

## SPECTERS ANIMATE THE CORNERS OF THE EARTH; BODIES AWAIT, WITHDRAWN, THE MANIFEST TIME

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The name, a ghost. Addenda haunt the author of *Memory assemblages*—the addenda of the world, the addenda of memory, the addenda of a name, his own. I will engage in dialogue with the author of the work through a subtraction permitted from the name in the chiasmus of a friendship: I will address the author as Lan. I will call him this through an affection and from a set of thoughts exchanged, retained, recovered, lost between us; fragments planted like roots in the soil of time without anything unearthing their unity.

I want to take on, with Lan, through this dense book, an attention to what emerges from an *ultrametaphysical* reading in contemporary thought (a term coined by Catherine Malabou and a term offered to a path of overcoming and retaking metaphysics, in her book *La plasticité au soir de l'écriture*). I also want to share with Lan a realist conception of otherness, perhaps, in this case, close to that of Lucretius in his *De rerum natura*, I, in which "nature generates things with unseen bodies so that nothing appears that prevents each thing, of solid simplicity, from being in its own way." But, beyond this, and this is the point chosen for this writing, I want to call attention to a deviation that the work led me to suppose was absent, although this absence is due to the advent of an excess. As I will try to make clear, I will do this sometimes from an ultra-empiricist realism like Levinas's, sometimes at the interface of a new materialism like Malabou's, sometimes by forcing *deconstruction* (Derrida) to its indeconstructible features, towards the speculative recovery of a given *subjectivity*.

From *Memory assemblages*, I will address the trait of para-ontological intelligibility that has sustained its *cosmopolitical* scope according to the specificity of the *spectrum*, whether in the structure of its own thought – in the “narrow thread

of its purpose” – or from the “moving background” of its theoretical influences (Levinas, Derrida, Whitehead, Severino, Deleuze, Malabou, Meillassoux, Althusser, Ferreira da Silva, Bataille, Ludueña, to name only those that also dialogue with my reading of the work and) that unfold *within it* without committing, ultimately, to any structures or contents.

Following the speculative message that the reality of the world escapes any observer, *Memory Assemblages* asserts that memory transits between a past it retains and what must be recovered in the future through its intermediary; and that, in this process, additions of memory sustain the anachronism of an absolute, *omnipresent exteriority*, eminently aggravated by *posteriority*. These additions will cost, in my view, I repeat, an absence amidst the addition of an excess.

It is an absence that I had already felt in the many speculative perspectives since *Indexicalism* and I find echoes of in this time, but which bothers me and returns, amidst the mnemonic claim of an overdetermined world of additions, to haunt, it seems to me, forgotten subjectivities, unrecovered or inflated by machinic elements or impersonal collectives (perhaps haunted by Heideggerian thought, maybe...). As Levinas says in "Questions and Answers" about *Of God Who Comes to Mind* (something like): only a *circumvented self* — *vulnerable* is his term—and that answers for its own person, can actually and legally answer to the other and for the other. And that is why it seems to me appropriate to require a subjectivity in memory. A memory that is impersonal, according to *Memory assemblages*. If this is a para-ontological choice, sometimes speculative, sometimes *hauntological* (Derrida), it seems to me that an ontology is remade amid notions-in-erasure. I emphasize that, if the absence of *interiority* (this is precisely the absence I have come to demand from the book) erases irrevocable contours; these, always mutable and always under some social appeal, depend on the tracing of a *psyche*. It is worth noting that the idea of contour that I sometimes confer on interiority and sometimes on subjectivity (as in Malabou) cannot be achieved without a notion of the 'social' or the 'collective'— a notion that I feel, not in absence, but in lesser importance compared to other concerns I find in *Memory Assemblages*; leaving my reading with the impression of a mnemonic composition whose elements are too much at the mercy of their displacements.

