

Essay

The Newer Noises of War in the Second Culture Camp: Notes on Professor Burt's Legal Fictions

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[The moment of truth in Michelangelo's Moses] is the descent from Mount Sinai, where Moses has received the Tables from God, and it is the moment when he perceives that the people have meanwhile made themselves a Golden Calf and are dancing around it and rejoicing.

—Freud, "The Moses of Michelangelo" (1914)¹

Why are the Methodists against fornication? Because it might lead to dancing.

—old Anglican saw

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1. *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, ed. and trans. James Strachey (London: Hogarth Press, 1955), XIII, p. 216.

*In the metaphysical streets of the physical town
 We remember the lion of Juda and we save
 The phrase. . . Say of each lion of the spirit
 It is a cat of a sleek transparency
 That shines with a nocturnal shine alone.
 That great cat must stand potent in the sun.
 The phrase grows weak. The fact takes up the strength
 Of the phrase. It contrives the self-same evocations
 And Juda becomes New Haven or else must [be]. . . .
 As it is, in the intricate evasions of as,
 In things seen and unseen, created from nothingness,
 The heavens, the hells, the worlds, the longed-for
 lands.*

— Wallace Stevens, "An Ordinary Evening in New Haven"²

1) *Let there be fight? And there was.*³ And there is. James Joyce's pun, on the words of Jewish second world creation, *Genesis* 1:3, is more than mildly amusing; it gives readers the most exact and concise account I know of the sociological form of culture. Culture is the form of fighting before the firing actually begins. Every culture declares peace on its own inevitably political terms. Unless a culture is defeated politically, as the Jewish was from the Roman conquest to the founding of Israel, it will assert itself politically. A living culture, even one that imitates life by politicizing its cultural impoverishment, works for itself. That cultural work is the matter and manner of disarming competing cultures, inside and outside its previously bounded self. In its disarming manner, a culture makes the ultimate political means of enforcement, armed force, unnecessary.

The other and superordinate sociological form of culture is complicit in its fighting form: *world creation/rule*.⁴ Our church civilization is being, like all others, constantly re-created. In those re-creations, worlds are ruled authoritatively. There are no uncreated worlds. All are supranatural. The morning prayer of observant Jews includes thanks to the Creator for renewing the world. The Our Father in the Roman liturgy concludes at its *world without end*.

Unending, world creation comprises the historical task of culture: namely, to transliterate otherwise invisible sacred orders into their visible modalities—social orders. As transliterating institutions of sacred order

2. Wallace Stevens, *The Collected Poems* (New York: Knopf, 1976), pp. 465-89.

3. James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (New York: Faber and Faber, 1975), p. 90.

4. Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, trans. W. Kaufmann (New York: Vintage, 1974), bk. V, sec. 358, p. 313: "A church is above all a structure for ruling." Wherever it appears below, the forward slash shall signify the metamorphic function of culture as it transliterates from the predicative stipulation on the left to that stipulation transformed on the right, as in *world creation/rule*.

into social, cultures are what they represent: 'symbolics' or, in a word that represents what it is, 'worlds'. Cultures are the *habitus* of human beings, universal only in their particularities, symbolically inhabited. In being so, symbolic, cultures are what they represent.

2) *The number of world types.* To generalize symbolic particularities into three world types may, or may not, reveal more than it conceals of our present culture's real contents. Sociology is the study of contemporary society. But the past, its aesthetics of authority once and still called 'religion', is the being there, in the present, that animates that present. In these notes, my typological observations divide into three symbolics or worlds that I shall number chronologically: *first, second, third.*

In their present synchronicities, that these three worlds are at war represents the cultural forms for which my typological numbers claim real contents. Culture is the continuation of war by other,—normative—means. Every sociologist, like every other human being, lives within his own incommunicable yet normative *habitus*. Mine is, uncertainly as any other's in our late second and emergent third worlds, in our second. Against that world mess, myself in it, are the now fictive first and emergent third. The fight for being there, as it emerges ever after *Exodus* 3:14, is within—in medieval culture, called the *psychomachia*—as it is without me. An habitable peace would be unprecedented. Peace would require perfect public and private abidances in one world or another, without a trace of fusion and its confusions: an impossible culture.

Even within my one world there are those irreducible incommunicabilities that constitute our identities in what is now, in an equally misunderstood word, our 'personalities'. Personality is a range of possibility in the conduct of life limited, as it is always, by its inescapable whereabouts in the vertical of authority, divided into interdictory—and their subserving or subverting remissive—modes by which the range of authority may be read. We readers live our lives not only in the private but in the public arena, where the fighting continues more visibly than between our sacred and various social or role-playing selves. Neither sociologist nor theologian, Joyce put the irreducible incommunicability of our sacred self, what is now called popularly 'identity', in a passage that may help readers see where I am in these notes, and where any one might be at any moment in the vertical.

And as no man knows the ubicity of his tumultus nor to what processes we shall thereby be ushered nor whether to Tophet or to Edenville in the like way is all hidden when we would backward see from what region of remoteness the whatness of our whoness hath

etched his whenceness.⁵

Wherever we may be, in the whatness of our whoness, what we are is constituted by where we are in sacred order. Alone, being there in both private life and public, is the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, incommunicable in each identity as every other Tom, Dick, and Francis. From the authority forged in that inward, therefore outward, identity as God's creation, no second world creature can escape. The present world fight is explicable as a fight from that authorized identity into third world theatrical roles, each such role one too many for even my catholic taste in theatricals. The symbolic of creation is no more eliminable from our second world than the doctrine of commanding truths, true as they are commanding and only so, in the old word for that connection, 'revelation'. The guiding elites of our third world are virtuosi of decreation, of fictions where once commanding truths were. Third world elites are characterized by their relentless promotion of the clean sweep. At the end of the nineteenth century, those promoters were a few literary men recondit as Baudelaire. At the end of the twentieth century, the occupations and names of the promoters are legion. Among those many occupations, the practice of law is greatly represented. Third world lawyers are among the most important of ultimate abolitionists. All abolitionist movements are directed against sacred order in any of its historical and theoretical manifestations.

3) *The seven last words*. Our third world fight, led by an officer class in which the literary man Joyce must be given five stars, has its own seven last words: "Foght. On the site of the Angel's."⁶ This is Joyce's brilliantly comic concision, which follows immediately his seven first words, as he attempted to write a new testament for our, typologically third, emergent world of his own creation. Joyce is an exemplary third world man, an artist, the very type of creator to whom his creation is what he represents.⁷

5. James Joyce, *Ulysses* (New York: Random House, 1946), p. 388. Edenville is obvious. For Tophet, a first world space of sacrifice, see *II Kings* 23:10.

6. Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, p. 90.

7. Duchamp was the more exemplary for calling himself, somewhere, an *anartist* as he decreates our second world. See his deathwork, *Etant donnés: 1. La chute d'eau. 2. Le gaz d'éclairage*, in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. At this tableau, upon which Duchamp worked secretly for twenty years, the reader is shocked into becoming a *voyeur*, peeping through two peepholes of a heavy door and beyond a jagged hole in a brick wall. A few feet away, our second world, represented as what it is not—a naked and mutilated dead woman—has been sacrificed to the energy of the next world. That world is represented by a faintly glowing gas lamp held as a vertical of light in her raised left hand—this world woman in a condition of rigor mortis—all in a brilliantly lit landscape of which the only moving part is an image of primordial energy going ever downward toward the depth of power: a waterfall. This is the energy of the fall, the new world of life after its creating death. Never has a deathwork been so easily seen through as this energizing death of *Being*, so far as it is *Given*. The three chief images in this deathly still tableau—dead naked woman, gas light, and waterfall—are not of life's flow but of mortal struggle over the very form of existence. There is a fourth figure, conspicuous in his absence, the artist himself, the dead creator of this transparently deadly work of

Construed typologically, this newly artful and equally scientific world is only our third. "A third world does not exist as such." It is an invention of certain second world elites, "a euphemism for backwardness and—perhaps—for . . . ideological Blackness."⁸ Our third world stands for nothing old, simple or backward. It is more colonizer, now, than colonized. This latest new world is a symbol created by late second world elites waving those of us more or less adamant in second toward that still and forever fictive third.

4) *A synchronic of three cultures.* Every world, until our third, has been a form of address to some ultimate authority. Of first worlds, pagan as they were called by those in our second out of the traditions of Jerusalem, I ask my leading question: whether any remain in ultimate authority other than as a recycling of their aesthetic. Ultimate authorities in pagan worlds, various as Platonic Athens and aboriginal Australia, had something essential in common: mythic *primacies of possibility* from which derived all agencies of authority, including its godterms. Typologically, all first worlds are characterized by their *primacies of possibility* which should be known—specially in our third world of those primacies recycled as fictions—by a familiar acronym: *pop*. Whether Platonic essences or aboriginal dreamtimes, an all-inclusive *pop* once characterized highest authority there, being above all and in all its agent authorities in all first worlds.

There is no metaculture, no neutral ground, from which the war of the worlds can be analyzed. My embattled analysis runs toward what I hope will prove an authorized conclusion: that *pop* first worlds have been recycled in a variety of disarming assaults by third worlds upon the exclusive and intolerant aesthetic of authority by which our seconds have continuously reconstituted their embattled identities. Whether our third worlds, as inventions of radically remissive late second world elites, can be called *cultures* takes the answer, I believe, that our thirds should be called *anticultures*. Anticultures translate no sacred order into social. Recycling fantasy firsts, third worlds exist only as negations of sacred orders in seconds.

Anticultures consume their negational truths swiftly as they produce them. Those consummations refer to worlds always ending in the name of a better world elsewhere, as from far countries once colonized by our own and now colonizing us with their returns of our *pop* inventions. *Pop*

art, which, however lightly we begin to look into it, ends in our complicity in its being an abomination of darkest desolation brilliantly lit. This fictive technological light and plastic green landscape is the abomination of the desolation conceiving our third world in a work of art. In its own cleverity, this tableau is terrible as a proleptic pleasantry of which the inartistic version is the deathcamps.

8. Shiva Naipaul, "The Illusion of the Third World," in *An Unfinished Journey* (New York: Penguin, 1988), pp. 37-40.

inventions refer to readings of themselves alone, toward some supreme fiction at which not even virtuoso readers can arrive in this historical life. However their numbers threaten to transform second world moral majorities into third world fundamentalist minorities, *pop* worlds are created more or less consciously to remain readings of a free future. Freedom now is as it never was and cannot be.⁹ In our second worlds, freedom can be defined as a change of masters, from the merely fictive godterms of first worlds to the master of our universal seconds who always asked at least one question, the parent question of humanity, "Am I Thy Master or art Thou Mine?"¹⁰ The unmastered world, however many and cruel the number of its deathworks,¹¹ loses its tragic sense of life. Life becomes, as Nietzsche knew to his horror of it, a "comedy of existence . . . become conscious of itself." Third worlds propose an unprecedented present age without moralities and religions.¹² Nietzsche's doctrine of eternal recurrence was his consolation prize, which he awarded to himself, for an age that he foresaw would be as horrifying as it turned out to be.

5) *A transparency of our world fight*. In his "vivid transparence" of third world-creation, "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction,"¹³ Wallace Stevens is beautifully candid about those fictively equal, because equally invented, worlds. This egotistically invented world—supposing an inventive mind at work, any mind so long as it is mine or thine and not the mind of a wholly Other—accents its instability. Stability is a function of faith. I follow, as did Kierkegaard and many others, St. Benedict's use of *stabilitas* as of something inward and spiritual, otherwise invisible except as an unswerving or determined—what Kierkegaard called "engraved"—character.¹⁴ Because our third world is acutely unstable, Stevens proclaims a new stabilizing trinitarian character as a parody of Christian sacred order in its authoritative triune personality. Our third world: "It Must Be Abstract. It Must Change. It Must Give Pleasure." Else, no third world could be what Stevens knew it to be: a "theatre of

9. Hitler was by no means an authoritarian, second world fanatic. To the contrary, he was a moral revolutionary, the equal, if not superior, of *Lenin/Stalin*. His successful campaign for office, in 1932, was called the "Freedom Flight." The hidden connection between apparently different political movements is in their radical eroticism. Look at the uniform of the SS. There is a military costume of eroticism inseparable from our third world of radically remissive high fashion.

10. See my *Freud: Mind of the Moralizer* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1979), p. 389.

11. See further on deathworks, Part I of my lifework to come, *Sacred Order/Social Order*.

12. Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, bk. 1, sec. 1, p. 74; see, also, Søren Kierkegaard, *The Present Age*, trans. Alexander Dru (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1962).

13. Stevens, "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction," *The Collected Poems*, pp. 380-408. The most admirable of American third world poets, Stevens is lyrically precise and wonderfully erudite in his post-Arnoldian compassion for all those who live in our third world. All those have found that, having abandoned their belief in God, poetry—art generally—can take its place as the style of redemption.

14. Kierkegaard, p. 43.

trope." Tropically, the price of trinitarian pleasuring is subjectivist truth. It is in that inciting form of truth that Stevens follows Nietzsche in the deathwork thought that "the death of one god is the death of all." That one dead, or permanently absent, god has become a bore. Suffering "celestial ennui," the most exciting of disenchantments, the death of all gods must be reinvented continuously by specially negational imaginations, poets where priests and prophets once were, bored by the commanding singularities of eternal truth. Fictions and their militant fabricators, of some "absolute angel" of consuming desire that is the merely "possible, possible, possible," substitute for the sheerly actual of sacred orders no more inhabitable than their own creative works. Those fictive worlds have not remained mere works of art. The great historian Jacob Burckhardt knew that the state had become a work of art and, in that work, a structure of violent death to the society over which it finally proclaimed itself Lord and Master.¹⁵

6) *The poet as angel of death.* Stevens declares death not only to all gods but to the Angel, that creature which had existed solely to praise God. Rereading the Praiser as his predecessor, Stevens orders all angels be silent as he strips "the real" of every fiction except one, "the fiction of an absolute—Angel," man as his own work of art. In hearing such poetic noise, how could any angel resist Stevens' command:

Angel,
Be silent in your luminous cloud and hear
The luminous melody of proper sound.

Stevens must choose. He chooses the poet.

What am I to believe?
Is it he or is it I that experience this?

The answer comes, self-revealing as *Exodus* 3:14:

I have not but I am and as I am, I am. . . .
An occupation, an exercise, a work¹⁶

—a deathwork as the poetic form of belief in our third world. Stevens' "Supreme Fiction" is a hosanna in the highest to a secular humanism that sees itself "serenely gazing at the violent abyss" and willingly "leaps downward through evening's revelations." No more than Duchamp, no more than Freud, no more than any of our great, late second world deathworkers does Stevens need sacred order. He "needs nothing but deep space." Even so, around that world in its deep space, the artist can

15. Jacob Burckhardt, *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, trans. S. G. C. Middlemore (London: Phaidon Press, 1944), particularly Part I, "The State as a Work of Art." For a later, cinematic expression of the state as a work of art, see Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph des Willens* (1936).

16. Stevens, pp. 404-5.

never permit nakedness. The world woman, as the artist's bride, can never be stripped bare. The vocation of the artist is to weave yet another "fictive covering . . . always glistening from the heart and mind." Third world artists and scientists cannot think of the truth before them. Such artists and scientists are weavers singing impious songs to an imaginary bride. The vocation of the artist becomes not an address to sacred order but "a thing final in itself and, therefore, good." The good goes "round and round and round, the merely going round, until merely going round is a final good." In this spinning, of words or numbers or whatever, there is no primordality. Where the primordial of possibility was, Stevens sees a possibly "fat girl, terrestrial, my summer, my night," his own disappointment in his own shaped and moving contour. So the creator of supreme fictions registers his own heroic disappointment at his own created world. Stevens sees him "bent over work, anxious, content, alone," and yet assuredly his own godterm. What militant assurance there is in such a hero declaring to himself, civilly as he would to a very slim lady with whom he is in love: "you remain the more than natural figure." That more than natural figure is the bride who can never be stripped bare. She cannot exist without her "fictive covering." Stevens' sacred second world can be stripped of every fiction except the supreme need for fictions. That supreme need is an idea old as natural religion. Stevens gives that natural religion an artistic militancy toward the creation of a third world that must use, as canon-fodder, all the attributes of worlds first and second.

7) *Third world militant.* Militant for all those attributes, excluding none, not even the politically incorrect father who "fetches" in season during "the auroras of autumn . . . negresses to dance among the children," Stevens, though he knows that negations are never final, has the prescience of the oncoming dream of a new soldier of unfaith to replace the soldier of faith. In the coda of the tenth stanza of his "Notes," his version of the far earlier Ten Words, Stevens imagines his prototypal third world man as a soldier to whom he can declare, as if the permanence of the *kulturkampf* were a revelation: "there is a war between the mind and sky." That

It is a war that never ends . . .
And war for war

describes the deathwork of his, and my own, prototypal third world soldier. In that permanent war, every high officer of our third culture class is charged with the duty as follows:

He imposes orders as he thinks of them,

As the fox and snake do.¹⁷

These officers are tricksters, nonstop seducers of skies, that simple naturalizing pluralist word for all sacred orders. Fox or snake, into whatever figure they transform themselves, trickster third world officers call the world woman "by name, my green, my fluent mundo." Conrad's Kurtz calls her, with equally militant insolence, "My Intended. . . . Oh yes, I heard him. 'My Intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my—' [Marlow is literally breathless at the ungodly Godliness of the man] everything belonged to him." Third world officers are driven by this combative erotic counterfaith to which the depths themselves must

burst into a prodigious peal of laughter that would shake the fixed stars in their places. Everything belonged to him—but that was a trifle. The thing was to know what he belonged to, how many powers of darkness claimed him for their own. . . . It was impossible—¹⁸

It was an impossible culture that Kurtz tried to carve out for himself as the progressive explorer of that fluent mundo called The Congo. These explorers read literally and typologically as Kafka named them in their singular search for that primacy of possibility. That officer is there, wherever he goes, to explore the world he comes to create and destroy. The mode of destruction can be clearly read in both works of art, *Heart of Darkness/In the Penal Colony*. These are the creations, not the discoveries, of our third world explorers. Sacred orders, when partially recognized in social, are reread by third world theorists as penal colonies, there to be liberated by explorers of possibility as our third world primordial.

8) *Repression as exploration*. Before this truth, before this supremely scientific fiction, the imperial theme, the exploration itself, knows, as Stevens knows about it,

that what it has is what is not.¹⁹

How remarkable that centuries before, Shakespeare's political explorer, however overwrought with things forgotten, shakes his own single state of man, his sacred self, by his surmise that

nothing is but what is not.²⁰

In his apprehensive language of exploration, even so treated as a supreme fiction near the end of its power to persuade, Stevens offers an unpolitical version of the imperial theme. Poetic rather than political officers, of

17. *Ibid.*, pp. 407, 403.

18. Joseph Conrad, "Heart of Darkness," in *Great Short Works* (New York: Harper & Row, 1967), p. 260.

19. Stevens, p. 382.

20. *Macbeth*, act 1, sc. 3, line 141.

that imperial theme, Stevens' soldiers die as fictive heroes quickly as their fictions fade before the coming of yet another supremacist. The permanent war does not end with the end of sacred order. Rather, the war grows more cruel, more scientific, more inclusive. The study of culture itself is drawn into the war as a major weapon, which I called in the first note the form of fighting before the firing begins. As a high officer, indeed as the appalled Clausewitz of our third world armies ranged against second, Nietzsche speaks the truth of his emergent worlds as they have been and will be: in a state of war against all cultures—as anticultures. It is in that state that the judge as a figure of domination is replaced by the therapeutic esteemer. As an anti-godterm, engaged in relentless therapies of self-esteem, the esteemer is the creator. The language is worthy of a message in the American Navy. "Hear this, you creators! Change of values—that is a change of creators. Whoever must be a creator always annihilates."²¹ Of Nietzsche's thousand and one world creations, i.e. cultures, each with its own moral order, there is now the all-inclusive thousand and second as their decreative conqueror. The officers of the conquering third culture know what they are: enforcers of rules. Rules are surrogates of commanding truths. Even Freud thought there were certain permanent rules—the incest taboo, for example—which were universal. Who in third culture can imagine a universal, unchangeable rule? In second worlds, there is no rule on earth which does not have its exception. But second world rules are readings of commanding truths and of their implications. Those readings, and their implications rendered institutionally, must have their enforcers. Law enforcement is ineliminable in social orders. Reading war—*kulturkampf* in the unoriginal German—must antedate all shooting war; or else shooting wars are sheer madness, outbreaks of the most severe and suicidal efforts to escape any and all implications of sacred order.

9) *Derrida as illustrator*. Stevens was a great illustrator of our worlds at war. A less lyrically persuasive third world illustrator, Jacques Derrida, shows the simple strategy of retreat from second world eternal truths by mocking their policing character. "Everything comes down to one of those reading exercises with magnifying glass which calmly claim to lay down the law, in police fashion indeed."²² Derrida's reading of second world close readings is correct so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. We professionals of the reading discipline: we are the real police. As teaching agents of sacred order, and inescapably within it, the moral demands we must teach, if we are teachers, are those eternal truths

21. Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, trans. W. Kaufmann (New York: Penguin, 1978), bk. 1, sec. 15, p. 59.

