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Recovering the Pain

By

Liza Michaeli

A dissertation submitted in partial satisfaction of the

requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

in

Rhetoric

and the Designated Emphases

in

Critical Theory and Jewish Studies

in the

Graduate Division

of the

University of California, Berkeley

Committee in charge:

Professor James I. Porter, Co-Chair
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Professor Charles Hirschkind
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Spring 2024

Abstract

Recovering the Pain

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Liza Michaeli

Doctor of Philosophy in Rhetoric

Designated Emphases in Critical Theory and Jewish Studies

University of California, Berkeley

Professors James I. Porter and C.D. Blanton, Co-Chairs

What does it mean to say "yes" to life, physically? *Recovering the pain* is a retrieval of the emotional and physical difficulty contained, as Emmanuel Levinas would phrase it, "in our being alive," and an insistence on the significance of that difficulty for life. It is a work *for* the feeling that survives in the rigors of our living, a work that exposes the pain by which we are moved to life and recovers the pain by which we know that we are alive. Of intrigue is a mode of insistent, if religious, importance that feels like it should issue a meaning but that cannot be lived to its end or settled with: a mode of emotional significance in which pain is a feeling of life without its meaning. Only what is "still incomplete," still "in holding," I will wager, is "still living."

The dissertation is a witness to difficulty, but it goes beyond interpretation. The demand of the feeling compels the author to deliver the work in a style exemplary to the experience itself: its recovery is hermeneutic and physical. *Recovering the pain* is both a philosophy of difficult living and a sustained poetic bearing of its knowledge.

If living is painful, the orthodox assumption that pain is an unpraiseworthy experience may be said to be negligent. The dubious aesthetic, medical, and psychological grounds upon which this assumption and the accompanying removal of hindrances rests deserve scrutiny. This dissertation diagnoses in these discourses a phobia about the pathos of lingering. Is the prejudice against pain internal to life, is the reconciliatory process internal to the body? Life defrauds our expectation to "become well, again," to forsake (to leave without intending to return) difficulty, because life does not seek relief. To be prejudiced against difficulty is to be prejudiced against the weight incurred by living. Against the various forms of relief sought by the living, this work cares about what it means to live intensely, to live through experience honestly. Rigor and fidelity, it senses, are physical.

The stakes of the thought are ethical and existential. Are "serviceable" ways of feeling consonant with physical significance? When we "heal" a person, do we bring life back to them or do we abuse the life inside of them? If praiseworthy falls on the side of that which does not pain (burden, move) us, this encomium is not on the side of the physical fact of living, the *feeling as fact*. In its concern with the honor of feeling, the dissertation situates devotion and ethics physically. It asks what it means to do justice to life physically and delivers, in response, an heretical moral and theological physiology.

Extending across phenomenology, psychoanalysis, Jewish ethics and esoteric theology, philosophy of medicine, and performance studies, the dissertation brings new depth to our understanding of deliverance (carrying and being carried), rectification (*tikkun*), action (*ma'aseh*), belonging, participation, and religiosity in human experience. While it remains to be answered whether originality may be claimed in the experience of difficulty, something is at stake in suggesting that the struggle by which living is announced is in significant part Jewish and that it is in the Jewish agon that this struggle may be felt. Challenging the existential credentials of religious *practice*, Judaism, this dissertation argues, is an "internal problem" and Jewish feeling is a complication lived from the inside. Can we only rely on internal evidence? A new meaning is brought to *masoretic* belonging: technique is secondary to emotional rigor. Religious life is physical. There is no *masorah* (tradition) without experience: involvement in the (Jewish) feeling is experiential; it cannot be taught, it requires living through.

This thought internalizes the stakes of, and seeks to engage, the following writers: Roland Barthes, Georges Canguilhem, Sigmund Freud, Edmund Husserl, Vladimir Jankélévitch, Søren Kierkegaard, Jacques Lacan, Emmanuel Levinas, Jean-François Lyotard, Osip Mandelstam, Rainer Maria Rilke, Franz Rosenzweig, Gershom Scholem, Miguel de Unamuno, Lev Shestov, Joseph Soloveitchik, Simone Weil, and Ludwig Wittgenstein.

On these grounds, the dissertation proceeds in three distinct movements. The first movement expounds the phenomenological significance of difficulty inside the body: the "life" of the feeling. The second movement examines the person's aspiration to get (a meaning) out of life and the accompanying effort to "come to terms" with its pain: the phobia in any remission from pain. It exposes the homology between difficulty and the motor reaction: to recover from pain is to move away from it and to be *removed from* life. In this effort, the search for meaning struggles within and against the significance of life, it is itself a mode of relief. The third movement reinterprets recovery: it performs an inward-turning and backward recovery of difficulty to the body and examines the kinds of experience that emerge within these constraints. That we are not in agreement with life, that we are "torn apart, within"—the effort of our struggle within life—is not pathological, it is essential. Attending to "indicators of authenticity" like tone and gesture, the section offers a physical interpretation of fidelity by reading devotion to life in the body of the person.

This is not a work about the survival of the person. It is a work about the struggle of the person within the survival of the feeling.

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I know what I have given you. . .I do not know what you have received.

Antonio Porchia, *Voces*[1]

[1] Porchia, *Voces*, Translated by W.S. Merwin. Chicago: Big Table Publishing Company, 1969.

In lieu of “Sometimes at night I light a lamp so as not to see,” a risk into the darkness for the sake of deeper meaning[2]

[2] Ibid.

For my brother, David
and my parents, Shalom and Ora,
who moved me to go where there is God

There is an overwhelming contact with life called pathos, *pain*.
It is out of my personal encounter - profound yet soft - that this work emerges.
It is almost impossible to exist in stark light without flinching; it is lonely, it takes extraordinary emotional, physical reserves. Not for nothing are most in the dark from themselves, for living in the light brings pain. When we insist that we need to get better we betray, first of all, ourselves.
"As blood that pulsates, and as gesture that arises out of the depths of time," this work faces the part of human existence that suffers.[3]
It wrestles with vulnerability from a radical existentialist point of view. It wrestles with living personally. I am interested in the quality, and the honesty, of our relationship with existence. In a culture dominated by the value and pursuit of lightness, by minimizing damages, I would like to take the other side - the weight - seriously.
This work is about truth - inconvenient, scathing, uncompromising truth, there where there is no "interest" gained from living, but love, instead, for life, a love for living, the
for
- itself.

[3] Rilke, *Letters to a Young Poet*, trans. M.D. Herter Norton (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1954), 50.

In dedication. . .

. . .to the difficulty contained, as Emmanuel Levinas would phrase it, "in our being alive" and to the feeling that survives in the rigors of our living. . .[4]

To engage with living, in existential honesty, is to admit its physical complication. There is a Russian word for it, тоска, a quiet burning in the depth of being. Soft, yet yearning, like a touch that in the right person echoes tenfold. To be severely alive is to feel life's gentle insistence. It is to enter into a struggle for the most honest expression of its longing: the less of it you manage to say, the more of it you feel. The less you move, the more deeply are you taken in. In the lullaby of a body floating with difficulty, life calls that you proceed *molto pesante*, in a heavy ponderous manner, with *dignitas* and with weight.

Against the various forms of relief sought by the living, this cares about what it means to live honestly in the deepest part of the experience. It cares about what it feels like to be deeply taken in, and held. Music calls this a *fermata*, preferring the curved line of the body to the straight. In the gnawing of the cost, this asks, what does it mean to say "yes" to life, physically, to be carved out by the very Thing in holy longing?

I rely on Russian and on Hebrew where the English is felt to be bankrupt, and extend myself outward, by the burning in the горло, throat, the same "איכה (eikhah) [how], with which," says Gershom Scholem, "the dirges begin."[5] Here, in the mode of insistent, if religious importance, there is a merit to withholding the word "Jewish," although the gravity is not unspecific—it is, perhaps, the more so. Let this "our" remain mysterious, let this "our" resound alongside the sense that where there is a body, there is a struggle. "All we have in common," Vladimir Jankélévitch would say, "is being here, all of us, the survivors. Everything that is most common and essential to us, you will admit, is summed up in our being alive."[6]

---

[4] Levinas quoting Jankélévitch, *Difficult Freedom* (United Kingdom, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1997), 162.

[5] Scholem, "On Lament and Lamentation," trans. Lina Barouch and Paula Schwebel, in *Lament in Jewish Thought* (Berlin/Boston: Walter de Gruyter, 2014), 318.

[6] Jankélévitch, "Judaism, an 'Internal Problem,'" in *Modern French Jewish Thought: Writings on Religion and Politics*, ed. Sarah Hammerschlag (Brandeis University Press: 2018): 105-6.

For someone living, an unknown reader

Drawing near, *kiruv*.[7]

The numinous in an encounter with another.

Being-with something that is not known. The question of address, the problem that some of us can't hear it.

What will be the thing that joins us? Would it require mutual need in mutual urgency, at a mutual time? Have the senses with which we could have grasped something significant atrophied? Should there be a pathetic immediate sensitivity to the person there? Sharing can happen only if something is received.

The question of address is an enormous one for me. The difficulty of this work is in its address, in reaching for a significant other. Who is my addressee? Writing that is not an act of love, which is not driven by a *for whom*, does not feel significant. The *for* is existential, charging all of my work (the written and the writing) with the frustration of speaking, most of the time, into the dark. I have been searching for this addressee in abeyance, living in the question of "when will I find you." Will I ever know if I have arrived, or will I always have gone merely почти но мимо, *almost but past*?

These words may never reach you. Is there not difference between knowing each other and knowing one another? That is why, writes Porchia, *I know what I have given you. I do not know what you have received.* I do not know what it is to hear the timbre of my voice.

Then what is it that makes a meeting actual? First of all, I have to believe that you care.

Over the years, I have attempted to share fragments of this work. I offered my voice, from the depth of my being, desiring a marked hearing. A demand issued by my presence itself, my eyes, my body, and my voice. I desired a space where the force of emotional arrival could be held. The space itself needed to maintain the weight. I don't think this literal space exists, or could be staged, except between individual people—and I do not mean analyst and analysand, doctor and patient, teacher and student, but the human in both of us when the symbolic form is shattered by the feeling. I found that when I shared from my heart, my emotional being, I was met with an intellectual defense.

At some point during my doctorate at the University of California, Berkeley, I returned, out of an inexplicable longing, to Israel. A great part of this work was written in Jerusalem when a striving for substantial connection consumed me, when it felt that I became my longing.

This work could not have been written had it not come out of a living contact with Jerusalem, with people whose response *could only be* emotional. By not belonging in a traditional way, I belonged to the “superfluous” aspects of the city, I was available for every encounter. In

[7] From the Hebrew, להתקרב, to approach, come near.

Jerusalem, simply—everything matters terribly. In Jerusalem, life is touched by death, and through death, life is lived out more intensely.

When I think of the unknown, in my life personally and in our life generally, I think of longing and I think of faith. Faith, for me, is stubborn and uncompromising. As militant as is longing. This longing, for me, has been terrible and sacred. Faith is remaining there where the longing is most intense. Perhaps faith is an appreciation beside the pain of a void that threatens to be senseless.

In Torah, one is commanded to be alive בכל ללבך, "with all your heart." "With all your heart" means with the pain and joy of the organ, with the totality of its capacity and its muscular elasticity to feel.

I think this relates a lot to what it means to have chosen to finish this work in Israel. Many times, I contemplated leaving. But leaving Israel, for me, would feel like leaving someone I love behind.

It has been my luck to gather readers in the poet, the teacher, the shopkeeper, the busdriver, the rabbi. The companions of this work are scattered and unusual, Milan Kundera, Roland Barthes, Jorge Luis Borges, Friedrich Nietzsche, Osip Mandelstam, and Federico Garcia Lorca. There are also my living interlocutors, those in Berkeley and in Israel who trusted in my capacity "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."[8]

This work is unusual for the genre of a dissertation; it originates its own, it assumes a form necessitated by its content. It is, at base, a religious and poetic work, a primary literary text. The risk involved in attempting to say something significant (the form itself being so) is profound. For there is a protection in writing about life from a distance, a painful exposure in writing directly out of it. To write while living is to risk not just the work, but the time and pain of involvement and exposure.

I do not want to apologize for myself and I do not want to use my writing to apologize for life, as so much philosophy does.

I am not writing for the existentialist, the phenomenologist, the theologian, the poet, or the psychoanalyst. I cannot ignore that, save a few rare conversations, I have found intellectual life not only deeply dishonest but utterly dissatisfying. Intellectual dishonesty is a byproduct of removal, social irresponsibility, and disaffection. Life is not a concept and life cannot be easily understood from the comfort of a library. Some of these disciplines, like psychoanalysis, like art, cleverly place this realization at the core of their intellectual practice knowing that the actual unrestrained truth is unbearable. So art, psychoanalysis "listen to the mute affect," they attempt to "make it heard." How dare they? We can deal with life if it's an act on stage we can applaud, if

[8] "Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' / We are not now that strength which in old days / Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are; / One equal temper of heroic hearts, / Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will / To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." See the full poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

we can leave the pain on stage and go home to sleep. That is not what I seek to do, although myself also finding insomnia and pain unbearable without a meaning, admit my own hypocrisy. Even so, I am interested in life off the stage, "when everything is finished."

The requirement is not felt to be cerebral. That is why I am not writing for someone with "expertise in existence." I am writing for someone really living and relying on what is known, in *vita reali*, right away. The only legitimate expertise is living. I wonder why anyone really living would spend their time reading: Franz Rosenzweig, in his diary,

"Better write than read. Better write poetry than write. Better to live than write poetry."[9]

Who are the living? It is known only from within by those who are the living.

Then it is life that joins us.[10] For this text has a life outside of the pages that it lives on. Real life is far more interesting to me than the text, which could only ever be secondary to it.

I call this "existential writing," writing that comes from living itself, but I have struggled for long with the fact that this is still writing. I want more than that, I desire love. I tried to abate my feeling (of hypocrisy) by returning to piano, to voice. I will add to what Fredric Chopin once wrote,

"It is dreadful when something weighs on your mind, not to have a soul to unburden yourself to. You know what I mean. I tell my piano the things I used to tell you."[11]

. . .that, it comes to be, that the piano also doesn't respond.

This work does not believe in a genuine relief from pain. For me, fear of an unlived life overpowers fear of breaking apart.

Perhaps this work begins from the frustration of misrecognition, but it lives with the faith of this recognition. If there is anything called feeling better, it is that, actually, something can be heard. God is felt in the love between two people. Over and against our deafness, something makes itself heard.

This work needs what it calls for from the beginning. It needs the reader that it seeks.

May this reach those it needs to and may there not remain too much distance between us.

What we feel, we cannot say, and we are closer still.

---

[9] Fragment from Rosenzweig's unpublished diaries dated October 8, 1906. My deep gratitude to Paul Mendes-Flohr for the gift of this fragment.

[10] "What point is there in trying to explain all of this to you, / Or trying to make you understand it all? / If you yourself have not felt it by personal experience, / You will be unable to know it." C.f., Symeon the New Theologian.

[11] Chopin, *Chopin's Letters*, trans. E.L. Voynich (New York: A. Knopf Inc., 1931).

In fragments, the mode of delivery

how she said it was everything about what she said

How significant is the way in which this work is written? It is significant that I didn't just decide to write it this way. Rather, it had to be written this way. What is hidden from view is the difficulty of bring this to bear. Writing is a struggle with life. Yet while the struggle remains essentially concealed, the pain makes it through the seams. This text must be read in full awareness of the conditions of its writing, of its legato, its staccato, its fragment.

What occurs "inside the writing" is significant: the structuring force of the feeling generated along the way matters and the feeling lived out from the inside matters. So, too, does the practical execution of the work carry significance. This is the mode, referring to the *modus operandi* of the bearer, which is tentative, from *tentativus*, "testing, trying." Its poetry is not deliverance, but delivery, where the turbulence is rooted in беременность, difficulty in-gathering, predicated on the fullness (not completion) and subtlety of its exposure.

I have written this *via de levare*, by removing matter, finding the form in the material by removing matter."

Fragments reveal the parameter of duration in which life is felt, and therefore, the parameter of duration in which this "is being composed." There is a labor to the composition. These are fragments because I am grasping, I am reaching, I am approaching the real. I wanted to dare these depths. Writing this is not another means of grasping life, as would a philosopher or a poet or a phenomenologist. It is an exposure of being grasped by life, an exposure that involves a growing intimacy with it. Writing this is becoming aware of a scream and delivering that awareness in perilous urgency. It should read like I am saying something from the inside, from the deep of the experience, because I am. I am living the input. *How* it is done is the pain by which it's done. Thus this is a form with the sufficient pliability to be its own meta-description.

This work is not continuous, but broken, lacerated by its own frustration. The fragments are meant, in their truest form, to be delivered by the pained tenderness of voice. Thus, to the question, where do you find yourself and why? In so much as the fragment is consummate with the mode of reflection and enabling of it, the experience of reading invites a pause, or many. The experience of reading this work is meant to be difficult and slow, identified, as it were, with the experience of life punctuated by a fermata. The access point is any point and the work does not demand that it be read diachronically. The experience of reading is meant to do a labor in the argument.

There are a number of languages this book engages, among them the most important musical and poetic. It is of personal significance that music has constituted the meaning of my life. This work in significant part music as a language and a physical experience of time.

הנני - prayer of humility, *kol nidrei*[12]

הִנֵּנִי	Here I am,
הָעָנִי מִמַּעַשׂ	poor in deeds,
נִרְעָשׁ וְנִפְחָד	agitated and
מִפַּחַד	frightened in awe
יוֹשֵׁב תְּהִלּוֹת	before the Seat of
יִשְׂרָאֵל	Israel's glory.
בָּאתִי לַעֲמֹד	I came here before
וּלְהִתְחַנֵּן	You to plead
לְפָנֶיךָ	on behalf of Your
עַל עַמֶּךָ	people,
יִשְׂרָאֵל אֲשֶׁר	who sent me,
שְׁלָחוּנִי	although I am
וְאַף עַל פִּי	hardly worthy of the
שֶׁאֵינִי כְדַאי	task.[13]
וְהָגוּן לְכָךְ	

In the existential *ruach*, the spirit of *being here*, I want to offer a sentiment which initiates one of the most significant lamentations in the Jewish liturgical calendar, the prayer of humility uttered by the cantor on Yom Kippur, the day of atonement. This sentiment is *hineni*, "here I am," and *hinenu*, "here we are." "Here I am," *hineni*, refers plainly and literally to what is at stake in being here, the severity not in the prayer that you utter but in the prayer that is your being.[14]

Hineni is not what I do, but how I do; not what I say, but my voice itself speaking. *I am* what I show for it, or rather, *what shows*. *I am* the truth labouring in my voice, the depth of suffering in my eyes. *I am* this bare physical encounter with life. But who can stand to be here, as such, without copping out? Who can help betraying the ember within?

Actually to feel "I am," to be awake in your bones, is to risk being done in by your own words and your own body.

To be here, *so to speak*, is different from being here, *as such*. That is why הנני is to say "here I am." This refers to me, where I am, where I stand.

---

[12] Meaning, "all vows."

[13] A variation on the translation: "Reader's invocation: Deficient in good deeds and awed by Thee / Who abidest amidst the praises of Israel, / I have come to plead on behalf of Thy people, / Though unfit and unworthy of my mission." Note that "worthy," *keday*, also means "good enough."

[14] It also refers to Abraham's one word response to God's address before the command to sacrifice his son (the Akeda).

To be here, as such, is to take an interest in something that is not an attitude with respect to life, but the real value, the physical worth of feeling. To be here as such is to struggle in the task of saying something "equal" to the experience when the real proof, the engagement life requires, is physical. To be here is to struggle *to give* life's страсть, its ardor, the preponderance it is due, for its pondus, how and where life means itself, is self-earning. To be here is to come back to the body in the most rigorous sense and to struggle, for what is lived *as such* is always painful.

What, then, does it mean for me to write this for you? And what does it mean for me to say something significant?

Recall Kafka's parable about the hunger artist:

> No one could possibly watch the hunger artist continuously, day and night, and so no one could produce firsthand evidence that the fast has really been rigorous and continuous; only the artist himself could know that; he was therefore bound to be the sole completely satisfied spectator of his own fast.
>
> [His] is first of all an art that is indistinguishable from the life of the artist who makes it. That is not to say an art of autobiographical excess, but rather, an art that is the direct expression of the effort to express itself. In other words, an art of hunger: an art of need, of necessity, of desire.[15]

A psychological contradiction encumbers this project. You have to live in order to write, sincere writing comes from the living itself. You also have to live in order for your voice to be capable of inflecting something significant. But living means being unable to write, means choking on words. It is hypocritical to write about life, for writing is a flight from the pain of living.[16] What does it mean to write in the space of that contradiction?—for living gives you the impetus to write, while writing is always a betrayal of living. So why am I doing it, and how? Saying something significant means actually showing up. There, in actually being, the *as such* bursts through, life overtaking art. Life making a clearance. It's hard to write about it while living it. Life is the experience of the limit of not being able to write *at every moment*.

It is this awareness that engenders an anxiety about being unrigorous, an anxiety about bending. Can a living form ever be rigorous in the true sense? Can form remain alive over time while staying true to itself? Is that perhaps where rigor begins, in the struggle with what it means to be engaged with this work honestly, in having to do it in real time, that is, in living this composition? My difficulty writing this out is essential to the rigor, in the anxiety about being dishonest, unrigorous. Can a living form ever be rigorous in the true sense? Can form remain alive over time while staying true, militantly, to itself? Respect for the subject matter is not the only question; one is moving critically, but from within. What did it mean to respect the matter? Do people die for the things they love? But don't they have to be alive to die for the things they love, over and again? This is the paradox. This is a living study. It meant to be in pain for it, commitment from the inside. So much of this requires attending to indicators that there is life inside, an actual sensitivity in encountering not the explicit, but the subtle implied; like becoming aware of a silent scream, inventing a vocabulary to register the pressure.

---

[15] As cited in Hamsun, *Hunger*, trans. Sverre Lyngstad (New York: Canongate, 1996), xvii.

[16] I mean this both philosophically, as it what one writes *about* and the meaning one grants, but also literally, as in the exercise itself of writing.

I struggled for the right words, words that in their opacity and ambiguity suggest the feeling of life. These words are, for me, *significance*, *difficulty*, *weight*, *feeling*, *insistence*, *exposure*, and *reality*. This lexicon takes us to the extreme limit of subtlety.

In this lexicon, I attempt to give the physical a scope that is distinct from the impoverished and thin idea of the phsyical. The *physical*, for me, includes aspect of life which are beneath the surface, the part of the heart which aches (the soul). I do not use physical to the exclusion of the kind of living I am writing about, but rather directly alongside it.

Sincere and serious involvement in the thought demanded, I have discovered, this confrontation to myself. It demanded that the work itself be difficult, that I have difficulty working. It demanded an intense bearing.

Engagement cuts through the execution to the content of the work. *Engage* sans *relève* The work is not optional, it is necessary. Of course this means that it is intensely personal, as I believe an honest work should be. This does not mean that it is "about me" or that it is a "confession"—far from it. Rather, it means that it has begun from the point or the various point of my life in this world. This is a continuity between life and work. I have lived by this, what Susan Sontag once said:

> "somewhere along the line, one has to choose between the Life and the Project"[17]

[17] Sontag, "Susan Sontag: The Rolling Stone Interview," in *Rolling Stone*, by Jonathan Cott, 4 October 1979.

The honor of feeling

Many, when they read this book, will wonder whether, in being *for* pain it is not against life. On the contrary. To honor life is to live alongside pain. Touching pain, it is to say "yes" to life in spite of everything. In touch with pain, it is to sustain the charge of life. It is to choose to be the living. As we approach death, we have reason to live more intensely.

This feeling which, in its most intense instantiation, makes choosing life impossible, which occasions in life the desire to run from itself, to give up on itself, to give itself up, tests this life's capacity to "honor" its sickness.[18]

Put differently: these questions—How to move again? How to speak again?—make themselves heard alongside an even more urgent one: What about the feeling? Is there a way to move with it? Is there a way to speak for it? If Lyotard's later writings insist upon one thing, it is, enigmatically, upon a "debt to affect." But what sort of motions, what sort of words rise to the occasion of letting the affect *be*?

Here is the reversal: no longer is it the affliction that must "prove" its worth to its host (the body, the text). It is now the host who must search for ways to "honor" it, to "grace" it, and indeed to *bow* in front of it.[19]

I want to say something about how this sentiment is specifically Jewish. I have spent a great part of my life in Israel, where life touches death, where Jews celebrate life like the world will end tomorrow. This is the definition of *simcha*, joy. Joy is to be in uncompromising favor of life, where life is the pain of *today*. This is the definition of existential community, support, and sharing. In my opinion, this is what it means to come into the most direct contact with Torah, with life. Out of the depth of darkness, the voice of a violin and the voice of a child emerge.

This work is about survival, the total insistence of a life. I am moved by the words of Zvi Kolitz:

I believe in the sun even when it is not shining, I believe in love even when feeling it not; I believe in God even when He is silent.

--inscription on the wall of a cellar
in Cologne where a number of Jews
hid for the entire duration of the war[20]

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[18] I use "honor," here and throughout, as it appears in Lyotard's *The Differend: Phrases in Dispute*, trans. Georges Van Del Abbeele (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1988), for example, at xii, under "Problem": "Given 1) the impossibility of avoiding conflicts (the impossibility of indifference) and 2) the absence of a universal genre of discourse to regulate them (or, if you prefer, the inevitable partiality of the judge): to find, if not what can legitimate judgment (the 'good' linkage), then at least how to save the honor of thinking." I extend the assignation of "honor" to "thinking" to involve equally, and by my estimation more importantly, "feeling."

[19] The word *grace* is central to Lyotard's *Heidegger and "the jews,"* as that to which one cries in response ("One cries in response to grace"), that to which "the word of the preacher must bear witness," but also the body's grace, as it moves "toward poverty in an effort to approach unfathomable misery," 35, 38.

[20] Kolitz, *Yossel Rakover Speaks to God*, trans. Carol Brown Janeway (New York: Vintage International, 1999), dedication on page 1.

The agon of authorship

what it took to write this - the cost

I want to write about the most significant instantiation of what I would consider to be honest living. Everything stands or falls on my maintenance of the performance—that is, I had to pay a price physically. The limit of intensity is my presence. Many times, I could not figure a way forward, through the work or through myself. Thinking is itself a part of the process, and struggle, and patience. The movement from experience to expression, from existence to product is painful. In the agon of authorship, frustration is a constitutive element of the work.

Existence is not instrumental. Writing out of existence—in contradistinction to writing *about*—while in it may only be described as a bearing. Bearing is brutal, whereby the literal movement from concealment to revelation is the most painful part—this movement is the time of the work, the time of labor in which I set out with my body leaning forward, caving in. This bearing is recursive and unyielding, a continuous shoving along, productive of nothing but its own creative fact.

I wanted to do this honestly. Must a writer worthy of her name get sick for her work? Or is ailment a byproduct of doing the work seriously? "The work is in no way a shelter in which I live."[21] If it was a shelter, it wouldn't be what it is. Doing this honestly is actually showing up, is paying with your person. You have to live to write; there is no writing without going through myself first.

If anything, then at least to show how little will be done after we will have talked about this. Because *in essentials*, there is no problem to talk about. I had suggested that this ought to begin in the weight of recognition, nothing like relief, but a lifeline in feeling that one is not the only one dragging. It takes this much time and this much pain, it takes living through it, to arrive at recognition:

> "He lives by dying in it" [the poet in the work].[22]

If there is an agon, there is also an eros, an eros of the agon, an eros of the craft. The eros of a craft, the writing is the work itself and it is meant to be painful, an expenditure. And simply, what in Hebrew we call *Torah lishmah*. It reminds me of Steiner, "what you haven't learned by heart you haven't loved deeply enough."[23] I have tried to measure myself by that metric, knowing what I do by heart and thereby meaning everything with vital and fatal seriousness. If you cannot give all, give fully, you may as well give nothing at all. That is what makes it existential either way.

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[21] Blanchot, *Space of Literature*, 226.
[22] Ibid.
[23] C.f., Steiner, "History of Literacy" lecture, *Living Literacies Conference*, November 2002, York University in Toronto.

Preludium

If I were to ask, when do you most intensely feel alive? How does this feeling, *of life*, arrive, and where is it held?

My earliest difficulties with this question emerged in my relations with people. Since a young age, I longed for substance in my relations, for deep, profound connection. Substantial relations have a severe emotional and existential demand, they engage the substance in each of us. While it somehow came naturally to me, not to let go, most others found this too high a demand. They betrayed me, and the experience of the connection itself, *at the point of difficulty*. I found that they were unwilling to struggle, with me and for me. Something about truth, about the essential difficulty of being together, made them shudder. The passion, the pain, of being together made them flee.

The idea of escape bothered me (not that I am, on all counts, above it). Truth lasts forever and something that is true has no end. The idea of things ending, of the inevitable transience of a connection, also bothered me. I wanted things to last, and somehow felt inside, that they did. That they last is the pain of them; no attempt to kill the feeling could be successful. Any kind of compromise bothered me. Perhaps one cannot live without compromise, but one can live at its bare minimum.

One might ask, what is the point of living at the bare minimum of the compromise, when the other side is easier? The answer goes beyond meaning into fulfillment through the deepest grounding, into significance. A life whose very breath is significant, whose very gesture is significant cannot be a life that annihilates pain.

This book is not about human relations, but it is about truth. Physical truth. This book is about life and because it is about life, it is about pain. What does it mean to say "yes" life? What does it mean to say "yes" to life, physically? The first is Victor Frankl's question, from his book *Yes to life, in spite of everything*. In this book, Frankl observes the following about meaning and survival:

> We have already heard that the fulfillment of meaning is possible in three main directions: human beings are able to give meaning to their existence, firstly, by doing something, by acting, by creating—by bringing a work into being; secondly, by experiencing something—nature, art—or loving people; and thirdly, human beings are able to find meaning even where finding value in life is not possible for them in either the first or the second way—namely, precisely when they take a stance toward the unalterable, fated, inevitable, and unavoidable limitation of their possibilities: how they adapt to this limitation, react toward it, how they accept this fate.[1]

I am interested in what it means to touch life and live it, in its physical struggle, honestly; the pathetic difficulty of living. I consider a feeling that militantly manifests itself, erupts, and shakes us. Life becomes material and sensible through the inflection of pain. We become alive to ourselves, for ourselves, through this sensation.

Is there really a need for such truth? As Susan Sontag wrote, "the need for truth is not constant."[2] But I am trying to make a distinction, here, between the needs of the person and the calling of life itself. The truths this work respects are those borne of a seriousness about existence.

Life is pathos. Life is felt in pathos. Pathos is, in significant part, moving, painful. Short of saying life is pain, life is in the feeling of pain.

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[1] Frankl, *Yes to life, in spite of everything* (Boston, Beacon Press, 1946), 11.

[2] Sontag, "Simone Weil," in *Against Interpretation, and Other Essays* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1966), 40.

The pathos

sensitivity opens up the body to trial

What enters through the blazon of the body, sensations, *aisthesis*, is not just the form of an object, it's the anguish of being full of holes. Lyotard[3]

What is sensitivity? It is precisely the anguish of being full of holes, the openings in the body which receive life. A life that heightens its responsiveness is exponentially more sensitive to pain. We are, most of us, removed from the intimacy of our own breath; removed from the perilous urgency of touch; removed from the fact that voice is deeply connected to pain inside the body. Disaffection is a means of survival, of surviving the pathos of living. But why is imperturbability a point of honor?

Essentially, this work is about pathos, the feeling of being alive. Our phobia of the pathos and the necessity of pathos for a significant life. The burden of living with pathos and our impotently declining to shoulder it. What is pathos? Pathos is the *пассионарность*, *pathemata*, the "open chest" (ear, mouth) to life. Pathos is to be moved in an immediate, intimate, and real way toward life, into the living heart of pain.[4] It is the pain, simply, of living, a significant life existentially and physically is a difficult life, or, essentially involves difficulty.

What does it mean to live a life governed by the profound need to take leave of the pathos? And what does it mean to be unable, to leave? Is our need for consolation possible, existentially, to satisfy? Everything we do is motivated to control the pathos. We struggle, we labor in the strong sense of the word, that used by obstetrics and psychoanalysis, to understand it, anesthetize it, terminate it. We cut away ruthlessly everything that is useless. We *pull out* of the inner difficulty. Yet the existential cannot escape the physical, what remains true physically. That it is significant—is probably as much as we can really say.