## THE INHABITED MULTITUDE

In a text on the crowd—the first chapter of a book of articles for a Chilean edition—Catherine Malabou summons Baudelaire in her poem "Les foules" to treat *democracy as the aristocratic secret of the masses*, and she does so in an unprecedented, forced conversation between Derrida and Elias Canetti (*Mass and Power*). The beginning of the poem, which provokes Malabou, between the interiority of secrecy and the close encounter in the streets, or the Great Outdoors leaning on a form of politics, reads: "It is not given to everyone to take a shower in the crowd (...)." Malabou reads it as something like to intimate oneself, exposing oneself, to take an intimate bath from a distance.

What interests me here about this "forced conversation" that Malabou initiates between Canetti and Derrida, and inspired by Baudelaire's verses, is precisely a notion of collectivity outlined by what Canetti calls the play of masks. It refers to a game played through the loss of a fear – the fear of touching another's body –, a fear of which the individual *psyche* (the one Freud theorizes in *Mass Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*) has no idea; therefore, it is a fear faced through a game that is released by two means: a revealed transvestism, that is, without the possibility of representation, and a secret nomadism, or that which would be as least assignable as possible to a cultural unity or identity. Losing the fear of bodily contact is exposing oneself as an exteriority in multiple versions while simultaneously guarding one's inner self. Subjectivity is, therefore, a good way to touch the multitude from a distance while contaminating it and being contaminated by it, and this, through a material and multiple, secret, and metabolic body. I emphasize that this network of meanings directed toward subjectivity spreads throughout a political body, but not one subject to the indirect contact of a transcendental, nor one exclusively targeted by a contract. Instead, I recall Derrida's equivocal response to Kant in *On Hospitality*—a response, it's worth remembering, to Kant's "On a Supposed Right to Lie for the Love of Humanity". Derrida breaks the *aporiai* that sustain the status of law there and presents Kant with his profound misunderstanding (almost like the loss of existence to death, in the original Amerindian mythology): wanting to establish the foundations of pure morality while safeguarding its universality, Kant introduces the police everywhere, threatening the very space of law's assent. According to Derrida, the moral being thus dies to the law's consent, through a

misunderstanding of the collective, on the one hand, and of the space of interiority, on the other.

Perhaps I can say that the line of discussion provoked here with Lan attempts a perspectival difference between inside and outside—that is, between, on the one hand, *something that is being retained and later (messianic) recovered* from an absolute exteriority and, on the other hand, a change of core without abandoning the core—that is, a subjectivity that does not pass through *an underlying presence*<sup>1</sup> but through an interiority profoundly affected from the outside. What I claim for this second side of the discussion is something like the status of the memory of the world according to a certain image of the dwelling. A dwelling that resists being read as an eventual recurrence or as a spectral return to itself, as it were, of the dwelling to itself. Dwelling is the term I adopt for now, more Levinasian than Heideggerian, since it is the only one that gives me the conditions for receiving the other and for minimal defense of their distinction from me.

Levinas needs this dwelling, or what he calls the *psyche*. Lan himself drew my attention to this important section of *Totalité et Infini*. Levinas is absolutely precise about the *psyche*, which points to two reasons for this necessary mention of the *psyche* as a dwelling:

1. As a positioned ego, consummated by enjoyment and given to the suffering of the world, I am the "place" of violence; the only one capable of practicing and stopping violence. With this,
2. Levinas also wants to ascertain the boundaries between the *psyche* and totality; the *psyche* is precisely that which can resist totality and that which resists the categories of the being of presence.

The Levinasian scenario goes something like this: there is a way to exist without appearing; and this is what Levinas whispered, as if in a sleepless night, existence—which he understands as anonymous in Heidegger's fundamental ontology; existing without appearing is, according to Levinas, precisely where the Other does not appear. The first appearing would come from an unfathomable, profound depth of the Outside in which *the human* fructified without retaining and without recovering. It is an elemental means (*Totalité et Infini* – 2B) (something about it reminds me of Lucretius, whom I mentioned at the beginning of this text,

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<sup>1</sup> See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 72.

