

RE-TRACING THE FRAMES, BORDERS, EDGES AND MARGINS OF DERRIDA'S DE-CONSTRUCTION(S)

Robert E. Front (方如凡)



English Department
National Central University

II

☞ The Backward Roll ☞

(Memory as the backward roll of the dice [*Coup de Dés*]: reeling in time—in a



spin swung, sprung back all the chance rebound and carom, all the ricochets of scrolling between the sheets and the eyes when, at footnote 40, a scission was thrown into our bargain; there anticipating, here recalling, in the future, in the past, *under the false appearance of a present* an exquisite shiver of a sublime confusion remains [*N'ABOLIRA*] the glint and lustre of everything that happened, before it, and after it, the eye blinks  and . . . then, opens. )

* * * *

To answer for oneself would here be to presume to know all that one could do, say, or write, to gather it together in an intelligible and coherent synthesis, to stamp it with one and the same seal (whatever the genre, the place, or the date, the discursive form, the contextual strategy, etc.), to posit that the same 'I think' accompanies all my representations which themselves form a systematic, homogeneous tissue of 'theses', 'themes', 'objects', of 'narratives', or 'critiques', or of 'evaluations', a tissue which can be subjectivized and of which I could have a total and intact memory, would know all the premises and all the consequences, etc.; this would also be to suppose that deconstruction is of the same order as the critique whose concept and history it precisely deconstructs.

Derrida, *Passions*

DRAWING THE LINE: THE LOGIC OF THE BORDERLINE

Let us draw a line here and entitle it, 'the borderline,' the very borderline between literature and philosophy and attempt to recollect (*as if* a text can ever be hermetically sheathed or encapsulated in a past reading—kept intact and inviolate, inoculated against all the endlessly impinging contaminations and grafts of thought, experience, and dream, other readings, as well as the inexorable sliding and shifting fragmentations and reconstructions of memory—thereby securing an impregnable, sealed sense. Yet in a strict sense there is *nothing* that is altered.⁴¹) and reconstitute and perhaps situate the oblique trajectory of our fictive movement from A to B, from there (where?) to here. Let us talk of our narrative or, rather, our simulation of narrative.



(We have drawn a line of de(marc)ation that privileges a fictional *right(e)* of passage through a logic or narrative and which finds us eventually butting up against other boundaries, other edges.⁴² Perhaps here we might remind ourselves (a lacuna, an

41. "There is no first meaning which a second writing would then come along to divert and upset, dooming it forever to lament its infinite loss or painfully to await its infinite reconstitution. 'All meaning is altered', '*tout le sens est altéré*': what this says first of all is that meaning is *thirsty*, *altéré*. It thirsts after its own lack; that is its passion. (And this is also Derrida's passion for language: in the word '*altéré*' and in the *altered* word, the word thirsty for change, we might say, an ellipsis of meaning is what makes the meaning, and the excess of meaning.) Meaning thirsts for its own *ellipsis*, for that which hides it, eludes it, which silently lets it pass. What is passed over in silence in all meaning is the meaning or the sense of meaning. But there is nothing negative in this, nor anything truly silent. For nothing is lost, and nothing is silenced. Everything is said" Nancy, "Elliptical Sense," pp. 38-9.

42. "If we are to approach [*aborder*]: a text, for example, it must have a *bord*, an edge. Take this text. What is its upper edge? Its title ["Re-tracing the Borders, Boundaries, . . .]? But when do you start reading it? What if you started reading it after the first sentence (another upper edge), which functions as its first reading head but which itself in turn folds its outer edges back over onto inner edges whose mobility—multilayered, quotational, displaced from meaning to meaning—prohibits you from making out a shoreline? There is a regular *submerging* of the shore.

ellipsis, our omission? like the forgotten umbrella, how easy to forget, and though we remind ourselves, perhaps by a note in a margin, we still forget) of what has always been proposed as “good literature”: that which resists totalization, resists our attempts at mastery, resists coming to a halt, always keeps moving. There is something uncanny here, something strange and yet familiar—something which reveals itself as forgotten yet remains vulnerable and endangered.

Our beginning arrived out of desire [*vouloir dire*], after a period from out of nowhere. We were following the tracks of something that had gone before us. Now here we find ourselves spilling over edges, out of bounds (on the wrong side of the border?), perhaps. Perhaps another transgression. Have we gone *too* far? Punctured a delicate membrane, pricked open a wound, knocked something off its hinges. Our approach and strategy is, with a meditative mindful vigilance, to blink. And to keep our eyes in the blink of what is right in front of us (to the woven tissue of text, following its most gossamer threads, neither refraining to commit anything of ourself nor authorizing ourself to add any old thing, but rather rigorously prescribing “by the necessities of a game, by the logic of play,”⁴³ how to proceed in the writing of this supplement), above and underneath us, and what is crumbling and shifting and dislocating inside us, so as to avoid the treacherous rocky shoals that we already [*déjà*] talked about and will continue to address (as well as the “sails” [*des voiles*]), and which, although withdrawn, have left their mark, insinuated their shadowy presence (their uncanny play of disappearance-as-appearance) and are still to be accounted for.

Approaching a boundary we put our ear gently against its delicate transparent membrane, we finger its elasticity, and peer through to the other side. Where do we draw the line? Shall we provide some proofs, or better yet some grounds and foundations for every insertion we make, for every incursion into unknown territory, and if we can't, if we are unable to offer grounds shall we say we have gone mad, that our thoughts and concepts have become unanchored and foundered on the rocky shoals of primary matter and that we are ship-wrecked [*du fond d'un naufrage*]? Can we get beyond, outside the nets and snares of the un(wind)ing, unraveling threads of the lexicon, that has no center, no handles nor levers for manipulation? Does, in fact, language have a boundary? Is language a distinct thing outside other things, an ideal entity which can then be

“When a text quotes and requotes, with or without quotation marks, when it is written on the brink, you start, or indeed have already started, to lose your footing. You lose sight of any line of demarcation between a text and what is outside it” “Living On : Border Lines,” pp. 81-82.

subtracted out as a remainder? And is there a possibility for yet a more dangerous and consequential condensation: Can all this be reduced to a matter of style, a poetics, a yearning for a new mythology ?

