Chapter 4

(Giving) Savings Accounts?

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Spur Lines

In the best book of all time, *Housekeeping* (1980) by Marilynne Robinson, no men make an appearance. The nameless, faceless patriarch is perhaps better identified as a modest and ultimately failed legacy-attempt. He goes to the bottom of the local lake in a train wreck by page three: a fading watermark. The rest of the story involves his wife, the jerry-rigged family home, a housewife, his sirings (three daughters), and their sirings in turn: two more daughters. In plant genetics this sort of arrangement is called a 'sterile line'. In the language of trains, a 'spur line': a branch from the main with uncertain direction, and temporary utility. One can easily imagine that the lives of ladies on such a spur line are lives primarily in the mode of salvage: '*To take (esp. by misappropriation) and make use of unemployed or unattended property.*'[1] In this case, to take (over) from the upstanding patriarch the work of *making a living*, and to make good use of what he *left them* until it runs out. That is: they can only try to save (themselves) until it is all spent. One can easily imagine that the remaining 216 pages would have a pitiful feel to them. They don't. But *that* we can so easily imagine the life left to these women as life-*less* is what I explore at the beginning of this chapter. We go by way of Foucault, on what is and is not, easy to imagine, and why.

Whether there is anything left to those lives, *after that imagining*, is what the end of the chapter asks. And how that connects with the perpetual incitation, the joy, that this book's reading seems to have provoked in me, each time anew.

Foucault Flips

One thing Foucault taught us is that sometimes what we think is true is not true. In fact, the exact opposite of what we think is true, is probably true. After Foucault we get the nauseating feeling that we ought to doubt that what we take to be the case *is really the case*. We ought to be on high alert. Not for some vague threat lurking in a barbaric corner but right before our eyes. Right under our noses. In a brilliant Cartesian inversion, Foucault suggests that whatever strikes us as *clear and distinct*, whatever seems *indubitable*, whatever it is we seem *not able to doubt*: that is the best place to look for falsehood and deception. In the *History of Sexuality: Vol. One* Foucault took a *nearly indubitable total fact* about 'Victorian England' – that was *the* most sexually repressive regime of all time, a fact subsequent archivists and gossips repeated as truth as they investigated and confirmed the depth and breadth of its extraordinary repressivity – and he turned this 'truth' on its head(s). He suggested that the very opposite *might*, in fact, be the case: that 'Victorian England' was perhaps the *best* example of a *total and perpetual sexualized fact* in the whole history of humankind. We can call these ' hypotheses folles': '*inversions*'.

A Nearly Indubitable Total Current Fact

Which present truths are so plain as to approach the banal? Which facts of the matter so pervasive and *common-sensical* that doubting them borders on lunacy, on the heretical?

A cluster of truths about virtue, justice, debt, saving (conservation), rates of expenditure, distribution and fairness. These include but are not exhausted by the following: (1) That we are, by nature, acquisitive *and* possessive individuals; (2) That responsible man, the good citizen, the very best and most desirable kind of person is one who *saves* rather than squanders, or more precisely, saves judiciously *and* spends well; (3) That justice is primarily a matter of distribution, and its main challenge thus the problem of *scarcity*; (4) That a proper ratio of savings to

spending, and a proper rate of saving (a 'just savings principle') to spending, is what *justice requires*; and is the means of progress;[2] (5) That it is simply right and good to save for future generations**.** Libertarians, Communitarians, Utilitarians, Deontologists and Virtue Ethicists all take these truths to be self-evident.[3] They disagree about the details. Their ubiquity and self-evident nature make these claims excellent candidates for Foucauldian inversion.

What *if*, in fact, the exact opposite were true about the virtues of saving for the future? What if, in fact, it was right and good to spend everything, now, and as quickly as possible? What *if*, in fact, the happiest and most noble man and country were *not* the ones which saved well, or shared well – opening heart and home, coffers and borders, overflowing honey – to the less fortunate, the weak and the poor? And since, '[i]n any age, only a limited number of things can be said and seen' (Bogue, 2004, p. 48), we wonder not only about the correctness or falseness of the 'standard facts' compared with their challengers, but also about the *means* by which an alternative hypothesis might even be said, and seen? What avenues of effective protest and contestation of *plain truths* are even open to us? What would it take for unsayable statements to be heard? What it would take to *make visible* the inverted and invisible truths of these *given ones*? What could constitute an effective method to breach the armour of *this* despotic signifying regime?

