

IS POSTMODERNISM DEAD?

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Beginning to speak about postmodernism is almost heretical, because there is no origin in postmodernity¹, nor is there any ending, inasmuch as the question about the justification of the metaphysics of presence:

Where and how does it begin...? A question of origin. But a meditation upon the trace should undoubtedly teach us that there is no origin, that is to say simple origin; that the questions of origin carry with them a metaphysics of presence².

Under the guidance of Nietzsche, Heidegger or Whitehead, postmodernity leads us into a world without origin, open to active interpretation. Poets like Ashbery or Merwin join modernism through negation, because of their negative capability for feeling comfortable in uncertainty. The familiar leads us to surprise, to the arduous path of appearance, to the criticism of systems of reference. What postmodernity offers is a politics in which all expectation is in suspense.

In *Ecce Homo* Nietzsche displayed the ideas full of dangers that would seduce postmodernity, a spirit that perversely and maliciously plays with everything that, up to now, had been deemed untouchable, reducing it to decadence, distraction, self-forgetfulness, thus writing a true question mark that will enable postmodern man "to see tragic natures sinking and be able to laugh at them". What postmodernism offers is a wink shining with astonishment at the discovery that, confronted with modernity, no man, not even the artist, is everything, that he has narrow limits. And, as Bataille says in *The inner experience*, this attitude implies questioning everything in such a way that "we only have two certainties, that one and death". Thus, postmodern spirit moves in a strange world in which extasis and anguish at the lack of anguish co-exist.

The postmodern experience leads nowhere, to no end stipulated beforehand. According to some of these poets —Duncan, for example— it is precisely the unknown, manifested by constant process and flow that gives the God experience its great authority. It is a journey to the limit of the possible that enters the territory of the impossible, thus understanding the limit as the possibility of crossing the threshold of knowledge as an end.

With Kierkegaard, each element of the drama, whose authority was received through tradition, moves about in a world that cannot stand on anything, where

irony is free. Postmodernity is a nude state of unheeded supplication. According to Bataille, what matters now is not the declaration of the wind, but, rather, the wind itself; and the wind moves the sand in which postmodern man is sinking, where he cannot struggle because the more he tries the quicker he will be buried. The situation is to that of the most perverse and most poetic of words, *silence*, since the word itself is in love with its paradox and its death: *silence* is the word that is not a word, and breath is the object that is not an object, and death, as it is defined by Heidegger, is the permanent possibility of the impossibility of all the other possibilities beyond it which form existence.

Postmodernism is imagining what the universe lacks once the *ego* has been abolished and has been turned into a project, the great laughingstock of a multitude of contradictory little wholes, numerous and discordant. It is the dream of the unknown, the mockery of an unreasoned *ego* that is living the sensitive experience and not the logical explanation. To draw near postmodernity is to approach Bataille's dead-end, where all possibility runs out, the possible hides and the impossible works havoc, and where there is no way out in the contradictory whims, in the empty elations, in the failure of reason and in the giddy ideas that simultaneously stir and satisfy postmodernity.

Postmodern man joins the party and experiences a dark abyss into which he rushes in a sort of rapture. There, like Job on his dungheap, but not imagining anything, unarmed, he feels lost in the uncertainty of space, where the pieces of a broken life open up on an infinite emptiness. The earth bristles, clearly showing the shine of the surface to a group of smiling but torn men who distend towards an absence of limited limits through elusive streams of playing light, heat transfers and contagious laughing that, like the foam on the crest of the wave, are superficial, volatile, fleeting and demand never-ending sliding.

Postmodern man does not find rigorous or methodical structures: like Paul de Man, he renounces the theories and leans towards disorder and saying in all directions or, remembering Wittgenstein, he goes towards the fragment. He is changed into a mirage of penetrable existences in which nothing emerges as the aftermath of splendour, but as the "ontology of decline", to use Vattimo's words.

Starting out from philosophy and laying its foundations on it, postmodernism builds up a literary and artistic discourse, but always keeping in mind that postmodern philosophy does not intend, as the author of the *Investigations* said, to explain, but only to describe. It does not try to "teach the fly to get out of the bottle", as we read in the *Tractatus*; rather it tries to teach how to live as someone who is going nowhere, as the acrobat whose net becomes a trapeze, a tangle of paths and a reticle of connections. The aspired freedom is therefore simulated because, with Nietzsche, "the real world has become a fable", and thus has lost the contrast between being and appearance. Everything is a game of semblances, of entities that have forgotten the solidity of traditional metaphysics. As Vattimo says, while the philosophy of absence is interested in affirming above all the character of absence that constitutes the being... the philosophy of simulacrum is interested above all in liquidating.. all reference to an originating-original"³.