BEING AT THE LIMITS

Derrida's di(lemma)—both latch and floodgate—Being at the limit,⁴⁴ is the dilemma which cannot be avoided either through veiling or repression, either by the X of imaginary erasure or via the colossal X of the transcendental dialectics of the *aufgehoben*.⁴⁵ The metaphorical textural weave of language cuts on the very bias of

43. *Dissemination*, p. 64.

44. “[Philosophy] ...has always insisted upon assuring itself mastery over the limit (*peras, limes, Grenze*). It has recognized, conceived, posited, declined the limit according to all possible modes; and therefore by the same token, in order better to dispose of the limit, has transgressed it. *Its own limit* had not to remain foreign to it. Therefore it has appropriated the concept for itself; it has believed that it controls the margin of its volume and that it thinks its other.

“Philosophy has always insisted upon this: thinking its other. Its other: that which limits it, and from which it derives its essence, its definition, its production. To think its other: does this amount solely to *relever (aufheben)* that from which it derives, to head the procession of its method only by passing the limit? Or indeed does the limit, obliquely, by surprise, always reserve one more blow for philosophical knowledge? Limit/passage” *Margins of Philosophy*, pp. x-xi.

45. See Richard Rorty's, “is Derrida a Transcendental Philosopher?” in *Derrida: A Critical Reader* pp. 235-46, where Rorty takes up the “simmering” argument among Derrida's admirers as to whether he has “invented a new, splendidly ironic way of writing about the philosophical tradition” or whether he is, in fact, “giving us rigorous arguments for surprising philosophical conclusions” (p. 235). Taking a nominalist posture (believing that “the realm of possibility expands whenever somebody thinks up a new vocabulary, and thereby discloses . . . a new set of possible worlds”), Rorty wryly contends that argumentation of any stripe (rigorous or lame) “requires that the same vocabulary be used in premises and conclusions—that both be part of the same language-game. Hegelian *Aufhebung* is something quite different. It is what happens when we play elements of an old vocabulary off against one another in order to make us impatient for a new vocabulary. But that activity is quite different from playing old beliefs against other old beliefs in the attempt to see which survives. An existing language-game will provide ‘standard rules’ for the latter activity, but nothing could provide such rules for the former” (p. 241). In

meaning, yielding the sign of a s(p)lit,⁴⁶ forcing and wrenching apart certain directive concepts, twining the copula: the mind turning now this way, now that; looking up, now down, but hopelessly always arriving too late, nonetheless always aspiring to, yearning towards⁴⁷ plenitude; a deathlike fixation with a seamless logos or genetic ordering, a fascinating anticipation of (uncertain) closure betwixt either/or. Here then are the sketch

Rorty's view (and one can easily agree here) it is precisely *Aufhebung* that Derrida is so good at. I would venture to go a bit further and say that Derrida's seducing charm can hardly lie in an ability to grind out a new critical vocabulary but rather, one feels, is to be found in his creative leaps of imagination whose dazzle manifests in his uncanny manner of doing philosophy or literary criticism; the question of whether Derrida is engaged in rigorous argument or oracular disclosure seems trivial and beside the point when compared (how does one compare historical impetus and empowering potentiality?) with the excitement and creative fervor that the Derridean style (which surely is more than the generation of a new critical vocabulary list but, moreover, entails, among a host of other things: an unquenchable Shakespearean zest for punning, a rapier-like expertise at rhetorical parrying, and a sensitivity to imagery and tone so finely tuned as to be able to infinitely circulate meanings to the point where, at times, one experiences a cognitive vertigo—that is, the whole gambit of spell-binding devices that can create the quasi-magical sway that words can have in the hands of a master) has unleashed especially among younger critics.

46. "At the edge of being, the medium of the hymen never becomes a mere mediation or work of the negative; it outwits and undoes all ontologies, all philosophemes, all manner of dialectics. It outwits them and—as a cloth, a tissue, a medium again—it envelops them, turns them over, and inscribes them. This nonpenetration, this nonperpetration (which is not simply negative but stands between the two), this suspense in the *antre* of perpenetration, is, says Mallarmé, "*perpetual*" : "*This is how the Mime operates, whose act is confined to a perpetual allusion without breaking the ice or the mirror: he thus sets up a medium, a pure medium, of fiction.*" (The play of the commas (*virgulæ*) only appears, in all its multiplicity, in the last version, inserting a series of cuts marking pauses and cadence, spacing and shortness of breath, within the continuum of the sequence). Hymen in perpetual motion: one can't get out of Mallarmé's *antre* as one can out of Plato's cave. Never min(e)d [*mine de rien*]; it requires an entirely different kind of speicology which no longer searches behind the lustrous appearance, outside the "beyond," "agent," "motor," "principle part or nothing" of the "literary mechanism . . ." *Dissemination*, pp. 215-16.
47. One must look into this archive which is rooted in *found* and *foundations*: "To found to (an object); to strive or yearn towards, try to arrive at or reach;" and *founding* in the sense of fastening and attaching; and foundations as the grounds for and constructs upon which reason and principle are built.

marks and jutting of the horny dilemma of limits that cannot be effectually effaced or worn away. Can there be a genuine overcoming or vanquishing when impaled on the horns of such a dilemma? Strategies permit us to continue the dialogue, to continue to endlessly re-frame the question about what lies in the interstices of the present boundaries of our present thinking and understanding, and through this play of question and answer, to re-locate ourselves on the so-called ground of questioning (with a greater familiarity perhaps of the general terrain). Can we and shall we (and why the reluctance?) forgo the impossible stance of mind standing outside or above mind (in a masterful sense) and having to fabricate, *ad infinitum*, other minds, in order to observe its endlessly reflecting selves.