22. Jacques Derrida, *The Truth in Painting*, trans. G. Bennington and I. McLeod (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987), p. 326.

by which all social orders endure. The unprecedented historical task of our real police is to so magnify the downward direction of change by which the present third world war against all sacred orders is being conducted, that the higher illiteracy of it no longer lures the old elites of our second to defeat by a massive decline in their own reading ability.

10) *The old reading elites and the new.* The old *reading/policing* elites were titled 'rabbinate' or 'priesthoods'. Jewish *Rabbi* and Catholic *Father* both meant, in their second worlds, *teaching authority*. Stevens asks: "What rabbi, grown furious with human wish" does not look "for what was, where it used to be?"²³ Third world teaching elites have a contrary teaching authority. Therapy is to theology as *hospital/theater* is to *synagogue/church*. Third world teaching authority is historically unique.²⁴ It casts roles where identities were.²⁵

'Therapeutic': I can find no more theatrical term, for incorporation into the present political vocabulary, for the new benevolent despotism of those actors, role-players all, who presume the endless suppliancy of unprecedented comfort and safety to warrant world disenchantment with all sacred orders and with their consequent social orders.²⁶ Therapeutics calculate actings-out of disenchantment as earlier teaching elites calculated cures of return to *The Way* from the waywardness of transgressive conduct. Therapy is to transgression as theology was to prohibition: inseparable.

11) *The second world of prohibition and permission, illustrated in Matthew.* No world has ever existed before our third except as readings of sacred orders. During all histories before third world elite misreaders appeared, all readings were made from somewhere within sacred order. The world expressed itself reciprocally in both sacred and social order. Of all second world readers, the Jew Jesus remarked most precisely on that nearness of prohibitions and permissions by which humans have their being created in that contested space, ever so narrow, between sacred order and social. *Matthew* 18:18, translated sociologically into present second world terms, reads as follows: "Whatever you prohibit in social order will be prohibited in sacred order. And whatever you permit in social order will be permitted in sacred order." Secular sociology has succeeded only in inverting the various second world reading traditions out of both Athens and Jerusalem, so to invent social order as if it were

23. Stevens, p. 389.

24. See my *Triumph of the Therapeutic* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987) chs. 1, 2, 3, and 8.

25. Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, bk. V, secs. 356-57, pp. 302-10.

26. This is the meaning of the great passage on the disenchanted world in Weber. See "Science as a Vocation," in *From Max Weber: Essays in Sociology*, ed. H. H. Gerth, C. Wright Mills (New York: Oxford University Press, 1972), p. 139.

the predicate of sacred.²⁷

No social order has ever before existed without regular reading enactments, at once operative and illuminative, of sacred order. By contrast, third cultures read nothing but themselves. In their lives among the ruins of second, third world elites represent actings-out of an unprecedented autonomy: life without any predicative sacred order. Such actings-out are inseparable from the fight long fought between world reading elites.²⁸ Never before in their long cultural history have second world reading professionals faced so formidably real, concrete, and dangerous a task as third world professionals now put upon them. To read our worlds at war is to participate unavoidably in the fighting. *Value-neutrality* amounts to a taking of third world sides; as if that pretension of civility were a supersession of veracity. There is no neutral ground to be found in this or any other world.

The Germans had a compound word for the fighting. In that fighting, brute force has been the last, not the first, resort. The first resort has been to words.

12) *Kulturkampf*. The German compound word for the disarming *force/form* of culture has an awkward English equivalent: *culture/struggle*. As I remarked in the first note, the punning polemical genius of Joyce brought him closer than any sociologist I know to both the formal fighting sense of culture and its superordinate creative sense. It is in that *both/and* that the historical task of culture is always and everywhere the same: the creation of a *world* in which its inhabitants may find themselves at home and yet accommodate the stranger without yielding their *habitus* to him. Here and now, pluralism has its price: a united front of second against third world assaults, which are often mounted in the name of pluralism.

13) *Origins of kulturkampf*. Law is the ultimate weapon, before any turn to harder ware, in a *kulturkampf*. That word first appeared in common German use in the early 1870's during the struggle of the National Liberal political party to disarm by law the *moral/educational* authority, and political pulpitory, of a triumphalist Roman Catholic hierarchy, revitalized as it then was by its dogma of papal infallibility in matters of faith and morals. The aim of the National Liberals was to shift the German

27. Before the brilliant inversionist Nietzsche, there were the boring refounders of sociology as an inversive discipline: Saint-Simon and Comte. A sacred sociology would be a different discipline and no 'New Christianity' in either the old Saint-Simonian or new remissive elite sense.

28. Second world sociology began with the authors of the Pentateuch and the author of *The Republic*. That sociology, representing the minority tradition in the discipline, would include in its guild de Maistre, Nietzsche, and many others equally individual in their alliances and oppositions. All second world traditions have embarrassingly candid loyalists, such as de Maistre, and brilliantly lyric traitors, such as Nietzsche.

Catholic imagination away from the church to the state. The Pope responded to newly restrictive laws by forbidding clerical conformity to them. In turn, the state dismissed clerical resisters from their duties and, moreover, suspended their state salaries. Elites of the *kulturstaat*, both Catholic and Protestant, then learned a fatally rational and enduring lesson: the high price of being other than indifferent to the temptation of opposing the *machtstaat*.

14) *Consequences of kulturkampf*. A consequent prudent *adiaphora*,²⁹ operating in a range from clerical indifference to conformity, endured from that Bismarckian *kulturkampf* against the Church to Hitler's against the founding nation of that second world from which all church civilizations take their supersessive readings. Never before Hitler's time had a *kulturkampf* against the Jews turned into a war of extermination. Against that war of extermination, no significantly specific Christian resistance was mounted. A few Christians sought to share the fate of the Jews. Such sacrifices were more than an unreasonable reprise of a sacred order that can be renewed only by something irrational: sacrifice or some other form of taboo upon the sensible safety of indifference. Nothing sacred can be defended by indifferent Reason. Faith is not a sacrifice of intellect, as Nietzsche and his many successors have argued, but the predicate of all decisive *life/knowledge*. *Faith/knowledge* is one thing, *prudence/intellect* is another. Politics is the art of *prudence/intellect*. An animal may well be prudent and, in that sense, political. A Christian may well be political and, in that sense, un-Christian.

15) *Prudence/intellect: dynamics of the war within late second worlds*. It was as the supersessive Israel that the Church maintained its prudent silence in the face of that most peculiar institution of our emergent third world: the death camps. An imprudent encyclical, *Humani Generis Unitas*, prepared on orders of Pius XI, would have directed Catholics to stand fast against persecution of the Jews. Another draft, less steadfast in this particular, was published by his successor, Pius XII, who ascended the throne of St. Peter in the earliest year of total world war, 1939.

A more subtle prudence may be found in John Paul II. He has advanced the *pop* idea of the natural religion behind both the Nazi and Marxist regimes, which become "substitute religions."³⁰ This is a grave

29. The doctrine of considering certain matters of small difference between churches in Christian praxis as most prudently treated with indifference. Else, there develops a familiar narcissism that often splits second world organizations into hostile camps. The ultra-orthodox among the Jews are great disbelievers in doctrines of *adiaphora*. Perhaps the greatest Christian theorist of *adiaphora* was Desiderius Erasmus.

30. *New York Times*, August 27, 1989, p. 8: "Pope John Paul II today marked the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of World War II by condemning Nazism and Marxism as 'substitute

misprision, coming specially as it does from a most learned Bishop of the second Rome. Totalitarian regimes recycle no sacred orders, except as fictions transparent to their *subjects/actors/audiences*. In those negations of sacred order, totalitarian regimes represent an unprecedented cultural form by no means exhausted in the politics of any color—Nazi brown, Marxist red, Farrakhan black. However kinder and gentler less colorful and more constructive fictions may be, they need to be read for their separate but equal adamancy against all sacred orders. I shall treat as my occasional touchstone of these kinder and gentler fictions a text that is neither kind nor gentle when read in context of the *kulturkampf*.

16) *My fictive Professor Burt*. There is the mildest of menaces at work in Professor Burt's disarming text on the "significance of Jewishness in American life."³¹ That there is a menace is the showing purpose of these notes. I may be imagining the menace and the strength of its implications. *Two Jewish Justices* reads, in the context I have constructed here, as an act of forgetfulness so monumental that I have had more than one long moment, during the writing of these notes, when I have imagined that the author himself is a fictional character made up by myself, uncannily like another fictional character who has been terribly important in my interior life: Borges' Funes the Memorious.

17) *Burt the Memorious*. The real importance of Borges' fictive Funes is that he revealed himself to me as poor Nietzsche's successor role-model. The Nietzsche who proclaimed, in his fateful future role as a madman, that "god is dead"—and with him not only all gods but all sacred orders—seems to me to have had his self-transcendent re-incarnation in Ireneo Funes. This Ireneo Funes, unlike his failed role-model Nietzsche, really was "an untamed and vernacular Zarathustra," a truer precursor of the superman than Nietzsche himself. Nietzsche could never forget the god of Jewish second world creation. His anticipation, of both the death of that creator and that deathwork's consequences, was dreadful. That sacred order of revealed and agent-completed law, the amen of truth in its culture of commands, would return like the repressed. The version of sacred order lifted from the Jews to become various Christendoms—I say nothing of Islams, which have scarcely more than started in America—would return. Nietzsche forgot nothing; least of all the ineliminable significance of Jewishness as the law of being at home in the world. This one memory, in all its compelling variations, is the one Funes cannot have, and is never to have. For this one reason,

religions' . . . 'Nazi paganism and Marxist dogma are both basically totalitarian ideologies and tend to become substitute religions' [Pope John Paul II] wrote . . ."

31. Robert Burt, *Two Jewish Justices: Outcasts in the Promised Land* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988), p. 3.

his singular gift for forgetting not only the Jewish Lord of the world but all others above and/or in their sacred orders, Funes could say to his author: "I have more memories in myself alone than all men have had since the world was a world."³² Funes even remembers, he believes in his fictive memory, the very dawn of that third world creation to which he himself belongs, unlike poor Nietzsche, his precursor and that world's proclaimer: dawn of 30th April, 1882, when *The Gay Science* is first supposed published.

18) *Another self-creation in the third world multicultural.* Funes might have gone on to remember that 1882 was the very year in which Freud's precursor, Joseph Breuer, was too much the old Jew to take the transference as his patient, Anna O., offered it, and herself, to him. Once, in the witness of James Strachey, the general editor of the standard English edition of his *Works*, Freud put his finger on the hiatus in the text of *Studies in Hysteria*.³³ That absence signifies a presence. Old Jew that he was, however reluctantly, Breuer could not say that the health Anna O. had recovered was at that moment of the hiatus in the text inseparable from the transferred truth of his erotic authority. That "unanalyzed positive transference of an unmistakably sexual nature,"³⁴ was of a future kind of therapist, no spiritual kin of Breuer. Nor, for technical procedural reasons, would the "infidel Jew" Freud abuse positive transference for his own sexual satisfaction. But 1882 was in another world, the late Jewish second. Both Breuer's unstated Jewish amen of truth and Freud's technical procedural resistance appear to be systematically forgotten. A certain significant percentage of therapists do consummate positive transferences of an unmistakably sexual nature.³⁵

19) *Why not?* Funes the Memorious has given the answer. "The truth is that we all live by leaving behind . . . sooner or later every man [and woman, I must add, lest Funes be accused of sexism] will do all

32. Jorge Luis Borges, *Ficciones* (New York: Grove Press, 1962), p. 112.

33. Freud, *The Standard Edition*, II, p. 40, fn. 1.

34. *Ibid.*

35. Threats of malpractice suits and felony convictions have failed to deter some therapists from having sex with patients, and a new study shows that children as young as 3 are among the victims. A report published in July [1988] issue of the *American Psychologist* said studies have shown "therapist-patient sexual intimacy to be a major problem for all major mental health professions" despite a decade-long effort by professional societies to publicize and halt the practice. . . . [In the 90 replies to a Los Angeles survey of clinical psychologists] "24 percent said they knew of instances where therapists abused minor patients". . . . [O]ther studies indicate that an average of one out of every ten male therapists has been involved with at least one incident of intimacy with a patient . . . of those sexually intimate with patients, 80 percent were involved with more than one. . . . [A]nonymous surveys show that 13 percent of psychology professors or clinical supervisors questioned admitted to sexual intimacies with psychology students. . . . "It is very frequently a normal part of therapy . . . but therapists are supposed to be trained to resist."

— (*Philadelphia Inquirer*, Aug. 2, 1988, p. C1)

things and know everything."³⁶ The truth will be there, like God (*Exodus* 3:14), in Funes the Memorious as our fictive man of the future who is already here. The one thing Funes can forget is all gods and all sacred orders. Thus, third world creation. I speculate that Funes' Christian name, Ireneo, is a play on the Christian Church father, Irenaeus. Borges is not the sort of author to leave names behind, devoid of meaning. He was precisely the opposite of Joyce, who wanted his third culture creation to be utterly meaningless. *Finnegans Wake* is what it means. It is a godterm, which means it has no meaning superior to itself. It was Irenaeus who first fused Adam in Christ so to sum everything in the Christ of a creation, not of the Jew Jesus's making, that would make of the Jews at once the first necessary nation and the least, precisely because they could not see any man summing up all things into himself. Ireneo Funes is the fictive superman, the superior of Jesus, who can remember literally everything except sacred orders and their godterms. He sums third world creation in himself. Superior to Nietzsche, he becomes the positive of Nietzsche's negative capability for commensurative callings upon returns of sacred orders (most memorably in Section One of *The Gay Science*). Funes has no objective after-image of sacred order. Even more signifying: he has no feeling of any sort for the gods, their words or their orders. Nietzsche's was still a religious sensibility, however negative its capability.

20) *The blind creator*. The key to the character of creativity in third world is given in the great passage of charity to the mad Lear by the blind Gloucester:

Here, take this purse, thou whom the sacred orders' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched
Makes thee the happier. Sacred orders, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.³⁷

Melville marked this passage heavily. The greatest of American outcasts, Ahab, the man who insists on his quest in chaos for a whale that would have asked him, if whales spoke, "Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest watch over me?" (*Job* 7:12), has rejected all sacred orders despite his wife and family back home, where they are at home. Ahab is at home nowhere. To him, there is no life in any *word/world*. The outcast is a complete case, when he is seen for what he is, as Melville saw Ahab, of a

36. Borges, p. 113.

37. *King Lear*, act 4, sc. 1, lines 79-86.

man who cannot live without going on a quest that aims at death beyond any death ordained in natural or superordinate order. This dissociation of seeing from feeling, which Gloucester understood only after he had paid the high price of such a divided sensibility, characterizes someone who finally, blind, as he has been made in it, is instructed where he is. The scene of instruction is almost quick as a flash of insight.

Lear. You see how this world goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.³⁸

Such dissociated sensibilities exclude all but the most incredibly obvious manipulative references to the feeling intellect that can live only with reference to some sacred order or Other. Nietzsche has such a feeling intellect, despite his own intention. He knows the tragic and the moral will return from their fighting, however absent that return appears to be during the time of the tragedy. We have now demoted that time to a time of trashing. Third world sensibility excludes tragedy and its resolutions.

21) *Trashing*. Images of first (variously pagan) culture and second (Jewish and its largely hostile derivations) are there, however Nietzsche denies them, determining the direction of his own thought-worlds. He is, not least, a commemorative figure. Funes confesses to his author, Borges, his unprecedented character: "My memory, sir, is like a garbage disposal."³⁹ But a garbage Disposall is not a memory machine. He is really saying something different: that he is the triumphalist outcast from both first culture at its metaphysical height, and, equally, from Jewish second culture of known amens of truth that have yet to be worked out by their speakers—as agents of that truth and responsible to it. Funes has trashed all sacred orders, all first and second world cultures within their various and contending expressions. Being the most triumphant nominalist of whom I have heard, this perfect figment of third world imagining is disturbed by the fact that "a dog at three-fourteen (seen in profile) should have the same name as the dog at three-fifteen (seen from the front)." Funes is nominalist self outcast from realist self. "His own face in the mirror, his own hands, surprised him on every occasion."⁴⁰ Certainly, the "generic term dog" embraced many unlikes. Least of all did dog embrace anything spelt backward and even more unlike itself than itself. Behind the word there is nothing. Moreover, the word is nothing so far as it insists on being generic. James Joyce, the master of disarming all names, knew what to say about all created worlds, includ-

38. *Ibid.*, act 4, sc. 6, lines 145-46.

39. Borges, p. 112.

40. *Ibid.*, p. 114.

ing his own. "In the buginning is the woid."⁴¹ No one can be at home in such a *word/void* creation. The greatest third world literary creation remains *Finnegans Wake*, in which every first and second world culture, as some registration in social order of sacred order, is trashed. *Wake* is a de-creation, immortal as Funes in a text but never in the world, which is never a text.

22) *Burt's Urtext.*

Outsider status, homelessness, is pervasively experienced in American society today—not simply among those groups customarily conceived in this way, such as blacks and Jews, but generally.⁴²

The conclusion of *Two Jewish Justices* is given straight away in the sixth paragraph of Chapter One. All Americans are Jews now, not to mention the rest of second world. This "Jewishness . . . distinctively associated with outsider status"⁴³ makes a text, but not a world. I do not say that there are no worlds of support for Burt's text of non-Jewish, even anti-Jewish, Jewishness. That most artful of third culture de-creations, *Finnegans Wake*, supports Burt's almost transparently artless—that is to say, blindly artful—world. The greatest and most terrible of American texts, *Moby Dick*, appears to support Burt's world. Then, of course, there are famous figures of the non-Jewish, even anti-Jewish, world. Among the most famous new Jews of third culture, consummating itself in deadly fictions, are the ultimate murderer of Moses, Freud; and moreover, Marx and all his Trotskys, who have made uncounted Bronsteins pay the highest price for their revolutions. They have all called themselves Ishmael and gone to seas that are what they represent to the old Jews: fathomless disorder, chaos, anticulture, *yam*—not only *sea* but the sense of being at sea, as my father and both my grandfathers felt as they were caught in the *kulturkampf*. There is no being saved by texts from this drowning, a salvation many have attempted before me. Texts are now spread open like thighs, reading for the triumph of the misreader as the life of study is reinvented as something remotely resembling rape. A deconstructed text is tantamount to a forgery. No world of the uncreated conscience is created when, as in one case of third culture deconstructive genius, James Joyce asserts as its creator the *void/woid*. That textual void murders the living world at the heart of the Jewish liturgy, the *Sh'ma* (*Deuteronomy* 6:2), by turning it inside out. This is war. Second culture readers of Joyce's third culture text should expect no mercy from such an authorial godterm. "And shall not Babel be with Lebab? And he war. And he shall open his mouth and answer: I hear, O Ismael, how they laud is only

41. Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, p. 378.

42. Burt, p. 3.

43. *Ibid.*, p. 2.

as my loud is one."⁴⁴ Burt never mentions the real present and past Israel, neither its people nor their renewed political place in the world. The very subtitle of Burt's text carries its counter-promise. If America is fancied as the promised land, then what remains of the promise? Nothing, I suppose. Only so does it become possible to describe the significance of Jewishness in American life without reference to Israel. Burt's silence is loud as Joyce's jewlord of our second world and all others. That loud world is there to be trashed. Israel turned inside out into Ismael has never been accepted by the Jews as the truth about themselves. A pariah is not a pariah, rather an exile and/or guest, if he rejects the meaning of pariah, as Jews do still. To be defined by others may serve Sartre's Jew but not the Jew who is for himself. Nor is Ismael the self identified by gentiles in America. More later of that Jewish self, secure in its second world, if not yet in the homeland of that culture. I have first to attend Burt's Ismael imposition upon Israel, and the largely fictive passionate "identification" of his *lawyer/judge* role model, Brandeis, with "outcasts."

23) *Burt's Outcast text v. Self living in our second world of the Word.* Sacred scripture, Jewish second world recorded, is not a text; not in the sense Burt's book is a text, nor Nietzsche's, nor Joyce's, nor Borges'. The true *Torah/teaching* way is not as literature, not as poetry. If there is a poetry of Law, then that poetry is in the obedient mind's eye open to see because it feels absolutely the commanding truth of sacred order in its own self: confident in its faith-relation. In third culture doctrines, specially in their Freudian versions, authority is a function of identification which is hermetically sealed away from the commanding truth of identity in the sacred self of *Genesis* 1:26. Identity with the outcast is a third world fantasy. The reverse is the Jewish case, and the Christian, when both are rightly understood and not swept into sentimentality. The directive of authority on this matter of outcasts is clear enough in these words and can be quoted from many other directives: "You shall therefore keep all My statutes and all Mine ordinances and do them, lest the land, where I have brought you to live, vomit you out. And you shall not follow the customs of the nation, which I am casting out before you . . . because they practiced all these crimes" (*Leviticus* 20:22-23). Outcasts are criminals in sacred order, predicate of social order. That is the originally Jewish and latterly Christian meaning of *Matthew* 18:18. Sacred order and social order are one, if only human agents would see and feel both as they are and ever shall be—world without end. Wherever any one is in this sacred order, every one is an agent and therefore responsible for every act of self in social order. There is nothing either remote or

44. Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, p. 258.

subjective about sacred order. Our culture of commands is there, objectively near everyone with feeling intellect enough to be true to oneself. Say nothing of an order that is not of this world or of one's self. "No, the word is very near you, it is on your lips and in your mind, to be obeyed" (*Deuteronomy* 30:14).