and part four of the poem "Cão sem plumas" ["Dog Without Feathers"] by João Cabral de Melo Neto<sup>2</sup>), a medium whose visibility occurs far from forms and representations; and yet, the happiness of the enjoyment that the elemental medium provides or the breath of the caress that the dwelling inaugurates, then sustained by the distance with the elemental medium, is, therefore, the chance for a non-anonymous *psyche* to exist. Therefore, the *psyche* is hostage to what the structure sustains: exteriority as it appears in Levinas (the elemental medium, the dwelling, the infinite, and the trace of the other); the margins, the spacings, and the many deviations in the arena of language, as in Derrida; the indexicals and the additions and arrangements of memory, as in Bensusan. And thus, says Levinas, *the concept of the self always recovers me*.<sup>3</sup>

However, it is only a being in relation, and therefore separate, that is capable of ethically desiring the other. In contrast to Levinas, Malabou will read the possibility of the being separated and ethically positioned as a political body at the exit, never as a mnemonic entrance, of the dimension of transcendence. A transcendence that, since Nietzsche and Spinoza, arriving precisely in Malabou, disturbs a certain contemporaneity. However, in Levinas, transcendence is ethics within a finitude that does not give rise to the infinite by opposition, but in which I and the other do not share the same plane; we are asymmetrical although not anachronistic, we are separate although under the same "law" of time. I am not his equal, (says Levinas, but) I am always subject to him.<sup>4</sup> If we share something, in the ethical relationship, it is not memory, but the eschatological time of the response that comes and will come from a demand and through an unpredictable movement. It seems to me absolutely necessary to maintain this ambiguity between Levinas's ethical leap and Malabou's material immanence so that the plot of interiority encounters both the plunge into the elemental and the helplessness or deposition of the self by metaphysical ethical desire. End of Levinas's act.

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2 (...) Espesso como uma maçã é espessa. / Como uma maçã / é muito mais espessa / se um homem a come / do que se um homem a vê. / Como é ainda mais espessa / se a fome a come. / Como é ainda muito mais espessa / se não a pode comer / a fome que a vê. (...)

3 See Levinas, *De Deus que vem à Ideia*, p. 121.

4 See Levinas, *De Deus que vem à Ideia*, p. 120.

The existing is an instance that can be circumvented by the clamor that comes from outside, urged upon it, but which organizes its surroundings, recognizes them, and, above all, defends itself in the light of the violent arena of language while responding to the other; and, yes, responds to a messianism that uses a retained and immemorial past of this Other as first to me, while being recovered in future ontological arrangements. Interiority, however, is not a home to which one eventually returns in a spectral mode,<sup>5</sup> but one that opens itself to the arrival of another; perhaps not the Other (with a capital O, which Derrida identified as the Abrahamic God in *Donner la mort*), but a concrete other, whose arrival, violent or ethical, in the arena in which these two things debate, sometimes negotiates their limits: *psyche* and exteriority.

Note that I will undertake not only a grammar, but also the Levinasian and, at times, Derridean legacy of the term messianic, as well as the notions of form and perspective, respectively, of subjectivity in Malabou and of Amerindian thought brought to us by Viveiros de Castro, to read, here, an absence that almost haunts, since it is deprived, in this *almost*, of the *haunt* of a specter. Specters and their hauntings erase, in my view, a given formal, material, albeit anachronistic, "contour" that would resist absolute presence by responding plastically to memory and ethically to the form of memory, while denouncing the liquidity of the masses' body-to-body and their anonymous forms, since they are contoured by the singularity of an animated, responsive body.

#### THE EXPANDED HOME

I read the term *form* in Catherine Malabou's recovery of the Hegelian term *plasticity*; and the scope she brings it to in her reading of *Destruction* as well as in the recent legacy of the concept's *deconstruction*. Form is, therefore, always plastic. Identifiable by a contour—which I read as *subjectivity*—its plasticity assumes infinite transformations that 'giving form,' 'receiving form,' and 'destroying form' entail, precisely according to a long process of destruction and recapture of what we take as the form of presence or by a 'metaphysics of presence.' I recall, however, what the assumption of *Memory assemblages* provokes along with its

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<sup>5</sup> See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 89.

cherished occasion, namely, that the spectral turn toward *a strange form of realism*<sup>6</sup> and an ultrametaphysical reading have themselves already dissected Spectre along with the presuppositions of metaphysics.<sup>7</sup> The absence with which I read the work is the resolute, non-spectral absence of "interiority." The semantic proximity with which I write "interiority" and "subjectivity" is not fortuitous; however, I avoid the phenomenological discussion of the notion of consciousness. An interiority precisely denounces the absence of what I understand as a contour that delimits it in the face of ethical exposure by a non-haunting, slightly porous, plastic "line" perhaps, not spectral at all, and through which I read *Memory Assemblages*.

