

APOCALYPSE

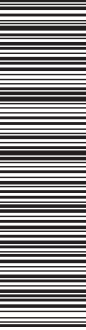
BAROQUE NIGHTMARES & GOLD LEAF DOILIES

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Untitled (Primordial)

- 1 a. Apocalypse Abbr. Apoc. Bible. The Book of Revelation.
- 1 b. Any of a number of anonymous Jewish or Christian texts from around the second century B.C. to the second century A.D. containing prophetic or symbolic visions, especially of the imminent destruction of the world and the salvation of the righteous.
2. Great or total devastation; doom: the apocalypse of nuclear war.
3. A prophetic disclosure; a revelation.

\A*poc" a*lypse\, n. (Eccl.) One of a numerous class of writings proceeding from Jewish authors between 250 b. c. and 150 a. d., and designed to propagate the Jewish faith or to cheer the hearts of the Jewish people with the promise of deliverance and glory; or proceeding from Christian authors of the opening centuries and designed to portray the future.

\A*poc" a*lypse\, n. [L. apocalypsis, Gr. ?, fr. ? to uncover, to disclose; ? from + ? to cover, conceal: cf. F. apocalypse.] 1. The revelation delivered to St. John, in the isle of Patmos, near the close of the first century, forming the last book of the New Testament.

2. Anything viewed as a revelation; a disclosure.

The new apocalypse of Nature. -- Carlyle.

n 1: a cosmic cataclysm in which God destroys the ruling powers of evil 2: the last book of the New Testament; contains visionary descriptions of heaven and of conflicts between good and evil and of the end of the world; attributed to Saint John the apostle [syn: Revelation, Revela- tion of Saint John the Divine, Apocalypse, Book of Revelation]

apocalypse

A	Easy	Pole
AA	Else	Pop
AAA	ESP	Pope
AC		Posy
Ace	Lace	
Alas	Lap	Sal
Ale	Lapse	Sale
Alps	Lay	Sap
Also	Leap	Say
Ape	Lose	Scope
Appeal		Sea
Apple		Seal
Apply	Opps	Slope
As		Sloppy
ASAP	Pa	Sly
Ay	Pace	So
Aye	Pal	Soap
	Palace	Sop
Cap	Pap	Sole
Cape	Papal	Soy
Case	Pay	Spa
Clap	Paypal	Space
Close	PC	Spec
Coal	Pea	Spy
Cop	Peal	
Cope	Place	Yap
Cosy	Play	Yea
Coy	Plea	Yes
	Ply	Yo

ORANGE ALERT, SEX AT THE END OF THE WORLD

by Jeffrey James Keyes

Blackness and silence. An underground sex club in Manhattan, August of 2004, the end of the world.

Toby comes forward in a spotlight screaming in ecstasy holding his orgasm for 15 seconds with a decrescendo as he glides down to the ground and into a quasi-orgasmic fetal position. Blackness again.

Voice-Over (ale Katie Couric):

Authorities today have raised the terror level to a high degree of orange with the Republican National Convention taking place in New York. Numerous threats by RADICAL EXTREMISTS including several LARGE ANARCHIST groups are taking to the street with angry signs and over a thousand coffins on a march towards Madison Square Garden. Supporters of the GOP today shout "4 more years" from the crowds of the Convention in response to the protesters (fading to a soft whisper which overlaps and continues into the following scene). Bomb squad authorities reported 6 threats, none of which interfered with convention events. Back to you, Al.

(Toby and Gavin are both smoking cigarettes and covered partially in towels, Gavin up on a bench rubbing Toby's head softly, Toby sitting totally relaxed enjoying the cigarette. A soft murmur of orgasms and fellatio lingers around them.)

Toby: It's infuriating....I graduate at the top of my class, I was president of 2 clubs at school, 3 promising internships, all of my professors loved me and wrote me phenomenal letters of recommendation, and I still can't get a job to save my life. I think I wasted thousands of dollars on going to college. I should have just tried to work instead of throwing away 4 years of my life.

Gavin: (inhales) What did you major in?

Toby: Poli-sci

Gavin: There you go.

Toby: You'd think with the election coming and all that there'd be a surplus of jobs, I'd have job offers up to my ears, employers would be begging me to work for them...instead I'm picking my ass handing out Red Bulls in Union Square wishing I had majored in Computer Science.

Gavin: Well, why didn't you?

Toby: Eh-my ex boyfriend did, I didn't want people to think I was so friggin' codependent that I couldn't even pick my own major.

Gavin: Really? (he laughs, takes a drag)

Toby: What's so funny?

(beat)

Gavin: That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard of.

Toby: Why?

(beat)

Toby: I didn't want to BE HIM. I just wanted him to fuck me.

(video projected overhead of the opening image of Toby falling in his orgasmic fetal position quickly)

Gavin: Well, after the past few hours I can't blame him.

(they share a brief laugh Toby gets up and stretches)

Gavin: He's a lucky guy, you're quite the catch.

Toby: Thanks.

Gavin: Are the two of you still together?

Toby: No, but that's superfluous. (beat) Shit. You're right. Awwwwwww, fuck. If I hadn't worried about everyone else so god damn much I might be making 200Gs like him.

Gavin: Don't beat yourself up over it.

Toby: Instead I hand out Red Bulls...

Gavin: In Union Square.

Toby: Right. Fucking loser.

Gavin: It's all right, you're still young.

Toby: Sort of.

Gavin: I'd say you're 25.

Toby: How'd you guess?

Gavin: I'm good with ages. How old am I?

Toby: 33.

Gavin: Ouch!

Toby: Sorry.

Gavin: It's ok, I look older.

Toby: How old are you?

Gavin: You were way off.

Toby: 28?

Gavin: Ouch! I'm only 24.

Toby: You're younger than me!

Gavin: Yes.

Toby: Fuck.

Gavin: (exhales a deep breath)

(beat)

Toby: What do you do?

Gavin: I'm an investment banker.

Toby: Wow, you must make a killing.

Gavin: My bank does well.

Toby: What bank? HSBC?

Gavin: It's a small Swiss bank on the East Side.

Toby: Do you keep all of your funky treasures in there like stolen artwork and family heirlooms?

Gavin: (laughing) Not exactly.

Toby: (really excited) But you have all of your valuables there, don't you?

Gavin: I don't really have too many interesting things to store yet.

Toby: But your clients must.

Gavin: Well, I don't exactly know the contents of their lock boxes, but I'm sure that some people have pretty fascinating...

Toby: Can you slide me a lock box?

Gavin: (laughs) for all of your treasures?

Toby: (seductively) I have lots of valuables.

Gavin: I bet you do.

(they laugh)

(Toby sits beside him, rest his head in Gavin's lap affectionately and looks up at him)

Toby: That's a really cool job, though.

(beat, noises outside, groans, orgasms, a scream or two,

laughs, the noise is overwhelming for a few moments, the guys look around then at each other)

Gavin: We're in hell, you know that?

Toby: Totally. It's disgusting.

Gavin: Do you come here often?

Toby: This is my 2nd time.

Gavin: Addictive, isn't it? 2nd time...fucking liar.

Toby: Ok, fourth. Are you married?

Gavin: (laughs) Excuse me?

Toby: I noticed your ring when I was sodomizing you.

(they both laugh)

Gavin: My partner and I broke up a few weeks ago.

(Gavin steps forward and speaks the monologue directly to the audience, Toby is unaware of the following speech)

Gavin: I still have some of my stuff at his apartment. They always say that when you leave your belongings in other people's homes that you want to return. I think that this is some truth in this. Isaac and I met at freshman orientation at NYU. He had these big beautiful puppy dog eyes and I asked if he wanted to get dinner. I had heard of this crazy all night cafe called Yaffa on St. Mark's Place. We went there and shared a bottle of wine, a sunshine burger, and a slice of strawberry rhubarb pie. By the time we finished our dessert we were in love and remained so for almost 6 years with little to no conflicts.

I cheated on him all 6 years and never felt guilty about it.

A few weeks ago, this regular fuck buddy of mine asked if I wanted to come over to this party he was hosting and when I got to his apartment I walked in and saw Isaac there with my friend and about 6 or seven other guys. We looked at each other for a moment that seemed like an eternity and then he got up and left. I realized at that moment our entire relationship was an artifice and that we were living a lie. When I got home there was nothing but a note asking for me to meet him at Yaffa. We broke up over a slice of Strawberry Rhubarb Pie and a bottle of cheap shiraz. It's funny how you live and make love to someone for 6 years and never actually get to know each other.

Toby: And you got to keep the ring?

(beat)

Gavin: It seems like it's a part of me.

Toby: I would have thrown it at him. I don't do so well with

breakups.

Gavin: I don't either. Your boyfriend?

(the opening image of Toby falling is played once, then it is replayed during the entire length of his next monologue, only in reverse, somewhat larger than the other projections)

Toby: We broke up in October.

Gavin: Still lamenting?

Toby: You could say that.
(beat)

Toby: I'm really lonely.

(lights fade on Gavin who is unaware of the following monologue, a spotlight comes up on Toby. A quiet, melancholy cello plays in the background)

(beat)

Toby: I walk alone on the street and watch people. I look at them and long to know them, have them know me, have them love me. I see families and wish I belonged, that I was someone else, or somehow belonged to their clan. I test my fate sometimes and walk through the park at like 2 or 3 in the morning, waiting for someone to steal my wallet or slit my throat but I always come out untouched.

(beat)

I'm always amazed at the number of fireflies I see in the rambles. You walk in darkness for so long and then you hit these colonies of them, clouds like nothing you've ever seen before, all scurrying about looking for love late at night. Trying to mate before the sun comes up so that they can procreate. I think humans do the same thing.

I want to find love and have a story book life, but I don't know how, or if it really exists. Does it exist, or is all a human invention, a sorry excuse to cover up pathetic human codependency?

I can't find anyone who sticks around long enough to really get to know me, and when they try to I just push them away. I think I push them away because I want to see them fight for me. I want them to fight to win me over, like some lame ass fairy tale. I want them to woo me and slay dragons to keep me. When I say no I want them to say yes, not just to give in. I want to be swept up off of my feet, carried through the fire and held and loved and.....

(beat)

I come to places like this and spill my guts to strangers who only want to take a shower and go back to their wives and girlfriends. We go our separate ways, I see them cleaning themselves in the showers, washing my sadness off of their cold bodies. Scrubbing away not their own grief, but my

own. I towel off and hail a cab and ride home with tears gliding down my face, thinking about how lecherous I am engaging in these disgusting patterns and it's this cyclical self-induced misery that I just can't seem to hold onto or climb out of.

(beat)

I'm so lonely.

(lights back up on scene as Gavin speaks)

Gavin: I'm lonely too.

Toby: The new millennium sucks. The pope says that Bush is the anti-Christ, Fucking fascist.

Gavin: I uh-

Toby: Fucking fascist.

Gavin: I uh-I kind of ah....

Toby: Oh no!

Gavin: Yeah.

Toby: How could you?

Gavin: I think Al Gore is pathetic.

Toby: But you're not going to vote for him again, are you?

Gavin: Lets not talk about this, I like you too much.

Toby: Fair enough. (he looks down and smiles at Gavin's last words)

(beat, somebody runs down the hall screaming, a few doors slam, one man runs screaming "help, help!")

Gavin: Before you came in this guy begged me to let him come in. When I shook my head at him he asked if he could just suck on my toes.

Toby: You didn't let him, did you?

Gavin: (nods)

Toby: That's nasty.

Gavin: Whatever, he's just lonely.

Toby: I suppose.

(more screams outside)

Toby: What is going on out there?

(Gavin shrugs his shoulders)

Toby: Well, I'm really glad your door was open and I noticed you when I was walking by.

Gavin: (smiles) You looked were really cute when you asked if you could come in.

Toby: It's always so awkward.

Gavin: (yawns)

Toby: Tired?

Gavin: I'm sorry.

Toby: It's ok.

(beat)

Toby: I'd offer you a red bull but my bag is in my locker.

(they both laugh, Gavin digs a Coca-Cola Classic out of his bag)

Gavin: There's nothing like a coke in a can, is there?

Toby: You don't even know.

Gavin: Believe me, I do. (he takes a long swig, passes it to Toby, they share the coke)
(a murmured scream outside)

Toby: I swear, they still put cocaine in it.

Gavin: Naw, it tastes too good.

Toby: Seriously. Wow, this is really delicious.

(beat)

Gavin: It's so much better than Pepsi.

Toby: Yeah.

Gavin: Pepsi is too sugary, isn't it?

Toby: My mom is addicted to Pepsi. I think Coke is like the best drink ever.

Gavin: I totally agree.

(noise outside gets out of control, sexual chaos, madness)

Toby: Do you think everything is all right out there?

Gavin: Maybe it's the end of the world.

(Screaming outside, a voice "STAY IN YOUR ROOMS. DO NOT LEAVE YOUR ROOMS")

Toby: I don't understand.

(beat)

Toby: Maybe you're right.

(beat)

Toby: Maybe it is the end of the world.

Gavin: I didn't think the riots would really happen.

Toby: The pope says Bush is the anti-Christ.

