

**TRANSLATING DERRIDA, A QUESTION OF STYLE:**  
**AN EXPOSITION OF PROCESSES OF TRANSLATION**

THESIS-ARTWORK FOR MASTER OF ARTS IN ART AND DESIGN  
TE WANANGA ARONUI O TAMAKI MAKAU  
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ATTESTATION OF AUTHORSHIP

I hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person nor material which to a substantial extent has been accepted for the qualification of any other degree or diploma of a university or other institution of higher learning, except where due acknowledgement is made in the acknowledgements.

### KUPU WHAKAMIHI<sup>1</sup>

I cannot begin to address this thesis project without acknowledgement of a debt to Jacques Derrida, to a love, which has endured throughout the writing of this project, and to an intimacy with a man I have never met and with whom I communicate regularly, despite his death

.  
Ki a koe te rangatira, e Haki, Tena ra koe mo o kupu aroha, o kupu ataahua i homai koe ki a matou. He mihi nunui ki a koe mo tenei tinana i homai koe ki ahau, hei kai reka mo enei mahi. E te rangatira, haere haere haere. Haere ki tuuua o te aria, kia tutaki koe i nga tupuna no tenei whenua i roto i te aroha, i te whanaungatanga hoki. Haere, haere, haere atu ra. Ka huri te rarangi korero ki a tatou te hunga ora. Tena koutou, Tena koutou, Tena tatou katoa.<sup>2</sup>

David Wills (2001; 36) writes of "writing, as sign of rupture, as separation or ablation of the utterance from its supposed origin, as graft, as always possible and necessary recontextualization... an exercise always in mourning" These several pages of writings, of mournings which follow are dedicated to you, Jacques Derrida, with love.

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<sup>1</sup> Kupu - words, whakamihi - acknowledgement

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix 1 for translation

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to acknowledge, also, my daughter Peata, whose life experiences during the years of writing this thesis have taught me much, and who, I hope, will be proud of her mother for completing this project despite setbacks and the many obstacles, which have also gifted much to the work. With Peata I thank my other daughters, Nadia and Rachael, who have stood by their mother and kept me going, as has my mother, Yvonne McNamara and my father, the late Hirini McNamara.

Next, and by no means less in debt of gratitude, to my partner, Minarapa Mitai, for his support, patience and perseverance through the trials without and within the project, also for gifting me a true love story.

Another acknowledgement must be made to the academy, to Auckland University of Technology, an institution and a group of people which, through time, challenge, inspiration and example, has both led and followed me into this arena of arts and languages with enthusiasm, integrity and support, and also has provided many of the settings and characters for this screenplay.

I also gratefully acknowledge the support of Taipari Munro and Te Puna o te Matauranga, Northland Polytechnic for the waiata included in Appendices.

## ABSTRACT

This thesis is an anthropophagic translation<sup>3</sup> of *Éperons - Spurs* by Jacques Derrida, a translation devouring the 'original' text, which will be shown to be already a devouring of other texts in other languages, in the production of an artwork.

The process of this translation into a mixture of Maaori and English is written as a filmic script, a form of writing allowing for sound and image to accompany the translation and for translation to accompany sounds and images of *Éperons*. Questions underpinning the written artwork are, as suggested in *Éperons* and also in the title of this thesis, questions of style. Here style moves between translation, sounds and images of screenplay and events in the life of a translator - artist - writer, which are both outside and inside the text under translation.

A preceding prelude, while not abstracted from the filmic script, will perform as *kai arahi*, as guide, leading a reader into, and opening processes of anthropophagic translation in a multi-stranded screenplay. Throughout the writing of this thesis, a fidelity to whakapapa, genealogy and process has been paramount and further discussions on fidelity and its other, relating back to the Roman aphorism *traduttore traditore*<sup>4</sup>, will form a large part of the prelude.

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<sup>3</sup> From Anthropofagismo, an aesthetic movement begun in Brazil in the late 1920's. Poets Haraldo and Augusto de Campos later (1950's) claimed this process as a valid postcolonial methodology of translations of European texts, a return to the cannibal, the bad savage. (Greene, 1992) Whilst the title of anthropophagia is adopted for the process undertaken in this thesis, the cannibalizing of *Éperons* by this Maaori-French-Irish-Scottish writer offers other possibilities as different processes of food preparation, different ingredients and expectations are here in play.

<sup>4</sup> *Traduttore traditore* -Translator traitor

## PRELUDE

| 'prel ' (y)o•d; 'pr• 'l(y)o•d| | pr•l jud| | pre• lud|  
| pr•lju•d|

noun

1 an action or event serving as an introduction to something more important : *education cannot simply be a **prelude** to a career.*

2 an introductory piece of music, most commonly an orchestral opening to an act of an opera, the first movement of a suite, or a piece preceding a fugue.

- a short piece of music of a similar style, esp. for the piano.

- the introductory part of a poem or other literary work.

verb [ trans. ]

serve as a prelude or introduction to : *the bombardment **preluded** an all-out final attack.*

### DERIVATIVES

ORIGIN mid 16th cent.: from French **prélude**, from medieval Latin **praeludium**, from Latin **praeludere** 'play beforehand,' from **prae** 'before' + **ludere** 'to play.'

Given the untimely passing of Jacques Derrida on October 9th 2004 any prelude must also act as accompaniment to the preceding kupu whakamihi, the eulogy, an inscription on a crypt, on a kohatu, a rock or tombstone. This inscription addresses the many gifts opened to the writer of this thesis through *Éperons-Spurs* and other writings of Jacques Derrida, Te Rii Taa<sup>5</sup> as he has been renamed later in this text. It is, perhaps fitting that this inscription be presented around the time where a hura kohatu, an unveiling of a headstone is often called for. It is traditional for Maaori to celebrate the life of a tupuna, an ancestor, a year after his time of passing. This was the time for washing the bones of that tupuna, now

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<sup>5</sup> Te Rii Taa - Te - the, Rii - screen, Taa - written or incised. This transliteration of the name 'Derrida' gives another reading of the Maaori word for translation into Maaori; 'whakamaaoritia' - whaka - to make or like, and Maaori - the name given to homologize the first nation people of Aotearoa New Zealand. Whakamaaoritia translates as both translate and transliterate into Maaori. Translation into another language would require a change in word ending e.g. whakawiwitia \_ translate into French.

translated to the hura kohatu. It is a time for coming together and remembering.

The question of introduction has loomed large throughout the writing of this thesis. How to write and name a fitting procession, which may lead a reader to the inside of this text, to the processes and mechanisms here written? This question is not separate from questions of style and is written into each phrase of *Éperons*, that is it is already written. For requirements of a Masters degree, however, I must write again some leader, a kaiarahi or guide to an academic reading of a text, which is, at once, a thesis, a work of art, a translation, an adaptation and a filmic script. This introduction is also a prelude, an opening, a leading in, which is not entirely separate from, nor merely a discussion on the screenplay, but a series of approaches and proposals in establishing relationships to follow. Moments from the prelude are translated and continued into the screenplay (p57-58 and footnotes) as moments of screenplay continue to translate themselves into the prelude.

Rather than 'fitting to' such as adaptation calls for, or 'carrying across', such as translation expects, the process is one of "art translation"<sup>6</sup>, where a fitting is summoned across and through language, where a film writes himself (le film, masculine) across and through a text (la texte, feminine). It is perhaps a fitting tribute to Derrida that his spurs have called here for other writings, for writings of movement and sound. Alongside property and propriety, what is fitting forms a healthy attachment, which cannot be shelved. Perhaps the best place to begin such an introduction is with a quotation from Derrida:

"What has seemed necessary and urgent to me, in the historical situation which is our own, is a general determination of the conditions for the emergence and the limits of philosophy, of metaphysics, of

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<sup>6</sup> A term adopted by Augusto de Campos used to "install a 'tradition of invention', injecting into Brazilian literature the new blood of radical works (many of them considered untranslatable)" (Greene, 1992).



everything that carries it on and that it carries on"  
(Derrida, 1972: 51)

It is perhaps here that the processes written in this thesis, at the limits of a theoretical practice of translation, that the art translation script occurs, where impossibilities of translating a French (this word again limits Derrida's text which, largely written in French, includes German, Greek and English languages and is, at moments, also a translation) philosophico-literary text into Maaori-English, open to art and design.

Bassnett and Trivedi write of anthropophagic translation as "the critical ingestion of European culture and the reworking of that tradition in Brazilian terms" (1999: 2). This thesis suggests a methodology for the reworking of *Éperons* in Maaori terms to include pre-colonial notions of 'writing'; carving, performance, music, dance, weaving and other forms of nga Mahi Toi, of arts.

A Maaori translation of the word 'style' offers the word tikanga, with its root tika (truth). Translation asks that « truth » be carried across, that the orifices of a translator be opened to receive strands of meaning from an « original » in a process of reproduction. What is happening here? The question of deconstruction inserts itself, demanding responses.

...says Derrida, 'Each time I open my mouth, each time I speak or write, I promise' (p67 Monolingualism of the Other: or, The Prosthesis of Origin). The promise dwells in language as its call to a language which it can never be, which we can never have, and the promise always threatens; it terrorizes. The promise and the terror exist as components in language and for language but not metalinguistically. (Glover, 2002)

This promise also exists across languages, perhaps in the form of desire, as the wrenching desire for translation, for movement between, for understanding and standing under, for whakapapa and making ground.

Making ground in this thesis, is certainly a question of style, which, "it must not be forgotten, (it) is also" <sup>7</sup>, a pillar or doorpost and an arrangement of steps to facilitate a crossing (stile).

### BETRAYAL<sup>8</sup> : TRADUTTORE TRADITORE

Translation packs with it, for its precarious border crossings, locked tightly in its suitcase, fabrics of betrayal. Texts under translation sing out, with earsplitting desire, for an impossible fidelity, a fidelity that asks for one person's entire luggage, clothing and transportables to be handed over to be fit another. The desire of *Éperons* for this handing over is deafening, and it is in retreat from the deafening desire of the other (in this case a textual other) that moments of fantasy (again textual) emerge<sup>9</sup>.

It can be no secret, this desire for a reader and further for a translator. *Éperons* at no stage limits its calls to whispers. French script already discusses translation from Nietzsche's German and Greek, already addresses others' desires.

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<sup>7</sup>Refer Harlow 31

<sup>8</sup> betray |biˈtrɒl| |bə treɪl| |bi treɪl| |bɪ treɪl|  
verb [ trans. ]

be disloyal to : his friends were shocked when he betrayed them.

• be disloyal to (one's country, organization, or ideology) by acting in the interests of an enemy : he could betray his country for the sake of communism.

• treacherously inform an enemy of the existence or location of (a person or organization) : this group was betrayed by an informer.

• treacherously reveal (secrets or information) : many of those employed by diplomats betrayed secrets and sold classified documents.

• figurative reveal the presence of; be evidence of : she drew a deep breath that betrayed her indignation.

DERIVATIVES

**betrayal** |ˈɒl| |bə treɪəl| |bi treɪəl| noun

**betrayed** |bə treɪəd| |bi treɪəd| noun

ORIGIN Middle English : from **be-** [thoroughly] + obsolete tray [betray,] from Old French **traïr**, based on Latin **tradere** 'hand over.' Compare with **traitor** .

<sup>9</sup> See McGowan, Todd *Finding Ourselves on a Lost Highway* for further discussion on the role of fantasy in providing relief from desire in film.

With an anthropophagic translation such as this, desire is mutual; *Éperons* is desirous of translation, of being carried across, of having all its parts moved in the same direction, maintaining its mass of invaginations without amendment or rotation; an impossible desire, which is nonetheless insistent. The desire of this translator to consume *Éperons* is also apparent, although sword swallowing can be a painful and dangerous occupation unless the throat is well opened and prepared. If, rather than attempting to devour pointed objects; pen, chisel or taiaha, spear, these objects are implemented as accomplices in ritual devouring of a text named *Derrida*, other processes are also at work.

Again the promise of writing, of any text which attempts to move between languages, to carry across some vestige of meaning (whose meaning?), the promise is to hand over, to betray any sense of originality both in what has been regarded as a source language and a target.

As revealed in the synopsis, which follows, three strands of writing interweave to form this screenplay-artwork. The first layer is certainly that of a translation (and mistranslation) of *Éperons* by Jacques Derrida. The second is slightly more obscure, being a strand of fantasy arriving from *Éperons'* untranslatability. Fantastic images and sounds from an other culture write themselves into the script. Here, perhaps, some discussion on desire is called for.

Desire, promise and betrayal have here found a witness; named Camera, already a multiple witness as positions required in the screenplay would require impossible contortions on the part of a single camera, who, written into the script, is placed at angles and distances, approaching and withdrawing from spaces between languages. This witness, Camera, lives on, surviving thrusts and parries, lightning and backwash, cuts and extractions, telling all. This witness is the cannibal, the anthropophage who, having devoured the tastiest morsels, now recounts the feast, all eye and ear, dancing between

translation, fantasy and realities, leaping through windows, crossing oceans in an orgiastic betrayal of mastery.

In translation the eye of the translator is always in parenthesis. Displacement, here, in this artwork is viewed through the eye of the camera, which is itself displaced onto the page, the ever-present witness to process and movement. It is, however, a camera with an ear for music, for cries and wails of desire and mourning.

Visually the script hints at formalities of scriptwriting, while deferring somewhat to *Éperons - Spurs* (e.g. font, which is similar and not the same, and page numbering) and Marguerite Duras' *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (the use of small capitals), both of which nod in deference, a continual acknowledgment of debt.

The range and scope of verbal script is confined in an effort to remain faithful to Derrida's text, which is itself confined amongst and between bars of fantasy, dance, music and events in this writing process. One confinement that has escaped, in this artwork, also in fidelity to Derrida, whose timing is far from confined and confining, is the convention of screenplay timing, where the one page per minute of screen time is held in deferral.

A further betrayal is witnessed in the presentation of this thesis; a betrayal involving the drawings by François Loubrieu, whose name continually escapes the memory of this writer, an enforced betrayal in an attempt at fidelity in translation of *Éperons-Spurs*, which certainly includes Loubrieu's drawings. Having entitled this thesis 'Translating Derrida' it would be convenient to ignore these drawings. However attention has been given to Stefano Agosti's preface and the cannibal will certainly pay due respect to the drawings, which may be read as an other preface and as an other translation of *Éperons*. How then to translate these images these penned marks into screenplay? These images can be witnessed in the tappings of chisel on skin and wood, of whakairo, carving and taa, drawing written into the screenplay.

## SEMINAR NOTES<sup>10</sup>

"Le titre retenu pour cette séance aura été..." (Derrida 1979: 34), The title of this seminar was to have been Site and Scene, a title inviting spatializing of the texts of *Éperons* by Jacques Derrida, texts under translation in this thesis project. This title was written in a moment of Panic, a moment where that playful Greek danced unseen (and here I unveil a triple debt, to Maria O'Connor who sent me an article entitled *The Double Game; An Introduction*, to Alan Bass, the writer of that article and to my friend Enrique Pardo of Pantheatre, whose work with Pan continues to inspire) and into the scene of a partially-built dwelling on a rural landscape<sup>11</sup>, a scene calling for a title to a chapter at some spatio-temporal distance.

The site for the seminar presentation, the lecture<sup>12</sup> theatre, calls for another naming, which may or may not be the same as and different to 'Site and Scene'. In deference to the lecture theatre, to the play of words, the seminar is thus retitled 'Panui Panui', (here, at the site of the unknown in language, the computer throws up, offering corrections in the writing of the word Panui as follows; Panic [here a return to the triple debt], Pane, Pinup, Panel, Papua, Paul) a title including both invitation and reading, a more appropriate title for a textual artwork in this setting, and for the opening chapter of the thesis.

The word panui can be unpacked to give paa, assault, stockade or screen and nui, large, abundant and many. On sighting manuhiri, visitors to a paa, and on the return of tribal members who have been abroad in various pursuits the

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<sup>10</sup> Included here are notes for a seminar presentation on this thesis project. The seminar was unable to be presented earlier so this opportunity is taken for presentation.

<sup>11</sup> The home some distance from Rotorua, where this particular chapter was written

<sup>12</sup> lecture - ORIGIN late Middle English (in the sense [reading, a text to read] ): from Old French, or from medieval Latin **lectura**, from Latin **lect-** 'read, chosen,' from the verb **legere**.

puutaatara<sup>13</sup> is sometimes sounded, announcing arrival, calling tangata whenua, the people of the land to come together. To site this translation it is necessary to call on others who have translated Derrida, and here such illustrious company responds to the first karanga<sup>14</sup>, the first call announcing the arrival of manuhiri. There is some difficulty in establishing where, in this case, the rights of tangata whenua lie and where those of manuhiri. Others who have worked on translations of Derrida include, of course, Barbara Harlow, the writer of the extant translation of *Éperons*, to whom I owe, in part<sup>15</sup>, the calling to writing of this thesis.

Derrida's siting of the question of style is introduced with a translation of a letter (la lettre, feminine, also l'être, masculine - Being) written by Nietzsche to his dear friend, Malvida von Meysenbug, a letter announcing the arrival of another (at that time) dear friend, Richard Wagner to Basel, where Nietzsche was staying at the time. Here a grounding for the question of style is woven between Nietzsche, Wagner, a dentist and a strange woman, letter and Being, a grounding woven with cuts and extractions, incisions into this letter, which could already be read as appendage, as notes in the margin to Nietzsche's more 'philosophical' texts. Whakairo<sup>16</sup>, like a worm, Derrida eats his way through the letter, biting through Nietzsche's text, teeth tearing, tongue tasting, carving into another's lettre, another's Being.

This devouring is also a means of establishing whakapapa, ancestral lines, a laying down of the threads which have invited Derrida into a close reading of Nietzsche, and immediately establish Nietzsche's influences as musical notes to accompany his philosophical writings and his writings as accompaniment to musical notes.

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<sup>13</sup> Puutaatara - large conch shell with mouthpiece, blown to produce loud call

<sup>14</sup> Karanga, call is the first voice heard on the marae. It is the call, usually of an elderly woman tangata whenua, person of that place, calling manuhiri, visitors

<sup>15</sup> The karanga to sites of translation of this thesis owes itself to many at the university, outside the university and textual spaces between.

<sup>16</sup> Whakairo - carving, literally whaka - like and iro - worm, like a work

A particular meeting place for deconstruction and Maaori is the marae of 'Te Patai', of 'The Question' and there is some slippage between deconstructive questions of 'what is happening here' and Maaori questions of 'no hea tenei'<sup>17</sup>, both questions of whakapapa, of lineage, of making ground<sup>18</sup>.

There is always an accompaniment to translation; questions, threads of images, sounds and movement flowing alongside such intimate readings. For me the accompaniment has been the ever-moving sounds and images here written, here offered, for film.

There are three distinct strands interwoven here; the first is a translation of Derrida's *Éperons*. The second a revealing of scenes, sounds and images summoned by a process of close reading-translation, where cultural experiences are so different. More traditional processes of translation have commonly called for these images to be suppressed, to be hidden from view in deference to fidelity. Here, through a process of devouring, they are revealed and form an accompaniment to translation. The third strand enfolds events in the life of the translator, which, through such intimacy with the script, come to resonate with the text under translation

"Deconstructionists go so far as to suggest that perhaps the translated text writes us and not we the translated text." (Gentzler 1993: 145) The art translation screenplay can be read as a documentary of confluence of events in the life of this translator with the text under translation and the "translator under text"<sup>19</sup>, in a continual process of translation through texts; of those moments where distinctions between inside and outside are most evidently absent, thus the screenplay is a texture of absences.

Any title given to this project is at once a misnomer. Any language chosen to name this thesis is at once the wrong language, as the text under translation is not written in one

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<sup>17</sup> No hea tenei - Where does this come from?

<sup>18</sup> Whakapapa has been translated as genealogy, lineage. Literally whaka - making or like, and papa - ground, earth, floor. Whakapapa can then be read as laying down a place to stand.

<sup>19</sup> Quote Maria O'Connor pers. com. 29/10/2005

language, nor can it be translated into one language if such a concept were to exist<sup>20</sup>,

...and let us note one of the limits of theories of translation: all too often they treat the passing from one language to another and do not sufficiently consider the possibility for languages to be implicated more than two in a text. (Derrida 1992: 222)

The intrusion of Nietzsche's German text into Derrida's *Éperons* exposes a problematic of any possibility of interpretation.

"How is the effect of plurality to be 'rendered'?" (ibid) The presence between the familiar of the unknown language of the author, of other authors, unread and indecipherable, desiring in any attempt at understanding, a learning, an opening of a reader, a translator, to the unknown, an opening which will forever alter the language of the reader as it alters the language and understanding of the text.

Seen as a site of trivia this translation was undertaken to relate to the writer's facility and passion for three languages of her ancestry; Maaori, French and English<sup>21</sup>, an elusive trivium, for *Éperons* already moves between several languages, already translates from German and Greek, has already been translated into English by Barbara Harlow, already questions originality and authorship. "And what of translating with several languages at a time, will that be called translating?" (ibid)

In tracing the itinerary of this thesis project I am confronted with an aporia, which may prove fruitful in discussion. In acknowledging the debt incurred by an introduction to the text *Éperons* at the site of a reading group at Auckland University of Technology, I am required to acknowledge one of the examiners of this thesis, thus implicating the examiner in the production of this artwork, or perhaps not, if introductions are to remain separate from the work of art. Here I must turn

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<sup>20</sup> For further discussion on impossibility of 'one language' see Derrida 1998a

<sup>21</sup> English, although the most used, is in all respects of this particular genealogy, the language of colonization, as the ancestral lines return to Scotland and Ireland.



(according to Derrida's final note in *Éperons*, to etymology, to whakapapa, for assistance. The dictionary attached to this computer offers the following direction:

examen |ig "z•mən| |•g ze•m•n| |•g ze•mən|

noun

a formal examination of the soul or conscience, made usually daily by Jesuits and some other Roman Catholics.

ORIGIN mid 17th cent.: from Latin, in the figurative sense

**'examination'** (literally 'tongue of a balance' ), from ***exigere*** **'weigh accurately.'**

Here, on the tongue of a balance I acknowledge that debt, of a gift in the form of a wero, a challenge, where a warrior advances, tongue darting, eyeing the other in hunger, in anticipation of a feast and readiness for slaughter.

The processes of this art translation within a western academic setting suggest not only acts of cannibalism, to which this discussion will return in following chapters, but also questions of Maaori pedagogy. Two definitions of pedagogy cited by Wharehuia Hemara (2000:6) refer to "the deliberate conveying of knowledge" and of "student control and guidance", presumably by a teacher. Both of these definitions suggest processes outside the control of a student, locating the agency for pedagogy within a teacher and continuing an oppositional framework of teacher - taught, of mastery, which is only accomplished at the feet of a master, feet which, here shod, may or may not be clean (propre).

Methodologies of art translation as performed throughout this thesis suggest other possibilities, where a textual master is lovingly devoured and a process of learning is played out in and through translation. Here the very translatability and 'mistranslatability' of a text, which is not regarded here as singular, provide a setting for learning. Challenges are both interior and exterior to the student and the master (la texte, female) is radically changed through the learning processes of a student, who is also radically changed through the process.