24) *Second world credal communities.* An outcast from credal communities of our *word/world* has no authority and can have none. There can be no question, either in Jewish or Christian worlds, of identifying with outcasts. They have no authority. They may be given charity. Outcasts may mouth the words but they cannot see because they do not feel what will appear to them a mere text among other texts: "This word is your life" (*Deuteronomy* 32:47). This is the breathing word. From these ordinances, together constituting sacred order, each agent lives in his works. Nothing can be said more rightly or more often: grace will not be divorced from works. Works register in action the law in social order. Grace is that other registration, as it is given in sacred order, where works are never sure enough. To both, sacred and social order, the outcast must be brought back, as to life; or, in the case of certain outcasts, in their works, sentenced to death.

25) *Outcasts? Neither of Burt's Justices.* Burt inspires dread enough in me by his use of the word outcasts in his subtitle, and elsewhere in synonyms: outsiders, aliens, blacks, Jews, Here Comes Everyman, Mr. and Mrs. American's Anonymous. None of the above are outcasts. An outcast is murderous desire, idolatrous practices and/or abused sexuality incarnate, or a manager of these transgressions. Outcasts are desire consummated in dread and devastation. That desire cannot consummate itself except in death, or, more operatically, in *love/death*. Desire alien from second culture commands, or even first, pursues death after death. Burt raises the quest motif in his first pages and remarks that his book is about the quest for a "homeland" of some sort. I cannot see the slightest hint that he knows that the erotic and the political cohabit in the quest motif as we can read that cohabiting and its consequences in Arthurian legend, hear the cohabiting in Wagnerian opera, and, moreover, feel the cohabiting in the fighting when symbolic warfare turns to shooting.⁴⁵

45. It is absurd to deny the erotics of power (cf. fn. 9). Anyone who has seen photographs of that fashion plate Reinhard Heydrich in his death's head uniform will see the intercourse of the erotic and the powerful. But that cohabitation—absolutely not to be seen in the figure, say, of Abraham Lincoln, thank God—is ineliminable in totalitarian regimes, in warrior classes, as in Sparta, in the SS and the *Einsatzkommando* or those Iraqi soldiers volunteered or assigned to the raping rooms of Kurdistan. The erotics of the shooting war are ineliminable. I do not say that the fighting erotic is always toward the transgressive. "What will cause a Marine to jump on a hand grenade, killing himself in order to save his fellow Marines? Love. I have to tell you—they don't fight for their country. They don't fight for the Marine Corps. They don't fight for apple pie, motherhood, Sally Lou or Lost Overshoe, Iowa. They fight for their buddies." (General Thomas

Don Giovanni, Hitler, Stalin, Beria, Pol Pot, Saddam Hussein—a whole cast of characters, more or less infamous—have been managers of serial, murderous desire. The outcast is desire consummated in the dread he represents. George Steiner represents, in *The Portage to San Cristóbal of A.H.*,⁴⁶ a Hitler who is not himself, past representing dread. The outcast is a figure in life of sacred order in the first world sense. His transgressive or abysmal face unmasks itself in abominations of the desolation. Read *Revelation* for its *pale horse/pale rider*. Or read Nietzsche on the pale criminal, whose “soul wanted blood, not robbery,” who “thirsted after the bliss of the knife.”⁴⁷ Are these outcasts, shameless, to live? Death penalties are just for those who are so abysmally unjust. The unjustly dead should be remembered and so should their murderers be execrated.

26) *More names of outcasts.* The charming Ted Bundy. Gary Gilmore. (Remember him?) All those outside the Law and law who are the dread they represent. Living symbols, though dead. The Jews understood from the beginning. Abraham is tested, for his dread threshold, in the infamous moment with Isaac. Obedience in faith is not dread in faithlessness. But the two may be not so far apart when there is no angel to stay the hand. Kierkegaard fancies he can see Abraham as an outcast, his face aflame in the dread his act represents. But he is already in our second world of Law. Therefore, he does not *sacrifice/murder* his son and will not. If the angel had urged him on, then there would be no God represented. An exterminating angel is his own God. Outcasts *return/advance* fictively to our now remote first world primacy of possibility. First world primordials and their fated transgressive thrusts may be seen in Greek tragedy's murderous workings out of justice itself, as in *Oedipus*, *The Bacchae*, *Electra*, and even in the greatest of tragedies in English culture, *Hamlet*. Pitiless first world justice raises the great question: are Oedipus and Hamlet agents responsible in sacred order? Freud was inclined from the first to say they are not. In Freudian fact our world, between the times of Oedipus and Hamlet, has undergone, mainly through the *life/death* work of the Jews, the tremendous process of a repressive mode so great that it fell to Freud, in his mission of melioration, to lighten the burden of a sense of guilt that is no longer to be treated justly as shame in sacred order. Rather, because there is no sacred order, guilt is to be treated therapeutically.

27) *The art of describing outcasts.* Burt is a long way from having the art. Such misnaming is dangerous. Art may give the outcast a properly

Droughty, transcript of “This Week with David Brinkley,” Jan. 27, 1991 (New York: American Broadcasting Co, 1991), p. 9.)

46. George Steiner, *The Portage to San Cristóbal of A.H.* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1981).

47. Nietzsche, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, bk. I, sec. 6, p. 38.

short name, shorter than Brandeis, not to mention Frankfurter, and see him play the god of pure *power/sex*. Neither of those two decent men played that god. Call the outcast Kurtz, as in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. That is a power name. Kurtz plays pagan god. That actor believes in his act until the very end. He believes in himself alone, acting, and so presiding over many a murder and other abominations. Finally, in his desire after desire, Kurtz devours himself. His last four words, "The horror! The horror!" may be read as a final comment on life as Kurtz has led it: a third world conqueror living in his recycled version of a largely fictive first. No character in fiction has more obviously recycled the primacy of possibility. Kurtz is a dreadful man. He is an outcast even from the tribe that deified him. First worlds permitted such deifications, in real history as well as in fiction. Inca ritual sacrifices for the renewal of the world, for example, included the horror, complete with disembowelings and flayings of skin from the living sacrificial body. At one point in his book, Burt sees the outcast come to power at the end of second world times, as in post-Christian Germany. His gnostic intuition leads him to see America as a land of outcasts. God forbid. Burt should read Conrad's second novel, *An Outcast of the Islands*. There the outcast is given another fictive name: *Willems*, as in 'will to power'.

28) *Transgressives*. It is from Conrad's art, not from Burt's legal fiction, that the reader can get a picture of the outcast. The willful loner on a South Sea island, if not a Supreme Court bench, lives "by the grace of his will," which is no grace at all.⁴⁸ Conrad's novel merits rereading so to meet an outcast in fiction more real than those fictive outcasts, Brandeis and Frankfurter, in Burt's apparent non-fiction. Willems is another case, like Kurtz, of a man escaping and denying membership in sacred order. He is Conrad's first full invention of a man without faith (or 'transcendent norms', if fudge is your taste). Without faith, Willems has only the "grace of his will" against the will of others. This is the psychology of power pure and true. You can meet that psychology on any mean American street. The street elites of America act much like outcasts and Burt rightly fears them. It is not Willems alone that loves power as others love women. In fact, the outcast love of women is strictly part of the power game. Suppose truth a woman? Nietzsche once asked that question, so to show he knew of what he prophesied in that question and elsewhere: that third culture of power, the likes of which had never been seen on earth before—power mobilized by fictions which organized everyone to live knowingly within the fiction. There is our exquisite third world practice of lies, systemic mendacities of the kind that have been broadcast nowadays to the powerless for their own preparatory practice

48. Joseph Conrad, *An Outcast of the Islands* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1925), p. 5.

in a world they, too, are making so faithless that to live knowingly in one's fiction is the debased final form of belief so elevated in Stevens' "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction." Against a supreme work of American poetry, I offer the text analogue of an American anthropological deathwork. The passage was written by a preeminently intellectual and Jewish professor of anthropology. Our text analogue is delivered with consummate professional care. It may serve to illustrate how the remissive dynamic works to subvert commanding interdictory truths. Professor Stanley Diamond writes of the Tawana Brawley affair: "In cultural perspective, if not in fact, it doesn't matter whether the crime occurred or not. Tawana Brawley's handlers—the Rev. Al Sharpton and lawyers C. Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox—must know this."⁴⁹ There is a death sentence upon commanding truth, so to symbolize the politics of our fictive third world. It is what it represents: the justification of one short step in the struggle by radically remissive and self-appointed publicity mongers in American society to capture power. Civil rights are one thing. The will to power among any group, including American blacks, is quite another. The achievement of civil rights must include the holding of all blacks, as of all others, to their responsibilities as agent members in our second world *sacred/social* order. To treat American blacks remissively, as if they were born or bred in a radically remissive mode, is to be unjust to their absolutely equal identity. *Imago Dei* takes no color.

29) *Marriage and identification as aspects of the will to power.* To feel alive in his will to power, Willems marries into that fading white invention: a colored third world woman. (Conrad finished *Outcast* in 1895.) Marrying, though not identifying, down into his demoralized fictions, himself by his presiding presence the maker of their demoralization, Willems, like Kurtz, almost consciously plays God: "It is a fine thing to be a providence."⁵⁰ But Willems has already suffered the second death, his being cast out of all sacred orders, which always comes to outcasts before, not after, the death of the body. Even Willems' miserable natives, the half-caste underclass over which he could lord it still at the turn into the last imperial century, were more alive: "a miserable existence, but they lived, they lived!"⁵¹ In the next half sentence, Conrad describes the type, outcast: it was only himself, Willems, that seemed to be "left out of the scheme of creation." By contrast, no one and nothing is left out of the Jewish second culture scheme of creation; neither dogs, nor stones, nor driven leaves. To study self-outcasts is to start toward the study of third world systemic mendacity, the collusive ficta of acting selves with which an outcast whitewashes his transgressive self.

49. *The Nation*, Oct. 31, 1988, p. 409.

50. Conrad, *An Outcast of the Islands*, p. 4.

51. *Ibid.*, p. 65.

The danger in Burt's book is in his ambition to make over the outcast into the American Here Comes Everybody—and somehow everybody Jewish in the makeover. Of the danger his type presents in life, Burt is aware. The outcast can become a Hitler. Yet, and yet, the danger increases in the obsessive intensity of Burt's insistence on the outcast as the prevalent American type. Such an insistence can make great art and yet lie, except in the recycled first culture sense of which Joyce, but alas not Burt, is a master. Joyce's godterms in *Finnegans Wake*—HCE and the Finn waked again, the Jews god, every god—are the original sinners and perverts. It is all right with me if third world art at its height is profoundly anti-Jewish and, in the bargain, antinomian. *Finnegans Wake* is a tremendous trashing of all sacred orders. I insist on being disarmed by Joyce's shadow version of the *Sh'ma*, the central prayer of the Jewish liturgy (*Deuteronomy* 6:4) immediately after his treatment of the Babel. It is all high hilarity in the *kulturkampf*. But that sacred wood is full of hunters, and a party can get shot there; in particular, Jewish parties as the people of the God Joyce would silence even as he casts them out.

Burt is free as Joyce to do so. He is free to make his Ishmael go to sea, as Melville made his. Whether Burt knows, as Melville knew, that, in second culture symbolism, the sea is chaos, I do not know. I suppose Burt knows. It is none of my business to know whether he knows. It is my business to say that chaos is the opposite of sacred order. Chaos is the primacy of possibility without the Law. Except for a fistful of Trotskys, the Bronsteins of this world have not created or helped maintain chaos. To the contrary, Jews are a Law and order people. Does Burt accept the outcast, now almost every man, as the worst Christian transfiguration of the Jew into the prototype of human perversity: the man who rejected God in the name of Law? In Burt's new Jew, perhaps, goes everyman lost to the grace of domesticity. Burt's "outsider status," every American a new Jew, bears an uncanny and unexamined resemblance to Heidegger's German figure of human existence as *geworfenheit*. Having been thrown into worlds of laws they never made, Burt's new German American gentile Jew asserts law must be *de/moralized*. God becomes an upstart, uptight, old, middle-class, middle and American moral majoritarian boor of a moralist. (I thank nothingness that I was not born a new middle-American Jew, not limited in my gender role, not a boor.) Against that boor, a truly third culture catholic of indifference can ask: who are these straights, that they would pass laws against gays as role models for children? A question farther out: who are the gays to stay gay? Third world people can go any which way if they have half a style in life. The law must not, in any of its woids, inhibit or menace their post-Christian liberty to become whatever they desire; and then something else again.

30) *Foreshadowings of the something else again.*

If no one in America today is able to perceive himself or herself in social terms except as a homeless outsider, then the outcast in power is the modal embodiment of authority in our time.⁵²

Burt's book foreshadows an aestheticizing new legal Jew who is there already running in his place, somewhere near the vanguard of third culture. The new Jew would be devoted to his own creative arts and laws, against the creator's arts and laws. He is artist, actor, and lawyer rolled into one anti-godterm. This fiction politicized, who believes devotedly in himself and all the other selves he can be, is a menace clear enough to both Burt and myself. George Steiner goes even farther out in creating the new Jew. His A.H. is, at least in old age, a new Jew. This is to mime the Jew without the Law. But such a Jew cannot be, no more than Israel can be a secular state among secular states. No old Jew can be an outcast. Brandeis and Frankfurter would be old enough, now, to reject Burt's theatrical typecasting. Burt knows, well as Steiner, that it was an outcast and anti-Jew who created Nazi Germany. The most knowing moment in the book is when Burt issues a warning against precisely the type he has imagined into American existence by throwing him out of both Jewish and Christian sacred order. A few paradoxical words later, Burt enters a long footnote on Marx, in which the infamous essay "On the Jewish Question" is given the "germ" of Burt's idea of truth, some "plausible underlying sense" about "pervasive social bonding"⁵³ in the Marxist dream of a non-Jewish futurama world. But that sense is precisely the Marxist and Nazi nonsense become nightmare reality. "Pervasive social bonding" will come all right, but do not hold your breath for it. It will come when second world faith relations are educated out of their bondage to one fixed point, as to themselves among others. Then and only then can the *I* sacrifice itself, its identity, to and in the pervasively bonded nothingness, that primacy of possibility actualized in something always recalled Revolution. But that Revolution to end all revolutions has already come and gone; and, with it, has gone the truth of the tearful old Jewish joke: that the Trotskys make the Revolution and the Bronsteins pay for it. Too many Bronsteins paid too high a price for those few Trotskys who thought they had yet another universalizing answer to the Jewish question. They should have known better. And so should Burt.

Before Trotsky, and his primordially evil killer, Stalin, came the marks of the British Museum Library. The intellectualization of our late second world has been a tragedy for the Jews, disproportionately intellectual as they were, and for everyone else in the second world. Marx's Jew-

52. Burt, p. 77.

53. Ibid., p. 147.

hatred cannot be stripped, as Burt thinks. His final solution to the fight in and over creation itself demands the dissolution of all sacred orders. It was Jewish sacred order in particular that Marx saw standing in the way of his third world. After all, he did agree with Nietzsche. Through Christianity the world has been Judaized. In that world no *I* is free to be Another. In second worlds, no *I* is free to be the *Not-I*. Rimbaud's typical challenge to second culture is brief and clean as can be: "I is Another." A catastrophic sublimity—deadly as it is poetic. Primordialists of every persuasion—political, sexual, racial, whatever—maintain, as did Rimbaud: "it is wrong to say *Je pense*, one should say *on me pense*."⁵⁴ This ill and primordially old logic lends to repeated variations of Rimbaud's parody *Je ist unoutré*. This parody primordial takes nothing of the *Not-I* of its creation in *Galatians* 2:20. Such selves do not feel the constraint of the *Not-I*, to which all lifeworks are dedicated. Third culture, and only third, creates the kind of deadly social bonding consequent upon an *I* liberated from the *Not-I*. Marx spoke of this liberated man. So did Joyce. HCE is not unlike Marx's hunter-critic *ad infinitum* we shall meet again in the Marxist night. To bring the sublime idea up to date: a gay would be gay by day and straight by night, or, as JJ would say, vulsvicey. No "fixed boundary between insider and outsider status"⁵⁵ for third world un-Jewish Jews. No insiders. No outcasts—no status. The future belongs to primordial desire recast—no fixed anything, somehow. No identity that is not exchangeable at will: all quasi-selves, with their entitlements of power.

I do not trust this entitlement of power. It is too near hatred and despair. Rather than such a menacing artifice of desire, if the law will not do, then I would prefer no more of the world's wildfire but to imagine a Hericlitean fire and/or the comfort of the Resurrection. There is no hope in Burt's Jewish *pariah/lawyer*. I imagine him, in his law school numbers, a kind of counter-rabbinat. Where the life-constituting word of Revelation once was (*Deuteronomy* 32:47), there will be endlessly alterable and emptiable meanings of American constitutional Law voided. So Burt has almost arrived, I think, at the usual late second culture confusion between the directive amen of *knowledge/faith*, and swarms of equivocal viewworlds. Cultures of commanding truths are anchored in the unequivocal: Revelation. The Jewish *truth/faith* relation was, is, and ever shall be exclusivist. Ask Moses (if not Brandeis) about bull-worship, which is now one viewworld among unnumbered others. That dizziness is bad for our health. The Surgeon General of the universe warns against dizziness, for which the older word was giddiness.

54. Enid Starkie, *Arthur Rimbaud* (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1947), p. 128 quoting a letter from Rimbaud to Izambard dated 13 May 1871.

55. Burt, p. 129.

Let there be most definite boundaries within which identities can stand fast against viewworlds. Else our world grows giddy as it is. Let us play no other character except our own. Changing character, like the contemporary charade of order-hopping, was once understood in unmistakable words: apostasy, transgression. Fixed boundaries around unalterable identities derive from the Law, which appeared in the beginning of second world with its self-revealer. You cannot see if you cannot feel. Shakespeare knew that. How have we managed to forget? But Shakespeare is literature. The next sentence is more binding than any in literature. "See now that I, even I, am He and there is no god with Me" (*Deuteronomy* 32:39). From this *Me* and from no other, every *I* derives and dies.

31) *Who is not an outcast?*

Jews, by virtue of their historic experience, are specially adept at understanding and constructing social rules based on the fundamental fact that insider status is barred to them. In this sense, Jews have become particularly acute observers of, and illuminating figures in, the contemporary social experience of all Americans.⁵⁶

Burt fuses outcasts with aliens and strangers. But neither aliens nor strangers are outcasts. Burt fuses when he should be making distinctions. The Jews were once, as a people, aliens in Egypt (*Exodus* 23:9) and understood aliens and guest peoples. But they have been outcasts nowhere except in the institutionalized mind of Jew-hating. Like the Christian point that follows the Jewish, understanding the alien, let alone the outcast, is not to identify with him. Rather, the point is to convert the alien to the True Way. Only the political weakness of the Jews has prevented them from proselytizing, even as they have resisted proselytizing by Christians and Muslims—and Marxists—to the point of many martyrdoms. Generosity to the stranger from another homeland or faith, as from Egypt (*Leviticus* 19: 33-34), commands love as it derives from self love inseparable from the Lord's love. "I am the Lord your God" is paralleled in the Christian tradition by: "If you love me, then you will know my commands" (*John* 14:15). Christ's words do not make up a text to be admired or criticized. That would constitute literature and literary criticism. Those words *are* the life of a Christian and must be associated with such other directive words as give the meaning of Christian selfhood to itself, different as that meaning is from Jewish selfhood. "For through the Law I died to the Law that I might live for God; I have been crucified with Christ and it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me" (*Galatians* 2:20). The favor of Jewish Law reappears even in the most anti-Jewish of Gospels, *John*, as in the commandment above.

56. *Ibid.*, p. 68.

That grace will not be divorced from works means that the credal and bounded *I* cannot be separated from its predicative *I*—i.e., the *Not-I*. All works of art, so far as they are great and true, even such works as Joyce's, must address, as we shall see in his case too, the *Not-I*.

32) *Classical particularities*. Epictetus refers to the great struggle for the organization of identity that occupied the classical world. "This is the conflict between Jews and Syrians and Romans, not over the question of whether holiness should be put before everything else . . . but whether the particular act of eating swine's flesh is holy or unholy."⁵⁷ In the world of nature as the pre-moral primordial, the eating of swine's flesh would not matter. But Epictetus recognized that life is a particular matter of readings in right order. *Kulturkampf* is always about particulars. The avoidance of swine's flesh is never a matter of sanitation. It is a matter of moral sanity.

The horror of the third world *kulturkampf* against our second is that the entire struggle turns on abstractions, as in 'class', 'gender', 'race'. Epictetus knew that there was an isness of the self that is always particular:

Why, then, do you call yourself a stoic, why do you deceive the multitude, why do you act the part of the Jew when you are a Greek? Do you not see in what sense men are severally called Jew, Syrian or Egyptian? For example, whenever we see a man hesitating between two faiths, we are in the habit of saying "He is not a Jew, he is only acting the part." But when he adopts the attitude of mind of the man who has been baptised and has made his choice, then he both is a Jew in fact and is also called one.⁵⁸

33) *Identity/sacred self*. There is another compound German word that may be registered here for the isness of all sacred selves, the incommunicability and personality at the heart of all identity. In German, I suppose that particularity of each self—and the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of *Jacob/Israel*—is in the particularity of the God-relation, its *Eigentümlichkeit*, compared with the Kierkegaardian transliteration, *Inderlighed*. Subjectivity *is* truth in theonomic deed. Sacred order is the always slightly separate objective correlative within which those deeds occur knowingly and not. Freud's third world term for that objective correlative is the "third unconscious," which he feared to explore.⁵⁹ Freud's great genius, for retrieval of second unconscious, becomes brilliantly false in the light of his sacred fear of third.

