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Book Author(s): CHIARA ALFANO

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CHAPTER 3

FLÈCHES AND THE WOUNDS OF READING

Téléiopoïèse

Criticisms of Derrida often hinge on the belief that he advocates that a text can mean whatever we want it to. Implied in this critique is that Derrida reads literature as a kind of vanity project, and that under his gaze every literary or philosophical work, no matter how great, becomes a mirror reflecting nothing but himself. It is, so the critique goes, because of this fatal self-absorption that this Narcissus – deconstruction – must ultimately fail to achieve anything but its own demise. As I have argued in the last chapter, the ‘logic’ of *contretemps* Derrida dissects in his reading of *Romeo and Juliet* speaks of an essential *contretemps* of time and being. Moving in this chapter to Derrida’s understanding of the act of reading Shakespeare itself, I will show that this generalised out-of-jointness, to couch it in the terms of his reading of *Hamlet*, also bears on the act of reading, and since, for Derrida reading *is* philosophising, on the very act of doing philosophy itself.

As discussed in the previous chapter, *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare’s drama of double survival, inaugurates a new ‘logic’, namely that accidents are anything but ‘accidental’.¹ It is worth taking another, closer look at what exactly Derrida writes about *contretemps* in ‘Aphorism Countertime’: ‘This

logic, at the same time, throws out into the unthinkable an anachrony of structure, the absolute interruption of history as deployment of *a* temporality, of a single and organized temporality.² In Derrida's French this sentence reads: 'Cette logique, du même coup, rejette dans l'impensable une anachronie de structure, l'interruption absolue de l'histoire en tant que déploiement d'*une* temporalité, d'une temporalité une et organisée.'³ Derrida's word choice *rejeter* is striking. *Rejeter* means both (1) 'to reject' or 'throw out', as well as (2) 'to throw back' or (3) 'discharge' (*Collins-Robert French Dictionary*). While holding on to the idea of throwing, Nicholas Royle's translation of *rejeter* as 'to throw out' loses the word's negative inflection, as well as the pluri-directionality the French word comprises: the anachrony of structure is both *thrown out* into the unthinkable, and *thrown back* – but thrown back or towards what? Who shoots off and who is hit? Who sends and who receives? Who reads or writes whom? Together with time, agency, address and the vectors of reading are warped.

Contretemps throws and hurtles; it shoots (itself) off. The *jet* in *rejeter* refers us to an idea of speed and force, even of violence. *Rejeter* also chimes with the *coup* of 'du même coup' at the start of the sentence.⁴ In French *coup* is a (1) 'knock' or 'blow' and (2) a 'stroke' or 'shot' (*Collins-Robert French Dictionary*). Throwing or shooting is what the aphorisms of *Romeo and Juliet* do. Aphorism 4:

An aphorism is exposure to contretemps. It exposes discourse – hands it over to contretemps. Literally – because it is abandoning a word [*une parole*] to its letter.

(Already this could be read as a series of aphorisms, the alea of an initial anachrony. In the beginning there was contretemps. In the beginning there is speed. Word and deed are *overtaken*. Aphorism outstrips.)⁵

In French, these last two, punctuated sentences read: "La parole et l'acte sont *pris de vitesse*. L'aphorisme gagne de

vitesse.”⁶ Aphorism is an exposure to *alea*, it *throws* the dice of chance (*alea iacta est*). (Chance, to which I shall be turning in Chapter 5, is an irreducible, perhaps unexaminable, part of Derridean acts of reading.) Aphorism is also a question of speed. Contretemps *and* speed at the beginning. It is because of this initial contretemporal speed that word and deed are overtaken *in the very moment of their inscription*.

Sont pris de vitesse: this simple present passive construction is more ambiguous than it might at first seem. Literally, it indicates that word and deed are overtaken, maybe surprised, by speed. *Prendre de vitesse*, however, also means to gain speed. Word and deed are surprised and overtaken by speed; at the same time, they also do the overtaking. At the beginning of the aphorism, before it can outstrip and beat somebody to the finish line (like *Hamlet's* mole, but I shall come to that), word and deed are not only overtaken, but also gather or increase speed. Word and deed in the aphorism are already exposed to the outstripping movement of contretemps. Contretemps *and différence and trace and* so on (goes the chain of ‘ands’ of the quasi-synonymous substitutions) places the essential possibility of unfamiliar, othering readings at the very heart and origin of the literary work.

Here, Derrida not only links *Romeo and Juliet's* openness to iteration (and hence to readings that depart from its ‘immediate’ historical context) to an *essential* contretemps, but also suggests, as I have argued in the previous chapter, that it is the play’s iterability which welcomes readings such as Derrida’s. With contretemps our image of an unfolding of a text through time that is, if not smooth, then at least linear and progressive no longer holds. Whatever allows Derrida to read *Romeo and Juliet* is not extrinsic to this play but intrinsic. Indeed, its ‘anachrony’ of structure is something that radiates from it, that the play *throws out*, into the unthinkable, towards those readers who are yet unthought of, as well as those readers who might do the unthinkable to

Shakespeare. The anachrony of structure which contretemps describes both radiates *from* and is projected *back to Romeo and Juliet*; it is both the result and the cause of Derrida's aphoristic reading.

For Derrida, texts are not, Clare Connors writes, the 'static structures' or 'guaranteed movements' that they are for structuralists but 'dynamic and puissant adventures'.⁷ In all of his acts of reading, Derrida seeks to reckon with the outstripping speed of the contretemporal text and with what it throws at us. We may, for example, recognise shadows of this outstripping movement in his discussion of missiles in 'No Apocalypse, Not Now', or in his discussion of missives in *The Post Card*. In relation to Shakespeare (but not only to him, as I will show), this movement is mostly thought about in terms of an arrow.

In *Specters* everything turns on the desire to respond to a 'magisterial locution', or 'watchword', which shoots forth 'from the lips of the master' and 'vibrates like an arrow in the course of an irreversible and asymmetrical address, the one that goes most often from father to son, master to disciple, or master to slave'.⁸ When speaking of the vibrating arrow of the master's locution, he is not only speaking of the Ghost's locution in *Hamlet*, or indeed in Marx's texts themselves, but also, and I would argue, most importantly of the vibrating arrow that the Shakespearean oeuvre shoots at us:

'The time is out of joint': time is *disarticulated*, dislocated, dislodged, time is run down, on the run and run down [*traqué et détraqué*], *deranged*, both out of order and mad. Time is off its hinges, time is off course, beside itself, dis-adjusted. Says Hamlet. Who thereby opened one of those breaches [*brèches*], often they are poetic and thinking peep-holes [*meurtrières*], through which Shakespeare will have kept watch over the English language; at the same time

he signed its body, with the same unprecedented stroke of some arrow [*et à la fois signé son corps, du même coup sans précédent, de quelque flèche*].⁹