Hemara decries the difficulties in obtaining accurate information of traditional Maaori pedagogies (Hemara 2000: 7-8) and in particular the lack of records of female participation, the veiling of woman through recorded history. Derrida's critique of Nietzsche and of interpretations of Nietzsche through *Éperons* turns to this same question, and this thesis sometimes moves with an exploration of a Maaori<sup>22</sup> woman's pedagogy, while at the same times questioning that very exploration.

The interactions between an individual and the natural and metaphysical world, and their interdependency, were understood to be a natural phenomenon that prescribed the intersecting relationships of everything that exists (ibid; 74).

With this in mind a translation of a text, a pedagogical relationship between master (la texte) and student (la lecteur) while different from other relationships formed by both (tous les deux), in the context of a Maaori pedagogy is not seen as separate from those other relationships. The "paleontology"<sup>23</sup> of languages used in the writing of this thesis moves alongside the weights on the shoulders of the writer, interweaving in a dance of balance and counterbalance.

Spivak (1990:24) writes of her understanding that

"...the notion of textuality should be related to the notion of the worlding of a world on a supposedly uninscribed territory...this worlding is also a texting, textualising, a making into art, a making into an object to be understood".

Here the paa, the gallery and the library are not opposed as textual locations, but feed each other, sustaining a community. Here glimpses of 'Maaori' pedagogies dance into view, fractionally unfolding limb by limb on the academy's stage. In the processes of this thesis project, the context of an art and design department within a university continually calls for attention to visuality in the already visual *Éperons*.

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<sup>22</sup> Here I must align myself with Spivak (1990a: 39), as any reference to Maaori as identity for this writer presents contradictions in the use of a word, not evident pre-colonization, used to homologize a variety of tribal groupings in Aotearoa.

<sup>23</sup> Spivak 1990a: 36

Nietzsche's plea «Am I only ear and nothing else beside? » attempts to move from Platonic notions of primacy of the visual to reinstall Dionysian pleasures to reading and philosophy. What, then, are the intentions of this writer who, through processes of art and design, attempts to make visible underlying movements in Derrida's critique? Not only must ethical positions of cultural transference be continually questioned, but here too, in the opposition between Apollo and Dionysus, the writer-artist-translator is drawn into ethical considerations from other cultures and other times. Derridean questions of supplementarity, while offering openings for a relationship with the extant translation<sup>24</sup>, also question any such relationship. The persistent presence of a former translation standing alongside the text denies any attempts at avoidance. Hence this art translation works between at least four texts; *The Birth of Tragedy* (Nietzsche1999), *Éperons* (Derrida 1979), *Spurs* (Harlow 1979) and *Dessins* (Agosti 1979) in a multitude of languages. The processes of this 'writing between' have moved from an early self-consciousness, where every difference from Harlow's version was noted and questioned, to such an intimate and loving engagement with Derrida (et al) that Harlow was temporarily displaced, to a third arena where passages of Harlow's translation must be reintroduced as part of the screenplay. This has set up decisions of design as to the placement of these texts, decisions that in some ways are supplementary to this project. Another layer is created in what is already a dense interweaving of texts and languages.

#### **rites of passage: the anthropophagic translation**

The question continually inserts itself into this project as to the rights of this writer to presume a translation of such a renowned author and philosopher. Here it is asserted, the right is that of the cannibal in the ritualistic preparation for and

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<sup>24</sup> The extant translation by Barbara Harlow accompanies *Éperons* in the volume used for this thesis.

devouring of this body/text, in the desire called forth by *Éperons* and the response to that desire. I must even admit to a *wiri*, a quiver of anticipation before my first encounter with Derrida<sup>25</sup>.

Spivak (1997: xi) writes of "the preface as a necessary gesture of homage and parricide, for the book; (the father) makes a claim of authority or origin which is both true and false."

Cannibalism of this text by a Maaori woman...this text, *Éperons*, is the initial encounter with the concept of writing her self<sup>26</sup>. For this reason she (la texte, feminine, and this writer) gifts herself for consumption. In a process of decolonization, texts referencing writing of self are devoured lovingly as fuel for the writing of the 'subaltern' (Spivak)

An act of cannibalism, an act of the bad savage, the devourer of Europeans, requires the ultimate preparation, particularly as befits the esteem of the body to be ingested. It is here not only the guests who are honored. The integrity and care in preparation will reveal itself in the taste of the meal. It is not enough to prepare the body of text alone. Other dishes are prepared alongside to ensure a balanced meal, to facilitate digestion and enrich the well being of the partakers of the meal.

In such preparation each cut to her body (la texte, feminine) is accompanied by a cut to the body of the mother Papatuanuku, Mother Earth a removal from the body of the mother later to be returned (shovels of earth piled alongside the pit<sup>27</sup>) for the fitting way to cook this dish is in the body of the mother, where fire, earth and water can work together to make such a body digestible for others.

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<sup>25</sup> This *wiri* is written into the titles of this filmic script. (See P.22)

<sup>26</sup> The *karanga*, the call for woman to write herself from *Écriture féminine*, Hélène Cixous in Calle-Gruber & Cixous 1994

<sup>27</sup> *pit pitl n 1.* a large hole in the ground

2. a deep hole in the ground that gives access to a mining resource, especially coal

3. a shaft that gives access to a mine

4. a small indentation that detracts from the appearance or functioning of something

5. a small indentation in the skin, usually permanent, left by a disease such as chickenpox or by a skin disorder such as acne

This rite of cannibalism comes to this writer through whakapapa, through genealogy, through a tupuna, an ancestor, the ancestor whose name 'Puhi' is also the name of NgaPuhi, the tribe to which this writer is affiliated. Puhi had many names during his lifetime. One of these was Puhi Kaiariki, Puhi Devourer of Paramount Chiefs, a name given from his mother's appetite, while he was in her womb, for the heads of paramount chiefs.

Siting this thesis alongside translations from positions of cannibalism raises further questions of consumer - producer relations. While text gives herself for translation, a process of translation is one of interweaving of consumption and production, where she is both taken and given, where opening is enfolded into writing and moves to give and give again.

It is in the cannibalistic act that a "new original"<sup>28</sup> is prepared. In the spaces of what may be read as 'bad translation', where rules of grammar of the French text are written into the translation, where at times 'one language' attempts to move literally into others, it is in these spaces that sites of movement open to a screenplay, a text woven into those spaces in Derrida's already filmic acts of deconstruction where the fabric of western narratives wears thin to expose itself to the return of the cannibal, to the preparation of the flesh to be devoured with local kinaki, local relish to ease native taste buds in the digestion of this dish.

#### LET US PLAY: ART TRANSLATION-SCREENPLAY

"It (Derrida's text) forces the translator to transform the language into which he is translating or the "receiver medium', to deform the initial contract, itself in constant deformation, in the language of the other."  
(Kamuf 1991: 262)

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<sup>28</sup>Read, 2003

Here the play, where the "receiver medium", English language, which constitutes the larger part of this thesis for reasons of whakapapa, genealogy and availability to a larger audience, is forced open to te reo Maaori, Maaori language, to filmic images and sounds. This is also the attraction of *Éperons*, where this process of critical translation is already evident, forcing openings in the French language.

Remaining faithful to Derrida, now that this devouring love affair has proceeded, is all-consuming. Remaining faithful to processes of anthropophagic translation undertaken where sounds, images and events involving the translator are not ignored, but written into the text, is less difficult, suggesting processes of translation and of academic writing where the thesis project not only writes itself into what has been seen as the 'real world' but those events in the life of a writer, events 'peripheral' to a 'centrality' of the thesis write themselves into the thesis, continually questioning positions of centrality, a questioning with which Derrida (the text) is closely involved.

This is certainly not without precedence in art and design, where an artwork can be a recording of events in the life of an artist<sup>29</sup>, of occurrences in an exploration of designing art, where peripheral events provide meat for consumptive production. It is also not without precedence in the arena of film<sup>30</sup>. Where, perhaps it most lacks precedence is in those shaky fields of translation, where fidelity to a supposed originality and meaning is at issue. For these reasons I have chosen processes of translation and to remain under the heading of translation, when 'adaptation' or some other title would open these parameters and let me off the tenterhooks of deconstructing infidelities between languages.

Here the umbrella of art and design allows for play between translations as artwork and art work as translations, a play not without precedence as witnessed in the art translations of

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<sup>29</sup> e.g. The paintings of Frida Kahlo

<sup>30</sup> e.g. 'Adaptation', Jones 2002

Augusto de Campos<sup>31</sup>. Here we are confronted with invaginations. There is nothing outside text (il n'y a pas dehors texte) and there is no context (il n' a pas de hors texte)<sup>32</sup>.

#### SYNOPSIS

The film unfolds a Maaori woman's journey in a process of 'writing herself', a woman in a position of being written out of historical records discovers that she is able to write her own stories by moving between 'everyday' events and wairua (spiritual). The film is about the writing of the film, about rangatiratanga (self - determination) and about valuing wairua, spiritual, whanau, family and iwi, tribal realities even in environments that may appear hostile.

Alongside this writing process is realization that much of the text she is working on is being written in events around her. Inside and outside of text interweave in the seemingly disconnected events of two lives.

The script concerns interplays between several 'dualities': city - country, Maaori - French - English languages, Male - female relationships and inter-national customs.

Set between Aotearoa, New Zealand and Europe, the film was inspired by translating *Éperons*, a French philosophico-literary text by the late Jacques Derrida, father of deconstruction. *Éperons*, itself is a critique of the writings of German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, who in turn returned Western philosophy to its roots in ancient Greece. *Éperons* also looks at the ways in which 'woman' has been written out of Western philosophy and further written out of writing itself.

As such this film seeks to place Maaori and Western philosophies side by side on the screen, to juxtapose scenes

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<sup>31</sup> De Campos' art translations include Ezra Pound's 'Mauberley' and 'The Cantos', Joyce's 'Finnegan's Wake' and the poetry of Donne and Mallarmé (Greene 1992)

<sup>32</sup> From "il n'y a pas de hors-texte" Derrida's claim in *Of Grammatology*

from France with those of a university in Tamaki Makaurau, Auckland and of rural marae.

**TUHIA**, the main character, is a Maaori woman in her 40s who has returned to university for a Master's degree. After an initial alienation and aversion to academic language, she finds herself writing passionately in response to a reading of French philosopher Jacques Derrida. It is as if a floodgate has opened. With this opening and through an intimacy with Derrida's texts, scenes of her marae and Maaori responses to death, of meetings and memories of France write themselves into a growing screenplay.

As her life, her readings and writings dance between languages, scenes and images, so also dances are written into the film. **TUHIA** is seen, often through veils, sometimes with others, sometimes alone, sometimes distinctly Maaori sometimes more European, screened or covered in some way, dancing as she emerges into the film about writing the film.

Alongside this journey of creative self-discovery is written another life, that of an older Maaori man, Tane, whose activities (carving, sailing, music and in particular playing the saxophone at tangihanga) strangely coincide with Derrida's writings. We see him at a distance. Throughout the film his role appears to conflate with **TUHIA'S** reading/writing rather than construct a personality. The two are never seen to meet. Occasionally they appear at the same event, not speaking, or acknowledging each other in any way.

The film ends with the sudden death of Derrida and with the final scene showing two bodies making love, at first two unidentified bodies, to reveal **TUHIA** and then **TANE**.

Written for the most part in English, much of the screenplay moves between French and Maaori languages and as such calls for subtitles. To facilitate this movement between languages some scenes where a waiata - Maaori song is called for will translate the words to that waiata as subtitles.





**TUHIA<sup>33</sup>**  
**WRITTEN**

*On a white background a text appears in moko blue to silence ...*

«BY JUGGLING THE DISRUPTIVE RHETORICITY THAT BREAKS THE SURFACE IN  
NOT NECESSARILY CONNECTED WAYS, WE FEEL THE SELVEDGES OF THE  
LANGUAGE – TEXTILE GIVE WAY, FRAY INTO FRAYAGES OR FACILITATIONS»

Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak

*...lingers for reading, and then disappears to the sounds of tapping, a stick on uhi, on a cluster of fine sharp needles carving into flesh.*

*A male voice (high tenor) chants E MURI AHIAHI<sup>34</sup> as unstable TITLES appear dancing, fading and reappearing amongst slowly drawn blue-green lines of a moko kauae, a chin tattoo. As titles fade the kauae, the chin behind the moko is revealed. One of the curved lines of the moko begins to wiri, to vibrate uncontrollably.*

**INTERIOR UNIVERSITY 2003, MORNING**

*A hand moves to calm the wiri as Camera withdraws from the face. TUHIA is a Maaori woman, strong face framed with short hair, streaked with tones of brown and cut to a current style.*

**From the opening scene the film is lit for dance sequences. Subtle movements of bodies in architectural spaces are captured, lingering on changes in position in relation to spaces.**

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<sup>33</sup> Tuhia – Written leaves room for much play, for which there is no room here; Tu – to stand, and hia – to want, stand wanting; Tu – common abbreviation for Tu Matauenga, God of War and hia – wants, Tu wants; Two hear, two here. to hear and too here, tu – you and hier – yesterday; tout – all and hier – yesterday, all yesterday, a play which must be acknowledged

<sup>34</sup> A traditional NgaPuhi lament from the northern tribal area of Aotearoa. See Appendix 2

**Camera** retreats further to reveal her body, medium build, dressed in stylish clothing with particular emphasis on a mixture of textiles. **Camera** plays across silk, wool and leather as it withdraws.

**TUHIA** stands in a cold corridor outside a lecture theatre at **AUT**, a technological university in Tamaki Makaurau, Auckland, Aotearoa, New Zealand. The surroundings are stark, uninviting. She carries a briefcase and chats with others waiting outside the numbered door. It is evident that she is somewhat ill at ease in this space.

**DR.M**, male, slim build, wearing jeans and smart polo jersey, approaches, takes her over and introduces her to **M**, a red headed woman of similar build to the Dr., elegantly dressed in black. The women kiss cheeks and converse.

**TE RII TAA (OFF SCREEN)**

**FRENCH ALGERIAN IN HIS 70s**

**TENOR VOICE, SMOOTH AND VERY SENSUOUS**

**CUTTING INTO E MURI AHIAHI.**

From Basel in seventy-two (the Birth of Tragedy),  
Nietzsche writes to Malvida von Meysenbug.

Cut to **INT. PHILOSOPHER'S ROOM. BASEL, SWITZERLAND. 7 NOVEMBER 1872**

**Winter's evening**

Immediately a scene is set, a scene at a spatio - temporal distance (depuis). **NIETZSCHE**, (28 year old German, large bushy moustache and dark eyebrows accentuating intense deep-set eyes) a German philosopher, whom we know by virtue of a name, a patronym, writes. **Camera** traces over an envelope beside the letter, addressed to a name of a woman, a name we do not know, a name not immediately recognizable. A visit to Basel in 1872, at a distance, moving in through a window to the philosopher in

*the process of writing a letter. The scene is expectant...a great birth has taken place; the Birth of Tragedy.*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

*I cut out, from within his letter, the shapes of an inscription - an erratic inscription.*

**INT. WHARE HUI<sup>35</sup>. TE TAI TOKERAU<sup>36</sup>. 2005 Evening**

*Sounds of tapping inside dimly lit whare. **Camera** moves from the doorway, through a crowd of observers, to a raised spot lit platform to the left side of the whare. The crowd is gathered around this platform, softly chanting **E MURI AHIAHI**.*

*Having established a ground, having landed in Switzerland in 1872 we are ripped out of that scene and transported to Aotearoa 2005.*

*Cut to a hand of another writer, a **TOHUNGA TAA MOKO**<sup>37</sup>, in another time, writing curved lines into the kauae, the chin of a Maaori woman. **Camera** slowly approaches to explore his marks and drawings, softly flowing over her kauae to reveal yet other designs on breast and arm. **Camera** flies out of the whare hui, along toetoe<sup>38</sup> kaitiaki, guardians of a river bank to...*

**...RETURN TO INT. German philosopher's room;**

*a small bedroom, second floor, with bed, drawers and table with 2 chairs. **NIETZSCHE**, German, late twenties with dark hair and dark, intense eyes, is seated in one of the chairs, writing.*

**NIETZSCHE (aloud to himself as he writes)**

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<sup>35</sup> Whare hui - meeting house

<sup>36</sup> Te Tai Tokerau - Northern tribal region of Aotearoa.

<sup>37</sup> Tohunga taa moko - moko carver, incising design into the skin, writing whakapapa onto the body

<sup>38</sup> A pampas grass indigenous to Aotearoa. A variety of species, the most common being *Arundo kakao* (*conspicua*). Long feathery spears emerge from flax like bushes.

«...at last the little parcel meant for you<sup>39</sup> (or the little envelope [pli], te kopaki, parcel, bundle, envelope, wrapped, contained: mein Bundelchen für Sie.<sup>40</sup>

*Takes a bite of a cake from a plate lying on the table*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

Will it ever be known what was thus named between them?<sup>41</sup>)

**NIETZSCHE**

*continues with passion, eager to get on with the letter to his dear friend, still eating cake...*

is in a state of readiness and at last you will hear from me again after what must have seemed to be a true silence of the grave (Grabesschweigen)

*Music begins, voices singing a cappella the opening bars of Das Rheingold by Wagner<sup>42</sup>, the prelude consisting of 136 bars of variations of the chord E flat.*

**NIETZSCHE** *continues to write after another bite of cake*

**HANDWRITING ON SCREEN**

...we could have been able to celebrate a reunion along the lines of our local council (Basler Konzil) the memory of which remains in my heart ...In the third week of November for eight days a stately visit has been announced (ein herrlicher Besuch) - here, in Basel!

**NIETZSCHE,**

---

<sup>39</sup> Translated as «...At last my little bundle (or the little envelope (pli))» Harlow (1978:35)

<sup>40</sup> The use of capital letters for nouns in German introduces the use of capitals as an element of play throughout the text.

<sup>41</sup> The object named in this instance is the covering of something, a veiled object which gifts a concept for deconstruction.

<sup>42</sup> First performed in Munich in 1869, this opera broke «just about every operatic tradition» (Culshaw 1997:6) in the writing, both in terms of the stagecraft required to produce the opera and in the complex musical challenges encoded.

*becoming even more animated, tongue tripping over his thoughts,  
hand tense and trembling as it rushes across the page*

The 'visit in self' (der Besuch an sich), Wagner mit Frau,

**Camera** withdraws as **NIETZSCHE** throws his hands in the air sending his pen flying across the room. **Camera** follows the pen as it lands, erect, nib caught between floorboards as **NIETZSCHE** shouts

...Whakanaa<sup>43</sup> raaua ko taana hoa rangatira.

#### ENGLISH SUBTITLES

Wagner and his wife

*Knocking his chair to the ground he dashes over to pluck the wounded pen from the board, stroking the pen and calming himself as he returns to right his seat. Writing resumes*

.

They are making a grand tour, and in the process they would like to see all the important theatres of Germany. Also, on this occasion they wish to visit the celebrated Dentist of Basel, to whom I have contracted a heavy debt of acknowledgement,

He mihi nunui ki a koe, e te Pou niho, te Dentist no Basel<sup>44</sup> (dem ich also sehr viel Dank schulde)<sup>45</sup>.

#### TE RII TAA (O.S.)

[In this long letter, 'dentist' is one of only three words underlined].

---

<sup>43</sup> Whaka - to make, and naa - satisfied or content. Here, in transliteration, Wagner demands satisfaction.

<sup>44</sup> In Maori the text moves here to address the dentist. The acknowledgement, rather than being referenced as debt, is expressed directly to the dentist, whose presence is not required in order for the direct acknowledgement to be made.

<sup>45</sup> Derrida does not translate «Dank» as thanks but as mihi or acknowledgement, to the Dentist of Basel..

## NIETZSCHE

...In fact, with my Birth of Tragedy, I have become today the most indecent philologist<sup>46</sup> [the most scabrous, *der anstößigste Philologe des Tages*], whose defense would require a true display of bravery, such is the unanimity on my death sentence (*über mich den Stab zu brechen*)»

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<sup>46</sup> phi·lol·o·gy n

1. the scientific study of the relationship of languages to one another, and their history, especially based on the analysis of texts
2. the study and analysis of ancient texts, especially as an approach to the cultural history of a period or people
3. the study of literature in general (archaic)

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Nietzsche, the philosopher, here refers to himself as philologist, a shift coinciding with his Birth of Tragedy. What is this Birth of Tragedy to create such a shift? Did Nietzsche always view himself as philologist and is it the adjectives associated in this letter that have risen from the Birth of Tragedy?

## THE QUESTION OF STYLE.

**Camera** returns to **TUHIA** now seated in a lecture theatre. Past her face we see **M**, red flowing hair, standing at the lectern. **Camera** remains beside **TUHIA**, although focused on **M** at the lectern. Chatter ceases as **M** begins to read the opening lines from Derrida's lecture, concerning a dream of his friend Hélène Cixous<sup>47</sup>. The screen behind the lectern shows a list of translations of words used in this lecture<sup>48</sup>.

"**Ant** is a brand new word for me. It comes to me from one of Hélène's dreams, a dream she dreamed and that she told me recently without knowing until this instant how this 'ant' would make its way within me, insinuating itself between experiences that resemble song as much as work...

*As the reading progresses TUHIA fumbles in her briefcase, urgently seeking pen and paper, which she pulls out and begins to write, at first hesitantly.*

...like the animals of the fable, one of Hélène's dreams that as far as I know I am the only one to know, of which of which I will apparently say nothing, nothing direct, but of which I note already, because there was epiphany of an ant [un fourmi] in the dream,

*Soon text is pouring onto the page.*

that it is very hard to see, if not to know, the sexual difference of an ant, and not only because it is imperceptibly black, but because as soon as in a dream, for example Hélène's dream, the word *fourmi* becomes masculine, we see it at once hidden to seeing, doomed to the blackness of blindness, but promised by this very fact to reading."

**Camera** moves to **TUHIA's** face, lost and found<sup>49</sup> in the intimacy of the act of writing.

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<sup>47</sup> See Appendix 3

<sup>48</sup> Appendix 3

<sup>49</sup> The pairing here of these opposing terms suggests yet another title for discussion; Lost Property



M CONTINUES HER READING

The title set aside for this séance<sup>50</sup>, this communication between now and then, between life and death, Te Ao Marama and Te Po<sup>51</sup>, the title was to have been the question of style<sup>i</sup>. However my subject will be woman.

*As Camera focus withdraws from M the lecture fades as both sight and sound move to concentrate on the writing hand.*

TE RII TAA (O.S.)

The question then arises as to whether that is a return to the same - or the other. The « question of style », as no doubt you have recognized, is a quotation I have wanted to make known, that I have not, or rather will not put forth anything here which does not belong to the space set aside in the past two years by the lectures, the readings which open up a new phase in a process of deconstructive interpretation, affirmative interpretation and affirmative deconstruction.

