Honor, Power, and the Love of Women

In 1911, just as the expressionist movement was gaining momentum in German-speaking countries, Freud speculated that the origin of the creative impulse lies in frustration, a sense that reality is impervious to desire:

> The artist is originally a man [and we will soon discover why, for Freud, the role of artist is invariably masculine] who turns away from reality because he cannot come to terms with the demand for the renunciation of instinctual satisfaction as it is first made, and who then in phantasy-life allows full play to his erotic and ambitious wishes. But he finds a way of return from this world of phantasy back to reality; with his special gifts he moulds his phantasies into a new kind of reality, and men [the spectator posited here is also masculine] concede them a justification as valuable reflections of actual life. Thus by a certain path he actually becomes the *hero, king, creator, favourite he desired to be,* without pursuing the circuitous course of creating real alterations in the outer world.[1]

When he assigns art a compensatory role, Freud appears merely to repeat the basic error of Western art theory (Hegel: "The necessity of the esthetically beautiful [derives from] the deficiencies of immediate reality").[2] Why must art always be defined as an *alternative* to reality? Sometimes art is a *recognition* of reality, a mode of apprehending and of representing it. And why do we tend to neglect the fact that works of art always exist as *part of* the material world? Thus, Freud's treatment of the artist could easily be indicted for complicity with philosophical esthetics. Such an indictment, however, would have to overlook what is truly original here: Freud—like the expressionists—situates art not in

relation to reality, but in relation to *desire*. Even more importantly, he locates it in relation not only to the artist's desire, but to the spectator's desire as well. The work of art is the token of an intersubjective relation between artist and spectator; the investigation of this relation is the task of a properly psychoanalytic esthetics.[3]

However, the desire that Freud attributes to the artist and the source of the pleasure he attributes to the spectator are by no means unproblematic. Both are motivated, he proposes, by a (masculine) desire to be a hero. The artist's hopes of royalty and of mastery were explicitly stated in 1911 ("hero, king, creator, favourite"). Six years later, when he reiterates this definition in the *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*, Freud will have more to say about the spectator's pleasure; in Lecture 23 he writes, "[The artist] makes it possible for other people once more to derive consolation and alleviation from their own sources of pleasure in their unconscious which have become inaccessible to them." That is, the spectator recognizes the desire of the artist represented in the work as his own (repressed) desire, and the lifting of repression is invariably accompanied by a sensation of pleasure. Esthetic pleasure, then, is essentially narcissistic: it arises from the viewer's identification of his own desire with the desire of the other (in this case, of the artist). (Elsewhere, Freud writes of the spectator of *Hamlet*: "The precondition of enjoyment is that the spectator should himself be a neurotic.")[4]

Since the desire to be a hero is shared by artist and spectator alike, it is tempting to regard it as innate and immutable—to posit a universal human desire for mastery. There is, however, an alternative to this essentialist reading; for it is Freud who has taught us (through Lacan) that desire is a *social* product, that it comes into the world because of our relations with others. What is the source of the artist's desire, then, if not the sense of frustration that Freud locates at the origin of the work of art, his sense of powerlessness to achieve in reality what he desires in his fantasy? His desire to be a hero, then—"to feel and to act and to arrange things according to his desires"[5]—arises only because he believes he *lacks* this power. (Lacan: Desire is lack.) And when this lack is represented within works of art, it will tend to be confirmed, that is, posited as (the) truth. Such works will also tend to reinforce the spectator's sense of his own impotence, *his* inability to create real alterations in the world.

We are all familiar with the popular diagnosis of Hitler as a frustrated artist (*verhinderter Künstler*): had he been able to sublimate in art his desire for power, the world might have been spared much anguish. Recently, this conceit has "inspired" a number of art works, most ostentatiously, Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's epic film *Our Hitler*, in which the führer is represented as history's greatest *filmmaker*.[6] (As I have argued elsewhere, Syberberg's work has much in common with that of the German "neoexpressionists.")[7] Such works estheticize, and thereby neutralize, the machinations of power; they also invert Freud's formula. For in the passage cited above, art is treated not as a sublimation of, but as a *realization* of desire; thus, the twenty-third lecture on psychoanalysis concludes: "[The artist] has thus achieved *through* his phantasy what previously he had achieved only *in* his phantasy—honour, power, and the love of women."