Foucault's 'Inversions' are Complex

The simple negation of a hypothesis – *if there were even such a thing* – would be a text filled with little-known but crucial facts denouncing the ubiquitous common-sense 'facts', and showing the dominant hypothesis to be untrue. In the case of 'Victorian England' that might be a saucy book with the sexy title: 'Victorian England was Not Repressive!' One possible mode of negation of a truth, then, is to forward a set of opposing facts, counter-evidence.

Yet, recall that the 'inversions' of Foucault were *not* simple negations, the mere down-stroke of a nay-saying historian!

Foucault's 'inversion', his *method* of contestation, was more complicated. He contested the *content* claim of a 'clear and distinct' truth by way of the *formal features* of the discourse in which that hypothesis functioned. Foucault's contestation of the fact, the *what*, of repressivity of 'Victorian England' (noncirculation; zones of silence; uptight, squashed-down*ness*) involved his demonstrating the remarkable high degree of proliferation, abundance and lavish expenditure that was 'Victorian' discourse. Foucault writes,

> The central issue, then . . . is *not* to determine whether one says yes or no to sex, whether one formulates permissions or prohibitions, whether one asserts its importance or denies its effects . . . but to account for the fact that it is spoken about . . . What is at issue, briefly, is the over-all 'discursive-fact' the way in which sex is 'put into discourse'. (Foucault, 1978, p. 11)

Foucault modelled how a *form* of discourse can *discredit* the content that discourse professes. Since '*a regime of signs constitutes a semiotic system*', and that '*there is always a form of content that is simultaneously inseparable from and independent of the form of expression*' (Deleuze and Guattari, 1987, p. 111), we can assume that further variations of discrediting strategies are possible: That the form could credit, and thus compound our faith in a claim. In *This is Not A Pipe* (1982) Foucault shows how the calligram, or the shape of a message, can point to and symbolize that very message; or alternately confuse and distract from it. We can also imagine that other formal features of a regime of signs – its positive and negative conceptual personae, its major qualities and rhythm-habits, its aftertaste & its affective registers – could be involved in the extension and accreditation, *or*, the countering and discrediting of any hypothesis.

In terms of the *plain truths about justice* identified above, their contestation or affirmation could involve any or all of the following: That the *language* we use to exert a claim to being, by nature, acquisitive and possessive individuals might itself be dispossessive and nonaccumulative: that while trying to keep the lines of transmission of a truth *true and proper* 'we participate',

to use a lovely phrase of Judith Butler's, 'in a certain wild future of [its] inheritance' (Butler, 2005, p. 32). That the man who espouses 'the good man saves judiciously and spends well' might himself, in the act of espousing, spend very badly, *taking* his sweet time to tell us about *giving*. That tome upon tome claiming *that* justice is primarily a matter of distribution belie *how* justice is as much matter of the sheer weight of words, of force pinning a possible asset or resource or tale, in one place. That all this talk about the problem of scarcity really means the problem is overproduction. And that the widely circulating dictum: 'it is right and good to save for future generations' is an insidious mode by which lavish spending happens now and saving is ever *postponed*. Justice discourse, like the discourse of pleasure, is a proliferative and spending modality. Bataille suspected that we create in order to expend, and that if we retain things we have produced it is only to allow ourselves to continue living, and thus destroying. What Foucault, Deleuze and Guattari add to Bataille's inverted insight are the many ways that signifying practices constitute the conditions for creation, continuity and destruction of *everyday truths*.

Cleaning House?

In this chapter, I originally set out to write about the novel *Housekeeping* and why it *was* a contestation of, or at least an impressive struggle with, those *plain everyday truths* about savings and spendings, especially about the roles of men and women in salvation pumps, worldly and other-worldly. *Housekeeping* seemed an exemplar of the aneconomic, or perhaps even the general or 'feminine economy'. I thought the main character, Sylvie, was perhaps a new figure for 'the nomad', albeit a feminine one, a female Bartleby with a kid to prefer not to mind. I wanted to give that lesson. I read *Housekeeping* as an allegory for a certain set of expectations incumbent upon persons if they are to count as persons, and to not end in nothing, as the central figure, Sylvie, seems to. Those expectations are offspring of the *plain everyday truths* I've been discussing here. The progressive

appropriateness of: indulgence in sentiment; of hoarding and shining; of *taking on* the work of working; of private ownership and passing on things in 'good condition'; of making children and passing them on, and things on to them, in good condition; of caring about status; of taking pleasure in appearance; the pleasure of heritability; the necessity of investment and the promise of redemption. In short: of saving and being saved.