Every time Shakespeare shoots an arrow at us, its trajectory is unthinkable and every time it hits us, our wounds are unprecedented: *sans précédent*. Like we were with the aphorisms of ‘Aphorism Countertime’, we are here in the strange temporality of the stroke or *coup*, where every hit is new and different and yet anticipated from the arrow’s very start. And, as Wood reminds us, of course, the start is never inaugural, but always a restart.¹⁰

The act of reading, the trajectory of this arrow, is singular, othering, unprecedented, unforeseeable and unrepeatable because it is teleiopoietic. ‘It is the arrow of this teleiopoiesis that we have been following, waiting for, preceding for such a long time – the long time of a time that does not belong to time. A time out of joint.’¹¹ All this time we have been following the traje(t)ctory of what *Politics of Friendship* calls the ‘arrow of teleiopoiesis’ (as Derrida argues elsewhere, there is no work of genius without the ‘jet’, the throwness of reading).¹² Just like in *Specters* and ‘Aphorism Countertime’, the metaphor of the arrow in *Politics of Friendship* traces a text’s trajectory from its original contretemps to the moment in which it traverses the reader. ‘Here is an arrow whose flight would consist in a return to the bow: fast enough, in sum, never to have left it.’¹³ Despite the fact that it is thus ‘withdrawn’, its return ‘will nevertheless have reached us, struck home’.¹⁴

What is thrown or shot into the unthinkable in *Politics of Friendship* is not some aphoristic fragment of a Shakespeare play, nor the asymmetrical demand of a ghost, but rather a ‘shudder of a sentence’ from Friedrich Nietzsche’s *Beyond Good and Evil*: “‘Alas! if only you knew how soon, how very soon, things will be – different! –’ (– *Ach! Wenn ihr wüßtet,*

wie es bald, so bald schon – anders kommt!).¹⁵ This sentence flies like an arrow ‘of which it is still not known where and how far it will go’, its trajectory is perhaps unprecedented like Hamlet’s ‘the time is out of joint’.¹⁶ At stake here is what Martin McQuillan dubs ‘a structure of writing-for-the-future’.¹⁷ It is a writing for or towards the *avenir*. At the same time, its trajectory loops backward placing the *avenir*, that which will always remain to come, at its start.

Téléiopoïèse is the word that Derrida chooses ‘to formalize this absolute economy of the feint, this generation by joint and simultaneous grafting of the performative and the reportive, without a body of its own’.¹⁸ The term *téléiopoïèse* traces the arrow’s economy of feint through the flicker of an ambiguously inserted letter, *lettre* or vowel. As Derrida writes in *Politics of Friendship*, ‘*teleiopoios* qualifies, in a great number of contexts and semantic orders, that which *renders* absolute, perfect, completed, accomplished, finished, that which *brings* to an end’.¹⁹ Corinne Scheiner notes that ‘*téléiopoïèse* references the adjectival stem *teleio* deriving from the adjective *teleios* (complete), and therefore translates as the making of things complete’.²⁰ In *téléiopoïèse*, poetry (*poesis*) and a creative act (*poiesis*) are therefore brought to fruition, if you will. As such, *téléiopoïèse* is part of those acts called performative, or rather perlocutionary; it is what ‘*renders* absolute, perfect, completed, accomplished, finished, that which *brings* to an end’.²¹ For Derrida, however, the teleiopoetic always reverberates with the teleopoetic: it ‘permi[ts] us to play too with the other *tele*, the one that speaks to distance and the far-removed’.²² What brings *poiesis* to an end (*teleio*) is indeed not itself, but something other, something distant (*tele*), something even at its own end. As Derrida writes in *Politics of Friendship*, what is at stake is ‘a poetics of distance’ which is at the same time one of ‘acceleration’, whereby something ‘begins at the end, it is initiated with the signature of the other’.²³

It is this telescoping of end and beginning which is written into the teleio- and teleopoetic that Derrida's talk of speed in 'Aphorism Countertime' and elsewhere grapples with. The distance covered by the arrow of *téléiopoièse* is unthinkable, at the same time immeasurably big and small. Again, like in 'Aphorism Countertime' and the beginning of *Specters of Marx*, speed expands and outstrips itself:

Infinite or nil speed, absolute economy, for the arrow [*flèche*] carries its address along and implies in advance, in its very readability, the signature [*la signature*] of the addressee. This is tantamount to saying that it withdraws from space by penetrating it. You only have to listen. It advances backwards; it outruns itself by reversing itself. It outstrips itself [*elle se gagne de vitesse*].²⁴

What reading is for Derrida can perhaps be summed up in this idea of *gagner de vitesse*, which appears not merely in relation to the arrow of Nietzsche's sentence here, but also, as we have seen, in relation to Shakespeare, the Ghost's and Marx's magistral locution in *Specters*. Like the aphorism, the arrow of teleiopoiesis outstrips itself, overtakes itself and thus strips itself bare, annuls itself. It is the speed of the *rejeter* that kicks this reading scene off, that allows Derrida to read Shakespeare *à contretemps*.²⁵

What does such a conception of the behaviour of a text in (relation to) time do? The teleiopoetic trajectory of the act of reading annuls time and space, but at the same time it *gives* time and space. 'Teleiopoiesis makes the *arrivants* come – or rather, allows them to come – by withdrawing; it produces an event, sinking into the darkness of a friendship which is not yet.'²⁶ Its arrow 'withdraws from space by penetrating it'.²⁷ When Shakespeare's arrows are pointed at us, and eventually shot at us, they do not so much wound us as create space for us. When Derrida speaks of the penetrating

and withdrawing arrow, he is also depicting the paradox of signature as a space for the other's signature. Speaking of Nietzsche's sentence, Derrida continues: 'for what is indeed in question here is a poetics of distance at one remove, and of an absolute acceleration in the spanning of space by the very structure of the sentence (it begins at the end, it is initiated with the signature of the other)'.²⁸ The phrase 'elle se gagne de vitesse', which I discussed above, in this sense not only refers to *la flèche*, but also to *la signature* of the addressee, which is teleio- and teleopoetically implied from the start. In 'Signature Event Context', Derrida speaks of the signature in similar terms to the *flèche*. It, too, has a 'breaking force [*force de rupture*]', which 'breaks with its context'.²⁹ It too is 'tied to the spacing [*espacement*] that constitutes the written sign'.³⁰ This spacing is the means by which a literary work may constitute its own poetics. The signature is the arrow, is the wound of reading.