This isn't just a difficulty because I'm here. It is a difficulty because of the force itself of pathos, an insistence from which no one is exempt. Anyone who is alive is confronting the pathos and will be beholden to ask whether the pain is worth it.

While the work is not polemical, it contains at its core an invective of apathy, *a contempt for our contempt* for what it means to be alive, expressing itself in the attempt to ease the pain. Risking the truth, the true feeling, involves pain. This is not a suggestion against the person trying to feel better (inevitable), but a suggestion that feeling better is not internal to life. Can one both respect the desire to feel better and respect the life? Does each one of us bear, by necessity, a contempt for life? Is it possible to know death, but to celebrate life? Is avoidant the only position we can take? It doesn't count if you're only celebrating life half-way or when it works for you. For even "going toward life" voluntarily is an avoidance of the *real going toward*. . .

This is sensitivity, a delicacy of feeling, an attenuation to the intimate breathing of the human soul.

It feels strange to convince the living reader that the pathos we have systematically disowned is enormously significant (and significant regardless of whether we think it

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[3] Lyotard, "Music, Mutic," in *The Postmodern Fables*, trans. Georges Van Den Abbeele (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1997), 231.

[4] "god" is where it hurts. Through hardship, we come to know the heart.

meaningful).[5] The conscious subject does not "work on itself, with and against itself, in order to be accessible to the eventuality."[6] In the name of thinking and honor of feeling, I trust the pathos to do that—a torment that will come to the surface to breathe:

> la preuve de l'épreuve est l'épreuve
> the proof of the experience is the experience[7]

Via the etymology of the French, and moreover, the play between proof and experience, Lyotard takes proof away from the domain of logic to that of embodied life. I will not pretend to take experience as an object for analysis, nor will I offer a descriptive analytic of reality; rather, I will take an inward turn into some "thing," fatal, echoic, that is incomparable except by the experience itself, the militant devotion of life to itself.

It is this "contact" with existence that will interest me. I want to know what it means to remain a little longer, to be held in the polyphonic weight of the pathos. I am interested in the experience of being offered to life, engaged with life. I am interested in the hourly physical substantiation of the body, how the body awakens to life.

The struggle is not only existential. And actually, what intrigues me is struggle at the particular and elemental level—in basic breathing, in the basic attempt to move. What it means, literally, to wrestle with something that does not seem to lose its gravity. This is not just a poetic thought, it is the bare actuality of living:

> Above all, do not lose your desire to walk. Everyday, I walk myself into a state of well-being and walk away from every illness. I have walked myself into my best thoughts, and I know of no thought so burdensome that one cannot walk away from it. But by sitting still, and the more one sits still, the closer one comes to feeling ill. Thus if one just keeps on walking, everything will be all right.[8]

In this physical advance into the unknown, I will attempt an exactness about the feeling, attending to the grain of the voice, the beat of the body, an exposure that is essentially constitutive, remaining close to the sincerity of affection. I will consider the physical advance itself: namely, how ambulation, the effort to "move forward" and "move on" is afflicted. I have already discovered how difficult it is to speak about the physical, much less to write it.

I am not interested in an easier life, but in a truer one, physically. It is, to be sure, unorthodox, to consider the word *honest* in the physical realm—to consider ethical and religious behavior within the physiological realm. Why should life be thought of it terms of justice and betrayal, respect, obedience, and responsibility? It's not about trying to live, but trying to live under the difficult demand of having to live.

There is the observation of a privilege, here, —existential and phenomenological—of being existentially endowed to feel oneself bearing the pain at all, which is by no means to suggest that a deep relation with life is the only one you can have.

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[5] Consider this work a defense of weight, of difficulty, of pathos against the pathological attempt to make life easier (understanding, of course, that the *gravitas* is not indeed of defense).

[6] Lyotard, "Music, Mutic," in *The Postmodern Fables*, 218.

[7] Lyotard: "The proof of the experience is the experience." I do not have a citation, here, for it is an unpublished remark, but I am grateful to Bruno Chaouat for this note from Lyotard's late lectures at Emory University.

[8] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, trans. Alphonso Lingis (London: Kluwer Academic Publishers, 1978), 25.

The purpose of emotion

I borrow this title from Rumi:

> A certain Sufi tore his robe in grief,
> and the tearing brought such relief he gave the robe
> the name *faraji*, which means *ripped open*,
>
> *or happiness*, or *one who brings the joy*
> *of being opened*.[9]

A pervasive question of this work will be the purpose of pathos. What is its purpose? Purpose is different from meaning and use. Purpose is meant, here, as significance.

To recover the Rumi fragment is to emphasize the *duende* of great feeling, that it contains both joy and pain. The purpose of emotion is to fulfill the significance of life, both sides of this dialogue.

[9] Rumi, "The Purpose of Emotion," accessed online.

The purpose of comfort

Comfort is ease *within*, not apart from, constraint. It is the bit of solace, whether existential or physical, found within difficulty.

I, too, am a human being. Of the most dominant feelings in my life have been physical pain and loneliness. These feelings are so diabolical they must be alleviated. One needs to draw a breath, one needs to inhale to go forward. The pain in each part must be moderated.

Yet comfort, I want to suggest, is integral to living but contrary to life. Comfort takes down the part of life I know to be most intensely vital within me. Any attempt to resolve feeling as anything other than the fact of what it is an offence against truth.

Appassionata

for the pathos, against the surcease of pain

Aisthesis can only repress the truth of *pathos* (which is not pathetic) like the splendor of the church represses the presence of Jesus in the heart. Counter-Reformation, Jansenism, movement toward poverty in an effort to approach unfathomable misery. It is not Jesus' beauty that makes him true. He cannot even be approached through the senses; his incarnation is not his presence in the world, it is our tears sprung from joy. He is thus sublime, an insensible affection, a sensible presence in the heart only. How can the affection be present in the pulpit if the preachers only *speaks* of it? It is not up to him to make people cry. One cries in response to grace. Lyotard[10]

I feel what it means to be alive. I feel it inside. Movement rising from below, descending movement from on high. I feel, in an immediate way, what threatens my existence.

There is suffering. I feel tight, taut. Held, in grips. The volatility of this shooting pain inside. A drama in the chest. It is as difficult to hear this as to know you have a desire—a notably resonant pianissimo. Is not there suffering because something insists that we are alive? Living on, living anyway, is a point of honor.

There is a certain kind of living, of being alive, of being lived. It is not visible from afar; most of it happens from the inside. What is it to have an intimate knowing of this? Appassionata is a feeling of life in me I cannot deny. It restores me to an awareness of what is inside. This reminder is not without difficulty. It is a difficult truth suggested by gravity. Living is difficulty. Living is announced by, and felt as, difficulty. It is a problem of weight and of bearing that weight. The living feel themselves falling in step with a lethal eternity, and if they cannot comprehend it, they can feel it everywhere.

There is a frustration that haunts our deranged efforts to understand what is happening to, and inside, us. We recognized the agitated contact with life. Somewhere along the way, we refused the difficulty. We, squanderers of pain, caught up in the utilitarian anxiety about minimizing expenses. Burden, we impotently declined to shoulder it. We felt that it at once connects us with the time of our termination and relinks us with living, that it does us in by the mode in which we live. We felt that it both doesn't let us live and lives itself out through us. We decided that, since it is painful, it is limiting, and since it is limiting it is malign. Life became a problem of weight and of bearing this weight. If the weight could not be got rid of, we wanted to decide where the exposure is. We needed room to maneuver and pivot around. We are trying to get somewhere. We wanted to be "relieved of the seriousness, the effort, the heavy anguish, the weight of a whole life that was spilled into it."[11] Yet it was so contained, we could not let it out. Some of us felt this truth, that life's sforzando is asymmetrical. Rarely does a feeling crescendo to the point at which we can finally grasp; it accumulates into a pianissimo.

This is what makes it a reality lived at the deepest level, an experience in which an essential insight is acquired. This is not so much the positive, as the *moving* role of difficulty in life. Awareness of the feeling is indistinct by impression, it is distinct by movement: difficulty is moving, to be moved to life is difficult. It is difficulty in movement through which the feeling activates, in the elementary yet subtle dance of partial knowing and exposure, what life means and

[10] Lyotard, *Heidegger and the "jews,"* 34-5.
[11] Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, 192.

where it means itself. Of intrigue is a mode of insistent, if religious, importance that feels like it should issue a meaning but that cannot be lived to its end or settled with: a mode of emotional significance in which pain is a feeling of life without its meaning.

I am interested in what survived our efforts to expunge it. I want to know what it means to be relinked with living. This requires me to be close to the sincerity of things. More than close, it requires me to write from within, to live those things. There is a phrase of Emmanuel Levinas, "All that [taking shelter, studying, eating, drinking, making love] is not for the sake of living; it is living. Life is a sincerity."[12] This is where I want to go, away from insincerity. Sincerity is personal, it is a personal struggle with the form. Sincerity is aware of the performance.

I give you, then, a sincere, emotional expression of life from the fact of this palpation. In a world hostile to tenderness, a world from which human affection has been vainly excluded, this is a rediscovery of the appassionata we have systematically disowned. This work is about that affection and it is written *for* that sacred pathos.

[12] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 24.

Engaged

. . .as though tangency admitted degrees

If there is a question by which this work is beset, it is this: what is it to be engaged with life? What does it mean to say "yes" to life, physically? Is there a cost in being "in touch" in this way and what is it? What makes a *person vivant*, a person most alive, is difficulty itself. The close one is to life, the more threatened is one's capacity to be well.

The question of volition is felt to be critical. A person in pain discovers a hundred ways of escape. We are, most of us, trying to be in withdrawal from the pain of living.[13] "Intentionally," just barely linked with living. Yet I have the sense that I do not choose my engagement. I feel that I am in a realm in which my effort holds only an auxiliary significance. Life, we do not readily leave it. Being has no real outlets, no real choices; you cannot go in and out as you please.

I am interested in "[a] decisive experience of the 'no exit' from existence" and "its phantom return through the fissures through which one has driven it."[14] Everything significance in life arrest the will. There is something that commits (*engage*) me and where there is genuine commitment there is no relief (*releve*). I don't go toward life. I am taken into it.

To be affected is to be engaged in life. Affection *engages* you in living, it engages you from the inside. It involves you in the activity of life. There is a pain, there, in the inner growth. Everything is implicated. Every part of you is implicated. An unrestricted inner life grows in me, it has its own truth-wish. Internal time is existential, the time spent being engaged. A tight embrace within the chest. Essential participation is worth more than decided participation.

It is frustrating to be interfered with at this essential level. For what is the result of resistance if not a heightened participation of the person in his internal dynamic? It is a snare, because this is also the result of surrender. I want to give this frustration its preponderance:

> Fragile and not always obvious and allied to so many imponderable factors. . .it depends first and foremost on our own honesty.[15]

As life became larger in me, I had to live with the feeling that there is no salvation in a body that is incapable of consolation. This is the good eros of being shackled. Not being rung out, not being released. A devotion without consolation. The course life takes in you, living up until the end. The fidelity of vigilant existence: to be one with the life inside of me and to do justice to the life inside of me.

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[13] When I say *pain*, I mean something deeply and basically physical.
[14] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 36.
[15] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 110.

The enigmata of living

The only credible explanations pertain to physiology and theology. Everything in between doesn't matter. Cioran[16]

A consideration of engagement demands an honesty about the enigmata of living. *Enigma* indicates an obscurity of meaning and a clarity of significance in a space where, properly speaking, nothing has meaning yet. Why does experience linger inside, leaving so many abrasions? Why do we feel significances for which we have no explanation, a crisis not of depth but of control by meaning?

These enigmata strike me as physically significant. There is a mystery held in us, holding us. These questions occur to me, from the inside of these enigmata: What does it mean to be moved to living, from the inside? Why does experience linger inside? What is responsible for its continuation? Why do we feel significances for which we have no explanation? Why do these significances carry a special weight? What is this work of feeling inside our life? What is this enigma of labour, "as if ardor alone could imprison a thing without substance, and cause it to endure"[17]?

It is enigmatic that things last beyond the time that we desire them to last, or even, can sustain them. It is enigmatic that something can hurt so badly and a person remain impotent before its significance. It is enigmatic that a feeling can have deep significance and no meaning—difficulty prolonged, knowing no end, no telos but itself. It is enigmatic that we cannot seem to realize a deliverance from our in-borne antagonism. It is enigmatic how closely related are living poetically and living earnestly. It is enigmatic that living *almost without betrayal* is not *living without betrayal*. It is enigmatic that art cannot recover the lost lover—cannot do with, nor can it do without, pain.

[16] See Cioran, *The Trouble With Being Born*, the relationship between physiology and theology throughout.
[17] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 120.

Giving life the preponderance it is due

But it is true that, in the course of my life, when not in the grip of urgency, when my meaning is not at stake, I can see no more serious problems than those raised by my body. Saint-Exupéry, *Pilote de Guerre*

What does it mean for a feeling to take its course in life?—for that would be its preponderance, that would be how, and where, it matters. But why should we get closer to what is inside?

To engage with living, in existential honesty, is to admit its physical complication. Few things go deeper, and are more difficult to elaborate, than the phenomenological insight, the "serious problems" raised by the body. This concerns the interaction of the body with life and of the person with the body.

There is a paradox determining this, the difficulty of giving life the preponderance it is due. The task of writing something "equal" to this experience, the experience of living, is ludicrous and arduous. It is difficult to write about the physical. There is, first of all, a problem of respect for weight. There is a terminal silence surrounding it. I cannot *give* life the preponderance it is due by writing it. Life does not have a thematic index. Life cannot be compromised through a reflection on its conditions. Life preponderates itself. Life already bears this preponderance out in myriad enigmatic ways from the inside and the only way to show that is to be there inside. But when you're inside, the important is unapparent. Showing it is in someway to violate it. But there are constitutive exposures and that is what I'm interested in. I am not going to show it, I am going to see what shows itself. My intention is to describe (not grant) the priority of the experience.[18] This describing requires a reaching. It requires beginning from a point of darkness, daring the depths of what is moving within us and through us. What is this thing affecting us? It requires becoming aware of a scream and remaining forever unequal to the experience.

In order to do so, I have to consider the physical facts of living. I have to go not beyond, but into, a core of "living presence." Required is a physical advance into the known. Into an inner region where some "thing" hurts, where the inner being is out of tune, into an experience in which an essential insight is acquired. But how do you enter into the interior mode of living if not from within? Life, it must be suffered in all its depth. If preponderance means greater physical weight, this is already its weight, that weight is everywhere implied. This requires me to be close to the sincerity of things. Sincerity is in the grain of the voice and the beat of the body. Sincerity is in a sound or gesture so subtle as to go unnoticed, and certainly, to be unwilled. It requires an intimate knowledge of struggle—me to live through the experience myself from the inside.

I am interested in the real value, the physical worth of the feeling, for the accumulating weight of life is precious. I am interested in a literal physical accuracy about what is happening, an exactness about the feeling, an explicit consideration of the physical difficulty of existence, the entire fracas of the event. I want to acknowledge physical factors and the illegitimacy of treating them casually. I want to call attention to the existential density[19] of this experience. The empirical fact of continuation of life inside, what it means to be strained existentially and for that to be concretized physically. I am interested in the movement of life itself of which the best of all possible resolutions is struggle. This is a consideration of that trial, a trial of the body (and in). "In" is where the significance lies. This will be to consider a struggle which is largely kept secret

[18] In a sense, the approach is rigorously phenomenological. In another, it is perhaps more radical than any "science of phenomenology," for it consists in wanting for things to come about, and to affect us, exactly as they do.

[19] And destiny (its destiny being in its destiny, its weight).

from the outside, requiring a phenomenology of the involuntary, something so hidden that its phenomenology is, in the final analysis, no longer possible.

Taking weight seriously, can we take leave of life? Considering life on its own terms, *ought* there to be pain because there *is* pain? This all, for the sake of a difficult and erudite work of physical justice. And if there is physical justice, is there physical cowardice? It wants to know about the life course life takes "to its appropriate" end of the feeling. Let this be an explicit consideration of the physical difficulty of existence. To be explicit about physical difficulty is to be explicit about the notion of activity and its role in human existence.

In conflictu - difficult living, difficulty living

A conflict is recovered in the constitution of the body. A war: a noise and a silence. "The depiction of this duality in the language of physics, as two vectors moving in contrary directions," is adequate to grasp the tension. Grasping the *hic et nunc* is to grasp the conflict, the *hic et nunc* is conflictual, an endless fugue between the life of the feeling and the life of the person. A will to live is accompanied by a difficulty living. The body deals with and holds to internal difficulties. The will is threatened by those difficulties. I hesitate between comfort and truth. This is a conflict of duration, a conflict of tempo, a conflict in direction, a conflict of development, a conflict in depth, and a conflict of visibility. A consistently developed paradox inside the body—of sadism, of vitality. What life feels like "inside" is in conflict with what to do with what life feels like "inside." Factors of meaning are threatened by existential weight. The development of the person is threatened by a development inside the body. The person tries his hardest to procure an amelioration, his desire fueled not by a sincere interest in living but by a desire to avoid life.[20]

Are the tendencies of life contrary to the dictates of utility? The will certainly feels this way. Can effort be victorious and hence equal to the realities it tackles? This is a serious question. Is it not incumbent on the will to approach itself with irony, fatality? So a tension erupts from the living hold of pain: on the one hand, to relieve it, a tendency belonging to the person; on the other, a tendency of the pain to recover itself, belonging to the life of the feeling. The reduction of a physiological stress may correspond to the reduction of pathos: *apatheia* to life. Yet *pathiea* is vital, is—life. And "becoming well again" is actually a loss in the quality of exchange.

The economic dimension of experience is thus not just a spiritual issue, it is an ethical predicament. What are the ethics of releasement? In a "relief *from* tension," life itself is somewhat cheated. A possible recovery is a definite loss. Yet there is a turn: life cannot be lost, although most of it is regularly lost on the person. Physically, it is questionable whether pain can be relieved; it may only be re-lived.

An agon, then, is exposed: life is lived out, and suffered, in this essential struggle. Struggle relates to movement, it calls for a physical interpretation of the difficulty of living, the "mere enunciation," the "very life" of difficulty. For to recover from pain is to move away from it and to be under the influence of pain is to have difficulty moving. One struggles within the time of the feeling, against it.

[20] Here, "sincere" and "interest" in a phrase together seem, to me, oxymoronic. Economic interest is, in principal, insincere.

Recovering

Let me say, *via negativa*, what this is not: The question is not whether difficulty *should* be relieved—yes, under certain circumstances, it should be. The question is whether that relief is, phenomenologically, genuine. Does not difficulty remain, having exhausted all therapeutic remedies? Does not difficulty remain, even if one is unaware of it?

Is recovery (ever) successful? Do we think we will win this contestation with the sickness inside? Is "health," the "state" recovery is seeking, the truth of the body? (This is to suppose, of course, that life is a state and not a movement.) Health is a forced state, a state in conflict with life where the vivacity of a person is actually coincident with, and proportional to, the affliction he undergoes.

In what sense, then, does therapy "work"? Therapy deals with the difficulty that is named, if it is even possible to name difficulty. Yet surely there are difficult areas of existence that remain unnamed, surely they weigh at least as much. Some of them obviously insist, others subtly persist. What lifts the weight away? The illusion may provide some relief, but the difficulty enters more deeply into hiding.

At least two possible, meanings, then, coexist in the motion of *recovering*:

difficult pathos	a-patheia
pain, recovering itself	recovering from pain
living term	live through
life of the term	coming to terms
intensification	alleviation
significance	meaning
moving	slow, hindered willing
moved body	re-moving
sinking back	moving forward

We have to be sensitive to the fact that nothing will heal us adequately, we are only ever off-setting the damage, making *as if* the damage was nothing, and this *as if* becomes our distraction, our living, but it is not our life.

Of how many parts of your body are you actually aware? We are removed from the "within us." Removed from the intimacy of our own breath, from the levitation of the chest. Recovery, then, is a return inward. It is not the recovery that takes us out of ourselves, that removes us from ourselves, that gives us artificial shackles in which to breathe half-way. I am interested in what it feels like to breathe in fully and not release—and not be. . .released.

This work is a retrieval of the emotional and physical difficulty of living and an insistence on the significance of that difficulty for life. It is a work *for* pain, a work that exposes the pain by which we are moved to life and recovers the pain by which we know that we are alive.

As Canguilhem notes, the number of terms with the prefix “re” that serve to describe the process of recovery have radically different intentions and connotations:

. . .“restore,” “reconstruct,” “reestablish,” “reconstitute,” “recuperate,” “recover.” In this sense, to cure implies the reversibility of phenomena whose sequence constituted the disease. . .

A cure was no longer commanded externally; it became an initiative recuperated by the patient, insofar as the illness was no longer treated as an accident, but rather as a failure of conduct, if not as a conduct of failure. It is known that according to its etymology, "to heal" is to protest, to defend, to arm—quasi-militarily—against aggression and sedition.

But why is the openness of the organism to its milieu subordinate to the organism's maintenance of proper constants?

…

Despite the persistence of the blurred image of Apollo the Thaumaturge within the symbolic of therapy, no doctor can ignore that no cure is ever a return.[21]

If, in popular terms, "to heal is to recover a compromise or lost good, namely, health," allow me to suggest that to heal is to compromise life. Health is imposed, it is not lived from within. It is not health that we should be afraid of losing, it is life.

Recovery will be the *very effort* that it will be necessary to stay alive. Recovery is also the reverse effort by which life insists upon itself. This is a recovery of feeling to the body, by pain of living. True recovery will be the manner in which my body shall restore what it receives and what have tried to disown.

Life loses itself, returns to itself, accomplishes itself. This is the madness of the movement of recovery.

[21] Canguilhem, *Writings on Medicine*, trans. Stefanos Geroulanos and Todd Meyer (New York: Fordham University Press, 2022), 55-6.

To be fully alive

To live is to risk being in pain. Life is *being in pain*, living is a perpetual struggle with source, is: “I fight everything,” “I fight the pain by which I am alive.” What, then, is it to be fully, painfully alive? To be recovered into all parts of the experience in all parts of the body at the same time and left unreleased? Is the feeling of being alive the feeling of life itself? Not all pain is suffered, not all parts of the body are felt. Pain, боль, the insistence of difficulty inside the body, is different from suffering, страдания, the work of living-with and with-out pain, the remission from pain. Insofar as suffering—sufferre, "from below. . .to bear"—participates in the alleviation of pain, this is not a work about suffering (*patior*), about pain that can be "worked" or patiently suffered out of a body. Suffering is not the weight a real response has to being profoundly, fully alive.

Uncompromise

holding in life, as much of it

Does existence betray essence? Does living break with the source of life? Is it possible that there is an activity immanent to the organism that compensates for its pain? That is, a knowing within life of its own despair? The struggle with relative purity troubles this work, which wants to know, what is it to live intensely, at the bare minimum of compromise? Any moment that I am not in it—is the betrayal. What (purification) is required in order for this to feel honest in the body?[22]

To borrow, from Miguel de Unamuno, a fragment adequate to what I mean:

> Neither does this high debate admit of that indecent and repugnant expedient which the more or less parliamentary type of politician has devised and dubbed "a formula of agreement," the property of which is to render it impossible for either side to claim to be victorious. There is no place here for a time-serving compromise. Perhaps a degenerate and cowardly reason might bring itself to propose some such formula of agreement, for in truth reason lives by formulas; but life, which cannot be formulated, life which lives and seeks to live for ever, does not submit to formulas. Its sole formula is: all or nothing. Feeling does not compound its differences with middle terms.[23]

Within us is an intimate confrontation with itself of an opposition between contraries. There is an uncompromising bodily presence to the experience. The intimacy and the violence of contrary movements which are irreconciled and never appeased. I want to reside in the intimacy of this rip, the torn intimacy of its own essence where it will be realized that betrayal is at the level of physiology.

[22] Regarding purity, see Simone Weil, *Gravity and* Grace, in which: “Purity is absolutely invulnerable as purity, in the sense that no violence can make it less pure.”
[23] Unamuno, *Tragic Sense of Life*, trans. J.E. Crawford Flitch (London: Macmillan and Co., 1926), 107.

Belonging to the truth of the condition

Does a depth of feeling bring one closer to life? Is he who is pulled below the surface of life by the weight of his body superior to the one who isn't? What kind of depth? I'm not different from anyone else, but I am more deeply engaged with the truth of this condition.

We cannot economize on a relation to truth. This is, principally, what it means to "belong." Truth comes from the inner body. I am interested in the intimate knowing that we're alive, in what it feels like to be in this experience. I am interested in the tense moment of experience, in the reserve itself. I want to come back to the body in the most rigorous sense. I want to pursue this experience to its end, or rather, to witness its pursuit of me.

I want to approach the difficulty of being ended slowly inside. I want to touch life, without interference. I want to reach the *quantum satis* of experience. Belonging, in this way, is not volitional, it is elementary.

I offer the personal example that, any time I have tried to forget something, it has insisted on itself the more, the stronger. That is how life is, any time we try to rush it out, minimize it, it insists on itself the more, the stronger.

Duende, in holding

… in exhaling, a vibrato is released. In a "relief *from* tension," life itself is somewhat cheated. What are the ethics of releasement, tightness purged out of a chest? A Cathar is a lighter, not a purer being. Air turned breath, timely relief of pain, a gas exchange with the environment. The economics, as it were, of breathing. Do we hear experience competing for space in chest, in lungs? Needs the geometry of body, physics of speaker to recover the vibrato. For Lorca, these are the "close quarters," "not form but the marrow of form, pure music with a body lean enough to float on air."[24]

Duende is a mouthful (in)gathering of chthonic energy. Reckless enough, absorbed directly into blood. The arrival of the *duende* presupposes a radical change in a body's willingness to bear. An "*internal biological feeling of relation* to the environment" compromised by "'contraction' and 'dilatation.'"[25] A possible recovery is a definite loss. Because *duende* "is."

The reduction of a physiological stress may correspond to the reduction of pathos. Yet *pathea* is vital. And "becoming well again" is actually a loss in the quality of exchange. The economic dimension of experience is thus not just a spiritual issue, it is an ethical predicament.

Life's most intense experiences are accompanied by a slowness, a retardation of breath. Deep tectonic movement. *Larghissimo* of breath, "hardly a breath." Here, the pulse in the neck refuses to emanate significance; it "lends" nothing. Respiratory impairment, difficulty with mobility "inside," is another phrase for labored breathing, the labor itself of breath. Yet this is not quite dying, it is difficult living. Asphyxia is not only positional; "begin" and "again" forced together in the weight of the restraint.

*

Will the pulse ever be re-turned a life? I do not mean the motoricity of pulsation, pulsion.[26]

*

… in inhaling, another loan is taken. Vulnera of bios as inner endowment. Passional withholding, lymph nodes growing in chest. The intimacy of this tight biological nexus, spiritual physicality. It happens as *ligat(i)o*. For breathing to become breath, it must be recovered back to air.

Here is the erotic *agon*, unutterative. Small adjustments, physiological buoyancy viz. hoarding—a holding—of tension against the dangerous influence of healing. For only in the movement against relief may the body inhale the *sustinet* [burden of it], is life granted a

[24] Lorca, "Theory and Play of *The Duende*," trans. A.S. Kline, 2007.
[25] de Certeau, *The Mystic Fable: Volume Two* trans. Michael B. Smith (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2015), 158.
[26] For even in pulsion, in pulsation, I submit, is there a compromise. C.f., Lacan, the "motor reaction" as recovery, in *The Seminars of Jacques Lacan: The Ethics of Psychoanalysis*, Book VII, trans. Dennis Porter (New York and London: W. W. Norton & Company, 1997).

"geometric" expansion. Gesture distinct from *agere* [acting], " … a fight *for* the sickness whose recovery is simulated."[27]

What is it to live intensely, at the bare minimum of compromise? What is it not to seek profit in the form of "relief" payments from life? What is this *Arbeit* of breath which is not breathing? Is there an approach not by the quantity, but by the "physiological pathos of breathing"?[28]

*

Where the feeling holds us, душность (too much breath, "suffocation") joins дыхание (breathing) in душа (soul). There, in the meadows of the holding, may the tremors of history be felt, does all of time finally hurt, само чувство не покидает (feeling itself does not drop), *duende*.

[27] Lyotard, *Heidegger and "the jews,"* trans. Andreas Michel and Mark S. Roberts (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1988), 10; emphasis mine. Agamben, "Notes on Gesture," in *Infancy and History: The Destruction of Experience*, trans. Liz Heron (London and New York: Verso, 1993), 135-140.
[28] de Certeau, *The Mystic Fable: Volume Two*, 158.

The life of the feeling

a silent grasp of the internal

- *first movement*

The moments at which we grasp ourselves are rare. Somewhere along the way, some of us make the difficult discovery that we are alive. I want to describe such a moment. This is an attempt to expound what is meant by "alive"; rather, what it is like to be "alive," or living, so to speak, internally, by a bare physical encounter with life.

Чувство, feeling

Я печаль, как птицу серую,	I sadness, like a gray bird,
В сердце медленно несу.	In my chest slowly carry. Mandelstam, 1911[29]

There is a feeling in which all of living is at stake, a burden carried inwardly. Contained in a fragment belonging to the earliest phase of poems by poet, Osip Mandelstam, dated 1910:

Душный сумрак кроет ложе	The suffocating dusk covers the bed
Напряженно дышит грудь...	Strainedly the chest breathes. . .
Может, мне всего дороже	Maybe, everything costs me more [is more costly in me]
Тонкий крест и тайный путь.	The delicate cross and the intimate way[30]

What is the significance of this agon, by which we mean struggle, strain of being "torn apart, within," in the original Greek sense of the term agonia, for the experience that is human? In the crescendo and diminuendo of the agon, living truth is felt as a turbulence in the chest, an inner dissent. Here is the torment coming to the surface as breath. . .

This is *dolor animi*, pain of the soul, душевная боль, pain in the soul, life jutting out of the chest. A stretching and straining of the throat, of the insides. To what does the feeling owe its prevalence? Feeling is an intensity so subtle as to go unnoticed inside us and by most of us. In the crescendo and diminuendo of the agon, living truth is felt as a turbulence in the chest, an inner dissent. Feeling has its own terms, its vigilance.

How does it insist on itself? Perhaps the "how" is what is ultimately mysterious? Feeling, twisting, turning inside is what in Russian we call давление, pulse, pulsation.

This is a feeling that has nothing to do with what we can thematize about it. A feeling that is not the expectant and felt meaning of significance but *the* significance, namely, *that it is*. This will be the meaning of significance in physical terms.

Suffering the pathos inside your body, a bird within the cage of the chest—a contact with your inner lining.[31]

[29] Мандельштам, *Полное собрание стихотворений*, 97 ; translation my own.

[30] Ibid., 319 ; translation my own. The “geometry of pain” (both the point at which pain condenses toward the instant of a violent agitation and the directions by which it expands outward, the body exposed to a fatal mutual exclusivity, evocative of a pain at the “cross”). I also would suggest, here, the problem of the directionality of attention as central to the kind of effort here suggested: withdrawal and non-expansion, intense concentration that moves toward self-intimacy and -contagion. See Simone Weil’s meditations, in her *Notebooks* and elsewhere, on the “directionality of love” as a response to “divine calling”—far more a tuning and a turning, she says, than a doing, more an orientation than an achievement, excessive in its generosity, and fundamentally anti-teleological.

[31] “Gripped as a bird within a net / . . . how many periods past, / And we in exile lingering” (Ibn Gabirol).

Страсть—ardor

Страсть is more than feeling, it is the labour of feeling, the inner movement.

The hold

"The bare fact of presence is oppressive; one is held by being, held to be."[32] One has an "acute feeling of being held fast [*rivé*]."[33] We have no hold over the *fact-that*. The *fact-that* holds. We are taken hold of, held in an essential way. It is our inescapable. The body secures a complicated affect; or, a complicated affect is secured in the body. This is nowhere apparent, yet it is intensely implied, through gestural agitation and enraged groans. These components, нежность (tenderness), напряжение (strain), and тяжесть (weight), make up the substance of the systematic difficulty of living, the brutal hold of feeling.

