CHAPTER 2

Derrida and literature

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> For I have to remind you, somewhat bluntly and simply, that my most constant interest, coming even before my philosophical interest I should say, if this is possible, has been directed towards literature, towards that writing which is called literature.
> What is literature?
>
> –Jacques Derrida, "The Time of a Thesis, Punctuations"

Literature is everywhere in Jacques Derrida's writing. It is there from one end to the other of his work, even in essays or books that superficially do not seem to involve "literature." If Derek Attridge had not already invented or borrowed the phrase "Acts of Literature" as the title for his fine anthology of Derrida's writings about literature[1] I might have called this chapter "Derrida's Acts of Literature." The phrase "acts of literature" is a double genitive, subjective and objective at once. It names acts performed by literature, and at the same time acts that create or comment on literature. In what sense can literature, or writing about literature, or writing literature, or reading literature be an "act"? That is one of my main questions here.

Derrida, along with all the other things he is (as this volume testifies), is one of the great literary critics of the twentieth century. By saying he is a "literary critic" I mean not just that he has contributed to literary theory from a philosophical perspective but that he has written, or presented in seminars, detailed, persuasive, and brilliantly original readings of literary works by a long list of what are usually considered "major authors" along with some "minor" ones: Mallarmé, Shakespeare, Poe, Melville, Joyce, Celan, Baudelaire, Ponge, Genet, Blanchot (the *récits*, not the criticism), Kafka, Proust, and less known authors like Jos Joliet. What Derrida has written about Mallarmé's "Mimique," Baudelaire's "La fausse monnaie," Joyce's *Ulysses*, Celan's poetry, or Kafka's "Before the Law," looks like literary criticism to me. I think we must take Derrida at his word when he says that literature

has been his "most constant interest," and also believe him when, in another place, he asserts that "deconstruction . . . is a coming-to-terms with literature."[2]

The quickest way to get at Derrida's definition of literature, strangely enough, is by way of his speech act theory. Derrida's speech act theory, as readers of "Signature Event Context" and "Limited Inc a b c . . . " will know, centers on a critique of J. L. Austin and a polemical rebuttal of John Searle's attack on Derrida by way of what the latter calls "iterability." Iterability is the lever Derrida uses to reverse the hierarchy by which Austin (and Searle) expel literature from the domain of "felicitous" speech acts. Austin calls literature, along with speaking in soliloquy and acting on the stage, "parasitical" on normal speech acts. Literature is "non-serious," "infelicitous," "etiolated" (in the sense that white asparagus is kept from turning green by being covered and kept from sunlight). "I must not be writing a poem," says Austin – if I want to utter a felicitous speech act, that is.

For Derrida, however, since iterability is an intrinsic feature of any language or any mark taken as a sign, it cannot be excluded from the analysis of any speech act or sign whatsoever. Iterability is a feature of language or the mark in general, even of utterances that seem to be controlled by being spoken once and once only by an "I" present to itself and others in the correct circumstances, e.g. "I pronounce you man and wife," said by the minister in a correctly performed church wedding that marries this particular couple once and for all (unless they divorce by way of another speech act). Even such utterances are always already internally divided or multiplied (both at once) by their "structure of repeatability." The marriage ceremony would not work as a way of doing things with words if it were not repeatable. The "normal" and "serious" speech act cannot be used to set aside and devalue in advance "non-serious" ones.

Literature is for Derrida the possibility for any utterance, writing, or mark to be iterated in innumerable contexts and to function in the absence of identifiable speaker, context, reference, or hearer. This does not mean that the referential function of language is suspended or annulled in literature. The referential function of language cannot be suspended or annulled. It does mean, however, that a reader, for example, will, most probably, search in vain for a "real life" referent for the "Kate Croy" to whom the first paragraphs of Henry James's *The Wings of the Dove* refer. I say "most probably" because you never know for sure. Nevertheless, the narrator of that novel, as opposed to its author, speaks as if Kate Croy had had a real, verifiable existence outside language or "literature":

"She waited, Kate Croy, for her father to come in, but he kept her unconscionably . . . ." Nothing, it appears, distinguishes this sentence from language that would have been used in a biography of a real Kate Croy, just as nothing would distinguish a fictitious telephone book from a real one, until you tried to dial the numbers in the fictitious one, that is.

What, then, is literature? There is no such thing, for Derrida, if one means an infallible test for determining that you have a genuine piece of literature in hand. Literature is not some essence hidden inside a given text. Any piece of language, oral or written, can be "taken as literature," not in the sense that we can make it function any way we like, but in the sense that the possibility of being taken as literature is intrinsic to it, just as the serious is built on the non-serious, not the other way around. Literature depends on the possibility of detaching language from its firm embeddedness in a social or biographical context and allowing it to play freely as fiction.

Much work in literary study as a university-based institutionalized endeavor has always been an attempt to treat what could be taken as literary works as though they were historical, social, or autobiographical documents, that is, as though they were not literature. This includes these days important aspects, though not all aspects, of so-called cultural studies, the latest version of the way to teach and write about literature that has been dominant throughout all its modern institutionalization since the late nineteenth century. The institution of literary study, including, of course, most journalistic reviewing, is, paradoxically, a vigorous and multifaceted attempt to suppress, efface, cover over, ignore, and forget the properly literary in literature, that is, what is improper about literary language or about any language when it is taken as literature. By "improper" I mean possibly detached from what we ordinarily assume is its proper referential or performative use, its "serious," "non-etiolated" use. Here is Derrida's way of expressing this. The passage is taken from the interview of Derrida by Derek Attridge that opens the latter's admirable anthology of Derrida's writings on literature. The passage must be read carefully in order to distinguish what Derrida says from what so-called deconstruction is often vulgarly said to assert, that is, that everything human is "all language" or "all wanton subjectivity":

> Literature has no pure originality in this regard. A philosophical, or journalistic, or scientific discourse, can be read in a "nontranscendent" fashion. "Transcend" here means going beyond interest for the signifier, the form, the language (note that I do not say "text") in the direction of the meaning or referent (this is Sartre's rather simple but convenient definition of prose). One can do a nontranscendent reading of any text whatever. Moreover, there is no text which is literary *in itself*. Literarity is not a natural essence, an intrinsic property of the text. It is the correlative of an intentional relation to the text, an intentional relation which integrates in itself, as a component or an intentional layer, the more or less implicit consciousness of rules which are conventional or institutional – social, in any case. Of course, this does not mean that literarity is merely projective or subjective – in the sense of the empirical subjectivity or caprice of each reader. The literary character of the text is inscribed on the side of the intentional object, in its noematic structure, one could say, and not only on the subjective side of the noetic act. There are "in" the text features which call for the literary reading and recall the convention, institution, or history of literature. ("An Interview with Jacques Derrida," *AL*, 44)