The work's 'both unique and repeatable moment of a signature' thus 'opens the verbal body onto something other than itself', opens and carries it 'beyond itself, towards the other or towards the world'.³¹ 'Address takes place', and address makes space (for the other), Derrida writes in 'Shibboleth: For Paul Celan'.³² The same is true for time. Disrupting our idea of the linear unfolding of the time of reading, the Derridean act of reading 'will have taken some time'.³³ Covering within itself the incalculable distance between the text and reader, the text implies its reader from its very start. This is, perhaps, less a Barthes-esque annunciation of the death of the author than a proclamation of the text's survival, its incalculable and uncanny mastery, even its genius. In this view, then, the incalculable speed of reading 'will, perhaps, have changed the order of the world even before we are able to awake to the realization that, in sum, nothing will have been said, nothing that will not already have been blindly endorsed in advance'.³⁴

If what we read is teleiopoietic, it traces a trajectory without fixed beginning and end: all flight and all start. It is, as McQuillan writes of the private letters of ‘Envois’, a missive that ‘pass[es] through the various destinations of [its] readership, [is] countersigned by the reader en route, without ever coming to rest at a final address’.³⁵ Following the trajectory of this arrow which shoots (itself) off ‘one begins’, ‘Envoi’ suggests, ‘no longer to understand what to come [*venir*], to come before, to come after, to foresee [*prévenir*], to come back [*revenir*] all mean’.³⁶ The pluridirectional *jet* of the teleiopoietic arrow makes the linearity of the act of reading quiver from the very start:

As soon as, in a second, the first stroke of a letter divides itself, and must indeed support partition in order to identify itself, there are nothing but post cards, anonymous morsels without fixed domicile, without legitimate addressee, letters open, but like crypts.³⁷

Perhaps, for Derrida, texts, like arrows, do not have a body of their own (‘without a body of its own’), or maybe their bodies are different from what we might image, what we might call the corpus of a work.³⁸ Let’s earmark this.

A little while ago I asked what *différance* and iteration and contretemps and so on mean for reading Shakespeare. As Derrida’s use of the arrow, in his discussion of Nietzsche or Shakespeare, for example, shows, it has a profound impact on what we think reading might do. Indeed, if we accept it, it makes any paradigmatic mode or act of reading both impossible and redundant. When, as J. Hillis Miller notes in *Speech Acts in Literature*, the consequences of ‘iterability’, the division *ab initio* of the first *stroke* (*coup*) of a letter, mean both ‘that any utterance or writing can function in the radical absence of the sender’ and that ‘any utterance or writing must be able to function in the radical absence of any particular receiver’, then traditional reading paradigms

no longer apply.³⁹ How can we apply traditional interpretative methods when, as Kamuf notes, the text ‘begins with this response that gives or gives *back* reason to the other’?⁴⁰ The teleiopoetic presence of the other at the *start* of a text, pivotal to Derrida’s view of the act of reading, must supplant any general interpretative paradigm – including what some believe a deconstructive reading to be – with an absolute responsiveness to the singularity of the other. No one understood better than Derrida that such an absolute responsiveness is both necessary and ultimately impossible.

The arrow is in mid-air. Although we do not yet know what frequencies are ‘quivering here’, from what quiver the ‘vibration of a shaft of writing’ come from, we know that, in its flight, this arrow ‘promises and calls for a reading, a preponderance to come of the interpretative decision’.⁴¹ In the temporal limbo opened by Nietzsche, Shakespeare and other literary *génies*, in ‘the long time of a time that does not belong to time’, in other words a time which is ‘out of joint’, the arrow, like the spectre, comes back from the future;⁴² although it ‘begins at the end’, it ‘carries its address along and implies in advance, in its very readability, the signature of the addressee’.⁴³ As I will go on to argue in the next section, the singular response that this address demands must also be singular, perhaps like love’s wound. ‘O Romeo, Romeo . . .’ (II, ii, 33). Just like the teleiopoetic arrow, the ‘address of love’ is, Kamuf argues, ‘never issued by a pre-existent subject in the direction of an object, its object, or destination’, but is ‘determined by the other’.⁴⁴ In the words of ‘Envois’:

And when I call you my love, my love, is it you I am calling or my love? You, my love, is it you I thereby name, is it to you that I address myself? I don’t know if the question is well put, it frightens me. But I am sure that the answer, if it gets to me one day, will have come to me from you. You alone, my love, you alone will have known it.⁴⁵

In the words of Shakespeare: ‘Call me but love, and I’ll be new baptized’ (II, ii, 50).

How to Love Shakespeare

With every word or phrase Shakespeare watches over us. This is, at least, what Derrida claims. Let’s go back, once more:

‘The time is out of joint’: time is *disarticulated*, dislocated, dislodged, time is run down, on the run and run down [*traqué et détraqué*], *deranged*, both out of order and mad. Time is off its hinges, time is off course, beside itself, dis-adjusted. Says Hamlet. Who thereby opened one of those breaches [*brèches*], often they are poetic and thinking peep-holes [*meurtrières*], through which Shakespeare will have kept watch over the English language; at the same time he signed its body, with the same unprecedented stroke of some arrow [*et à la fois signé son corps, du même coup sans précédent, de quelque flèche*].⁴⁶

Shakespeare is watching over us, but not as a good shepherd might. This does not mean to say that, for Derrida, Shakespeare, or indeed literature, cannot bring solace or counsel. One way of putting this would be that the work we call Shakespeare’s is not constative (providing answers) but performative (making things happen). Indeed, more than anything else, Derrida affirms the performativity of great literary works (think back to Nussbaum’s critique of fancy but inoperative words on a page), their ability to make thinking happen. When Derrida then writes that Shakespeare watches over us, he is not suggesting that we might turn to him for ready morsels of wisdom, but rather that Shakespeare’s words – for example ‘the time is out of joint’ – allow us to take our thinking to unforeseen, unexpected, truly new places. It’s a labour of love.

‘Aphorism Countertime’ declares that such love as exists between Romeo *and* Juliet also exists between us *and* Romeo *and* Juliet. In ‘The Time is Out of Joint’, Derrida admits that Hamlet’s phrase is ‘cited, recited, analyzed there [in *Specters*] like an obsession’.⁴⁷ Something about Shakespeare, something that Derrida also calls ‘the force of the poem’, makes him ‘quote it, again and again, by an irresistible compulsion’, and makes him learn it by heart.⁴⁸ In ‘Deconstruction and Love’, Kamuf asks whether we do violence to the concept of love, ‘which has to be (does it not?) either interpersonal or at least a relation formed between animate, living beings’ when we proclaim our love for a text, or even, as Derrida does in ‘The Time is Out of Joint’, for a phrase.⁴⁹ As I have argued in the last chapter, we can love *Romeo and Juliet* and Shakespeare with the passion only a ‘singular name’, or a ‘signature’, can ignite.

Can one love a literary work or perhaps a philosophical text? And what might the difference between these two loves be? Derrida ‘love[s] very much everything that [he] deconstructs in [his] own manner’.⁵⁰ If there is deconstruction, it is a kind of obsessive love, what in *The Ear of the Other* is called a ‘loving jealousy’.⁵¹ Love is involved in the way Derrida reads Shakespeare, but also danger. Shakespeare watches over us and the English language through *meurtrières*, he writes. A *meurtrière* is an arrow slit or a loophole. It is also a *criminelle*, a murderess. *Meurtrier* is an adjective meaning deadly, lethal. As Royle points out, *meurtrières* are also death traps, making Shakespeare’s a ‘death-trap English’.⁵² Addressing his beloved in ‘Envois’, the ‘I’ indeed writes about love in terms of *meurtrières*: ‘Our delinquency, my love, we are the worst criminals and the first victims, I would like not to kill anyone, and everything that I send you goes through *meurtrières* [vertical slots in the wall of a fortification for projecting weapons; murderesses].’⁵³ The arrows Shakespeare sends through those *meurtrières* are

also love letters wounding the body of English, which is also Shakespeare's body. This then is perhaps one way in which Shakespeare has become our horizon as Emerson imagined.

