

Christian Moraru

### **Don DeLillo, American Literature, and the Post-Cold War World-System**

Anything but an aseptic proposition, culture does not grow *in vitro*. To be sure, ours is no exception. Nowadays more than ever, culture comes about heteronomously, alongside and across other bodies of culture. No matter how impervious to its outside a culture may see itself, the problem of culture is the problem of the body—of the body, its antibodies, *and* other bodies, for, always an incorporation, a corpus develops relationally, in competition, conjunction, and friction with other corporeal agents. Thus, culture does not become a “touchy” issue a posteriori, analytically and politically, in “culture wars,” as subject to “politicizing” interpretations. It is “touchy,” a contentious and “unhygienic” mess from the get go. That is because, ontologically speaking, culture is “always already,” as the cliché has it, *transmitted* culture. Culture originates in transmission and remains transmissible. It may seem endemic to particular regions, but in all actuality it plays out epidemically, “metaregionally,” as Paul Giles insists; it is a sublime epidemic. We “come down” with it despite our immune systems and buffer zones, and coming down with it, becoming, as we do, “sites of cultural production,” of symbolic germination, would be impossible without the germ of otherness, without others and their cultures. Philip Roth tells us this much in his 2010 epidemiological allegory *Nemesis*. Hardly an intracultural affair, culture obtains, as Roth and others suggest, interculturally, by way of contacts, as it touches and is touched by other cultures—as it touches on their themes, as it “touches up” their *Weltanschauungen*, and as its own fantasies and conventions make an impact elsewhere.

In brief, what touches culture off is touch itself. Touch is culture’s *Urphänomenon*. To reiterate, contacts and the ensuing “influences” do not occur among cultures already there but

designate the very birthplace of cultural discourse, the premise of the most “culturally specific” practices within presumably discrete bodies of culture. We establish contacts and “keep in touch” insofar as we are bodies, but that is because our bodies supply us with encounter venues and communication tools. And vice versa: we have bodies, live, and develop our selves as long as we “make contact” and so live up to what the body structurally is. Thus, growth, successful physio-intellectual metabolism—the very narrative of individuation—boils down to an “infectious” narrative, to a relentless incorporation of exchanges, negotiations, and relations, so much so that *our* bodies, which we think of as fundamentally belonging to us and ending with us, representing and being us most intimately and exclusively, coalesce around, and reference, a heterogeneity, those “out there,” not us. It is the feverish dialogue with these adjacent presences that our bodies body forth. The conversation would be unthinkable, and so would be thinking itself, if it were not for the “infectious” *páthos* of physical contact. As the Stoics assure us, there is no depth without surface, no principle without substance, no spirit without a body molding it, hence no territory without limit and no access without its threshold and the trials of crossing. This is what Derrida stresses in his book *On Touching—Jean-Luc Nancy*, where truth, being, and selfhood are closely tied into the “haptical” (from Gk. *háptomai*, “to touch”) and its themes: corporeality, finitude, liminality, and contact. It is in the ever-reenacted drama of contagion and “exposure,” in the “contagious” commerce with other bodies that we reach, he emphasizes, “a limit *at the limit*,” that we “go the limit” and thus, in “extreme,” geoculturally and epistemologically “liminal” situations, learn about the world and ourselves.<sup>1</sup> Those bodies open windows into unexplored versions of the world and ultimately into the world itself as a whole, a *mundus* above and beyond whatever “ties us down” to our seemingly “finite” bodies, as Nancy says, or to the collective bodies (ethnic, religious, etc.) to which we are supposed to belong and “limit” ourselves.

“The greatest thinker about touching of all time,” as Derrida calls him, Nancy builds, in *Corpus*, *The Sense of the World*, and elsewhere, on the problems of corporeality and corporeal interchanges in Aristotle and Stoicism.<sup>2</sup> Noteworthy here is his case for thinking the complex, bio- and cultural-political thematics of the body over and against that into which the world’s body, the *mundus*, threatens to turn as it is “shrinking” once it globalizes in the modern era of intensifying and multiplying worldwide contacts. For what Nancy rejects is globalization, not “mondialization.” Published during the *perestroika*, in 1986, *La communauté désœuvrée* marks an earlier effort to envision a body politics for the aftermath of a communist totalitarianism exposed as ethno-somatic management—a set of policies, disciplinary representations, and practices regulating particular bodies and their mandatory, conspicuously limiting inscription into the nation’s body. In effect, Nancy prefers “immanentism” over “totalitarianism” because, as he explains, in the ex-Eastern bloc countries “private” bodies were pressured to “fus[e] into a *body* or under a *leader*” and thereby “expose [and] realize,” “necessarily in themselves,” the “essence” of humanness laid down by national ideology.<sup>3</sup> Posited as strict instantiations of the communal body, they were presumed to arise “immanently” instead of together with other finite beings, to appear rather than “co-appear” by rubbing up against other bodies in the world’s “shared space”; they were not forming in relation—they were not relationalities—and for this reason they were not “singularities” either.<sup>4</sup>

The Berlin Wall’s fall, Nancy points out, did not bring large-scale immanentist constructions of the body and body politics to an end, however. In fact, the stepped-up globalization of the past twenty years seems set on a “literalist” *mise-en-scène* of the Stoic “one body” as a oneness unmatched in world history. Not only is the world conglomerate of interlocking singularities, the world body as *bodies*, demonstrably more homogenous today than

before 1989. It also appears to be on the brink of becoming a de-differentiated system, a “non-world.” Bent on indistinctiveness, the world, Nancy alerts us,<sup>5</sup> is less and less of a world and more and more of an un-worlding world falling into “immunity” or abjection.<sup>6</sup> In his view, globalization has been parading before us since the end of the Cold War an indiscriminately self-centered totality where touching equalizes those in touch and bodily configurations and their individualizing boundaries are disfigured, violently redrawn, or abolished.

Brushing aside the usual references to post-1989 economic progress and human rights in the former USSR and its satellites, Baudrillard contends that “the only thing” the Wall’s “collapse released was the contagious germs of collapse.”<sup>7</sup> The last two decades, he offers, have replaced Cold War divisiveness, isolation, and quarantine of the previous alliances, “influence” zones, and of the people, goods, and ideologies therein with “the immense reciprocal contamination of the two worlds,” which has in turn brought about “the automatic transcription of the world into the global.”<sup>8</sup> In his assessment, the global “one body”—the world *qua* globe—comes into being through now generalized contagious contacts undergirded by *recursive* rationality. Inhering in a logic of contamination, this rationality, Baudrillard and others maintain, is a form of excessive or pathogenic haptics that results in cloning, metastasis, or viral outbreak. An epitome of the pathogenical, the viral is the haptical in its hypercontagious, repetitive form. Here, touching is no longer culturally productive. Instead, it “contaminates” by disabling cultural production on behalf of the reproduction of the same across the world’s field of difference. Thriving at the expense of others, the virus is selfsameness par excellence and thus the quintessentially allergic body in the somatic imaginary of recent critical theory. For the virus cannot, and will not, be “with.” It will only be: “immanently” and insatiably itself, ever the same. It will not change but morph in order to change others so as to replicate itself in their bodies.

