in the further course of our inquiry. Let us proceed instead to a closer examination of the Apollonian and Dionysian conceptions with regard to their psychological attributes. First we will consider the Dionysian. The presentation of Nietzsche at once reveals it as an unfolding, a streaming upward and outward, a "diastole," as Goethe called it; it is a motion embracing the world, as Schiller also presents it in his ode *An die Freude*:

> "Seid umschlungen, Millionen.
> Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt."[4]

and further:

> "Freude trinken alle Wesen
> An den Brüsten der Natur;
> Alle Guten, alle Bösen
> Folgen ihrer Rosenspur.
> Küsse gab sie uns und Reben,

> Einen Freund geprüft im Tod;
> Wollust war dem Wurm gegeben
> Und der Cherub steht vor Gott."[5]

That is Dionysian expansion. It is a flood of mightiest universal feeling, which bursts forth irresistibly, intoxicating the senses like strong wine. It is a drunkenness in the highest sense.

In this state the psychological element *sensation*, whether it be sensation of sense or of affect, participates in the highest degree. It is a question, therefore, of an extraversion of those feelings which are inextricably bound up with the element of sensation; for this reason we define it as feeling-sensation. What breaks forth in this state has more the character of pure affect, something instinctive and blindly compelling, finding specific expression in an affection of the bodily sphere.

In contrast to this, the Apollonian is a perception of the inner image of beauty, of measure, of controlled and proportioned feelings. The comparison with the dream clearly indicates the character of the Apollonian attitude: it is a state of introspection, of inner contemplation towards the dream world of eternal ideas: it is therefore a state of *introversion*.

So far the analogy with our mechanisms is indeed unarguable. But, if we were to content ourselves with the analogy, we should acquiesce in a limitation of outlook that does violence to Nietzsche's ideas; we should have laid them in a Procrustean bed.

We shall in the course of our investigation see that the state of introversion, in so far as it becomes habitual, always involves a differentiated relation to the world of ideas, while habitual extraversion entails a similar relation to the object. We see nothing of this differentiation in

Nietzsche's ideas. The Dionysian feeling has the thoroughly archaic character of affective sensation. It is not therefore pure feeling, abstracted and differentiated from the instinctive into that mobile element, which in the extraverted type is obedient to the commands of reason, lending itself as her willing instrument. Similarly Nietzsche's conception of introversion is not concerned with that pure, differentiated relation to ideas which is abstracted from perception – whether sensuously determined or creatively achieved – into abstract and pure form. The Apollonian is an inner perception, an intuition of the world of ideas. The parallel with the dream clearly shows that Nietzsche regarded this state as a merely perceptive condition on the one hand and as a merely pictorial one on the other.

These characteristics are individual peculiarities, which we must not include in our concept of the introverted or extraverted attitude. In a man whose prevailing attitude is reflective this Apollonian state of perception of inner images produces an elaboration of the material perceived in accordance with the character of the individual thought. Hence proceed ideas. In a man of a predominantly feeling attitude a similar process results: a searching feeling into the images and an elaboration of a feeling-idea which may essentially correspond with the idea produced by thinking. Ideas, therefore, are just as much feeling as thought: for example, the idea of the fatherland, of freedom, of God, of immortality, etc. In both elaborations the principle is rational and logical. But there is also a quite different standpoint, from which the logical-rational elaboration is not valid. This *other standpoint is the aesthetic*. In introversion it stays with the *perception* of ideas, it develops intuition, the inner perception; in extraversion it stays with *sensation* and develops the senses, instinct, affectedness. Thinking,

for such a standpoint, is in no case the principle of inner perception of ideas, and feeling just as little; instead, thinking and feeling are mere derivatives of inner perception or outer sensation.

Nietzsche's ideas, therefore, lead us on to the principles of a third and a fourth psychological type, which one might term the aesthetic, as opposed to the rational types (thinking and feeling). These are the *intuitive* and the *sensation* types. Both these types have the mechanisms of introversion and extraversion in common with the rational types, but they do not – like the thinking type on the one hand – differentiate the perception and contemplation of the inner images into thought, nor – like the feeling type on the other – differentiate the affective experience of instinct and sensation into feeling. On the contrary, the intuitive raises unconscious perception to the level of a differentiated function, by which he also becomes adapted to the world. He adapts himself by means of unconscious indications, which he receives through an especially fine and sharpened perception and interpretation of faintly conscious stimuli. How such a function appears is naturally hard to describe, on account of its irrational, and, so to speak, unconscious character. In a sense one might compare it with the daemon of Socrates: with this qualification, however, that the strongly rationalistic attitude of Socrates repressed the intuitive function to the fullest limit; it had then to become effective in concrete hallucination, since it had no direct psychological access to consciousness. But with the intuitive type this latter is precisely the case.

The sensation-type is in all respects a converse of the intuitive. He bases himself almost exclusively upon the element of external sensation. His psychology is orientated in respect to instinct and sensation. Hence he is wholly dependent upon actual stimulation.

The fact that it is just the psychological functions of intuition on the one hand, and of sensation and instinct on the other, that Nietzsche brings into relief, must be characteristic of his own personal psychology. He must surely be reckoned as an intuitive type with an inclination towards the side of introversion. As evidence of the former we have his pre-eminently intuitive, artistic manner of production, of which this very work *The Birth of Tragedy* is highly characteristic, while his master work *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* is even more so. His aphoristic writings are expressive of his introverted intellectual side. These, in spite of a strong admixture of feeling, exhibit a pronounced critical intellectualism in the manner of the French intellectuals of the eighteenth century. His lack of rational moderation and conciseness argues for the intuitive type in general. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that in his initial work he unwittingly sets the facts of his own personal psychology in the foreground. This is all quite in harmony with the intuitive attitude, which characteristically perceives the outer through the medium of the inner, sometimes even at the expense of reality. By means of this attitude he also gained deep insight into the Dionysian qualities of his unconscious, the crude forms of which, so far as we know, reached the surface of consciousness only at the outbreak of his illness, although they had already revealed their presence in various erotic allusions. It is therefore extremely regrettable, from the standpoint of psychology, that the fragments – so significant in this respect – which were found in Turin after the onset of his malady, should have met with destruction at the hands of moral and aesthetic scruples.

1 Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*, transl. by W. H. Haussmann, p. 35 (Edinburgh 1909). 2 Aesthetism can, of course, replace the religious function. But how many things are there which could not do the same? What have we not all come across at one time or another as a surrogate for a lacking religion? Even though aesthetism may be a very noble surrogate, it is none the less only a compensatory structure in place of the real thing that is wanting. Moreover, Nietzsche's later "conversion" to Dionysos shows very clearly that the aesthetic surrogate did not stand the test of time. 3 Nietzsche, *On the Utility and Advantage of History for Life*, Part ii: *Occasional Papers*. 4 "Be embraced, oh ye millions. Be this kiss for all the world." 5 "Joy doth every creature drink, At Nature's flowing bosom; Neither good nor evil shrink, To tread her path of blossom. Kisses and the wine she gave, A friend when Death commandeth. Lust was for the worm to have, 'Fore God the Cherub standeth."

JEAN COCTEAU, THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1946)

The extreme limit of the "possible" –We are there in the end. But so late? …what, without knowing it we reached it? (in truth, nothing is changed) by a detour: one man bursts out laughing, the other is goaded and beats his wife, we become dead drunk, we make others perish in torture.

GEORGES BATAILLE, INNER EXPERIENCE (1943)

UNKNOWN, NŌ THEATRE MASKS

ANTIGONE
SOPHOCLES
441 BC

Dramatis Personæ

Creon, King of Thebes
Teiresias, a seer
First Messenger
Eurydice, wife of *Creon*
Ismene, daughters of *Oedipus*
Hæmon, son of *Creon*
Guard
Second Messenger
Antigone
Chorus of Theban Elders

Enter Guards, bringing in Antigone

As to this portent which the Gods have sent,
I stand in doubt. Can I, who know her, say
That this is not the maid Antigone?
O wretched one of wretched father born,
What means this? Surely 'tis not that they bring
Thee as a rebel 'gainst the king's decree,
And taken in the folly of thine act?

Guard Yes! She it was by whom the deed was done.
We found her burying. Where is Creon, pray?

Chor Forth from his palace comes he just in time.

Enter Creon

Creon What chance is this with which my coming fits?

Guard Men, O my king, should pledge themselves to naught;
For cool reflection makes their purpose void.
I hardly thought to venture here again,
Cowed by thy threats, which then fell thick on me;
But since no joy is like the sweet delight

Which comes beyond, above, against our hopes,
I come, although I swore the contrary,
Bringing this maiden, whom in act we found
Decking the grave. No need for lots was now;
The prize was mine, no other claimed a share.
And now, O king, take her, and as thou wilt,
Judge and convict her. I can claim a right
To wash my hands of all this troublous coil.

[…]

Guard The matter passed as follows: When we came,
With all those dreadful threats of thine upon us,
Sweeping away the dust which, lightly spread,
Covered the corpse, and laying stript and bare
The tained carcase, on the hill we sat
To windward, shunning the infected air,
Each stirring up his fellow with strong words,
If any shirked his duty. This went on
Some time, until the glowing orb of day
Stood in mid-heaven, and the scorching heat
Fell on us. Then a sudden whirlwind rose,
A scourge from heaven, raising squalls on earth,
And filled the plain, the leafage stripping bare
Of all the forest, and the air's vast space
Was thick and troubled, and we closed our eyes
Until the plague the Gods had sent was past;
And when it ceased, a weary time being gone,
The girl was seen, and with a bitter cry,
Shrill as a bird's, she wails, when it beholds
Its nest all emptied of its infant brood;
So she, when she beholds the corpse all stript,
Groaned loud with many moanings. And she called
Fierce curses down on those who did the deed,
And in her hand she brings some sandlike dust,
And from a well-chased ewer, all of bronze,

She pours the three libations o'er the dead.
And we, beholding, started up forthwith,
And run her down, in nothing terrified.
And then we charged her with the former deed,
As well as this. And nothing she denied.
But this to me both bitter is and sweet,
For to escape one's-self from ill is sweet,
But to bring friends to trouble, this is hard
And bitter. Yet my nature bids me count
Above all these things safety for myself.

Creon *[to Antigone]* And thou, then, bending to the ground thy head,
Confessest thou, or dost deny the deed?

Antig. I own I did it. I will not deny.

Creon *[to Guard]* Go thou thy way, where'er thy will may hoose,
Freed from a weighty charge. *[Exit Guard]*
[To Antigone] And now for thee,
Say in few words, not lengthening out thy speech,
Didst thou not know the edicts which forbade
The things thou ownest?

Antig. Right well I knew them all.
How could I not? Full clear and plain were they.

Creon Didst thou, then, dare to disobey these laws?

Antig. Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor Justice, dwelling with the Gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
Coming from mortal man, to set at naught
The unwritten laws of God that know not change.

They are not of today nor yesterday,
But live for ever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
Of any man's resolve was I prepared
Before the Gods to bear the penalty
Of sinning against these. That I should die
I knew (how should I not?), though thy decree
Had never spoken. And, before my time
If I should die, I reckon this a gain;
For whoso lives, as I, in many woes,
How can it be but death shall bring him gain?
And so for me to bear this doom of thine
Has nothing painful. But, if I had left
My mother's son unburied on his death,
I should have given them pain. But as things are,
Pain I feel none. And should I seem to thee
To have done a foolish deed, 'tis simply this, –
I bear the charge of folly from a fool.

Chor The maiden's stubborn will, of stubborn sire
The offspring shows itself. She knows not yet
To yield to evils.

Creon Know, then, minds too stiff
Most often stumble, and the rigid steel
Baked in the furnace, made exceeding hard,
Thou seest most often split and broken lie;
And I have known the steeds of fiery mood
With a small curb subdued. It is not meet
That one who lives in bondage to his neighbours
Should boast too loudly. Wanton outrage then
She learnt when first these laws of mine she
crossed, But, having done it, this is yet again
A second outrage over it to boast,
And laugh at having done it. Surely, then,

She is the man, not I, if all unscathed
Such deeds of might are hers. But be she child
Of mine own sister, nearest kin of all
That Zeus o'erlooks within our palace court,
She and her sister shall not 'scape their doom
Most foul and shameful; for I charge her, too,
With having planned this deed of sepulture.
Go ye and call her. 'Twas but now within
I saw her raving, losing self-command.
And still the mind of those who in the dark
Plan deeds of evil is the first to fail,
And so convicts itself of secret guilt.
But most I hate when one found out in guilt
Will seek to glaze and brave it to the end.

Antig. And dost thou seek aught else beyond my death?

Creon Naught else for me. That gaining, I gain all.

Antig. Wilt thou delay? Of all thy words not one
Pleases me now, nor aye is like to please,
And so all mine must grate upon thine ears.
And yet how could I higher glory gain
Than giving my true brother all the rites
Of solemn burial? These who hear would say
It pleases them, did not their fear of thee
Close up their lips. This power has sovereignty,
That it can do and say whate'er it will.

Creon Of all the race of Cadmus thou alone
Look'st thus upon the deed.

Antig. They see it too
As I do, but in fear of thee they keep
Their tongue between their teeth.

Creon And dost thou feel
No shame to plan thy schemes apart from these?

Antig. There is no baseness in the act which shows
Our reverence for our kindred.

Creon Was he not
Thy brother also, who against him fought?

Antig. He was my brother, of one mother born,
And of the selfsame father.

Creon Why, then, pay
Thine impious honours to the carcase there?

Antig. The dead below will not accept thy words.

Creon Yes, if thou equal honours pay to him,
And that most impious monster.

Antig. 'Twas no slave
That perished, but my brother.

Creon Yes, in act
To waste this land, while he in its defence
Stood fighting bravely.

Antig. Not the less does death
Crave equal rites for all.

Creon But not that good
And evil share alike?

Antig. And yet who knows
If in that world these things are counted good?

Creon Our foe, I tell thee, ne'er becomes our friend,
Not even when he dies.

Antig. My bent is fixed,
I tell thee, not for hatred, but for love.

Creon Go, then, below. And if thou must have love,
Love those thou find'st there. While I live, at least,
A woman shall not rule.

Enter Ismene

Chor And, lo! Ismene at the gate
Comes shedding tears of sisterly regard,
And o'er her brow a gathering cloud
Mars the deep roseate blush,
Bedewing her fair cheek.

Creon *[to Ismene]* And thou who, creeping as a viper creeps,
Didst drain my life in secret, and I knew not
That I was rearing two accused ones,
Subverters of my throne: come, tell me, then,
Dost thou confess thou took'st thy part in it?
Or wilt thou swear thou didst not know of it?

Ismene I did the deed. Since she will have it so,
I share the guilt; I bear an equal blame.

Antig. This, Justice will not suffer, since, in truth,
Thou wouldst have none of it. And I, for one,
Shared it not with thee.

Ismene I am not ashamed
To count myself companion in thy woes.

Antig. Whose was the deed, Death knows, and those below.
I do not love a friend who loves in words.

Ismene Do not, my sister, put me to such shame
As not to let me share thy death with thee,
And with thee pay due reverence to the dead.

Antig. Share not my death, nor make thine own this deed
Thou hadst no hand in. Let my death suffice.

Ismene And what to me is life, bereaved of thee?

Antig. Ask Creon there. To him thy tender care
Is given so largely.

Ismene Why wilt thou torture me,
In nothing bettered by it?

Antig. Yes – at thee,
E'en while I laugh, I laugh with pain of heart.

Ismene But now, at least, how may I profit thee?

Antig. Save thou thyself. I grudge not thy escape.

Ismene Ah, woe is me! and must I miss thy fate?

Antig. Thou mad'st thy choice to live, and I to die.

Ismene 'Tis not through want of any words of mine.

Antig. To these thou seemest, doubtless, to be wise;
I to those others.

Ismene Yet our fault is one.

Antig. Take courage. Thou wilt live. My soul long since

Has given itself to Death, that to the dead
I might bring help.

Creon Of these two maidens here,
The one, I say, hath lost her mind but now,
The other ever since her life began.

Ismene Yea, O my king. No mind that ever lived
Stands firm in evil days, but still it goes,
Beside itself, astray.

Creon So then did thine
When thou didst choose thy evil deeds to do,
With those already evil.

Ismene How could I.
Alone, apart from her, endure to live?

Creon Speak not of her. She stands no longer here.

Ismene And wilt thou slay thy son's betrothed bride?

[…]

Creon 'Tis Death who breaks the marriage contract off.

Ismene Her doom is fixed, it seems, then. She must die.

Creon So thou dost think, and I. No more delay,
Ye slaves. Our women henceforth must be kept
As women – suffered not to roam abroad;
For even boldest natures shrink in fear
When they behold the end of life draw nigh.
[Exeunt Guards with Antigone and Ismene.]

JEAN COCTEAU, ANTIGONE ET CRÉON (XXTH C.)

ANTIGONE
JEAN ANOUILH
1946

[…]

Creon. You despise me, don't you? *[Antigone is silent. Creon goes on, as if to himself.]* Strange. Again and again, I have imagined myself holding this conversation with a pale young man I have never seen in the flesh. He would have come to assassinate me, and would have failed. I would be trying to find out from him why he wanted to kill me. But with all my logic and all my powers of debate, the only thing I could get out of him would be that he despised me. Who would have thought that the white-faced boy would turn out to be you? And that the debate would arise out of something so meaningless as the burial of your brother?

Antigone [repeats contemptuously]. Meaningless!

Creon [earnestly, almost desperately]. And yet, you must hear me out. My part is not an heroic one, but I shall play my part. I shall have you put to death. Only, before I do, I want to make one last appeal. I want to be sure that you know what you are doing as well as I know what I am doing. Antigone, do you know what you are dying for? Do you know the sordid story to which you are going to sign your name in blood, for all time to come?

Antigone. What story?

Creon. The story of Eteocles and Polynices, the story of your brothers. You think you know it, but you don't. Nobody in Thebes knows that story but me. And it seems to me, this afternoon, that you have a right to know it too.

[A pause as ANTIGONE *moves to chair and sits.]* It's not a pretty story. *[He turns, gets stool from behind the table and places it between the table and the chair.]* You'll see. *[He looks at her for a moment.]* Tell me, first. What do you remember about your brothers? They were older than you, so they must have looked down on you. And I imagine that they tormented you – pulled your pigtails, broke your dolls, whispered secrets to each other to put you in a rage.

ANTIGONE. They were big and I was little.

CREON. And later on, when they came home wearing evening clothes, smoking cigarettes, they would have nothing to do with you; and you thought they were wonderful.

ANTIGONE. They were boys and I was a girl.

CREON. You didn't know why, exactly, but you knew that they were making your mother unhappy. You saw her in tears over them; and your father would fly into rage because of them. You heard them come in, slamming doors, laughing noisily in the corridors – insolent, spinless, unruly, smelling of drink.

ANTIGONE [staring outward]. Once, it was very early and we had just got up. I saw them coming home, and hid behind a door. Polynices was very pale and his eyes were shining. He was so handsome in his evening clothes. He saw me, and said: "Here, this is for you;" and he gave me a big paper flower that he had brought home from his night out.

CREON. And of course you still have that flower. Last night, before you crept out, you opened a drawer and looked at it for a time, to give yourself courage.

ANTIGONE. Who told you so?

CREON. Poor Antigone! With her night club flower. Do you know what your brother was?

ANTIGONE. Whatever he was, I know that you will say vile things about him.

CREON. A cheap, idiotic bounder, that is what he was. A cruel, vicious little voluptuary. A little beast with just wit enough to drive a car faster and throw more money away than any of his pals. I was with your father one day when Polynices, having lost a lot of money gambling, asked him to settle the debt; and when your father refused, the boy raised his hand against him and called him a vile name.

ANTIGONE. That's a lie!

CREON. He struck your father in the face with his fist. It was pitiful. Your father sat at his desk with his head in his hands. His nose was bleeding. He was weeping with anguish. And in a corner of your father's study, Polynices stood sneering and lighting a cigarette.

ANTIGONE. That's a lie.

A pause.

CREON. When did you last see Polynices alive? When you were twelve years old. That's true, isn't it?

ANTIGONE. Yes, that's true.

CREON. Now you know why. Œdipus was too chicken-hearted to have the boy locked up. Polynices was allowed

to go off and join the Argive army. And as soon as he reached Argos, the attempts upon your father's life began – upon the life of an old man who couldn't make up his mind to die, couldn't bear to be parted from his kingship. One after another, men slipped into Thebes from Argos for the purpose of assassinating him, and every killer we caught always ended by confessing who had put him up to it, who had paid him to try it. And it wasn't only Polynices. That is really what I am trying to tell you. I want you to know what went on in the back room, in the kitchen of politics; I want you to know what took place on the wings of this drama in which you are burning to play a part. Yesterday, I gave Eteocles a State funeral, with pomp and honors. Today, Eteocles is a saint and a hero in the eyes of all Thebes. The whole city turned out to bury him. The schoolchildren emptied their saving boxes to buy wreaths for him. Old men, orating in quavering, hypocritical voices, glorified the virtues of the great-hearted brother, the devoted son, the loyal prince. I made a speech myself; and every temple priest was present with an appropriate show of sorrow and solemnity in his stupid face. And military honors were accorded the dead hero.

Well, what else could I have done? People had taken sides in the civil war. Both sides couldn't be wrong; that would be too much. I couldn't have made them swallow the truth. Two gangsters was more of a luxury than I could afford. *[He pauses for a moment.]* And this is the whole point of my story. Eteocles, that virtuous brother, was just as rotten as Polynices. That great-hearted son had done his best, too, to procure the assassination of his father. That loyal prince had also offered to sell out Thebes to the highest bidder. Funny, isn't it? Polynices lies rotting in the sun while Eteocles is given a hero's funeral and will be housed in a marble vault. Yet I have absolute proof that everything that Polynices did, Eteocles had plotted to do.

They were a pair of blackguards – both engaged in selling out Thebes, and both engaged in selling out each other; and they died like the cheap gangsters they were, over a division of the spoils.

But, as I told you a moment ago, I had to make a martyr of one of them. I sent out to the holocaust for their bodies; they were found clasped in one another's arms – for the first time in their lives, I imagine. Each had been spitted on the other's sword, and the Argive cavalry had trampled them down. They were mashed to a pulp, Antigone. I had the prettier of the two carcasses brought in and gave it a State funeral; and I left the other to rot. I don't know which was which. And I assure you, I don't care.

Long silence, neither looking at the other.

ANTIGONE *[in a mild voice].* Why do you tell me all this?

CREON. Would it have been better to let you die a victim to that obscene story?

ANTIGONE. It might have been. I had my faith.

CREON. What are you going to do now?

ANTIGONE *[rises to her feet in a daze].* I shall go up to my room.

CREON. Don't stay alone. Go and find Hæmon. And get married quickly.

ANTIGONE *[in a whisper].* Yes.

CREON. All this is really beside the point. You have your whole life ahead of you – and life is a treasure.

Antigone. Yes.

Creon. And you were about to throw it away. Don't think me fatuous if I say that I understand you; and that at your age I should have done the same thing. A moment ago, when we were quarreling, you said I was drinking in your words. I was. But it wasn't you I was listening to; it was a lad named Creon who lived here in Thebes many years ago. He was thin and pale, as you are. His mind, too, was filled with thoughts of self-sacrifice. Go and find Hæmon. And get married quickly, Antigone. Be happy. Life flows like water, and you young people let it run away through your fingers. Shut your hands; hold on to it, Antigone. Life is not what you think it is. Life is a child playing around your feet, a tool you hold firmly in your grip, a bench you sit down upon in the evening, in your garden. People will tell you that that's not life, that life is something else. They will tell you that because they need your strength and your fire, and they will want to make use of you. Don't listen to them. Believe me, the only poor consolation that we have in our old age is to discover that what I have just said to you is true. Life is nothing more than the happiness that you get out of it.

Antigone [murmurs, lost in thought]. Happiness...

Creon [suddenly a little self-conscious]. Not much of a word, is it?

Antigone [quietly]. What kind of happiness do you foresee for me? Paint me the picture of your happy Antigone. What are the unimportant little sins that I shall have to commit before I am allowed to sink my teeth into life and tear happiness from it? Tell me: to whom shall I have to lie? Upon whom shall I have to fawn? To whom must I sell myself? Whom do you want me to leave dying, while I turn away my eyes?

Creon. Antigone, be quiet.

Antigone. Why do you tell me to be quiet when all I want to know is what I have to do to be happy? This minute; since it is this very minute that I must make my choice. You tell me that life is so wonderful. I want to know what I have to do in order to be able to say that myself.

Creon. Do you love Hæmon?

Antigone. Yes, I love Hæmon. The Hæmon I love is hard and young, faithful and difficult to satisfy, just as I am. But if what I love in Hæmon is to be worn away like a stone step by the tread of the thing you call life, the thing you call happiness, if Hæmon reaches the point where he stops growing pale with fear when I grow pale, stops thinking that I must have been killed in an accident when I am five minutes late, stops feeling that he is alone on earth when I laugh and he doesn't know why – if he too has to learn to say yes to everything – why, no, then, no! I do not love Hæmon!

Creon. You don't know what you are talking about!

Antigone. I do know what I am talking about! Now it is you who have stopped understanding. I am too far away from you now, talking to you from a kingdom you can't get into, with your quick tongue and your hollow heart. *[Laughs.]* I laugh, Creon, because I see you suddenly as you must have been at fifteen: the same look of impotence in your face and the same inner conviction that there was nothing you couldn't do. What has life added to you, except those lines in your face, and that ft on your stomach?

Creon. Be quiet, I tell you!

Antigone. Why do you want me to be quiet? Because you know that I am right? Do you think I can't see in your face that what I am saying is true? You can't admit it, of course; you have to go on growling and defending the bone you call happiness.

Creon. It is your happiness, too, you little fool!

Antigone. I spit on your happiness! I spit on your idea of life – that life that must go on, come what may. You are all like dogs that lick everything they smell. You with your promise of a humdrum happiness – provided a person doesn't ask too much of life. I want everything of life, I do; and I want it now! I want it total, complete: otherwise I reject it! I will not be moderate. I will not be satisfied with the bit of cake you offer me if I promise to be a good little girl. I want to be sure of everything this very day; sure that everything will be as beautiful as when I was a little girl. If not, I want to die!