The 'stroke of some arrow' is such a fitting image not only because it delineates that space which is opened by the *brèches* of the Shakespearean signature, but also because it renders the violence that makes such openness possible. Derrida speaks of a similar violent transversal in *Monolingualism of the Other*, not, however, in the context of his relationship to Shakespeare but to the French language. Derrida speaks of how he

seemed to be harpooned by French philosophy and literature, the one and the other, the one or the other: wooden or metallic darts [*flèches*], a penetrating body of enviable, formidable, and inaccessible words even when they were entering me, sentences which it was necessary to appropriate, domesticate, coax [*amadouer*], that is to say, love by setting on fire, burn ('tinder' [*amadou*] is never far away), perhaps destroy, in all events mark, transform, prune, cut, forge, graft at the fire, let come in another way, in other words, to itself in itself.⁵⁴

Although the translator, Patrick Mensah, opts to speak of 'metallic darts', Derrida is speaking here of those same *flèches* that Shakespeare is shooting at the English language, at Derrida, and at us, speakers of Shakespeare's English.

This passage in *Monolingualism of the Other* is perhaps the closest Derrida comes to formulating a manifesto of what he wants to do with the French language, indeed what the French language does to him; he wants to woo, wound and change the French language as it woos, wounds and changes him. *Monolingualism* plays on the partial homophony between *amadouer*, to 'coax', and *amadou*, 'tinder': here love is never far away from destruction. In an image that uncannily echoes Derrida's *flèches*, Jean-Luc Nancy writes of love

as a blade that is plunged into us, and each time in an absolutely singular manner: ‘for as long as it lasts, love does not cease to come from without and to remain, not outside but this outside itself, each time singular, a blade plunged into me and that I cannot rejoin because it disjoins me’.⁵⁵ When Derrida is ‘harpooned’ by French philosophy and literature, the ‘penetrating body’ of ‘enviable, formidable, and inaccessible words’, words enter his body, but they also withdraw. He is not only wounded by them, but he wounds and transforms them in turn: he ‘appropriates’, ‘transforms’, ‘forges’ and cuts them. The resonances to Derrida’s conceptualisation of the teleiopoetic arrow in *Politics of Friendship*, but also in *Specters* or ‘Aphorism Countertime’ are unmistakable.

We must not imagine that reading Shakespeare should leave either of us, or these texts themselves, without a scratch. For Derrida, being hit by the *flèches* of Shakespeare, or any great literary work, any work of a literary ‘genius’, is a process as loving as it is passionately violent: he needs to forge the harpooning *flèches* that penetrate him, he needs to ‘appropriate’ and ‘domesticate’ them, he needs to ‘love’ them ‘by setting [them] on fire’.⁵⁶ It is this violent transversal that Derrida speaks about in *The Ear of the Other*; but this love, though violent, is not a ‘negative operation’.⁵⁷ If there is a deconstructive position it would fall somewhere between the two, where we cannot ‘choose between an operation that we’ll call negative or nihilist, an operation that would set about furiously dismantling systems, and the other operation’.⁵⁸ Loving a text means to allow oneself to be traversed, to create space in oneself, but it also means doing something with this *flèche*, burning it with the fire of one’s wound, opening it up in turn and forging something else from it. Derrida also calls this countersigning. (I will return to this later, in the next chapter. Let’s stay for now with what Derrida wants to make happen in language, not merely French or English or German, but the *plus d’un* of and in language.)

Derrida's is not a fantasy of 'harming the language', or 'of endangering or injuring it', but of making 'something happen to this language'.⁵⁹ This wish speaks of a great sensitivity to the struggle that is already happening in language and between the languages within any one language. Whenever we speak or write, whenever we idiomatise language, which cannot at bottom be appropriated we 'carry on a hand-to-hand, bodily struggle with it': a *corps à corps*.⁶⁰ Every idiom '(and the idiom, precisely means *the proper*, what is proper to) every signature is both an attempt to appropriate and at the same time an 'experience [of] the fact that language can never be appropriated'.⁶¹ Derrida's most beautiful meditations on this *corps à corps* can be found in his work on the poet Paul Celan. Celan, perhaps, does to German what Derrida wants to do to French. Each of Celan's poems and each word marks an *Auseinandersetzung*, a combat between Celan and German but also within the differences of German itself.⁶² Echoing the double meaning of *amadouer* in his discussion of French in *Monolingualism*, Derrida here imagines Celan working with the German language in a way that is both absolutely and impossibly respectful, even loving, at the same time as tampering with (*touche à*) language.⁶³ With each stroke. Celan then leaves upon language 'a sort of scar, a mark, a wound'.⁶⁴

As I noted some chapters ago, when reading Derrida, Nussbaum was thirsting for blood, for what in a text really touches us and speaks to our humanity.⁶⁵ In 'Deconstruction and Love' Peggy Kamuf sums up Nussbaum's argument like this: 'too much attention to textuality leads to bloodlessness'. She then adds: 'but is this a good thing or a bad thing? Says who?'⁶⁶ As noted in the previous chapter, Derrida's work helps us challenge the widely held assumption that a sensitivity to texts *as* texts, rather than, for instance, as a mouthpiece of human genius, hinders access to the ways in which that text might help us grapple with questions that

really concern or move us. As his deconstructive readings of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* in particular show, Derrida's acts of reading do, in fact, lend insights into matters, such as the nature of love or the act of mourning, that are of wide, even general, human interest. As I have also argued in the previous chapter, this is not despite but because of Derrida's textual sensitivity, his attention to the contretemporal nature of *Romeo and Juliet* and the out of jointness of *Hamlet* the plays *themselves*. To invert Kamuf's paraphrase: attention to textuality leads not to bloodlessness but to, well, blood. What kind of blood?

For all of Nussbaum's thirst, she misses a different kind of blood that is spilled in each of Derrida's acts of reading. In 'Shakespeare Ghosting Derrida', Cixous echoes the arrow image to talk about what Derrida does with Shakespeare:

How does Derrida read a text? Whether it is fiction or drama, he will never have read the whole or part of a volume. He stitches on the other veil (as he puts it in *Voiles* [Veils]) but also pinches from it (*il pique*). A genius in him guides the blind man he is, unerringly guides his hand, his beak, his quill, his stylus, his syringe towards the worm [*vers le ver*] or the *vein*.⁶⁷

When Derrida reads *à contretemps* his pen sharpens ever more lethally – from beak, to quill, to stylus, to syringe. When Derrida reads, his pen, in a 'stroke of luck [*coup de veine*]', begins retrieving 'meaningful blood samples [*sang/sens*]'.⁶⁸ These blood samples are not distillations of human concern, even human nature, but something completely other: they are fragments of the text itself, expressive not of a truth but of its own idiomaticity (an idiomaticity furthermore that demands a singular response).