Sandro Chia's *The Idleness of Sisyphus* (1981) appears to confirm Freud's speculations on the artist. Not only does the painter's recourse to classical myth testify to his withdrawal from reality into a realm of subjective fantasy (the language of depth psychology is also the language of myth); what is more, Chia clearly identifies his own activity with that of a classical *hero*—Sisyphus, the Corinthian *king* condemned to eternal repetition. For it is not difficult to recognize in Chia's protagonist, as he struggles with a mass of inert, recalcitrant material, a displaced representation of the heroic male artist—a role Chia himself has rather pretentiously assumed, at least in interviews and public appearances.

Remember Sisyphus's crime and punishment: for (twice) rebelling against Death, he was sentenced eternally to push a giant boulder up the side of a mountain, only to have it roll back down again as he approached the summit, to the great amusement of the gods. Thus, if the Sisyphus myth can be said to represent Chia's own desire for royalty and for mastery, it also represents the sphere of perpetual frustration in which that desire is operative.

In Albert Camus's *The Myth of Sisyphus*, an extended philosophical argument against suicide composed in 1940 (that is, in the same year that France surrendered to Germany), Sisyphus is treated as the perfect embodiment of the modern (i.e., existentialist) hero, who confronts without flinching the absurdity of his existence. Yet Camus's recourse

Sandro Chia, The Idleness of Sisyphus, *1981. Collection, The Museum of Modern Art, New York City. Photograph © 1991 by The Museum of Modern Art.*

to classical myth works to transform his hero's inability to change the world from a historical into a metaphysical condition, the origins of which remain shrouded in mystery. In the same way, Chia's invocation of Sisyphus projects frustration as a permanent state. In both Camus and Chia, then, myth objectifies psychology, while psychology validates myth; both exist, however, in relation to an evacuated historical dimension.

This reading of Chia's painting is complicated, however, by the fact that his Sisyphus is a comic rather than tragic figure. Camus interpreted Sisyphus as an image of hope beyond hopelessness, of comfort and security in desolation. Such pathos is totally absent from Chia's treatment of the same myth; with his silly grin, business suit, and diminutive fedora, his Sisyphus combines the physiognomy of the clown with that of the petty bureaucrat. Thus, Chia does not defend his hero but ridicules his blind obedience; the artist sides not with the suffering of the victim, but with the laughter of the gods.

Chia appears to ridicule the artist-hero in the same breath that he proclaims his resurrection. Here, we encounter the fundamental ambivalence that sustains the current revival of large-scale figurative easel paintings, its perpetual oscillation between mutually incompatible attitudes or theories. Interpreted as irony, this ambivalence is sometimes summoned as evidence to support the thesis that painters like Chia are engaged in a genuinely critical activity; thus, *The Idleness of Sisyphus* has been interpreted as a "Dada cartoon designed to subvert the conventional mthic image."[8] Maybe I am taking Chia's painting too seriously, then; it is, after all, only a joke. Perhaps—*but at whose expense*? (Freud: Jokes are historically a contract of *mastery* at the expense of a third person.)[9]

In *The Idleness of Sisyphus* Chia debunks the (modernist) belief in progress in art—a belief which he and his colleagues emphatically repudiate. It must be stressed, however, that Chia is not critical, merely contemptuous of the ideology of progress; thus, he simply substitutes repetition (Sisyphus) for progress. If the social program of modernity can be defined, following Max Weber, as the progressive disenchantment of the world by instrumental reason, cultural modernism was also a demystification—a progressive laying bare of esthetic codes and conventions. In *The Idleness of Sisyphus*, however, Chia counters modernist *de*mystification with an antimodernist *re*mystification. Progress is exploded as (a) myth; Chia's painting is a joke, then, at the modernist painter's expense.

But because he identifies himself with Sisyphus, Chia seems to be indulging in *self*-mockery as well. Either way, *The Idleness of Sisyphus* testifies to the painter's ambivalence about his own activity, to a *lack* of conviction in painting—a lack Chia shares with most artists of his generation. (This is what links him with painting's supposed "deconstructors"—Salle, Lawson, et al.) And once we have acknowledged the prevalence of this attitude, how long can we continue to account for Chia and his colleagues' extraordinary prosperity—for these artists have indeed won "honour, power, wealth, fame . . ."—simply by positing some insatiable "hunger for pictures"?[10] Must we not speak instead of a more fundamental *contempt for painting*—a contempt which is shared by artists and audience alike?