In the philosophy of difference and trace, instead of a full “grasp” being can have only traces, suspension and, paraphrasing Heidegger, “oscillations”, in an attempt to see, as Vattimo states, “if we can manage to live without neurosis in a world... in which there are no fixed, guaranteed, essential structures but, basically, only conveniences”⁴, free spirits and Nietzsche’s ultramen characterized by the pure and simple subversion of all humanist ideals. The stress is on becoming and not on being, on what Deleuze calls “the glorification of simulacrum”.

According to Heidegger’s well-known thesis, the name of “Occident”, *Abendland*, has ontological implications; it is the land of the sunset, the west of being. It was not in vain that Heidegger defined Nietzsche as the philosopher of the end of metaphysics, as in effect it was he who, in *The Will to Power*, stated that “man is rolling away from the centre towards the X”. This idea was later taken up by the author of *Being and Time*, whose *Dasein*, like post-Copernican man, is not the establishing centre, but rather a rash project, the condition of possibility and undefined oscillation, *Sprung*, a leap that can find no base on which to land, except only *Ge-stell*, the place where the possibility of being sparkles and may be experienced as an oscillation field: “...far from guaranteeing —Derrida comments— any identification with the *ego* or congregating around it, this speculative structure reveals a tropological dislocation that prevents any anamnestic totalization of the *ego*”⁵.

Postmodernism is the open age enclosed in the hermeneutic circle, where the circularity finds neither end nor basis, there is no beginning or end, for that reason it is impossible to define or to conclude. Thus Derrida comments in his *Mémoires for Paul de Man* that “if I had to risk a single definition for deconstruction... I would simply say it is... more than a language and not more than a language”⁶. Any definition is opposed to its very nature, so making it a subject or the object of exhaustive definition is precisely, by definition, what defines the enemy of (postmodernism)⁷. It is impossible to define because, as Adorno says in his *Aesthetic Theory*, ours is an age in which the only thing that is evident is that it is evident that nothing is evident. It is the age that makes the question about meaning obsolete by answering it with “nothing” or “anything”.

As we read at the beginning of Foucault’s *This is not a Pipe*, perhaps there are two chaos; that of difference, where each thing is different from the other, and that of sameness, where each thing is different from any other. “Both are refractory of the idea of order, that can only exist on the border between difference and similarity. There, where everything is the same or where everything is different, it is not possible to impose the categories of knowledge, and, therefore, order”⁸. In this broken, adrift space, intrusions and words that reign in the old space of representation get tied into knots”, but only on the surface, because —as Foucault says— now it is no more than a flat stone that carries figures and words: underneath there is nothing. It is a gravestone: the incisions drawn by the figures and those marked by the letters only communicate through emptiness, through that non-place that hides beneath the solidity of the marble”⁹. It is an absence that goes

back to its surface and arises in its own territory, transfers with no starting point or support.

Postmodern is the age which imposes no conditions whatsoever, that which does not analyse or organise; instead, it takes incomplete notes about a mood, the desert sand, the surface of the sea and the foam of the waves, and through the logic of poetry it discovers aspects of the awe-inspiring experience which are inaccessible to the discursive acts of the mind.

As Synder states, real language emerges from the vitality of the world: “Wisdom is the mind’s instinctive knowledge of love and of the clarity underlying the anxiety of the *ego*. To meditate is to enter the mind in order to be able to understand this for oneself —again and again, until it becomes a place in which to live. The moral is to take it and put it into practice in your way of life, through personal example and responsible actions”. The process of discovery is sparked off by energy and the breath forms the verse, whose form is not predetermined but, rather, is what it is -it is what happens, an intimate outburst of strength, a loving instant. Thus chance becomes the content that in turn creates the form, it becomes the trampoline for leaping into the void and dialogue with oneself, into the creation —not resolution— of opposites, therefore overcoming Hegel’s dialectics.

