

CELEBRICITIES

MEDIA CULTURE AND THE PHENOMENOLOGY
OF GADGET COMMODITY LIFE

ANTHONY CURTIS ADLER



ID I O M

INVENTING WRITING THEORY

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Jacques Lezra and Paul North, series editors

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ANTHONY CURTIS ADLER

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EXORDIUM

Here I am. I find myself, once again, watching TV. *I would like to learn to live finally.* I would like to learn to live, to teach myself to live, to teach, to live. But I can't. Am I even watching? This is the worst thing. Life is not here, I think, life is elsewhere. I cannot follow what is going on, here or elsewhere. I am watching with others. We are watching. This is the worst thing. Living, not living, not together, together. But now we are rarely bored. Life is fun. It's interesting. My parents once kept me from watching more than half an hour a day. Always *The Muppet Show*. No coca-cola; sugar cereal only on my birthday. Limits drawing a limit separating our suburbia from others. Suburbia nothing but these limits. Limit folded within limits, without limit. A perverse monadology. Every space private to a degree, with its own special rules. The line that divides the bedroom, even the bed, in half. The television at the heart of it all. Every limit collapses, save one. A monadology of perversion. My parents split. Their vigilance faded. My father, who never watches TV, allowed me to watch. Soon we had cable. To my shame. Far beyond all the small hidden transgressions. Adolescence is the endless process of trying to escape one's adolescence; the shame of adolescence. One adolescence traded for another. Books for television. This music for that music. Wagner for rock. Berg for Wagner. Handel for Berg. Marx for Heidegger. Heidegger for Marx. Poetry for Philosophy. Hölderlin for Hölderlin. *I would like to learn to live finally.* Here I am. I find myself, once again, watching TV.

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CELEBRICITIES

INTRODUCTION

Friedrich Schelling once wrote, “Just as walking [is] a constantly *hindered* falling, so life [is] a constantly hindered extinguishing of the process of life.”¹ It is hardly surprising that this elementary truth of walking and of life escapes us in our everyday lives, even though we are born incapable of the very form of mobility that will distinguish us from other mammals. But eventually we overcome our impedency no less than our infancy. At first blessed with neither a stride nor a voice, we become walking, speaking animals. We no longer give a second thought to the daring act by which we shift our weight from one foot to another, falling away from stable ground with each step; falling into the abyss; almost beyond the point of no return; and yet somehow hindered, impeded, held back . . . And it all happens so quickly, so heedlessly and unthinkingly, that this effortless grace, from which all the grace of dance is born, seems as nothing.

If walking on two feet is perhaps the least of our human accomplishments, it is thinking, so the philosophers have always reminded us, that is our greatest. Yet thinking is in the end nothing but an intensification—a potentiation, as Schelling himself might say—of living and walking. Thinking also has its stride and its gait, its grace and elegance and flow, and its faults and faltering and clumsiness. And we might add, almost categorically: the unthought in thinking, thinking’s own unthinking, is the necessity by which each step itself falls into the abyss—and by which it recovers. Pedantry, at once the antagonist and complement of thinking, is perhaps nothing else than the insistence that, so

long as one follows certain steps and rules—a certain formula—one can stay safe, remaining on solid ground.

What makes me think of all this is not only a recent misadventure (stepping onto fresh ice, my foot slid out beneath my weight, twisting my ankle around and fracturing my fibula), but the peculiar challenge of writing an introduction to the work that will follow. Having read it over several times, hoping to discover the key that would allow me to lead the reader into and through it, I've become ever more convinced that an introduction, properly speaking, would be out of order. To lead the reader into one's own work presupposes a certain posture of mastery and self-mastery, indeed a certain pedantry; one must suppose that its steps can be taught and followed. One poses as the master of one's work, and of oneself. Yet I feel, more than ever before, the strangeness of my own path of thinking, which indeed seems like a kind of self-estrangement; as if I were myself carried away, convinced, in a way, yet also somehow exposed more than ever before, ashamed; embarrassed by my own lack of pedantic cover. This is not to say that the reader can expect to find no cohesive argument, only a *mélange* of haphazard insights—*Einfälle* as the Jena romantics would put it. There is, I cannot but believe, a consequence in these thoughts; a certain logic pulls them forward. But this consequence stares back at me from across a crevasse just wide enough to give pause; it is no longer quite my own. For I cannot pretend that the argument will consist in a series of steps so small and so comprehensible—so *nachvollziehbar*, as one says in German—that each will lead easefully into the next, and it will never be necessary to feel the transient groundlessness that distinguishes thinking from ratiocination. Thus, rather than lead into the argument and show the way out of it, I can do no more here than anticipate the peculiar trajectory and cadence of the steps away from the ground and their, as yet groundless, recovery. Even so, it is necessary to stress not only that these will be steps rather than leaps (where both feet leave the ground) but also that there will be a recovery: it is not a question of abyssal thought as an end in itself but rather what we might describe, through a Heideggerian terminology that it will never be entirely possible to abandon however much we twist it around and turn it against itself, as the disclosure of a new horizon for thinking; a new field of truth—though, properly speaking, there is no thinking apart from this disclosure, even if it has only recently stepped forth into the center stage of theory's *theatrum*.