Creon. Scream on, daughter of Œdipus! Scream on, in your father's own voice!

Antigone. In my father's own voice, yes! We are of the tribe that asks questions, and we ask them to the bitter end. Until no tiniest chance of hope remains to be strangled by our hands. We are of the tribe that hates your filthy hope, your docile, female hope; hope, your whore –

Creon [grasps her by her arms]. Shut up! If you could see how ugly you are, shrieking those words!

Antigone. Yes, I am ugly! Father was ugly, too. *[Creon releases her arms, turns and moves away. Stands with his back to Antigone.]* But Father became beautiful. And do you know when? *[She follows him to behind the table.]* At the very end. When all his questions had been answered. When he could no longer doubt that he had killed his own father; that he had gone to bed with his own mother. When all hope was gone, stamped out like a beetle. When it was absolutely certain that nothing, nothing could save him. Then he was at peace; then he could smile, almost; then he became beautiful… Whereas you! Ah, those faces of yours, you candidates for election to happiness! It's you who are the ugly ones, even the handsomest of you – with that ugly glint in the corner of your eyes, that ugly crease at the corner of your mouths. Creon, you spoke the word a moment ago: the kitchen of politics. You look it and you smell of it.

Creon [struggles to put his hand over her mouth]. I order you to shut up! Do you hear me?

Antigone. You order me? Cook! Do you really believe that you can give me orders?

Creon. Antigone! The anteroom is full of people! Do you want them to hear you?

Antigone. Open the doors! Let us make sure that they can hear me!

Creon. By God! You shut up, I tell you!

JEAN-LUC GODARD, PIERROT LE FOU (ANNA KARINA) (1965)

ANTIGONES

GEORGE STEINER

1984

[…] Dionysus is 'myriad-named' precisely because the common logic of designation cannot comprise his transcendent, internally antinomian manifold of phenomenal presences and functions – Dionysus, who is 'also Hades,' said Heraclitus (if we translate rightly). In this last choral ode in the play, the sixth, Dionysus (as in the *Bacchae*) has the potential and attributes of both life and death, of instauration and of devastation. He finds expression both in trance and in lucidity. Dionysus is, as we saw previously, termed the 'master of' or 'the one who presides over the cries in the night.' This enigmatic nomination can evoke either the nocturnal sorrows of Antigone or the salute to daybreak in the opening parodos, or both. The chorus now adjures the god to come to Thebes, *his* city, the place of *his* birth. Its dance would have simulated the enormous tread of that homecoming. Yet the allusions to Dionysus' mother, Semele, and the reference to his 'attendant Thyads,' signifying the 'delirious ones,' recall, past overhearing, the dread first homecoming of the god to his city, with the consequent frenzy of the Bacchae and killing of wretched Pentheus. If the epiphany of Dionysus can bring purification, it can also bring ruin.

This duality is, as Hölderlin taught, incipient in the mere meeting of god and mortal, in the implosive unison of eternally distinct polarities. The fire imagery in the stasimon makes this clear. The lightning-bolt which consumed Semele gave Dionysus lambent birth […]. The god moves, fire-like, over mountain-crests and seas. The sacrifices brought to him are burnt offerings. The festivals,

the ritual processions, which, literally, 'dance him into the city,' are torch-lit. The stars which Dionysus leads perform a twofold dance: the circular, harmonic choreography of the cosmos, the 'great dance of being' which was to fascinate Neoplatonism and the Renaissance, and a wild counter-dance, mirroring that of the mortal acolytes. Both are πῦρ πνείοτες. There is immensity in this word. It tells of the fire-breathing dragon whom Cadmus slew when he founded Thebes. It images the homicidal and life-giving lightning loosed on Semele. It makes of the 'burning stars' torch-bearers to Dionysus. Compellingly, moreover, it takes us back to the beginning of the play. Polyneices, declares Creon, had come expressly to put Thebes to the torch – πυρί, 'fire', is the emphatic climax to line 200. Fire cleanses, but cleanses by destruction.
[…]

The fifth of the great axes of encounter is that between men and god(s). A Greek tragedy was performed around an altar. The religious dimension is explicit in the actual presentation of the play and implicit in the mythology which is, with very few exceptions, its material. And even in those rare instances in which the subject is drawn from recent and secular history, as it is in Aeschylus' Persians, historicity is made mythical and the logic of the supernatural applies. Comparative anthropology has been tempted, certainly since the late nineteenth century, to expound analogies between the supplicatory, theophanic, quasi-liturgical elements in Greek tragic drama and such genres of religious dance-drama or sacral mimesis as they are found in India, in south-east Asia (the narrative dance-plays of Bali), or in the medieval Mystery Cycles of western Europe. Such comparisons turn out to be misleading. The fact is that the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and

Euripides, and what little we can gather of the dramatic texts of their immediate predecessors and successors, are like no other performative act or art, like no other aesthetic realizations of enacted intellect and feeling, of which we have knowledge. It is not even certain that inventions at all like them were made and applied beyond the narrow confines of Athens and of Attic culture.
[…]

Throughout the major part of Sophocles' *Antigone*, in short, the dramatis personae keep the gods at arm's length. It is, as I have tried to show, the choral odes which both solicit and make probable the coming of the divine. This coming upon man grows palpable as the actions of the protagonists in the drama veer out of control. The inadequacies of immanence, be they those of Antigone's moral monism or be they those of Creon's selective and officious 'established church,' are revealed, terribly, in the fourth stasimon. Here, I believe, is the fatal hinge of the play.

Through the elusive turbulence of the ode, the pertinence of whose three mythological cameos to the present fate of Antigone has been interminably and inconclusively argued, pierces the theme of catastrophic intimacies between gods and mortals. The dread, the uncanny power of fate […] spares neither the high-born nor even those of divine ancestry. On the contrary, it is upon them that it focuses its terrors. Zeus' golden visitation incarcerates Danae in a chamber secret as the grave. Lycurgus of Thrace is hideously chastised for having doubted the divine birth of Dionysus. Like Pentheus in the *Bacchae*, he had foolishly striven to define and maintain the pragmatic demarcations between the world of the gods and that of the πόλις. Now Dionysus, himself the mysterious offspring of an ecstatic-destructive encounter between

immortal Zeus and mortal Semele, crosses the barrier in vengeance. The bearing of the horrors which befall Thracian Cleopatra on the choral logic is obscure. But again, the motif of intercourse and generation between gods and men appears. Cleopatra is a child of Boreas, the divine North Wind. She was nursed in his cavern of tempests. If the passage is not corrupt, the implication is that Ares watches the blinding of Cleopatra's children with 'cruel joy.'

Antigone, who has denied Eros, who has interposed a sterile purity of moral will between herself and the uncertainties or dilatoriness of divine aid, has been led to her death. In its heightened state of manic perception, the chorus cites, dances, three terror-myths each of which refers to that most intimate and fateful of encounters between gods and mortals, the erotic. As sacrificial blood draws to daylight the spirits of the dead, as honey draws bees, so human conflict and the representation of such conflict in the theatre draw the gods, and hybrid Dionysus in particular. The point is crucial to our grasp of Attic tragedy. The gods are present in the enunciation and miming of the myth. But they come also to the altar in the amphitheatre. Dionysus is present in his playhouse and at his festival. He returns to Thebes not only in the summoning of the chorus' sententious finale (lines 134g-50), but in the greater guise of the play itself, of the terrors and demands which *Antigone* enforces on us.

It is as if this wild stasimon had burst open the secular gates. Supernatural agencies now throng Creon's city. The birds at the place of sacred augury are frenzied and scream barbarously. Hephaestus, the fire god and, by metonymy, the sacrificial flame itself, refuses his presence. The flame will not kindle. The fat, the entrails do not burn. Such is the macabre rebuke of the gods to those who would honour them in polluted Thebes. The civic altars as well

as those of the private hearth have been sullied with carrion ripped by the birds from the unburied flesh of Polyneices. The spasmodic, diffuse causalities and contiguities which normally operate in human affairs have yielded to an instantaneous and implacable symmetry. The birds and dogs whom Creon bade devour the corpse of loathed Polyneices are infecting the πόλις with obscene droppings. The flames denied to the son of Œdipus are now denied to the altars. Creon, who, like Œdipus before him, has seen in Teiresias a corrupt augur, one whom mutinous citizens have bribed with gold so that he shall traffic treacherously (*marchander* renders the precise flavour of the original) with the truth, must now confront the physical omens of divine disgust. He must grapple with the apparent abrogation of the contract of public piety between himself, as legitimate ruler, and the supernatural presences whom he had personally invoked on terms of reciprocity.
[…]

It is the meetings between gods and men in Antigone which are, finally, the most destructive. *Nemo contra deum nisi deus ipse*, said Goethe. Sophocles knew better. The attempts of the protagonists to keep the divine at a moral or a diplomatic remove fail utterly. At the last, the gods arrive, and civility and the fabric of reason succumb.

But each of the great determinants of collision as they are set out and spring from the debate between Creon and Antigone-between man and woman, between old and young, between society and the individual, between the quick and the dead, between gods and mortals – is, in the final reckoning, non-negotiable and always recursive. It is this timelessness of necessary and insoluble conflict, as Greek tragedy enacts it, which invites us to assimilate the condition of man on this earth to that of the tragic.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

JOSEPH CONRAD, HEART OF DARKNESS (1989)

HEIDI BUCHER, ABLÖSEN DER HAUT–HERRENZIMMER (1979)

SPIKE JONZE, BEING JOHN MALKOVITCH (1999)

THEATER AND ITS DOUBLE

ANTONIN ARTAUD

1938

Theatre and the Plague

[...] Between the victim of the plague who runs in shrieking pursuit of his visions and the actor in pursuit of his feelings; between the man who invents for himself personages he could never have imagined without the plague, creating them in the midst of an audience of corpses and delirious lunatics and the poet who inopportunely invents characters, entrusting them to a public equally inert or delirious, there are other analogies which confirm the only truths that count and locate the action of the theater like that of the plague on the level of a veritable epidemic.

But whereas the images of the plague, occurring in relation to a powerful state of physical disorganization, are like the last volleys of a spiritual force that is exhausting itself, the images of poetry in the theater are a spiritual force that begins its trajectory in the senses and does without reality altogether. Once launched upon the fury of his task, an actor requires infinitely more power to keep from committing a crime than a murderer needs courage to complete his act, and it is here, in its very gratuitousness, that the action and effect of a feeling in the theater appears infinitely more valid than that of a feeling fulfilled in life.

Compared with the murderer's fury which exhausts itself, that of the tragic actor remains enclosed within a perfect circle. The murderer's fury has accomplished an

act, discharges itself, and loses contact with the force that inspired it but can no longer sustain it. That of the actor has taken a form that negates itself to just the degree it frees itself and dissolves into universality.

Extending this spiritual image of the plague, we can comprehend the troubled body fluids of the victim as the material aspect of a disorder which, in other contexts, is equivalent to the conflicts, struggles, cataclysms and debacles our lives afford us. And just as it is not impossible that the unavailing despair of the lunatic screaming in an asylum can cause the plague by a sort of reversibility of feelings and images, one can similarly admit that the external events, political conflicts, natural cataclysms, the order of revolution and the disorder of war, by occurring in the context of the theater, discharge themselves into the sensibility of an audience with all the force of an epidemic.

In *The City of God* St. Augustine complains of this similarity between the action of the plague that kills without destroying the organs and the theater which, without killing, provokes the most mysterious alterations in the mind of not only an individual but an entire populace.

> "Know," he says, "you who are ignorant, that these plays, sinful spectacles, were not established in Rome by the vices of men but by the order of your gods. It would be more reasonable to render divine honors unto Scipio *[Scipio Nasica, grand pontiff, who ordered the theaters of Rome to be leveled and their cellars filled with earth]* than to such gods; surely, they are not worthy of their pontiff!…
>
> In order to appease the plague that killed bodies, your gods commanded in their honor these plays, and your pontiff, wishing to avoid this plague that corrupts souls, opposes the construction of the stage itself. If there still remains among you sufficient trace of intelligence to prefer the soul to the body, choose what deserves your reverence; for the strategy of the evil Spirits, foreseeing that the contagion would end with the body, seized joyfully upon this occasion to introduce a much more dangerous scourge among you, one that attacks not bodies but customs. In fact, such is the blindness, such the corruption produced in the soul by plays that even in these late times those whom this fatal passion possessed, who had escaped from the sack of Rome and taken refuge in Carthage, passed each day at the theater priding themselves on their delirious enthusiasm for the actors."

It is useless to give precise reasons for this contagious delirium. It would be like trying to find reasons why our nervous system after a certain period responds to the vibrations of the subtlest music and is eventually somehow modified by them in a lasting way. First of all we must recognize that the theater, like the plague, is a delirium and is communicative.

The mind believes what it sees and does what it believes: that is the secret of the fascination. Nor does Saint Augustine's text question for one moment the reality of this fascination. […]

The theater, like the plague, is in the image of this carnage and this essential separation. It releases conflicts, disengages powers, liberates possibilities, and if these possibilities and these powers are dark, it is the fault not of the plague nor of the theater, but of life. […]

Perhaps the theater's poison, injected into the social body, disintegrates it, as Saint Augustine says, but at least it does so as a plague, as an avenging scourge, a redeeming epidemic in which credulous ages have chosen to see the finger of God and which is nothing but the application of a law of nature whereby every gesture is counterbalanced by a gesture and every action by its reaction.

The theater like the plague is a crisis which is resolved by death or cure. And the plague is a superior disease because it is a total crisis after which nothing remains except death or an extreme purification. Similarly the theater is a disease because it is the supreme equilibrium which cannot be achieved without destruction. It invites the mind to share a delirium which exalts its energies; and we can see, to conclude, that from the human point of view, the action of theater, like that of plague, is beneficial, for, impelling men to see themselves as they are, it causes the mask to fall, reveals the lie, the slackness, baseness, and hypocrisy of our world; it shakes off the asphyxiating inertia of matter which invades even the clearest testimony of the senses; and in revealing to collectivities of men their dark power, their hidden force, it invites them to take, in the face of destiny, a superior and heroic attitude they would never have assumed without it.

And the question we must now ask is whether, in this slippery world which is committing suicide without noticing it, there can be found a nucleus of men capable of imposing this superior notion of the theater, men who will restore to all of us the natural and magic equivalent of the dogmas in which we no longer believe.
[…]

The Theatre and Cruelty

The contemporary theater is decadent because it has lost the feeling on the one hand for seriousness and on the other for laughter; because it has broken away from gravity, from effects that are immediate and painful–in a word, from Danger.

Because it has lost a sense of real humor, a sense of laughter's power of physical and anarchic dissociation.

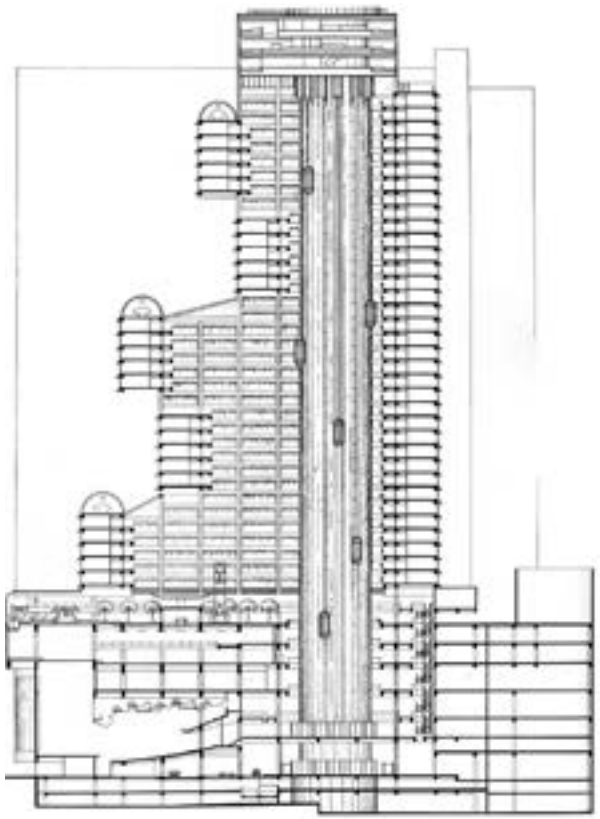
Because it has broken away from the spirit of profound anarchy which is at the root of all poetry.

It must be admitted that everything in the destination of an object, in the meaning or the use of a natural form, is a matter of convention.
[…]

I propose to bring back into the theater this elementary magical idea, taken up by modern psychoanalysis, which consists in effecting a patient's cure by making him assume the apparent and exterior attitudes of the desired condition.

I propose to renounce our empiricism of imagery, in which the unconscious furnishes images at random, and which the poet arranges at random too, calling them poetic and hence hermetic images, as if the kind of trance that poetry provides did not have its reverberations throughout the whole sensibility, in every nerve, and as if poetry were some vague force whose movements were invariable.

I propose to return through the theater to an idea of the physical knowledge of images and the means of inducing trances, as in Chinese medicine which knows, over the entire extent of the human anatomy, at what points to puncture in order to regulate the subtlest functions.



JOHN PORTMAN, MARRIOT MARQUIS NYC–SECTION (1985)

EUPALINOS OR THE ARCHITECT

PAUL VALÉRY

1921

[…]

Phaedrus One day, dear Socrates, I spoke of this very thing with my friend Eupalinos.

"Phaedrus," he was saying to me, "the more I meditate on my art, the more I practice it; the more I think and act, the more I suffer and rejoice as an architect–and the more I feel my own being with an ever surer delight and clarity."

"I lose myself in long spells of expectation; I find myself again by the surprises I give myself; by means of the successive steps of my silence, I advance in my own edification; and I approach to such an exact correspondence between my aims and my powers, that I seem to myself to have made of the existence that was given me a sort of human handiwork.

"By dint of constructing," he put it with a smile, "I truly believe that I have constructed myself."

Socrates To construct oneself, to know oneself–are these two distinct acts or not?

Phaedrus …and he added: "I have sought accuracy in my thoughts, so that, being clearly engendered by the consideration of things, they might be changed as though of their own accord into the acts of my art. I have apportioned my attentions; I have arranged the problems in another order; I begin where I finished off formerly, so as to go a little further… I am niggardly of musings, I

conceive as though I were executing. No more now, in the shapeless void of my soul, do I contemplate those imaginary edifices, which are to real edifices what chimeras and gorgons are to true animals. But what I think, is feasible, and what I do, is related to the intelligible… And then… Listen, Phaedrus," he went on to say, "that little temple, which I built for Hermes, a few steps from here, if you could know what it means to me! – There where the passer-by sees but an elegant chapel – it is but a trifle: four columns, a very simple style – there I have enshrined the memory of a bright day in my life. O sweet metamorphosis! This delicate temple, none knows it, is the mathematical image of a girl of Corinth, whom I happily loved. It reproduces faithfully the proportions that were peculiarly hers. It lives for me! It gives me back what I have given it…"

"That then is why it is of an inexplicable grace," I said to him. "One does indeed feel the presence of a person, the first flower of a woman, the harmony of a charming being. It vaguely awakens a memory which cannot reach its goal; and this beginning of an image of which you possess the perfection, does not fail to incite and confound the soul. Do you know, if I give myself up to my thought, I shall be comparing it to some nuptial song intermingled with flutes, which I feel coming to birth in me."

Eupalinos looked at me with a more definite and more tender friendliness.

"Oh!" said he, "how you seem made to understand me! None has come closer than you to my daemon. I would willingly confide all my secrets to you; but of some I myself could not speak adequately, for they defy language; the others would run a great chance of wearying you, for they are connected with the most special processes and the most detailed knowledge of my art. I can only tell you what truths, if not what mysteries, you were just now hinting at, when you spoke to me of concert, song, and flutes, in

reference to my young temple. Tell me (since you are so sensible to the effects of architecture), have you not noticed, in walking about this city, that among the buildings with which it is peopled, certain are mute; others speak; and others, finally – and they are the most rare – sing? – It is not their purpose, nor even their general features, that give them such animation, or that reduce them to silence. These things depend upon the talent of their builder, or on the favor of the Muses."

"Now that you point it out, I notice this was already in my mind."

"Good. Those among buildings that neither speak nor sing deserve only scorn; they are dead things, lower in the hierarchy than the heaps of rubble vomited by contractors' carts, which at least amuse the sagacious eye by the accidental order they borrow from their fall… As for the monuments that limit themselves to speech, if they speak clearly, I esteem them. Here, say they, the tradesmen meet. Here the judges deliberate. Here captives groan. Here the lovers of debauchery… (I then told Eupalinos that I had seen very remarkable buildings in this last style. But he did not hear me.) These markets, these tribunals, and these prisons, when those that build them know their business speak the most definite language. The one kind visibly draw in an active and ever-changing crowd; they offer it peristyles and porticoes; by means of their many doors and easy flights of steps they invite all to enter their vast, well-lighted halls, to form groups, to give themselves up to the ferment of business… But the habitations of justice should speak to the eye of the rigor and equity of our laws. Majesty befits them, masses completely bare; and an awe-inspiring amplitude of wall. The silences of those bleak surfaces are scarce broken, at far intervals, by the threat of a mysterious door, or by the grim gesture of the thick iron bars against the gloom of the narrow window

they guard. All here pronounces sentence – everything is eloquent of penalties. The stone gravely declares that which it shuts in; the wall is implacable, and this work of stone, conforming so closely to the truth, strongly proclaims its stem purpose…"

[…] "Listen once more then, since you will it so… I cannot very well make clear for you what is not clear for myself… O Phaedrus, when I design a dwelling (whether it be for the gods, or for a man), and when I lovingly seek its form, studying to create an object that shall delight the view, that shall hold converse with the mind, that shall accord with reason and the numerous proprieties… I confess, how strange soever it may appear to you, *that it seems to me my body is playing its part in the game*… Let me explain. This body is an admirable instrument, of which I am sure that those who are alive and who all have it at their disposal do not make full use. They draw from it only pleasure, pain, and indispensable acts, such as living. Sometimes they become identical with it; sometimes again they forget its existence for a space; and, at one moment mere brutes, at another pure spirits, they know not what multitudinous bonds with all things they have in themselves, and of what a marvelous substance they are made. And yet it is through this substance that they participate in what they see and what they touch: they are stones, they are trees; they exchange contacts and breaths with the matter that englobes them. They touch, they are touched; they have, and lift, weight; they move, and carry their virtues and vices about; and when they fall into a reverie or into indefinite sleep, they reproduce the nature of waters, they tum into sand and clouds… On other occasions they store up thunderbolts and hurl them abroad!…

"But their soul is unable to make exact use of that nature which is so close to it, and which it interpenetrates. It outstrips, it lags; it seems to flee the very instant. It

receives shocks and jolts from this body, causing it to depart into itself, and to fade away into its own emptiness where it gives birth to mere smoke. But I, on the contrary, the wiser for my errors, say in the full light, I repeat to myself with every dawn:

" 'O body of mine, that recallest to me at every moment this tempering of my tendencies, this equilibrium of thy organs, these true proportions of thy parts, which make thee to be and to stablish thyself ever anew in the very heart of moving things; keep watch over my work; teach me secretly the demands of nature, and impart to me that great art, with which thou art endowed even as by it thou art made, of surviving the seasons, and of saving thee from the incidents of chance. Grant me to find in thy alliance the feeling of what is true; temper, strengthen, and confirm my thoughts. Perishable as thou art, thou art far less so than my dreams. Thou endurest a little longer than a fancy; thou payest for my acts, and dost expiate my errors. Instrument, thou, of life, thou art for each one of us the sole being which can be compared with the universe. The entire sphere always has thee for a center; O mutual object of the attention of all the starry heavens! Thou art indeed the measure of the world, of which my soul presents me with the shell alone. She knows it to be without depth, and knows it to so little purpose that she sometimes would class it among her dreams; she doubts the sun… Doting on her ephemeral fabrications, she thinks herself capable of an infinity of different realities; she imagines that other worlds exist, but thou recallest her to thyself, as the anchor calls back the ship…

" 'My intelligence, better inspired, will not, dear body, cease henceforth to call thee to herself; nor wilt thou cease, I trust, to furnish her with thy presences, with thy demands, with thy local ties. For we have at last come to find, thou and I, the means of joining ourselves, and the

indissoluble knot of our differences: to wit, a work that is our child. We wrought each of us in his own sphere; thou by living, and I by dreaming. My vast reveries ended in a boundless impotence. But may this work which now I wish to make, and which cannot be made of itself, constrain us to answer one another, and may it spring solely from our alliance! But this body and this mind, this presence so invincibly real and this creative absence that strive for possession of our being and which must finally be reconciled, this finite and this infinite which we bring with us, each in accordance with his nature, must now unite in a well-ordered structure; and if, thanks to the gods, they work in concert, if they interchange fitness and grace, beauty and lastingness, if they barter movements for lines, and numbers for thoughts, they will then have discovered their true relationship, their act. May they concert together, may they understand one another by means of the material of my art! Stones and forces, outlines and masses, lights and shadows, artificial groupings, the illusions of perspective and the realities of gravity, all these are the object of their commerce; and may the profit of this commerce finally be that incorruptible wealth which I name Perfection.' "

Monsieur Jourdain, Milière's Bourgeois Gentillhomme, was rather surprised to discover that he had been speaking prose for forty years –'without knowing anything about it.' Modern Architects might suffer a similar shock, or doubt that they've ever been speaking anything as elevated as prose. To look at the environment is to agree with their doubt. We see a babble of tongues, a free-for-all of personal idiolects, not the classical language of the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian Orders. Where there once were rules of architectural grammar, we now have a mutual diatribe between speculative builders; where there once was a gentle discourse between the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, there is now across the Thames, the Shell Building shouting at the Hayward Gallery, which grunts back at a stammering and giggling Festival Hall. It's all confusion and strife, and yet this invective is still language even if it's not very comprehensible or persuading. There are various analogies architecture shares with language and if we use the terms loosely, we can speak of architectural 'word,' 'phrases,' 'syntax,' and 'semantics.'

