David L. Clark

Bereft: Derrida's Memory and the Spirit of Friendship

If you press me to say why I loved him, I feel that it can only be expressed by replying: "Because it was him: because it was me."
—Michel de Montaigne, *On Affectionate Relationships*

At the point of assembling the "four guiding threads" with which the argument of *Of Spirit: Heidegger and the Question* will be knitted, Jacques Derrida pauses to recall some of the felicitous intellectual circumstances and personal affiliations out of which his book arose.[1] Why reconstruct this somewhat circuitous path leading to the book's ostensible beginnings? For Derrida there are debts to be acknowledged, thanks to be given, and above all friendships to be affirmed, although it is not until the book's second chapter that he chooses to speak of these things in so many words. A faint but discernible genealogy or perhaps "destinterrancy"[2] for *Of Spirit* thereby emerges, with Derrida tracing his thoughts to a scene which, if not primal in nature, is important enough not to be relegated to the book's prefatory matter (where dedications are more usually made), but delayed until its argument can be more fully marshaled. The suggestion is that the argument and the acknowledgments are con-

South Atlantic Quarterly 106:2, Spring 2007
DOI 10.1215/00382876-2006-025

nected in unusually significant ways. According to Derrida's telling, at least three colloquies, staged in three overdetermined locations in the history of his reception—France, England, America—pace *Of Spirit*'s wayward and bilingual development. Published as the edited (and translated) transcript of a lecture delivered at the closing session of "a conference organized by the *Collège international de philosophie* in Paris, entitled 'Heidegger: Open Questions'" (*OS*, vii), *Of Spirit* reproduces "remarks" delivered at an earlier colloquia—"another conference on Heidegger," Derrida tells us, this one "at the University of Essex," organized by David Farrell Krell (*OS*, 8). But those comments themselves required "preparation," he remembers, and it is the scene of that labor to which he finally turns, with gratitude. At least "four threads" in Martin Heidegger call for rigorous consideration, he repeats: "the privilege of the *Fragen*," "the essence of technology," "the discourse of animality," and "the thinking of *epochality*" (*OS*, 12). Together, these "motifs of worry," as he elsewhere characterizes them,[3] his language registering a certain concernful identification with Heidegger, together these filaments of thought and feeling point to "a Heideggerian thinking that is multiple and that, for a long time to come, will remain provocative, enigmatic, still to be read" ("HP," 183, 182). What led him to these open-ended considerations, he admits in a subsequent interview, "goes back a long way" ("HP," 183), leaving it unclear whether the source he evokes is remote in time or located at some unknown psychic depth. But in *Of Spirit* he traces their initial articulation to a remarkably modest setting—not a scholarly symposium, not as such, but an informal "conversation" that he held in the United States with a small group of familiars—the *philia* of philosophy and the philosophy of *philia* being concepts and phenomena that he more than anyone has taught us to respect and to interrogate. We will not stray far from that lesson here. "I held at Yale a sort of private seminar with some American friends" (*OS*, 8), he recalls, before graciously remembering their names. It is during the course of "replying to their questions or suggestions" that Derrida reiterates the importance of the unforeseen other that will form the interpretive horizon of his subsequent work on Heidegger, work that culminated—without being completed—in the publication of *Of Spirit*. In the company of his friends, and unfolding his sentence with great care, he confides, "I tried to define what appeared to me to be left hanging, uncertain, still in movement and therefore, for me at least, *yet to come* in Heidegger's text" (*OS*, 8).

Like a dear one whose loss is ambivalently yet keenly felt, the *arrivant*

in Heidegger overtakes Derrida, and it does so in the shape of something from which he finds he cannot turn away, even if he is unable and unwilling to grasp it either. Heidegger's archive, which for Derrida is neither a single thing nor self-contained, is for this reason "unbearable and fascinating" ("HP," 182), as he remarks, speaking again in an affective register that more closely resembles the rhetoric of love and loss than the discourse of philosophical history. In the *tableau vivant* that Derrida briefly stages in *Of Spirit*, he remembers giving the *arrivant* the opportunity to come, and to be heard, even if what arrives and what is being said leaves him to this day "actively perplexed" ("HP," 183). The fact that he calls attention to the specific time and place in which he affirms this ghostlike "appearance," deeply uncertain as its self-showing nevertheless is, would seem to suggest that the timing is important. What is the estimated time of arrival of the Heideggerian *arrivant*, we might ask? Can one ever know with confidence where and from where it will come, to whom or for whom? Is *Of Spirit* any more that place than the seminar in New Haven where Derrida dreams of the book's beginnings, or of one of its beginnings?

In a single paragraph, *Of Spirit* joins the aloofness of an incalculable future *to* a remembrance of things past, even as it brings the distant summons of the *arrivant* into proximity with a scene of conviviality and scholarly sociality. Among close friends something far away comes; in memory of the intimacy those friends afforded me, Derrida suggests, I found myself promised to the future. What does this gathering together of nearness and farness say about Derrida's difficult colloquy with Heidegger? Elsewhere Derrida associates the dislocation of thinkers and thought with the very nature of intellectual comradeship: "What holds me here in life holds first of all in friendship," Derrida writes, referring to another symposium, this one in Cerisy, "by the grace of friendship of thought, of a friendship itself to be thought."[4] A friendship of thought, at once unexpected—hence full of grace—and as yet, perhaps forever, "un-*gedacht*": the wager of this essay is that Derrida's work offers up a language with which to reconsider his writing about and thinking with Heidegger as a posthumous gift of *l'amitié*, a friendship *without* friendship that is characterized by interruption, asymmetry, and, above all, unrequited generosity. "Posthumous gift" is in fact the evocative way in which Maurice Blanchot describes his friendship with Michel Foucault, in a text whose analysis forms the culminating argument of Derrida's *Politics of Friendship*. "In bearing witness to a work demanding study (unprejudiced reading) rather than praise," Blanchot says, "I believe

I am remaining faithful, however awkwardly, to the intellectual friendship that his death, so painful to me, today allows me to declare to him . . . '*Oh my friends, there is no friend*.'"[5] What I want to suggest is that Derrida encounters Heidegger belatedly and under the aegis of an analogously radicalized notion of philosophical fraternity, in which the conventional meanings of *l'amitié* are all but nullified; friendship is here about promising to do justice to the other and expecting nothing—no friendship—in return, rather than a condition of reciprocality and nurturing familiarity. This reframing of the work done in texts like *Of Spirit* will help us understand why, in an intellectual environment of sometimes hyperbolic certainty about the German philosopher and his legacy, a certainty matched, perhaps, only by a similarly dreamy confidence about what to do with Marx (Marx and Heidegger—such apparently different sorts of ghosts for the Right and the Left, respectively, to put to rest, to have *done* with, but with the same vehemence, the same lack of hospitality and friendship, the same sureness about who the "enemy" is, and thus who is the "friend"),[6] Derrida insists that nothing about Heidegger's thought is assured in advance, not even, it seems, the experience of being promised to a future of readings. Hence the marked tentativeness with which he warily approaches the memory of what happened in class on that day in New Haven: "I tried to define what appeared to me to be left hanging, uncertain, still in movement and therefore, for me at least, *yet to come* in Heidegger's text." "For me at least": it will take a great deal to unpack what Derrida leaves "hanging, uncertain," and "still in movement" in this inconspicuous turn of phrase. But for now we should note that conjectural steps around ambiguous forms of knowledge characterize these early moments in the prehistory of *Of Spirit*; the old school setting confirms that we have been returned to the unforgettable condition that Deborah P. Britzman evocatively calls "theory kindergarten," a place of immemorial beginnings and unusually powerful psychic investments whose withdrawal from thought sets us on the path of education even as it marks its irrevocable limits.[7] Derrida rightly treats the object of his recollections as if their evidentiary status were in question, both to his fellow seminarists and even to himself. In the end, is it Derrida's memory or that which he "tried to define" that is "left hanging [and] uncertain"? Nothing in his sentences lets us decide one way or the other. Can he even be certain of this approaching uncertainty in Heidegger's text? Far from a *fait accompli*, what he recalls is at best an *attempt*—"I tried to define," he says—at specifying something "still in movement" in Heidegger's writings, an under-

taking whose success he is reluctant to claim even in retrospect. Derrida is careful not to speak too quickly for others (of the other), not without certain caveats. He does not presume that his "friends" will have had the same uncanny encounter with the *arrivant* that he discerned or thought he discerned coming out of the experience of the seminar.

The apprehension of the *arrivant* would never be assured, not without transforming the "yet to come" into one Heideggerian theme or question (like "*Dasein*" or "*die Seinsfrage*") among others. But is the chance of that transformation ever absolutely preventable? How to seal up the radical idiomaticity of the "yet to come" *for* Derrida from the becoming-general of its conceptuality, a conceptuality that would thereby become a pedagogical theme, the repeatable subject matter or assigned question? For the "yet to come" to remain as absolutely uncertain as Derrida uncertainly claims, it must be "yet to come" to "Heidegger," or to a certain teaching and reading of "Heidegger," as well. The secret of the "yet to come" would here need to be understood as something other than a privation, as Derrida's qualification—"sort of private"—faintly suggests. One wonders if there could be a "seminar," an event-like gathering involving contingent questions and replies worthy of those names, if it were not for this secrecy, this withdrawal from thought. As Thomas Dutoit suggests, "What Derrida teaches is that without an unteachable we cannot teach and are not teachers."[8] How then to teach *that*? How to orient thinking in the classroom toward the (utopic) other, before which the classroom is nevertheless situated, and in whose memory it is always held? In the classroom of permanent parabasis in which the lesson is the "yet to come," there can be no overcoming this resistance to teaching, since teaching is itself this resistance, this self-secrecy at the heart of pedagogical disclosure. Kant is exemplary for Derrida as a philosopher who wrestled with these paradoxes, a philosopher who hated secrecy and called for the publicity of reason, but who also grasped the importance of respecting the thought that one withholds from others and that which withholds itself from thought.