Viral haptics is by and large one-directional. Ostensibly, viruses do seek out “contacts”; they do touch others and are “con-tagious”—derived from Lat. *tangere*, “to touch,” “contagion” originally means “contact”—but their touching is asymmetrical because little if anything touches them. They mutate strategically to sidestep real transformation. Reasserting the solipsist fiction of a body unto itself, absolute and absolutely self-begotten, their mutation is a repetitive ploy and thus, for thinkers like Baudrillard, a critical hyperbole that cuts to the quick of the network society’s cultural pathology.

Released one year after *La communauté désœuvrée*, the first volume of *Cool Memories* muses about global-age “viral revolution” apropos of wire transfer, a banking method otherwise no longer “revolutionary” at the time.<sup>9</sup> Money remains, however, a typical instantiation of the overall de-objectualization and corresponding “viralization” of objects in modernity. To move unhampered by locations and their borders—to go viral, hence global—money had to go through simulacral transformation and so became virtual. The simulacral, then, is the prehistory of the viral. Virtuality is the blueprint of virality. To spread virally, objects first de-objectify, lose their materiality and moorings in material contexts. As they do so, they turn into their own, self-displacing specter, the real’s “self-reflexively” imaginal or hyperreal other. Hyperreality is the “static” infancy of virality, even though the initial installment of *Cool Memories* also remarks on the “virus of virtualization” and on the “ecstasy of indifference” the world’s simulacral becoming and virtualization bring on.<sup>10</sup> Baudrillard’s book *Simulations* details this transformation’s sub-stages, but more relevant here is that, once completed, this involutory process sets off pandemic multiplication. From object to its “deterritorialization” and de-objectifying representation; from there to the non-referential image, to the digital version that has little to do with the object;<sup>11</sup> and from the object’s data-becoming, from its virtuality, to its

virality, to its ever-speedier global distribution: this is a fair synopsis of Baudrillard's viral chronicles. I single out their last chapter because in it objects get "transparent" and "disappear" as objects to reappear, spectral, omnipresent, and ominous, as pixels and computing code.

"Information virus" par excellence, the virus designates, as Baudrillard elaborates in the third volume of *Cool Memories*, "a communicable idea, thought, ideology, image, notion or concept, that is created by someone, for no one in particular but everyone in general, which purpose is to infect, seduce, subvert, and ultimately transmute the host society, culture, metropolis centre, nation-state or any other system or cultural circuitry, seemingly on a self-propelling redundancy overload that is rushing toward its own collapse, destruction or annihilation, armageddon and/or demise."<sup>12</sup> That is to say, viruses "communicate" *themselves*, the same information or, better still, the same *as* information. Vehicle of sameness, they do not carry information proper. They are not reflective of something or somebody else but self-reflective; they are redundant and redundancy itself at work. The "repetition" they enact is "senseless": it will never make sense because it always makes, and thus has already made, the same sense.<sup>13</sup> To Baudrillard, "objectual" modernity prized originality and worshipped difference, the iconoclastic, the idiosyncratic, and the idiomatic. Instead, viruses haul us headlong into a "radical modernity . . . founded on the absence of difference."<sup>14</sup> In the vortex of metastatic de-differentiation, cultures bleed to death—death as deculturation and indistinction. As with bodies, so with cultures: "absolute death," the philosopher writes in *The Vital Illusion*, "is not the end of the individual" but "a regression toward a state of minimal differentiation among" entities, "a pure repetition of identical beings."<sup>15</sup> "In evolutionary terms," he carries on, "the victory goes to beings that are mortal and distinct from one another," yet "the reversion is always possible." The relapse can occur in the "viral revolt of our cells," when they "forge[t]

*how to die*” and “g[o] on again and again, making thousands of identical copies of [themselves], thus forming a tumor.” Or, it can happen in “[our] enterprise” of “reconstruct[ing] a homogenous and uniformly consistent universe . . . that unfolds within a technological and mechanical medium, extending over our vast information network, where we are in the process of building a perfect clone, an identical copy of our world, a virtual artifact that opens up the prospect of endless reproduction.” A “revenge taken on mortal and sexed beings by immortal and undifferentiated life forms” from germs, viruses, and clones to Facebook avatars, this “immortality” is “pathological” biologically, culturally, and otherwise, for it “actively work[s] toward] the ‘dis-information’ of our species through the nullification of differences.” Equally viral, genetic cloning and globalization’s cultural cloning “may well be,” Baudrillard submits, a “deliberate project to put an end” to the “game of difference, to stop the divagations of the living,” and ultimately to “eradicat[e] . . . the human” by setting up a techno-mediatic and mass educational system geared to making “singular beings” into “identical copies of one another.”<sup>16</sup> In short, “we all have fallen victim to” a “virus destructive of otherness.” A “site of the perfect crime against otherness,” our “world [has been] given over entirely to the selfsame [*le Même*].” What with globalization restaging privileged bodies of culture, a wholesale “liquidation of the Other”<sup>17</sup> is under way, which endangers human togetherness in its relational essence by threatening to substitute “convirality” for “conviviality.”<sup>18</sup>

Conviviality shapes life in late globalization more than ever before in world history, and it does so on a couple of intersecting levels beginning with existence itself at its most basic. To live and be “alive” (see Lat. *vivus*) is more and more to live “with” (*con-vivere*). What I have said of culture surely applies to that which makes culture possible in the first place, namely, to human life: to be alive has always been, but is increasingly today, to be with other living bodies,