*Cut to INT. PARKING BUILDING BESIDE UNIVERSITY.*

*TUHIA reaches into her briefcase for her car keys, enters her citroën and backs out. Camera follows her twisted journey through the parking building to exit.*

If in this process I do not reference those works<sup>ii</sup> to whom I owe so much, not even Versions du Soleil which gives me the title opening the problematic field, just to the margin of which I hold myself in derivation, this is neither by omission nor by some presumption of

---

<sup>50</sup> séance - lecture or seminar, here retained in French to allow for those other connotations of movement in communications between living and dead.

<sup>51</sup> **Te Ao Marama** - the world of light and life on this planet. **Te Po** - the world of darkness, death, the realm of Hine-Nui-te-Po, the female guardian of death.

independence. It is rather that the debt itself should not be fragmented and that in each instant it be presupposed in its totality.

### DISTANCES

**EXTERIOR. OVERCAST AFTERNOON. PAVEMENT IN PARIS.**

**Camera** traces a feather floating downwards.

Cut to **EXTERIOR. MARAE ATEA**<sup>52</sup> **SOMEWHERE IN NORTHLAND.**

A Maaori warrior in ceremonial costume with full facial moko stands ready to the side of a men's haka group, a group ready to perform the rites of battle.

#### **TE RII TAA**

The question of style is always the weight, the examination or --- of some pointed object.

*Taiaha, spear in hand, feathers in his hair the warrior approaches **Camera**, tongue protruding, teeth flashing in a wero, a movement of challenge, darting from side to side with grace and dexterity.*

Sometimes only a pen, at other times it could just as well be a stiletto, a rapier, a taiaha, by means of which one could cruelly, brutally attack that which philosophy appeals to, that which philosophy names beneath the name of matter or matrix, to there place a mark, to there commit an imprint or a form, but also to repel a form which threatens, to hold it at a distance, resisting,

*The challenger stops a short distance from **Camera**...*

protecting oneself - bending then recoiling in flight, behind veils and sails - carried across, translated.

---

<sup>52</sup> The ground outside a whare hui, a meeting house.

*And shows his skilful mastery of taiaha*

TE RII TAA CONTINUES (O.S.)

Let us allow this elytron to float between masculine and feminine.

Let us leave her (the elytron) floating there.

Our language, our tongue promises, assures us of a pleasure, an orgasmic moment (jouissance), provided that we do not articulate.

And as for sails and veils, we are there. Nietzsche would have practiced all genres. Style pushes us forward as a spur, a prow, for example, of a waka, a sailing waka: the rostrum, this projection which goes before - ko te amorangi ki mua, te hapai o ki muri - broaches te attack, and cleaves the hostile surface again, still in nautical terms, in terms of the sea, te moana, te wai, this rocky point, which is also named a spur, and which « acts to break the waves at the entrance to the harbour, te whanga - Le Havre, Whangarei ».

Thus also style with its spurs protects against the terrifying threat, the blinding mortal threat, which presents itself.

*The challenger slowly crouches...*

**Camera** *follows his movement as he takes a twig from his side and slowly places it on the ground.*

Style enters the domain of Tu ---, deliberately exposing itself to be seen, to sight. Presence then contains it, the same thing, meaning, truth - as long as this is not

already the deflowered abyss, the opening already  
deflowered in all the unveiling of difference.

*Cut to EXTERIOR, A GREEN BUS STOP SHELTER, OUTSIDE GLENFIELD MALL, NORTH  
SHORE, TAMAKI MAKAUARAU. Early winter's evening.*

*One of the perspex sides of the shelter carries advertisements  
for dental services. HINE, a Maaori woman, mid thirties, is  
already seated, waiting as TUHIA arrives, slightly out of breath,  
throwing herself onto the seat. She rustles around in her  
briefcase, locates her bus ticket and settles back to await the  
bus.*

TE RII TAA (O.S.)

\_\_\_ the name of the trace or the advance subtracts itself,  
withdraws leaving, nonetheless a mark, a sign, a tohu, a  
signed withdrawal, signed by its withdrawal -

*HINE, who has been watching TUHIA, starts up a conversation and  
the two converse, turning periodically to see if the bus is  
arriving.*

the here and now, time and space, te wa - which must be  
accounted for, as I will do, but this operation does not  
allow itself to be simplified, nor can it be filed in a  
single stroke, stitch or cut (d'un seul coup). L'éperon,  
in Frankish or high German sporo, in Gaelic spor, in  
English is pronounced spur.

TRAFFIC SOUNDS TO TEXT ON SCREEN

In Les Mots Anglais Mallarmé aligns spur to spurn, to  
scorn, repulse, repel with scorn.

*The bus arrives and the two women enter, still chatting,  
find a seat at the front and continue their conversation.*

It is not a fascinating homonym, but from one language to another, in translation, the operation of an historic and semantic necessity: the English spur, l'éperon, is the « same word » as the German Spur: trace, remnant, stain, mark, te tuhi.

**Camera** follows the bus journey, looking past the two women to the rain now falling on the window beside.

The spurring style, the long object, oblong, parries to the extent that it perforates,

The woman pushes a bell beside her, the bus stops and she alights, kissing TUHIA's cheek as she leaves. The bus continues, TUHIA staring out at the rainy evening, deep in thought.

the oblongifoliated point deriving its apotropaic power from tissue, fabric, interwoven sails and veils erected, furled and unfurled around it, it must not be forgotten it is also the umbrella.

**Camera** moves through misty landscapes...

**EXTERIOR. DAWN IN TE WHARE TAPU O NGAPUHI<sup>53</sup>.**

Through the mists we catch sight of ghostly shapes; sails, movement of fabric, a dance of a woman behind and within fabric (a gauzy muslin), cutting suddenly to

**EXTERIOR. BOULEVARD PARIS.2004 LATE AFTERNOON**

the abrupt erection of an umbrella, a large, black umbrella..

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

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<sup>53</sup> Te Whare Tapu o NgaPuhi - The Sacred House of NgaPuhi, a region in the north of Aotearoa formed and held together by sacred mountains which form the uprights of this 'house'.

An example, but do not forget it  
And to insist on that which imprints the mark of the  
stylistic spur in the question of woman

... **TUHIA** opens her umbrella and walks along a rainy street in  
Paris. **Camera** follows her, maintaining distance.

I am not saying, as in the much used phrase, - *il s'agira  
ici de la voir s'enlever*<sup>54</sup>, the question of the figure  
being at once opened and closed by that which calls itself  
woman -; to announce also, from this moment, that which  
rules the game of veils and sails (of a ship for instance)  
around the apotropaic concern;

**TUHIA** meets with another woman **ELLE**, younger, very European in  
appearance, standing in a doorway to shelter from the rain.  
They *hongi*<sup>55</sup> and converse quietly, behind the overtones of

#### **TE RII TAA**

to allow, finally some appearance of exchange between  
style and woman in Nietzsche, here are some lines from Gai  
Savoir from the beautiful translation of Pierre Klossowsky  
« Women and their operation at a distance » (ihre Wirkung  
in die Ferne).

« Do I still have ears? Am I nothing more than ear?

#### **ELLE (gently)**

He taringa noa iho ahau?

*Zoom in to the sounds of French language between the two women,  
indistinguishable words defer to movement of lips, mouths, and  
tongues in the production of sound.*

#### **TEXT ON SCREEN.**

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<sup>54</sup> *il s'agira ici de la voir s'enlever* - Here it will concern seeing her  
emerge and seeing it raised.

<sup>55</sup> Traditional Maaori greeting of pressing noses

[All of Nietzsche's questions, those of woman in particular, are encoiled in the labyrinth of an ear, and a little further, in *le Gai Savoir*, (*Die Herrinnen der Herren*, *Les Maitresses des maitres*, *The Mistresses of Masters*, *Nga Hoa Rangatira o nga Rangatira*), a curtain or a tapestry, a fabric (*Vorhang*) rises («on possibilities beyond ordinary belief») whence rises

*The scene in Paris itself rises (te arai) slowly to the sounds of*

*such a powerful deep alto voice (eine teife machtige Alostimme) that appears, as the best of man in woman (das Beste vom Manne), to surmount the difference between the sexes (uber das Geschlecht hinaus) and incarnate the ideal*<sup>56</sup>

*This voice continues the chant of E Muri Ahiahi, rising and falling with emotion.*

#### TE RII TAA

As for these contralto voices « representing the ideal virile lover, Romeo for example », Nietzsche exhibits a certain reserve: « one does not believe in such lovers: these voices always hold a maternal colouring of mother and mistress of the house, with so much more strength that love is in their intonation.»]

#### ELLE

« Ne suis-je plus qu'oreille et rien de plus?

« Am I only ear and nothing more?

*Crashing waves, rocks, and rugged power of ocean cuts to fire, molten metal  
and back, burning skin, rolling waves and fiery metal crescendo*

---

<sup>56</sup> Here Derrida's text slips easily into musical direction.

M (O.S.)

In the midst of the passion of breaking waves (an untranslatable play on words. To quote: Hier stehe ich inmitte des Brandes der Brandung. Brandung, in affinity with the conflagration of the word Brand, which also signifies the mark o te rino whero, of fiery metal

TE RII TAA (O.S.)

it is the ressac the backwash, as Klossowski correctly translated, the return onto themselves of the waves, of women, nga ngaru crashing against rocky outcrops or breaking on reefs, cliffs, éperons, nga karahiwi.), whose white flames dance (jaillit) up to my feet (where I am also the spur)

**INTERIOR. FOYER SKY CITY THEATRE. LATE AFTERNOON.**

*Moviegoers are entering in dribs and drabs, buying wine and waiting near double doorway to enter theatre. TUHIA is seen entering and moving to wait outside theatre doors.*

**INTERIOR THEATRE. LIGHTS UP.**

*TUHIA is one of the first to enter and is shown to her seat towards the centre of the theatre. She settles in as the theatre continues to fill. DR. M and M, holding tickets, walk along the row in front of her, looking for their seat numbers. TUHIA, surprised, acknowledges them cheerfully as they move to the end of the row, only to return to take up seats to TUHIA's right. Much laughter and amazement at the 'coincidence' ensues, only to be interrupted by a tap on TUHIA's left shouder. **Camera** follows the hand up to reveal the face of HINE, the woman from the Glenfield bus stop. TUHIA, flabbergasted, introduces her to*



*DR.M and M, hands are shaken and all sit back as lights go down and the opening scenes of DERRIDA<sup>57</sup> appear on the screen*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

*there is only howling, threats, strident cries beating at me, "while in the lowest depths the old earth shaker sings his aria" [son aria, seine Arie singt, Ariane is not so far away] like a bellowing bull: with his clattering hoof, he beats the earth such that the hearts of the demons of these weathered rocks tremble at the sound.*

*Return to Wagnerian aria, Ariane, contralto is joined by high soprano voices.*

*Then, suddenly, "as if born out of nothingness", mai Te Kore ki Te Po, at the gates of this infernal labyrinth, appears at a distance of mere fathoms, a great sailing vessel (Segelschiff), un grand voilier, [masculine], he wakarere nunui, which passes, gliding in a ghostly silence<sup>58</sup>.*

**NIETZSCHE (O.S.)**

*O wraithlike beauty! What enchantment has she not cast upon me?*

*Camera follows the motion: In the morning mists a ghostly waka sails into Whangarei. With each movement the underscore of Wagner is broken, interrupted, at this stage, by voice...*

**TE RII TAA**

*What?*

*Sounds of sails flapping in strong wind.*

*This waka, [Klossowski concentrates here in one word - esquif - all the opportunities offered by « sich hier eingeschifft »]*

*does it carry all the reserved tranquility of the world?*

---

<sup>57</sup> Dick & Kofman 2002

<sup>58</sup> Again Derrida, devoured, directs the action of a screenplay.

Is my own happiness seated down there,  
in this tranquil setting,  
my happier self,  
my second self immortalized?  
Not yet dead,  
but also no longer living?

*Gliding and floating, a between being, ghostly, silent and  
visionary? Rite tonu ki te waka, which, with its woven sails  
slips over the sea like some giant butterfly.*

**NIETZSCHE (o.s.)**

Ah, to slip over existence (uber das Dasein hinlaufen!).

That's it, that's what is necessary!

- Has this uproar (Larm) made me a visionary  
(a whimsy) (Phantasten) he matakite?

Enormous unrest of any kind

(Toute grande agitation)

brings us to imagine happiness  
in the calm and the distance (Ferne).

**Camera** moves closer to the water, to a swirling backwash where  
the danger and power of the sea is evident, where waters move  
in crossed directions, friction, te hika, the rubbing of  
opposites in the creation of fire. Flashes between water and  
fire...

**M (o.s.)**

Just as a man, beset by his own uproar, finds himself in  
the middle of the backwash, (Brandung, again) of his «  
scenes » and scenarios, ana whakaaro me ana whakaarotanga  
(Würfen und Endwürfen): no doubt he witnesses enchanted  
silent beings gliding before him, whose happiness  
(félicité) and retreat (Zurückgezogenheit: withdrawal  
into oneself, (a refolding of silk).

**EXTERIOR. FRENCH LANDSCAPE. SPRING AFTERNOON IN POPPY FIELD**

*Cut to the movement of raw orange silk as an unseen dancer moves long lengths of fabric around and across her body (still unseen), a wiri, sounding the rustle of silk.*

**TE RII TAA** with subtitles

-Ce sont les femmes (es sind die Frauen) these are women,

**M (os)**

Koia nei nga wahine. He likes to believe that down there, beside the women dwells his better self (son meilleur moi (sein besseres Selbst): in these quiet places the most violent uproar (Brandung) calms itself in deathly silence (Totenstille) and life becomes itself a dream ...of life (uber das Leben) ».

**Camera** follows silk, falling into folds and invaginations which appear only to disappear, and catches glimpses of limbs and joints as the silk pours across her.

[The preceding fragment, *Wir Kunstler!* We other artists, which began with «When we love a woman», describes the movement which simultaneously carries the sleepwalker's risk of death, the dream of death, the sublimation and dissimulation of nature. The value of dissimulation is not separated from the relation between art and woman:

**EXTERIOR.WHANGAREI HARBOUR. EARLY MORNING.**

*On the water a racing catamaran cuts through large waves.*

**Camera** moves from prows to sails to the face of **TANE**, a handsome Maaori man in his 50s, tanned skin contrasts with long white hair drawn back in a knot.

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

«...coming over us the spirit and the strength of dream,  
and it is here that we ascend the most dangerous paths  
with eyes wide open,

scaling rooftops, cliffs and towers of fantasy  
(Phantasterei),  
without the slightest vertigo,  
born for the climb  
- we daytime sleepwalkers (wir Nachtwandler des Tages)!

*Return to double prow cutting through the swell, lifting out of  
the water on one side as the waka, the catamaran dances across  
rough seas.*

**NIETZSCHE (o.s.)**

We artists of difference!  
We dissimulators of difference in nature (wir Verhehler  
der Natürlichkeit)!  
We lunatics of difference and Godseekers (wir Mond-und  
Gottsüchtigen)!  
We wanderers of difference, silenced, tireless  
(wir totenstillen, unermüdlichen Wanderer),  
crossing heights which we do not notice as heights,  
which we take for plains, for certitudes!»]  
« And yet! And yet! Noble enthusiast,  
even on the most beautiful sailing vessel

*Cut to EXTERIOR. AN OTHER WAKA, A CANOE ON SIMILAR SEAS.*

*Waves crashing and rowers straining to keep balance. Camera  
moves across rowers to tauihu, to the prow, where the  
protruding tongue of the figurehead carves a path through wind  
and waves.*

there is no less noise and rush (Lärm), and alas so much  
piteous bustling (kleinen erbärmlichen Lärm

**RETURN TO WOMAN-SILK-THE DANCE**

**TEXT ON SCREEN**

The most powerful charm of woman (der Zauber und die  
mächtigste Wirkung der Frauen), is the affect of distance

(eine Wirking in die Ferne, an operation of distance), and in the language of the philosophers, it is an actio in distans: but for that it requires first of all and above all else -distance! (dazu gehört aber, zuerst und vor allem - Distanz!) » Dis stanza, dis stance.

**Camera** *withdraws, slowly moving away from fabric and we see the figure of ELLE, the dancer, walking slowly into the distance.*

### FABRIC-TEXTILE - SAILS AND VEILS

M (os)

At what step, upon what not <sup>59</sup> does Distanz reveal herself? Nietzsche's writing already mimics her in a stylistic effect spread wide *between* the Latin citation (action in distans) mimicking the language of the philosophers and<sup>60</sup> the exclamation mark<sup>61</sup>, the dash, the hyphen, suspending the word Distanz:

**EXTERIOR. NGAHERE. EARLY MORNING.**

*Fade from French landscape to ngahere, bush on the outskirts of Whangarei.*

which invites us, with a pirouette or a play of silhouette<sup>62</sup>, to keep our distance from these multiple sails and veils, these fabrics which make us dream of death.

---

<sup>59</sup> Pas - step and pas - not

<sup>60</sup> Here, where the sentence so easily cuts loose from concerns of grammar, Derrida returns it with design through the use of italics, a change of style to return to sense.

<sup>61</sup> Even punctuation is discussed in the design integrity of the philologist, a play and replay backwards and forwards through the text, where the process of reading moves from the linear to a turn and return through the passages of words.

How to write this into a film script? What is here happening to the eye?

<sup>62</sup> The ear, the sound. A play with sound, a dive into the joy of the sound of words. Both words ending with the feminine ette.

**Camera** moves through ferns and trees to the chant of rolling bass voices singing KO RAKAU MANGAMANGA<sup>63</sup> in the distance.

M (O.S.)

Woman's seduction operates at a distance, distance being the element of her power. Yet this chant, this enchantment, requires one to keep a distance, requires one to keep a distance from distance, not only, as may be believed, to protect against this allure, but also to experience it.

Amongst dancing ponga<sup>64</sup> and through mists three women are seen dancing.. High soprano joins KO RAKAU MANGAMANGA<sup>65</sup>

#### TEXT ON SCREEN

It requires distance (which requires), it requires keeping oneself at a distance (Distanz!), that which we lack, that which lacks us in the performance and that which also resembles the advice of one man to another: to seduce and not to be seduced.

**Camera** moves past the dancers to the foot of Manaia<sup>66</sup> and upwards to reveal his spurs.

M (OS)

If it is necessary to keep oneself at a distance from the feminine operation (from the action in distans)<sup>67</sup>, that which does not return to a simple self approach, except at

---

<sup>63</sup> Appendix 4

<sup>64</sup> Cyathea dealbata, a tree fern

<sup>65</sup> Appendix 4

<sup>66</sup> One of the mountains of Te Whare Tapu o NgaPuhi. This mountain, east of Whangarei, is noted for its spurs.

<sup>67</sup> Harlow has chosen to relieve the parenthesis from this site and reposition them in the following phrase.

the risk of death *herself*<sup>68</sup> at the risk of entering the realm of Hine-nui- te-Po<sup>69</sup>, it is that «woman» is not some *thing*, the determinable<sup>70</sup> identity of an expression who announces herself from a distance, from a distance of other thing, and presents the options of moving closer or away. Perhaps she is, as non-identity, non expression, pretender, the gulf of distance,

**Camera** moves down the rocky cliffs of Manaia to return to the harbour, to Whangarei where the mists rise, where rains still to the sound of kooauau<sup>71</sup> at a distance

#### TE RII TAA (O.S.)

distance's interval, interval's cut, distance herself<sup>72</sup>. Distance distances herself, moves away. "One is forced to appeal here to the Heideggerian<sup>73</sup> use of the word *Entfernung*"<sup>74</sup>: at once a gap, moving away and the moving away of moving awayness<sup>75</sup>, the moving away of remoteness, the moving-away, the destruction (Ent-) constructing from afar as such, the veiled enigma of closeness.

#### M (O.S.)

---

<sup>68</sup> Translated by Harlow as "itself" (p49), the italics here push towards another reading, stressing the feminine, drawing attention to the connection between death and woman, Te Po, Te Wahine.

<sup>69</sup> Hine-nui te Po, female Maaori guardian of the realms of death.

<sup>70</sup> de·ter·min·a·ble adj

1. able to be worked out, decided, or found  
2. subject to being terminated

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<sup>71</sup> Traditional Maaori flute

<sup>72</sup> The habitual translation of *elle-même* for the neuter "itself" is eschewed here to further an understanding of gender relationships in French. Derrida again, by design, uses italics to suggest this translation, a text asking, in the writing, for translation.

Harlow again misses an opportunity and restricts the reading with the neuter.

<sup>73</sup> Derrida, as is customary in French writing, uses lower case for the adjective, relegating Heidegger to common usage and avoiding the naming of another philosopher. The author here returns to the upper case H.

<sup>74</sup> Harlow p49

<sup>75</sup> translated by Harlow as "distance and the distantiation of distance" (p49). Derrida, the designer, here uses the word *l'éloignement*, something other than distance. In returning the text to the movement of a body, to dance, we are able to see and feel the play with words.

The remote overture<sup>76</sup> of this Entfernungen gives way to truth  
and here woman removes herself from herself

Cut to **INTERIOR, WHITE STUDIO.**

Behind white muslin **TUHIA** dances, this time more urgent and  
urging to the voice of Wagnerian soprano moving into contralto,  
the voice between. The voice sings the following operatic lines  
with subtitles, weaving in and out of the chanted **KO**

**RAKAUMANGAMANGA**

*Il n'y a pas d'essence de la femme  
Parce que la femme écarte  
D'elle-même  
Et s'écarte d'elle-même  
Elle engloutit  
Envoile par le fond  
Sans fin, Sans fond  
Toute essentialité  
Toute identité  
Toute propriété.  
Ici aveugle  
Le discours philosophique  
Sombre  
Se laisse précipiter  
A sa perte*

**SUBTITLES**

There is no essence of woman because woman removes and is  
removed from herself. She devours, engulfs, an endless  
bottomless pit<sup>77</sup>, all essentiality, all identity, all  
property. Here, blinded, the somber philosophical  
discourse - dashes headlong to its ruin.

---

<sup>76</sup> A return here to Wagner. We are still in the opera.

<sup>77</sup> Echoes of preparation for the cannibal's feast.



*TUHIA is joined by ELLE. Now the dance is an interweaving, at once seen and unseen.*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

There is no truth of woman but because of this unfathomable interval, this non-truth is «truth». Woman is one name of this non-truth of truth  
I stand by this proposition of some texts in the midst of many others<sup>78</sup>.

"On the one hand"<sup>79</sup>, Nietzsche takes into account, in a way that we would have to qualify, this barely allegorical expression: truth as woman or as the movement of the fabric of feminine modesty. A rarely cited fragment develops complicity, rather than unity, of woman, of life, of seduction, of modesty and all the effects of fabric (Schleier, Enthüllung, Verhüllung). A formidable problem of that which reveals itself only once, das enthüllt dich uns einmal.

These being only the final lines: «...for ungodly reality does not give us the beautiful, or she (la réalité, feminine) only grants it once! I mean to say that the world abounds in beautiful things, but is no less poor for it, impoverished of beautiful moments and beautiful disclosures (Enthüllungen) of such things.