57. Epictetus, *The Discourses* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1912), d, 1.22.4.

58. *Ibid.*, 2.9.19-20.

59. See Freud, *The Ego and the Id* in *The Standard Edition*, XIX, p. 18. See, further, my *Freud: The Mind of the Moralizer*, pp. 367-75.

An admirable contemporary text illustrates second world sense of self which cannot identify with outcasts and outsiders, however well it understands, even sympathizes, with them. In *A Man for All Seasons*, Sir Thomas More says to a friend, the Duke of Norfolk, a figure of great political power, that he cannot give in to a particular law. More's self takes its identity—he is himself—from the one fixed fact of his life. "Only God is loved right throughout and *that's my—self.*"⁶⁰ The credal self can neither erase nor cross certain boundaries. Burt quotes a remotely parallel passage from American sacred history. On the matter of a legally prohibited protest march through Birmingham, Alabama, Martin Luther King, Jr. remarked: "We do this not out of disrespect for the law but out of the highest respect for *the* law."⁶¹ Using second culture imagery against that culture, Burt's text shows the *isness* of self in sacred order evaded. There is no comment on King's words. More, too, has an appetite for evading a boundary issue. But his self is identified in a way that restricts his room for legal maneuver. "I will not give in [to the Henrician state political will] because I oppose it—I do—not my pride, not my spleen nor any other of my appetites but *I do—I.*" For what it delivers, this passage should be read aloud. Again read aloud a closely related, far earlier and more famous saying from one of the rabbinical fathers, Hillel. The 'who' in what follows refers, at once, to the fixed point in an order resolutely denied by the elites of third culture, and to those others who, in love, are to be trusted in the equally immediate relations of life in social order. "If *I* am not for *myself* who is for me? and being for mine own self *what* am I? and if not now, when?"⁶²

34) *Martyrdom*. No reasonable participant observer in our second world seeks martyrdom. Such seeking, as Scorsese's unhistorical and neurotic Jesus shows in *The Last Temptation of Christ* (1988) for example, is a kind of lust forbidden to observant Jews and Christians. But there are boundaries to which even the wittiest lawyer can be brought which cannot be crossed, on pain of losing one's self—"identity" as it is now called in our *pop* culture. As a virtuoso lawyer, More knew how to conceal and protect his identity behind the thicket of the law. Neither an uncritical nor naive communicant in his credal community, nevertheless More found that he had to give up his life for the modest end of defending the bad against the worst. That is the way of untragic heroes, who, unlike the tragic sort, Hamlet and his ilk, do not fancy themselves as anti-godterms. True heroes die in wars they cannot think entirely or abstractly just. Rightly read, sacred history never tells only one side of its story. That is the why the Bible records so many cases of trespass and

60. Robert Bolt, *A Man for All Seasons* (London: Heinemann, 1960), act 2, p. 71.

61. Cited by Burt, p. 103.

62. *The Mishnah*, trans. H.B. Danby (Oxford: University Press, 1933), Aboth, 1.14, p. 447.

transgression. Those recordings mark the boundaries of moral character. In the range of possible human acts from the top to the bottom of the vertical in authority, morality is character.

35) *The making of moral self-judgments.* Where we are in the vertical of authority tells us what we are. Our directions in that vertical constitute the meaning of our lives, mobile as they are. Highest authority—HA in my comic acronym to match Steiner's pseudo-tragic acronym AH—is that above the vertical, as we raise and lower ourselves in it, which will not brook the deepest lowerings without punishment from above, as against sheer pain from below, later if not sooner. That is as much first culture truth as second. Deep lowerings in second culture verticals constitute a double offense; against the *I* by which we identify ourselves and, at the same time, is identified in its predicative *I*. There is horizontal space, elbow and stiff-arm room, cutting across the vertical where the self shuffles and sidles: the remissive flux in which we all live. Every culture allows for indifferent life spaces in which some boundary is remote enough to leave decision to the *adiaphora* of prudence and reason. Much that lawyers and their clients call 'law' takes up remissive space: flux, rather than fixed point, of the worldmess, ourselves always in it. More was a canny lawyer. The tangle of laws could be used to avoid arriving at a boundary which cannot be crossed without losing one's sacred self. That loss, separation from sacred order, Burt calls the prevalent sense of alienation.

36) *The alienation effect.* A world of outsiders, homeless, is a world of unknowing people. In second culture, specially in the traditions out of Jerusalem, knowledge of a thing is identical with intimacy, fellow feeling, friendship in the credal covenant. The condition of a world of outsiders is one in which identities, themselves as negotiable as forged passports, are then matters of suspicion and demolition. The world becomes populated by people without qualities, for whom every uniform is the opposite of a home, rather a tourist motel and every chargecard overdrawn.

37) *Second death.* In second culture history, alienation or "outsider status" was called the second death. That death of the self, or soul, comes before the death of the body. Second world symbolists and symptomologists have always recognized the second death. Sacred scriptures show many times over its terrible truth. Writers early as Augustine⁶³ and late as Tolstoy⁶⁴ have composed magnificent commentaries on

63. St. Augustine, *City of God*, trans. John Healy (New York: E.P. Dutton & Co., 1947), bk. XIII, chs. 2-5, pp. 1-4.

64. Leo Tolstoy, "The Death of Ivan Illych," *Great Short Works of Leo Tolstoy*, trans. L. and A. Maude (New York: Harper & Row, 1967), pp. 245-302.

the condition. More would not risk the second death, cannily as he would avoid the first. "God made the angels to show him splendor—as he made animals for innocence and plants for their simplicity," More tells his daughter.

But Man he made to serve him wittily, in the tangle of his mind! If he suffers us to fall to such a case that there is no escaping, then we may stand to our tackle as best we can, and yes . . . then we may clamor like champions . . . if we have the spittle for it. . . . But it is God's part, not our own, to bring ourselves to that extremity! Our natural business lies in escaping.⁶⁵

More could not take the oath. That would be to risk the second death.

38) *Just suppose.* Suppose the business of Jewish *lawyers/judges* becomes the dissolution of all boundaries between insiders and outsiders. That is how I think Burt imagines his counter-rabbinat. In that imagination, however unstated, is the mysterious birth announcement of third world, some one hundred and six years after Nietzsche's announcement of second culture's death. One translation of *mysterion* is *open secret*. Mysteriously, Burt's book, in its disarming way, conducts the *kulturkampf* against second culture in the name of its founding nation. No name could be used more fictively or with more anti-Jewish, even liberally gnostic, animus, however repressed that animus appears to be.

39) *The failure of liberal gnosticism.* The liberal gnostic tradition has had a long run. In that tradition, the second culture of particular commands is treated as outward historic husk so to reach the moral kernel. Freed from its old Jewish clothes, rejuvenated in all those external and particularist elements of Sinaitic revelation and after, second culture could be adopted to live, like an orphan, in a foster home. But the truth appeared precisely in these Jewish and external particularist elements of the word as life. The significance of second culture could be stripped, moreover, of its unappealing Jewish exclusivity and made inclusive—a kind of catholic protestantism. Burt's protest Jewishness never says explicitly that its protest is against *Deuteronomy*, the Law that trained an obedient Jewish feeling intellect in and of sacred order stipulated in social order as it must be, always and everywhere. The laws of *sacred/social* order draw boundaries and exclude those who cannot feel and therefore do not see the truth and power of Law. In his great soliloquy quoted above, the pagan Earl of Gloucester makes a parallel, though fatal, point about sacral powers. The essence of liberalism is that it can neither see nor feel what Burt calls, in a typically liberal abstraction from the known and unalterable future (as well as *past/present*) truth: "tran-

65. Bolt, *A Man for All Seasons*, act 2, p. 75.

scendent norms.”⁶⁶ Such “norms,” far away as they are removed, against the clear and repeated meaning of *Deuteronomy*, can only be pursued. They can never be caught. Commanding truths, which were, are and ever shall be the Jewish, and laterally Christian, world without end, voice precisely the opposite truth; not a norm, but commanding truth, directed obedience. Meaning in the world is very near, the most personal body knowledge to be observed (*Deuteronomy* 30:11-14). To be at home in commanded truths, and in its promised land, constitutes that formative identity called Israel. There is something useful still in the candor of an older word for the Jews: “Israelites.” That there is darkness and violence in Israel in no way contravenes its “Jewishness.” Burt’s answer to a darkness and violence that has always been there, as it is everywhere in the inhabited gap between sacred order and social, makes up an inclusiveness that serves, typically in the struggle between our second worlds and thirds, as a negation of commanding truths for which there are offered a variety of fictions. Certain embodiments of conduct cannot be included in the credal community (*Deuteronomy* 23:2 et seq). Liberal religiosity, the kinder and gentler third viewworld of an all inclusive anti-credal community, protests all that cultures of commanding truths represent. Burt’s protest is made in a most disarming manner, in a parenthesis (as if everything inside the parenthesis were indifferently equal).

40) (*In parenthesis*).

During the past thirty years, it has been hard to find anyone who claims to be fully at home in American society; the most popular self-depiction has been membership in some vulnerable minority. This is true not only for blacks and women (and various ethnic and religious groups, gays, disabled people, elderly people) who have self-consciously embraced the civil rights paradigm of oppressed outsider status.⁶⁷

Burt’s parenthesis encloses in a deceptively easy and infinitely open little space a vast confusion: that confusion ineliminable from the purposes self-consciously embraced by our increasingly triumphant third culture elites. In second worlds, disabled people cannot, and therefore ought not, be opposed by the “abled.” Whether they like it or not, the indifferently abled come under the command of compassion. So do those fortunate enough never to have experienced mental ill, that grave reality few among the living have not known, however briefly. Any reader into the bible of our second worlds, the Bible, can read under the illusion that there is a reality called the “norm” or the “normal.” Both are third world fancies. Where normality is, there obedience and piety were, not

66. Burt, p. 126.

67. *Ibid.*, p. 74.

fictions but the realities major even to minorities living in that majority. Truths are not invented by majorities, no more than even the smallest minority lives at home in either sacred or social order. Even Jesus found himself forsaken.

Everyone lives shifting in the open space between sacred order and social. That is why culture is always and everywhere the scene of struggle. Going with the flow is a fantasy that does not endure in the realities of life among the majority. The lesson of Sinai, and many other epiphanal places, is that commanding truths are neither invented nor comforting, nor normative, to majorities. In their moralities, majorities do not long remain complacent. The irony of Burt's discourse is in its submission to the fiction that our inherited commanding truths are a "fiction invented by the majority to create a comforting, but equally false, construct of normality."⁶⁸ To break out of this Burtian fiction, students of our *kulturkampf* need to be reminded that they are not agents of one minority or another; rather, like everyone else in the world, they are agents of and in sacred order. There and there alone is the true equality: in the conduct of life as a trial of patient obedience to its Law, whether incarnate or not.

Finally, for our third culture elites, there are the outcasts among outcasts: those under judicial sentence of death in the darkness of their own deeds. Burt worries about the "fairness or rationality of the fixed boundary between insider and outcast status, as currently represented by the death penalty."⁶⁹ The death penalty is itself a deed which can only be accepted by those who accept responsibility enough to judge and be judged. Judgment is inseparable from agency. In second culture, the truth does not work automatically. It must be confirmed and protected by agents in that world. Amen.

Need the list of "vulnerable" minorities be so brief? What of the sacred self in the womb, that identity which has never existed before and will never exist again? There are not only the unborn, but the dead and the "neomorts," as they are now sometimes called. The chain of violence which the ancient Greeks dignified with the name of moral law, that primacy of possibility directed by fate, can include everything. I can only touch on two explicit indifferences that characterize the third world for which, I think, Burt fights, however irenically.

41) *Gays*. What are the homosexuals doing inside Burt's parenthesis? Wedged between religious groups and the disabled, they take on a certain equality that amounts to an inversion of second culture truth. Burt must know the words of the husk he is throwing out of the world and into this

68. *Ibid.*, p. 75.

69. *Ibid.*, p. 129.

third world's garbage disposal. "Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind; it is an abomination" (*Leviticus* 18:22). The passage is infamous in radically remissive liberal intellectual history. Can Burt allow this exchange of the "truth of God for untruth, worshipping and serving the creature rather than the creator, who is blessed forever, Amen" (*Romans* 1:25)? Third culture law and its lawyers must deny the truth of second culture law. What is Jewish about Burt's denial? Indeed, what is Christian? The denial is not voiced. It must be assumed by the new Jews that the law in *Leviticus* and *Romans* is one of those husks to be shredded in the Disposall—the post-Kafkan *apparat* of third worlds. Nineteenth century historicism can function as the equivalent of Drano. "Transcendent norms" are dead as all the gods; that the death of one means the death of all cannot be said too often in a muddle of the *kultur-kampf* where fictive paganism is recycled as third culture edifications. The alien as homosexual is not entitled to be loved as the second culture self loves itself (cf. *Leviticus* 19:33-34).

42) *The death penalty.* In the known directive truths of second culture, disobedient as any may be in them, quite a few transgressions of them take the death penalty. Sacrificing children (*Leviticus* 20:2) is one gross kind of abuse that takes the death penalty. How many years did Mr. Steinberg get? Offenses against the image of God by another image of God leave the tremendous burden of that image of God burning, or hanging or otherwise executed. The death penalty loses its meaning as it loses direction. Burt's dark, godless third world goes nowhere near the lighter truth of Duchamp's brightly lit world. Precisely that disorienting brightly lit world is the dreadful *tohu wa bohu* mistaken by Burt as "homelessness" and "alienation." The literally homeless to be seen on our city streets were turned out from their custodial institutions by the radically remissive elites. It is for them, and for those of us less charmed by our fictions, to restore those medical sanctuaries. Burt's true homeless will never believe it. They are homeless in their massive systems of denials that the world is governed in its sacred orders; or else it is ungoverned and ungovernable except by secret police rather than policing teachers.

43) *Death penalties.* Death penalties are ultimate castings out. Where the death penalty is avoided for whatever reason, highest authority will itself set his face "against that man and his kin and will cut off from among their people both him and all those who follow him in going astray after Molech" (*Leviticus* 20:2-5). To be cast out is death, and not a doctrine of excommunication, which appears in later and Christian versions of second culture. Ordinary people ought not to hide their eyes from the transgressives (*Leviticus* 20:4). Knowing God will not suffer his

laws to be disobeyed with impunity (*Deuteronomy* 32:41), highest punishment is certain and inescapable in second culture and highest firsts. Tragic mistakes can be made. Agents in sacred order are not infallible. The more terrible tragedy would be a world in which deserved punishments, in their finalities, should be absolutely prohibited. The gravest offenses are those against the *imago Dei*. Better that a millstone be tied around the neck of the offender, and that offender dropped into the sea, than that the offense be treated to the trivialization of sociological and psychological explanation.

The abolitionist movements against sacred order are the predicates of the abolitionist movements against the death penalty. In second worlds, an *offense/crime* of the sort Willie Horton gave would be so grave that it would be punished by death. The threat of divine punishment is an authorization of judicial capital punishment (*Leviticus* 18:29). Other lesser transgressions are also said to be judicially punishable with the final casting out (*Exodus* 31:14; *Leviticus* 20:6). It seems a deathwork of fancy, rather than a lifework on two Jewish Justices, to give them that title, outcasts, so far from the reality of their lives. Certainly, Jewishness constitutes a culture of guilt in which there must be the duty of bearing one's iniquity (*Leviticus* 5:1; 7:18; 17:16; 20:19; 24:15; *Numbers* 5:31). The most powerful passages on judgment, and guilt—the phrase “he shall bear his guilt” is followed by “and he shall die” (*Exodus* 28:43 and *Numbers* 18:32)—are combined with the threat of being outcasts from creation itself (*Leviticus* 19:8, 7:20).

Excommunication, as in the case of Spinoza, was linked to capital punishment as symbol to symptom. Like the apostate, the excommunicate was dead to the truth in which the credal community found its life. In this stipulation, capital punishment marks a symptom, the death of the body that comes after the death of the spirit. One of the differences between first and second culture on the one hand, and third culture on the other, is that, because third is entirely negational in the presiding presence and its authority as sacred order, the standard punishment for a capital crime comes under relentless pressures of abolition. That abolition, with the abolition of guilt, is the monstrous condition encouraged by the disbelief characteristic of third culture. The characteristic belief of second culture, treated as all but comic by thirds, is that highest authority is there, wherever we are, inescapably. Offenses against highest authority are acts of escape. Death penalties mark that there are no escapes, except downward as into the sea, chaos, disorder (*Luke* 17:2). Jesus' point is taken, however implicitly, by those criminologists and sociologists who, like Emile Durkheim, understood that the death penalty is itself a symbol of respect for those criminals who have committed deadly serious offenses. The third world argument must be either that highest authority forbids capital punishment or that there is no highest

authority to offend so commandingly. The latter is the energizing source of the abolitionist movement. Man will play god. That is the ultimate sacred drama of secular humanism.

44) *Danger: the civil rights paradigm.* The danger in Burt's civil rights paradigm, colored black, can be seen only by attending first to the power of paradigms. Like types and figures, paradigms have a way of sinking so deep into subjectivity that they appear objective. Color the civil rights paradigm black, and blacks are made to refract a sense of sacrality that surrounds them no more than it surrounds any others. This false presiding presence leads to false guilt. Christ is not the Christ because he was murdered. He was murdered because he is the Christ. That is the sacred story. By mystifying blackness, we therapeutically are in danger of reducing blacks to an all but acknowledged fictive deified object, in the neopagan manner by giving them an aura that belongs to our third world of glitz. Glitz is to third world idolatry as aura is to second world sainthood. No more than gays approximate a "religious group" can blacks be painted round so numinously that others struggling for power can shine equally in their penumbra. A deadly dialectic is at work; a parody of the last who shall be first. The civil rights paradigm cannot serve as the mother-surrogate of universal grace, freely delivered and requiring no works—and certainly no contritions. The law should continue to be color-blind lest it begin to recycle racism. The penumbra painted round the black civil rights paradigm makes this fiction the most systemically mendacious of all the fictions competing for the glitz and glitter postholiness market. Glitz penumbræ are no more acceptable to second cultures than were authentic and awesome pagan radiations of power.

45) *A pathology of rights.* *Two Jewish Justices* is a contribution to the very latest dynamics of defeat after Yavneh. During that societally shattering defeat of the Jewish armed forces by the Romans under the command of Vespasian, Jewish social order, forcibly transformed into an apolitical credal community, was reorganized around the synagogue as the most profoundly conservative of our second cultures. Guided by their elite, the rabbinate, descendants of the Pharisees, and despite their radical mythologizing as a pariah people by the predominant Christians, Jews remained *sacred self/confident*, at home, wherever else they might have been within their sacred order. Burt's mythologizing of Brandeis and Frankfurter represents neither the tradition of commanding truth out of Israel, in any conceivable vicissitude, nor that Jewish faith and self-confidence built into the very foundations of the West as we have known it. Rather, such mythologizings as Burt's have the reverse effect. They are strangely familiar symbols that are, at the same time, symptoms. *Two Jewish Justices* constitutes an argument for homelessness, i.e.,

a world without foundation, floating on its own negations. Such mythologizings constitute efforts, whatever the conscious intentions of their authors, to strike yet another mortal blow at that Jewish identity without which our second worlds are lost.

Where rabbis once were, there Burt's Jewish lawyers now are, self-presented with their mission to create a massive advocacy based upon the implicit counter-faith, occasionally made explicit, that there are no commanding truths. The implicit counter-faith can be given in six mystery words: equal rights are without moral distinctions. The rhetoric of tucking gay rights into black civil rights deconstructs the historic Jewish commanding truth to be read in *Leviticus* 18:22. In a triumph of third world protest Jewry, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, meeting in Seattle in June, 1990, welcomed gay activists into the rabbinate. That this old guiding elite would explicitly negate its own commands is an unprecedented exercise in self-defeat. The dynamics of defeat after Yavneh conserved Israel. The dynamics of defeat after Seattle promise to destroy Israel. We need, perhaps, a new Jewish Jesus to upset the tables of the value-changers. Values are truths that have been divested of their commanding character. Commanding truths are inseparable from the character of steadfastness in those truths. Third culture protest Jewry can win only a Pyrrhic victory, as it dances around its shadow self, a rabbinate self-reformed out of its *teaching/police* offices.

The doctrine of penumbra, reinvented for third world uses by Justice Douglas, is a shadowing of the originative truth in *Let there be light*. As members of our remissive elites, American lawyers scarcely know where they are in that brightly lit decreative world of penumbrae where once the *shekinah* was. Burt's book is a symptom, with many parallels in radically contemporary third world literature, of a tremendous, in deed pathological, untruth. Justice Douglas turned the truth of the *shekinah* into the lie of shadowing all movements brought under the sacrality of the civil rights movement. To take as an example one case history: tucking gay lib inside the penumbra of civil rights ignores the civil rights movement at its interdictory foundation. Led by Christian ministers, the American black civil rights movement asserted predicative sacred order over practiced social. One ministerial leader or another may have suffered some self-lowering in the vertical of authority, some slide down his own ladder language of faith, specially with reference to the seventh among the major and unalterable commandments. Such a failure can be compounded in its importance by consequent mythologies of denial and suppression.