Derrida's lesson is that he cannot respond to the *arrivant* in another's writings without his own work being exposed to something analogously futural, no more, as he says in his commemorative essay on Louis Marin, than he can write a work *about* mourning that is not also a work *of* mourning. What is unstable or "uncertain" in Heidegger is so "*for me* at least," he notes, his inconspicuous qualification signaling, among other things, that his thinking not only welcomes the "yet to come," it also in some sense

interiorizes it, makes it his own, with all the terrific ambiguities, not to say unexpected indignities, that attend such incorporative labor. What feels at first like a haunting of Heidegger's "text," as he indeed puts it, the singular noun seeming for a moment to localize the *arrivant* with more precision than it can possibly have, is a complication and an acceding to thought that troubles and inhabits Derrida's writing as well. The "yet to come" is a wavering alterity that is available to his thinking but also part of that thinking, "for me at least" here marking the intimacy of the relationship Derrida here shares with Heidegger, even the privacy and singularity of his receptivity to him.[9]

The "for me" registers not possession, much less self-possession, as it does sometimes in Hegel, but the trial, exposure, and *surprise* of the encounter with that which remains difficult because unthought in Heidegger. In Derrida's allegory of reading, Heidegger's text, and in particular that which remains "in movement" in it, is a problem and an opening to thought that uncertainly interpellates him into a condition of permanent *extemporization*. Derrida responds to Heidegger, *engages* him, but his pledge to his text and to his future is nakedly "out there," as it were, because it is made without the expectation of anything like a definitive answer, without even recognizing from where or to where he makes his pledge or addresses the other that comes. "For me at least" affirms this condition of having acceded to a certain isolation, liability, contingency, and asymmetry vis-à-vis the other text; it means reading Heidegger is a "*salut* without return."[10] The phrase nicely captures Derrida's association of reading with uneconomizable imperilment and finitude. But is there any other kind of reading? Wouldn't reading that wasn't always also a "*salut* without return" be the death of reading, or the reduction of reading to a kind of decoding without remainder? As Derrida says, this greeting before the expectation of an answer "signs the very breathing of the dialogue" ("R," 140).

The "for me at least" remembers the concomitantly singular nature of Derrida's oath to continue to bear witness not only to Heidegger's text but also, as important, to intellectual relationships—to legacies, philosophical histories, interpretive communities, and individual readings, assuming these terms name discrete things—that respond and that continue to respond, "for essential reasons," to its peculiarly heterogeneous and aleatory character. One must do justice to Heidegger's text, yes, but "before" that happens one must already have promised oneself to justice—to reading for the sake of the other *and* for the sake of reading otherwise. The "me"

of "for me at least" quietly remembers this pledge *to* reading—to the mortal one who reads—that limns every particular reading. To be this reader, to live on and even to flourish in the wake of these writings, one must effectively be the subject presumed *not* to know, the subject who cultivates a "passion for non-knowledge," as Derrida says in another context.[11] We would then need to consider this turn of phrase, this *turning*, in terms of an *epoché*, an inhibition or bracketing, a modest withdrawal and respectful sacrifice or desertification, a "suspension of certainty" that Derrida identifies as elemental to the work of testimony, witnessing, and prayer—the irony being that it is Heidegger who argues "with force and radicality the assertion that belief *in general* has no place in the experience or the act of thinking *in general*."[12] Beyond or before any constative knowledge *of* Heidegger, there is a pledge, a bare affirmation and expectation: "I promise truth and ask the other to believe the other that I am, there where I am the only one able to bear witness and where the order of proof or of intuition will never be reducible to or homogeneous with the elementary trust, the 'good faith' that is promised or demanded" ("F," 63). Perhaps the subtlest autobiographical reference of Derrida's "me" and "for me at least" can be found here, his affectation of a certain modesty and solitude signaling not self-assertion (in the mode of falsely modest self-effacement) but rather a kind of reserve, a passivity-before or giving-over-to the other that for obvious reasons Derrida cannot and will not presume is the same for any other. In the shadow of the "yet to come," we could say, Derrida sequesters himself, slightly contracts himself, this, in the name of an analogous reserve in Heidegger's text, the abyss of possibilities that call for a hearing even as they recede from sight, from the theoria of vision. In this gesture of hospitality, not unrelated to the "state of being drained" or "without force," that Derrida explores (in memory of Marin), we sense the importance of a certain cordiality toward reading, not in narcissistic and self-confirming reclusiveness but with others and exposed to otherness. The phrase names, in other words, the burden of a complex fidelity—rather than fealty—to Heidegger's text, even a kind of "friendship" with it. At this very moment in this work where I am, Derrida in effect says: "'I am addressing you, and I commit myself, in this language here; listen how I speak in my language, me, and you can speak to me in your language.'"[13]

Looking back, Derrida declares that it was always his intent, from that day in New Haven, to resist calls for Heidegger's summary arrest, and instead to find ways to respond to Heidegger's endless insurgency, all

those elements in his texts which threaten to rise up unexpectedly and from who knows where. "What he leaves us is . . . the gift of an ordeal, the summons to a work of reading, historical interpretation, ethico-political reflection, an interminable analysis."[14] Derrida says this of his friend, de Man, in the name of friendship; could the same receptivity to the burden and the possibility of the future be claimed for Heidegger? A responsible engagement with the German philosopher's work means reckoning not only with what is imagined to be publicly known and settled about him—his political assignations, for example, or his ethical failures, what he said or did not say, and when, not to mention all the various paths marking his turn to "the worst"—but also with what remains irreducibly private about his texts, all that is held there in reserve, withdrawn in some instances even from his own thought, or from the thought that Heidegger might have signed with his name. In reading Heidegger otherwise, Derrida no doubt takes his cue from the magister, who, it should be remembered, distinguished between two ways of responding to another thinker. As he argues in *What Is Called Thinking?* one can proceed contrarily with respect to the other, whether through critique or polemic; or one can proceed by "going to their encounter," what David Wood usefully characterizes as "entering, or trying to approach, the space of the other's relation to alterity."[15] It is this hospitality to the other thinker that Derrida brings to Heidegger, although it should be noted that for him there is no generosity that is not contaminated by a certain hostility, no welcome of or "going to" the other without the allergic reassertion of the same.

Heidegger troubles Derrida in the manner of a ghost: "The concept of the other in the same . . . the completely other, dead, living in me."[16] A ghostly friend? In all rigor, is there any other? In the presence of his intimates, to whom he has patiently listened and replied, Derrida calls for another kind of audition and response: who could say that the aptness for and giving over to Heidegger that he quietly claims for himself is entirely different from the teachability his self-described friends demonstrate toward him, or he toward them? In a richly detailed footnote in *Envois*, Derrida speaks of his relationship with Heidegger as one that is under constant scrutiny: "What will he do with the ghost or Geist of Martin?" unnamed others ask, perhaps not altogether generously, as if in expectation of either a confirmation of an open secret, or of the disclosure of some hitherto closeted truth between men. It cannot be an accident that Derrida explores this question on the margins of a text that is otherwise almost entirely taken up with letters

between a philosopher—who signs his name "J.D."—and a lover whose name is never spoken, letters that wax passionate about a relationship that is absolutely singular in its sentiments, everydayness, hopes, and fears, at the same time that it is available for all to read. *Envois* at once archives and shares the secrets of these lovers. Because Heidegger's writings are so often the implied philosophical referent of these *billets-doux*, it is hard not to think that he is the obscure object of their author's desire—that they are love letters for and to "Heidegger." Playful though he was said to be in those days, Derrida will not play this particular "truth" game and offer up a simple answer to the questions about his relationship with Heidegger. He will not accept the charge that he is simply possessed or seduced by the man. But neither will he phobically disavow him: "All this must not lead you to believe that no telephonic communication links me to Heidegger's ghost as to more than one other. Quite the contrary, the network of my hookups . . . is on the burdensome side, and more than one switchboard is necessary in order to digest the overload. It is simply . . . that my private relation with Martin does not go through the same exchange."[17] The push and pull of this complex account is worth remarking, as is its emphasis on "speaking" *to* Heidegger rather than *of* him,[18] not least because these features register a relationship with the dead that Derrida ordinarily reserves for intimate acquaintances, for those he might have called his contemporaries. In the wake of Jean-François Lyotard's death, for example, he speaks of the importance of turning both toward and away from the one who speaks: "A double injunction, then, contradictory and unforgiving. How to leave him alone without abandoning him?" (*WM*, 225). This is the question that Derrida asks of himself in the presence of Heidegger, in opposition to those who would instead ask how he could stay with him without thereby in some sense *becoming* him. Derrida calls for a kind of loving patience and for a certain slow reading, a labor of deliberation at odds with the confessional impulses and the commitment to speediness that the latest age of telecommunication otherwise encourages and demands—especially around the work of mourning. Derrida's encounter with Heidegger is in plain sight, he says, but for that no less obscure or interminable: "There are witnesses and a postal archive of the thing," he writes; "I call upon these witnesses (these way stations between Heidegger and myself) to make themselves known" (*E*, 21).