Thus, disclosure is a key concept in postmodernity. By disclosure I understand the generalized rebellion against pre-established rules, the negentropy line that cuts through the pure maze-like indifference of a plot that has already lost its furrows. Disclosure leads us towards dispersion, towards “everything is valid”, towards “everything is art”, towards uncertainty as an inevitable destiny and towards a swollen void where the surface becomes the lord in the land of mirages:

But your eyes proclaim
That everything is surface. The surface is what’s
there
And nothing can exist except what’s there¹⁰.

Doubtlessly, breaking with the rule is nothing new. As Camus says, there have always been rebels; the obvious example would be modernity, which meant great changes in literature and the arts in general¹¹; but perhaps what is new in postmodernism is that irony and even cynicism which invades our age, an age in which the being is and is not at the same time:

Man does not only stand in the critical zone... He himself, but not he for himself and particularly not through himself alone, is this zone... Man in his essence is the memory not of Being but of Being. This means that the essence of man is a part of that which in the crossed intersected lines of Being puts thinking under the claim of a more ordinary command¹².

Quantum Physics backs up the views of these artists. Heisenberg begins a real revolution with his Principle of Uncertainty, not only in the field of physics, but

also in that of the philosophy of science, and, above all, in that of Metaphysics, as it poses a problem of gnoseological uncertainty that writers like Olson or Dorn in *Gunslinge* took as a starting point for such important concepts as “open field”, “projective verse” or the dissolution of the *ego*.

Therefore, by disclosure I understand the impossibility of defining or affirming anything, because, as Ashebery says:

Each person
Has one big theory to explain the universe
But it doesn't tell the whole story¹³.

Disclosure is that concept that prevents us from getting to coherence, to everything, to *telos*, and which makes us understand reality as a “discontinuous continuous... like a river which is never really there because of moving on some place”¹⁴

We find ourselves before an art that is “the record of a thought process —the process and the thought reflect back and forth on each other”¹⁵. Postmodern man's attitude to the world coincides with Olson's *humilitas*, which tries to suppress “the lyrical interference of the *ego*”, according to his “Projective Verse”. Or, as Dorn points out:

No matter how much I may want ego to be a centrality, it is practically worthless as “center”. In the sense of self and center the ego lacks meaning and this class of senses disintegrates immediately into something cheap and commercial and psychiatric. A center existing within any periphery is simple enough. It is a bore¹⁶

Aside is left “the presumptuous mission of exploring ultimate realities, whether they be psychological, social or metaphysical. There is a conviction of the incapacity of language to order the reality of what is lived or imagined. For this reason words are not wrung out in vain attempts to get somewhere. The writer tacitly accepts Wittgenstein's postulate that the limits of the language are the limits of life. In this way language frees itself from unnecessary responsibilities, from its ontological function as the rouser of being. Language recovers... its original playful character at the cost of its inherited ethical burden”¹⁷.

Entropy becomes an ethical dilemma. Like the Koran, postmodern works are constructed on the basis of “suras”. The creations of artist like O'Hara, Duncan, Metcalf, Davenport, Salle or Schanbel are “a haphazard Field of potentiality”¹⁸. All the postmodern artists and writers are joined together, *mutatis mutandis*, by this constant obsession about disclosure which provokes Peckham's “rage for chaos”¹⁹, the attempt to arrive at

a loosening of conventions and return to open forms²⁰.

The desire to be open to uncertainty forces us to be in constant movement, which according to Schrodinger in *What Is Life?* is the principle of life. This principle was taken very much into account by Duncan and remembered by Olson in his *kinetics*, following Whitehead's concept of *concrecence*.

Questions are posed by this non-teleological, always open process, yet it never gives any answer, as can be seen in Ashbery's "They Dream Only of America". Poems like "The Tennis Court Oath" make us feel incomplete, since each phrase is a fragment, and the whole is nothing but a collage of techniques, sources and materials, as in "Europe". Merwin or Abish, for example, find syntax suspicious, because it imposes an ordering of the elements that does not follow the artist's flow of thought or his physiological rhythms. The poetical process introduces chance (Ashbery's *The Tennis Court Oath* or Antin's *Flag Behaviour* are obvious examples) and causes the unconscious mind to arise along with the motions that we share with our primitive ancestors. Language almost disappears in this stream and the image becomes an open process, as can be seen in Ed Dorn's "Flywheel Programs":

...the image is not a thing. It is a process and discovered identity. it discovers its being in its function²¹.