CHARLES JENKS, THE LANGUAGE OF POST-MODERN ARCHITECTURE, PART TWO: THE MODES OF ARCHITECTURAL COMMUNICATION (1977)

GERD NEUMANN, STUDY FOR AN IMAGINARY CAPITAL (1980)

BORN UNDER SATURN

RUDOLF WITTKOWER

1963

Chapter 4
Eccentric Behaviours and Noble Manners

2. Michelangelo's 'Distress of Mind and Temper'

[...] Michelangelo's demonic frenzy of creation; his almost unique power to express his ideas with equal force in sculpture, painting, architecture as well as in poetry; his utter devotion to the few friends he truly loved and his incapacity to be even perfunctorily civil to people he did not care for; his passion for beauty, expressed in many of his poems, and the total neglect of decorum in his personal appearance and daily life – all this puzzled his contemporaries as much as it did posterity. There cannot be many adjectives that have not, at one time or another, been used to characterize his personality. He has been called avaricious and generous; superhuman and puerile; modest and vain; violent, suspicious, jealous, misanthropic, extravagant, tormented, bizarre, and terrible – and this list is far from being complete. Not a single one of the graces, the good looks, the gentleness which fate had reputedly showered on Raphael smoothed the ruggedness of Michelangelo's nature. He was ugly, rough in manner, over-sensitive, uncompromising. He certainly was an uncomfortable man to live with. Even when young, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, he lived a solitary, squalid life in Rome, removed from social

intercourse and from the glamour of the papal court, despite his almost unbelievable success as an artist. His father was alarmed. On December 19th, 1500, after his younger son Buonarroto had visited Michelangelo in Rome, he wrote from Florence:

> Buonarroto tells me that you live in Rome with great economy, or rather penuriousness. Now economy is good, but penuriousness is evil, for it is a vice displeasing to God and men, and, moreover, injurious both to soul and body. So long as you are young, you will be able for a time to endure these hardships; but when the vigour of youth fails, then disease and infirmities make their appearance, for these are caused by such discomforts, mean living, and penurious habits. As I said, economy is good, but above all things, shun stinginess. Live reasonably well and see you do not suffer privations.
> [...]

Chapter 6
Suicides of Artists

4. Francesco Borromini

Bassano's suicidal attempt could be freely discussed because he lived long enough to redeem his sin. For the same reason Borromini's deed was never kept secret: in fact, his suicide is probably the only one among artists which comes readily to mind even nowadays, perhaps not so much because his illness and death are especially well documented, but because they seem consistent with the tragic life and

strange architecture of this most enigmatic figure among the great masters of the Roman Baroque.

Born in a small town on Lake Como, Francesco Borromini (1599–1667) went to Rome in about 1620. For almost a decade he worked as a stonemason and architectural draughtsman, acquiring great technical knowledge under the guidance of his kinsman, the aged Carlo Maderno. It was this professional skill rather than his genius that made Bernini employ him on some of his own architectural enterprises. Not until the age of thirty-five did Borromini receive his first independent commission, the small church of S. Carlo alle Quattro Fontane. Of this his patron wrote that 'in the opinion of everybody nothing similar with regard to artistic merit, fantasy, excellence and singularity can be found anywhere in the world.' Henceforth, during his lifetime and after, Borromini's work met with a mixed response. There were those who admired his imaginative and noble creations, although they may have felt somewhat uneasy about his 'bizarre and fascinating ideas.' Others, like Bellori, who judged him with a classical bias, expressed their disgust by calling him a 'Gothic architect'–at that time a most derogatory epithet–'a complete ignoramus, the corrupter of architecture, the shame of our century.' His biographer, Passeri, warned that his 'taste in questions of architecture was singular, and not to be imitated unreservedly,' and two years before Borromini's death, in a drawing-room conversation in Paris, Bernini and others agreed that his architecture was strange ('chimerical'). His manners of life, too, set him apart.
[...]

CARLO DOLCI, DOUBLE SELF-PORTRAIT (1674)

Above all, for Western people with their hypertrophied rationality, the development and expansion of a direct, emotional experience of reality, unobstructed by words and concepts, would be of evolutionary significance. Huxley considered psychedelic drugs to be one means to achieve education in this direction.

ALBERT HOFMANN, LSD, MY PROBLEM CHILD (1979)

constitution (n.)

mid-14c., constitucioun, "law, regulation, edict; body of rules, customs, or laws," from Old French *constitucion* (12c.) "constitution, establishment," and directly from Latin *constitutionem* (nominative *constitutio*) "act of settling, settled condition, anything arranged or settled upon, regulation, order, ordinance," noun of state from past-participle stem of *constituere* "to cause to stand, set up, fix, place, establish, set in order; form something new; resolve."

Meaning "action of establishing, creation" is from c. 1400; that of "way in which a thing is constituted" is from c. 1600; that of "physical health, strength and vigor of the body" is from 1550s; of the mind, "temperament, character" from 1580s.

Sense of "mode of organization of a state" is from c. 1600; that of "system of fundamental principles by which a community is governed" dates from 1730s; since the 1780s especially of the fundamental principles and rules of a government as embodied in a written document (as in the U.S. and France). In reference to Britain, the word was a collective name for the fundamental principles established by the political development of the English people embodied in long-accepted precedents.

ONLINE ETYMOLOGY DICTIONARY, CONSTITUTION (2020)

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

1761

Chapter VI

Law

By the social contract we have given the body politic existence and life; we have now by legislation to give it movement and will. For the original act by which the body is formed and united still in no respect determines what it ought to do for its preservation.

What is well and in conformity with order is so by the nature of things and independently of human conventions. All justice comes from God, who is its sole source; but if we knew how to receive so high an inspiration, we should need neither government nor laws. Doubtless, there is a universal justice emanating from reason alone; but this justice, to be admitted among us, must be mutual. Humanly speaking, in default of natural sanctions, the laws of justice are ineffective among men: they merely make for the good of the wicked and the undoing of the just, when the just man observes them towards everybody and nobody observes them towards him. Conventions and laws are therefore needed to join rights to duties and refer justice to its object. In the state of nature, where everything is common, I owe nothing to him whom I have promised nothing; I recognize as belonging to others only what is

of no use to me. In the state of society all rights are fixed by law, and the case becomes different.

But what, after all, is a law? As long as we remain satisfied with attaching purely metaphysical ideas to the word, we shall go on arguing without arriving at an understanding; and when we have defined a law of nature, we shall be no nearer the definition of a law of the State.

I have already said that there can be no general will directed to a particular object. Such an object must be either within or outside the State. If outside, a will which is alien to it cannot be, in relation to it, general; if within, it is part of the State, and in that case there arises a relation between whole and part which makes them two separate beings, of which the part is one, and the whole minus the part the other. But the whole minus a part cannot be the whole; and while this relation persists, there can be no whole, but only two unequal parts; and it follows that the will of one is no longer in any respect general in relation to the other.

But when the whole people decrees for the whole people, it is considering only itself; and if a relation is then formed, it is between two aspects of the entire object, without there being any division of the whole. In that case the matter about which the decree is made is, like the decreeing will, general. This act is what I call a law.

When I say that the object of laws is always general, I mean that law considers subjects en masse and actions in the abstract, and never a particular person or action. Thus the law may indeed decree that there shall be privileges, but cannot confer them on anybody by name. It may set up several classes of citizens, and even lay down the qualifications for membership of these classes, but it cannot nominate such and such persons as belonging to them; it may establish a monarchical government and

hereditary succession, but it cannot choose a king, or nominate a royal family. In a word, no function which has a particular object belongs to the legislative power.

On this view, we at once see that it can no longer be asked whose business it is to

make laws, since they are acts of the general will; nor whether the prince is above the law, since he is a member of the State; nor whether the law can be unjust, since no one is unjust to himself; nor how we can be both free and subject to the laws, since they are but registers of our wills.

We see further that, as the law unites universality of will with universality of object, what a man, whoever he be, commands of his own motion cannot be a law; and even what the Sovereign commands with regard to a particular matter is no nearer being a law, but is a decree, an act, not of sovereignty, but of magistracy.

I therefore give the name 'Republic' to every State that is governed by laws, no matter what the form of its administration may be: for only in such a case does the public interest govern, and the *res publica* rank as a *reality*. Every legitimate government is republican; what government is I will explain later on.

[...]

Chapter XI

The Various Systems Of Legislation

If we ask in what precisely consists the greatest good of all, which should be the end of every system of legislation, we shall find it reduce itself to two main objects, liberty and equality—liberty, because all particular dependence means

so much force taken from the body of the State, and equality, because liberty cannot exist without it.

I have already defined civil liberty; by equality, we should understand, not that the degrees of power and riches are to be absolutely identical for everybody; but that power shall never be great enough for violence, and shall always be exercised by virtue of rank and law; and that, in respect of riches, no citizen shall ever be wealthy enough to buy another, and none poor enough to be forced to sell himself: which implies, on the part of the great, moderation in goods and position, and, on the side of the common sort, moderation in avarice and covetousness.

Such equality, we are told, is an unpractical ideal that cannot actually exist. But if its abuse is inevitable, does it follow that we should not at least make regulations concerning it? It is precisely because the force of circumstances tends continually to destroy equality that the force of legislation should always tend to its maintenance.

But these general objects of every good legislative system need modifying in every country in accordance with the local situation and the temper of the inhabitants; and these circumstances should determine, in each case, the particular system of institutions which is best, not perhaps in itself, but for the State for which it is destined. If, for instance, the soil is barren and unproductive, or the land too crowded for its inhabitants, the people should turn to industry and the crafts, and exchange what they produce for the commodities they lack. If, on the other hand, a people dwells in rich plains and fertile slopes, or, in a good land, lacks inhabitants, it should give all its attention to agriculture, which causes men to multiply, and should drive out the crafts, which would only result in depopulation, by grouping in a few localities the few

inhabitants there are. If a nation dwells on an extensive and convenient coast-line, let it cover the sea with ships and foster commerce and navigation. It will have a life that will be short and glorious. If, on its coasts, the sea washes nothing but almost inaccessible rocks, let it remain barbarous and ichthyophagous: it will have a quieter, perhaps a better, and certainly a happier life. In a word, besides the principles that are common to all, every nation has in itself something that gives them a particular application, and makes its legislation peculiarly its own. Thus, among the Jews long ago and more recently among the Arabs, the chief object was religion, among the Athenians letters, at Carthage and Tyre commerce, at Rhodes shipping, at Sparta war, at Rome virtue. The author of *The Spirit of the Laws* has shown with many examples by what art the legislator directs the constitution towards each of these objects.

What makes the constitution of a State really solid and lasting is the due observance of what is proper, so that the natural relations are always in agreement with the laws on every point, and law only serves, so to speak, to assure, accompany and rectify them. But if the legislator mistakes his object and adopts a principle other than circumstances naturally direct; if his principle makes for servitude while they make for liberty, or if it makes for riches, while they make for populousness, or if it makes for peace, while they make for conquest–the laws will insensibly lose their influence, the constitution will alter, and the State will have no rest from trouble till it is either destroyed or changed, and nature has resumed her invincible sway.

LOUISE BOURGEOIS, SEVEN IN BED (2001)

THE HUMAN CONDITION

HANNAH ARENDT

1958

Chapter II
The Public and Private Realm

Man: a Social or a Political Animal

The *vita activa*, human life in so far as it is actively engaged in doing something, is always rooted in a world of men and of man-made things which it never leaves or altogether transcends. Things and men form the environment for each of man's activities, which would be pointless without such location; yet this environment, the world into which we are born, would not exist without the human activity which produced it, as in the case of fabricated things; which takes care of it, as in the case of cultivated land; or which established it through organization, as in the case of the body politic. No human life, not even the life of the hermit in nature's wilderness, is possible without a world which directly or indirectly testifies to the presence of other human beings.

All human activities are conditioned by the fact that men live together, but it is only action that cannot even be imagined outside the society of men. The activity of labor does not need the presence of others, though a being laboring in complete solitude would not be human but an *animal laborans* in the word's most literal significance. Man working and fabricating and building a world inhabited only by himself would still be a fabricator,

though not *homo faber*: he would have lost his specifically human quality and, rather, be a god–not, to be sure, the Creator, but a divine demiurge as Plato described him in one of his myths. Action alone is the exclusive prerogative of man; neither a beast nor a god is capable of it,[1] and only action is entirely dependent upon the constant presence of others.

This special relationship between action and being together seems fully to justify the early translation of Aristotle's *zoon politikon* by *animal socialis*, already found in Seneca, which then became the standard translation through Thomas Aquinas: *homo est naturaliter politicus*, *id est*, *socialis* ("man is by nature political, that is, social").[2] More than any elaborate theory, this unconscious substitution of the social for the political betrays the extent to which the original Greek understanding of politics had been lost. For this, it is significant but not decisive that the word "social" is Roman in origin and has no equivalent in Greek language or thought. Yet the Latin usage of the word *societas* also originally had a clear, though limited, political meaning; it indicated an alliance between people for a specific purpose, as when men organize in order to rule others or to commit a crime.[3] It is only with the later concept of a *societas generis humani*, a "society of man-kind,"[4] that the term "social" begins to acquire the general meaning of a fundamental human condition. It is not that Plato or Aristotle were ignorant of, or unconcerned with, the fact that man cannot live outside the company of men, but they did not count this condition among the specifically human characteristics; on the contrary, it was something human life had in common with animal life, and for this reason alone it could not be fundamentally human. The natural, merely social companionship of the human species was considered to be a limitation imposed upon us by the

needs of biological life, which are the same for the human animal as for other forms of animal life.

According to Greek thought, the human capacity for political organization is not only different from but stands in direct opposition to that natural association whose center is the home *(oikiri)* and the family. The rise of the city-state meant that man received "besides his private life a sort of second life, his *bios politikos*. Now every citizen belongs to two orders of existence; and there is a sharp distinction in his life between what is his own *(idion)* and what is communal *(koinon)*."[5] It was not just an opinion or theory of Aristotle but a simple historical fact that the foundation of the *polls* was preceded by the destruction of all organized units resting on kinship, such as the *phratria* and the *phyle*.[6] Of all the activities necessary and present in human communities, only two were deemed to be political and to constitute what Aristotle called the *bios politikos*, namely action *(praxis)* and speech *(lexis)*, out of which rises the realm of human affairs (*ta ton anthropon pragmata*, as Plato used to call it) from which everything merely necessary or useful is strictly excluded.

However, while certainly only the foundation of the city-state enabled men to spend their whole lives in the political realm, in action and speech, the conviction that these two human capacities belonged together and are the highest of all seems to have preceded the *polis* and was already present in pre-Socratic thought. The stature of the Homeric Achilles can be understood only if one sees him as "the doer of great deeds and the speaker of great words."[7] In distinction from modern understanding, such words were not considered to be great because they expressed great thoughts; on the contrary, as we know from the last lines of *Antigone*, it may be the capacity for "great words" *(megaloi logoi)* with which to reply to striking blows that

will eventually teach thought in old age.[8] Thought was secondary to speech, but speech and action were considered to be coeval and coequal, of the same rank and the same kind; and this originally meant not only that most political action, in so far as it remains outside the sphere of violence, is indeed transacted in words, but more fundamentally that finding the right words at the right moment, quite apart from the information or communication they may convey, is action. Only sheer violence is mute, and for this reason violence alone can never be great. Even when, relatively late in antiquity, the arts of war and speech *(rhetoric)* emerged as the two principal political subjects of education, the development was still inspired by this older pre-polis experience and tradition and remained subject to it.

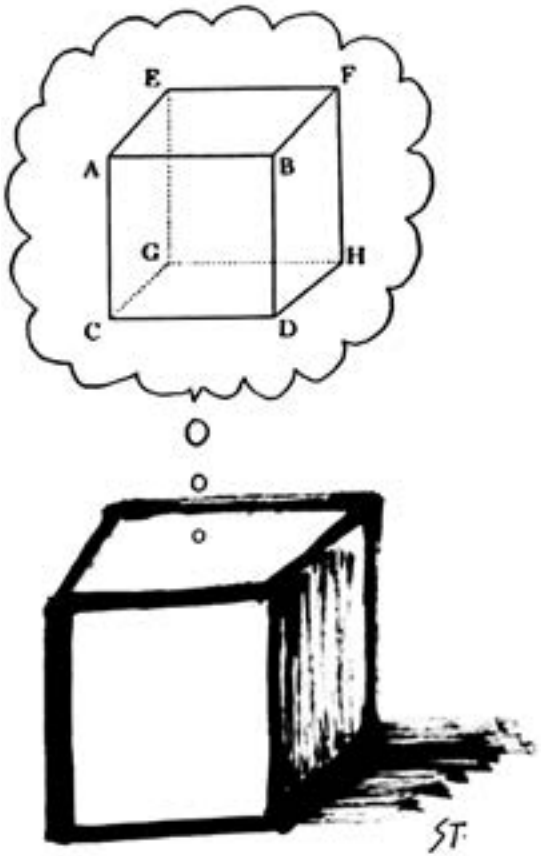
In the experience of the *polis*, which not without justification has been called the most talkative of all bodies politic, and even more in the political philosophy which sprang from it, action and speech separated and became more and more independent activities. The emphasis shifted from action to speech, and to speech as a means of persuasion rather than the specifically human way of answering, talking back and measuring up to whatever happened or was done.[9] To be political, to live in a *polis*, meant that everything was decided through words and persuasion and not through force and violence. In Greek self-understanding, to force people by violence, to command rather than persuade, were prepolitical ways to deal with people characteristic of life outside the *polis*, of home and family life, where the household head ruled with uncontested, despotic powers, or of life in the barbarian empires of Asia, whose despotism was frequently likened to the organization of the household.

Aristotle's definition of man as *zoon politikon* was not only unrelated and even opposed to the natural

association experienced in household life; it can be fully understood only if one adds his second famous definition of man as a *zoon logon ekhon* ("a living being capable of speech"). The Latin translation of this term into *animal rationale* rests on no less fundamental a misunderstanding than the term "social animal." Aristotle meant neither to define man in general nor to indicate man's highest capacity, which to him was not *logos*, that is, not speech or reason, but *nous*, the capacity of contemplation, whose chief characteristic is that its content cannot be rendered in speech.[10] In his two most famous definitions, Aristotle only formulated the current opinion of the *polls* about man and the political way of life, and according to this opinion, everybody outside the *polis*—slaves and barbarians—was *aneu logon*, deprived, of course, not of the faculty of speech, but of a way of life in which speech and only speech made sense and where the central concern of all citizens was to talk with each other.

The profound misunderstanding expressed in the Latin translation of "political" as "social" is perhaps nowhere clearer than in a discussion in which Thomas Aquinas compares the nature of household rule with political rule: the head of the household, he finds, has some similarity to the head of the kingdom, but, he adds, his power is not so "perfect" as that of the king.[11] Not only in Greece and the *polis* but throughout the whole of occidental antiquity, it would indeed have been self-evident that even the power of the tyrant was less great, less "perfect" than the power with which the *paterfamilias*, the *dominus*, ruled over his household of slaves and family. And this was not because the power of the city's ruler was matched and checked by the combined powers of household heads, but because absolute, uncontested rule and a political realm properly speaking were mutually exclusive.[12]

1 It seems quite striking that the Homeric gods act only with respect to men, ruling them from afar or interfering in their affairs. Conflicts and strife between the gods also seem to arise chiefly from their part in human affairs or their conflicting partiality with respect to mortals. What then appears is a story in which men and gods act together, but the scene is set by the mortals, even when the decision is arrived at in the assembly of gods on Olympus. I think such a "co-operation" is indicated in the Homeric *erg'andron te them te* (Odyssey I. 338): the bard sings the deeds of gods and men, not stories of the gods and stories of men. Similarly, Hesiod's *Theogony* deals not with the deeds of gods but with the genesis of the world (116); it therefore tells how things came into being through begetting and giving birth (constantly recurring). The singer, servant of the Muses, sings "the glorious deeds of men of old and the blessed gods" (97ff.), but nowhere, as far as I can see, the glorious deeds of the gods. 2 The quotation is from the *Index Rerum* to the Taurinian edition of Aquinas (1922). The word "politicus" does not occur in the text, but the Index summarizes Thomas' meaning correctly, as can be seen from Summa *theologha* I. 96. 4; II. 2. 109. 3. 3 *Societasregni* in Livius, *societassceleris* in Cornelius Nepos Suchanalliance could also be concluded for business purposes, and Aquinas still holds that a "true *societas*" between businessmen exists only "where the investor himself shares in the risk," that is, where the partnership is truly an alliance (see W. J. Ashley, *An Introduction to English Economic History and Theory* [1931], p. 419). 4 I use here and in the following the word "man-kind" to designate the human species, as distinguished from "mankind," which indicates the sum total of human beings. 5 Werner Jaeger, *Paideia* (1945), III, 111. 6 Although Fustel de Coulanges' chief thesis, according to the Introduction to *The Ancient City* (Anchor ed.; 1956), consists of demonstrating that "the same religion" formed the ancient family organization and the ancient city-state, he brings numerous references to the fact that the regime of the gens based on the religion of the family and the regime of the city "were in reality two antagonistic forms of government... Either the city could not last, or it must in the course of time break up the family" (p. 252). The reason for the contradiction in this great book seems to me to be in Coulanges' attempt to treat Rome and the Greek city-states together; for his evidence and categories he relies chiefly on Roman institutional and political sentiment, although he recognizes that the Vesta cult "became weakened in Greece at a very early date... but it never became enfeebled at Rome" (p. 146). Not only was the gulf between household and city much deeper in Greece than in Rome, but only in Greece was the Olympian religion, the religion of Homer and the city-state, separate from and superior to the older religion of family and household. While Vesta, the goddess of the hearth, became the protectress of a "city hearth" and part of the official, political cult after the unification and second foundation of Rome, her Greek colleague, Hestia, is mentioned for the first time by Hesiod, the only Greek poet who, in conscious opposition to Homer, praises the life of the hearth and the household; in the official religion of the polis, she had to cede her place in the assembly of the twelve Olympian gods to Dionysos (see Mommsen, *Romische Geschichte* [5th ed.], Book I, ch. 12, and Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths* [1955], 27. k). 7 The passage occurs in Phoenix' speech, *Iliad* IX. 443. It clearly refers to education for war and agora, the public meeting, in which men can distinguish themselves. The literal translation is; "[your father] charged me to teach you all this, to be a speaker of words and a doer of deeds" (*mython te rheter' emenai prektera te ergon*). 8 The literal translation of the last lines of *Antigone* (1350-54) is as follows: "But great words, counteracting [or paying back] the great blows of the overproud, teach understanding in old age." The content of these lines is so puzzling to modern understanding that one rarely finds a translator who dares to give the bare sense. An exception is Holderlin's translation: "Grosse Blicke aber, / Grosse Streiche der hohen Schultern / Vergeltend, / Sie haben im Alter gelehrt, zu denken." An anecdote, reported by Plutarch, may illustrate the connection between acting and speaking on a much lower level. A man once approached Demosthenes and related how terribly he had been beaten. "But you," said Demosthenes, "suffered nothing of what you tell me." Whereupon the other raised his voice and cried out: "I suffered nothing?" "Now," said Demosthenes, "I hear the voice of somebody who was injured and who suffered" (*Lives*, "Demosthenes"). A last remnant of this ancient connection of speech and thought, from which our notion of expressing thought through words is absent, may be found in the current Ciceronian phrase of *ratio et oratio*. 9 It is characteristic for this development that every politician was called a "rhetor" and that rhetoric, the art of public speaking, as distinguished from dialectic, the art of philosophic speech, is defined by Aristotle as the art of persuasion (see Rhetoric 1354al2 ff., 1355b26 ff.). (The distinction itself is derived from Plato, Gorgias 448.) It is in this sense that we must understand the Greek opinion of the decline of Thebes, which was ascribed to Theban neglect of rhetoric in favor of military exercise (see Jacob Burckhardt, *Griechische Kulturgeschkhte*, ed. Kroener, III, 190). 10 *Nicomachean Ethics* 1142a25 and 1178a6 ff. 11 Aquinas op. cit. ii. 2. 50. 3. 12 The terms *dominus* and *paterfamilias* therefore were synonymous, like the terms *servus* and *familiaris*: Dominion *patrem familiae appellaverunt*; *servos... familiares* (Seneca *Epistolae* 47. 12). The old Roman liberty of the citizen disappeared when the Roman emperors adopted the title *dominus*, "ce nom, qu'Auguste et que Tibère encore, repoussaient comme une malédiction et une injure" (H. Wallon, *Histoire de l'esclavage dans l'Antiquité* [1847], III, 21).



SAUL STEINBERG, NEW YORKER, JULY 30TH (1960)

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND OTHERS

1787

We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, to ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Article I

Section 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Article VI

All Debts contracted and Engagements entered into, before the Adoption of this Constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution, as under the Confederation.

This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any state to the Contrary notwithstanding.

The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the Members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial Officers, both

of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by Oath or Affirmation, to support this Constitution; but no religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or public Trust under the United States.

Amendment V (1791)

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

Amendment XIII (1865)

Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Amendment XIV (1868)

Section 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void.

ALWIN NIKOLAI, NOUMENON MOBILUS (1953)

We Italians are irreligious
and corrupt above others.

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI, UNKNOWN (XVTH C.)

THE CODE OF HAMMURABI

HAMMURABI

1754 BC

129. If a man's wife be surprised (*in flagrante delicto*) with another man, both shall be tied and thrown into the water, but the husband may pardon his wife and the king his slaves.
130. If a man violate the wife (betrothed or child-wife) of another man, who has never known man, and still lives in her father's house, and sleep with her and be surprised, this man shall be put to death, but the wife is blameless.
[…]
196. If a man put out the eye of another man, his eye shall be put out. [An eye for an eye]
[…]
203. If a free-born man strike the body of another free-born man or equal rank, he shall pay one gold mina.
204. If a freed man strike the body of another freed man, he shall pay ten shekels in money.
205. If the slave of a freed man strike the body of a freed man, his ear shall be cut off.
206. If during a quarrel one man strike another and wound him, then he shall swear, "I did not injure him wittingly," and pay the physicians.
207. If the man die of his wound, he shall swear similarly, and if he (the deceased) was a free-born man, he shall pay half a mina in money.
208. If he was a freed man, he shall pay one-third of a mina.
209. If a man strike a free-born woman so that she lose her unborn child, he shall pay ten shekels for her loss.