Derrida's language suggests that his kinship with Heidegger is at once "private" *and* available to be read, indeed, requiring a certain supplemen-

tary verification by go-betweens. Although Derrida does not quite say it this way, not yet, he calls here for friends to testify to a friendship, and for intimates to affirm the burdensome closeness he shares with this aloof likeness of Heidegger. To the question "[What will] he do with the ghost or Geist of Martin?" Derrida offers up some questions of his own (these, from *Politics of Friendship*): "Why would love be only the ardent force of attraction tending toward fusion, union and identification? Why would the infinite distance which opens respect up, and which Kant wished to limit by love, not open love up as well?" (*PF*, 255). "Martin" is interiorized by Derrida in the manner that a dead friend might be interiorized, even cherished, but this inwardness is also a condition of exposure, because, as Derrida's telephonic rhetoric insists, it is circulated through already existing and still unfolding networks, some of them profoundly obscure rather than obscurantist. As fast, efficient, or direct as some of those telecommunication providers claim to be, Derrida insists, there is always a delay or lag, in which the potential for interference, dropped or missed calls, and other "performative" infelicities looms large. Whatever "Martin" is *for* Derrida, he is not reducible to these philosophical exchanges, the philosopher's phrasing puts to us; but he is not separate from them either. Derrida incorporates Heidegger, to be sure; he readily admits to having a "private relation" with the man and his thinking; others will be in a position to make analogous claims and will have witnessed what happened between Derrida and Heidegger, even if they perhaps did not fully understand it. Yet what he or they interiorize is in excess of any inwardizing or purely "private" memory, individual or collective. A loving memory might remember this cohabitation of inwardness and uncontainability, this siting of the expanse lying at the heart of the closeness that the philosopher shares with his ghostly familiar. That the "yet to come" in Heidegger is yet to come "for me at least" figures forth this strange convocation of privacy and publicity in which the assertion of oneself is also the affirmation of the other. As Derrida argues in a discussion of Augustine, the arduous indeterminacy of friendship after the death of the friend is the expression of this very question: "Do you desire to survive for yourself *or* for the person whom you are mourning, from the moment the two of you are as one?" (*PF*, 187; emphasis mine).

There was something about being in the presence of intimates that encouraged Derrida to celebrate his treatment of Heidegger's "text" not as a closed book but as a kind of philosophical postcard, or perhaps as "the remainders of a recently burned correspondence" (*E*, 3), as he describes

his radically experimental writing in *Envois*. Heidegger is not likely to have approved; as Derrida notes, the philosopher "would doubtless see in the postal determination a premature imposition of *tekhnē* and therefore of metaphysics" (*E*, 65). Strictly speaking, for Heidegger, the sending of Being demands a much more elevated rhetoric. But what about other kinds of transmissions, those involving something otherwise than Being? As Derrida suggests, what is subversive about the idea of postcards or fragmentary letters is that they become "found" texts at the moment they are "lost." While they remain in circulation, they are "open for anyone to read," rather than legible only to the appointed addressees, whether the keepers of the archive, or the archons who claim to mediate a philosopher's texts, who tell us, for example, to forget him, or who reduce reading him to playing the roles of either the "prosecution" or the "defence" (*PF*, 183). The scandal of the postcard is the scandal of *écriture*: as he explains, what makes the postcard or "found" text troublesome is its potential indifference to such regulatory regimes, its contingent exposure to a proliferation of readings, none of them intended or otherwise determined in advance: in Hillis Miller's formulation, "if an example either happens to fall under my eye . . . I can magically make myself or am magically made into its recipient."[19] Just so with Heidegger, whose "text"—Derrida does not say "work"—momentarily passes before his gaze *as if* he were the intimate addressee (we recall here what Derrida calls "the deconstructive ferment" and the virtualizing effect of the Kantian *als ob*),[20] as if Heidegger's writings were available to being read otherwise—for example, as missives that were en route rather than as having definitely arrived. Derrida's gamble: to read a range of texts, from the *Rectorship Address* to the *Gespräch* with Trakl, as postcards "from" Heidegger, but stamped, as it were, either "Sender Unknown" or "No Such Address."

Something "uncertain" in Heidegger troubled and activated Derrida, setting him on the path of which *Of Spirit* is said to be the working result. Yet depending on how much attention we pay to Derrida's little phrase "for me at least," the appearing of this appearance to him (and thus possibly to him alone) can suddenly feel oddly inward, isolating, and even hallucinatory because it lacks the firm corroboration of others. In *Envois* Derrida calls upon "witnesses . . . to make themselves known," whereas in the face of the "yet to come" in the classroom memory in *Of Spirit*, Derrida is somewhat more circumspect. The *arrivant*: could its coming have gone unwitnessed? Others in the shape of intimates were unquestionably nearby, yet may have

remained at a distance from the phenomenon whose very name, after all, signifies a kind of infinite distance. Although formally occupying the position of witness (his "American friends" were present, in that place, at that time; their names are duly recorded in an accompanying endnote), Derrida gently refuses them that validating role, momentarily holding it away from them without making it inaccessible to them either. Why does he genially if equivocally claim this solitude? In a late essay written in memory of Paul Celan, for example, he suggests that "bearing witness must not essentially consist in proving, in confirming a knowledge, in ensuring a theoretical certitude, a determinant judgment. It can only appeal to an act of faith" ("R," 79). "Bearing witness, if there is such a thing" ("R," 78), he argues, is event-like in nature, at root a pledge or a promise that something happened *to me and before me*. "What distinguishes an act of bearing witness from the simple transmission of knowledge, from simple information, from the simple statement or mere demonstration of a proven theoretical truth, is that in it someone *engages* himself with regard to someone else, by an oath that is at least implicit. The witness *promises* to say or to manifest something to an other, his addressee; a truth, a sense that was or is in some way present to him as a unique and irreplaceable witness" ("R," 82). The *for me* of witnessing is thus not privative in kind but precisely the secret source of a provocation and of an opening toward others—"secret" here signifying the inaccessible singularity (but not indivisibility) of the witness, and of the moment of witnessing. "For me at least" marks the irreducible difference between the witness and those who are called upon to witness witnessing, to hear his or her testimony, which is to say those who are summoned to witness something to which, precisely, they cannot testify, namely that which appeared *to* the other (witness) *as* other. Witnesses to witnessing cannot be found, not as such, but this interdiction in no way prohibits witnesses from witnessing; as Derrida says, the "prohibition imposed on bearing witness" occurs "in the very place where one has to go on appealing to it" ("R," 91).

Before promising others, there is a promise to the other who is oneself, and that in truth is the promise *of* the other insofar as the appeal to belief is not, as Derrida notes, "accessible to the order of thought" ("R," 84). Without this minimal difference, the *retrait* of the *trait*, so to speak, it would be hard to understand how any form of address, and thus communication, teaching, writing, or reading, could happen at all. The "yet to come" in Heidegger may well appear to others, and Derrida no doubt hopes, in

the end, that it indeed does (why else hold seminars or write books about Heidegger?), but his point here is that whatever the future holds for his "text," whatever particular courses his legacies take, however his thinking and writing continue to be disseminated, understood, and misunderstood, however Heidegger is perjured or possibilized, in any case, whatever is yet to come in the name of Heidegger, it *begins* with a promise; not so much a knowledge or a form of knowledge about him, although these forms of apprehension remain, on their own terms, important, but a confession of a certain *faith* in knowledge, delicate as it is ineradicable, idiomatic but therefore also always calling for translation. The promise of Heidegger, the opening to thought to which Derrida responds, as if answering a call from nowhere, induces a certain form of faith or perhaps countersignature in the other. "To this act of language, to this 'performative' of testimony and declaration, the only possible response, in the night of faith, is another 'performative' that consists in saying or testing out, sometimes without even saying it, 'I believe you'" ("R," 83), Derrida writes. Heidegger's text *as* a text appeals to belief, which can of course be embraced or profaned, but in each case, as Derrida reminds us, we only confirm that performative's "invincibility." Is belief in general only a matter of "credulity or passivity before authority," as indeed Heidegger claims in his rigorist attempt to draw a bright line between acts of faith and the labor of thinking? Derrida's gamble is that there is a belief or receptivity to the other that is irreducible to thought and to the concept of consent. "For me at least" speaks to that susceptibility, that acquiescence toward the other that isn't thraldom or possession. The future of Heidegger, if there is to be one, starts by taking responsibility for it; but "for me at least" registers not a virile act of self-possession, but an accession to obligation, a pledge to accept the burden that one has already accepted by virtue of being "after" Heidegger, thinking and writing and holding seminars in his text's many wakes. Derrida says yes to Heidegger, accedes to what is yet to come in his text, regardless of whether or in what way he says yes or no to him.