Those who, like Derrida, maneuver within this terrain of the infinite calculus of the undecidable—those who verily live on borders, march [*marche*] over boundaries, whose engagement is with fingered edges, whose ballistics incline a trajectory towards margins, must possess a navigator's knack for tacking (know the winds), be close to the winds that can reach everywhere—that cannot be opposed or resisted—that arrive from a distance, un(fil)terable, shaking reed, filament, and thread; entering and filling, without desire, the hollowed and creviced; passaging the gapped, billowing and swelling sails, ruffling the veil that both invites and conceals; winds that bound upon us from afar over an interminable distance chilling or delighting us to our very bone and marrow, causing us to wrap and to bind or to unfurl and lay ourselves bare to a seductively cool delight that is exposed where the garment (gap)es.⁴⁸

There is a spacious resemblance here between specie and genre as winds from a distance: transparent yet felt, desire able to move and strike, dislocate, and disseminate seeds and spores, invited by the interstices woven into the veil that prolongs and defers, distancing and delaying a desire that swells only to in(seminate) and then shrinks and recedes bashfully back into its sheath. Here, as elsewhere, a possibility and intimation of

48. "Is not the most erotic portion of a body *where the garment gapes*? In perversion (which is the realm of textual pleasure) there are no "erogenous zones" (a foolish expression, besides); it is intermittence, as psychoanalysis has so rightly stated, which is erotic; the intermittence of skin flashing between two articles of clothing (trousers and sweater), between two edges (the open-necked shirt, the glove and the sleeve); it is this flash itself which seduces, or rather; the staging of an appearance-as-disappearance" Roland Barthes (stroking and nuzzling the very edges of the erotic, incanting a s[ex]t[ua]l striptease), in *The Pleasure of the Text*, pp. 9-10.

the *entre*,⁴⁹ of desire and castration, a breaking or fissure along the edges of language, the splaying of the soft folds of a meaning whose movement is experienced on the surface of the text, as one rides the spumy crests of language, buoyant, suspended betwixt and between; here butting up against, rubbing up against the limits of pleasure, which alternates between swelling and folding (folding back into its own skin in order to shield a pleasure that is exposed and vulnerable), its final consummate explosion being both an expulsion and impulsion, a rhythmic dissemination and ingestion which nourishes and is nourished; the final drip of desire that inscribes a period before the next articulated breath out of nowhere, the endless unarriving or postponement (*coitus interruptus*) that allows and invites a beginning for what follows behind an imagined period from outside the borderline of every text, enfolding and camouflaging itself on the surface of the text. The master of strategy, trying to calculate a calculus of the incalculable, aspires to the “grand style,”⁵⁰ *dis-plays* a unique genius of taste and judgment as s/he deploys her arsenal of

49. See Derrida’s “Double Session” in *Dissemination* (and our exploration, “Between the Membrane” below) for how the homonymic play between Mallarmé’s “*entre*,” Plato’s “*antré*” (cave) and the double meaning of “hymen” (“membrane” and “marriage”) act as a strategy for staging a discontinuity between inside and outside: “These “words” [“hymen,” “*antré*”] admit to their games both contradiction and non contradiction (and the contradiction and noncontradiction *between* contradiction and noncontradiction). Without any dialectical *Aufhebung*, without any time off, they belong in a sense both to consciousness and to the unconscious, which Freud tells us can tolerate or remain insensitive to contradiction. Insofar as the text depends upon them, *bends* to them [*s’y plie*], it thus plays a *double scene* upon a double stage. It operates in two absolutely different places at once, even if these are only separated by a veil, which is both traversed and not traversed, *intersected* [*entr’ouvert*]” *Dissemination*, p. 221.

50. In *Spurs*, Derrida describes “a margin where [Nietzsche’s] control over the meaning or code is without recourse, poses the limit to the relevance of the hermeneutic or systematic question” (p. 99). And on the edges and borders where “reversal” is shuttling back and forth, the master of style speaks: “For the reversal, if it is not accompanied by a discrete parody, a strategy of writing, or difference or deviation in quills, if there is not style, no grand style, this is finally but the same thing, nothing more than a clamorous declaration of the antithesis” (p. 95). Those writers who live on the gossamer edge, must know how to spin and weave without entangling themselves, without becoming entwined and ensnared in the net: “Nietzsche himself did not see his way too clearly there . . . Rather a regular, rhythmic blindness takes place in the text. One will never have done with it. Nietzsche too is a little lost there. But that there is a loss, that anyway is

tropes, rhetoric, punctuation, etc. Wind (like the dragon, who knows the art of changing directions), s/he turns the bow to the wind, shifting the veils [*voile*]. Masters of the so called grand style (Mallarmé, Nietzsche, Genet, Derrida) stir and swirl the sedimentary meanings of language, finger the edges and surfaces of the text, penetrating every opening, fingering every gap, rupturing and grafting, bout upon bout of violation so as to embrace.

THE ATTACK : STYLISTIC BLOWS

The textural weave of Derrida's writing is overrun with cuts and ruptures, splices and grafts; we are constantly confronted by a rhetorical barrage which simulates attack, invasion⁵¹ and intrigue (there are police, accomplices, and a steaming haze of indecipherables: cryptic letters, coded messages [anagrams, cryptograms]; subterfuge, dissimulation, as well as endless interrogations and rhetorical questioning). There are "hostile surfaces," "incursions," "trajectories," "fractures," "fissures," "seams," "strategies," crumbling walls," "rapiers," and "spurs" [*éperon*]. And there are innumerable [*coups*] blows and knocks—*coup dedans* (the inside beat), *coup de dent* (bite), *coups du dehors* (knocks from without), *coup pour rien* (unavailing attempt), *coup de force* (unjustified violence), *coup démoniaque* (demoniacal attack), as well as the *coups de gong* (the stroke of the gong), which we are told, is not found on the page but rather resounds in a mental space "where all the *sonorities* (the echoes of meaning), out of sight and hearing and through various strata [material, notational, meta-operational], penetrate each other and multiply in rapid, discontinuous motions."⁵² There are sometimes even wars (*Paul de Man's War*) but regardless of attack or war there is a writing that

ascertainable, as soon as there is hymen. Nietzsche might well be a little lost in the web of his text, lost much as a spider who finds he is unequal to the web he has spun" (p. 101).

51. "In the question of style there is always the weight or *examen* of some pointed object. At times this object might be only a quill or a stylus. But it could just as easily be a stiletto, or even a rapier. Such objects might be used in a vicious attack against what philosophy appeals to in the name of matter or matrix, an attack whose thrust could not but leave its mark, could not but inscribe there some imprint or form. But they might also be used as protection against the threat of such an attack, in order to keep it at a distance, to repel it—as one bends or recoils before its force, in flight, behind veils and sails (*des voiles*)" *Spurs*, p. 37.

