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Mourning Alone Together

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I know I am not alone in experiencing the last year (or years!) as an unforgiving series of losses, scarcely a week going by without news of a death that touches all too close to home: a friend, a relative, a teacher, a student, a collaborator. There follow the multiple moments of grief and mourning, each time repeated for someone else, triggering a different set of memories and emotions. On the one hand, the pandemic and its restrictions enforce upon us, endlessly it seems, greater and greater levels of mutual isolation, yet at the same time leaving us more vulnerable to the grief of losing those we feel close to but from whom we seem farther apart than ever. Even the traditional commemorative occasions, such as funerals or those memorial gatherings euphemistically called ‘celebrations of life’ have been either restricted or cancelled altogether.

What can commemoration mean when its public dimensions are themselves no longer? When what we are missing is the ‘solemnity or celebration’ as the OED calls it, by which we collectively remember, honour, or com-memorate those we have lost? And what does it mean to say ‘we’ when so much of all this is happening to each one of us alone in our locked-down or quarantined isolation, broken only virtually by the occasional embrace of the Zoom or Facetime session, the email or phone call, or social media post. To boot, the expression ‘in-person’ has come to *incorporate* a toxic new stew of risky behaviour championed as a ‘freedom’ from medical protocol, be it in the form of masks or vaccines, on the one hand, but also an increasingly authoritarian cudgel demanding the return to the status quo ante of the ‘in-person’

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workplace, or classroom, or crowded gathering spot of whatever kind. Being there, together, in the flesh, *en chair et en os*, has never seemed so fraught, so anxiety provoking and so morbidly tempting, while the reality of death and escalating loss stalks us as the ever-present spectre of an absence that can never be allayed, no matter how many times we reread Boccaccio, Defoe, Poe, Camus and the many other authors of 'plague literature' back in vogue.

It is tempting in this context of pervasive loss and the absence of publicly commemorative rituals to reread Freud's masterful 1917 essay, 'Mourning and Melancholia', as a possible way to come to terms with the ongoing cascade of loss and grief. Written at a similar early moment in the twentieth century when mass death and isolation reigned during the height of the First World War only to be brutally prolonged by the globally pandemic Spanish flu, Freud's essay nonetheless offers us the chance, if not the injunction, given the scale of the moment we are now living through, to think again what we may have all too readily accepted as the 'work' of mourning.

Freud's text is more assiduously read, of course, less for his description of the process of mourning than for his insights into the pathology of melancholia, against which mourning serves primarily as its 'normal' counterpart. Freud himself is responsible for this tendency to the extent that melancholia is what really interests him from a psychoanalytic point of view as the 'pathological' version of mourning for the loss of some object that is not 'real'. Mourning or grief (*Trauer*) is the 'normal affect' to actual loss, for which melancholia appears as an idiosyncratic and even mysterious alteration, whence its clinical interest. Correlatively, mourning appears to pass for self-evident, and Freud concedes that 'it is really only because we know so well how to explain it that this attitude [mourning] does not seem to us pathological'.¹ Two questions arise: First, how does ease of explanation define a certain normality? And second, is mourning all that easily explained? I will not address the first question here, save to note this apparent slippage between normality and familiarity, on the one hand, and pathology as strangeness, on the other. Relegating pathology to mere social dissidence and concomitantly viewing normal society as itself pathological is a line of analysis dating back to Canguilhem and extensively developed by Lacan and Foucault, among many others.²

Rather, I would like to revisit the 'explanatory ease' of Freud's depiction of mourning, especially in the recent context of multiple loss as a defining characteristic of the moment we are living. Freud describes mourning as a function of the ego's libidinal disinvestment in the face of a 'reality testing' that repeatedly reveals the loss of a loved object. While Freud attributes a number of features to the behaviour of mourning (loss of interest in the world, 'painful dejection', and inhibition of activity), his primary contribution is to describe how individual 'memories and expectations' are brought to consciousness as a way of reconciling loss with reality, or in contemporary parlance, as a way of 'letting go' or 'moving on'. Somehow, recalling the details of one's relation with a lost one is the occasion each time for progressively de-cathecting one's libidinal investment in that significant other. Memory thus oddly functions as a mode of forgetting, egged on by the 'reality testing' that each time brutally underscores the loss of that loved or admired other. Recall is a paradoxical dismissal and dispatching, a sending away or send-off.³ Freud concedes the obscure libidinal economics of mourning, that the timeline for this disinvestment can be extremely and unpredictably long, and why not, unconsolably asymptotic (although he doesn't overtly admit this real possibility). On the other hand, he also concludes that no one would consider the intervening psychological turmoil, no matter how prolonged, to require 'treatment', as if to deflect in advance the entire cottage industry of so-called grief or bereavement counselling that pervades our contemporary culture defined in many ways by the very denial of death as such and the concomitant idealisation of youth, beauty, 'wellness', etc.