If writing is treated as a sending whose origins, like its addressees, are enigmatic, and in which reading is figured as a chance encounter rather than an act of cognitive certainty, an interruption of something already in progress rather than the reception of a discrete message, who could hope to disentangle Derrida's receptivity to the interminable problems energizing Heidegger's text and the problems "themselves"? Whatever Heidegger's "text" is for Derrida, it is "for" him and him alone to the extent that Hei-

degger's interminability becomes a constitutive part of Derrida's text. What is "for" Derrida is thus also "for" others, because in memory of others. The friends to whom Derrida refers with such affection are an uncanny figure for the readers whose task it will always have been to "define" what appears "to be left hanging, uncertain, still in movement" in his work, as well as in Heidegger's, and, for that matter, in the writings of any thinker worthy of the name. For them, *at least*, we say again, since of course not all of Derrida's readers are as hospitable to his writing and ideas as those he describes as "friends." (Indeed, as "*American* friends"; "America *is* deconstruction" [*l'Amérique, mais* c'est *la deconstruction*], Derrida once wrote [*M*, 18], hyperbolically evoking the particularity and originality, not to mention the complex forcefulness with which his ideas were being taken up and worked through by thinkers in North America.) Unless we remember that the many futures that await Derrida and that have awaited him since forever necessarily include the chance of what he might call "the worst"—for example, the proclamation that there is no future for "Derrida" and that "Derrida," like "theory," "deconstruction," and "Heidegger," is dead. *Dead*, but not in the way Lacan says somewhere about the dead, whose problem, he points out, is that you "can't shut them up," but "dead" as a grotesque synonym for the putative inertness and illegibility and irrelevance of Derrida's ideas and influence. (In this symmetrically reversed scenario, "America is decidedly *not* deconstruction," not while "theory" is maligned there as a threat to homeland security or, as David Simpson has pointedly argued, as "a synonym for the other, the foreign, and for the foreign that threatens to take up residence within our borders, our classrooms.")[21] We sometimes forget that when Derrida remarks that the letter can always miss its destination and thus "suffer the fatal necessity of going astray" (*E*, 66), he also means that it sometimes really does get delivered, and therefore that the postal system is not wholly "uncertain, still in movement" but, in its own way, remarkably predictable and unwavering. In postal systems, as with intellectual legacies, the foreseen and the unforeseeable, like the "have been" and the "yet to come," activate and trouble each other as each other's other. Today, caught up as we are in the midst of a still-developing discursive environment that is inflected by Derrida's works and legacies, and harassed by valedictions forbidding mourning, it is difficult to determine how the thing is functioning, what either its ends or end is, and this is arguably especially the case when we are speaking of that strand of Derrida's text that is woven so discreetly with Heidegger's.

There are some who arrogate to themselves precisely this naively testimonial position, speaking with confidence from inside the system as if they were safely outside, as if the outside were not merely the inside's figure of its own outside, the fabled, inapparent, and much misunderstood *d'hors-texte*. Without the double possibility of Derrida's future being open-ended and foreclosed, the republic of letters devoted to his work would either be an absolutely totalitarian condition, in which no message—and no intellectual legacy—went astray, *or* an absolutely chaotic state, in which messages were not so much misdirected, read by who knows who, as impossible to discern *as* messages, as legible writing against a background of semiotic noise or static. Two forms of illegibility, two dreams of languagelessness, at once frame and threaten writing and reading. As we well know, Derrida's readers include those who read in the mode of not-reading; these are readers for whom his text is not in flux, in the way that Heidegger remained for Derrida and that he hopes will be the case for others going forward, but dead, quite dead.

Contrary to attempts to put an end to all that is "left hanging, uncertain, still in movement," both in Heidegger and in the "Heidegger" that is "for" Derrida, uneasily incorporated into the body of his work, Derrida's death makes the promise of his work not less but more pressing—if that were indeed possible. But what can "more" or "less" mean here? For what is this quantitative metaphor a metaphor, except to register the fact that the burden of responding to the call of Derrida's work is now both ours and not "ours," which is to say—in sadness—not only *only* ours, but also not in our possession, not while this work of interpellation remains, as it presumably always will, as futural as it is urgent? More than ever, today, we are abandoned to have conversations, write essays, and hold seminars, each of them more or less "private," each of them carried out in his name but without him being able to respond in person to his name, without even the hypothetical possibility of such a response. In that hush, a silence that is admittedly hard to hear amid the irrepressible sounding of his archive, we are *without* Derrida; we suffer a condition in which Derrida's text survives *sans* Derrida, this, without necessarily knowing, without ever having known, what it meant to have been *with* him either. *That* he was once alive is irrefutably a part of all who knew him and knew of him; *what* that meant, how to reckon with it, and thus with its loss, is much more obscure, and, I dare say, yet to come. In any case, mourning *happens*; this is in part what Derrida means by the "force of mourning"; the conventions and performativity of

mourning-work, in their reiterative, autonomous, and automatic nature, allegorize this event-like kernel of *Trauerarbeit*; they are a "figure" in the radical sense that de Man gives the term. So the problem at hand is how one endures this force, how one survives its obscurities. As Jean-Michel Rabaté says, "In order to mourn you have to be sure that you are alive, and one is never sure that one is alive." "This is something that Derrida complicated for us," he adds.[22] Today, we have Derrida but in the mode of not-having him, and with that loss, as irrefutable as it is impossible to understand, the world is lost as well. Again Derrida gives us a language with which to think this disaster, even if we remain, as he said of himself, "uneducable about the wisdom of learning to die": "Death takes from us not only some particular life within the world . . . but, each time, without limit, someone through whom the world, and first of all our own world, will have opened up in a both finite and infinite—mortally infinite—way" (*WM*, 95). The definitional work Derrida remembers attempting in New Haven continues to this day, even if Derrida—no more than Heidegger—cannot speak to it and of it himself, cannot speak to it and of it in the precise manner that he recalls doing while he was alive, before his "American friends," namely in the mode of a "reply"—a "reply" that in its finitude awaited death.

When Derrida talked with his friends at Yale, the discussion will have happened before the horizon of that deathly silence and as a condition of the possibility of them speaking together at all. What was left "hanging, uncertain . . . [and] yet to come" among that circle of friends was not only something in "Heidegger's text" but also the demise of one or more of them; so closely overlapped are the two ways of thinking about the *arrivant* that it almost seems as if a textual predicament were a displaced name for death. Far from constituting a scene of communicative transparency or consensus, then, those gathered in New Haven were already pledged elsewhere and otherwise—because they were promised to the death of the other. Responding to their questions and suggestions, in friendship, Derrida and the seminarists spoke on the condition that the day would come in which he could not answer his friends, and, for that matter, in which some of those friends could not respond to him. This is not the same thing as saying that the death of the friend marks the end of friendship, a question put to us with particular forcefulness now, when, in *Of Spirit*, we read of Derrida's friendships after his death, when we read Derrida writing about friends in words that have survived him, and that speak "for" him in his terrible absence. Derrida's wager, consecrated at the moment

that he names his American friends "friends," is that friendship survives the passing of the friend, albeit differently or otherwise, this, because it is *already* surviving that loss before the death "*actually* happens, as we say, in 'reality'" (*M*, 29). Not for nothing, but also in the name of a certain nothingness, does Derrida begin the funeral oration for his cherished acquaintance, "For a long time, for a very long time, I've feared having to say *Adieu* to Emmanuel Levinas" (*WM*, 200). In death, in the wake of death, one can say, as Derrida often did, remembering Montaigne, Aristotle, and Kant, among other philosophical intimates, "Oh my friends, there is no friend," which is in part to say that friendship remains, friendship *is* what remains, when the friend is gone, when there is no friend.[23] Friendship is irreducible to living together as friends, perhaps in the same way that education is irreducible to being together in a classroom. In both friendship and education, something dies, but something else lives on. The replies that Derrida gave, and that he recalls in *Of Spirit* as having given, *as* replies, not answers, still less *the* answer, but as irrepressibly contingent expressions of finitude, his, and others', were marked in advance by this muteness about which nothing can be said, and for which therefore there is only more, and yet more, to be said. Gayatri Spivak insists that it is too soon, *too soon*, to know how to mourn Derrida, not in spite but precisely because of the pressure to commit him to memory, whether with tenderness or with derision.[24] Too soon, it is true, but also too late, and never enough. "Speaking is impossible," Derrida says at the memorial for de Man, "but so too would be silence or absence or a refusal to share one's sadness" (*M*, xvi).

We recall Derrida's discussion of Montaigne's dream of perfect friendship as a fraternity of two souls who share secrets with each other and no one else (*PF*, 171–83). When Derrida says that his "private relation with Martin does not go through" readily available "exchange[s]," it is impossible not to think of the same kind of intimacy. Of Heidegger, but in the presence of his fellow seminarists, and as a sign of his *amitié*, Derrida repeats a vow that he makes to and about the work of another "American" friend at Yale: the pledge to "speak of the future, of what is bequeathed and promised to us by the work" (*M*, 19). As the commemorative essays in *The Work of Mourning* attest, Derrida most often remembers and mourns the dead friend in these terms; his fidelity to their memory, his respect for them, is expressed in the form of promising himself to the future of that friend's writing and thinking. With friendship, the future anterior is always already at work; whether dead or alive, the friend is experienced and remembered

"as *having been* the one who . . . will have been" (*WM*, 156). Is this not what Derrida also says of Heidegger—remembered, even treasured, after a fashion, not only for all that was said and done, but also for "the yet to come" in what was left behind. To my knowledge, Derrida never describes himself as a friend to Heidegger, or of his writings, not in those words, although in the epilogue of *Politiques de l'amitié* he subsequently explores the question of the friend *in* Heidegger and in particular the puzzling reference, in *Being and Time*, to the "voice of the friend" that dwells within every *Dasein*.[25] We know that there is no book called *Memoires for Martin Heidegger* (unless of course it is entitled *Of Spirit*), and that Derrida was not one of those present at the Messkirch cemetery in Baden-Wurttemberg where, in 1976, Heidegger was interred. But could we therefore say definitively that he was not a friend, or that Heidegger did not, in the manner of friendship, make a claim on Derrida's life and thought, and evoke in him a certain passion, intellectual steadfastness, and magnanimity, without thereby simply overpowering him? That he did not *touch* Derrida and stir a kind of critical generosity in him? What would *Of Spirit* be if not a testament to a certain *amitié* and a certain *politiques de l'amitié*?