52. See Stefano Agosti's, "Coup upon Coup," in *Spurs*, pp. 2-25.

obliterates what it imprints and *disperses* what it says, a meaning that “says in some other place than it is *speaking*.”⁵³ There is also a swaying strain of chanting, distinctly midrashic, an interrogation and arraignment this time not with God but with the book, the etymologies, the tongue and the palate. Derrida’s stylistic blows of effect [*coups de style*] reverberate within and without the boundaries of all that can be called Text, play the full symphonic lexicon which, as it is played, shifts and reclusters, creating new sheafs of meaning. There is, to my mind, no one writing today (and no one within memory) who has been so able to b(ring)-back-to-life the sound and sense [*sens*] of language, even in translation. And through this element of style, Derrida has been able to move language and idea to a new horizon beyond dialectics and metaphysics. Derrida’s ideas without the Derridean style, that is, presented simply in the common envelope of educated discourse, remain hopelessly untransmittable—relays and switching systems shut down, connections are broken—and he *goes* no where. Or worse, he goes misunderstood, translated ironically into the very idiom of understanding, churned into the very maw of the machine that he is trying to jostle and dislocate.⁵⁴ This new orientation (which is not

53. “What it is speaking are explicit phrases and direct statements of its « discourse. » And these are never what it is saying, or at least not quite. The meaning (what meaning?) moves along a stratum where there is nothing left of the surface, or if there is, it is very little. There may be a fragment or a scrap of jetsam; perhaps there is the bare mast of a sailing ship, the sole and entire evidence of its shipwreck” Ibid., p. 23.

54. It is especially surprising to see critics who, so to speak, have taken up the banner of deconstruction still expressing an “uneasiness” which veils a yearning for closure: “Deconstruction . . . attempts to resist its own tendencies to come to rest in some sense of mastery over the work. . . . It resists these in the name of an *uneasy joy of interpretation* . . . [my italics]” J. Hillis Miller, “The Critic as Host,” p. 253. Jonathan Culler’s interrogation of Deconstruction during the early 80’s is also marked by such an “uneasiness”: “Derrida and his *cohorts* do not, indeed, seem committed to identifying the distinctiveness of each work (or even its distinctive uncanniness) *as becomes an interpreter*. They seem preoccupied instead with questions about signatures, tropes, frames, reading or misreading, or the difficulty of escaping from some system of assumptions. Moreover, deconstructive readings *show scant respect for the wholeness or integrity* of individual works. They concentrate on parts, relating them to material of diverse sorts, and may not even consider the relation of any part to the whole. Interpreters are allowed to argue that a work lacks unity, but *to ignore the question of unity is to flout the obligations of their task*. [my italics]” See Culler, *Deconstruction*, pp. 220-221. Having tendered such great care in analyzing deconstructive strategies, Culler still is unable to r(d)esist (and we

necessarily a way of seeing), whether it be in poetry or philosophy, requires a radical otherness in the use of language; it is not concerned merely with shifts and relocations of old marks but rather of opening up space which allows for a radical *ungrounding*.

The strategies and weapons used in this raid on thinking, in this invasion of old fortresses of idealization, are determined by the exigencies encountered in readings of particular texts,⁵⁵ philosophical, literary, psychological, etc., “which exhibit a solid zone of implicit *conventions* . . . stratifications that are already differential and of a very great stability with regard to the relations of forces and all the hierarchies and hegemonies they suppose to put into operation”⁵⁶ (grammar, vocabulary, rhetoric, historical and literary codes, etc.). The stability “is neither originary, nor ahistorical, nor simple, nor self-identical in any of its elements and is relative even if it is sometimes so great as to seem immutable and permanent . . . In order for this history to have taken place, in its turbulence and in its stases, in order for relations of force, of tensions, or of wars to have taken place, in order for hegemonies to have imposed themselves during a determinate period, there must have been a certain play in all these structures, hence a certain instability or non-self-identity, nontransparency. Rhetorical equivocation and mobility, for instance, must have been able to work within ‘meaning.’ Différance must have been able to affect reference.”⁵⁷

Derrida believes that the most “venturesome interpretations start from questions concerning conflicts, tensions, differences of force, hegemonies that have allowed such provisional installations to take place. What has interested me the most, what has always seemed to me the most rigorous . . . is not indeterminacy in itself, but the strictest possible determination of the figures of play, of oscillation, of undecidability, which is to

must therefore assume that for both Culler and Norris [see footnote 26] this is a matter of preference and *not* a misunderstanding) the reflexive, logocentric yearning to pour the new Derridean wine in the old metaphysical, constructivist bottle. Culler, in his preface, reveals to the reader the source of his metaphysical ache: “This book attempts to *dispel confusion*, to *furnish meanings and ends*, by discussing what is at stake in today's critical debates and analyzing the most interesting and valuable projects of recent theory” [my italics] *Ibid.*, p. 18.

55. “Deconstruction does not exist somewhere, pure, proper, self-identical, outside of its inscriptions in conflictual and differentiated contexts; it “is” only what it does and what is done with it, there where it takes place” *Limited Inc.* p. 141.

56. See Derrida's answer to Gerald Graff's question regarding “the moment of doubling commentary,” in *Limited Inc.* pp. 142-50.

57. *Limited Inc.* p. 145.

say, of the différential conditions of determinable history, etc.”⁵⁸ Derrida’s approach does not argue for indeterminacy (as many have implied) but rather encourages a scrupulously detailed and vigorous appreciation of the context that determine a given work, i.e. its literary, philosophical, rhetorical traditions etc., nor does it contest or try to destroy the value of truth but rather only reinscribes in more powerful, larger, more stratified contexts. Rather than “indeterminacy,” deconstruction is concerned with “undecidability” which refers to the “determinate oscillation between possibilities.”⁵⁹ We have sought not to trivialize Derrida’s highly stratified articulations by simplification or generalization. The above Derridean concentrate should liquefy after a second reading. Derrida’s texts invite and, in fact, call for a patient reader, for a reader who, in a single gesture, but doubled, reads and writes. By removing the guardrails traditionally observed in reading (i.e., “norms of objectivity,” “methodical prudence,” etc.), Derrida effaces the limiting inscription that has marked the boundaries of *inside/outside* Text. He tags the reader and invites her to join in the game of reading/writing.