The odd terminology here ("transcendent," "noematic," "noetic") is borrowed from "phenomenology," more particularly from Edmund Husserl. Several of Derrida's earliest books are devoted to Husserl. He pays homage to Husserl's continued influence on his thinking in the much later "Time of a Thesis," cited hereafter as TT. Rodolphe Gasché is to this degree right to say that Derrida belongs within the phenomenological tradition, but immediately after the passage quoted above Derrida firmly establishes his distance from Husserl. It is just literature or "literarity" that puts phenomenology "in crisis." This means that the Husserlian terminology as Derrida uses it is twisted to new uses that in the end put Husserlial certainties, for example the primacy of consciousness, radically in question: "I believe this phenomenological-type language to be necessary, even if at a certain point it must yield to what, in the situation of writing or reading, and in particular literary writing or reading, puts phenomenology in crisis as well as the very concept of institution or convention (but this would take us too far)" (*AL*, 44–45).

Derrida uses Husserl's language to make several rapid moves. "There is no text which is literary *in itself*," he says. "Literarity is not a natural essence." So much for the idea that literature can be identified and segregated, kept separate, for example in courses that teach "literary works" in "literature departments." Why is this? The answer, first, is that any piece of language whatsoever can be read either as literature or as not literature. This, as I have said, works both ways, both to say that a telephone book can be read as literature and that *Madame Bovary* can be read as sociological or biographical evidence, side by side with memoirs, letters, and newspaper stories. What is the difference between the two ways of reading? The difference, in Derrida's quaint phenomenological terminology, one of the few places Derrida overtly uses Sartre, is between

a transcendent and a non-transcendent reading. A "transcendent" reading goes beyond the text in the direction of what it means or refers to, as we use a telephone book to ring up a friend. This is what Sartre says we use prose for. A non-transcendent reading remains with the form and language, the signs themselves, perhaps even their materiality as marks on the page, though Derrida does not say that here. (Elsewhere, for example in the book on Celan, he does talk in his own way, with Celan's help, about the materiality of inscription.) Such a reading suspends or brackets the "transcendent" reading that any discourse also calls for.

The passage cited from Derrida, however, says more than this. It might be thought from what he has said that making a transcendent or non-transcendent reading is a matter of subjective choice. "It's a free country," as the somewhat ironic United States slang phrase has it. This would seem to match what is often described as Derrida's irresponsible "relativism" or "nihilism." Such characterizations are dead wrong, as Derrida's paragraph scrupulously explains. "Of course," says Derrida, "this does not mean that literarity is merely projective or subjective – in the sense of the empirical subjectivity or caprice of each reader." Why not? Derrida gives two related but by no means identical answers to this question. The first depends on the Hussserlian distinction between noematic and noetic. The prefix, *noe-* is from the Greek *noesis*, "intelligence, understanding," from *noein*, "to perceive," from *nous*, "the mind." *Noetic* means "apprehended by the intellect alone," while *noematic* refers to features in what is to be known that makes them knowable, subject to *noesis*. "Intentional" is a Husserlian term that describes the way the mind reaches out toward things to know them. "Consciousness is always consciousness of some object or other, never a self-enclosed emptiness": this is a basic phenomenological credo. Literarity, the possibility of being taken as literature, is not in the mind but in the text. One can see the fine line Derrida is walking here and see also how much is at stake in getting it right. "The literary character of the text is inscribed on the side of the intentional object, in its noematic structure, one could say, and not only on the subjective side of the noetic act." The "not only" here is the tightrope walking. It means, if I understand it, that the act of making a given piece of discourse literature does involve the mind, as it has internalized conventions and rules, as well as knowable, "noematic," features of the discourse itself.

Derrida, however, says still more than this. Taking a piece of language as literature also involves that complex set of conventions, rules, institutions, and historical features that are both within text and within

the mind of the one who performs the act (a speech act) of taking a given text as literature. This means that the mind of the person who says or implies, "I declare this is literature," is not a private subjectivity, "but a subjectivity which is non-empirical and linked to an intersubjective and transcendental community . . . The essence of literature, if we hold to this word essence, is produced as a set of objective rules in an original history of the 'acts' of inscription and reading" (*AL*, 44, 45). When we take something as literature we do not act as private and sequestered egos. The cultural community to which we belong, with all its rules and institutions, acts through us, or we act in its name and with its authority. Key words here are "produced" and "acts." The essence of literature, if it can be said to have an essence, is not something that descends from on high, from some supernal realm. It is "produced" by occasions of writing and reading that are historically embedded "acts." The history is "original" both in the sense that it is special to our tradition and not legitimately universalizable to "world literature" at every time and place and in the sense that it is originary or originating. It comes into existence or is "produced" by specific historical acts of inscription and reading.

More broadly speaking, just what, for Derrida, are the rules, conventions, and institutions that define the "literary character of the text"? Derrida gives a specific and somewhat surprising answer to that question. Literature as an institution in the West, says Derrida, is linked to democracy and to freedom of speech, the freedom, in principle, though never of course quite in fact, to say or write anything, or to perform any symbolic act. This means that literature, as an institution in the West, has a quite short history. It arose with Western-style democracies, in the late seventeenth century, and would disappear if they disappeared. Literature could disappear, and "civilization" would not necessarily disappear at the same time, assuming you think Singapore, say, which hardly has free speech, is an example of civilization. Here is the way Derrida himself expresses this:

> Literature is a modern invention, inscribed in conventions and institutions which, to hold on to just this trait, secure in principle its *right to say everything*. Literature thus ties its destiny to a certain noncensure, to the space of democratic freedom (freedom of the press, freedom of speech, etc.). No democracy without literature; no literature without democracy . . . The possibility of literature, the legitimization that a society gives it, the allaying of suspicion or terror with regard to it, all that goes together – politically – with the unlimited right

to ask any question, to suspect all dogmatism, to analyze every presupposition, even those of the ethics or the politics of responsibility. (*Passions*, 28)

A key word here is "invention." Literature is not an "essence" but an "invention," something particular writers in particular societies at particular historical moments have made up on the basis of possibilities inherent in language, just as (though not quite "just as") the steam engine was invented on the basis of possibilities inherent in water. I shall later explain further why this word "invention" is so important and just what Derrida finds or invents in that word. The passages just quoted give the lie to claims that Derrida, or "deconstruction" in general, are ahistorical, ignore history, or do not follow Fredric Jameson's injunction "always historicize." Here is an exigent historicizing if there ever was one. It is a historicizing of literature that would make big problems with current (and much older) attempts to universalize the Western concept of literature and study things called "Chinese literature" or "Indian literature" or "Native American literature." It would also remind us that calling Homer's *Odyssey* or Sophocles' *Oedipus the King* or Virgil's *Aeneid* or Dante's *Divine Comedy* literature in our modern sense of that word is anachronistic.

