

Texts

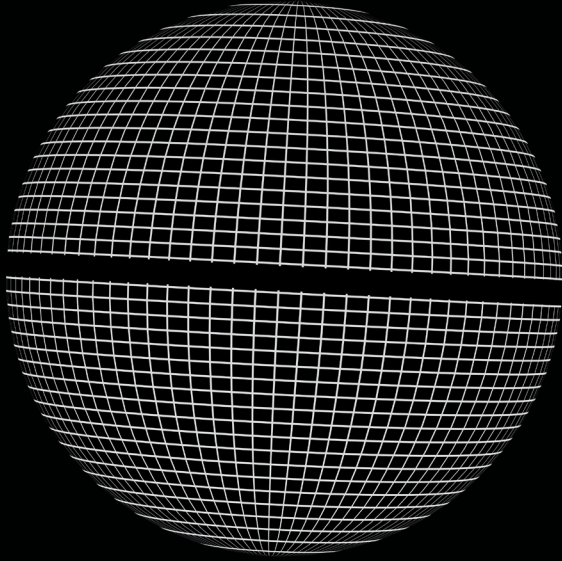
Craig Kalpakjian

“Even a small boat typically  
casts a wide debris field”

March 30–May 6, 2023

Drawing texts

1



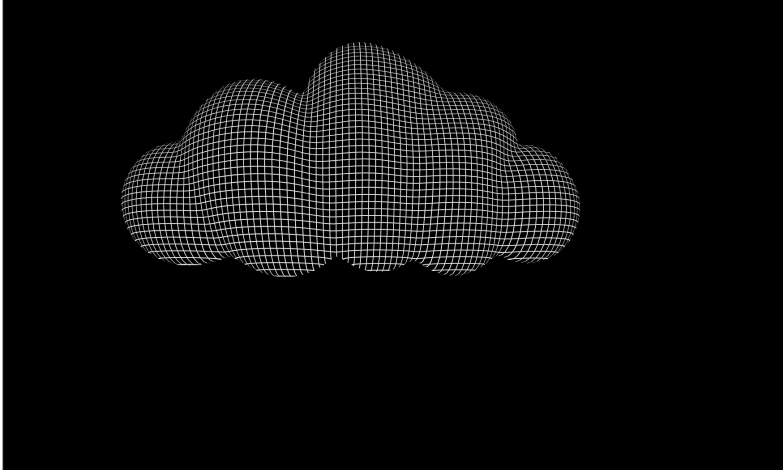
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Had it been ordinary flute-playing, no doubt we would soon have moved on again, for in our city it is not uncommon to hear music from some house or other, even late at night, but the playing was so strange that we lingered. It was not outstanding, it was not entirely amateurish; what compelled the attention was that it was unlike anything one describes and learns as music. The theme was no tune that was known to us; no doubt the musician was expressing his own thoughts, and even if they were not his own, he put so much more into them that they could be seen as such. The most tantalizing thing was that once he had begun a passage and enticed the ear to follow, there always came something other than you expected and had the right to expect, so that you had to keep starting from the beginning, and following along, ending up in a confusion that verged on madness. And yet despite its incoherence there was a grief and a lament and some other alien thing in this playing, as though the musician were using clumsy means to tell of his woe. It was almost touching. "Strange," my husband said, "he must have had an odd way of learning the flute, he strikes up the melody right, but he doesn't keep it up, he takes things too quickly, he can't make the breath last, he hurries it, and it breaks off, and yet there's a kind of heart in his playing."

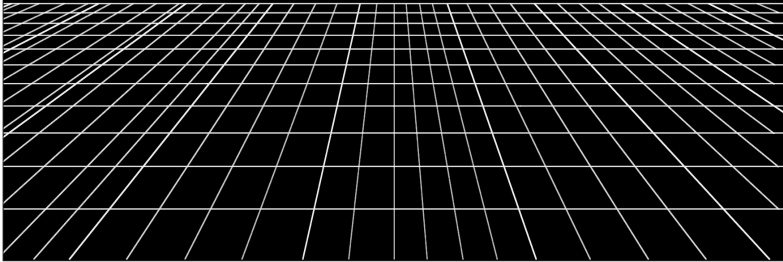
But then at a certain moment, without being able to distinguish any clear outline, or to give a name to what was pleasing him, suddenly enraptured, he had tried to grasp the phrase or harmony — he did not know which — that had just been played and that had opened and expanded his soul, as the fragrance of certain roses, wafted upon the moist air of evening, has the power of dilating one's nostrils. This time he had distinguished quite clearly a phrase which emerged for a few moments above the waves of sound. It had at once suggested to him a world of inexpressible delights, of whose existence, before hearing it, he had never dreamed, into which he felt that nothing else could initiate him; and he had been filled with love for it, as with a new and strange desire. With a slow and rhythmical movement it led him first this way, then that, towards a state of happiness that was noble, unintelligible, and yet precise. And then suddenly, having reached a certain point