209. If a man strike a free-born woman so that she lose her unborn child, he shall pay ten shekels for her loss.
210. If the woman die, his daughter shall be put to death.
211. If a woman of the free class lose her child by a blow, he shall pay five shekels in money.
212. If this woman die, he shall pay half a mina.
213. If he strike the maid-servant of a man, and she lose her child, he shall pay two shekels in money.
214. If this maid-servant die, he shall pay one-third of a mina.
[…]
228. If a builder build a house for some one and complete it, he shall give him a fee of two shekels in money for each sar of surface.
229. If a builder build a house for some one, and does not construct it properly, and the house which he built fall in and kill its owner, then that builder shall be put to death.
230. If it kill the son of the owner the son of that builder shall be put to death.
231. If it kill a slave of the owner, then he shall pay slave for slave to the owner of the house.
232. If it ruin goods, he shall make compensation for all that has been ruined, and inasmuch as he did not construct properly this house which he built and it fell, he shall re-erect the house from his own means.
[…]

ORLAN, THE ORIGIN OF WAR (1989)

ANTOINE FABRE D'OLIVET, PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORY OF MANKIND: PLAN OF THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN (1910)

SWISS FEDERAL CONSTITUTION

1999

[3rd revision]

Preamble

In the name of Almighty God!

The Swiss People and the Cantons, mindful of their responsibility towards creation, resolved to renew their alliance so as to strengthen liberty, democracy, independence and peace in a spirit of solidarity and openness towards the world, determined to live together with mutual consideration and respect for their diversity, conscious of their common achievements and their responsibility towards future generations, and in the knowledge that only those who use their freedom remain free, and that the strength of a people is measured by the well-being of its weakest members, adopt the following Constitution:

Title 1 General Provisions

Art. 1 The Swiss Confederation

The People and the Cantons of Zurich, Bern, Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz, Obwalden and Nidwalden, Glarus, Zug, Fribourg, Solothurn, Basel Stadt and Basel Landschaft, Schaffhausen, Appenzell Ausserrhoden and Appenzell Innerrhoden, St. Gallen, Graubünden, Aargau, Thurgau, Ticino, Vaud, Valais, Neuchâtel, Geneva, and Jura form the Swiss Confederation.

Art. 2 Aims

1 The Swiss Confederation shall protect the liberty and rights of the people and safeguard the independence and security of the country.

2 It shall promote the common welfare, sustainable development, internal cohesion and cultural diversity of the country.
3 It shall ensure the greatest possible equality of opportunity among its citizens.
4 It is committed to the long term preservation of natural resources and to a just and peaceful international order.

Art. 3 Cantons

The Cantons are sovereign except to the extent that their sovereignty is limited by the Federal Constitution. They exercise all rights that are not vested in the Confederation. [...]

Title 2 Fundamental Rights, Citizenship and Social Goals
Chapter 1 Fundamental Rights

Art. 7 Human dignity

Human dignity must be respected and protected.

Art. 8 Equality before the law

1 Every person is equal before the law.
2 No person may be discriminated against, in particular on grounds of origin, race, gender, age, language, social position, way of life, religious, ideological, or political convictions, or because of a physical, mental or psychological disability.
3 Men and women have equal rights. The law shall ensure their equality, both in law and in practice, most particularly in the family, in education, and in the workplace. Men and women have the right to equal pay for work of equal value.
4 The law shall provide for the elimination of inequalities that affect persons with disabilities. [...]

I have examined maps of the city with the greatest care, yet have never again found the rue d'Auseil.

H.P. LOVECRAFT, THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN (1925)

FEDERICO FELLINI, IL VIAGGIO DI G. MASTORNA (1965)

THE LOST STRADIVARIUS

JOHN MEADE FALKNER

1895

Chapter XI

A month later Mrs. Temple wrote to John warning him of the state in which Constance now found herself, and begging him to return at least for a few weeks in order that he might be present at the time of her confinement. Though it would have been in the last degree unkind, or even inhuman, that a request of this sort should have been refused, yet I will confess to you that my brother's recent strangeness had prepared me for behaviour on his part however wild; and it was with a feeling of extreme relief that I heard from Mrs. Temple a little later that she had received a short note from John to say that he was already on his return journey. I believe Mrs. Temple herself felt as I did in the matter, though she said nothing.

When he returned we were all at Royston, whither Mrs. Temple had taken Constance to be under Dr. Dobie's care. We found John's physical appearance changed for the worse. His pallor was as remarkable as before, but he was visibly thinner; and his strange mental abstraction and moodiness seemed little if any abated. At first, indeed, he greeted Constance kindly or even affectionately. She had been in a terrible state of anxiety as to the attitude he would assume towards her, and this mental strain affected prejudicially her very delicate bodily condition. His kindness, of an ordinary enough nature indeed, seemed to her yearning heart a miracle of condescending love, and

she was transported with the idea that his affection to her, once so sincere, was indeed returning. But I grieve to say that his manner thawed only for a very short time, and ere long he relapsed into an attitude of complete indifference. It was as if his real, true, honest, and loving character had made one more vigorous effort to assert itself,—as though it had for a moment broken through the hard and selfish crust that was forming around him; but the blighting influence which was at work proved seemingly too strong for him to struggle against, and riveted its chains again upon him with a weight heavier than before. That there was some malefic influence, mental or physical, thus working on him, no one who had known him before could for a moment doubt. But while Mrs. Temple and I readily admitted this much, we were entirely unable even to form a conjecture as to its nature. It is true that Mrs. Temple's fancy suggested that Constance had some rival in his affections; but we rejected such a theory almost before it was proposed, feeling that it was inherently improbable, and that, had it been true, we could not have remained entirely unaware of the circumstances which had conduced to such a state of things. It was this inexplicable nature of my brother's affliction that added immeasurably to our grief. If we could only have ascertained its cause we might have combated it; but as it was, we were fighting in the dark, as against some enemy who was assaulting us from an obscurity so thick that we could not see his form. Of any mental trouble we thus knew nothing, nor could we say that my brother was suffering from any definite physical ailment, except that he was certainly growing thinner.

Your birth, my dear Edward, followed very shortly. Your poor mother rallied in an unusually short time, and was filled with rapture at the new treasure which was thus

given as a solace to her afflictions. Your father exhibited little interest at the event, though he sat nearly half an hour with her one evening, and allowed her even to stroke his hair and caress him as in time long past. Although it was now the height of summer he seldom left the house, sitting much and sleeping in his own room, where he had a field-bed provided for him, and continually devoting himself to the violin.

One evening near the end of July we were sitting after dinner in the drawing-room at Royston, having the French windows looking on to the lawn open, as the air was still oppressively warm. Though things were proceeding as indifferently as before, we were perhaps less cast down than usual, for John had taken his dinner with us that evening. This was a circumstance now, alas! sufficiently uncommon, for he had nearly all his meals served for him in his own rooms. Constance, who was once more downstairs, sat playing at the pianoforte, performing chiefly melodies by Scarlatti or Bach, of which old-fashioned music she knew her husband to be most fond. A later fashion, as you know, has revived the cultivation of these composers, but at the time of which I write their works were much less commonly known. Though she was more than a passable musician, he would not allow her to accompany him; indeed he never now performed at all on the violin before us, reserving his practice entirely for his own chamber. There was a pause in the music while coffee was served. My brother had been sitting in an easy-chair apart reading some classical work during his wife's performance, and taking little notice of us. But after a while he put down his book and said, "Constance, if you will accompany me, I will get my violin and play a little while." I cannot say how much his words astonished us. It was so simple a matter for him to say, and yet it filled us

all with an unspeakable joy. We concealed our emotion till he had left the room to get his instrument, then Constance showed how deeply she was gratified by kissing first her mother and then me, squeezing my hand but saying nothing. In a minute he returned, bringing his violin and a music-book. By the soiled vellum cover and the shape I perceived instantly that it was the book containing the "Areopagita." I had not seen it for near two years, and was not even aware that it was in the house, but I knew at once that he intended to play that suite. I entertained an unreasoning but profound aversion to its melodies, but at that moment I would have welcomed warmly that or any other music, so that he would only choose once more to show some thought for his neglected wife. He put the book open at the "Areopagita" on the desk of the pianoforte, and asked her to play it with him. She had never seen the music before, though I believe she was not unacquainted with the melody, as she had heard him playing it by himself, and once heard, it was not easily forgotten.

They began the "Areopagita" suite, and at first all went well. The tone of the violin, and also, I may say with no undue partiality, my brother's performance, were so marvellously fine that though our thoughts were elsewhere when, the music commenced, in a few seconds they were wholly engrossed in the melody, and we sat spellbound. It was as if the violin had become suddenly endowed with life, and was singing to us in a mystical language more deep and awful than any human words. Constance was comparatively unused to the figuring of the *basso continuo*, and found some trouble in reading it accurately, especially in manuscript; but she was able to mask any difficulty she may have had until she came to the *Gagliarda*. Here she confessed to me her thoughts seemed against her will to wander, and her attention became too deeply riveted on

her husband's performance to allow her to watch her own. She made first one slight fault, and then growing nervous, another, and another. Suddenly John stopped and said brusquely, "Let Sophy play, I cannot keep time with you." Poor Constance! The tears came swiftly to my own eyes when I heard him speak so thoughtlessly to her, and I was almost provoked to rebuke him openly. She was still weak from her recent illness; her nerves were excited by the unusual pleasure she felt in playing once more with her husband, and this sudden shattering of her hopes of a renewed tenderness proved more than she could bear: she put her head between her hands upon the keyboard and broke into a paroxysm of tears.

We both ran to her; but while we were attempting to assuage her grief, John shut his violin into its case, took the music-book under his arm, and left the room without saying a word to any of us, not even to the weeping girl, whose sobs seemed as though they would break her heart.

We got her put to bed at once, but it was some hours before her convulsive sobbing ceased. Mrs. Temple had administered to her a soothing draught of proved efficacy, and after sitting with her till after one o'clock, I left her at last dozing off to sleep, and myself sought repose. I was quite wearied out with the weight of my anxiety, and with the crushing bitterness of seeing my dearest Constance's feelings so wounded. Yet in spite, or rather perhaps on account of my trouble, my head had scarcely touched my pillow ere I fell into a deep sleep.

A room in the south wing had been converted for the nonce into a nursery, and for the convenience of being near her infant Constance now slept in a room adjoining. As this portion of the house was somewhat isolated, Mrs. Temple had suggested that I should keep her daughter company, and occupy a room in the same passage, only

removed a few doors, and this I had accordingly done. I was aroused from my sleep that night by some one knocking gently on the door of my bedroom; but it was some seconds before my thoughts became sufficiently awake to allow me to remember where I was. There was some moonlight, but I lighted a candle, and looking at my watch saw that it was two o'clock. I concluded that either Constance or her baby was unwell, and that the nurse needed my assistance. So I left my bed, and moving to the door, asked softly who was there. It was, to my surprise, the voice of Constance that replied, "O Sophy, let me in."

In a second I had opened the door, and found my poor sister wearing only her night-dress, and standing in the moonlight before me.

She looked frightened and unusually pale in her white dress and with the cold gleam of the moon upon her. At first I thought she was walking in her sleep, and perhaps rehearsing again in her dreams the troubles which dogged her waking footsteps. I took her gently by the arm, saying, "Dearest Constance, come back at once to bed; you will take cold."

She was not asleep, however, but made a motion of silence, and said in a terrified whisper, "Hush; do you hear nothing?" There was something so vague and yet so mysterious in the question and in her evident perturbation that I was infected too by her alarm. I felt myself shiver, as I strained my ear to catch if possible the slightest sound. But a complete silence pervaded everything: I could hear nothing.

"Can you hear it?" she said again. All sorts of images of ill presented themselves to my imagination: I thought the baby must be ill with croup, and that she was listening for some stertorous breath of anguish; and then the dread came over me that perhaps her sorrows had been

too much for her, and that reason had left her seat. At that thought the marrow froze in my bones.

"Hush," she said again; and just at that moment, as I strained my ears, I thought I caught upon the sleeping air a distant and very faint murmur.

"Oh, what is it, Constance?" I said. "You will drive me mad;" and while I spoke the murmur seemed to resolve itself into the vibration, felt almost rather than heard, of some distant musical instrument. I stepped past her into the passage. All was deadly still, but I could perceive that music was being played somewhere far away; and almost at the same minute my ears recognised faintly but unmistakably the *Gagliarda* of the "Areopagita."

I have already mentioned that for some reason which I can scarcely explain, this melody was very repugnant to me. It seemed associated in some strange and intimate way with my brother's indisposition and moral decline. Almost at the moment that I had heard it first two years ago, peace seemed to have risen up and left our house, gathering her skirts about her, as we read that the angels left the Temple at the siege of Jerusalem. And now it was even more detestable to my ears, recalling as it did too vividly the cruel events of the preceding evening.

"John must be sitting up playing," I said.

"Yes," she answered; "but why is he in this part of the house, and why does he always play *that* tune?"

It was if some irresistible attraction drew us towards the music. Constance took my hand in hers and we moved together slowly down the passage. The wind had risen, and though there was a bright moon, her beams were constantly eclipsed by driving clouds. Still there was light enough to guide us, and I extinguished the candle. As we reached the end of the passage the air of the *Gagliarda* grew more and more distinct.

Our passage opened on to a broad landing with a balustrade, and from one side of it ran out the picture-gallery which you know.

I looked at Constance significantly. It was evident that John was playing in this gallery. We crossed the landing, treading carefully and making no noise with our naked feet, for both of us had been too excited even to think of putting on shoes.

We could now see the whole length of the gallery. My poor brother sat in the oriel window of which I have before spoken. He was sitting so as to face the picture of Adrian Temple, and the great windows of the oriel flung a strong light on him. At times a cloud hid the moon, and all was plunged in darkness; but in a moment the cold light fell full on him, and we could trace every feature as in a picture. He had evidently not been to bed, for he was fully dressed, exactly as he had left us in the drawing-room five hours earlier when Constance was weeping over his thoughtless words. He was playing the violin, playing with a passion and reckless energy which I had never seen, and hope never to see again. Perhaps he remembered that this spot was far removed from the rest of the house, or perhaps he was careless whether any were awake and listening to him or not; but it seemed to me that he was playing with a sonorous strength greater than I had thought possible for a single violin. There came from his instrument such a volume and torrent of melody as to fill the gallery so full, as it were, of sound that it throbbed and vibrated again. He kept his eyes fixed on something at the opposite side of the gallery; we could not indeed see on what, but I have no doubt at all that it was the portrait of Adrian Temple. His gaze was eager and expectant, as though he were waiting for something to occur which did not.

I knew that he had been growing thin of late, but this was the first time I had realised how sunk were the

hollows of his eyes and how haggard his features had become. It may have been some effect of moonlight which I do not well understand, but his fine-cut face, once so handsome, looked on this night worn and thin like that of an old man. He never for a moment ceased playing. It was always one same dreadful melody, the *Gagliarda* of the "Areopagita," and he repeated it time after time with the perseverance and apparent aimlessness of an automaton.

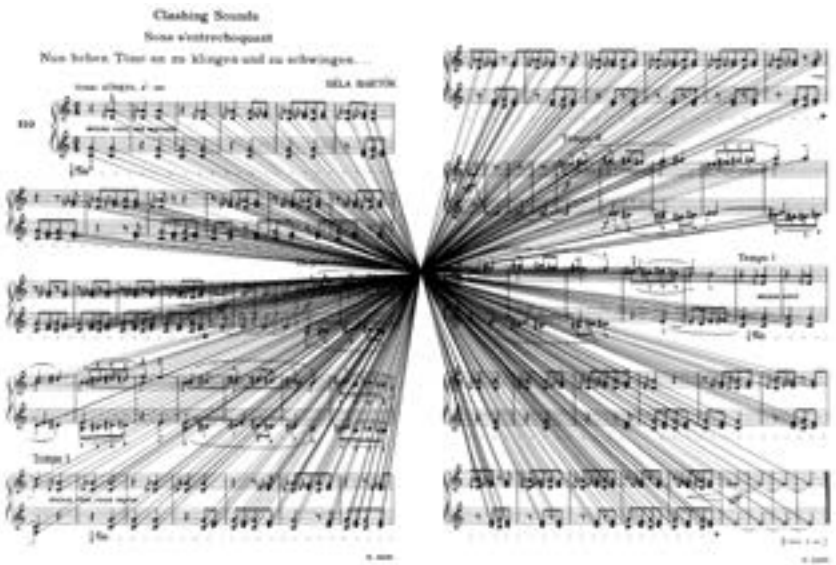
He did not see us, and we made no sign, standing afar off in silent horror at that nocturnal sight. Constance clutched me by the arm: she was so pale that I perceived it even in the moonlight. "Sophy," she said, "he is sitting in the same place as on the first night when he told me how he loved me." I could answer nothing, my voice was frozen in me. I could only stare at my brother's poor withered face, realising then for the first time that he must be mad, and that it was the haunting of the *Gagliarda* that had made him so. We stood there I believe for half an hour without speech or motion, and all the time that sad figure at the end of the gallery continued its performance. Suddenly he stopped, and an expression of frantic despair came over his face as he laid down the violin and buried his head in his hands. I could bear it no longer. "Constance," I said, "come back to bed. We can do nothing," So we turned and crept away silently as we had come. Only as we crossed the landing Constance stopped, and looked back for a minute with a heart-broken yearning at the man she loved. He had taken his hands from his head, and she saw the profile of his face clear cut and hard in the white moonlight.

It was the last time her eyes ever looked upon it. She made for a moment as if she would turn back and go to him, but her courage failed her, and we went on. Before we reached her room we heard in the distance, faintly but distinctly, the burden of the *Gagliarda*.

Bud and bloom are in fact green leaves transformed. So in relation to the leaves and the stem the bloom is a revolution, although it grows through organic transformation and evolution.

JOSEPH BEUYS, ROSE FOR DIRECT DEMOCRACY, IN: JOSEPH BEUYS BY CAROLINE TISDALL (1979)

LOIE FULLER, SERPENTINE DANCE (1894)



MARCO FUSINATO, MASS BLACK IMPLOSION (MIKROCOSMOS: CLASHING SOUNDS, BÉLA BARTÓK) (2012)

MUSIC AND THE INEFFABLE

VLADIMIR JANKÉLÉVITCH

2003

The "Ethics" and the "Metaphysics" of Music

Music acts upon human beings, on their nervous systems and their vital processes: in 1849 Liszt wrote a song, "Die Macht der Musik" to a text by the Duchess Helène d'Orléans: music paying tribute to its own capacities. This power – which poems and colors possess occasionally and indirectly – is in the case of music particularly immediate, drastic, and indiscreet: "it penetrates to the center of the soul," Plato says, "and gains possession of the soul in the most energetic fashion," Schopenhauer, on this point, echoes Plato. By means of massive irruptions, music takes up residence in our intimate self and seemingly elects to make its home there. The man inhabited and possessed by this intruder, the man robbed of a self, is no longer himself: he has become nothing more than a vibrating string, a sounding pipe. He trembles madly under the bow or the fingers of the instrumentalist; and just as Apollo fills the Pythia's lungs, so the organ's powerful voice and the harp's gentle accents take possession of the listener. This process, at once irrational and shameful, takes place on the margins of truth, and thus borders more on magic than on empirical science.

Something that wants to persuade us with singing, rather than convince us with reason, implements an art of pleasing that addresses the passions, that is, one that subjugates in suggesting and that enslaves the listener

through the fraudulent and charlatan power of melody, weakens him through harmonic glamour or the fascinations of rhythm. To accomplish this, the process does not tap the logistical or governing aspects of the mind but rather engages the mind's entire psychosomatic element. If mathematical discourse is thinking that wishes to make itself comprehensible to other thought by becoming transparent to it, a harmonic modulation is an act that expects to influence a *being*; and by "influence" one must also understand a clandestine causality, just as in astrology or sorcery: illegal maneuvers, black arts. Solon the lawmaker is a sage, but Orpheus the enchanter is a magician. A vocalization is not an excuse and a perfume is not an argument.

Thus, when a human being reaches the age of reason, he struggles against this unseemly and illegal seizure of his person, not wanting to give in to enchantment, that is, to go where the songs are leading. The magical induction becomes a seduction and thus trickery, and an adult refuses to be captivated, resisting the beliefs suggested to him by the auletic. A woman who persuades solely by means of her presence and its perfumes, that is, by the magical exhalations of her being, the night that envelops us, music, which secures our allegiance solely through the Charm engendered by a trill or an arpeggio, will therefore be the object of a deep suspicion. Being bewitched is not worthy of a rational person. Just as a masculine Will insists that its decisions are made on concrete grounds – and will never admit a preference founded in emotion – so masculine Reason will never admit itself prone to seduction. What is science for if not to sustain us against the intoxications of night and the temptations exercised by the enchantress appearance?

Music, the sonorous phantasm, is the most futile of mere appearances, and appearance, which with neither

the force to probe nor any intelligible determinism is nonetheless able to persuade the dazzled fool, is in some way the objectification of our weakness. A man who has sobered up, a demystified man, does not forgive himself for having once been the dupe of misleading powers; a man who is abstaining, having awakened from his nocturnal exhilaration, blushes for having given in to dark causality. Once morning has returned, he disowns the pleasurable arts themselves, along with his own skills of pleasing. Strong and serious minds, prosaic and positive minds: maybe their prejudice with regard to music comes from sobering up. In the presence of the scabrous power unleashed by music, a number of attitudes are possible. We can distinguish three: the right of use and enjoyment, passionate resentment, and refusal pure and simple.

Orpheus or the Sirens?

Plato thinks that the power to drive onlookers mad should not be left to any random flutist; that the musician, like the orator, plays with dangerous forms of enchantment; and that the state should regulate the use of musical influences and contain them within a framework of sound medicine. That which is "musical," however, is not the voice of the Sirens but rather Orpheus' songs. The mermaid sirens, enemies of the Muses, have only one goal: to reroute, mislead, and delay Odysseus. In other words, they derail the dialectic, the law of the itinerary that leads our mind toward duty and truth.

In Mikhaìl Lermontov's poem *The Demon*, perfidious Tamara's songs captivate the voyager and lead him astray on the path that leads to death. To avoid seduction, what can one do besides make oneself deaf to

all melody and to suppress, along with temptation, sensation itself? In fact, the musicians who permit the sirens of oblivion and the Rusalkas to sing – Debussy, for example, or Balakirev, or Rimsky-Korsakov – are actually letting us hear the voice of Orpheus, because real music humanizes and civilizes. Music is not simply a captivating and fallacious ruse, subjugating without violence, capturing by captivating; it is also gentleness that makes gentle: in itself gentle, it makes those who hear it more gentle since music pacifies the monsters of instinct in all of us and tames passion's wild animals. Franz Liszt, in the preface to his symphonic poem *Orpheus*, shows us the "father of songs," as Pindar calls him, arresting the stones and charming ferocious beasts, making birds and waterfalls silent, bringing the supernatural benediction of art to nature itself: this, for Liszt, is the message of an Orphic civilization, as it was for the theosophist Fabre d'Olivet.

Just as the dispatch rider in Plato's *Phaedo* tames a vicious warhorse to render it docile, so Orpheus harnesses lions to a plow that they might work the wasteland, and panthers to carriages that they might take families for their promenades; he channels wild torrents, and the torrents, becoming obedient, turn the wheels of the mills. All the creatures of creation assemble in a circle, attentive, around the orchestral conductor of lions; birds sound their arpeggios and waterfalls their murmurs. He who appeases the furious waves under the Argonauts' ship, who puts the redoubtable dragon of Colchide to sleep, who makes the animals and plants docile – even the inflexible Aides – he could well say, like Christ (who tamed another storm), I am gentle. Inspired, the cantor does not tame the Cimmerian monsters by the whip but persuades them with his lyre; his proper weapon is not the bludgeon but a musical instrument. Michelet would no doubt say that the work of Orpheus

completes the labors of Hercules, and that they are, both of them, heroes of culture and the supernatural: because just as the athlete colonizes and reclaims the desert by means of strength, the magician humanizes the inhuman by means of art's harmonious and melodious grace: the former exterminates evil, as much as the latter, architect-kitharist, coverts the evil into the human.

In his *Bible de l'humanité*, Michelet expounds in magnificent terms upon the battle of the lyre and the flute described in Aristotle's *Politics*: set against the Dionysian flute – the instrument chosen by the satyr Marsyas, the orgiastic flute of disgraceful intoxication – are Orpheus' phorminx and Apollo's kithara, arrayed in opposition. And just as the flute that tames rats and charms snakes is the suspect instrument, the languid, impudent instrument of the Thyrsian bearers, Orpheus antibarbarian constitutes the civilization of the lyre incarnate. This is the truly Apollonian lyre: an opera by Albert Roussel tells of its birth; Stravinsky consecrated *Apollon Musagète* to the god of light, leader of the Muses; Faur set a *Hymne à Apollon* to music in honor of the god who transfixed the fearful dragon. The effeminate kitharist whom Kierkegaard denigrates in *Fear and Trembling*, citing the *Banquet*, is not a true Orpheus. Orpheus died victim to the Thracian Bacchantes, the drunken Maenads, that is to say, of the fury of passion, which tore him into pieces; as the enemy of the Bacchic god and the flutist god, Orpheus salutes the dawn and venerates Helios, the chaste and sober god of light. *Cave carmen*: beware of the Charm. But not at all: refuse, in general, to be swayed by a charm.

That, however, implies that one cannot distinguish between incantation and enchantment: there is abusive music, which, like rhetoric, is simple charlatanism and flatters the listener to enslave him, for the odes of Marsyas

"bewitch" us as the discourse of Gorgias indoctrinates us. […] The music of the leader of the Muses exists as a truth because it imposes the mathematical law of number – which is harmony – on the savage tumult of hunger, the law of measure – which is the beat – on the disorder of measureless chaos, and rhythmicized time, measured and stylized time, the time of corteges and ceremonies, on unequal time, time by turns languishing and convulsive, fastidious and precipitous: the time of our daily life. Alain, Stravinsky, Roland-Manuel: were they not agreed in recognizing that music is a kind of temporal metrics?