*in vivo*. Life too is inherently convivial. It posits the other as my *sine qua non* convive. I must be with him or her in order to be, for his or her presence affords worldly with-ness, a mundanity structure on whose existence rests my own. This structure is, then, an existential-cultural form, an ethos, and an epistemological operator shaping everyday situations, artistic expression, morality, and intellectual-scholarly pursuits, respectively. It is, first, a material format of life insofar as it conveys how I am “with” an other in the late-global universe: I am in an unremittingly widening *geography of legibility*, in a world of challenges and problems whose solutions demand increased collaborative effort. Second, this structure is an ethos to the degree this reading-with, this joint venture in mundane legibility, calls on me to treat those I am and read with accordingly, as colleagues and peers. If the Cold War purported to break up the world into a mosaic of isolated bodies and buffer zones, today’s world is one of adjoining and overlapping neighborhoods, an enhanced contiguity but also an ethical reminder that others have joined me in a partnership of equal footing, of fairness, empathy, and care. In a way, however, collegiality is a moral injunction already embedded in our collective venture in world legibility. After all, this is what “colleague” meant originally, the person I read with (see Lat. *con-legere*). In today’s highly proximal world, though, the colleague is more than an assistant or optional addition to what I already do or am. He or she makes my reading, my explorations, my discourse, and the identity coagulating in them possible. I read and am “with” so I can read, understand, and ultimately be, and because this kind of reading, understanding, and being is so vital to me, it behooves me to adopt legibility, the reading-with, not only as a form of life and culture but also as a responsibility. Stemming from co-reading-induced togetherness, collegiality presupposes, I must understand, a duty, lays down the with-ness law: *legere* refers to “reading,” *lectura*, as well as to “law,” *lex*. In a world become a world of vicinities, I “put together” my

world picture and identity with an other, with my colleague, which brings me under the authority of collegiality as an ethical mode of being together, as law. This law “reads” (“legislates”) that self and other cannot go on reading—and, more basically, cannot go on—if, as they are and read with one another, face to face, are not careful not to deface each other, not to disfigure each other’s figures and meanings. A keystone of conviviality, the other’s otherness is, in sum, critical to the world and thus to our welfare. And yet, as Baudrillard warns us, in the holocaust of virally displaced alterity the world itself is receding, and with it the self’s chance to come into its own. In Nancy’s terms, the world’s “ebbing” follows from the degrading of the *mundus* to globe on the heels of late globalization’s cultural self-referentiality.

This process, writers like Don DeLillo note, is disproportionately self-indexing. “The world has become self-referring,” DeLillo writes in the 1982 novel *The Names*,<sup>19</sup> and this is due to what might be determined as the “overhaptical” or, the world haptical overdrive—no more a world asunder, the planet has turned into a “near-circular system of rings intersecting across the globe,” the writer declares in 1990.<sup>20</sup> As he shows later in *Underworld* (1997), the two attributes are indeed intertwined. More to the point, self-referentiality or self-connectivity flows from *hyperconnectivity*, which is an upshot of exacerbated, overly mimetic, and ultimately hegemonic contacts. A fallout of viral, “immoderate haptics,” this repetitive excess is just that: “too much,” happening in less and less time, to the point that eventually nothing but the same things occur, or recur, rather, faster and faster. So what we are witnessing after 1989, claims Baudrillard, is “the automatic transcription of th[is] world into the global,”<sup>21</sup> which is another way of saying that the language of contemporary globalization—the one language more and more people tend to learn and speak at the expense of the world’s Babel of idioms, styles, and customs—is repetitive. Along these lines, the global—the world as globe, rather than *mundus*—is construed, by

Baudrillard and others, as a cultural-linguistic pandemic, worldly expansion of a central logos or self-fulfilling prophecy articulating itself through and over other tongues and voices, making contacts with others but only to touch itself across their worldviews, vulgates, and habits.

Now, while this contaminating logos may be intent on transcribing the world into global oneness, language does not merely repeat the already said. Or, repetitive language—self-repetitive language, more exactly—is only one kind of language. Language, DeLillo insists, is also a “life-giving” force “shap[ing] the world” as it “break[s] the faith of conventional re-creation.” In “touching” what it names, difference-grounded language ultimately creates—and creates its speakers too—because it opens up a time and space for others. This “language,” DeLillo expounds, “lives in everything it touches and can be an agent of redemption, the thing that delivers us, paradoxically, from history’s flat, tight and relentless designs, its arrangements of stark pages, and that allows us to find an unconstraining otherness, a free veer from time and place and fate.”<sup>22</sup> DeLillo’s point on language and resistance to depersonalizing repetition brings to mind Benjamin. “Even the most perfect reproduction of a work of art,” Benjamin famously wrote, “is lacking in one element: its presence in time and space, its unique existence at the place where it happens to be.”<sup>23</sup> But “reproduction can bring out those aspects of the original” that we might otherwise miss or can “put the copy of the original into situations which would be out of reach for the original itself.” For example, enlarged photos may show more, and more clearly, than their “original”; the camera lens may help us make out things the naked eye would not; and all pictures “take us” at least “halfway” to places where we may not be able to go.<sup>24</sup> Furthermore, the “authority” of the aesthetic object, its insertion into a specific “fabric of tradition,” its inaccessibility, and its related “pure art” status and ritual-related “cult value” are all challenged, with positive outcomes, by modern reproduction mechanisms. Triggered by the latter, the

“depreciation” of the “actual” artwork’s “presence” is substantially offset by replication and distribution that bring the work before wider audiences. Mechanical reproduction has, then, an upside in Benjamin. For the most part, “The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction” refers to the multiplication and circulation of a single art object; *Underworld* and postmodernism overall, chiefly to the dissemination of a stylistic-cultural pattern, code, or form under the guise of “new” objects. The philosopher acknowledges the “auratic” dwindling of the original but considers it a reasonable tradeoff in a democracy of consumption. For the novelist, the problem is not access but excess, not the public absence of originals but the overabundance of representations that, in setting forth the same things time and again, deploy a chronology of sameness where the less repetitive is brought into line or crowded out.

Hegemonic as this reproductive scenario may be, it is not airtight, and this leaves room for an alternate cultural haptics. The possibility does not lie outside the system of reproduction but is built into it, and *Underworld*’s network of potentially meaningful links allegorized by the world-system of waste at once conceals and divulges this alternative. If this system and generally the world we live in are largely shaped by a reproductive logic whereby clichés and stereotypes recycle themselves endlessly, there exists or one can imagine, according to DeLillo, a less totalistic, more creative system or, counter-system of recycling. This works through, and works over, what the “macrosystem” of production, reproduction, and consumption disposes of, and also works counter to that system’s material and political “dispositions.” This subsystem sets in motion a reproductive apparatus that scavenges “with a difference,” foraging through discards to recuperate lost meanings or lay out new ones. Where “epidemic” production is in reality reproduction, this reproduction is productive, originating, for so is or can be waste itself. This second-order production can manufacture its own aura: there is an authenticity of the original in

the sense of Benjamin's modernist aesthetics, and then there is another one, according to which creation is not so much clean-slate invention as it is salvaging, refurbishing, working over, or "painting over," which is what Klara, one of *Underworld's* artists, does.

