

à propos

(an introduction)

"For whom does one write, who accepts or refuses?
For whom is this gift that never becomes present?"

"This reading problem can unfold itself only on a family stage, in a family scene."

"Her secret seemed to lie in the fact that she always found a way to keep busy, resolving domestic problems that she herself had created, and doing a poor job on a thousand things which she would fix on the following day with a pernicious diligence that made one think of Fernanda and the hereditary vice of making something just to unmake it."¹

What is (the) proper?

What is the proper way to propose the question of the proper? "*Here, now,*" while offering a proposal? The language of the proposal, can only be, after all, the language of prophecy, of the still-to-come. How is there, properly, this "here," this "now"? "These words are citations." They are, in a manner of speaking, someone else's property. Whose? For how long? These are the questions, of property, propriety, appropriation, and the proper name, that immediately begin to resonate when use becomes mention, when a prophecy, like a proposal, begins to behave like a promise, begins to cite (always already from the past) previous proposals, as if accumulating evidence prior to proceeding. Proper names, here and now, are raised -- are, we will come to suggest, "relieved." The "here" and "now," for instance, are Hegel's.²

But what can it mean to assign these citations to one who would feign not to sign; one who, perhaps, could not sign the text of *saviorabsolu (Sa)*?³ "Whether it lets itself be

assigned, signed, ensigned is not yet known."(*Glas*, 1a) Here, now, this question is only an example; I am only mentioning it. Later, and now I can only sign as the prophet, it will become banded to other questions and other proper names: Genet, García Márquez, Derrida. Jean and Gabriel will be cut and bound together in announcing what will have been written already (*dèjà*) in *Glas* and in *CA*.

Still, here and now, I must ignore in order to explain.

Can it be said, just as we say (too easily) that there are proper nouns, that there are proper ways to read? To write? More specifically, to write about reading? In beginning by posing a few of the questions that surround this seme ("prop-"), I am seeking to position myself within a certain space between literature and philosophy, along one of that space's most important seams. I am trying to find a place, a home, from which to write about *Glas*.

"The *eidōs*, the general form of philosophy, is properly familial and produces itself as *oikos*: home, habitation apartment, room, residence, temple, tomb, hive, assets, family, race and so on. If a common seme is given therein, it is the guarding of the proper, of property, propriety, of one's own: this guarding retains, keeps back, inhibits, consigns the absolute loss or consum(mat)es it only in order better to reg(u)ard it returning to (it)self, even were it in the repetition of death."(*Glas*, 134a)

Later, we will see that this *eidōs* institutes a dialectics of profit and loss within the family through the education and becoming-conscious of the (male) child and his passage through the civil-bourgeois State and towards the "people-spirit." This is a movement and a wager we will find repeated often within the texts of García Márquez, particularly throughout *CA*. However, that must wait. For now, here, it is enough that this logic of the proper produces, under a certain reading and in relation to the other, an oscillation that I will claim as the propeller, the instrument of propulsion for my project.

"The other and one's own proper(ty) do not oppose each other, or rather yes, they do oppose each other, but the opposition is what permits, not what interrupts, the specular, imaginal, or speculative circulation of the proper, of one's own proper(ty). The proper, one's own proper(ty), posits itself in opposing itself in the other, in dis-tancing itself from itself."(*Glas*, 134a)

Derrida, re-citing a characteristic Hegelian gesture both towards and away from synthesis (*Aufhebung*), suggests that the "concept," which at first might seem to offer safe haven -- a place from which to organize, argue, and explain, -- turns out, even in the philosophy of Right, even in the drive towards a family ethics (*Sittlichkeit*), to turn against its desire to retain, inhibit, and reg(u)ard itself and create a space of non-identity. And so, I will seek to write, to speculate, from a place outside the proper, outside the home. To read *Glas* can be, I suggest, to learn to do just this. My task, it turns out, is to read and to write a new bit, a new morsel, to cut a new pattern, sketching along the seams and sewing (and stroking) only later to rip apart -- to fall prey to the hereditary vice of the Buendías. But, for reasons that will be the topic of much that will follow, this distyle will not allow for argument, for explanation in the most explicit and, one might say, proper sense. And so the question of the proposal returns: how do I express my intention, my aim, *mi propósito*?

Perhaps, learning from *Glas*, I can cut and glue: in this case the "blurb" written by Derrida, inserted on the jacket, the outside of the inside, of the French edition of *Glas*, and later, inevitably, translated on page twenty-eight of *Glassary*.

These are the concerns around which I will re-cite the texts I read. But how? Again, the question of method is a question of propriety. Must every critique of dialectics engage in dialectical procedures? Can the act of writing on criticism's desires to argue and explain, to thematize, analyze, and categorize escape not only formalizing these desires but giving in to them as well? (This question will be asked again, later, by way of speculating on the possibility for a *generalized* fetishism.) Can there be an irreducibly singular act of reading/writing that recognizes the impossibility of its singularity even as it gestures towards celebrating it? "I propose" (does this rhetoric *necessarily* constitute only a performative utterance?) a new business for reading/writing between literature and philosophy. I propose not to propose this business, but to present it. But the proper name of the Proposal calls, quite properly, for a more appropriate presentation. Perhaps this can take the form of pronouncements on "issues"; it will inevitably take the form of propaganda.

First: the (dis)style, as Derrida is afraid "the doctors" will call it.(*Glas*, 214a) But how to present how *Glas* is read/written? I read in *Glas*:

"There is a whole 'theory' of the event there -- by theory I understand *theater*, of course -- sewn from the same filial filaments, and a whole theory of the immemorial as well. But theory -- always blind on this point -- seduces us less than the event that slips away unravelling, in the studio, in the text, in the scene, on the stage."(*Glas*, 80b)

To present this theater of theory, a drama of reading and writing between literature and philosophy which offers this new business, I am going to have to use some props. I will take from *Glas*, by way of introduction, the remarks on this particular show business that seem most *apropos*:⁴

"This is -- a legend."

"Of the remain(s), after all, there are, always, overlapping each other, two functions.

The first assures, guards, assimilates, interiorizes, idealizes, relieves the fall into the monument...

The other -- lets the remain(s) fall. Running the risk of coming down into the same. Falls (to the tomb(stone)) --"

"A graft does not supervene upon the proper. The proper begins with finding in the graft its bursting: its appearing or its blowing, but also its morseling."