46) *A pathology of denial*. Here is a massively mediated little pathology of denial, a pseudo-wisdom of suppression, offered with sublime condescension by a young officer of a third world army in our current

kulturkampf against a dying old officer of a great second world army. The Reverend Ralph Abernathy, interviewed by Bryant Gumbel on NBC's *Today Show* shortly after the publication of his memoirs, *And the Walls Came Tumbling Down*, found himself subject to a most arrogant, smiling condescension by a man who is much his junior in more than years. Unwilling to tell a lie, the Reverend Mr. Abernathy had included a few essential passages on Martin Luther King, Jr.'s infidelities during the last night of his life. Condescending and complacent as Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice*, and at least equally subtle, Mr. Gumbel asked the old man: "Why'd you include the pages [on King's adulteries]? . . . It could have just as easily been left out." The old minister responded, "because I wanted to set history straight, and I wanted my book to be an honest account of what happened." In his marvelous and erudite ethic of honesty, Gumbel then taught Abernathy the third world gospel, quoting from "a movie called *Man Who Shot Liberty Valence* [*sic*]" as if he did not know that "legend" is a cultivated word for lying: "When the truth collides with the legend, print the legend." Here we are, in a flash of darkness, sealed in our third world ease of lying. Abernathy finished the interview by lighting the darkness, with a blessing that was as well the severest condemnation of Gumbel's call for self-conscious systemic mendacity: "God bless you."⁷⁰

There is another epiphany in that same meeting between the mass media officer of the great electronic army and the tired old soldier of Christ. There is a most revealing confrontation between a man of faith and a man who has no idea of what faith is. Faith always and everywhere includes trust and honest judgement of one's fellow men. By contrast, faithlessness induces cynicism and the kind of analytic attitude I saw in its most brazen expression in a railway compartment during a journey from Munich to Milan. My German fellow passenger, sitting opposite, had been an officer of the SS. During our long conversation, he referred regularly to *Unsere Adolf*—Our Very Own Adolf. Asked to explain this cozy usage, the former SS officer told me that he could not believe such a naive response from a professor. Surely I knew that almost all Germans, excluding the stupid rank and file of the movement, knew that Hitler was a trickster. *Unsere Adolf* referred to a virtuoso of the Big Lie. A virtuoso is to be admired as our *leader/mock god* to whom and with whom the self is identified. He is us. Therefore, the phrase *Unsere Adolf*.

Now, through the magic of third world pictures, I switch back to the classic, i.e., enduringly important, dialogue between an incredulous figure of sophistication and a figure of faith:

70. Transcript of "Today," Oct. 17, 1989 (New York: National Broadcasting Co., 1989), pp. 17-21.

Gumbel: Your book has been repudiated now by almost every black leader, major black elected official in this country. Does that matter to you? Does that tell you anything?

Abernathy: Well, that only tells me that most of the black leaders in this country are not concerned about the movement, the poor people, the downtrodden people . . .

Gumbel: Is that fair, Reverend Abernathy?

Abernathy: Yes.

Gumbel: Is that fair?

Abernathy: Yes. That is fair.

Gumbel: Let me go down some of them by name, if I could.

Abernathy: Okay.

Gumbel: People you respect, I think . . .

Abernathy: All right.

Gumbel: . . . and people you admire, I think.

Abernathy: Okay.

Gumbel: Andrew Young.

Abernathy: Andrew Young has not been fair and honest to the city of Atlanta, and now he wants to be the Governor of the State of Georgia.

Gumbel: So you think his motivations in this case are political.

Abernathy: Yes.

Gumbel: Jesse Jackson.

Abernathy: Jesse Jackson was not honest with Martin Luther King. He wanted to fire him, and I had to suspend him after I became the president of SCLC, and he said that he died—he cradled Dr. King in his arms and the dashiki he wore two or three weeks bore the—blood of the dying Martin Luther King, Jr. That was not fair, and that was not honest.

Gumbel: I'm not sure I'm hearing all this.⁷¹

Gumbel is suggesting the supreme usefulness, and therefore importance, of the *Unsere Adolf* syndrome. If our leaders are liars, then we need to maintain the protective legend of their lies. When that protective legend suffers the consequences of truth, as the Reverend Mr. Abernathy insists they must, then Gumbel can utter the cry of his own lying heart: "I'm not sure I'm hearing all this." Perhaps Gumbel knew, yet knew not, that he was urging a lie. The old man, grandest as he neared his final comment, can be heard in the subtlest of interdictory modes, the one that suggests the grace and favor in which our commanding truths have been, and remain, given to us, however undeserving: "God bless you." The undeserving Gumbel, and all the rest of us, should know the alternative truth: "God curse you." In our third culture, we have said "good bye"—as in "God be with you"—to both. Far less evasively in that second

71. Ibid.

world to which our ancestors and the Reverend Abernathy belonged, even unknowing lies are not without deepest consequence.

47) *The repression of revelation.* "Repression" is the Freudian word for lying to oneself without ever quite knowing it. A repression that is known ceases to function, while a conscious lie may be continued indefinitely. A culture can encourage or discourage the lying habit in the repressive mode as well as in the deliberate. To deny an interdiction works nothing like its abolition. Rather, such sinuous failures of faith as Gumbel's may put human imagination on the fictive stretch of evasion so triumphantly, though temporarily, that they emerge as art or transgression, or, indeed, as transgressive art. In the repressive mode, as it must be always when it has no excusing reason that subserves its interdictions even as such reasons may accomplish their purpose as exceptions that prove the rule, the disproof remains in the lying.

A lie can express itself in accomplished and quite spectacularly attractive symptoms. There can be about the well-told or grotesquely transparent lie a certain gloss of authentic immediacy, suavity and lyric purity. When it is brought off, as by a Falstaff or a Hitler, whether for hugely comic or tragic effect, the lie develops a paradisiacal quality. It is as if, in the primal garden of human imagination, divisions of true and false, rights and wrongs, had not yet been made. All that is sordid or tragic can be made to fall away. There are now armies of specialists, not only literary but legal, virtuosi staff men and women preparing judicial decisions that are what they represent: new lies in the old face of commanding truths, fallings away that are the entitlements of our emergent third world. Third world abolitionist movements deny commanding truths so richly—read *Roe v. Wade* or Duchamp's *Étant donnés* as cases of third world creation—that our second world seems impoverished, uninteresting, a bore. "Boring! Boring!" chant the all-purpose protesters. Our third world is a vast grievance procedure against highest authority.

Bryant Gumbel appealed to an interesting authority, extrajudicial, a film. Ralph Abernathy appealed to highest authority, judicial as well as extrajudicial, that can both bless and curse. There, in that *either/or*, is the uninteresting, unambiguous, inartistic, impolitic boredom of a second world, now and apparently forever dying in its inanitions. Wherever it appears, boredom is a sign of cultural ill health. We shall never know whether the Israelites-to-be were bored even then and there at the foundation. Moses had not quite yet brought home to them the commanding truths. Yet we know those truths were near enough to create an abreaction of giddiness. Alas, we shall never know whether giddiness was at the etiological source of the dancing. We do know, as in our own flash and blood, what a bore obedience can be—more precisely, has been—and how interesting disobedience can be, anywhere anytime. Dancing can be

misread by our third mind's eye when, as in Jane Austen's great ball scene in *Pride and Prejudice* or Joyce's Quadrilles danced in "The Dead," or laterally in John Huston's mysterious cinematic revision of Quadrilles into Lancers, the dancers appear to maintain decorum enough to appear most unerotic. In its decorum, ballroom dancing has become uninteresting to such a time as ours. The one always popular contemporary curse is the ancient Chinese: "May you live in an interesting time."

48) *Sentencings in the penal colony.* A reasonably recent and brilliantly artful repression of revelation can be read in Kafka's masterpiece of our second world officer class defeated by our third world explorer class. Kafka first read "In the Penal Colony" to his friends Max Brod, Otto Pick, and Franz Werfel on 2nd December, 1914. That date should go down in the history of our *kulturkampf*, along with the date on which Nietzsche first published *Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft*. Kafka sees to it that the self-sacrifice made by the last officer of the last sacred order that our anthropological explorer's mind's eye can *read/misread*, at least until he reaches the next, may be read by our own mind's eye as the explorer's deathwork mission. In that great parable on the continuing end of our second worlds, the explorer's missionary deathwork is reciprocated by the officer's suicide. We find ourselves near Thomas Garrigue Masaryk's now underrated work on our *kulturkampf* to which I shall refer in the closing note. In Kafka's masterpiece of our second world *read/misread* as a punishment colony, the reader is drawn into the work by the possibility Kafka contrives: that of being both officer and explorer, precisely ourselves as we are met in this permanently transitional time by the self in search of everything but her sacred self. In Kafka's type, the permanent explorer, on his fatal and permanent field trip from sacred order to sacred order, each almost at its end even as he arrives to administer that end, we engage in precisely that walk through ourselves—but always meeting ourselves—that Joyce thought would supply the text of our next world. "In the Penal Colony" supplies a masterkey to our reading of those most interesting new pieties, our many transgression therapies, as they are now offered for our endless release from the world of Law and order.

Wherever there may be an indefinitely expandable doxa of rights to transgressive conduct, there follows, as night follows day, third world recyclings of fictive taboos as they fight their endless war against interdictory truths. One such taboo, fictive as it is self-contradictory, refers to the rights-related doxa that homosexuality is at once no less natural than heterosexuality and, on the other hand, is less natural than cultural: i.e., a 'lifestyle option'. There is an insuperable difference between a taboo and an interdict. The former remains mysterious in its origin and undiscussible in its meaning. A further distinction: taboos are not revealed.

Rather, third world taboos derive from doxa of political correctness, shining in their recency rather than venerable in their decency. The current piety of disrespect for the commanding truths of our second world is not least a misunderstanding of the relation between those truths and their venerable contemporaneity.

However repressed in the present, the authority of the past will out. There and here, then and now, the presiding presence presents even the most self-confidently evasive Jewish princes and princesses of libido with the inescapable shadow of their sacred selves. Evasion is one thing. Escape is another. Shadows of truth are cast over the most accomplished psychological deathwork, of his own devising, that the greatest of transitional theorists from second culture to third, accomplished upon himself as his model case of a merely psychological and, at the same time, anticredal Jewishness. Freud casts his great shadow of sadness, the inner struggle of self suffusing the outer struggle of cultures by which second world sacred history has become its opposite: third world psychobiography.

49) *A standard third culture deathwork/psychological Jewishness.* Burt's probe into the sources of "Jewishness" in the life of Justice Brandeis leads him, as it has led many others, away from the familiar parent question of humanity in its Jewish, and laterally Christian, historicity—"Am I Thy Master or art Thou Mine?"⁷² Instead, we are treated to yet another psychological reduction of the question of Questions to the standard post-Freudian question of parents. Both the Jewishness and the Zionism of Louis Dembitz Brandeis trace, in this book, to the "negative cast" in the "intense embrace of Judaism" by his uncle, Lewis Dembitz. *Uncle/father figure*, Lewis Dembitz came to piety after his "mother's death." Here is third culture deathwork dogma gone armchair psychoanalytic. Freud would not approve. Psychoanalytic dogma is at its weakest when analyzing the dead. The *uncle/father figure* "turned to Judaism with such passionate observance to find solace for his profound sense of isolation that arose from his mother's death." The turn was prepared as well, earlier, by the *uncle/father's* symptomatic *separation anxiety/death response* to his father's "move to live with relatives in Prague."⁷³ Welcome to the mourning and melancholy world of psychological man as Jew. The adult Jewish male neurotic (not to mention all the upper class Englishmen who have been sent away from home at the age of six or thereabouts) is fully explained away in exact parallel to the American Jewish mother of American Jewish novels. In such a dream world of transition from second to third as Burt enters in the *uncle/*

72. See fn. 10 above.

73. Burt, p. 120

father syndrome behind the Jewishness and Zionism of Justice Brandeis, the most successful response must be of a skepticism severe as the chastity of the intellect. Here and now, a chaste intellect is constituted by its resistances to the seductive craft of such a motif as lies behind Justice Brandeis' psychological Jewishness. Burt turns to this immediately: the mother *love/death* motif. *Oy veh*, indeed. Sadness, however seductive in its psychological Jewishness, has nothing to do with abidance in the faith.

Burt authorizes the mother of Justice Brandeis to come on stage with her sad family history. He quotes a letter in which the mother of Justice Brandeis remembers the condition of her own father upon the death of her mother. Upon that death, "it seemed [to her father] as if all human ties were dissolving. . . . He was consumed by inner anxiety." We have been plunged into an even darker corner of family psychohistory: the grandparent question. In that darkest corner of the typically sad family world, we find ourselves trapped fully in the paradox of an immensely inclusive third world picture.

50) *The third culture masterdeathwordworldwork/Finnegans Wake*. That world picture takes a form that links the most significant of all third world art forms, the movies, to the spatializing fragmentation of early third world poetry at its best: for example, Eliot's *Wasteland*, Pound's *Cantos* and, above all, Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*:

Loonely in me loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out. O bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see. Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moananoaning, makes me seasilt salt-sick and I rush, my only, into your arms. I see them rising! Save me from those therrble prongs! Two more. Onetwo moremens more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. Lff! So soft this morning, ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair! If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink I'd die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thousandsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the ⁷⁴

In completing this masterdeathwordwork, Joyce sought the weakest word in the language. The word upon which he settled is his last for

74. Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, pp. 627-28.

weakness unto death, even as he is carried there by his cold mad feary and immortal father. The word is: the. But Joyce was trumped by Kafka. He knew that the weakest word in the language, the one that is what it represents, our truest symbolic sense of self, is: he.

51) *the/he*. Dreaming of that spring out of the fighting line, promoting that clean sweep of the sacred self Kafka calls "He," the most profound figure of our first worlds and seconds is in Kafka's notes from the year 1920. After all, he, the sacred self, is not only himself but the rebel self. Both sacred and rebel,

He has two antagonists: The first pushes him from behind, from his origin. The second blocks his road ahead. He struggles with both. Actually the first supports him in his struggle with the second, for the first wants to push him forward; and in the same way the second supports him in his struggle with the first; for the second of course forces him back. But it is only theoretically so. For it is not only the two protagonists who are there, but he himself as well, and who really knows his intentions? However that may be, he has a dream that sometime in an unguarded moment—it would require, though, a night as dark as no night has ever been—he will spring out of the fighting line and be promoted, on account of his experience of such warfare, as judge over his struggling protagonists.⁷⁵

The first world has pushed so hard from behind, the second blocks so completely the rebel sense of liberation from his own sense of the sacred, that he would try to be out in the open, nowhere, never again to find himself unpromoted and guarded in the sense of a presiding presence. It does not take a Kafka to transform that presiding presence into the shadow of itself, death. People do that sort of thing. The mother of Louis Dembitz Brandeis did that sort of thing. Burt illustrates more than he knows about deathworks. It is a talent among late second world Jews and not them alone.

52) *Frederika Dembitz*. The letter of this unconscious third world artist attracts Burt's eye for deathworks. Frederika writes, at least in the letter quoted by Burt, as if fiction and truth to memory were one and the same thing: "All these things take the form of shifting pictures, really more like quickly vanishing shadows."⁷⁶ Psychological Jewishness thrives on the casting of its own shadows of sadness. Is there no joy in the faith of Israel? The doxa of Jewish melancholy has gone well beyond the conservative dynamics of defeat founded at Yavneh. That sad game has been played before, of course, and again now by the ultraorthodox in

75. Franz Kafka, "He," *The Great Wall of China*, trans. W. and E. Muir (New York: Schocken Books, 1970), pp. 160-61.

76. Burt, p. 121.

Israel. Devoted as they are to the sacred state of Israel, they do not accept the state of Israel, nor the army in which they do not serve. A sad state the ultraorthodox make, that *making/unmaking* a shadow of third world genius for the fragmentation now called, in opposition to our second, "multiculturalism." But, back then and there in the really Promised Land, the really and truly false gods, not mere fictions, then and there were more substantial and the apostasies to them more complete, but not more popular than the fictive land Burt promises his reader, in the personae of those aggregate selves he names in his text: 'Brandeis' and 'Frankfurter'.

53) *The rebaalizing of late second world Jewishness.* Somewhere among my third world aggregate of selves there is my inward seeing I, which dogs its appropriations of the original bitch goddess experience so attentively that it knows itself to be, when it is not attending closely to its next experience, a mere possibility and nothing like a sacred self. One of the most personable and likable theorists of the transition to our third world, William James, did all he could to avoid the old metaphysical Father of all battles in all of us: what used to be called 'Soul', even 'world Soul' if "brain acts" must "knock. . .thought, so to speak, out of a Soul which stands there to receive their influence. . . .And what is the 'knocking' but the *determining of the possibility to actuality?*"⁷⁷ As a philosopher, James would have none of the metaphysical Father of all battles within, the *psychomachia* between the self of selves I call sacred and those other selves that march into battle without what I have resurrected (and not I alone as the compound word becomes commonplace in English) from its earlier and narrower German uses in the *kulturkampf* between the new German maximum state and that maximum of all second world institutionalizations, the Roman, and then still most imperial, Catholic Church. The moment he found himself becoming metaphysical again and so admitting, with his sacred self, God, here and now as in James's time the Father of all cultural battles, James, like Jung after him, preferred a more impersonal and uncanny mother, "an *anima mundi* thinking in all of us." Thinking this collectivized mother a more promising fiction than "a lot of absolutely individual souls," every Tom, Dick, and Francis his mother's ultimately returning son rather than Hamlet-like rebel against the militant Father, James has given us, in these few phrases from his famous chapter on "The Consciousness of Self," a concise introduction to that advance of repression, revealed as Freud saw it and yet saw it not, in his association of the Sophoclean Oedipus and the Shakespearean Hamlet. The "changed treatment" of these "great cre-

77. William James, *The Principles of Psychology* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1890), I, pp. 291-401, James's italics.

ations of tragic poetry” urged upon Freud, early as his own first deathwork upon the objective correlative of those same great creations, “the secular advance of repression in the emotional life of mankind.”⁷⁸ Sacred history never does repeat itself. It is the Jamesian godterm “Thought,” which is at “each moment different from that of the last moment, but appropriative of the latter, together with all that the latter called its own,” its *self/world* that may be read, even before James and inevitably after Burt, as the rebaalizing of Jewishness. ‘Baal’, the famous Golden Calf, is the local ground, sheer possibility, that in its fecundity permits precisely the order-hopping that may be read in the normative ambivalence Burt imagines to be the psychological Jewishness of Justice Brandeis. That ambivalence is resolved by Elijah in the manner of *either/or*, that commanding decisiveness unavailable now in our dreamy third worlds of *both/and*. Our second world of decision carries an authority relentlessly assaulted by normative ambivalences in the manner of *both/and*. The prophet Elijah permitted no half apostasies, as if they were resolutions of the *psychomachia*. These resolutions are fictive, as anyone interested in psycho-history will know from his own pursuit of the bitch goddess experience. The *psychomachia* is no less permanent than the *kulturkampf*. Else there would be no business for therapists. Even so, there are bottom lines that we must follow. Here is the bottom line in somewhat more than seven words. Rather, thirteen, that number in its magisterially decisive English: “If the Lord is God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him” (*I Kings* 18:21-23). What does a Yale man say when he meets, say somewhere near Tophet, a man who says: “I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord”? To this decision, the one to which the magisterium of the Jews and of the Church must belong if they are to remain in our second worlds, the beautifully indecisive and endlessly ambiguous people of our third answer with the endless irresponsibilities of indecision; or, in the alternative, with decisions so wrong that they can only be made by those who deny their own agency in sacred order. To deny that agency is to deny, in principle, all authority. To be authoritative, in its full tragic sense of life, demands that sense of *agency/responsibility* that assumes, withal, the exclusiveness of one’s own authority.

Exclusiveness demands the modest self-confidence of responsibility. On rare occasions, such a sense of responsibility may appear mad in its egomania. Egomaniacal it may be, but only on the egomaniacal assumption that there have never been, and therefore cannot be, sacred messengers.

54) *Either/or*. Either Elijah was a sacred messenger or he was an egomaniac. “I am the only prophet of the Lord still left, but there are

78. Freud, *The Standard Edition*, IV, p. 264.

450 of Baal." All were egomaniacs as all false prophets are. Baal cannot have been more popular in Elijah's time, given the demographic probabilities, than in Burt's time, given our demographic probabilities. Suddenly, Elijah and Burt face each other in our permanent *kulturkampf*. To speak on the Jewish question or the parent question, however ambiguously, is to speak in the ladder or leveling languages of faith or faithlessness in the permanent war to which this essay, and all my scholarly studies, have been devoted. There and then in the context of the biblical *kulturkampf*, we can read in Elijah that kind of self-confidence and responsibility of being an insider, as all are, of the sacred order that Burt pretends the Jews have never had or, at least, do not have now in their homelessness, or outcast status, or in the dubious privilege of being the eternal outsider. If the Jews have not what they once had, that self-confidence and responsibility of being, each and every one, an officer in the culture of commanding truths, then surely they will not survive the endless war that is being fought still against them, whether they accept their own fighting office or not. The Jews are what they have been, the founding nation of our second worlds.