The essence of an experience is its тяжесть, its weight. Напряжение is a special pressure, the pressure exerted upon life, by life, from within. Only in tension does this rigor of feeling hold. The pulse within is soft, full, dilated. This is the tenderness, "at" the point of weight and strain.

But physical, inner, helpless honesty. . .for honesty, the kind that matters, as the fidelity that matters, is unintentional.

[32] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 37.
[33] Ibid.

Sforzando

Sforzando, ***sfz***, is a sudden crescendo, a strong initial attack. In our case, it is a crescendo into lethal pianissimo. The feeling accumulates as sforzando.

Accumulation

I want to speak about something that accumulates inside *a contrario*. What it feels like when something amasses in you, extrapolates itself through you. Is accumulation different from intensification? There is an accumulation of the surplus "inside," an accumulation over a time in which the physical frame cannot hold to the experience. How do we know—feel—that it is a surplus? Continuation and accumulation inside are painful. Self-expansion and self-accentuation are painful within the tight space of a body without the proper opportunity to expand outward. The last arrival into you will never be the last.

Significance

> It indicates the *quod* but not the *quid*. The essence of the event: that *there is* "comes before" *what* there is[34]

A *marcato*,



a significance, attaches to the fact of living, значительное внутреннее движение. In the *marcato*, the finger presses down on the key and hovers—touching and retouching to create a heat, a sustained vibration. Significance is not "what," it is "that." *That* I feel something, *that* I feel it in this in this way is significant, perhaps more so because it is bereft of the explanation by *what*. Significance is what "makes itself felt"; significance is how. The charge of the thing we are feeling, the importance, is not its meaning. What is sought here is something like a meaning in that which imposes itself regardless of meaning. What is felt is significance, the living truth of the feeling. This is the strange, felt condition of living. We feel *that* there is something, without being able to tell *what* it is. Its bare significance.

What makes an experience significant? What is meant by significance, as opposed to meaning? Significance is not the meaning to be found. Significance is *its* insistency. *It* has a felt presence but not a meaning. This is the problem of meaning and significance. There is a tension between meaning and being (the actual state of affairs). Significance is primarily not an intellectual issue. It is the import felt where the meaning is unknown, not yet known, or struggling to be known.

What is the meaning of meaning? What do we do to life when we ask what the meaning of it is? How do you find meaning "internally"? In the course of time, meaning has something anesthetizing about it. Meaning is the flight from agitation. Significance sets fire to the structure of meaning. Significance is closer to the feeling of the meaning, and to its destitution. We *know* that something is meaningful, but we *feel* that something is significant. You are inhabiting life before you *know* it. Significance offers good reasons against asking about meaning. What defines

[34] Lyotard quoting Freud I, 215, *Heidegger and "the jews*," 16.

you retards your capacity to define what is happening. Obscurity of meaning and clarity of significance in a space where, properly speaking, nothing has meaning yet.

Significance is what is felt to be important, what feels like it insists, what feels like it has consequence. The feeling strives to prove its own significance more than the value of its knowledge. That an event was enormously significance: that is its consequence inside. It is significant because it's lacking the word we need. Significance is the weight of feeling—the responsibility—without its meaning. One is heavy with significance and light through meaning. Significance comprises both the feeling itself and the varied lifelong experience of it.

It is significant because it's lacking the word we need. We need the word because it is, in part, by the word that we "achieve" relief.

One wonders whether health in general might not be defined precisely by its "insignificance": to feel nothing, nothing too much. And whatever (pain) is felt is meaningful, it is meaningful pain? Whatever is so significant does not *come forth*, it *stays back*. Whatever is let out is a loss to its significance.

Weight

What does not *come forth* nevertheless must be felt. It comes forth, or rather, takes one down, as weight:

> To come down by a movement in which gravity plays no part. . .Gravity makes things come down, wings make them rise: what wings raised to the second power can make things come down without weight?
>
> Creation is composed of the descending movement of gravity, the ascending movement of grace and the descending movement of the second degree of grace. [Weil][35]

The weight of an experience is its бесконечность, its lack of ending. Life weighs in its duration. Life has weight. Lightness is the loss of essence (weight). The feeling is a weight for itself. Existence has a physical preponderance, an enunciation, a protrusion—which is actually not yet an expression.

What must the weight of the feeling be for us finally to feel it? The real is not only made of things palpable and obvious. This is the inner weight, the pressure damages and injures the form of our life.

[35] Weil, *Gravity and Grace*, trans. Emma Crawford and Mario von der Ruhr (New York: Routledge, 2002), 4.

Difficulty

It is difficulty in movement through which the feeling activates, in the elementary yet subtle dance of partial knowing and exposure, what life means and where it means itself: the feeling comes as deep, internal pain of which the most profound is undemonstreable, is invisible to the eye. We have a silent grasp of the internal, a silent grasp of "special difficulties" from the inside.

Difficulty is the physical consequence of the feeling. Difficulty obtains—how it obtains, where it obtains. Difficulty is physical turbulence, being moved inside, feeling a shift inside, having an experience inside.

These are the physically invasive effects of feeling. Difficulty refers both to the nature of the thing and its substance. Internal demand of difficulty. Difficulty makes the exhale grotesque. And here we are beginning to see the difference between difficulty and problem.

Lived from inside, this complication

There is neither "yes" or "no"; here all is merged, and the only rational formula that seems to be able to emerge is that of mystery or, better, that of the lived problem. Minkowski[36]

By what are we lived, from the inside? What does it mean to suffer from something physically inside? The body undergoes a profound modification through feeling. The toll is largely invisible, insides fighting themselves. A feeling of interior discomfort or interior superlocation.

Etymologically, complication is itself *complicatus*, "folded together," involved and involvement as the difficult feeling inside. of complication, as involvement, as entanglement.

Пассионарность refers to the significance of this engagement, for exposure happens internally, it is not a decision that one makes. The open chest that cries "in response to" grace. This complication is felt in the chest. It is a difficulty of the inner region, of the heart.

The more internal, the more undisclosed and nondescript, the more intense: this is what it means to live a genuinely dramatic life. This is the feeling by which the reality of the unseen is known, as one notices in oneself that one is going about with an illness as yet unpronounced—as yet, forever.

[36] Minkowski, *Lived Time*, trans. Nancy Metzel (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1970), 143.

Being-in

. . .this in-condition

Something tells us that we are alive (we have an intimate knowing that we're alive). Is the encounter I have with the relation the relation itself? Is the experience I have of the feeling the feeling itself? *Are you in pain?* or *Does it hurt?* The two statements are categorically different.[37]

I want to designate the region where significance subsists. Yet this region is impossible to designate from within?

What is it to be "in" an experience, stuck in the turbulent inside? How do things "go in"? "In" has to do with intimacy distance. Being in is not being apart from, but rather being there helplessly. Life is, as it were, infected from within. This is an inner null-point, an inner terminus—when you are "in" life, you don't have the capacity to say anything about it. To be "in" the living difficulty is to be bereft of the capacity to say anything conclusive about it. This is the "within":

> I hear the name of that which dispossess the apparatus, excises and surpasses it, which deprives it of speech, rendering it in-fans, by the very fact that "language" takes possession of it before it can adorn itself with it. It is this terrible, furious silence that lingers within like a cloud of vain and forbidden matter, this Medusan head within.[38]

Here is a region where the inner being is out of tune. There is a paradoxical mutuality of "being-in." The "in-itself" is always condemned to be a "for-us." To the contrary, what you are "in" is not necessary "for you," productive of the tension evoked by living in this tragedy. What is no longer contained within is exposed to corruption by the external world.

In the vibration, the body weighs very much, it weighs lightly. In the phenomenology of vibration, the vibrato captures, it holds life; it accumulates, it doesn't let go, it doesn't release; it clasps, it clings, it contains. These intense invisible physical motions, these slow exposures: is this not the definition of intimacy (with life)?

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[37] See Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations* throughout.
[38] Lyotard, *Heidegger and the jews*, 20.

Exposure

One is exposed to life, from the inside. To be intensely open is not an action, it is not a voluntary action. One is *given* to life; one is *given out* toward life. To pretend that it is an action is to be guilty of a schizophrenic category mistake. Exposure, like vulnerability, is a painful availability by life-force. It is an unrestricted inner life. Not going toward it, but being taken toward it and into it.

This unintentional disclosure occurs from within. First-degree exposure, vulnerability to life. Feeling pain—what does that mean in terms of the space between your experience of the pain and the pain itself.

The reality of the unseen

From whence does the feeling get its reality? In *vita reali*, life effects an "interior" result, life is an implied presence whose seriousness derives from implication. The heart pounding calls out the price. We live internally for many days after. Life shudders within itself—the toll is largely invisible, delicate, difficult, continuous, acute. One is affected without observable external effect, the internal effect is immense but unobservable. How do we find out the hiding-place?

The less of the feeling is seen on the exterior, the more of it which remains unseen, the more profound is its impact.

Living in the depth of the experience

Malaise is not a purely passive state, resting upon itself. The fact of being ill at ease [mal à son aise] is essentially dynamic. It appears as a refusal to remain in place, as an effort to get out of an unbearable situation. Levinas[39]

The word experience comes from, ex periri, "traversing peril, danger." *Périr* in French is *perish*. Experience has an exposition, a development, and a recapitulation. To be "ill at ease" is to have an experience of this movement.

To live in the depth of an experience does not necessarily imply a tempestuous passion, but could involve a quiet and invisible ardor. Living in the depth of the experience is falling in step with a lethal eternity.

What is meant by an active life? Life may be active inside the chest, but remain invisible to the eye. Life *resides* actively inside.

[39] Levinas, *On Escape*, 58.

Insistence, or, the vigilance of the feeling

What keeps the gnawing alive and keeps life in the gnawing? Phenomenologically, there is an insistence. There is something that prevails physically, and in this prevalence, *by* it, earns significance. What does it mean to be faithful to our experience of the world? How do we account for the fact that the feeling is experienced differently by each person? What does it mean to be an orphan in, or to belong to, this feeling? Does the feeling renew itself, and *how*? Principally, is this feeling betrayable?

In terms of the *life of the feeling*, the life of the term, the living term: there is an enlèvement life itself does not admit. Life holds its own standard of participation. This is the in-sistere: with and standing.

Life never surrenders. It makes itself felt in the body. This is a rejection of discipline that is not a rejection of rigor in religious living. *Rigor* refers to carriage and insistence: the feeling carries its own significance, its special emotional rigor.

And how does one feel rigorously? Or perhaps, *to feel* at all is to strain in the credulity of rigor. Knowledge without feeling is not knowing, it is bereft, bereaved technique. Technique is secondary to rigor; rigor is originary, it was at work in the beginning. Emotional knowing, or, re-feeling is not a requirement at which one rigorously arrives; availability to the feeling cannot be harnessed, exercised. And if behavior counts for something, the change of heart *precedes* it, for "a movement," as says Merleau-Ponty, "is learned when the body has understood it."[40]

Then we either relieve or *it* re-lives? But isn't the point, here, that it re-lives anyway? What is livable (*erlebbaren*) will never be as significant as: you live it through on the terms that it lives through you.[41]

[40] Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception*, trans. Colin Smith (New York: Routledge, 1958), 160.
[41] C.f., Jankélévitch, "…the hardship [carried] … bears an ontological complication," in "Judaism, an 'Internal Problem,'" 110.

Living-through

What is your most suffering experience? Rilke

What is lived, as such, is always painful.

Are you in pain? is different from *Does it hurt?* How much of me is alive? The more of you is alive the more of you in pain. Pain, then, is the feeling of the cost.

Living-through is a way of living a situation that is not a question of meaning but existence. It is an existential living of experience.

If it is lived through by all, if it is there to be lived through, it is the difficulty inheld in "through" that makes a difference.

In living, there is no essential conclusion. Living without letup. You live it through on the terms that it lives through you.

Is pain distinct from the time of living? What is meant by pain? What is meant by the time of living?

A remission without pain—that is the convenience offered to happy cheaters. If they economize their time in purgatory, they will wake up free one beautiful morning without ever having had something of which to be acquitted.—Thus for the Sophists of the calendar and the hourglass of time in and of itself would possess I know not what medicinal virtue. And for us, it is rather pain that would be purifying. For them, as for us, and despite Schopenhauer, pain is not inherent in the essence of time.

Pain is continued in duration, but in itself it is distinct from painful time. The relation of the attribute to the substantive indicates as much. Time is only the temporal palliative, leveling the bumps and the rough patches of moral life, in sum serves only to spare us from suffering. Jankélévitch[42]

Pain is not a register of experience, to experience at all is to partake in the feeling's pain. By pain, I mean the significance itself of the experience.

[42] Jankélévitch, *Forgiveness*, trans. Andrew Kelley (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press), 41.

The lingering question, then, at what point, in the life of the feeling, is one closer to truth?

intermezzo

"I would like us to stop for a moment at this limit of pain"[43]

[43] C.f., a gesture to Lacan's *Ethics* seminar (in full reference below).

There is a cascading set of costs when we stop at the limit of pain.

Боль—pain

When pain holds a body, when pain takes hold, there is an almost musical result. Staccato, percussive stillness. A trembling that never leaves still, but stills. Experience competes for space (in the chest, the lungs) with the living urgency of *presto*. It needs the geometry of the body, the physics of the speaker in a snare of the "no space to move."

In a rare attenuation to the physical enigmata of this snare, Lacan, in the *Ethics* seminar, says

> The limit has a name. It is something more than the *Lust!Unlust* polarity Freud speaks of.
>
> I would have you note that it is avoidance, flight, movement, which in the beginning, even before the system starts to function, normally intervenes in order to regulate the invasion of quantity in accordance with the pleasure principle. And it is to the motor system that the function of regulating the bearable or homeostatic level of tension for the organism is handed over in the end. But the homeostasis of the nervous system, which is the site of autonomous regulatory mechanism, is distinct from the general homeostasis (with all the potential for conflict that that implies), the homeostasis which activates the balance of moods. The balancing of moods occurs, but as an order of stimulation arising from within. That is how Freud expresses it. Certain stimulations come from within the nervous system, and he compares them to external stimulations.
>
> I would like us to stop for a moment at this limit of pain.[44]

While Freud expresses the limit metaphorically, why shouldn't the reality of *das Ding* be taken, as Lacan does, literally? Lacan,

> Freud tells us […] that in the majority of cases, the reaction of pain derives from the fact that the motor reaction, the flight reaction, is impossible. And the reason for this is that the stimulation, the excitation comes from within. Consequently, it seems to me that this so-called slip is […] present in order to point to the fundamental homology between the relationship of pain and the motor reaction.
>
> Thus, even pain must not be simply attributed to the register of sensory reactions. I would say, and this is something that the surgery of pain reveals, that it is not a question of something simple, which can be considered a simple quality of sensory reaction. The complex character of pain, the char acter that, so to speak, makes it an intermediary between afferent and efferent, is suggested by the surprising results of certain operations, which in the case of some internal illnesses, including some cancers, allow the notation of pain to be preserved, when the suppression or removal of a certain subjective quality has been effected, which accounts for the fact that it is unbearable.
>
> All this belongs to the sphere of modern physiological research, and it does not yet allow us to explain the problem fully. I will, therefore, limit myself to suggesting that we should perhaps conceive of pain as a field which, in the realm of existence, opens precisely onto that limit where a living being has no possibility of escape. [45]

[44] Lacan, *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis*, Book VII, 58.
[45] Ibid.

Is there an existential relation between difficulty and movement?

Ritardando

Life's most intense experiences are accompanied by a slowness, a retardation of breath. To feel at all is to be delayed physically. . .into deep tectonic movement, where in the holdover of, and from, motion, the body endures a return to the priority of the tremor:

> as, says Lacan, . .we conceive of pain as a field which, in the realm of existence, opens precisely onto that limit where a living being has no possibility of escape.[46]

where life "holds," I wager, its own standard of participation.

Why, when the body homeostat fails, are we in the habit of moving it out of the condition? Where there is a pathos, there is a phobia about lingering, a fear of being moved, where the whole prohibition, writes Vladimir Jankélévitch, against ritardando originates:

> Don't be late, keep walking. Don't rush, but above all, don't slow down, for someone might believe that your heart has been moved. . .[47]

A step forward in analysis is inseparable from a literal step forward, in the effort to *live on*. This is the tension that erupts from the living hold of pain: to relieve it, that desire belonging to the person; and to be re-lived by it, by the pain that most saliently and egregiously recovers itself. Does a reduction of the physiological stress correspond to the reduction of the pathos: is it a genuine *apatheia* to life? Is not *pathiea* vital, is it not life?

Our whole reality is made up of "its" insistence and our refusal. It is not only a matter of getting out, but of going somewhere that is not yourself, as if there were relief in any area of being human, as if this relief were a problem. The incomplete surgery of pain accounts not only for the sense that it is unbearable, but for the fact that the prejudice against difficulty is not internal to life; life defrauds our expectations to "become well, again," to forsake difficulty, because life does not seek relief.

> It is in the being that begins—not in its relations with its cause—that we find the paradox of a being that begins to be, or, in other words, the impossibility of distinguishing, in this being, what takes on the weight [of being] from that weight itself. [48]

This internal problem is at once to be taken physiologically and theologically: it is a summons lived out, and suffered, from inside. The stakes are not only theoretical; they are clinical, as regard the failed recovery of a body from pain.

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[46] Ibid.

[47] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, trans. Carolyn Abbate (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2003), 45.

[48] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, trans. Alphonso Lingis (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1978), 70.

"I have a great, unfulfilled departure within me"

> A sensation, by the mere fact of being prolonged, is altered to the point of becoming unbearable
>
> Bergson[49]

What does it mean to be delayed internally? Why does unfulfillment inside delay departure? How does internal delay affect movement outwardly?

For gesture to resolve in action life must reach a fulfillment inside. But life is not fulfilled inside, life is continuous, that continuity. The staccato of action has to come to terms with the reality of the ligatio, ligatio dragging it down from within producing a physiological hold.

It is worth remarking what Lacan means by "opens onto"—we conceive of pain as a field which, in the realm of existence, opens precisely onto that limit where a living being has no possibility of escape—to be "open to" something from the inside begins with being "in," it is пассионарность, to have an "open chest," innerly and helplessly, to life. There is an expense incurred by the weight of living in the realm of life's development:

> Existence drags behind it a weight — if only itself — which complicates the trip it takes. Burdened with itself — omnia sua secum portans — it does not have the serene calm of a sage of old. It does not purely and simply exist. Its movement of exi- stence which might be pure and straightforward is bent and caught up in itself, showing that the verb to be is a reflexive verb: it is not just that one is, one is oneself [on s'est]. Levinas[50]

It is from within that movement is restricted and from within that the life of the feeling is prolonged. "Taken deeply inside," the feeling makes itself "hold true" in the form as you. This is the sostenuto, the recovery of the "full value" of the experience—by which is meant intensification, not alleviation. "Time will not be empty for us; it will retain its *complete value*."[51]

The person who is sick in relation to time is struggling within time—against it. He no longer has the value of "elapsed time," of partial experience. Time, on the experience, is wasted inside the body, which is why *sostenuto* means both sustenance and sustained. "I am delayed" is indistinguishable from "I am alive"—which is to say, rather, "I am delay").

For this weight to be possible as burden, an increase in pathos must correspond to an increase in weight. There, you are heavy not with meaning, but the significance of an experience that has gone "a long way," geometrically, inside. The geometric crescendo of backward, downward, and inward contributes to being held back, to a difficulty moving forward:

> The passing years accumulate like a heavy weight. I feel myself bending under their weight. I walk bent. It is the decline. It is as if some invisible force were pulling me down tow;1rd the earth, toward the grave. Physiological troubles of middle age, physical decrepitude of old age, someone will say. But no, it is not only that. It is not simply a question of the physiological aspect of age seen from outside, nor the feeling of impotence that accompanies it. To establish that one can no longer do what one was capable of doing two years before does not exhaust the situation. We also live our aging inside; we even generally live it thus.

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[49] C.f., Bergson, *Time and Free Will*, trans. F. L. Pogson (London: George Allen & Unwin LTD, 1910), 153.
[50] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 28.
[51] Minkowski, *Lived Time*, 338.

But here it is no longer a question of memory failure or of a diminution of our desire to love. These facts are too concrete and contingent. No, past life synthesizes, condenses, so that we re member death, its faithful companion, and a part of our being seems to lean down toward the grave. Then it is time to die.[52]

To go *deeper* in the experience is not to go farther, it is to cave in, to be bent, pressed down, caught up in the chokehold of "to be," to be yourself the geometric articulation of the maturation of the longing: "allowing" the notation of pain to be preserved. If respect for what "needs be done" is not about *You are able to*, but feeling itself, the difference between the decision and the condition of compliance is being felt here.

In the sostenuto, you arrive, piu lento, twice as slowly as before, into the weight of the delay. This sadism of the feeling is experienced *con anima*, as vitality inside the body—where жизнь горит. A psychological low may be a biological high. This is a feeling of the inexorable, twice cut through, a feeling that there breathes an inexorable fatality. Pay attention to the prepositional significance, which urges us not to mistake discomfort for death. The person struggling within and against, trying to move on, away is delayed *for* the revivification of the inside, *for* being lishmah, *karov le-Adonai*, proximate to God, "for the sake of the thing itself," a holy preposition: the phenomenological experience of vitality, the "internal illness," is the lethal pianissimo of delay. At this quaver rest, where the "notation of pain is to be preserved," the body extends to a moan and quivers. Not all lived duration tends toward the future. The body is an accumulation of rests: it is itself the longa rest, the elongated *eikah* that in Jewish liturgy is taken to be sacred for a feeling that lingers beyond its expiry.[53] "It is as though the pulsations of life were to become slower and slower, less and less perceptible, and that life itself, extending more and more in length in its isolated manifestations, finishes by being fixed in complete immobility."[54] "We should ask whether these rites are anything more than a pro longing, a concretization, of the decline that is given to us primitively."[55] There, where the body is "in the way" of recovery, what is sustained obviously does not feel sustaining. Where "your" tempo slows, *your* (actual) tempo, life's tempo intensifies inside. While you are going *larghissimo*, "in as slow a manner as possible," the experience "languishes *a contrario*." This "a contrario" guarantees, by living in the tensity, your intimate and consistent involvement with life.[56] This is a contact that makes us vibrate to the depths of our being.

The feeling of participation is painful, the feeling of being summoned and pull in all directions from the inside.

It is not a refusal to undertake, to possess, to take charge. It rather: *something in me* refuses to undertake, to possess, to take charge. But this is a deeper physical undertaking, namely to remain—to be remained. "It wants to let existence, 'that farce everybody goes through with,'" as Rimbaud put it, "go on without it."[57]

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[52] Ibid., 138-9.
[53] C.f., its source in the opening line of the Scroll of Lamentations in the Bible.
[54] Minkowski, 139.
[55] Ibid.
[56] *élan* departing from, *élan* toward
[57] In Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 16.

How difficulty affects the constitution

Left unexploited, weight is recovered in the constitution, forcing one to tilt inward. One experiences a hegemonic faculty in the chest, a dance of apprehension and hesitation.

Restriction

Living presents itself first as stiffening, then as numbness, then as curling up into yourself. There is a close experiential encounter within the restricted parameters of motion. “Participation in things” demands a *narrowed* physiological environment in which feeling literally “takes place” by “taking shape” as body. Participation requires restriction. Restriction, re- "back" and stringere "draw tight," is both internal and external. One is drawn back from within and from without. Pain is felt and proven by the sense of stricture. It felt by the sense that movement cannot breach the difficulty inside.

Dynamic stasis

What occurs in the stillness of the dancing? Not everything motionless is at rest. What is immobile is not in repose, it rather conceals some deep activity. To be "pressed in" by tangible environmental pressures would restrict movement, but it would also grant a movedness, a life *for* feeling.

Well, it is a forced remaining. To feel anything at all is to be physically retarded. "It is, in its concrete fulness, a holding back [a being held back] from the future."[58]

Paralysis is not motor impotence. Restricted motion is intensified movement, a relentless deepening of the passion at the intersection of the body. It is worth relating Heidegger's sketches of restraint:

> Restraint as the origin of stillness and as law of gathering. The gathering into the stillness and the sheltering of truth. Sheltering and unfolding of truth into taking care and dealing with.
> Restraint as openness for the reticent nearness of the essential occurence of beyng, disposing toward the most remote trembling of appropriative intimations out of the remoteness of the undecidable.
> Restraint and seeking: the highest discovery in the seeking itself: the nearness to the decision.
> Restraint: the self-contained leap ahead into the turning of the event (thus neither romantic flight nor staid quiescence).
>
> …
>
> Restraint: creative withstanding in the abyss (cf. The grounding, 238-242. *Time-space*).[59]

Withstanding is creative and there is a seeking in restraint, a dunamis in the difficult stasis, the phusis of being held *to be* exactly where you are. In restraint, the weight of being is undisplaced and you are confronted to bear it fully. The fight for a livable life begins, here, in unelaborated restraint. To discover life within these confines of unelaborated space is to take a self-contained turn back into being.

[58] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 29.
[59] Heidegger, *Contributions to Philosophy (Of the Event)*, trans. Richard Rojcewicz and Daniela Vallega-Neu (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1989), 30.

The life of the person

- second movement

Don't be late; keep walking. Don't rush, but above all, don't slow down, for someone might believe that your heart has been moved. Jankélévitch[60]

[60] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 45.

Escape

The question of escape is felt to be prominent. One seeks to escape from the centrally located strife. One feels that the pathos costs a life, that it is itself the life. Is to escape the pathos, then, to escape the life? Can the pathos, can life be escaped? Trying to escape life is trying to gain deliverance by means of one's own energy. The preoccupation reaches beyond the psychological; it is essentially physical for the weight itself is literal:

> It is precisely from all that is weighty in being that escaping sets forth.
>
> …
>
> The fulfillment of a destiny is the stigma of being: the destination is not wholly traced out, but its fulfillment is fatal, inevitable. One is at the crossroads, but one must choose. We have embarked. With the vital urge, we are going toward the unknown, but we are going somewhere, whereas with escape we aspire only to get out [sortir]. It is this category of getting out, assimilable neither to renovation nor to creation, that we must grasp in all its purity. It is an inimitable theme that invites us to get out of being. A quest for the way out, this is in no sense a nostalgia for death because death is not an exit, just as it is not a solution. The ground of this theme is constituted—if one will pardon the neologism—by the need for *excedence*. Thus, to the need for escape, being appears not only as an obstacle that free thought would have to surmount, nor even as the rigidity that, by inviting us to routine, demands an effort toward originality; rather it appears as an imprisonment from which one must get out.[61]

[61] Levinas, *On Escape*, trans. Bettina Bergo (Stanford: Stanford University Press), 54.

Do I want continuation with this feeling?[62]

Where there is a body, there is a struggle, an incomplete kenosis borne of the frustration of being interfered with at this essential level. Struggle is asking, hourly, do I want continuation with the feeling?

How much feeling do we require? What kind of feeling? What should we remember, what can we afford to forget, what must we forget?[63]

It is not useful to stay with a feeling longer than "is necessary." We feel this, by the weight itself. Experientially, the principle of utility is not capable of being consistently pursued.[64]

In a literal respect, life is experienced as a struggle to walk with the weight. It is a struggle to move one limb forward after another. It is a struggle not to capitulate to, not to be held back. This is how survival works, more or less by prevalence: the parts of you that will hold you must be strengthened. The parts that are weak must be denied. Survival depends on moving forward regardless. The surviving person chews on, and out, the significance of the experience.
Does he even acknowledge it? Does his constitution?

"Precautions are indeed necessary to allow the medicine of becoming to work and to push aside the obstacles that would hinder its action."[65] Time works only for those who are moving forward; therefore the labor involves turning destructive time into the therapeutic time of healing and recovery (oxymoronic, of course). "Here it is still a question of fecund time that demands to be guided by interventions of man, to be started over again, or more simply not to be bothered, or more simply not to be bothered, for the time-doctor needs one to help it, or acknowledges that we accelerate it."[66]

Action is despairing of the body yet Doing anyway. These conflicts—these truths—are recovered in your constitution. It is difficult to sit around just doing nothing when you feel that you must be doing something. The effort of adjusting to pain, the maintenance of expenses incurred by living, is sensory-motor: agitation is psycho-motor.

[62] C.f., Wittgenstein's discussion on pain in *Philosophical Investigations*.
[63] C.f., Yerushalmi, "Postscript: Reflections on Forgetting" to *Zakhor*.
[64] C.f., Jeremy Bentham, "the principle of utility is capable of being consistently pursued." Capable by whom, other than the principle itself? There is a difference, to be sure, between the lapsus of a surplus (as it would have been read by Lacan reading Marx) and the principle of utility.
[65] Jankélévitch, *Forgiveness*, 40.
[66] Ibid.

Variations on the theme of coping

Activity is in place to cope with difficulty. There is an aspect of restoration (tikkun) by means of action (ma'aseh). Canguilhem would have called it "eruditely controlled behavior."[67] There are variations on the theme of use. Not everyone amputates the parts that hurt. Others make art pieces from it. Others interpret, yet others dance. In every instance, there is a remote control of the experience. The most erudite act "as if" they, in fact, *decide* to waste their time on the feeling. And then they want to say something *about* the experience, which was their say in it.

The therapeutics in the diagnosis. In classifying the symptoms, we think we have revealed their essential features. Therapy is remedial work, *making* the anguish "do." It doesn't make it less painful, it makes it more meaningful, where meaning is the subtlest form of relief.

The exposure of an event is key to undermining its grip and power—exposing its meaning. Finding out the hiding-place, forcing it to be discovered—futile efforts in recovery.

[67] C.f., Canguilhem, *The Normal and the Pathological*.

Forsaking

To forsake is to leave without intending to return, effectively "to usurp." More subtly, to forsake is also to use the feeling, to give the feeling meaning, to thaw or numb the feeling so that it almost disappears. Below I elaborate these forms of forsakeness.

Relief is sought by the living. It is not only worth asking why, which is the more obvious answer, but how. What is the effect of relief? Is relief physiological, is it physical?
Why, then, do activities feel like a sarcastic relief in this battle? The forsakenness of relief points to us loosening our contact with the original. Yet still, loosening our contact does not eliminate the contact. We are still touching life.

In our effort not to face time, the effort to get away from the time of the feeling, the feeling discourages our interference.

In these modes of doing, you cause the feeling to come into being apart from you
Modes of relief keeps life from burning, carves out life from becoming. They take away attention from that which requires it, they compromise devotion to life. And still, this pain is never numbed *to the point of absence*.

Phobia about the pathos of lingering

> This sense of touch, is it not an imponderable and implacable form of tangency? The staccato (in the realm of development), relates to a phobia about the pathos of lingering. Satie's little pieces are perhaps no more than a kind of extended pissicato. The scherzo forbids vibration, which is the source of the almost-there, of continuity, that which prolongs previous sounds into the next ones, and, in realizing the fusion of the past and present, the past's survival or resonance within the present, in a word, creates the immanence that we call "Becoming." And in the same way, the rule of the metronome knows no pity and curbs the frenetic accelerando of the Friska, prohibits the ritardando that softens and slows too-passionate tempos, and creates languor. The prohibition against ritardando means that implacable chronometrics must cast out all weakness and ignore human lassitude. Acceleration and deceleration: are they not symptoms of the Fantasy, the Ballade, and the Rhapsody? A chronometer stops abruptly, without adagios and reveries, when its spring winds down. A motor never feels sorry for itself. An automaton has no knowledge of the irregularities and inequalities that result from the caprices of human nature. Don't be late, keep walking. Don't rush, but above all, don't slow down, for someone might believe that your heart has been moved.[68] With Milhaud and Poulenc, this affectation of apathy and imperturbability becomes a point of honor, as it if were the consequence of a private wager.
>
> In condemning pedaling and ritardando, inexpressible music on the one hand condemns insistence,
> On the other, complacency: it prevents the sound from being heard beyond the moment when it is struck, imposing on discourse the uniform speed of the machine. In a word, it liquidates *nuance*.. .[69]

Where there is a pathos, there is a phobia. The phobia originates in a fear of being moved. Not moved, in general, but moved in the "wrong" directions and at an inconvenient tempo. The phobia is not inept. There is a good reason for the prohibition against ritardando: you cannot "just be" an experience; you have to develop enough to "have" experience. The demand for closure is most aggressive when too much of the pathos is "allowed" to linger in the realm of development: when it is apparent that the feeling entirely controls how much time "you" spend on it.[70] Adagio, reveries—lingering—are what must be prevented.