Derrida draws the most extreme and disquieting consequences from his association of literature with democracy and free speech. Literature, guaranteed by the principle of free speech, affords the possibility to disclaim responsibility. I can always say, and get away with saying, "any resemblance to real persons is purely coincidental," or with saying "that is not me speaking my own opinions but an imaginary character or narrator." Here is the way Derrida puts this extreme irresponsibility of literature:

> But this authorization to say everything paradoxically makes the author an author who is not responsible to anyone, not even to himself, for whatever the persons or the characters of his works, thus of what he is supposed to have written himself, say and do, for example. And these "voices" speak, allow or make to come – even in literatures without persons and without characters. This authorization to say everything (which goes together with democracy, as the apparent hyper-responsibility of a "subject") acknowledges a right to absolute nonresponse, just where there can be no question of responding, of being able to or having to respond. This non-response is more original and more secret than the modalities of power and duty because it is fundamentally heterogeneous to them. We find there a hyperbolic condition of democracy which seems to contradict a certain determined and historically limited concept of such a democracy, a concept which links it to the concept of a subject that is calculable, accountable, imputable, and responsible, a subject having-to-respond [*devant-repondre*], having-to-tell [*devant-dire*] the truth, having to testify according to the sworn word ("the whole truth, nothing but the truth"), before the law [*devant la loi*], having to reveal the secret, with the exception of certain situations that are determinable and regulated by law (confession, the professional secrets of the doctor, the psychoanalyst, or the lawyer, secrets of national defense or state secrets in general, manufacturing secrets, etc.). This contradiction also indicates the task (task of thought, also theoretico-practical task) for any democracy to come. (*Passions*, 28–29)

This passage says a mouthful, as they say. It associates literature with a certain radical irresponsibility. This follows from the definition of literature as the right to say anything. That in turn follows from iterability's radical potentiality as Derrida defines it as a feature of all utterances both constative and performative, both truth-saying and act-doing. Literature is an exploitation of the possibility that any utterance may be "non-serious." It is always possible to say, "That is not me speaking but an imagined persona or character in a literary work." I am not an axe-murderer. I have just written a novel in which I imagine an axe-murderer and tell the story of his life (Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*). Indeed the assumption that the narrator of a novel, for example, must not be identified with the author, however tempting and plausible that identification may be, is the most commonplace of assumptions in literary criticism these days. It follows from this that there is a radical fissure, or contradiction, or heterogeneity in democracy. On the one hand democracy is based on the notion of the accountable individual who can be held responsible for what he or she has said or done, including what he or she has written, be hailed before the law and compelled to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth (unless it is self-incriminating), that is, be compelled responsibly to respond, or else be held in contempt of court. On the other hand the freedom to say everything in literature means the right not to respond, a right to absolute non-response, to keep secret. Derrida associates this hyperbolic right to non-response with the democracy to come (*a venir*, but with a pun on *avenir*, the future), and, as I shall show, with the secret, if there is such a thing, one of the most enigmatic areas of Derrida's recent thought. Literature keeps a secret that does not have to be revealed, or rather that cannot by any means, from gentle interrogation all the way up to torture, be revealed. Literature, like Bartleby in Melville's "Bartleby the Scrivener," does not respond. It says "I should prefer not to," when we say, "Answer me! Stand and unfold!"

The most puzzling sentence in this passage is the one that says, "these 'voices' [in literature] speak, allow or make to come – even in literature without persons and without characters." That Derrida is asserting that the speech of characters or narrators in literature only makes obvious the disconnection of what is written in even non-narrative works from its author is clear enough, but what does he mean by "speak, allow or make to come"? Allow or make to come *what*? The phrase is followed by a dash. What is the difference between "allow" and "make" here? Either allowing or making would be speech acts, though of different sorts. Literature allows something to happen or makes something happen. That happening is a coming, though of just what Derrida does not say, in his oddly incomplete locution. Nor is the original French any less enigmatic: " Et ces 'voix' parlent, laissent ou font venir –" (*Passions*, 66). I shall return to this enigma. That is a promise.

I seem to have reached a somewhat dismaying endpoint or even impasse in my progressive identification of just what Derrida means by "literature" or "the literary" or "literarity." It is dismaying because it seems to confirm just what Derrida's critics or critics of so-called deconstruction hold against him (or it): it is irresponsible, nihilistic, radically relativistic. Here is Derrida apparently saying that literature is an excuse for saying or writing any damn thing that comes into your mind, even the most scandalous or subversive or negative, and then saying when challenged, "I refuse to respond. I am not responsible or responsive. It is my duty not to respond. I must keep literature's secret. That is not me speaking or writing. I am just giving an example of how it is possible to speak or write in that way, and I defy you to prove otherwise." Is there any way to go beyond this hyperbolic endpoint or end of the line as it disappears into the infinity of a radical detachment from the social responsibility we expect from serious writers either of literature or of literary criticism and theory?