This disclosure involves a certain repetition of phenomenology. It will be necessary not only to repeat, but indeed to recuperate it, to regain it, since phenomenology, especially in the radical and transitional sense that it assumes in

Being and Time, seems to have become in some fundamental way impossible—or at least impossible for *me* and, I dare say, for *us*: for all those who grew up surrounded by television, celebrity culture, gadgets. The problem, which is at once the ground of the necessity and the impossibility of phenomenology for us, is that we cannot even begin to *find ourselves* or figure out what our situation is. If phenomenology, as understood by Heidegger, is first of all the task of opening up the horizon for the question of being by showing what we ourselves are in ourselves as the being whose own being, even though it is always in and most often lost in the world, is “at issue for it,” then the problem we now face is that neither we nor the world seem to be given in such a way that they could even potentially show themselves as they are in themselves. It is not merely that the world and our own being are first of all mistaken for something worldly, but that the world, in the sense that we have been seeking for it, barely seems to be there at all, no longer showing itself—and that we ourselves are somehow hopelessly, irreparably lost to ourselves.

The problem to begin with is that the world experienced in and encountered through phenomenology, while itself issuing from a far-reaching and profound challenge to the obfuscations of the philosophical tradition, is no longer my world. To do phenomenology, even if with a view to its deconstruction, it has been and would again be necessary to achieve an adequate philosophical-phenomenological point of departure by taking seriously the way in which my intellectual horizon and scholarly activity has been constituted by my “lifeworld.” Yet what I finally came to realize, as a child of the seventies and eighties who, seduced by deconstruction just as its star had begun to fade, had turned toward Europe, away from America, away from the guilty televisionary pleasures of my childhood, is that the “high theory” in which I had been schooled as a doctoral student (indeed at one of its last and most austere outposts) was itself incapable of realizing its most radical theoretical intentions unless it achieved a “subject position” and theoretical horizon that is, for want of a better expression, truly its own. Or indeed truly my own. This attempt to renew the project of phenomenology demands taking seriously almost everything that, in trying to fashion myself an intellectual in the European style, I had repressed, and most of all that televisionary accompaniment that, following a strategy I had been taught by my parents and that is perhaps quite typical of my class, I had regarded not only as fictional, spectacular, but as a kind of experience that, for all its obvious seductions, is unworthy of being experienced; cannot even be called experience—a nonexperience and nonlife in the very heart of life. But coming home to the TV—not by watching more TV but by refusing not to experience it, refusing

either to banish it from life or to subordinate it to life—means experiencing a kind of break and doubling of the self and of life, and thus the impossibility of phenomenology as it has been classically conceived even by those thinkers, such as Derrida, who, through an internal transformative critique, call the project of phenomenology into question by bringing it to its limits and exhibiting a quasi-ultratrascendental structure of temporal and logical difference.