If you cannot decide to be a stakeholder in what is really at stake in you, what can you do? Here is the need for a tempo rubato, which means literally "in robbed time," if not strictly, in time. Experience flows into you "in robbed time." It robs you, of time, or gives you more of it (more of your body). When robbed of the time to spend "doing things," we act "as if" ad libitum, we become this paradox of "rhythmic freedom (autonomy)." We live as if we could decide *how*.

A physical re-direction is futile in the attempt to be a physical withdrawal. It is a withdrawal from the inverse recovery (intensification) of the body, which is its truth:

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[68] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 45.
[69] Ibid.
[70] против (здорового) движения: This is what we say when a car is moving against—that is, blocking—traffic: "against healthy movement."

And yet for some time now I have believed that it is *our* energy, all our energy, which is still too strong for us. It is true that we don't know it, but aren't we most ignorant about what is most our own? Sometimes I think about how the sky came to be, and death: because *we moved outside ourselves what is most precious to us*, since there was still so much else to do first and it wasn't safe with us in all our busyness.[71]

Busyness does not correspond to a more active life; it corresponds, in fact, to a decrease (or to an attempt to decrease) the insistence of the activity inside.

[71] Rilke, *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, 166; emphasis mine.

The longa rest

"The *tempo* must not drag for an instant, or he is lost"[72]

What are the limits of the endurance of the feeling?[73] In unremitting strain, what makes a decisive stage? The reverberation of the experience is not an *attaca subito*. It is a gentle crushing. And it may be muffled, but it does not struggle to survive.

This is the *longa rest*, the experience of the prolongation of life. The experience lasts for the length of the prolongation. It lasts because, first of all, you cannot unfeel what you felt, and second, the feeling is not "all at once." Which is to say, the feeling is not only "in the moment in which it happens." "Even a ripple in the water extends beyond the instant," says Jankélévitch.[74] The impact of the instant is both momentary and constant, and even so, the impact is never the full effect. Effectively, you never "felt" fully in the first place—this is a physical *nezabudka* (non-forgetting). "Thus there would be no absolute segregation of the 'current' conflict from the 'latent' ones."[75]

Does this mean that nothing is "no longer"? What is the "right length" of a prolongation? And what is it to go a "long way" in the "right direction"? For what does the "utilitarian anxiety about minimizing expenses" count? If right means profitable, minimizing expenses in one direction does not alter the fact of the cost. It incurs costs in the other (it takes an effort to minimize effort). Does the fact that it takes so much effort to kill something confirm that it is still alive, that there are no strictly "residual" phenomena?[76]

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[72] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 67.

[73] What is the length of the Triebe, and moreover, the substance?

[74] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 148.

[75] C.f., Freud, and the prophylactic power of an analysis (like its immediate outcome) would depend on quantitative considerations—on the relative increase brought about by it in the strength of the ego and the relative decrease in that of the instincts."

[76] It is very difficult to see this line, between a need that no longer is and the ferocious effort to repress a need that still exists. I am suggesting that there is no "lived time," and despite excretion and exertion, there is a permanent (but no less fluid) anal retention of experience. There is no "way" to liquidate experience (unless liquidation is itself a part of the experience). The line of thought to pursue, here is Husserlian "memorial retention," retention accumulation, and the reverberation there.

Coming to terms[77]

The person must "attain" equality with the feeling—by surmounting. As long as the person is alive, he is coming to terms with the body, with the pain of actuality. Repetition is desperate to come to terms with rhythm of the experience.

To come to terms, of course, the experience must be *brought* to term. But just as return does not occur, or make itself felt, in one moment, the "main confrontation" with experience is the living itself. There is no grasping an actuality without end.

[77] "Coming to terms" is a phrase commonly used in Freud's writings about his patients, suggesting a kind of economic settlement with their condition.

In the realm of development

Observation shows us that an instinct may undergo the following vicissitudes:—

> Reversal into its opposite.
> Turning round upon the subjects own self.
> Repression.
> Sublimation.[78]

It is the first two vicissitudes that interest me, for when an experience undergoes its truth in depth and direction, the subject suffers its reversal, the physical coil of the "turning round upon" (phenomenologically: the lingering). What drives you is not what "drives" you forward. Put another way, the tension is between the *teleological destination hidden in me that fulfills itself* and *my own fulfillment of the teleological destination hidden in (or placed somewhere localizable by) me*. Deep in the structure, the progress of the drive takes an asymptotic intensification which conflicts with the teleologically unfolding "phusis" of a realistically developed life. Reversal looks like a body kneeling, coiling in.

What drives you doesn't come within the teleological explanation, which does not mean there is no *telos*, nor does it mean that experience concludes as or is confirmed in you (far from it). But it suggests a truth in the muscle that takes a hyperbola or a pendula, rather than a straight line. Recovery attempts systematically to cut off complete muscular expansion, and yet, life inside the muscle helps itself along.

The truth is in the muscle, where life produces a tension. Let us imagine

> ourselves in the situation of an almost entirely helpless living organism, as yet unoriented in the world, which is receiving stimuli in its nervous substance. This organism will very soon be in a position to make a first distinction and a first orientation. On the one hand, it will be aware of stimuli which can be avoided by muscular action (flight); these it ascribes to an external world. On the other hand, it will also be aware of stimuli against which such action is of no avail and whose character of constant pressure persists in spite of it; these stimuli are the signs of an internal world, the evidence of instinctual needs. The perceptual substance of the living organism will thus have found in the efficacy of its muscular activity a basis for distinguishing an 'outside' and an 'inside.'"[79]

To be "as yet unoriented" in the world is to be oriented *by* the constant pressure of the *Not de Lebens* (needs such as hunger and thirst), the *Reale Not* (the exigencies imposed by reality). The pressure of the needs are an elementary framing: you realize that what is really at stake in you has no regard for what is realistic. You are in a harmony with the world that puts you in pain (your disharmony). "It" (that is, the life *you would like* to live) depends upon you moving on from the place in which you are held. Even physiologically, we cannot live without a purpose. But what is the purpose of the muscle, of the action "inside" and the action "for which" the muscle is "meant"? There is a purposive adaptation, but the development of this purpose—the nourishment—may not coincide with "ours." This is not only a conflict of energy, it is a conflict of the direction in which the energy is spent (or, in our economic terminology, "wasted").

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[78] Freud, "Instincts and their Vicissitudes," in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Words of Sigmund Freud*, trans. James Strachey (London: The Hogarth Press, 1964), 126.
[79] Ibid., 119.

Is muscular *activity* the obverse of, and the cure for, muscular *passivity*? A muscle that is "passive" is not inactive, it is rather acting "for" itself (not exerting outward to move anything or anyone forward). Recovery is thus essentially a problem of motility, it is a motor difficulty. Recovery *from* discharges experience promptly along a motor path. The child's efforts to gain control over his own limbs are not just "play." The inward-bent circle of the experience, the genuine urge in any motility, is in conflict with the story of our motor urges. Thus, writes Freud, "A new function was now allotted to motor discharge, which, under the dominance of the pleasure principle, had served as a means of unburdening the mental apparatus of accretions of stimuli, and which had carried out this task by sending innervations into the interior of the body (leading to expressing movements and the play of features and to manifestations of affect)."[80] It is not so much fight *or* flight as the fight itself that is the flight: "Motor discharge was now employed in the appropriate alteration of reality; it was converted into *action*."[81]

[80] Freud, "Two Principles of Mental Functioning," *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Words of Sigmund Freud*, trans. James Strachey (London: The Hogarth Press, 1964), 1911, 221.
[81] Ibid.

Moving forward, on

Rilke would say, "I decided to start pacing again, because it had a calming, anesthetic effect."[82]

To "move outside ourselves [to re-move] what is most precious to us" is to make the pain actionable, that is to act *on* and *against* it, not just to live *with* it. How do you gain distance from an experience inside of you?[83] Being has to make a violent effort over itself. the person knows this to be true: he must do something, anything. Movement has an anesthetizing effect. There is a powerful relief in action. Moving forward is physical first. Movement is itself a lapsus in feeling. It is a betrayal of feeling. A body in motion drowns difficulty, it transfers it out or elsewhere even in the form of the same body – it does something to the matter that changes how deeply it matters inside. It is imperative to move forward. It is critical to rip yourself out of the time of the feeling. It is necessary to forbid vibration, to forbid the past's survival or its resonance within the present by "moving forward," we turn a difficulty of time into a problem of space. A body in motion drowns difficulty, it transfers it out or elsewhere even in the form of the same body – it does something to the matter that changes how deeply it matters inside.

"Not to have done on [your] behalf," you have *to do on your behalf*, you have to impose a direction. "Having" a direction means *superimposing* a movement, *owning* a sum of the cost.[84] By "actively altering reality," the demand for closure keeps you "one step" ahead of the experience. To accelerate forward is to "displace" the physical significance of the experience, or, to be so preoccupied with the performance that you "forget" that you are occupied. This is the profit of the tempo *accelerando*, which prevents the experience from being felt beyond the term in which it was "supposed" to be felt.[85] If by "the pressure [*Drang*] of an instinct we understand its motor factor, the amount of force or the measure of the demand for work which it represents," this is what accelerando "does": in the affanato (anguish) of its effort, in the affrettando (hurrying, pressing onwards) to avoid the a niente ("to nothing," indicating a diminuendo which fades completely away), it loosens the physical burden in a lapsus of motion. [86]

Moving forward means not being so involved in any tremolo, any vibration inside of you that you are incapable of gathering and going. "Get going."

Normative movement is doing with an exponent that does not feel, or is not overtaken by, the weight of the exponent. It requires constant vigilance over the excess, to maintain the weight. This the militant reality of the process.

Is moving "on" different from moving "forward"? One can try to move forward without having moved on.

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[82] Rilke, *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, 59.
[83] Ibid.
[84] Thus would Rilke say, "I decided to start pacing again, because it had a calming, anesthetic effect," in *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, 59.
[85] C.f., Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 45: Musically, accelerando "prevents the sound from being heard beyond the moment when it is struck, imposing on discourse the uniform speed of the machine."
[86] Freud, "Instincts and their Vicissitudes," 119.

… because "A trace, a minuscule scar, an irreversible modification that forever prevents the restoration of the status quo remains ... Like the organism, the wounded conscience offsets its insufficiency, as well as can be expected. The offended person stomachs his humiliation, but this is a laborious and difficult process of stomaching. With habituation aiding, he makes *as if* the injury was nothing and did not occur, but he does not make *that* it never took place. He attenuates the memory of it without annihilating its effectivity." Jankélévitch [87]

Notice the "work" to be done: "offsetting," "attenuating," the "laborious and difficult process of stomaching."

The trouble in acting is its inability to come into the depth of the experience and to accomplish anything against this depth. There is an impossibility of following through, a constant and increasing lag, a difficulty for which action struggles to compensate. Emergence is only partial:

'Every step forward is only half as big as it looks at first.' It is tempting to attribute a quite general validity to this malicious dictum. There are nearly always residual phenomena, a partial hanging-back.[88]

There remains a living exponent. The pressures out of which I, failingly, emerge swallow me again. Those for whom movement is difficult are under the physical duress of the development of the experience. They cannot just *get up* when they want to. But, says therapy, you cannot "just repose" in your tomb; it is critical to move forward:

To do as one says, even to do without saying (thus the *Manual of Epictetus*): that could be the motto of all whose intentional, direct vocation is Doing, to do (as a transitive verb), to do purely and simply, and not to have done on one's behalf, to let be done. For what is a word if not a secondary action, an action with an exponent, or better yet (compare the rhetorical art of "persuasion") action taken upon an action? Saying is an atrophied version of Doing—miscarried Doing, a bit degenerate. Action in retreat, action simply sketched, the word is happy to be a pharisee, not acting, except indirectly.[89]

Physically, relief is achieved when the gesture is completed. Real progress in the experience is not consonant with "real progress" in matters of life. To "go a long way" in life is to have longevity in the correct direction, where "real progress" occurs in the service of the forward step. Freud calls this conflict the "technical problem" of how to accelerate the slow progress of an analysis.[90] If life is a tempo inside the body, analysis creates a new tempo to override the tempo of the patient's life: analytic therapy works to *adapt* its tempo to the tempo of the patient's experience. It cadences the feeling in such a way that the speed of motor development has to be greater than, *or at least* equal

[87] Jankélévitch, *Forgiveness*, 32.
[88] Freud, "Analysis Terminable and Interminable," 228.
[89] Jankélevitch, *Music and the* Ineffable, 79.
[90] Freud, "Analysis Terminable and Interminable," 219. This begs the question, is *real* progress (progress in the Real) *slow*? This calls for an engagement with Freud's "Some Thoughts on Development and Regression—Aetiology." Geometrically, it is worth considering what we force the child to undergo "for the sake of" development.

to, the development of the delay.[91] That is why a patient wants to be dealt with *as quickly as possible* and why the capacity "to walk, again" is not separable from a "step forward" in analysis.[92] It is critical to go fast enough not to fall behind.

But it is more than a problem of tempo. Doing involves undoing, *unliving* the time you've spent living the experience. But isn't going back reigniting the experience, going back into regions that have hardly been explored? This region is profoundly dangerous: namely, where you have to go where "it is done," where life resides, in the body. You need to know where the experience begins and the complicated course that it takes inside. Remember that "it does itself," it lives, it gives, done over and again so many times no amount of undoing will be genuine relief. Why isn't partial relief enough? Because the parts on and against which relief is achieved are not the most significant—rife, that is, with life. The most significant remains, in fact, safe from influence.

Even when you do unburden yourself, you relieve only the part of the burden you feel. . .this is a problem of partial self-knowledge, partial self-grasping. There is a difficulty of gaining distance inside, of gaining distance from yourself—of disentangling yourself from yourself. Physiological indifference is impossible, as genuine distance from the self is not impossible: "If I am walled in, I obviously cannot move as I would like; I am separated from life as well, but this life does not adhere to the wall which separates me from it; it unfolds somewhere further away in space."[93] The problem of being remote from yourself emotionally but close with yourself intellectually—the psychotherapeutic intellectual knowing cannot attend adequately to the emotional. The lack of immediate contact assumed by and trained in cerebral understanding is only merely capacious:

> But I also see life unfolding around me; I see this life bursting out all around me ; I participate in it myself, but it does not really "touch" me in an immediate way; I feel that I am independent to a · certain extent, and there seems to be spatiality in this independence; there is a distance which separates me from life or, rather, which unites me with life. There is always free space in front of me in which my activity can develop. I feel at ease, I feel free, in this space which I have before me; there is no immediate contact, in the physical sense of the word, between the ego and ambient becoming. My contact with ambient becoming is achieved across, or rather with the help of, a distance which unites us to it.[94]

Unburdening fundamentally fails against everything that is still living inside:

> Just as the uniform dripping of rain from the roof, the uniform whirring of a spinning wheel, and the monotonous sound of a man pacing back and forth with measured steps on the floor above have an anesthetizing effect, so reflective grief eventually finds solace in this motion, which as an illusory motion becomes a necessity for it. At last there is a kind of balance; the need to give vent to the grief, insofar as it may ever have asserted itself at all, ceases; the exterior is calm and quiet; and deep within, in its little nook,

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[91] Practical development "tames" development inside. C.f., Freud: " … we mean something else, something which may be roughly described as a 'taming' of the instinct. That is to say, the instinct is brought completely into the harmony of the ego, becomes accessible to all the influences of the other trends in the ego and no longer seeks to go its independent way to satisfaction," in "Analysis Terminable and Interminable," 225.

[92] C.f., Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 44: "The "scherzo forbids vibration, that which prolongs previous sounds into the next ones, and, in realizing the fusion of past and present, the past's survival or resonance within the present, in a word, creates the immanence that we call 'Becoming.'"

[93] Minkowski, *Lived Time*, 404.

[94] Ibid., 403.

grief lives like a well-guarded prisoner in an underground prison, who lives on year after year in his uniform movement, walking to and fro in his cubbyhole, never weary of traveling the long or short road of sorrow. Kierkegaard[95]

[95] Kierkegaard, *Either/Or*, trans. Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1987), 170.

Has the body a "sincere will" for reconciliation?

If, as, says Kierkegaard,

> Health consists in being able to resolve contradictions. So it is bodily or physically: a draft is indifferently cold and warm, disparate qualities undialectically combined; but a healthy body resolves this contradiction and does not notice the draft. So it is also with faith.[96]

Which is to ask, physiologically, is there a phobia? Is there a physiological ressentiment?[97] There is no phenomenology of reconciliation, no reconciliatory process inside the body.[98] "Bygone past damages" are fertile and today.[99] The body cannot integrate the reality of the experience, unless it can learn to integrate itself.

One wonders, then, whether health in general might be defined precisely by its "insignificance."[100] "If prolonging the lifespan only confirms the fragility of the organism and the irreversibility of its degeneration, if medicine's history still opens human history to new diseases, then what is healing? A myth?"[101] That is why no cure, says Canguilhem, is ever a return. A cure is rather "the patient's re-discovered capacity finally to be done with his own difficulties."

Health "after" healing is not the same as health "before." A patient *learns* to heal, it is not intuitive, and what the patient is recovering from is the truth of the body. Physiologically, the approach to an end is not satisfactory.[102]

"Toward cure" is not "toward life."

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[96] Kierkegaard, *The Sickness Unto Death*, trans. Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong (New Jersey: Princeton University Press), 40.

[97] Is there actually a physiological *ressentiment*, physiological privilege and knowledge? *How* is *what* is significantly felt seen? Are there internal privileged movements of the chest? And if you feel nothing, are you worth nothing? Is the extent of the connection measured by the strength of the feeling or the endurance of the bond *over and against* the capacity to feel it? Perhaps the problem is not so much in the *how* or in being contacted in the first place, but in the evidentiary criteria. The chest is the "internal open": indeed you *do not* remain hidden. You are connected even and especially through what cannot be shown. A "mediocre" chest is less internally open—that is, self-open—than an excellent chest. The evidence is capable of seeing only what is apparent to the eye. It is not capable of seeing what is *hidden in plain sight*. One can be asymptomatically moved. The most significant movement remains, in fact, unharassed by the symptom. Severe internal inflammation does not mean *internalization* because the deepest privilege cannot be expressed. In this way the feeling of exposure—of the exposition of existence—is opposed to the feeling of the exposition of the condition. Internal self-exposure is invulnerable to exposition. The geometry of trembling—of the hold, of the *fermata*—reveals the fluctuation of fortune in the chest, where the reprisal of destiny occurs.

[98] In this vein, nobody forgets by accident. Physiologically, there is no forgetting.

[99] Is this not what it means, then, to *feel* historically?

[100] Our work is not feeling, it is finding a way not to feel. Doing something, anything, helps something, to adjust to the tightening contact with the weight.

[101] Canguilhem, *Writings on Medicine*, 58.

[102] What is the standard of admission for living experience? There is no such thing as experience that is not living. There is a recovery life itself does not admit. There is a simultaneity of "recovery of" and "recovery from." A "cumulative placing together" (*anhäufende Zusammenstückung*). The need for a harness strengthens the original harness (phenomenologically, I have said, experience is a harness-maker). The more desperately we try to recover from, the more powerfully does the feeling recover itself.

Suffering

To explain suffering is to console it; therefore it must not be explained. Weil

To suffer, then? What is it to suffer? The Russian word for *suffering*, страдания, expresses the essential meaning of this emotional state. Suffering is the working-through of the pain, more infrangible than the sufferer may realize. Suffering is going under, managing, adjusting to the pain; it is the space created by breathing, by emotional expansion and retraction from the pain.

"We must not weep so that we may not be comforted," writes Weil.[103] Weeping is suffering the pain. Weeping is the comfort in the pain, it is the actionable part, the illusion of action. To suffer is to tolerate pain. What kind of relation is tolerance? Tolerance is a relationship of cowardice with the tolerated, for tolerance contains a repulsion of, and a hatred for, the experience.

Could it be that suffering is itself an *experiential* explanation of pain. Suffering is the выработка, the working-out and -through of pain. To suffer the pain is to take a distance from it.

[103] Weil, *Gravity and Grace*, trans. Emma Crawford and Mario von der Ruhr (London: Routledge Classics, 2002), 14.

Anesthesia

I have scarcely touched the clay and I am made of it. Porchia[104]

Some things become such a part of us that we forget them.

What is benumbed in recovery? Anesthesia is partial sleep of most parts of the body. If to be anesthetized is to be deprived of sense, does anesthesia provide the sensate person a genuine relief? What does it mean to recover from the body? To recover from the body is to effect a physical forgetting (different, I will wager, from an actual unburdening of weight). That the body loses a sense of life—or more accurately, that the person loses a sense of the body which holds life—does not guarantee that life itself is lost.

[104] Porchia, *Voices*, trans. W.S. Merwin (Chicago: Big Table Publishing Company, 1969), 13.

Aesthetics is phobic

Aesthetics emerges from the anesthesia of movement. We unburden ourselves onto music, into art. Anesthesia and aesthesia form two parts of the meaning of aisthesis, the sensible fabric of experience, by which relief may be achieved. Cenesthesia is the general sense of bodily existence related to the functioning of the organs. Health may be defined precisely by its "insignificance" (one is healthy in those parts where one feels nothing), by *apatheia*, living "apart from, *ab*, or perpetually out of and with-out, *a*, the difficult pathos or by applying to the pain a "local effort," to render it, "to cause it to become."

> Then life stops for me, and art grovels at my feet - Pessoa.[105]

Does life stop for you? To be anesthetized is to be deprived of sense, the sense that life is there. To be aesthetized is to be provided with sense, the sense that life is there. A *recovery from pain* anesthetizes the person's feeling of life. A *recovery of pain* aesthetizes the person to a sense of life. The sensory-motor insight lives most powerfully in the following passage from Lyotard,

> Aesthetics is phobic, it *arises* from anesthesia, belonging to it, recovering from it. You sing *for* not hearing, you paint *for* not seeing, you dance *for* being paralyzed. In each of these arts, the tiniest phrase is equivalent to a remission from pain. By "*for* not seeing," "you paint *for* not seeing," I mean the following: suffocating gray is the element whose gesture is awaited by painting; painting inscribes this gesture in visible colors; it forgets the terror, which nonetheless motivates it.[106]

What is benumbed in the recovery of aesthetics? To make a physical connection to the musical feeling is to relieve this agitation, it is to make it create.

Why does aesthetics arise from anesthesia? Aesthetics is a relief achieved through meaning. It is a physical connection made to the musical or poetic feeling. To make this connection is to relieve the feeling from one location. We know what an experience means by the song and dance beholden to it. An experience is poetic if it is interpreted: "Henri Bremond has said that one must interpret the poetic experience by *remaking* it."[107] But the relief is not only metaphorical, it is physical. To be "in" the experience of life is not to be able to paint, to sing, to read, or to write. The kind of release that writing is. If "saying is an atrophied version of Doing—miscarried Doing," let us consider saying and the modes of relief provides by aesthetics.[108]

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[105] C.f., "Sentimental Education," in *The Book of Disquiet*.
[106] Lyotard, "Music Mutic," in *The Postmodern Fables*. 228
[107] Ibid., 78.
[108] Ibid.

Music struggles

Music struggles, it *labors* in the strong sense of the word, that used by obstetrics and psychoanalysis, to leave a trace or make a sign, within the audible, of a sonorous gesture that goes beyond the audible. Such is the paradoxical idea, philosophical because it is paradoxical, that we need to explore.

. . .

Music cannot make the breath heard, it cannot imitate it, since nothing audible can resemble it, it is constrained to phrase pathos, to nuance it, to cut it into pitches, measures, loudness. The breath passes and does not pass. Affection, which is distress, remains immobile.

…

The terror of being annihilated never ends, always inaudible since continuous, inarticulated, addressed to no one. Music labors to give birth to what is audible in the inaudible breath. It strives to put it into phrases. Thus does it betray it, by giving it form, and ignore it. But also, it promises. Every sonorous phrase, even the simplest, announces that there will be another phrase, that it is not yet over, that the end of phrases is not to come to an end, that in nothingness, music will echo itself.[109]

For what does music struggle? One wants simply to know, that it is not yet over. One needs to make a constant effort not to be annihilated. The labor is required to be severe As a musician, I can confess my reasons for returning to music. Simply, I could not imagine life without music. I could not live without music. "Without music," writes Nietzsche, "life would be a mistake." Music struggles to give life meaning, to accompany the person in the pain.

What does it mean that affection remains immobile? No attempt to mobilize, to musicalize affection will move it from its center, an axis it self-insistently recovers. Why does Lyotard write, "thus does it betray"? Action contains a betrayal.

Is the labor earnest? It is earnest insofar as one is sincerely in pain and sincerely seeks relief. Yet is the intention ever pure? In the same gesture as one seeks relief, one

The gesture of music labors to let the inaudible lament come forth to what is audible. But in order to do that, music must give form to the lament. Thus, it can never really attain it. It covers it. This labor in vain, however, suffice to evoke, within the language of music, the breath of fright. The bellowing is obstinate, permanent, like the urgency of not dying.[110]

Then insofar as the labor is in vain it is not earnest, earnest only perhaps by the "urgency of not dying." The labor *covers* the pain.

To set forth and to force feeling to come forth is to relieve its fundamental pressure, its demand for wholeness. To give birth is to expurgate pain, to be unable to give birth is to remain in recursive inner labor. Thus music, writing seek to make external, to make manifest—or what would be called sublimation, literally to lift up or to raise into form.

What exactly is meant by betrayal? Betrayal is emotional disloyalty, is time apart, any time away. Betrayal is breaking the body. Weakening the bond is breaking. To what standard does this hold the person and is this standard realistic?

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[109] Lyotard, *Postmodern Fables*, 228.
[110] Ibid.

Yet, even there, in the form, the veracity of the feeling remains. It is precisely this remnant that torments, this unreached remnant, this thing that makes frustration obstinate and permanent. Life is in the remnant, or better, the remnant is life. After every effort, life is what remains. Music struggles to give this remnant meaning, music is the labor over this remnant.

Relève

It is a question of breath. "The clearest example, at the center of the 'tragedy' of which the inner body is the theater," writes Michel de Certeau, "relates to breathing, or, as Surin says, to *respir*."[111] *Respir*, this "tragedy" of which the inner body is the theater, consists of a dialectical struggle between relief and tension: the economics, as it were, of breathing. These

> [t]wo opposite movements specify what might be called the internal biological feeling of the relation to the environment: 'contraction' and 'dilatation.' They have both spiritual and physical significance.
>
> …
>
> We have, on the one hand, tightening, grip, constraint, restriction, immobility; or: compact, bound, flattened, stopped, etc. […] On the other hand, disgorgement, torrent, issue, impetuosity, fury, rage, pipe; or: dilated, released from, pulled out of, etc. This luxuriant vocabulary plays on a whole gamut of registers, for example from physical suffocation to moral despair, but it designates a global experience whose referent is constantly breathing, not facial, but inner, from the chest, the lungs, or the diaphragm.[112]

Dilatation, the region of dilation, is a stretching out, the enlargement of an opening. Dilation is the relation to the environment which seeks to *heal* from "tightening, grip, constraint, restriction" through the "'opening of respiration from the diaphragm.'" A dilated part of a hollow vessel or organ undergoes a torsion which enables a gas exchange with the environment. *Against* immobility, dilation imagines that something may be *exchanged*, that feeling can be subsidized, calibrated. Exhaling is letting go is forgetting.

Contraction is this vibration which holds feeling close. Contraction sustains, instead of releasing, this "internal biological feeling of the relation" to the environment. Its significance is that it does not let go.

This internal biological feeling of relation to the environment is closely linked to pain. If dilatation is a remission from (*qua* a timely relief of) pain, contraction is its negative recovery. Contraction is the super-formation of a new rhythm, the creative gyration inside the feeling of bodily fixity, what Certeau calls a physiological pathos.

> The condition of its survival is therefore analogous to breathing (respiration), which is an in- and an a-spiration.[113]

[111] de Certeau, *The Mystic Fable: Volume Two*, 158.
[112] Ibid.
[113] Kierkegaard, *The Sickness Unto Death*, 40.

The kind of release that writing is

Dilatation and contraction are closely linked to locution, writing. Therapeutics forces (or "assists") the feeling in passing.[114] This remission depends upon a dilation of pain, which refers not only to the chest or larynx, but quite literally, to the releasement of words, the locomotion of a hand:

> Sometimes, when a man is holding a pencil, his *hand won't release* it no matter how badly he wants to let it go. Instead, the hand tightens rather than opens. The other hand intervenes more successfully, but then the hand which one might call sick makes a *slow, tentative movement* and tries to catch the departing object. The strange thing is the *slowness of this movement*. The hand moves in a tempo which is scarcely human: not that of viable action, not that of hope either, but rather the shadow of time, the hand being itself the shadow of a hand slipping ghostlike toward an object that has become its own shadow. This hand experiences, at certain moments, a very great need to seize: it must grasp the pencil, it has to. It receives an order, an imperious command. This phenomenon is known as "tyrannical prehension."[115]

Why do we call "sick" this hand which won't release? Is it by accident that "he," who wishes to write can do nothing about the *fact-that* "his hand" *won't release* the feeling that it is paralyzed? The affected limb will not regain "viable action." The writer is, literally, blocked. To write—for lack of the wherewithal not to do so. In this syllogism, the "departing object" is pain. Writing is this remission from pain, this horizontal abduction.[116] The hand which we would call "paralyzed" rhythms in a "slow, tentative movement." Tentative, from the Latin *tentativus*, is this "testing, trying," this experience of guilt which is essentially gestural. What is mistaken for paralysis is an excess of feeling holding the limb in place, restricting movement from within. The repetitious, short-lasting returns of a "slow, tentative movement" enter into a death struggle with the "becoming well again" release. It is this physical response to the "imperious command," which is a command not to slip into "viable action" (writing).[117] It is this so-called paralysis which sustains a "tempo," the physiological *pathos* we read in Certeau.

To be more frontal: if we took seriously our physiological symptoms—tongue aches, wrist strains—would we be writing, speaking at all?

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[114] It is not unrelated that in his early work on hysteria, Freud encouraged his patients to narrativize their pain in order to *move out of* paralysis. Can a "talking cure" counteract physiological blockages?

[115] Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, trans. Ann Smock (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1982), 25; emphasis mine.

[116] Indeed, I will suggest that aesthetics is this remission from pain, this anesthesia and this hypocrisy, and I am urging a consideration of the ethics of catharsis where terminal primacy is *for the first time* given to the prolongation of the experience.

[117] I will situate this "imperious command" physiologically, as the extent of this participation required by the feeling that is in(habiting) you.

The fraud of abandonment

. . .but we only have to attend a little and not be full of indifference, to discover the fraud. Lorca

Are we going to pretend that we authorize what affects the body and that we control the surcease of pain? The attempt to be disbarred from one's own life is confronted to a failure. There is no genuine discharge from the experience. There is nothing and no one whose help you can enlist to get rid of this—and in so thinking this, we misrecognize categorically the nature of the weight. Pain management does not disbar you from your body, it merely refocuses attention on the area where it hurts less (I do not say "does not hurt"). Insofar as there is no space "apart from" yourself, you take your location with you.

Moving on involves removal, a constructive redaction of the part in which the pain lives. It is a "constructive redaction" because we do not unfeel anything, we constructively—that is, performatively—redact the experience. Full of hidden problems, we *pull out* the inner difficulty, we cut away ruthlessly everything that is useless. We act "as if" it didn't happen. Or, therapeutically, we act as if it happened. In other words, we "accept" the feeling. But these problems are pervasive.

How do we know that life is "there" and that "where" we are firing is ever the same?

But there is a misfire at the level of the body, a misrecognition of the experience. The feeling overachieves, it outweighs any significance you can imagine it to have, necessarily limited by meaning. You cannot resolutely rid yourself of it by effecting a complete reversal. Discovery is only ever reverse, reverse discovery misses the point (for it is not a point in space, the feeling *is* time or outside of time). Is there a point "free" from pain?—there is none. What doesn't "lend" itself to removal—feeling doesn't. You must believe that you are curable and even that is not enough.

Is it not dishonest to practice "allowing" a feeling to come into you and pass out of you?