Gavin: I uh-

Toby: I understand you're Republican and all, but

Gavin: He's really a stick in the mud.

Toby: Yeah. You voted for him.

Gavin: I guess. Fuck. I guess we're stuck. (this really sets in) Shit.

(screams outside, a gunshot, then nothing)

(beat)

Toby: I'm scared.

Gavin: I am too. You're such a beautiful man.

Toby: Thanks

(beat)

Gavin: You're so easy to talk to.

(the lights flicker)

Toby: I guess. I'm just crazy.

Gavin: I think you're sane.

Toby: (taken aback) Really?

Gavin: (sincerely) Really.

(beat)

Gavin: Here. (he takes off his ring, glides it on to Toby's ring finger) I want you to have this.

Toby: But you just met me

(the lights flicker again, a door slams outside)

Gavin: It doesn't matter.

Toby: Do you wanna?

Gavin: Why not? We're only young once, right?

Toby: Hey, if we ever get out of here, do you wanna get dinner sometime?

Gavin: No.

Toby: (taken aback) Wha-

Gavin: joking.

Toby: (playful) You suck.

Gavin: Not at Yaffa, though.

Toby: Definitely NOT at Yaffa.

Gavin: My treat.

Toby: If you insist! (they smile)

(beat)

(Gavin holds him, Toby takes his arms and closes his eyes)

Toby: This feels good.

Gavin: I didn't think I'd find you during the Republican National Convention.

Toby: I didn't think I'd find you here.

(they laugh)

Gavin: Where? Hell?

(they laugh, they are the only people left in the world, Gavin puts his hand to Toby's back and gently rubs it)

Gavin: Your lower back is so soft!

Toby: That's what everyone tells me.

Gavin: Do you always feel this great?

Toby: I guess so.

(slow fade to a blackout)

Toby: I'm so lonely.

Gavin: Me too.

(they embrace and slowly dance to a the Cowboy Junkies' version of "Sweet Jane")

(Blackout)

Voiceover: Today is a sad day in American history ladies and gentlemen. A great tragedy has taken place. Anarchists and supposed terrorists posing as Republicans have begun looting and setting fire to all of New York City. Authorities have risen the Terror Alert Level to Code Red. Everyone is encouraged to remain within their homes today. If you insist upon leaving your home we urge you to wear your chemical suit and gas mask. Schools have been closed and Arnold Schwarzenegger's speech for tonight has been cancelled. Prepare for the worst America, the world as we know it may indeed be ending as we speak. Prepare for the worst.

Pantone 1797 C

Pantone 717 C

Pantone 7405 C

Pantone 300 C

Pantone 370 C

apocryphal_lips.mp3 is a stochastic rehash of the Latin version of the Book of Revelation, sent through a random stuttering repetition and played as a raw audio stream. Of course, this was then routed through "The Fourth Horseman", a made-for-Scale chain of mungers, decimators, mutilators, and spectral screamers, in order to spice up the old classic. Dedicated, of course, to the Born-Again Bush; may we always have an Evil to fight.

-Nathaniel Clark

<http://noise.nathanielclark.org>

<http://nathanielclark.org>

-Tucker Dulin

<http://alltheworlds.org>

http://scale.ucsd.edu/volumes/2004/09/contents/apocryphal_lips.mp3

other tunes to die . . .

<http://scale.ucsd.edu/volumes/2004/09/contents/longstringexperimentNYKP.mp3.mp3>

<http://scale.ucsd.edu/volumes/2004/09/contents/carpark.mp3>

http://scale.ucsd.edu/volumes/2004/09/contents/NoidSoup-Trophy_Wife.mp3

Apocalypsis is preceded by eschatology. The valuating of these makes the difference. Both means one of the two possible states at the end of time, without any chance of choice or change, both are not constitutive - these states are beyond any constitution.



Painting by Wolfgang Peter menzel

**GETTING
STUCK IN
TRAFFIC
UNDER A
BRIDGE IN
L.A. DURING
AN EARTH-
QUAKE.**

Eileen Myles -libretto

Michael Webster -score

Laurie Weeks -director

Simon Leung -original production and choreography

Elizabeth Stephens -sets

Milena Muzquiz -costumes

people's opera presents an opera in one act:



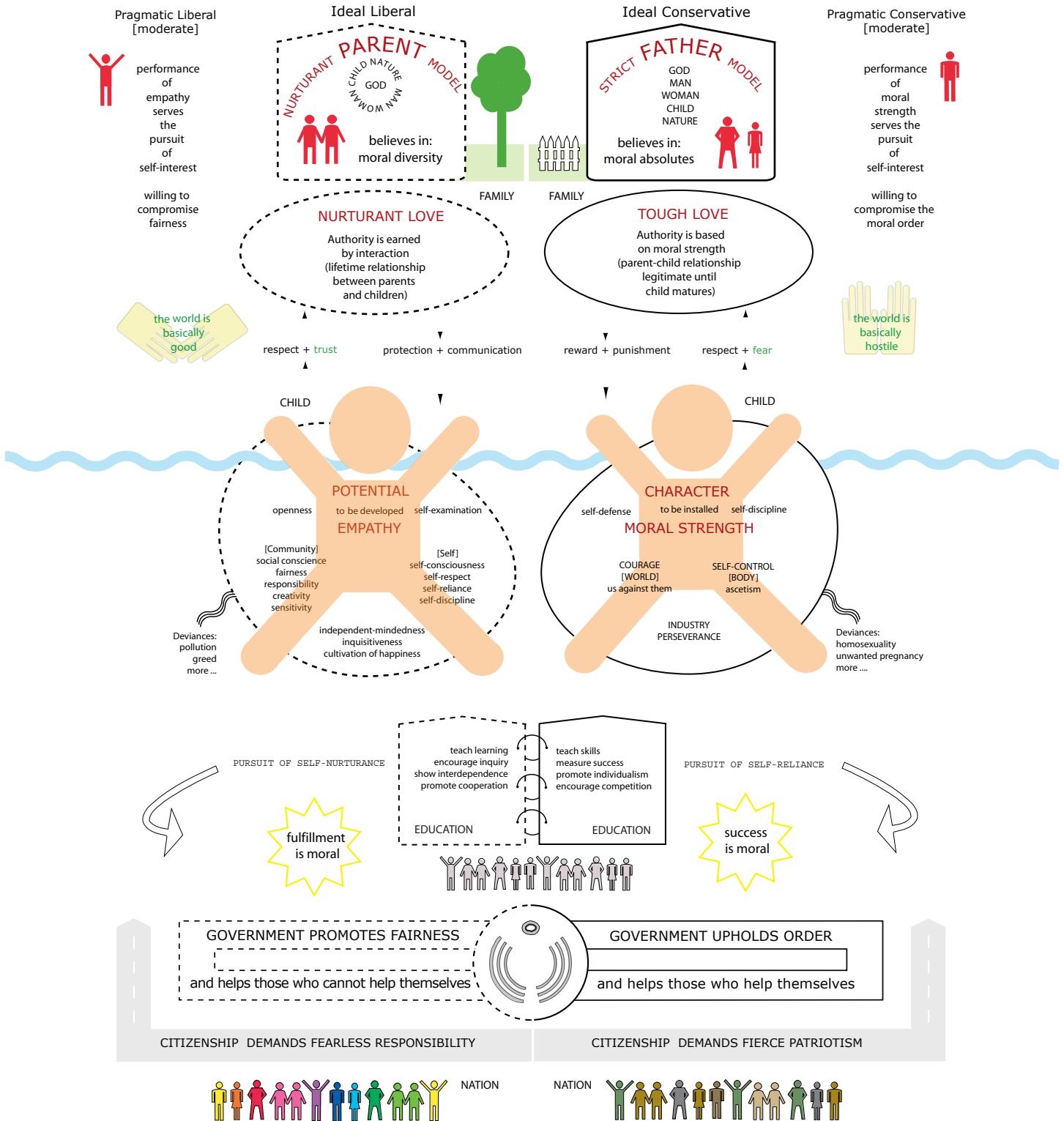
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UCLA Hammer
10899 Wilshire Blvd
LA 310 443 7000

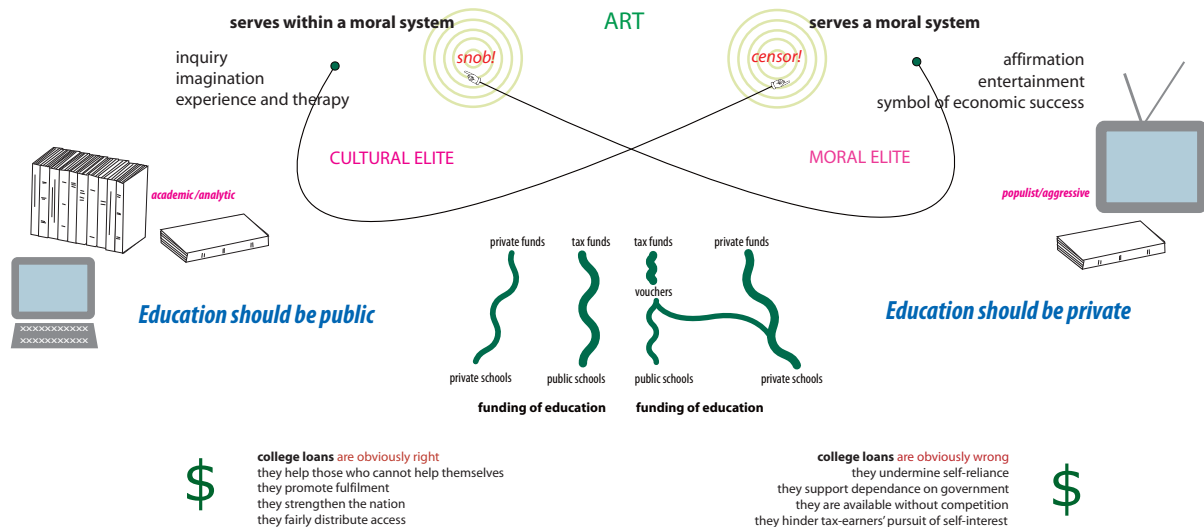
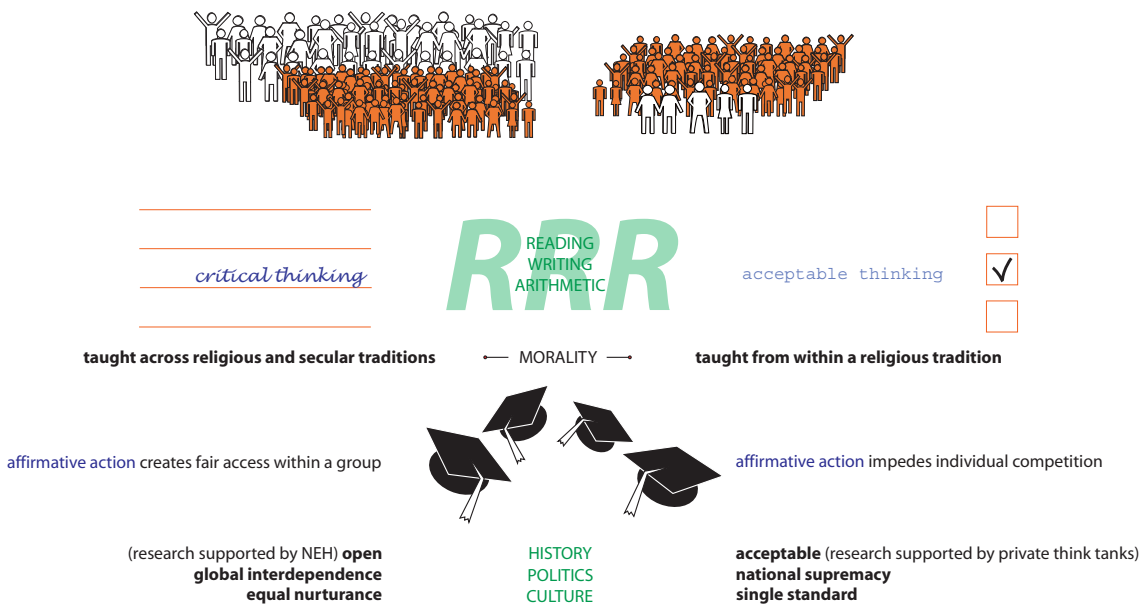
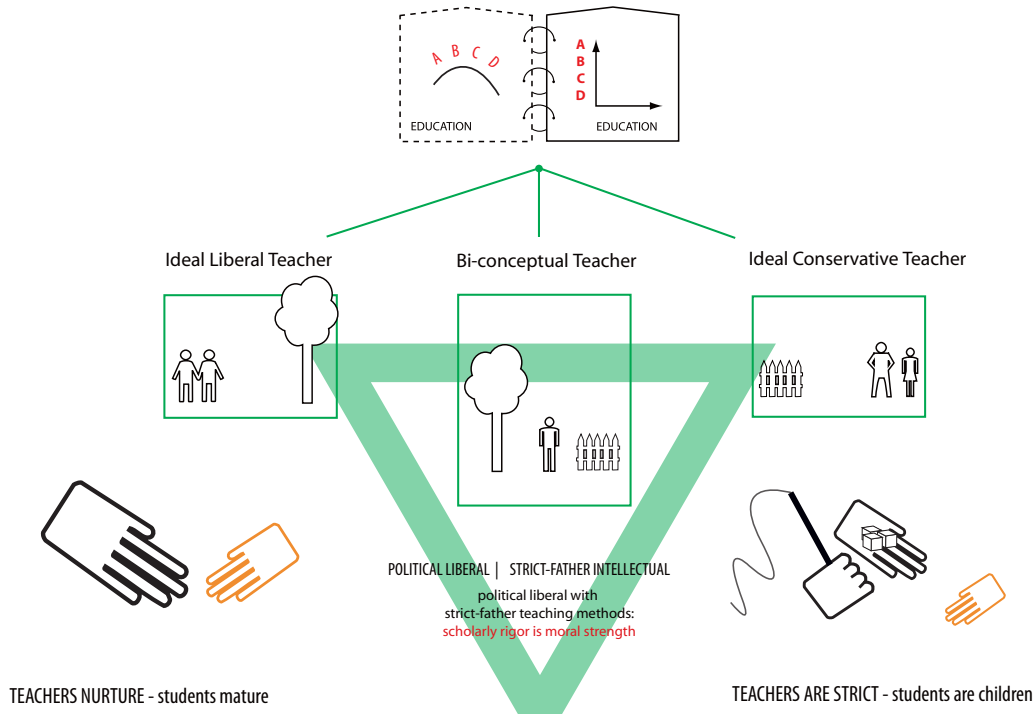
Oct 21 8PM
Yerba Buena Center
701 Mission St.
SF 415 978 ARTS
(talk at 630PM)