"Why make a knife pass between two texts? Why, at least, write two texts at once? What scene is being played? What is desired? In other words, what is there to be afraid of? who is afraid? of whom? There is a wish to make writing ungraspable, of course. When your head is full of the matters here you are reminded that the law of the text is in the other, and so on endlessly. By knocking up the margin -- (no) more margin, (no) more frame -- one annuls it, blurs the line, takes back from you the standard rule that would enable you to delimit, to cut up, to dominate. You are no longer let know where the head of this discourse is, or the body, the neck is dissimulated from you so that you cannot bear your own."

"It is not enough to be crafty, a general theory of the ruse *that would be part of it* must be available...

If I write two texts at once, you will not be able to castrate me. If I delinearize, I erect. But at the same time I divide my act and my desire. I -- mark(s) the division, and always escaping you, I simulate unceasingly and take my pleasure nowhere. I castrate myself -- I remain(s) myself thus -- and I 'play at coming.'

Finally almost."

"This structure -- discontinuous jump. breaking-in and allayed stay in a form open to its own proper negativity -- has no outer limit."

"The object of the present work, and its style too, is the *morsel*.

Which is always detached, as its name indicates and so that you don't forget it, by the teeth.

Insofar as it cannot, naturally, bind (band) itself (erect).

Graft itself at the very most, that it can still do."

"I have no intention of accounting for this, not because I keep the reason for it to myself, but rather -- since it has to do with grafting in any case and in every sense -- because the principle of reason perhaps is no longer in use. At least the reason cannot be asked of the one who writes.

So the operation would consist, for the moment, of merely carrying away the graft of the paranthetic organ, without knowing whether that bleeds or not, and then -- after the removal and a certain treatment that above all does not consist in curing -- to put back in place, to sew up again, the whole perhaps not growing quiet in its restored constitution, but on the contrary being slashed to pieces more than ever."

"...every thesis is (bands erect) a prosthesis; what affords reading affords reading by citations (necessarily truncated clippings, repetitions, suction, sections, suspensions, selections, stitchings, scarrings, grafts, pastiches, organs without their own proper body covered with cuts, traversed by lice).

Thus does a text become infatuated. With another. This does not happen without profit or loss for the organism that undergoes grafting after having been solicited, collared."

"The morsels, which I cut and sew in the text designated by the one named Genet, must neither destroy its form or quash its (prompting) breath (do not say its unity, the question posed here being one of knowing whether *a* text could be one and if such a thing exists any more than a unicorn), nor recompose nor recapture its integrity in one of those nets -- formal or semantic -- that we have feigned to throw and rethrow without counting: only in order to show or rather to draw beyond any manifestation that the net operates only insofar as it is beholden to a remain(s)."

"The rare force of the text is that you cannot catch (and therefore limit it to) saying: *this is that*, or, what comes down to the same thing, this has a relation of apophantic or apocalyptic unveiling, a determinable semiotic or rhetorical relation with that, this is the subject, this is not the subject, this is the same, this is the other, this text here, this corpus here. There is always some question of yet something else. Rare force."

"Is this heterogeneity of the interdict heterogeneous to the *general* (thus homogeneous) heterogeneity of the whole set of the ontological system? Can one ever speak of a *general heterogeneity*? Does the interdictory repression only introduce a flection of heterogeneity in addition (a reflection of the alterity)? Or else a heterogeneity that no longer lets itself be interned in a reflection?

Since the concept of general heterogeneity is as impossible as its contrary, such a question cannot pose itself. The question's posit(ion)ing is the question's annulment."

"Here again I do nothing other, can do nothing other, than cite, as you perhaps have just seen: only to displace the syntactic arrangement around a real or sham physical wound that draws attention to and makes the other be forgotten."

"Who dreams? Whom? Who writes? What? Who signs the miracle of the red rose? Who signs under this text that no less has its period, its rules?

Will there be bleeding?

The question can be left suspended for a while at least. The risk is to die before having written one's *glas*."

"Why cut off here?"

I have, of course, cited too much -- and too little. Still, I am faced with the very problem with which the dissertation will begin -- "what remains?" In part, I will suggest, what remains that has not yet been offered by those who have hunted and dug here previously, is a certain promise. In its style, its quasi-theory of the graft, and its singular reading, within and around the construct of Absolute Knowledge, of the family, its constitution, its relationship to the State, and its dispersion into the phallic religion of flowers in Hegel; and in its re-citing of the inscription of the signature as rebus, the demonumentalization of language through excess and the part-object fetishization of language in Genet, *Glas*

promises and presents an activity that resists the rhetoric of mastery and re-engages, at an angle of (economic, political, and sexual) *différance*, questions of power and desire as they resound in the inevitable oscillation between texts and readers.

"*Glas*: a science of remnants. Perhaps philosophy has always been such because it finds remainders (mere sounds, waste-products, contradictions, excrement, death) intolerable. Or an anti-science, what Georges Bataille called *heterology*, which tries to undo Hegel's dialectic swathing of the Discourse of the Other."(Hartman, 16)

I suggest this only here, and now. My task will be to enact it. By inscribing onto the chain of texts signed "Hegel," "Genet" a set signed "García Márquez," "Derrida" -- in which, ironically, in this "case," it is the "philosopher" whose distyle appears radical and the "novelist" who mimes the encyclopedic and detached signature of dialectical logic in order to turn it against itself and force it to cut itself, to make its own wound of its desire -- I hope to turn the chiasmatic structure of *glas*-writing another twist, to problematize the movement even further by reading the critique of dialectics as a literary celebration and the cutting, sewing, ripping, and resewing of excess in discourse as a philosophical interrogation. But I am moving much too fast here. And, within the logic of the proposal, too many issues remain.

Second: "Secondary" "Sources" -- Both out of the desire to fulfill an institutional Law and in order to strike at a few pertinent if only prefatory questions, I should provide space in this proposal for the appropriation of an other's property. Here, the rhetoric of argument, of persuasion -- indeed, the rhetoric of rhetoric -- seems inevitable. Still, the strategy of citation or prioritizing mention over use may defer the debate(s), at least for a while. And so, I will catalogue.

Very early, *Glas* reminds me of the relationship between "catachresis," "catafalque," and "cataglottism."(*Glas*, 2b) As Gayatri Spivak points out, this turns out to be a functioning "relationship" only in Derrida's singular exposition of "both expository and filial connections" in Hegel. Also in the service of exposition, I would add to this chain the "catalogue": a discourse in which the voice (the tongue, and the organs that

speak) are detached, separate, and yet can be heard in the spacing, the organization of entries. To catalogue, then, (on) the works about *Glas* and CA that may appear in the text:

In addition to *Glas* and CA, the works signed by these two writers that will play the most "prominent" roles will be...