Music is suspect, to be sure, but it cannot be disavowed pure and simple. Preoccupied above all with moral education and with frugality, Plato rails only against the "Carian muse," the muse of those who weep and of effeminate sobs. The third book of the *Republic* reserves all of its severity for the languid and pathetic modes, the Oriental modes, Ionian and Lydian, for their plaintive harmony, Lamento and Appassionato: they are demoralizing. Indecent intoxication, that alone, is capable of rendering the city's guardians feeble. It appears that the more "musical" music is – in the modern sense of the word – the less approbation it finds in Plato's thought. Musical, that is, in being melodic, in ascending and descending more freely through the scale. This is why the *Laws* condemns heterophony, and the *Republic*, polyharmonic multi-stringed instruments: because instruments with many strings promote polyphonic complications and foster a taste for rhythmic variety and instrumental color. The flute's swift witticisms, the prestidigitation of the virtuoso, trills, vocalises, roulades, the tenor's fioratura, are, to be sure, related to an art of flattery that geometry slanders with the name Rhetoric. Plato reserves all his approbation for the least musical, least

modulatory modes, the austere monody of the Dorian and the Phrygian, set in opposition to the honeyed Muse, her indubitable spells and her bewitching recitatives, who is too suave and too flattering to be truthful and who is therefore more Siren than Muse. Plato appreciates the austere modes for their moral value, as much irenic as polemical: in war, they exalt courage, in peace, they serve well for prayers and hymns to the gods, and for the moral edification of youth.

In effect, such "music" is more a moral than a musical phenomenon, more didactic than persuasive, and its function is in fact entirely objective. The beauty of custom (good character), conditions music's rhythmic and harmonic Charm, (its well-composed quality) and (its graceful movement and order). The purpose of the severe Muse, the serious Muse, is to induce virtue and not enchant us by singing.

Bearing a grudge against Music

We shall therefore be impelled to disavow the "Carian Muse" […] but not because of pedagogical concerns, rather, by antimusical passion and by resentment. There is no doubt that Nietzsche continued to love what he disavowed, very much so: he is still secretly in love with the flower maidens who bewitched him. Like all renegades, the man who disavowed Wagner's romanticism, disavowed Schopenhauer's pessimism, and blasphemed even Socrates' moralism, nonetheless cannot bear to be parted from his own past and takes perverse pleasure in tormenting himself. Thus there is an aspect of passionate ambivalence, of amorous hatred and even masochism in Nietzsche's grudge against the musical eternal-feminine. For just as

immorality is often simply excessive rigor on the rebound, an alibi produced to disguise a secret and passionate moral temperament, so melomania explains in certain cases the furious energy of melophobia.

This, at root, was the case with Tolstoy. Paul Boyer tells us how he was a rebel against the bewildering power of Chopin's fourth *Ballade*; Sergey Tolstoy confirms his father's extraordinary sensitivity to Romantic music. True, Tolstoy's grudge is that of a moralist, and Nietzsche's is that of an immoralist; in this, Tolstoy would be closer to Plato. Nonetheless, does Nietzsche not express himself as the sorely disappointed pedagogue, as the spokesman for a truly impossible virtue? The preface of *The Wanderer and His Shadow* (borrowing Plato's language almost literally) speaks to us of the vague, ambiguous desires melting the iron of virile souls. Nietzsche finds such dangers in Tristan's magic potion, in the maddening brews that have made him drunk, in Romanticism's poisonous mushrooms, which spring up in the quagmires where fever and languor are lurking.

Perhaps Nietzsche has defined the distance that separates the particular trouble attributable to music from Socratic aporia: melos is troubling but not fertile, constituting neither a stimulating excess nor a gnostic perplexity. Rather, music is a sterile malaise that enervates and smothers conscience: as lullaby, putting it to sleep, as elegy, making it soft. Better still: in music in general Nietzsche sees the means of expression of nondialectical consciences and of apolitical peoples. The former, in love with twilight dreams, with inexplicable thoughts and reverie, sink gratefully into the swamp of solitude; the latter, reduced to inaction and boredom by autocracy, take refuge in the inoffensive compensations and the consolations of music. Music, the decadent art, is the bad

conscience of an introverted populace, which finds a substitute for their need to take civic action in works that are merely instrumental or vocal.

By contrast, Athenian democracy, being naturally sociable, abandons lyric black magic for gymnastic games, the palestra's battles, and the agora's debates. Athleticism, at the very least, entails the action of muscles, the real effort needed to move the obstacle or lift the object, by an expenditure of energy directly proportional to the weight of that object. Nietzsche no doubt wanted to say the following: music is not proper to dialogue, whose nature rests in exchange, the analysis of ideas, amicable collaboration that takes place mutually and equitably. Music does not allow the discursive, reciprocal communication of meaning but rather an immediate and ineffable communication; and this can only take place in the penumbra of melancholia, unilaterally, from hypnotist to the hypnotized.

It is hard to believe that Plato – the philosopher of the logos, of dialogue and dialectics – could avoid suspecting the trickery of tenor singing or the flutist's solo. This is also the essence of Tolstoy's prejudice. One day, when Goldenweiser had played Chopin for him, Lev Nikolayevich remarks: "wherever you want slaves, you need as much music as possible." Lev Nikolayevich had confidence only in popular music. And as for Nietzsche, he famously saw in Bizet's music a means of detoxification, music able to restore joy, cleanliness, and virility to the mind. No longer with prosaic *gymnopédies* (as with Plato) but with acrobatic leaps and blinding light: that is how Nietzsche begins his purification cure, his sobering up, and his disillusionment. Without a doubt, Albeniz and Darius Milhaud would have trumpeted an even louder wake-up call and designed the most effective catharsis.

Music and Ontology

To grant music a moral function, however, it would seem necessary to amputate and discard all its pathos, everything heady and orgiastic in it, and, finally, to deprive oneself of poetic intoxication in any form. For music does not always convey the serenity of wise men: it fevers those who listen to it, drives them mad. Music is derationalizing and unhealthy. Thus in Tolstoy's famous moralizing novella (*The Kreutzer Sonata*, also not a little misogynistic) a musical work is accessory to an illicit passion. Proudhon himself, by inclination a serious, moral mind, accuses those who advocate the aesthetics of the game and "art for art's sake" of degeneracy. Alas, an eagerness to resist temptation is no less suspect than temptation itself. The Puritan grudge against music, the persecution of pleasure, hatred of seduction and spells, the antihedonist obsession: in the end, all these are pathologies, just as misogyny is pathological.

Under such conditions, one is led to ask whether music might not have a metaphysical significance rather than an ethical function. Throughout history, those human beings who are fond of allegory have sought that which is signified by music beyond the sound phenomenon, (the invisible harmony is more powerful than the visible). For there is an invisible and inaudible harmony, supra-sensible and supra-audible, and this is the true "key to song." For Clement of Alexandria and Saint Augustine, for the English mystic Richard Rolle, any singing perceptible to the ears and the body is the exoteric envelope of a smooth, ineffable, and celestial melody. Plotinus says that music perceptible to the senses is created by music anterior to sensible perception. Music is of another realm. Harmony, if we believe Fabre d'Olivet, resides neither in the instrument

nor in physical phenomena (it is worth recalling that Fabre d'Olivet was interested in Pythagorean arithmology, the Hebrew language, and a kind of "musicosophy," a philosophical music that would transmute souls). Richard Rolle and Antoine de Rojas heard angel music: no doubt, our orchestral concerts are mere pale understudies to such celestial concerts. […]

It is the metaphysician, and not the musician, who disparages actual physical harmony for the sake of transcendent paradigms and supernatural music. If Roland-Manuel (himself a musician) thinks that music "echoes of the order of the world," he nonetheless believes in music's autonomy. To decipher who-knows-what cryptic message as perceptible, to place a stethoscope on a canticle and hear something else in it and behind it, to perceive an allusion to something else in every song, to interpret that which is heard as the allegory of a secret, incredible meaning: these are the indelible traits of all hermeneutics, and are first and foremost applied in the interpretation of language. […] Nonetheless, words in themselves already signify something: their natural associations and their traditions resist the arbitrary and limit our interpretive liberty. The language of a hermetic orator who speaks in veiled words also possesses a literal sense. But music? Directly, in itself, music signifies nothing, unless by convention or association. Music means nothing and yet means everything. One can make notes say what one will, grant them any power of analogy: they do not protest. In the very measure that one is inclined to attribute a metaphysical significance to musical discourse, music (which expresses no communicable sense) lends itself, complaisant and docile, to the most complex dialectical interpretations. In the very measure that one tends to confer upon music the dimension of depth, music is, perhaps, the most superficial form of appearance.

Music has broad shoulders. In the hermeneutics of music, everything is possible, the most fabulous ideologies and unfathomable imputed meanings. Who will ever give us the lie?

Music "created the world" says Alexander Blok, the famous Russian poet: it is the essence of the spiritual body, of the flow of thought. True, Blok is himself a *poet*, and we know that poets are licensed to say everything. Schopenhauer's "metaphysics of music" has often been criticized, sometimes at the cost of overlooking its complex and original intuitions.

It is critical to point out, however, that all such *metamusic*, music thus romanticized, is at once arbitrary and metaphorical. It is arbitrary because one cannot see exactly what justifies taking the acoustic universe and privileging and promoting it to this degree above all others. Why should hearing, alone among all the senses, have the privilege of accessing the "thing in itself" for us, and thus destroy the limits of our finitude? What monopoly will enable certain perceptions, those we call auditory, those alone, to be uncapped into the realm of noumena? Will it be necessary (as was once the case) to draw a fine distinction between primary and secondary characteristics? And why (if you will) should our critical faculties, which pull our thinking back within the phenomenal world, be somehow suspended for the sake of pure sound sensations, sensations that are above all subject to the temporal? We would understand this favoritism toward sounds if time were the essence of being and the most real reality: this is what Bergson says, but not what Schopenhauer says, not at all. Besides, if this were the case, human beings – beings in the state of Becoming – would not need music to penetrate "in medias res." The temporal being would swim among noumena like a fish in water. On the other hand, is

it enough that musical perception be scheduled and regulated by high art for that order to acquire an ontological impact? In that case, however, one cannot understand why the metaphysics of poetry has not enjoyed the same privilege as the metaphysics of music, nor why the conceits of poet-metaphysicians would not be as justified as the reveries of metaphysicians writing on music and musicians. In short, what must be argued over is music's "realism" – in this instance, the privilege enjoyed by a kind of more-than-phenomenal music that is the immediate objectification of the Will, and whose developments recapitulate the sad avatars of the Will.

On the other hand, the metaphysics of music is not constructed without recourse to many analogies and metaphorical transpositions: the correspondences between musical discourse and our subjective lives, between the assumed structures of Being and musical discourse, and between the structures of Being and our subjective lives as mediated by musical discourse. A first example of such analogies: the polarity of major and minor corresponds to that of the two great "ethoi" of subjective mood, serenity and depression. Dissonance tends toward consonance through cadences and appogiaturas, and consonance troubled anew by dissonance allegorizes human disquiet and a human desire that oscillates ceaselessly between wish and surfeit. By such means, the philosophy of music reduces itself in part to a metaphorical psychology of desire. Another analogy: the superimposition of singing above bass sonorities, of melody and harmony, corresponds to the cosmological gamut of beings, with consciousness at the peak and inorganic material at the base. By such means music becomes evolutionary psychology.

[…] When music is involved, the graphical and spatial transcription of sound successions greatly facilitates this

extension of the psychological drama. Melodic lines ascend and descend – on staff paper, but not in the world of sound, which has neither "up" nor "down." The staff is a spatial projection of the distinction between high and low sound, between bass and soprano; the simultaneous voices in polyphony appear "superior" or "inferior" according to the geologist's model of superimposed strata, and hence also the "stratification" of consciousness. The realm of super-sensible music itself, by means of a double illusion, ends by appearing to be situated "beyond" the most stratospheric high regions of audible music; the ultraphysics of the metamusical thus takes on a naively topographical sense. Bergson definitively refuted visual myths and metaphors that confer the three dimensions of the optical and kinesthetic universe on the temporal. The translation of duration in terms of volume makes speculations relating to musical transcendence so illusory. Space and time are not themselves more symmetrical than past and future are within time itself; the singular character of musical temporality makes a castle in Spain of all the architectonic philosophy that is built upon such temporality. The "metaphysics of music," like magic or arithmatology, always loses sight of the function of metaphors and the symbolic relativity of symbols. A sonata is *like* a précis of the human adventure that is bordered by death and birth – but is not *itself* this adventure. The *Allegro maestoso* and the Adagio – Schopenhauer wants to write their metaphysics – are *like* a stylization of the two tempos of experienced time, but they are not *themselves* this time itself. The sonata, the symphony, and the string quartet, moreover, are like a thirty-minute recapitulation of the metaphysical and noumenal destiny of the Will but are by no means this destiny per se. Everything hangs upon the meaning of the verb to be and the adverb like, and just as

sophisms and puns slip without warning from unilateral attribution to ontological identity – that is, make discontinuity disappear magically – so metaphysical-metaphorical analogies about music slip furtively from figural meaning to correct and literal meaning. Thus, anthropomorphic and anthroposophic generalizations are shameless in ignoring the restrictive clause on images and take comparisons at face value. Being-in-itself ascends the five lines of the staff. It is the ontological evil of existing – and no longer just Chaikovsky's pessimism – that is expressed in the key of E minor. More generally, the musical microcosm reproduces, in miniature, the hierarchies of the cosmos. It will not seem sufficient to say that musical discourse "plays out" the vicissitudes of Will, if one's ambition is to attribute some magical value to such associations.

Everyday things sometimes impose visual metaphors upon us, and Bergson himself had no qualms about differentiating between the "superficial" self and the "deep" self. But only an awareness that a way of speaking is, simply, a way of speaking can keep us honest. A metaphysics of music that claims to transmit messages from the other world retraces the incantatory action of enchantment upon the enchanted in the form of an illicit relocation of the here-and-now to the Beyond. Sophism gets extended by means of a swindle. As a result, this metaphysics is clandestine twice over. I would conclude, therefore, that music is not above all laws and not exempt from the limitations and servitude inherent in the human condition. And, finally, that if "ethics" of music is a verbal mirage, "metaphysics" of music is closer to being a mere rhetorical figure.

PIERRE ALECHINSKY, ILLUSTRATION TO BALZAC'S *TREATISE ON MODERN STIMULANTS* (2018 ED.)

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

1821

To the Reader

[…] I take it for granted

That those eat now who never ate before;
And those who always ate, now eat the more.

The Pleasures of Opium

[…] Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had of manna or of ambrosia, but no further. How unmeaning a sound was it at that time: what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place and the time and the man (if man he was) that first laid open to me the Paradise of Opium-eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless: and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford Street; and near "the stately Pantheon" (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist's

shop. The druggist – unconscious minister of celestial pleasures! – as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday; and when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do, and furthermore, out of my shilling returned me what seemed to be real copper halfpence, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as the beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself.
[…]

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium taking, and what I took I took under every disadvantage. But I took it – and in an hour – oh, heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished was now a trifle in my eyes: this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me – in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea for all human woes; here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered: happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket; portable ecstacies might be had corked up in a pint bottle, and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach. But if I talk in this way the reader will think I am laughing, and I can assure him that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium: its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion, and in his happiest state the opium-eater

cannot present himself in the character of *L'Allegro*: even then he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso*.
[…]

But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol, and not in degree only incapable, but even in kind: it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting and tending to a crisis, after which it declines; that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours: the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute – the second, the chronic pleasure; the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgement, and gives a preternatural brightness and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive, and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections; but then, with this remarkable difference, that in the sudden development of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation there is

always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the bystander.
[…]

Oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!
[…]

The Pains of Opium

> As when some great painter dips
> His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
> SHELLEY'S *Revolt of Islam*.

[…] My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance. […] In this state of imbecility I had, for amusement, turned my attention to political economy; my understanding, which formerly had been as active and restless as a hyaena, could not, I suppose (so long as I lived at all) sink into utter lethargy; and political economy offers this advantage to a person in my state, that though it is eminently an organic science (no part, that is to say, but what acts on the whole as the whole again reacts on each part), yet the several parts may be detached and contemplated singly.
[…]

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor in terms that apply more or less to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might indeed be said to have existed in a dormant state […] It is one, however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of

incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations. He wishes and longs as earnestly as ever to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare; he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love: he curses the spells which chain him down from motion; he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams, for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.
[…]

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's, Antiquities of Rome, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his Dreams, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls, on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, etc., expressive of enormous power put forth and

resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself: follow the stairs a little further and you perceive it come to a sudden and abrupt termination without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose at least that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher, on which again Piranesi is perceived, but this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld, and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours; and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady the splendours of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:

> The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
> Was of a mighty city – boldly say
> A wilderness of building, sinking far
> And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
> Far sinking into splendour – without end!
> Fabric it seem'd of diamond, and of gold,
> With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
> And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
> Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright
> In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
> With battlements that on their restless fronts
> Bore stars – illumination of all gems!
> By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
> Upon the dark materials of the storm
> Now pacified; on them, and on the coves,
> And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
> The vapours had receded – taking there
> Their station under a cerulean sky, etc. etc.

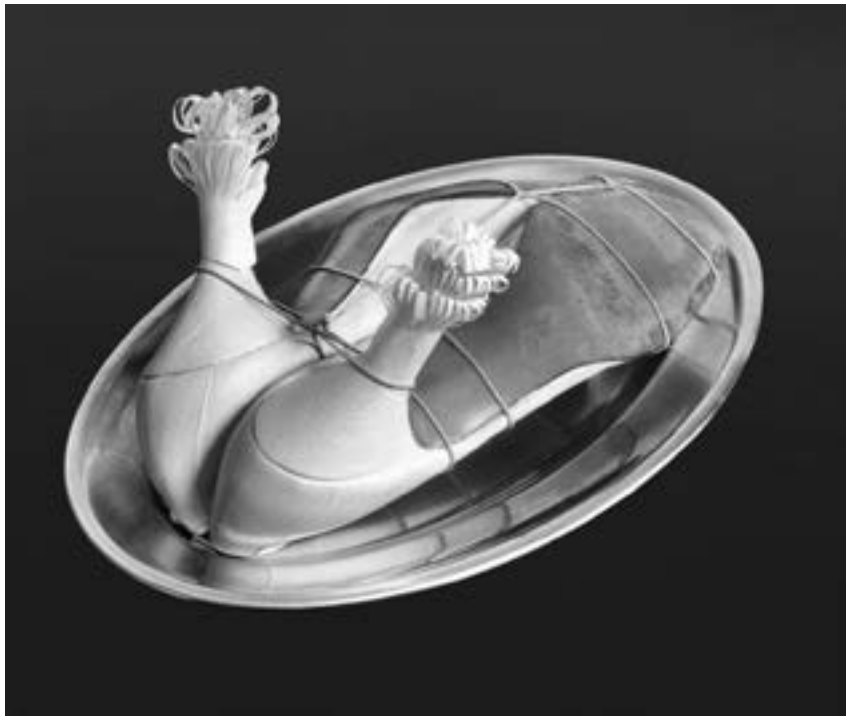
The sublime circumstance, "battlements that on their restless fronts bore stars," might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred. We hear it reported of Dryden and of Fuseli, in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams: how much better for such a purpose to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell; and in ancient days Homer is I think rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.
[…]

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud – "I will sleep no more."

NASA, CELESTIA (SOFTWARE), TANTALUS (APOLLO ASTEROID) (2012)

I was driven thence by foul winds for a space of nine days upon the sea, but on the tenth day we reached the land of the Lotus-eaters, who live on a food that comes from a kind of flower. Here we landed to take in fresh water, and our crews got their mid-day meal on the shore near the ships. When they had eaten and drunk I sent two of my company to see what manner of men the people of the place might be, and they had a third man under them. They started at once, and went about among the Lotus-eaters, who did them no hurt, but gave them to eat of the lotus, which was so delicious that those who ate of it left off caring about home, and did not even want to go back and say what had happened to them, but were for staying and munching lotus with the Lotus-eaters without thinking further of their return; nevertheless, though they wept bitterly I forced them back to the ships and made them fast under the benches. Then I told the rest to go on board at once, lest any of them should taste of the lotus and leave off wanting to get home, so they took their places and smote the grey sea with their oars.

HOMER, THE ODYSSEY (8TH C. B.C.)



MERET OPPENHEIM, MEIN KINDERMÄDCHEN (MY NURSE) (1936–1967)

HANDBOOK OF GASTRONOMY

JEAN ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN

1848 (1915)

Aphorisms of the Professor to serve as Prolegomena to his work, and as an eternal basis to Science

I

The world would have been merely nothing except for life. All that lives, feeds.

II

Animals feed, man eats; wise men alone know how to eat.

III

The destiny of nations depends on the manner wherein they take their food.

IV

Tell me what thou eatest, and I will tell thee what thou art.

V

The Creator, though condemning man to eat to live, invites him to do so by appetite, and rewards him by enjoyment.

VI

Good living is an act of our judgment by which we grant a preference to those things which are agreeable to the taste above those that have not that quality.

VII

The joys of the table belong equally to all ages, conditions, countries, and times; they mix with all other pleasures, and remain the last to console us for their loss.

VIII

The table is the sole locality where no one during the first hour feels himself tired.

IX

The discovery of a new dish is more beneficial to humanity than the discovery of a new star.

X

The dyspeptic man and the drunkard are incapable of either eating or drinking.

XI

The order of food is from the most solid to the most light.

XII

The order of drink is from the mildest to the most heady and the most scented.

XIII

To say that we should not mix our liquors is a heresy. The tongue becomes saturated, and after

the third glass, the finest wine only gives an obtuse sensation.

XIV

Dessert without cheese, is like a pretty girl with only one eye.

XV

A cook may be educated, but a “roast cook” must be born such.

XVI

The most indispensable quality in the cook is punctuality, and such ought to be the duty of the guests.

XVII

To wait too long for a late guest denotes a lack of consideration to all those who are present.

XVIII

He who receives guests, and pays no personal care to the repast offered them, is not worthy to have friends.

XIX

The hostess should always assure herself that the coffee is good, and the host that the liqueurs are of the finest quality.

XX

To invite any one, implies that we charge ourselves with his happiness all the time that he is under our roof.

NEAL AUCH, STILL LIFE WITH ROTTING APPLES AND PIG ORGANS (2018)

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

1959

INTRODUCTION

deposition: testimony concerning a sickness

I awoke from The Sickness at the age of forty-five, calm and sane, and in reasonably good health except for a weakened liver and the look of borrowed flesh common to all who survive. The Sickness… Most survivors do not remember the delirium in detail. I apparently took detailed notes on sickness and delirium. I have no precise memory of writing the notes which have now been published under the title *Naked Lunch*. The title was suggested by Jack Kerouac. I did not understand what the title meant until my recent recovery. The title means exactly what the words say: NAKED Lunch – a frozen moment when everyone sees what is on the end of every fork.

The Sickness is drug addiction and I was an addict for fifteen years. When I say addict I mean an addict to junk (generic term for opium and/or derivatives including all synthetics from demerol to palfium). I have used junk in many forms: morphin, heroin, dilaudid, eukodol, pantopon, diocodid, diosane, opium, demerol, dolophine, palfium. I have smoked junk, sniffed it, injected it in vein-skin-muscle, inserted it in rectal suppositories. The needle is not important. Whether you sniff it smoke it eat it or shove it up you ass the result is the same: addiction. When I speak of drug addiction I do not refer to keif, marijuana or any preparation of hashish, mescaline, *Bannisteria Caapi*, LSD6, Sacred Mushrooms or any other drug of the hallucinogen group… There is no evidence that the use of

any hallucinogen results in physical dependence. The action of these drugs is physiologically opposite to the action of junk. A lamentable confusion between the two classes of drugs has arisen owing to the zeal of the U.S. and other narcotic departments.

I have seen the exact manner in which the junk virus operates through fifteen years of addiction. The pyramid of junk, one level eating the level below (it is no accident that junk higher-ups are always fat and the addict in the street is always thin) right up to the top or tops since there are many junk pyramids feeding on peoples of the world and all built on basic principles of monopoly:

1 Never give anything for nothing.
2 Never give more than you have to give (always catch the buyer hungry and always make him wait).
3 Always take everything back if you possibly can.

The Pusher always get it all back. The addict needs more and more junk to maintain a human form… buy off the Monkey.

Junk is the mold of monopoly and possession. The addict stands by while his junk legs carry him straight in on the junk beam to relapse. Junk is quantitative and accurately measurable. The more junk you use the less you have and the more you have the more you use. All the hallucinogen drugs are considered sacred by those who use them – there are Peyote Cults and Bannisteria Cults, Hashish Cults and Mushroom Cults – "the Sacred Mushrooms of Mexico enable a man to see God" – but no one ever suggested that junk is sacred. There are no opium cults. Opium is profane and quantitative like money. I have heard that there was once a beneficent non-habit-forming junk in India. It was called *soma* and is pictured as a

beautiful blue tide. If soma ever existed the Pusher was there to bottle it and monopolize it and sell it and it turned into plain old time JUNK. Junk is the ideal product… the ultimate merchandise. No sales talk necessary. The client will crawl through a sewer and beg to buy… The junk merchant does not sell his product to the consumer, he sells the consumer to his product. He does not improve and simplify his merchandise. He degrades and simplifies the client. He pays his staff in junk.

Junk yields a basic formula of evil virus: *The Algebra of Need*. The face of evil is always the face of total need. A dope fiend is a man in total need of dope. Beyond a certain frequency need knows absolutely no limit or control. In the words of total need: *Wouldn't you?* Yes you would. You would lie, cheat, inform on your fiends, steal, do *anything* to satisfy total need. Because you would be in a state of total sickness, total possession, and not in a position to act in any other way. Dope fiends are sick people who cannot act other than they do. A rabid dog cannot choose but bite. Assuming a self-righteous position is nothing to the purpose unless your purpose is to keep the junk virus in operation. And junk is a big industry. I recall talking to an American who worked for the Aftosa Commission in Mexico. Six hundred a month plus expense account:

"How long will the epidemic last?" I enquired.
"As long as we can keep it going… And yes… maybe the aftosa will break in South America," he said dreamily.