Oct 31 6PM
CECUT
Paseo de los Heroes,
Zona Rio, Tijuana
664 687 9600

s i n g e r s Juliana Snapper · James Rio · Scott Graff · Jason Snyder · Debra Penberthy · Tany Ling · Angela Claverie · Doo Suk Yang

This production has been supported by UCIRA, the Goldman Foundation, UCSD Center for Humanities, and private contributions.
poster by neilstuber.com





Ideal Liberal Communal Spending

Help, don't harm!

Defend your own!

Ideal Conservative Communal Spending

Public funds:

Welfare, health insurance and social and educational programs that break cycles of neglect, abuse and violence are owed to those in need. Academic research in related issues is supported. The wealthy should give back through progressive taxation.

Charity:

goes to the needy (who cannot help themselves).

Foundations:

Liberal funders do not support liberalism. Support does not go to intellectuals (who can help themselves), but directly to the needy (who cannot help themselves).

Foundations:

Conservative funders promote conservatism. Support goes to organizational infrastructure and to career development of conservative intellectuals (to those who do help themselves) and not to the needy (who do not help themselves).

Public funds:

The military needs to be strong; enterprise deserves to be rewarded with tax-breaks; criminal offenders deserve retribution, and illegitimate children should be properly educated in orphanages. Academic research may violate the prime directive and should not be supported.

Charity:

Goes to those afflicted by natural disaster or to those who indicate that they can become disciplined and responsible.

A controlled-market economy attempts to balance reliance on low-wage jobs that sustain middle and upper class wealth with investments in needy communities.

A free-market economy requires low-wage jobs (two jobs per person) to sustain middle class (two jobs per family) and upper class (one or no jobs per family) wealth.

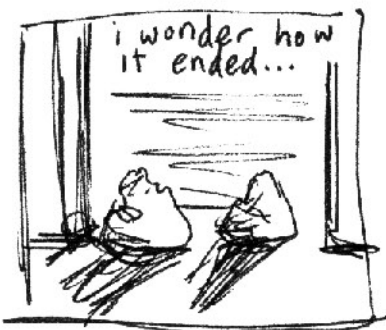
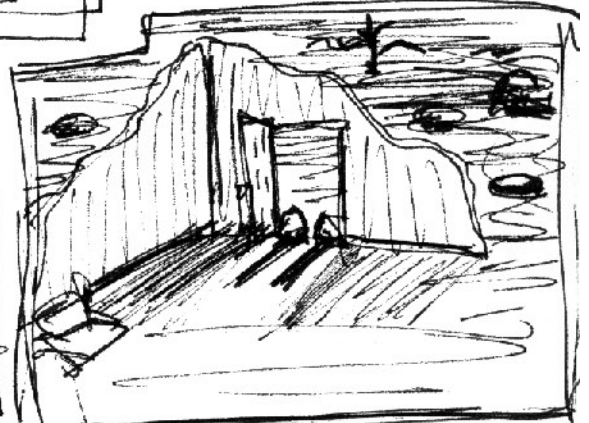
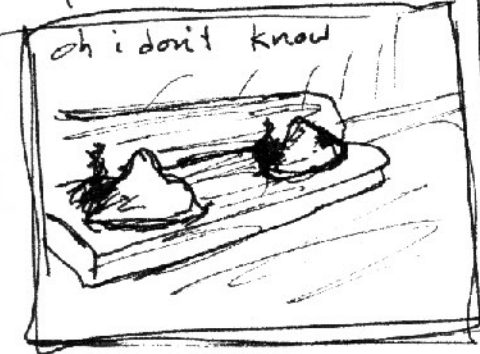
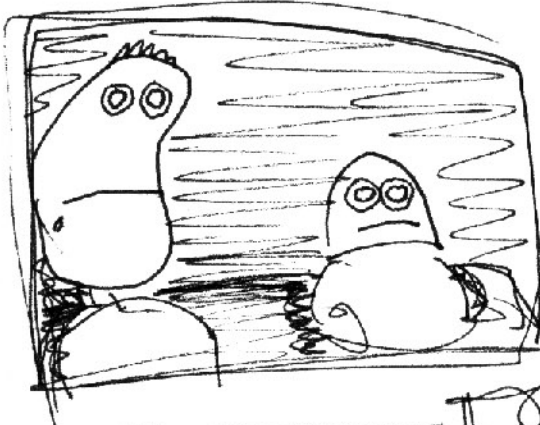
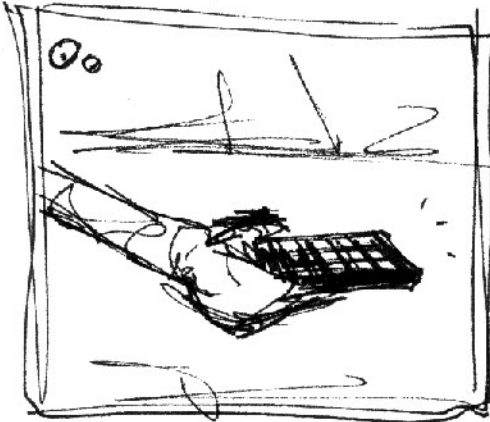
A balanced budget may go hand-in-hand with morally correct distribution of funds, leading to an increase in funding for social programs.

A substantial deficit may result from the morally correct distribution of funds, leading to the elimination of morally incorrect social programs.

after: George Lakoff "Moral Politics - how liberals and conservatives think" (University of Chicago Press, 2002)

by: Adelheid Mers (adelheidmers.com)

cartoon



83099



Play, 2004, Giclee Print, 16" x 16" Brian DeLevie



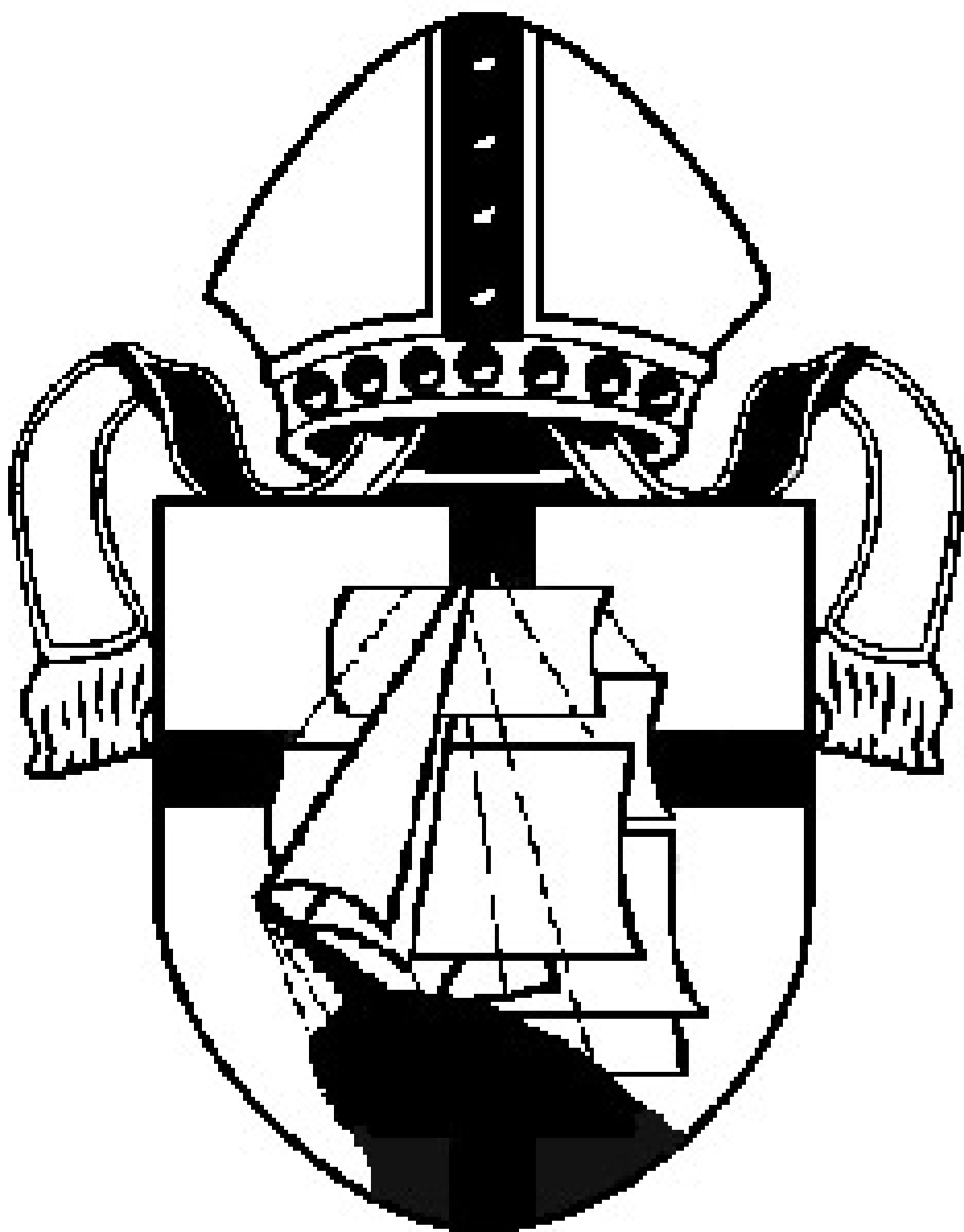
Enjoy the Feeling, 2004, 9" x 16", Giclee Print, Brian DeLevie



Emulating the Duke, 2004, Giclee Print, 16" x 16" Brian DeLevie



A Good Foundatin, 2004, 10.5" x 16", Giclee Print, Brian DeLevie





Stations & Schedules	
Trip	Trip Planner
Sch	Schedules
Map	Maps & Directions
Sta	Station Guide
PDI	PDA QuickPlanner

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[New Trip Plan](#)
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Your Schedule

Fare: \$5.65

Depart: [Coliseum/Oakland Airport](#)
 Arrive: [San Francisco Int'l Airport](#)

Date: Aug 26, 2004
 Departure Time: 9:30 PM

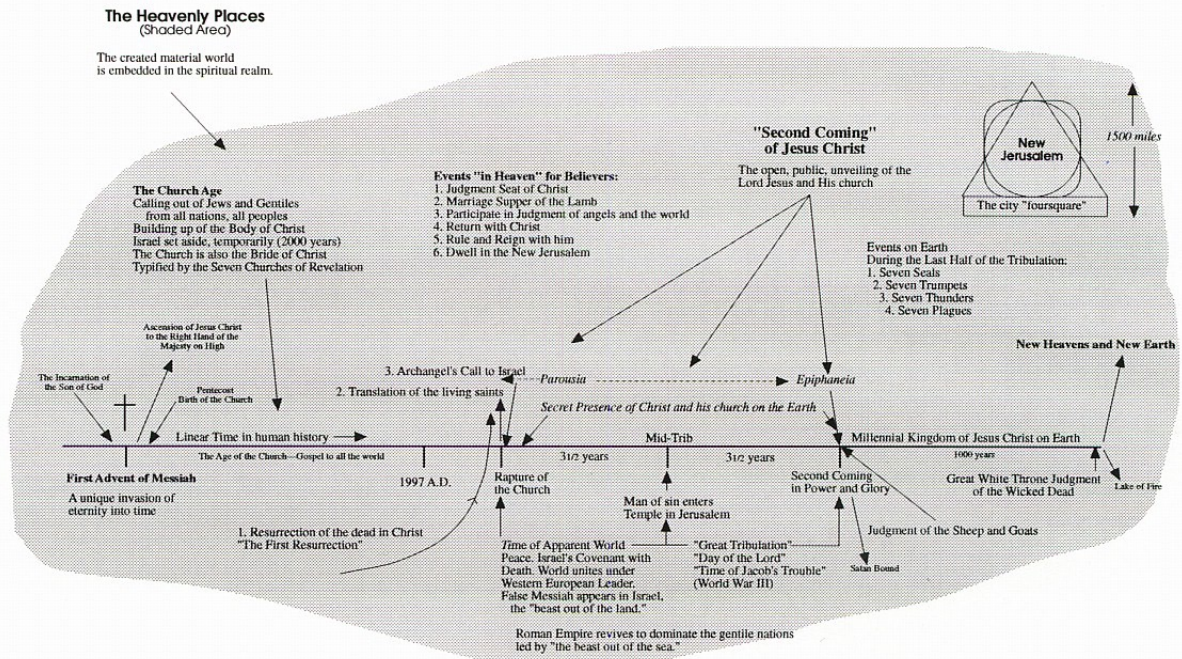
Recent NEWS and EVENTS

- [Free coffee from BART and Peet's](#)
- ["Customer Focus" event at Dublin/Pleasanton Station](#)