(by J.D.)

Dissemination

"Cartouches," "+R," and "Restitutions" in *The Truth in Painting*

"Envois," and "Freud's Legacy" in *The Post Card*

Limited Inc.

"Living on: Border Lines" in *Deconstruction and Criticism*

"Proverb: 'He that would pun'," in *Glossary*

The Ear of the Other

Of Spirit

(By Gabriel)

No One Writes to the Colonel

"Leaf Storm"

In Evil Hour

Chronicle of a Death Foretold

The Story of a Shipwrecked Sailor

Clandestine in Chile

Love in the Time of Cholera

(material, bits, morsels from the other essays, novels, and stories will inevitably find their own way into (grafted onto) the text)

But are these, properly, "secondary" sources? ...another time.

Material that I hope will be most useful *on Glas* (and this "on" will, no doubt, often become a subject):

"*Glas-Piece: A Compte Rendu*," by Gayatri Spivak, in *Diacritics*, September, 1977. I cite this first because it is the reading of *Glas* that I suspect will appear most often attached to my signature, the one "piece" of property I will appropriate at length.

Saving the Text, by Geofferey Hartman. The blurb in an annotated bibliography I have not yet written might read, "A collection of five essays, the first three of which serve as the most comprehensive introduction and explication of *Glas*' codes available. Though Hartman reads *Glas* in too apocalyptic a fashion (announcing, as he does, the death of critical writing in the face of such a text... (but I am beginning to argue)) he does explain; he does the work necessary for an argument to take place. He even glosses *Glas*' most cryptic line: "Dionysos Erigone Eriopetale Reseda."

"*Ca Cloche*", by Sarah Kofman, in *Derrida and Deconstruction*, edited by Hugh Silverman. Kofman's essay on the function of the Freudian signature in the critique of Hegel and in the writing on (of) Genet demonstrates the relationship between *glas*-writing and a generalized fetishism. (Although he could not possibly be considered a *secondary* source, Freud's "Fetishism," "The Economic Problem of Masochism," and *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* will always be covering, even as they supplement, my text.)

"This (then) will not have been a book...'," by John Leavey, in *Glassary*. In the same bibliography might appear: "The most complex and detailed analysis of Derrida's work on Hegel in *Glas* and a piece or morsel of *glas*-writing in itself ("in itself?"); this is the piece that begins to re-cite *Glas* into other texts that carry Derrida's formidable signature."

Applied Grammatology and "Sounding the Unconscious," by Greg Ulmer (the latter essay in *Glassary*). If the signature is a rebus, like *Glas*, then Ulmer has read that particular rebus -- "signature" -- most carefully.

I must hurry. I must *only* mention:

"The Philosopher as Transvestite: Textual Perversion in *Glas*," by Jane Marie Todd, in *Literature as Philosophy/Philosophy as Literature*, edited by Donald Marshall.

"Herbarium, Verbarium: The Discourse of Flowers," by Claudette Sartiliot, in *Diacritics*, Winter, 1988.

"Misappropriations of the 'Feminine'," by Sally Robinson, in *Substance*, No. 59, 1989.

"Syllepsis," by Micheal Riffaterre, in *Critical Inquiry*, Summer, 1980.

"Deconstruction and the Question of Literature/Derrida," by David Carroll, in *Paraesthetics*.

"Of Spaced Columns," by Vince Leitch, in *Deconstructive Criticism*.

For all the texts named here (there are, of course, always others), the work on *Glas* has been almost exclusively expository. My project seeks to learn from *Glas* and from these commentaries, it does not seek to explain or even explicate either Derrida or his critics. It wishes to give up dreaming dreams of *Sa*, even as it, itself, continues, necessarily, to make such laughable lists. I would not be blind to genealogy (certainly CA would never allow

this) but I would also not be obsessed with it -- shut in, alone, fearing that if I forgot my concern even for a moment, my progeny might be born with the tail of a pig.

Critical work on García Márquez (such shorthand, even here and now seems dangerous) has been dominated by three (not so) separate tendencies: researching the events, places, and people from the history of Colombia and the history of the author and identifying their appearance in the writing; analyzing the structural myths and mythical structures that are repeated from text to text (examples are easy to name: "Circular Time," "Oedipus," "The Hero in Battle Returns," "Man Foolishly Battles Nature," "Absolute Power Corrupts Absolutely," etc.); and finding the moments in the texts that reveal their sources in American and Continental literature (see "Faulkner," "Kafka," "Melville," and other such proper names whose necessity here is, at least in part, a matter of chance).⁵ These strategies of history, myth, structure, and influence, are, of course, not unrelated. Indeed, the relationship between such powerful critical forces and Derrida's reading of the space between literature and philosophy will be a constant concern. Still, I should give my catalogue the appearance of completeness. I will name names.

But the annotated bibliography of critical work "on" García Márquez, it turns out, has already been done:

Gabriel García Márquez, an annotated bibliography in two volumes compiled by Margaret Fau and Nelly Sfeir de González, and published by Greenwood Press. I own this very expensive property. I hope, one day, for my signature to appear here.

Nevertheless, these are works that will appear on pages I will sign:

Gabriel García Márquez and the Powers of Fiction, edited by Julio Ortega, a collection of essays, mostly of the structural-myth variety, that uses the language of post-structuralism in mostly structuralist and neo-Marxist ways.

Latin American Literary Review's Special Issue: Gabriel García Márquez, June 1985. Illustrates clearly the each of the tendencies mentioned above, even an essay entitled "The Autumn of The Signifier: The Deconstructionist Moment of García Márquez," by Patricia Tobin will turn out to be useful only in the way that Sartre and Bataille's readings of Genet are in *Glas* -- the rhetoric of liberation in the service of *Sa*.

García Márquez: Writer of Colombia, by Stephen Minta. History as if there were no problem of the subject. This question, with this text, merits discussion.

Gabriel García Márquez, by Raymond Williams. Called by Fau "The most complete work

in English on García Márquez to date." And it is the Twayne Authors Series book. Bahktin shows up because CA has several languages.

One Hundred Years of Solitude, by Micheal Wood. (Why does the proper name dominate all of these titles? Does this resound within the authors' critical strategies?) History and Structures of Myths ("loops" and "incest").