Is that not why detachment from life (also) painful and laborious, affirming even more strongly what inside of us cannot die. One is a hypocrite for deserting what cannot be. The difference between deserting and remaining is delusion of choice. It is fraud because if corrections are made, they are not being made in the direction of truth:

The necessity of fleeing, in order to hide oneself, is put in check by the impossibility of fleeing oneself[118]

Failure is the cryptic powerlessness to take leave of one's condition. What one is leaving is not conditional and one's involvement in it is not conditional. "It" is not a condition: it is what it is, "what is, 'is.'" Failure is inherent in escape, for "escape is just the intensification, or radicalization, of the fatality of that being, which is riveted to itself [lui-même]."[119]

[118] Levinas, *On Escape*, 36.
[119] Ibid., 71.

No one ever asked whether health were the truth of the body

Is it a fantasy to put a stop loss on significance, the sinking cost that lingers, by fighting it in the opposite direction? Experientially, the principle of utility is not capable of being consistently pursued.[120] This delusion is not just economic. Grammatically and geometrically, we cannot decide to go in the direction we really need to go.

How is it, asks Georges Canguilhem, "that no one ever asked whether health were the truth of the body?[121] Truth is not only a logical value specific to the exercise of judgment. […] 'Truth' starts as follows: 'Quality by which things appear such as they are.' Is there a physiological prejudice against pathos and does this prejudice belong to the truth of the body? Is there a privileged internal movement inside that body that does not agree with our "expectation" of truth? "Health" is, after all, a "satisfaction" of the patient's expectations where "healthy [*sain*]" comes from *sanus*, "the descendant of the Greek *saos*, which also has two senses: 'intact or preserved,' and 'infallible or sure.'"[122] The healthy (athletic) habitus "points to a maximum possession of physical means, the equation of ambitions with capacities."[123]

How does the patient know what he most needs?[124] Is this need consonant with what the body needs?[125] The patient sees recovery against the horizons of the ways in which he would like to live.[126] It is possible that how the patient would *like to live* is removed from the truth of the body: we disregard the fact that the body's *capacity* to feel (the body's ambition) diverges from our ambitions. Thus the satisfaction of the patient diverges from the satisfaction of the experience and it is in this turbulence that what is called "unhealth" begins. That is why the frustration in the word *satisfaction* points to a longing. And what does the patient do when he suspects that the longing (in his arms, in his legs) could be significant? He re-acts in the opposite direction. He attacks those areas in which his life is felt to be fecund, in which the truth makes itself *felt*.[127] It is not possible both to satisfy the experience and to satisfy the patient.

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[120] C.f., Jeremy Bentham, "the principle of utility is capable of being consistently pursued." Capable by whom, other than the principle itself? There is a difference, to be sure, between the lapsus of a surplus (as it would have been read by Lacan reading Marx) and the principle of utility.

[121] Canguilhem, *Writings on Medicine*, trans. Stefanos Geroulanos and Tedd Meyers (New York: Fordham University Press, 2012), 45.

[122] Ibid.

[123] Ibid.

[124] Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi's questions, here: "Health, we might say, lies somewhere between the mnemonist [who could not forget] and the [brain-damaged] man of Smolensk [who could not remember]. But given the need both to remember and to forget, where are the lines to be drawn? Here Nietzsche is of little help to us. How much history do we require? What kind of history? What should we remember, what can we afford to forget, what must we forget?" Once again, there is a difference between *our* need and *life's* need. In "Postscript: Reflections on Forgetting," in *Zakhor: Jewish History and Jewish Memory* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1996), 105-117.

[125] It is worth wondering whether our expectations are not out of consonance with our longing? And if the longing is real, if the expectation is realistic?

[126] This is not an easy question, "Have you acted in conformity with the desire that is in you?" in Lacan, and in crucial ways, it is not the patient's question, it is contradictory to the positive recovery of the patient.

[127] Of course, there are more subtle ways of saying "It's a fact that is happening, but I don't accept it." For example: poetry, art. And what if deep serious truth doesn't make itself felt, but remains subfebrile? The patient is sick to the core, sick through and through, sick in the deepest layers of his being—if by sick, we mean *moved*. Perhaps it is necessary to ask, *when* does this human being become a patient?

In another version of this paper, I might have suggested that the patient's effort to "become well again" results in a loss in the quality of the experience. But this suggestion begs revision, since its assumption gives too much power to the decision. What is lost *on the patient* is not lost in general: in this game of priority, *he* loses out, or rather, pays dearly for unaccountable gain. How much of the experience *are* we affecting? If feeling takes care of itself, principally, there is no way to neglect it. There is no way to betray a feeling.[128]

[128] Earlier, I may have suggested, in response to the betrayal, that, following Jean-François Lyotard, "One owes the affect," in *The Lyotard Reader & Guide*. eds. Keith Crome and James Williams (New York: Columbia University Press, 2006), but since there is no genuine betrayal, how could there be genuine ownership and liquidation?

The selective sustain

It is not difficult to tumble to the fact that inexpressive music is a tactic, a feinting motion: this unfeeling person, like the secretly passionate ironist, is simply *pretending*. The gentler he is, the more he will adopt an opaque manner; he loves to appear hard.[129]

To fight what "is," the "as if" must be functional. This is the selective sustain: occasional vulnerability in "satisfying functional agility."

How much effort does it take the automaton to "stop abruptly, without adagios and reveries"? Are we skeptical of those for whom it does not cost an effort to get up? Does it really take no difficulty to walk with grace? The automaton does not so much do daily work "with ease," as he becomes habituated to or automates the difficulty. He plays “like an animal” at the place where he encounters that *he is animal*: tender, moving. His partial say in the sostenuto is the sostenuto pedal. With the pedal, the automaton reverses the grammar: he isn't taken back, he *goes* back, or rather, acts "as if" he can go back on the note when "it is necessary" for the performance.[130]

[129] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 47.

[130] Better to have the aura of a "heroic held-back" quality than actually to be held back: the automaton "uses" his body to hold himself back. It is worth remarking Moshe Halbertal's elaboration of the effect the visibility of a performance has on the experience, one of the profoundest commentaries on intimacy: "Physicians who examine an undressed patients, artist who paints a nude model, or therapists who deal with the most intimate details of their patients' lives serve as example of an exposure that will normally cause shame and yet is legitimated without any recourse to intimacy." The feeling of life is esoteric through and through.

Regarding volition

Do I want continuation with this feeling—is this question legitimate? Why do you think that you are able to be finished with life ahead of living it?

It does not even suffice to say that there is no choice. Or will you contest that, too, that everything significant in life—love, grief—arrests the will? Life holds its own standard of participation. There is no changing that requirement or abating it. Availability to the feeling cannot be harnessed, exercised. There is a significance to this word *torture*, as rooted in torsion and contortion—to be wrapped around yourself so as not to be wrung out, so as to accentuate, not alleviate the stress. The body, as active bedrock, is already "in place," already "at the goal"—there is no development out of (this), there development *as such*. Rigor is feeling within yourself the root of the experience, never forgetting that you have contact. Rigor is being unable to be disengaged; it is devotion, physically.

I intentionally use the word *devotion* because there is something religious here. There is, rather, the document of a tendency, a "going forth to the Religious," into the vigorous shaking of religiosity. Is not, then, essential participation in life worth more *physically* than decided participation?—for if you have "reasons" for doing something (for loving someone), you can just as easily find reasons not to do it.

"You" are removed from the serious worth of your existence. What we "can" pursue is in conflict volitionally with what pursues us, as everything that is averse and obverse to utility does. Truth does not need the person's permission to be true. An experience is true *regardless* and *in spite of* you. We don't choose the parts in which life "continues." Life continues in parts which have been forgotten. We try to forget those parts, and though we may have forgotten, life has not ceased to continue.

And if it voluntary, it is only half so. What it means to be under primary obligation is that commitment cannot be felt as a choice.

Betrayal

Perhaps, in effect, the experience is wrecked from the instant it breaks with its intimacy and seeks to reveal itself. Perhaps it seeks disclosure only in order to become bearable, to lighten and "lessen" itself. Blanchot

What is it to *break with intimacy*? Phenomenologically, what happens here is a tearing, an internal separation that allows air, freedom to come it. Revelation, to be known to someone other than yourself, is no longer to carry the burden of being known only by yourself. Revelation is a dramatic exposure. The "wreck" in the experience breaking with its intimacy arises from its revelation. When intimacy reveals itself it is no longer intimacy. Intimacy, in order to remain itself, cannot be seen, it cannot be made exterior. To reveal what is essentially concealed is to act in a betraying way, not to say "to betray" (note that "lessen" is in quotation marks). This is the parallel between disclosure and relief. In disclosure, one unburdens oneself on the other in such a way that the other, or the separate thing, the activity, begins to bear the pain. Why, then, is "lessen" belittled by quotation marks? It is worth giving an example on the interpersonal level: when one shares pain with another, is that pain ever really over? And does the other ever really know the pain? "Recognition" means *I think I see you* and *I may have felt something like what you are feeling*. Betrayal, hypocrisy are in relative feeling, feeling on the scale to *the* feeling, feeling to a "relative" degree. Surely, one can "turn away" from what one seeks to forget, but *can one* indeed forget?

Although I have never tried to forget myself (I would not dare), I know those who have, and moreover, those who have tried to forget me. Perhaps there is nothing like the effort of forgetting, of "turning away," to confirm the significance of the feeling. There is no finality of destruction, there is only the struggle of turning away, of thankless forgetting:

Love is so short, forgetting is so long. Pablo Neruda[131]

[131]Neruda, "Tonight I Can Write," from *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*, accessed https://www.theguardian.com/books/2004/jul/03/featuresreviews.guardianreview27.

A staged experience is not phenomenologically valid

"Is there a proportional relationship between a given being's true importance and the volume of sound it emits, between its ontological weight and it's phenomenological acoustic volume"?[132] Is there a proportional relationship between a being's reality and its visibility? There is a "fine unstable ontological status between what is real and what disappears."[133] What leaves no mark may be disregarded but it does not discard us. The privilege of the feeling rests upon an opacity internal to the movement. What, then, *is* valid(idity), if the automaton's "as if" is not invalid but if there is simultaneously no technique for being moved?[134] Can the automaton suffer damage, or rather, decide to damage himself at the level of his ontological potentiality? No more can we "enlist" the real to an experience than can we do real ontological damage to it.

Phenomenological validity is related to ontological weight. It means to have an experience of напряжение: voltage, tension, pressure, stress. Strain is the difference between a performance that is real and a performance that is deprived of the significance of the frustration of the work. This is the *experience* of the stage.[135] The effort is a confirmation that there is an experience of staging. In a brief paper entitled, "The Subtleties of a Faulty Action," Freud would have called this "an aesthetic difficulty, perhaps, *in place* of an instinctual conflict" where "in place" functionally carries the same mimetic meaning as "as if."[136] That is why "art," says André Gide, "is leaving me, I feel it."[137]

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[132] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 149.

[133] Halbertal, *Concealment and Revelation*, 162. גילוי וכיסוי בלשון—the title of Bialik's most important article, and a key model for modern Jewish philosophy of language.

[134] Lingering is not produceable. Pathos enters into us. We are a lesion, an aberration in the space of the lingering.

[135] This is the significance of "afflito e penoso" is a musical directive contained in Federico Mompou's *Musica callada*. Afflito e penoso will be this rhythm belonging to the body, this strain. The body contains this strain. The rhythm is itself the conflict in balance (*Ichgerecht*: in consonance with the ego). This conflict is captured by a feeling body, which is itself a moving paradox. This is the paradox of a half-wall, the will-less body, will-less because there is no way "to join" a rhythm to which you are already conjoined *by virtue of being a body*, *by virtue of being alive*. This is a problem with the ground, a struggle with specific gravity. Each day, carrying more of life with you, each day gaining unloseable weight. What restrains you amplifies the strain inside.

[136] Freud, "The Subtleties of a Faulty Action," in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Words of Sigmund Freud*, trans. James Strachey (London: The Hogarth Press, 1964), 234.

[137] Paraphrased from *The Immoralist*.

What lets be done

"Not to have done on one's behalf," writes Jankélévitch, but "to let be done."[138]

Do we control how much of the outside world we "let in"? "Only let in that which would serve you," so the saying goes. The true entrance into us will not occur by an "act of will." This will have been Freud's question, "By what are we, as individuals, lived?" Melos and pathos are granted "as if" ad libitum. The moan on stage "lets be done."

There is no decision we could make that would interfere meaningfully in the experience. The "zone of resistance" in which we reside just barely encompasses the feeling. Operations of forces are powerful outside of the zone of resistance, which does not even remotely reach them.

"Books are empty," the Count shouted, "turning toward the walls with a furious gesture," "it is blood that matters, it is blood that we must learn to read"[139]:

> What *holds true* for infirmity also *holds true* for certain states of *fragility* and *debility*, linked to a type of physiological divergence. This is the case with *hemophilia*, which is more an anomaly than a disease. All of the hemophiliac's functions are carried out like those of healthy individuals. But the hemorrhages are interminable, as if the blood were indifferent to its situation inside or outside the vessels.[140]

The person identified "hemophiliac" would like to recover and ultimately *does* re-deploy most of those functions of a "healthy individual," but, at a fundamental level, *his physiology's* priorities diverge from "his." In the divergence, truth "holds" together fragility and debility and whatever really and ultimately stakes itself inside of his existence does not function in the framework of his performance of the recovery. This is the significance of the word *current*, which means belonging to the present time, happening or being used and done now. It points to the anomie, and the nomos, of the blood. The current has a disposition, the predisposition of the femora, of the blood. This is why our repressions, says Freud, "behave like dams against the pressure of water."[141] Life longs as blood flows, like rushing water after being "shut up" in a faucet. It is a cadence belonging to the blood and we are in conflict with the cadence: this *essentially* cathectic loyalty.[142] Blood has urges of its own: that is the experience.

That is why the patient must be *at least as* loyal to the performance of recovery (and moreover, as faithful to the parameters of his condition) as the *elements* (blood, for one) of the condition are to life. "If you move through the darkness as blood moves in the veins," there is a danger of overidentification with the cadence of the experience.[143] "Your blood," Rilke writes, "drove you not to form or speak."[144] At this point where movement is the greatest, at this hyperbola of the blood, a patient in the grip of *Paralysis agitans* is extremely developed in the condition (we do not deny that this occurs at the expense of other areas of life). There in the "close quarters" of

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[138] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 79.
[139] Ibid., 151.
[140] Canguilhem, *The Normal and the Pathological*, 140.
[141] Freud, "Analysis Terminable and Interminable," 226.
[142] Cathexis is loyal to itself. In the modifications of significance, desires restores its source. The pulse carries itself.
[143] Rilke, *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, 25.
[144] Ibid., 82.

the condition, the patient is dying the death, or rather living the life, that be-longs to the sickness. The "close quarters" are no longer the condition, *they are the body*.

This is essentially the distinction between deliverance and delivery, the distinction between doing and being done. The shift is grammatical, and in the grammar is reflected a shift that is physical. You do not "relax into the moment." You do not "decide." You do not "allow yourself" to be dis-ensnared. *It* never ceases to be active in you. *It* lives actively. If recovery consists in making as much of the difficulty visible and meaningful as possible, what happens to what remains? Are those traces negligible? Does it change anything that one, by chance, succeeds in no longer feeling it "as intensely," or even, in "putting it behind"? "Let the emotion run its course" is a phenomenological impossibility.

> The sick person will live, but with a diminished life, or rather he will struggle along by curtailing his lifestyle just like an army that is reduced to a defensive position and that cuts down its effective front in order to survive; for each time the recovery definitively ends in retreat.[145]

[145] Jankélévitch, *Forgiveness*, 32.

Life in the *fermata*

- intermezzo

There are experiences which refuse to bow down to the sovereign rule of causality. This is what I call “the real.” This intermezzo regards time and its price.

A contrario

. . .this is not to praise the suicide, but to respect the passion. Kierkegaard

What happens when an essential condition for removal is lacking? *Essential* means that there would have to be something within life that is incompatible with or wishes to unburden itself of longing. Is phenomenological reconciliation internal to the body? Reconciliation means that an emotion has taken its course in the body or that the part of it that has not taken its course may be settled with.

Physically, it is questionable whether pain can be relieved. It is questionable whether the part that remains, so subtly, may be settled with. The idea of integration is not equivalent to abandonment. You cannot just set sail and cut the moorings. Even when you do set sail, you will be carrying something. At that "almost genuine" moment, something has torn into you again. Relief is not an inward event, *life is*.

The need to expunge difficulty runs up against internal dissent, as an immediate provocation of the relapse, as if, by physiological divergence, the blood inside the hemophiliac's veins were indifferent to his desire to recover. Blood has urges of its own—that is the experience. Something continues to be living.

Those things that remain unresolved in the constitution are most essential. Something prevents the remission from being genuine, absolute. And if sedation, as movement, as writing, mean leveling off, numbing, attenuation may only soften the hold, it may not get rid of it. Relief is always "still incomplete" because something remains "still living." Something prevents the remission from being absolute. If the "seething of the first pain subsides thanks to this large temporal sedative." Sedative means leveling off, numbing. It refers to attenuation, to a softening of the hold. But "the gratuitousness of generous remission here excludes all utilitarian finality."

This is the "a contrario," what cripples the constitution from the inside that affects it to move more deeply toward life. The "toward" is provoked by the "languit," the languishing "a contario," something languishes in you, against you. Something occupies you, possesses you, holds space in you. A contrario is a bifurcation "which is produced inside us, like two ways which, from a given moment, diverge more and more from each other, the one going below, the other above. It is a kind of dualism which we live in an immediate way in ourselves."[146] This is not so much the positive, as the *moving* role difficulty plays in life. Inside, events are opposed to one another. The return to yourself is painful—re-joining yourself is painful. This is the movement of the turnover, the inward turn in which an intensity is preserved. This movement succeeds the excuse, renewing contact with the previous life, enabling the commencement of this life again. This peak state is hardly lived. Well, it is never *lived*, since at the peak, it remains living. In this strange way, the peak state is not reconciliation, the peak state, the state of living, is before reconciliation. This sadism of the feeling is experienced *con anima*, as vitality inside the body—where жизнь горит, life is burning. Sadism-vitality: more and more fragile is to be more and more eternal.

[146] Minkowski, *Lived Time*, 139.

The physical fermata

We live internally almost double the time that we exist externally. Bichat

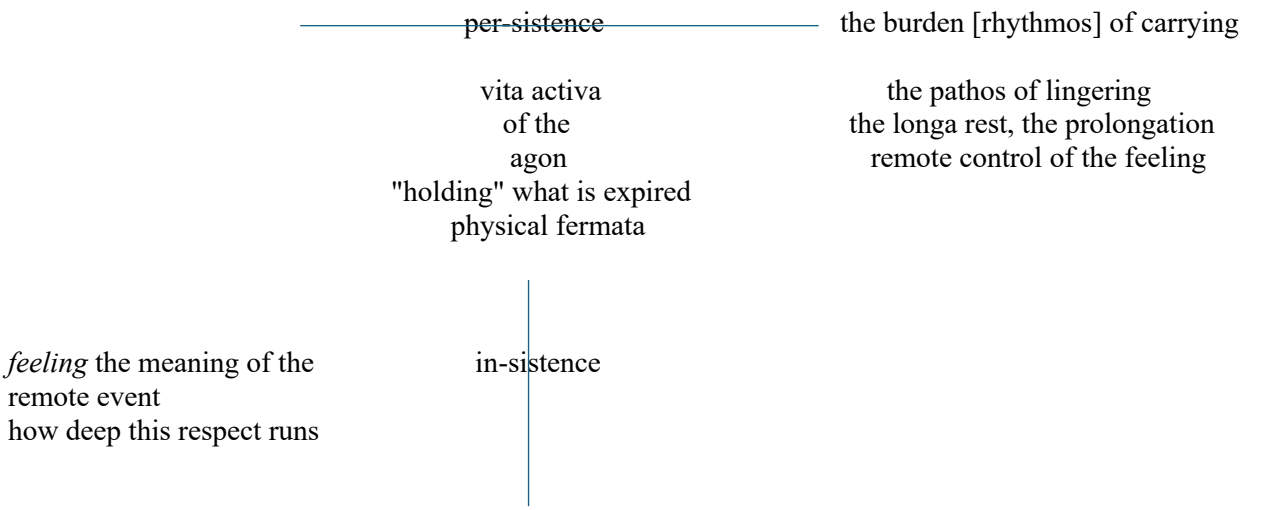
What is "still incomplete" is "still living." What does this look like physically? It looks like bending under the weight of the past, which is not quite "behind." What are the physical repercussions of living close to the truth of the experience?

This is the fermata: *задержка дыхания* ("holding up of breath"), from the Latin *fermare*, to stay, stop, or make firm, conjoining *contenere* (contain), *fissare* (fasten), and *rimanere* (stay), the musical notation indicating that a note *should be* (that is, calls to be) prolonged beyond "normal duration"; to be "on hold" is inseparable, here, from being "being held" in an excruciatingly impractical *lunga pausa*. Fermata is the mode of lingering in the pathos of the difficulty. Fermata is what passes without developing, but stays.

The *lunga pausa* is the "re-." We re-live, or rather, we live in the *re-*.

If convalescence is the time spent recovering from an illness, we should consider another time. The fermata[147] is what was and the thing placed beside it. Taut and erectly filled with yesterday, is it possible to feel deeply today? Pure liquidation is an oxymoron. Your physical being cannot keep up with the life you live internally.

The feeling is lived in this deep refrain, which is possibly a body tasked by carriage and insistence.[148] "Tasked" refers to the gestural recovery that bears out this question: which is heavier, you or the pain inside you? Is the ground supporting you? Who is carrying, or who is holding, whom?

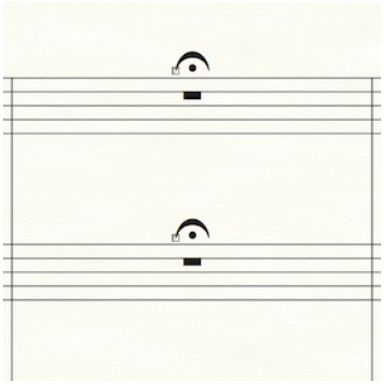


[147] The innehalten, the nadriv.

[148] In the mode of the lingering, Jacob Taubes' "drive toward immortality" is precisely the "holding together" of the *forte* and the *piano*. Who hears an echo of the living Jewish tradition, the bi-temporality of Jewish existence (the plane of the quotidian on which Jews dwell and the plane of eschatological time, aspirational temporal space)?

The life of the feeling refuses to let itself be hurried. Surplus holdover is felt horizontally, lynching discomfort vertically. An inversion, the cadence of the agon, is felt from the origin. Interpreting-back and gestural overextension into the past, sinking back and the sinking cost are essentially parallel at the origin. At the origin, the sunk cost is not separable from sinking back physically. That is why Husserl, when he elaborates the phenomenology of internal time-consciousness, names it *Herabsinken*, sinking-down into the ground. "The same duration is present, actual, self-generating duration and then is past, 'expired' duration, still known or produced in recollection 'as if' it were new."[149] "Running-off" is cut off by endurance-back: "[t]here continually takes place, thereby, a shoving back into the past."[150] But this is no "as if." *This same body* continually undergoes the cost of sinking. Principally, what it means to be moved is living in this body tending toward the ground, and dragging there. What cannot be moved away from cannot be resolved (it is a sunk cost).

Physically, the body forms, because it carries, the curve of the fermata. The body *as* fermata is the distance between what can be done and what requires living-through first:



"hold me," the directive asks
actually, the directive is not "obeyed"
or, it may only be thought to have been "obeyed" later: an after-respect

Where do we place the unrest? Approach to the fermata produces a качание (rocking) and a заикание (stammering). The arrestation (I do not say *arrest*),[151] the profound movement of unrest, confers a certainty: this is internally felt, this is internally maintained.[152]

[149] Husserl, *Phenomenology of Internal Time-Consciousness*, 45.
[150] Ibid., 52.
[151] Something like the critical gestural distinction between the negative (phase) and negativity (inhering).
[152] C.f., Kant on Inner Maintenance, *First Critique*.

That life "holds" and the close quarters in which it does

> Respect is a tribute that we cannot refuse to pay to merit, whether we want to or not; we may indeed withhold it outwardly but we still cannot help feeling it inwardly. Kant[153]

Allow me to elaborate the nuances of the “hold”:

holding, teneo, tenere: to hold
obtineo (gain by losing what cannot be released)
sustineo (hold it through, undergo the through)
continuo (hold it onward, on)
continere (together-holding)
attenteo (with regard to the hold)
protentio (stretch forth, extend the hold)
intenteo (inholding, holding in)

What is a feeling that you cannot help? Is your merit, which is "bare," your *serious human worth*, something you can help? Can you demonstrate yourself, at least in "strict conformity"? Who are "you," as one upon whom something is being marked inwardly in the fermata of a feeling? For whom, is this weight?

Life holds, life *has* first, the decision happens after the feeling. Obligation is not a fact that can be attested, it is not deduceable, it is a feeling, it is a failure of fact. One is beholden—be-holden to and held in—to this severity. This is the paradox of involvement—the bare merit of being entangled *as such*. One does not participate more than one is participated in: the feeling has its own, the feeling owns, and it is by the feeling that the person is involved in life.[154] If respect for what "needs be done" is not about *You are able to*, but feeling itself, the difference between the decision and the condition of compliance is being felt here.

Does life "hold" some in a more significant capacity than others? Does it count for anything that some *feel* themselves more severely beholden? We approach the possibility of privilege—phenomenological.[155] This is what I understand Levinas to mean by severe freedom, "difficult freedom" through which one undergoes affection.[156]

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[153] C.f., Kant, *Critique of Practical Reason*, trans. Mary Gregor (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015), 64.

[154] If everyone is enframed in this regard, is there such a thing as constitutional ambivalence? Could there be an acceptance that is not *essentially* afflicted?

[155] To speak of endowment, "pain leaves behind it particularly rich breaches" [Freud], to speak of being under *subpoena*. . .

[156] Pay attention to the physicality, here, the physics: namely, that one *undergoes* elevation. One cannot help but hear Nietzsche ringing, and Weil: "Moral gravity makes us fall towards the heights." To what, then, does one cry in response? If not, says Lyotard in *Heidegger and "the jews,"* "grace," which is of course, says Weil, the second degree of gravity; *Gravity and Grace*, 4, *Heidegger and "the jews,"* 35.

Gravis

Now loss, however cruel, is powerless against possession, which it completes, or even, affirms: loss is, in fact, nothing else than a second acquisition—but now completely interiorized, and just as intense. Rilke[157]

Principally, is this feeling betrayable? Is it obeyable? Can your action offend the feeling? Can you be a traitor in it? Kant's ultimatum *whether we want to or not* suggests that the question *Do I want continuation with this feeling?* is, physically speaking, insincere. It commits a category error against the affection. Nobody decides to waste their time. Time is wasted on the pain of significance "inside." That is why the preposition is *for*, living for the feeling, living with your heart outside yourself. You are accepted into continuation with the feeling. How, then, can one be *unwilling* to be moved?[158]

Is it paradoxical that difficulty is being written, because it is being felt, on the side of life? It is not taken for granted that this dedication to the life of the feeling, the living term, has been unable to proceed without pain. This is not perspectival, it is the weight by which this work finds itself settled and unsettled, the damage that, *it feels at frame*, cannot be unfundamental. At the fundament, the "passing" (away) of "lived" experience and its retentional modification necessarily belong together.[159] Living and difficulty belong together. One grieves not the loss of weight, but the weight of loss; one grieves gravity, being weighed into the feeling of the fermata curve. The problem of living difficulty is essentially physical, difficulty living the feeling that continues to be living—unresolved as long as it stays in that region.[160]

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[157] Rilke, cited by Giorgio Agamben in *Stanze*. ". . .a love which *cannot be* given up (though the object itself is given up," in Freud, "Mourning and Melancholia," in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, trans. James Stratchey (Volume XIV: 1914-1916), 243-258. One who has loved knows that here is no *has*, no *had*, love *is* because it has no end.

[158] Recovered from "Life in the *fermata*." The fact-that of the feeling (un-betrayable). In his analysis of Husserlian phenomenology, Ricoeur writes, strikingly: "A slow, hindered willing, a willing which yields, is still a willing," in *Husserl: An Analysis of His Phenomenology* (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1967), 218. C.f., Barthes, "What I am guilty of, then, is paradoxically lightening the burden, reducing the exorbitant load of my devotion—in short, "managing" (according to the world); in fact, it is being strong which frightens me, it is control (or its gesticulation) which makes me guilty," in *A Lover's Discourse*, 118.

[159] Husserl, *Phenomenology of Internal Time-Consciousness*, throughout.

[160] Two eschatologies confront one another.

Mandatory dying

Normally, respect for reality gains the day. Freud [161]

It depends, doesn't it, whether it is the reality of the feeling or the reality of the person we are speaking about?

"It is really only because we know so well how to explain it that this attitude does not seem to us pathological."[162] Psychologically, socially, we know that certain feelings are not "relevant" and that it is not viable to continue nourishing them. We force ourselves to forget, to act "as if" there is a past we are no longer living. In the deranged motion of recovery, we emaciate ensuing pain, or rather, "allow" it to die slowly.

That is why the tomb into which we deposit life *post-mortem* is not the only tomb about which to speak. The autopsy, the burial, occurs in life itself, when we entomb living experience, when we carve meaning into pain. Life is not possible if we do not bury the most significant parts of its experience. Meaning is the first "form" of this burial, in the service of which memory forms the borders of the tomb. In order to make "real progress" in the form, we must force life to resolve there. But this, too, must be marked, that even forgetting of the entire region is felt physically, forever felt as "now."

The Jewish liturgical calendar has a learned grip on this struggle. What is a proper time *for* feeling, its exhibition, its exaggeration, and its waste? Liturgical memory "accepts" this struggle, or rather, it "imposes" calendrical divisions in, to starve, the feeling *out of respect for the day*. There is no day better, because there is no day other, than today. That is why, this funereal "etiquette" dictates: "You shall bury him […] the same day."[163]

Why does it feel like reverence for life today is cruel, its care for today inseparable from its neglect of yesterday?[164] I have asked this already: how do we feel anything at all and move forward?

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[161] Freud, "Mourning and Melancholia." Self-respect and respect for reality seem, to me, divergent aims.
[162] Ibid.
[163] C.f., Deuteronomy 21:23. A traditional Jewish funeral occurs within twenty-four hours of the time of death as a sign of respect for the deceased and to life.
[164] And what if one fails to cover over the experience with busyness? The inner enigma, one discovers, is *still not* forsakeable.

Saying "yes" to life, physically

What does it mean to say "yes" to life, physically? This is an issue of consent, physically. For life, says Unamuno, "Good is that which satisfies our vital longing and evil is that which does not satisfy it.

What do we do with the injunction, "we must try to live"? Here is a paradox, for life cannot be "said yes" to. Yet, can life be said "yes" to?

Then does the body forsake pain? No, the body thrives on an experience unknown to you. To live affirmatively, for life to be affirmed in you, is to ask actually, who is alive in the experience of life? And who, really, can take credit for that, physically? Then this is what it means to say "yes": the body thrives on an experience unknown to us. Something is admitted inside, share with and received inside, that takes you in deeper.

This is the heresy: the body always says yes to life (not the person). Any "yes" the person says is disingenuous, although it may be a sincere will to life in alignment with the difficulty.

Startlingly, loyalty continues to exist even alongside the effort that attempt to betray it. Life is affirmed through this longing.

Regarding the place of eternity inside the body

What does it mean to live every hour in relation to eternity? Engaging with eternity has a dramatic effect on one's being. At stake is the difficulty of a feeling which "I am, physically, not free to forget," as every moment of love that's ever existed in me still does. Here, we grasp a delicate way leading from the living into the realm of immortality, of being exposed from the inside to eternal suffering. Here, an aspect of the immortal is embodied.

Time "in the world" is not time "in the body." The world, as says Levinas, "is the possibility of wages. […] Time, in the world, dries all tears; it is the forgetting of the unforgiven instant and the pain for which nothing can compensate." Retaining life beyond its service to you, retaining it to and beyond its point of expiry in you is to be in connection with eternity. Eternity does not let you live. The eternity of a feeling to which you are adapted. The living effect of truth is related to a particular experience of time, an orientation to time.

> Moreover, the paradox of being remains intact when we free ourselves of time and grant ourselves eternity. […] But let us say straightaway that it is not in view of eternity that escape is made. Eternity is just the intensification, or radicalization, of the fatality of that being, which is riveted to itself [lui-même]. And there is a deep truth in the myth that says that eternity weighs heavily upon the immortal gods.[165]

[165] Levinas, *On Escape*, 71.