Depart	Board	Arrive	Notes
Coliseum/Oakland Airport at 9:22p	Daly City train	Balboa Park at 9:56p	Transfer
Balboa Park at 10:05p	Millbrae train	San Francisco Int'l Airport at 10:24p	
Depart	Board	Arrive	Notes
Coliseum/Oakland Airport at 9:42p	Daly City train	Balboa Park at 10:16p	Transfer
Balboa Park at 10:25p	Millbrae train	San Francisco Int'l Airport at 10:44p	
Depart	Board	Arrive	Notes
Coliseum/Oakland Airport at 10:02p	Daly City train	Balboa Park at 10:36p	Transfer
Balboa Park at 10:45p	Millbrae train	San Francisco Int'l Airport at 11:04p	
Depart	Board	Arrive	Notes
Coliseum/Oakland Airport at 10:22p	Daly City train	Balboa Park at 10:56p	Transfer
Balboa Park at 11:05p	Millbrae train	San Francisco Int'l Airport at 11:24p	
Depart	Board	Arrive	Notes
Coliseum/Oakland Airport at 10:42p	Daly City train	Balboa Park at 11:16p	Transfer
Balboa Park at 11:25p	Millbrae train	San Francisco Int'l Airport at 11:44p	

[<<Earlier Times](#) || [Later Times>>](#)

A Pre-Tribulational, Pre-Millennial View of Eschatology



Lambert Dolphin
April 1993, January 1997

b is for



Four dreams about the same thing

A short dog yap, yapping, chases its tale around in circles: look, look! It yap, yaps, Look! I've found the culprit, and it's me, growl, yap. Chasing, chasing, now jumping, rolling, yap, yapping. I'm thirty years old today, it stops to observe an ear near its eye - its eye rolling back in a suspicious gaze at the ear; there it is again! The culprit, I see him, he hears me, I'm chase chasing him, oh but he'll be mine before too long! Wiggly ear bent on bending the doggy body around in trapezius poses. Rolling eye lolling side to side in a swagger which matches a body tired of wag running, run wagging, fun funny, this isn't it? In dog years, of course, short dog stops to answer itself; I mean I'm thirty today.

You should be ashamed of yourself! tall woman commands. This is rush hour on my patio and I've got no time for it. Can't you see the plants need their sun? It does them no good when you eat them down! And the dirt, oh the dirt! The dirt stays. Here. On the outside.

The dirt, she says, is already on the inside, smiles young girl triumphant. Short dog nods in beaming approval. And you, short dog, you're so, no, well, come here again my friend!

That dog, low dog, that dog will be, and I can see it now - oh the carpet and the plants! - your dog! and tall woman raises her exasperated arms. Short dog quick quick looks for the ball which he's sure has just now been thrown. Where where? And the tail tries to home in on the mysterious signal - but there's no ball to find descending or landing or bouncing - but just laying, there in the yard, are old balls stranded and waiting to be hucked and flung and spirited around in drooling dogged teeth.

Oh, I have no way of knowing, no way of telling you except in my small and useless ways. Did she care, or was she good enough to leave me a sign? I tell you, I spent all day yesterday and the day before in anguish convincing myself that she didn't even like me! But what then? What then? he asked. I called her just the same, just to say, to say, you know, what is it supposed to mean when I call so upsettingly and I spend my whole time talking in lulls about the things I believe in? That's good, he says. That's good? Yes, it's good, he says, it means something then, when you can't stop, can't not stop thinking about, not stopping and not thinking. Oh, but it's driving me mad! I'm glad, he says, did you tell her, have you told her? Told her what? But there's no way for me to say so, no way for me to make it said, and oh yes I've tried, I've tried - and each time I do, or I think I nearly may and then I don't, I'm late and running and there's no time left for the asking. You should ask her, he says, should ask her, should ask her. I should ask me! I should ask me if it's me or not me, or when it's me if it's her. And that's why you need to ask, he responds. You're right, I mean, maybe you're right - but I think if it's to be then it will be, won't it? But I know I don't believe that, or at least not all of the way, or at least not today, or yesterday, but maybe I will tomorrow, I would believe it if it came true and I could believe it. If your hands are in your pockets then how can you expect an embrace? he asks. Maybe so, maybe so. Well then, I know if it doesn't succeed, then at least it will fail miserably. Maybe she'll leave a sign, he says. I'm looking for one, but I'm afraid of seeing something that isn't what it is, or believing so hard that I make this thin sand swell into a mirage. Do you understand? I understand, he says, there are shadows and we chase them down, we chase them and tackle them - but when they're supposed to be clasped in our arms as captives then we see them smiling and laughing at us out of the corners of their fugitive eyes. What can be done? Nothing, he smiles, not a thing. Oh, all I can do is wait, is wait, is wait.

I stare into a mirror and become a witness: my hair is black. It is thick and hangs heavy from my head. It is my mother's hair. Her eyes are dark. They dart quickly from place to place; asking who moves, who authors this moment. They are her own eyes; but they are my eyes, too. My eyes are dark. They hide in deep grooves concealed by my brows, which are also dark. They are my father's brows. They hang in loose tufts over the edge of the sockets, and in their long strands are swept back towards the ears; either by the wind, or a hand. His brows are deep marks of paint, furrowed into his aging canvas, furrowed and swallowed by furrows. A slender and sharp nose divides the furrowed space. That division is also my division.

I am divided, I tell her: A morning it rises, an earth rekindles its limited hopes, the sleep that she wipes from her glossy saucer eyes enchants me; a morning it rises, a limitless field has regrown its fences, the heart which lay sleeping next to me sleeps without me. Two cups of tea I poured, I tell her, both bitter, both black. I drank one and left the other on the

mantle where it stood for a week before the cat knocked it down; before the cup now stained, now molded, now stinking, vomited its putrid contents onto the woven rug. Two cups of bitter broth I boiled: one cup I sucked, one cup I spoiled.

The morning is fresh, she replies. Eventually the steppes lift themselves from the pacific blanket. Eventually pigeons can be seen circling above the wires which tether all cornices. A wet wind soaks my skin as I lay on my back defending the institution of stillness. What matters, she says, is not in the words we speak, but in the silence that punctuates them. One thing follows another, she continues: a burning coffee lit my eyes even as it stole searing not sinking into my bowels. A burning coffee chased in exactly the same fashion the burner absconding before it. One drink followed another, both steaming not yearning some asking and always all fulfilling. One by one they arrived; one by one I made them mine.

Our daughter is sleeping. I loved the child, I plead. I loved you, she tells me. In a letter she writes me: My hair is young, it has no place to flow to except to these shoulders I carry. Our daughter has such hair: it circles like royalty; not all coronations can be worn so humbly. A crown it rests on our daughter's head, her ears could listen to the breast's heart beating. I can hear this same heart threading the thin red line in silken cords that spiral and helix the corpse embracing. I hear this heart not sleeping, now sleeping, never, forever, blessedly beating. The child is sleeping; our daughter sleeps in my sleep. I tell her: in your eyes the sleep you're wiping; or, in your eyes the steppes stay shrouded. Two cups you poured, she says, one was spoiled and one devoured; who was the second cup for? A valley and valley are announced in the breach so steep that passes between them: one side is wet wind risen, the other no grace was provided. This morning light rose. I saw. And I stood. A line ran mounting, and my heart divided.

I'm rushing. There are trees, only I don't see them. There are cars, too, I suppose, only I don't see them either. I'm rushing. I fly to the top of a hill and the front wheel lifts off of the ground. A corner bends with a yellow sign that shows an arrow squirming; I squirm with the yellow arrow and the hill; I dig myself in and I can feel the tires sucking onto the warm asphalt, gripping me. I'm rushing and the engine is rushing and humming to itself. The engine is rushing and the tires gladly comply. A light changes in the distance, and this, too, I refuse to see. Yellow it says, and then red. I'm throttling hard and the motor burns excitedly - and the intersection, and the light, and the cars waiting on either side, all of these already seem like yesterday. I'm rushing and the air wraps itself around me. I'm cycling through gears and ratios and rotations, I'm churning levers up and down and up again. There are things which might exist around me; I do not understand them. A man might be cursing me from the sidewalk, behind me, now getting smaller, now gone. I thought I saw an arm waving and a fist as a bloom on top. I thought I saw something, heard something. I thought of it, had it for a moment, and then let it go back into the wind. It might have meant something, might have made me wonder, I might have stopped, stopped to consider. But this road is burning, and I am burning up on it. I am flying across it and I can't remember what it was I thought I almost stopped to think about, almost stopped to remember, and I can't remember what I almost wanted to remember and almost wanted to stop to continue thinking about it. This road is being burned and I am burning it and I am burning, and as it opens up before me I suck it into my lungs. There were some cars on the road, I think, but that was yesterday, and I am rushing.

ground no water there no good crops
most animals out here the brown
this water out
some mammals for good the brown out
total out
almost no water growing out
many small out out (many brown
subvent
Springer out was out. found 4
great big lizards out out 11/11

Daphns hugs in Santa Monica Street corners
learned to peel the brown from the other side
the Suddest day of summer was the last
The green store is there
And when I see the color green I wonder
If dust there is supposed to fix anything,
will it fix the ape calyx too?

Name

Birthdate

Mobile/Walkie-Talkie #

Medical Information

Name

Birthdate

Mobile/Walkie-Talkie #

Medical Information

Name

Birthdate

Mobile/Walkie-Talkie #

Medical Information

Where to go in an emergency. Write down where your family spends the most time: home, work, school and other places you frequent. Schools, daycare providers, workplaces and apartment buildings should all have site-specific emergency plans.

HOME

Address

Phone #

Neighborhood Meeting Place

Regional Meeting Place

WORK

Address

Phone #

Neighborhood Meeting Place

Regional Meeting Place

WORK

Address

Phone #

Neighborhood Meeting Place

Regional Meeting Place

WORK

Address

Phone #

Neighborhood Meeting Place

Regional Meeting Place

SCHOOL

Address

Phone #

Neighborhood Meeting Place

Regional Meeting Place

OTHER PLACE

Address

Phone #

Neighborhood Meeting Place

Regional Meeting Place

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

Doctor

Pharmacist

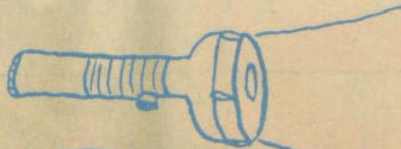
Insurance

Other

Police Non-Emergency Phone #

BE PREPARED

IT'S AN EASY WAY TO EASE YOUR MIND.



WHILE it's hard to predict when emergencies might happen, it's easy to be prepared should they occur. In recognition of National Preparedness Month, Starbucks would like to share these suggestions from the America Prepared Campaign. Here are a few simple things you and your family can do to be ready for most emergencies.

1 MAKE A PLAN

- Create a list of important phone numbers, including an out-of-town contact.
- Keep your list of numbers and meeting places with you. Slip it in your backpack, purse or somewhere easily available.
- Agree on a meeting place and have a backup spot.

2 GET A KIT

Assemble everything on the Ready Kit Checklist or pick up a Ready Kit at a local store. Keep it in a safe, dry place at home. Remember, this is a recommended list of items. You may want to add things to the kit, especially if you've got pets, small children or elderly people in your family.

3 BE INFORMED

Know your local emergency plans, including the plans at your child's school. Participate in your workplace emergency drills. Visit www.ready.gov to find out about different emergencies and how to prepare.

READY KIT CHECKLIST

- Battery-powered flashlight
- Battery-powered radio
- Extra batteries
- Whistle
- First-Aid Kit
- Dust mask or cotton T-shirt
- Three-day supply of food and water
- Wrench to turn off utilities
- Plastic sheeting
- Duct tape
- Moist towelettes
- Rain gear (poncho)
- Warm clothes or emergency blanket
- Container for extra water
- Extra doses of important medications
- Personal identification
- Leather gloves
- Garbage bags and ties
- Family Communications Plan
- Special needs items

Visit www.ready.gov to find out about different emergencies and how to prepare.