**INTERIOR WHITE ROOM.**

*Spotlight on lengths of orange silk and white muslin falling and falling again to the floor in folds*

**TEXT ON SCREEN**

---

<sup>78</sup> Harlow has chosen to ignore this sentence, a sentence where Derrida takes a position, locates himself in relation to this text.

<sup>79</sup> Harlow p 51

But perhaps this is life's<sup>80</sup> most powerful charm (Zauber) she is covered with a veil woven<sup>81</sup> in gold (golddurchwirkter Schleier), a veil of exquisite possibilities, which gives it a promising allure; reluctant, restrained, ironic, sympathetic, seductive. Yes la vie, life is woman!»

TE RII TAA (O.S.)

"But on the other hand"<sup>82</sup>, in this truth, which is woman, the philosopher who believes, credulous and dogmatic, in truth as woman, has understood nothing.

INTERIOR. WHITE WALLED STUDIO SPACE

The space is lit with fluorescent lights and one small high window in a corner opposite the door. White walls, covered in texts on paper, of referenced quotations are offset by grey carpet. **Camera** moves across writings, pausing here and there to reveal Spivak, Derrida, Cixous, Heidegger, Marsden, Panoho, names and references. Camera moves to **TUHIA**, sitting at a desk, which extends along two walls of the studio. She is totally involved in her writing. Sounds of pen moving across pages are brutally interrupted by sudden voices at the half open doorway. An elegantly dressed blond woman and two men in stylish suits are standing in the door. Shock as **TUHIA** registers that she has been caught in such an act of intimacy. Her face flushes and the group looks somewhat uncomfortable. The blond woman makes some rather awkward introductions

BLOND WOMAN

These are architects for the new art faculty building, wanting to look at ways the studio spaces will be used.

The men nod, glance around, briefly acknowledging **TUHIA** and make a rather hurried exit.

---

<sup>80</sup> La vie, feminine

<sup>81</sup> Harlow translates with embroidered, missing the opportunities offered by weaving.

<sup>82</sup> Harlow p53

TE RII TAA (O.S.)

He has understood neither truth nor woman. Because if woman *is* truth<sup>83</sup> she knows that there is no truth<sup>84</sup>, that truth has no place and cannot be had. She is woman to the extent that she does not believe in truth, thus in what she is, in what she is believed to be, which therefore she is not.

EXTERIOR. RETURN TO HARBOUR,

*to double prow of catamaran slicing through the waves.*

Such is the operation of distance in that she<sup>85</sup> disrobes the proper identity of woman, unseats the offhand<sup>86</sup> philosopher, unless this one has already received two spurs from woman herself, slashes of style or slashes of dagger, an exchange which clouds sexual identity:

INTERIOR LECTURE THEATRE

*as students file in, chattering taking seats and preparing for a lecture.*

«That someone is not able to defend himself and consequently would not want to, is not, in our eyes, a matter of shame: but we hold no esteem for someone who has neither the faculty nor the will for revenge - of little consequence whether this be man or woman.

EXTERIOR. ALLEYWAY. MID AFTERNOON.

*An alleyway between two rather industrial looking buildings. Glistening scene following a shower of rain.*

TEXT ON SCREEN:

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<sup>83</sup> Derrida, the designer, here omits the definite article. La vérité is simply written vérité. " Car si la femme est vérité" p52.

<sup>84</sup> The definite article returns. Truth is again feminine.

<sup>85</sup> Distance - la distance Feminine.

<sup>86</sup> Translated by Harlow as knight p53

Would a woman be able to hold us (to "fascinate" us) whom we could not imagine, if need be, that she knows how to wield a dagger (any style of dagger,

*TUHIA emerges from one of the buildings carrying a small table, which she sets down on the asphalt*

*irgendeine Art von Dolch) against us? - or even against herself: which in some cases constitutes a more sensitive revenge (la vengeance chinoise)» (69).*

*She returns inside*

**M (O.S.)**

Woman, mistress, the mistress woman of Nietzsche sometimes resembles Penthesilee. (Shakespeare and Kleist are cited in *Volonté de Puissance, The Will to Power*, with respect to the violence inflicted on the reader and to the «pleasure of dissimulation». Kleist has also written a «Prayer of Zoroaster»). Genitals<sup>87</sup> veiled in transparency, the point returned against itself<sup>88</sup>, Cranach's Lucretia is also stabbed here.

*to reappear with a chair, which is placed beside the table*

**TEXT ON SCREEN**

How can woman, being truth, not believe in truth? And<sup>89</sup> likewise, how to be truth and still believe in it?

*Return to Das Rheingold, now a chorus of women's voices in E♭*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

---

<sup>87</sup> Again omission of the definite article in the form of the masculine 'le'. Translated by Harlow as "Sex" here the translator reembodies the word.

<sup>88</sup> Harlow translates this phrase as "the dagger turned against oneself" p55

<sup>89</sup> Mais, usually translated with 'but' is here moved to include.

Overture to l'Au-dela: Supposing that truth was a woman, would there not be cause to suspect that all the philosophers, to the extent that they have been dogmatists, have misunderstood women (sich schlecht auf Weiber verstanden, se sont mal entendu en femmes)?

*She returns inside*

And that the dreadful seriousness, the clumsy indiscretion with which, until now<sup>90</sup>, they have followed truth, has been the awkward and unbecoming means (ungeschickte und unschickliche Mittel) of taking a girl (Frauenzimmer, a term of contempt: an easy girl)?

### **TRUTHS**

*and reappears with paper and pen*

Nietzsche, at this moment makes the transference, the truth of woman, the truth of truth:

*She seats herself and begins to write, slowly and with great care she writes,*

### ***TEXT ON SCREEN.***

« Of course she does not allow herself to be taken - and each dogmatic order remains there, today, sad and depressed, that is *assuming* she (woman, truth and dogmatic order) remains standing! ».

- . Woman (truth) does not allow herself to be taken  
In truth woman, truth does not allow itself to be taken  
That which in truth does not allow itself to be taken is -  
feminine, which must not be translated by femininity,

---

<sup>90</sup> Jusqu'ici literally translates (if that were possible) as 'until here', place translated into time (until now).

femininity of woman, feminine sexuality and other essentialising fetishes which are precisely what are taken for granted when remaining in the folly of the dogmatic philosopher, of the impotent artist or the inexperienced seducer.

*A cameraman is seen filming her writing.*

This interval of truth, this *écart*, *distance* and *difference*<sup>91</sup>, which emerges from her and its self<sup>92</sup>, which positions itself between quotation marks<sup>93</sup> (machination, shout, flight, theft<sup>94</sup> and claws<sup>95</sup> of a crane or prostitute)<sup>96</sup>, all that which constrains Nietzsche's writing to position « truth » between quotation marks - and by rigorous consequence everything else - that which thus *inscribes* truth<sup>97</sup> - and by rigorous consequence inscribes in general, that is, let's not even say *le féminin*<sup>98</sup>: the feminine operation<sup>99</sup>.

#### M (o.s.)

**Camera** moves to his face, intent and intense, watching the woman lost in the act of writing

She writes herself. She is written. Elle s'écrit<sup>100</sup>. Style returns to her.

---

<sup>91</sup> Écart translates as both distance and difference.

<sup>92</sup> Translated by Harlow as "The divergence within truth elevates itself." P57

<sup>93</sup> Translated by Harlow as "It is elevated in quotation marks." Ibid

<sup>94</sup> Vol translates as both flight and theft

<sup>95</sup> Pincés translates as both claws and pleats or folds.

<sup>96</sup> Here in parenthesis Derrida plays with the potential translator with the bracketing of a multitude of possibilities.

<sup>97</sup> Translated by Harlow: " Nietzsche's writing is an inscription of the truth." Here the expanded sentence of Derrida, the sentence that seems, when reading to lose sense in length and interweaving of ideas, is again abbreviated, reduced to provide sense in the reading, to facilitate understanding, a provision that is not possible in translation.

<sup>98</sup> This phrase stresses the problematic in French with this combination: *le* (masculine definite article) attached to *feminin*, describing feminine, masculinising the very descriptor of woman.

<sup>99</sup> Operation is gendered feminine, so the word feminine is permitted the final e, commonly found in feminine words in French.

<sup>100</sup> In this short sharp sentence Derrida, the designer par excellence, follows the lengthy preamble with this, the explosion, the moment of *jouissance*. Translated by Harlow as " Because woman is (her own) writing, style must

Rather if style were (as the penis according to Freud «the normal prototype of fetish») man<sup>101</sup>, writing would be woman.<sup>102</sup>

All these weapons, circulating from hand to hand, mai te ringa ki te ringa ki te ringa, passing from one opposite to the other, the question remains as to what I am doing here at this time<sup>103</sup> He aha taku mahi kei konei i tenei wa?

#### TE RII TAA (O.S.)

These propositions, which appear feminist, must they not be reconciled with the enormous anti-feminist body, which persists in Nietzsche

Congruence, a notion that I will oppose here, through convention, to coherence, although enigmatic, is rigorously necessary. At least that is the thesis of this present communication.

#### TEXT ON SCREEN:

Truth, the woman is skepticism and veiling dissimulation, that much is conceivable. The σκεψις of « truth » is as old as woman: « I fear that old women (altgewordene Frauen) are no more skeptical<sup>104</sup> in the most secret folds of their hearts than all men: they believe in the superficiality of

---

return to her." *ibid.* This is the moment of ultimate betrayal, where the orgasm is avoided, the simultaneity offered by the meticulous build up of the designer is avoided. At what cost? To what extent is this avoidance also a betrayal and is the acceptance of the simultaneous orgasm also a betrayal of the self of the translator? In what ways does anthropofagi accept and avoid this betrayal? What displacement occurs in the highlighting of this betrayal?

<sup>101</sup> A common ploy of Derrida, the designer, to interrupt with parentheses a sentence construction, a strategy which demands a cyclic reading, an interruption to an accustomed linear thought flow.

<sup>102</sup> The sentence says, if style were man, writing would be woman. We come to see the style of Derrida the designer; the looping, convoluted, invaginated text of deconstruction, broken only in moments of release, as with "Elle s'écrit", a rhythm and style which changes and moves, builds and falls away, returning to itself (and herself).

<sup>103</sup> Orgasm over, the couple separate into themselves, into an awareness of the here and now.

<sup>104</sup> Ne soient plus is translated by Harlow as "are more"

existence as in its essence, and all virtue, all depth is no more for them than the veiling (Verhüllung) of this « truth », the very desirable veiling of a pudendum – thus an affair of propriety and modesty and nothing more! » (Joyful Wisdom 64, Skeptics.Cf. also especially the conclusion to Introduction of Joyful Wisdom).

« Truth » can only exist as surface, she<sup>105</sup> can only become profound, raw, desirable through the effect of a veil: which falls on her.

Truth not suspended by quotation marks recovers the surface of a movement of modesty. It is enough to suspend the veil or to allow it to fall differently for truth to no longer exist or only « truth » written thus.

**EXTERIOR. COUNTRY ROAD. TE TAI TOKERAU.**

*Sounds of wailing in the distance. A car stops on the side of the road and the occupants emerge, clothed in black they pick greenery and weave tauaa<sup>106</sup>, which are then placed on their heads. Returning to the car they continue the journey. Bars of e muri ahiahi sound softly in the background to;*

**TUHIA (O.S.)**

The veil / falls, the veil / the tomb  
Kei tua o te arai<sup>107</sup>, the other side of the veil, the realm  
of Hine-nui-te-Po, goddess of death, who waits on the  
other side of the veil, without whom no mention of arai,  
of veil could be made  
Veils of mourning, tears of woman  
Here there is no modesty, no withholding for the sake of  
convention

---

<sup>105</sup> La vérité, feminine

<sup>106</sup> Woven garland worn on the head of mourners at hui mate, funerals.

<sup>107</sup> On the other side of the veil or curtain which separates the living from the dead.



Here at the hui mate<sup>108</sup> tears flow freely, voices rise and the chant sings of love and death of love, of longing and betrayal of translations between people, between worlds

**EXTERIOR. MARAE CARPARK.**

**Camera** follows as the car drives slowly into a parking field beside a marae, a meeting place.

Why then the dread, the fear, the « sense of propriety?<sup>109</sup> » Feminine distance abstracts truth from her self and itself<sup>110</sup> in suspending the relationship with castration<sup>111</sup>.

**TEXT ON SCREEN:**

Suspended as one might lovingly stretch<sup>112</sup> or tighten a fabric<sup>113</sup>, a relationship, etc. which is at the same time left -suspended- in indecision. In the εποχη.<sup>114</sup>

*The group, all in black, emerges and walks slowly to the waharoa, the carved gateway.*

**M (O.S.)**

Relationship suspended in castration: not in the truth of castration, in which woman does not believe, nor in truth as castration, nor in truth-castration. Truth- castration

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<sup>108</sup> Gathering for a death.

<sup>109</sup> French text places the interrogation mark within the guillemets (quotation marks), while Harlow's translation moves them to the outside.

<sup>110</sup> Harlow misses the opportunity opened by elle-meme (herself or itself when referencing a feminine subject)

<sup>111</sup> La castration (feminine). In the gendering of the word castration the association with the feminine is written.

<sup>112</sup> Tender- verb to stretch and adjective tender, loving.

<sup>113</sup> Harlow gives a more specific translation for toile as "canvas". While the opportunities offered by this option are obvious for a thesis in Art and Design, this translation avoids this limiting to a specific fabric / textile.

<sup>114</sup> Fragments of Greek text are left here, undigested, indigestible, untranslated, as images on screen, splinters of bone spat back onto the table.

is man's *affair*, a masculine *affair* that<sup>115</sup> is never old enough, never skeptical enough nor quite concealed, and which in its credulity in its foolishness (always sexual and which offers the pretence of skilful mastery, of the expert with a Masters degree<sup>116</sup>)

*Exterior. 11a.m. Tuhia and others are seen coming out of the whare, putting on shoes and waiting around outside. Singing from inside is heard at a distance.*

castrating<sup>117</sup> to secrete the lure of truth-castration. (Perhaps at this point it is necessary to interrogate - unpack - the metaphorical deployment of the veil<sup>118</sup>; of truth which speaks, of castration and phallocentrism in the Lacanian discourse, for example).

*After a brief wait a karanga, a call from one of the older women of the marae sounds for the group to approach.*

« Woman » - the word<sup>119</sup> made epoch -no more believes in the other side of the coin<sup>120</sup> of castration, anti-castration. She is too cunning for that and she knows - from her or at least from her operation, we, (but who this we?),

*An older woman from the group returns the karanga and they proceed, removing their shoes at the door and entering the whare, the house. Soft wailing from inside intensifies as the group enter.*

---

<sup>115</sup> Harlow translates 'qui' here to refer back to the man, where this translation refers to the affair.

<sup>116</sup> 'Maitrise' offers interpretation as both mastery and the Masters degree, both of which are apt in the context of this thesis.

<sup>117</sup> Making neuter, an interesting play given this translator's choice to make neuter the 'qui' at earlier in this sentence.

<sup>118</sup> Although le voile (masculine) - veil- is used here, Harlow translates with 'sail', the feminine voile..

<sup>119</sup> Harlow translates 'mot' as name, avoiding Derrida's stated intentions.

<sup>120</sup> Translated by Harlow as exact opposite, a translation lacking some of the possibilities offered by l'envers franc.

we must learn - that such an inversion would remove her of all possibility of pretense, in truth would return to the same and would establish her more surely than ever in the old machine, in phallocentrism assisted by its accomplice, inverted image of the pupils<sup>121</sup>, raucous student that is to say the master's disciplined disciple.

*Exterior. A few minutes later. Outside the waharoa a group of men are standing around beside a blue van, rear door raised for shelter from the soft rain. Speakers, amplifier and saxophones are set up and the group awaits their cue to play.*

Yet « woman » needs the effect of castration, without which she would know neither how to seduce nor to open desire, - but evidently she does not believe in it.

*Camera moves to the door of the whare, where a coffin, borne by eight young men is carried out the door and up the path. As they leave the steps, a karanga sounds, bidding farewell to the deceased. As the karanga fades the saxophones start their mournful tune, notes lifting and soaring amongst the mourners, bringing tears and smiles as the body is carried to the waiting hearse.*

Is « woman » one who plays (en joue) that which they do not believe<sup>122</sup>. Playing<sup>123</sup> a new concept or a new structure of belief anticipating laughter. As of man - she knows, with knowledge impossible to measure

---

<sup>121</sup> Pupille (of the eye) can also be translated as ward (of the court) or orphan. Is the play on pupil with the introduction of eleve (student, school pupil) in anticipation of an English translation?

<sup>122</sup> The designer here ends what appears to be a question with a point (full stop) We are then asked to reread, to return to the sentence to allow a different reading.

<sup>123</sup> En joue is translated here to include the element of design or composition as in jouer du piano, to play the piano rather than jouer avec, to play with or amuse herself with (Harlow p 61).

with the tools of any dogmatic or credulous philosophy<sup>124</sup>, that castration does not take place.

**Camera** moves across the faces of the musicians, resting again on the face of **TANE**, who, playing alto saxophone, leads the group.

Expression to be moved with caution. She/it<sup>125</sup> marks firstly that the site of castration is not determinable, an undecidable mark, a non-mark, a discreet margin with incalculable consequences, woman amongst women, one of them (l'une d'entre elles), I have attempted to note this elsewhere<sup>126iii</sup>, returning to the strict equivalence between affirmation and negation in castration, between castration and anti-castration, assumption and denial (denegation)<sup>127</sup>. To be developed later, perhaps, under the title of the argument of the sheath (or corset, girdle) (l'argument de la gaine) borrowed from Freud's text on fetishism.

#### FINERY

#### *RETURN TO INTERIOR. LECTURE THEATRE.*

Students now seated, **TUHIA**, colourfully clothed in orange silk skirt and black top, enters, walks down the steps to the front, acknowledging some of the students as she descends, and takes her place at the lectern, where her papers have already been set up. The screen behind her is lit and holds the words:

betray |bi 'tr●| |bə tre●| |bi tre●| |b● tre●|

---

<sup>124</sup> Translated by Harlow as philosopher

<sup>125</sup> 'Elle' referring both to formule (expression) in the previous sentence, which has dropped the feminine definite article, and to woman.

<sup>126</sup> See Note 3

<sup>127</sup> Translated by Harlow as 'negation'

den·e·ga·tion n

a refusal to accede to or grant something that is asked for (archaic)

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verb [ trans. ]

be disloyal to : his friends were shocked when he betrayed them.

- be disloyal to (one's country, organization, or ideology) by acting in the interests of an enemy : he could betray his country for the sake of communism.

- treacherously inform an enemy of the existence or location of (a person or organization) : this group was betrayed by an informer.

- treacherously reveal (secrets or information) : many of those employed by diplomats betrayed secrets and sold classified documents.

- figurative reveal the presence of; be evidence of : she drew a deep breath that betrayed her indignation.

As **TUHIA** rustles through her papers the screen changes to:

#### DERIVATIVES

**Betrayal** | -əl | |bə tre•əl | |bi tre•əl | noun

**betray** |bə tre•ər | |bi tre•ər | noun

ORIGIN Middle English : from **be-** [thoroughly] + obsolete tray [betray,]  
from Old French **trair**, based on Latin **tradere** 'hand over.'  
Compare with **traitor** .

#### M (o.s.)

Yes-If she-it had taken place castration will have been this grammar of secure undecidability, both revoking and matching all of the discourse of pro et contra.

It "is the free shot which aims nonetheless to collect its interest" (Harlow 63). Hence the extreme « *Skepsis des Weibes* ».

#### TUHIA

(reading from notes as images from the film **HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR** flicker on screen behind her).

"Translation packs with (her<sup>128</sup>), for (her) precarious border crossings, locked tightly in (her) suitcase, fabrics of betrayal. Texts under translation sing out, with earsplitting desire, for an impossible fidelity, a fidelity that asks for one person's entire luggage, clothing and transportables to be handed over to be fit another. The desire of *Éperons* for this handing over is deafening, and it is in retreat from the deafening desire of the other (in this case a textual other) that moments of fantasy (again textual) emerge". (Introduction: 5)

*Black and white images of Hiroshima Mon Amour continue as a backdrop to TUHIA's reading on translation. Images moving between love (naked bodies entwined) and war (corpses entwined), love and death, death and life, man and woman.*

#### **TUHIA continues**

As soon as she has torn apart the veil of modesty or truth which has threatened to enshroud her, to hold her « in the greatest ignorance possible in eroticis », her skepticism has no bounds.

*Tuhia has found her voice - gives voice to her writings on and in translation. As she speaks she moves, dancing between audience and screen, her words dictating the rhythms and flow. It is not an obvious dance, but a dance, nonetheless.*

One might read *Von der weiblichen Keuschheit* (On Feminine Chastity, Joyful Wisdom): In the « contradiction between love and propriety », in the « proximity of God and Beast », between « the enigma of the solution » and « the solution to the enigma » « extreme philosophy and extreme

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<sup>128</sup> Here, in deference to Derrida's French, translation is feminized; la traduction -feminine.

skepticism of woman comes to anchor itself ». It is in this gap that she casts her anchor (*die letzte Philosophie und Skepsis des Weibes an diesem Punkt ihre Anker wirft*).

*At times French monologue with English subtitles of Hiroshima Mon Amour cut into the lecture, and she retreats, waiting for spaces to continue.*

**M (O.S.)**

« Woman » interests herself so little in truth, believes so little in truth that truth as related to her also is of no concern. It is «man » who believes that his discourse on woman or on truth is of concern – such is the topographic question which I would sketch (*j'esquissais*) which also slips away (*s'esquivait*), as always, afterward, regarding the deceptive contours of castration – woman.

**EXTERIOR. HIKUWAI PLAZA. MIDDAY.**

**TUHIA** is seen walking across the quad at AUT, briefcase in hand, chatting with **M**.

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

She circumvents. It is « man » who believes in the truth of woman, in woman-truth. In truth, these feminist women against whom Nietzsche hurled such sarcasm are men.

**M (O.S.)**

Feminism is the operation by which woman wants to look like man, like the dogmatic philosopher, claiming truth, science, objectivity, that is to say with all the virile illusion, the effect of castration which is there attached. Feminism wants castration – of woman also. Gone the style.

**EXTERIOR. RUINS ON MATAKOHE ISLAND, WHANGAREI HARBOUR**

*A structure begins to fall accompanied by tumbling, rising and collapsing dance of woman. Wounded TUHIA attempts to rise again and again, knocking her own feet from under herself, writing the dance. Gone the column, the supportive structure formed by the very carving which is its undoing.*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

Nietzsche denounces well, in feminism, the lack, the error of style. « Is it not in the worst possible taste for woman to prepare herself to become scholarly, (scientific: wissenschaftlich)? Until the present, happily, explanation (Aufklaren) was man's affair (Manner-Sache, Manner-Gabe) - thus we remained 'entre soi' between ourselves (unter sich) » (Jenseits, 232. Also 233).