Two Jewish Justices is an interesting little battlebook, a small scenario that suggests the larger gestures by which the clean sweep of our second world is attempted. Promoters of the clean sweep can make their gestures in ways that are harder or softer. Robert Burt's gestures are refined and gentle. They are soft and small versions of the harder and grander gestures of the clean sweep made by both third world artists of the stature achieved by Sigmund Freud or, in the terrible paradox of its truth, the clean sweep so terrifyingly near success, specially against the Jews, attempted by that failed artist, Sigmund Freud's sometime contemporary in Vienna, Adolf Hitler. All of them, like every other actor in the sacred drama of *unsere kulturkampf*, were once merely their mothers' sons. The human ascends and descends to the heights and depths of the vertical. Most of us live, wisely, in the remissive middlemuddle of the eternal world vertical in authority.

55) *Outsiders and apostates/Politics and religion*. Wise men may be themselves specially liable to the softer muddling gestures of half-apostasies. Take the case of Solomon. One of the great narratives that links half-apostasy with Burt's celebration of outsidership appears in *I Kings* 11 and 12. Wise Solomon turns away, in the secret of his own heartfaith, from the Lord of the world who appeared to him twice and commanded him strictly not to follow other gods. Solomon disobeyed. The price of such disobedience, as it is given in biblical story after biblical story, may be recalled against Stevens' brilliant summary of the price as if it is understood to have been paid irrevocably: "the death of one god is the

death of all."⁷⁹ Such a clean sweep as Stevens imagines for us, the one all great third world theorists imagine, is breathtaking in its ambition. Stevens sees the promoter of the clean sweep as himself a fictive god when he is not performing his offices as an executive in an insurance company:

Never suppose an inventing mind as source
Of this idea nor for that mind compose
A voluminous master folded in his fire.

It should be understood, by all those who read the voluminous masters of either second or third world symbolics, that they offer warring modes of freedom. But, then, freedom becomes understandable. Freedom is the change of masters. Freedom as the perpetual change of masters seemed to Wallace Stevens the equivalent in reality of being at once in sacred order and in the most profane disorder, at the very bottom of an expulsion downwards from the highest reaches of the vertical in authority: "Washed in the remotest cleanliness of a heaven/That has expelled us and our images." It is with that expulsion that we pay the price of disobedience. To the greatest third culture imaginations, that price is worth paying for the simple reason always being given by the scribacious and otherwise artful. They are religious caterpillars that aspire to become aesthetic butterflies, uncommanded in either their interior flights or exteriorized repressions. But then we are commanded, as strictly as the living God commanded Solomon, not to follow other gods. Freedom is the onetime change of masters. No one can be born again—and again and again. These rebirths constitute the now venerable art of order-hopping. Because Solomon disobeyed that interdict against order-hopping, the covenant will not be kept with him and social orders will be radically disordered. Sacred order is ineliminable as the predicate, but never the identity, of social order. The son of Solomon is even more cruel in his fictions than Solomon himself. At that point, the commonfolk of Israel urged themselves away to their homes. Those homes are a stricter obedience to the culture of command that they have inherited. That such a strict adherence is also a rebellion against the political establishment makes perfect sense, since there is nothing sacral about that or any other political establishment.

56) *The political art of the alien.* Third world art has as its purpose the voidance of second world truth. Joyce put the purpose more brilliantly and with greater amusement than any other third world artist I know. That the death of God means the death of all is put by Joyce as the beginning and purpose of the final world revolution. The beginning lies ahead of us. "In the buginning is the woid, in the muddle is the

79. Stevens, p. 381.

sound-dance and thereafter you're in the unbewised again, vund vul-syvolsy." We are back in the woided world of Hamlet and forward in the nightmare historical of the permanent war. Joyce refers to Hamlet and after in the third world woid with which he hopes, at the very least, to obstruct history if not end it. "You talker dunsker's brogue men we our souls speech obstruct hostery. . . . Wear anartful of outer nocense! Paw-paw wowow!"⁸⁰ The death of God the father will not lead to the birth of God the Mother, nor to another twelve or more sacred messengers. "Momerry twelfths, noebroed!" Joyce foresaw that the mother as god movement would be smothered in its own feminist animus. "And smotther-mock gramm's laws!" Third world feminist ficta, with their Mothermerries, are part of the horror that is the image foreseen in the despair of such disparate projections of our worlds, first and second, ending precisely in horror.

57) *Monstrous world*. Monstrous images of horror possess the horrifying truth of third world art. That world is projected in Shakespeare's *King Lear* and in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* to such fine points that they can be read, finely, in the following entries, as from an imaginary diarist of the present *kulturkampf*.

Kent: Is this the promised end?
 Edgar: Or image of that horror?
 Albany: Fall and cease!⁸¹

Editors of Shakespeare gloss the words of Albany as addressed in a commanding despair to sacred order. That consummate transgressive, Mr. Kurtz, is in an equally dark despair when he sees what he has never before seen: the deathwork that was his life. There is the deadly meaning in the last words of Mr. Kurtz.

The third world art of which Burt's book is a small and gentle gesture, entirely unhorrifying, knowing and unknowingly expresses the essence of that art, its now entirely acceptable negational character. Far more sweeping fictions are at the apex of this art. It is the third world art of Nietzsche, of Baudelaire, of Picasso, of all the best that has been created to promote the clean sweep. None of these promoters of the clean sweep, nor any among the vast army in their rank and file, can be considered, by any stretch of third world fancy, among Burt's outcasts. Glorified by his own cruelfictions, the Artist of our third worlds creates the very world that projects the future of our real world. That projection may have failed, pray must fail, in reality. But not for want of effort. Hitler was a great third world artist precisely in his promotion into practice of his clean sweep, the brush aimed first and foremost at the kingdom of priests

80. Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, p. 378.

81. *King Lear*, act 5, sc. 3, lines 263-65.

and holy nation, however members in that kingdom may rebel against their membership. That membership remains powerful in myth if not in reality. Hitler pictured the Jews in a familiar fiction: as co-conspirators, to rule over the first world primacy of possibility. The chief conspirator was their invention, Loud himself—for which reason the co-conspirators are thought to be loud. Loud and/or conspiratorially silent, capitalist and/or communist, doctor and/or the ill they treat and/or mistreat, the Jews represent what they are not: the God that must be murdered. Hitler's real deathwork is strangely like Freud's fictive deathwork: an originally Jewish mortal crime against the immortal primordial world. As an outwork of this murderously Romantic respect for the unnatural world of the Jews, the Holocaust may be rightly read as an event unique in history. The Holocaust is what it represents: the nearest buginning of the world woided.

58) *A tragic analogy in reality.* Pol Pot's effort to create a new Cambodia, as a model for an entirely new world order, does have an analogous character. The context appears to me entirely different. Asian societies suggest no culture of commanding truths revealed to hearers thereby creating a holy nation. Nevertheless, the analogy holds. Like the Nazi, the Communist project represents the ultimate thrust of the *Aufklärung*. In turn, the *Aufklärung* represents the most recent mutation of the Manichean drive toward the destruction of all earthly sacred orders of flesh sacrificed to a spiritual one that is itself bound to the tormented flesh of The People. The therapy of therapies, Liberation Therapy, is a symbolic all too true in its own incarnalities. Materialism must always end in a mysticism bound in some tormented flesh: racial, class, sexual or some other mystique of the primordial asserted as the latest and best right. Rights, civil and uncivil. The recovery of rights is endless because it promotes yet another fictive primordiality from which the latest everything must derive. In the third worlds of our best and worst imaginations, it is precisely everything that will have its rights. Third world rights have a buginning, historically locatable, but noending. Those rights were once our divine beings in first world everything. Pantheism implicates immanentism. Those immanent divine beings, as rights, are desacralized recyclings to loud it in and over the limbo culture that houses, in its ruins, our endlessly embodied new rights.

59) *A comic analogy.* Suppose that limbo culture has Washington, D.C. as its capital. The novel and film *Being There*⁸² supposes just that. The empty godterm is made personal and yet without the slightest symbolizing capacity. To recognize the relation between the great triad of

82. Jerzy Kosinski, *Being There* (New York: Harcourt Brace and Jovanovich, 1970); *Being There* (dir. Hal Ashby, 1979).

our first worlds—primordially, chance, fate—the author has given his anti-symbolic character, in all the emptiness of his capability, the name “Chauncey Gardiner.” Americans have a devilish way with nicknames. Chauncey Gardiner becomes “Chance.” Is it chance that our empty capability becomes a national figure of authority? The parallel is to the infinitely full figure of authority in our second world, the One and only, ever before He has anything to disclose, as if he were, as it were, a tale told by an idiot. Chance is the negative capability of that self-disclosing figure in *Exodus* 3:14. He is the empty godterm, with no self to disclose, into which every desperate other in Washington pours itself in an effort to evade each his or her own sacred self. Into that Chance emptiness is poured the hopes and hatreds of everyone in the capital of our third world, from its President on down to the black housekeeper of the *sanctuary/garden* out of which that prelapsarian Adam has been forced by the death of a character never seen in life: “the old man.” The optative sentences of the biblical being there, and his images, at home as they are in the knowledge which is faith mediated by symbols of stability in our commanding truths, may be given most briefly in the following admonition, known yet unknown in our third world capital: “If you will not believe, you shall not abide” (*Isaiah* 7:2).

60) *Ficta*. There is nothing formally new about this will to disbelief fancied in the film *Being There*. Nevertheless, the fancy is pursued with such comic relentlessness that we know, even as we are amused into unknowing, that we are in the awesome presence of deathwishes, choosing everything other than life, in our imaginary capital city without God. The medieval metaphysician and theologian, Abelard, explains the fictive form of Kosinski’s city of godlessness. In its action upon the sacred self, that city was fancied for its legal business long before Abelard’s metaphysical business found its equally vast clientele. The quality of that fancy, as Abelard defines it, had come into the legal practice of our first Rome millennia before. Abelard’s definition must be given before we can understand properly the function of *fictio* in old Roman law. Hearwith, Abelard:

Intellection (*intellectus*) is an action of the soul by which it is said to be intelligent (*intelligens*). The form toward which intellection is directed is some imaginary made-up (*ficta*) thing which the soul makes for itself as it wishes and of what sort it wishes, such as are those imaginary cities which we see in sleep.⁸³

Now we are prepared properly to read the context in which Sir Henry Maine’s *Ancient Law* describes the meaning of *fictio* in old Roman law.

83. *Peter Abaelard's Philosophischer Schriften*, ed. and trans. P. Geyer (Munster: Aschendorff, 1919-1927), XX, p. 25ff.

It is "properly a term of pleading." That term signifies a "false averment on the part of the plaintiff which the defendant was not allowed to traverse."⁸⁴ Burt's book is plaintiff against the entire Jewish culture of commanding truths. He does not permit the defendant Jews, represented here by myself, to traverse his false averments. Rather his judicial Jew comes dangerously near one of the shrewdest and most amusing third world dissolutions of identity I have ever read: Andy Warhol's fancy of himself dead under a gravestone marked, merely, "figment." Warhol fancied his "tombstone to be blank. No epitaph, and no name."⁸⁵ Here is third world negation of identity at its campiest. That tombstone marks nothing other than the fantasy life entertained most commonly in our third world: the one in which, for the first time in history, there is no sacred order and no sacred self on the move in it.

61) *In the Jewish camp.* To sentence oneself to being well, or ill, the two amounting to the same thing within this third world Jewish camp, raises the question of camp. Burt's dancers round Baal are nearer in style to the sophistications of third world psychohistorical dancing, from Martha Graham to Merce Cunningham. There is a clean sweep about Burt's dancers, as psychohistorical self-idolaters, expressively aware that they are here and now, not in the Sinaitic then and there. Not that any art or science can penetrate first worlds long dead in their graves. Radical contemporaneity in our *kulturkampf* will make its way into the most antique images. In its neo-classical grace, Poussin's great *Dance Around the Golden Calf* is no more authentic than Burt's psychohistorical contemporaries. Yet Burt's dancers, in their polemical contemporaneity, signify something far more sinister than Poussin's decorous orgiasts. As "self-idolaters," surely they are descendants of Marx's hucksters, the founders of the *Christian/Capitalist* second world.

62) *The immodesty of the Marxist third world.* In coming communist societies of the Marxist vision, liberation from the sacred self discloses itself in a new revelation of a total capacity that parodies exactly the doctrine of negative capability.⁸⁶ Marx fancied a world so immodest and selves so without vocations that the people who do their third world thing will do just about everything. They will "do this today and that tomorrow . . . hunt in the morning, go fishing in the afternoon, raise cattle in the evening, [be] critics after dinner, as they see fit, without for that matter ever becoming hunters, fishermen, shepherds or critics."⁸⁷ In

84. Sir Henry Maine, *Ancient Law* (London: John Murray, 1907), p. 30.

85. Andy Warhol, *America* (New York: Harper & Row, 1985), p. 129.

86. See, further on negative capability, *The Letters of John Keats*, ed. M.B. Forman (London: Oxford University Press, 1948), p. 72.

87. I quote from Hannah Arendt's translation of *Deutsche Ideologie* in her *The Human Condition* (New York: Doubleday Anchor, 1959), p. 336.

this Marxist context, the human modesty expressed in the culture of commanding truths suffers the clean sweep. To a second world eye, such immodesties celebrate the absence of a calling in *sacred/social* order. Such total virtuosity without vocation would signify a throwing off of grace, in the specificity of its burdens. The Marxist immodesty has fallen in love with the therapeutic to produce its third culture child. 'Therapy of therapies', sayeth the profaner, 'therapies of therapy, all is therapy'.

63) *The immodesty of celebrating transgression in a Catholic festivity.* This therapy of therapies aims to resolve, publicly, our second world commanding truths. Public therapy was never imagined, in Freud's wildest dreams of conquering the 'third unconscious', Freud's name for sacred order. That is the order he sought to evade all his life. The one word that describes the therapy of therapies is in the repressive mode but it is not Freudian coinage. 'Lifestyle' is a term of fashion, a distancing device to stay ahead of the world whirligig. I present a specimen use of the word. The use is all the more significant in the office of its user, David Dinkins, Mayor of the City of New York. In what follows, Mayor Dinkins gives his most salient comment upon the *kulturkampf* that invaded St. Patrick's Day in New York, 1991. Hearwith, Mayor Dinkins' diagnosis of resistance to the invasion: "Perhaps the anger from those watching the parade stemmed from a fear of a life style unlike their own; perhaps it was the violent call of people frightened by a future that seems unlike the past."⁸⁸ Knowledge of the faith of the Catholic fathers, as of the Jewish, prohibits a future so unlike the past. Irish Catholicism is not a 'lifestyle'. Should not what is an abomination be feared and resisted, even as a duty-bound resort to violence in second world traditions, as the abomination is celebrated, by those who have come to celebrate the spiritual father of Catholic Ireland?† 'Lifestyle' is the word of the therapeutic woid. That word carries no weight of truth. Second world sacrality is conspicuous in its absence. The word and its celebration makes of *catholic/Catholic* truth—and, indeed, of Jewish and of Protestant—a nothing that no one need believe is there, commanding and demanding its due. It is as a chosen *mistress/master*—not as a disease of fate or chance but as a fictive sacred self to be served compulsively—that the *sodomite/gay* 'lifestyle choice' remains an abomination

88. *New York Times*, March 21, 1991, p. A23.

† *Editors' Note*: This sentence was changed by the author at the request of the editors. The editors made this request after lengthy discussion and debate about potential misunderstandings that might result from the original sentence's publication. The author feels the published sentence is more awkward than his original version but is accurate. His original sentence read: "Should not an abomination be feared and resisted, even violently, as the abomination is celebrated, by those who have come to celebrate the spiritual father of Catholic Ireland?" The author says that this exchange, one of many between editors and author, may illuminate the conflicting sense of responsibility toward different sensibilities that may exist between persons or within the same person; part of the *kulturkampf* he details in his essay.

in our second world. Amidst that catholic truth, during the celebration of one of its great makers of a nation spiritual as it is territorial, an embodied negation of that truth cannot be celebrated. So compromised, the celebration of the day of St. Patrick is emptied of its truth. That true being, there, the presiding presence hidden even as it is celebrated in one of its *notional/national* colors, green, the truth cannot be treated with the indifference complicit in the anti-godterm 'lifestyle'. Lifestyle is the fiction that truth has become an untruth to which celebrants of a lifestyle can give the lie by their own insistent indifference to the uncompromising difference between themselves and the faithful. That the faithful may no longer vote in New York should not matter so much to the Mayor that he appeals to the terrible doctrine of indifference mocked in the woid 'lifestyle'. Woid, woid, O woid! Sodomite parades on and inside St. Patrick's Day are tauntings, mass celebrations of transgressive conduct, so to show those who live still in the Irish Catholic faith of their fathers that transgressive conduct is of equal right. In sociological lingo, such celebrations are entitled 'legitimations'.

Mayor Dinkins has made a formidably frequent and transparently understandable mistake. He has mistaken the foolery and noise, the language of absence, for an emptiness into which the green gays may as well be included. This festive and often vulgar Irish beerbody language of absence merely conceals a presence that is indicated in the ritual stop at St. Patrick's Cathedral. That stop punctuates the parade as its moment of truth. There, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, the unofficial language of absence, which dominates third cultures in high poetry and low jinx, ends and an official language of presence begins. The Irish gays cannot make that stop. Therefore, they cannot be allowed to parade. The green gays understand the *kulturkampf*. They want the language of absence to legitimate their transgressions. It is impossible, impossible, impossible. Third worlds, there where there are no more parades, kill spiritually.

This is never to say that the green gays, even celebrants of that abomination, should be excommunicated from the spiritual Ireland. Far from it. Though they have set the mark upon themselves and gone the way the transgressive world goes, the purpose of the Church is to bring its wayward and their worlds back and forward to The Way. That purpose calls for pastoral priests trained in a truer psychiatry than the profession of psychiatry now has to offer. The other requirement must be made by homosexuals of themselves: to live in abstinence and to drop the fiction that by living in the same space they constitute families. The mark cannot be celebrated. 'Coming out' is the mark publicized as a badge of honor. That badge would be something like the Purple Heart or (British) Military Cross given an officer leading a major assault against our second world defenses in the permanent war. Toward these heroes of third world lifestyles, the most charitable intelligence of seconds must remem-

ber that the wrath of God abideth (*John* 3:36) through human agency and in no other way. True therapy for these heroes of abomination would teach, in response to the interdictory commanding truth of abstinence from both thought and act of abomination, not Pride as in Gay, not Self-Esteem but self-depreciation. The gays aim at a world so emptied of the sense of sacred order that they can repeat the luxury of sin as if it were the energy and urgency of new world creation. We get that sense of *energy/urgency* peeping at Duchamp's *Étant donnés*. We get it too witnessing Gay Pride rallies. These are not literally murderous matters. But the tremendous matter, at the deepest depth of that same unalterable vertical, occurred to millions, within my own lifetime, and occurs still. If I could have been there, seeing it all, I would have seen that same *energy/urgency* in the railroading of the Jews toward the deathcamps.⁸⁹ Deathworks differ. Their sheer variety suggests their tremendous importance. Thus the Cross and, here and now still the Star of David, are parodied. No more than the map of Israel can the Irish green world be colored pink, as if it were some joke upon the British Empire as I saw it on the maps of my childhood; nor can it be colored, more radically, red.

The world of Irish Catholicism is not green in any primordial sense. 'Lifestyle' and green worlds are fictive primordials of the ancient Christian sense of the sacred emptying itself into national fashions and notional colors in order to make room for the profane. Kabbalist *tzimtzum*, Christian *kenosis* make room for human shiftings and sidlings in the remissive middle, the world mess and ourselves in it. Still, that mess is a long way uptown from any third world anaesthetic of moral emptiness. Our third culture leads toward, even if it never can arrive at, that world elsewhere in which, because there is nothing sacred, everything imaginable is possible, possible, possible. That latest godterm of passionate indifference, 'lifestyle', is a heuristic leveling device for the cultic practice of transgressions, to which the perfectly proper response, from those who still speak one or another of the languages of faith, is one polite word or another of moral outrage, within the strict grammar of ascent in the vertical in authority. Polite words suggest no respect for transgression. Such politesse would constitute disrespect for the prohibitive words of commanding truths. An official American *adiaphora* has not yet been legislated fully into third world law. Lawyers need precisely the education that Burt's book does not offer. Catholic lawyers should be required to know Canon Law. All American lawyers should know sacred history. Here is a liturgical fact, particular to Jewish history, which not only Jewish but all other lawyers must know if they are to grasp the depth and meaning of resistance to all movements of sexual liberation. *Leviticus* 18 was read at the end of the Day of Atonement, so

89. See, further on that relentless railroading, the film *Shoah* (dir. Claude Lanzmann, 1985).

to remind atoners that, however else they may look and act upon those nearest them in either natural or elective affinities, nothing can be done to see any others as objects of desire. A life true to the word that gives and is life must be lead within secure modesties of dressed and humane distancings. True lifestyle never changes in its modesties.

64) *The immodesty of the ultraorthodox in contemporary Israel.* Some among the ultraorthodox in Israel have gone on a tragic bender: trying to exclude Russian Jews they consider not Jews. That immodesty would be comic were it not tragic. "Rabbi Peretz . . . spoke during a legislative debate on a proposed tightening of the Law of Return, which gives citizenship to all Jews who ask for it. . . . Mr. Peretz said that if the law was not modified, 'five million non-kosher Jews' would enter Israel."⁹⁰ Good for Israel. The more the merrier. Let there be six million, at least. Rabbi Peretz can try to convert them. The notion that "non-kosher" means "non-Jew" describes, exactly, the *kulturkampf* in Israel itself.