If you wish to alter or annihilate a pyramid of numbers in a serial relation, you alter or remove the bottom number. If we wish to annihilate the junk pyramid, we must start

with the bottom of the pyramid: the Addict in the Street, and stop tilting quixotically for the "higher ups" so called, all of whom are immediately replaceable. *The addict in the street who must have junk to live is the one irreplaceable factor in the junk equation.* When there are no more addicts to buy junk there will be no junk traffic. As long as junk need exists, someone will service it.

Addicts can be cured or quarantined – that is, allowed a morphine ration under minimal supervision like typhoid carriers. When this is done, the junk pyramids of the world will collapse. So far as I know, England is the only country to apply this method to the junk problem. They have about five hundred quarantined addicts in the U.K. In another generation when the quarantined addicts die off and pain killers operating on a non-junk principle will be discovered, the junk virus will be like smallpox, a closed chapter – a medical curiosity.

The vaccine that can relegate the junk virus to a land-locked past is in existence. This vaccine is the Apomorphine Treatment discovered by an English doctor whose name I must withhold pending his permission to use it and to quote from his book covering thirty years of apomorphine treatment of addicts and alcoholics. The compound apomorphine is formed by boiling morphine with hydrochloric acid. It was discovered years before it was used to treat addicts. For many years the only use for apomorphine was an emetic to induce vomiting in cases of poisoning. It acts directly on the vomiting center in the back brain.

I found this vaccine at the end of the junk line. I lived in one room in the Native Quarter of Tangier. I had not taken a bath in a year of changed my clothes or removed them except to stick a needle every hour in the fibrous grey wooden flesh of terminal addiction. I never cleaned or

dusted the room. Empty ampule boxes and garbage piled up to the ceiling. Light and water had been long since turned off for non-payment. I did absolutely nothing. I could look at the end of my shoe for eight hours. I was only roused to action when the hourglass of junk ran out. If a friend came to visit – and they rarely did since who or what was left to visit – I sat there not caring that he had entered my field of vision – a grey screen always blanker and fainter – and not caring when he walked out of it. If he had died on the spot I would have sat there looking at my shoe waiting to go through his pockets. Wouldn't you? Because I never had enough junk – no one ever does. Thirty grains of morphine a day and it still was not enough. And long waits in front of a drugstore. Delay is a rule in the junk business. The Man is never on time. This is no accident. There are no accidents in the junk world. The addict is taught again and again exactly what will happen if he does not score for his junk ration. Get up that money or else. And suddenly my habit began to jump and jump. Forty, sixty grains a day. And it still was not enough. And I could not pay.

I stood there with my last check in my hand and realized that it was my last check. I took the next plane to London.

The doctor explained to me that apomorphine acts on the back brain to regulate the metabolism and normalize the blood stream in such a way that the enzyme system of addiction is destroyed over a period of four or five days. Once the back brain is regulated apomorphine can be discontinued and only used in case of relapse. (No one would take apomorphine for kicks. *Not one case of addiction to apomorphine has ever been recorded.*) I agreed to undergo treatment and entered a nursing home. For the first twenty-four hours I was literally insane and paranoid as

many addicts are in severe withdrawal. This delirium was dispersed by twenty-four hours of intensive apomorphine treatment. The doctor showed me the chart. I had received minute amounts of morphine that could not possibly account fort my lack of the more severe withdrawal symptoms such as leg and stomach cramps, fever and my own special symptom, The Cold Burn, like a vast hives covering the body and rubbed with menthol. Every addict has his own special symptom that cracks all control. There was a missing factor in the withdrawal equation – that factor could only be apomorphine.

I saw the apomorphine treatment really work. Eight days later I left the nursing home eating and sleeping normally. I remained completely off the junk for two full years – a twelve years record. I did relapse for some months as a result of pain and illness. Another apomorphine cure has kept me off junk through this writing.

The apomorphine cure is qualitatively different from other methods of cure. I have tried them all. Short reduction, slow reduction, cortisone, antihistaminics, tranquillizers, sleeping cures, tolserol, reserpine. None of these cures lasted beyond the first opportunity to relapse. I can say definitely that I was never *metabolically* cured until I took the apomorphine cure. The overwhelming relapse statistics from the Lexington Narcotic Hospital have led many doctors to say that addiction is not curable. They use a dolophine reduction cure at Lexington and have never tried apomorphine as far as I know. In fact, this method of treatment has been largely neglected. No research has been done with variations of the apomorphine formula or with synthetics. No doubt substances fifty times stronger than apomorphine could be developed and the side effect of vomiting eliminated.

Apomorphine is a metabolic and psychic regulator that can be discontinued as soon as it has done its work. The world is deluged with tranquillizers and energizers but this unique regulator has not received attention. No research has been done by any of the large pharmaceutical companies. I suggest that research with variations of apomorphine and synthesis of it will open a new medical frontier extending far beyond the problem of addiction.

The smallpox vaccine was opposed by a vociferous lunatic group of anti-vaccinationists. No doubt a scream of protest will go up from interested or unbalanced individuals as the junk virus is shot out from under them. Junk is big business; there are always cranks and operators. They must not be allowed to interfere with the essential work of inoculation treatment and quarantine. *The junk virus is public health problem number one of the world today.*

Since *Naked Lunch* treats this health problem, it is necessarily brutal, obscene and disgusting. Sickness has often repulsive details not for weak stomachs.

Certain passages in the book that have been called pornographic were written as a tract against Capital Punishment in the manner of Jonathan Swift's *Modest Proposal*. These sections are intended to reveal capital punishment as the obscene, barbaric and disgusting anachronism that it is. As always the lunch is naked. If civilized countries want to return to Druid Hanging Rites in the Sacred Grove or to drink blood with the Aztecs and feed their Gods with blood of human sacrifice, let them see what they actually eat and drink. Let them see what is on the end of that long newspaper spoon.

As I write I have almost completed a sequel to *Naked Lunch*. A mathematical extension of the Algebra of Need beyond the junk virus. Because there are many forms of addiction I think that they all obey basic laws. In the

words of Heisenberg: "This may not be the best of all possible universes but it may well prove to be one of the simplest." If man can *see*.

Post Script… Wouldn't You?

And speaking *Personally* and if a man speaks any other way we might as well start looking for his Protoplasm Daddy or Mother Cell… *I Don't Want to Hear Any More Tired Old Junk Talk And Junk Con*… The same things said a million times and more and there is no point in saying anything because *NOTHING Ever Happens* in the junk world.

Only excuse for this tired death route is THE KICK when the junk circuit is cut off for the non-payment and the junk-skin dies of junk-lack and overdose of time and the Old Skin has forgotten the skin game simplifying the junk cover the way skins will… A condition of total exposure is precipitated when the Kicking Addict cannot choose but see smell and listen… Watch out for the cars…

It is clear that junk is a Round-the-World-Push-an-Opium-Pellet-with-Your-Nose-Route. Strictly for Scarabs–stumble bum junk heap. And as such report to disposal. Tired of seeing it around.

Junkies always beef about *The Cold* as they call it, turning up their black coat collars and clutching their withered necks… pure junk con. A junky does not want to be warm, he wants to be Cool-Cooler-COLD. But he wants The Cold like he wants His Junk–NOT OUTSIDE where it does him no good but INSIDE so he can sit around with a spine like a frozen hydraulic jack… his metabolism approaching Absolute ZERO. TERMINAL addicts often go two months without a bowel move and the intestines make with sit-down-adhesions–Wouldn't you?–requiring the intervention of an apple corer or its surgical equivalent…

Such is life in The Old Ice House. Why move around and waste TIME?

Room for One More Inside, Sir.

Some entities are on thermodynamic kicks. They invented thermodynamics… Wouldn't you?

And some of us are on Different Kicks and that's a thing out in the open the way I like to see what I eat and vice versa mutatis mutandis as the case may be. *Bill's Naked Lunch Room*… Step right up… Good for young and old, man and bestial. Nothing like a little snake oil to grease the wheels and get a show on the track Jack. Which side are you on? Fro-Zen Hydraulic? Or you want to take a look around with Honest Bill?

So that's the World Health Problem I was talking about back in The Article. The Prospect Before Us Friends of MINE. Do I hear muttering about a personal razor and some bush league short con artist who is known to have invented The Bill? Wouldn't You? The razor belonged to a man named Ockham and he was not a scar collector. Ludwig Wittgenstein *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*: "If a proposition is NOT NECESSARY it is MEANINGLESS and approaching MEANING ZERO."

"And what is More UNNECESSARY that junk if You Don't Need it?"

Answer? "Junkies, if you are not ON JUNK."

I tell you boys, I've heard some tired conversation but no other OCCUPATION GROUP can approximate that old thermodynamic junk Slow-DOWN. Now your heroin addict does not say hardly anything and that I can stand. But your Opium "Smoker" is more active since he still has a tent and a lamp… and maybe 7-9-10 lying up there like hibernating reptiles keep the temperature up to Talking Level: How Low the other junkies are "whereas We–WE have this tent and this lamp and this tent and this lamp and this tent and nice and OUTSIDE IT'S

COLD… IT'S COLD OUTSIDE where the dross eaters and the needle boys won't last two years not six months hardly won't last stumble bum around and there is no class in them… But WE SIT HERE and never increase the DOSE… never–never increase the dose never except TONIGHT is a SPECIAL OCCASION with all the dross eaters and the needle boys out there in the cold… And we never eat it never never never never eat it… Excuse please while I take a trip to The Source of Living Drops they all have in pocket and opium pellets shoved up the ass in a finger stall with the Family Jewels and the other shit.

Room for one more inside, Sir.

Well when that record starts around for the billionth light year and never the tape shall change us non-junkies take drastic action and the men separate out from the Junk boys.

Only way to protect yourself against this horrid peril is come over HERE and shack up with Charybdis… Treat you right kid… Candy and cigarettes.

I am after fifteen years in that tent. In and out in and out in and OUT. *Over and Out.* So listen to Old Uncle Bill Burroughs who invented the Burroughs Adding Machine Regulator Gimmick on the Hydraulic Jack Principle no matter how you jerk the handle result is always the same for given co-ordinates. Got my training early… wouldn't you?

Paregoric Babes of the World Unite. We have nothing to lose but Our Pushers. And THEY are NOT NECESSARY.

Lookd down LOOK DOWN along that junk road before you travel there and get in with the Wrong Mob…

A word to the wise guy.

–William S. Burroughs

LUIS BUÑUEL, THE PHANTOM OF LIBERTY (1974)

[24] For, "All people are like grass,
and all their glory is like the flowers
of the field; the grass withers and
the flowers fall,

[25] but the word of the Lord endures
forever." And this is the word that
was preached to you.

THE HOLY BIBLE, 1 PETER – 1:25 ISAIAH 40:6-8 (6TH C. BC)

HOWL

ALLEN GINSBERG

1955

For Carl Solomon

I

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness,
starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn
looking for an angry fix,
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly
connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery
of night,
who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up
smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats
floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,
who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw
Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs
illuminated,
who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes
hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among
the scholars of war,
who were expelled from the academies for crazy &
publishing obscene odes on the windows of the skull,
who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning
their money in wastebaskets and listening to the
Terror through the wall,
who got busted in their pubic beards returning through
Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York,
who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in
Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their torsos
night after night

with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and cock and endless balls,
incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in the mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all the motionless world of Time between,
Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery dawns, wine drunkenness over the rooftops, storefront boroughs of teahead joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and moon and tree vibrations in the roaring winter dusks of Brooklyn, ashcan rantings and kind king light of mind,
who chained themselves to subways for the endless ride from Battery to holy Bronx on benzedrine until the noise of wheels and children brought them down shuddering mouth-wracked and battered bleak of brain all drained of brilliance in the drear light of Zoo,
who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford's floated out and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi's, listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox,
who talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bridge,
a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon,
yacketayakking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memories and anecdotes and eyeball kicks and shocks of hospitals and jails and wars,
whole intellects disgorged in total recall for seven days and nights with brilliant eyes, meat for the Synagogue cast on the pavement,
who vanished into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving a trail of ambiguous picture postcards of Atlantic City Hall,

suffering Eastern sweats and Tangerian bone-grindings and migraines of China under junk-withdrawal in Newark's bleak furnished room,
who wandered around and around at midnight in the railroad yard wondering where to go, and went, leaving no broken hearts,
who lit cigarettes in boxcars boxcars boxcars racketing through snow toward lonesome farms in grandfather night,
who studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross telepathy and bop kabbalah because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their feet in Kansas,
who loned it through the streets of Idaho seeking visionary indian angels who were visionary indian angels,
who thought they were only mad when Baltimore gleamed in supernatural ecstasy,
who jumped in limousines with the Chinaman of Oklahoma on the impulse of winter midnight streetlight smalltown rain,
who lounged hungry and lonesome through Houston seeking jazz or sex or soup, and followed the brilliant Spaniard to converse about America and Eternity, a hopeless task, and so took ship to Africa,
who disappeared into the volcanoes of Mexico leaving behind nothing but the shadow of dungarees and the lava and ash of poetry scattered in fireplace Chicago,
who reappeared on the West Coast investigating the FBI in beards and shorts with big pacifist eyes sexy in their dark skin passing out incomprehensible leaflets,
who burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting the narcotic tobacco haze of Capitalism,
who distributed Supercommunist pamphlets in Union Square weeping and undressing while the sirens of Los Alamos wailed them down, and wailed down Wall, and the Staten Island ferry also wailed,

who broke down crying in white gymnasiums naked and trembling before the machinery of other skeletons,
who bit detectives in the neck and shrieked with delight in policecars for committing no crime but their own wild cooking pederasty and intoxication,
who howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the roof waving genitals and manuscripts,
who let themselves be fucked in the ass by saintly motorcyclists, and screamed with joy,
who blew and were blown by those human seraphim, the sailors, caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love,
who balled in the morning in the evenings in rosegardens and the grass of public parks and cemeteries scattering their semen freely to whomever come who may,
who hiccupped endlessly trying to giggle but wound up with a sob behind a partition in a Turkish Bath when the blond & naked angel came to pierce them with a sword,
who lost their loveboys to the three old shrews of fate the one eyed shrew of the heterosexual dollar the one eyed shrew that winks out of the womb and the one eyed shrew that does nothing but sit on her ass and snip the intellectual golden threads of the craftsman's loom,
who copulated ecstatic and insatiate with a bottle of beer a sweetheart a package of cigarettes a candle and fell off the bed, and continued along the floor and down the hall and ended fainting on the wall with a vision of ultimate cunt and come eluding the last gyzym of consciousness,
who sweetened the snatches of a million girls trembling in the sunset, and were red eyed in the morning but prepared to sweeten the snatch of the sunrise, flashing buttocks under barns and naked in the lake,
who went out whoring through Colorado in myriad stolen night-cars, N.C., secret hero of these poems, cocksman and Adonis of Denver—joy to the memory of his

innumerable lays of girls in empty lots & diner backyards, moviehouses' rickety rows, on mountaintops in caves or with gaunt waitresses in familiar roadside lonely petticoat upliftings & especially secret gas-station solipsisms of johns, & hometown alleys too,
who faded out in vast sordid movies, were shifted in dreams, woke on a sudden Manhattan, and picked themselves up out of basements hung-over with heartless Tokay and horrors of Third Avenue iron dreams & stumbled to unemployment offices,
who walked all night with their shoes full of blood on the snowbank docks waiting for a door in the East River to open to a room full of steam-heat and opium,
who created great suicidal dramas on the apartment cliff-banks of the Hudson under the wartime blue floodlight of the moon & their heads shall be crowned with laurel in oblivion,
who ate the lamb stew of the imagination or digested the crab at the muddy bottom of the rivers of Bowery,
who wept at the romance of the streets with their pushcarts full of onions and bad music,
who sat in boxes breathing in the darkness under the bridge, and rose up to build harpsichords in their lofts,
who coughed on the sixth floor of Harlem crowned with flame under the tubercular sky surrounded by orange crates of theology,
who scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish,
who cooked rotten animals lung heart feet tail borsht & tortillas dreaming of the pure vegetable kingdom,
who plunged themselves under meat trucks looking for an egg,
who threw their watches off the roof to cast their ballot for Eternity outside of Time, & alarm clocks fell on their heads every day for the next decade,

who cut their wrists three times successively unsuccessfully, gave up and were forced to open antique stores where they thought they were growing old and cried,
who were burned alive in their innocent flannel suits on Madison Avenue amid blasts of leaden verse & the tanked-up clatter of the iron regiments of fashion & the nitroglycerine shrieks of the fairies of advertising & the mustard gas of sinister intelligent editors, or were run down by the drunken taxicabs of Absolute Reality,
who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actually happened and walked away unknown and forgotten into the ghostly daze of Chinatown soup alleyways & firetrucks, not even one free beer,
who sang out of their windows in despair, fell out of the subway window, jumped in the filthy Passaic, leaped on negroes, cried all over the street, danced on broken wineglasses barefoot smashed phonograph records of nostalgic European 1930s German jazz finished the whiskey and threw up groaning into the bloody toilet, moans in their ears and the blast of colossal steamwhistles,
who barreled down the highways of the past journeying to each other's hotrod-Golgotha jail-solitude watch or Birmingham jazz incarnation,
who drove crosscountry seventytwo hours to find out if I had a vision or you had a vision or he had a vision to find out Eternity,
who journeyed to Denver, who died in Denver, who came back to Denver & waited in vain, who watched over Denver & brooded & loned in Denver and finally went away to find out the Time, & now Denver is lonesome for her heroes,
who fell on their knees in hopeless cathedrals praying for each other's salvation and light and breasts, until the soul illuminated its hair for a second,

who crashed through their minds in jail waiting for impossible criminals with golden heads and the charm of reality in their hearts who sang sweet blues to Alcatraz,
who retired to Mexico to cultivate a habit, or Rocky Mount to tender Buddha or Tangiers to boys or Southern Pacific to the black locomotive or Harvard to Narcissus to Woodlawn to the daisychain or grave,
who demanded sanity trials accusing the radio of hypnotism & were left with their insanity & their hands & a hung jury,
who threw potato salad at CCNY lecturers on Dadaism and subsequently presented themselves on the granite steps of the madhouse with shaven heads and harlequin speech of suicide, demanding instantaneous lobotomy,
and who were given instead the concrete void of insulin Metrazol electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy occupational therapy pingpong & amnesia,
who in humorless protest overturned only one symbolic pingpong table, resting briefly in catatonia,
returning years later truly bald except for a wig of blood, and tears and fingers, to the visible madman doom of the wards of the madtowns of the East,
Pilgrim State's Rockland's and Greystone's foetid halls, bickering with the echoes of the soul, rocking and rolling in the midnight solitude-bench dolmen-realms of love, dream of life a nightmare, bodies turned to stone as heavy as the moon,
with mother finally ******, and the last fantastic book flung out of the tenement window, and the last door closed at 4 A.M. and the last telephone slammed at the wall in reply and the last furnished room emptied down to the last piece of mental furniture, a yellow paper rose twisted on a wire hanger in the closet, and even that imaginary, nothing but a hopeful little bit of hallucination–

ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time–
and who therefore ran through the icy streets obsessed with a sudden flash of the alchemy of the use of the ellipsis catalogue a variable measure and the vibrating plane,
who dreamt and made incarnate gaps in Time & Space through images juxtaposed, and trapped the archangel of the soul between 2 visual images and joined the elemental verbs and set the noun and dash of consciousness together jumping with sensation of Pater Omnipotens Aeterna Deus
to recreate the syntax and measure of poor human prose and stand before you speechless and intelligent and shaking with shame, rejected yet confessing out the soul to conform to the rhythm of thought in his naked and endless head,
the madman bum and angel beat in Time, unknown, yet putting down here what might be left to say in time come after death,
and rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz in the goldhorn shadow of the band and blew the suffering of America's naked mind for love into an eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone cry that shivered the cities down to the last radio
with the absolute heart of the poem of life butchered out of their own bodies good to eat a thousand years.

[...]

Footnote to Howl

Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!
The world is holy! The soul is holy! The skin is holy! The nose is holy! The tongue and cock and hand and asshole holy!
Everything is holy! everybody's holy! everywhere is holy! everyday is in eternity! Everyman's an angel!
The bum's as holy as the seraphim! the madman is holy as you my soul are holy!
The typewriter is holy the poem is holy the voice is holy the hearers are holy the ecstasy is holy!
Holy Peter holy Allen holy Solomon holy Lucien holy Kerouac holy Huncke holy Burroughs holy Cassady holy the unknown buggered and suffering beggars holy the hideous human angels!
Holy my mother in the insane asylum! Holy the cocks of the grandfathers of Kansas!
Holy the groaning saxophone! Holy the bop apocalypse! Holy the jazzbands marijuana hipsters peace peyote pipes & drums!
Holy the solitudes of skyscrapers and pavements! Holy the cafeterias filled with the millions! Holy the mysterious rivers of tears under the streets!
Holy the lone juggernaut! Holy the vast lamb of the middleclass! Holy the crazy shepherds of rebellion! Who digs Los Angeles IS Los Angeles!
Holy New York Holy San Francisco Holy Peoria & Seattle Holy Paris Holy Tangiers Holy Moscow Holy Istanbul!
Holy time in eternity holy eternity in time holy the clocks in space holy the fourth dimension holy the fifth International holy the Angel in Moloch!

Holy the sea holy the desert holy the railroad holy the locomotive holy the visions holy the hallucinations holy the miracles holy the eyeball holy the abyss!
Holy forgiveness! mercy! charity! faith! Holy! Ours! bodies! suffering! magnanimity!
Holy the supernatural extra brilliant intelligent kindness of the soul!

GLOSSARY

It depends on whoever enters
Whether I am tomb or treasure
That I speak or stay quiet
It is up to you solely
Friend do not enter without desire.

PAUL VALÉRY, INSCRIPTION AT THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT, PASSY AISLE, TOWARDS THE EIFFEL TOWER (1937)

AFFECT, AFFECTION A

Neither word denotes a personal feeling (*sentiment* in Deleuze and Guattari). *L'affect* (Spinoza's *affectus*) is an ability to affect and be affected. It is a pre-personal intensity corresponding to the passage from one experiential state of the body to another and implying an augmentation or diminution in that body's capacity to act. *L'affection* (Spinoza's *affectio*) is each such state considered as an encounter between the affected body and a second–affecting–body (with body taken in its broadest possible sense to include "mental" or ideal bodies).

GILLES DELEUZE & FÉLIX GUATTARI, A THOUSAND PLATEAUS (1987)

ANALOGIES

When Le Corbusier compared the edifice with a machine he saw an analogy where nobody saw one before. When Aalto compared the design of his organically shaped vases with the Finnish landscape, or his design for a theatre in Germany with a tree stump, he did the same; and when Haring designed with anthropomorphic images in mind he again did just that–seeing an analogy where nobody has seen one before. In the course of the twentieth century it has become recognized that analogy in the most general sense plays a far more important role in architectural design than that of simply following functional requirements or solving pure technical problems. All the constructivist designs for instance, have to be seen as a reference to the dynamic world of machines, factories and industrial components to which they are analogous.
[…]

It has been said that scientific discovery consists in seeing analogies where everybody else sees just bare facts. […] The analogy establishes a similarity, or the existence of some similar principles, between two events that are otherwise completely different. Kant considered the analogy as something indispensable to extend knowledge. In employing the method of analogy it should be possible to develop new concepts and to discover new relationships.

OSWALD MATHIAS UNGERS, MORPHOLOGIE, CITY METAPHORS (1982)

AGENT

agent (n.)
1471 in Ripley's *The Comprehend of Alchemy*, perhaps influenced by Old French *agent*, but probably borrowed from latin *agentem* (nominative *agens*), present participle of *agere* 'to do, act, lead, drive.'
The Latin *agere* is cognate with Greek *agein* to lead, Sanskrit *ajati* '(he) drives,' Tocharian *ak-* 'to travel, lead,' and Old Icelandic *aka* 'to travel'–all tracable to the Indo-European base *ag-*, with the meaning "drive."

CHAMBERS DICTIONARY OF ETYMOLOGY (2019)

ARSENAL

1 A collection of weapons and military equipment.
1.1 A place where weapons and military equipment are stored or made.
1.2 An array of resources available for a certain purpose.

OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH, 3RD EDITION (1989)

ASSEMBLAGE

[An assemblage] is a multiplicity which is made up of many heterogeneous terms and which establishes liaisons, relations between them, across ages, sexes and reigns–different natures. Thus, the assemblage's only unity is that of co-functioning: it is a symbiosis, a 'sympathy.' It is never filiations that are important, but alliances, alloys; these are not successions, lines of descent, but contagions, epidemics, the wind. […] An assemblage is never technological; if anything, it is the opposite. Tools always presuppose a machine, and the machine is always social before being technical. There is always a social machine that selects or assigns the technical elements used. A tool remains marginal, or little used, until there exists a social machine or collective assemblage that is capable of taking it into its 'phylum.' […] How can the assemblage be refused the name it deserves, 'desire'? […] it is the set of the affects which are transformed and circulate in an assemblage of symbiosis, defined by the co-functioning of its heterogeneous parts.

First, in an assemblage there are, as it were, two faces, or at least two heads. There are the states of things, states of bodies (bodies interpenetrate, mix together, transmit affects to one another); but also utterances, regimes of utterances: signs are organized in a new way, new formulations appear, a new style for new gestures (the emblems which individualize the knight, the formulas of oaths, the system of 'declarations,' even of love, etc.) Utterances are not part of ideology, there is no ideology: utterances, no less that states of things, are components and cog-wheels in the assemblage.