Derrida clearly is out to wedge, tear, cut, or rip apart the seams which form the boundaries and limits of conceptual thinking. His attacks (deconstructions), which he admits are not merely theoretical, have been directed towards what is politically “suspect in the very project of attempting to fix the contexts⁶⁰ of utterances.” His most masterful and extended attack is no doubt against *Limited Inc.*⁶¹ that vast insidious body of critical (?) thinking (?) which dominates the so-called institutions of learning and education. Though involved in interpretations which splay and fissure, penetrate, and rupture, Derrida is most interested in moving the critical discussion to new ground. In the

58. Ibid., p. 145.

59. Ibid., pp. 148-9.

60. See *Limited Inc.*, especially pp. 131-54.

61. Derrida’s book length reply to John R. Scarle’s essay, “Reiterating the Differences: A Reply to Derrida.” A thorough reading of *Limited Inc.* and *Biodegradables: Seven Diary Fragments* (a scathing reply to critics of his essay entitled, “Paul De Man’s War”) serves as a master course in the art of rhetoric and rebuttal. Both texts make for (with no exaggeration) exciting reading. If you enjoy the art of intellectual fencing, observe Derrida at his quintessential best in *Limited Inc.* In addition, there is an excellent supplement in the form of an *Afterword* (questions from Gerald Graff, which Derrida answers in the form of an extended letter) where Derrida takes the opportunity to update and re-articulate some of his formulations, i.e., “différance,” “*restance*,” etc. *Biodegradables* appears in the Summer 1989, *Critical Inquiry*, vol. 15, no. 4, pp. 812-73.

“hysterical”⁶² struggle to open such new ground (where one might move freely betwixt and between binary poles), there is a necessary “sheafing” of images and tropes which perform as more than additional sublations in a-beyond-of-a-dialectic. As we have repeatedly said (and tried to play-on in the surface of our text) Derrida is at work on “flapping”⁶³ the whole fabric of language and thought, setting it, so to speak, “all to work.”

ENTRE : ANTRE
OR
BETWEEN THE MEMBRANE

Let us take one last, short excursion (just the mention of an “excursion” and we are en(w)rapt in the simulacrum of narrative) into what is perhaps Derrida’s most important text that bears directly on literature (a performance as critique of the notion of literary criticism), *The Double Session*, for a “flapping” of the image (and oh, what an image!) that shakes the foundations of metaphysics. The image of the hymen. An image (one among the charade within the Derridean tableaux that include *pharmakon*, *spacing*, *différance*, etc.) that works where a discourse of concepts and ideas—subjected to a forgotten brutality which methodically and systematically erases—are ineffectual and, in

62. This prepares us for the image of the hymen.

63. “Flapping” provides here the desired contextual modulation of senses: the sense of striking; of something that is limber or flat and usually thin and that hangs loose or projects freely, as a garment that hangs free. Also the sense of a piece of *tissue partly severed from its place of origin for use in surgical grafting*. The sense also of a moveable, auxiliary airfoil attached to an airplane wing’s trailing edge to increase lift or drag. There is, of course, also the sense of beating, but a beating that open-shuts: the sound of fans, winds, and especially, the flapping of wind in sails (here, of course, the sails and veils (*déjà*) that we had promised would return, reappear); wings, pulsating wings; and, a bit of non-sense; “flapdoodle,” “flapping one’s jaws,” the non-serious which Derrida whirls us toward and which prescribes the rigorous necessities of a game, the logic of *play*, “signs to which the system of all textual powers must be accorded and attuned.” (Is it possible, do we dare harbor the hope, that in ripping open the seam of the *is* that couples reading : writing—as we live it and teach it -that open spaces still exist that invite and call for “flapping,” that the classroom can also be, among other things, a place of [“*ra*” “*sl*”] genuine excitement, even uproar?)

fact, turn against themselves, disseminating eviscerated *sens* from out of the hollow of their impoverished nullity.

The Double Session in its entirety is a “systemic and playful exploration of the interval,”⁶⁴ a space invoked by playful etymological play, simulated or real, which enables certain marks to freely circulate and deposit an inscription, *by analogy*, to a concept. These marks Derrida has called, “undecidables, that is, unities of simulacrum, *false* verbal properties (nominal or semantic) that can no longer be included within philosophical (binary) opposition, but which, however, inhabit philosophical opposition, resisting and disorganizing it, *without ever* constituting a third term, without ever leaving room for a solution in the form of speculative dialectics”⁶⁵

The image of the interval as hymen is at work throughout the *Double Session*. It mimes on multiple levels. For example, it marks the question posed at the very beginning: what is the “BETWEEN [ENTRE] literature and truth, between literature and that by which the question *what is? wants* answering,”⁶⁶ as well as enacting a “mimodrama” (posed by Derrida’s playful juxtaposing of texts by Mallarmé and Plato and his suspending over the essay the subtitle, “Hymen : INTER Platonem et Mallarmatum”) which frames a history of an interpretation of *mimesis*. The hymen, “tainted with vice yet sacred, between desire and fulfillment, perpetration and remembrance: here anticipating, there recalling, in the future, in the past, *under the false appearance of a present*.”⁶⁷ And the hymen, as a word which reminds us that what is in question is a “supreme spasm,” is “first of all a sign of fusion, the consummation of a marriage, the identification of two beings, the confusion between two. *Between* the two, there is no longer difference but identity. Within this fusion, there is no longer any distance between desire (the awaiting of a full presence designed to fulfill it, to carry it out) and the fulfillment of presence, between distance and non-distance; there is no longer any difference between desire and satisfaction. It is not only the difference (between desire and fulfillment) that is abolished, but also the difference between difference and nondifference. Nonpresence, the gaping void of desire, and presence, the

64. Derrida, *Positions*, p. 43.

65. “The *hymen* is neither confusion nor distinction, neither identity nor difference, neither consummation nor virginity, neither the veil nor unveiling, neither the inside nor the outsideNeither/nor, that is *simultaneously* either *or*; the mark is also the *marginal* limit, the *march*, etc.”
Ibid., pp. 42-3.

66. *Dissemination*, p. 177.