With Malabou, this interiority emerges from the plasticity of psychic-political life or from the multiple *forms* of subjectivity that not only animate but, it seems to me, assume the ontologically oriented gesture of the advocated additions, even though they present themselves as an expanded para-ontology in their ultrametaphysical freshness. I also understand this interiority with Viveiros de Castro regarding Amerindian thought through a perspectivism of a single culture with multiple natures; which is not animism, but an enlarged "dwelling" that makes the shaman the political interpreter of forms (species) and the xapiri (specters) the psychic conductor of addictions. What seems to me is that the excessive entry of exteriority is or should be invited, or even intrusively cohabited by the archival and plastic dwelling of an interiority.

"Thought" is the term Lan frequently uses, and nothing leads me to believe it is localized, either in exteriority or in situations, since it is thought identical to itself. Nor do I find it convincing to read, from this perspective, Heidegger's *Destruktion* as a moment of thought's overflow toward a cosmopolitics ("my" Heidegger remains more Levinasian than that, according to Malabou and Lan's reading of him. But that's another story). "Thought" is Heideggerian here because of its turn—it is not, with respect to the flow of the world, at hand; and everything indicates an exhaustion of the metaphysical impulse to make the world *at hand*. *At hand*, we know, is the complex, encompassing metaphor that Heidegger bestows upon the exploratory work of thought. Of course, if it doesn't

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6 See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 59.

7 See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 9.

collide with the less complex forms of otherness; if Heideggerian thought-in-the-abyss could imply the asymmetrical form between existents as much as the transitivity between thought and being. In this sense, I also go against Ludueña's grain, in that he postulates the non-correlation of thought with form, with any form.

Instead, I borrow from Amerindian thought, as addressed by Viveiros de Castro, the idea that there is subjectivity everywhere and specters lurking; that thought, broadly speaking, is entirely existent—human and nonhuman—since it organizes a multi-species form as the subjective substrate of what *is*—every existent is understood as that which actualizes a consciousness, a volition, intentions, agency and agreements, perspective and interiority. Furthermore, that which has no form and, therefore, does not transform, parasitizes the form of memory from the corners of the world. (I hope to conjure in time an identity between form and interiority.) Memory is also a correlate of an interiority, even if it is the memory of the forest, as Davi Kopenawa tells us in *The Fall of the Sky*.<sup>8</sup> Even though Lan makes the reservation, which seems fragile to me, that subjectivity comes from memory and not the other way around, the protagonism of memory in relation to subjectivity brings, in my view, the Hegelian vestige of the concept. As if it were not up to the panmnemonic anachronism to ask ‘who recovers the trace?’, ‘who tells and retells the trail, concomitant with what is supposedly recovered?’, ‘who is left to retain and add?’, ‘from what/whom does a montage fall back on a mnemonic harvest?’, ‘who is responsible for the recovery and appeals to justice?’ or ‘what/who engages in the enjoyment of memory in the Heideggerian becoming of being?’. Even if the thesis prevails that memory is its reference to the past before any cognitive effort to access it (C. B. Martin and Max Deutscher *apud* Bensusan<sup>9</sup>) strips the world of interiority and populates it with specters, it would be as if the iteration of traces did not glimpse the plasticity of forms, but rather, saw nebulously what changes from *the incision of the other in the world*, as if the agencies of memory composed a drifting *mise-en-abîme* that freed them from any archiving or even if, by operating them, they came to constitute an archive without an address, an unaddressed letter from an uncertain sender,

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<sup>8</sup> See Kopenawa and Albert, *A Queda do Céu*.