65) *Adiaphora.* In its ancient name, *adiaphora*, tolerance, applied only to matters of inconsequence, to the acceptance of a narcissism in respect of small, not large, differences. A creche and/or menorah in a public space seems to me not a fighting matter. The celebration of transgression in a public space, however, seems to me a question that falls beyond the range of authorized indifference. Guilt is shame in sacred order. Irish gays may parade their shamelessness but not on the nameday of the Irish Catholic patron saint. No more may Jewish gays parade on the Day of Atonement. Sacred fear forbids shameless conduct in public places. That matter was settled at Sinai. True guilt is the invariable consequence of sacred fear. In this consequence, true guilt describes the middling human condition

66) *Settled/unsettled at Sinai.*

If Brandeis were Moses, then we might say that Frankfurter was his lieutenant Aaron—drawn from among the Jewish slaves, convinced that Moses' vision was true, but unable to sustain this conviction without Moses' personal direction in the face of popular (and his own personal) fears.⁹¹

Burt's psychological Jews, *Brandeis/Moses* and *Frankfurter/Aaron*, perform the roles allotted them in the *hospital/theater* of Burt's fancy. That *hospital/theater* is more remote from Sinai than ever was Kafka's nature theater.⁹² Remotest of all from Sinai are Burt's American Jews. We "idolatrous self-worshippers" bear not the slightest resemblance to the

90. *New York Times*, April 4, 1991, p. A6.

91. Burt, p. 125.

92. Franz Kafka, *Amerika*, trans. W. and E. Muir (New York: Schocken, 1946), ch. 8.

old Sinaitic supplicants to an image of primordiality—unless Baal be made of money and market values. Burt's American Jews trace their ancestry to a text less ancient than *Exodus*, *Die Judenfrage* of Karl Marx. The shadow of Marx's huckster Jew falls upon the idolatrous dancer of Burt's late second world fancy.

67) *An atonal Sinai and after: the deathcamps as ficti of primordial world renewal*. Written at a time when the bloodiest of all wars against the Jews raged, Arnold Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron* delivers yet another unsettlement of the settlement at Sinai. Pray a respectful silence, no applause, at the unsettlement Schoenberg's dance scene evokes.⁹³ His libretto calls for the most exquisitely self-satisfied *love/death* cry in all operatic history. Readers will have to hear and see for themselves the refined orgiastic "Ah!" of those "four naked virgins" as they receive the priestly knives, so to renew the primordial world with their blood. Such a post-Wagnerian and anti-Jewish operatic truth of ritual murder as the renewal of the world is not far from the historical truth of, say, Mayan culture.⁹⁴ Schoenberg's scoring and stage directions echo one side of the paradigmatic pagan world of desire, sexual desire made sacred in its violence and violence made sacred in its sexuality. The other side, taboo, is particularly absent.

In this formal particular, the deathcamps may be read, in their erotic perversity, as huge rituals of sacrifice in which the founding nation of our second worlds was to die, not for the renewal of the old primordial world, but for the birth of an entirely new world. The sacred *sex/violence* of the *dance/orgy* scene in *Moses und Aron* expresses first world renewal. Yet that scene has an explicit trace of our third world about it. To his dancing first world worshippers, Schoenberg directs the supreme command of disorder: they are to do "everything possible." *Heilig ist die lust*, the naked chorus sings. Schoenberg's atonal cadences of regression carry the sound of Freud's "uncanny" to my ears. The primal world of transgressions appears in Schoenberg's staged Sinai even as it does in Shakespeare's staged heath in *King Lear*. "World, world, O world," Edgar remarks at the primal transgression of it all.⁹⁵ The way the world goes in *Lear* is in the image of that horror described in Conrad's heart of darkness. Schoenberg, no writer, appeals to conventionally brighter images. "Gold gleams like lust! Human virtue is gold like! God is lust! Lust is wildness! Gold gleams like blood! Gold is power! Power.

93. Arnold Schoenberg, *Moses und Aron*, trans. Allen Forte (Mainz: B. Schotts Söhne, n.d.), act 2, sc. 3, pp. 15-16.

94. See, for images and analysis, the blood renewed of the Mayan world, Linda Schele and Mary Ellen Miller, *The Blood of Kings: Dynasty and Ritual in Maya Art* (Fort Worth: Kimball Museum of Art, 1986), pp. 175-240.

95. *King Lear*, act 4, sc. 1, line 11.

Powerlessness!"⁹⁶

Schoenberg's operatic noises of war in the original second culture camp constitute a masterpiece of standard third world art: second world sacred order was fatally disordered at the very time and place of its revelation. As the music of third world misprisions of second, *Moses und Aron* stands with Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, and Freud's *Moses*, as a deathwork of art against the truth that knowledge is faith in its mediated symbolic. In Schoenberg's deathwork, the God of every otherwise incommunicable, unrepeatable identity becomes, as an "inconceivable . . . inexpressible, many-sided idea," precisely what he was not, is not, and shall never be.⁹⁷ In second world symbolics, the godterm, however divided and undivided, is a person. Upon that person depends our person.

68) *Law of laws*. Second world sacred orders are structures of limit, of which their godterm is the absolute limit, or the limit of limits. Against that image of our limited world there remains an oppositional mirror image: of God's world as a prison house. To Hamlet, Prince of selves lost to sacred self and to social *order/disorder*, for which he is highly responsible, his homeland, Denmark, becomes a prison. Near the end of his life, after he has *re/cognized* himself in sacred order and yet too late to live in it, having brought so much death to it, Hamlet says: "I am dead, Horatio." More truly, he might have said: "I have been dead, Horatio, and have come too late to life." Alas, that it is not my present task to rewrite *Hamlet* in sociological words so fine that Shakespeare could not change them back again.

69) *I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison house*.⁹⁸ In second worlds, neither life nor death could be rightly represented as a prison house. Even in prison, Paul could assure his fellow prisoners that "we are all here" in the house of God. "House" served as an outward and visible sign of that secure place within which, with our spiritual and natural next of kin, we may live the practical and knowing life of faith. In practice, in commonplace life, "faith" means a secure place: an ordered space against the chaos of worlds elsewhere. It is in this domestic sense of sacred order that Lincoln remarked on houses divided against themselves. Third world elites celebrate, as if they were creators, their talent for domestic ruinations. *Ruin the Sacred Truths*⁹⁹ is yet another even more recently published entitlement of a dynamic of spiritual self-defeat that the rabbis at Yavneh could not have imagined in their most terrible

96. *Moses und Aron*.

97. *Ibid.*, act 2, sc. 5, p. 18.

98. *Hamlet*, act 1, sc. 5, lines 13-14.

99. Harold Bloom, *Ruin the Sacred Truths* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1989).

dreams of the consequences of political defeat by the Romans. Professor Burt's book, though less deliberately calculating than Professor Bloom's, is no less a celebration of Jewish self-defeat. Both books belong to the aesthetic and highly politicized genre of 'deathworks'. Literary deathworks are to sacred scriptures as ghosts to the living: "unhous'led, disappointed, unaneled."¹⁰⁰

Somewhere always specific in space yet uncanny in its time, far beyond all literary revenants, are the real deathworks, as at Auschwitz. Auschwitz is a symbol, even as it is a symptom, of a place in which people were made to treat spiritual death, their second, with a complete indifference that signalled their readiness for the first death as well, in and of the flesh. Deathworks do not imply death, merely. Deathworks imply the priority of the second death, inexplicably called in Auschwitz that state of being a "mussulman."¹⁰¹ Calculated in Auschwitz, as elsewhere, to precede the first, the second death is that lowering in the vertical in authority to the very bottom of its range so to separate the individual from his identity, self from sacred order. Even the mildest deathworks, such as *Two Jewish Justices*, are lazar-like expressions of what Freud called, in his own supreme fiction, the "death instinct." 'Homelessness' is Burt's uncontrolled abstraction for that separation from sacred order he attributes to the Jews. In his deadliest thought about his fellow Jews, Burt thinks all Americans are 'Jews' now. So the house Lincoln held together suffers fantastic divisions.

Psalms 69 gives us the briefest expression of a truer understanding of house. "Zeal for Thy house consumes me Lord." House and the homely world are one and the same thing. Neither house nor home have anything uncanny about them. The knowing man of faith is never alone in the world. Nor does he seek to return to some primordial. In second world symbolics, primordially is a fiction, even a fiction of the world as mother.

70) *Freud's world mother*. Wherever one is, it is in the extended family and in its social life that the human sense of being at home in the world is constituted. In that family sense, Jews have been at home always. From domestic authority in its range there is no escape; except from our second world into an endlessly putative, unfamilied third. Our third world symbolics of "home" are closer to Freud's storied, synecdochal sense of the first and last resting place:

This *unheimlich* [uncanny] place . . . is the entrance to the former *Heim* [home] of all human beings, to the place where each one of us

100. *Hamlet*, act 1, sc. 5, line 84.

101. On the state of being a "mussulman" in Auschwitz, where "no sacred face will help thee," see Primo Levi, *Survival in Auschwitz* (New York: Collier Books, 1961), p. 80.

lived once upon a time and in the beginning. . . . whenever a man dreams of a place or a country and says to himself, while he is still dreaming: "this place is familiar to me, I've been here before," we may interpret the place as being his mother's genitals or her body. In this case too, then, the *unheimlich* is what was once *heimisch*, familiar; the prefix 'un' is the token of repression.¹⁰²

In his fiction of a maternal primordiality, all authorial dancing and nothing authorized, the Freudian *uncanny* constitutes a brilliant literary repression of the literal revelation at Sinai. Adamant against this soft story of repetition are the hard tables of the Law. Himself in that same soft Freudian line, Burt makes himself a remote descendent of those early self-authorized dancers, so embodied in their stories that in the end they cannot tell themselves as the dancers from the dances they have choreographed. As godterms in a godless world, these dancers are designedly diaphanous. They have invented themselves, like everything else, to be seen through.

71) *The second world meaning of motherhood.* This self-invention lowers, in particular, the noblest and most sacred of vocations, motherhood, to that deadly depth now calling itself "pro-choice." A vocation is one thing. A job is another. A job may well carry with it a certain risk of poisoning lead levels, as at Johnson Controls. Justice Blackmun's opinion in *Johnson Controls* is the latest judicial dance round the vocation of motherhood, "Women as capable of doing their jobs as their male counterparts may not be forced to choose between having a child and having a job."¹⁰³ To the contrary, so far as they understand their vocation as necessarily supersessive, mothers must choose between their vocation of motherhood and any mere job. In *Johnson Controls*, the interventionist Court has again confirmed, rather than resisted, the transformation of the American family into—something else, not necessarily better. As I understand it, jurisprudence does not exist to confirm social facts, overwhelming as they may be, but resists them where the facts threaten some true social stability. The truest of second world social stabilities has been the family. The social fact now has become terribly different. Almost two-thirds of all women with children under six work. A judicial decision for job rather than vocation represents yet another prelude to yet another decision moving our second world toward an institution of third well known in the history of that massively unsuccessful culture, the Soviet. In my youth, Communist friends assured me that Soviet daycare, with its immense number of state functionaries as surrogate mothers, was far superior to the vocational mother of the "Holy

102. Freud, *Standard Edition*, XVII, p. 245.

103. *International Union v. Johnson Controls, Inc.*, ___ U.S. ___, 59 U.S.L.W. 4209, 4213 (1991).

Family" pilloried by Engels. American judicial affirmation of this translation of the mother from vocation to job will lead from the apron string to quite another form of domination—in its American ideological expression, the *therapist/bureaucrat*.

72) *On the most unequivocal assertion of motherhood.* The story of the Virgin Birth remains the most unequivocal assertion of motherhood as the noblest vocation. Mary is not a notable housekeeper nor a notable anything else except mother. That is the lesson of her virginity. Her sex has nothing and everything to do with her motherhood. Mary is motherhood as vocation incarnate. That vocation, modest as it is in its sociable and selfless nature, constitutes Mary's authority. It is an authority no male can claim, no more than a mother can claim to be a father. (So much for the single parent family, which concentrates—and therefore loses—the naturally modest division of authority in the family.)

73) *The immodesty of transgression.* The 'primal scene', as the Freudians call the act in which protective mothers receive putative fathers, requires strict traditions of modesty in performance. Desire cannot be permitted to so outrun performance that the scene becomes erotic theater. That is why the *Song of Songs* was incorporated into the Jewish and Christian canon, at once to admit and control the immodesties of love-making. Third culture traditions of immodesty suggest the abandonment of that *admitting/controlling* tradition. Further in that tradition, a woman carrying a child, that identity already conceived and protected, should not engage in sexual intercourse with her husband. In the otherness of his identity, the conceived child would be witness to the primal scene. What the rabbis called transgressive, the therapists, their supersessors, call traumatic. Remissive reasoning subserves the interdicts or grows to subvert them. So overgrown with excusing reason, that knowledge which is faith, the evidence of things unseen, loses the mediating symbolic integral to its sacred and knowing self. Sacred self, unalterable in its obedience to commanding truths, is that something inward and spiritual now hidden behind the *pop* word "identity." In "Carrion Comfort," Gerard Manley Hopkins understood, perfectly I think, the interdictory mode of that knowledge which is faith and life, identity in obedience to the commanding truths:

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
 Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man
 In me ór, most every, cry *I can no more*. I can;
 Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.¹⁰⁴

104. Gerard Manley Hopkins, *Poems and Prose*, ed. W. H. Gardner (London: Penguin, 1954), p. 60.

No sacred self can choose not to be. Hamlet's question is what it represents: a deathwork.

74) *Mortal trash*. His own *Moses and Monotheism* a deathwork, marking our temporary transition from second culture to third, the greatest theorist of that transition gave a far earlier and proleptic answer to the question of a world of excremental assaults upon the Jews. Freud's emphasis on the unstable space shared by our excremental and sexual organs points the possibility of very different kinds of unstable orgiastic movements represented, most recently, by gay liberation and less recently by Captain Ernst Röhm's brownshirts—Hitler's original street fighters for this once and future fictive racial primordial made all too real. Second world guiding elites see nature as neither primordial nor autonomous, but itself always and everywhere subordinate to the revealed and readable world of truth. It may be true to third world sociological theorists following that descendant of rabbis Emile Durkheim, that anything can be sacred. But Durkheim's sociology is his suicide as a Jew. It is not true the societal everything is sacred and that everything sacred is true. The greatest first world theorists, the Greek metaphysicians, separated the promiscuity of the sacred from the fidelity of truth. Given this distinction, it was the Heraclitean primordial fire, not water, that Hopkins could turn into sacred art, which proximates faith in our second world symbolic near as it comes to being what it represents: commanding truths reread faithfully in a culture altered at its superficialities beyond recognition. The resistant truth of our second world sense of identity survives the transformation of fictive primordialities and autonomous inevitabilities of natures that lie on the surface between those distant points: the first "world's wildfire" and our third world's Auschwitz-and-after. The primordiality of destruction loses its commanding truth in the difference between first world ash and third world trash. The constant turning away of our second world from promiscuous primordialities has been asserted with an authority, in sacred art, that makes it recognizably epiphanal in the truth of its resistance to trashings of our sacred selves. The sacred self, that identity which is to each his own, never having been before and never again to be, resists all rationalization and collectivization. Identities happen in the light of that which is not our identities; rather, their predicate. Hopkins saw that happening, not in a biological flush, but in a Christian aesthetic of authority:

In a flash, at a trumpet crash,
I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am.¹⁰⁵

This contraction into identity dismissed as fiction, what then happens in

105. Hopkins, "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection," *op. cit.*, p. 66.

late Christendom? Bumper stickers and T-shirts convey the new *kerygma*:

Shit Happens

This pungent *pop* can be dated back at least to Freud's infamous rationalization of our third world. That infamy is to be read in a letter to Fliess dated 22 December 1897. Here and even now, nine years before the eschaton, Freud's proleptic words of third world truth are there to be read: "*Was Sich . . . mir in Dreck auflöst/How many things . . . turn to excrement before my eyes.*"¹⁰⁶ With this scabrous sentence, Freud reinvented primitivist erotic religiosity in its new vicissitude as a world turning up its nose at its own stench. *Sacred order/secular ordure*. Primordiality has become a *pop* baseness from which Freudian theory offers no escape other than into an equally promiscuous 'sublimation'. As every poet knows, sublimation is false to the perduring erotic power of art and politics. In the effort toward lowerings normalized, our third world *kerygma* dumps upon the sacred self in its denial of heartbreak and hope:

Different Day Same Shit

At this nose-holding manner of bad-mouthing our created good-world, long before its matter was reduced to our favorite four-letter word for worthlessness, the late great Noel Coward once avowed:

Hurray-hurray-hurray! Misery's here to stay!

Other equally elegant literary men call the misery that is here to stay 'shit storms', all in a day's defecation, however otherwise different the day. These *pop* shit storms prepare more and more people for third worlds of repugnant primordialities against which those people trapped in their lowerings have one instrument of confrontation: therapies of transgression. Here is the new historical foundation that requires yet another movement toward the unprecedented present stripped of all presiding presences. History was bunk. History is shit. Our Freud yields nothing to Our Ford and Our third world cowards, who need no bravery, here and now, in their assaults upon Our historical Father.

Whatever the shatterings Hopkins felt threatened his and other sacred selves, perhaps precisely because of that threat, Hopkins composed the greatest passage on the God-relation of identity since *Galatians* 2:20.

106. Sigmund Freud, *The Origins of Psycho-Analysis — Letters to Wilhelm Fliess, Drafts and Notes: 1887-1902*, ed. M. Bonaparte et. al., trans. E. Mosbacher and J. Strachey (New York: Basic Books, 1954), p. 240.

Despair shatters itself against the hard truth of Hopkins' sense of identity.

I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am, and This
Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal
diamond,

Is immortal diamond.¹⁰⁷

Whatever the Jack, joke, mortal trash of our lives may be, our predicative relational identity, *Not-I/I*, supplies the resistant hardness of our sacred self Hopkins blazons in ever one's honor, each *Not-I/I* an "immortal diamond." When I read Hopkins, as when I hear a Bach Mass, I am an honorary Christian. The aesthetics of truth form alliances, profoundly elective affinities, that the intellect stripped of that feeling inclines to reject. That rejection has been a tragedy for all second world symbolists. Intellection must address the matter of its feeling. So addressed, we can see even as we can smell that there is something dishonorable, even for so greatly daring a post-Jew as Freud, in flushing away that diamond in *Dreck*.

75) *The aesthetics of half-affinities.* Late second/early third culture people do greatly love certain facets that they apprehend along the fracture lines of immortal diamonds. *Dreck* becomes something else again, miraculously transubstantiated for bagel and lox Jews, or incense and Mass loving Catholics, or literary Episcopalians who love the language of *The Book of Common Prayer* and think nothing of what the language delivers. Precisely those identities drowned in *Dreck*, or in its more pleasant transubstantiations, are revealed in the fight for identity against the disarming force of *abolitionist/abortionist* movements, with their disarmingly fictive role models and other seductive theatricalities. *Dreck* has never smelt more sweet than in its sociodramaturgic recyclings. Those recyclings are deadly as they are untrue. The formal and uniting purpose of all *abolitionist/abortionist* movements may be described as the supersession of *identity/truth* by turning its first term of conception, that term in which identity exists most purely in its God-relation, into *mortal/trash*.

76) *Abortus/Abort.* In that same letter to Fliess, Freud executes a sentence that would quench the "clearest-selvèd spark, Man," in all biological beginnings that mark mind-mindedness in identity. We live as we are minded. In that unfathomable drowned, we read Freud's death sentence, casually uttered, upon sacred self: "Similarly birth, miscarriage, and menstruation are all connected with the lavatory *via* the word Abort

107. Hopkins, "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection."

(Abortus)."¹⁰⁸ How many things turn before my eyes into images of our flush-away third world. Almost a century after Freud's sentencing of all who defecate to the world stink, I see an odorless flush-away world indifferent to life conceived in its identity, unprecedented and unrepeatable as it is. *Flash/flush*. The transition from identity, in its passionate life difference, to the indifference of the abolitionist movement, in all its excusing cleverities and comic pathos, can be read in the implication of expurgation composed by the memoirist who proceeds so easily in what follows. The first sentence is a killer:

The procedure itself was the easiest part. A friend had told me to close my eyes and think about anything, think about Donald Duck . . . I had a three-day affair with a friend, I'm broke and unemployed, I can't give a baby up for adoption, I can't afford to be pregnant while I look for a job. In counseling, I was asked why I'd gone off the pill, and I didn't hesitate to respond, "I can get rid of an accidental pregnancy." . . . then liquid Valium injected directly into my left arm made everything feel like it was taking place on another planet. . . . I remember that the Valium made me want to laugh . . . this little operation . . . would only take five minutes. I remember that it hurt and that I was amazed at how empty, relieved, and not pregnant I felt as soon as it was over.¹⁰⁹

Here, in this little *operation/deathwork*, is the image of that horror of choosing, for her wholly other, that he or she—not her—is not and never to be. Despite near laughter, this five minute deathwork cannot avoid giving this reader a sense of the reversal of Hopkins' imperative and yet a mocking sense in that same direction.