Redolent of the postmodern double-bind that leaves artists no choice but to retouch the very stuff of that which touches their lives day in and day out, *Underworld* dramatizes the one-becoming of the post-Cold War world body at the same time that it disrupts this mimetic-repetitive process through aesthetic repetitions of a different kind. *Underworld* enacts such repetitions as it reenacts post-World War II history. DeLillo zeroes in on both the macrohistorical and the microhistorical, on the grand canvas of the national and international events with McCarthyite witch hunts and J. Edgar Hoover's tantrums on one side and the minutia of the everyday, the private, the neighborly, and the genial ethnic tableaux on the other, mining them all for embodiments of "unconstraining otherness." This is how inside the text's historical or, rather, counter-historical framework, plot-level counterhistories begin to unfurl, and so what DeLillo does with the novel as a whole artists like Klara performs in it. The novelist goes through the individual and global memories and memorabilia of the last fifty years to dig up specific yet unconsumed moments, and so does the character, in a saliently *mise-en-abyme* fashion. She recycles Cold War history by painting the B-52s decommissioned in the Arizona desert while "salvaging" (her own word) what was humanly unique, ethical about them: not the weapons but the life-loaded trivia such as the name of a woman drawn on a plane's nose.

Painting the painted plane: this is Klara's counter-painting of the historical canvas, much as *Underworld* paints its own, with Klara in it like in a campy *Las Meninas*. The planes, Klara tells Nick, were part of power arrangements that "held the world together" for decades.<sup>25</sup> Stretching across a "split" and the "curtain" marking it variously multiplied in around the world,

this togetherness was certainly spurious. A balance of sorts was maintained, though. A geo- and chrono-political standstill was achieved, where self and other clustered together around a semblance of difference but also around an array of effective distinctions enforced all over the world despite this admittedly oversimplifying polarization. Back in Hoover's day, the world was "held together," as it were, by division. The "connection between Us and Them," the FBI director felt, lay in the polarity itself (51). Conjunction inhered in disjunction, actual or tactically played up like in *Unterwelt*, according to Klara, a "film about Us and Them" (444) that staged the "contradictions of being, . . . the inner divisions of people and systems" (444). If Eisenstein "remade" Bruegel to put on Cold War Manicheanism a human face, Klara uses graffiti techniques on Cold-War weaponry to "unrepeat" and thus "find an element of felt life" (77). The bombers and, she emphasizes, the "systems" the big planes came out of, "repeated endlessly" (77), standing as they did on a self-referential, apprehensive logic on either side of the divide, with "Us" and "Them" "spooked by [each other's] otherness" (395). The faceoff recycled into a host of ambiguously overlapping, private and public haptical "disorders" from Hoover's sanitary phobias of trash, grime, germs, "infections," influenzas, and "outside" influences to policies of segregation, quarantine, containment, and deterrence.

After 1989, this *horror coniunctionis* of sorts flips over into its symmetrically excessive antinomy: the haptical frenzy encapsulated by the "fasten, fit closely, bind together" (827) globalist mantra. What Sister Edgar observes of the cyberworld holds truer and truer of the world as a whole: "[O]ut here, or in there, or wherever she is[,] [t]here are only connections. Everything is connected. All human knowledge gathered and linked, hyperlinked, this site leading to that, this fact referenced to that . . ." Logged-in, DeLillo's heroine "feels the grip of the systems" of knowledge production and storage, the "paranoia of the web, the net," and the

“perennial threat of virus” embedded in them as they lead her to the H-bomb site. The bomb is an apotheosis of virality, and so are the bomb webpage and the entire World Wide Web with it. In them, rationality unveils its deep teleology or, Nancy would say, its “immanentism.”

“Culmination”—climactic contamination—survenes as self-fulfilling prophecy. The apex is already in the first link and, before it and its html inscription, in the “primeval” digital input, in the initial “binary black-white yes-no zero-one hero-goat” (465-466), which repeats itself *ad infinitum* like radiation and AIDS and repeats the world in its own self-repetition, writing the world’s unconsumed moments, monuments, and sites into Baudrillardian “indifference” much like the thermonuclear tests blotted out “the foreignness, the otherness . . . implied in the place names, Mururoa, Kazakhstan, Siberia” (825). As the readers of *The Names* and *Ratner’s Star* will recall, this toponymy is a marker of the standalone and unrepeatable, of an otherness threatened by extinction decades ago and again today, when “intersecting systems” are “pull[ing] us apart” by “fusing us” with one another. So did the “atoms forcibly combined” by the 1950s nuclear scientists, and so do cyberspace links, for their “coupling” is nothing but “a way of seeing the other side and a settling of differences that have to do” with “difference itself, all argument, all conflict programmed out” (826-827).

A fully integrated and serialized system whose cut-to-size pieces spend their lifecycle quoting one another, DeLillo’s cyberspace is a post-differential, thoroughly contaminated world and thus the symmetrically totalistic double of the late-global world. By contrast, Klara’s project—and DeLillo’s with it—is trans-repetitive. It recycles the humanness couched in the wrecks but employs the desert to block the recycling of the system in which the flying machines participated: “This is a landscape painting in which we use the landscape itself” (70) as a “framing device” (70) “unconductive . . . to industry[,] progress” (71), and the other venues and

narratives in which systems and networks of power perpetuate themselves. The repainted planes may not be original in Benjamin's sense, yet they are no less auratic for that because, *objets trouvés* of sorts, they are not "readymade" but ready to use; they are "found" and then remade into something at odds with their initial meaning.

No different is "language therapy." Under Jesuit supervision, Nick circles back to the underworld of "everyday things" to bring it out and thus "build up" the "fullness of [his own] identity" (538). This can be accomplished, Father Paulus tells him, through calisthenics that are no "mere repetition" (539), through the "rote" that "helps build the man" (541). What the potentially artistic language of military discards is to Klara the "found language" of "quotidian things" and the "commonplace" (542) is to Nick: a treasure chest of "overlooked knowledge" about others and himself, and more notably still, about others as guides to the "fullness" of the self. Tactfully Pauline, Father Paulus is quite adamant on the benefits of what he calls "the physics of language" (542): to "produce serious men," he argues, one needs to "develop" inside them an *ethical space*, a "spacious quality" of body and mind that translates into "respect for other ways of thinking and believing." According to DeLillo, this plenitude of being derives from a paradoxical heteronomy or studied incompleteness, which in turn results from an "openness" toward others, from the room we save "them" inside "us" so that *our* "ethical strength" (538) can have a place to grow. In a self moved solely by its own projections and appetites, this topology of otherness is under siege. Instead, DeLillo's narrative haptics both presupposes and boosts it through "de-ego[ing]" exercises that take us to the "spatial ethics" beneath the "spatial esthetics" of surfaces and its "autoworld of pain and loss" (457).