from which he was preparing to follow it, after a momentary pause, abruptly it changed direction, and in a fresh movement, more rapid, fragile, melancholy, incessant, sweet, it bore him off with it towards new vistas. Then it vanished. He hoped, with a passionate longing, that he might find it again, a third time. And reappear it did, though without speaking to him more clearly, bringing him, indeed, a pleasure less profound.

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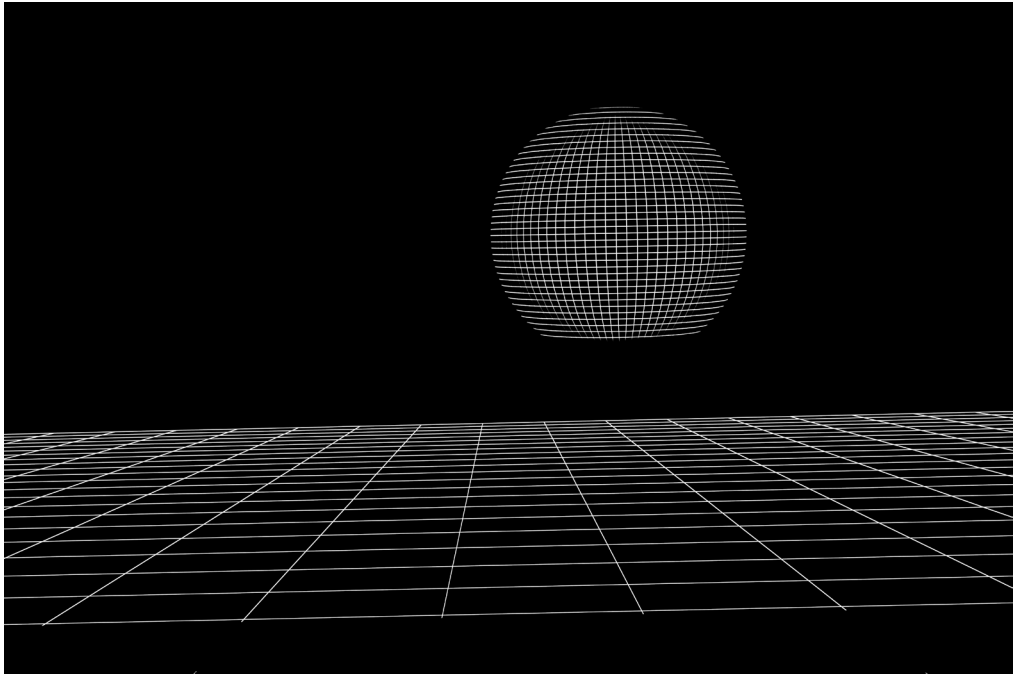
In this view, the ego and the id should not be considered as two separate agencies or entities. The ego, Freud specifies, is not opposed to the id, it is merely a special and specialized part of it. And it is special because it is specialized. The ego, Freud tells us, is an organization. Furthermore, we might go so far as to suggest that the ego is not only an "organization," it is, in a very profound sense, a political organization. Therefore it is no accident that Freud, who always loves to describe psychic structures with political analogies, outdoes himself in the sections of Inhibitions, Symptoms, and Anxiety devoted to the structure of the ego. Indeed, these sections of the text almost read like a treatise in political theory. Finally, although I cannot fully substantiate this claim here, I would suggest that the political dimension of the ego is a consequence of its uncanny nature. Simply put, it is destined to be political because it cannot be itself, cannot found itself or define itself in relation to any other.

"There is no doubt," he said quietly, "that there is some enormous organization determining what is said by this court. In my case this includes my arrest and the examination taking place here today, an organization that employs policemen who can be bribed, oafish supervisors and judges of whom nothing better can be said than that they are not as arrogant as some others. This organization even maintains a high-level judiciary along with its train of countless servants, scribes, policemen and all the other assistance that it needs, perhaps even executioners and torturers—I'm not afraid of using those words. And

what, gentlemen, is the purpose of this enormous organization? Its purpose is to arrest innocent people and wage pointless prosecutions against them which, as in my case, lead to no result. How are we to avoid those in office becoming deeply corrupt when everything is devoid of meaning? That is impossible, not even the highest judge would be able to achieve that for himself.