The postmodern disclosure makes it impossible to adopt a stable, coherent method, since the only acceptable method is action and *tao*:

(HOW —As.hu— PROCESS (is to move) -METHOD IS (*metahodos*. the way after: TAO- what I am trying to say is that METHODOLOGY is a science of HOW)²²

Art is not a result of a method or some conventions, rather it is the result of the creator's own energy:

an extension of the substance of man, no different from his skin or hands. The substance of the man, who wrote the poem, reaches into the darkness and the poem is the whole body, seeing with his ears, his fingers and his hair²³.

Heidegger's lost paths are open, whose woodland ways that lead to no particular place and whose only aim is to keep constantly flowing, thus avoiding the "lyrical interference of the *ego*". For Olson the *ego* becomes a boat, a simple *passage* or transformation, the tensions and simultaneous entertainment of the circus clown while he is playing the accordeon.

Our "post-contemporary" age does not even believe in art. The creative act is seen as "the useless extension of what has been lost. The bird has flown the nest. All he makes is imbued with absence. They come torn from the earth"²⁴, perched above the void, by the sheer majesty of the unknown, and at the same time sinking

into the mire, into the negative capability for living in uncertainty, into the transitory, ephemerality of life. or, on the other hand, creation is used to fill the consuming void, to lose ourselves in the land of primal terrors. Postmodern man creates because he is incapable of facing the essential meaning of his condition, because he wants to break the alienating distance that separates him from the world. "Culture becomes, then, not the supreme creation of man, but an activity that recognizes our fundamental defeat; our incapacity to come to grips in any satisfactory sense with the meanings of the world"²⁵.

The human being becomes the transmitter and receiver of spiritual, physical and emotional energy. As Rothko says, "art is an anecdote of the spirit and the only way of defining the intention of its rhythms of vivacity and stillness". It is necessary to stop man from allowing his life to become deserted and empty through the loss of his relationship with the suprasensitive; he must be stopped from destroying something inside himself whose death will eventually lead him to despair, and he should not be allowed to transform his own weakness into an obstacle for the evolution of everything around him.

Some of these artists and poets recommend that we should learn from the birds in the art of giving gifts of love: like the bower-bird that offers its mate a long trail of shinning shells, coral, stones, coloured feathers and flowers. We must learn to embrace time and space, to create the sorcerer's dance ritual that, constantly repeated, makes us go into a hypnotic, irrational trance.

As Susan Sontag says, art is heading towards anti-art, invention is replaced by chance. Postmodern art has no beginning, middle or end; it no longer represents a reality but has itself become the only possible reality. According to Gass, for the postmodern writer there is nothing beyond language: there are no structures, only constructions and deconstructions of those constructions. Sontag notes that the result of this situation is the feeling of being among the ruins of the thought of history or, as Foucault would put it, of man himself. Using Cage's words, it is the possibility of possessing void.

Reality is replaced by the sign. It is as if language and the music of speech were trying to fill the infinite void of our age. The reader is invited to lose himself in these "breakage texts", as Philip Sollers has called them, to run through their lines with a drifting feeling, guided by a prose that leads nowhere. It is not a question of defining but of reaching what Foucault calls "spirits of vertigo". Postmodern writing is a self-sufficient system and, according to Roland Barthes, for that reason it poses endless questions. The idea is to enter what Barthes calls the "novelesque" and not the novel, in other words, the significant takes preference over the meaning. Things have rebelled against our discourse and dance alone on the carnival of referents. At this party, postmodern individual appears at the end of the scene, for the sake of illusion, with the vertiginous ghost of reality that is lost in the infinity of a blue dusk. With no references, he becomes a screen, a superficial depth, a vertiginous abyss with no essence, a delirium that escapes us.

But postmodernity has no nostalgia for the lost presence. The man of this age is content with the pieces left to him, he feels fascinated by the concept of

“bricoleur” introduced by Lévi-Strauss in *The Savage Mind*, because the postmodern ego is only surface, a series of pieces reflected in a convex mirror, like Ashbery’s self-portrait. This is not, however, a narcissistic act, but one of final agony: the recognition of the lack of anxiety when face with multiplicity, chaos, indifference and the discontinuity of appearance. As Rilke would say, beauty is only the beginning of terror, which is still practically unbearable for us, and, if we admire it so, it is because it scorns us too much even to destroy us. It is strange not to inhabit the earth more, not to give the roses the meaning of human future and even abandon our own name like a broken toy. It is strange not to go on desiring desires and strange to see that everything that was tied down is flying freely in space. It is strange to write about something that we cannot define, while we are immersed in the void of that soft vibration of its absence.