The exercises build moral stamina for they "repeat with a difference" reusing used-up language. "This is" Nick says, how you "escape the things that made you" (543). Klara, the "bag

lady,” poaches the thick-layered, American and world waste system to “unstratify the culture” (571) and carve out an other to it; Nick raids language to make himself over and thus break out of the “hypnotic repetition” (443) in play in copycat killings and copycat culture at large, in the “human presence”-free (63) assembly line where his rental Lexus was put together, and in the “infinite regression” of the “endless fitted links” in the warheads’ “alpha particles” (251) awaiting mass-destructive self-replication underneath the equally repetitious “alfalfa fields” (458). He re-cites the already-said, calls it forth and out of the selfsame cycle of contamination. The drills help him “veer” from “the dumb sad sameness of the days” in which superficially distinct objects “collaps[e] in on themselves” (512) to reinforce “the sameshit thing you’d said a thousand times before” (711) under the pressure of “same[-]thing” entities such as “the state, the nation, the corporation, the power structure, the system, the establishment” (575). This pressure “compresses” time and space into “interval[s]” inside which things and people can be reproduced immediately—“serial murder,” DeLillo points out, finds its ideal medium in instant “taping-and-playing” (159). This serialized reproduction is what *Underworld*’s artists fight. Eisenstein’s “montage,” the “scrounging” (492) style of Sabato Rodia’s Watts Tower decorations, Lenny Bruce’s standup, Ismael’s “mural tagging,” Wolfman’s “bandit” broadcasts, or Klara’s neocamp: they all stage repetitions that take exception to what they repeat.<sup>26</sup>

From Eisenstein’s fictitious movie *Unterwelt* and its monstrous bodies tragically reembodyed in the Kazakh victims of Soviet nuclear tests to the angelic holograms of New York freeway billboards to Klara’s palimpsestic commemoration of “Long Tall Sally” on aircraft bodies to Rodia’s acrobatics to Bruce’s impersonations, and from the 1997 novel back and forth to the rock stars, movie directors, stunt men, photographers, and writers of DeLillo’s previous and later books, art involves incorporation or, better still, reincorporation. In DeLillo, the artist is

a body virtuoso and to make art is to metabolize: a body of work takes bodies at work but also bodies working on, with, or by other bodies, biological as much as cultural, which renders art making remaking, and incorporation, *reincorporation*—commemoration, intertextuality, recycling. This somatopoetics runs the full gamut, from Baudrillard’s “senseless” repetition of cultural materials and the socio-aesthetical contracts underlying them to repetition as production; from quantitative reproductions that rehearse the very “culture of reproduction of late capitalism” and in the process incorporate the artist himself or herself into the “sociosymbolic order” to qualitative reenactments that “avoid incorporation”<sup>27</sup>; in short, from the iterative to the trans-iterative or, transformative.

DeLillo’s bodies and bodily practices illustrate these extremes and everything in between. In his oeuvre, some bodies respond to outside agents and more largely to the world of bodies superficially. Organically repetitive, they repeat themselves into indistinction and symbolic extinction. Bill Gray in *Mao II* (1991), Rey Robles in *The Body Artist* (2001), and Eric Packer in *Cosmopolis* (2003) are just three of DeLillo’s characters who corroborate this repetitive model. Gray and Robles are artists who struggle to avoid repeating themselves into commodifying (“digestible”) discourse, while Packer is a currency trader, hence arguably on the other side, and “part of the problem.” But they all end up in the same place, the place of absolute sameness—death—and their deaths all are more or less suicides because their lives act out, with varying degrees of deliberateness, what earlier I determined as recursive rationality. This rationality is egotistic and in that, assimilative; what recurs in its repeated self-reproductions is exponentially more of the same. Packer exemplifies this self-instantiation in mind and body alike. His digital models purport to “predict” digitality itself, repetitiveness, more specifically, repetitive phenomena in foreign markets, and he runs his body through the same routine day after day. He

works out regularly, monitors his vital indicators continuously, and is so obsessed with his prostate's slight asymmetry (an echo of Gladney's troubles in *White Noise*) that he has daily proctological examinations in his limo. But here, in the car on whose screens he follows the digital pulse of the yen and of his own heart, and, inside his extended automotive body, in his actual body, is where physicality reveals itself as the very rhetoric of consciousness, showing us, as an *Underworld* character explains, how the mind "looks," "what's happening" to it (511). Accordingly, it is in the body that the logic of the selfsame jams, and this is exactly the point Packer's killer, Benno Levin, makes during their final chat: "The importance of the lopsided, the thing that's skewed a little. You were looking for balance, beautiful balance, equal parts, equal sides. . . . But you should have been tracking the yen and its tics and quirks. The little quirk, the misshape. . . . That's where the answer was, in your body, in your prostate."<sup>28</sup>

Levin is spot-on. The body has answers. As in *Cosmopolis*, it alerts us first to itself, but to itself as Nancy's *l'Étranger*, as other<sup>29</sup>: to the misshaped, lopsided, and "twisted," to what does not confirm and conform, to the other-then-usual, and thus to the world's otherness, to that which makes the world tick. "Suddenly it becomes possible," Paul Ricoeur wrote half a century ago, "that there are just *others*,"<sup>30</sup> and, in Benno's words now, our organs and limbs tell us too that "there is nothing in the world but other people,"<sup>31</sup> other fellow human beings and others generally. *Others* are the world. And we must be with them—"an 'other' among others," Ricoeur also says in *Histoire et vérité*—so we can be.<sup>32</sup> DeLillo endorses this prescription by shifting emphasis away from the disjunctive and the confrontational, in which one body reproduces itself in, and thus suspends, an other, to the relational, where bodies morph into other bodies and thus gesture to overlaps, compatibilities, and affiliations that can be reconstructed, rather than constructed, for they are congenital, "organic," have always been there. In DeLillo, the body can

turn into an other and thus latches onto otherness. Here, the somatic matrix is intrinsically transcorporeal, a heterogeneous collage of body parts.

Lauren, the “body artist” of DeLillo’s homonymous novel, is Klara’s successor and, like her, “unrepeatedly” repetitive.<sup>33</sup> Earlier, I offered Spanish filmmaker Robles, Lauren’s dead husband, as an example of containment of artistic discontent. Robles’s first movies, reviewers thought, paint “landscapes of estrangement” and other “alien places” where “characters are forced toward life-defining moments.”<sup>34</sup> But since life in a mass-reproduction and -consumption society is substantially “defined” by a repetitive temporality at loggerheads with such a-serial instances, “his subsequent movies failed commercially” (29). “The answer to life” may be, as Robles declared, “the movies” (28), but, one might be tempted to add, not *his* movies; it may supervene in a cinematic flash of “estrangement” and “alienation” but not if they mean what they do in modernism. If they do, and this appears to be the case, the films drawing on them are sooner or later isolated, commodified as “oddities,” metabolized into socially “palatable” representations, used up by circulation, and finally discarded. Sanctioned by the death of the artist himself, the death-bound, public recycling of—“immunization” to—artistic insurgency is, *The Body Artist* hints, largely built into the avant-garde’s “estranged” aesthetics. In it, estrangement and alienation boil down to separation from those strangers with whom, DeLillo implies, one must connect to make a difference politically, aesthetically, and otherwise.