67. Ibid., p. 175.

fullness of enjoyment, amount to the same. By the same token [*du même coup*], there is no longer any textual difference between the image and the thing, the empty signifier and the full signified, the imitator and the imitated, etc.”⁶⁸

And more. More than one hundred pages of textual amplification, turnings, retracings, false starts, erasures that leave marks, and marks that truncate before having fully arrived, and all this creating a “vibratory suspense,” a repercussion of words between the walls of the grotto, or of the giottis, sounded by Mallarmé’s rhymes which produce a suspension of differends as illustrated by the hymen, and which transform into Dream: a concept no longer enclosed in the old oppositions, “. . . being at once perception, remembrance, and anticipation (desire), each within the others, is really none of these. It declares the “fiction,” the “medium, the pure medium, of fiction” . . . a presence both perceived and not perceived, at once image and model, and hence image without model, neither image or model, a medium (medium in the sense of middle, neither/nor, what is between extremes, and medium⁶⁹ in the sense of element, ether, matrix, means).”⁷⁰ There are endless extensions and variations of this thesis which displace and dislocate a binary opposition predicated on a discontinuity of time. The hymen transforms into an elemental ether in a séance of confusion between the present and the nonpresent.

And there are supporting etymologies. Littré on the ANTRE: caves, caverns: “These antres, these braziers that offer us oracles,”⁷¹ bone cavities, clefts, a suggestion to tempt a visualization of these as “the hollow or bed of a valley (*vallis*) without which there would be no mountains, like the sacred vale between the two flanks of the Parnassus, the dwelling-place of the Muses and the site of Poetry; but *intervallum* is composed of *inter* (between) and *vallus* (pole), which gives us not the pole in between but the space between two palisades. According to Littré. We are thus moving from the

68. Ibid., p. 209.

69. “. . . a medium as element enveloping both terms at once; a medium located between the two terms . . . It is an operation that *both* sows confusion *between* opposites *and* stands *between* the opposites “at once.” What counts here is the *between*, the in-between-ness of the hymen. The hymen “takes place” in the “inter-,” in the spacing between desire and fulfillment, between perpetration and its recollection, But this medium of the *entre* has nothing to do with a center” Ibid., p. 212.

70. Ibid., p. 211.

71. Ibid., p. 212. Quoted here by Derrida, who quotes from Littré, who is quoting from Voltaire, *Oedipe* II, 5. 2.

logic of the palisade, which is always, in a sense, “full,” to the logic of the hymen.”⁷² Derrida, the skillful medium and master of words, stages the hymen’s disappearance and appearance, inscribing a fantasm of appearance-as-disappearance: “the hymen as protective screen, the jewel box of virginity, the vaginal partition, the fine, invisible veil which, in front of the hysteria, stands *between* the inside and the outside of a woman, and consequently between desire and fulfillment. It is neither desire nor pleasure but in between the two. Neither future nor present, but between the two. It is the hymen that desire dreams of piercing, of bursting, in an act of violence that is (at the same time or somewhere between) love and murder. If either one *did* take place, there would be no hymen. But neither would there simply be a hymen in (case events go) *no* place. With all the undecidability of its meaning, the hymen only takes place when it doesn’t take place, when nothing *really* happens, when there is an all-consuming consummation without violence, or a violence without blows, or a blow without marks, a mark without a mark (a margin), etc., when the veil is, *without being*, torn, for example when one is made to die or come laughing.”⁷³

There is more, still much more to come but here, for the sake of economy, (which we have already over-stepped [*abord*]) we offer merely an *hors d’oeuvre* to the *entre* and the hymen but promise to pursue, in another place, its “hysterical” play, its textual weave (veils, gauzes, canvases, fabrics, wings, feathers, curtains, fans, etc.) and embroider more on its seminal importance. In the final (in the sense of *finis*, the furthest edge or boundary to which any analysis can hope to probe) analysis, *dissemination* produced by the hymen cannot be reassembled as a pocketbook definition, nor can one summarize in any vigorous or precise manner its conceptual tenor since the veritable “force and form of its disruption *explode* the semantic horizon,”⁷⁴ so that the reader must be referred back to the original text. This, of course, is also true for any text which is ambiguous, illusive and thus evokes undecidables. And here, Derrida is not pointing to polysemia which is also organized within an “implicit horizon of a unitary resumption of meaning . . . a teleological and totalizing dialectics that at a given moment, however far off, must permit the reassemblage of the totality of the text into the truth of its meaning, constituting the text as *expression*, as *illustration*, and annulling the open and productive displacement of

72. *Ibid.*, p. 212.

73. *Ibid.*, pp. 212-13.

74. *Positions*, p. 45.

the textual chain.”⁷⁵ “Dissemination”⁷⁶ as a critical practice “marks an irreducible and *generative* multiplicity” by fracturing a text, it forbids “an exhaustive and closed formalization of it, or at least a saturating taxonomy of its themes, its signified, its meaning.”⁷⁷ Both the lack and the surplus produced by a disseminated reading can never be stabilized in the “form of an equation.” And here, at the copula of the equation, at the spectral appearance of form, a ring of alarm reminds us that

DEBO(A)RDING : LAST STOP ON THE LINE
ALL METHOD IS A FICTION

our play at formalization must stop lest the reader, by an habituated anticipation, is led to believe he has finally arrived at a convenient summation of a methodology or approach that can be *reapplied* like a well behaved paradigm in some other place at some other time. That he has gained mastery over a difficult text. There are no longer (at least in the deconstructive mode) such bargains. The reader can no longer be an impatient consumer who desires to receive, already bagged or boxed, something that he can bring home with him, and at a bargain. Such is the “bad” reader. Yes I said “bad.” The impatient reader, the fearful reader, “in a hurry to be determined, decided upon deciding (in order to annul, in other words to bring back to oneself, one has to wish to know in advance what to expect, one wishes to expect what has happened, one wishes to expect (oneself)) Now it is bad, and I know no other definition of the bad, it is bad to predestine one’s reading, it is always bad to foretell. It is bad, reader, no longer to like retracing one’s steps.”⁷⁸

75. *Ibid.*, p. 45.

76. The term used by Derrida to describe the kind of critical reading that opens out meaning, which does not attempt to recover or bundle a central theme, nor try to lead us back to “a present of single origin.” The whole “vegetative cryptography” in *Glas* (the imagery of ferns that multiply themselves through the dispersion of spores, brackens that unfold their fronds several meters below the ground, etc.) serves, perhaps, as Derrida’s most fruitful metaphoric representation of “dissemination.”

77. *Positions*, p. 45.

78. *The Post Card*, p. 4.

We have ventured into this, if not dangerous at least treacherous, no-man's-land that contains the-entire-real-history-of-the-world.⁷⁹ Where is that place, that context? Let us try to re-frame our original question: Where do "Derrida's deconstructions" take place? Did they take place, and if so was it here or below in the footnotes, or in the margins, or somewhere beyond the margins of the page? Could this text in some way replace or efface or make irrelevant the references that wait patiently on the borderlines and margins of a text? Is our text just a vain attempt to prolong or postpone a real encounter, the spume that spins from a wave? Where precisely is the periphery of a text? Where are the boundaries?