[…] There is no assemblage without territory, without territoriality and reterritorializations that includes all sorts of artifices. But is there any assemblage without a point of

deterritorialization, without a line of flight that leads it on to new creations, or else towards death?
[…] Desire is revolutionary because it always wants more connections and assemblages.
[…] Desire is always assembled and fabricated, on a plane of immanence or of composition that must itself be constructed at the same time as desire assembles and fabricates. We do not simply mean that desire is historically determined. Historical determination involves a structural instance to play the role of law, or of cause, as a result of which desire is born. But desire is the real agent, merging each time with the variables of an assemblage. It is not lack or privation which leads to desire: one only feels lack in relation to an assemblage from which one is excluded, but one only desires as a result of an assemblage in which one is included (even if this were an association for banditry or revolt).
[…] The minimum real unit is not the word, the idea, the concept or the signifier, but the assemblage. It is always an assemblage that produces utterances. Utterances do not have as their cause a subject that would act as a subject of enunciation, any more than they are related to subjects as subjects of utterance. The utterance is the product of an assemblage – which is always collective, which brings into play within us and outside us populations, multiplicities, territories, becomings, affects, events. The proper name does not designate a subject, but something that happens, at least between two terms which are not subjects, but agents, elements.

GILLES DELEUZE & CLAIRE PARNET, DIALOGUES (1977)

B BEAUTY

Beauty hates ideas. It is self-sufficient. A work of art is beautiful as someone may be beautiful. This beauty I am

talking about… provokes an erection of the soul. You do not argue about an erection… Our time is drying out by dint of chitchat and ideas.

JEAN COCTEAU, POÉSIE CRITIQUE 1 (1959) TRANS. VOLUPTAS

BODY

The surprising thing is the body…
we do not know yet what a body is capable of…

BARUCH SPINOZA, UNKNOWN (CA. 1670)

CADAVRE-EXQUIS C

[…] designed to provide the most paradoxical confrontation possible between the elements of speech.
[…] Because of their primary function as proposed *delineations of personalities*, the *cadavres* tend inevitably to raise anthropomorphism to its highest pitch and to accentuate vividly the continuing relationship uniting the exterior world with the interior world.

ANDRÉ BRETON, THE EXQUISITE CORPSE, ITS EXALTATION (1948)

COLLECTION

One need only study with due exactitude the physiognomy of the homes of great collectors. Then one would have the key to the nineteenth-century interior. Just as in the former case the objects gradually take possession of the residence, so in the latter it is a piece of furniture that would retrieve and assemble the stylistic traces of the centuries. [I 3, 2]

WALTER BENJAMIN, THE ARCADES PROJECT (1927–1940)

COMEDY

We refer to the logic peculiar to the comic character and the comic group, a strange kind of logic, which, in some cases, may include a good deal of absurdity.
Theophile Gautier said that the comic in its extreme form was the logic of the absurd. […] Every comic effect, it is said, implies contradiction in some of its aspects. What makes us laugh is alleged to be the absurd realised in concrete shape, a "palpable absurdity";–or, again, an apparent absurdity, which we swallow for the moment only to rectify it immediately afterwards;–or, better still, something absurd from one point of view though capable of a natural explanation from another, etc. […] Absurdity, when met within the comic, is not absurdity in general. It is an absurdity of a definite kind. It does not create the comic; rather, we might say that the comic infuses into it its own particular essence. It is not a cause, but an effect–an effect of a very special kind, which reflects the special nature of its cause.
[…] Laughter, as we have seen, is incompatible with emotion. If there exists a madness that is laughable, it can only be one compatible with the general health of the mind,–a sane type of madness, one might say. Now, there is a sane state of the mind that resembles madness in every respect, in which we find the same associations of ideas as we do in lunacy, the same peculiar logic as in a fixed idea. This state is that of dreams. So either our analysis is incorrect, or it must be capable of being stated in the following theorem: comic absurdity is of the same nature as that of dreams.
[…] If comic illusion is similar to dream illusion, if the logic of the comic is the logic of dreams, we may expect to discover in the logic of the laughable all the peculiarities of dream logic. […]

[…] We shall first call attention to a certain general relaxation of the rules of reasoning. The reasonings at which we laugh are those we know to be false, but which we might accept as true were we to hear them in a dream. They counterfeit true reasoning just sufficiently to deceive a mind dropping off to sleep. There is still an element of logic in them, if you will, but it is a logic lacking in tension and, for that very reason, affording us relief from intellectual effort.

HENRI BERGSON, LAUGHTER (1900)

DESIRE D

So we were saying a simple thing: desire concerns speeds and slownesses between particles (longitude), affects, intensities and hecceities in degrees of power (latitude). A VAMPIRE–TO SLEEP–DAY–AND–TO WAKE UP –NIGHT. Do you realize how simple a desire is? Sleeping is a desire. Walking is a desire. Listening to music, or making music, or writing, are desires. A spring, a winter, are desires. Old age also is a desire. Even death. Desire never needs interpreting, it is it which experiments.

Then we run up against very exasperating objections. They say to us that we are returning to an old cult of pleasure, to a pleasure principle, or to a notion of the festival (the revolution will be a festival…) […] And above all, it is objected that by releasing desire from lack and law, the only thing we have left to refer to is a state of nature, a desire which would be natural and spontaneous reality. We say quite the opposite: *desire only exists when assembled or machined*. You cannot grasp or conceive of a desire outside a determinate assemblage, on a plane which is not pre-existent but which must itself be constructed. All that is important is that each group or individual

should construct the plane of immanence on which the lead their life and carry on their buisness. Without these conditions you obviously do lack something, but you lack precisely the conditions that make desire possible. […] In retrospect every assemblage expresses and creates a desire by constructing the plane that makes it possible and, by making it possible, brings it about. […] It is in itself an immanent revolutionary process. It is constructivist, not at all spontaneist. Since every assemblage is collective, is itself a collective, it is indeed true that every desire is the affair of the people, or an affair of the masses, a molecular affair.

GILLES DELEUZE & CLAIRE PARNET, DIALOGUES (1977)

DETOURNEMENT

[…] Any elements, no matter where they are taken from, can be used to make new combinations. The discovery of modern poetry regarding the analogical structure of images demonstrates that when two objects are brought together, no matter how far apart their original contexts may be, a relationship is always formed.

GUY DEBORD & GIL VOLMAN, A USER'S GUIDE TO DETOURNEMENT (1956)

DISCOURSE

Of the modes of persuasion furnished by the spoken work there are three kinds. The first kind depends on the personal character of the speaker [ethos]; the second on putting the audience into a certain frame of mind [pathos]; the third on the proof, or apparent proof, provided by the words of the speech itself [logos]. Persuasion is achieved by the speaker's personal character when the speech is so spoken as to make us think him credible.

ARISTOTLE, RHETORIC (4TH C. BC)

EQUIVOCAL E

It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other – it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission, from sire to son, of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher" – an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE USHER (1839)

FATE F

Whenever I've tried to free my life from a set of the circumstances that continuously oppress it, I've been instantly surrounded by other circumstances of the same order, as if the inscrutable web of creation were irrevocably at odds with me. I yank from my neck a hand that was choking me, and I see that my own hand is tied to a noose that fell around my neck when I freed it from the stranger's hand. When I gingerly remove the noose, it's with my own hands that I nearly strangle myself.

FERDANDO PESSOA, THE BOOK OF DISQUIET (1982)

FICTION

History teaches that rise to power and responsibility affects deeply the nature of revolutionary parties. Experience and common sense were perfectly justified in expecting that totalitarianism in power would gradually lose its revolutionary momentum and Utopian character, that the everyday business of government and the possession of real power would moderate the prepower claims of the movements and gradually destroy the fictitious world of their organizations. It seems, after all, to be in the very nature of things, personal or public, that extreme demands and goals are checked by objective conditions; and reality, taken as a whole, is only to a very small extent determined by the inclination toward the fiction of a mass society of atomized individuals.

HANNAH ARENDT, THE ORIGINS OF TOTALITARIANISM (1951)

G GHOST

–A dead king isn't a king.

JEAN COCTEAU, THE INFERNAL MACHINE, ACT 1 (1934)

H HIGH LIFE

Problem: How shall we impart to this sterile pile, this crude, harsh, brutal agglomeration, this stark, staring exclamation of eternal strife, the graciousness of those higher forms of sensibility and culture that rest on the lower and fiercer passions? How shall we proclaim from the dizzy height of this strange, weird, modern housetop the peaceful evangel of sentiment, of beauty, the cult of a higher life?

LOUIS SULLIVAN, THE TALL OFFICE BUILDING ARTISTICALLY CONSIDERED (1896)

HISTORY

History does not repeat itself, but it often rhymes.

MARK TWAIN (ATT.), UNKNOWN

For we know it well: in politics, nothing is more thrilling than the desire to start over, to pick up the torch of ancient struggles as one revives unkept promises. In that case, the past not only enlightens the present, it brightens it with a strong, explosive glimmer, one that, literally, sparks things off. Because time that passed is less an inert sediment than rather a fossil energy, always likely to reactivate itself, and this precipitate that is the accomplishment of the past in the present is called "history."

PATRICK BOUCHERON, L'HISTOIRE EST L'ART DE RAPPELER AUX FEMMES ET AUX HOMMES LEUR CAPACITÉ D'AGIR EN SOCIÉTÉ – TRIBUNE, LE MONDE (20.07.2019) TRANS. VOLUPTAS

HYPER–

word-forming element meaning "over, above, beyond," and often implying "exceedingly, to excess," from Greek *hyper* (prep. and adv.) "over, beyond, overmuch, above measure," from PIE root *uper "over."

ONLINE ETYMOLOGY DICTIONARY (2020)

IMAGE I

I've always said that, in cinema, there were no images. There is always an image *before* and an image *after*. The Present does not exist in cinema. Monday does not exist. It's always Sunday or Tuesday. And Monday is simply the link between the two. And that is the Image. And even the

image does not exist. There is a text by Pierre Reverdy that states: "an image is never strong because it is dreadful or brutal but because the solidarity between the ideas is distant and true." […] Everything is always *in between*. The light is always in between day and night, between light and dark… Everything is *in between*…

JEAN-LUC GODARD, CINÉMA DES CINÉASTES (1982) TRANS. VOLUPTAS

IMAGES AND PERCEPTION

Probably all of us remember the story of the man in the moon which occupied our childhood fantasies, producing all sorts of images of an old man, carrying a bundle on his back, and whose face used to change depending on the clarity of the night. […] Before human intelligence managed to uncover his secret, he was the subject of so many desires and wishes that he became part of our life while existing only in our imagination.

Not only about the moon, but also about the whole firmament the human mind created a vivid fantasy. It probably took a long time to structure the wide starry sky, and to develop a coherent system within a chaotic reality long before science was capable of calculating and measuring the orbits, the gravity, the intensity of speed of light of the stars and to register relevant data. Before that, understanding was based entirely on imaginative concepts. Instead of a set of facts, knowledge referred to a set of constellations derived from perception. The firmament was filled with figures and images, such as the Orion, Castor and Pollux, the Great Bear, and others. Those stars represented a sensuous reality in the human consciousness. Therefore we might conclude: Reality is what our imagination perceives it to be. In a general sense, an image describes a set of facts in such a way that the same visual perception is connected with the conditions as with the image itself.

OSWALD MATHIAS UNGERS, MORPHOLOGIE, CITY METAPHORS (1982)

LABYRINTH L

The worst labyrinth is not that intricate form that can entrap us forever, but as single and precise straight line.

J.L. BORGES, UNKNOWN (XXTH C.)

LEITMOTIF

Proust loved Wagner for the high frequency of the leitmotifs, musical reminiscences that construct a familiar landscape.

MARTHE PEYROUX, MARGUERITE YOURCENAR ET PROUST (1900) TRANS. VOLUPTAS

MAZE M

c. 1300, "delusion, bewilderment, confusion of thought," possibly from Old English **mæs*, which is suggested by the compound *amasod* "amazed" and verb *amasian* "to confound, confuse" (compare amaze). Of uncertain origin; perhaps related to Norwegian dialectal *mas* "exhausting labor," Swedish *masa* "to be slow or sluggish."
Meaning "labyrinth, baffling network of paths or passages" is recorded from late 14c. (on the notion of something intended to confuse or mislead"). Also as a verb in Middle English, "to stupefy, daze" (early 14c.).

ONLINE ETYMOLOGY DICTIONARY (2020)

METAPHORS

In everyday language we are constantly using metaphorical expressions without paying any attention to them. For instance, we talk about the foot of the mountain, the leg of the chair, the heart of the city, the mouth of the river, the long arm of the law, the head of the family and a body of knowledge. We use many words that are vivid metaphors although they exist as common expressions of mataphorical character such as: straight from the horse's mouth, the tooth of time, or the tide of events, a forest of masts, the jungle of the city.

Metaphors are transformations of an actual event into a figurative expression, evoking images by substituting an abstract notion for something more descriptive and illustrative. It usually is an implicit comparison between two entities which are not alike but can be compared in an imaginative way. The comparison is mostly done through a creative leap that ties different objects together, producing a new entity in which the characteristics of both take pars. Designers use the metaphor as an instrument of thought that serves the function of clarity and vividness antedating or bypassing logical processes. "A metaphor is an intuitive perception of similarities in dissimilars," as Aristotle defined it.

OSWALD MATHIAS UNGERS, MORPHOLOGIE, CITY METAPHORS (1982)

MILIEU

In French, *milieu* means 'surroundings,' 'medium' (as in chemistry), and 'middle.' […] 'milieu' should be read as a technical term combining all three meanings.

GILLES DELEUZE & FÉLIX GUATTARI, A THOUSAND PLEATEAUS (1987)

MODELS

A model is commonly understood as somebody who poses as a prototype representing an ideal form. […] Generally a model is a theoretical complexity in itself which either brings a visual form or a conceptual order into the components of complex situations. In such a model the external form is the expression of an internal structure. […] To make a model means to find coherence in a given relationship of certain combinations and fixed dispositions. This is usually done with two types of models, visual models and thinking models. They serve as conceptual devices to structure our experiences and turn them into functions or make them intentional. By means of these two models we formulate an objective structure that turns facts into something more certain and therefore more real. It is nothing else than a formal principle which makes it possible to visualize the complexity of appearances in a more ordered way, and which in reverse is a creative approach to structured reality along the knowledge of a model. Not the least the model is an intellectual structure setting targets for our creative activities, just like the design of models-buildings, model-cities, model-communities, and other model conditions supposedly are setting directions for subsequent actions.

OSWALD MATHIAS UNGERS, MORPHOLOGIE, CITY METAPHORS (1982)

MONTAGE

If direction is a look, montage is a heartbeat. To foresee is the characteristic of both: but what one seeks to foresee in space, the other seeks in time. Suppose you notice a young girl in the street who attracts you. You hesitate to follow her.

A quarter of a second. How to convey this hesitation? *Mise en scène* will answer the question "How shall I approach her?" But in order to render explicit the other question, "Am I going to love her?", you are forced to bestow importance on the quarter of a second during which the two questions are born. It may be, therefore, that it will be for the montage rather than the *mise en scène* to express both exactly and clearly the life of an idea or its sudden emergence in the course of a story. When? Without playing on words, each time the situation requires it, each time within a shot when a shock effect demands to take the place of an arabesque, each time between one scene and another when the inner continuity of the film enjoins with a change of shot the superimposition of the description of a character on that of the plot. This example shows that talking of *mise en scène* automatically implies montage. When montage effects surpass those of *mise en scène* in efficacity, the beauty of the latter is doubled, the unforeseen unveiling secrets by its charm in an operation analogous to using unknown quantities in mathematics. Anyone who yields to the temptation of montage yields also to the temptation of the brief shot. How? By making the look a key piece in his game. Cutting of a look is almost the definition of montage, its supreme ambition as well as its submission to *mise en scène*. It is, in effect, to bring out the soul under the spirit, the passion behind the intrigue, to make the heart prevail over the intelligence by destroying the notion of space in favor of that of time.

J.-L. GODARD, MONTAGE MY FINE CARE, IN: GODARD ON GODARD (1986)

MORPHOLOGY

There are three basic levels of comprehending physical phenomena: first, the exploration of pure physical facts; second the psychological impact on our inner-self; and third, the imaginative discovery and reconstruction of phenomena in order to conceptualize them. If, for instance, designing is understood purely technically, then it results in pragmatic functionalism or in mathematical formulas. If designing is exclusively an expression of psychological experiences, then only emotional values matter, and it turns into a religious substitute. If, however, the physical reality is understood and conceptualized as an analogy to our imagination of that reality, then we pursue a morphological design concept, turning it into phenomena which, like all real concepts, can be expanded or condensed; they can be seen as polarities contradicting or complementing each other, existing as pure concepts in themselves like a piece of art. Therefore we might say, if we look at physical phenomena in a morphological sense, like Gestalten in their metamorphosis, we can manage to develop our knowledge without machine or apparatus. This imaginative process of thinking applies to all human activities though the approaches might be different in various fields. But it is always a fundamental process of conceptualizing an unrelated, diverse reality through the use of images, metaphors, analogies, models, signs, symbols and allegories.

OSWALD MATHIAS UNGERS, MORPHOLOGIE, CITY METAPHORS (1982)

MUSIC

Music expresses the spiritual, it inspires. When I am blind, music is my little Antigone, it helps to see the unbelievable. […] I've always wished […] for music to take over whenever it is no longer necessary to see the image, for it to express something else. What interests me, is to see the music, to try to see what one hears and to hear what one sees.

JEAN-LUC GODARD, IN: J.-L. DOUIN, JEAN-LUC GODARD (1994)

N NARRATIVE

narrative (n.)
1 a spoken or written account of connected events; a story: *a gripping narrative*. 2 the narrated part of a literary work, as distinct from dialogue. 3 the practice or art of telling stories: traditions of oral narrative: *traditions of oral narratives*. 4 the representation in art of an event of story.

OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH, 3RD EDITION (1989)
MERRIAM WEBSTER ENGLISH DICTIONARY (2019)

narration (n.)
act of narrating. Probably before 1425 *narracioun* 'act of telling a story or recounting in order the particulars of some action, occurrence, or affair," also "that which is narrated or recounted, a story, an account of events', in Trevisa's translation of Higden's *Polychronicon*; borrowed from Old French *narration* 'account, statement, a relating, recounting, narrating, narrative tale', and directly from Latin *narration* (nominative *narratio*), 'a relating, narrative,' from *narrare* 'relate, recount, explain,' from a possible pre-Latin word **gnarare*, related to Old Latin *gnarus* 'knowing, skilled' literally 'to make acquainted with,' (also found in IGNORE); further related to *gnoscere*, *noscere* 'TO KNOW.'

CHAMBERS DICTIONARY OF ETYMOLOGY (2019)

NECESSITY

Man was created out of desire, not out of necessity.

GASTON BACHELARD, LA PSYCHANALYSE DU FEU (1949) TRANS. VOLUPTAS

PAIN & PLEASURE P

I. Nature has placed mankind under the governance of two sovereign masters, pain and pleasure. It is for them alone to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we shall do. On the one hand the standard of right and wrong, on the other the chain of causes and effects, are fastened to their throne. They govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think: every effort we can make to throw off our subjection, will serve but to demonstrate and confirm it. In words a man may pretend to abjure their empire: but in reality he will remain subject to it all the while. The principle of utility recognizes this subjection, and assumes it for the foundation of that system, the object of which is to rear the fabric of felicity by the hands of reason and of law. Systems which attempt to question it, deal in sounds instead of sense, in caprice instead of reason, in darkness instead of light.

JEREMY BENTHAM, THE PRINCIPLES OF MORAL AND LEGISLATION (1789)

PERCEPT, AFFECT & CONCEPT

Style in philosophy tends towards these three poles, the concept or new ways of thinking, the percept or new ways of seeing and hearing, the affect of new ways of experiencing. It is the philosophical trinity, philosophy as opera: all three are required to build a movement.

GILLES DELEUZE, POURPARLERS (1972–1990)

[…] – the thing or the work of art – is a bloc of sensations, that is to say, a compound of percepts and affects.

Percepts are no longer perceptions; they are independent of a state of those who experience them. Affects are no longer feelings or affections; they go beyond the strength of those who undergo them. Sensations,

percepts, and affects are beings whose validity lies in themselves and exceeds any lived. They could be said to exist in the absence of man because man, as he is caught in stone, on the canvas, or by words, is himself a compound of percepts and affects. The work of art is a being of sensation and nothing else: it exists in itself.

Harmonies are affects. Consonance and dissonance, harmonies of tone or color, are affects of music or painting.

[…] The artist creates blocs of percepts and affects, but the only law of creation is that the compound must stand up on its own. The artist's greatest difficulty is to make it *stand up on its own*. Sometimes this requires what is, from the viewpoint of an implicit model, from the viewpoint of livid perceptions and affections, great geometrical improbability, physical imperfection, and organic abnormality. But these sublime errors accede to the necessity of art if they are internal means of standing up (or sitting or lying).

[…] The three thoughts intersect and intertwine but without synthesis or identification. With its concepts, philosophy brings forth events. Art erects monuments with its sensations. Science constructs states of affairs with its functions. A rich tissue of correspondences can be established between the planes. But the network has its culminating points, where sensation itself becomes sensation of concept or function, where the concept becomes concept of function or of sensation, and where the function becomes function of sensation or concept. And non of these elements can appear without the other being still to come, still indeterminate or unknown. Each created element on a plane calls on other heterogeneous elements, which are still to be created on other planes: thought as heterogenesis.

GILLES DELEUZE & FÉLIX GUATTARI, WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY? (1968)

PROJECT

project (n./v.)
1 an individual or collective enterprise that is carefully planned to achieve a particular aim.
2 extend outwards beyond something else; protrude.
3 throw or cause to move forward or outward; cause (light, shadow, an image) to fall on a surface; cause (a sound) to be heard at a distance; imagine (oneself, a situation, etc.) as having moved to a different place or time.

ORIGIN: late Middle English (in the sense 'preliminary design, tabulated statement'): from Latin *projectum* 'something prominent,' neuter past participle of *proicere* 'thrown forth,' from *pro-* 'forth' + *jacere* 'to throw.'

OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH, 3RD EDITION (1989)

PROJECTILE

Projectiles – the inert membranes of fortresses and bunkers, the 'metabolic bodies' of soldiers, and transport bodies of naval vessels.

PAUL VIRILIO, SPEED AND POLITICS (1977)

PROPERTY

I contend that neither labor, nor occupation, nor law, can create property; that it is an effect without a cause: am I censurable?

PIERRE-JOSEPH PROUDHON, WHAT IS PROPERTY? (1840)

R REFERENCE

refer (v.)
About 1830 *referren* 'trace back, assign, or attribute (something) to a person or thing'; borrowed from Old French *referer*, or directly from Latin *referre* (*re-* 'back' + *ferre* 'take, carry, bear').

reference (n.)
act of referring or fact of being referred; formed from English *refer* + *-ent*. The meaning of a direction to a book, passage, etc., where certain information may be found, is first recorded in 1612.

CHAMBERS DICTIONARY OF ETYMOLOGY (2019)

reference (n.)
1 the act of referring or consulting 2 a bearing on a matter: RELATION 3 something that refers: such as, a: ALLUSION, MENTION b: Something (such as a sign or indication) that refers a reader or consulter to another source of information (such as a book or passage) c: Consultation of sources of information 4 One referred to or consulted: such as, a: a person to whom inquires as to character or ability can be made b: a statement of the qualifications of a person seeking employment or appointment given by someone familiar with the person c: i. a source of information (such as a book or passage) to which a reader or consulter is referred ii. a work (such as a dictionary or encyclopedia) containing useful facts or information d: DENOTATION, MEANING

MERRIAM WEBSTER ENGLISH DICTIONARY (2019)

REPERTOIRE

repertoire (n.)
the list of plays, ballets, operas, parts, pieces, etc., that a company, actor, musician, or singer is prepared to perform. 1847, borrowing of French *répertoire*, learned borrowing from Late Latin *repertorium* 'inventory.'

CHAMBERS DICTIONARY OF ETYMOLOGY (2019)

repertory (n.)
1 a: a list or supply of dramas, operas, pieces, or parts that a company or person is prepared to perform b: a supply of skills, devices, or expedients c: a list or supply of capabilities 2 a: the complete list or supply of dramas, operas, or musical works available for performance b: the complete list or supply of skills, devices, or ingredients used in a particular field, occupation, or practice.

OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH, 3RD EDITION (2019)

RISK

THE FUN THING ABOUT GAMES is RISK.

GEORGES PEREC, UNKNOWN (XXTH C)

IN: KIMBERLY BOHMAN-KALAJA, READING GAMES: AN AESTHETICS OF PLAY IN FLANN O'BRIEN, SAMUEL BECKETT & GEORGES PEREC, PARABLES OF PERECQUIAN PLAY: A USER'S GUIDE (2007)

SCENARIO S

In the beginning, there was no scenario. The scenario was invented by the accountants who needed to know what Mack Sennett had been filming during the day. He filled a sheet of paper: a pair of socks, a car, three cops, a girl in

a bathing suit… And then they added verbs and adjectives: "a girl in a bathing suit loves a cop who owns three cars…" And it was called "scenario"! But it is the money that made the scenario!

JEAN-LUC GODARD, CINÉMA DES CINÉASTES (1982) TRANS. VOLUPTAS

SIGN

[…] The sign is usually said to be put in the place of the thing itself, the present thing, 'thing' here standing equally for meaning or referent. The sign represents the present in its absence. It takes the place of the present. When we cannot grasp or show the thing, state the present, the being 'present' when the present cannot be presented, we signify, we go through the detour of the sign. We give or take signs. We signal. The sign, in this sense, is deferred presence. Whether we are concerned with the verbal or the written sign, with monetary sign, or with electoral delegation and political representation, the circulation of signs defers the moment in which we can encounter the thing itself, make it ours, consume or expend it, touch it, see it, intuit its presence. What I am describing here in order to define it is the classically determined structure of the sign in all the banality of its characteristics – signification as the *différence* of temporization. And this structure presupposes that the sign, which defers presence, is conceivable only on the basis of the presence that it defers and moving toward the deferred presence that it aims to reappropriate. According to this classical semiology, the substitution of the sign for the thing itself is both secondary and provisional: secondary due to an original and lost presence from which the sign thus derives; provisional as concerns this final and missing presence toward which the sign in this sense is a movement of mediation.