One of the ideas that perhaps takes most getting used to in Derrida is the idea that texts have bodies and that these bodies work in their own uncanny terms. A text's body is,

as Derrida writes, its ‘uniqueness’, as it is ‘incorporated, incarnated, in what one used to call the “signifiers,” in the graphemes which in themselves cannot be translated’.⁶⁹ When he reads Shakespeare, he is thus attuned to the violent, material effects of Shakespearean words or phrases that sign their body and the body of English, words or phrases such as ‘porpentine’ (which I shall discuss at some length in the next chapter) or ‘the time is out of joint’. What we are dealing with is, then, the idiom. The idiom is what ‘at bottom’ remains ‘untranslatable . . . even if we translate it’.⁷⁰ Shakespeare’s idiom – ‘the time is out of joint’, for instance – is irreducibly his; it marks the Thing Shakespeare’s particular way of inhabiting the English language as someone might inhabit one’s body. This is, of course, not only true of Shakespeare. Take Celan’s works, for instance, where Derrida identifies ‘a certain way of “inhabiting the idiom” (“signed: Celan from a certain place in the German language, which was his property alone”)⁷¹.

What does it mean to say that a literary work has a body, a body, furthermore different from and completely other to the body of its author?⁷² Derrida writes that Hamlet’s ‘the time is out of joint’ has ‘opened, poetic and thinking peepholes [*meurtrières*]⁷³. Peepholes suggest an enclosure, even the act of standing guard. ‘The time is out of joint’ is of course an opening, an invitation to thinking, but it also marks a border, a wall, if you like, that guards a secret. It is what, as he writes in ‘Che cos’è la poesia’ is ‘an imparted secret, at once public and private’.⁷⁴ As Derrida repeatedly highlights in his work on Celan, the idiom, understood as the ‘invincible singularity of the verbal body already introduces us into the enigma of testimony’ and to the question of an absolute secrecy into the heart of poetry and of language.⁷⁵ There is just such secrecy, irreducibility or untranslatability at work in Celan’s poem ‘Aschenglorie’. Here Derrida tentatively and briefly identifies a silent reference to Hecate,

more precisely to Shakespeare's Hecate. Although 'the name of the goddess Hecate is not pronounced' Derrida detects it in the poem's association to 'the moon, the Pontic and the three of the *Dreiweg*'.⁷⁶ It is under precisely this guise that 'Hecate appears in *Macbeth*'.⁷⁷ This reference remains and, Derrida is careful to point out, will remain 'ineffaceable, beneath the surface of this poem'.⁷⁸ Indeed, one might need to know that Celan translated Shakespeare in order to recognise this sepulchral reference. Derrida's aim here is less to score some points in astute hermeneutics than to say something about the signature effect, a text's absolute situatedness and secrecy at the very moment of inscription and at each moment it is read:

It is my body, this is my body. Every poem says, 'This is my body,' and the rest: drink it, eat it, keep it in memory of me. There is a Last Supper in every poem, which says: This is my body, here and now. And you know what comes next: passions, crucifixions, executions. Others would also say resurrections . . .⁷⁹

It is this singularity which demands that loving jealousy that Derrida writes of. Or, as he puts it in 'Che cos'è la poesia?': 'Thus the dream of *learning by heart* arises in you. Of letting your heart be traversed by the dictated dictation.'⁸⁰ This traversal is, as we have seen by following what Derrida says about the arrow, both active and passive, both wounding and wounded. 'The signature is a wound, and there is no other origin for the work of art', Derrida writes in *Glas*.⁸¹ In fact, Shakespeare's *coup de quelque flèche* is here met by Derrida's, the reader's own *coup*. What Derrida, therefore, says about the poet must also be true for the reader:

The poet is someone who perceives that language, his language, the language he inherits in the sense I was just emphasizing, is in danger of becoming a dead language

again, and he therefore has the responsibility, a very grave responsibility, of waking it up, of resuscitating it (not in the sense of Christian glory but in the sense of a resurrection of language), not like an immortal body or a glorious body, but like a mortal body, frail, sometimes indecipherable, as is each poem by Celan. Each poem is a resurrection, but one that engages us to a vulnerable body, one that may be forgotten again.⁸²

Every time Shakespeare's arrow is pointed at us, we must, according to Derrida, respond to its singularity. In *The Singularity of Literature*, Attridge argues that the singularity of a piece of literature, like the singularity of a loved one, is not to be confused with its uniqueness or its idiosyncrasy. Singularity is not 'what Benjamin called the "aura" of the specific, unique art-object'; it is not even limited to one single piece of art, but can 'also inhere in a group of works or an entire *oeuvre*'.⁸³ The analogy of the singularity of a literary work and a signature works because 'in the act of reading and verifying the signature we need not be aware of the place and time (though often this is specified as well), but we must be aware of the situatedness and datedness – in one sense of the term – of the act of writing'.⁸⁴ At stake here is a more general situatedness, what in 'I Have a Taste for the Secret' is called 'this singularity of the untimely, of non-self-contemporaneity'.⁸⁵ As Hent de Vries argues, 'the date is not an indivisible *hic et nunc*, an atomic point in time and space. From its very inception, the date will always already have broken the silence of a pure singularity.'⁸⁶ For Attridge, the work's singularity, its 'signature', paradoxically, does not limit it to 'reside in the historical past', but 'bridges, in a way that is not easy to explain, past and present'.⁸⁷ He continues: 'Strictly speaking, therefore, singularity, like alterity and inventiveness, is not a property but an event, the event of singularizing which takes place in reception: it does not occur outside the responses of those who encounter and thereby constitute it'.⁸⁸

The time of reading, like the poem itself, is dated and singular and each time happens only once. Love's arrow wounds every time as if it were the first time and each arrow is always 'sans précédent'.⁸⁹ It kicks off a *corps à corps*, a 'hand-to-hand, bodily struggle . . . an attack'⁹⁰:

There is as it were a duel of singularities, a duel of writing and reading, in the course of which a countersignature comes both to confirm, repeat and respect the signature of the other, of the 'original' work, and to *lead it off* elsewhere, so running the risk of *betraying* it, having to betray it in a certain way so as to respect it, through the invention of another signature just as singular.⁹¹