Gabriel García Márquez, by George McMurray, Themes: "Decadence" and "Solitude" See *Glas*, 40-41b. "Departed are..."

Understanding Gabriel García Márquez, by Kathleen Mcnerney. Yes, she does in fact argue that CA's narrative is structured according to a long list of binary oppositions including the rational/the intuitive, man/woman, blue/red, and the "dual nature of reality." "As a way of approaching the novel, then, we can examine its major themes, how the author handles them, how he creates a reality, both magic and marvelous, in Macondo." There is much to say, also of a serious nature, but I am not arguing here.

"Gabriel García Márquez and the Invention of America," by Carlos Fuentes. A lecture which seeks to make singular the latin experience and tradition in these works.

[Needless to say, a comprehensive, formal bibliography, with all that the law demands in the way of times and locations and ownership of rights will accompany the project. I would appropriate. I would not steal.]

I have saved the text that will show up most often for last this time:

Gabriel García Márquez: New Readings, edited by Bernard McGuirk and Richard Cardwell. An appropriate title, not necessarily for these essays, but for the entire project. There are several pieces, bits, which I will attempt to chew on here (not now). Most specifically: "Translation and Genealogy: *One Hundred Years of Solitude*" by Edwin Williamson and "Free-play of Fore-play: the fiction of non-consumation: speculations on *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*," by Bernard McGuirk. With the latter text I find myself, my writing, sharing the most.

The role of "secondary" sources in the *glas*-writing I hope to perform is difficult to calculate. I suspect these citations will appear in the form, under the veil, of a certain as yet undetermined philosophical *eidōs*. Study and analysis of them will not be a "theme"; however the question of the study of secondary sources, the law of study, no doubt will be. If only for this reason -- but there are (too) many others -- I should have also listed here those texts, signed by a certain imperial eagle and a certain scatological flower, that appear abbreviated at the opening of *Glassary*. However, layers of citationality are potentially limitless and patience is not.

Third: "Translation" -- "José Arcadio felt himself lifted up into the air toward a state of seraphic inspiration, where his heart burst forth with an outpouring of tender obscenities

that entered the girl through her ears and came out of her mouth translated into her language. It was Thursday. On Saturday night, José Arcadio wrapped a red cloth around his head and left with the gypsies." (CA, 34)

"Everything had to be done in order to make the very experience of the untranslatable inevitable. Such an experience is reading itself; it could only happen in the course of a translation...

Briefly, the *double bind* that constrains the signature desire, ought we not recognize in that henceforth the scene of translation?" (*Glossary*, 20)

CA and *Glas*: two celebrations and interrogations of the necessity and the impossibility of translation. In one, the translation of texts -- Melquíades' "parchments" -- delineates the margins between the genealogical and the fictive narration, between all the interwoven discourses of experience and extra-experiences inscribed into and under the sign "Macondo." In the other, the desire to write "an untranslatable book" is supplemented by the undecidable, even singular activity of translation in the "face" of the fetish and the threat of a death knell that it poses to the disciplinary promise of *Sa*.⁶ I read both of these works "in translation."

Derrida has theorized the problematics of translation at great length in several essays. The arguments about the singularity of the tongue and the logocentric impulse towards a self-identical discourse is offered most thoroughly, it seems to me, in his reading of Benjamin's "The Task of the Translator" and the myth of Babel -- an essay whose title remains, in the translated version, untranslated: "*De Tours de Babel*." The critique of Benjamin's implication of "pure discourse" and the consequent account of translation as an activity caught always already between the possible and the impossible, between the singular and the transcendental, should, by now, be predictable. However, this already complicated issue is exacerbated by the constant concern in both *Glas* and CA for the power of the proper name as a supposedly singular and identifying grammar and for the dynamics within specific cultural and institutional contexts that play host, necessarily and for many important reasons, to (too) many languages. This project is ("(binds erect) the text," I will later come to say -- speaking yet another language) written in one of those contexts, a pedagogical institution.

In writing on these texts "in translation" (as if there were a choice), I will follow

Glas' rhetoric of profit and loss, of binding and remains, of suturing and bleeding. I will, for the most part, be working with that which Derrida and García Márquez have signed, with others, in English. And yet, in the "English" translation of *Glas*, just as, Derrida tells us, "in its so-called French version, translation devours *Glas*, which exhibits a passion for the foreign tongue." (*Glassary*, 17) I will, of course, never be able to account for what is lost, for what remains. But that, it should eventually become clear, will be precisely the point. I will also, however, have to insist on and respect the quasi-singularity of the translated text, the text with a "new proper name" (later, much later, we will see that Hegel comes to call the Holy Family the "family properly so-called"). If, at one time, the idea of translation (in Benjamin) implied the potential for the purity of a sacred text, then I admit to wanting to write a most impure translation of *Glas* and CA. But this strikes me as at least potentially appropriate since, throughout CA, translation leads either to orgasm or to death. In writing about translation, raising it without "relieving" it as a question, "in translation," I hope to once again surround the issues of property and propriety within the business of critical reading. This too will be another cut.

A closer, slower, more detailed reading of Derrida on translation is no doubt necessary to engage the law of the institution on this issue. There will be a space for that. However, here and now it should be pointed out that the issue of translation and its relationship to interpretation, reading, and writing, is first and foremost a political issue. A reminder:

"The deconstruction of a pedagogical institution and all that it implies. What this institution cannot bear, is for anyone to tamper with language, meaning both the national language and paradoxically, an ideal of translatability that neutralizes this national language. Nationalism and universalism. What this institution cannot bear is a transformation that leaves intact neither of these two complementary poles. It can bear more readily the most apparently revolutionary ideological sorts of 'content,' if only that content does not touch the borders of language and of all the juridico-political contracts that it guarantees." ("Living on: Border Lines," 94-95)

[I should try to proceed more slowly, more properly.]