Here we encounter the most difficult and strangest aspect of Derrida's ideas about literature. It is also perhaps the least expected because it does not fit the prejudices we may have developed from reading vulgar accounts of so-called "deconstruction." This aspect of Derrida's literatures is one place in his work where he is unfaithfully faithful to his Husserlian heritage. Just because "literature," that is, some utterance or text taken as literature because all sorts of rules and conventions lead us to do so, can be detached from its empirical context and allowed to play freely as fiction (any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental . . .), such a text creates or reveals, responds to, the ideal existence

of what it names. In "The Time of a Thesis" Derrida asserts not only that his first interest was literature but that around 1957 (that is forty years ago before the year when I am writing this) he registered, as they say in France, a thesis on "The Ideality of the Literary Object" (TT, 36). What does that mean? That thesis as such was never written, so we can never know what it might have said. In another sense, everything Derrida has written about literature since then, including all his acts of practical criticism, are, we can guess, parts of the endless elaboration of that unfinished project. He relates this project to Husserl, to a "bending" of Husserl. This gives a clue as to what that thesis might have contained: "It was then for me a matter of bending, more or less violently, the techniques of transcendental phenomenology to the needs of elaborating a new theory of literature, of that very peculiar type of ideal object that is the literary object, a bound ideality Husserl would have said, bound to so-called 'natural' language, a non-mathematical or non-mathematizable object, and yet one that differs from the objects of plastic or musical art, that is to say from all of the examples privileged by Husserl in his analyses of ideal objectivity" (TT, 37). The passage just quoted tells the reader several important things. To call a literary work an "object" borrows Husserlian terminology that names not "object" in the ordinary sense of a material object like a stone or a jug but anything that is the "object" of an intentional act of consciousness, anything that consciousness "intends" or attends to. As opposed to mathematizable objects that are, so it seems, free of any cultural or historical determination, as number, algebra, and graphing seem to be free, the literary object is bound to so-called natural language, limited by its forms. Henry James's *The Golden Bowl* is bound to the English language at a certain stage of its historical development, just as Baudelaire's "La fausse monnaie" is bound to the French language. To translate either is to some degree to traduce it, to denature it. Nevertheless, like a triangle or a square, a literary work is an "ideal object." What in the world does this mean? A triangle is an ideal object because its existence does not depend in the least on any particular triangles, for example ones I inscribe with a ruler on a piece of paper. Even if every single inscribed triangle of every sort, including accidental ones formed, for example, by twigs falling from a tree, were to disappear the ideal triangle would still exist. Derrida's somewhat outrageous project was to transfer that presumption to the literary object and to claim that it too is ideal. This would mean that though the reader can have access to the "world" opened up by *The Golden Bowl* only by reading *The Golden Bowl* and in no other way, nevertheless that realm would remain

in existence as an ideal object even if every single copy of *The Golden Bowl* were destroyed. It is in this sense that Derrida speaks of "the ideality of the literary object." It is an implacable obligation to that ideality of the literary object that gives the writer the duty of non-response or non-responsibility, that is, a refusal in the name of, on the authority of, a greater responsibility, as when Derrida says, "This language and these thoughts, which are also new responsibilities, arouse in me a respect which, whatever the cost, I neither can nor will compromise."

What Derrida says in *Passions* about the link of literature to the secret and in "Psyché: l'invention de l'autre" about invention as allowing and making to come – will help us to understand better this strange counter-intuitive concept of literature. Attending to these will also return me to my claim that Derrida's idea of literature is closely intertwined with his theory of performative utterances. "Psyché: Invention of the Other" centers on a reading of Francis Ponge's little eight-line poem, "Fable." It is the exuberant concentrated general assertions of the concluding pages that interest me most here, but these, it should be remembered, grow out of the Ponge reading and are enabled by them. Derrida could not have said what he says about the invention of the other without the help of that reading. In these final pages he distinguishes between two forms of invention, the invention that returns to the same and the invention that responds to a call from the wholly other. The first kind, "paradoxically," "invents nothing," since it is an extrapolation from what already exists and has been institutionalized: "Invention amounts [*revient*] to the same, and it is always possible, as soon as it can receive a status and thereby be legitimatized by an institution that it then becomes in its turn" (*AL*, 339). That is the ordinary sense of "invention." The other invention, the one that interests Derrida, "peut, selon un croisement de chance et de nécessité, produire le nouveau d'un événement" (Psyché, 58) [can, through a merging of chance and necessity, produce the new of an event] (*AL*, 340). Here is one sequence in Derrida's writing where a return to the original French is necessary, since every sentence in these concluding pages plays on the resources of double meaning and nuance in the French language. Invention is here taken in the double sense that is justified by its etymology from *inventio*. "Invention" means both make up and find already there. This distinction between two forms of invention turns on that double meaning, and Derrida plays throughout these pages on associated French words, *avenir*, "future," *venir*, "come," *revenir*, "return, come back to," *aventure*, "adventure," *événement*, "event," and so on. The impossible invention (in both senses at once and in neither) of the wholly

other invokes a new notion of speech acts, since the standard one is too tied to the ideas of rules and institutions that are firmly in place and that are not changed by a given performative utterance. This invention is "beyond the speech act" (*AL*, 318). The literary object, we now know, is ideal in the sense of having been there all along. It is more discovered than invented by the words of the work, though even that gives the writer too much autonomy. The literary object is accessible only through the words of the work, but it was always already there. On the one hand there is the invention of the possible, an extrapolation from what we already have. This is "invention du même par laquelle l'autre revient au même" (Psyché, 59) [invention of the same by which the other turns back into the same]. On the other hand "l'autre n'est pas le possible. Il faudrait donc dire que la seule invention possible serait l'invention de l'impossible. Mais une invention de l'impossible est impossible, dirait l'autre. Certes, mais c'est la seule possible: une invention doit s'annoncer comme invention de ce qui ne paraissait pas possible, sans quoi elle ne fait qu'expliciter un programme de possibles, dans l'économie du même" (59) [The other is not the possible. One must say that the only possible invention would be of the impossible. But an invention of the impossible is impossible, the other would say. Certainly, but it is the only possibility: an invention must announce itself as invention of that which would not appear possible, without which it does no more than make explicit a program of possibles, within the economy of the same]. A moment later Derrida speaks of this invention of the other as another invention that does not discover the other through a performative utterance but that uses words to "allow" the other "to come," and by no means "makes" it come. This gives the explanation of the puzzling phrase encountered earlier, "allow or make to come." We also know now what unspoken phrase lies beyond that dash. It is the words "le tout autre," the wholly other. Invention in the second more radical and authentic sense, impossible invention, "donner lieu a l'autre, laisser venir l'autre," gives a place to the other, lets the other come. This is done by that activity of opening, destabilizing language that Derrida's own linguistic practices exemplify. Only such language can leave places or spaces, *lieux*, as it might be said, within which the other intervenes, or does not intervene. You can never know beforehand what will happen or whether anything at all will happen. A speech act performing this other kind of invention is never an infallible magic. As Derrida says, I must "destabiliser les structures de forclusion pour laisser passage a l'autre" [destabilize the structures of foreclosure in order to allow passage to the other] as Ponge's language in the first line of "Fable"

employs ordinary syntax and diction to destabilize them: "Par le mot par commence donc ce texte" [With the word *with* commences then this text]. Nevertheless, I do not make the other come. The call and the coming comes from the other direction, from the other, the "tout autre," the wholly other: "il ne peut être inventé que par l'autre, depuis la venue de l'autre qui dit 'viens' et auquel la réponse d'un autre 'viens' paraît être la seule invention désirable et digne d'intérêt" (60) [It cannot be invented except by way of the other, by way of the coming of the other who says "come" and to which the response of another "come" appears to be the sole invention that is desirable and worthy of interest]. The other comes or does not come, as it happens, through "the chance of an encounter," "even if the inventiveness of the greatest genius is needed to prepare to welcome it" (*AL*, 342). I can only let it come, though that letting is itself a speech act of a peculiar kind, requiring the greatest genius with words.