This then is the first step: a phenomenology of television—repeating, recuperating, rethinking the project of *Being and Time* in terms of *televisionary life*. This first step must appear as a kind of parody, in a literal sense, of Heidegger's masterwork. The analytic of Dasein will be rethought starting out not from the toolshed or the workplace but from the couch, face-to-face (sort of, at least, since we might well be lying down, and are probably also doing something else at the same time) with our uncanny life companion and paramour. This is the task of the first three chapters of the first part of this book. Chapter 1 ("The phenomenology of television") will venture a step out into televisionary life, showing that television, as the tendency to unworldliness inhabiting Dasein as being-in-the-world, stresses the project of phenomenology to its limit, posing the condition of both its possibility and impossibility. Living with television we find ourselves not only in two different places at once, not only here and there, but at once in a place and a nonplace; within the everydayness of our world but at the same time in another everydayness that in some essential way is before us, that we are constantly faced with, but is not for us. The second chapter ("The life not ours to live") takes this analysis further by conceiving of televisionary existence, with its complex schedule of moods, as the rhythmic organization of a life, or indeed a multiplicity of lives, that are *not* ours to live and yet in a certain sense still ours *not* to live. Rejecting the premise that there is fundamentally just one life to live not only calls into question the opposition of authenticity and inauthenticity that structures Heidegger's analytic of Dasein, but indeed undermines a presupposition that remains latent even in many deconstructive and poststructuralist accounts of television, and also in every attempt to conceive of the logic of television through a romantic dialectics of irony. Here I propose that the reality show and the cartoon exhibit the defining limits of television, while so-called quality television, with its insistence on compelling dramatic structures, seeks to restore a moment of authenticity that, moreover, has a narcotic dimension. The drug indeed itself promises a kind of pseudoauthenticity—the real enjoyment of televisionary enjoyment—whose possibility is itself promised by televisionary advertising. The third chapter ("The celebrity and the nobody") turns to the question of the *who* of televisionary Dasein. Just as life

with television is a double life, having always already *split*, the *who* to whom this life belongs is also disarticulated in such a way that authentic resoluteness is no longer possible. The celebrity is not the “authentically” existing nobody. Rather, the nobody always exists next to the celebrity without ever being able to overcome its nobodiness, even though at the same time the celebrity is never anything else than a “staging”—or we might say, a celebration—of the nobody. And ultimately, by shattering Dasein into the nobody and the celebrity, television irrevocably disjoins the middle-voiced self-reflexive logic of self-showing on which phenomenology depends.

This first step, and each of the many steps of which it is composed, cannot but appear as so many missteps. For if Schelling is right, the proper step is always on the verge of being a faux pas. The formulations I will use to screen televisionary life are not rigorously self-evident and self-validating, nor will they be developed as mere readings of other texts, but instead serve as formal indications gesturing toward the prospect of *another* horizon of experience; another truth. Televisionary life is not what we always already are in our ordinary everydayness; it is not even a possibility of what we are or could be. It is something else: it is preontologically strange and foreign to us. Nor is it the abyssal strangeness and difference that always already inhabits the self. But in just this way, television cancels the premise on which the project of *Being and Time*, and Heideggerian phenomenology, rests. Ontological knowledge can no longer arise from preontological familiarity. And while we might still maintain that televisionary life is constitutively related to the question of being, it is clear that we cannot approach this question by interrogating the being that we ourselves are, the life that is ours to live even if proximally and for the most part we are not living it. Television explodes the entire framework of ontological questioning. It points toward the collapse of ontological difference itself.

The second step (chapters 4 through 8 of part I) takes its departure from the thought of this collapse. The event of television, chapter 4 will claim, involves a purely contingent occurrence that not only discloses a radically new ontological horizon, but indeed initiates ontological collapse. The world of television is a world of beings that are also being itself. The televisionary event in this way does not just disclose a new ontology, but the very possibility, grounded in nothing else than the being-there of its beings, of ontological multiplicity. This rethinking of ontology, moreover, points toward a concept that for the most part seems to belong to a different domain of discourse: the commodity. For as chapter 5 (“The life of things”) will argue, the Marxian and Marxist theorization of the commodity itself gestures toward the ontological collapse that stands at

the limit of Heidegger's thought. And while the theorization of the commodity remains caught up in metaphysics when it fails to think the commodity in its ontological radicality, phenomenology itself cannot do without a certain "materialist" turn, which ultimately amounts to nothing less than the recognition of history as ontological contingency. Chapters 6 and 7 will argue, moreover, that the horizon for thinking this precarious confrontation of Heidegger and Marx—the destination of this second step and misstep—is the convergence of the Marxian/Marxist problem of ideology with Heidegger's extraordinary rethinking of truth as disclosure and unconcealment. Finally, as chapter 8 ("Value, publicity, politics") will seek to show, the commodity, and the ideology that is constituted in the commodity, should be conceived as that which shows *as* value. The commodity institutes a manner of showing in which all beings appear in terms of their relations of value. This is the radical ontological significance of the event of commodity production. In this way, the nature of the tense relation between Heidegger and Marx, the basis of any possible dialogue between them, becomes clearer: while Heidegger brings into view the sense of being as that which is *beyond* value, he refuses to think the commodity as the site of the production of value. And while Marx does think the commodity in this way, he remains largely within the epistemic horizon of metaphysics, and is thus incapable of thinking the *alethic* sense of production itself—that production is the production of a truth-horizon.