In *The Ear of the Other*, Derrida claims that all the texts that he loves are 'texts whose future . . . will not be exhausted for a long time'.⁹² Their 'signature is not yet finished – that's the destiny of signatures'.⁹³ While, as Derrida argues in 'Signature Event Context', 'the signature also marks and retains his [the signers] having-been present in a past *now* or present [*maintenant*]', at the same time it posits that this now is also a 'future *now* or present [*maintenant*]'.⁹⁴ Here, just like at the beginning of *Specters*, Derrida is playing on the flexible duration of the present that the French word *maintenant* traces. It means (1) 'now', but it can also mean (2) 'by now' or (3) 'from now on' (*Collins-Robert French Dictionary*). Although Derrida calls it 'the transcendental form of presentness [*maintenance*]', what is at issue here is not an idea of transcendence, but rather the 'singular present punctuality' pinpointed by the signature and the singular literary oeuvre.⁹⁵ The *différance* of every now, every being unfurls towards a to come, the time where an unfurling singularity will be met with an absolutely singular response. As mentioned above, the loving arrow of reading does something to time. Each reading's and each writing's

new idiom *makes things happen* [*fait arriver*], this signature brought forth [*fait arrivée*], produces events in the given language, the given language to which things must still be given, sometimes *unverifiable* events: illegible events. Events that are always promised rather than given. Messianic events. But the promise is not nothing; it is not a non-event.⁹⁶

The wound of reading says: ‘It only happens to me.’ We find this sentence at least twice in Derrida’s work: in ‘Envois’ and ‘Circumfession’.⁹⁷ These texts, just like Derrida’s other Shakespearean encounters, do not attempt a general reading; they respond to Shakespeare’s idiom with their own.

I wrote a text, which in the face of the event of another’s text, as it comes to me at a particular, quite singular, moment, tries to ‘respond’ or to ‘countersign,’ in an idiom which turns out to be mine. But an idiom is never pure, its iterability opens it up to others.⁹⁸

Chance plays a central role in the way Derrida reads Shakespeare. It’s a stroke of luck, which becomes a *coup de veine*. In relation to ‘Aphorism Countertime’, Derrida admits: ‘In this case, I was asked for a short, oblique text to accompany a production.’⁹⁹ As such, we owe ‘Aphorism Countertime’ to nothing but chance (and I will turn to role of chance in Derrida’s readings of Shakespeare soon):

If the actor-producer Daniel Mesguich had not put the play on at that point (but why did he?), if he hadn’t been interested in what I write (but why? – this opens up another chain of causality), he wouldn’t have asked anything of me and I would never have written this text.¹⁰⁰

And yet despite, or rather because of, this chance encounter with Shakespeare, Derrida ‘felt like signing and even dating’

the singularity of his response ‘at a past moment in December, that year, at Verona (as it says at the end of the text)’.¹⁰¹ Here then is his countersignature:

39. The absolute aphorism: a proper name. Without genealogy, without the least copula. End of drama. Curtain. Tableau (*The Two Lovers United in Death* by Angelo dall’Oca Bianca). Tourism, December sun in Verona (‘Verona by that name is known’ [V, iii, 299]). A true sun, the other (‘The sun for sorrow will not show his head’ [V, iii, 305]).¹⁰²

In ‘Following Derrida’, Attridge suggests that we turn to the French: *tableau* in French conveys a transition from the theatre to painting in a way that ‘tableau’ in English doesn’t, being much more rooted in the world of the stage. For Attridge, ‘the end of *Romeo and Juliet* . . . presents a tableau mirrored in a painting (to be seen, presumably by visitors to Verona)’.¹⁰³ But we can never hope to get to the bottom of Derrida’s countersignature: for instance, why he refers to the painting by the Veronese painter Angelo Dall’Oca Bianca, whose original title, *Ultimi istanti di Giulietta e Romeo*, refers, as if by a stroke of chance, to the contretemps of the theatre of double survival. While some parts can be deciphered, others, like Celan’s Shakespearean countersignature in ‘Aschenglorie’ remain beyond our reach.¹⁰⁴ Together with what Attridge calls Derrida’s ‘irreducibly personal memory’, the aphoristic and parenthetical insertions from the end of *Romeo and Juliet* remain as incisive as they are irretrievable. All we can hope to do is countersign in turn.

Is Derrida an Anglicist?

Is it possible, or even advisable, to read Derrida in English translation only and to claim to be, in however small a way, an expert? His work on Shakespeare is living proof (yes,

living, because texts are alive, albeit in their own uncanny ways) that Derrida was no stranger to working in, through and with translation. Addressing an English audience, he says: ‘I am speaking to you in English, having written this in French, and apparently no catastrophe has resulted.’¹⁰⁵ What catastrophe might result when reading Shakespeare in French? What catastrophe might happen when I, a native German speaker, read Derrida in English, who in turn read Shakespeare in French? What, on the other hand, could be won by such translinguistic encounters?

Saying that Shakespeare ‘watches over us’, as Derrida does in *Specters*, is another way of saying that when we speak, write, and think in English we speak, write and think in Shakespeare’s English. What does it mean for a French philosopher, who, by his own admission thinks and ‘write[s] in French’ only quoting ‘the German or the English’ when necessary to make such a claim?¹⁰⁶ Derrida is, in fact, rather apologetic about his knowledge of English, just as he is, for example, of his knowledge of German. And yet, his relationship to his ‘own’ language, French, is by no means uncomplicated. While *Monolingualism of the Other* is perhaps Derrida’s most overt admission of his complex relationship to French, there is always a certain angularity or alienation at play when Derrida writes French. French belongs to Derrida, like English belongs to Shakespeare, which is to say that they do not belong at all, at least not in the traditional sense of propriety or even mastery. As Julian Wolfreys, John Brannigan and Ruth Robbins write in *The French Connections of Jacques Derrida*, it would be wrong to think of Derrida as a thinker who ‘emerges as part of a clearly definable cultural and literary tradition’.¹⁰⁷ There is, they continue, ‘difference and alterity within the writing that is signed “Jacques Derrida”’ just as there is difference and alterity in ‘the language that he calls “his”, French’.¹⁰⁸ There are not merely differences between languages; there is *différance* within (one) language(s).

Let's then follow Thomas Dutoit and think of Derrida not as a French writer and thinker but as an Anglicist. Derrida, he claims, does not write in French but in English and, furthermore, in angles. Playing on the homophones of *l'anglais* (English) and *l'anglé* (angle), Dutoit goes on to suggest that there is no language more apt to be the language of deconstruction than this english English.¹⁰⁹ English's idiomaticity, its signature, is constituted by the 'angularity and divisibility' of its 'semantics' and 'phonetics'.¹¹⁰ And yet this is naturally not merely true of English, but also of German, French or indeed any language.