Could we then say that "friendship," if there is such a thing, did not in a fundamental way characterize his complicated relationship with the man's bodies of thought, with his writings and his legacies, or that "friendship" does not to this day name the uniquely configured distances and proximities, the multiplying partitions or boundaries, that both join and separate the two thinkers in a kind of endless colloquy—perhaps even in a "sort of private seminar" yet to come? Derrida never shies away from acknowledging the difficulties that marred and energized his friendships, including the silences, unspoken gestures, and "stormy discussion[s]" (*WM*, 81) by which they were characterized. Of Foucault, for example, Derrida recalls the "shadow that made us invisible to one another" and which came "to obscure" their friendship; but as he says, these lacunae are not so much regretful as "part of the story that I love like life itself" (*WM*, 80). Derrida and Heidegger probably never spoke together or communicated directly, but there is no guarantee that this missed encounter precluded at least one of them from being a friend or a kind of friend to the other. For who or what was Heidegger *to* Derrida?—a story yet to be told, or rather, one that is being told in "the postal archive of the thing," in *Of Spirit*, and in all the other writings entrusted to what Derrida calls "the place of this strange dative" (*M*, 33). (Another, but not unrelated question to consider: who was

Derrida *to* Heidegger? "*Ich freue mich, Herrn Derrida kennen zu lernen*," Heidegger wrote to Lucien Braun in May 1973.[26] For whom did Derrida write if not Heidegger, or a certain "Heidegger"? Was he not the one to whom Heidegger wrote, his reader, yet to come?) Again, the question: of what or whom is Derrida speaking when he speaks of the Heidegger that is important and irrepressible, "for him at least"? If not something irreducibly obscure, "sort of private," and singular, joining them like secret sharers, sharers of a secret from each other and from themselves, does "friendship" also describe, after a fashion, the nature of the larger fraternal philosophical gathering of which Derrida and Heidegger are but one couple?

Heidegger and Derrida: friends? "Collaborators," yes, perhaps, and thus "friendly" in the manner of co-conspirators. A man who fraternized with the enemy. Is that what they wanted Derrida to say when asked about what he was doing "with the ghost or Geist of Martin"? Confess to a certain criminality? But were they friends in the sense that Derrida explores in his book on the phenomenon and the philosopheme and that he modeled with infinite variety in his relationships with the living and the dead, as he did with bodies of thought, both ancient and contemporary? Improbable, one might say; after all, there was no mutuality with Martin, no reciprocity of thinking or feeling of the sort that is often said to attest to friendship. Heidegger is not one of those intimates whom Derrida publicly mourns as friends who were members of "my 'generation.'" "For more than a half century, no rigorous philosopher has been able to avoid an 'explanation' with [*explication avec*] Heidegger" ("HP," 182), Derrida comments, as if to say that there is no saying no to Heidegger, not even saying no. So much then depends upon the explanation of the *avec* of this inescapable being-with. If in 1976 Heidegger could nevertheless be said to have "left" Derrida, he could not be said to have done so in the way that we see deeply regretted in remarks Derrida makes about friends such as Jean-François Lyotard, Gilles Deleuze, and Michel Foucault, each of whom were born and who died but a short time before Derrida, each of whom can more readily be described as belonging to a single generation from which one loss is experienced as the loss of all. With good reason, Derrida is instantly wary of the fraternizing homogeneity of the concept of belonging to a particular "generation," as Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas point out.[27] But by thinking of "generation" otherwise, and thus of what constitutes being-together in its name, perhaps Heidegger and Derrida could be said to be coevals after all.

Still, as he says, and in a halting manner that registers the toll of loss on Derrida, "there comes a time, in the course of a generation, the gravity of which becomes for some, myself among them today, more and more palpable, when you reach an age, if you will, where more and more friends leave you, oftentimes younger than you, sometimes as young as a son or daughter" (*WM*, 188). And if the lost friend is the age of a son or daughter, then why not the age of a father, or a mother? Where does the generational divide lie where the work of mourning is concerned? Derrida is said to have described himself toward the end of his life as the last of his generation; could Heidegger be said in some spectral sense to have been the *first*? After all, when Derrida evokes the "yet to come" in Heidegger, he is affirming his irreducible precedence. With the other thinker who comes before, there could only ever be a friendship of the kind that never punctually takes place, a friendship that is therefore always yet to come. The pledge to Heidegger is a "*salut* without return," a promise or appeal made in a night of faith in which the future, including the future of the relationship between Heidegger and Derrida, is, for essential reasons, unknown.

We have not begun to consider the meanings of philosophical belatedness and precedence until we have explored the philosophemes of legacy, inheritance, and generation that structure the history of the relationship between thinkers. But one of the arguments I have been attempting here is that "friendship" offers a kind of conceptual lever, a *mochlos*, with which to think about that history and those relationships otherwise. Perhaps this explains why *Of Spirit* is so taken with scenes of colloquies of professors, both "real" and "fictional." Recall, for example, the way in which the book ends, with Derrida "imagining a scene between Heidegger and certain Christian theologians." In this *mise-en-abyme*, Derrida restages *Of Spirit*'s scrupulously close reading of Heidegger as an improvised conversation between contemporaries, as if to materialize a fantasy that the book has otherwise harbored—a dream of holding a seminar with Heidegger rather than awaiting the arrival of the "ghost or Geist of Martin." The affability and cordiality with which the philosopher and the theologians speak to one another is worth remarking, as is the peculiar way in which each tells the other that what the one claims is most foreign to the thinking of the other is in fact "what is most essential" (*OS*, 110). Each encounters the other by "going to their encounter" and thus "entering, or trying to approach, the space of the other's relation to alterity."[28] Fraternization happens not because friends share a secret among themselves and not with others, but

because friends share an otherness that is a secret from themselves. The suggestion is that the first form of intimacy is in fact a displaced expression of the latter. Among friends, once again, this gathering together of nearness and farness, love and respect, affinity dwelling in the heart of difference. And since, as Derrida says, "I'm doing the questions and answers here" (*OS*, 111), one has to wonder in what ways each of the speakers is an avatar of himself, and how the scene rehearses a meeting with Heidegger that never took place and that has since then always taken place.

This imagined community of scholarly friends resonates with others in the book. In a remarkable endnote, for example, Derrida evokes the "fabulous European colloquium" in which "the greatest European minds met" (*OS*, 124n2). Among these acquaintances there is a familiarity and a certain minimal agreement that is nothing if not friendly: "In this imaginary symposium, in this invisible university, . . . they echo each other, discuss or translate the same admiring anguish: '*So* what is happening to us? *So*, what is happening to Europe?'" Derrida treats this colloquy of like-minded and rather close-minded spirits (Fichte, Valéry, Husserl, and so forth) with considerable irony and even disdain. Yet in all rigor could one say that his own work does not itself memorialize cognate gatherings composed of scholarly friends who were not necessarily present to each other, much less literally calling each other friends, as Derrida fondly recalls happening one day at Yale University, but, instead, "invisible" encounters of an other kind, gatherings that are not face to face (assuming for a moment that we know what that sort of intimacy means) but for all that are no less consequential, meetings in the name of friendship between, for example, those who never met in person but who nevertheless lived together (literally apart, yes, but notionally dwelling together, because in concert asking similar questions, having similar worries. As Derrida elsewhere notes, remembering that he is himself part of that "fabulous European colloquium": "Between 1919 and 1940, everyone was wondering—but are we not still wondering the same thing today?—'What is Europe to become?' And this was always translated as 'How to save the spirit?'" [*PH*, 185–86]). Does Derrida's work not then affirm the colloquia between the living and the dead, not to mention the living, the dead, and the yet to be born, the latter being but one way to think of the unthinkable, the "yet to come"? These are the friendships, one is tempted to say, not of flesh and blood, but, after a fashion, *of spirit*, relationships at once forged and violated in the name of the "difficult friendship" with philosophy (as Blanchot says of his cordiality with Levinas).[29] Do

Derrida's friends include not only those long dead and who never declared themselves to be friends to him? Do they include friendships with the yet to be born? I can hardly be alone in counting on that incalculable possibility, in which, surely, the future of theory after Derrida lies. Can one be a friend to someone one never knew, or with whom none of the sociality that is often associated with friendship happened? Derrida and Heidegger did not know each other, or at least never spoke; but perhaps the unspoken and that which goes without saying, themselves conventionally identified as markers of friendship, are also markers of unconventional friendships, of thinking of friendship otherwise and elsewhere. Perhaps it is more accurate to ask if there is friendship *without* these absences or whether it isn't precisely the suffering and nurturing of them? Certainly before the gathering of his intimates at Yale, and out of the to and fro of their colloquy, Derrida talks *as if* he were speaking of a lost friend, upon whose death, as he has often said, the last word must always be given, that is, if there is to be a future; "for me everything still remains to come and to be understood," he says, for example, in the aftermath of Sarah Kofman's death (*WM*, 170). So too with Heidegger, about whom he writes almost the same words, even if, strictly speaking, the relationship with the two thinkers and their respective bodies of thought could not have been more different. Whoever Heidegger was to Derrida, his text's uncertainties, its fugitive movements and suspended remainders, bind him to an incalculable debt and in this way promise him to a future. Heidegger's, yes, but inasmuch as "Heidegger" is "in" Derrida, insofar as "Heidegger" is "for" him, "for me at least," as he says, Derrida's future too. Together, in friendship, they are "yet to come."

Let us return to the text at hand and bring this seminar hurriedly to a close. The colloquy at Yale is a community of friends who have nothing in common, we could say, recalling a phrase from Alphonso Lingis.[30] In the accompanying endnote, cached amid supplemental commentaries that sometimes constitute essays unto themselves, Derrida graciously offers up the names of his fellow seminarists, then makes a solemn promise: "They were Thomas Keenan, Thomas Levine, Thomas Pepper, Andrzej Warminski . . . as well as Alex Garcia Düttmann," Derrida recalls. "I want to express here my gratitude to them," he writes; "this book is dedicated to them, . . . in memory of 'Schelling'" (*OS*, 117n3).