<sup>9</sup> See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 67.

or a rhizome without differentiation, a difference lodged in the cavity of a thought, to use an image from Malabou, or even as an incessant flow of events watched without the sleep of rest – the sleep that would make the position rest and dreamlike refuge; as if a network of connections lacked the point of enough that would witness the reality of a link, of an appeal, releasing, instead, a neutral gaze, devoid of the constrained gesture that would impose a rethinking of *my selfishness*, interrupt *my fable*, or even *my turn among others* or *my responsibility* upon which the connections were based.

### MEDIANERA

The body is an interiority, and this should be made understandable from what has been said thus far and what follows. If I follow Levinas, the body is *indigent* in its exposure to violence and the limits of violence—a body given over to the metaphysics of the face. When wounded or surpassed (passed over), it is an interiority that implies, and passively receives, and reacts to violence. If I follow Denise Ferreira da Silva, we have a body that claims and claims to be a wounded, *captive body in a dark light*, always dystopian and therefore at all times and in all spaces, signals *the worst violence* (Derrida). If I follow Viveiros de Castro, according to Amerindian thought, I have, for example, death as a public subject and event when, then, the body exposes itself as interiority: one dies in public, surrounded by people who are present to “see one’s soul”, hear one’s last words, confer the almost non-human becoming of the human; not being, however, a tribute that takes place there, but rather a settling of accounts, we can say, “internal”: those who die betray, disinherit, pass to the other side—that is, they undo the identity of the body with the *psyche*, becoming specters. These are always enemies, extremes in their difference from the living and those who desire the ancient unity. (I recall that, still according to a general Amerindian mythology, the difference between the living and the dead is much greater than the difference between animal and human species.) Therefore, the dead (specters) are enemies, and longing is a disease. Specters are, for a savage panmnemism, external resources for capturing subjectivity—that is, capturing the living body, society, coexistence, but also the condition of response and minimal defense. Therefore, death is both the loss of the body and the condition of interiority.

If the body is an interiority, this interiority appears, without revealing itself, in the body of the other. I want to reclaim here, in a kind of detour-that-returns to Levinas and, in a way, also to Derrida: the interiority of the other; that is, I want to try to recover, with *and* against Levinas, the interiority of the infinite. Perhaps, a psychoanalysis, through the Unconscious, beckons to this psychic archive affected by addendums that find a different ending to the same story. And Lan activates it, the Unconscious, as an archive on which all passion depends, but *which can only operate in a spectral manner. No truth about it emerges without the contribution of the past held in reserve. It returns as a specter—the truth, or the part of it that escapes explanation, is itself spectral, asserts Derrida.*<sup>10</sup> This refers to an Unconscious that is dissymmetrical with respect to the other and ready to respond either through a constant movement of self-elucidation or through hospitality; and, of course, it is an interiority constituted by two great foundational Outsides: the world (elemental medium) and the arena of language. Made of a chain of signifiers given to the foundational work of articulations (or dissemination, as Derrida calls them) in which they are entangled, the *psyche* does not bifurcate exclusively between the unconscious and the intentional act, but it forms and deforms an identity.

Is everything that does not present itself and disturbs identity spectral? I further question whether the Great Outside and its memory addendums are the sole condition of identities and spectralities; whether the assembly of the set of memories thus formed is something automaton-like or entropic, or whether it would perhaps become necessary to return to a fixed point, namely, the face (and the body) as the subjective form of a psychic content. As Lan rightly says about Malabou, *the plasticity of form is omnipresent.*<sup>11</sup> It is because violence is felt anachronistically that the order of the body occurs and resists form. It is because the violence inflicted on the body is dystopian and antinomic that one sees one evading the jurisdiction of property, autonomy, and servitude, to "enter the forest" as the native does when he escapes the social order.

The specter is also this evasion that animates a memory without interiority, that serves as a *psyche* for a body in evasion. It is an informing, sometimes seductive, haunting that summons the task of inheritance (Derrida) rather than

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<sup>10</sup> See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 42.

<sup>11</sup> See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 135.

interruption. There is, therefore, no inscription of a trauma in the specter, even though *it belongs to the syntax of traces*,<sup>12</sup> or, as in Levinas, the shock of a *traumatism* that always comes from a heteronomous order. The anticipated wound in retention, like repression, does not belong to the specter, since *it disrupts identity by defying recognition* (*idem.*); nor does a specter participate in recovery as the formation of a reality or a libidinal economy, since *it resists commands*. Metamorphoses are not the specter's lot, just as, I suppose, an "archived illness" would be the specter's. Trauma exposes the interiority of others.