**INTERIOR. CARVING WORKSHOP.**

*Cut to sounds of hammer on chisel, to hands lovingly carving the face of a tekoteko<sup>129</sup>. Camera moves to the face of TANE, intensely focused on his work.*

It is true that elsewhere (206) - but this is not at all contradictory, the mediocre man of science, he who does not create, does not give birth, he who contents himself with having science in his mouth, for whom « the eye is a still and dismal lake » but able also to become « lynx eye for the weaknesses of superior beings to whom he is unequal », this man of sterile science is comparable to an old maid.

**INTERIOR. NIETZSCHE'S ROOM.**

**Camera** returns to Basel, to NIETZSCHE'S room, where he lies sleeping, a pile of papers on his stomach spilling onto the floor. Remains of the cake are still on the table.

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<sup>129</sup> Tekoteko - carved ancestral figure



TE RII TAA CONTINUES (O.S.)

Nietzsche, as can be verified throughout is the pregnant penseur, the thinker of pregnancy. Which he lays at the feet of man no less than the feet of woman. And as he weeps with ease, as he is able to speak of his thought as a woman heavy with child refers to the precious body she carries, I often imagine him shedding his tears onto his swollen belly<sup>iv</sup>.

EXTERIOR. MIDDAY AT URUPA, AT CEMETERY.

*A coffin is being buried as a crowd, all dressed in black, stands to watch. Men with shovels fill in the grave to the mournful notes of three saxophones. Camera moves out of the gate of the urupa to reveal TANE, black trousers, black shirt with kowhaiwhai<sup>130</sup> design, and TWO OTHER MEN, playing behind a blue van, which stands open with amplifiers, speakers and other equipment surrounding them.*

...« we remained between ourselves. Face to face with that which women write on 'woman', it is possible to wonder, with a good dose of suspicion, if woman wants [Nietzsche underlines] and is able to want (will und wollen kann) proprement, precisely an explanation (Aufklärung) à son propre sujet...if woman does not thus seek supplementary finery for herself (einen neuen Putz für sich) - I always think that se-parer (sich-Putzen), to dress-up, to separate in the masking of oneself, belongs to the eternal feminine - in that case she is willing fear to materialize through her:- perhaps thus she is willing to acquire skill, mastery, a Masters degree.

INTERIOR. BOOKSHOP WINDOW. AUT.

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<sup>130</sup> kowhaiwhai - patterns on rafters of a whare hui, a meeting house.

*TUHIA, dressed in black, with black lace veil, enters Bennett's Bookshop full-length side window from within the shop. She sets up seating; two chairs with a small table between. A thermos and cups are placed on the table, and a pile of books carefully scattered on the grey carpet.*

But she is not willing truth (Aber es will nicht Wahrheit). What is it that woman has to see with truth? From the outset nothing is more foreign, agonistic, hostile to woman than truth, - her great art is lying, her greatest cause appearances (Schein) and beauty ». (232)

#### SIMULATION

##### **EXTERIOR. BOOKSHOP.**

*Camera, now outside the bookshop, watches as she chooses one of the books, sits down and begins to read. Passersby glance in occasionally*

##### **TEXT ON SCREEN (SUBTITLES)**

The entire process of the feminine operation sites itself in this appearance of contradiction.

Woman is twice model, modeling contradiction, praised and condemned at the same time.

As with writing, steadily and without risk, woman folds and submits the prosecution's argument to the logic of the cauldron.

*Perspective shifts between interior and exterior **Camera**.*

##### **M (o.s.)**

Model of truth, she plays with a seductive power "which rules over dogmatism", deranging and routing men, the gullible, philosophers.

But in as much as she does not believe, she, in truth, finding nonetheless her interest in this truth which does not interest her, she remains the model: this time the good model or rather the bad model of good modeling:

she plays dissimulation, appearances, the lie, art,  
artistic philosophy,  
she is a power in the affirmative.

*From time to time she picks up other books, quickly checks  
references and writes notes on the white wall behind her.  
Moments of stillness are broken with movement.*

#### NOTES ON WHITEWALL

If she is again condemned this will be in the measure to  
which she denies from man's point of view, lying while  
still believing in the truth, reflecting spectacularly the  
foolish dogmatism she provokes.

#### ACCOMPANIED BY M (O.S.)

Across this eulogy of simulation, of « pleasure in  
simulating » (die Lust an der Verstellung), of  
histrionics, of the « dangerous concept of artist », *Joyful Wisdom* counts among the artists, who are always  
experts at simulation, Jews and women.

The association of Jew and woman is probably not  
insignificant. Nietzsche is often concerned with this  
parallel, returning us, perhaps, to the motifs of  
castration and simulacrum, seen in the simulacrum of  
castration for which circumcision would be the mark, the  
name of the mark.

#### CUT FROM SCREENPLAY

Conclusion to this fragment on « the histrionic capacity »  
(361): « ...is a good actor, today, one who is not - Jewish?  
The Jew also as a man of letters, as the real ruler of the  
European press exerts this power, which to him is proper  
by virtue of his capacity as actor, as comedian - he plays  
the role of « expert », of  
« specialist ».

- Finally women: considering the entire history of women - [later this story, this history, which is a history alternating between histrionics and hysterics, will be reread as a page in the history of truth] are they not required to be, before all and above all - actresses and comedians? Listening to doctors who have hypnotised girls (Frauenzimmer): finally loving them - allowing themselves to be hypnotized by them, by the very girls they set out to hypnotise! What is the eternal result of this? That in giving themselves they « give themselves for »...

**A MAN** *knocks at the outside door set in the bookshop window. He is European, blond, short stature, boyish features with graceful movements.*

[Daß sie « sich gebe », selbst noch, wenn sie - sich geben...again consider the play of dashes, hyphens, not merely the quotation marks] Das Weib ist so artistische, la femme est tellement artiste, woman is such an artist<sup>v</sup>, he tohunga mahi toi penei, te wahine...».

**Camera** *plays across his features, filled with anticipation and enthusiasm. TUHIA gestures for him to enter.*

To further sharpen this category, it is necessary to recall the moment of this ambiguous eulogy, of this almost indictment, where the concept of artist always divides itself. There is the histrionic artist, the affirmative dissimulation, but there is also the hysterical artist, the reactive dissimulation, which is the role of the « modern artist ». The latter Nietzsche compares precisely to « our little hystericals » and to « little hysterical women ». In a parody of Aristotle Nietzsche thus condemns small women (Joyful wisdom, 75, The third sex).

*The two greet each other fondly, kiss cheeks and TUHIA hands him a black lace veil.*

« And our artists are only too closely related to little hysterical women! But this is an indictment of 'today' and not of 'artist' ». (A fragment cited by Klossowski in Nietzsche and the Vicious Circle, Nietzsche et le cercle vicieux).

*He dons the veil and sits down across the table from TUHIA.*

For the moment I immobilise the play between « to give oneself » and « to give oneself for », further deferring its due date  
Questions of art, of style, of truth cannot be dissociated from the question of woman. However the simple formation of this common problematic suspends the question « what is woman? ». It is no longer possible to seek woman or the femininity of woman or feminine sexuality. At least they cannot be found by means of any known methodology of concept or knowledge, even if it is impossible to resist seeking them.

#### « HISTORY OF AN ERROR »

*The two converse, take tea from the thermos and discuss the texts on the floor.*

#### TE RII TAA (O.S.)

I would like now to declare that at the site of penetration, of flowing through, towards and about the body of woman, the veil of truth and the simulacrum of castration, the question of style can and must be measured against the greater question of interpretation of Nietzsche's text, of the interpretation of interpretation, of interpretation, in brief; to be resolved or disqualified in its wording, its declaration.

In wanting to take the measure of this question, how might the economy of the Heideggerian reading of Nietzsche,

whatever count might finally be reached, whatever efforts have been made in France, according to determinable design, determinable motifs and motives, cover over, bypass or delay trial?

*A MAN reading from a text in his hands*

I have often pronounced the word *castration* without giving credit, apparently at least till now, backed up by a Nietzschean text. I return to that now. At the risk of surprise, it is from a certain Heideggerian passage, with its ebbs and flows, its projections and witticisms and its incomes and returns that I proceed with this return.

*To TUHIA*

Heidegger's "mighty tome" is much less simple in its thesis than is generally recognized. It opens, as you know, on the problem of the will to power in relation to art and the question of « grand style ». Under the title of connotation or accompaniment, I recall three of Heidegger's warnings. They appear to be as urgent and as valid today as ever

**FRAGMENTS OF TEXT FLOAT ON SCREEN,**

*at times written on the glass window, others floating in mid air inside and outside the window as students continue to pass by, sometimes looking in, sometimes commenting to each other or in other ways responding to what is happening in the window, yet oblivious to the textual comings and goings.*

1. Be on guard against aestheticising confusionism, blind to art as to philosophy, which would like us to have closure with such Nietzschean propositions hastily deciphered as the era of the philosopher-artist, being from now on opened, the conceptual rigour would be exposed as less intractable, and anything might then be said in a

struggle for non-relevance, which always returns to reassure and confirm, to leave out of reach the very order to which it is believed to be opposed; the dominant forces, their laws, their police, to whom one must beware of speaking the truth.

2. Be on guard against confusion between the « grand style » and an « heroico-bragging » (heroisch-prahlerischen), which is moreover, in its pseudo-transgressive exuberance, characteristic of the « cultivated » class, according to Nietzsche, whose intention here is that unkempt crowd of Wagnerian philistines, « need of the petit-bourgeois, Heidegger comments, unsociable, in the mood for savagery»

3. Reading Nietzsche requires endless questioning of Western history, without which, especially when "one claims to have done with secular illusions", one is confined to ruminating on accepted ideas and is condemned « without appeal  
« by the sentence of History ». (T.1 p117-184).

#### **EXTERIOR. MARAE.**

*To the rear of a whare kai, a dining hall, a group of men in singlet and shorts are digging a deep pit. Shovel loads of dirt are mounting beside the pit alongside a pile of river stones and a stack of firewood. A fire is lit beside the pit.*

#### **INTERIOR WHARE KAI, DINING HALL**

*Inside the kauta, kitchen, a group of young men and women peel potatoes and kumara.*

From this same chapter I now extract three propositions. They do not arrest the movement of the Heideggerian analysis, which must follow here.

1. The old aesthetic would always have been, according to

Nietzsche, an aesthetic of consumers, passive and receptive. Thus it is necessary to substitute an aesthetic of producers (ertzeugenden, zeugenden, achaffenden). Therefore a feminine aesthetic must succeed a masculine aesthetic.

*A man butchers chicken and pork, chopping skillfully through bones and sinews, his honed knives dissecting carcasses into manageable pieces.*

As testified in so many other texts, fragment 72 of Gai Savoir in the eyes of Nietzsche production is traditionally masculine, and a productive mother is a masculine mother. Heidegger cites this other fragment: « our aesthetic was a feminine one (eine Weibs-Asthetik) in the sense that only those natures receptive (die Empfanglichen) to art have formulated their experience [of] 'what is beautiful'?

*Food is placed in wire baskets on leaves, covered and taken outside to the pit, where hot stones are being pushed into the hole.*

In all of philosophy, up to the present time the artist has been lacking (fehlt der Künstler) » (fr.811, tr. Fr. P.70)

*Sacks and food are laid on top of hot stones, covered with wet bags and earth shoveled over.*

#### M (o.s.)

Stated otherwise, or rather translated (Heidegger does not say which), until this item, with regards to art, to the philosopher of art, who is precisely always *before art*, who does not touch, who in certain cases imagines himself as artist and producing works, is content to gossip about art, this philosopher, clumsy courtesan, rests, as a



second rate scientist, impotent, a sort of old woman. But Nietzsche helps himself here to the very old philosopheme namely production, with its more or less unseen connotations ingenuously involved in creativity, in activity, in formation of formalities, in dating and updating, in a word of presentation, a manifestation of presence and presence of manifestation. And he inscribes this concept, with its slippery metaphysical patina, in the traditionally assumed equivalence, from Aristotle to Kant and all the way to Hegel (in his renowned analysis on passivity and the clitoral orgasm) between active productivity of the (feminine) informant on one hand and virility on the other, between unproductive material passivity on one hand and femininity on the other. This appears contradictory, and will return us to other propositions concerning woman.

*The men are seen now removing shovels of earth, sacks, pulling up baskets of kai, food from the still steaming pit.*

#### TE RII TAA (O.S.)

2. Nietzsche's thinking on art would be, following Heidegger, « meta-physical in its most intimate intention », since art is for him « the essential manner in which being creates itself as such » (tr.fr.p182)

3. Nietzsche seems to proceed most often, in matters of metaphysics, Platonism and the Platonic tradition, by a simple « inversion » (Umdrehung) which would consist of turning Platonic propositions upside down, on their heads, the column inverted. (tr.fr.p182)

Heidegger does not restrain himself, (as is often supposed), to this esquisse. Not that he purely and simply abandons it. "The work of reading and writing is no more homogeneous in his case than it is in Nietzsche's" and does not flit between pro and contra without a certain strategy. As much as Nietzsche might seem or be compelled to practice Umdrehung, it is apparent, Heidegger notes,

that he is « seeking something other » (etwas anderes sucht) (tr.fr.p182).

To announce this other, which is no longer coupled in an inverted opposition, Heidegger refers to this account, renowned from this time, of a unique lie, a singular fabrication, *The History of an Error*, in *Twilight of the Idols* (1888); *How the World Finally Became a Fable*.

I am not picking up on Heidegger's commentary, nor on those which have recently in France clarified this text. Rather I raise one or two issues which have not, to my knowledge, been explained, in particular by Heidegger, and which touch precisely on woman.

**EXTERIOR. MARAE.**

**Camera** from kuaha, from the doorway looking out.

*Return to the exit from the marae. The path of the coffin-bearers is blocked by a large group, men to the fore with shirts removed. A leader begins a haka, a chant of war, and the group join in, their grief given now a different voice as the mate, the deceased sets off on his final journey in this world.*

**Camera** moves across faces, the whaterotero, the protruding tongues of the men, torsos red with slapping, to pukana, protruding eyes of women at the rear, and back.

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

Heidegger develops the strongest torsion regarding the problematic of Umdrehung: the opposition, which lends itself to inversion, is itself deleted: « with the real world we have also abolished the world of appearances », the account states (mit der wahren Welt haben wir auch die scheinbare abgeschafft!). The hierarchy of two worlds, of the perceptible and the intelligible, has not simply been averted. A new hierarchy is affirmed and a new position of value. This novelty does not consist of renewing the

continuous hierarchy or the substance of values, but of transforming the value of hierarchy. « A new hierarchy (Rangordnung) and a new position of value (Wertsetzung), that is to say: transforming the esquisse, the hierarchical sketch (das Ordnungs-Schema verwandeln) ». Not to delete all hierarchy, an-archy only consolidates the established order, the metaphysical hierarchy, not to alter or invert the terms of any given hierarchy; but to transform the very structure of the hierarchical.

**INTERIOR. SILK STORE.**

*A bolt of orange silk lies unrolled on the counter. Camera watches hands, pulling out silk, measuring to size, taking scissors and cutting through the length. The silk slips to the floor, landing in a pile of shimmering folds on the wooden floorboards. Camera follows the action, lingering on the folds, caressing the soft silk.*

**M (O.S.)**

Thus Heidegger follows Nietzsche's operation into the excesses of metaphysics and Platonism. But this is not only, at least here, to question, according to a form of question relevant to hermeneutics, and thus of this philosophy, that such an operation must however disrupt, derange, if Nietzsche has succeeded in doing what he surely set out to do, and « to what degree » he has effectively overcome Platonism. Heidegger names this « a critical question » (Fragen der Kritik) which must allow itself to be quickly guided by the « re-thinking of Nietzsche's most intimate thinking will », of his most profound meaning and intention (wenn wir Nietzsches innerstem denkerischen Willen nach-gedacht haben).

**FEMINA VITA**

*A woman's hand reaches down, picks up the silk and begins a dance. In the background sounds of the mournful saxophone can be heard, building intensity with the motions of her dance.*

It is to the horizon of the Heideggerian question, to the moment where he guides the most demanding reading that we must later, perhaps, after this detour we are in, break through.

Which is undoubtedly impossible without the intervention of some handy stiletto, some sharpened style. "A stylate practice (pratique stylée), but of what genre or gender?"

*Saxophone notes are broken into with sounds of tapping on chisel, unrhythmic breaks, disjointed and disrupting to the dance.*

This only writes itself according to the conjoint conspiracy between woman and truth.

*The dance itself is now interrupted with flashes of two people, gender indeterminate, walking veiled along a long corridor towards **Camera**. One is holding a book, which the two are seen to be discussing. The shiny linoleum floor of the corridor and lighting give the appearance of water, reflecting the two as they approach.*

Enter woman, between woman, in defiance of the depths of a sense of propriety. Some aphorisms in anticipation of the history of truth, which they precede, in *Twilight* by a few pages: Maxims and Arrows

#### NIETZSCHE (O.S.) INTERRUPTING

(Spruche und Pfeile

16 Unter Frauen « Die Wahrheit? O Sie kennen die Wahrheit nicht! Ist sie nicht ein Attentat auf alle unsere whanonga tika (pudeur)? »

«The truth? Oh! You do not know the truth! Is she not an assault on all of our whanonga tika, our modesties and proprieties?

Shallow. »

27« Man hält das Weib für tief – warum? Weil man nie bei ihm auf den Grund kommt. Das Weib ist noch nicht einmal flach »

« Woman is considered profound, hohonu – why? Because in her the depths can never be reached. Woman cannot even be considered shallow.»

29 « "Wie viel hatte ehemals das Gewissen zu bei-en! – Und heute? Woran fehlt es?" – Frage eines Zahrmartes.»

« How much conscience and consciousness have formerly had to chew on! What great teeth she (la conscience) had<sup>131</sup> – And today? What is lacking?" A question of dentist.»

**EXTERIOR. PARK SIDE OF PRINCES STREET, TAMAKI MAKURAU**

*A striking middle aged Frenchman with a shock of white hair, elegantly attired, walks towards AUT.*

**M (o.s.)**

*The History of an Error.* In each of the six sequences, the six eras, with the exception of the third, certain words are underlined. In the second era, the only words underlined by Nietzsche are sie wird Weib, she (the idea) becomes woman.

*He begins to use his black umbrella as an instrument on the park railings, tapping out rhythms of his pace as he walks along.*

Heidegger quotes this sequence, respecting its underlining, but his commentary, as is always the case, skirts around woman.

*Gradually he succumbs to the lure of rhythm and the dance moves to an occasional skip, progressing to modest kicks, twirling his umbrella in an elegant dance of percussion, using railings,*

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<sup>131</sup>Here we are reminded of Little Red Riding Hood's address to her grandmother – wolf. Omission of this sentence in the copy of this thesis presented for marking can perhaps relate to the author's loss of teeth at the time of writing, a loss at once painful and unwritable.

*parking meters and whatever is at hand as the tempo of the dance mounts.*

All the elements of text are analysed without exception, except the becoming woman of the idea (sie wird Weib), which thus abandoned, a little like a perceptible image in a book of philosophy, as the tearing out or extraction of an illustrated page in a serious book. That which then allows a seeing without reading or reading without seeing.

*The dancer is arrested suddenly, as he comes to realize that his path is blocked by a group of Maaori men. **Camera** angle, which has been intent on movement of the dance, falls to the pavement, moving upwards from feet, to differences in shoes, trousers, faces, kanohi ki te kanohi, face to face.*

In looking even closer at « sie wird Weib », we would not be proceeding contra Heidegger, that is to say again, in the process of his own clean (propre) movement. We will not contradict what he has done, which would only amount to doing the same thing. We will not pluck some mythological flower, this time to study it out of context, collecting it in place of allowing it to fall.

**TE RII TAA**, at a loss, lets his umbrella fall to the pavement...

Rather let us try to decode this *inscription* of woman: no doubt her necessity is neither that of a metaphorical illustration, nor that of a pure concept bare of fantastic design.

*...to be retrieved by one of the group. The men begin to play out rhythms, at first slow, broken tapping with the black umbrella, passing from one to the other.*

The context shows clearly that what becomes woman is the idea. Becoming-woman is a « process of the idea » (Fortschritt der Idee). Idea is a form of self-

representation of truth. Thus truth has not always been woman. Woman is not always truth.

*Rhythms turn to dance, taking on a decidedly Pacific feel as rhythms of Polynesian drumming take over.*

**TUHIA (o.s.)**

Each has a history, forms a history - history itself, perhaps, if the strict value of history is always thus introduced in the movement of truth - that philosophy alone cannot decode, being herself (philosophy) therein compromised.

**TE RII TAA** *is included as the umbrella is passed around and he joyfully joins the dance.*

Before this progress in the history of the true-world, the idea was platonic. And Umschreibung, the transcription, the outside phrase (periphrase) or paraphrase of the platonic declaration of truth, in this inaugural moment of the idea, this transcription is « Ich, Plato, bin die Wahrheit », « I, Plato, am the truth ».

*Rhythms start to fade.*

The second time, where the becoming-woman of the idea as presence or production (mise en scene) is thus the moment where Plato can no longer say « I am truth », where philosophy is no longer truth, separates itself from her (truth) as from himself, is no longer more than a trace,

**TUHIA** *is seen approaching, the group opening to allow her passage. She smiles, acknowledging them and sails past.*

self-exiled or allowing the idea to exile itself. There history begins and stories start. There distance - woman - spreads wide and dismisses (écarte) truth - the philosopher, and gifts the idea. Which distances itself, becomes transcendent, inaccessible, seductive, operating

and showing the way at a distance, in die Ferne. Her veils and its sails flutter in the distance, the dream of death begins. It is woman.

**EXTERIOR. LAKE ROTORUA.**

*Cut to soft waves. A catamaran glides, effortlessly across the almost still water. Mirror surface reveals the figure of TANE, relaxed, steering the yacht.*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

« The true world out of reach in the present, but promised to the wise, the pious, the virtuous ('for the fisherman who does penance'). »

« (progress of the idea: it becomes finer, more misleading, and more elusive - *it becomes woman...*) ».

All the attributes, all the traits, all the strokes and charms that Nietzsche has recognized in woman, the seductive distance, the inaccessibility which enthralls, the infinitely veiled promise, transcendence producing desire, the Entfernung belongs as well in the history of truth as in the history of an error.

**INTERIOR. WHAKAIRO WORKSHOP.**

**Camera** moves to TANE's face and withdraws enough to see that he is now on land, in his workshop, whose canvas roof is flapping slightly in the wind.

**TE RII TAA CONTINUES**

Yet as if in apposition, or as if to explain and analyse the « it becomes woman », Nietzsche adds «sie wird christlich...». It is in the era of this parenthesis that one can try to provoke this fabulous plot towards the motif of castration in the Nietzschean text, that is to say towards the enigma of a non-presence of truth.



**Camera** moves down to **TANE's** hands, holding and carving the tongue of a taiaha, a spear. Sanding, caressing the wood, the tohunga whakairo, the expert carver works on a very special taiaha.

M (o.s.)

That which inscribes itself in red letters in the « it becomes woman, it becomes Christian... », I will try to demonstrate that it is a « she castrates (herself) », she castrates because she is castrated,

**Camera** angle unveils an other **Camera**, at a different angle filming **TANE**.

she plays her castration in the era of parenthesis, she feigns castration - sustained and imposed - to restrain the master from afar, to master the master from a distance, to produce desire and with the same stroke, it is here « the same thing », to kill him.