JACQUES DERRIDA, MARGINS OF PHILOSOPHY (1982)

SIGNS, SYMBOLS AND ALLEGORIES

[…] Almost all our communication is based on signs, symbols and allegories which structure most aspects of our daily routine but also are most often carriers of religious and metaphysical systems. […]

While signs point to something that they represent, as words are artificial signs for ideas and thoughts, symbols are a penetration of mind and image characterized by misery, depth, and inexhaustible interpretation.

[…] The method of allegory is represented in art whenever it emphasizes thematic content and ideas rather than events and facts. The abiding impression left by the allegorical mode is one if indirect, ambiguous and sometimes even emblematic symbolism that inevitably calls for interpretation.

[…] What all that means – thinking and designing in images, metaphors, models, analogies, symbols and allegories – is nothing more than a transition from purely pragmatic approaches to a more creative mode of thinking. It means a process of thinking in qualitative values rather than quantitative data, a process that is based on synthesis alternate as breathing in and breathing out, as Goethe put it. It is meant to be a transition in the process of thinking from a metrical space to the visionary space of coherent systems, from the concepts of homology to the concepts of morphology.

OSWALD MATHIAS UNGERS, MORPHOLOGIE, CITY METAPHORS (1982)

SITUATION

First, we believe that the world must be changed. We desire the most liberatory possible change of the society and the life in which we find ourselves confined. We know that such change is possible by means of pertinent actions.

[…] Our central idea is the construction of situations, that is to say, the concrete construction of momentary ambiences of life and their transformation into a superior passional quality. We must develop a systematic intervention based on the complex factors of two components in perpetual interaction: the material environment of life and the behaviours which that environment gives rise to and which radically transform it.

GUY DEBORD, REPORT ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF SITUATIONS (1957)

SOCIAL CONTRACT

Then I imagine a society where all, seeing the law as their work, would love it and would submit to it without difficulty; where since the authority of the government is respected as necessary and not as divine, the love that is felt for the head of State would be not a passion, but a reasoned and calm sentiment. Since each person has rights and is assured of preserving his rights, a manly confidence and a kind of reciprocal condescension, as far from pride as from servility, would be established among all classes.

Instructed in their true interests, the people would understand that, in order to take advantage of the good things of society, you must submit to its burdens. The free association of citizens would then be able to replace the individual power of the nobles, and the State would be sheltered from tyranny and from license.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA (1835)

SPECULATION

Let us examine this point, and say, "God is, or God is not." But to which side shall we incline? Reason can decide nothing here. […] Let us weigh the gain and the loss in wagering that God is. Let us estimate these two chances. If you gain, you gain all; if you lose, you lose nothing. Wager then, without hesitation that He is.

[…] For it is no use to say it is uncertain if we will gain, and it is certain that we risk, and that the infinite distance between the certainty of what is staked and the uncertainty of what will be gained, equals the finite good which is certainly staked against the uncertain infinite.

[…] There is not an infinite distance between the certainty staked and the uncertainty of the gain; that is untrue. In truth there is an infinity between the certainty of gain and the certainty of loss. But the uncertainty of the gain is proportioned to the certainty of the stake according to the proportion of the chances of gain and loss.

[…] And so our proposition is of infinite force, when there is the finite to stake in a game where there are equal risks of gain and of loss, and the infinite to gain.

BLAISE PASCAL, LES PENSÉES, VII (1669)

STORY

Sometimes reality is too complex. Stories give it form.

JEAN-LUC GODARD, UNKNOWN TRANS. VOLUPTAS

SUBLIME

Whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain, and danger, that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion, because I am satisfied the ideas of pain are much more powerful than those of pleasure. Without all doubt, the torments which we may be made to suffer, are much greater in their effect on the body and mid, than any pleasures which the most learned voluptary could suggest, or than the liveliest imagination, and the most sound and exquisitely sensible body could enjoy. […] When danger or pain press too nearly, they are incapable of giving any delight, and are simply terrible; but at certain distances, and with certain modifications, they may be, and they are delightful, as we everyday experience.

EDMUND BURKE, A PHILOSOPHICAL ENQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF OUR IDEAS OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL (1757)

SUMPTUARY (LAW)

sumptuary (adj.)
"pertaining to expense," c. 1600, from Latin *sumptuarius* "relating to expenses," from *sumptus* "expense, cost," past participle of *sumere* "to borrow, buy, spend, eat, drink, consume, employ, take, take up," contraction of **sub-emere*, from *sub* "under" (see sub-) + *emere* "to take, buy" (from PIE root **em-* "to take, distribute").

sumptuous (adj.)
late 15c., from Old French *sumptueux* or directly from Latin *sumptuosus* "costly, very expensive; lavish, wasteful," from *sumptus* (cf. sumptuary)

ONILNE ETYMOLOGY DICTIONARY (2020)

sumptuary (LAW)
1. a law regulating personal habits that offend the moral or religious beliefs of the community.
2. a law regulating personal expenditures designed to restrain extravagance, esp. in food and dress.

RANDOM HOUSE UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH (2020)

SUPER–

word-forming element meaning "above, over, beyond," from Latin *super* (adverb and preposition) "above, over, on the top (of), beyond, besides, in addition to," from *(s)uper-, variant form of PIE root *uper "over." In English words from Old French, it appears as *sur-*. The primary sense seems to have shifted over time from usually meaning "beyond" to usually meaning "very much," which can be contradictory. E.g. supersexual, which is attested from 1895 as "transcending sexuality," from 1968 as "very sexual."

ONILNE ETYMOLOGY DICTIONARY (2020)

TERRITORY T

[…] The territory is in fact an act that affects milieus and rhythms, that 'territorializes' them. The territory is the product of a territorialization of milieus and rhythms. It amounts to the same thing to ask when milieus and rhythms become territorialized, and what the difference is between a non-territorial animal and a territorial animal.

A territory borrows from all the milieus; it bites into them, seizes them bodily (although it remains vulnerable to intrusions). It is built from aspects or portions of milieus. It itself has an exterior milieu, an interior milieu, an intermediary milieu, and an annexed milieu. It has the interior zone of a residence or shelter, the exterior zone of its domain, more or less retractable limits or membranes, intermediary or even neutralized zones, and energy reserves or annexes. It is by essence marked by 'indexes', which may be components taken from any of the milieus: materials, organic products, skin or membrane states, energy sources, action-perception condensates. There is a territory precisely when milieu components cease to be directional, becoming dimensional instead, when they cease to be functional to become expressive. There is a territory when the rhythm has expressiveness. What defines the territory is the emergence of matters of expression (qualities).
[…] The territory is first of all the critical distance between two beings of the same species: Mark your distance. What is mine is first of all my distance; I possess only distances. Don't anybody touch me, I growl if anyone enters my territory, I put up placards. Critical distance is a relation based on matters of perception. It is a question of keeping at a distance the forces of chaos knocking at the door.

GILLES DELEUZE & FÉLIX GUATTARI, A THOUSAND PLATEAUS (1987)

TIME

Time must be brought into light–and genuinely conceived –as the horizon for all understanding of Being and for any way of interpreting it. In order for us to discern this, time

needs to be *explicated primordially as the horizon for the understanding of Being, and in terms of temporality as the Being of Dasein, which understands Being.*

MARTIN HEIDEGGER, BEING AND TIME (1927/1962)

Indeed, nothing dies, everything exists always; no force can extinguish what once was. Every action, every word, every form, every thought fallen into the universal ocean of things sets circles off, that ripple out into eternity. Material figuration disappears only for vulgar eyes, and the phantoms that detach themselves inhabit the infinity. Paris continues to kidnap Helen in some unknown region in space.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER, ARRIA MARCELLA (1852) TRANS. VOLUPTAS

TOPOGRAPHICAL (CITY)

To construct the city topographically–tenfold and a hundred fold–from out of its arcades and its gateways, its cemeteries and bordellos, its railroad stations and its…, just as formerly it was defined by its churches and its markets. And the more secret, more deeply embedded figures of the city: murders and rebellions, the bloody knots in the network of the streets, lairs of love, and conflagrations. [C 1, 8]

WALTER BENJAMIN, THE ARCADES PROJECT (1927-1940)

TOPOLOGY

Topology is a branch of geometry which studies the qualitative rather than the quantitative properties of space. Topology investigates the kind of spatial continuity and

reversibility that we find in a Möbius strip or a Klein bottle, recording the interchangeability of one surface with another. Bruce Morrissette, in applying topology to Robbe-Grillet's works, defines it as one of the "primary intellectual operations capable of revealing the modalities of surfaces, volumes, boundaries, contiguities, holes, and above all of the notions of inside and outside." Vicki Mistacco gives topology an additional metaphorical dimension in which the "production" of contemporary texts depends on the continuity and contiguity of both reader and writer. Topology, therefore, may refer to the spaces within a text as well as to the implied spatial relationship between the intrinsic text and the extrinsic reader–relationships which have ontological and perceptual implications.

Within the text, topology can signify the topography of a room, a house, a city, or a place. It elucidates structural relationships and configurations which may be stretched, twisted, and distorted. "In topology [says Robbe-Grillet] there are volumes whose inside is outside. There are surfaces where one side is on the other… in *Project pour une révolution*… the house, the street, and the keyhole… function as topological spaces. At times one has the impression that the whole house empties itself and that it passes entirely through the keyhole, that the whole inside of the house becomes the outside."

Topology is therefore more than a branch of geometry, or geography, or medicine. It deals with art, language, and perception. It is a dialectical space in which ontology and topography meet. Following Derrida's dictum that "We have to unite or reconcile the two presentations (Darstellung) of the inside and the outside," […] Robbe-Grillet's fiction, like Magritte's painting, communicates the duality and simultaneity of creative

perception. My eyes are the mediating surface between the outside and the inside, while consciousness itself records the phenomenon in all its complexity […] Art, as a mediating agent, can be viewed as an extension of our sensory organs. And the distortions of our senses, though we may not be aware of them, as Magritte's painting of an eye entitled *The False Mirror* implies, are perhaps as acute as those of Robbe-Grillet's fiction. His rooms empty themselves through keyholes, while the insides of houses become the outside. His topology, his human condition, like Magritte's, is indeed the dialectical space where ontology and topography meet. Doors, windows, and blinds, like the human eye, are the mediating agents between two seemingly opposed and irreconcilable spaces. Robbe-Grillet's art unites them both in one transcendental leap.

BEN STOLTZFUS, ROBBE-GRILLET'S DIALECTICAL TOPOLOGY (1982)

TRAGEDY

ANTIGONE
–Take courage. Thou wilt live. […]

SOPHOCLES, ANTIGONE (441 BC)

A basic issue is the relationship of the Greeks to pain, the degree of their sensitivity. Did this relationship remain constant? Or did it turn itself around? That question whether their constantly strong desire for beauty, feasts, festivities, and new cults arose out of some lack, deprivation, melancholy, or pain. If we assume that this desire for the beautiful and the good might be quite true […] where must that contradictory desire stem from, which appears earlier than the desire for beauty, namely, the desire for the ugly or the good strong willing of the ancient Hellenes for

pessimism, for tragic myth, for pictures of everything fearful, angry, enigmatic, destructive, and fateful as the basis of existence? Where must tragedy come from? Perhaps out of desire, out of power, out of overflowing health, out of overwhelming fullness of life?

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY (1886)

TRAIT

trait has a range of meanings not covered by any single word in English: Literally, it refers to a graphic drawing, and to the act of drawing a line. Abstractly, it is the purely graphic element. Figuratively, it is an identifying mark (a feature, or trait in the English sense), or any act constituting a mark or sign. In linguistics, "distinctive features" (*traits distinctifs* or *traits pertinents*) are the elementary units of language that combine to form a phoneme. *Trait* also refers to a projectile, especially an arrow, and to the act of throwing a projectile.

GILLES DELEUZE & FÉLIX GUATTARI, A THOUSAND PLATEAUS (1987) (NOTES ON THE TRANSLATION AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS)

TYPE

[…] not only will the portrait of a woman by a great artist not seek in the least to give satisfaction to various demands on the woman's part… It will, on the contrary, emphasize those very blemishes which she seeks to hide, and which (as for instance a sickly, almost greenish complexion) are all the more tempting to him since they show "character" […] Fallen now, situated outside her own type in which she sat unassailably enthroned, she is now

just an ordinary woman, in the legend of whose superiority we lost all faith. We are so accustomed to incorporating in this type not only the beauty of an Odette but her personality, her identity, the standing before the portrait that has thus stripped her of it we are inclined to protest not simply "How plain he has made her" but "Why, it isn't the least bit like her!" And yet there is a person there on the canvas whom we are quite conscious of having seen before. But that person is not Odette; the face of the person, her body, her general appearance seems familiar.

They recall to us not this particular woman who never held herself like that, whose natural pose never formed any such strange and teasing arabesque, but other women, all the women whom Eltsir has never painted, women, whom invariably, however they may differ from one another, he has chose to plant thus, in full face, […] a large round hat in one hand, symmetrically corresponding, at the level of the knee which it covers, to that other disc, higher up in the picture, the face.

MARCEL PROUST, À L'OMBRE DES JEUNES FILLES EN FLEUR (1919)

UTILITY U

CYRANO *He raises his sword.*
What say you? It is useless? Ay, I know!
But who fights ever hoping for success?
I fought for lost cause, and for fruitless quest!

E. ROSTAND, CYRANO DE BERGERAC, ACT V.6 (1897) TRANS. VOLUPTAS

V VALUE

Nowadays people know the price of everything, and the value of nothing.

OSCAR WILDE, THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (1891)

It remains true that value, of which money is but the sign, is nothing, absolutely nothing, if not a combination of entirely subjective things, of beliefs and desires, of ideas and volitions, and that the peaks and troughs of values in the stock market, unlike the oscillations of a barometer, could not even remotely be explained without considering their psychological causes: fits of hope or discouragement in the public, propagation of a good or bad sensational story in the minds of speculators. […] It is a quality, such as color, that we attribute to things, but that, like color, exists only within us by way of a perfectly subjective truth. It consists in the harmonization of the collective judgments we make concerning the aptitude of objects to be more or less – and by a greater or lesser number of people – believed, desired or enjoyed. Thus, this quality belongs among those peculiar ones which, appearing suited to show numerous degrees and to go up or down this ladder without changing their essential nature, merit the name "quantity".

BRUNO LATOUR & VINCENT A. LEPINAY, THE SCIENCE OF PASSIONATE INTERESTS (2008)

W WEALTH

But when the time came for the gifts of wealth, he realised that of all the kindness between man and man none came with a more natural grace than the gifts of meat and drink.

XENOPHON, CRYOPEDIA: THE EDUCATION OF CRYUS, BOOK VIII, C.2.2 (370 BC)

But the true travellers are those who go
Only to get away: hearts like balloons
Unballasted, with their own fate aglow,
Who know not why they fly with the monsoons:

Those whose desires are shaped like clouds.
And dream, as raw recruits of shot and shell,
Of mighty raptures in strange, transient crowds
Of which no human soul the name can tell.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, LE VOYAGE (1861)

JEAN ANOUILH, EURIDICE (1941)
ANTIGONE (1946)

HANNAH ARENDT, THE HUMAN CONDITION (1958)

ANTONIN ARTAUD, THEATRE AND ITS DOUBLE (1938)

FRANCIS BACON, OF THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS (1609)

GEORGES BATAILLE, INNER EXPERIENCE (1943)

JEAN BAUDRILLARD & JEAN NOUVEL, LES OBJETS SINGULIERS (2000)

JEAN ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN, HANDBOOK OF GASTRONOMY (1848)

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, NAKED LUNCH (1959) THE ELECTRONIC REVOLUTION (1970)

J. CHEVALIER & A. GHEERBRANT, DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS (1969)

J. CONRAD, HEART OF DARKNESS (1899)

HONORÉ DE BALZAC, TREATISE ON MODERN STIMULANTS (1839)

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER (1821)

GILLES DELEUZE, NIETZSCHE AND PHILOSOPHY (1962) WHAT CHILDREN SAY (1993) BARTELBY; OR, THE FORMULA IN: ESSAYS CRITICAL AND CLINICAL (1997)

GILLES DELEUZE & FÉLIX GUATTARI, ANTI-ŒDIPUS (1972)

JOHN MEADE FALKNER, THE LOST STRADIVARIUS (1895)

MICHEL FOUCAULT, THE ORDER OF DISCOURSE (1970)

SIGMUND FREUD, THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS (1899)

ALLEN GINSBERG, HOWL (1955)

GIULIANA BRUNO, ATLAS OF EMOTION (2002)

HAMMURABI, CODE OF HAMMURABI (1754 BC)

ALBERT HOFMANN, LSD, MY PROBLEM CHILD (1979)

HOMER, THE ODYSSEY (8TH C. BC)

VLADIMIR JANKÉLÉVITCH, MUSIC AND THE INEFFABLE (1961)

J.-L. GODARD, HISTOIRE(S) DU CINÉMA (1998)

CARL GUSTAV JUNG, THE APOLLONIAN AND THE DIONYSIAN IN: VOL.6, PSYCHOLOGICAL TYPES OR THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INDIVIDUATION (1921)

H.P. LOVECRAFT, THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN (1925)

F. NIETZSCHE, THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY FROM THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC (1871) TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS (1889)

J.-J. ROUSSEAU, THE SOCIAL CONTRACT (1762)

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, HYMN OF APOLLO (1824)

SOPHOCLES, ANTIGONE (441 BC)

GEORGE STEINER, ANTIGONES (1984)

PAUL VALÉRY, EUPALINOS OR THE ARCHITECT (1921)

VARIOUS, SWISS FEDERAL CONSTITUTION (3RD REVISION 1999)

G. WASHINGTON & OTHERS, U.S. CONSTITUTION (1787)

RUDOLF WITTKOWER, BORN UNDER SATURN (1963)

BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI, PARTNER (1968)

GEORGE BUTLER & ROBERT FIORE, PUMPING IRON (1977)

JOHN CASSAVETES, A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE (2003)

PARK CHAN-WOOK, OLD BOY (2003)

JEAN COCTEAU, LA BELLE ET LA BÊTE (1946) ORPHÉE (1950)

DAVID CRONENBERG, NAKED LUNCH (1991) CRASH (1996)

CLAIRE DENIS, HIGH LIFE (2019)

WALT DISNEY, FANTASIA (1940)

MARGUERITE DURAS, DÉTRUIRE DIT-ELLE [DESTROY SHE SAID] (1969)

FEDERICO FELLINI, IL VIAGGIO DI G. MASTORNA (1955) FELLINI SATYRICON (1968) BLOCK-NOTES DI UN REGISTA (1969)

TERRY GILLIAM, FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS (1998)

JEAN-LUC GODARD, ALPHAVILLE (1965) PIERROT LE FOU (1965) HISTOIRE(S) DU CINÉMA (1998)

DANIÈLE HUILLET & JEAN-MARIE STRAUB, ANTIGONE (1984)

AKIRA KUROSAWA, THRONE OF BLOOD (1957)

ARIANE LABED, OLLA (2019)

DAVID LYNCH, BLUE VELVET (1986) INLAND EMPIRE (2006)

CHRIS MARKER, LA JETÉE (1962)

BRIAN DE PALMA, DRESSED TO KILL (1980)

PIER PAOLO PASOLINI, EDIPO RE (1967) MEDEA (1969)

PEDRO PINHO, THE NOTHING FACTORY (2017)

ROMAN POLANSKI, MCBETH (1971)

NICHOLAS RAY, BIGGER THAN LIFE (1956)

ALAIN RESNAIS, L'ANNÉE DERNIÈRE À MARIENBAD (1961)

JOSEPH STICKER, MUSCLE BEACH (1948)

QUENTIN TARANTINO, FROM DUSK TILL DAWN (1996) ONCE UPON A TIME IN HOLLYWOOD (2019)

LARS VON TRIER, DOGVILLE (2003)

AGNÈS VARDA, CLOÉ FROM 5 TO 7 (1962)

LUCHINO VISCONTI, GRUPPO DI FAMIGLIA IN UN INTERNO [CONVERSATION PIECE] (1974) LA CADUTA DEGLI DEI [THE DAMNED] (1969) LUDWIG (1973)

ORSON WELLES, OTHELLO (1951)

FRANZ VON STUCK, DIE SUENDE (1883)

ELEGY MADE IN 2018

Lament for an architectural project

Elegy derives from the book *Histoire(s) du cinema*, published by Gallimard in 1998 after the completion of Jean-Luc Godard's eight-part video project (1988–98), which met with controversial critical acclaim. Composed almost entirely of visual, textual and auditory quotes, *Histoire(s) du cinéma* poetically assimilates the course of the twentieth century to the history of the movie industry, merging fiction and documentary in a speculative and intricate allegory.

The following content effects a deliberate selection of sonnets and stages an opportunistic *détournement* of the original: it therefore claims no authorship as all aphoristic sources have been intentionally chosen to serve a reducing purpose in a specific field, namely that of the architectural project. As a result, quotes have been accordingly redistributed in a new purposeful sequence, partly edited or augmented in order to promote a less cryptic content, yet without withholding the poetic motives of the original text.

don’t show
every side of things

allow yourself
a margin of indefiniteness

cities of desires
and people would see
that the world is there
a world still almost without a history
yet a world that tells stories

but instead of uncertainty
in order to establish idea and sensation
the two great stories were
form and function

stories of beauty and performance
architecture is not part of
the communication industry
or entertainment
as a silent margin of life
it is part of cosmetics
a minor branch of the industry of lies

the city
like christianity
is not founded
on historical truth
it supplies us with a story
and says
now believe

don't have faith
in this story
as you do in History
but believe
come what may

all these stories
now mine
how can I tell them
show them perhaps

and norm
was invented
a minor mafia
accountant had
to put some order
in the brainwaves of
architects

l'Esprit Nouveau
Ozenfant
gave the idea to
Le Corbusier
the project fell
under the guillotine
of reason
and never got back up

night
has come
another world rises
purposeless
as if one had suppressed
the perspective
the vanishing point

if an image
separetely looked upon
clearly expresses something
and involves interpretation
if it does not exceed significance
it will not be transformed
on contact with other images
other images
will have no authority over it
neither action
nor reaction
no insight
sight avails

an image
is not strong
because it is brutal
or fantastic
but because
the association of ideas
is distant
distant and just
or simply
if it still
involved a text
but was not about
determining texts
on a word
but an idea
or an intention
or a movement
or a usage
or a relationship

who needs understanding
this is
what I like
in architecture
a saturation of
magnificent signs
bathing
in the light
of their absence
of explanation

one needs a day
to tell
the history of a second
one needs a year
to tell
the history of a minute
one needs a life
to tell
the history of an hour
one needs an eternity
to tell
the history of a day
one can do everything
except the history of
what one is doing

we live
in a system
in which everything
can be done
except the history of
what is being done
everything can be
completed
except the history of
this completion
the product
as only end
the captive process

somewhere else
men fight for a society
in which
they would not be
slave to money
you can't understand
living
not to make money
listening to sirens of our time
I begin to understand
but this obsessiveness

ever think of anything else
of love
no never
if property was
the original sin of capitalism
to have and not to be
reason is the original misdeed
of Western architecture
summer 1989 its redeemer
when I admire a project
I am told
it is nice
but it is not architecture

design dessein
draft dessin
design is now dessin
mystification

equality
and fraternity
between the real
and the fictional

who is out of work
some times has
too many hands
and too few hearts
yes times without heart
but not without work
when an era is sick
and lacks work
for all hands
it addresses us a new exhortation
the exhortation
to work with our hearts
instead of
using our hands
I know no era
that lacked work
for all
its hearts

this is the worry of the people
it is not material
at first
it is a concern
of heart and spirit
born of the defiance of the other
I do not believe in answers
but in the plea of questions
let us consider the time
the places we live in
our precise locations
and their resulting call
and then
let us judge

a world divided in two
those with possibilities
but not knowing what to do
with their freedom
and those who have
undergone revolution
and have freedom of opinion
that is
the right to complain
but without deep-felt passion
where misery is at the door
and all one can do
is wait
ugly winners
magnificent loosers

strangest of all
the living dead of this world
are constructed
on the former world
their reflections
and sensations
are from before

the Incredulity
of Saint Thomas
who needs
to touch
to believe
gazing in the distance
has he lost sight
blasphemy to the miracle
Caravaggio had warned us
we are now left
with incredulous apostles
misery

misery
last argument
ultimate basis of modern community
the backdrop of all our
dramas
thoughts
and actions
and even our utopias
the essential is not
what the despotism
of an opinionated majority
dictates
it is not material necessity
it is a higher truth
at the level of man
and I might add
within man's reach

it is time that thought
becomes
what it truly is
dangerous for the thinker
and able to transform
reality
“Where I create
is where I am true”
wrote Rilke

some think
others act
but man’s true condition
is to think with his hands

I will not denigrate
our tools
but I would like them
to be usable
if it is true
that the threat is not in our tools
but in the cowardice
of our hearts
a thought which abandons itself
to the rythm of its own mechanisms
proletarianizes itself

such a thought
no longer lives
of its own creation
man is formed by others
who are the others
they are the laws
born of
the abandonment of
thought
who is responsible
not the parties
not the classes
not the governments
it is men
one by one

so
the project
you see now
what to say about it
life is the subject
speed
and trajectory
its attributes
if we are broad-minded
then time its territory
life a beginning of life
like Euclid's parallel lines
is a beginning of
geometry
the life itself
one would like to blow out
of proportions
to make it admired
or reduced
to its basic elements
for earth dwellers
the life itself
one would hold prisoner

I am
the fugitive enemy of
our times
the mechanically applied
totalitarianism of
the present
every day more opressive
on a planetary scale
this faceless tyranny
that erases all desires
for the systematic organization of
the unified time of
the moment
this global
abstract
tyranny
which I try
to oppose
from
my fleeting
point of view

TONY OURSLER, THE INFLUENCE MACHINE (2000)

EURYDICE: We are going
to be miserable!
ORPHEUS: How delightful!

JEAN ANOUILH, EURYDICE (1941)