Sylvie chooses to occupy her life otherwise: in silence (she is silent most of the time, there's no 'idle chatter'), in impulse (she eats cake when she wants and gives it to the children she 'mothers' for breakfast), in enjoying ruin (she goes regularly to a caved in house in the hills), even in cultivating a measure of ruination and disruption. She lacks an interest and aptitude in the required attribute of thrift,

> The parlor was full of newspapers and magazines. They were stacked neatly. Nevertheless they took up the end of the room where the fireplace had been. Then there were the cans stacked along the wall opposite the couch. Like the newspapers, they were stacked to the ceiling. Nevertheless, they took up considerable floor space . . . Sylvie kept them, I think, because she considered accumulation to be the essence of housekeeping, and because she considered the hoarding of worthless things to be proof of a particularly scrupulous thrift. (*Housekeeping*, p. 180)

Sylvie is what Kristeva calls, 'the woman-non-mother . . . the sister' (1969, 314). Spurning men, investment, repairs, having 'her own' children, the accumulation of *valuable things*, a concern for the future, not only does Sylvie *not* extend into the future in some form of herself to reap what she sows, she ends up without even a present, a *now*, to inhere in. In return for her choosings, Sylvie isn't 'allowed' to 'keep' the shelter of the family home she was born in, and is the only living heir to. Nor is she allowed to 'keep' the shelter of the love she cultivates, deliberately and with skill, in the child, Ruthie. By the end of this story, the 'family home' is ruined. The Despot, vanished. Son did not appear, dwell or return. The Mothers have all suicided

and abdicated. Daughters teetered in the absence of feminine dress-rehearsals, ruined.

We can too well imagine that such a story could not end happily.

For Sylvie, utterly failing to take up any of the available personae – Father, Mother, Son or Daughter – is levelled by the very form of judgement itself. Ruthie, the narrator, turns to ask us, the readers to

> Imagine the blank light of Judgment falling on you suddenly. It would be like that. For even things lost in a house abide . . . and *many household things are of purely sentimental value*, like the dim coil of thick hair, saved from my grandmother's girlhood, which was kept in a hatbox on top of the wardrobe, along with my mother's grey purse. In the equal light of disinterested scrutiny such things are not themselves. They are *transformed into pure object*, and are horrible, and must be burned. (209)

And here, now, when we think we've learned all possible lessons *Housekeeping* has to give us – when we are spent – we fall into the Rabbit Hole.

'A More Devious and Discreet Form of Power'

Saying that Foucault put us on high alert vastly understates the situation. For we haven't yet thought about the ways that authors and readers of texts (including me and you, and *Housekeeping*, and *A Thousand Plateaus*) are chief, if blind, participants in inversions. More damning: prime enjoyers of precisely *what* it denies, and by *virtue of that denial*.

For it is not enough to ask *how* sex is 'put into discourse'? Foucault showed us, in the first instance, that forms of proliferation contradict the hypothesis of repressivity. This required that we equate proliferation itself with 'sex', with pleasure. A more excruciating question is how sex (expenditure, proliferation) is *continuously* put into a discourse which manages to *continuously* disavow it? For Foucault showed us, in the second

instance, and using his own work as exemplar, that this 'proliferation' was not merely the dry pleasure of endless textual humping. There were *distinct extra* pleasures available to the archivist, to the writer and the readers of the repressive hypothesis, *by virtue of its proliferation under repression*: The pleasures of talking while claiming talking cannot happen, the pleasures of talking about what one cannot talk about, the pleasures of getting away with what one is denouncing, the pleasures of giving and taking what is not one's to give, the pleasures of making the absent present, the pleasures of perpetual incitement and energetic sustained intercourse with multiple, unidentifiable (albeit bookish) partners.