Away grief's grasping, joyless days, dejection.
Across my foundering deck shone
A beacon, an eternal beam. Flash fade, and mortal trash
Fall to the residuary worm;¹¹⁰

That fall, softened by liquid Valium, transubstantiates into our third world decision for ever so many little *operation/deathworks*. Even so. We are not yet completely and cleanly rid of that unwanted yet given identity, inward and spiritually itself alone even as it is decreed into nothing, worse than nothing—stinking of its incredibly early mortality. The job done, the antimother speaks, as if she were singing the virginal fat girl's world song. "Twenty-seven years old and pregnant for the first time in my life. God bless America, I thought, I sure as hell want a cheap, legal, safe abortion."¹¹¹ God bless. God curse. Here is much of

108. Freud, *The Origins of Psychoanalysis*, *op.cit.*

109. Deborah Salazar, "My Abortion," *Harper's Magazine*, April 1990, pp. 32-33.

110. Hopkins, "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection."

111. Salazar, *op. cit.*

profane muchness in our third world sacrifices—cheap, legal, safe as hell—of the more-than-something to the less-than-nothing.¹¹²

77) *The horror of the unremembered life.* The horror is not alone of identity ended; rather, of identity unremembered. In second worlds, there is Kaddish, there are Masses for the dead. Cultures are constituted by the union of the living and the dead in rituals of living memory. Never before, in our late second world, has the authority of the past been sacrificed with a more conscious effort of forgetfulness. Forgetfulness is now the curricular form of our higher education. This form guarantees that we, of the transition from second to third worlds, will become the first barbarians. Barbarism is not an expression of simple technologies or of mysterious taboos; at least there were taboos and, moreover, in all first worlds, the immense authority of the past. By contrast, the coming barbarism, much of it here and now, not least to be found among our most cultivated classes, is our ruthless forgetting of the authority of the past. Sacred history, which never repeats itself, is thus profaned in an unprecedented way by transgression so deep that it is unacknowledged. The transgression of forgetfulness makes the cruelty of abortion absolutely sacrilegious; more precisely, anti-religious. According to the unspoken doxology of our *abolitionist/abortionist* movements, identities are to be flushed away far down the memory hole as our flush-away technologies of repression permit.

Third world activists are absent minded in the repressive mode and yet deliberately expressive in the cleverities of their deceit round the phrase “pro-choice.” The freedom to commit, as masterless men and women, transgressive acts was never denied by our second world guiding elites. By their fictions of unfreedom, third world elites engage themselves to a deodorized death cultus, protected by unauthorized self-inventions which constitute a doxa of rights proclaiming the endless supersession of identities by roles. Roles are functions of multiple social selves that pretend to no sacred self, unitary and itself alone with its invisible god-relation there to be read by the mind’s eye through every shift and shuffle of life. Claudius, transgressive King of rotten Denmark, had it all wrong when he remarked “There is no shuffling.” That famous prayer is itself infamously idealistic about our lives in sacred order, idealism balanced by the realism of this politician’s knowledge that “the wicked prize itself buys out the law.” *There* is nothing but shuffling. The shuffling cannot be abolished, “even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,/To give in

112. Friedrich Nietzsche, “What is Religious?” in *Beyond Good and Evil—Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future*. trans. W. Kaufmann (New York: Vintage, 1966), bk. III. The abortionist movement does bear comparison to the Shoah. In these historic cases, both Jews and “fetuses” are what they represent, symbols of our second world God. It is as godterms that they are being sacrificed.

evidence."¹¹³ In "teeth," Shakespeare's image of aggression, in "forehead," Shakespeare's image of intellectual cleverity, the human, being the creature next in identity to the creator himself, lives the life of his imagination and fancy in restless movements toward negational signs of the positive permanence in every act of his changing life.

78) *The payout of permanence.* Permanent negation, the unprecedented fight against all sacred orders, is the price paid out, in its gracelessness and violence, for a life voided in our new *hospital/theater*: our third world. *Hospital/theater*, archetypal institution of third worlds, clinic as culture, is founded upon the charitable fiction that we are never so much ourselves as when we are acting. Such charities encourage the death of *caritas*. It is charitable, now as it was never before, to think all the world a stage. This tragic locution of despair has become the fun place of selves dramatized by those who think of these selves as free at last from all unstaged worlds.

79) *Of priests and prophets.*

If Brandeis was a prophet—Isaiah, as his contemporaries saw him—then Frankfurter was surely a high priest on the Supreme Court. In this sense, as a prophet Brandeis sustained his identification with the outcast; as a priest Frankfurter undertook to abandon his outcast status.¹¹⁴

Promoters of the clean sweep of our unstaged worlds, prophesied by the appalled Nietzsche scarcely more than a century ago, bear no relation to second world priests and prophets. Priesthood and prophesy belong to those who have been given the vocation of mediating masterly symbolics of sacred order to institutions of social order. However great in their art or science or politics, promoters of the clean sweep have the job of destroying by mockery the mediations—and, if politically possible—the mediators.

A certain large frivolity of fine minds mocks its own solemnizings of the sad shadow play projected as deathworks. In *Two Jewish Justices*, what is the moot point, if not to repeat in fresh fictions the dubious distinction between priests and prophets? Both do as they are told. Neither writes his own scenarios. In point of historical fact, prophets too had their cultic routines. This *either/or* of priest Frankfurter and prophet Brandeis has too thick a line drawn through it. How much clearer can it be that Burt follows the standard third world line: prophets are preferred stock. Yet the prophets were identifiable figures in the cultic structure of Israel. As commanding truths, prophetic words themselves become cul-

113. *Hamlet*, act 3, sc. 3, lines 62-67.

114. Burt, p. 126.

tic. This word is the ordained life of all those in our second worlds (*Deuteronomy* 32:47). Credal communities are constituted in conduct even on festive—i.e., remissive—days such as that to St. Patrick. Remissions are there, recall, in *sacred/social* order, to subserve and not to subvert interdicts. Creed without cult, cult without creed: this going without brakes, breaks the closest of second world connections—between commanding word and ordained life. Burt's emphasis on rights constitutes a misprision of the cultic implications of prophetic morality. When cults displace the conduct they convey, then they may be condemned. When cults carry home conduct, then cultic practice serves its moralizing purpose.

That there were clashes between priests and prophets is clear enough in the Jewish Urtexts. (See, for cases, *Amos* 7:10 et seq., *Jeremiah* 20 and 29:25 et seq.) Moral demands can no more be guaranteed for home delivery by cult than by prophecy. Everything is foreseen. But freedom is given by the Master of the universe. Freedom is the change to that Master. In our second *cultus*, the change of masters is always there as the choice world to be made. Burt's implicit faith in the lawyer as a virtuoso of remissions will not play in the Peorias of our real second worlds, however remote those Peorias may appear in the New Haven telescope, its large end put to the naked eye.

80) *Prophecy, minus Burt's Brandeis ficta*. Prophecy is the rare gift of both receiving and conveying a message of revelation that is historical in its truth. Where sacred orders are no longer seen, manifest in their latent contents, there neither priest nor prophet can be. The prophet is either the mouthpiece of highest authority or he is worse than nothing—a false prophet. He does not choose his vocation but is chosen for it, often against his will, so to convey the directives of highest authority whether or not any others wish to hear it. Burt's image of a prophet-trusting populace is without historical foundation. Ezekiel puts the *either/or* straightforwardly. A prophet speaks to his countrymen, whether or not they believe what they are hearing. "These are the words of the Lord God" (*Ezekiel* 3:11). The hearers are free to hear it or not; if they know what is good for them, they had better hear it. The prophet is "authoritarian," as we would now call him, authoritarian because he lives at the command of highest authority above the vertical in authority. A prophet speaks when commanded, and once commanded he must speak (*Amos* 3:8). Such representative, i.e. symbolic, figures are rarely likable. Our Lord of second worlds shows no sign of wishing to end his days as a well-liked salesman of soft soap. The one moment in which a shadow truth glimmers into Burt's fiction of Brandeis-as-prophet occurs in Dean Acheson's passage of honesty: to know Brandeis, remarks Acheson, was to

dislike him.¹¹⁵ Not people with whom to dine out, either the prophet or, it appears, Justice Brandeis. A glutton for punishment, the prophet literally eats the lifeworld and chews out his people, as the reader can see in *Jeremiah* 15:16 and in *Ezekiel* 3:1. Alas, dislikability in itself offers no warrant of prophecy.

81) *The different/indifferent condition of our profane messengers.* It is a paradox and a mystery I cannot resolve, but can only carry: profane messengers are their messages. That is why, those media being the messages, they have none. Anyway they go; they cannot get through to us with a sacred message they have never been given. Rather, the message is: there is no message. For this latest turn of good news into bad, the reader can turn best and most briefly to Kafka's parable, "An Imperial Message." The intended receivers and next senders of the unmessage, our selves, become unsignifying shadows of the self of selves playing their missionary roles in remotest Peoria. The dying, or merely melting, sender of the unmessage, Kafka's Emperor or Steven's Emperor of Ice Cream,¹¹⁶ substantial as they once were, are recreated, by third world genius, as consubstantial of our fictions. Our chief third culture recreation is the eating or licking of these consubstantialities. Who, here and now, wants to know that knowledge is faith mediated by symbols? That *knowledge/faith* was then and there, some time ago and far away. Symbolic truth, redelivered, would destroy our third world knowledge industry, mobilized as it is to aestheticize authority and its interdictory moralities out of reality. It follows that our third world must be made so dense that "nobody could fight his way through here even with a message from a dead man."¹¹⁷ All that the fictive messenger can do is dream the message to himself.

Burt's legal fiction is one of those dream stories in which the message is that there are no messengers because there can be no messages. Figures in truth, here and now, are always has-beens. The great theorist of our therapeutic transition from second worlds to third recognized that has-been truth, as if it were always sad as it is sick of its perdurance. In Burt's radically psychologizing book, the repression of revelation is the undeliverable message. "God's word" does slip through once. A Freudian slip, no doubt, trivial as it is significant, signifying in context nothing. Burt's bride of God, our third world, has been stripped bare not only by her bachelors of art but by her doctors of law. It is among these doctors that Burt's Jewish lawyer belongs. That bride stripped bare, law

115. Burt, p. 20.

116. Stevens, p. 64. Stevens offers yet another parody of *Genesis* 1:3: "Let the lamp affix its beam./The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream."

117. Franz Kafka, *The Complete Stories* (New York: Schocken, 1971), p. 5.

without its Law, is the heart's desire of Burt's sometime dancer at Sinai and future fictively Jewish lawyer.

82) *The one home in homeless America*. The common and inherited sense of Law and law, at once sacred and social in its orders, is "to restrain desire."¹¹⁸ In that restraint, the range of possible selves narrows. In his transformation of the Jewish and Christian sense of *Law/law*, from restraint of desire and command to truth into matters subtly indifferent, Burt disarms law. However irenic his style, the disarming sounds in Burt's book can be heard amplified in our law schools. Here and now, scarcely any Jewish or Christian oppositional noise in our *kulturkampf* can be heard. An idealizing word from our second culture camp does slip through: "transcendent." But this recycling of a tired and imprecise term of resistance to the third world passion for repudiating exclusive allegiances, or any at all, to sacred orders, is transparently remote. Transcendence, the world too far above, and always elsewhere, is inhabited by no one any of us know. At most, and perhaps at best, transcendence is the habitat of the dead. We are as if returned to the shadow world of Frederika Dembitz.

83) *A condition for establishing the intellectual preeminence of the new Jews*. The first sentence of *Two Jewish Justices* constitutes, I think, a pledge of third world allegiance. "When I arrived at the Yale Law School as a student in 1962, I felt somehow that I had found a home."¹¹⁹ No other home is to be found anywhere else in this book. Burt's *Yale Law School* is a symptom, if ever I have read one. It represents what it is not, an institution for being at home in sacred order. Burt's plaintiff sentence tests Isaiah's (7:9): "If you will not have faith, surely you will not be established." Third worlds will never be established. They are radically negational. They depend upon the worlds they seek to destroy. The intellectual and artistic preeminence of our third world Jewish legists depends upon a talent trained to be negational in case after case, by precedent after precedent, in an unprecedented effort to establish a counter-rabbinat in an anticulture. Third worlds are losing the function all earlier worlds, in the last resort, have fought for: to transliterate sacred order into social. How can it be that Jewish legists are now given the anticultural function?

84) *Legists of the anticulture: Veblen's view of the preeminently intellectual new Jew*. In his neglected essay of 1919, on "The Intellectual Preeminence of the Jew in Modern Europe," Veblen comes near the mys-

118. Maimonides, *The Guide to the Perplexed*, trans. Shlomo Pines (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1963), II, iii, 33, 74a.

119. Burt, p. 1.

terious “somehow” of Burt’s homefinding in the Yale Law School. All third world culture symbolists are *arrivistes*. Home is where to arrive so to get away from home. That arrival implies, to Veblen, a departure: a “loss of allegiance, or at best by force of a divided allegiance to the people of his origin a degree of exemption from hard and fast conceptions, a skeptical animus. . . . an *unbefängigkeit*,”¹²⁰ an unembarrassed release from the Jewish culture of commanding truths. For Veblen’s radically skeptical Jew, sacred knowledge profaned has become the symptom, which he mistakes as the cause, of his faithlessness. The turf Burt guards as if it were home, loved at first sight, as a child loves the sight of his mother, the nearer the better, the Yale Law School becomes Burt’s world woman, a training ground, mother earth itself, for those officers of third world law professing the fight against second. A high price must be paid for this professional preeminence. How to reckon the “cost of becoming an intellectual wayfaring man, a wanderer in the intellectual’s no-man’s land, seeking another place to rest, further along the road, somewhere over the horizon”? Isaiah’s establishment is one home, Burt’s Yale Law School quite another. Intellectually preeminent Jews are, Veblen supposes, “aliens of the uneasy feet.” For those uneasy, which I fancy as a counter-rabbinic, the traditions of Law descending still from Sinai are “obsolete . . . traditional truths and their conventions.” What pathos here and now in that new haven of untruths and their conventions. In his search for intellectually preeminent, self-disinherited Jews, Veblen writes of a “beautifully rounded heirloom,” which “goes to pieces” in their hands. “They are left empty.”¹²¹ Here is contraction—*kenosis* and *tzimtzum*—a vengeance of emptiness misread as openness of mind.

85) *Left empty/rightful*. Left empty, my own, if not Burt’s, archetypal post-Jewish lawyer finds himself fighting, as a creature of new habit, “the safe and sane gentile, conservative and complacent” second culture early as Veblen’s vision of the type in 1919. I see Charles Evans Hughes confronted by Alan Dershowitz. The singular abstinence Veblen imposes upon *his/my* third world Jewish lawyer is easily accomplished. In his fighting trim, our third world Jewish lawyer must not “take over and inwardly assimilate the traditions of usage and outlook which the gentile world has to offer.” Such an easy abstinence should not be called, as Burt calls it, homelessness or alienation or estrangement. According to his thesis, all Americans are fast becoming Jews. Veblen saw that in this easy opposition, the world in transition from second to third, the self-negating Jew is in “line to become a guide and leader of men in that intellectual enterprise” I call, for the sake of a clarity at once typological

120. Thorstein Veblen, *Essays in Our Changing Order* (New York: Viking Press, 1945), p. 227.

121. *Ibid.*, p. 229.

and polemical, third culture. Veblen went on to prophecy Burt's ambivalent new Jew living in the shadow of his alienation of spirit: "intellectually he is likely to become an alien; spiritually he is more likely to remain a Jew."¹²² Such a sad spirituality, such an intense yet easy psychomachia, and yet, such a comic struggle with one's sacred self as would make the angels weep with laughter. Such is the brief authority of these proud newly Jewish legists.

86) *On the comedy of our third world war against second.* Is it possible to laugh our way out of second world existence, at least temporarily? Laughter is disarming. Of the founding sons of our second worlds, Nietzsche tells us, "there is no denying that *in the long run* every one of these great teachers of a purpose was vanquished by laughter, reason, and nature: the short tragedy always gave way again and returned to the comedy of existence."¹²³ Among the most zealous of third world prophets, we must respect the old Voltaire, undaunted even at seventy-three by the tragic sense of life in sacred order. Thin and yet Falstaffian trickster that he was, Voltaire was a great lover of himself in warring office. "I carry on the war to the last moment, I get a hundred pike-thrusts, I return two hundred, and I laugh." How easily we can join Voltaire in laughing at his Protestant neighbors in Geneva, "on fire with quarrels over nothing." In his grave Voltaire could "laugh again." He had raised laughter to the dignity of prayer. By contrast, there is no laughter in the Bible, not a single joke that I have ever been able to find. Laughter was Voltaire's way to "thank God that I can look upon the world as a farce, even when it becomes as tragic as it sometimes does. All comes out even at the end of the day."¹²⁴ Here is a reading worthy of Chaplin's *M. Verdoux* or Breughel's *Big Fish Eat Little Fish*, most acutely in its laughter at the eventual draw to which our knowledgeable armies, now fighting in broad daylight, must come time and place again and again. Joyce's mockery of *Genesis* 1:3 is not so amusing here and now in its endlessness. *Let there be fight. And there is.* The enduring isness of this warthing brings to my ear no sound of laughter from the Jewish and its descendent camps.

87) *And so what if there are these warring worlds without end?* Even so, Professor Burt's legal fictions, among those other fictions organizing our third world, teach a lesson useful to those of us able and perhaps willing still to be serving officers on the battlefields of our second world defending itself against our third. We happy second world few may learn

122. *Ibid.*, p. 230.

123. Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, sec. 1, pp. 2-3.

124. William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1925), p. 36.

from Burt's book how the robes of two Jewish Justices can be rewoven so to hide within their black folds a new version of the old gnostic lily-white lie: that the infinitely older Jewish *father/uncle Law* is decidedly unlawful. The law goes as human imagination, that field of battle called in the academy the "humanities," leads it. Generally, those leadings of the law fall as their first task to the ever-young staff officers of our judicial elites. It is they who are said to draft the leading legal decisions, comic if they were not tragic, complicit in the larger decisions of our social orders. The rhetorical violence of the old gnostic mythologies are replaced by the courtly case insinuations of our lawyers. Those insinuations become teaching dogmas in our law schools. In the courtesy and cunning of my own judgment, necessarily summary in this coda, the direction of decisions is now so well established that we may read it largely as tacit. Voicing that taciturnity, though not on its behalf, I read that historically unprecedented direction as an inversion of the commanding truths out of Israel. At best irrelevant, at worst irrationally antic in its moral demands, our Law of laws has been excluded from our inclusionary third woidworlds. Unheard, woided, the Lord of our second worlds, "Loud" as Joyce always demeans him in *Finnegans Wake*¹²⁵ and all but silent as a dead flea in the deaf third world ear, represents what he is not: a racist, sexist, homofop. *There/here* is the latest gnostic lifestyle in its comings and goings, the present Supremo of fictions. Not long for this world, that present Supremo. Supreme fictions live to be done to death, or joked to death, by the next. Yet in its new fictive trinitarian form—consubstantial with racist, sexist, homofoppery—the latest recreation is made to commit suicide by our third therapeutic elites, as the archetypal victim of its own *kulturkampf*. The antic fatherfigure of old misrulings must be overruled because it has overly ruled. But the lordly logic of the Law lives, even as a credal community of Jews lives. The credal community of Jews is not constituted by the exclusivist orthodoxy of any among our second world camps. That credal community is reconstituted in the present age by everyone who understands that the pursuit of happiness, at once private and public, can take place only within the Law of our second world order. That order cannot survive without the Law. Religious humanism is true humanism. Until the American lawyer is given a radically different preparation in the humanities, which are anchored in second world sacred order or nowhere, he will continue as a highly trained yet supremely ignorant technician, a specialist in separating law from its predicative Law. In that technical capacity, the American lawyer is and is not what Burt represents him to be: Jewish. The figure folded into the

125. Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, p. 259:

Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughter low!

Ha he hi ho hu.

Mummum.

robes of Jewish justice was seen, with horrifying clarity, by James Joyce, that genius of the Irish Catholic rebellion against itself:

We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love. But always meeting ourselves. The playwright who wrote the folio of this world and wrote it badly (He gave us light first and the sun two days later), the lord of things as they are whom the most Roman of catholics call *dio boia*, hangman god, is doubtless all in all in all of us, ostler and butcher, and would be bawd and cuckold too but that in the economy of heaven, foretold by Hamlet, there are no more marriages, glorified man, an androgynous angel, being a wife unto himself.¹²⁶

88) *The all in all in all of us*. There is a primordiality of a sort, nothing sacred nor splendid in its savagery, in all of us. From the world fight, thirds advancing as seconds retreat ever deeper into the interior of our selves, no one escapes a degree of hurt inestimable by any legal, medical, or psychiatric standard. One of the officers I would rank highest in the allied and yet conflicting armies of our second world read our historical situation more than a century ago: "Every war hurts the victor as well as the vanquished, and the *kulturkampf* is no exception to this rule." Masaryk understood us, those of us here and now with half a mind in some third culture camp, as if we were there and then in the Europe of 1881: "Along with a deadening indifference, vexing skepticism and disgusting cynicism are spread; men are dissatisfied and unhappy, and more and more loudly and menacingly raising their voices, they do not shrink back from a revolutionary reorganization of society."¹²⁷ Professor Burt has not raised his voice. But soft noises of war are not necessarily less menacing than loud in the battles yet to come.

126. Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 210.

127. Thomas G. Masaryk, *The Suicide and Meaning of Civilization*, trans. W.B. Weist and R.G. Batson (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970), pp. 164-65.