Phrase and periphrase necessary in the history of woman-truth, of verification and feminisation.

**EXTERIOR. MOONLIT NIGHT. TO THE SIDE OF A ROAD THROUGH NGAHERE,  
NATIVE BUSH**

A group of masked men with a chainsaw approach a large spotlit pou, a carved pole on a building in the Waitakere<sup>132</sup> ranges. The light reveals the large erect penis on the pou. One man takes the chainsaw towards the pou as the others move to lookout positions.

Let us turn the page. Let us cross, in *Twilight of the Idols*, to the page following the History of an Error. Here

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<sup>132</sup> A range of mountains west of Tanaki Makaurau

opens *Morals als Widernatur*; Morality as Anti-Nature, Christianity is here interpreted as castration (*Kastratismus*). The extraction of a tooth,

*He starts the chainsaw and quickly begins his work on the erect penis.*

the plucking of an eye, says Nietzsche, are Christian operations. These are the violences of the Christian idea, of idea become woman. « All the old monsters of ethics are on this: « Passions must be killed » [these last words in French in the text].

*His work quickly over the men race for a four-wheel drive vehicle waiting nearby.*

M (o.s.)

The most famous formula for this is found in the New Testament, in the *Sermon on the Mount* where, although mentioned in passing, things are by no means contemplated from *on high*. It is mentioned there, for example, with moral reference to sexuality, « if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out »: happily no Christian acts upon this prescription.

*They pile into the vehicle and with a roar of the motor, disappear into the dark.*

Destroying passions and desires, simply because of their foolishness and to prevent disagreeable consequences to this foolishness, today only appears to us as a sharpened form of this foolishness. We no longer admire dentists who extract (*ausreißen*, underlined) teeth in order to avoid harm ».

At the uprooting, or Christian castration, at least that of the « early church » (but we have not moved from that church), Nietzsche opposes the spiritualization of passion (*Vergeistigung der Passion*). He seems to imply that no

castration is at work in spiritualization, which does not go without saying. I leave this problematic open.

**INTERIOR. WHAKAIRO WORKSHOP**

*Return to TANE, carving taiaha, to the rhythmic tapping of the mallet and the soft flapping of the canvas roof.*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

Thus the church, the early one, true to woman-idea, proceeds by way of ablation, extirpation , excision. «The church combats passion by way of la coupe, the cut which is also the cup, the goblet, the thrust which draws blood and the vessel containing that blood (Ausschneidung, the cutting, pruning, [also the size and waistline]: its 'cure' is castration. She (the church) never asks herself: 'how does one spiritualise, embellish, deify a desire?'.

*Sounds are joined by a third tapping, as image fades to*

**INTERIOR TUHIA'S STUDIO,**

*where she is tapping on the keys of a laptop, writing, pausing, rhythm continually changing, at times disappearing to reurn with another burst of writing. **Camera** moves to her eyes, flicking between screen and keyboard*

Throughout time she places the weight of her discipline at the service of eradication (Ausrottung) of sensitivity, of pride, of desire for control (and desire for a Masters Degree [maitrise]) (Herrschaft), of desire for possession (Habsucht), of desire for revenge (Rausucht).

**Camera** moves in to read some of her writing;

But to attack passions at their roots, is to attack life at its roots: the praxis of the church is hostile to life (lebensfeindlich).»

Thus hostile to woman who is life (femina vita): castration is an operation of woman against woman, no less than that of each sex against itself and against the other<sup>vi</sup>.

**RETURN TO WHAKAIRO WORKSHOP,**

*to the lines of carving, the curves and pirouettes of the chisel and the dance of the carver. **Camera** moves over arm muscles, to veins and sinews in the much-used hands.*

« The same means, castration and eradication, is employed in the battle against desire by those whose will is weak, who are too degenerate to be able to impose restraint to their desire... In surveying all the history of priests and philosophers, of artists: the most venomous thing against the senses does not come out of the mouths of the powerless, but of the impossible ascetics, of those who needed to be ascetics...»

*Return to lecture theatre, where, baked by images of thee horrors of **HIROSHIMA***

**TUHIA continues**

...« The spiritualization of the sensual is called love; it is a triumph over Christianity. . Another triumph is our spiritualization of *hostility*. It consists in a profound understanding of the cost (le prix - also the prize) of having enemies: in short to act and conclude in a manner inverse (umgekehrt) to that in which one acted and concluded beforehand. The church has always wanted the annihilation of its enemies: those of us immoralists and anti-Christians, we see our advantage in the church's existence...the saint who pleases God is the ideal eunuch...»

## POSITIONS

### TE RII TAA (O.S.)

The heterogeneity of the text manifests well. Nietzsche is under no illusion of knowing those effects named woman, castration or the *ontological* effects of presence or of absence. He carefully avoids hasty denial, which would consist in raising a simple discourse against castration and its system. Without discreet parody, without a system of writing, without difference or flourishes of the pen, without style, then, the great inversion returns to the same in a noisy declaration of antithesis.

Hence the heterogeneity of the text.

Renouncing here the examination of numerous propositions on woman, I will try to formalize from them a rule, to reduce them to a finite number of distinctive and metrical propositions. Then I will mark the essential limit of such codification and the problem of reading that it determines. Three types of statement, then, three fundamental propositions, which are also positions of value, arising from three different sites. These positions of value could perhaps, after a certain labour that I am not able to indicate here, take on the sense that psychoanalysis (for example) gives to the word « position ».

*INTERIOR. A CELLAR IN NEVERS (from Hiroshima Mon Amour<sup>133</sup>)*

### TUHIA (O.S.)

1. Woman is condemned, humiliated, scorned as a figure or power of untruth. The category of the accusation is then produced in the name of truth, of dogmatic metaphysics, of

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<sup>133</sup> (Duras 1961 58-59)

the credulous man who advances truth and the phallus as his own clean attributes. The texts - phallogocentric - written from its position of reactive authority, are numerous.

'(Her mouth against the walls of the Nevers cellar, biting) "'<sup>134</sup>

2. Woman is condemned, scorned as figure or power of truth, she plays with it still, as with a fetish, to her advantage, without believing in it, yet living in it, by ruse and naivety (ruse is always contaminated by naivety) in the system and in the economy of truth, in the phallogocentric space. The trial is thus directed from the point of view of the masked artist, who, however, still believes in the castration of woman and remains at the inversion of reactive and negative authority. Up to here woman is twice castration: truth and non-truth.

**INTERIOR. WHAKAIRO WORKSHOP**

*Camera follows chisel, slicing fine lines into the surface of the wood, turning and returning in its own dance.*

**M (o.s.)**

3. Woman is recognized, under this double negation, affirmed as affirmative power, dissimulatress, artist, dionysiac. She is not affirmed by man but self affirms herself (s'affirme elle-même), in herself and in man. In the sense that I will later discuss, castration has not taken place. Anti-feminism is, in its turn, overthrown, only condemning woman in the measure to which she responded to man from the two reactive positions.

**INTERIOR. STUDIO. TUHIA writes**

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<sup>134</sup> *ibid*

In order for these three types of statement to form an exhaustive code, so that their systematic unity can be reconstituted, the parodying heterogeneity of style, of styles, must be able to be mastered and reduced to the contents of a thesis. It requires, on the other hand, however these two conditions are inseparable, that each value implicated in the three schemata be decidable within an oppositional coupling, as is there were an opposite for each term: for example for woman, truth, castration.

**TUHIA - TANE - TUHIA**, carving - writing - carving, back and forth images sway, sometimes on split screen.

**M (o.s.)**

However the hymen's graphic, or that of the pharmakon, which is there written without being there reduced, the effect of castration which is throughout the work, in particular in Nietzsche's text, poses a limit without redress to these hermeneutic or systematic questions. She (la graphique) always evades a margin at the control of signification or of code.

Not that it is necessary to take the part of heterogeneity or parody (this would again serve to reduce them). Not that it necessarily follows, from that which the master senses, the unique inviolate sense is irretrievable, that Nietzsche's mastery is infinite, his power impregnable (a return to Nietzsche's tears on his swollen belly), his manipulation of the snare impeccable, that a sort of infinite calculus, almost that of Leibnitz' God, but infinite calculus of the undecidable this time, to thwart the hermeneutic hold. This attempt to avoid the snare would just as certainly fall into it. This would make parody or simulacrum an instrument of mastery (and the Masters Degree) at the service of truth or of castration, to reconstitute religion, a Nietzschean cult, for example "and there find its interest in a priesthood of parody interpreters" (Harlow 99) (prêtrise de l'interprête ès parodies, interprêtrise).

No, parody always supposes somewhere a naivety, back to back with an unconscious, and the dizziness of non-mastery, a loss of knowledge and conscience (connaissance). The absolutely calculated parody would be a confession or a table of law and conventions (la loi).

*Return to EXTERIOR, BRANCHES OF PONGA TREES DANCING IN THE WIND.*

TE RII TAA (O.S.)

It must be said, stupidly, that if one is unable to assimilate, firstly amongst themselves, the aphorism on woman and the rest, it is perhaps that Nietzsche himself was not seeing very clearly there. Neither could he, in the single blink of an eye, in an instant, and such regular rhythmic blindness, which can never be finished with, takes place in the text. Nietzsche is here a little lost. There is loss, which is able to assert itself, as soon as there is hymen.

**Camera** moves across waving branches to slowly come to focus on a large spider's web between a frond and the trunk. The web is being stretched to its limits as the branch pulls away from the trunk.

In the fabric of text, Nietzsche is a little lost, like a spider unequal to what has been produced around her, very much like a spider or like several spiders, that of Nietzsche, of Lautremont, of Mallarmé, those of Freud and of Abraham.

*Wrapped in threads a woman dances, while outside the dance another, an older woman TUHIA weaves the ends of these same threads, lengths of muka (thread from korari [phormium tenax or flax]). The two women continue to move, each influencing the other's rhythm and movement.*

CONTRALTO SINGS (O.S.)



He was, he feared such woman castrated.  
He was, he feared such woman castrating.  
He was, he loved such woman affirming.

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

All that at once, simultaneously or successively,  
according to the positions of his body and the locations  
of his story.

He was faced with, both inside himself and outside  
himself, so many women.

As in Basel, holding council<sup>135</sup>.

**THE GAZE OF OEDIPUS**

**M (O.S.)**

There is not a woman, a truth in self of woman in self,  
that at least has been said, and the typology so diverse,  
the crowd of mothers, daughters, sisters, old girls,  
wives, governesses and housekeepers (gouvernantes),  
prostitutes, virgins, grandmothers, small and large girls  
in his work.

**INTERIOR. CORRIDOR**

*Return to two women, TUHIA and another, veiled, in corridor with  
shiny floor. Camera introduces the scene at the point where the  
two veils touch. The two figures walk away from Camera, and  
gradually their bodies are revealed, dressed in black, the  
sound of heels and soles on the linoleum creating a distinctly  
Pacific rhythm as they walk.*

For this very reason, there is not a truth of Nietzsche or  
a text of Nietzsche. When reading in *Jenseits* « these here  
are my truths » underlined, « meine Wahrheiten sind », it  
is precisely within a paragraph on women. My truths,

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<sup>135</sup> Here Derrida returns us to the opening lines, to Nietzsche's letter to Malvida. A reminder that this all started with a letter (Lettre, l'être).

implies without doubt that these are not *truths*, since they are multiple, variegated, contradictory. Thus there is not a truth in itself, but moreover, for me and about me, truth is plural.

*As they pass the first two doorways off the long corridor two men emerge one by one, taking the places of the women, who disappear into the doorways, only to reappear at the next two doorways. This is repeated for the length of the long corridor, the Pacific rhythms of shoes on linoleum maintained.*

Yet this passage is held between the famous paragraph on « *der schreckliche Grundtext homo natura* » where it is called before the intrepid gaze of Oedipus (*unerschrocknen Oedipus-Augen*) against the decoys of the old metaphysical oiseleurs, the fowlers of ancient times with false calls, (*die Lockweisen alter metaphysischer Vogelfanger*), Oedipus, denied naivety, who no longer assumes the blinding accusation, and the indictment against feminism, the « eternal feminine », the « woman in itself »., Mme Roland, Mme de Staël, M. George Sand, their « bad taste »; to the « *taceat mulier in ecclesia* » of the church, to the « *taceat mulier in politicis* » of Napoleon, Nietzsche adds,

**INTERIOR.** A return to **BASEL, TO NIETZSCHE'S ROOM**, where he sits again, at his desk, writing and eating, this time bread and cheese. His handwritten text appears as subtitles on screen:

as a «true friend of women », « *taceat mulier in muliere* »<sup>vii</sup>. Thus there is no truth in itself of sexual difference in itself, of man or of woman in either self, all the ontology to the contrary presupposes, receives and conceals (*recèle*) this stolen indecidability of which it is the effect of inspection, of appropriation, of verification of identity.

TE RII TAA (O.S.)

Here, beyond the mythology of the signature, the theology of the author, the biographic desire writes itself in the text, leaving there an irreducible mark as well as an irreducible plurality. The « granite of spiritual fate » of each person gives and receives marks, making matter of them. The erection falls to its tomb (L'érection tombe). The biographic text is fixed, stabilizing itself for an uncertain duration and setting up for a long time the implacable stele, with all the risks of this « monumental History » about which the Unzeitgemäße have recognized all the risks in advance. This granite is a system of « decisions and predetermined responses to questions elected in advance. To each cardinal problem responds an unchanging 'das bin ich', ('such am I'). For example on the subject of man and woman a thinker cannot alter the idea (umlernen), only wear out (go to the extremities of, auslernen) that which he thinks...After the generous civilities to which I have just served myself [spiritual fate has just been defined as our stupidity] I could perhaps be permitted to announce some truths on the subject of 'woman in itself'; being well understood that it would be known henceforth at what point these are only - my truths - » (231).

**Camera** moves downstairs from Nietzsche's room.

And in *Ecce Homo (Why I Write Such Good Books)*, two paragraphs follow suit (IV and V) in which Nietzsche advances successively his claim to « a large number of possible styles », or that there is no « style in itself », then that he « knows women well [or rather the female, Weiblein] »: « This being part of my Dionysian patrimony. Who knows? Perhaps I am the first psychologist of the eternal feminine. They all love me, it's the same old story, wounded females (verunglückten Weiblein), the 'emancipated', those who lack the substance to make children. Happily I am not inclined to be torn apart: the consummate woman tears apart when she loves...».

*Cut to INTERIOR WHARE KAI, DINING HALL,*

*packed with people, mostly dressed in black, on benches at trestle tables covered in white cloths. The tables are piled high with steaming dishes. It is a hakari, a feast following a burial. Sounds of te reo Maaori, Maaori language, laughter and joyful saxophones in the background.*

From the moment that the question of woman suspends the decidable opposition of truth and non-truth, the epochal regime (and diet) of quotation marks is established for all the concepts belonging to the system of this philosophical decidability, disqualifying the hermeneutic project which postulates the true meaning of a text, freeing reading from the horizon of meaning of being or of the truth of being, from the values of production of product or of presence of present.

**INTERIOR. STUDIO**

*Cut to TUHIA's hands tapping on her laptop*

**TEXT ON LAPTOP SCREEN**

What erupts from this is the question of style as question of writing, the question of a spurring operation more powerful than any content, thesis and meaning.

**INTERIOR WHARE KAI, DINING HALL**

*And back to the same hands picking up morsels of kai at the hakari, as TUHIA chats with the two dancers who are seated on either side of her, all three in blacks<sup>136</sup>.*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

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<sup>136</sup> Black clothes worn for hui mate, for mourning are commonly referred to as 'blacks'.

The stylate spur crosses, penetrates, passes through (traverse) the veil, not simply tearing it to see or produce the same thing, but unpacking opposition itself, opposition folded on itself of veiled/unveiled, truth as production, unveiling/dissimulation of product in presence. It lifts itself no more than it allows the veil to fall, there delimiting suspension - the epoch.

**EXTERIOR. BASEL, 2005**

*Again the orange silk falls. This time from the window of a first floor apartment in Basel, it falls, floating to the ground where well-shod feet step over and around the crumpled silk.*

To delimit, to undo, to be undone, when concerning the veil, does this not always return to unveiling, to the revealing of a tombstone naming those who have gone before? Indeed to the destruction of a fetish? This question, to the extent that it is a question (between logos and theoria, to say and to see, mouth and eye) remains - interminably.

**LE COUP DE DON**

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

The Heideggerian reading was stranded - we departed from the enigmas of stranding - at the moment of the absence of woman in the affabulation of truth; the sexual question is not posed or at least submitted to the general question of the truth of being.

**INTERIOR. FILM STUDIO**

*TUHIA stands in an empty studio, devoid of background, foreground, bereft of signs of any horizontal/vertical reference and sings* **E MURI AHIAHI EEE**

## SUBTITLES ON SCREEN

Yet does one not come to see that the question of sexual difference was not a regional question submitted to general ontology, then to fundamental ontology, and finally to the question of the truth of being? And that perhaps it is no longer even a *question*?

*One by one lights come on inside the studio. Movie cameras are wheeled into position and the furnishings of Nietzsche's room in Basel are carried in and placed around TUIA, still standing off centre in the studio space.*

Perhaps things are not so simple. Significations or conceptual values which form, it seems, the stake or the driving force of all Nietzschean analyses on the sexual difference, on the « incessant war of the sexes »<sup>viii</sup>, the « mortal hatred of the sexes », on « love », eroticism, etc., all have as a vector what might be named as the process of appropriation (appropriation, expropriation, taking, taking possession, gift and exchange, mastery (and masters degree), servitude, etc.).

*TUIA continues her chant, notes now drowned by the activities around her.*

Through numerous analyses, which I am unable to follow here, it appears, according to the law already formalized, that sometimes woman is woman in giving, in self-giving, whereas man takes, possesses, takes possession, sometimes on the contrary woman in self-giving, *gives herself for*, simulates and thus assures herself of possessive mastery<sup>ix</sup>.

*Work continues, oblivious of TUIA, workers moving around her, across her, cutting in front of Camera, only to reveal her again, still singing.*

In the « gives herself for », the *for*, whatever might be the value, whether it deceives by giving the appearance or

whether it introduces some destination, finality or sly calculation, some return, pay off or profit in the loss of propre (property and propriety), the *for* retains the gift of a reserve and from then on changes all the signs of sexual opposition. Man and woman change places, exchanging masks ad infinitum. « Women have known, by their submission, their subjection (soumission) (*Unterordnung*), to assure for themselves the greatest advantage, or even domination (*Herrschaft*) » (412). If the opposition of *give* and *take*, of *possess* and *possessed* is some sort of transcendental lure produced by the hymen's graphic, the process of appropriation escapes all dialectics as well as all ontological decidability.

Cut to *INTERIOR LIBRARY AUT.*

**Camera** pans library floor to rest on **TUHIA**, scrambling through an enormous pile of books on a table, checking references, leafing through one text after another.

Thus it cannot be asked « what *is* the propre<sup>137</sup>, appropriation, expropriation, mastery, servitude, etc? ». As much as the sexual operation - and we do not know sexuality *before* it - appropriation is more powerful, because undecidable, than the question *ti esti*, of the question of the veil of truth or of the meaning of being. All the more - and this argument is neither secondary nor supplementary - the process of appropriation organizes the totality of the process of language or symbolic exchange in general, there understood, thus, all ontological *statements*.

*She moves to a shelf, hunting down yet another text.*

TEXT ON SCREEN

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<sup>137</sup> *Propre* - untranslatable, both clean and owned, here as a noun it rests, in French, on its own and special (*propre*)

The history (of) truth (is) a process of appropriation. The propre does not rise again from an onto-phenomenological nor from a semantico-hermeneutic interrogation. The question of meaning or of the truth of being is not *capable* of the question of propre, of the undecidable exchange of more for less, of give-take, of give-keep, of give-harm, of *coup de don*. It is not capable because it is inscribed therein.

*TUHIA returns to the table, bearing two more books, sits, opens one of the books and taps away on her laptop. There is a feeling of urgency here, of deadlines, of tying up loose threads in order to reach some sort of completion, a completion of sorts.*

Each time the question of propre arises, in the fields of economy, (in a restricted sense), of linguistics, of rhetoric, of psychoanalysis, of politics, etc., the onto-hermeneutic form of interrogation exposes its limit. This limit is singular. It does not determine an ontic domain or an ontological region, but the very limit of being itself.

*Camera plays across titles of texts*

TE RII TAA (O.S.)

Thus there would be much eagerness to conclude that it was possible to purely and simply do without the critical resources of the ontological question, in general or in a reading of Nietzsche. It would also be very naïve to conclude that, the question of propre no longer arising from the question of being, it must now be possible to engage directly with it, as if one *knew what is* the propre, appropriation, exchange, giving, taking, debt, cost, etc. Holding then the discourse comfortably installed in this determined field or the other, one would remain, for lack of elaboration of the problem, in the onto-hermeneutic presupposition, in the pre-critical relation



to the signified, in the return to the present word, to natural language, to perception, to visibility, in a word to conscience and all its phenomenological system. This risk does not date from yesterday but returns to the actual, the immediate.

*As **Camera** continues to move rather erratically between **TUHIA** and the texts, the voice of **TE RII TAA** is heard as an old time radio broadcast, at times crackling and disappearing amongst static, with only occasional words legible to the reading ear.*

**TE RII TAA** (on radio)

I indicate with a schema, a sketch, why, at the point where we are with it, the reading of Heidegger (of Heidegger reader of Nietzsche, the reader of Heidegger, that which he practices as well as that which we venture here with his text) does not seem to me *simply* in default through association with this de-limitation of the ontological problem<sup>x</sup>. In the near totality of its trajectory, it actually persists - it is often what is held to be his thesis - in the hermeneutic space of the question of truth (of being). And it concludes, pretending to penetrate the most intimate areas of Nietzsche's thinking will (see above), that this *belongs* still, to be fulfilled, to the history of metaphysics. Without doubt, still supposing that the value of *belonging* had some unique meaning and is not itself its own translation (ne s'emporte pas elle-même)

***Camera** rests on **TUHIA** as she slumps, exhausted on her laptop amidst the pile of books*

However a certain dehiscence opens this reading without unraveling it, opens it to another which does not let itself be there enclosed. Not that it had, on returning, a critical or destructive effect on that which submits thus to violence but also to the quasi-internal necessity of this dehiscence. But it transforms the figure there and

reinscribes in its turn the hermeneutic gesture. That is why, in designing and naming (en designant) « the near totality of a trajectory », I did not put forward a quantitative assessment; rather I announced another form of organization housed in this statistical consideration.

M (o.s.)

This dehiscence arrived each time Heidegger submits or opens the question of being to the question of propre, of proprie, of appropriation (*eigen, eignen, ereignen, Ereignis* especially). This is not a rupture or a turning point in Heidegger's thinking. Already the opposition of the *Eigentlichkeit* and of the *Uneigentlichkeit* have organized all the existential analytic of *Sein und Zeit*. A certain valorization of propre and of the *Eigentlichkeit* - valorization itself - never reaches a standpoint. It is at that location a permanence which must be held count and whose necessity must be ceaselessly interrogated.