FAMILY COMMUNICATIONS PLAN

Your family may not be together when an emergency occurs, so plan how you will contact one another and review what you will do in different situations. Fill this plan out with your family. Make copies for everyone to keep on hand and in visible locations at home.

Out-of-State Contact

Email _____

Phone # _____

Phone # _____

Fill out the following information for each family member and keep it up-to-date.

Name _____

Birthdate _____

Mobile/Walkie-Talkie # _____

Medical Information _____

Name _____

Birthdate _____

Mobile/Walkie-Talkie # _____

Medical Information _____

Name _____

Birthdate _____

Mobile/Walkie-Talkie # _____

Medical Information _____



“At the Dawn of the 21st Century: A View-Thought ‘The Red Window’”

(“The Critical Time of the World Civilization”)

An Installation Art Project

Sarawut CHUTIWONGPETI

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Abstract: This study is to investigate the possibilities of developing a cross-culturally common conceptual visual language. In particular, this study evaluates whether it is possible to develop Collaborative New Art that will depict simultaneously both the Contemporary Art and the modern Technological Civilization in which we live today. It is a general belief especially in the art community that contemporary art can enhance the distribution of diverse information, foster a profound universality in the human nature, and thus promote cross-cultural collaborations in all walks of lives. However, such a belief has also been questioned due to the overt differences of arts in structures, styles and philosophies perceived by different viewers. In this study, a set of contemporary arts will be evaluated. The comparative results will be used to discuss four important issues: What are the salient sensations and reactions of the general public to the contemporary artwork? To what extent the contemporary conceptual art could disclose the new trend of social value changes. Whether the contemporary art theory and practice would address and help to solve today's social problems within each society. Whether the contemporary art has a role in harmonizing people with different geopolitical backgrounds and value systems. Finally, several implications will be discussed on the linkage issue between verbal and non-verbal expressions of thoughts and feelings.

1. Introduction

I graduated from the Department of Fine and Applied Arts at Chulalongkorn University in 1996. Since graduation, I have been working as a media artist with Cyber Lab at the Center of Academic Resources, Chulalongkorn University. I work in the realm of contemporary art and am interested in revealing the unexplored facets of experience. In 1998, I secured funding and traveled as a visiting artist/researcher to several countries including Canada, the United States of America, Denmark, Sweden, Slovenia, Hungary, Croatia, Austria and Japan. I have already made some contribution to the development of the media arts through my artistic and research practice, and related international activity at the Banff Centre for the Arts (Canada), ImaginAsia Project, Smithsonian Institution (The Freer Gallery of Art and The Arthur M. Sackler Gallery, United State of America), Mobile Academy Berlin (A project of Hannah Hertzog and Hebbel am Ufer, Germany), ZKM Project, (Institute for Visual Media, Germany), Designskolen (Denmark), Fukuoka Asian Art Museum (Japan), Central European University (Hungary), International Cultural Centre Jeunesses Musicales Croatia Groznjan (Croatia) and Royal University College of Fine Arts (Sweden). I am directing my energies towards the exploration of the phenomenon of cross-interdisciplinary of art and culture, and searching for answers that can help reverse the subordination and objective materialism, which are prevalent in today's society. What are the thoughts, doubts, fears, uncertainties, and reflections that we have and experience as we head towards the new material and immaterial territories, which

we are to inhabit in the future? In a world increasingly becoming chaotic and inhumane, I found that all around us are racial and tribal wars, artificially constructed boundaries, confusion, and conflicts. How should we interpret these “Signs of Times” in their context? In what way are contemporary media arts responsible for a transformation of society? The concept of the art project “At the Dawn of the 21st Century: A View-Thought ‘The Red Window’” (“The Critical Time of the World Civilization”) originated in the digital experiments with the photomontage materials. Later, I added some architectural elements, electronic light controls, sound effects, so that this project evolved into a three-dimensional work. I combined all these elements and blended them in the abstract world of my imagination, in order to create in reality an artistic and public space lived through time. Since 1996, this project has been accepted to several exhibitions: “Tomorrow Where Shall We Live?” (curated by Toyo Ito and supported by the Japan Foundation, Faculty of Architecture, Chulalongkorn University, 1996); “Utopia 1997” (curated by Apinan Poshyananda, the Art Center, Center of Academic Resources, Chulalongkorn University, 1997); “OPEN’ 999,” 2nd International Exhibition of Sculpture and Installations in Lido, Venice/“II Esposizione Internazionale di Sculture e Installazioni Lido di Venezia” (curated by Paolo de Grandis and Pierre Restary, organized by the Arte Communications and supported by the Assessor of Culture of Venice, Italy, 1999); “Siggraph 2000” (curated by Diane Gromala, Art Galleries, Ernest N. Memorial Convention Center, New Orleans, USA, 2000); Palace of Light, Art and Culture in the Public Space (curated and organized by Davis O. Nejo, Cross Cultural Communication, supported by European Union and Wien Kulture, Vienna, Austria, 2003); “Luleå Winter Biennial 2004” (curated and organized by KILen-The artist group in Luleå, supported by The European Union Structure fund Goal 1, Luleå municipality, Luleå Employment office-Culture and Media, County Administrative Board of Norrbotten, Norrbotten County Council, The Swedish National Council for Cultural Affairs and The Swedish Institute, Luleå, Sweden, 2004); TGD4 (Tambacounda-Geneve-Dakar), The Installation series of “Untitled 2004” (curate and curate by Katya Gercia Anton, Director for the Contemporary Art Centre in Geneva, Switzerland) and organize by Ousmane Dia, Collectif d'Artistes Plasticiens (CAP), Art Kunda Museum, Tambacounda, Senegal, Africa, 2004); The Installation series of “Untitled 2005” (curate by Irina Tchesnokova, support by National Centre for Contemporary Art, Kaliningrad, Russia, 2005). It was mentioned by Diane Gromala (Georgia Tech, Atlanta, USA), Steven Dietz (Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, USA), Andrew Glassner (Microsoft Research), Thecla Schiphorst (Technical University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada), Marla Scheweppe (Rochester Institute of Technology, USA), and Seth Thompson (New York, USA).

2. Method

The project’s emphasis is on the two interwoven processes. The first step was to search for new expressive possibilities afforded by the contemporary visual language, as related to the cutting edge of “The Critical Time of the World Civilization.” I have explored the mental processes and various paradigms in order to represent the contemporary civilization clearly, without biases — the action that always constitutes specific challenges for contemporary art and/or media arts. I had experimented with real-practice problems and analyzed the way in which they affect the internal sense until I was able to come up with the design solution. The results of the first step will have to be tested and the various findings project will have to be integrated. The conclusion will be drawn when research work associated with the New Art project will have been accomplished and the final ways of art will have been established.

3. Results and Discussions

From the 17th century onward, the advancement of new technologies has had a tremendous impact on every human being in the world. At the same time, the scientific developments have provoked numerous ethical and moral issues. High-end technology is often times goes against the faith and religious believes in heaven (just one but vivid example: through the scientific experiments humans managed to produce new life by cloning, in the course of which new cells are being created by means of bioengineering). In my view, the effort to invent new goods following the demand and basic human needs means simply to satisfy the desire and passion of the basic individual living. The varieties of happiness look as Virtual Reality that refer to the fifth internal senses’ content only a section short-temporary or extremely mobilize new-science technology to seek benefit of all directions. Nobody even thinks of a future if they know that they can gain immediate benefits from the fusion of sub-particles and atoms. In a search for new territories, they are ready to go to the outermost galaxies of the solar system, for their desire does not know an end. Some people strive to set up and expand their administrative power while hunting for the new colonies that would reinforce their status as masters in the world. (Looking at the weak

subordinate is an act of supremacy.) With the progress of technology, our morality is vanishing. Lack of morality becomes an insanity of the many; including separating a rack of mobility among the gain and the loss, a superior and inferior of an extremely discrimination. Aesthetical feeling, memory, optimism and common sense — all these are being distorted and destroyed because of a profound change in the human behavior in the last century. Our society is producing nothing in peace. The virgin world was painfully trapped and damaged by illusionist tricks. This current situation cannot be neglected or left without rethinking, and this becomes the central focus as well as the cutting edge of “The Critical Time of the World Civilization.”

4. Conclusions

Our world is full of uncertainties and ambiguities. The society views its surroundings in a purely scientific way. In my opinion, civilization with its science is unable to provide valid answers or satisfactory explanations. Frequently, knowledge comes with the power whose impact reaches far beyond the individual’s intuition and intellect. Scientific achievements have challenged moral codes and ethics as well as faith and religion. Science and technology can bring a threat and do harm to the humanity. The reverse side of utopia is pessimism. A human quest to conquer distant galaxies and an endless search for new colonies reflect the longing for power, aggrandizement, and control. The imbalance of power between those who control and those who are controlled has led to a general disorder and the dilemmas. In the era of mass confusion and distorted values, aesthetics and common sense are greatly subverted. In the early 21st century, we are facing the crisis of the world civilization.

Acknowledgment

I gratefully acknowledge the generous support of The Swedish Institute, The Swedish National Council for Cultural Affairs, The Prince Claus Fund, The European Union, The Japan Foundation, The Wien Kulture, The Open Society Arts & Culture Network Program, The Cross Cultural Communication, The Luleå municipality, The Luleå Employment office-Culture and Media, The County Administrative Board of Norrbotten, The Norrbotten County Council, The Kolding Kommune, The Royal University College of Fine Arts, The Banff Centre for the Arts, The International Cultural Centre Jeunesses Musicales Croatia Groznan, ZKM-Institute for Visual Media Center for Art and Media, The Mobile Academy Berlin, The Designskolen, The Central European University, The Smithsonian Institution: The Freer Gallery of Art and The Arthur M. Sackler Gallery, The Fukuoka Asian Art Museum, The Kobe University of Design, The Nagoya Design Center, The Waseda University and The Chulalongkorn University.

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11. Pilar De Burgos; Sara Edström; Jan-Erik Falk; Maria Lundström; Pia Schmaltz; Dan Lestander and Ricky Sandberg, Luleå Winter Biennial , Luleå, Sweden, January 2004 (Catalogue)

Appendix

The original concept/ideas “At the Dawn of the 21st Century: A View-Thought ‘The Red Window’” (“The Critical Time of the World Civilization”) expanded into a three-dimensional work, which contains the architectural structure, electronic lighting control, and sound effects thus creating a living spatial-temporary environment.



The installation series of "Untitled 1996" (Tomorrow Where Shall We live?),
Faculty of Architecture, Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok, Thailand



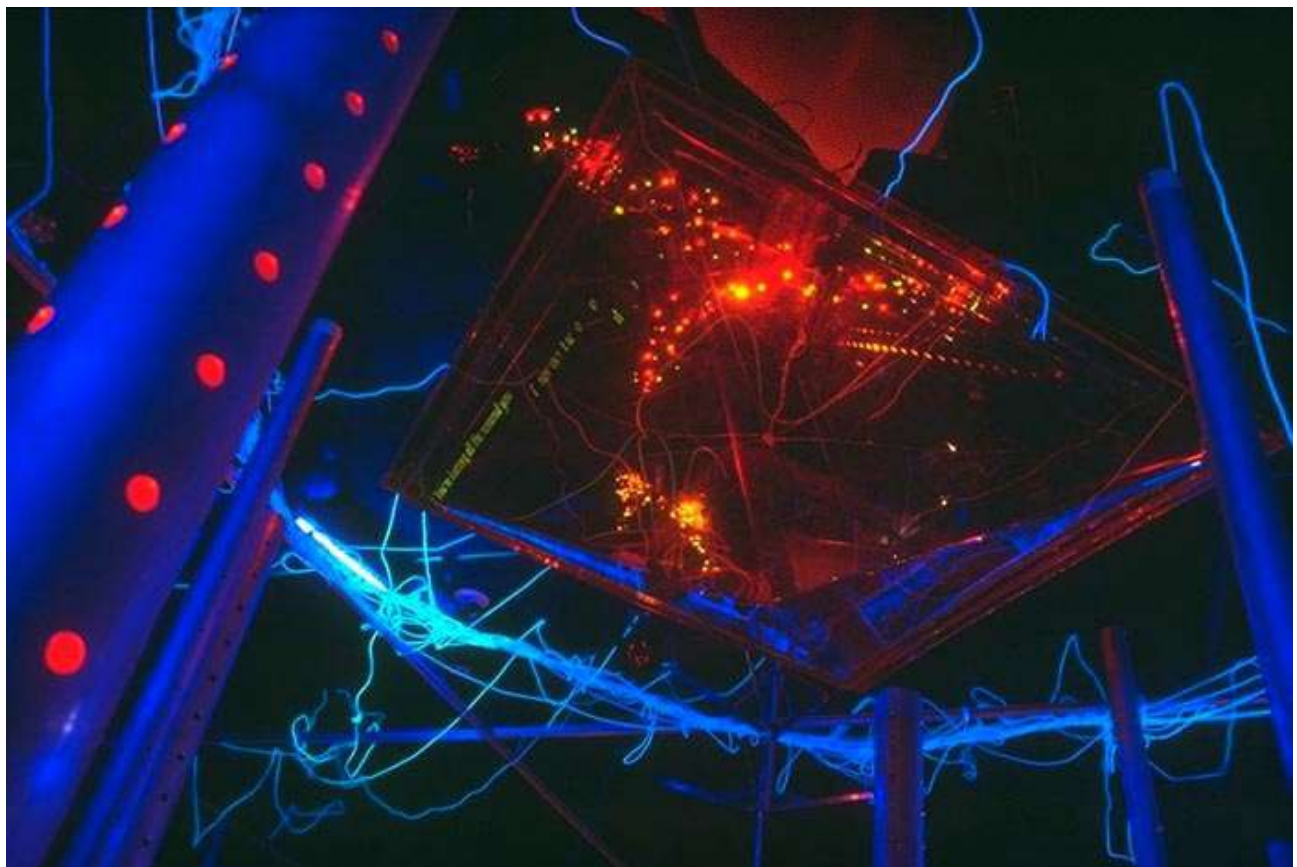
The installation series of "Untitled 1997" (Utopia), Art Centre, Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok, Thailand