The third step, comprising chapters 9 and 10 ("Reproduction," "The gadget"), begins with this impasse, and it will not be abusing the metaphor of stepping to remind the reader that the complete step is a two-step: landing first on one leg and then the other. And indeed it is only by stepping out into a double abyss, the fractured life of television and the value-truth of the commodity, that we can find our way back—or rather fall back onto—the new ground. Starting out from a reading of Althusser's essay on the ideological state apparatus, I will argue that this famous theorization of the reproduction of the ideological conditions of production must be taken even further to encompass what I call the alethic conditions of production. If production is of essence alethic—the bringing forth of an entity into unconcealment—then it must itself be capable of producing and reproducing its own mode of alethic productivity. This in turn opens the way toward an account of the distinguishing characteristics of contemporary capitalism: now, in an unprecedented way, the reproduction of the alethic, phenomenological conditions of production can no longer be taken for granted. If bringing forth beings into unconcealment presupposes a horizon in which they can "show up," if production, as it were, demands a world in the phenomenolog-

ical sense, then contemporary (late, postideological) capitalism finds itself in a peculiar predicament: the demand for production has outstripped our familiar world and its ontological underpinnings. Production must bring forth its own alethic horizontality. This is the “work” of the gadget: the gadget is the commodity that has taken alethic production upon itself. The gadget brings with it its own world, even its own Dasein. Or rather, and more precisely, it appropriates our world, our existence, our very being the being that has its being to be, our authenticity and inauthenticity, our temporality, our moods and disclosedness and truth, perhaps even televisual Dasein itself—even the life that is not ours to live. It makes these its own. This has nothing to do with mere commodification or reification; it is not that we become commodity-like, thing-like, or gadget-like but that the gadget becomes, plays, runs and runs away with *we*.

With this our path has come *almost* full circle: we began by encountering television, and we end with the gadget’s pluripotent televisual screening and “self”-screening. This circling, however, is not exactly hermeneutic: the gadget does not simply “work out” the horizon anticipated by television. Rather, the theorization of the gadget will suggest the fundamental ambiguity of the project of phenomenology, even—indeed especially—in its most radical reformulations. Rethinking truth as the play of disclosure and concealment, even as the deconstructive play of the signifier, may itself play into commodity-truth-production. Yet we also cannot simply deny the gadget. The truth of the gadget must *also* become our truth; another world, touching on yet somehow beyond the world of the gadget, must come into being as our world. The truth of the gadget, becoming our truth—recuperating an *us* and a *world*—must be set off from gadget-truth. We must be careful, however, not to think of this principally as an appropriation or reappropriation, and least of all in terms of a dialectics of alienation and its overcoming. The aim is not to gather gadget-truth back to what was there before it, an everyday life before television and modern teletechnologies, as if we were still there and needed only to recover ourselves. Rather, it is a matter of bringing forth a screen beyond the screen, a television beyond television, a gadget beyond the gadget, perhaps even a celebrity beyond celebrity. Or better and more simply, since the image of the beyond already leads us back and thus misleads: another television, another gadget, another celebrity, revelatory and revolutionary in their alethic play.

The eleventh chapter of the first part (“To the things themselves”) calls attention to this task and marks a transition to the second part, which indeed starts out from the very situation—the truth-horizon—toward which the first part awkwardly points the way. Between the two parts we will have crossed a threshold,

yet each leads to the other—they are, as it were, the opposite sides of a Möbius strip—nor will it be necessary to begin with the one rather than the other. Yet if the first part, despite the abysses of its several steps, approximates a sustained argument, leading toward a certain destination, indeed imploding into the commodity, the second bursts apart into a multitude of pseudoimprovisational initiatives, each with its own ductus, mood, and characteristic gesture. Repeating the themes of the first part, these fragments will seek to catch the drifts, waves, eddies, and swells that arise as the furtive combinations and clandestine assemblages of the truth-play of gadget-commodity-life. Scattered and random as these might at first appear, they are not without a certain development, an overarching movement and momentum, a texture of cross-resonances. And with the mounting prospects comes ever greater risk of undertow.