Gratitude, dedication, remembrance. Such gestures of acknowledgment and commemoration are of course a commonplace of scholarship. But as Derrida argues, the conventionality of our expressions of remembrance and

indebtedness forms a kind of recognizable and repeatable placeholder for acts of singular responsibility. The named names remember the absolutely unique nature of each friend, even if the rhetorical setting of that remembrance threatens to carry off that singularity, obscuring it from sight. As Derrida asks: "How do we speak otherwise and without taking this risk? Without . . . generalizing what is most irreplaceable in it?" (*WM*, 58). That which is said with certain familiarity stands in for what is unfamiliar and difficult about the other to whom Derrida turns in gratitude. "*In memory of him*: these words cloud sight and thought," Derrida writes in "Mnemosyne," reminding us that what we call "memory" and what we claim to think and do in its name remains irreducibly obscure, confused, and confusing; this rather ordinary word that names the self's faculty of acquaintance with itself (and its principal means of self-propriation) remains for Derrida not only unthought but also, in some sense, *in the way* of thought, and never more so when the memory of an other is at hand. And when is memory not the memory of an other, which is to say, the memory of something or someone that remains an *alterity*, at once irreducibly obscure and uncertain? In memory we mourn, but the object of our mourning can never be ascertained with confidence. In a private seminar given in remembrance of his then recently dead wife, Caroline, Schelling himself argued that "the concept of memory is far too weak," pointedly reminding his auditors that the infirmity at hand lies not only in the capacity to remember—whose finitude we might imagine to be a given—but also in the philosophical language with which we struggle to understand that capacity.[31] In the spirit of Schelling, then, Derrida asks, "What is said, what is done, what is desired through these words: *in memory of . . . ?*" (*M*, 19).

On the margins of Derrida's text, thanks are given and a commitment to remembrance is made, each complexly performative actions that, among many other things, remind us that whatever else *Of Spirit* is, it is irreducible to neither theory nor critical practice. The dedication, like all dedications, performative utterances, promises, contracts, engagements, and founding or instituting acts, puts to us that the book is something else than (scholarly) work or perhaps that this work is simultaneously and in its entirety both work and something *other* than work. A *Trauerarbeit*, let us call it, since Derrida himself has just rendered his book as such, in memory of another, or in the name of an other. In one sentence, then, we find an expression of appreciation to the living and a promise of loyalty to the dead, even if the name of the dead is subjected to the prophylaxis of

Derrida's quotation marks, in a ghostly reminder of how *Geist* is sometimes treated in the Heideggerian texts that Derrida reads so attentively. It is not clear that one could rigorously distinguish between the two gestures of thanking and memorialization, of naming and the quotation of a name. The deliberate citation of the name of the dead and the just-as-deliberate naming of the names of the living make it seem *as if* such a distinction were possible and even necessary. Yet this dedication *to* others—who are alive—in remembrance *of* an other—who is long dead—raises many more questions than it answers. A felicitous debt is discharged, to be sure, of a kind that is familiarly pleasurable to all those who write and think, which is to say all those who write and think with others and for others. Yet this is hardly a settling of accounts, for no sooner has Derrida offered his thanks than he reopens the account, as it were, this, by promising the fruits of his considerable labor to someone else, mortgaging and committing not only himself *and* his American friends—"Derrida & Co.," let us call them—to a name, but also and more specifically to a fidelity *to* that name: a promise of faithfulness is made to "Schelling" that is of necessity analogous—in its interminability, in its performative pledge *to* the future—to the queer philosopheme that Derrida has just called, thinking of Heidegger, "the *yet to come*." Once again, we see how "the *salut* without return signs the very breathing of dialogue" (*R*, 140). To dedicate a book to friends "in memory of 'Schelling'": these are words that are said with such solemn surety, yet nothing is less certain.

Why "Schelling"? An interminably complicated question. Roughly at the same time that Derrida was dedicating his book to the German philosopher, de Man was wryly counseling others to "forget about [him]," meaning, of course, that he was a thinker no one could afford to fail to remember. As de Man explained to an audience at Cornell, Schelling was one of those spirits "who messes up the works a great deal."[32] Indeed. But why Schelling, here, in a book on Heidegger, who, admittedly, was a very close reader of Schelling but is hardly the focus of Derrida's discussion? As John H. Smith notes, Schelling's masterwork, *Philosophical Inquiries into the Nature of Human Freedom*, and the *locus classicus* of Heidegger's memory of the German idealist's writing, is "referred to only obliquely by Derrida via Heidegger."[33] But oblique references, and relationships between thinkers and bodies of thought that are aslant and that happen through indirection, deferral, and displacement, are what we are attempting to discern here. There are occasions, as Derrida says several times, in which Hei-

degger's thinking is "literally Schellingian" (*OS*, 63, 106), so intimately acquainted is the one philosopher with the other. We wonder why Derrida presses the point the way that he does, as if incredulous at the haunting of the one thinker by the thoughts and by the very words of an other. This incorporation of the earlier philosopher's words, this ventriloquism of the dead, is not an instance of philosophical mesmerism, however, but instead marks those points in which Heidegger is both himself and other than himself—the very problem upon which *Of Spirit* is wagered. Peter Fenves smartly argues that Heidegger's difficulty with Schelling, and the reason why, eventually, he abandoned reading him, or abandoned reading him in a certain way, was, finally, that he wasn't Heidegger.[34] But it might also be said that in Schelling, Heidegger grasped that he wasn't altogether "Heidegger" either, and that his absorption of certain Schellingian concepts and phrases into the body of his work, both early and late, was a way of registering that mixed state of dispossession and accommodation. As Jean-Luc Nancy notes, Heidegger's disavowals of his predecessor hint symptomatically at a "secret, imperceptible, ontodicy."[35] In Schelling's presence, Heidegger is not himself, Derrida argues; but then in Heidegger's presence, or Derrida's, neither is Schelling, as anyone reading Heidegger's 1936 lectures on the *Freedom* essay or Derrida's essay on Schelling's *Of University Studies* quickly realizes. Is this chiasmus or intersection, this scene in which each philosopher is read through the other, and through the other's difference from himself, an oblique autobiographical reference to the complexity of Derrida's engagement with Heidegger? In what way is "Schelling" a figure for the "yet to come" in Heidegger, just as "Heidegger"—a certain "Heidegger," certain problems, questions, and openings to thought that "Heidegger's text" obscurely bequeaths to the future—remains a figure for the "yet to come" in Derrida?

The fact that Derrida unexpectedly dedicates *Of Spirit* "to the memory of 'Schelling'" would seem extremely suggestive in this regard, Derrida here locating himself in the still-churning wake of philosophical negotiations with, for example, the problem of "the demonic" and the question of "evil" going back at least as far as German idealism, if not long before. Heidegger mourns Schelling, finds himself caught up in "a movement in which an interiorizing idealization takes in itself or upon itself the body and voice of the other, the other's visage and person, ideally *and* quasi-literally devouring them" (*M*, 34). Heidegger eats his—Schelling's—words; in his vividly realized lectures on the German idealist's 1936 masterwork

on the nature of human freedom, he offers, as Nancy remarks, "nothing other than a kind of continuous harmonic composition, where Heidegger's own discourse would create an incessant counterpoint to Schelling's, without making the matter explicit on its own, and without the latter's discourse being given a clear interpretation by that of the former."[36] Does an analogous incorporation and introjection characterize Derrida's encounter with Heidegger? The minuteness and literality of Derrida's attention to the fate of *Geist* would perhaps be the most vivid case in point, but many others could be cited, including the remarkable ventriloquization of the German philosopher that Derrida performs in the last pages of the book. Whatever he is doing with Heidegger, it is passionately invested, an experience of readerly endurance that is at once "unbearable and fascinating" (*PH*, 182). Is Schelling's curious survival in Heidegger's text, then, a figure for self-differences haunting Derrida's text, and indeed ensuring its heterogeneous living-on? For Derrida, Schelling activates possibilities and causes disturbances in Heidegger that might otherwise have lain dormant. It is there, where Derrida appears most intimately acquainted with Heidegger, that he affirms Heidegger's uncertain difference from himself. This move with respect to Heidegger in no way guarantees mastery over the elder philosopher, whose text, Derrida insists, continues to surprise him and with which, therefore, as I have suggested, he finds himself in a condition of continual extemporization. *Of Spirit* remembers Derrida's faithfulness to this complex fidelity and, indeed, calls exemplarily for others to suffer similarly contingent passages, even if, as Spivak remarks, the book has often not been read as such.[37] Derrida's reading of the other thinker is not a settled matter, not even in prospect, as a kind of future possibility; the "yet to come," as Derrida never ceases to explain, is not something that comes; it is not a discrete future that awaits its present materialization. It is *coming*; which is why it is important to hang on to the fact that Derrida's text remains itself *uncertain* about Heidegger's uncertainty. Remembering Heidegger, he is of necessity also recalling Schelling, Heidegger's "Schelling," among others, and it is this plurality, "still in movement," that ensures that the object of mourning is never punctually available to thought. For this reason, Derrida does not have the last word on Heidegger, and to demonstrate that point, he gladly and at every point gives his text over to the voice of the dead philosopher, who, in truth, has never ceased talking and who was never one voice.