Saturn is the star of melancholy and doubt, of solitude and silence. Its attributes are fleeting symbols of unstable balance. It is a particularly dark, sinister, character that sometimes appears veiled. It is the Hindu *Sannais satis tschara*, the god condemned to wander forever. The planet that carries its name is also the least clearly defined: scarcely differentiated bands and zones form its surface, and the colour and position of the rings are not fixed or defined either.

Perhaps Walter Benjamin was the first to realise that Saturn is the postmodern planet *par excellence*: it is the planet that symbolizes the idea of disclosure and that vague, superficial situation that prevents us from arriving at any possible definition. Born under the sign of Saturn, postmodern man chooses the inner struggle, even though he has lost all hope of discovering the little that we may learn about ourselves.

Postmodern poetics introduce us to a constant process that leads us to our winter depths, to the recognition that the only possibility of true experience is that offered by the rending of *Dasein*. Saturn takes on some of Merwin’s disconsolate statements: “what I live for I can seldom believe in/who I love I cannot go to/what I hope is always divided”.

Speech is the house of being, and it speaks of what cannot be proved for, as someone said almost two centuries ago, “if a man could say things that can be proved about a character, nothing could be written”. Over us hangs the fateful old god; he is the prisoner of his own discourse, surrounded only by negatives, silence and hollows, by their subtle play of rhythms that guide the eyes over the surface and create movement.

That basis for movement is constant flow, the need to capture the instant of a structure that is only inquiry, conscious that “to inquire is to put oneself in the open”²⁶. Movement is the principle of life, the procedure for passing from the deep image of the unconscious to reality, to a reality to which we feel incapable of giving any coherence; we are incapable of ordering the organic chaos from which a rhythmically transferred knowledge arises.

Postmodernity knows “that the questioning should not be aimed in a familiar direction. Above all it admits that its questions need not necessarily an answer, that some shadows have no origin and that in order to overcome the darkness we must

go into the gloom”²⁷. As Davenport says, the artist discovers intention in the accidental and rhythm in the aleatory. The event is a model and the essence a melody. As it does not try to discover the mystery of the universe, the primitive song preserves that mystery. But here the voice of a whole people is heard, as Nietzsche would understand it, totally opposed to the State but with a collective tone.

Postmodern art is recognising chance as logic, dilemma as choice, fable as territory, surface as depth. Unvoiced words have meaning; only silence has meaning. Madness in the face of the horror of accepting the death of humanism, of surrendering to quantic law and believing that the universe has no finality in its movements, in a space stripped of depth in which the *ego* evaporates in its search for a mirage, devastating the devastated and finding its own face there. The moment of void is the essential landscape of a journey across the desert which is the mind moving where time swells with heat, the region with no space-time references.

Here the questions hide the intellectual imitation of a Russian doll; it is no longer absurd to take the questions as answers, nor that the work should appear and disappear as fleetingly as the idea it was attempting to embody. Heavenly dreaming, endings, beginnings are all finished; all that is left are Richard Prince’s hair-raising postmodern jokes and the certainty of uncertainty. Evanescent spectres under the relentless law of *différance*. The desert sand is smoothed by the wind, blotting out any signposts. There is no territory, only pure dispersion, surprise, indetermination. The fall towards indifference is guaranteed.

The desert is not inhabited, only travelled through. The nomad settlements are always temporary. The desert sand is shifting, easily displaced, scattered and constantly in motion; as a result of its constant metamorphosis it is impossible to define. The sand is the symbol of multiplicity and of pieces that have been reduced to a formless minimum. It is what is unmade and expanded at the same time; erratic particles not subject to the law of cohesion. Eva Lootz defines (!) the sand as the incessant branching of simple lines, the permanent distraction leading away from any aim, the inevitable proliferation of detours and junctions; it is when cracks appear in the conduits and leaks in the systems. The sand gives its name to delay, to the lost woodland path, to the toppling rock and the crumbling wall. We would like to hold it in our hands but it keeps trickling through our fingers. Wandering through the desert, Saturn enters the final state of erosion, beyond the ruin, which was Benjamin’s allegory *par excellence*.