Shall we efface the frame or perhaps re-frame the frame?⁸⁰ Imagine the extent of ambiguity and misinterpretation that would have occurred here were there no footnotes or

79. "What is called "objectivity," scientific for instance (in which I firmly believe, in a given situation), imposes itself only within a context which is extremely vast, old, powerfully established, stabilized or rooted in a network of conventions (for instance, those of language) and yet which still remains a context. And the emergence of the value of objectivity (and hence of so many others) also belongs to a context. We can call "context" the entire "real-history-of-the-world," if you like, in which this value of objectivity and, even more broadly, that of truth (etc.) have taken on meaning and imposed themselves. That does not in the slightest discredit them. In the name of what, of which other "truth," moreover, would it? One of the definitions of what is called deconstruction would be the effort to take this limitless context into account, to pay the sharpest and broadest attention possible to context, and thus to an incessant movement of recontextualization. The phrase which for some has become a sort of slogan, in general so badly understood, of deconstruction ("there is nothing outside the text" [*il n'y a pas de hors-texte*]), means nothing else: there is nothing outside context. In this form, which says exactly the same thing, the formula would doubtless have been less shocking. I am not certain that it would have provided more to think about . . . the text is not the book, it is not confined in a volume itself confined to the library. It does not suspend reference—to history, to the world, to reality, to being, and especially not to the other, since to say of history, of the world, of reality, that they always appear in an experience, hence in a movement of interpretation which contextualizes them according to a network of differences and hence of referral to the other, is surely to recall that alterity (difference) is irreducible. *Différance* is a reference and vice versa" *Limited Inc.*, pp. 136-137.

80. "Philosophy wants to arraign it [the frame] and can't manage. But what has produced and manipulated the frame puts everything to work in order to efface the frame effect, most often by naturalizing it to infinity, in the hands of God (one can verify this in Kant). Deconstruction must

references, or if the footnotes and references had gone unread? Again, imagine what would occur if this text was erased and only the footnotes and references were to remain in the margins? Or imagine a blank page with references, or a long footnote with perhaps just one line of text?⁸¹ Is text merely a *frame-work*, a *frame-up*, and if so, for what? How much of the “original” woven texture should be allowed into the margin? And now much citation from a text is necessary in order not to violate, castrate?⁸²

For our final improvisation, a fantastic textual feint. Shall we attempt here to retrace the ground we have covered. Here, as at the beginning, a promise of an intention (to recapitulate and summate within the confines of these margins something that exists beyond the boundaries of its own pages) to catch up with something that has always been moving [*marche*] in front of us. Coming at the end of a text this summation should properly, by all rights of convention, be entitled to the name postface, but rather plays the presumptive and renegade role here of a preface: the didactic conclusion, the discourse on method, which, written after the text, comes before the demonstration; that which might well stand hovering above the text, as some father assisting and answering for his son, “losing his breath in sustaining, retaining, idealizing, reinternalizing and mastering his seed”⁸³

It has been necessary to subvert the rules of the game in order to keep a “promise,” to keep our part of a “bargain” to retrace the borders, edges, and *entre[s]* of a difficult thinker. But under the umbrella of a critical thinking and under the veil of a “criticism,” we hope to have put into question some of the assumptions still held by those here in Taiwan who teach and write about literature. In our course [*démarche*] we have engaged

neither reframe nor dream of the pure and simple absence of the frame. These two apparently contradictory gestures are the very ones—and they are systematically indissociable—of *what is here deconstructed*” *The Truth in Painting*, p.73.

81. See, Derrida’s “Ousia and Gramme: Note on a Note from *Being and Time*,” in *Margins of Philosophy* (pp. 29-69), or *The Truth in Painting*, an analysis of Kant’s *Critique of Judgment* which hinges on a note appended as a “General Remark” to Kant’s *Religion Within the Limits of Reason Alone*. By paying attention to what is considered by convention as marginal and thus extrinsic within the corpus of an individual author’s work, or within an established canon, Derrida is able to dislocate and reshuffle a valorized hierarchy of importance.
82. *Limited Inc*, Derrida’s response to John R. Searle’s “Reiterating the Differences: A Reply to Derrida,” quotes Searle’s article almost in its entirety. Deconstruction has always been accused of saying “too much *and* too little.”

in double-handedness, irony, and simulation (sometimes intended, sometimes blind) on a journey intended to re-mark a terrain that is “slippery and shifting, mined and undermined.”⁸⁴ A ground that is more like an “underground.” We have willfully trespassed on the frame (effect) of our standard journal article: turning an ending into a beginning, letting texts speak for themselves—no grand summations or reductive, simplistic paraphrases, no thematizations, no manipulative moves which attempt to pile up proofs in support of some preintended meaning. Nor have we refrained from permitting the force of rhetoric, the play of figure and metaphor, and style in general to join into the critical discussion. Re-tracing the marks of our text would indicate that the question of style is relentlessly pursued, always present, thus reflecting the critical role style plays in Derrida’s deconstructions.

Our approach has been fragmented—threads are followed and just as they seem about to be tied up in a bundle, they unravel; there are false starts, re-trackings and postponements; accustomed narrative connections have been withheld (“thus you can see . . .”, “as we have demonstrated . . .”) leading the unwary reader to perhaps lose their sense [*sens*] of direction. This has not been a discourse of themes, theses, and conclusions. There is nothing here snug or airtight. The questions that are raised remain unanswered, questionable, even beyond the question.⁸⁵ Conclusions are deferred, suspended, or truncated, there being no telos, final destination (beginnings and ends are dubitable), or resolution; nor is there a claim to mastery or to achieving an overview [*survol*].⁸⁶ Our journey seems to *re-trace* (as we promised?) the same terrain, taking different twists and turns, going on, but not necessarily ahead, not necessarily reaching any destination. Although boundaries are inscribed and crossed their limits are no longer certain. Tracking in this manner subverts and frustrates an habitual, orderly way of progressing towards some meaning and puts a kink in the circuit of intention and expectation. What such an approach may provide, however, is a space in which new ground can be broken (where thinking is able to think on itself *anew*) without feeling the

83. *Dissemination*, p. 45.