The Idleness of Sisyphus alerts us, then, to what is at stake in the current revival of so-called expressionist painting and its widespread institutional and critical acceptance. (Chia's painting was immediately acquired by the Museum of Modern Art; this is not only a measure of his success, but also an indication that the institutions—and the critics—that support this kind of work must be named as its collaborators.) Artists like Chia construct their works as pastiches derived, more often than not, from the "heroic" period of modernism. Chia favors Boccioni's dynamic futurist line in particular, but he plunders a wide range of antimodernist sources as well—late Chagall, reactionary Italian painting of the '30s. The modern and the antimodern exist side by side in his work; as a result, they are reduced to absolute equivalence.

In Chia's work, then, quotation functions not as respectful *hommage*, but as an agent of mutilation. What Russian formalist critic Boris Tomashevsky wrote of the epigone seems applicable to the pasticheur as well:

> The epigones repeat a worn-out combination of processes and, as original and revolutionary as it once was, this combination becomes stereotypical and traditional. Thus the epigones kill, sometimes for a long time, the aptitude of their contemporaries to sense the esthetic force of the examples they imitate; they discredit their masters.[11]

Chia, Cucchi, Clemente, Mariani, Baselitz, Lüpertz, Middendorf, Fetting, Penck, Kiefer, Schnabel . . . —these and other artists are engaged *not* (as in frequently claimed by critics who find mirrored in this art their own frustration with the radical art of the present) in the recovery and reinvestment of tradition, but rather in declaring its bankruptcy—specifically, the bankruptcy of the modernist tradition. Everywhere we turn today the radical impulse that motivated modernism—its commitment to transgression—is treated as the object of parody and insult. What we are witnessing, then, is the wholesale liquidation of the entire modernist legacy.

Expressionism was an attack on convention (this is what characterizes it as a modernist movement), specifically, on those conventions which subject unconscious impulses to the laws of form and thereby rationalize them, transform them into images. (Here, convention plays a role roughly analogous to the censorship which the ego exercises over the unconscious.) Prior to expressionism, human passions might be represented by, but could have no immediate presence or reality within, works of art. The expressionists, however, abandoned the simulation of emotion in favor of its seismographic registration. They were determined to register unconscious affects—trauma, shock—without disguise through the medium of art; with Freud, they fully appreciated the *disruptive* potential of desire. Whatever we may think of this project today—whether we find its claims to spontaneity and immediacy hopelessly naive or whether we believe that the expressionists actually tapped a prelinguistic reserve of libidinal impulses—we should not overlook its radical ambition.[12]

In "neoexpressionism," however—but this is why this designation must be rejected—expressionism is reduced to convention, to a standard repertoire of abstract, strictly codified signs for expression. Everything is bracketed in quotation marks; as a result, what was (supposedly) spontaneous congeals into a signifier: "spontaneity," "immediacy." (Think of Schnabel's "violent" brushwork.) The pseudo-expressionists retreat to the pre-expressionist simulation of passion; they create illusions of spontaneity and immediacy, or rather expose the spontaneity and immediacy sought by the expressionists as illusions, as a construct of preexisting forms.

In all discourse, quotation represents authority. Modernism—expressionism included—represents a challenge to authority, specifically to the authority vested in dominant cultural modes and conventions. Today, however, modernism has itself become a dominant cultural mode, as the quotation of modernist conventions in pseudo-expressionism testifies. Transgression has become the norm in a society that stages its own scandals (Abscam). Thus, the contemporary artist is trapped in a double bind: if the modernist imperative is obeyed, then the norm is simultaneously upheld; if the modernist imperative is rejected, it is simultaneously confirmed.

In other words, today the modernist imperative to transgression can be neither embraced nor rejected. Caught in this untenable situation, the pseudo-expressionists substitute an abstract revenge against modernism for its radical impulse. Modernist strategies are used against themselves; thus, the antiauthoritarian stance of the modernist artist is

attacked as authoritarian, and anyone who argues for the continuing necessity of antiauthoritarian critique thereby opens him or herself to charges of authoritarianism.[13]

What we are witnessing, then, is the emergence of a new—or renewed—authoritarianism masquerading as antiauthoritarian. Today, acquiescence to authority is proclaimed as a radical act (Donald Kuspit on David Salle).[14] The celebration of "traditional values"—the hallmark of authoritarian discourse—becomes the agenda of a supposedly politically motivated art (Syberberg, Anselm Kiefer, but also Gilbert & George). More often than not, however, the pseudo-expressionist artist claims to have withdrawn from any conscious political engagement, and this estheticist isolationism is celebrated as a return to the "essence" of art. (This is the basis for Achille Bonito Oliva's championing of the Italian "transavant-garde.")