I can hardly hope to conceal that, for all their critical tendencies, an enthusiasm is at work in these fragments; indeed a certain rapture and ecstasy: I have often felt carried away by the things that they seek to screen and surf. The things will come to show themselves through the theorizations, the critical gestures, the fluid networks of meaning, the truth-plays that they themselves call into existence. The result will often be vertiginous, and may seem idiosyncratic and eclectic if not arbitrary, and always somehow willfully, avowedly “personal.” Yet while there is no way to get to the things themselves apart from the singularity of an encounter that can never be cashed out in generalities, it is never a question of mere subjectivity as an end in itself, let alone a fetishized critical sensitivity, but of the ecstatic disclosure of what we might call without hyperbole the most radical objectivity, the most extreme *Sachlichkeit*. Moreover, this enthusiasm is the late-born issue of a thinking that broods obsessively yet soberly over its objects. In the words of Rousseau: “I see well only what I recall, and I have intelligence only in my memories.”² This is itself a point of the greatest methodological significance. Though it seems to promise pure immediacy, television will never really be watched in the present but rather through a fecund afterlife of sporadic, spontaneous recollection.

Despite these obsessions with visionary objects, I am not after a theory of television, or, for that matter, celebrities, gadgets, and popular culture more generally. Television is not first of all an object to be theorized but rather a mode of experience, and indeed a form of living—and unliving; existence and in-existence. Thus I will make no attempt even to begin to do justice to the complex history of American television, let alone television’s various regional and national histories. Yet there also can be no posture of naïveté: watching TV is of essence a theoretical experience. It is not just one phenomenon among others,

but a phenomenon that, even though always facing us as an *other*—a houseguest that we can never find it in us to ask to leave—is itself constitutively phenomenological. Thus televisionary theory cannot be forced. There can be no claim to mastery: it is always a kind of happy coincidence. Television escapes us as soon as we refuse to submit to its casualness.

Nor should this book be taken as a televisionary deconstruction of phenomenology, or a phenomenological deconstruction of television. A certain deconstructive tendency is at work, to be sure, and we will strike upon more than one self-effacing, self-undermining, aporetic formulation. Yet the value of these will not consist in exhibiting a certain inexorable, ultratranscendental logic, or a-logic, of textuality, language, and thought, but rather in pointing to a new positivity of experience and truth that is (and this is the most crucial point) irreducible to a purely formal structure. Perhaps nothing else is at stake, indeed, than becoming open to the contents, or better the form-contents—the historically emergent ideas—of the media-driven, media-haunted, and media-haunting popular culture of late capitalism. Yet by insisting on a phenomenological point of departure, we also part ways with speculative materialism, speculative realism, and object-oriented ontology. For indeed, to suppose that, rejecting the “correlationism” of Kant, Husserl, and Heidegger, one could regain access to the things themselves, allowing for a glorious new epoch of speculative ontology, is to play into the gadget-commodity’s dreams.

It might seem peculiar, given the role that Marxian and Marxist theories of the commodity and ideology play in the first part of this book, that I should begin by attaching such privilege to thinking. Has the question of praxis simply been abandoned? I am certainly not trying to do Marxist political philosophy through some torturous Heideggerian detour. Something else is at stake. Yet I would also claim that, at the present moment, concrete political praxis demands taking up once again the question of theory, thinking, and truth. The critique of ideology must give way to the interrogation of what we might call *alethology*: the truth-play that plays out in the gadget-commodity. Praxis reveals itself and constitutes itself as alethic. An account of praxis that does not acknowledge this turn must prove at best ineffectual. At worst it will play into the very order that it seeks to overcome.