Foucault's sick genius was to solder *these* pleasures to their repression, a repression confirmed by reiterating, by confirming *as true* the content of the original hypothesis. About Victorian repressivity, Foucault wrote, 'What is interesting is not whether we are repressed or not, and in which ways, but that we keep saying over and over, in a million ways, and incessantly, *that we are*.' An impossibly complex mechanism carries and circulates the opposite of what it avows; is able to perpetually forward what it disavows, and these counter-truths proliferate to the extent that they are successfully hidden from purview. The complex structures and forces (the kinesis, the dynamis, the topologies) of regimes of signs means that, even in our so-called informed and critical postures (analysis, contestation, debate, conceptual clarification) we constitute something like the fabric and supply the force of what cannot be noticed, cannot be called into question. Thus Foucault's work commands that we backbend *any* of our common-sense hypotheses offered in or as texts, towards the *features of ourselves* which produce and extend the selective grounds of our inquiry in the first place: to question the very things we aren't capable of calling into question, and then to question *that*. In the case of the widely circulating truth of the 'Victorian repressive hypothesis', Foucault charges us, and himself, with participating in and enjoying excruciating forms of discredited pleasures. All that talk, all those PowerPoints about a lack of pleasure *enables* pleasure to

happen – a lot – but also, crucially, plasters over that pleasant *counterfact*.

Foucault has put us on extreme and *im*possible alert. For, we are not *merely* to imagine that the basic facts we take to be true are possibly false, nor simply that the *structures* of discourses can contradict or further the claims a discourse makes, but to *try to imagine, even try to deceive ourselves into imagining* that we are inextricably involved in the production and proliferation of *everyday truths* via forms and modes of production (imaginings and material) and proliferation which enable us to participate in and to enjoy *as true and good* the very things we denounce *as false and vile*.

Without our *knowledge*

To put this in terms that could apply to *any* 'discursive regime': The *what* of a particular plain truth is confirmed via a feature of the *how* of its truth-making, but that complex *how also* performatively contradicts the content of the *what* claim. Moreover, that contradiction itself enables, for some, a kind of invisibilized, *perpetual*, perpetuate-*ed* enjoyment of its very counter-truth, a hidden and silent and protracted enjoyment and pay-off.

To put this in terms of the despotic regime of saving-as-justice, we have to *try to ask* just exactly *how* 'justice as saving' is put into a discourse which manages to perpetually dispute that very claim? And, what is our complex involvement in the disputation and advancement those claims and their formal inversions? What do we get to suffer and enjoy? To paraphrase: *What is interesting is not whether we* ***are*** *not saving enough or not, and in which ways, but that we keep saying, over and over, in a million ways, and incessantly, that* ***we must***.

Suddenly these two discursive regimes – the regime of pleasure and the regime of saving/spending/justice – crossover onto one another. Not only is all discourse – even protestation – a kind of spending, wasting, delaying indulgence; but engaging in any discourse is a sure means of accreditation (even for instance, avowing the 'gift economy'). But also, the structural

'performance' – the proliferation and wild spending which *is discourse* – insofar as it contradicts the overt lessons about keeping the measure, about deferring spending, about being accountable, must itself be a kind of silent hydraulics and gradients, *indeed a structure of perpetual* dissimulating deferral which extracts and pays, handsomely. Especially judgement.

Deleuze and Guattari assessed the intolerable wrack of the 'doctrine of judgment' which lies at the heart of the very burden that saving and spending well promise to mitigate and throw off. The origin of debt, perpetual origin, requires a debt: that it is infinite and thus unpayable. The infinite and endless debt requires an infinite and endlessly indebted debtor – hence the necessity of the doctrine of the soul's immortality. ' "The debtor must survive if his debt is to be infinite." The debtor's debt can never be discharged and in this sense judgment, as final judgment (or Last Judgment) is perpetually deferred. Judging, then, as an endless and forever uncompleted process, is directly related to deferral: "it is the act of deferring, of carrying to infinity, that makes judgment possible". . . . Deferral is the act . . . [which] takes place within an order of time, an infinite straight line of moments extending toward a perpetually receding end point. Judgment, then, does not create but instead presupposes this relation between existence and infinity and this order of time: "to *anyone* who stands in this relation is given the power to judge *and* be judged" ' (Bogue, p. 157–8; emphasis added).

What Bogue and Deleuze are suggesting here is that what we 'get', what we recuperate without fail, from advocating or protesting that set of *basic beliefs* about justice – as I was attempting when I enumerated the lessons Sylvie gives us – is a self *itself and its time*. Both advocating and protesting require and mobilize the despotic resonating operation of judgement. *That* relation, just like the pleasure Foucault showed is the form of relationality itself, can *not* be contradicted, nor discredited, nor resisted. Nor can we be freed from it: not by any negating content claim and not by any formal claim, since no form of formal claims can ever do anything but *extend* a discourse and *keep* its shape. Sylvie did not stand in this relation, and hence was a being with only the power to be judged.