6



5

It may be almost impossible to speak about the animal “as such,” precisely because the many animals and animal figures in the case operate at so many different and mutually exclusive levels of reality and psychic organization. There is in fact a vertiginous array of fauna, a veritable bestiary in the text. Aside from the famous wolves, there are important references to: sheep, sheep-dogs, flies and beetles, caterpillars, snakes, horses, a wasp, goats, a fledgling bird, a giant caterpillar, a snail, and, finally, a swallow-tail butterfly that, we discover, is a second animal incarnation of the same anxiety that produced the famous wolf dream. Some of these animals are representations that come from fairytales and picture books, some are produced as dream images,

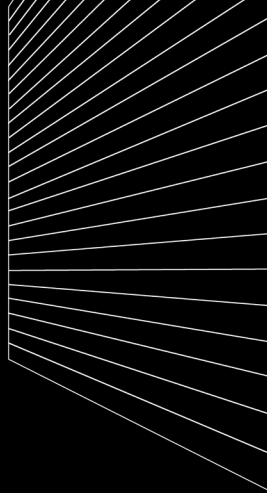
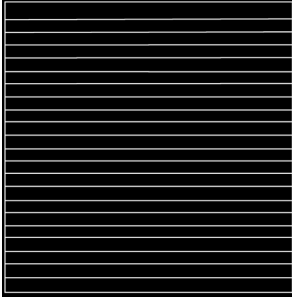
And as time went on and people poked their noses into more and more of the world and grew cleverer and cleverer, they also realized that they had been sleeping until then, and they saw for the first time what life really was. Electrons, waves, vibrations in the ether: These formed the world. These were the true reality. These were real. We scatter feelings, thoughts, and ideas over these facts. We even imagine we act. This great, stunning truth appeared among human beings and spread among them like wildfire. And when, unavoidably, it spread to Nature too, to the plants and animals and elements, a great sadness commenced among them. They were shocked and shattered, overcome with fear, dread, horror. Anyone who wonders how this happened—how the news reached Nature, and how it could have such an effect—should keep in mind that humanity enjoys great respect in Nature and, one might say, is considered its head. Various acts of carelessness had occurred. Professors had discussed the new theory at home, in the presence of their dogs; other dogs had escaped the labs where they had been subjected to various painful experi-

and some are animals encountered in the world. And some are animals that stand in for humans. In short, the animals are not always, or not simply, animals. More problematically still, it seems that animals can move from one status to another with remarkable flexibility. Animal figures operate at every level of the case and intervene in complicated ways in its conceptual framework. Indeed, in what follows, I hope to demonstrate that animals occupy a critical, albeit somewhat obscure, role in many if not most of the major theoretical issues raised by the case. These would include: the temporal status of the primal scene and the structure of *Nachtraglichkeit*, the relationship between primal scene and primal fantasies, the specificity of infantile sexuality, primal repression and the formation of the unconscious, castration and sexual difference, and the grounds for establishing the distinction between “animal” instinct (*Instinkt*) and “human” drive (*Trieb*).

ments in connection with the teachings; guinea pigs, vaccinated and unvaccinated, got away and told their species mates—and anyone else who was interested—what they had experienced. Among the white mice and the flies used for genetic experiments, the new teachings were soon on everyone’s lips. From the dogs the information reached the cats, in the course of their usual quarrels, and from the cats, during various hunts for birds they wanted to stun, to the birds. (The news turned out to be excellent bait from the cats’ point of view: quite a number of birds were immediately paralyzed with amazement upon hearing it, so that their heads could be bitten off without any trouble.) The birds, born reporters, then carried the news far and wide, into the surrounding area and foreign lands. What did they hear, what terrible news was conveyed to them then, vouched for by the authority of humankind? That they had not lived. They had only imagined it. Now it was known who actually lived.