#### DIACHRONY AT THE HEART OF TRAUMA

Sometimes, placing something in the unconscious is not a gesture of trust, but of trauma or secrecy. The former, if it is capable of any transformation, is when it explodes the *form* or when *it* deforms the gestures by seeing them as repressed (when it confers the given form) or under repression (receiving the form, so to speak, in a plastic ultrametaphysics). *Memory nullifies all faculties*;<sup>13</sup> it is a space that is constructed by recovering, in the future, what is retained. Trauma, repression, and repression come after the past and deal with it not as an inheritance—which is left unguarded and demands protection—but as a deformation. Trauma wounds from the outside and haunts with unreality, presupposing that the real is not permanent, like the specter. On the contrary, trauma forms another, ever-new subjectivity with each "opening" of the psychic archive. And it is not a matter of formation from an addiction that trauma opens the *psyche*, but rather more in the manner of a division, a disjunction as Ludueña wants, or of a fold in the masks of transformation, rather than of another beginning.

To recover what is retained by the reality of trauma is to divide ontology and, likely, to liquidate the future, inheriting nothing but a split. More than the inability of "what is retained to maintain itself," with which spectral realism endows the specter, if we consider the inscription of trauma, it does not disappear and returns through cognitive associations or after an effort of conjuration that dissipates as soon as new additions appear. Even if something remains hidden, the future of the traumatized is threatened by what never ceases to dissociate.

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<sup>12</sup> See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 109.

<sup>13</sup> See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 44.

This is why the trauma read by Levinas, the one that makes *me* hostage to the Other, this Other in turn undeniable in its appearance on the ethical scene, requires an atheistic (*separated*) *psyche*, that is, a dwelling and a fruition that serve as its content, or, otherwise, the trauma would dislodge the *psyche*, as is said of the sentence of madness, which is 'being trapped outside one's own home.' Trauma, in this sense, requires forgetting. Forgetting will be, here, the successful complement to trauma.

In trauma, the arrival of the other is not expected, or not in the expected form; and the other is also unrecognizable, its arrival is much less anticipated by an open mouth (a Derridean image cited by Lan, from *Spectres de Marx*<sup>14</sup>, (...) *a desertic messianism, with no content and no identifiable messiah, is characterized as an awe facing immensity, as an open mouth waiting and anticipating the coming of the Other*) that remains open before an impossible empirical experience. According to Malabou, trauma, or, as she puts it, the effect of a destructive plasticity, destitutes the past in counterattack with the accident, depriving, with it, the possibility both of a return—of a recovery 'as such'—and of an empirical recognition of interiority as visited.

In the film *White God* (Hungary, 2014), the music played by the girl before a pack sick with interiority recovers, on some level (probably as an addendum), the emotional past that shaped Hagen the dog, but which becomes irrelevant as the addendums accumulate, as the past of a first beginning. The film tells the story of the girl Lili who, with her mother's departure, finds herself forced to live with her father, with whom she has little affinity. Lili is forced to give up the company of her friend, Hagen the dog, who is not accepted by society because he is of a mixed breed. Abandoned on the streets, Hagen struggles to survive alone on the fringes of this oppressive society while Lili tries to rescue him and protect him from the aggressors. In vain. Hagen suffers multiple forms of violence, leading him to organize a pack to hunt down human oppressors. The pack, organized by violence, begins to attack any human on the streets, forcing the population to abandon public life, rendering it a deserted and dystopian place. The encounter between Lili and Hagen, then the pack leader, unfolds in three acts at the film's final moment, in the city's emptiness: oblivion as the only possible escape from

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<sup>14</sup> See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 61.

the trauma, the violence reproduced by the imminent blind retaliation, and the music the girl played on her trumpet (*Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*, by Franz Liszt) as a reminder of memory.