Reading the roll call that begins with the names of his American friends

and ends with that of a German philosopher we might ask, Why is the name of the long since dead so incongruously yet so effortlessly included with the names of the living, all these souls gathered together in friendship in New Haven and perhaps elsewhere to share in Derrida's hospitality and he in theirs? Derrida thanks the living and dedicates himself as author of the work to them, but in the mode, so to speak, of remembering the dead, thereby collapsing thanking, dedicating, and memorializing into a heterogeneously gracious but also mournful gesture that figures "Schelling" as if he were a kind of intellectual currency or promissory note more or less privately exchanged among these politely named seminarists. "Schelling" is what signs their intimate fraternity, so it functions as a kind of shibboleth. The quotation marks with which his name is cited would in this sense mark a form of winking confidentiality, signally to those in the know, those who were at Yale, that the content of Derrida's more or less public declaration of his indebtedness to "Schelling" is also more or less secretive. Derrida pays tribute to "Schelling," but the quotation marks also act to remind us of what an uncertain legacy this is, as if the marks were there to guard us against too quickly assuming that we knew what we meant when we said, as I have often done and in fact do here, "Schelling," meaning "Schelling, as such." Whoever or whatever Schelling is, he is "in them"; what is left of him, what remains of him, is now "with us," so that the best we can ever hope to say of Schelling, by way of remembering him, is "Schelling," the quotation marks pointing to an interiorized and idealized version of Schelling as that which lives on. "Schelling" is not Schelling, not the man who once answered to that name, the man who incomparably loved others and mourned the loss of others, not the philosopher who famously wrote that a "veil of melancholy" is draped over the nature of things, or the philosopher who himself held a sort of private seminar, this, in Stuttgart, under the dreadful pall of the death of Caroline, his friend, his wife, no, not *that* "Schelling," but *this* "Schelling," Schelling as he is or at least as he appears in Derrida's memory, among many others', including those who attended the seminar held in his memory, or in memory of his name. The quotation marks thus mark a certain transformation of Schelling and bear the trace of the necessary infidelity that Derrida, like all of us, demonstrates uncontrollably toward the other, whether dead or alive. To repeat: "Schelling" is not Schelling but, rather, Schelling in us, for us. But where is "Schelling"? What is this strange interiority, at once somehow shared and singular, a privacy that is to some degree also public? As Derrida has argued, mourning-work can be said to

begin with the incorporation of the other, "a movement in which an interiorizing idealization takes in itself or upon itself the body and voice of the other, the other's visage and person, ideally *and* quasi-literally devouring them" (*M*, 34). But as Naas and Brault ask, "what does it mean to say that the dead are 'in' us?"[38] Unless we succumb to narcissistic temptation, the dead cannot be contained, not without assuming that the psyche possesses a stable topography in which the inside is divided from the outside, rather than thinking of it as the scene of multiple partitions and interminable involutions. What's uncanny about dedicating *Of Spirit* to the memory of "Schelling" is that Schelling is precisely the philosopher who dared to put this conventional psychic topography into question and, indeed, attributed maximal importance to its impossibly convoluted features by speaking of it in the context of discussing the Absolute: "Something must be in God that is not *He Himself*," Schelling insists in his Stuttgart private seminars.[39] In other words, even the divine is doomed to the burden of interiorizing what cannot be interiorized, and thus to sharing its space with "something" that violates all available topological concepts. In Schelling's imaginings, God is not a tranquil abstraction but a creature who is beside himself with languor and loss. It was Schelling's great insight to have identified this condition of impossible but irrepressible interiorization not only with the work of mourning but with a mourning work without end.

We have already noticed that *Of Spirit* is not a text included among those memorializations collected in *The Work of Mourning*. De Man, Deleuze, Marin, Foucault, Levinas, Lyotard, Kofman: the names of the dead in whose memory Derrida dedicates and lovingly entrusts his words do not include Schelling, no more than Heidegger. What can it mean, then, to write and to publish a book in memory of "Schelling" and thus to observe and to nurture a rapport with the work, the thought, and the person for whom that name stands as a ghostly reminder? That the name is cited in quotation marks is the first sign that this specter, although powerful enough to oblige Derrida and to *extract* a promise from him, is also curiously indeterminate, a phantom whose very determination as quote-unquote "Schelling" ensures that it is haunted by alterities, that he, it, whatever the name names, is never what he or it seems to be. Had Schelling himself not said that the best that we can expect of each other "in this life" is an "appearing man" [*erscheinend Mench*], thereby rendering provisional and fictional "himself" and those who observed, encountered, and remembered him, including "himself"?[40] It is worth saying right away that the alterities troubling the name are to a

certain extent unheard, since of course "Schelling" and "'Schelling'" sound exactly the same: their difference, like the difference that obtains between *différence* and *différance*, is of another order, that of *écriture*. He writes not "Schelling" but "'Schelling'" (assuming for the moment that there is a fundamental difference), as if there were always *a priori* more than one, as if the "Schelling" *Of Spirit* remembers were at best an approximation or a kind of shorthand, "Schelling," *as it were*, or "Schelling" as a metonym for certain works by or about him, a certain "Schelling" or a certain reading of "Schelling." Heidegger's 1936 *Schellings Abhandlung über das Wesen der menschlichen Freiheit* certainly comes to mind, not least because it is a text Derrida remembers in *Of Spirit*, and remembers at the precise point in which Heidegger not only reads Schelling but is also said to adopt his "point of view" (*OS*, 71). Where "Schelling" is, we might say, there is always "a doubling of essence" and a multiplication and othering of "identity"—questions and phenomena about which the German philosopher indeed has—*had*, for this is in memory of "Schelling"— a great many things to say. As Thomas Pfau has argued, "Because pronouncing the identity of the subject means primarily a certain engagement with otherness within a *specifically* controlled and restricted economy of difference, as Schelling well knew, identity involves, prima facie, not the birth of the subject but that of a certain ethical practice."[41]

More strangely still, it is as if Derrida were harboring a secret—an open secret, to be sure, since his "Schelling" and that of his companions make no secret that they are together dedicated to this name, but still a secret—"Schelling," yes, a name with which any number of us are familiar but *he who is (or was) for-us*, encrypted within those quotation marks. "My 'Schelling,'" or rather "Our 'Schelling,'" the work by him and about him, signed in his name, that we once shared—shared once, uniquely, together, once upon a time. "We'll always have 'New Haven,'" Derrida seems to be saying, the quotation marks registering a certain shared intimacy, sealing in memory what is also bequeathed to the future. In this seminar that was "private," or at least "sort of private," one is momentarily reminded of the critique of cults and of the crypto-politics of the cults that Derrida explores with considerable circumspection in Kant. Among certain mourners of Derrida, those triumphalists who wished him dead long before he died, or who wished for the demise of the questions and ideas signed in his name, among those who claimed to know the secret of "deconstruction" (as "nihilist," for example, or "obscurantist"), "Derrida" and "Yale" remain to this day

coarse metonyms for the putative clubbishness and threatening privacy of theory. To them, Derrida's classroom memory may well conjure up "the pent-up phantasm of a few experts closeted with their students in a seminar."[42] Yet this "Schelling," whose uniqueness is at once the burden and the possibility of his memorialization, hardly promises anything like narcissistic self-possession, a dream of incorporation shared among acolytes. We are right away reminded that for Derrida names and remembrance are in fact intimately related phenomena—and something more than phenomena—because the condition of the possibility of a name is that it is a memorialization of "itself," that the name is always "itself" *as* another, always "itself" *and* an other: the name "is from the outset 'in memory of,'" he writes in *Memoires*: "We cannot separate the name of 'memory' and 'memory' of the name; we cannot separate name and memory" (*M*, 49). To say that *Of Spirit* is written "in memory of 'Schelling'" is thus in some sense to say that it is written in memory of memory, a folding or doubling of the power of recollection and the force of mourning that, far from offering the phantasmatic consolation of hypermnesia, of a totalizing archive so perfect that it archives itself, promises instead interminable loss and the advent of what Schelling so evocatively calls "the indivisible remainder"[43]—that is, that which falls out of even the most powerful of interiorizing remembrances.

"What does it mean to fall in love with a writer?"[44]

Your last letter to me (there were only a few) almost didn't make it, having been misdirected to Wales before being sent to me in Canada. Did I in fact ever receive it? Was it for me? I cannot see for the tears. There—where?—you spoke of not having "the time or strength" to begin certain new projects. "*Ce sujet est magnifique, j'aurais tant aimé prendre part au numéro spécial que vous y consacrez*," you wrote; "*Malheureusement, le temps et les forces me manquent trop pour que je puisse même y songer. Avec ma reconnaissance et mes voeux les plus cordiaux. . . .*" Your defencelessness made and makes me tremble. Why? In your absence, this without-force of "time and strength [*les forces*]" feels irrepressible. You were the one who taught me, as if in a private seminar, that the time and strength of *Trauerarbeit* cannot be fathomed and cannot not be fathomed. For the work of mourning is a matter of the without-force of time and strength, the refusal, at once tender and vigorous, simply to harness death and the dead to a question

of time and strength. To the extent that the work of mourning is in defiance of arithmetic, it is not only work. The work of mourning is a matter of work and of something other than work. That is what makes the phrase terrible and confusing, as you often said. That is why, when I mourn you, I am at a loss for loss, unsure of when or how to mourn. For you who went before me, always before me. And I come to understand, fitfully, that this incompetence will be the death of me. "What is this 'without force,' this state of being drained, without any force, where death, where the death of a friend, leaves us, when we also have to work at mourning force? Is the 'without force,' the mourning of force, possible?" It is with this question that you left us, "like rich and powerful heirs, that is, both provided for and at a loss, given over to being forlorn and distraught, full of and fortified by him, responsible and voiceless" (*WM*, 144).

Adieu, mon ami, you whom I never dared to call "friend."