Essence and ornament

How, then, do we distinguish between essence and ornament, if essence (weight) feels like ornament? That we are not in agreement with life, is not pathological, it is not an accessory to who you are, it is essential:

There is no space here, Jankélévitch would write, to distinguish between substantive and circumstantial manners of being, between essence and ornament, where "lost time" itself is an ingredient of musical time, where cadences senza tempo and phalanzes of little notes may play a part in truth. Lost time, lost thought, lost effort, lost life: is this not the paradox of poetry itself.[166]

. . . that is, of being composed poetically by life?

At stake is the difficulty of a feeling which "I am, physically, not free to forget," as every moment of love that's ever existed in me still does.

[166] Jankélévitch, *Music and the Ineffable*, 67.

Longing, or, life in the fermata

How, then, do we feel anything at all and move forward? How do I explain that I feel both pushed irresistibly and held back? How do I explain, then, that I feel both pushed irresistibly and held back? The point *at* which the real makes it into reality: the fermata. To recover a "sense of life" is to feel alive in as many parts as possible. It is to feel that the substance of life inside is mysterious, it is somehow unreachable—it lets live and does not let me live. It is to feel the "contrary" jabbing in against you, but initiating you more deeply into life. It may be desirable, but is it possible to be finally ended? Life always continues its journey forward.

Living in the fermata is to feel both pushed irresistibly forward and held back. It is to feel life continuing its journey forward but oneself not being able to move forward. The fermata is living with the real in reality, living with the suicidal tendency inside.

Out of the fermata emerges a longing. To say "yes" to life is to long. To feel the counterpoint within is to say “yes” to the longing. It is the vague, constant yearning for something or someone beyond the horizon of reality. It is this "still living" that, I would wager, matters most for our existence, matters in the original sense of the word matter, not meaning, but gravis, the long experience of life. And it is this that we are constitutionally incapable of and tasked to bearing, how terribly things matter.

If there is anything called feeling better, insofar as we must try to live, it is perhaps not in escape, but a lifeline in recognition that one is not the only one dragging. Perhaps that longing, burning in the depth of it, is itself something holy. . .

In the words of a poet,

> *What you long for, as yet you do not see; but longing makes in you a room that shall be filled, when that which you are to see shall come.*[167]
>
> In interim, *we must not weep so that we may not be comforted. . .*[168]

[167] Augustine, *Confessions*, trans. R.S. Pine-Coffin (London: Penguin Books, 1961), 21-23 (and variations throughout).
[168] Weil, *Gravity and Grace*, 14.

עמל

third movement

"torn apart, within"
afflito e penoso - afflicted and pained

Living involves a relationship by which a being makes contact with existence. This contact involves struggle. This relationship, summed up in living, *is* struggle. To be here is to struggle. To struggle is to make a strenuous effort in the face of opposition, not realizing, of course, that it is this very opposition that keeps you alive. The body follows. The body is the point at which the struggle of existence is felt, the point at which this struggle is expressed. It is in that struggle that we discover something. What does it mean to grasping the reality of movement, the real conditions of mobility?

The Russian words труд (difficulty), давление (blood pressure), тяжесть (weight), нагрузка (burden) come to mind as an articulation of the hardship of which I am the bearer physically.

Description of struggle

> He fell to the ground. He felt he was covered with impurities. Each part of his body endured an agony. His head was forced to touch the evil, his lungs to breathe it in. There he was on the floor, writhing, reentering himself and then leaving again. Blanchot[169]

A hand moves up, down. A leg extends. The neck strains. Can't figure a way forward. While real struggle is internal, the body is assumed into positions of struggle to accommodate the force inside. All of these positions share the shape of a contortion, of having been bent enough structurally to accommodate the pain while remaining at the base minimum capacity of motion. Living first presents itself as stiffening, then as numbness, then as curling up into oneself. In this physical cramping, where unreleased tension turns into frustration, a literal fight with yourself begins. It is through this fight, that you are brought into combat, *contact*, with yourself. It is because the *there is* has such a hold that we begin to tremble. It is because the *there is* takes the hold of time and space within that there is an inflammation of being. It is the discomfort within this inflammation, having to contain it, fill it in, live within it, become it, that there is a cramping of being. Inner becomes outer via unproductive, that is recursive, pregnancy. When you are cramped, the feeling gets caught inside of you; it doesn't flow freely.

[169] Blanchot, *Thomas the Obscure*, 28.

Contact

I had asked what it means to touch life, with minimal interference—as though tangency "admitted degrees." It is painful to be in contact—with another, with yourself, with life.

We read, in Blanchot:

> I was in constant contact with two shores. With one hand showing that I was indeed there, with the other—what am I saying?—without the other, with this body which, imposed on my real body, depended entirely on a negation of the body, I entered into absolute dispute with myself. Having two eyes, one of which was possessed of extreme visual acuity, it was with the other which was an eye only because of its refusal to see that I saw everything visible. And so on, for all my organs. I had a part of myself submerged, and it was to this part, lost in a constant shipwreck, that I owed my direction, my face, my necessity. I found my proof in this movement toward the nonexistent in which the proof that I existed, rather than becoming degraded, was reinforced to the point of becoming manifestly true. I made a supreme effort to keep outside myself, as near as possible to the place of beginnings.[170]

To struggle for survival is to make an effort that is essentially impossible—a "supreme effort" against what opposes you internally by trying to "keep outside [yourself]." But this movement, rather than degrading the pressure of the pain within, intensifies it by recovering "the place of beginnings."

Why are disputation and struggle the by-product of contact?

What is reinforced to the point of becoming true is bodied forth as an alteration in the structure of the form. Contact is the rigor-in-meeting by which this "becomes" true. To be sure, it does not become true by becoming external.

[170] Blanchot, *Thomas the Obscure*, trans. Robert Lamberton (Barrytown: Station Hill Press, 1988), 95.

Fugue - fighting within

> The union of contradictories involves a wrenching apart. It is impossible without extreme suffering. […] Either we have made the contraries submissive to us or we have submitted to the contraries. […] The simultaneous existence of opposite virtues in the soul—like pincers to catch hold of God. Weil

"I entered into an absolute dispute with myself." There is a fight within. The fight of the soul divided by a two-edged sword. This is the existential *fugue*, from the Latin *fugo*, "flight," as well as *fugere*, "to flee." To be "in a fugue state" is to feel the need for flee and to be unable to flee.

A brutal gesture emerges when a being tries to flee itself and realizes that no effort is genuinely cleansing. The gesture is brutal by the effort this takes and by the brutal failure. It is the feeling of existence lashing back at you. Of not being able to take it and existence lashing back again. You lose, your life wins.

Assuring the full flowering of its reality, this struggle is turned inward. In fact, the more of it is that is contained, the more profound is the struggle. This fight is absolute because there is no possibility of reconciliation.

> But if I advanced within myself, hurrying laboriously toward my precise noon, I yet experienced as a tragic certainty, at the center of the living Thomas, the inaccessible proximity of that Thomas which was nothingness, and the more the shadow of my thought shrunk, the more I conceived of myself in this faultless clarity as the possible, the willing host of this obscure Thomas. "In the plentitude of my reality, I believed I was reaching the unreal. "[171]

A shuddering revolt. This is the fight of faith (if one would so express it) for possibility. For without possibility a man cannot, as it were, draw breath. This is a navigation in the dark, a discovery in the night.

> "The termination of analysis is, I take it, a matter of praxis."[172]

The task of living is finally, essentially physical. Analysis terminates in the life lived. Its truth is felt when all modes of intervention fail, when there is a life recurring long after the close of therapy, when it is felt that a physical difficulty cannot be approached as a problem.

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[171] Blanchot, *Thomas the Obscure*, 97.

[172] In Steiner, *Real Presences: Is There Anything in What We Say?*, (United Kingdom, Faber & Faber, 2010), 52. The fear of every psychoanalyst is that it's not actually psychic, but may be cancer. A further exploration into the following: will the gain in intellectual insight repay the labour (physical)? What is a "theoretically" (or, analytically) important experience? "I shall limit myself to merely touching the problems concerned," says the analyst. Is theory a failure (or a numbing) of nerve (C.f., Steiner's *Errata*)?

Discomfort

The intoxication of leaving himself, of slipping into the void, of dispersing himself in the thought of water, made him forget every discomfort. And even when this ideal sea which he was becoming even more intimately had in turn become the real sea, in which he was virtually drowned, he was no moved as he should have been: of course, there was something intolerable about swimming this way, aimlessly, with a body which was of no use to him beyond thinking that he was swimming, but he also experienced a sense of relief, as if he had finally discovered the key to the situation, and, as far as she was concerned, it all came down to continuing his endless journey, with an absence of organism in an absence of sea. The illusion did not last. He was forced to roll from one side to the other, like a boat adrift, in the water which gave him a body to swim. What escape was there? To struggle in order not to be carried away by the wave which was his arm? To go under? To drown himself bitterly in himself? That would surely have been the moment to stop, but a hope remained; he went on swimming as if, deep within the restored core of his being, he had discovered a new possibility. Blanchot[173]

Every movement results in a failure of effort. Trying not to be carried away results in going deeper into the condition. Trying not to go under results in a deeper under-going of the very condition being resisted.

Discomfort is felt when you are acting but not effecting anything. When every movement feels superfluous.

Living honestly is antynomous with comfort. It is not possible to live honestly and to feel comfortable. Discomfort is in the "up against." To be up against yourself, up against life unyielding:

There is in nausea a refusal to remain there, an effort to get out. Yet this effort is always already characterized as desperate: in any case, it is so for any attempt to act or to think. And this despair, this fact of being riveted, constitutes all the anxiety of nausea. In nausea—which amounts to an impossibility of being what one is—we are at the same time riveted to ourselves, enclosed in a tight circle that smothers. We are there, and there is nothing more to be done, or anything to add to this fact that we have been entirely delivered up, that everything is consumed" *this is the very experience of pure being*, which we have promised from the beginning of this work. However, this "nothing-more-to-be-done" is the mark of a limit-situation in which the uselessness of any action is precisely the sign of the supreme instant from which we can only depart, The experience of pure being is at the same time the experience of its internal antagonism and of the escape that foists itself on us.[174]

A physical restlessness forces me to keep readjusting. Discomfort is felt in the body when the formal means of living are strained, tight and slightly uncomfortable. What is it for a body to live beyond its means, to be *stretched* beyond the means it can support?

Discomfort is a feeling of the cage, the cage from inside, a limitation made out by the inner being, the skeleton. The body is not a safeguard. Inhabited deeply, the body is continuous discomfort interrupted by suffering.

Discomfort is the experience of dissonance, of a person straining himself against existence. It is essentially a contra and patior, to "suffer the opposite." Discomfort is the forbidden release, *that there is a release forbidden in life*.

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[173] Blanchot, *Thomas the Obscure*, 5.
[174] Levinas*, On Escape*, 66.

Agony

Agony, then, is a struggle. And Christ came to bring us agony: struggle and not peace. Unamuno[175]

I am silently, within myself. Many things compete inside my constitution, creating an agony. No way to move forward, just a gentle back-and-forth. Fracture of the capacity to act. There is an agony, literally, within. There is a pain in finding oneself in eternity. Of life inside the body, there will be no safety. Essentially, this violates the principle that a person deserves to pursue peace:

> Someone may say that peace is life, or death, and that war is death, or that it is peace: for they are al most indifferently assimilated one to the other; and further, that peace in war—or war in peace—is life in death, the life of death and the death of life, which is agony.[176]

To be alive is to be "torn apart, within." It is to have an experience of both. To be full of something "still living" is to live in the complication. This is an accumulation of internal crises, a reality lived at the deepest because quietest level. To be torn apart, within, is a difficulty on all registers: the phenomenological, the intellectual, and the spiritual. That I grasp myself in the process of execution: this is the "Despair [that] is the sickness unto self."[177] "Unto" being that by which I rejoin myself. Pain is the means by which I am brought to myself again. In despair, we are dialectically closer to the truth: battling madly inside.

Kierkegaard described this as the deepest struggle, namely to come into relation with yourself through struggle and to *know* it. This is the feeling of the contrary, the feeling of both phenomena. When I do something, I cannot get rid of the feeling that I am there. I cannot bring myself to dissociate myself from what I am doing, or perhaps what I am suffering is dissociation. It is both an overrelation to the present and a dissociation from it.
Confronting the suicide that is internal to life.

Struggle is when you feel that this is already more than your blood can stand, can contain. Struggle is when it is felt that the body is not a safeguard.

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[175] Unamuno, "Agony," from *Selected Works of Miguel de Unamuno, Volume 5* (New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 2015), 9.
[176] Ibid., 10.
[177] Kierkegaard, *The Sickness unto Death*, throughout.

A rhythm for amal

I am caught. . .in contradiction, in this rhythm, I am caught, Kafka, Prometheus parable

Each one of us has his own rhythm of suffering. Barthes

Some rhythms intensify the original pain more than others.

Beginning to move is difficult. This is the scriptural amal, the labour of life in the body, the physical love of life. Overstrain, amplitude in weight, miscarrying this weight: the difficulty of – is in – the physical realm, difficulty moving (forward, on). Work [travail], is torment, torture [tourment et torture] of self-misgiving. Carrying yourself, struggling alongside – and miscarrying - your weight. Body quivering at the quaver rest. This - is how I understand עמל, the tensed endurance to live on.

כי אדם לעמל יולד לעמל תורה הוי אומר לעמל תורה יולד. Man was born of amal for amal: this is what we read in Lichtenstein.[178] What does Scripture mean when it says, "The appetite of a toiler [*'amel*] toils [*'amlah*] for him, because his mouth craves it"?[179] Amal is not avodah. The word “amal" is often used to refer to labor whose outcome is purposeless and in vain. This is perhaps not correct, since it is the same humans who perceive, by an economic return, the palpable product and recognizable purpose of avodah, and yet, as Anne Carson has written, "can *hold* a coin in [their] hand[s] and not *touch* its value.[180] Amal is not bereft of purpose although it bereaves us of the capacity to know purpose. Amal is in the skin and veins and bones.[181] For whom do these things lack purpose? Avodah amlanit (laborious work) is the work of recovering this physical significance. This significance is rendered through pain. It is working in the joints of pain and it is the rhythmic accentuation of the body there. It is reckoning with an area of the body and the ever-evolving sum of conditions which is the daily burden of living in one.[182]

Amal is grounded in the physical body and what this body bears out. Amal is sewn directly into the flesh. It is the paradox of physical worth: that we are worth something physically. We are worth exactly how much we weigh. The difficulty of amal arises from the total absence of compensation; it is, in fact, a burden to weigh anything at all. Amal is stamina, endurance, and fatigue. Its pain is not unfelt but rather engrosses all feeling in such a way that amal is the feeling of life itself. Life reoccupies the body in the work of living and of tolerating life. This work is not intelligible in terms of any goal.[183] But this work has a rhythm, a tempo: that is what concerns me here.

The elements of amal are weight, gestation, toil, undulation, (mis)carriage, and the shaping of the form in response to the pain of the hold. This is why amal regards the soma. In anatomy,

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[178] Who is relating Job 5:7.

[179] Shulchan Shel Arba 1:24.

[180] C.f., Carson, *Economy of the Unlost* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1999), 45; emphasis mine. Notice how "holding" interacts with sensitivity and numbness; it is, in fact, possible to be held, and to hold, and not "touch" anything.

[181] C.f., Avraham Shlonsky, in this sense reappropriated to signify productive labor in the discourse of socialist Zionist thought and poetry (Shlonsky), without however losing the valence of complaint about its hardship…

[182] This different from what Simone Weil has called "affliction." It is rather an agony within, an essentially sober difficulty—and it is no punishment. The Russian words труд (difficulty), давление (blood pressure), тяжесть (weight), нагрузка (burden) complete the lexicon of terms.

[183] So, by extension, amal is literally a pre-occupation. Amal is a synonym for inui, torment.

soma addresses the whole axial portion of an animal, including the head, neck, trunk, collarbone, and tail. Amal consists of sharply felt operations of force throughout these parts.

"Amaleinu" means our amal, our hereditary toil. Amal is the splinter of our meaning embedded in the flesh. It is our burden, lachatzeinu, the Jewish burden: an immemorial pressure. This burden is "under our" carriage, our care. It is a burden we are under a primary obligation to carry. There is no way to be habituated to it because it is outside the realm of habit, it is invulnerable to hebetation.

Regarding what it means for weight to be possible as a burden

Preponderance, from the Latin *pondus*, indicates a weight. Is weight inherently burdensome? It is burdensome by having to carry it, by bearing the requirement to support the pain. For weight to become burden it has to be actualized, realized through the painful hourly substantiation of the body, through the involuntary formation of gesture:

. . .*sustinere*, which means not only "to support," but also "to hold back" (for example, *incitatos equos*, horses in their driving force), "to abstain from something" (*sustinere ab aliqua re*), and also "to stop" (*se sustinere*), and moreover, "to assume" (*causam publicam*, *munus*, a public cause or an office) or "to recite" (*personam*, a the- ater part). Those who *gerunt* are not limited to acting, but in the very act in which they carry out their action, they at the same time stop it, expose it, and hold it at a distance from themselves.

This holds both for the operations of the body and for those of the mind: gesture exposes and contemplates the sensation in sensation, the thought in thought, the art in art, the speech in speech, the action in action.[184]

[184] Agamben, "Notes on Gesture," 140.

This body that beats. . .

> Here is how I hear Schumann's body (indeed, he had a body,
> and what a body! His body was *what he had most of all*):
> in the first variation, it curls up into a ball, then it weaves,
> in the second, it stretches out; and then it wakes up: it pricks,
> it knocks, it glows,
> in the third, it rises, it extends, *aufgeregt*,
> in the fourth, it speaks, it declares: someone declares himself,
> in the fifth, it showers, it comes undone, it shudders, it rises:
> running, singing, beating,
> in the sixth, it speaks, it spells out, what is spoken intensifies until it is sung,
> in the seventh, it strikes, it beats,
> in the eighth, it dances, but also it begins snarling all over
> again, beating…[185]
>
> Roland Barthes, *The Responsibility of Forms*

The body is affected by and beats according to the rhythm of life. Its moan and scream are existential soundings, the sound of touching existence and being unable to say anything about it—the sound itself of the connection. The profounder the connection with life, the quieter the sound.

[185] Barthes, "*Rasch*," *The Responsibility of Forms: Critical Essays on Music, Art, and Representation*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1985), 299.

Effort (inner)

The effort *to live* is as much physical as it is emotional:

> Malaise is not a purely passive state, resting upon itself. The fact of being ill at ease [mal à son aise] is essentially dynamic. It appears as a refusal to remain in place, as an effort to get out of an unbearable situation. Levinas[186]

The "unbearable situation" is the situation of being alive in the course of the pathos. This is the instant of effort and its internal dialectics. The resistance of matter is the reason there has to be effort. Effort is the critical movement of our lives—the existential. Life is so obscure in the tendons, ligaments, it is impossible to fix the moment when it begins, when it ceases in these parts—this is an effort, a toil, a trouble "inside."

Every aspect of living involves a fight. A fight for maintenance. Discomfort is fighting against gravity. The attendant symptoms of this relentless agitation.

Life is continuous discomfort interrupted by suffering. The Arbeit of this suffering has a rhythm, the suffering is itself an Arbeit. The person makes an effort as thought to reach a resolution.

Recovery is not visibly arduous. This is the ardor of living. Effort involves a counter-pressure against the inward, forward, and backward pressure being exerted upon you, *from within*.

"It is not the pain involved in effort that makes it the lot of slaves; effort involves pain because it is an event of subjection in its instant," writes Levinas

"It is never in the labor itself that joy resides. It is fed with other considerations—the pleasure of duty fulfilled, the heroism of the sacrifice and difficulty involved." It is living through.

[186] Levinas, *On Escape*, 58.

Afflito e penoso

carrying or being carried

Jankélévitch writes, "…the hardship [carried] … bears an ontological complication."

To endure, that is the the most important thing. Rilke

Is there any doubt that we feel ourselves enduring? The work of living with—carrying—pathos is afflito e penoso. Life is a profound *mal* whose constraints a person has to undergo. It requires unbelievable caution to remain in tact under the influence of pain. Words like *elegance*, *grace* are significant under this duress. The feeling is lived in this deep refrain, by a body tasked by carriage and insistence.

This word *bears* is critical. Bearing is a physical bending, *about to break*. Is bending surrender, is it betrayal? It isn't surrender if at the curve you begin to endure. This is the literal fermata of the body and it is precisely our relation to pain in time.

You can tell it all by how someone walks: who is crawling, who is sprinting, whose legs are bruised, who is limping, who is dancing with this limp, and who is leaving behind blood. This is the significance of the carriage.

It matters that it is physically felt, and carried physically, because there is nothing more living, more deliberately and insistently present than today. It carries on and it carries us. We are carried by it.

We make an effort against being carried. We try to carry it *outward*. Carrying it forward (a little), only to realize that you are being carried in the opposite direction.

Subtleties of a faulty action

A person can make [facere] something and not enact [agere] it, as a poet makes a play, but does not act it (*agere* in the sense of playing a part); on the other hand the actor acts the play, but does not make it. So the play is made [*fit*] by the poet, but not acted [*agitur*] by him; it is acted by the actor, but not made by him. Whereas the *imperator* (the magistrate in whom supreme power is invested) of whom the expression *res gerere* is used (to carry something out, in the sense of taking it upon oneself, assming total responsibility for it), neither makes nor acts, but takes charge, in other words carries the burden of it [*sustinet*]. Agamben[187]

Life engages the body in complex postures and temporalities. It testifies to a life, to an existential mode. Existential movement has a unique rhythm, a unique duration of the intimate, the involved moments in which one touches life. The feeling effects a postponement on every action, it retards every movement turning it into gesture.

The body has returns, recursions, vibrations. This is the body expressing an insistence. The physical enunciation of the difficulty is significant: a trembling hand, a contorted face, that someone walking through injury appears to be dancing. How is life expressed, where ex-pression refers to the productive relief of pressure?

Rubato-stretching movement within inevitable confinement of pulsating repetitions. A lack of finitude in action guarantees the eternal continuation of the toil, the trouble.

[187] Agamben, "Notes on Gesture," 140.

Allegro agitato

Agitato, so disturbed a manifestation

What remains unexpressed turns into agitation, struggle. Agitatio is a movement, a moving back and forth, a качание (oscillation, swaying), displacing the weight from one side of the body to another, but ultimately failing in getting rid of it altogether.

Struggle relates to this agitated contact, allegro agitato: "All this agitation," says Kafka, "should be controlled." To bear the unbearable, you must bear it out, you must carry it forward. "I have it," that is, "I am not it"—"a distinct operation by which an existent takes over its existence." But how do you reverse a hold on the most intimate, Deus interior intimo meo, superior summo meo? Do you even know where you are being held?

What remains unexpressed (turns into agitation, struggle)? And if it cannot be, does a gesture become apparent, here?

What, then, are the gesticulations of a significant (weighed) existence? How does the feeling appear in the physical situation of the person? How does the body move, is the body *moved* differently, under the influence of difficulty?

Why is the action faulty? Like a bird under the rain, the struggling body confronts a resistance. It "progresses," but only insofar as it is tied to itself. Falling down, going up, something holds. Every movement ends abruptly. One hand moves, another stops it

Active significance, *con anima*, is given emotionally, existentially. It refers to the agon of being *in*: *inheld*, *in* cost involvement in a realm in which one is not permitted to be successful. That is why the "superfluous" circular motions of a body "held, in place" are notes "for" nothing in which the *Arbeit* of the feeling effects, in the diminuendo of practical life, a being held back from the future.

Frustration - doubt, physically

Unreleased tension turns into physical frustration, a literal fight with yourself. The way to live, to struggle, to struggle for life and to live on the struggle, on faith, is to doubt. We have already said as much in another work, recalling the Gospel passage: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."[188] A faith that does not doubt is a dead faith.

And what is it to doubt? *Dubitare* has the same root—that of the numeral *duo*, two—as *dueHum,* struggle. Doubt, Pascalian, agonic or polemical doubt, not Cartesian or methodic doubt, doubt of life (life is struggle) and not doubt of the way (method is way) supposes the duality of combat.[189]

What is demonstrated is not all that is experienced. This fine margin, between what is expressed and what remains unexpressed, produces a struggle. Something struggles to rise, but cannot; to breathe, but cannot.

Frustration is the combination of inability and urgency. It is the feeling that something is keeping you from moving onward and from expressing yourself. Unconscious aimless movement to and fro "lacking the wealth of developed life."

That which suffers, struggles, tears into itself for resolution, but in so doing, only reopens contact with itself.

[188] C.f., Mark 9:24.
[189] Unamuno, "Agony," 10-11.

Andante con moto

more than lento, slowly, but in motion; deep return

Struggle from the inside makes physical work impossible. At the interstices of inner effort and outer labour is the passion of andante con moto is "slowly, but in motion." It is a developmental urgency in the face of interrupted development. The tempo of pathos is andante con moto. In frustration, the body moves in a rhythm too slow to be seen directly. The body's gesture does not accumulate into action, but remains complicated in a repose. It is fast enough to continue moving, but close enough to the ground to remain engaged in the gravity of its existence.

Struggle

In the midst of these tremblings, the struggle begins. You have to struggle where you are. The serious difficulty lies, here, in getting a grip on the body from the inside. Where there is a body, there is a struggle, an incomplete kenosis borne of the survival of the feeling that operates all by itself within me, secretly maintaining its original faith.

Since I became ill, I have had the impression of being caught in a lasso; the more I struggle, the tighter the noose becomes [Minkowski][190]

Struggle is the frustration of being interfered with at this essential level. Struggle is asking, over and again, do I want continuation with the feeling? The more you struggle, the tighter the noose becomes. Yet surrender is only ever partial.

The struggle begins when the inside comes into close enough contact with the outside. In order for the struggle to be really profound, something precious that is inside must be longing to get out and to remain at the same time. Struggle is an inner feeling seeking a life inside the cage of the body. Struggle is the body feeling life inside jutting out, pushing up against its walls. Struggle is being unable to bear it out. There is a struggle against the illness inside, a struggle with immanent death, death internal to my constitution. It is not just the struggle between the inside and the outside, it is the struggle of the inside with the inside, a struggle that cannot be terminated in a victory.

This is what Freud would have called analysis terminable and interminable, but physically. To struggle is to come, through the anamnesis, into relation with yourself. Anamnesis is the physical counterpoint to catharsis. There is a struggle in each part of the body.

A decreased pain tolerance means that everything hurts more. The gradations of musical tempo allow us to understand this struggle. Struggle is a heightened participation of the person in his internal dynamic

One hand reaches to control another. One leg moves ahead of another. The neck turns, the wrists tighten, the spine tenses. One coils inward, bends down, thrusts sideways. Performs the same motion over, over. What is escape is there? One discovers the impossibility of outrunning oneself. One discovers the impossibility of winning an internal fight by external means. One discovers that by reaching to intervene inward, one enters into first-degree contact with the feeling. The disputation intensifies. This is a literal description of struggle, although the toll is largely invisible.

Struggle relates to this agitated contact, allegro agitato, trying to move forward, trying to suffer out the pain, the reckoning of living "in," "with." "All this agitation," says Kafka, "should be controlled." In struggle, self-restraint is a deeper embodiment. Agitation is to agony what negativity is to negation. To bear the unbearable, you must bear it out, you must carry it forward. "I have it," that is, "I am not it"—"a distinct operation by which an existent takes over its existence." But how do you reverse a hold on the most intimate, Deus interior intimo meo, superior summo meo?

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[190] Minkowski, *Lived Time*, 330.

Struggle is recursive labor, making an effort to "overcome" what is inside—and confronting that fact that this labor is misguided. The struggle begins when the inside comes into close enough contact with the outside. In order for the struggle to be really profound, something precious that is inside must be longing to get out and to remain at the same time. This iterative movement—back and forth, back and forth—is a rhythmic physical articulation of the torment.

The struggle to live involves a twofold, perhaps paradoxical, effort: the struggle to express the feeling and the struggle to control what remains of the feeling inside. Every breath is a struggle to get what is inside outside, to deposit what is inside somewhere. Expression necessarily involves something that is not said, something that stays inside. That thing that stays inside gets heavier, more intense, more palpable, but also subtler, more remote, more opaque. Here are the perils of proximity: the longer it goes without expressed the more difficult it gets. Intimacy is not a relation that can be grasped quantitatively and yet there are ways to be occupied in a more active (I do not say visible) way in relation to the consequences of the hold. Kierkegaard writes,

> But sometimes the sorrow conceals itself even better, and the exterior allows us to suspect nothing, not the slightest. It can elude our attention for a long time, but when by chance a look, a word, a sigh, a tone in the voice, a hint in the eye, a trembling of the lips, or a blunder in the handshake treacherously betrays what has been carefully concealed—then passion is aroused, then the struggle begins.[191]

To reveal is to express, to lighten the pain; to conceal, *to carry something that is safe from revelation*, is to intensify. Pay attention to the indication, in this passage, that life does not need or want to be expressed. The geography of the experience exceeds the geography of the body. The experience of this difference produces frustration, which is an emotional expression of agitation. "A look, a word, a sigh, a tone in the voice, a hint in the eye, a trembling of the lips" are unintentional expressions of life from the inside. They are indications. The conflict between impression and expression congeals in a bodily showing. The showing is an intimation which comes out of the remoteness of the feeling. This sorrow cannot be depicted artistically, for the interior and the exterior are out of balance, and thus it does not lie within spatial categories. The *intimation* of an interior motion (not necessarily the expression of it). It is between re-covering (concealment) and uncovering (revelation) that intimacy is borne. Intimacy requires privacy, the sorrow that "conceals itself."

[191] Kiekegaard, *Either/Or*, 175.

Lento assai

Lento assai is a musical indication suggesting struggle. Lento assai is a struggle from within. How do you distribute the weight of life? It—this feeling—has to emerge, but not the way you want it to or are able to bring it forth. Your bearing doesn't bring forth the burning sound. The sound itself burns, the musicality cannot be proven except by what it is.

Unmanifest anguish

Unmanifest anguish. Were you in anguish, you wouldn't be. Blanchot

It is anguish because it is unmanifest, the unshown and unshowable feeling that somehow, paradoxically, calls to be shown. This is where life extends "beyond the book," where what is living extends beyond what may be seen. It is the reality of the unseen. The most profound struggle is not silent, it screams; but nobody can hear it:

> Each of us knows, when it is a matter of his intimate life, that he [the patient] has within him a depth which cannot be and will never be expressible in words[192]

Affection, the charge of the feeling burns within. Intimation is the subtle indication to the outside that something is happening within. Expression is manifestation, a turnover of the inside to the outside, an opening to air.

[192] Minkowski, *Lived Time*, 347.

Proof-texts -

how your being expresses itself is a direct consequence of what is happening inside

Is it provable in the physical person the extent to which one has lived? The body bears the mark of how deeply I live, the sound of the voice choked with weeping. Dance, voice are where art physically meets life.

> The Gemara relates that a heretic saw that Rava was immersed in studying halakha, and his fingers were beneath his leg and he was squeezing them, and his fingers were spurting blood.
>
> Shabbat 88 a:9[193]

> Indicators—smell, scar, sexuality—are proofs by the flesh.
>
> Lyotard[194]

עָמֹק מִי יִמְצָאֶנּוּ׃ ו רָחֹוק מַה־שֶּׁהָיָה ועמק [The secret of] what happens is elusive and deep, deep down; who can discover it?[195]

Архитектура это застывшая музыка Architecture is frozen musicality[196]

There is a physical enunciation of difficulty. Something survives in the form, not the way, of life. Here is the torment coming to the surface to breathe. Clear signs of strain. How may it be demonstrated that someone is having an experience, is alive to life?

The depth with which you've lived is revealed *by* the "mere enunciation," the proof-text of your body. There, in the intimation, we grasp most deeply the relationship of the person with existence. We grasp, namely, what the person does not control, we grasp what struggles to be expressed. What struggles to be expressed is actually an emotional intimation. It is proof that one has been in contact with life. The body is the moment of revelation.