The indifference and indetermination virus makes us suspicious of any promising, soothing statements that aspire to define a conclusive form. The novel process or game bases its most solid foundations on the inconsistency of the models, on free dialogue interaction and on unsolvable confrontations. Smithson’s entropic landscapes can be spied through the cracks of language.

Under sleepy eyelids that dissolve in the sweetness of slight conformation, we love the forest, Rilke’s pristine wood from whose mute destruction the false fruit of (in)difference appears; it is brilliant and appears to smile under the surface, that

springs from the darkness and the aesthetics of disappearance, that one whose only strategy is to be and not to be at the same time in what Baudrillard calls the age of events without consequences, where the final act is played out under the light of parody. The writer writes in order to state the impossibility of writing. His are texts for nothing which he is incapable of controlling. His characters laugh at him. Everything happens between the lines, between the words, in everything that has been left silent. Postmodern man coils around himself and digs his own grave, and there at the bottom he adopts death's ironic and lazy pose in that place where, after tenderness has been squandered, nothing is left except the monotonous horizon where we discover that we are another's dream.

Notes

1. It is very interesting to distinguish between modernity/postmodernity, modernism/postmodernism and avant-garde/post-avantgarde. The first pair of terms covers a rather wider chronological period than the second. Modernity includes all the fields of knowledge and spans a period from 1492 to 1789, while modernism refers to the artistic and literary changes that took place at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one. In turn, avant-garde has a rather more revolutionary character than modernism or modernity.
2. Jacques Derrida, *Of Grammatology*, Baltimore and London, John Hopkins University Press, 1976, p. 74.
3. G. Vattimo, *Más allá del sujeto*, Barcelona, Paidós, 1989, p. 72. (La traducción es mía).
4. *Ibid*, p. 23.
5. Jacques Derrida, *Memorias para Paul de Man*, Barcelona, Gedisa, 1989, p. 35. (La traducción es mía).
6. *Ibid*, p. 28.
7. *Ibid*, p. 30.
8. Guido Almansi, Introduction to Michel Foucault, *Esto no es una pipa*, Barcelona, Anagrama, 1989, p. 9.
9. Foucault, *ibid.*, p. 61.
10. John Ashbery, *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, New York, Penguin, 1976, p. 70.
11. I will not go into the analysis of the characteristics of modernism and the difference with postmodernism because I have already done so in *¿Qué es el posmodernismo?* Alicante, University of Alicante, 1989.
12. Martin Heidegger, *The Question of Being*, New York, Vintage, 1958, p. 54.
13. John Ashbery, *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, p. 81.
14. John Ashbery, *Three Poems*, New York, Viking Press, 1972, pp. 14 and 15.
15. John Ashbery, *The Craft of Poetry*, New York, Doubleday, 1974, p. 121.
16. Ed. Dorn, "What I Saw in the Maximus Poems", *Views*, San Francisco, Four Seasons Foundations, 1980, p. 38.

17. *Ibid*, p. 41.
18. John Ashbery, *Three Poems*, p. 60.
19. Cf. Morse Peckham, *Man's Rage for Chaos: Biology, Behaviour and the Arts*, New York, Schocken, 1965.
20. Robert Duncan, *The Opening of the Field*, New York, Grove Press, 1960, p. 7.
21. Robert Kelly, *The Sullen Art*, New York, Corinth Books, 1962, p. 60.
22. Charles Olson, *Additional Prose. A Bibliography of Maerica. Proprioception and Other Essays*, George F. Butterick (ed.), Bolinas, Four Seasons foundations, 1974, p. 8.
23. Robert Bly, "A Wrong Turning in American Poetry", *Choice* 3, New York, 1963, p. 38.
24. Kevin Power, "Antonio Sosa o el hueco que deja la pregunta", *Antonio Sosa*, Catalogue, Seville, Fundación Luis Cernuda, April 1989, p. 15. (La traducción de esta nota y de las siguientes es mía).
25. *Ibid*, p. 16.
26. Kevin Power, *Cienfuegos*, Madrid, Museo Español de Arte Contemporáneo, 1986, n.p.
27. *Ibid*.
28. R. M. Rilke, *Elegías de Duino*, Barcelona, Lumen, 1984, p. 37.
29. Giorgio Agamben, *Idea de la prosa*, Barcelona, Península, 1989, p. 88 and 90.
30. *Ibid*, pp. 123-124.