TE RII TAA (on radio)

Still an oblique movement regularly deranges this order and writes the truth of being in the process of appropriation, a process which in order to be magnetized by the valorization of propre, through an ineradicable preference for the propre, leads it nonetheless to the abyssal structure of propre. This abyssal structure is a non-fundamental structure, at once superficial and without depth, always still « flat and shallow, obsequious (plate) », in which the propre dives to the depths, somber in the waters of its own desire, never meeting - with itself. Passes into the other.

M (o.s.)

No doubt the most frequent impression - and the majority of the statements, the quality of their connotations confirms it - is of a new metaphysics of property, of

ownership and appropriateness (propriété). It is here that the opposition between metaphysic and non-metaphysic meets in turn its limit, which is the very limit of this opposition, of the form of opposition. If the form of opposition, the oppositional structure is metaphysical, the relationship between metaphysics and its other can no longer be a relationship of opposition.

### ABYSSES OF TRUTH

Each time that the metaphysical questions and the question of metaphysics are inscribed in the more powerful question of appropriation, all this space is reorganised.

This takes place quite regularly, if not in a spectacular manner, and at first, not by chance, in the final chapter of Nietzsche (*Die Erinnerung in die Metaphysik*). One passes here from a proposition of the type « *Das Sein selbst sich anfänglich ereignet* », which, following Klossowski<sup>x1</sup>, I refuse to translate, to a proposition in which the « being » itself is reduced (*das Ereignis ereignet*). Between the two: «... und so noch einmal in der eigenen Anfängnis die reine Unbedürftigkeit sich ereignen läßt, die selbst ein Abglanz ist des Anfanglichen, das als Er-eignung der Wahrheit sich ereignet ».

### **EXTERIOR. SEASIDE. EARLY MORNING.**

Camera moves across the empty sands to **TUHIA**, sitting on a small dune, reading through her bound thesis draft, pen in hand, making rough notes here and there in the margins as she reads.

Finally the question of production, of doing, and of machination, of the event (one of the meanings of *Ereignis*) having been extracted from ontology, property or

the appropriation of the propre is precisely named as that which is propre to nothing and thus to no one,

*A racing catamaran can be seen at a distance, flying across the surface, its sailor, indistinguishable, leaning out on the trapeze to counterbalance the strong winds..*

truth sent back to the bottomless abyss as non-truth, unveiling as veiling, enlightenment as dissimulation, the history of being as the history in which nothing, no being occurs but only the endless process of *Ereignis*, the event, the property of the abyss (*das Eigentum des Abgrundes*) non-truth,

*Page by page, TUHIA flips through the text to sounds of wind and sea.*

which is necessarily the abyss of property, the violence also of an event without being. The abyss of truth as non-truth, of appropriation as appropriation, of declaration as parodying dissimulation, one wonders if this is what Nietzsche calls the form of style and the non-place of woman.

**INTERIOR. POSTGRADUATE STUDIOS AUT.**

*A narrow white and grey concrete space with a large printer. The thesis is in the process of printing, pages shooting out onto an ever-growing stack.*

The gift - essential predicate of woman - which appears in the indecidable oscillation of give oneself / give oneself for, give / take, allow to take / appropriate and be appropriate to the value or the cost of poison. The cost of the *pharmakon*. I return here to Rodolphe Gasché's very beautiful analysis on the indecidable equivalence of *gift-gift* (gift-poison), in *L'échange heliocentrique* (on Mauss in *L'Arc*). It is to this enigmatic operation of the abyssal gift, (*le don-s'endette, le don sans dette*) that

Heidegger also *submits* the question of being in *Zeit und Sein* (1962). Through a process which I am not able to reconstitute here, he shows, a propos *es gibt Sein*, that the to give (*Geben*) and the donation (*Gabe*) in as much as they constitute the process of appropriation and that they are not of nothing, (neither of a being-subject nor of a being-object), cannot be thought as being, as horizon, or apart from the sense and meaning of being, of truth.

**INTERIOR. PRINTER'S WORKSHOP**

*Pages of the thesis are being bound together at the printer's workshop.*

Just as there is no being or essence of *the* woman or of *the* sexual difference, there is no essence of *es gibt* in the *es gibt Sein*, of the gift and of the donation of being, apart from which something like a determined gift (of the subject, of the body, of sex and other similar things - then woman would not have been my subject) does not allow itself to be apprehended and put in opposition.

**INTERIOR. BEDROOM IN TUHIA'S APARTMENT.**

*She is seated at a dressing table, lovingly dusting the pages of the thesis with talcum powder<sup>138</sup>. Camera plays across the powder box, with the label 'Truth - pour hommes' - for men.*

**M (O.S.)**

This does not lead to the necessity to proceed by a simple reversal and make being a particular case or species of the genre *proprie*, to give/to take life/death, a case of the event generally named *Ereignis*. Heidegger advises

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<sup>138</sup> 'Powder' translates into Maaori as 'nehu', which also translates as 'bury'. Here the preparation for and burial of the washed bones,

against worthlessness, incompetence and the null and void of such a conceptual inversion of space and of genre<sup>xii</sup>. Such would be the trail, perhaps, on which to revive the reading of « Nietzsche » by Heidegger, to steal it out of the hermeneutic circle, with all that she (the circle) bends, an immense field of which the measure only gives itself without doubt to the movement of a dove.

Here could begin an other discourse on Nietzsche's colominaire.

« I HAVE FORGOTTEN MY UMBRELLA »

**EXTERIOR. PAVEMENT IN PARIS OUTSIDE A SMALL CAFÉ.**

*A rainy afternoon. Two women, TUHIA and M, approach each other, hongis, press noses, and kiss cheeks.*

**TUHIA** *(wet hair dripping in her eyes).*

« I have forgotten my umbrella ».

*They both laugh and enter the café.*

**SUBTITLES**

Amongst the unedited fragments of Nietzsche, these words were found, all alone, between quotation marks<sup>xiii</sup>  
Perhaps a citation.

**INTERIOR. PARIS CAFÉ**

*The two find a table, sit and order coffee and cakes. It has been some time since they have seen each other and they have much to catch up on. They chatter, feasting on words and details.*

Perhaps it has been picked up somewhere.

Perhaps it has been understood here or there.

Perhaps it was intended for some phrase for writing here or there.

We have no infallible means of knowing where the withdrawal has taken place, on what the graft would be able to take. We will never be *assured* of knowing what Nietzsche was wanting to do or say in noting these words, nor even if he *wanted* anything at all. To still suppose that there is no doubt of his authographic signature and that what comes under the concept of authography and the form of a *seing*

**Camera** *moves from faces, ears, to mouths talking, eating.*

In this respect, the note of the editors, who have classified these unedited fragments, is a monument of hermeneutic somnambulism in which each word recovers and re-covers with the most carefree composure a beehive of critical questions. It is necessary to screen it, to examine closely in order to take count of all the problems that occupy us here.

#### M

Perhaps one day we might know what is the signifying context of this umbrella.

The editors know perhaps, although they are saying nothing; they swear they have withheld nothing in the task of selection and of adjusting the manuscripts, except for those which fit under the heading of what they judge to be Nietzsche's « elaborated » work<sup>xiv</sup>.

**TUHIA** *reaches into her briefcase as M continues*

Perhaps one day, with rigor and good fortune, it may be possible to reconstruct the internal or external context of this « I have forgotten my umbrella ».

*...and takes out a fully bound copy of her thesis, bound in orange silk with gold lettering.*

## SUBTITLES

Yet this factual possibility will never prevent it from being marked in the structure of this fragment (the concept of fragment is not sufficient, disputing too much of its fracture and appealing to a totalizing complement [il en appelle trop de sa fracture au complement totalisant]), that it is able at once to remain whole and forever without other context, cut not only from its milieu of production but from all intention of Nietzsche's meaning (vouloir dire - will to say), this meaning and this appropriating signature remaining inaccessible to us in principle.

**TUHIA** *hands the book to M, who immediately puts it to her nose, inhaling the perfume and hugs TUHIA.*

Not that this inaccessibility should be the secret depths, it may be inconsistent, insignificant. Nietzsche perhaps meant nothing or perhaps not much, or perhaps only pretended to mean something. Perhaps this phrase is not Nietzsche's even if it absolutely believed to be in his handwriting. What is his handwriting? Does one assume, does one sign all that is written with one's hand? Does one even assume one's « propre » signature?

**Camera** *plays across the orange cover of the book, caressing and resting on titles.*

## TUHIA

The very structure of the signature (la signature/tombe) disqualifies the shape of these questions<sup>xv</sup>.

## TE RII TAA (O.S.)

Then this phrase is between quotation marks. Then there is not even the need for quotation marks in order to suppose



that it is not entirely « of him », as one says. Its simple legibility suffices to expropriate it. Nietzsche has again been able to dispose of a code more or less secret which, for him or for some unknown accomplice, could give meaning to this announcement. We will never know. At least it is possible that we will never know this, and this possibility, of this disability (impouvoir) must be held count. This count is marked in the remaining, te mahurehure<sup>139</sup> of this fragment (mahurehure) as trace, forming its escape from any hermeneutic question assured of its horizon.

**EXTERIOR. ON THE SEA.**

*Prows of catamaran slice through rough seas some distance from land. Camera moves to TANE's face, tense with concentration as he struggles to keep the yacht on course.*

Reading, related to writing, Panui te whanaunga o Tuhituhi, is thus to perforate this horizon or this hermeneutic veil, dismissing all the Schleiermachers, all the veil and sail makers, according to Nietzsche's word as related by Heidegger.

*The wiri, the vibration of taut sails reaches a crescendo as the catamaran flies across the water.*

**SUBTITLES**

And it is certainly woman or as writing. This phrase is readable; its transparency spread out without fold, without reserve. Its content appears from a more than flat intelligibility. Each person understands what is meant by « I have forgotten my umbrella ». I have (verb to have, although utilized as an auxiliary and the having of my umbrella is marked in the possessive adjective), an umbrella, which is certainly mine and which I have

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<sup>139</sup> Te Mahurehure, as well as fragment remaining, is also the name of the hapu, the subtribe to which this writer affiliates. A return to whakapapa, to making ground.

forgotten. I am able to describe the thing. Now I no longer have it, in the present, thus I must have forgotten it somewhere, etc. I call back my umbrella, I recall my umbrella. It is a thing that one can have or *no longer* have at the moment where one has the most need of it or still have when one no longer has need of it; a question of time.

**INTERIOR. AUCKLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.**

*TUHIA is seen being processed through arrivals and approaching customs.*

This layer of readability may eventually give place to translations without loss in all the tongues that dispose of a certain material. This material, it is true, is not limited to the sign « umbrella » (and to some others) in a language, nor even to the presence of the « thing » in a culture, but to an enormous working order.

*Leaving customs, she is met by the **WOMEN DANCERS**. The women hongis, press noses and exit the terminal to enter a taxi **OUTSIDE**.*

This layer of readability can also give place to other more elaborate interpretive operations. It could, for example, be subjected to a « psychoanalytic » decoding by relating it, after a detour of a certain generality, to the Nietzschean idiom.

*The taxi drives through the evening streets of Tamaki Makaurau.*

It is known, or thought to be known what makes up the symbolic figure of the umbrella: for example the hermaphroditic éperon of a phallus discreetly enfolded in its veils and sails, an organ at once aggressive and apotropaic,

**EXTERIOR. TUHIA'S APARTMENT.**

*To stop outside TUHIA's apartment building, where the three  
align.*

menacing and/or menaced, bizarre object that is not always  
found through simple meeting with a stitching up machine  
on a table of castration.

**INTERIOR. APARTMENT BUILDING.**

*TUHIA swipes her entry card and they enter her studio apartment,  
excitedly discussing the film script.*

**SUBTITLES**

It is not only a symbolic object for Freud, but almost a  
concept, the metaphor of a metapsychological concept,  
close to the famous *Reizschutz* of the Perception-  
Conscience system.

*ONE OF THE DANCERS makes coffee as TUHIA sets down her cases, taking  
a small bag to the table*

Moreover, that which is recalled is not only the umbrella,  
but the forgetting of the thing, and psychoanalysis, which  
is expert in forgetting and in phallic symbols, can hope  
to assure itself of hermeneutic mastery of this remainder,  
*tenei mahurehure*, or at least suspect such success,

*Where she pulls out several packets of photographs, which she  
places on the table.*

because psychoanalysts are not so naïve as might be  
believed, that to wisely complete the context, in  
articulating and narrowing the generalities, one could one  
day fulfill the interpretative expectations.

**Camera** *moves across photos as the three sit, poring over photos  
of Paris streets, cafés, scenes and architecture, discussing  
the suitability for film.*

*There is a knock on the door and the **CHOREOGRAPHER** (handsome male Maaori in his thirties whose movements entice **Camera** to linger on him. He is husband to the composer) and **COMPOSER** (larger built Maaori woman, strong and forthright in her voice and actions which reveal her as motherly, caring) enter and greet the others.*

In this the psychoanalyst (le or la, masculine or feminine) sets to work on the assumption, though less naively, in the same situation as the impulsive reader or the hermeneut ontologist who all think that this unpublished piece is a significant aphorism, that it must mean something, that it must come from the most intimate thoughts of the writer, provided that one forgets that it is about a text,

*Chairs are pulled over, coffee poured for the arrivals, and all five sit around the table. The choreographer and composer have also brought photos of venues for dance sequences, of architectural spaces, and some sheets of music, which are added to the display.*

about a text in remainder, forgotten, perhaps about an umbrella. That one no longer holds in hand. This remainder is not carried away in any circular trajectory, any propre itinerary between its origin and its end. Its movement has no centre.

*They sort through the music and photos on the table, discarding some and sorting into piles.*

Structurally emancipated from all living meaning, it can always mean nothing, have no decidable meaning, play parody with meaning, move through graft, endlessly, outside all contextual bodies and finite codes.

***Camera** plays across faces, photos and movement around the table, where chairs have been pushed back and the sorting has become dance-like.*

Readable as a writing, this unpublished piece can always remain secret, not because it holds a secret, but because it can always lack one and simulate a truth hidden in its folds. This limit is prescribed by its textual structure, so well merged therein; and it is this, which, in its play, provokes and disconcerts the hermeneut.

*Photos are picked up, discussed by two or three of the five, amidst nodding, shaking of heads, faces and bodies showing decision and indecision, agreement and disagreement.*

Do not conclude that it is necessary to suddenly renounce knowledge of what *that* means: this would again be the aestheticising and obscuring reaction of the *hermeneuein*. In order to allow for, in the most rigorous way possible, this structural limit of writing as marking remainder of the simulacrum, it is necessary on the contrary to push the decoding as far as possible. Such limit does not come to border a knowledge and announce an *au-delà*, a beyond, eternity or afterlife, it crosses and divides a scientific work whose condition it is at the same time, and which it (the limit) opens to itself.

#### TE RII TAA (O.S.)

If Nietzsche had wanted to mean something, would it not be that this limit of the will to say, as effect of a necessarily differential will to power, is thus always divided, folded, multiplied.

It is never possible to suspend the hypothesis, so far as the conscientious interpretation is pushed, that the totality of Nietzsche's text is perhaps, largely of the type « I have forgotten my umbrella ». This is as much as to say that there would be no « totality to Nietzsche's text », not even fragmentary or aphoristic.

This exposes itself to the lightning and thunder of an immense clap of laughter, without lightning rod and without a roof.

*The dance slows, coffee cups are washed and the others make ready to leave as TUIA hands out piles of photos to each.*

*« Wir Unverständlichen. ...denn wir wohnen den Blitzen immer näher »: « We Unintelligible Ones [title to fragment 371 in Gay Science] for we live ever closer to the lightning! » which is raised a little above this in fragment 365, which concludes thus: (« ...wir posthumen menschen »).*

*Un pas encore - a not yet, another no and yet another step. Suppose that the totality, in some way, of that which I, if it may be said, have just read, were an erratic graft, perhaps parodic (parodique), of the type, eventually of a « I have forgotten my umbrella ».*

*TUIA sees them out the door, kisses as they leave*

*If it is not so in totality then at least in this text, that you already begin to forget, could it be so in certain of its most slippery movements, to the extent that indecipherability self-propagates endlessly.*

*And picking up a small weekend bag, heads out the door herself.*

*However my discourse has been as clear as « I have forgotten my umbrella ». It even contained, did it not, some virtues or rhetorical weights, at once pedagogical and persuasive.*

**INTERIOR. LIFT IN APARTMENT BUILDING.**

*TUIA enters and presses the button to descend to the basement.*

*Suppose, however, that it is cryptic, that I have chosen such texts of Nietzsche (for example « I have forgotten my umbrella »), such concepts or such words (for example « éperons ») for reasons to which I alone know the history and the code. Indeed according to this reasoning, a*

history and a code that even for myself holds no transparency. At most it could be said that there is no code for a single person.

**BASEMENT IN APARTMENT BUILDING.**

*TUHIA gets out of the lift, goes to her car, unlocks the door and enters. The car starts and she drives out of the building*

But it could hold there a key to this text between myself and me, a contract by which I become more than one. However as myself and me we will die, you do not doubt, there is there a structurally posthumous necessity of my relation - and yours - to the event of this text, which will never arrive.

**EXTERIOR. CITY STREETS. NIGHT.**

*Onto the empty city streets,*

The text can always remain at once open, offered and indecipherable, without even being known as indecipherable.

*And then to the motorway heading south (signs show Motorway South).*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

Suppose then that I am not alone in pretending to know the idiomatic code (a notion in itself already contradictory) of this event: that there is somewhere a supposed sharing of the secret of this non-secret. That would change nothing in this scene.

**INTERIOR MOTOR VEHICLE.**

*TUHIA reaches down to insert a compact disc of Das Rheingold, which begins playing.*

#### SUBTITLES

The accomplices would surely die and this text would remain, if it is cryptic and parodic (yet I tell you that it is, from end to end, and I can tell you this because it will be of no help, and I can lie in swearing this, since one can only dissimulate in telling the truth, in saying that one is telling the truth), indefinitely open, cryptic and parodic, that is to say closed, open and closed at the same time and in turn.

#### EXTERIOR. HIKUWAI PLAZA. AUT

*Flashes of a rainy day in Hikuwai Plaza at AUT. TUHIA and others are running between buildings, caught by a sudden violent shower of rain.*

Bent and yielding (ployé)/unfolded and exhibited (déployé), an umbrella that you could not use, that you would soon forget, as if you had never heard of it, as if it was above your head,

*Return to TUHIA, driving.*

as if you had not heard me since I have said nothing that you have been able to understand. About this umbrella, one always believes to be able to get rid of it, just because it has neither rained nor pleased (*il n'a pas plu*).

#### TEXT ON SCREEN

The death which I speak of is not tragedy nor the attribution related to a subject of which would have to be made a case, drawing consequences as to the scene which occupies us. It is not about proceeding thus: « I am mortal, therefore etc. ... ». On the contrary, death - and the posthumous - only announce themselves at the borders of possibility of such a scene. The same applies, regarding tragedy and parody, for birth.



*Several hours later TUHIA turns her car onto a metal country road outside Rotorua. Tired now, she is singing with Wagner in order to stay awake.*

**TE RII TAA (O.S.)**

It is perhaps what was named by Nietzsche as style, simulacrum, woman.

However it becomes sufficiently manifest, in Gay Science or Joyful Wisdom, whichever may be preferred as translation, that for this reason there has never been the style (masculine), the simulacrum (masculine), the woman (feminine). Nor the sexual difference (feminine).

*Rounding a corner, the bright headlights are confronted by a huge Alsatian dog, facing the vehicle, unmoving and unmoved in the centre of the road. TUHIA slams on her brakes and the car skids to a halt on the opposite side of the road, avoiding the dog, still standing staring into the night. As the car comes to rest **Camera** moves through the driver's window to TUHIA's face, in shock. She turns to look back at the dog, which has now disappeared*

For the simulacrum to occur, it is necessary to write in the interval between several styles. If there is style, here is what the woman (of) Nietzsche insinuates to us, there must be more than one. Two spurs at least, such is the financial obligation. Between them..

**TE RII TAA's monologue is cut off, suddenly.**

**SILENCE**

*Inside the car Tuhia begins to sob, a deep wail surfacing. A mourning from the depths rises and pours out.*

TE RII TAA'S WORDS, SUDDENLY SILENCED, APPEAR AS TEXT ON SCREEN, CUTTING  
ACROSS TUHIA'S MOURNING.

... the abyss, wherein is cast, risked, lost perhaps, te  
punga, the anchor.

*Cuttings from newspapers in a variety of languages appear on  
screen announcing the death of Jacques Derrida. Fragments of  
eulogies, black veils, and the falling of orange silk  
accompanied by*

M (O.S.) READING FRAGMENTS OF THE FOLLOWING

P.S. Roger Laporte<sup>140</sup> reminds me of a stormy meeting over  
five years ago and I am unable to recount the  
circumstances here - during which we found ourselves in  
opposition, for other reasons, to a certain hermeneut who,  
in passing, pretended to ridicule the publication of all  
the unpublished writings<sup>141</sup> of Nietzsche: « they finish by  
publishing his laundry reminders and scraps such as 'I  
have forgotten my umbrella' ». We have discussed this  
again, the witnesses confirm. I am thus assured of the  
truth of this account, of the authenticity of these «  
facts », which otherwise I would have no reason to doubt.  
I have retained, however, not the slightest memory of the  
event. Even to this time. (1.4.1973)

P.S.11. Let us not feign knowledge of *what it is*, this  
forgetfulness, this whakarerenga<sup>142</sup> this omission. Is it  
about, for all that, a questioning of the meaning of  
forgetfulness, of omission and oversight (l'oubli)? And of

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<sup>140</sup> Roger Laporte taught philosophy for many years in Montpellier, France. His writings explore experiences of writing and critical works include *Une Voix de Fin Silence* (1996), *Une Voix de Fin Silence 11: Pourquoi* (1967), *Fugue* (1970), *Fugue: Supplément* (1973), *Suite* (1979) and *Moriendo* (1983).

<sup>141</sup> Here inédits is translated as unpublished writings rather than unpublished pieces. Although piece would resound nicely with musical undertones it is also suggestive of fragments of a somewhere existent whole - an interesting moment of decision, where to choose either will veil other possible connections and interweavings, where the continual return of the text can be seen to return through many directions.