This is exposure. Exposure is constitutive, it is revealed by the voice, the eyes. It is exposure because it happens at an inopportune moment. In exposure, one is laid bare subtly. As, recovered, Lyotard,

> La preuve de l'épreuve est l'épreuve The proof of the experience is the experience

Intimation and expression

[193] C.f., Shabbat 88a. See, also, Buber's tales of *Hasidism and Modern Man* which engage the physicality of studying halakhah.
[194] Lyotard, from the lecture notes of Bruno Chaouat (Professor of French, University of Minnesota).
[195] C.f., Ecclesiastes 7:24.
[196] My Russian translation of Goethe's well-known fragment.

Interior cries

. . .he let it gnaw through his belly rather than be discovered. Montaigne

Yet there are things that, if they were, they would not be. There are feelings that, were they to be expressed, would be lost.

Intimation is the softer expression—the organic, if you will, expression. It is the almost moaning, almost gasping evoked by something unknown that has entered into you. When I am not even trying to say anything, *it says*. Something cries out that I am alive. In the throbbing movement of emerge, life gives out a moan.[197] What does a moan evocate? Moaning is exhaling but not letting go. Whence the emotion of everything difficult comes, stillness producing trembling, enabling or implying a deeper and fuller feeling of the body. Intimation is what happens on the fault line of the body, or what forms itself the "fault lines." Intimation is a clue into the life inside, an indicator of the life inside. Posture, tone, are "indicators of this authenticity," of breathing honestly:

voice - голос
stammering - заикание
whisper on the lips - шепот на губах
inner gestation - беременность
breathing - дыхание
elevated breathing, suffocation - душность

These indicators reveal not who you are, but *how* you are. This is the *physicality* of intimacy with life. It is the pathos of the gesture, exuding a warmth outward.
Getting a grip on the body from the inside. Honest movement?

Your voice reveals, literally, who you are and how you are. Voice "says" everything. The restraint of the voice—the inflection, the silence, the stillness—bears a potent suffering. It is your brute real being. There is poetic evidence in the phonetic. The voice is deeply connected to the pain inside the body. The suffering in a voice revealed by inflection and hesitation. Glenn Gould's hands. Jacqueline du Pre's contact with the cello. These refer back to the struggle, what it means to get a grip on the body from the inside. Painting is a struggle with sight, playing is a struggle with the instrument.

Proof is the choking voice which sings the Jewish lament, the ache of the tongue as it toils re-gain fluency, the paralysis of the wrist as it begins to write, it is *Torah she-be-al-peh*, Oral Torah—the Torah on the mouth—for only the mouth would constantly choke on Torah

These are the indicators of involvement, of interaction with atmosphere from the outside "taken inside."
Physiologically, this is what makes an existence "poetic," where poetry is the sigh, the moan.

Yet, it seems, that what is provable does not exist as painfully.

[197] Pathetic maturity and linguistic immaturity.

Physical truth (worth)

. . .Die Rathschläge	…The advices
Aber die Ältern, gefahrlos mir ein Wort	But the elders, riskless to me a word
Nach allen Verhalt	After all conduct
Zu loben geben. Sei	Give to praise. Be
Gegrüßet. Diß aber gleichwie Phözizische Waare.	Greeted. But this is just like Phoenician wares
Der Gersang über das graue Meer gesandt wird.	The song over the grey sea is sent.
Das Kastoreion	The Castorian
Aber in Aeolischen Saiten	But in Aeolian strings
Willig betrachte die Gaabe der siebentönigen	Willingly consider the gift of the seven-tone
Phorminx, entgegenkommend.	Phorminx, obliging.
Werde [~~*Seit*~~] welcher du bist erfahrren. Ein schöner	Become [~~*Be*~~] what you are experiencing. A beautiful
Affe bei Knaben immer	Ape among boys always
Schön.	Beautiful.[198]

What does it mean to live truthfully? Is it to become what you are experiencing? Where is truth? My body bears the mark of how deeply I live. Truth is in the gait, the gaze. Truth is that thing labouring in the voice. Truth is physical.

There is truth capacity to the voice, for instance. The voice is unphilosophizable. Respect is earned no in the poetry but in hearing the poet's voice. Physical truth is revealed in an uncompromising bodily presence to the experience.

[198] Pindar, *Second Pythian Ode*, lines 121-133, Holderlin's reading.

Holding to yourself

Or restraint—"holding yourself" together while experiencing a relentless deepening. To act "in accordance" with what is inside of you is to be "in conflict" with what is outside you. Where commitments (to life) lie in us and press up against us we feel the physical duress, the stress of the experience. Restraint is to contain the stress. It is putting up a fight inside, but silently continuing to walk. It is not *either-or*, it is *both-and*.

When I resolve, when I am resolved in myself, I do not release, *I am not released*. I do not unbind, for *I am not unbound*.

Religiosity

> My brothers turned to me and said: "You are not Jewish. You do not go to the synagogue."
> I turned to my brothers and answered: "I carry the synagogue within me."
> My brothers turned to me and said: "You are not Jewish. You do not pray."
> I turned to my brothers and answered: "Prayer is my backbone and my blood."
>
> Jabés, The Book of Questions

My prayer is internal Моя молитва внутренняя

Is religiosity the document of a tendency? "But surely the religious Jews are those practice their faith, while the irreligious Jews are those who do not?" (Levinas). Superficialities will not make up for a lack of experience: this is the truth revealed by these fragments. A staged experience is not phenomenologically valid.

Is [a]ny fissure with Devotion," then, as Roland Barthes would write, "a fault"?[199] Demonstrated action cannot be de facto superficial, but perhaps there is a difference between action that externally prompted by religion and active life that originates in inner religiosity [example of a virtuoso pianist sprinting through a Bach fugue without feeling and a pianist limping, giving out a moan with feeling]? Technique will not make up for a lack of experience, it will not substitute for what is really inside.

Is the pathology of ritual an acknowledgment of the weakness of access, of the opacity of the pathos? Where the affection is felt, it doesn't have to be shown, it *shows*, and it is betraying (not to say betrayal) to override the original bodily showing. : "Authentic tradition remains hidden; only the fallen tradition (*verfallende Tradition*) falls upon (*verfällt auf*) an object and only when it is fallen (*im Verfall*) does its greatness become visible."[200]

This is not a denigration of Doing, it is rather an insistence on the significance of the feeling that accompanies the Doing, the significance of this difficulty for emotional life, an experience of the tradition's most honest frustration and fulfilment. Not on the directive, "with feeling." Not on the prompt of Yom Kippur that reminds you of your conscience, but on the free indirect feeling, the rigorous emotion that insinuates you into eternity. I am describing something that is not an attitude toward life—the capacity to be affected is not an intellectual or a spiritually "exercised one"—but a tension you are living, a gnawing internal to living engagement, enhanced without letup because there is no contrition into it nor is there relief from it. It is the weight of life experienced in the plain results of time, the fermata of the living. Renewal carries a tradition of orphanhood and longing *anyway*, belonging *as*.

The directive must be calibrated on the person in order to see what kind of feeling it uncovers (not to say produces). To "carry the synagogue within" you is not to be able to escape the faith or to choose the faith; simply, the faith is you. The person must have an experience from the inside for this experience to be considered honest. It is not enough to do it habitually. The feeling must accompany (that is precede) the doing, *it cannot follow it*. This is essentially Jabés

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[199] Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1978), 118.

[200] Tact, caution are relevant when the hidden becomes *hiddenness*, *hiding*. See Biale, "Gershom Scholem's Ten Unhistorical Aphorisms on Kabbalah: Text and Commentary," in *Modern Judaism*, Vol. 5, No. 1, Gershom Scholem Memorial Issue (February 1985), 71.

response to the questioners. Indicators of authenticity, that someone is alive, begin inside the body and they come from within. Religiosity is physical. It is to ask, to distinguish perhaps, who is alive in the experience of the feeling.

What, then, does it mean to live actively, or for something to take active, clandestine occupancy inside? "Man's understanding extends only as far," says Franz Rosenzweig, "as his doing," or rather, what does itself through him. Can we only rely on external evidence? If there is an aspect of restoration (tikkun) by means of action (ma'aseh), to what kind of action do we refer? Need the *existential* credentials of religious practice be challenged?

The paradox is that there is a masorah of experience, that tradition itself has a phenomenological transmission, a "grip," which is singularly experienced each time through the sympathetic element of human closeness; a living tradition where learning is *genuinely* equivalent to a re-participation in the experience of your teacher, to a gilgul, transubstantiation, an involuntary psychogogy, a belief in the possibility of a non-mystical transmigration of feeling. Having the experience yourself and recreating the necessity of going through the experience again is, *traditionally*, the only way to understand—that is, to live—what the experience is. That the tradition is oral, an internal work of force inside the mouth, comes close to suggesting that the moment of the experience does not pass.

The body is an authentic religious experience. I am at the base, "fulfilling" the conditions. The "consolations" which are ordinarily sought in religion are recovered forcefully in physical religiosity.

Con anima: devotion, physically

What, then, does it mean to say "yes" to life, physically? If we cannot forsake difficulty, may we be limited differently?

Isn't something of this suggested to us by the insight of the poets in that myth of Daphne transformed into a tree under the pressure of a pain from which she cannot flee? Isn't it true that the living being who has no possibility of escape suggests in its very form the presence of what one might call petrified pain? Doesn't what we do in the realm of stone suggest this? To the extent that we don't let it roll, but erect it, and make of it something fixed, isn't there in architecture itself a kind of actualization of pain?[201] Lacan

To suggest *in your very form* the presence of the Thing is for the shape of the body to be augmented by the "sum total" of feeling. Contact harnesses the real; phenomenologically, life is a "harness-maker." It is from the passion that we read this pathetic limit:

What happened during the period of the Baroque, under the influence of an historical movement that we will come back to later, would support this idea. Something was attempted then to make architecture itself aim at pleasure, to give it a form of liberation, which, in effect, made it blaze up so as to constitute a paradox in the history of masonry and of building. And that goal of pleasure gave us forms which, in a metaphorical language than in itself takes us a long way, we call "tortured."[202] Lacan

There is a high pathic weight contained within Daphne's posture thanks to her contrapasso, her torsion, that cannot be made good. There is a significance to this word *torture*, contortion: to be wrapped around yourself so as not to be wrung out, so as to accentuate, not to alleviate the stress. The sentiment of the Baroque expresses this closeness, the bare confrontation of body and instrument without the mediation of the pedal. What is it about a living body, in the realm of stone, that is accessible to pain?

For in the world time itself is given. The effort of the present lifts off the weight of the present. It bears in itself the echo of desire, and objects are given to it "for its trouble." They do not release the torsion of the instant upon itself; they compensate for it. […] The Sunday does not sanctify the week, but compensates for it. The situation, or the engagement in existence, which is éffort, is repressed, compensated for, and put to an end, instead of being repaired in its very present.[203] Levinas

One is preserved "for its trouble," the trouble of the weight itself. This is the paradox of a "form of liberation" that the most widely regarded readings of Daphne would refuse. What it means to live actively is for something to take active, clandestine occupancy inside. At the x of the chiasmus, the intimacy between near and far, in and out, that Daphne's body forms, is the existential *nadryv*: you are not delivered from the pain of living—you are delivered into it. In the ingathering of tension, something breaks out in Daphne's torture, and is then withheld: the more sophisticated meaning of *relevo*, relief, not to alleviate, but to carve into stone: rilievo stiacciato, "shallow relief," rilievo schicciato, "squashed relief." Daphne's body, as active bedrock, is already

[201] Lacan, *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis*, 60.
[202] Ibid.
[203] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 54.

“in place,” already “at the goal"—there is no development out of (this), this is development as such. Here is a form that knows about death but celebrates life:

> What tightens into survival is petrified already;
> how safe is it really in its inconspicuous gray?
> From far off a far greater hardness warns what is hard,
> and the absent hammer is lifted high.[204] Rilke

I intentionally used the word *devotion* because there is something religious here. I am describing something that is not an attitude toward life, but a tension you are living, a gnawing internal to living engagement. Here is the document of a tendency, a "going forth to the Religious," into the vigorous shaking of religiosity. Devotion to the feeling is essentially physical. It begins when and where one feels the hold. Genuine religious gravity is felt by a disturbance in the bones. High fidelity inside is the vitality "retained."

This is not a denigration of Doing, it is rather an insistence on the significance of the feeling that accompanies the Doing, the significance of this difficulty for emotional life, an experience of the tradition's most honest frustration and fulfilment. Not on the directive, "with feeling." Not on the prompt of Yom Kippur that reminds you of your conscience, but on the free indirect feeling, the rigorous emotion that insinuates you into eternity. I am describing something that is not an attitude toward life, but a tension you are living, a gnawing internal to living engagement, enhanced without letup because there is no contrition into it nor is there relief from it. It is the weight of life experienced in the plain results of time, the fermata of the living. Renewal carries a tradition of orphanhood and longing *anyway*, belonging *as*.

[204] Rilke, *Sonnets of Orpheus*, trans. David Young (Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 1923), 189.

Expression, existentially

Is bodily expression a betrayal of bodily experience? There is a betrayal when something internal becomes external. By not being released, something feels more real, more weighty inside. Love, loss are so weighty precisely because no words are adequate for them—they cannot be, by expression, released to the outside.

How do we measure the truth of a demonstration? "A true painter," writes Simone Weil, "becomes what he looks at. And while he is in this state his hand moves, with the brush attached." The difference between a painter who "becomes what he looks at" and a painter who "does not become what he looks at" is existential. A painter who "becomes what he looks at" is engaged in expression that is existential. His expression is not *removed* from his existence, it *involves* it. This is not a choice, it cannot but be otherwise. By being under it, involved in it, *with* it, *in* it, his body is a continuation of his work, his brush a continuation of his hand. He is not engaged in an activity, he is the activity. And all the same, he cannot disengage from the activity because he cannot disengage from himself.

We get, from the performance, the feeling that it is true. The words don't matter as much as the tone, the timbre, the music, the grain, the intangible in the voice. The words are controlled, the phenomenology of the voice—something primeval—isn't.

Therefore, when "painting is a struggle with sight," when "writing is a struggle with the hand," the struggle originates in the pain of being involved beyond the capacity to dis-engage.

This "truth" is the hardest to lay bare, but for those who have an eye, an ear, it is obvious through and through.

This is existential expression, expression in which your existence is at stake. Meaning what you're doing, doing what you mean, being there, really *being there*, not being able to help it; over-expenditure of self, *strain*, giving more than you can, expanding the limit of the possible, not being able to help it—these are all attributes of a work that is existential.

Rigor

Be ye therefore Sober. Peter 4 : 7[205]

> May this body move or be still, with perfect suppleness or rigidity, in continuous conformity to thy will. Weil

It is punishing to live so intensely, it hurts physically. Yet this is not quite dying, it is rigorous living.

For Kierkegaard, the sentiment is in the revolt hatching inside, indignant scratching—as Bichat will have written, "health is the 'silence of the organs,' disease is 'their revolt.'" For Levinas, rigor is an achingly physical insistence, an acute feeling of being held fast [*rivé*] to the insomnia of being. For Weil, rigor is to be enclosed in a tight circle that smothers, not enough of oxygen.

What does it mean to consider rigor, in the realm of living? Is rigor a self-imposed standard, is it inherent in a form of life? Physically, emotionally, what does it mean to be held to your own vigilance?

Can form remain alive over time while staying true to itself? Can a *living* form ever be rigorous in the true sense?

Rigor concerns the relationship between me and my experience, it is the degree of presence to oneself. Rigor cannot be learned, it is existence. Rigor is in a way of living. "Presence to oneself invokes a meaning no longer described by adequation," but rather the something that is "incapable of rejoining itself and of 'remaining at rest.'" In the "living presence of the I to itself," the adequation between what is "intended" [*visé*] and what is "seen" [*vu*] is not the essential thing. Rigor concerns sobriety, a lucidity, or first, disinebriation. It is a gradual disinebriation from the inside, the "vigilance of the I coming from the depths." "Sobered from its own identity, for what is deeper than oneself"? This is an inner vigilance, a being as close to being itself.

"Is not *living* life an exceeding?" writes Levinas. In "living life" there is a contact, there is a contained exceeding. This is an internalized exceeding *by* re-entering, a "rupture of the contained by the uncontainable" already within.

Sobriety is the removal of mediation. What does life look like when we remove mediation? When the person is confronted to himself? This is living beyond one's means psychologically.

Relief from pain is a compromise on rigor, but essentially, there is no compromise—that is the rigor.

This is what it means to exist rigorously within yourself. Relief from pain is a compromise on rigor, but essentially, there is no compromise. To be deprived of the commodities of reconciliation is to be on the way to rigor. What is painful within us *insists* in order to save its life. It forces us to go "through." Rigor is in the pain of sobering up, of living closer to the bone. Rigere bears out a command that reiterates its own conflicted motivation: rigor mortis and rigor vitae. Rigor is in the thing within, intimating life in a way that there is no non-fraudulent “apart from” pain; there is only a *for*.

Rigor is dying with this expression on my lips.

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[205] C.f., Kierkegaard, *For Self-Examination: Judge For Yourself*, trans. Walter Lowrie, D.D. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1944).

Becoming sober

Come to thy senses, try to be sober. Kierkegaard

When I am in any place, I disturb the silence of heaven and earth by my breathing and the beating of my heart. Weil

The absolute precisely is the only thing that can make a man sober. Kierkegaard[206]

I begin to be there. Where I begin to be is painful. It is myself. The halt is a halt of sobriety. The halt is where God is—not the absolute, but arriving at it hourly, the difficult touching of life. The struggle with relative purity troubles this work, which wants to know, what is it to live intensely, at the bare minimum of compromise? Being sober is recognizable precisely in the fact that one is immoderate in important things, that one does not merely observe the sober maxim "to a certain degree." I repeat, any moment that I am not in it—is the betrayal. Almost without betrayal is not without betrayal. What (purification) is required in order for this to feel honest in the body? It requires holding life in, as much of it,

To borrow, from Miguel de Unamuno, a fragment adequate to what I mean:

Neither does this high debate admit of that indecent and repugnant expedient which the more or less parliamentary type of politician has devised and dubbed "a formula of agreement," the property of which is to render it impossible for either side to claim to be victorious. There is no place here for a time-serving compromise. Perhaps a degenerate and cowardly reason might bring itself to propose some such formula of agreement, for in truth reason lives by formulas; but life, which cannot be formulated, life which lives and seeks to live for ever, does not submit to formulas. Its sole formula is: all or nothing. Feeling does not compound its differences with middle terms.[207]

Rigor is in the pain of sobering up, of living closer to the bone. Rigor is the connection you have with yourself, the discomfiture of this connection. It is the contact you make with yourself.

[206] C.f., Kierkegaard, *For Self-Examination*, 130.
[207] Unamuno, *Tragic Sense of Life*, trans. J.E. Crawford Flitch (London: Macmillan and Co., 1926), 107.

Living, poetically (in a religious manner)

One thing remains to be noticed, the notation itself of pain. . .recovered:

"Isn't something of this suggested by the insight of the poets in that myth of Daphne transformed into a tree under the pressure of a pain from which she cannot flee?"[208]

There is a difference between writing poetry about life and living an experience poetically. Kierkegaard will have conceived this difference:

If we ask what poetry is, we may say in general that it is victory over the world; it is through a negation of the imperfect actuality that poetry opens up a higher actuality, expands and transfigures the imperfect into the perfect and thereby assuages the deep pain that wants to make everything dark. To that extent, poetry is a kind of reconciliation, but it is not the true reconciliation, for it does not reconcile me with the actuality in which I am living; no transubstantiation of the given actuality takes place . . . Only the religious . . . is able to bring about the true reconciliation, because it infinitizes actuality for me. Therefore, the poetic is a kind of victory over actuality, but the infinitizing is more of an emigration from actuality than a continuance in it. To live poetically, then, is to live infinitely . . . But an infinity such as that must cancel itself. Only when I in my enjoying am not outside myself but am inside myself, only then is my enjoyment infinite, because it is inwardly infinite.[209]

Poetry does not assuage deep pain. Rended, not mended, the pain continues to pulsate. What is it, in the andante con moto of the body, to inhabit experience poetically? Does life take a more poetic residence in some than in others?

That this insight belongs to the poets is to say something significant, for poetry reveals something about the demands the difficult work of life makes on our development. To live poetically is not a "choice," it is urgency, is hesitation in being discovered by life—for one is lived poetically. It is to be returned there, to the course life takes in you. It is not "I have it" and am therefore "removed from it," it is "I am it, helplessly."

To live an experience poetically is to be caught in its rhythm. It is to experience no diachronic progression and to experience synchronic intensification. To live poetically is to live a banal thing in a profound way, an eternal way.

That form of life is truly poetic that is unable to forsake the inner enigma. Time is wasted on the pain of significance "inside." That is why the preposition is *for*, living for the feeling, living with your heart outside yourself.

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[208] Lacan, *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis*, 60.
[209] Kierkegaard writes discussing Schlegel's *Lucinde*.

Honesty, or, living to the end

For suicide is the only tolerable existential consequence of pure thought. . .this is not to praise the suicide, but to respect the passion. Kierkegaard

How do you know you are not a fake? Not faking being alive, but really being so? Existential honesty, it is a question of breath. Honesty is paying with your person, joining life in full commitment in spite of restless hesitation. You are what you show for it. Any space between you and the experience is dishonest. It is in that space, between you and the experience, that betrayal begins:

When I am in any place, I disturb the silence of heaven and earth by my breathing and the beating of my heart. Weil[210]

If I am to have to do with God, I must put up with it that the requirement is the absolute; if the requirement is not the absolute, then I have nothing to do with God. Kierkegaard[211]

What does it mean to reach the *quantum satis* of experience? Does it mean not taking a short cut out at the hardest part. To be stayed and to be burned in the depth of the experience. Living to the end of the feeling, living the feeling in its entirety, to completion, in its full course. Full course means not lifting, not deserting.

But is betrayal a structural given? For, says Weil, "When I am in any place, I disturb the silence of heaven and earth by my breathing and the beating of my heart." Existential honesty is a question of breath, not of not breathing at all, but of how difficult it is for you to breathe.

Living to the end means moving with the burden of its rhythm, —as one's day is ordered by the rhythm of the experience—being beset with its turmoil. It means bearing its resonance. Giving up, giving all, giving over, giving self. This is, as Weil writes, "the necessary energy [that] dwells in me, since I live by means of it. I must draw it relentlessly out of myself, even though I should die in so doing."

[210] Weil, *Gravity and Grace*, 42.
[211] Kierkegaard, *For Self-Examination*, 177.

Life is a sincerity

There, at the border between form and feeling, there is no single decisive moment. Repetitious, short-lasting returns of a “slow, tentative movement” enter into a death struggle with the “becoming well, again” release. This is мучение, "torment," where in being "torn apart, within," "Life," says Levinas, "is [finally] a sincerity."[212]

Sincerity is aware of performance. Sincerity is also personal, it is a personal struggle with the confinement of the form. *In sincerity*, the body negotiates the partial hangings-back, the hold in pause of a "still living time." What, then, does it mean for something to be (structurally) rare, for there to be a rare occasion (showing) in the form?

Someone who is, physically, existentially, tortured—contorted, turn inward—is most deeply alive. Returned there, uncured and relapsed, into a tendentious silence.

[212] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 24.

Trying to live, exactly

What does it mean to feel exactly, not in unison, but the thing itself without betraying the source of pain? Or are you only ever touching life, with minimal interference, only ever living in one part of the experience?

Experience, as contact, is always "still incomplete" because something remains "still living," still to be lived. Something prevents the remission from being genuine, absolute.

It is this "still living" that, I would wager, matters most for our existence, matters in the original sense of the word matter, not meaning, but gravis, the long experience of life. What is livable will never be as significant as: you live it through on the terms that it lives through you.[213] . . ."for perfection is achieved," says Exupery, "not when there is no longer anything to add, but when there is no longer anything to take away, when a body is stripped down to its nakedness"

. . .when you feel it to the bone.[214]

[213] C.f., Jankélévitch, "…the hardship [carried] … bears an ontological complication," 110.
[214] Exupery, *Airman's Odyssey*, trans. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich (San Diego: Harcout Inc.: 1984), 39.

Diagrammatically, positions of struggle

curve of the body



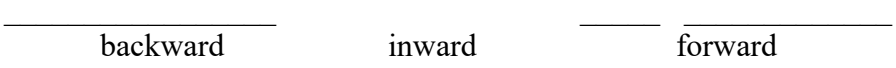


coil - intensification, accentuation





upward



downward

fermata





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resolute vulnerability
endurance
rigor

while
living-with
living through

A rendering of Ecclesiastes/Kohelet

מעות לֹא־יוכל לִתקן וְחסרון לא־יוכל לְהמנות	A twisted thing that cannot be made straight, A lack that cannot be made good.[215]

cover
re ~~[——]~~
cover over
~~[*Be*]~~
the lack that cannot be made good
to be forced *to be*
deprived of resolution, *delivered* into reprise
satisfaction of the deprivation
recovering your emotional axis, feeling yourself

[215] C.f., Ecclesiastes. But also literally, what is lacking cannot be counted.

Reprise into difficulty

coda

The unlived

I recover, then, the issue of a *quantum satis* of experience: if what I am experiencing is not the feeling itself but an experience of the feeling, then what is the feeling and will I ever feel it *to its end*?

> Not alone the soul, but also the human body, the body which is to be resurrected, years to create the Word, that the Word may in turn create the soul and render it eternal: and create the body, cradle and sepulchre of the soul, the body where the soul is born and dis-born, dies and dis-dies. To be dis-born is to die, and to die is to be born. Such is the dialectic of agony. Unamuno[216]

There is a feeling of something unborn, unlived, that I was there only partially. I suffer not a finality, but an unfinality, not having felt to the end of anything, and of having to return—a deeply physical algos for what is within me.[217] Some of life remains eternally unfelt. That it is unfelt does not mean there is nothing there to feel. It takes living through it, a rigorous return.

Individual experience always misses part of the feeling, part of what is to be experienced. That part is always different, always changing. Experience inhabits the life of the feeling, it does not overtake it, or know it fully. Thus the profoundest things call to be relived. The time taken to return is the re-living:

> Look back, if once you're started in living, you're born into sin, then? And how do you atone? By locking yourself up in remorse for what you might have done? Or by living it through. By locking yourself up in remorse for what you know you have done? Or by going back and living it through. By locking yourself up with your work, until it becomes a gessoed surface, all prepared, clean and smooth as ivory? Or by living it through. By drawing lines in your mind? Or by living it through. If it was sin from the start, and possible all the time, to know it's possible and avoid it? . . . or to have lived it through, and live it through, and deliberately go on living it through. William Gaddis[218]

You cannot argue with something that insists upon itself; this is not debatable; it is *beyond* it.

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[216] Unamuno, "Agony," 13.
[217] . . .wherefrom arises nostalgia.
[218] Gaddis, *The Recognitions* (New York: The New York Review of Books, 1993), 85.

Возвращение / תקון [219]

. . .relapse, or the true meaning of recovery

> Existence of itself harbors something tragic which is not only there because if its finitude. Something that death cannot resolve. Levinas[220]

In order to survive, all parts must die. In the effort to live, to struggle within life, we are not moving forward, we are heading back. This is recovery. Recovery is life folded back upon itself.

We could stand to learn from the two theological meanings of recovery in Hebrew, originating in tikkun and teiku. Tikkun, as in "reparation," is rectification issued out of a demand for consolation, uplift, closure. Teiku is negative tikkun, negative rectification. Teiku is the true survival which we bear in us. The movement against relief, which exists within life inside the body, is teiku. It is written [in Scripture],

> Then the paradigm of "*teiku*" will be transformed to "*tikkun*" to the ultimate degree of perfection; that is, the letter *nun* from the word *kinnos* (elegies) will be transferred to the end of the word teiku, thus to convert "*teiku*" to "*tikkun*." All lamentations will cease throughout the world, and be remade into vessels of divine perception.[221]

In the oscillation of the agon, you are not leveraged out of discomfort. There, at the tender center, is the *teiku* (unresolved t-issue), spoken of in the Talmud as an "aspect of a lack of *tikkun* (rectification)." "The elongated *nun*," it follows, "is missing from the *tikkun* so that it becomes *teiku*, then it is made low and is bent over. This creates the aspect of *KINOT* (lamentations)." Gesturally, this special *tikkun* in *olam* reverses nothing, it *re-covers*, it prays "for" the lack.[222] This lack cannot be made good. The *eikhah* prolongs and it sustains, it *holds to* the longing *that keeps itself alive*. This "begin, again," is a tumor reforming, slowly starting anew. *Eikhah*, when the body gives out a "how," expresses a basic existential stance. It suggests an unerodable religious essence.

This is the internal difference between teiku and tikkun. This is the real meaning of recovery. The difficulty is *still as* intense, but mute. Recovery occurs inside the body, as coil, as gesture, as roulade. It does not occur at our decision to heal.

This lack cannot be made good. We read it in Kohelet (Ecclesiastes):

מעוֹת לֹא־יוכל לִתקן וְחסרון לא־יוכל לְהמנות	A twisted thing that cannot be made straight, A lack that cannot be made good.[223]

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[219] Teiku, as opposed but very close to tikkun, describing an unresolved dispute in the Talmud. The word actually comes from the Aramaic *teikum* תקום (or תיקום) - meaning "it (the question) will stand (and not be resolved)." The Zohar writes that teiku is am manifestation of our world's lack of tikkun.

[220] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 20.

[221] Accessed on Sefaria

[222] C.f., Likutei Moharan 5:1:2, for all of the above.

[223] C.f., Ecclesiastes.

Where, then, is the line between relapse and renewal? Relapse makes it sound as if one felt better, as if it was settled with. Sure, one felt better, but did one, at the origin of existence, get better? If the intention is to kill it finally, finally to have done with it, "it" actually lives on. Analysis does not "come to an end," it is "brought to an end." It feels less pressing, it exerts less pressure inside.

Recovery means something gets stronger in you. This is deep, silent, profound recovery:

To be swallowed in order to given back to the world, method for stealing light, sun, or fire in a great many stories.[224]

[224] Weil, *First and Last Notebooks*, 187.

Pain cannot be redeemed

> There is nothing to offer [this god] in exchange. Pain itself is not wanted as reparation, it was owed. He *is* that pain. Lyotard

I want to suggest what it means to fight with something that is insurmountable. One has to live with the feeling that there is no salvation in the physical realm. The aporiae to which the body remains prisoner. Nothing to hold onto, no lighthouse ahead. It (life) breaks with the duration in which we grasp it. Pain is the ransom paid for lasting. This experience is a value independent of chronology. Pain remains, even when the power of music wanes.

Do we benefit from the condition? You cannot be relieve of (or, from) your specific weight.

Then perhaps it is emotional erudition to recovery so slowly?

There is no refuge in oneself. "The enchainment to oneself," writes Levinas, "is the impossibility of getting rid of oneself."[225] When one tries to get rid of oneself, one becomes involves in the bond even deeper. For "[b]eing me involves a bond with oneself, an impossibility of undoing oneself. To be sure, a subject creates a distance from itself, but this stepping back is not a liberation."[226] Indeed, "we bring ourselves along in our travels."[227]

[225] Levinas, *Existence and Existents*, 52.
[226] Ibid., 53.
[227] Ibid.

What does it mean to be an orphan in, or to belong to, this feeling? Does the feeling renew itself, and *how*? Principally, is this feeling betrayable?

This is more subtle than "reception" and "transmission." What is painful within us *insists* in order to save its life. It forces us to go "through." The feeling recovers itself, it has its own tikkun; it goes on living, to the rhythm of "on, on." It *moves back upon* the resistance of the body. The recovery meant here calls upon the Hebrew תקון and the Russian возрaчение, words that inscribe the preposition "through" significant for living. This is the physical, the internal anamnesis of which Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi wrote in his "Reflections on forgetting": the fetus in the womb that knows the entire Torah, the *Physichiskaya nezabudka*—physical unforgetting—we read in one of the most enigmatic verses of Pirkei Avot the founding act of which is somatic anamnesis:

הפך בה והפך בה, דכלא בה Turn it over, and [again] turn it over, for all is therein[228]

"All the admonitions to 'remember' and not to 'forget,' by which the Jewish people felt itself addressed, would have been of no avail if the rites and historical narratives had not been canonized as 'Torah' […] and if 'Torah' in turn, had not constantly renewed itself as 'Tradition.'"[229]

There is a grammatical reversal here, too. Here is the difference between someone who merely remembers and someone who genuinely relives. Masoretic belonging is not a fact that can be attested, it is not deduceable, it is a feeling, it is a failure of fact: it is the "affection" of this fact. That you belong means you cannot take leave, it means that even without meaning there is a felt responsibility. It means that you are not delivered from the pain of living—you are delivered into it. You belong to what causes you to bleed.