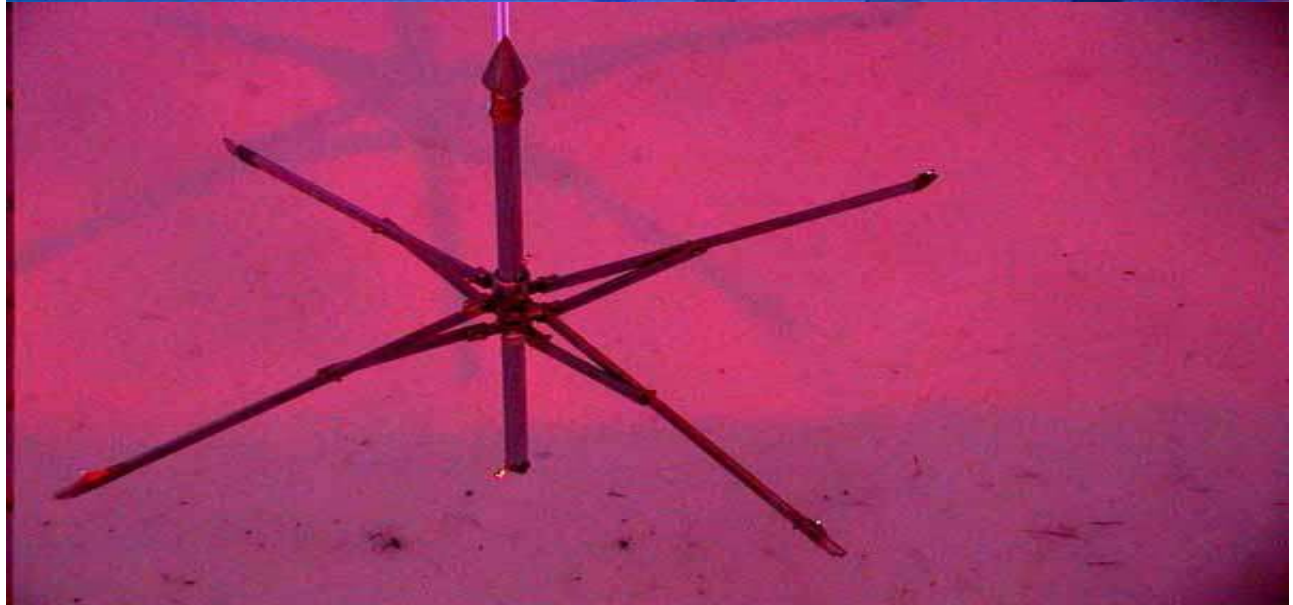
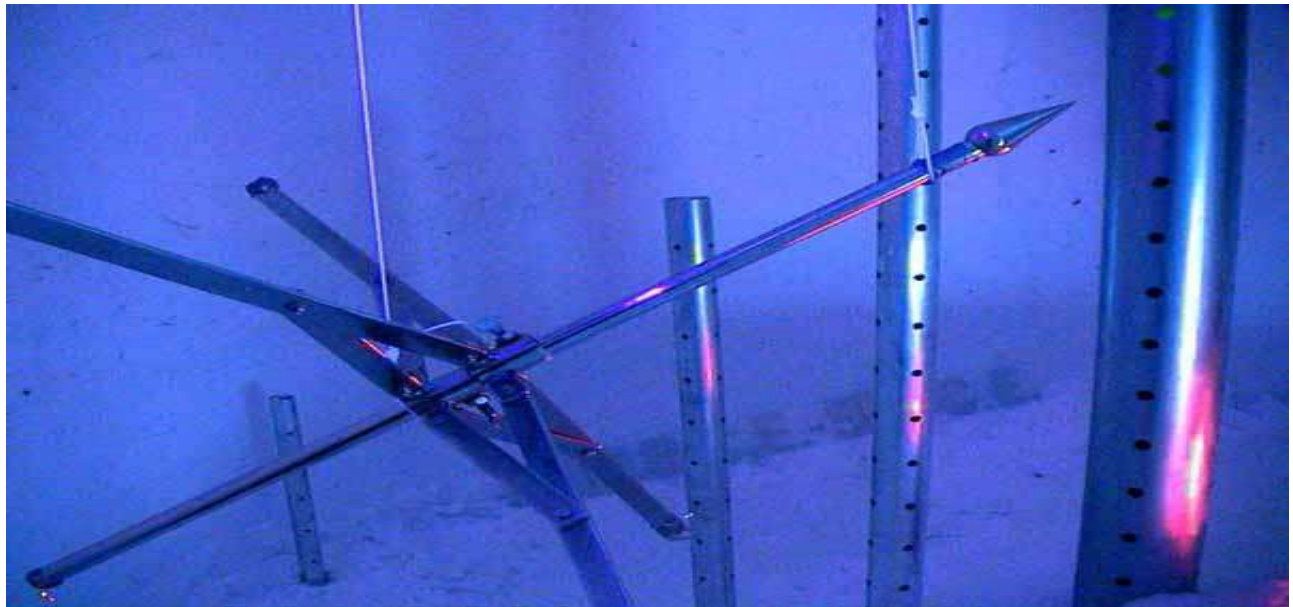
The installation series of "Untitled 1997" (Utopia), Art Centre, Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok, Thailand



**The installation series of "Untitled 1996" (Tomorrow Where Shall We lives?),
Faculty of Architecture, Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok, Thailand**



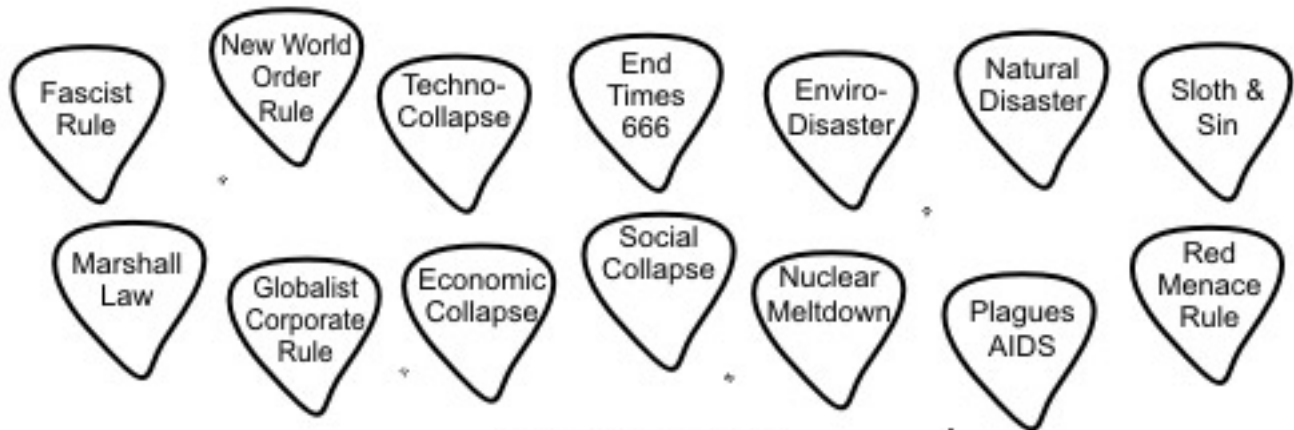
The installation series of "Untitled 1997" (Utopia), Art Centre, Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok, Thailand



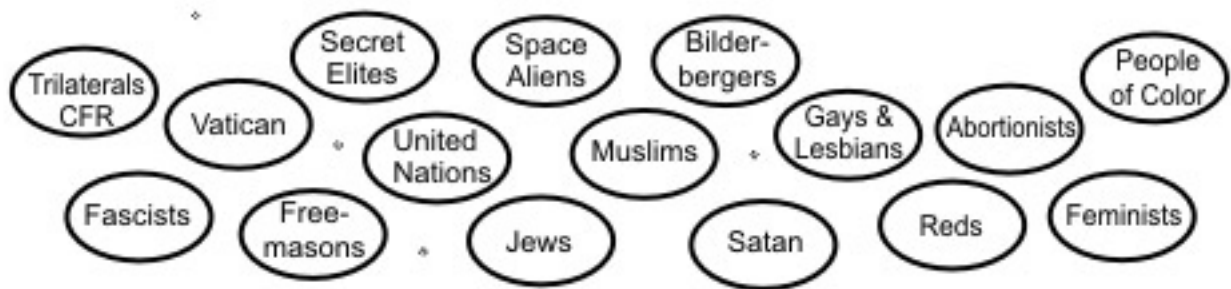
The installation series of "Untitled 2004" (At the Dawn of the 21st Century : A View Thought "The Red Window" The Critical Time of the World Civilisation), Luleå Winter Biennial 2004, Luleå, Sweden

Y2K & Millennial Pinball

Feared Outcomes

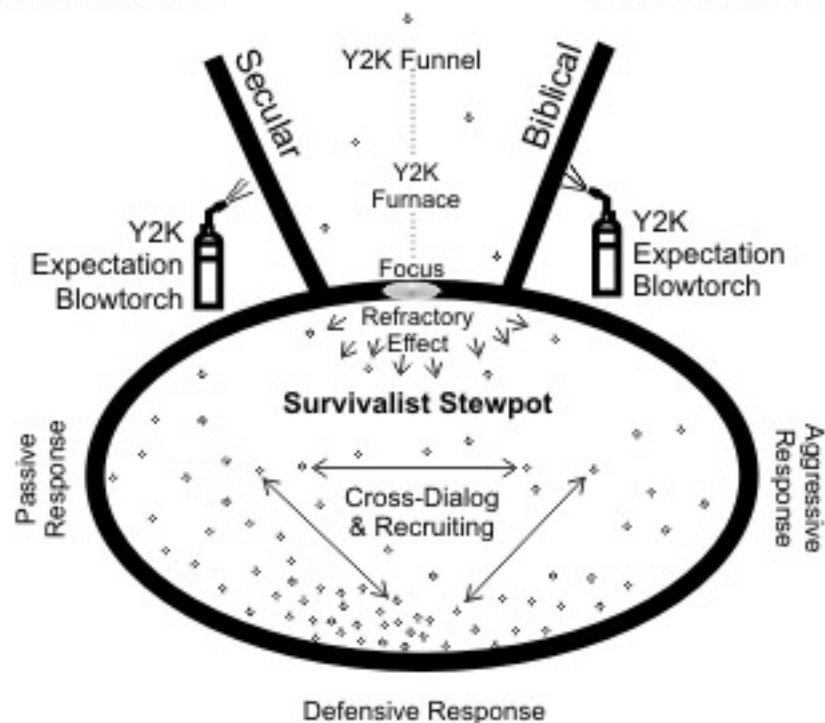


Suspected Villains



Calendar Year 2000

Date Event Horizon



Prodigal Sun: Bataille, DeLillo, Expenditure

Kate Marshall

“Instead of development, it offers entropy.”
--Rem Koolhaas, “Junkspace”

In a March 2003 review of Don DeLillo’s *Cosmopolis* in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, David Kipen asked: “Can we please declare a moratorium on all those scenes where literary characters ponder the light from burnt-out suns?” A cross-section of the reviews that accompanied the release of DeLillo’s novel reveals that the most sympathetic critics met it with a quizzical ambivalence, and others openly derided its inability to escape the destruction it portrayed. *Cosmopolis*, which DeLillo described at the time as a narrative of “the last day of the era - the golden age of cybercapital, with booming global markets and rampant dreams of individual wealth,” could not seem to combine the spectacular downfalls of both an individual and the world economy, and simultaneously recuperate those losses into a satisfactory meaning. Kipen’s exhaustion with the idea of expended solar energy appeared in a review that explored “DeLillo in an apocalyptic vein,” while in the *Chicago Sun-Times* Ron Franscell pitied “the poor mope who finds it under ‘Foreign Exchange Markets’ in the library card file and thinks it’s an international money thriller.” The aura of distaste surrounding the novel, echoed by critics at major presses nationwide, hovers uncertainly around the willful devastation perpetrated by the primary character, and around the way in which his acts resist significance or interpretation. In Michiko Kakutani’s *New York Times* review, Eric Packer “is joined in his limo by assorted financial and technology advisers

who warn him of the perils of his strategy of betting against the yen, warnings that he blithely ignores as he proceeds to lose millions of dollars belonging to other people as well as himself,” which makes him nothing but a “cartoon nihilist,” devoid of depth. Kakutani’s complaint highlights another dimension of the question of the novel’s reception: it is not just the meaningless destruction that keeps appearing as a major problem, but the fact that the protagonist “blithely” sends the economy spinning; he appears to be *enjoying* it. Laura Miller’s *New York Observer* piece asked for DeLillo to step up as the writer to translate the devastation of September 11th into “meaning,” yet her review bore the title “All Day in a Rich Guy’s Limo Makes for a Very Silly Novel.” And Rob Walker, in the *Washington Post*, praised the quality of the writing but simply found the story unpleasant:

And for better or worse, there’s no mistaking *Cosmopolis* for anything but a DeLillo novel -- a later DeLillo novel, told in a voice that is extremely somber, reflective, lyrical and very consciously literary. His sentences, by now unmistakable, here are meant to suggest profound truths. But in practice they are somewhat bloodless, not unlike Packer himself, whose story is less than a joy to read.