Authoritarianism proclaimed as antiauthoritarian, antiauthoritarian critique stigmatized as authoritarian: this is one manifestation of what Jean Baudrillard diagnoses as a generalized cultural *implosion.*[15] Everything reverses into its opposite; opposites reveal mirrored identities. The imploded state of pseudo-expressionist art would seem, therefore, to *preclude* irony. For irony is essentially a *negative* trope calculated to expose false consciousness; the coexistence, in pseudo-expressionist work, of mutually incompatible attitudes suggests instead the *loss* of the capacity for negation, which Lacan locates at the origin of the schizophrenic breakdown.[16] Schizophrenic discourse is paralogical; it does not recognize the law of contradiction. Thus, the schizophrenic will be obliged *to say the opposite of what he means in order to mean the opposite of what he says.*[17]

Although most of the major symptoms of schizophrenia are to be found in pseudo-expressionist painting—hebephrenia, catatonia, ambivalence—I am not proposing that we diagnose contemporary artists, on the basis of their work, as schizophrenics. Nor would I proclaim schizophrenia, as some have, as a new emancipatory principle.[18] Still, my argument is more than descriptive; it seems to me that contemporary artists *simulate* schizophrenia as a mimetic defense against increasingly contradictory demands—on the one hand, to be as innovative and original as possible; on the other, to conform to established norms and conventions.

What we see reflected, then, in supposedly "revivalist" painting is the widespread antimodernist sentiment that everywhere appears to have gripped the contemporary imagination. This sentiment is hardly limited to art, but manifests itself at every level of intellectual, cultural, and political life at present. Antimodernism is primarily a disaf-

fection with the terms and conditions of *social* modernity, specifically, with the modernist belief in science and technology as the key to the liberation of humankind from necessity. Fears of ecological catastrophe, and of the increasing penetration of industrialization into previously exempt spheres of human activity, give rise to a blanket rejection of the ideology of progress. Responsibility for the crisis in social modernity is, however, often displaced onto its cultural program—especially the visual arts. Thus, the antiauthoritarian stance of the modernist artist—in particular, the expressionist valorization of human desire—is often blamed for the much-discussed "crisis of authority" in advanced industrial nations.[19]

Antimodernism is one manifestation of what Belgian political economist Ernest Mandel identifies as the "neo-fatalist" ideology specific to late capitalist society—a belief that science and technology have coalesced into an autonomous power of invincible force. In his book *Late Capitalism,* Mandel traces its effects in detail:

> To the captive individual, whose entire life is subordinated to the laws of the market—not only (as in the 19th century) in the sphere of production, but also in the spheres of consumption, recreation, culture, art, education and personal relations, it appears impossible to break out of the social prison. "Every-day experience" reinforces the neo-fatalist ideology of the immutable nature of the late capitalist social order. All that is left is the dream of escape—through sex and drugs, which are in their turn promptly industrialized.[20]

Sex, drugs, rock and roll—there is, as we know, another traditional means of escape (although this function has largely been assumed by the mass media): Art. And it is this route—blocked by the avant-garde's ambition to intervene, whether directly or indirectly, in the historical process—that pseudo-expressionist artists are attempting to force open once again. But in offering the spectator an escape from increasing economic and social pressures, they reinforce the neofatalist ideology of late capitalism. Theirs is an "official" art which provides an apology for the existing social order; collaboration with power replaces the oppositional stance of the modernist artist.

Have we not finally uncovered the source of the sense of frustration that Freud located at the origin of the work of art—namely, a belief in the opacity and omnipotence of the social process? It is not surprising, then, that the current "revival" of figurative modes of expression should be sustained everywhere by artists' desires to be heroes. The desire for mastery is nowhere more apparent than in that rapidly proliferating genre of art works that can only be called the "artificial masterpiece." *Artificial,* because genuine masterpiece status can accrue to a work of art only after the fact; *masterpiece,* because such works, whether executed by men or women, are motivated by a masculine desire for mastery, specifically, a desire to triumph over time.

When the historical conditions surrounding a work's production and reception by the artist's contemporaries have been superceded, and yet the work appears to continue to speak to us in the present *as if it had been made in the present,* we elevate the work to the status of a classic.[21] What this view of the work of art represses is the successive reappropriation and reinterpretation of works of art by each successive generation. A classic certainly did not appear to be a classic at the time of its first appearance, and it is naive to assume that it meant the same thing to the artist's contemporaries as it does to us. Nevertheless, the survival of works of art gives rise to the illusion that timeless metaphysical truths express themselves through them.