Derrida, the Anglicist, is sensitive and responsive to these angles of language, of any language. He is an Anglicist because language is never owned. Shakespeare, too, is an Anglicist and so is Celan, because both, like Shakespeare, know that there is always a kink in language, and that each word, each syllable or *lettre*, is a possible deviation. In this perspective, it is fully possible to be both 'monolingual . . . and speak a language that is not one's own'.¹¹¹ This is the 'multiplicity and migration of language', the 'Babel within a single language' discussed in depth in Derrida's reading of Celan.¹¹²

Diversion, distance and alienation are always at work in language from the beginning. *Monolingualism*, indeed, does not melancholically hark back to a supposed moment of jointness with a mother tongue. Alienation here denotes less an alienation from a lost presentness to or ipseity in language than the movement of distancing and othering inherent in language itself. To put it in the terms of Dutoit's apt description of Derrida's angle-icism, the angles in and of language (what perhaps in previous chapters was discussed in terms of *différance*) are not angles that keep something hidden (perhaps a secret); rather it is this angularity that creates meaning in the first place. Language's alienation or othering 'lacks nothing that precedes or follows it, it alienates no

ipseity, no property, and no self that has ever been able to represent its watchful eye'.¹¹³ The alienation of language is not a call or a summons to something that has been, something or someone perhaps to 'watch over its past or future'; it is a call that in summoning us, interpellates us as watchmen and watchwomen guardians, inventors and dreamers of this language.¹¹⁴

There is no Shakespeare to watch over English, unless he is understood to be an Anglicist, just like Derrida. Because language is never single or monolingual, indeed because these differences and diversions in language are the conditions of meaning, the question of Derrida's relationship to one particular language, whether it be French, English or German, is less important than might initially seem. For the vast majority of readers of Derrida who read him in English this must surely be welcome news. In fact, who better than Celan and Derrida demonstrate that it is an advantage to think in a language never fully one's own.

What is true for the French or English language is incidentally also true for French or anglophone philosophy. Thinking of Derrida as a 'French' philosopher would be just as inaccurate as thinking about him as a native French speaker. In fact, deconstruction first flourished not in France but in the United States, more precisely in Yale during the 1970s and 1980s, and not in philosophy but in literature departments. The description of a linguistic and cultural divide between anglo-analytic sobriety and French-continental flamboyance therefore ignores the very rich history that deconstruction has had in the United States. Describing someone as a French philosopher is less a comment on his or her nationality than a philosophical categorisation itself. When we say: Derrida is a French or continental philosopher we assign him to a certain branch of the philosophical tradition and to a certain way of doing philosophy. We signal to others and to ourselves that this philosophy has to be read in a certain way, and

linked up to and contextualised with different ideas and methods that are part of that tradition. Here 'French' or 'continental' then is a philosophical language or idiom, a way of going about things philosophically, as well a reference horizon, a vanishing point for thinking. Because 'continental', even more obviously than 'French', is not so much a statement of the language in which philosophy is written, than a description of the language, what Wittgenstein would have called the grammar, of the philosophy itself.

There survives in certain parts of philosophy the fantasy that philosophical thought ought to be fully translatable. In this view, a philosophical thought, if it is worth its salt, should have a smoothness of meaning; put differently, its meaning would remain unaltered were it to leave the terms in which it was originally couched. Implied here is the belief that a worthy philosophical thought should survive transferal from one habitat to another. Call this the fantasy of the complete divisibility of signifier and signified, or perhaps of the transparency of language.

Conversely, in the study of literature it is widely accepted, even celebrated, that a literary text is never fully translatable: translation loses something of its original meaning but is also able to add something. Thus the original materiality of its language, its idiom – including also its specific intertextual references – is exchanged for another one, often no less rich in resonance or indeed significance. It could even be said that the study of literature is often the study of what in literary texts resists translation or transferal, what, in other words, remains untranslatable even by the most skilled translator. It is also the study of what, on the other hand, translation, no matter how flawed in the end, can and does add.

Can philosophy be translated? And if yes, what would such translation entail and what would it leave out? In a tantalisingly brief recent talk, Marian Hobson suggests that much could be won from reading philosophy *as if it were*

a poem, and furthermore a translated poem: ‘Now if we are not all that used to reading philosophy, reading it *as if it were* in translation, with a kind of slight suspicion, can teach us better, closer reading.’¹¹⁵ I am struck by Hobson’s suggestions that *slight* suspicion can make us better readers of philosophy, particularly if we are not habitual readers of philosophical works. In order to explain what she means by this, she points us towards what Derrida says in *Eyes of the University: Right to Philosophy 2* about René Descartes’s *Discourse on Method* (1637), more precisely its penultimate paragraph in which Descartes addresses his decision to write the work not, as might have been expected at the time, in Latin but in French:

And if I write in French, which is the language of my country, rather than in Latin, which is that of my teachers, it is because I hope that those who use only their pure natural reason will better judge my opinions than those who believe only in old books, and because I am sure that those who combine good sense with scholarship, whom alone I wish to have as my judges, will not be so partial to Latin as to refuse to hear my reasons because I express them in a vulgar tongue.¹¹⁶

Here, Descartes’s text speaks not only *in* French but also *about* French.¹¹⁷ Extrapolating a general ‘truth’ from a particular instance, Derrida notes that the problem of philosophy in/as translation that Descartes points us to here is at play whenever we speak philosophically. It is at play not merely when we cross or criss-cross linguistic boundaries, as Descartes does in the *Discourse* – between French and Latin – or as Derrida does when talking about the *Discourse*. Indeed, Derrida delivered the four lectures on which the first part of *Eyes of the University: Right to Philosophy 2* – ‘Transfer *Ex Cathedra*: Language and Institutions of Philosophy’ – are based at the University of Toronto and in English. When

he therefore ‘was preparing this seminar in [his] language, French, knowing that [he] would have to give it, once translated, in English’, he already ‘ran into’ these problems of translation.¹¹⁸ ‘We are reading the *Discourse on Method* here in one language or another. I have read it in French; we are reading it in English; I have written about it in French; I am talking to you about it in English.’¹¹⁹ The point about drawing our attention to the penultimate paragraph of Descartes’s *Discourse* is, however, less to note a linguistic particularity common to Derrida – as I have already noted, he is more often read in translation and the fortunes of his work have been better in a non-French academic context – than to think about the tensions between the idiomacy of philosophical discourse and the universalist aspirations I touched upon a moment ago: ‘How can one, starting from this example, deal with the general relations between a language and a philosophical discourse, the multiplicity of language and the universalist claim of the discourse called philosophical?’¹²⁰ Now, idiomacy here in this example is first and foremost language, but it includes also what with Derrida we might call the *event* of the writing and reading of a text, in other words the irreducible singularity of the moment of inscription, as well as of reading.