Nor is it a we or a community of researchers in the usual sense, working according to rules, that is the agent or the result of invention: "what is promised here is not, is no longer or not yet, the identifiable 'we' of a community of human subjects, with all those familiar features we wrap up in the names *society*, *contract*, *institution*, and so forth" (*AL*, 342). Nevertheless this impossible invention is "the only invention in the world, the only invention of the world" (*AL*, 342). It is the invention of the world because it is truly inaugural, initiatory, even legislative. Like a declaration of independence it lays down new rules that imply a new "we," a new community, even a new political order. The other invents me, and through what I do invents others, a community. My work then is somehow to use language "laisser venir l'aventure ou l'événement du tout autre" (Psyché, 61) [to give a place to the other, let the other come]. This other, it is important to note, is not singular but plural: "L'autre appelle à venir et cela n'arrive qu'à plusieurs voix" (61) [The call of the other is a call to come, and that happens only in multiple voices]. Derrida exemplifies that by having his essay end in a dialogue of give and take between two voices letting the other come or within which the other has come, in multiple voices. The multiplicity of voices is crucial here. It forbids or forecloses the temptation to think of the other, the wholly other, as some Platonic "One." In speaking just at the end in a rapid exchange of different voices, each other to the other, and in the exuberant doubleness or duplicity of its wordplay, the essay does what it talks about. It makes an opening or place for the others to come.

So far so good, but it is still not clear just why this justifies the apparent irresponsibility of the non-response Derrida associates with literature

and with literature's right to say everything and not take responsibility for it. We can see how what is said in that way comes from the wholly other that is neither made nor found but allowed to come in a literary work. This would mean that I can say, "This is not me speaking but the wholly other speaking through me. Don't hold me responsible for it." I might say in passing that, as Derrida recognizes, it is doubtful if this would cut much mustard when used as an excuse if I were hailed before the law for advocating the overthrow of the government or for writing something judged obscene or for burning my country's flag. The principle of accountability is much more successfully and forcefully institutionalized than the contradictory freedom not to respond that follows from democratic freedom of expression. That is what Derrida means by saying freedom of speech is a principle but never a complete actuality even in a "free country." Certainly that freedom is being severely curtailed in the United States again of late, for example in attempts to regulate the Internet. Nevertheless, why would this hypothetical judge, however much he respected free speech, not also be justified in demanding that the author respond in the name of that ideal work that is the source of his work and that its words incarnate, however inadequately and incompletely, just as a triangle inscribed on paper embodies the ideal triangle that would go on existing even if all material embodiments were destroyed? The author ought to be able to testify in the name of the ideality of the literary work and tell us more about it, for example about those aspects he left out accidentally or on purpose but should in principle know. "Come on now, tell the truth. I'll jail you for contempt if you don't answer. Are those your own opinions or are they opinions you deplore and are just representing so we can deplore them too?" This would invite or command the author to make a comparison, so to speak, between the ideal triangle and the one crudely inscribed on paper.

It is just here, however, that Derrida's concept of the secret as a fundamental feature of literary works intervenes to make response to such a demand not only undesirable in the name of a higher responsibility to keep silent but also in principle impossible, just as it invalidates any pseudo-Husserlian paradigm of comparing the ideality of the literary object with its embodiment in this particular copy of, say, *The Wings of the Dove* I hold in my hands at this moment. Such a comparison is impossible because the only access anyone, including the author, has to that ideality is through the words of the work, through the original manuscript or through one or another of its printed copies that have allowed the ideality to come. Literature's association with the secret means a certain

superficiality or lack of depth in literary works. We (including the author) can know only what they say. What is not said cannot by any means be known, even by the author. The reading of Baudelaire's "La fausse monnaie" depends crucially on knowing whether the speaker's friend was telling the truth or lying when he said the alms he gave the beggar was counterfeit money. This, as Derrida insists in *Given Time*, we cannot ever know. It remains an impenetrable secret. The reader of *The Wings of the Dove* would immensely like to know just what was in that letter the dying Milly Theale wrote to Densher and that his fiancée Kate Croy throws, unread by either of them, in the fire. This the reader can never know. It is a perpetual secret, taken by Milly with her into her grave. This event indicates graphically (in both senses) the connection of the secret with death and therefore suggests some deep connection of literature with death. A work of literature is always in one way or another or in many ways at once an act of survival, of living on after someone's or something's death. Death is a displaced name or figure for the wholly other, but only one name, no more adequate or "literal" than any other. Derrida works this out in detail in his series of readings of Blanchot's "récits," *La folie du jour* (*The Madness of the Day*) and *Arrêt de mort* (*Death Sentence*), collected in *Parages*. The secrets literature holds are as superficial as the words imprinted on the surface of the pages and as unfathomably deep as death. Speaking of Baudelaire's characters in "La fausse monnaie" Derrida says: "Ces personnages de fiction n'ayant aucune consistance, aucune épaisseur au-delà de leur phénomène littéraire, l'inviolabilité absolute du secret qu'ils portent tient d'abord à la superficialité essentielle de leur phénoménalité, au *trop-évident* de ce qu'ils donnent à voir" (*Donner le temps*, 194). Of a true secret, if there is such a thing, one cannot even say that it exists, since one knows in principle nothing at all about it. This is why Derrida consistently, in talking about the secret, says, "the secret, if there is such a thing." Here is Derrida's most concentrated and most eloquent expression of the connection he sees between the secret and acts of literature as he has defined them in their association with democracy, freedom of expression, and the right to non-response:

> There is in literature, in the *exemplary* secret of literature, a chance of saying everything without touching on the secret. When all hypotheses are permitted, groundless and ad infinitum, about the meaning of a text, or the final intentions of an author, whose person is no more represented than nonrepresented by a character or by a narrator, by a poetic or fictional sentence, which detaches itself from its presumed source and thus remains *locked away* [*au secret*], when there is no longer even any sense in making decisions about some secret behind the surface of a textual manifestation (and it is this situation which I would call text or trace), when it is the call [*appel*] of this secret, however, which points back to the other or to something else, and holds us to the other, then the secret impassions us. Even if there is none, even if it does not exist, hidden behind anything whatever. Even if the secret is no secret, even if there has never been a secret, a single secret. Not one. (*Passions*, 29–30)

The reader will see how Derrida's thought about the secret is tied to his sense of the exemplary status of literature as the privilege of saying anything and not being held responsible for it as the personal statement of an author. All hypotheses about the meaning of a text are permitted not because the reader can make it mean anything he or she likes but because there is in principle no access to the secret originary ground that might verify any one of them. The reader cannot make decisions about some secret hidden beneath the surface of a text because, if that secret is really secret (if there is such a thing as a secret, which remains a secret), it is in principle absolutely impossible to uncover this secret. There is absolutely no way to read Milly's letter to Densher or to know whether that coin in "La fausse monnaie" was counterfeit or not. Literature is the place especially to look for the secret because it is by convention detached in special ways from its "transcendence" or referential gesture and because the literary work is an exemplary case of what Derrida means by "text or trace," though all texts have these features. It is the inaccessibility of the secret, the wholly other at the origin of the work, that constitutes the call that is transmitted by the work and that Derrida here calls being "impassioned" by the secret, following the title of the essay, which is "Passions," and playing on a double implication in the word: passion in the etymological sense of something suffered, as one speaks of Christ's passion on the cross, and in the not quite contrary sense of aroused desire. We are impassioned by the call of the secret to find out the secret, though this is a passion destined to remain unsatisfied. The secret in a literary work impassions us in both senses. As he put this in another place: "The inaccessible incites from its place of hiding."

This is, more or less, *mutatis mutandis*, what Derrida thinks literature is, or rather what it does, since literature is, for him, not an essence but an act. It is an act, as I have shown, of an exceedingly peculiar kind, since it does not make but allows to come.

The one remaining question, for me here, is how these assumptions, latent or overt, as they gradually become more explicit as his work progresses, have determined or inflected his actual procedures of practical criticism. These are the "close readings" that I began by saying earn

Derrida the right to be considered one of the great literary critics of the twentieth century and, I hope, of the new one too, since we have by no means heard the last from him. Here I am then, nearly at the end of my time or space or allotted number of words, still before the door, *ante portam*, of what I promised to do, that is account for the way Derrida actually does literary criticism, performs acts of literature in that particular sense. To do so in detail would be an interminable job, since each such essay is to some degree unique, idiomatic. Each employs its own special strategies of reading appropriate to what is idiomatic about the work in question. That is one reason it is difficult, if not impossible, to learn from Derrida's work how to do literary criticism, unless what you learn is that you are always alone before the work, on your own in reading it, forced to invent your own way to allow it to come through in your writing. If the wholly other does not come except in multiple voices, each work is a unique and irreplaceable opening that allows the others to come or rather to come in their not coming. Of each work might be said what the doorkeeper in Kafka's parable says to the man from the country at the moment of his death: "this gate was made only for you. I am now going to shut it" (*AL*, 210). Nevertheless, some indications can be briefly made.

Henry James's imagination was so fecund and so inexhaustible that he had to limit the données of his novels to just a few characters in a limited situation in order to hope to finish even a novel of many hundreds of pages. Still, notoriously, James had to huddle his conclusions and settle for "misplaced middles." In a similar way Derrida can see so much in so little that he most often deals with short works or with delimited citations from works. Moreover he deals with them from the perspective of a single question, theme, or problematic. An example would be the problematic of the gift in the reading of Baudelaire's prose poem "La fausse monnaie" in *Donner le temps* (cited hereafter as *DT*). What Derrida says of that problematic could be said of all his literary criticism: "nous partons toujours de textes dans l'élaboration de cette problématique, de textes au sens courant et traditionnel des lettres écrites, voire de la littérature, ou de textes au sens de traces différantielles suivant un concept que nous avons élaboré ailleurs" (*DT*, 130). Literature, the reader can see, is an exemplary case of a general feature of all texts, that is, that they are "traces différantielles." Derrida's procedures of practical criticism are derived not so much from American "close reading" of the "new critical" kind as from the French tradition of "explication de texte," which is not quite the same thing. The latter is a pedagogical device that calls for close attention to grammatical, rhetorical, and syntactical features of a given

text, as well as to biographical and historical contexts. It has a different underlying ideology from the American New Criticism. Its goal is to perpetuate the French language and to teach clear writing as well as good reading by close acquaintance with model texts from tradition. Derrida was trained in *explication de texte*. It leaves its traces on his work in the sober pedagogical tone proceeding from careful citation and minute attention to linguistic detail. Nevertheless, Derrida's readings are a hyperbolic, extravagant, even outrageous explosion of that method. It is as though he had said, "You want *explication de texte*, unfolding of what is latent in semantic and syntactical details? I'll show you what really happens if you do that conscientiously." What happens is, for example, eighty-six pages devoted to the word "yes" in Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Derrida's literary criticism often bears the marks of its original preparation for oral delivery at some conference or in those seminars he has been giving yearly in Paris and in the United States for decades. In the midst of "The Law of Genre," for example, he says there would be an immense amount more to say about the "interpretative alternatives," the "particularly rich combinatory of possibilities," of the two sentences he had begun by uttering and then iterating with a difference. He will abstain, he says, "in order not to exceed my time limit and out of respect for the law of genre and of the audience" (*AL*, 127). In spite of this respect, he has more than once exceeded his time limit, for example in the oral delivery of *Limited Inc.* in English at Yale or in the presentation of *Ulysses Gramophone* at the Joyce conference at Frankfurt. An admirably inexhaustible fecundity of invention or creativity characterizes Derrida's acts of literature. His essays are exuberant, exorbitant, excessive, iterative, hyperbolic, too long to fit their prescribed limits, and still leave much unsaid or only hinted. What, if anything, justifies this hyperbolic excess, these linguistic hijinks and jokes? This feature of Derrida's writing has often been held against him. He cannot be serious if he makes so many jokes and so outrageously plays on words. The answer to such objections must be that he does it out of respect for the texts he reads, since they demand from him not just a reading in the sense of a passive description of meaning, but a carrying over into the work of criticism of the work's performative force. Derrida feels an obligation to try to make his essays speech acts allowing that "wholly other" to come if it happens to come. "I am careful to say 'let it come,'" says Derrida, "because if the other is precisely what is not invented, the initiative or deconstructive inventiveness can consist only in opening, uncloseting, destablising foreclusionary structures so as to allow for the passage toward the other. But one does