The artificial masterpiece inverts this situation: it speaks in the present as if it had been made in the past. As such, it testifies primarily to our impatience, our demand for instant gratification and, most importantly, the spectator's desire to see (his sense of) his own identity confirmed by the work of art. The extraordinary speed with which the pseudo-Expressionists have risen to prominence indicates that their work, rather than creating new expectations, merely conforms to existing ones; when "the fulfilled expectation becomes the norm of the product," however, we have entered the territory of *kitsch.*[22]

Throughout the history of art, style has been one of the most effective indices to the existence of a timeless truth in the work of art. Thus, Carlo Maria Mariani resurrects 19th-century neoclassicism—a style which, in its own time, was calculated to provide an ascendant bourgeoisie with an idealized image of its own class aspirations and past struggles—an image transposed, however, from the plane of history to that of myth.[23] Mariani's neo-neoclassicism indicates that the academic project of sublimating history into form and universality—a project that was abandoned by the earliest modernists—has returned.

Although it may appear to occupy the opposite end of the stylistic spectrum, A. R. Penck's cultivated neoprimitivist technique performs exactly the same function. Penck's work derives directly from American painting of the 1940s—specifically, from the abstract expressionist's early involvement with myth and primitive symbolism (early Gottlieb, Pollock, etc.). These artists were interested in such emblematic imagery primarily as a bearer of cultural information; Penck, however, uses it to

express a heroic affinity with the precultural—with the barbaric, the wild, the uncultivated. It also gives his work the appearance of having been around since the beginning of time.[24]

Artificial masterpieces are also manufactured today through the revival of outmoded artistic materials and production procedures, thereby denying the fundamental historicity of those materials and techniques.[25] Although the entire revival of easel painting must be evaluated in these terms, Francesco Clemente's resurrection of fresco is a particularly blatant denial of history, as are Jorg Immendorff's, Markus Lüpertz's, and, now, Chia's returns to monumental, cast-bronze sculpture. Other artists resuscitate discarded iconographic conventions: Louis Cane, for example, paints Annunciations. Here, Catholic subject matter indicates a desire for catholicity; but it also reads as a reference to Cane's recent "conversion" from modernist abstraction to antimodernist figuration.

Perhaps the most transparent strategy for simulating a masterpiece is that of antiquing the canvas itself. Thus, Gérard Garouste's neo-Baroque allegories—which, the artist insists, "stage the battle of the forces of order and disorder, of the rational and the irrational"—are dimly perceived through what appear to be layers of yellowed varnish. But Anselm Kiefer also "antiques" his canvases. Not only has he returned to landscape painting; he also attempts, through the implicit equation of the barren fields he depicts with the burnt and scarred surfaces of his own canvases, to impart to his paintings something of the desolation and exhaustion of the earth itself. (What is more, Kiefer attributes this desolation to mythical rather than historical forces. His "Waterloo" paintings bear a legend from Victor Hugo: "The earth still trembles/from the footsteps of giants.") Thus, Kiefer's art insists that it is only the faithful reflection of (its own) shattered depletion.

In the 1970s, as is well known, several writers—Richard Sennett and Christopher Lasch among them—diagnosed the collective Narcissism that appeared to have infected an entire society. It is tempting, on the basis of the phenomena discussed above, to describe our own decade as Sisyphean, referring, of course, to the widespread "compulsion to repeat" in which we appear to be deadlocked. It is, however, precisely this tendency to treat contemporary reality in mythological terms that is at issue here. When the critic diagnoses a collective neurosis, does he not also betray his own desire for (intellectual) mastery? In the eighth chapter of *Civilization and Its Discontents* Freud addressed the question of intellectual mastery, significantly, in the context of a discussion of the possibility of psychoanalyzing entire societies: "And as regards the therapeutic application of our knowledge," Freud writes, "what would be the use of the most correct analysis of social neurosis, since no one possesses authority to impose such a therapy on the group?"

Yet everywhere we turn today we encounter therapeutic programs for the amelioration of our collective "illness"—nowhere more blatantly than in the authoritarian call for a return to traditional values which, we are told, will resolve the crisis of authority in advanced industrial nations. Perhaps, then, it is to the issue of mastery—of power, authority, domination—that both art and criticism must turn if we are to emerge from our current impasse.