Fourth: "Politics" (by Chance) -- "Later on, Mr. Brown was surprised traveling incognito in a third-class coach and they made him sign another copy of the demands. On the following day he appeared before the judges with his hair dyed black and speaking flawless

Spanish. The lawyers showed that the man was not Mr. Jack Brown, the superintendent of the banana company, born in Pratville, Alabama, but a harmless vendor of medicinal plants, born in Macondo and baptized there with the name of Dagoberto Fonseca. A while later, faced with a new attempt by the workers, the lawyers publicly exhibited Mr. Brown's death certificate, which bore witness that on June ninth last he had been run over by a fire engine in Chicago. Tired of that hermeneutical delirium, the workers turned away from the authorities in Macondo and brought their complaints up to the higher courts. It was there that the sleight-of-hand lawyers proved that the demands lacked all validity for the simple reason that the banana company did not have, never had had, and never would have any workers in its service because they were all hired on a temporary and occasional basis. So that the fable of the Virginia ham was nonsense, the same as that of the miraculous pills and the Yuletide toilets, and by a decision of the court it was established and set down in solemn decrees that the workers did not exist."(CA, 307)

[I do not know enough about politics. I certainly do not pretend to suggest that my work might offer political readings or political solutions, even as I know it cannot avoid them. I have never been convinced that this is or should be the explicit or, especially, singular task of critical reading/writing on literature. Still, what I am offering as a new critical business should not be heard as either a belle-lettrism or a new expressionism. There are specific, albeit aleatory logics at work here, and they cannot help but encounter always and everywhere the ideology of discourse and the discourse of ideology. I seek, rather, (learning, I hope, from *Glas*) to interrogate the conditions of these encounters.]

CA and *Glas*, are, so to speak, political texts. CA is political in excess of, if not in spite of, its explicitly political narrative. *Glas* is political only in so far as it raises, without relieving, the question of the political and its function within a fundamental ontology. The question of the political, it might turn out, will always also be the question of "prop-." Where to begin?

Between *Glas* and CA run at least (for the moment) two seams that demarcate not so much the political "content" of the works -- though such a thing must and certainly will be spoken -- but the interrogation (and interrment) of the functioning of "politics" and "discourse." At first, and only here and now in a preliminary manner, we might choose two chords or wires that manage, when pulled and released, to put into oscillation the political and the discursive as both ideological *and* ontological concepts: the Family and the State.⁷ In CA, the relationship between the Buendías as Family and the State as, most often, the author of an alternative history, takes place around the *eidōs* of *oikos*, the form and concepts of property, a "proper" family, and a "proper" home. The question of "proper" behavior always resounds within the conduct and value determinations made both by character(s) and narrator(s) within a certain reading/writing of the text. Most

importantly for my own project (not here and now, but later), the "proper" execution of executions and the "proper" period of mourning post-executions creates a telling dialogue between governmental propriety, religious propriety, sexual propriety (in CA as in Hegel the women tend to the dead, do the *glas*-work), and the propriety of the (written) subject. Other explicitly political issues, including the effects of American capitalism, the engagement with introduced technologies, the historical necessity of war, and the Gypsy as the subversive, discursive Other might also be catalogued here under the too general rubric of "politics" or even "ideology" or, more recently, "cultural historicization." However, to the extent that any reading/writing of these structures *within this text* and *under* this most singular signature might take place; such a ceremony is always in danger of ringing with the *glas* of "ends", the *glas* of *Aufhebung*, or both. It is always in danger of announcing all too loudly its own teleology. These "issues," described (in a manner of speaking) within the narrative of this "novel," could not -- for the purposes of *glas*-writing -- be described as "the politics of the text."

Rather, this project would propose to turn attention to the sights of exceeding, of overrunning the borders of the political through the interrogation of discourse and ontology. Thus, the ascension of Remedios the Beauty, and the extent to which it is both a sacred and profane story within a series of stories in CA, *Glas*, and in this case particularly, *The Phenomenology of Spirit*, raises the question of value and relation of an Other to any empiricist or idealist political formulation in what I suggest, at a certain point, becomes a far more dangerous mode(l). "Dangerous," in this case, precisely because such an "event" (and this use/mention is exactly the question) disturbs the very logic of *Sa* on which "authority" of several "types" is structured. (*Glas'* reading of the function of the Jew within Hegel's development of the Holy Christian Family as the family "properly so-called" because it includes the undecidable, "relieved" relationship of the Father to the Son will need to be sewn into the genealogical fabric of the Buendía text.) Similar remarks might be offered here in relation to gender issues, religious issues, and, of course, all of the concerns that still today fall too quickly and easily under the pyramid of a proper name

such as "the problem of history." In all of these "cases," the drawing and redrawing of text onto text and reading onto reading seeks to sketch out the "border lines" that allow these formulations, in one way or another, to "Live On." This is not to say that this project will be written about or even around "political" concerns; but it will certainly attempt, within a certain distyle, to r(e)adically rethink and reposition the founding and development of the question of "the political" within the chance-taking of a critical discourse.

Before the Law -- the guard at his post(e)⁸

Glas -- the Jew, the State, Absolute Religion, the Homosexual, the Penal Colony, the Family in all of these... but also the (always ideological) logic of the Post(e). In *No one Writes to the Colonel*, ontology is structured by and around a letter that never arrives (at its destination). In *CA* the problem of the mail, of sending and receiving messages (about the war, the world, the whereabouts of the the family), inscribes a constant undecidability (unreadability) into the status of knowledge. In *Love in the Time of Cholera*, experience becomes "reduced" to waiting and letter-writing, and the letters turn out to speak only in an already displaced voice. In *In Evil Hour* the challenge to the security of absolute authority (and knowledge) is pos(t)ed by unsigned letters of unknown origins and to no-one in particular. Breakdowns in the linear construction of communication routes not only challenge traditional assumptions about meaning and presence (that would be, here and now, cliched) but also continue to restructure, according to a new quasi-logic of the chance of a sound and the arbitrary accident(s) of the materiality of language(s) as (un)deciding variables, a new mode(l) of message -- a mode(l) to be found most fully built in *Glas*. This, it seems to me, might be considered a political act. (It is also why, I suspect, *Glas* is shocked to read Bataille's rather *non*-transgressive account of what he calls "Genet's Failure" -- Genet's having nothing to send along just these lines of "communication."(*Glas*, 219bi)) The critique of a semiology built on the potential for explanation, identity and, even, purification -- though (or because) it, by necessity and by chance, takes place in the disconcerting and even unreadable distyle of the graft --

challenges the reliance, mentioned earlier, of institutions on a certain principle of translatability.