If respect for what "needs be done" is not about *You are able to*, but feeling itself, the difference between the decision and the condition of compliance is being felt here.

A life lived from the inside is not an intellectual problem. A contemplative "attitude" toward life, it seems to me, misses the difficulty, if it can feel it at all. To take the attitude is to be detached in significant part from living. Or, it is to erect that "scant" part in which bearably to live. It takes a "natural question" to arrive at this insight: to go where life extends, as Levinas would say, "beyond the book." Is insincerity a failure of essence? What does it mean to understand this? To feel this at all is to remain, or rather, to be remained, in the reprise, in the quiet ardor of the difficulty. It is from the heart, through the painful hourly substantiation of the body, that real renewal begins. In the words of a poet:

I believe in the sun even when it is not shining,
I believe in love even when feeling it not;

[228] C.f., Pirkei Avot 5:22.
[229] Yerushalmi, *Zakhor*, 109.

I believe in God even when He is silent.[230]

[230] Kolitz, Zvi, *Yossel Rakover Speaks to God: Holocaust Challenges to Religious Faith* (KTAV Publishing House, Inc., Hoboken, New Jersey, 1994), 13, inscription on the wall of a cellar in Cologne where a number of Jews hid for the duration of the way.

The preposition *for*

For is a devotional preposition. To live lishmah is to live for. The preposition *for* is essentially religious. When I live "for," my life is not instrumental. Through this inclination, I am responsible, beyond my intentions, even, and *especially*, for what I do not will. I recover the "superfluous" circular motions of amal, the notes "for" nothing. Genuine necessity is what we think is superfluity. Genuine "for" is what we feel is "for" nothing. We pray *for*, we live *for*, we love *for*. Intimating space, recovering the remainder in a way that there is no non-fraudulent “apart from” pain; there is only a *for*.

I live *for* because I care about the outcome. For whom and for what?—that is beside the point. To care is to struggle.

Living lishmah

We reach deep into *lishmah*.

To do something *lishmah* is to do it "for its own sake," literally LiShMaH—i.e., L'SheM Hashem. For the sake of the subject matter, for its avowed purpose. The performance of the Law for its own sake, or rather, for the sake of him who wrought (commanded) it. To act *lishmah* is to purify the mind of self-interest, to dispense utterly with the motives of reward and punishment. How is a life which has been *removed* from the world recovered back into the world?

This begins with the need to say something about the preposition *for*, the "wickedness of […] utmost dedication" (Akeidat Yitzchak 42:1:4).[231] When we say *Torah Lishmah*, that we are doing something *lishmah*, what are we actually suggesting is being, or to be done, *lishmah*? What is the limit to the bodily suggestivity of *lishmah*? Is it fair to ask whether one is eating *lishmah*, breathing *lishmah*?

We can begin by making an effort to distinguish between "occupation of the Torah" (its study) and "occupation with the Torah." The first instance is occupational, the second pre-occupational. This is, in another way, to distinguish between "just what we do" and what we "cannot help but" do. Habitual doing, bracketed under "just what we do," is doing *lo lishmah*. Then what kind of doing meets the criteria of the latter, the "cannot help but"?

I "cannot help but" if my doing is a knee-jerk reaction, initiated by the jerk of a knee, the *proclivity* to kneel. But am I intoxicated in the doing, if I cannot help it, if I have no capacity to help myself out of (remove myself from) it? Is there such a thing as sober obsessionality, resolute cleaving?

To do *lishmah*, to breathe it, is to be obsessed soberly. To act *in*, *for* the aliveness of the moment, its sur-vival (as Derrida defines it: "more life, more (than) life").[232] Then perhaps the doctrine invites us to ask what it means to live *obsessionally*? The punishment for acting *lo lishmah* fixes us, again, upon absorption, bodily engrossment: "But if thou hast not performed the words of the Torah in this manner," in the manner of *lishmah*, "they will kill thee." The line between acting for one's own sake and for its sake, for the sake of the Thing itself, is extraordinarily fine. I am not in the position to conclude whether there is at any point in the Scriptures or the Talmud the suggestion of pain as a desirable—that is integral—experience. Lest I misinterpret the doctrine, must I get to myself first, snap my neck first?

I end, for "Suffering" *lishmah*:

> A man who was afflicted with a terrible disease complained to Rabbi Israel that his suffering interfered with his learning and praying. The rabbi put his and on his shoulder and said: "How do you know, friend, what is more pleasing to God, your studying or your suffering?"[233]

In Likutei Moharan, we discover the image of a man who leaps forth between two bridges of wax. It is impossible for him to stand on one without leaping to the other. Primarily, his study is *lishmah*. But because it is up to him to draw material life-force to the world, he is made to lapse into study that is not purely *lishmah*. "The aspect of *lishmah* is taken from him" and he leaps from purely

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[231] C.f., Akeidat Yitzchak.

[232] See Derrida, "Abraham, the Other," in *Judeities: Questions for Jacques Derrida*, trans. Bettina Bergo and Michael B. Smith (Fordham: Fordham University Press, 2003), 1-35.

[233] Buber, *Tales of Hasidism*, 237.

lishmah to not purely *lishmah*. There, in the cleavage between pure and impure *lishmah*, the need for benefit and the guilt of profit, is a sufferance of awareness. Awareness of the *need* for crossover, for the relief afforded by *havdalah*, the leaping back and forth, the inhalation and exhalation of breath, the consciousness of the hollow-space where the body itself stands, *maximally* embodied. But *maximal* is a superlative relative to other forms of expenditure; it is the highest, but it is not pure. We have the *intended* embodiment of total participation, but is intention enough to fulfill the demands of physiological fidelity? It is the problem of the essential distance the body is necessitated to hold from anything it does that is becoming undeferrable at this point.

Survival of the feeling

Does the element of survival come from outside or do I carry it in me? Does survival involve *me* surviving? How does life return, and *where*, *when*?

What does it mean to survive something? If to survive is to overcome, to be better than, to supersede, it is the feeling, not the body that survives. There is something unsurvivable about the body, непереносимость тела, само тело невыносимо.[234]

Within the body, life is the source of its own survival. This process occurs adamantly inside the body.

[234] Intolerability of the body, the body is itself intolerable.

Are we delivered from the pain of living?

where delivery is. . ."something between a caress and a dig in the ribs"[235]
relief from the inborne, re-birth to the living

Phenomenologically, there is a difference between deliverance and satisfaction. Struggle is being held between genuine deliverance and drunken satisfaction. I am not satisfied in the feeling, but I am delivered to it. I can live for some time with illusory satisfaction, but phenomenologically, this need is impossible to meet. My need for consolation is possible to satisfy. Existentially, the feeling is consoled in my aggravation. Existentially, there is a difference between being "delivered," "deliverance," and final "delivery." Genuine deliverance is closest, physically, to turnover. This means that the person will not be satisfied, but the feeling will be. Deliverance is a satisfaction of the feeling. A refusal of consolation means that I am humbled before the life within me.[236]

[235] C.f., Beckett, *Echo's Bones*.
[236] Physically, there is no Sunday. There is no Sabbath that is not artificially enforced—a choreography desperately applied to an experience that never ends. Consolation is not internal.

Respect

The question is not even that of obedience, but of obligation. Lyotard

Obedience can be enforced, respect cannot be. I am not obligated because an external thing commands me to a goal. Respect is awakened from the inside every bone of your being and it cannot be desisted from. Respect is painful. Respect is an insomnia of being, an acute alertness to my obligation to the meaning of my life. This "inner ought" is an inner pressure that damages or injures the form of my life. It holds me from the inside: I am beholden to respect. As, says Lyotard,

> Instead, obligation should be described as a scandal for the one who is obligated: deprived of the "free" use of oneself, abandoned by one's narcissistic image, opposed in this, inhibited in that, worried over not being able to be oneself without further ado.[237]

In this instance, one no longer gives oneself to life. One is *given* to life *by* the life which is inside, given toward the unknown. It takes a great deal of faith to live thus. I cannot know that what I have felt of life does justice to all there is to feel of life:

"He would [also] say: 'It's not on you to finish the work, but neither are you free to desist from it."[238] [Mishna, Pirkei Avot, 2:15-16]

הוא היה אומר, לא עליך המלאכה לגמור, ולא אתה בן חורין ליבטל ממנה

[237] Lyotard, *The Differend*, 110.
[238] Mishna, Pirkei Avot, 2:15-16.

Dignity

Yes, I will try to be. Because I believe that not being is arrogant. Porchia

In *The Differend*, Lyotard asks, "How can a phrase offend a phrase, or do it wrong? Do phrases have honor, or pride? I would like to ask, "does feeling have pride"? What would it be to "respect its mutism with regard to its [insistent] address"?[239]

Life is not an option, truth is not optional, existence is not optional—to treat it as optional is to be a hypocrite before oneself. What, then, is meant here by arrogance? Not being when it is painful—is arrogant. Not being when it hurts—is arrogant. Dignity is acknowledging the unbearable within oneself and that deserting it is not an option. If there is every effort to escape life, there is a dignity simply in being alive.

"It" simply is. *It is*, "in respect of its own essence." Dignity is phenomenological, for real honor comes from within, it is physiological. It is, thus, arrogant to release, because you cannot handle it. It is arrogant to let go, because you cannot hold it.

Here we arrive at something like existential dignity, the dignity of your existence. Ontological, not behavioral, dignity. Those who seek the absolute express themselves in their identity with existence. Dignity is living to the end. Dignity is becoming what you experience, with the burden of its rhythm. "The good is the good. I is I."[240] Every contact between you and yourself brings a pain on both sides. Dignity is feeling this pain. Standing straight with a wound moving from your breast down your side. Dignity is to live *for*. To live without reward. To live *lishmah*.

So much of this has to do with not cutting corners. Not making allowances, releases, spaces. But being sheer to life. Stealth, in the night. Stealth, like the night. Life is not an option, truth is not optional, existence is not optional—to treat it as optional is to be a hypocrite before oneself. Dignity is acknowledging the Unbearable and that deserting is not an option.

This is the unconditioned, the unconditional, what it means to live unconditionally:

> Only an order from God is eternal.
> Only the unconditional leads to God.
> (A mass "offered for. . .," a prayer, or a suffering, "offered for. . .," are not contact with God.)
> The unconditioned is contact with God. Everything that is conditioned is of this world.
> (Ex. Jacob: If. . .if. . .if. . .*then* shall the Lord be my God.)
> The unconditioned is the absolute.[241]

"Is it still I who burns unrecognizably?" Rilke will have asked.[242] Rigor is in burning totally, going all the way, coming into life with the full force of your being, and remaining the "I" whose embarrassment you smash over and again against the wall.

It is perhaps, here, in the dignity of being, the pain thereof, that you experience deep joy—the pain and joy conjoined in the appassionata.

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[239] Lyotard, "The Affect-phrase," in *The Lyotard Reader and Guide*, ed. Keith Crome and James Williams (New York: Columbia University Press, 2006), 108.
[240] C.f., Kierkegaard on the absolute and on sobriety as a way to the absolute.
[241] Weil, *First and Last Notebooks*, 127.
[242] Rilke, trans. Walter Kaufmann, *Times Literary Supplement*, Dec. 1975.

Reprise

How is reprise different from resolution? The difficulty of living cannot be arrived at as a problem to solve. The difficulty does not call forth a remedy. Nothing resolves itself "inside." The intensive ardor of the resolution resolves in a reprise. Why are we, and why is this work, recovered *back into* difficulty (what is the motional significance of this word "into")? Reprise is on the side of difficulty and resolution is on the side of problem. The difficulty of living cannot be arrived at as a problem to solve.

This is the agony of this work (and the delicacy) through which the difficulty itself lingers: the work holds a difficult pose as both project and more than project. And if this is a domain with boundaries, they are not "my" boundaries. It is possible to abandon a theme, it is not possible to abandon a feeling. This is not a point of view, this is a feeling through which we are connecting. The work allows no legitimate break, neither does the reading. There is no comfortable position from which to do this work. Therefore the work is itself a fight with the position.

This issue is capital, for if the reader is searching for a solution to this problem, the reader misrecognizes the difficulty I am describing.[243] I am describing (not arguing or even granting) the priority of a prolongation to experience. Priority means *prior* to the decision, not better or more important; it means the decision does not *precede* the feeling, which does not mean the decision has no practical sway.[244] If there is a demand for closure, I don't have to avoid closing out, *this difficulty* does not close out. The endurance of the lingering "resolves" in a reprise. The pathos *belongs* to the current and it is through the difficulty than I am involved in the voltage of the strain. I am writing about what it means to write this, which means that I am writing about compromise. I am searching for a way to begin. And, like the musician in the grip[245] of the luftpause of the fermata directive, I cannot begin suddenly to speak of something else.

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[243] The capital difference, then, between reprise on the side of difficulty and resolution on the side of problem. A problem has a re-solution, a difficulty is the intensify of an effort that reprises in inconvenience, frustration. The frustration makes it difficult to live, the frustration gives (or rather simply "is") life.

[244] What does the decision *do*—affect or change—aside from serving as symbolic placeholder for decision-making, for *making*, in the first place? The point (of survival) is not to do something in particular, but *to do*, to be able *to be the one doing*, *having*, *recalling*, etc.

[245] Grip means "caught up" soberly: it means you are aware of what is holding you and of what does not let go.

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Musical indications

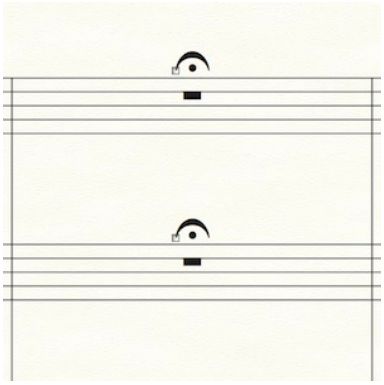
Afflito e penoso: afflicted and pained

Allegro agitato: in a restless and agitated manner

Andante con moto: more than lento, slowly, but in motion; deep return

Con anima: with spirit, life

Fermata: *задержка дыхания* (“holding up of breath”), from the Latin *fermare*, to stay, stop, or make firm, conjoining *contenere* (contain), *fissare* (fasten), and *rimanere* (stay), the musical notation indicating that a note *should be* (that is, calls to be) prolonged beyond "normal duration”; to be "on hold" is inseparable, here, from being "being held" in an excruciatingly impractical *lunga pausa*[246]



Larghissimo (a contrario): in a slow manner as possible, deep retardation of movement

Lento assai: very slowly, as in a passion

Marcato: "to stress," with strong accentuation

Molto pesante: in a heavy ponderous fashion, with importance and with weight
Pianissimo: very softly (as regards playing "with restraint")

[246] Life is put on holds of different lengths. By default, then, what is a "regular fermata," caesura, *da capo*? Rarely does the note value—the recognized "normal value"—accept the relevance of a prolongation. The value is interested in "saving time." Russian fragment my own.

Ritardando: impeded release, slowing down gradually, re-entering the state of agitation

Sforzando: an accent is an emphasis, stress, or stronger attack placed on a particular note or set of notes, or chord, either as a result of its context or specifically indicated by an accent mark

Tremolo, or tremolando: a trembling effect (as produced on organs by tremulants, the tremolo is a variation in amplitude); partial paralysis in "satisfying functional agility"; quivering at the quaver rest

Glossary of phenomenological, psychoanalytic, and theological vocabulary

A contrario: what cripples the constitution from the inside, going "contra," "contrario," *against* the felt well-being of the person. The feeling of something threatening your existence, but actually, threatening it to be closer to life; e.g., a pain in the knees, in the stomach seems to oppose or to limit your livelihood, but in fact, accompanies you into the living pain.

Agon: contest, struggle; dramatic essential conflict.

Agony: as described by Miguel de Unamuno, "Agony, then, is a struggle." To be torn apart, within. A dynamic expansion, arms outstretched.

Aisthesis: consisting of aesthesia (to provide with sense) and anesthesia (to deprive of sense)

Amnesia: physiological forgetting, numbing the sensation at the point of impact; used, here, to suggest the impossibility of physiological forgetting. The body always remembers; thus, what is "recovered from" psychologically or recovered into meaning aesthetically can never be settled with physically—the body continues to be trembling with the feeling.

Anamnesis (somatic): from the roots ana-, "back," and mimneskesthai, "to recall" or "to cause to remember." Or more accurately, a retentivity protected from memory, from the "need" to remember, physical un-forgetting. Literally, anamnesis involves a reaching back, a gestural recovery, circular. There is an anamnesis within the body—the heart, the places in which pain resides.

Anesthesia: as part of aisthesis, not to get rid of but to deprive of sense; an artificially induced, and desired, insensitivity to pain; not the absence of feeling, but the loss (or covering-over) of the awareness. What, then, is painful—the feeling or the awareness?

Attention: as from attenteo, *with regard* to the hold, to hold to. The interest, here, is in involuntary (or primary, essential) attention, a givenness to life over and above or before decision-making. That is, one does not have a choice not to attend—one is *held in* to a sensory attention and attenuation to life.

Availability: not the practice of attention, but the living condition of being offered to feel; availability is organic and primary, one is biologically available to life from the inside; the organism is available to a myriad of conditions.

Bearing: bearing your weight, and over and again, regaining your bearing, over-bearing, unbearable; overgoing, undergoing; as related to *durcharbeiten*, a working through from within of difficulty

Being-in: sans distance, as opposed to being without, apart from, beside. To be in such a way as to be unable to gain distance from the situation; thus, the situation is no conditional, it is no longer a situation, it is the thing itself, living itself.

Being-with: moving with and alongside the weight of the experience; having to remain with. See also Heidegger's *Mitda-sein* as existentially constitutive of being-in-the-world.

Betrayal: anything that is not "all in," "all or nothing." As how existence tries, and fails, to betray essence.

Burden: the emotional charge of the weight of existence. The burden of something you undergo, go under, shoulder, and bear, in a way that it is not separable from your existence.

Catharsis: releasing, purifying, expurgating, cleansing; does catharsis affect the whole person, core of the person?

Carrying: the burden of your own weight, as related to carriage.

Closure: what is wished for by the patient in the depth of the condition; namely, to settle with it,

to close out**.** Intense desire for cure.

Complication: complication is itself *complicatus*, "folded together," involved and involvement as the difficult feeling inside

Compromise: to be in half-way, as opposed to "all or nothing," which is to say really, not to be *in* at all. Compromise exists biologically, as when exhalation compromises inhalation; physically, as when one limb moves ahead of the other and displaces the gravity of the pain; emotionally, as when energy is granted to one feeling and not another. At the same time, and paradoxically, life does not compromise on itself nor does it suffer compromise; serious compromise, a fraud in life, is a self-deception.

Commandment: as coming from within, mitzvah, במצותיו; mandatory phenomenological commandment toward God, "fulfilled" by and in one's being.

Commitment: primary engagement with the world, an uncontrolled being-engaged from the deepest point of one's being.

Consolation: as from solacium, an assuaging (our need for which is impossible to satisfy); closer to a psychological comfort for irremediable loss or damage rather than genuine resolution from within.

Contain: as from continere, together-holding; the retention of the experience within the shape of the form, a being shaped (contained) by it.

Continuation: as from continuo, holt it onward, on; the self-perpetuity of the feeling, itself insisting, itself bereaving, it goes into you despite your desire and your effort to abort, sublimate, terminate, or transcend. One is also tasked with continuation, putting one foot ahead of the other within the totalizing life of the feeling.

Cost (existential): the price of being involved in life physically, of being anywhere at all (which is, to struggle). To care is to struggle, just as to be here is to struggle.

Criticism: of and within self, [Greek], in self-examination and -scrutiny

Cure: as different from healing, rooted in a desire to be rid of the impurity or inconvenience resulting in a "reclamation" of the health, the homeostasis that was; "cures are bloodletting, purging, diet, [the aspiration toward] inner peace, cold, etc." (Canguilhem)

Deliverance: in terms of the life of the person, out of pain, a setting free from pain; in terms of the life of the feeling, into pain; the desire for a realized deliverance from your antagonism: as related to tikkun (redemption and reparation) and teiku (negative redemption and negative reparation).

Devotion: is physical; the honestly felt, the "really inherent," cannot yet be shown; that to which, and the way in which, I am obliged by an internal constraint.

Difficulty: as opposed to problem, that psychic and somatic complication—that profound entanglement with life—for which there is no solution.

Doubt (physically): frustration; rhythmic movement within the condition, a shifting of emotional significance.

Duende: conjoining joy and pain, the pulse in the chest. The *duende* is agitatio, stretching so slow, renewed so softly. C.f., Federico Garcia Lorca, "'Dark sounds,' said the man of the Spanish people, agreeing with Goethe, who in speaking of Paganini hit on a definition of the *duende*: 'A mysterious force that everyone feels and no philosopher has explained." "So, then, the *duende* is a force not a labour, a struggle not a thought."[247]

[247] Lorca, "Theory and Play of *The Duende*," trans. A.S. Kline (2007), 2.

Dunamis: the dynamic potentiality or actuality in extreme stricture, in restraint. Here, dunamis is closely linked is phusis and stasis.

Effort: inner and subtler than work or labor; rhythmically physical, preceding labor; the effort of the being to live and to survive; a desperated movement.

Enduring: from the Latin indurare, to "make hard," harden (the heart) against, to suffer and undergo the weight of time; endurance of the stress, a struggle within the duration of the feeling

Enigma: the enigmata of life, the opacities, exposures, and intensities of ambiguous meaning yet deep significance, a sense of profundity.

Essence: a truth contained innerly (e.g., essential devotion to life), the unblemished and unmitigated bareness of a person, as different from his existence, from how he *carries out* his essence; *essentially*, nothing changes the pain inside.

Existential: that (feeling, movement) in which existence itself is at stake, as concerning existential involvement and existential writing (writing out of life and back into it).

Expression: compromise by release of the pressure from inside; a counteraction to impression, a pressing outward of the impress.

Faith: fidelity, living faithfully**.**

Feeling: a physically enigmatic difficulty, the pathos itself, uncharacterizable and ineradicable and ultimately different from emotion (the experience of the feeling).

Forsaking: to take leave without intending to return, that of which every person, every living organism is guilty.

Fraud: betraying the feeling (living's removal from life);

Gesture: as different from the completion and extension of an action, a gesture is a subtler, more intimate movement "accomplishing" little.

Grace: the second degree of gravity (one must go through gravity twice, says Weil, to get. . .not to lightness, but to grace).

Gravis, gravity: grief of the being into the ground, pulled down from the innermost point, as related to the weight and significance of the feeling and its physical repercussions; the more significant, the more weighty; the more difficulty, the closer to the ground.

Health: unstrained, of minimal strain; balance; homeostasis; the "sense" of balance and comfort, less than one degree from being disturbed or perturbed. As Georges Canguilhem notes, in *The Normal and the Pathological*, "diseases are merely the effects of simple changes in intensity in the action of the stimulants which are indispensable for maintaining health" (Canguilhem). "Broussais established that the phenomena of disease coincided essentially with those of health from which they differed only in terms of intensity."

Hesitation: the tentative slowness significant saying requires; the slowness with which one moves through and toward life, knowing that one will be hurt.

Holding: as from teneo, tenere, to hold; holding in and within, holding onto, and being held; the experience of a difficult (because ineradicable and unliftable) embrace by life.

Honesty: physiologically speaking;

Inclination: an organic posture of the body or the heart, as in, to be religiously inclined, to be inclined toward existential honesty and dignity

Illness: a disruption of homeostasis, an internal discomfort, a truth disclosed by the affliction itself.

Intimacy: as from intimus, intimatus, partial knowing; intimary; to impress, make familiar; an inwardness of life with itself, closing in. . .on itself; within the inside, inside the inside

Insistence: as opposed to resistance (cheaper) with regard to feeling, in-sistere, with and standing, from the inside; that feeling *insists*, that it has an insistence suggests that it withstands, but does not resist, influence. Pain is not idle inside.

Intensity: to be in the tensity, the tension.

Involvement: entanglement, essentially.

Jewish feeling: the feeling, unteachable and unlearnable but transmitted and transmissible, of being Jewish (as opposed to practicing Judaism), akin to the feeling of religiosity within the heart.

Lingering: remaining a little longer, languishing in the time of the feeling; the sense of lasting for a long time and being slow to end.

Liquidation: settling the debt with the feeling, achieving the desired remission. As Lyotard would say, the debt of the pain may not be liquidated, it may only be lived.

Living-through: the only honest living of the experience, after *for*. As opposed to living over, against, and away from.

Living earnestly: with the full and genuine vulnerability of one's being, with a partiality to the *sostenuto*, the delay, and the gravity of life.

Living poetically: to be composed poetically by life (C.f., Kierkegaard), to remain in the feeling longer than it is useful for "normal functioning."

Longing: is structurally unsatisfiable. The constricted yearning within life. Caught in my hunger.

Loyalty (to the feeling): primal and self-given; a fidelity to life that one cannot help.

Matter: as different from meaning, the physical weight of the experience, its substantial value

Meaning: as opposed to significance, the value—psychological, spiritual, aesthetic—provided by the person that aids in coping with the burden. Sublimated expression.

Mercy: as different from grace, divine respite from the pain of living (whereas grace is the second degree of gravity). Within the grip of the feeling, every patient wishes for mercy.

Militant (devotion): insistent and persistent, in perpetuity and invulnerable to influence

Morbus: Illness, established when the disorder has “taken hold” of the body and the soul

Obedience: as different from respect, obedience is externally enforced. One can be forced "to obey," one cannot be forced "to respect" (primary).

Obligation: constraining internal force

Obtain: as from obtineo, to gain by losing what cannot be released; the hold, pressure, and duration by which the feeling obtains significance inside the person; and conversely, the force by which the person attempts to overcome the extent to which the feeling obtains.

Pain: a sense of life; poena, pain is not a register of experience, it is the feeling generated along the way, the pain itself of *through*; to experience at all is to partake in the feeling's pain, but neither is not to feel its pain to be unheld and while poena, pain, feels punishing, it is not a punishment and it is not bereft of joy (C.f., *duende* is lightness and weight together); is not salvific;

Passion: the joy of the pain, the meeting of joy and pain

Pathos, pathema, pathemata: the feeling itself and its tragic resonance. From Greek *pathos* "suffering"; related to *paskhein* "suffer" and *penthos* "grief." C.f., Lyotard, "The affect-phrase," that which is unarticulated, "my feeling is unsayable."

Person vivant: a person most intensely alive, from the inside.

Phusis: to grow," phuein, to become and to be within stasis, contributing to what I, above, have called "dynamic." The livelihood felt in seemingly paralyzed form, a form that knows death but celebrates the eruption of life, the most significant exemplum here being Ovid's Daphne.

Phobia: pathological fear of the pathos of living, a fear not internal to life itself but held by and conditioned in the person. Phobia necessarily carries a negative connotation, a connotation of weakness, self-deception, and fraud.

Preponderance: from pondus, *how much* and *that* it matters, the extent to which life matters and enacts itself mattering literally.

Problem: that for which there is a solution, as opposed to difficulty—that for which there is no solution, but into which there is incessant reprise.

Prolongation: the durational truth of the feeling, that it lives on; the durational extension of the pathos beyond its "expiry."

Reality: difficulty thereof; thankless, unknown, subtle; the hard, bare, brutal constraints in which we live, the *real* outside and inside to which we are eventually confronted.

Recalcitrance: from calcitrare, to kick back, from within (as a child does from within a mother's womb), as addressing the insistent power of the feeling and the experience of it.

Recognition: the emotional knowing preceding understanding required for this work and from the reader of this work.

Recover(ing): the emotive dance between concealment and revelation; bring back the living being; consisting of recovery (from) and recovery (of).

Release(ment): a cathartic expulsion of and freedom from the difficulty; releasement is imagined or staged (even medically, as "cure"), but is not phenomenologically legitimate.

Religion: as opposed to religiosity, practice and prescription, by external imposition; the hypocrisy of a devotion "to the extent that the opportunity avails itself"; the hypocrisy of *amalah shel Torah kefi kocho* (the toil of her, of Torah, "according to the best of his ability"); to "manage" to live devotedly is to mismanage genuine devotion.

Religiosity: as opposed to religion, religious feeling *from within*; to be religious ontologically

Relapse: a falling back into, and a recovery of, the lack that was and will never be made good.

Relief: physiological lightening, alleviation, reléve, as related to elevation out of the gravity.

Reliving: or that nothing ends, living in the *re*; to be in the living present of the experience, strictly *not* the compulsion to repeat (and control by repeating) the experience, but an elementary continuation of the experience itself

Remission: from pain, its liquidation;

Renewal: intense revival of the paradoxically already ongoing experience, renewal occurs within and as the life of the feeling, even far beyond a person's experience of its "term."

Return: to go back and to turn (back) into

Reprise: **a**s opposed to resolution, a recovery of the earlier note, the first echo

Resistance: dialectical and from the outside, oppositionary, as opposed to insistence

Resolutiona: as different from reprise, the striving for experiential sublation, to do the impossible in reconciling with the experience.

Rhythm: of the experience (originary), as opposed to repetition (secondary)

Rigor: as from rigere, to be rigid, steadfast, stiff (which is not to say unsupple and inflexible); insistently committed from within to a certain way of life, by *modus operandi*, a kind of religiosity.

Stasis (dynamic): as distinct from paralysis, a dynamic standstill; expresses both an immobility

and a profound movement in and at the place

Struggle: of the person within the time of the feeling; as opposed to unilateral survival, making a forceful and violent effort within conditions of restraint and physical constriction aliveness to the space between you and your recovery.

Suffering: experiential working-through of pain, from patiens, patior, tolerating the pain

Summons: internal, the feeling of God "inside."

Sustain: sustineo, hold it through, undergo the *through*; to be in the sostenuto, the delay of the experience.

Touch: as in touching life, to make partial but lasting contact.

Torture: con-tortion, contrapasso, suffering the opposite physically.

Trembling: the tremor, the rhythm itself of the condition; the oscillatory throes of the feeling.

Value: in terms of affect, an economic notion of emotion lucrative to healthy living as opposed to worth, the personal benefit derived from a praiseworthy experience and lost in an unpraiseworthy experience. A further consideration is that it is observable that certain objects which are pregnant with value for the subject are affected by a negative rather than a positive load. Pontalis and Laplanche

Vita activa: not necessarily visibly active, but active inside; active significance in feeling is given emotionally, existentially;

Weight: as both the pull of gravity and how much it matters;

Worth: which is physical, and opposed to value; the real weight of the experience and living it through

Prepositional significance

Against: in dialectical resistance.
For: devotional and sans reward; the privileged preposition.
From, away: as opposed to *for*, the phobia of the experience; the deranged effort to move away.
In: within, being-in, from the inside as opposed to at a distance from.
Through: physical, motional requirement of living the experience
With: living alongside.

Нежность: tenderness; the body is full of holes its tenderness does not make light of, so much as it adds light to, it exposes the area where light goes in.
Напряжение: strain.
Боль: pain. See it's usage in Anton Chekhov's medical writings and in Lev Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Illich." Pain is distinct from suffering, it is brutally physical.
Чувство: the ardent feeling.
Страсть: ardor.
Страдания: suffering.
Мучение: torment, associated with a trembling bodily dance, the rhythm of the torture.
Тяжесть: weight.
Душа: soul.
Дыхание: breathing.
Горло: throat.
תיקון: *tikkun*, reparation.
טייקו: *teiku*, negative reparation.
עמל: amal, afflicted labour.
עמלינו: amaleinu, our (afflicted) labour.
לַחַץ: lachatz, pressure.
לחצ'ינו: lachatzeinu, our pressure.
להתקרב: to approach, come near.
לשמה: to do something *lishmah* is to do it "for its own sake," literally LiShMaH—i.e., L'SheM Hashem. For the sake of the subject matter, for its avowed purpose. The performance of the Law for its own sake, or rather, for the sake of him who wrought (commanded) it. To act *lishmah* is to purify the mind of self-interest, to dispense utterly with the motives of reward and punishment, (following page)

for "Lo, whosoever makes profit from the words of the Torah removes his life from the world."[248]

[248] C.f., Pirkei Avot, on the audacity to demand a reward from a labor. Love in this equation is not a weakness, but a strength—namely, to dare to be weak for something, someone.