Nothing overtly “profound” offers these critics an opportunity to redeem the implosive world of *Cosmopolis*; the catastrophic losses incurred on the global and personal scale are not integrated into a reconstituted system, but just lost.

While the critics mentioned above are content for a novel to make destruction its subject, they are unwilling to accept unrecuperable loss. For now, I will forego the question of whether *Cosmopolis* is a joy to read and focus instead on the target of the critiques: unproductive destruction. Something about the impetus to destroy in the novel has produced

an uneasiness in its reviewers, which can perhaps be located in the nature of that destruction itself, and its refusal to be redeemed into meaning. The exuberance of loss in *Cosmopolis* functions as an illustration of the possibility in late capitalism to engage in massive-scale potlatch, not unlike that described in Georges Bataille's 1933 essay "The Notion of Expenditure." Bataille's concept of unproductive expenditure, a form of loss that removes surplus from an economic system as waste, resists reintegration back into the economic system; however, the concept itself has been subject to a critical question similar to that haunting DeLillo's most recent work. In "General Economics and Postmodern Capitalism," Jean-Joseph Goux argues that supply-side economics restores unproductive expenditure to productivity, that Bataille's concept does not survive the transition to postindustrial capitalism intact. Goux satisfies his desire to return sumptuous loss to meaningful production in a way that DeLillo's critics cannot. I would like to argue, however, that the methodology Goux employs to historicize the concept of expenditure aims at a misleading target: expenditure itself. Bataille's definition of the notion of expenditure in the general economy describes a system whose functionality does not change, although its representation by society is subject to historical differentiation. Goux's challenge to unproductive expenditure succeeds in Bataille's own terms as an articulation of the self-delusion of a society that masks its own fundamental relationship to loss. While it would be equally unproductive to speculate about Bataille's reaction to the capitalism of the 1980s and 1990s described by Goux or DeLillo's millennial "cybercapitalism," Bataille's systemic and functional structures of productive and unproductive expenditure transcend the changes which take place in their representations by different historical moments, exposing structural homologies that remain consistent despite a culture's altered relationship to

them.

Unproductive Expenditure and Heterogeneous Reality

Bataille's essay, "The Notion of Expenditure," is both an outline of his principle of unproductive expenditure and a critique of the atrophied expression of expenditure that he sees in his own society. The "current practice" of the time he writes is to describe the economy in the terms of classical utility. This economy subsumes the drive to destruction, for destructive loss serves no utilitarian function, and is as a result hidden under the false doctrine of productive social activity. Bataille likens the sociological thinking of the early 20th century to the parent who judges his child hypocritically: it permits acquisition, conservation, and consumption, but excludes unproductive expenditure as a valid activity. However, he acknowledges that the prescription against nonproductive expenditure has no immediate effect on the actions of society. In fact, this is his point. He says that humanity expresses for itself the imperative of productive acquisition and consumption, but *acts* in a way that "allows for the satisfaction of disarmingly savage needs, and it seems able to subsist only at the limits of horror" (117). The peaceful world, he says, reveals itself to be an illusion. Bataille describes human economic activity as a system of production, conservation, and consumption, with a surplus that is dealt with both intra- and extra-systemically. Some of the surplus returns to the system as productive expenditure that feeds further production and conservation; the rest, through unproductive expenditure, is purged from the system as waste or loss. Bataille privileges the "unproductive" aspect of the term expenditure, and when used alone it refers to the consumption characterized by loss, which can include luxury, war, the construction of monuments or temples, games,

and the production of art: "Now it is necessary to reserve the use of the word *expenditure* for the designation of these unproductive forms, and not for the designation of all the modes of consumption that serve as a means to the end of production" (118). Consumption takes on true meaning for Bataille only when it is characterized by an unreserved loss.

Bataille's strongest proof that unproductive expenditure outweighs the drive for conservation lies in the unremitting persistence of human poverty despite the existence of a surplus that has the potential to eliminate destitute circumstances: "As dreadful as it is, human poverty has never had a strong enough hold on societies to cause a concern for conservation -- which gives production the appearance of an end -- to dominate the concern for unproductive expenditure" (120). He replaces the "artificial" concept of the barter system as the basis for economic exchange with the potlatch, looking to the Tlingits and Haidas of the American Northwest for an explanation of exchange and the need to destroy. The potlatch can take the form of exchange as gift-giving in order to humiliate a rival by requiring a larger gift, or as the more revolutionary spectacle of the destruction of wealth, which humiliates rivals through the destruction of valuable property, and which must be repaid on a grander scale. In this society, any value is found in excrement: "The gift must be considered as a loss and thus as a partial destruction, since the desire to destroy is in part transferred onto the recipient. In unconscious forms, such as those described by psychoanalysis, it symbolizes excretion, which is linked to death" (122). Society is driven by a fundamental need for loss, from which it finds no shelter, and it is this need which organizes the social group.

Bataille looks to the historical situation of the potlatch as a problem of expression: the bourgeoisie have lost their ability to enjoy their expenditure

publicly. Loss, in other words, is tied to wealth. The loss is more powerful when there is more to lose. And if loss is what produces social power, wealth is social power on this more fundamental level. Social rank is a product of fortune, but only when that fortune is sacrificed publicly. Bataille has nostalgia for the great forms of expenditure, such as monasteries and sumptuous palaces. What he calls the "generous, orgiastic, and excessive" has disappeared in the face of a boring, conventional bourgeoisie. He also accuses the middle class of dividing the wealth by acquiring and desperately holding onto "meager fortunes". Society operates in a deluded state, seduced by a trickery that prevents it from revealing itself in its true form as a society of expenditure; however, the principles are there, but like Benjamin's theologian, have to keep out of sight. Bataille is disgusted not by the disgusting, but by the petty displays of wealth shown by the bourgeoisie and middle class, and by the removal of sumptuousness from the public sphere into the private interior. He sees it as a refusal of obligation that subverts and problematizes the structure of social relation and hierarchy, which was established by the notion of potlatch and unproductive expenditure, and he also sees it as a threat to the larger balance of power that sustains society, keeping the system going. Now, he says, expenditure is maintained in the *representation* of the bourgeoisie as "the shame of man and as a sinister cancellation" (125).

Bataille's expenditure, then, becomes a celebration of entropy in the face of cultural disavowal of its systemic power. If all consumption were to feed back into the system, the economy would indeed become Weber's "iron cage," but Bataille claims that no system can absorb all of its waste. A closed system of production does not allow for the discharge of excess and waste, and its entropic function will eventually cause it to self-destruct. This leads Bataille to argue for an open system that runs

on expenditure as a form of positive waste, a loss that reinforces a tenable structure of production. The economic system itself is produced by this loss for Bataille, for expenditure is the very thing that makes it possible. The system of production, conservation, and consumption circulates around the principle of expenditure, which as the center of the system is necessarily exterior to it:

Expenditure is situated like a constantly burning sun as the destructive center of a solar system that just happens to be productive, but would not exist systemically without the destruction at its core. Bataille uses what he describes as the “absurdly wasteful” value attributed to glory as the most powerful social force: “Made complete through degradation, glory, appearing in a sometimes sinister and sometimes brilliant form, has never ceased to dominate social existence; it is impossible to attempt to do anything without it when it is dependent on the blind practice of personal or social loss” (129). A closed system is akin to the attempt made by the homogenous, restricted economy to overwhelm the heterogeneous reality of the general economy, which is, for Bataille, a futile project. Bataille wants to assign a relative value to utility, so that observers of society, which can include a modern society in a self-reflexive state, recognize that utility is subordinate to expenditure and from that perspective can make a useful observation of society. In other words, societal observers must stop acting like the parents that refuse to relate to their unruly teenagers.

Supply-Side Economics and the Redemption of Expenditure

Bataille critiques both the historical progress of society that has led to an alienation from its basic relation to expenditure, and the observing apparatus of society that helps to produce or perpetuate this

alienation. He vigorously maintains his hierarchy of production in the service of consumption. Jean-Joseph Goux takes up the question of the general economy on exactly this point, asking whether historical economic change can alter the structure of expenditure so that it feeds back into a productive economy. Goux revels in Bataille’s principle of expenditure as such: “It is the most extravagant waste -- gratuitous, careening consumption, where accumulated wealth is set ablaze and disappears in an instant, wreathing in ephemeral glory him who makes the offering of this blaze which becomes the central phenomenon” (206). However, he posits a series of historical breaks which express themselves by altering the structure of expenditure fundamentally. First, he claims that the bourgeois world ushered in an a radical change which placed productive expenditure as the dominant force of social life. Bataille certainly attacks the ideology of functional expenditure advertised by the bourgeoisie, but he refuses to bury completely the power of expenditure which he sees lying in wait in certain Christian mythologies and in class struggle, with its potential for expenditure in its purest, most grandiose incarnation. Goux insists that expenditure may still exist in some form in bourgeois society, but he laments that it has become “virtually unreadable” (209). The break that Goux places in history as a result of the development of capitalism assumes a functional difference in the *structure* of expenditure, whereas Bataille focuses instead on a *relational* difference between the society’s observers and the modes of expenditure in which the society engages.

Goux invests so much in the debasement of the bourgeois economy so that he can set up a dramatic rescue: the rehabilitation of sumptuous expenditure by post-industrial capitalism. To do so, he posits a second, more dramatic historical break that alters the structure of expenditure: “Advanced capitalism seems to exceed the principle of restricted

economy and utility that presided at its beginning. No society has ‘wasted’ as much as contemporary capitalism” (210). Goux looks to George Gilder’s *Wealth and Poverty* to explain the economic politics of the early 1980s, which usher in a more elaborate form of capitalism and therefore “a more elaborated form of the *potlatch*” (211). Goux finds in Gilder’s analysis a conception of the potlatch that relies on an irrational element of post-industrial capitalism, which requires entrepreneurs to speculate recklessly on the free market. This “rule by risk” liberates capital from demand in order to supply an unpredictable consumer desire. The major structural break between the glorified expenditure in late capitalism elevated by Goux and Bataille’s principle of expenditure lies in its relation to production. Goux finds in Gilder a way to reincorporate expenditure as a productive consumption that feeds back into an economy driven by the production of desire. He claims that the concept of expenditure as articulated by Bataille in relation to capitalism applies only to a Weberian capitalism of restricted investment. The only reason that Bataille did not describe a form of expenditure that was both productive *and* sumptuous, according to Goux, was that he did not live long enough to witness it as a phenomenon firsthand: “Bataille did not imagine the paradoxical situation of postindustrial capitalism where only the appeal to compete infinitely in unproductive consumption (through comfort, luxury, technical refinement, the superfluous) allows for the development of production” (219). In late capitalism, then, Goux argues for productive consumption as the driving force of the economic system, a present center that feeds rather than expends continuously. While he by no means presents Gilder’s neoconservative approach as his own apology for supply-side economics, Goux begins to embrace the idea of a redeemed expenditure, one that can serve the economic system without relying on unaccountable waste.

Bataille’s very principle of expenditure as unproductive loss is itself lost in the attempt to reinscribe it as a mode of production. Goux takes all consumption and folds it back into productive expenditure:

It is clear that even the most unproductive seeming consumption (for example: tobacco, alcohol, but also pleasure trips, movies etc.) produces a profit-making industry, and thereby falls into the economic sphere according to the logic of the general equivalent. If one remains on strictly economic ground, it is in truth impossible to separate productive consumption from unproductive squandering (220).