Within the (too) hyper-rhetoric of an interview, Derrida has (too) quickly explained:

"These things are difficult, I admit; their formulation can be disconcerting. But would there be so many problems and misunderstandings without this complexity and without these paradoxes? One shouldn't complicate things for the pleasure of complicating, but one should also never simplify or pretend to be sure of such simplicity where there is none. If things were simple, word would have gotten around, as you say in English. There you have one of my mottos, one quite appropriate for what I take to be the spirit of the type of 'enlightenment' granted our time. Those who wish to simplify at all costs and who raise a hue and cry about obscurity because they do not recognize the unclarity of their good old *Aufklärung* are in my eyes dangerous dogmatists and tedious obscurantists. No less dangerous (for instance, in politics) are those who wish to purify at all costs." (*Limited Inc.*, 119)

Glas, as a certain tolling, sounds for the ringing certainty of *Aufklärung*. As such a tolling, it also fades out, in location and in time, and must be restruck, again and again, in each new reading/writing act; and it must also continually toll for itself, for reading/writing as an enterprise. It's sounding, like the *oikos*-work of deconstruction, is never successful or complete. It is always only a morsel. This, too, I suspect, might be a political position. Certainly, it raises, at least, the precise question of "position," "positing," "posting," "post." *Glas*-writing turns its knife not only on speculative dialectics or the disciplinary interment of "literature;" it also seeks to castrate itself with its own stylus. Calling up Genet's Police Chief and the last Buendía, it can only read/write, at a certain point, the history of its own death. Yet it can read/write that death with a continual affirmation, a joyous celebration of the heterogeneity of discursive engagement. At one "end" of *Glas* (though this, of course, cannot be), Hegel gives way to Nietzsche who still cannot control the remainder(s) *Glas* will take as its beginning.

"A time to perfect the resemblance between Dionysus and Christ.
Between the two (already) is elaborated in sum the origin of literature.
But it runs to ruin, for it counted without" (*Glas*, 262a)

...what remains...

Fifth: "Presentation" (the rebus) -- "The question at stir here, precisely, is that of presentation.

While the form of the 'book' is now going through a period of general upheaval, and while that form appears less natural, and its history less transparent, than ever, and while

one cannot tamper with it without disturbing everything else, the book form alone can no longer settle -- here for example -- the case of those writing processes which, in *practically* questioning that form, must also dismantle it."(*Dissemination*, 3)

"I, Miguel Littín, son of Hernan and Cristina, and a film director, was home after twelve years of exile, though still exiled within myself, for I came with a false identity, a false passport, even a false wife. My face and appearance were so altered by make-up and unfamiliar clothing that even close friends would fail to recognize me in broad daylight some day later."(*Clandestine in Chile*, 1)

What is the plan? What will it look like? How will the rebus work? The question of presentation is, in this case, the most difficult one to raise, without "relieving," within the (too) proper logic of a proposal. Already, it should be clear that the logic which would seek to present a *glas*-writing between these innumerable texts is both aleatory and necessary at the same time. It selects, cuts, and grafts, according to always already determined interrogations of a corpus (and interments of corpses), those pieces and those legends that when read into and through each other, contaminate the field of the "original" texts to such an extent that the notions of contamination and originality (two very political signifiers) must be radically repositioned. It uses the "gl- effect," (all those agglutinating words which come from behind the throat or from the behind (*derrière*)), to stick together, temporarily, the fragments of a quasi-singular act of reading; not for the purposes of comparison or contrast (though such procedures will be inevitable and are only proper), but in order to reposition certain questions about the space between literature and philosophy and the show business of critical appropriation. This distyle proceeds not only along the fortunate accidents of the materiality of language (puns, consonant effects, signature effects, the transliteration of proper names, literalization of metaphor, etc); not only according to the always deferring logic of the post(e) (the failure of writing and reading as epistemological and, occasionally, even ontological practices to ever arrive at their destination (*Sa*)); not only according to the graphism of the graft (*Glas'* cuts, castrations, truncations and its binding erect, its monumentalization and fetishizing -- CA's executions, impossible mournings, wounds, delinearizations, and always incomplete translations); but it also proceeds along the movement of a certain Freudian game of *fort/da*, of profit and

loss, of arriving and leaving, of mock-dialectics (*sans Sa*), of, in a word, "speculation."⁹ The task will be to produce what *Glas* calls a *navette* style, an alternate(ive) prosody that shuttles in an untranslatable fashion as it seeks to engage in as well as investigate a particular sort of (to put it too crudely) phenomenology of reading/writing. (On whose part? By whom? For whom? These are the questions that will continually recite themselves.) The movement, it seems to me, should be finally towards what Nietzsche, in *Glas*, calls "the vast and boundless Yes...."(*Glas*, 262b) But even this is impossible:

"It grates. Rolls on the tree trunks lying down. Pulleys. The greased ropes grow taut, they are all you hear, and the breathing of slaves bent double. Good for pulling. Proofs ready for printing. The cracking whip of the foreman. A regaining of bound force. The thing is oblique. It forms an angle already with the ground. Slowly bites again its shadow, dead sure (death) of (it)self. So little (phallus) would have been necessary, the slightest error of calculation, they say distyle, if it falls (to the tomb), if it is inclined and clines towards the other's bed, the machine is still too simple, the pre-capitalist mode of writing."(*Glas*, 262b)

My mother liked CA...

CA appears, under a certain reading, to be a very Hegelian book. Its discourse on the Family, its apparent temporal *and* spatial closure under the *Aufhebung* of written history (one hundred years), its putting into oscillation the relationship(s) between Father(s) and Son(s) and even its miming of a detached (unsigned) referential narration all give it the appearance of what Hegel might have called "a synthesis of spiritual art." But CA, like *Glas* and Genet's "What Remains of a Rembrandt...", is (also) a fake. It becomes part of *Glas*' "general theory of the ruse," the "generalized" fetishism that Freud only speculates about in his essay, wherein the part-object of the fetish takes on, through a supplementary logic of transference, the ability to radically displace the signified from its entire field of reference. CA "plays at coming" into the Hegelian fold, only in order then to cut, to continually truncate (castrate?), and then bind erect (re-graft, re-cite) the narrative procedures according to alternative, different(ial) perspectives. (Consider, along these lines, the "event" of the massacre" which an already written history might tell us actually "took place" at 1:30 a.m. on the sixth of December in 1928 at the Cienaga railway station

by troops under the command of General Carlos Cortes Vargas. This "event" is not simply transliterated in CA; it is thoroughly translated, refracted through the fragmented lenses of the State, written history and the subject (José Arcadio Segundo.)