What happens to a philosophical text that speaks self-reflectively in and about its idiom when it is translated? Descartes’s meta-linguistic paragraph disappears in Étienne de Courcelles’s 1744 Latin translation of the *Discourse*, while Adam and Tannery’s edition remarks the omission with a ‘sublime’ sentence: “‘There was in fact no cause to translate [it]” (*il n’y avait pas lieu de [le] traduire en effet [Oeuvres 6.583]*).¹²¹ Derrida suggests that because Descartes’s paragraph ‘is irreducibly bound to a language that forms not only the signifying fabric of its *presentation*, but also the signified theme’, any rendition in another language, even one that translates faithfully word by word, would ‘obliterate’ it.¹²² It is precisely at this point, namely when the discourse

becomes more self-consciously idiomatic, that these statements ‘founder, in their form and their content, body and soul, one might say, at the instant of translation’.¹²³

Why is this important when thinking about what Shakespeare can do for philosophy? What Hobson’s suggestion that we, and particular those of us who are not philosophers first, should read philosophy as if it were a translated poem gets at is precisely the Derridean understanding of the importance of the idiom – the act of reading, which is an act of wrestling the idiom – for doing philosophy. Equally, this erasure by translation also highlights what in language resists translation, what cannot cross over between linguistic realms without losing something of its signifying power. Descartes’s vanishing paragraph is therefore also a *remaining* paragraph, a monument to what the idiom does for philosophy. In a very true sense, each piece of philosophical writing, even the apparently most transparent one, contains what, like a poem or like Descartes’s paragraph, resists transfer and translation. At the same time, it invites performative translation. Derrida’s way of doing philosophy and of doing philosophy with Shakespeare in particular reminds us that, no matter how seemingly peripheral to the philosophical thought it conveys, the idiom, which by definition remains untranslatable to some degree, does important and irreducible philosophical work. Enter: the Shakespearean porpentine.

Notes

1. Jacques Derrida, ‘Aphorism Countertime’, trans. Nicholas Royle, in *Acts of Literature*, ed. Derek Attridge (London: Routledge, 1992), 420.
2. Ibid. 420.
3. Jacques Derrida, ‘L’aphorisme à contretemps’, in *Psyché: Invention de l’autre II* (Paris: Galilée, 2003), 134.
4. Ibid. 134.
5. Derrida, ‘Aphorism Countertime’, 416.

6. Derrida, 'L'aphorisme à contretemps', 131.
7. Clare Connors, *Force from Nietzsche to Derrida* (London: Legenda, 2010), 103.
8. Jacques Derrida, *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning and the New International*, trans. Peggy Kamuf (London: Routledge, 2006), xvi.
9. Ibid. 20; Jacques Derrida, *Spectres de Marx: L'État de la dette, le travail du deuil et la nouvelle Internationale* (Paris: Galilée, 1993), 42.
10. Sarah Wood, 'Let's Start Again', *Diacritics* 29, no. 1 (1999): 1.
11. Jacques Derrida, *Politics of Friendship*, trans. George Collins (London and New York: Verso Books, 2005), 77.
12. Ibid. 77.
13. Ibid. 32.
14. Ibid. 32.
15. Ibid. 31.
16. Ibid. 31.
17. Martin McQuillan, *Deconstruction after 9/11* (London: Routledge, 2009), 58.
18. Derrida, *Politics of Friendship*, 32.
19. Ibid. 32.
20. Corinne Scheiner, 'Teleiopoiesis, Telepoesis, and the Practice of Comparative Literature', *Comparative Literature* 57, no. 3 (2005): 243.
21. Derrida, *Politics of Friendship*, 32.
22. Ibid. 32.
23. Ibid. 32.
24. Derrida, *Politics of Friendship*, 32; Jacques Derrida, *Politiques de l'amitié: suivi de l'oreille de Heidegger* (Paris: Éditions Galilée, 1994), 50.
25. Derrida, 'L'aphorisme à contretemps', 134.
26. Derrida, *Politics of Friendship*, 42–3.
27. Ibid. 32.
28. Ibid. 32.
29. Jacques Derrida, 'Signature Event Context', trans. Samuel Weber and Jeffrey Mehlman, in *Limited Inc*, ed. Gerald Graff (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1988), 9.

30. Ibid. 9.
31. Jacques Derrida, “‘A Self-Unsealing Poetic Text’: Poetics and Politics of Witnessing’, trans. Rachel Bowlby, in *Revenge of the Aesthetic: The Place of Literature in Theory Today*, ed. Michael P. Clark (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2000), 180.
32. Jacques Derrida, ‘Shibboleth: For Paul Celan’, trans. Thomas Dutoit and Joshua Wilner, in *Sovereignities in Question: The Poetics of Paul Celan*, ed. Thomas Dutoit and Outi Pasanen (New York: Fordham University Press, 2005), 33.
33. Derrida, *Politics of Friendship*, 32.
34. Ibid. 32.
35. McQuillan, *Deconstruction after 9/11*, 58.
36. Jacques Derrida, ‘Envois’, in *The Post Card: From Socrates to Freud and Beyond*, trans. Alan Bass (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1987), 21.
37. Ibid. 53.
38. Derrida, *Politics of Friendship*, 32.
39. J. Hillis Miller, *Speech Acts in Literature* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2001), 91.
40. Peggy Kamuf, *Book of Addresses* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2005), 6.
41. Derrida, *Politics of Friendship*, 31.
42. Ibid. 77.
43. Ibid. 32.
44. Peggy Kamuf, ‘Deconstruction and Love’, in *Deconstructions: A User’s Guide*, ed. Nicholas Royle (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2000), 155.
45. Derrida, ‘Envois’, 8.
46. Derrida, *Specters of Marx*, 20; *Spectres de Marx*, 42.
47. Derrida, ‘The Time is Out of Joint’, 18.
48. Derrida, “‘A Self-Unsealing Poetic Text’”, 198.
49. Kamuf, ‘Deconstruction and Love’, 152–3.
50. Derrida, *The Ear of the Other: Otobiography, Transference, Translation: Texts and Discussions with Derrida*, trans. Peggy Kamuf, ed. Christie McDonald (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1988), 87.

51. Ibid. 87.
52. Nicholas Royle, *The Uncanny* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2003), 124.
53. Derrida, 'Envois', 67–8.
54. Jacques Derrida, *Monolingualism of the Other; or, the Prosthesis of Origin*, trans. Patrick Mensah (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1998), 50–1.
55. Jean-Luc Nancy, 'L'amour en éclats', in *Une pensée finie* (Paris: Galilée, 1990), 247–8.
56. Derrida, *Monolingualism of the Other*, 50–1.
57. Derrida, *The Ear of the Other*, 87.
58. Ibid. 87.
59. Derrida, *Monolingualism of the Other*, 51.
60. Derrida, 'Language is Never Owned: An Interview', trans. Thomas Dutoit and Phillippe Romanski, in *Sovereignities in Question: The Poetics of Paul Celan*, ed. Thomas Dutoit and Outi Pasanen (New York: Fordham University Press, 2005), 99.
61. Ibid. 99.
62. Ibid. 100.
63. Ibid. 100.
64. Ibid. 100.
65. Martha Nussbaum, *Love's Knowledge: Essays on Philosophy and Literature* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990), 171.
66. Kamuf, 'Deconstruction and Love', 168.
67. Hélène Cixous, 'Shakespeare Ghosting Derrida', trans. Laurent Milesi, *The Oxford Literary Review* 34, no. 1 (2012): 2–3.
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