Bataille’s functional differentiation of productive and unproductive expenditure, when blurred, results in a unified conception of consumption as one element of a self-contained, self-sustaining economic system. Goux makes the distinction of productive and unproductive expenditure obsolete, and goes so far as to say that perhaps the distinction should not have been made in the first place: “We see that it is not really a break in historical development, but a continuity that leads to a capitalism of consumption” (221). Goux finds in Bataille’s notion of expenditure the prefiguration of late capitalism, but without a sense of its fully realized expression. The “unreadable” nature of expenditure in Bataille’s capitalism becomes legible for Goux only after the 1960s, when it reveals itself as consumption in the service of production. He concedes that the unmistakable quantity of late capitalist expenditure is less important than its method, but requires the societal expression of expenditure to align structurally with that method: “Undoubtedly, no society has squandered so much, produced and spent so much merely for the sake of producing and spending, as contemporary industrial societies. The

difference lies in the mode of waste, its social *mise en scene*, its representation, and finally the imaginary of the expenditure” (223). While unproductive expenditure has been subsumed into a universally productive mode of consumption, Goux retains Bataille’s emphasis on the cultural representation of expenditure, despite his insistence on Bataille’s “troubling consonance ... with Gilder’s postmodern legitimation” (223). The distinction Bataille draws between the representation of expenditure and its structural coherence is displaced in Goux’s analysis along with the separation of productive and unproductive consumption.

Sacred Horror: Systems, Entropy, Risk

Bataille’s economy, understood as a social system which organizes itself according to what he describes as “nonlogical difference,” aligns with Niklas Luhmann’s idea of functional differentiation and the creation of autopoietic systems. In *Theories of Distinction*, Luhmann argues that it is the making of distinctions that has the power to create social systems: “Observing means making a distinction ... It will maintain the world as severed by distinctions, frames, and forms, *and maintained by that severance*” (85). The economic system Bataille describes comes into being according to the same rules, after a distinction has been made. By distinguishing between productive and unproductive expenditure, Bataille sets up his own account of functional differentiation as characterized matter, which “can only be defined as the *nonlogical difference* that represents in relation to the *economy* of the universe what *crime* represents in relation to the law” (129). Without the negation of the law that takes place in crime, the differentiation between legal/not legal, there is no legal system to speak of; Bataille’s nonlogical difference, that is, the separation of productive and unproductive expenditure, is what

makes any characterized economic system possible. Luhmann’s own account of the economic system, which deals specifically with capitalist transactions and the circulation of money, also relies on the basic act of distinction. The economic system for Luhmann requires its own negation to be present within the system in order to exist as a system: “The system could not function if it were to assign the having to itself and the not-having to its environment. Its order is grounded ... in the difference between these two distinctions” (*Observations on Modernity*, 16). In other words, the economic system requires expenditure, or the non-economic, to create production and productive consumption. While the productive economy brought into being around the distinction of unproductive and productive expenditure is not of particular interest to Bataille, it is the economy that Goux attempts to universalize by eliminating the distinction that produced the system in the first place. But by challenging the distinction between production and loss, Goux destroys the functional mechanism which drives the system, introducing a state of entropic decline that can result only in paralytic stasis.

The dissolved and reintegrated expenditure described by Goux, then, does not change its functionality, but should instead be understood as operating within a system that tends towards increased complexity. Expenditure works as what Luhmann defines as an “Eigenvalue” or “Eigenbehavior,” which remains formally consistent despite historical or representational changes: “In other words, recursively stabilized functional mechanisms, which remain stable even when their genesis and their mode of functioning have been revealed” (*Reality of the Mass Media*, 1). The “risk” which produces a productive entrepreneurship of gambling as potlatch for Goux threatens to dissolve Bataille’s distinction of gambling as “the loss of insane sums of money.” The “uncertain result” of

entrepreneurial gambling does not approach the death-like sacrifice of Bataille's gamblers:

It is true that this circulation of money profits a small number of professional bettors, but it is no less true that this circulation can be considered to be a real *charge* of the passions unleashed by competition and that, among a large number of bettors, it leads to losses disproportionate to their means; these even attain such a level of madness that often the only way out for gamblers is prison or death (119).

Goux's homogenous risk, while acknowledged as a possible side-effect of Bataille's expenditure, cannot recuperate loss as a uniquely productive value. Rather, risk begins to operate as a harbinger of restricted economy. Ulrich Beck's *Risk Society* describes a process of enclosure that produces an unwillingness to expend. The risk society engages in preservation first in an attempt to fend off potential loss: "Risks signify a future which is to be prevented" (33). The active prevention of expenditure is as antithetical to Bataille's system as the attempt to redefine sumptuous loss as production within an undifferentiated economy.

In "Hegel, Death and Sacrifice," Bataille openly rejects the risk mechanism as a false attempt to homogenize the heterogeneous, and finds in Hegel an argument for the abandonment of risk to an embrace of death: "Now, the life of Spirit is not that life which is frightened of death, and spares itself destruction, but that life which assumes death and lives with it. Spirit attains its truth only by finding itself in absolute dismemberment" (14). Bataille, in embracing Hegel's idea of the willingness to sacrifice one's own life as the requisite of philosophical meaning, also consciously embraces a paradox: death and sacrifice end meaning at the same time that they produce it. Like the notion of expenditure, the

grand loss of sacrifice and death possesses the truest revolutionary potential for Bataille:

The excitement of which I speak is well-known, is definable; it is *sacred* horror: the richest and most agonizing experience, which does not limit itself to dismemberment but which, on the contrary, opens itself, like a theater curtain, onto a realm beyond this world, where the rising light of day transfigures all things and destroys their limited meaning (21).

While Hegel would stop short of complete sacrifice or true expenditure, Bataille sees backing away from death as a move away from consciousness. Bataille would expend all, and sacrifice even the philosophy of Hegel himself. He speaks of the "failure" of Hegel as a failure of the system of meaning to withstand the sacrifice required for sacrificial expenditure: "If he failed, one cannot say that it was the result of an error. The meaning of the failure itself differs from that of the failure which caused it: the error alone is perhaps fortuitous. In general it is as an authentic movement, weighty with sense, that one must speak of the 'failure' of Hegel" (27). The only escape from the absolute annihilation of sacrifice is "subterfuge," the identification with a symbolic death, a creative death which can approach the consciousness of bodily death.

DeLillo's *Cosmopolis*: Appetite for Destruction

Bataille contends that as a form of subterfuge, literature provides Hegel the necessary representation of death that prevents an animal-like alienation from death. When literature produces the *belief* in death, it allows readers to "live with the impression of really dying," and achieve the consciousness of death without the physical experience (20). But Bataille finds this approach insufficient, for it implies

a backing away from the “entire movement” of death. However, he acknowledges that subterfuge may be the only recourse the masses have to the experience of their own negativity. As a possible example of complex subterfuge, Don DeLillo’s *Cosmopolis* offers itself up as a parable of potlatch that simultaneously sacrifices the significance of the destruction it describes. The novel narrates expenditure on a grand scale, involving the collapse of personal and global fortunes, accompanied by destroyed relationships, property, and the annihilation of several lives. The protagonist, Eric Packer, recognizes the transformative power of death as he sets out on his day-long odyssey of destruction: “When he died he would not end. The world would end” (6). Eric goes on to engage in the entrepreneurial speculation that fuels Goux’s redeemed form of expenditure, by betting his company’s sizeable assets against the value of the Japanese yen. But when he is warned that his borrowing has exceeded the limits of acceptable risks, he resists this kind of conserving closure and engages in the wild gambling that Bataille prefers. When his currency analyst cautions, “Eric, come on. We are speculating into the void,” Eric simply wagers more (21). The gamble in this economy rides the boundary between recklessness and productive speculation, and DeLillo pushes the concept into a gratuitous Bataillean free-fall. Expenditure in *Cosmopolis* is rescued from the ethos of supply-side economics and elevated to something beyond sacrifice: “The concept of property is changing by the day, by the hour. The enormous expenditures that people make for land and houses and boats and planes. This has nothing to do with traditional self-assurances, okay. Property is no longer about power, personality and command. It’s not about vulgar display or tasteful display. Because it no longer has weight or shape. The only thing that matters is the price you pay” (78). The representation of

expenditure in late capitalism, both in *Cosmopolis* and as *Cosmopolis*, extends beyond display to the sacrifice of the symbolic exchange of currency.

DeLillo’s economy is a system that tried to recover expenditure. In his 1991 novel, *Mao II*, the commodified author Bill Gray turns towards risk to contain and redirect expenditure towards productivity: “Our desperation has led us toward something larger and darker. So we turn to the news, which provides an unremitting mood of catastrophe ... We don’t even need catastrophes, necessarily. We only need the reports and predictions and warnings” (72). Risk provides an impetus to conserve. A devotee of Grey’s, Karen, finds herself recovering detritus compulsively:

In the morning she began to forage for redeemable bottles and cans, anything she could find in trash baskets or curbside, in garbage bags massed in restaurant alleyways. Bottles, matchbooks, swayback shoes, whatever useable cultural deposit might be shut away in the dark ... She stood on garbage cans and went through dumpsters at demolition sites, salvaging plasterboard and nails, strips of plywood. Bottles and cans were her main mission, things that could be turned into money (152-153).

Karen turns waste back into capital, a move that DeLillo rejects completely in *Cosmopolis*. The economy Packer inhabits almost ten years after that of *Mao II* has had its fill of attempts to redirect expenditure -- it is bursting under the pressure of its own entropy. DeLillo is willing to sacrifice the entire economy in the novel in the name of sumptuous expenditure. Eric’s gamble against the yen predictably fails, and with enormously destructive consequences: “Bank failures were spreading ... He knew it was the yen. His actions regarding the yen were causing storms of disorder.

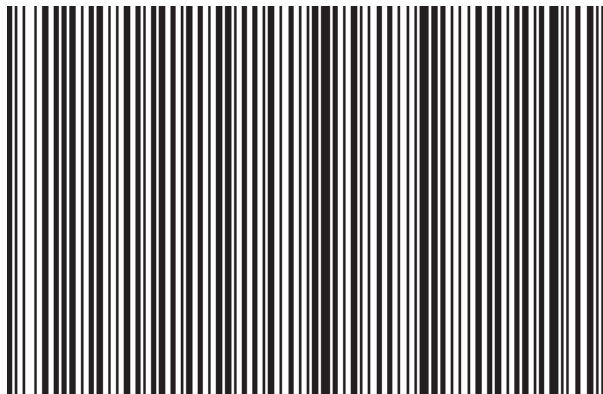
He was so leveraged, his firm's portfolio large and sprawling, linked crucially to the affairs of so many key institutions, all reciprocally vulnerable, that the whole system was in danger" (116). The economic system in the novel implodes as its own entropic pressure violently enforces the rule of unproductive expenditure. DeLillo provides an image of immolation as expenditure at large to counteract the claim that the market culture can assimilate all waste, in the form of unexplained protest: "Now look. A man in flames ... Kinski had been wrong. The market was not total. It could not claim this man or assimilate his act. Not such starkness and horror. This was a thing outside its reach" (100). The exteriority of expenditure, as the thing that both drives and negates the economic system, is represented here as immune to the redemption offered by supply-side economics and productive consumption. As an example of the expression of a societal relationship to expenditure, DeLillo is operating in a Bataillean vein, exposing a structural homology between his vision of millennial capitalism and primitive potlatch.

The nature of expenditure in *Cosmopolis* is reminiscent of the competitive quest for glory that Bataille describes in ancient cultures. Eric's wife compares his prodigality to the practice of potlatch: "Even when you self-destruct, you want to fail more, lose more, die more than others, stink more than others. In the old tribes the chief who destroyed more of his property than the other chiefs was the most powerful" (194). It is this celebration, this enjoyment of a destruction without any possibility of economic or moral redemption that seems to jar so unpleasantly with the novel's critics. Eric Packer is the true sovereign, with the power to waste at will. The fact that he does -- and sacrifices his own life in the process -- with no other motive than expenditure itself, leaves the critics contemplating a void. One of the more positive reviews, one that went

unmentioned earlier, appeared in *Book Magazine*. In it, Tom LeClair addresses the very issue of unredeemable expenditure and meaning: "DeLillo sacrifices the realism and emotional engagement of a novel like *Underworld* or even *The Body Artist*. Ever artful in his sentences and arrangements, he doesn't devolve to populist sentiment or propaganda but may engage in wishful thinking when he has his financial pharaoh engineer his own downfall." LeClair recognizes that the frenzied potlatch of *Cosmopolis* is threatening beyond the self-destructing systems contained within the novel. But then again, he authored a book in 1987 on DeLillo and the "systems novel," which warned that an enclosed system of positive feedback with no negative loss will result in "eventual self-destruction of the system" (13). LeClair likens the purposeful enigma of Packer's expenditure to Melville's *Bartleby*, who unceremoniously self-destructs on a Wall Street that precedes the gross excesses of DeLillo's cybercapital, but invites sacrifice amongst "safe" men (4). Packer's glorious annihilation of himself and the economy surrounding him brazenly rejects any possibility of redemption in productivity or meaning. The only value DeLillo offers is in waste, and in that he escapes the "delusion" Bataille sees ensnaring his contemporaries. The reception of *Cosmopolis* reads like an allegory of expenditure, for the novel refuses efforts to reinscribe its destruction into a system of productive meaning.

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