Clandestine in Chile and *Tale of a Shipwrecked Sailor* further interrogate even as they mime the assumptions of a restricted, referential Hegelian economy. In these texts, the relationship of the writing subject to the "facts" of journalism is delimited by the appropriation of an Other's proper name, proper voice. By writing, as someone else, in first person, a "real" story, García Márquez moves the subject position of the Other (the abandoned sailor, the exiled artist) both closer to and farther from the "real" in any Hegelian sense. This is a dialectics of subjectivity that should not be possible, since *Sa* does not allow for contamination. These "stories" contaminate the idealist and ideological assumptions of documentary journalism with the excesses of the literary, just as, from the other side of the fold, in *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, the fictive ruse of "literature" is contaminated by the desire for the encyclopedic and logical motion of historical narrative on the part of journalism (it is, at least in part, this desire that makes inevitable Santiago Nassar's murder). This non-principle of contamination, of spilling and bleeding are presented in a (quasi)-mock linear narrative which continually allows for gaps in the allegedly, objectively "real." These gaps, these spaces or marks for cutting are the scene of *Glas'* writing and *glas*-writing. This is one sort of argument that might, (not here, not now) be made for the appropriateness of turning this distyle, which performs the critiques of the subject and *Sa*, towards yet another signature.

Genet's mother, she who named him and identified him, as "Jean" and "thief," was named Gabrielle...

Glas and CA share a discourse of the mother. The mother, as she who is missing in the active relationship between family and State in Hegel, because she can only remain "at home," earth bound, Mary to God the Father; as she who is all that defines that most

unChristian family of Genet's, where there is no father, and therefore only chance; as she who lives through CA, eternally, almost, the figure that founds, defines, and later confuses and fragments identity; is also she, in all of these texts, from whom everything is, finally, stolen. These are texts of theft, and the new business of critical *glas*-writing cannot forget (even as it must ignore) the necessity of theft. Therefore it cannot (even, as Nietzsche would remind us, it must) forget the mother. This is not an Oedipal problem so much as it is a genealogical problematization of the bringing of the subject to consciousness. All of this is another thread to be pulled.

The mother of the Buendía's, Úrsula, eventually, to hide her blindness, begins "walking about with her right arm raised like the Archangel Gabriel..."

Gabriel brings the word of God to (wo)man, to the mother.

Gabriel brings the spiritual to the corporeal.

Gabriel brings the magical to the real.

Gabriel brings the oscillation.

Gabriel brings *Glas*.

...and, of course, what (*qué*) does Gabriel always bring?

The marks.

à *propos* (remark) of (de) García Márquez.

"Writing: *a la deriva y derribar*" --

In Spanish, to be *a la deriva* is to be adrift. *Derribar*, on the other hand, is a verb meaning to demolish, overthrow, tumble down, or collapse. Derrida's signature, in all its oscillation, turns out to be written, to speak, to resound, in García Márquez' tongue. *Glas* seeks both to drift and demolish, to move without direction and to re-direct its questioning (of Hegel, of philosophy, of literature, of excess, of Genet, of writing, etc.). CA also drifts, like the shipwrecked sailor, through the times of a Family, through insomnia and

amnesia, executions and mournings, sex, reading, and death; even as it demolishes, collapses the very structures it would seek to keep clean (this is the fate, of course, of the Buendía house).

A recent catalogue of home technology products ("*oikos*," "*techne*," "cata-," the chain never ceases to appear) advertises a new, hand-held machine that translates Spanish into English and back. It is called a "Derribador." Even as it slips in and out of tongues it promises to "knock down barriers to understanding." My own work with "El Derribador" and "Monsieur Marque" cannot make such a promise, nor even propose to proceed with such a desire, along such lines. (Perhaps that is why, following a different law and a different logic, it will not cost as much.) However, the project proposed, like the texts it reads/writes, will seek both to drift and to collapse in certain ways and with strategies that it (almost) appropriates from the pages that command its attention. By doing this it would risk playing the Archangel, not to bring any divine word, but to find a position within which to oscillate between worlds -- between literature and philosophy, dialectics and fetishes, the "old" world and the "new," readers and texts -- and also to write into all of these signature effects a new one, not a bit as prophetic as it would appear, but also in oscillation between the one who proposes and the shithouse: John.¹⁰

But this is still only a question of the "promise." What is missing, here, now, under and perhaps because of a certain "prop(er)" logic, are the particulars -- the innumerable sentences, paragraphs, characters and manipulations that are to be played and flayed, shown and sewn. We are still (only) in the future, in prophecy and lottery, in the space of Pilar Tenera's cards and Matthew Paris' post-card, both of which would "tell" the story to come and both of which, in their respective texts, evolve into lotteries, into the buying (or taking) of a chance. On the back of one of Paris' cards, unsigned, dated "30 August, 1977," appears the following words of frustration: "I am still waiting for you to answer the precise, direct question that I asked you, waiting for you to answer it otherwise, in a non-dilatory or evasive way. I want no more remissions. Henceforth the thing cannot

suffer any more detours, we owe it to ourselves to suffer no more detours. I have gone as far as I could...."(Post Card, 44) The risk of (always) another detour is the risk that *glas-writing* would seek to run. It can do nothing other than take a chance on the strategy of the graft and, having lost the wager (as it must always lose the wager), it then faces the question of what to do with the torn up tickets -- of what to do with "what remains?"

Translator's Notes

[*Glas* has no notes. No citations are marked. For crucial reasons, the work is left for its translators (of all types).]

[*One Hundred Years of Solitude* has no notes. That work, with all its uncertainties, must also be left for a certain group of translators.]

[These notes are written in a different voice than *à propos*, by someone with other desires.]

1. The first two epigraphs are from *Glas*, 80b and 75a respectively. (Citations for *Glas* are given first by page number, then by a letter "a" or "b," denoting left or right hand column, then, in certain cases, by an "i," denoting an insert within that column. This format is also used in John Leavey's *Glassary*.) The final epigraph is from *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, 387. It is likely the the author left these particular citations unaccounted for because, as of yet, in this reading/ writing, they have no proper context.

2. This is the beginning of a certain layering of citationality, perhaps in order to problematize the notion of "personal property." *Glas* begins, on the left side, discussing the words "here" and "now," which it tells us are "citations." It never locates these citations, but the words are also the centerpiece of a critique, early in Hegel's *The Phenomenology of Spirit*, of the reliability of "sense-certainty." By answering the question "What is 'now'?", according to sense-certainty, with "Now is night", and then writing that answer down and waiting until morning, Hegel concludes that -- since "a truth cannot lose anything by being written down, any more than it can lose anything by our preserving it"(59-60) -- the truth value of sense-certainty has proven questionable. The critique of empiricism which follows upon this demonstration turns out to rely quite heavily on the citing of this "here" and this "now."