Arguably, Robles’s art is self-defeating. Not so Lauren’s. Still a performance of estrangement, it works, however, through and with strangers, through and with their bodies rather than apart from them. It is the stranger’s body—Mr. Tuttle’s—that plugs Lauren back into a world from which, after Robles’s suicide, she stood disconnected. Itself recursive despite its experimentalism, this course carried over into Lauren’s own life and art as mechanical

embodiment of the quotidian at its most repetitive and formulaic. “She tended lately,” we learn, “to place herself, to insert herself into certain stories in the newspaper.” “Daydream variation[s]” (14) scarcely at variance with what they purported to be “version[s]” of (20), her imaginary conversations with these stories’ characters (23-24) or her desktop trips to the “dead-time” “[o]ther world” of the Finnish town of Kotka (38) were forays into the ever-returning identical and thus into the atemporal: “You separate the Sunday sections and there are endless identical lines of print with people living somewhere in the words and the strange contained reality of paper and ink seeps through the house for a week and when you look at a page and distinguish one line from another it begins to gather you into it and there are people being tortured halfway around the world, who speak another language, and you have conversations with them more or less uncontrollably” (19). Lauren inserted herself “between the lines” and into them, even “bec[a]me someone else, one of the people in the story” (20), but, as with Robles, this becoming and the “conversations” it enables were ultimately inconsequential. They failed to establish a relation—the strangers in the papers remained strangers—and for this reason Lauren was assimilated into the media narrative, disappeared in her self-inscriptive performances instead of appearing in new, enabling postures.

Things change, though, courtesy of “Mr. Tuttle,” who shows up one day unexpectedly. More than any other character in DeLillo, he is sheer embodiment and by the same token strangeness itself. Possibly autistic, the boy seems minimally communicative, and his rudimentary intellectual behavior proves highly repetitive. Seemingly “just body,” he is, however, an antithesis to Nancy’s corporeal immanentism, for “he exists only in relation to other references.”<sup>35</sup> He “is not himself” in the current, psycho-rationalist sense of the phrase, and as such he stands for an “other” to our notions of “normal,” “functional,” and “coherent” self. As a

perpetual other to himself, he steadily backs away from whatever structure of selfhood is gelling inside him, so much so that his interiority “exists” only as a place where other selves make their appearance. He effaces himself so that they show their face; he is solely in relation to them, his body a raucous “library” for words and voices “not his” (86) but theirs, not a only link in a Lacanian chain of references but the very possibility of linking and referencing.<sup>36</sup> Purely relational, he does not engender discourse but mimics others’ to the point that in and to him being is mimicry, repeating—not himself, despite what his name might connote, but others. To Lauren’s consternation, he even mimics Robles’s sentences and demeanor in an act of startlingly accurate if unwitting ventriloquism. In the stranger’s performance, Robles is at once himself and somebody else, but more important than the fidelity with which Mr. Tuttle “reappears” Robles is the lesson in somatic mimesis the boy teaches Lauren. This is a lesson in the humbleness of being as ethical “appearance” that does not do away with disappearance per se but, quite the contrary, is predicated on it. Disappearing does not signify melting away, though. It is a self-cleaning or self-erasure of sorts, which “scours” off the part of us that, in “resembling” too closely the images, stories, and conventions surrounding us, blocks out ethical contagion, i.e., others’ appearance on the stage of our self. Not only does this partial yet critical disembodiment clear the decks for Lauren’s reembodiment performances; it is, in and of itself, serious body work: “This was her work, to disappear from all her former venues of aspect and bearing and to become a blankness, a body slate erased of every past resemblance.” She cuts and bleaches her hair, exfoliates, applies rubs and “fade” creams to “depigment herself,” uses “astringents” to remove all possible “residues,” “dirt,” and “impurities.” More than “secretions” and “glandular events” of the “body cosmos” (84), these are cultural footprints. By taking in and embodying a wide spectrum of norms, expectations, and exigencies, Lauren’s body has grown, as a critic says,

into a Foucauldian “microcosm of [her] culture.”<sup>37</sup> If this growth has indeed stabilized and “rigidified” Lauren into lesser morphic ability by inscribing her body into the restrictedly performative symbolic order, what she attempts in emulating Mr. Tuttle is an artful regression past the symbolic back into the semiotic and its unbridled performativity.<sup>38</sup> Cutting through the crust of cultural reflexes, Lauren steps beyond the body as cosmetic, superficial, and self-referring microcosm into the body as cosmos, the body as cosmic stage where others can appear. “Closing off” the repetitive order’s “outlets to [her] self,” the body artist retools her self into an outlet to other selves (97).

Now, hers is “body art in extremis” (103). As Mariella, another character, comments on one of Lauren’s performances, “Hartke is a body artist who tries to shake off the body—hers anyway. . . . always in the process of becoming another or exploring some root identity. . . . Hartke’s piece begins” with a woman “gesturing in the stylized manner of Noh drama, and it ends seventy-five minutes later with a naked man, emaciated and aphasic, trying desperately to tell us something.” “Alter[ing] her body and voice,” Lauren makes her “body jum[p] into another level,” the level or the world of alterity itself. “Stripped of recognizable language and culture,” her body “flies” her various subjects “out of one reality into another” no less real, “live” rather than “taped,” across cultures and their boundaries of idiom, ethnos, and gender: a Japanese woman, adolescents, pentecostal preachers, “a one-hundred-and-twenty-year-old woman sustained by yoghurt,” Mr. Tuttle himself and, in his voice, Robles’s Spanish intonations and masculinity, which Lauren’s body impersonates so well that Mariella “can almost believe [Lauren] is equipped with male genitalia . . . [o]r she has trained her upper body to deflate and her lower body to sprout” (104-109). The “agonic” theatricality of Lauren’s female body works out connections with others who would otherwise remain alone and unseen, “in solitary

otherness” (109). The connections are not of the all-encompassing and impersonal kind, for their “agony” is “never the grand agony of stately images and sets” restaging themselves all over the world. Intimate and evocative, Lauren’s body renders otherness “familiar and even personal” without serializing it, makes it less “solitary” by embodying it publicly and shielding its mystery at the same time (109-110).