What would be present in this recurrence to music is, initially, a blocked retention and, ultimately, a diverted recovery. Recovery is impossible for the event in flux through a new addendum that would attempt the retained form. (*Addendums hold the key to what matters in an archive*<sup>15</sup>). Assuming that *nothing saves any characteristic of a set of memories from addition*, the demand of the other in the face-to-face encounter, in this case, of the dog with the girl, requires an anachronistic responsibility, a response arising from a past more distant than the near past, and which recovers not a recurrence but an interiority, then destroyed although updated by the trauma. If the pack state preserves the widespread and violence with no memory in the streets, music initiates a new form of relationship. Interiority is here, therefore, decisive to the demand and to the responses put at the service of an addendum.

In an Althusserian reading, it is possible to believe that the music serves as an addendum to the randomness of the pack, but also to an interiority recovered at the same time as it is destroyed (for both Lili and Hagen); a music that occurs as *an exterior that affects everything else without being integrated into it*<sup>16</sup> but which comes to inform that, although there is no completeness in what occurs, and never will be, something has produced an effect of encounter (Althusser) and an indeterminate effect of presence: the interiority of the dogs in the pack. "Something" like a trauma that exteriority does not carry but discharges in a kind of *general economy* (Bataille) and, as if it were to suppose a specific mark of interiority, produces a restriction as an effect of presence, without any principle intervening in disguise. The music sounds like an *Unheimlichkeit*, an asymmetry of two times whose incongruity makes a previous and retained "something" resonate.

The dogs, including Hagen, could launch a new attack incited by the music without any memory triggering them; they could therefore be indifferent to the music and still attack; or they could not attack but retreat due to the stillness or restlessness that the music might inspire without anything remitting memory; or

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15 See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 90.

16 See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, p. 76.

even the memory of a new destructive subjectivity (Malabou) would be absent instead of “dismantling the presence” (*Memory*, p. 111). But it was through music that, in the wake of the memory montages, a prevailing interiority of an order arose, of a past-future-present deviation that suggests something has happened at the heart of an added recovery. From a kind of disloyalty to both the beginning and the flow, modified in the light and shadow of an addendum, the response came from the internal plasticity by a new form of recurring presence. Nothing haunts, nothing inherits. Lili, Hagen, and the music (the first beginning) is the retained archive; the pack (and its circumstances) is the addendum; the music is the recovery; the second beginning triggers, in the discreet distance of the pack, latent and manifest interiority.

The dog Hagen no longer has the same psychic form; this had been destroyed in its previous form, in what would be the form of memory retention. He no longer recognizes himself in that retention; recovery occurs through an addendum that requires forgetting the old psychic form, and then occurs as a diffraction (Barad *apud* Bensusan<sup>17</sup>) in which the recovery through encounter is that of distorted, oblique, almost erased images of an original that does not remain and cannot be recovered as a prototype.

The addendum is a genuine afterthought of something that came and always comes after, but which refers to a first trace of justice in relation to the addendum itself, while leaving the mark of psychic forms. I think of the term “justice” with Derrida as a call for impossible justice, always operating to block the worst violence. Justice awaits in an attentive *psyche*, on the lookout like a dog with a door and a window.

To conclude, I return to Baudelaire, no longer the Baudelaire of Malabou but the Baudelaire of Lan, because of a curious difference that the reading of a poem allows while installing a world. Lan brings these lines from Baudelaire about the archive: *it is like [a] giant, overflowing dresser; with balance sheets, love letters, lawsuits, verses; novels, locks of hair wrapped in receipts; [it hides] fewer secrets than my taciturn skull.* What I read in Lan's reading is that the archive is the keeper of secrets – *like [a] giant, overflowing dresser* – but it is insufficient without the future recovery of an additional exteriority, just as *my taciturn skull* would be without it. Endorsing what

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<sup>17</sup> See Bensusan, *Memory Assemblages*, pp. 83-86.

I understand of the body as interiority, I read these verses differently: the semantic weight falls on *my taciturn skull* full of secrets – a metaphor for a hidden interiority – and its sorrow weighs against the prosaic and excessive transparency of an archive accommodated in the world, even though crowned by a flight of specters.

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