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NOTES

1. Sigmund Freud, "Formulations Regarding the Two Principles in Mental Functioning," in *General Psychological Theory* (New York: Collier, 1963), 26–27, my italics.
2. On art as supplement, see Jacques Derrida, "The *Parergon*," *October* 9 (Summer 1979), 3–41, as well as my afterword, "Detachment: from the *parergon*," 42–49.
3. Psychoanalytic discussions of the work of art's relation to its spectator occur mainly in film theory and criticism; see in particular the work of Christian Metz (*The Imaginary Signifier*) and Stephen Heath (*Questions of Cinema*).
4. Sigmund Freud, "Psychopathic Characters on the Stage," in *Standard Edition*, vol. 7, 308.
5. Ibid., 305. The entire passage reads as follows: "The spectator is a person who experiences too little, who feels that he is a 'poor wretch to whom nothing of importance can happen,' who has long been obliged to damp down, or rather displace, his ambition to stand in his own person at the hub of world affairs; he longs to feel and to act and to arrange things according to his desires—in short, to be a hero."
6. On *Our Hitler*, see Fredric Jameson, "In the Destructive Element Immerse," *October* 17 (Summer 1981), 99–118, and Thomas Elsaesser, "Myth as the Phantasmagoria of History . . . ," *New German Critique* 24–5 (Fall/Winter 1981–82), 108–54. I disagree with Elsaesser's defense of Syberberg's practice, but I am indebted to his insights on the modern functions of myth.
7. "Bayreuth '82," *Art in America* (September 1982), 135.

8. Michael Krugman, "Sandro Chia at Sperone Westwater Fischer," *Art in America* (October 1981), 144.

9. See Freud, *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious,* trans. James Strachey (New York: Norton, 1960). This particular formulation of Freud's thesis is from Jane Weinstock, "She Who Laughs First Laughs Last," *Camera Obscura* 5 (1980), 107.

10. This is the title of Wolfgang Max Faust's recent book on contemporary German painting (*Hunger nach Bildern*).

11. Quoted in Hans Robert Jauss, *Toward an Aesthetic of Reception* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1982), 197.

12. See Theodor Adorno's discussion of Schoenberg's expressionism in *Philosophy of Modern Music* (New York, 1980), esp. 38–39.

13. This is the thrust of attacks launched recently by Peter Schjeldahl, who has increasingly been gravitating towards a neoconservative position, against myself and other writers—ironically, from the pages of the *Village Voice,* supposedly the last bastion of '60s-style radicalism.

14. "Salle, then, offers us an explicitly conformist art—an art in perfect harmony with its world. . . . Its attempt at maximalizing its resources is nothing but an acceptance of—submission to—the totality of its world." It is not that I disagree with Kuspit's description of Salle's enterprise; rather, I find no cause for celebration. "David Salle at Boone and Castelli," *Art in America* (Summer 1982), 142.

15. Jean Baudrillard, *L'Échange symbolique et la mort* (Paris, 1975), passim. For an English text, see Baudrillard's "The Beaubourg Effect," *October* 20 (Spring 1982).

16. See in particular Lacan's "On a question preliminary to any possible treatment of psychosis," in *Écrits: A Selection* (New York, 1977).

17. This formulation is Gregory Bateson's. See Anthony Wilden, *System and Structure* (London, 1972), 56–62.

18. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, for example. See their *Anti-Oedipus* (New York, 1977).

19. This is the argument of neoconservative Daniel Bell in *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism* (New York, 1976), esp. 85–119. For a rebuttal, see Jürgen Habermas, "Modernity versus Postmodernity," *New German Critique* 22 (Winter 1981), 3–14.

20. Ernest Mandel, *Late Capitalism* (London: Verso, 1978), 502. Mandel, of course, is indebted here to Lukács's *History and Class Consciousness.*

21. Jauss, *Toward an Aesthetic of Reception,* 28–32.

22. This definition is Wolfgang Iser's. Quoted in Jauss, ibid., 197.

23. Elsaesser, "Myth as the Phantasmagoria of History," 132–33.

24. Thus, Penck tends to project violence as part of some essential "human nature." But we can treat violence as innate only at the risk of overlooking its specific *social* determinants: its origins in frustration provoked by an opaque, omnipotent social process.

25. On the historicity of artistic materials and production techniques, see Benjamin Buchloh, "Michael Asher and the Conclusion of Modernist Sculpture," *Performance, Text(e)s & Documents,* ed. Chantal Pontbriand (Montreal, 1981), 55–65.