3. Early in *Glas*, Derrida formally announces that "Sa" will be "the siglum of *Savior absolu*." He then goes on to tease out the "properly singular tachygraphy" of *Sa* -- drawing upon its resonance with "sa" (as Saussure's abbreviation for the signifier, opposed to "se," signified), with "ça" (as "thing" in general), with "ça" (as the translation of the Freudian "Id"), and with "ça" (as the possessive pronoun with a missing feminine object). Throughout *Glas* all these senses operate simultaneously to "exhibit" the "borders" of *Sa*. The author of the proposal (and the project) will, hereafter, continue this chain by adding "CA," which, though it should call *Sa* to mind, should, via its capitalization, announce itself as the now-proper name for *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, which, in Spanish (its (m)other tongue), is *Cien Años de Soledad*. CA will be the siglum of *Cien Años*....

Also, the remarks about Hegel's "willingness" to sign are not speculations as to authorial intent, but refer to a discussion early in *Glas* on the desire to erase one's signature within philosophical discourse, particularly the discourse of *Sa*.

4. Here again the locations of the citations seem to be missing. Perhaps this is because the author, at this point, seeks to construct a pastiche of *Glas* fragments that both delineate a description of how *Glas* is written and yet still resist the logic of description. In any case, the passages, in order of their appearance are:

1.(1a) 2.(1b) 3.(34b) 4.(64b) 5.(65b) 6.(107a) 7.(118b) 8.(124-25b) 9.(168b) 10.(169b) 11.(198-99a) 12.(198-199b) 13.(215b) 14.(61b) 15.(214b)

5. The critical operation or search for the proper name missing from this review is, of course, the identification of "magic(al)- realism" (versions differ). If the secondary criticism of *Glas* and CA have anything in common, it would be that critics continually express hesitation, even outright fear at writing about either text. In García Márquez criticism, these apologias usually include a word or two about the difficulty of using a term like "magical realism" with any accuracy. This is, of course, not the problem. The term, which actually has a long history (dating back, in different variations, to Cervantes' time) seems to have been given much of its common currency in Latin America by the critic Angel Flores; however in America this seems to have been accomplished more by *Time* magazine. It is often defined in terms of two separate writing strategies: narrating the extraordinary in a matter-of-fact voice and narrating the ordinary in an extraordinarily hyperbolic style (the ascension of Remedios vs. the description of ice in CA). Needless to say there are several difficult and important problems of definition in such a term and such a description. The author here seems to be planning to discuss these sorts of passages in terms of the retained and the excessive, and so the term is not likely to appear very often.

6. It is important to recall, here, that there is a long and crucial passage in *Glas* on reading Mallarme's translation of Poe's "The Bells."(153-160b) This reading will have to be considered in any discussion of *Glas* and translation and it also helps to account for our author's choice of metaphors here (remembering, of course, that "*glas*" translates first as the tolling of a death knell, almost an onomatopoeia, and that *cloche* in French is "bell" but is also slang for "jerk" and a form of the verb "to limp" [*clocher*], and the phrase *cacloche*, bringing together two tachygraphies, can be translated as a colloquial expression: "something's not right, off kilter, doesn't ring true." All of these will be featured in *Glas*). This note could, of course, go on....

7. The author's gift of the status of proper name to these words seems appropriate given the role they will come to play in his drama. To capitalize, *Glas* argues at one point, is also to cryptonomize, to mark these words for a certain death. This argument is based, in large part, on the work of Nicholas Abraham and Maria Torok on the role of language, especially proper language, in the discourse of the unconscious. This has to do with the notion of a particular patient's language (in this "case," Freud's Wolfman) being encoded or encrypted in such a way that it is both buried and monumentalized. (This sort of semiology, ironically, can be linked, by its difference, with Hegel's linguistic model of the pit and the pyramid to describe the relationship between word and object, signifier and symbol.) For more on cryptonomy and the proper see *The Wolfman's Magic Word: A Cryptonomy* and Derrida's foreword, "*Fors*". Also, for the Hegelian connection, see "The Pit and the Pyramid: An Introduction to Hegel's Semiology" in Derrida's *Margins of Philosophy*.

8. The following passage assumes a certain familiarity with the Postal Logic delineated at some length in Derrida's *The Post Card*. The postal system serves as a certain type of extended metaphor for Derrida as he discusses the relationship between Plato, Socrates, Freud, and writing. All of the intricacies of this metaphor cannot be unpacked here. For the quickest and easiest review of the plays upon "post," see Alan Bass' translator's glossary in the beginning of *The Post Card*, (xxv-xxvi). Also, Ulmer's *Applied Grammatology* delineates the function of "post" and "card" as models quite thoroughly.

For our purposes here, the reader should recall that a post-card is both a public and private discourse (since it can always be read) which threatens to arrive at places (eyes) other than its destination and that the dream of a postal logic of uninterrupted sending and receiving is the dream of *Sa*. Also the movement of the postal system will later be linked to the movement of Freud's theory and Freud's writing of *Fort and Da* in and through *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, and to the shuttling of the *navette* in *Glas*.

9. The word "speculation" is being used here in the way that it comes to function in Derrida's reading of Freud's distinct writing strategies. In "Freud's Legacy," Derrida will argue that when Freud risks speculation (about the Death Instinct, for example) he gives himself over to a logic of chance and excess that deconstructs the linear dialectical logic he would use in his science of psychoanalysis. Speculation plays the *fort/da* game without the inscribed teleology of either dialectics or treatment. It also, more often than not, plays it according to an undetermined logic of oscillation within the structures of language and the unconscious.

10. The author here has again relied upon a certain layering of citationality. This includes but is not limited to the following readings:

 between the proposer (of speculative dialectics -- *Hegel*) and the shithouse (into which *Genet* would ram his Rembrandt at the outset of *Glas*)

 between the proposer (of CA -- *Gabriel* -- who proposes, announces the birth and deaths of prophets and mothers) and the shithouse (of *Glas*, *Derrida's* distyle of excrement and excess that contaminates philosophy and literature)

 and "John" here, now, as the proper name of the proposer and still the name of a shithouse.

Also, *Glas* reminds us that Gabriel also announced the birth of John the Baptist to Zacharia, saying "...and you shall call his name John." (Luke)