I have tried whenever possible to cite existing translations of foreign-language texts, though in the case of Heidegger I give the pagination of the standard German editions when these are cross-referenced by the English translations: John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson’s version of *Sein und Zeit*; Richard Rojcewicz

and Daniela Vallega-Neu's recent English rendering of *Beiträge zur Philosophie (Vom Ereignis)*; and various other volumes published by Indiana University Press. I have not followed Macquarrie and Robinson in capitalizing "being" when translating the nominalized verb *Sein* and usually render *das Seiende* as "beings" rather than "entity." For the sake of terminological coherence, the English translations of Heidegger have been silently modified accordingly. Following the practice of Macquarrie and Robinson, *Dasein*, a perfectly ordinary German word, is left untranslated. The reader should keep in mind, though, that Heidegger's *Dasein* is not something occult or strange but is nothing else than the being that we ourselves are. *Seyn*, the archaic variant spelling of *Sein* deployed in *Contributions to Philosophy*, is rendered as "be-ing" in contrast to "being."

Translations that are my own and modified translations are so noted. Unless otherwise indicated, quotations follow the emphasis of the original.

PART I

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1

THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF TELEVISION

When Heidegger was named to an unchaired professorship at the University of Marburg in 1923, television was little more than the dream of inventors and science fiction hacks. By the time he had published *Being and Time* four years later, in the spring of 1927, it had already become, with Philo Farnsworth's demonstration of the first working all-electronic television system, an effective reality.¹ There is perhaps little reason to suppose, in a century that had witnessed so many momentous discoveries and technological innovations, that this is more than a coincidence. Having served as a radio operator during the First World War, Heidegger was certainly no stranger to the innovations in the remote transmission of sound and text that had already decisively transformed both warfare and commerce. Two decades had already passed since, with the laying of a transpacific telegraph cable, the nearly instantaneous transmission of information around the world became possible. Yet these extraordinary technological transformations leave few traces in *Being and Time*: Heidegger's analysis of being-in-the-world and everydayness is presented, following a distinction he will later disavow, as systematic rather than historical in character, and for the most part seems of indeterminate historical reference, as if valid for any Dasein—any form of human existence—that, having reached a certain fullness in its articulation, could no longer be characterized as primitive.² Yet there is at least one moment in which the question concerning technology begins to take shape in a form that anticipates the striking role technology will play, beginning

in the thirties, in Heidegger's thought.³ In section 23 ("The spatiality of being-in-the-world"), having just introduced *Ent-fernung* (de-severing, dis-tancing, or more literally, dis-distancing) and *Ausrichtung* (directionality) as fundamental characteristics of the spatiality of Dasein—the way in which it is *in* the world—Heidegger, clarifying the meaning of the first of these terms, explains that it involves a "bringing-close" achieved either through actually procuring something and "putting it in readiness" or in a "purely cognitive manner." He continues:

*In Dasein there lies an essential tendency towards closeness [Nähe]. All the ways in which we speed things up, as we are more or less compelled to do today, push us on towards the conquest of remoteness. With the "radio," for example, Dasein has so expanded its everyday environment that it has accomplished a dis-distancing of the "world"—a dis-distancing which, in its meaning for Dasein, cannot yet be visualized.*⁴

The phenomenological method of *Being and Time* demands carefully regulating the movement between ontological and ontic perspectives. Only by this meticulous control can he keep the fundamental-ontological inquiry rooted in the analysis of Dasein and the concreteness of everydayness, avoiding the "worldlessness" that, having afflicted metaphysics from the beginning, led to the absurd conjecture of an isolated epistemological subject that must somehow leap out of itself into a relation to the world. Yet precisely this caution and patience, as if overwhelmed by the urgency of an insight occupying the limits of *Being and Time*, breaks down in the passage cited above, which moves in rapid succession from the italicized characterization of one of the innermost tendencies of Dasein to the increasing speed that marks the present moment and then to the concrete example of radio.

It is as if the phenomenological method—itself the supreme practice of a kind of theoretical patience, letting that which shows itself be seen as it shows itself by dismantling the constructs that force the phenomena into a mode of comprehension foreign to their essence—had to be abandoned, indeed to abandon itself, under the pull of the phenomenon of radio and the culture and technologies of speed it exemplifies. If we are more or less compelled to participate in, to "make with" or "get with" (*mitmachen*) this increase in speed, it is not only a matter of the difficulty of "slower" forms of life surviving in an ever-accelerating world. The compulsion seems to seize hold of thinking itself, which, for this brief moment at least, cannot resist submitting to the vertiginous tendency to nearness and speed just as it identifies it: as if that which showed itself in the radio, this particular technology, could not but show itself impatiently, with a