<sup>142</sup> Whakarerenga whaka-to make or like and rerenga -to fly Omission - something made to fly or like having flown

taking home the question of forgetfulness to the question of being, whakahokinga tenei patai ki tona ake whare, tona ake whenua, return this question of forgetfulness to its mother, the question of being? And the forgetfulness of a being (for example the umbrella) would it be incommensurable with the forgetting of Being? Of which it would be rather a bad *image*? Indeed I no longer remember this text of Heidegger, drawn out of *Zur Seinsfrage*: that I have however read and cited:

« In the phrase of accomplishment of nihilism it seems that something like the Being of the being, does not exist, that ~~there~~ is nothing to it (in the sense of *nihil negativum*). ~~Being~~ remains absent in a singular fashion. It holds itself in veiled withdrawal (*Verborgenheit*), which self-veils itself. Yet it is in such veiling that the essence of forgetfulness consists, experienced as the Greeks experienced it. This is finally (that is to say according to what is finally its essence) nothing of the negative, but in as much as it is withdrawal it is without a doubt a protective withdrawal, which safeguards and backs up (*sauvegarde*, a safety mechanism, which is always a concern in the process of writing a thesis, particularly on a computer, where huge amounts of text can disappear without back up in place) the yet Unrevealed. For the current performance (representation) forgetfulness easily takes the appearance of a simple lacuna, of lack, of uncertainty. The custom is to consider that to forget, to be forgotten is exclusively 'to omit', and that omission is a state of man (represented for himself) as is found somewhat frequently. We still remain very distant from a determination of the essence of forgetfulness. Similarly where forgetfulness reveals itself to us in all its scope, we are yet too easily exposed to the danger of only understanding forgetfulness as a human fact.

This has been represented in a thousand ways, the forgetfulness of being (*Seinsvergessenheit*) as if being, to take an image, was the umbrella that the distraction of a professor of philosophy had allowed to be abandoned somewhere (*daß, um es im Bilde zu sagen, das sein der*

*Schirm ist, den die vergeßlichkeit eines Philosophieprofessors irgendwo hat stehen lassen).* Yet forgetfulness does not only attack, (nor does it only attack a step), [n'attaque pas seulement], inasmuch as it is apparently distinct, the essence of being (*das Wesen des Seins*). It is consubstantial to being (*Sie gehört zur Sache des Seins*), it rules to the extent of the Fate of its essence (*als geschick seines Wesens*)». (Contribution à la question de l'être, tr.fr. G Granel, in Questions 1.p.237-8) (17-5-1973)

**Camera** caresses two bodies making love, slowly moving over elbows, wrists, hips, and slowly withdrawing to reveal **TUHIA** and the further to show white hair, proud features of **TANE** as fragments of the following end notes float downwards on screen, at times hiding and being hidden by the loving bodies.

« Mothers. Animals think differently about females: for them the female is valued for her productive character (*als das productive Wesen*). There is no paternal love amongst animals, but something like the love that one would have for the children of a mistress, and the manner in which one becomes accustomed to them. Females find in their offspring, the satisfaction of their need for domination (herrschaft), for property and appropriateness (propriété) (Eigentum), an occupation, something which to them is perfectly comprehensible, with which one can gossip: all that constitutes maternal love - comparable to the love of an artist for her work (artiste [feminine] and travail [masculine]). Pregnancy has rendered women more tender, more patient, more timid, it has better disposed them for submission; and at the same time spiritual pregnancy develops the character of the contemplative, related to the feminine character - these are the masculine mothers - With animals the male sex is regarded as the beautiful sex. » (Le Gai Savoir, 72)

The image of the mother thus determines the traits of woman. She assigns herself, predestined from the breast; «maternal legacy (Von der Mutter her). All men carry an image of woman,

which comes to them from their mother. It is she who determines their respect for women in general or their scorn or even their indifference.» (Human, All Too Human, 380)

When one determines sexual difference in opposition, each term overturns its image in the other, a proposition whose two x would be at once subject and predicate, the mirror copulating. Such is the machine of contradiction. If Nietzsche is following tradition in writing man in the system of activity (with all the values which are there associated), woman in the system of passivity, this leads him to inverse the meaning of couple, or rather to explain in it the mechanism of inversion. Human, All Too human (411) attributes understanding and mastery to woman, sensitivity and passion to man, whose intelligence is « in itself somewhat passive » (*etwas Passives*). Passionate desire being somewhat narcissistic, passivity loves itself as passivity in the other, there projecting as « ideal », fixing there the partner who, in turn, loves its own activity and actively renounces both the production of a model and the taking of the other. The active/passive opposition speculates its homosexual effacement to infinity, rising again in the structure of idealization or the desiring machine.

« Women are often secretly surprised by the great veneration with which men hold them. Regarding the time of choosing a spouse, above all men seek a being endowed with depth and soul, but women seek an out standing being, endowed with presence and wisdom of intellect and wit. It can be seen distinctly, that man is in search of the ideal man, and woman the ideal woman, that is not to say not for the complement (*Ergänzung*), but the accomplishment or performance (*Vollendung*) of their own qualities »

« Does one have ears for my definition of love? It is the only one worthy of a philosopher. Love - in its means; war, in its depths; deathly hatred of the sexes. Has my response to the question 'how does one heal (*kuriert*) woman, how does one save her, giving her a child' been properly heard? It is children that woman needs, man is only a means: thus spake Zarathustra

». *Ecce Homo, Why I Write Such Good Books* (V). The entire chapter must be analyzed.

« All that which is named love. Greed (*habsucht*) and love: what sentiments and how many differences are suggested by each of these terms! However it is possible that this might be the same impulse under two names, once slandered from the point of view of those who already possess (*bereits Habenden*), in whom this urge reaches some appeasement and who fear for their 'assets'; once more from the point of view of the unsatisfied, the thirsty, and consequently credited as 'good'. Our love for our fellowman, is it not an impulse to acquire a new asset (*une nouvelle propriété*) (*ein Drang nach neuem Eigentum*)? and the same with our love of knowledge and truth? »

And after having recognized the motivation to possess (*besitzen*) and to appropriate oneself under all the phenomena of impartiality or renouncement, Nietzsche defines not only their hyperbole but also that which navigates their first movement:

« But it is love of the sexes which betrays itself most legibly as the urge to acquire property (*Eigentum*): the lover wants unconditional possession (*unbedingten Alleinbesitz*) of the person he desires » ...*Le Gai savoir* (14). Friendship, which Nietzsche opposes in this fragment to love, does not « transcend » the appropriating urge. It places in common desires, greeds and eagerness and directs them towards a common « good » the ideal.

Another citation to show the systematic organization of the movements of appropriation: « How the sexes have each their bias with regard to love. In spite of all the concessions which I would be disposed to make towards a monogamous bias, I will never admit that there is a spoken equality of rights between man and woman in love [...] That which woman means by love is quite clear: perfect gift (*vollkommene Hingabe*) (not only abandon) (*nicht nur Hingebung*) of body and soul [...] Man, when he loves a woman, requires precisely this love from her [...] A man who loves a woman, thus becomes slave as a woman, thus becomes a more accomplished woman (*vollkommeres*)...The passion of woman in her unconditional renouncement of the rights of property (*eine*

*Rechte*) only presupposes that there does not exist, on the other side, an identical pathos, a will of identical renouncement: because if both renounce themselves equally through love, there would result - what, perhaps an empty space? - Woman wants to be taken, accepted as property (*will genommen, angenommen werden als Besitz*), wants to flourish in the notion of « possession » (*in den Begriff « Besitz »*), to « be possessed » (*bessessen*); consequently she desires a man who takes (*nimmt*) who neither gives himself nor abandons himself [...] Woman abandons herself, man gains himself to the same extent - I think that no social contract, not the best will of justice would ever permit the surmounting of this natural antagonism: however desirable it may be to not gaze fixedly on that which this antagonism holds as hard, frightening, enigmatic and immoral. Because love conceived in its totality, its grandeur, its plenitude, is nature and in as much as it is nature through all eternity is something 'immoral'. Nietzsche thus concludes; fidelity is essential to woman's love and contradictory to that of man. [ibid., 363]

## APPENDIX 1

To you, Jacques, My gratitude for your words of love, for those beautiful words you have gifted to us. A great debt is acknowledged to you for the body you have gifted me, a sweet feast for this work. O honoured chief, depart, depart, depart. Travel to the other side of the veil, that you may meet the ancestors of this land in love, and also in kinship. Depart, depart, depart. These words turn now to the living. Greetings, greetings, you are thrice greeted.



## APPENDIX 2

« By juggling the disruptive rhetoricity that breaks the surface in not necessarily connected ways, we feel the selvages of the language – textile give way, fray into frayages or facilitations. »

Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak<sup>143</sup>

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<sup>143</sup> Spivak 2000, 398

### APPENDIX 3

Excerpt 1: Jacques Derrida, 'Fourmis', *Lectures de la Différence Sexuelle*

**Ant** is a brand new word for me. It comes to me from one of Hélène's dreams, a dream she dreamed and that she told me recently without knowing until this instant how this 'ant' would make its way within me, insinuating itself between experiences that resemble song as much as work, like the animals of the fable, one of Hélène's dreams that as far as I know I am the only one to know, of which I will apparently say nothing, nothing direct, but of which I note already, because there was epiphany of an ant [*un fourmi*] in the dream, that it is very hard to see, if not to know, the sexual difference of an ant, and not only because it is imperceptibly black, but because as soon as in a dream, for example Hélène's dream, the word *fourmi* becomes masculine, we see it at once hidden to seeing, doomed to the blackness of blindness, but promised by this very fact to reading. *Une fourmi* can be seen, perhaps, but already so as to defy us to identify the sex of this little black living thing. As for **un** *fourmi*, it is already thousands of meanings, with a thousand and one images, with a thousand and one sexes, it cuts itself in the middle (four/mis) it can lose its two wings or only one (because the ant, Hélène's insect, is a winged insect [*à aile*], an insect that is classed among the winged insects, the hymenoptera), it is put, and it's put in the oven, the he-ant put into motion/the oven turned on [*le fourmis en marche*], in the little oven and the great oven of all the incinerations, it makes, once it's been cut in two, sentences forward and backward, up to the end or halfway, it gives everything, it furnishes drink and food, the *fourme*, that is to say the form *I*, it goes in the oven or the furnace both the crust and the soft part, it's good like bread one shares and eats in the family – and families are also anthills – but it's also something to vomit like inedible itself.

*fourmiller* (to crawl or teem with)  
*mille* (one thousand)  
*milieu* (middle)  
*four* (oven)  
*mis* (put)  
*mi-chemin* (halfway)  
*fournit* (furnish)  
*fournil* (furnace)  
*mie* (soft part of bread)  
*famille* (family)  
*fourmillière* (anthill)  
. . . .

while the grammatical gender of *fourmi* is female (*une fourmi*), Cixous's dream involved a grammatically masculine ant (*un fourmi*)

*gift/dream/song/secret/*

### APPENDIX 3

E MURI AHIAHI<sup>144</sup>

E muri ahiahi e, takoto ki te moenga lie there in peace Nuku mai e wairua ka moe taua in spirit	Dearest love,  Move closer to me  That we may sleep
together Taria e waiho e, ki te whare huri ai  He mea ka mamao i te nuku o te whenua devour all	The earth stirs and shakes this house Threatening to
Hua ai au e E hokia mai ano E mahara iho ana he waka kei Te Pine canoe at Te Pine Tau raa I Paa Pua ko roto koe i aku ringa	Forever named You return to me I recall your Reaching Paa Pua where I held you
He moe raa naaku e, e haapaia mai au  Iti too iti e, ka haere oo rongo	This mere dream sustains me Although humble, your fame is widespread
Te rei o Taoho <sup>145</sup> e, he tai ki a NgaaPuhi  Kia eke atu au e, ki te kei o too waka	The jewel of Taoho, a tide to NgaaPuhi Allowing me to mount again the prow of your canoe.
Naau raa e Re <sup>146</sup> Hei kawē I a NgaaPuhi NgaaPuhi Hei koha koorero ki a Niua ki a Arai te	It is you, Re Who uplifts uru A spoken offering to Niua, to Arai te uru <sup>147</sup>
Ngaa uranga ake e, i waho o Hokianga	The eternal flames outside the mouth of Hokianga
He nui te aroha e and grief Ki te iwi e - Takoto is ended	Great is my love  For my people - It

(Author's translation)

<sup>144</sup> There is some dispute over the authorship of this waiata. This author's whakapapa, genealogy attributes this version to Maria Romana, Te Mahurehure, NgaaPuhi

<sup>145</sup> Taoho was the last chief of Te Roroa. Ambidextrous, he was renowned for his dexterity with patu, a club-like weapon.

<sup>146</sup> Reference here to Re Kauere, a tohunga from Otatau and Ngai Tu.

<sup>147</sup> Niua and Arai te uru - The two taniwha, sea monsters, who lie at either side of the mouth of Hokianga harbour

APPENDIX 4  
KO RAKAUMANGAMANGA

Ko Rakaumangamanga	Rakaumangamanga
He maunga rongonui	Stands, a mountain of renown
E tu mai nei, I te marangai	Towering here to the
east,	
Ka tere nga kupu, a nga tupuna	Words of the ancestors
disseminated	
No Hawaiki mai, tuku iho e i	From Hawaiki come handed
down	
Ka piki ake au	Ascending
Ki runga i te tihi	To the highest point
O Rakaumangamanga	Of Rakaumangamanga
Ona mata e, I ka matakitaki	From its peaks I gaze
I te au o morunga	At misty veiled horizons
Te Hoenga waka	Guiding the canoes
Ngapuhi e	Of Ngapuhi
Te Hau o morunga	Winds of the horizons
E hora nei, I takoto whakarunga	Blowing here lie
upwards (south)	
Whakararo e, Te tai tuki waka	Downwards (north)
O nga tupuna	The canoe-breaking tide
No Hawaiki mai, tuku iho e i	From Hawaiki comes handed
down	
Titiro iho ahau	I gaze downward
Ki te Taitokerau, ki Taiamai, Hokianga	To the Taitokerau to Taiamai
and Hokianga	
Te Takotoranga, to mana e Ngapuhi	The foundations of your
power, Ngapuhi	
No Hawaiki mai, tuku iho ei	From Hawaiki comes handed
down	
Nga maunga whakahihi	The lofty mountains
Kit e tai marangai	On the eastern side
Ko Rakaumangamanga, Manaia e	Are Rakaumangamanga and
Manaia	
Ki te taihauauru Maungataniwha	On the western side
Maungataniwha	
Ko Whakatere e, Ngapuhi e i	And Whakatere, Ngapuhi e i
Te Tarai o Rahiri	Tarai o Rahiri
Puhanga Tohora	Puhanga Tohora
Ki Whiria, Paiaka o te Riri	Whiria, Paiaka o te
Riri	
Whakarongorua e	Whakarongorua e
Panguru ko Papata, Ramaroa ka huri	Panguru ko Papata then
Ramaroa Return	
Ki Rakaumangamanga	Towards Rakaumangamanga
Ngapuhi e i	Ngapuhi e i

Traditional Ngapuhi Waiata

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## NOTES

<sup>i</sup> This title, has whakapapa, relates back to the first version as the first occasion of this text: the colloquium on Nietzsche at Cerisy-la-Salle in July 1972

<sup>ii</sup> Their «writers» (Sarah Kofman, Philippe Lacoue-labarthe, Bernard Pautrat, Jean-Michel Rey) were present at this lecture (séance)

<sup>iii</sup> La dissémination, p.47 and passim.-

<sup>iv</sup> « Mothers. Animals think differently about females: for them the female is valued for her productive character (*als das productive Wesen*). There is no paternal love amongst animals, but something like the love that one would have for the children of a mistress, and the manner in which one becomes accustomed to them. Females find in their offspring, the satisfaction of their need for domination (*herrschaft*), for property and appropriateness (*propriété*) (*Eigentum*), an occupation, something which to them is perfectly comprehensible, with which one can gossip: all that constitutes maternal love - comparable to the love of an artist for her work (*artiste* [feminine] and *travail* [masculine]). Pregnancy has rendered women more tender, more patient, more timid, it has better disposed them for submission; and at the same time spiritual pregnancy develops the character of the contemplative, related to the feminine character - these are the masculine mothers - With animals the male sex is regarded as the beautiful sex. » (Le Gai Savoir, 72)

The image of the mother thus determines the traits of woman. She assigns herself, predestined from the breast; «maternal legacy (*Von der Mutter her*). All men carry an image of woman, which comes to them from their mother. It is she who determines their respect for women in general or their scorn or even their indifference.» (Human, All Too Human, 380)

<sup>v</sup> On the mask of woman as desire of man see Fragment 405

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<sup>vii</sup> Jenseits...232. Cf. also 230 - 239. Which does not contradict, rather confirms such statements as « the perfect woman. The perfect woman (*das vollkommene Weib*) is a type of humanity superior to the perfect man: also more rare. - Natural history of animals offers, at least, to render true this proposition » (Human All Too Human)

<sup>viii</sup> « Does one have ears for my definition of love? It is the only one worthy of a philosopher. Love - in its means; war, in its depths; deathly hatred of the sexes. Has my response to the

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question 'how does one heal (*kuriert*) woman, how does one save her, giving her a child' been properly heard? It is children that woman needs, man is only a means: thus spake Zarathustra ». *Ecce Homo, Why I Write Such Good Books* (V). The entire chapter must be analyzed.

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<sup>x</sup> According to the pre-textual reading of Nietzsche by Heidegger and to the displacement that the problematic of writing is able to provoke there, I again take up the motif of an open question in *Of Grammatology* (1.1, *L'être écrit*, p.31 sq).

<sup>xi</sup> Nietzsche, tr., P. Klossowski, T.2, p.391 - 392 translator's note 2

<sup>xii</sup> « Being as *Ereignis* - in the past the philosopher though, starting with being, being as the idea, *whakaaro*, as actualitas, as will, and now - would you believe it as *Ereignis*. Thus understood, *Ereignis* signifies a new declension in the sequence of interpretations of being (*eine abgewandelte Auslegung des Seins*) - a declension which, as it stands,



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represents a continuation of metaphysics. The « in as much as » (als) signifies in this case: *Ereignis* in as much as a genre of being (*al seine Art des seins*), subordinated to being which constitutes the root concept, now its hegemony (*den festgehaltenen Leitbegriff*). If we think on the contrary – such as has been tried – being in the sense of overhanging, projection or fitting (*avancéé*) in attendance (*Sein im Sinne von Anwesen und Anwesenlassen*) and to allow – to advance in the presence, which There is, He has there (*il y a*) in the assembly of destination (*die es im Geschick gibt* -) – which in its turn deposits within grasp of clarification – accommodating veritable time and weather (*das seinerseits im lichternd – verbergenden Reichen der eigentlichen Zeit beruht*), so being has its place in the movement which returns to itself the propre (*dann gehört das Sein in das Ereignen*). From here the gift and its donation (*das Geben und dessen Gabe*) greet and receive their determination (*Bestimmung*). Thus being would be a type of *Ereignis* and not *Ereignis* a type of being. But the flight that seeks refuge in such a reversal (*Umkehrung*) would be too cheap. It crosses to the side of the true thought of the question and of its supporter (*Sie denkt am Sachverhalt vorbei*). *Ereignis* is not the supreme concept (*der umgreifende Obergriff*) which understands all, and under which being and time are allowed to roam. Logical relations of order mean nothing here because, in the measure that we think, in pursuit of being itself and follow what belongs to it of the propre (*seinem Eigenen*), it turns out to be as donation, accorded fatefully by the reach of time (*Gabe des Geschickes von Anwesenheit*). The donation of presence is property of the *Ereignen* (*Die Gabe von Anwesen ist Eigentum des Ereignens*).» (Zeit und Sein, tr. F.Fédier, in L'endurance de la pensée, p. 61-63)

<sup>xiii</sup> Fragment classified by the call number 12,175 in the French translation of *Le Gai Savoir*, p.457

<sup>xiv</sup> See editor's note in the French edition p. 294. P.S. The editors would have bound our fragment from afar to yet another

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(430), which I owe to Sarah Kofman's reading which concludes: It is not unusual for a woman to uncover her ambition to offer herself in sacrifice [to protect the mighty man and detract towards herself the aggression that he necessarily arouses] and the fact is that man can thus be seen to be satisfied, if, it is understood, he is enough of an egoist to accept this sort of lightning rod (*paratonnerre*) beside him, a voluntary lightning rod (*parafoudre*) and umbrella (*parapluie*) (*um sich einen solchen freiwilligen Blitz-, Sturm-, und Regenableiter in seiner Nähe gefallen zu lassen*) »? It is quite probable, for all sorts of reasons, that Nietzsche still sometimes missed the presence of such a woman at his side.

Postscript from a letter to his sister (21<sup>st</sup> May 1887) «You seem, you also, to transform yourself into a -'voluntary victim' and to take all the weight on your shoulders, while he, my brother in law, does he accept your assumption of this role of lightning rod? (See *human, All Too Human!* On this subject why has Madame Wagner taken such offense at this very aphorism? Because of Wagner? Or of herself? This still remains an enigma to me) » (29/3/1973)

<sup>xv</sup> The signature and the text fall out with one another, secreting, separating and excreting, forming from the very cut which decapitates them, forming them into the headless body of a scaffolding, from the moment of their iterability. Yet this begins and is begun through expropriation and marks all that it erects within a structure of an etron.

« Etron (*étron*), s.m. Very low term. Thick and moulded fecal matter. Swiss etron, little cone that children make with wet gunpowder mixed to a paste, which they set alight at the top. H.12<sup>th</sup>. Estrons sans Ordure, Jubinal, fatrasies, t.11,222.XIVs. 'Adonque, dit le veneur, tous les estrons que nos chiens font vous feussent en la gorge!' Modus, f. CII. XVIs. 'Une tarte bourbonnoise composée d'estroncs tout chaulx', Rabelais, Pantagruel II, 16. E. Wallon, stront: ital. stronzio, étron, et stronzare, to cut, low Latin. Strundius, struntus; Flemish stront, filth, manure; from German Strunzen, a cut fragment;

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from High german Strunzan, to detach by cutting: properly that which is rejected ». Littré .

Here the place of some supplementary graffiti. Some abandoning poeticsians would like to prevent such play, in particular with the Littré, and to show their austerity, in the name of illitrefaction, a work of public and revolutionary health (« The substantialist illusion of syntagmatic development of all the 'meanings' and 'senses' of a word still remains, unattended [from Ponge to Derrida] by the essentialising ideological superstition which consists of quoting the dictionary and particularly Littré, taken as linguistic reference - which (apart from the problematic in itself of the utilization of dictionaries) testifies a strange return to a fixist ideology of the bourgeoisie blocking language at the classicism of the 17<sup>th</sup>-18<sup>th</sup> centuries. There would only be one historical justification for reading Littré: for Mallarmé »). From such a severe sentence (but has it not recently been advised, from an eminenet university chair, that all that has been said on writing over these last years, must be « severely » denounced?) My only appeal is to La dissemination, which is not polysémie, and is less concerned with « all the meanings of a word », of meaning and of word in general, where one could read, amongst other things: Littré, of whom we here demand nothing less than an etymology) », p.288 or again: « Littré, again, from whom it is well understood, learning and knowledge will never have been demanded » (p.303)

*Here again the wero, the challenge, where a warrior advances, birdlike, tongue protruding to greet the arrival of manuhiri, of guests to this marae or meeting place, the challenge to any translation to follow, a translation which cannot rely, as this one has, and as translation must, on any dictionary for its scaffolding, which must instead return to etymological structures, the columns of Greece, to Plato and the Gods for its senses of movement.*

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