The mystery of the body and the mystery of culture: as suggested earlier, what we are dealing with is the same haptical mystery, with the same issue of the body of and in culture, and vice versa, of cultural bodies *qua* somatic apparatuses. The distinction body-culture is, then, here as elsewhere, tenuous. As in other postmoderns, in DeLillo culture and the body are multiply isomorphic. The somatic imaginary “images” how culture comes along, how it works and how it works on us, how it goes around, passes, and renews itself. Keen, in DeLillo’s own words, on the “writer’s market” and on culture broadly as a “living organism” that “changes,” “palpitates,” “grows,” “excretes,” “sucks things,” and “spews them up,” this imaginary charts cultural metabolism.<sup>39</sup> Given its bodily-biological implications, “metabolism” provides a befittingly dynamic allegory of cultural output, distribution, and exchanges. DeLillo pictures culture as a complex, loosely systemic, and corporeal assemblage governed by ever-amplifying contacts and transformations, and conversely, identifies bodies as symbolic venues of cultural action, reaction, and interaction less and less effectively served by modernity’s pace and geo-intellectual maps. What he canvasses, then, is, on one side, the body of culture, culture as one body of texts, images, and sounds with their lives, deaths, and itineraries; on the other side, the culture of, in, and through bodies, the cultural-aesthetic constitution and cycles of human bodies. On the former, the culture into which bodies are born; on the latter, the culture a posteriori inscribed into them, made into, and remade, in and across them: the two sides are indeed hard to pry apart. For

the sake of presentation only, I have tackled them one by one. Accordingly, turning to DeLillo as a case study in postmodern haptics, we have discovered that his viral narratives—stories of cultural making, remaking, and circulation, principally *Underworld*—document the workings of a first, hyperhaptic “contamination,” whereas the later novels’ episodes of performative embodiment and bodily transactions give pride of place to a different paradigm. Totalizing, self-repetitive, recycling the cultural-political codes and locations out of which it spins, the first paradigm speaks to the world-as-globe; the second, to the world-as-*mundus*. One is a symptom of globalization; the other, of mondialization. A “mondializing” world is still a world, more precisely, a *mundus*, because its “haptic” makeup—its self-touching and overall connectivity—does not result in “self-relations” that bolster one self, thought, or worldview.<sup>40</sup> The *mundus*-like world is a non-totalistic *totum*, a whole where, while touching, mingling, and turning into one another, bodies preserve their differential identities, as Nancy says in *The Sense of the World*.<sup>41</sup> A plural, variegated *corpus*, *le monde* is a body-with; it is a body of and as difference. Within it, bodies converge, interact, intersect, and thus participate in the world’s *totum*.

The globe’s haptics is immanentist, metastatic—Baudrillard finds metastasis “immanent”—autoreferential, self-reproductive, and self-assuredly “rational.” The haptic modality of the *mundus* is metamorphic, cross-referential and in that more “transcendental,”<sup>42</sup> humbly relational, and therefore productive—productive of knowledge, of new understandings. For, the other’s body is, as Barry Smart comments on the Levinasian “face-to-face,” a face itself.<sup>43</sup> In turning to, and at times even into, others’ bodies and corporeal structures, we face the face, the “aspect” of somebody or something of crucial import to who we are or aspire to be. This “turning” or “morphing,” this *metabolé*, is symbolic. It is about physical and individual bodies as much as about cultural and political bodies, about national bodies and about the

world's larger *corpus*. It latches onto biological bodies and their reembodiments as metaphors of reaffiliations and transgressions that pull the "ekstatic" subject out of immanentist "self-containment" and into the broader world.<sup>44</sup> If indeed "the boundary of the self as well as the distinction between the internal and external is established through the ejection and transvaluation" of an "otherness"<sup>45</sup> originally constitutive of the self, much of the postmodern imaginary dwells so copiously on how bodies touch one another, on how they change into other bodies and swap shapes and meanings, not just because corporeality is "contingent," but also because it is profoundly contingent on otherness.

### Notes

1. Jacques Derrida, *On Touching—Jean-Luc Nancy*, trans. Christine Irizarry (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2005), 297.

2. Derrida, *On Touching—Jean-Luc Nancy*, 4.

3. Jean-Luc Nancy, *The Inoperative Community*. Ed. Peter Connor, trans. Peter Connor, Lisa Garbus, Michael Holland, and Simona Sawhney, foreword by Christopher Fynsk (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1991), 3.

4. Jean-Luc Nancy, *The Inoperative Community*, 28. Also see Fred Dallmayr's commentary on this and related places in Nancy's work in "An 'Inoperative' Global Community? Reflections on Nancy," in *On Jean-Luc Nancy: The Sense of Philosophy*, ed. Darren Sheppard, Simon Sparks, and Colin Thomas, 181 (London: Routledge, 1997).

5. Jean-Luc Nancy, *The Sense of the World*, trans. and with a Foreword by Jeffrey S. Librett (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1997), 9.

6. Derrida, *On Touching—Jean-Luc Nancy*, 54.
7. Jean Baudrillard, *Paroxysm: Interviews with Philippe Petit*, trans. Chris Turner (London: Verso, 1998), 9.
8. Baudrillard, *Paroxysm*, 10-11.
9. Jean Baudrillard, *Cool Memories*, trans. Chris Turner (London: Verso, 1990), 173.
10. Jean Baudrillard, *Cool Memories*, 30.
11. Baudrillard, *Cool Memories*, 110.
12. Jean Baudrillard, *Fragments: Cool Memories III, 1991-1995*, trans. Emily Agar (London: Verso, 1997), 39.
13. Jean Baudrillard, *America*, trans. Chris Turner (Verso: London, 1996), 1.
14. Baudrillard, *America*, 97.
15. Baudrillard, *The Vital Illusion*, 6.
16. Baudrillard, *The Vital Illusion*, 5-16, 25-26.
17. Jean Baudrillard, *The Perfect Crime*, trans. Chris Turner (London: Verso, 1996), 107, 111-112, 115.
18. Jean Baudrillard, *Cool Memories II: 1987-1990*, trans. Chris Turner (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1996), 51.
19. Don DeLillo, *The Names* (New York: Random House, 1989), 51.
20. See “An Outsider in This Society’: Interview with Don DeLillo,” by Anthony DeCurtis, *South Atlantic Quarterly* 89, no. 2 (1990), 299.
21. Baudrillard, *Paroxysm*, 11.
22. Don DeLillo, “The Power of History,” *The New York Times Magazine*, 7 September 1997, <http://www.nytimes.com/library/books/090797article3.html> (accessed May 23, 2007).

23. Walter Benjamin, "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," in *Illuminations: Essays and Reflections*, ed. and with an introduction by Hannah Arendt, trans. Harry Zohn (New York: Schocken Books, 1968), 220.

24. Benjamin, "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," 220.

25. Don DeLillo, *Underworld* (New York: Scribner, 1997), 76. The references to the novel are keyed to this edition.

26. On "montage" and DeLillo's own style as both "replication" and critique of the "power structure it wants to oppose," see Philip Nel, *The Avant-Garde and American Postmodernity: Small Incisive Shots* (Jackson, MS: University of Mississippi Press, 2002), particularly the chapter "'Amid the Undeniable Power of Montage: Modern Forms, Postmodern Politics, and the Role of the Avant-Garde in Don DeLillo's *Underworld*,'" 97-107. Catherine Morley specifically addresses the influence of Eisensteinian montage on *Underworld* in her article "Don DeLillo's Transatlantic Dialogue with Sergei Eisenstein," published in *Journal of American Studies* 40, no. 1 (2006): 17-34. Despite the rather ill-informed treatment of Proletkult aesthetics and politics, Morley's account of the role played by Eisenstein's techniques in DeLillo's book is useful.