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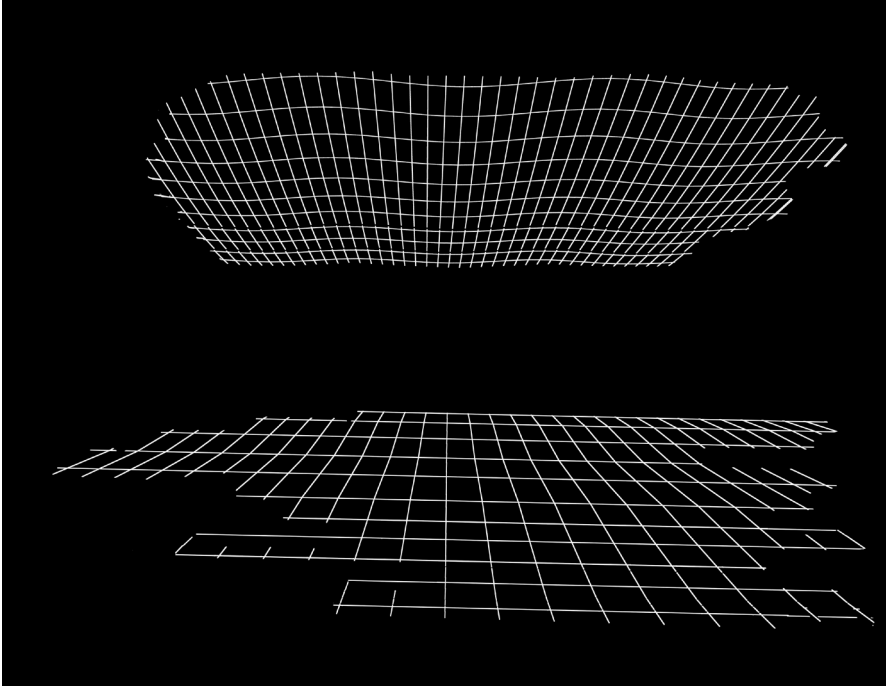


I was never a member of the Communist Party. I was a member of the American Artists Congress and I permitted my name to be used as a sponsor of the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace. I was never an 'art director' of 'New Masses' or a 'member of the editorial council' of 'Soviet Russia Today', but worked occasionally for those magazines as technical advisor with regard to typographical layout and artwork. I illustrated a pamphlet once for the American Jewish Labor Council and helped a friend of mine conduct an experimental 'cartoon' workshop for a few weeks one semester at the Jefferson School of Social Science. I was a freelance typographical designer and artist in the late 1930's and early 1940's, and none of my jobs had anything to do with the politics and editorial policies of the magazines, organizations, and institutions mentioned above.

How would it be if we asked the city to demand written statements from each master, saying whether they want the leadership to explain if it means to go Marxist?... Yesterday Endemann spoke harshly to me of the current course...Only Kuhr and Heiberg (and perhaps Hilberseimer) are for it. Gunda, although "anti-bourgeois", is for a raise and a professorship. Kuhr is leader of a Marxist work group. There are 3 of them. The second is led by Borowski who was turned down after the first semester but stayed on, believing that the KPD38 would authorize a Bauhaus State... There is also protest in the building department against Heiberg, who is all for a Marxist working collective, His appointment clearly marked a shift...Why hire him without probation?... Why starting at the highest salary?

Here the atmosphere is very tense. The Bauhaus is completely politicized. It cannot go on like this much longer. The Meisterhaus is great, but work is being poisoned.

9



10

There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their liberties taken away from them, but will rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.  
 They may not mean to, but they do.  
 They fill you with the faults they had  
 And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn  
 By fools in old-style hats and coats,  
 Who half the time were sappy-stern  
 And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.  
 It deepens like a coastal shelf.  
 Get out as early as you can,  
 And don't have any kids yourself.

["Music"]

- 1 Adalbert Stifter, *Motley Stones: "Tourmaline"*
- 2 Marcel Proust, *In Search of Lost Time, Vol I: Swann's Way*

["Organization"]

- 3 Elissa Marder, *The Mother in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*
- 4 Franz Kafka, *The Trial*

["Animals"]

- 5 Elissa Marder, *The Mother in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*
- 6 Alfred Döblin, *Bright Magic: Stories, "Materialism: A Fable"*

["Letters"]

- 7 Ad Reinhardt; Letter to the US Dept. of State, 1958 [from Michael Corris, *Ad Reinhardt*]
- 8 Josef Albers; Letter to Ludwig Grote (Chief Conservator of Anhalt) & Franz Perderkamp, 1930 [from Charles Darwent, *Josef Albers: Life and Work*]

["Generations" (texts for/from Leslie Winer)]

- 9 Aldous Huxley, Speech to the Tavistock Group, California Medical School, 1961
- 10 Philip Larkin, "This Be The Verse"