On the Passional Regime, and Not Being Able to Confirm It

Clearly, I have hamstrung myself. Whatever I might still want to say about how Sylvie, and becoming-woman (and hence I) might manage to escape, to flee, the dual clutches of salvation and judgement, to break into the passional, post-signifying regime, will, without fail involve a measure, a whiff, of that very judgement and salvation. That might be the way all stories end.

But can we not even imagine we *might try* to find fault – *that this rupture can be in complicity with the law, or, rather that it can constitute a point of departure for even deeper changes*? (Kristeva, 1974, p. 494). Where, if anywhere, in such a totalizing signifying field as this are there genuine escape holes and not just nausea-inducing return-hatches?[4] How could we engage in healthy, untimely disavowals, dispossessions and deterritorializations without thereby opening a lucrative Swiss bank account in the unconscious, in the academia, or in the press? What conceptual personae, if any, might we adopt or laud as revolutionary who will not merely turn out to be members of the Righteous Family von Trappe, even if an unpopular one? What kinds of critical, signifying practices – shapes, after tastes, affective registers – in the very question of saving and spending will 'not to help us get our bearings or to find ourselves, but to lose our bearings and our "selves", to *get lost*' (Baugh, 2006, p. 224)? To lose track. To not count. To not offer (us) something to count on.

Yet, something still palpably live-able. Each time anew. A description of Sylvie?

Sylvie as Non-Relation: **Dis-lodged**?

There are ur-features of the life that is Sylvie which sketch affirmation without recuperation, motion without coming and going, living without having saved up for it, viability without form. Sylvie thrives without plan. The relations that she inhabits, without compulsion (hence violence), without creating (hence owning or sharing), and without destroying (hence guilt) are

what we could call, for the time being, '*non-relationing*'. Here are two sketches of these:

a. Other thrivings thrive

Early in the book a sick worry comes upon the abandoned young sisters (Ruthie and Lucille) after an incident in which the limited resources of the elder aunt-made-surrogate-parents become painfully obvious: The girls, playing on the newly flooded and frozen lake way after darkness falls get home 'lethally chilled', and the non-mobile aunts are in a fright which could 'not really be mollified'. '*Granting that this and even subsequent winters might spare us, there were still the perils of adolescence, of marriage, of childbirth, all formidable in themselves, but how many times compounded by our strange history?*' (36). Yet, the girl children *do* grow into young women, and not exactly fail to thrive, but fail to thrive in a very particular fashion: as would-be wifely types. Their final surrogate mother *and* father, Sylvie, propped up at the elbows by local church women bent on her salvation, fails also to thrive in the same fashion *as motherly or fatherly type*. Sylvie knows that she ought to make progress on the house, on her own female appearance, on her prospects, and above all, on the prospects of her 'children' and their lives (present and future), but she has neither the proper habits (she prefers to eat in the quiet in the dark, she wears her shoes to bed), nor the fully functional inclination, nor the means to muster an appropriate level of accumulation (of things of use, of learning, or discipline or of godliness) required to be a socially viable candidate for the position of mother or father, and then grandmother, and on in hallowed memory. It is not that she is reticent and needs encouragement, nor correct to say that she is ignorant and needs tutoring. She is very intelligent, and curious, and joyful, and adept: just not at the 'right' times and in the 'right' ways. It is that she has not developed the proper set of inclinations, nor does she want to anymore, if she ever did. The girls skip school to play on the lake and follow paths into the woods. At first Sylvie simply doesn't know. When she first finds out, she tries to argue them to a return to normal, and writes notes to the teacher, trying

to come up with explanations. Ultimately she herself takes the girls out during the day to her own secret hiding places in the woods. The girls *are* able to resettle themselves around this other queer life she fashions: one girl (Ruth) is content, dare I say happy. Lucille slides away towards a less queer life with normal girls from the drugstore and another surrogate mom, the Music teacher, who teaches her to do her hair and sew a dress.

b. Life but no 'journey'