Notes

I am grateful to the Department of English at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, where, under the good graces of Theresa Kelly, and as Halls-Bascom Visiting Scholar, I was given the opportunity to share a much earlier version of this essay. I am thankful as well to Ian Balfour, Stephen Barber, Suzanne Crosta, Grant Farred, Rebecca Gagan, Sean Gaston, Jacques Khalip, Marc Redfield, Patricia Simmons, Orrin N. C. Wang, and Tracy Wynne for their suggestions and for their friendships, and to the members of my 2005 graduate seminar ("Derrida's Wake: On the Futures of Deconstruction") for their attentive readings of Derrida's texts.

1 Jacques Derrida, *Of Spirit: Heidegger and the Question*, trans. Geoffrey Bennington and Rachel Bowlby (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1989), 8. Subsequent citations from *Of Spirit* (identified as *OS*) are given parenthetically by page number in the text.

2 I cite David Farrell Krell's turn on Derrida's term *destinerrance*. See Krell, *The Purest of Bastards: Works of Mourning, Art, and Affirmation in the Thought of Jacques Derrida* (University Park: Pennsylvania State University Press, 2000), 206. Derrida uses the term in many places, including "Eating Well, or the Calculation of the Subject," trans. Peter Connor and Avital Ronnell, in *Points . . . Interviews, 1974*, ed. Elisabeth Weber (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1995), 260.

3 Jacques Derrida, "Heidegger, the Philosopher's Hell," trans. Peggy Kamuf, in *Points . . . Interviews, 1974*, ed. Elisabeth Weber (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1995), 183. Subsequent citations from this interview (identified as "HP") are given parenthetically by page number in the text.

4 Jacques Derrida, *Rogues: Two Essays on Reason*, trans. Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2005), 4.

5 Jacques Derrida, *Politics of Friendship*, trans. George Collins (London: Verso, 1997), 299. Subsequent citations from this text (identified as *PF*) are given parenthetically by page number in the text.

6 In the wake of Derrida's work, Gil Anijdar carefully considers the complex relationship joining the "friend" and the "enemy." See especially *The Jew, the Arab: A History of the Enemy* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2003). In David Simpson's elegant phrasing, the "Western ethical inheritance" is quickened by "the double imperative . . . to at once punish the enemy and love him as oneself, to be and not to be one's own enemy." See *9/11: The Culture of Commemoration* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2006), 140.

7 Deborah P. Britzman, "Theory Kindergarten," in *Regarding Sedgwick: Essays on Queer Culture and Critical Theory*, ed. Stephen M. Barber and David L. Clark (New York: Routledge, 2002).

8 Thomas Dutoit, review of *Jacques Derrida and the Humanities: A Critical Reader*, ed. Tom Cohen (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001), *Cercles: Revue pluridisciplinaire du monde anglophone*, available at www.cercles.com/review/r7/cohen.html (accessed October 4, 2006).

9 The exegetical pressure that I bring to bear on the phrase "for me at least" is supported by a small emphasis missing in the English translation of Derrida's text. In French it reads: "En répondant à leurs questions ou suggestions, j'essayai alors de définir ce qui *me* paraissant suspendu; incertain, encoure en movement et donc, pour moi du moins, à venir dans le texte de Heidegger." So much depends upon the accent given to "*me*." See Jacques Derrida, *Heidegger et la question* (Paris: Flammarion, 1990), 19–20.

10 Jacques Derrida, "Rams: Uninterrupted Dialogue between Two Infinities, the Poem," in *Sovereignties in Question: The Poetics of Paul Celan*, ed. Thomas Dutoit and Outi Psanen, trans. Thomas Dutoit and Philippe Romanski (New York: Fordham University Press, 2005), 140. Subsequent citations from this text (identified as "R") are given parenthetically by page number in the text.

11 Jacques Derrida, *Cinders*, trans. Ned Lukacher (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1991), 75.

12 Jacques Derrida, "Epoché and Faith: An Interview with Jacques Derrida," in *Derrida and Religion: Other Testaments*, ed. Yvonne Sherwood and Kevin Hart (New York: Routledge, 2005), 31; "Faith and Knowledge: The Two Sources of 'Religion' at the Limits of Reason Alone," in *Religion*, ed. Jacques Derrida and Gianni Vattimo (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1998), 60. Subsequent citations from these texts (identified, respectively, as "E" and "F") are given parenthetically by page number in the text.

13 Jacques Derrida, *The Other Heading: Reflections on Today's Europe*, trans. Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael B. Naas (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1992), 78.

14 Jacques Derrida, *Memoires: For Paul de Man*, rev. ed., trans. Cecile Lindsay, Jonathan Culler, Eduardo Cadava, and Peggy Kamuf (New York: Columbia University Press, 1989), 229. Subsequent citations from this text (identified as *M*) are given parenthetically by page number in the text.

15 Martin Heidegger, *What Is Called Thinking?* trans. Fred Wieck and J. Glenn Gray (New York: Harper and Row, 1968), 77; David Wood, *The Step Back: Ethics and Politics after Deconstruction* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 2005), 54.

16 Jacques Derrida, *The Work of Mourning*, ed. Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas, trans. Pascale-Anne Brault (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2001), 41–42. Subsequent

citations from this text (identified as *WM*) are given parenthetically by page number in the text.

17 Jacques Derrida, *Envois*, in *The Post Card: From Socrates to Freud and Beyond*, trans. Alan Bass (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987), 21. Subsequent citations from this text (identified as *E*) are given parenthetically by page number in the text.

18 In a brief but important text that forms the concluding focus of Derrida's *Politics of Friendship*, Maurice Blanchot underlines the importance of never speaking *of* but always *to* the friend. See *L'Amitie* (Paris: Gallimard, 1971), 328.

19 J. Hillis Miller, "Literary Study among the Ruins," *Diacritics* 31.3 (Fall 2001): 58.

20 Jacques Derrida, "The Future of the Profession or the University without Condition (Thanks to the 'Humanities' What *Could Take Place* Tomorrow)," in *Jacques Derrida and the Humanities: A Critical Reader*, ed. Tom Cohen (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001), 31–34.

21 Simpson, *9/11: The Culture of Commemoration*, 7, 8.

22 Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak et al., "The Politics of Mourning," Slought Foundation Conversation in Theory Series, December 27, 2004, http://slought.org/content/11252/ [online discussion].

23 This refrain about friendship forms, of course, the hypotext for *Politics of Friendship*.

24 Spivak et al., "The Politics of Mourning."

25 Heidegger: "Hearing even constitutes the primary and authentic openness of Da-sein for its ownmost possibility of Being, as in hearing the voice of the friend whom every Da-sein carries with it." *Being and Time*, trans. Joan Stambaugh (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1996), para. 163. Jacques Derrida, *Politiques de l'amitié: Suivi de L'oreille de Heidegger* (Paris: Galilée, 1994).

26 Letter from Martin Heidegger to Lucien Braun, May 16, 1973. A facsimile of the letter is reproduced in Jacques Derrida, Jean-Luc Nancy, Philippe Lacaoue-Labarthe, et al., *Penser à Strasbourg* (Ville de Strasbourg: Galilée, 2004), 30. In another letter to Braun (September 29, 1967), Heidegger writes: "Je vous sais gré de m'avoir rendu attentif aux publications de Jacques Derrida" (29).

27 Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas, "Editor's Introduction: To Reckon with the Dead: Jacques Derrida's Politics of Mourning," in *The Work of Mourning*, 17–19.

28 I recall David Wood's phrase in *The Step Back*, 54.

29 Maurice Blanchot, "Our Clandestine Companion," trans. David B. Allison, *Face to Face with Levinas*, ed. Richard A. Cohen (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1986), 42.

30 Alphonso Lingis, *The Community of Those Who Have Nothing in Common* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1994).

31 Friedrich Schelling, *Stuttgart Seminars*, in *Idealism and the Endgame of Theory: Three Essays by F. W. J. Schelling*, trans. and ed. Thomas Pfau (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1994), 239.

32 Paul de Man, *Aesthetic Ideology*, ed. Andrzej Warminksi (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1996), 161.

33 John H. Smith, "Of Spirit(s) and Will(s)," in *Hegel after Derrida*, ed. Stuart Barnett (London: Routledge, 1998), 65.

34 Peter Fenves, "Foreword: From Empiricism to the Experience of Freedom," in *The Experience of Freedom*, trans. Bridget McDonald (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1993), xxviii.
35 Jean-Luc Nancy, *The Experience of Freedom*, trans. Bridget McDonald (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1993), 134.
36 Ibid., 36.
37 Jean-Michel Rabaté, Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, Eduardo Cadava, and Aaron Levy, "The Politics of Mourning," Slought Foundation Conversation in Theory Series, December 27, 2004, http://slought.org/content/11252/.
38 Brault and Naas, "Editor's Introduction," *The Work of Mourning*, 10.
39 Schelling, *Stuttgart Seminars*, 224.
40 Ibid., 237.
41 Pfau, "Critical Introduction," in *Idealism and the Endgame of Theory*, 45.
42 Jacques Derrida, "Privilege: Justificatory Title and Introductory Remarks," in *Who's Afraid of Philosophy: Right to Philosophy 1*, trans. Jan Plug (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2002), 59.
43 F. W. J. Schelling, *Philosophical Inquiries into the Nature of Human Freedom*, trans. James Gutmann (La Salle, IL: Open Court, 1936), 34.
44 Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick and Adam Frank, "Shame in the Cybernetic Fold: Reading Silvan Tomkins," in *Shame and Its Sisters: A Silvan Tomkins Reader* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1995), 23.