84. *Limited Inc.*, p. 34.

85. For Derrida questions central to the philosophic tradition are “always urgent; in way they must remain urgent and unanswered, at any rate without a general and rule-governed response, without a response, other than that which is linked specifically each time, to the occurrence of a decision without rules and without will in the course of a new test of the undecidable” Derrida, “Passions” pp. 14-15.

86. *Ibid.*, p. 19.

need to first set up a predetermined itinerary: it thus provides an unthatched, open space for “undecidables,” and for a deferred meaning. Such an approach punctures the airtight discourse of themes and theses and provides the ventilating *possibility* that any given text may be akin to the Borgesian vision of the universe as a cryptogram in which not *all* the symbols are valid. Our (Derrida’s? Nietzsche’s? mine? yours?) fragment of the lost umbrella, (“I have forgotten my umbrella”) serves as an epigraphic reminder of a possibility that always lies beyond any perceived edge or boundary. Like the lyrical dissemination of the hymen it reminds us that in re-tracing our steps we are tracking a meaning that is mischievously elliptical and will not nor properly return to itself. Re-tracing the arc of an ellipsis⁸⁷ back towards our first step (though never identical with that step, meaning being always on the move [*être en marche*]), requires some acrobatic leaps and bounds over a vast incalculable stretch of thought which has no stepping stones [. . .], neither preceding from the simple to the complex, nor leading us from some beginning to some end—a reminder that the discussion “neither begins nor ends: at most it pretends to.”⁸⁸

87. “Meaning is elliptical when it does not come back to itself: meaning which, as meaning, does not link up with its own meaning or rejoin it by repeating itself, appealing again and again to its limit as to its essence and its truth—then coming back to itself as to this passion.

“To appeal to the limit is not to undertake the conquest of a territory. It would not extend, nor would it pretend, to the appropriation of the boundaries. For when the boundaries are appropriated, there is no longer a limit. But to solicit the limit *as such* is to demand that which cannot be appropriated. It is to demand the infinite exposition of that which takes place on the limit, the yielding to this spaceless space which is the limit itself: it *has* no limits, nor does it have an infinite spatiality, and therefore it is not even ‘finite’ but the end or finitude itself. Writing does not *have* any limit, but it is the endless inscription of the end itself.

“Such is the last page of the book, the last line of the text—which is what the book, the text, never stops demanding, calling for and seducing. The text—every text—closes around the opening of its own appeal. The ellipsis of ‘Ellipsis’ links up with itself and wraps up a book within the difference of its own circularity” Nancy, “Elliptical Sense,” p. 40.

88. *Dissemination*, p. 171.

Works Cited

- Baudelaire, Charles. *The Mirror of Art*. New York: Doubleday, 1956.
- Barthes, Roland. *The Pleasure of the Text*. (1973) trans. Richard Miller (New York: Noonday Press, 1975).
- _____. *The Rustle of Language*. (1984) trans. Richard Howard (Oxford: Basil Blackwell Ltd., 1986).
- Brunette, Peter, and David Wills. *Screen/Play: Derrida and Film Theory*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1989.
- Culler, Jonathan. *Deconstruction*. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1982.
- De Man, Paul. *Blindness and Insight: Essays in the Rhetoric of Contemporary Criticism*. London: Methuen, 1983.
- Derrida, Jacques. "Biodegradables: Seven Diary Fragments." *Critical Inquiry*, vol. 15, no. 4 (1989) pp. 812-873.
- _____. *Dissemination*. (1972) trans. Barbara Johnson (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981).
- _____. *Glas*. (1974) trans. John P. Leavey, Jr., and Richard Rand (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1986).
- _____. "Like the Sound of the Sea Deep within a Shell: Paul de Man's War." trans. Peggy Kamuf, *Critical Inquiry*, vol. 14, no. 3 (1988) pp. 590-652.
- _____. *Limited Inc.* (1977) Afterword (1988) trans. Samuel Weber (Evanston, Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 1988).
- _____. "Living On: Border Lines." trans. James Hulbert, In Bloom et al., *Deconstruction and Criticism*. (New York: Seabury, 1979) pp. 75-176.
- _____. *Margins of Philosophy*. (1972) trans. Alan Bass (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982).
- _____. *Of Grammatology*. (1967) trans. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976).
- _____. "Of Spirit." trans. Geoff Bennington and Rachel Bowlby, *Critical Inquiry*, vol. 15 no. 2 (1989) pp. 457-474.
- _____. "Passions: 'An oblique offering.'" trans. David Wood. In *Derrida: A Critical Reader*. ed. David Wood (Oxford: Blackwell, 1992) pp. 5-35.
- _____. *Positions*. (1972) trans. Alan Bass (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981).
- _____. *Spurs*. (1972) trans. Barbara Harlow, intro. Stefano Agosti, *Coup upon Coup* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1979).

- _____. "The Law of Genre." trans. Avitgal Ronnell, *Critical Inquiry*, vol. 7 no. 4 (1980) pp. 55-81.
- _____. *The Post Card*. (1980) trans. Alan Bass (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987).
- _____. *The Truth of Painting*. (1978) trans. Geoff Bennington and Ian McLeod (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1989).
- _____. *Writing and Difference*. (1967) trans. Alan Bass (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1978).
- Magliola, Robert. *Derrida on the Mend*. West Lafayette, Indiana: Purdue University Press, 1984.
- Miller, J. Hillis. "The Critic as Host." In Bloom et al., *Deconstruction and Criticism*. (New York: Seabury, 1979) pp. 217-253.
- Nancy, Jean-Luc. "Elliptical Sense." trans. Peter Connor. In *Derrida: A Critical Reader*. ed. David Wood (Oxford: Blackwell, 1992) pp. 36-51.
- Norris, Christopher. *Derrida*. London: William Collins Sons, 1987.
- _____. *The Deconstructive Turn: Essays in the Rhetoric of Philosophy*. London: Routledge, 1983.
- Rorty, Richard. "Is Derrida a Transcendental Philosopher?" In *Derrida: A Critical Reader*. ed. David Wood (Oxford: Blackwell, 1992) pp. 235-246.
- Taylor, Mark C. "Non-Negative Negative Atheology." *Diacritics*, vol. 20 no. 4 (1990) pp. 2-16.