Sylvie's initial journey outward *from* her girlhood and her girlhood home can in no way be described as a quest*full* odyssey towards wisdom or meaningful gain. Early in the novel she is described as putting on her mother's gloves one day on *the spur of the moment* and heading out to visit her older sister in Seattle. Perhaps she arrived there, perhaps she did not. The two old aunts wishing to summon Sylvie to replace them in the role of guardian write to the address on the single, pleasant note she had ever sent home. Sylvie ducks back into the novel, abruptly, in a plain beige overcoat, and with nothing in her pockets but her reddened hands. She is met at the door by the fact that, '*grandmother's will did not mention Sylvie. Her provisions for us did not include her in any way*' (41). Her return is in no way a prodigal moment, an arc-y telos. She does not personify 'Spirit discover[ing] that the truth it sought outside itself is in fact its entire historical development, comprehended systematically as a series of conceptually related stages that both negate and complement each other . . . accomplish[ing] a "return to itself". . . . Spirit's odyssey toward truth is in truth a homecoming, a reconciliation with itself.' (Baugh, 2003, p. 2) Sylvie could not be said to *return* to her girlhood home, to her family, to her *home*town anymore than she could have been said to have fled it. She did not go, with rocks in her pockets, like wilful Woolf, making sadness drown out life's efforts. Sylvie is simply in motion, almost untrackable. *Spur.*

Sylvie and the last girl, the last of the family line, just leave in the night. First they set fire to the house. Or was it an accident, the quasi-cause of the lit match causing 'effects ever beyond intentions'? (Levinas, 1998, p. 3). They walk all the way across

a dangerous rail bridge over the lake, and jump freight in the morning, with nothing salvaged, nothing in their pockets.

In the end *nothing comes of it all*. *Housekeeping* is, or has, an ending without an ending.

When the Homing Instinct Fails: 'Higher than all Reconciliation'?

In *Housekeeping*, the family home, the family, and the entire contents of their lives rotate away from one set of relations ('proprietary, property, proper') towards something else entirely, some other form of life, the significance of which the novel, and this chapter are an effort to gesture towards. It is a form of life, not without meaning, or affect. Sylvie is the pivot for an asymptotic flight from 'proprietary, property, proper' and from the futurality that such forms of belonging entail. This pivoting involves an unarticulable set of moves and relations, and yet the character or expression of that difference is distinctly feminine and joyous.

What is profound about *Housekeeping* is two-fold. First, it bears witness to the possibility that there are alternatives to the dominant pattern and habits called 'human life' of which the *self evident truths about justice* I listed form the spine. We hear that 'the years between her husband's death and her eldest daughter's leaving home were, in fact, years of almost perfect serenity. My grandfather had sometimes spoken of disappointment. With him gone they were cut free from the troublesome possibility of success, recognition, advancement. They had no reason to look forward, nothing to regret' (13). Second, it does not set up as alternative a nihilistic rant or suicidal cave-in. It is 'something else entirely', revealed to us about, but not in, our own lives, at moments when the common-sense that props us up is under immense strain. As when Henry Perowne, protagonist of Ian McEwan's *Saturday* is sorting his mother's things.

> As the shelves and drawers emptied, and the boxes and bags filled, he saw that no one owned anything, really. It's all rented, or borrowed. (1995, p. 274)

The life glimpsed and gestured in *Housekeeping* is not unhappy, not unjust, not unloving, not empty of beauty, not senseless, nor does it lack logic. It lacks a *particular kind* of logic. What's more: *that* we *can* be moved by it; *that* we can *imagine it*, that we can borrow that thought without debt – suggests that the so-called unthinkable alternative to what is, is not so much a lesson as what we should try to not lose sight of. Without counting on it.

Notes

[1] Oxford English Dictionary.

[2] Rawls imagines a 'last stage of society in which justice is achieved and indefinitely maintained, the goal for the sake of which saving was required' (Paden, 1997, p. 4).

[3] Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims, Christians too, hold a closely related set of 'truths', though not expressed in secular terms: debt to a creator, saving oneself, salvation in an afterlife, bad karma, heaven, filial piety, acquiring sin and discharging it in confessional modes, reaping what one sows. Just like the set of premises found in the 'secular political' these rely on a cluster of concepts based in the 'closed economic': measure, distribution, exchange, commerce, trafficking.

[4] Nausea-traps such as one discovers, crawling on all fours, in Gregor Schneider's 2001 Venice Biennale Ur-house installation (http://www.designboom.com/snapshots/venezia/germany.html).

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