not make the other come, one lets it come by preparing for its coming" (*AL*, 341–42). If Ponge does this "by bending these rules [of the conventional performative utterance] with respect for the rules themselves in order to allow the other to come or to announce its coming in the opening of this dehiscence" (*AL*, 340), Derrida in his turn justifies the linguistic exuberance of *Limited Inc.* (cited hereafter as *LI*), and by implication of his work in general, including his literary criticism, by saying, "I multiply statements, discursive gestures, forms of writing, the structure of which reinforces my demonstration in something like a practical manner, that is, by providing instances of 'speech acts' which by themselves render impracticable and theoretically insufficient the conceptual oppositions upon which speech act theory in general . . . relies" (*LI*, 114). The dilations of Derrida's essays result in part from a sense of the richness of "play" hidden in apparently straightforward, idiomatic sentences or in brief texts like Ponge's "Fable," partly from the extreme difficulty of getting said what Derrida wants to say or doing with words what he wants to do. It is not all that easy to grasp what he means by *différance* or just what he is saying about literature and the law in "Before the Law," especially since the intuition (though that is not quite the right word) of a certain unsayable or something unavailable to cognition is, I claim, the motivation of all his work. "The inaccessible incites from its place of hiding." It incites speech or writing in an interminable, never successful, never satisfactory, never complete, attempt to "get it right," or "do it right," as Derrida tries first this way and then that and then another formulation, each extending a given essay further and further and allowing it to conclude only arbitrarily, without ever really coming to an end in the sense of reaching an endpoint or telos. Paul de Man's essays, to give a counter-example, characteristically work from received opinion about a given work through a close reading to an often scandalous concluding formulation that could only have been earned by the reading (e.g.: "From this it can be seen that the impossibility of reading should not be taken too lightly."[3]) Derrida's essays work in a reverse way. They often begin with a concentrated enigmatic statement or speech act that the rest of the essay unfolds through the close reading of some text. "The Law of Genre," for example, begins with two strange sentences: "Genres are not to be mixed. I will not mix genres" (*AL*, 223). One of Derrida's most important essays on rhetoric (in the sense of figures of speech), "White Mythology," begins with two exceedingly enigmatic sentences, full of puns, wordplay, hidden allusions. The rest of the essay, in a manner of speaking, "explains" this beginning: "De la philosophie, la rhétorique.

D'un volume, à peu près, plus ou moins – faire ici une fleur, l'extraire, la monter, la laisser, plutôt, monter, se faire jour – se détournant comme d'elle-même, révolutée, telle fleur grave – apprenant à cultiver, selon le calcul d'un lapidaire, la patience . . . [From philosophy, rhetoric. That is, here, to make from a volume, approximately, more or less, a flower, to extract a flower, to mount it, or rather to have it mount itself, bring itself to light – and turning away, as if from itself, come round again, such a flower engraves – learning to cultivate, by means of a lapidary's reckoning, patience . . .].[4] The unfolding, however, in principle might be endless. This happens not only according to the law that out of the right kind of concentration on the little comes an inexhaustible much that might take a lifetime and more to explicate, in the etymological sense of "unfold," but also according to the law that says the little part is greater than the whole and contains it, circumscribes it. Derrida has formulated this law more than once, for example in *Given Time*: "Encadré, enchèssé, bordé, le plus petit devient, métonymiquement, plus grand que le plus grand – qui le borde et le cadre" (*DT*, 123). A figure for this is the little patch of yellow wall in Vermeer's "View of Delft" that so fascinates Proust's Bergotte at the moment of his death and that is, as Derrida observed in his seminar on this episode, bigger than the whole in the sense of including it, just as this one episode contains the whole novel in miniature, as the minuscule part of a fractal repeats the pattern of the whole. Proust's "récit de la mort de Bergotte," says Derrida, is an "art inoué de la composition en abyme, c'est à dire de l'inscription dans la partie d'un tout plus petit que ses parties ou du détail plus grand que le tout comme ce petit pan de mur jaune dans lequel va mourir en s'abêmant Bergotte, inclusion du tout dans la partie qui signe le deuil et jusqu'au deuil de soi" (unpublished seminar of Dec. 7, 1994) [Proust's "récit de la mort de Bergotte," says Derrida, "is an unheard of art of composition 'en abyme,' that is to say of the inscription in the part of a whole smaller than its parts or of a detail larger than the whole like this little patch of yellow wall in which Bergotte is going to die as if he were falling into an abyss, inclusion of the whole in the part which subscribes oneself to mourning and even to mourning for oneself"]. Derrida builds a whole essay on an apparently limited feature of the author's writing or on a single word or phrase that is then interrogated at length or on a peripheral work, like the small text by Mallarmé, "Mimique," or Ponge's brief poem, "Fable," or a small piece of Kafka's *The Trial*. Derrida's presupposition is that in literary criticism it is better to concentrate microscopically on a part than to make big generalizations about the whole based on a telescopic

view of the whole. Often the part that expands in this way, turning the part to whole relation inside out, is a single word, sometimes a common word like "yes," sometimes an odd word like "subjectile" (in an essay on Artaud). The complexity Derrida finds in the little part is sometimes a depth in the word itself, sometimes an inexhaustible web of sideways connections that connect the word to uses in other authors or elsewhere in Derrida's own work. Derrida's two essays of literary criticism on "law," "Before the Law" and "The Law of Genre," are inextricably connected to his other writings about law, for example the book entitled *Force de loi.*

One might think Derrida has chosen texts that fit his presuppositions about literature, but in many cases the literary critical essays are occasional. He was invited to a conference on Celan or Joyce and, if he accepted, had to produce something on their work, or he was invited to a conference on genre and had to produce something that would fit that (the essay on Blanchot's *Madness of the Day*, "The Law of Genre"), or, for many years, he was appointed to give seminars at the École Normale Supérieure on prescribed philosophical texts or topics and had to fit whatever he said in those seminars about literature to those prescriptions. The essay on Kafka's "Before the Law" was originally part of a course at the École on Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason.*