27. See Anne Longmuir's clarifying discussion of "DeLillo's Two Artistic Paradigms" in "Performing the Body in Don DeLillo's *The Body Artist*," *Modern Fiction Studies* 53, no. 3 (Fall 2007), especially 529-533.

28. Don DeLillo, *Cosmopolis* (New York: Scribner, 2003), 200.

29. Jean-Luc Nancy, *Corpus* (Paris: Métailié, 2000), 11.

30. Anthony Giddens uses this Ricoeur fragment as an epigraph to *The Consequences of Modernity*.

31. DeLillo, *Cosmopolis*, 195.
32. See note 30.
33. On *Underworld* and *The Body Artist* and Klara Sax and Lauren Hartke, see Longmuir, “Performing the Body in Don DeLillo’s *The Body Artist*,” especially 531.
34. Don DeLillo, *The Body Artist* (New York: Scribner, 2001), 29. All references in the text are to this edition.
35. Tim Adams, “The library in the body,” <http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/2001-feb/11/fiction.-dondelillo> (accessed January 22, 2009).
36. Adams, “The library in the body.”
37. Longmuir, “Performing the Body in Don DeLillo’s *The Body Artist*,” 539-540.
38. Longmuir, “Performing the Body in Don DeLillo’s *The Body Artist*,” 541-542.
39. Don DeLillo, *Great Jones Street*, (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1973), 27.
40. Derrida, *On Touching—Jean-Luc Nancy*, 53.
41. Nancy, *The Sense of the World*, 35, 62-63, etc.
42. Jean Baudrillard, *L’autre par lui-même. Habilitation* (Paris: Galilée, 1987), 49.
43. Barry Smart, *Facing Modernity: Ambivalence, Reflexivity, and Modernity* (London: Sage, 1999), 124-130.
44. Fred Dallmayr comments on Nancy’s “‘ekstatic’ self-transgression” in “An ‘Inoperative’ Global Community? Reflections on Nancy,” in *On Jean-Luc Nancy: The sense of philosophy*, ed. Darren Sheppard, Simon Sparks, and Colin Thomas (London: Routledge, 1997), 178.
45. Judith Butler, *Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity* (New York: Routledge, 1999), 170.

## Bibliography

- Adams, Tim. "The library in the body." <http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/2001-/feb/11/fiction.-dondelillo> (accessed January 22, 2009).
- Baudrillard, Jean. *L'autre par lui-même. Habilitation*. Paris: Galilée, 1987.
- . *Cool Memories*. Translated by Chris Turner. London: Verso, 1990.
- . *America*. Translated by Chris Turner. London: Verso, 1996.
- . *Cool Memories II: 1997-1990*. Translated by Chris Turner. Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1996.
- . *The Perfect Crime*. Translated by Chris Turner. London: Verso, 1996.
- . *Fragments: Cool Memories III, 1991-1995*. Translated by Emily Agar. London: Verso, 1997.
- . *Paroxysm: Interviews with Philippe Petit*. Translated by Chris Turner. London: Verso, 1998.
- . *The Vital Illusion*. Edited by Julia Witwer. New York: Columbia University Press, 2000.
- . *The System of Objects*. Translated by James Benedict. London: Verso, 2005.
- Benjamin, Walter. *Illuminations: Essays and Reflections*. Edited and with an Introduction by Hannah Arendt. Translated by Harry Zohn. New York: Schocken Books.
- Butler, Judith. *Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity*. New York: Routledge, 1999.
- Dallmayr, Fred. "An 'Inoperative' Global Community? Reflections on Nancy." In *On Jean-Luc Nancy: The sense of philosophy*, edited by Darren Sheppard, Simon Sparks, and Colin Thomas, 174-196. London: Routledge, 1997.

- DeLillo, Don. *Great Jones Street*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1973.
- . *The Names*. New York: Random House, 1989.
- . “An Outsider in This Society’: Interview with Don DeLillo.” By Anthony DeCurtis. *South Atlantic Quarterly* 89, no. 2 (1990): 281-304.
- . *Underworld*. New York: Scribner, 1997.
- . *The Body Artist*. New York: Scribner, 2001.
- . *Cosmopolis*. New York: Scribner, 2003.
- . “The Power of History.” *The New York Times Magazine*, September 7, 1997. <http://www.nytimes.com/library/books/090797article3.html> (accessed May, 2007).
- Derrida, Jacques. *On Touching—Jean-Luc Nancy*. Translated by Christine Irizarry. Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2005.
- Long, A. A., and D. N. Sedley. *The Hellenistic Philosophers*. Volume 1, Translations of the Principal Sources, with Philosophical Commentary. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1987.
- Longmuir, Anne. “Performing the Body in Don DeLillo’s *The Body Artist*.” *Modern Fiction Studies* 53, no. 3 (Fall 2007): 527-543.
- Morley, Catherine. “Don DeLillo’s Transatlantic Dialogue with Sergei Eisenstein.” *Journal of American Studies* 40, no. 1 (2006): 17-34.
- Nancy, Jean-Luc. *The Inoperative Community*. Edited by Peter Connor. Translated by Peter Connor, Lisa Garbus, Michael Holland, and Simona Sawhney. Foreword by Christopher Fynsk. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1991.
- . *The Sense of the World*. Translated and with a Foreword by Jeffrey S. Librett. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1997.

———. *Corpus* (Paris: Métailié, 2000)

Nel, Philip. *The Avant-Garde and American Postmodernity: Small Incisive Shocks*. Jackson, MS: University Press of Mississippi, 2002.

Nietzsche, Friedrich. *Thus Spoke Zarathustra: A Book for Everyone and No One*. Translated with an Introduction by R. J. Hollingdale. New York: Penguin, 1969.

Smart, Barry. *Facing Modernity: Ambivalence, Reflexivity, and Modernity*. London: Sage, 1999.

Spanneut, Michel. *Permanence du stoïcisme. De Zénon à Malraux*. Gembloux, Belgium: Duculot, 1973.

Zeller, Eduard. *The Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics*. Translated from the German by Oswald J. Reichel. A New and Revised Edition. New York: Russell & Russell, 1962.

Žižek, Slavoj. “20 Years of Collapse,” *The New York Times*, 9 November, 2009, <http://www.nytimes.com/2009/11/09/opinion/09zizek.html> (accessed July 13, 2010).