Derrida, it is true, often juxtaposes a work of literature with a philosophical, anthropological, psychoanalytical, or otherwise "non-literary" work or topic (Baudelaire with Mauss, Genet with Hegel, Kafka with Kant, Poe with Lacan, and so on). Or the literary criticism arises as part of a prolonged interrogation of a large topic or problematic (the gift for the Baudelaire essay; reading, ethics, and the law for the Kafka essay; the problematic of signature for the book on Ponge; bearing witness for the Celan book; the problematic of that strange performative utterance that is "saying yes" for the book on Joyce, and so on). This must not, however, be misunderstood. The part once more overflows and encompasses the whole. The literary work is read for its own sake, and, as Derrida clearly asserts, as something that takes precedence over the abstract or "philosophical" expressions. It takes precedence because it gives unique and irreplaceable access to the truth about the given topic.

As "Psyché: l'invention de l'autre" shows, however, the unorthodox speech act structure Derrida finds there as a defining characteristic of literature is not just characteristic of "literature" in the usual sense of canonized works. The exemplary status of literature, for Derrida, the reason why he remains fascinated by it, returns to it, discusses it so brilliantly and indefatigably, as in the essays on Celan, Joyce, Ponge, Blanchot, Shelley, Shakespeare, and so on, is that literature in an exemplary way

brings into the open, exposes, that structure of response to the wholly other, the secret, the "tout autre," that is, for Derrida, the basis of the new ethics, the new politics, the democracy to come, he would put in place of the one Austin wants to preserve at all costs. Such a linguistic structure also appears in philosophy, politics, psychoanalysis, and so on, for example in the Declaration of Independence that created by the fiat of a speech act the United States of America.[5] Literature is the place to study iterability, not just in what happens thematically in a given work, but in the way it works. All Derrida's acts of literary criticism are for the sake of showing this, as in what he says about Joyce's "oui-dire," saying yes, in *Ulysses*, or about bearing witness in Celan's poetry, or about the fabulous in Ponge, or about *l'arrêt de mort*, the arrest of death, in Blanchot, and so on. All Derrida's essays on literature in one way or another focus on the special way these works are performative in the anasemic sense he specifies in "Psyché" – using the rules against the rules to inaugurate something wholly new in response to a call from the "others": "l'autre appel à venir et cela n'arrive qu'à plusieurs voix."

Each of Derrida's essays centers on an attempt to formulate through an obedience to the actual words of the work in question the special, the idiomatic way the other is invoked or allowed to come in its not coming in this particular work. In the essay on Mallarmé, "La double séance (*The Double Session*)," this is the way the temporal to and fro of dissemination around what Mallarmé calls the hymen executes endless verbal dances over the perpetually absent origin: "between desire and fulfilment, perpetration and remembrance: here anticipating, there recalling, in the future, in the past, *under the false appearance of a present*" (quoted from Mallarmé's "Mimique," Derrida's "text" in the essay, *AL*, 130). In the Celan book, *Schibboleth*, the focus is on the here and now of dating in poetry that makes each poem commemorate or perform a unique act of bearing witness that is an idiomatic password but that nevertheless is repeated in anniversaries of that date and that invokes our assent in a new bearing witness each time the poem is read. *Ulysses Gramophone*, one of Derrida's most wonderfully exuberant, outrageously inventive, prolonged, and even comic essays, mingling chance and necessity, centers on the saying *yes* that is the performative act *par excellence* letting or allowing the other to come, or not to come, as it happens to happen. In "Before the Law" the absent origin, the wholly other, is given its Kafkan name of "the law," *das Gesetz*. It is in this essay that Derrida says, "the inaccessible incites from its place of hiding" (*AL*, 191). The essay provides, with Kafka's help, a cascade of formulations of the consequences of this inciting: "Reading a text might indeed reveal that it is

untouchable, literally intangible, *precisely because it is readable*, and for the same reason unreadable to the extent to which the presence within it of a clear and graspable sense remains as hidden as its origin"; "What *must not* and cannot be approached is the origin of *différance*: it must not be presented or represented and above all not penetrated . . . The secret is nothing – and this is the secret that has to be kept well, nothing either present or presentable, but this nothing must be well kept . . . It is both obscene and unpresentable"; "Here, we know neither *who* nor *what* is the law, *das Gesetz*. This, perhaps, is where literature begins . . . Here one does not know the law, one has no cognitive rapport with it; it is neither a subject nor an object *before* which one could take a position" (*AL*, 197, 205, 207).

I give now a final example of this demonstration of the way all Derrida's essays of literary criticism are in consonance or resonance, echo one another at a distance, or are at least metonymical, each its own special door to the wholly other: in the preface to *Parages*, which brings together Derrida's set of essays on Blanchot's "récits," Derrida says these strange fictions by Blanchot "have remained inaccessible to me," and though the essays he has written about them do not testify to an access gained at last, nevertheless, "in their very dissimulation, in the distancing of the inaccessible *as such*, because they give onto it in the act of giving it names, they have presented themselves to me afresh" (*AL*, 222). Here once more is the assertion that reading and literary criticism are instigated by the "inaccessible." Whether or not I am justified in what I say about Derrida, in my bearing witness to what I have found there, can only be told through a detailed reading of these essays. Whether Derrida is justified or not can be told only by going back to read the literary works, to Derrida's reading of which his essays bear witness in their turn. Such responsible, responsive reading, incited by the inaccessible in its place of hiding, a reading leading from gate to gate, sideways, and in a receding series of gates within, is the life (and perpetually deferred dying) of literary study.

Translations Supplied by Author (J. Hillis Miller)

NOTES

1 See Jacques Derrida, *Acts of Literature*, ed. Derek Attridge (London and New York: Routledge, 1992), cited hereafter as *AL*.
2 "Deconstruction in America," cited in ibid., 1.
3 Paul de Man, *Allegories of Reading* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), 245.

4 Jacques Derrida, "La mythologie blanche: la métaphore dans le texte philosophique," *Marges: De la philosophie* (Paris: Minuit, 1972), 249 [trans. Alan Bass, "White Mythology: Metaphor in the Text of Philosophy," in *Margins of Philosophy* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982), 209].
5 See "Declarations of Independence," etc., in *AL*.

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