But while Freud can sidestep the dilemma of mourning in his eagerness to address the real subject of his essay, melancholia, we find ourselves accepting a model of mourning that somehow would resolve itself on its own despite the admitted obscurity of the process, referred to since Freud as a form of 'work'. This work seems hardly productive in the literal sense, not something constructed by one's labour, whether alienated or not, pace Marx, but rather tending only toward some kind of psychic release, a making oneself free through this work. Unfortunately, this very injunction of a work supposedly undertaken not to make some *thing* but to make oneself 'free', cannot help but recall in a later context the brutally cynical and dreadful slogan

hung on the gates of Nazi concentration camps at another far more horrendous moment of forced isolation and death. In the latter case, the so-called freedom enabled by punitive, merciless labour was to be found only in one's own impending death. But in the case of the work of mourning Freud describes, it is in principle not one's own death but the death of the other that must be accepted, in order presumably to liberate one's one ego from the trauma of that loss.

That coming to terms with (another's) death, as Freud describes it, occurs intra-psychically through the work of recalling/forgetting the 'memories and expectations' associated with the lost other. The work of mourning thus presents itself as a kind of internal revisiting of these associations, like a movie running backwards and erasing itself in its very projection, until the affect of grief is definitively expunged, and that psychic energy presumably reinvested elsewhere, implicitly in some other still living being. Freud's model also appears uniquely individual and retrospective, and for him curiously ego-preserving (again in anticipatory distinction from the split consciousness of melancholia, where one part of the ego is subject to the sadistic rage of the other, later to be named the super-ego). As such, the work of mourning while psychically arduous seems at the same time to evince a distinctively optimistic eschatology. But is this mourning not also emblematic of a certain 'cruel optimism', in Lauren Berlant's felicitous turn of phrase,⁴ a tantalising tease of a relief somewhere in the distance (given what Freud admits concerning the unpredictable length of the mourning process) across an immense expanse of pure pain and sorrowful reflections, 'painful dejection'.

But is the work of mourning all that individual or *intra*-psychic, despite the well-recognised withdrawal of the mourner from one's world? Isn't this inner retreat not the sign of a *re-trait* or retracing of the relation not only between differing parts of the ego, but also and more importantly, between ego *and* other? If death indeed can only be cognised as the death of the *other*,⁵ then mourning itself is always already precisely in relation to that other, an exposition of grief that is an ex-positing of the subject itself not only in its loss of the other but also in the othering that defines its subjectivation in the first place, the death that makes for its birth to presence (to speak the language of Jean-Luc Nancy). Mourning retraces the retreat of the other, its 'appearing disappearance', hence at once memory and oblivion, recall

and rejection, redrawing and withdrawing, *retrait*.⁶ The other was always already gone, already 'othered', before it ever arrived, and well before any definitive departure. The death of the other is the ultimate othering, and the mark of a finitude impossible to overcome. What we mourn is the insuperable finitude of a *mitsein* whose connection was always a disconnection, the *being with* that is always also a *being without*. We can never be with someone without also being without them. Such is the tough lesson given by so many that have taught us, or been taught by us, or taught along with us for many decades now. If, as Montaigne famously wrote, 'to philosophise is to learn how to die',⁷ the fact of death, of insuperable loss, has also long been the incitation to philosophise, the 'love' of thought that is inextricably the thought of loss or of those we have lost whom we have loved. Philosophy is above all commemoration, albeit not merely solemn but critical as well, in full recognition of what we lose even in the very thought we love.

But that commemorative incitation to philosophise through the love of thinking also suggests that mourning might not be simply retrospective. Freud does mention the recall of 'memories and expectations', but even those so-called expectations to come seem to be understood only as already past, as what one might have anticipated in one's relation with the other before the other's definitive disappearance. That seems common-sensical, and yet mourning can itself be complicated, extended, or even radically curtailed by the arrival of new information about the lost one we mourn. Not necessarily some uncanny communication from the dead, as per the traditions of ghost stories and gothic horror, but the fact of traces that remain unremarked, of texts sent but not yet read. We learn things about the dead even as we mourn them, suggesting that the 'work' of mourning is at least as investigative and revelatory as it is summative, uncovering what we didn't know even about those we thought we knew better than anyone. What we learn post-mortem can be utterly devastating, or it can be powerfully affirming, or even both at once. These can be as anodyne as a letter from the deceased lost in the mail and only arriving much later (as happened to me when my father died three years ago and I found a letter from him in my mailbox days after returning home from his funeral), or as overwhelming as the discovery of documents revealing hitherto unsuspected behaviours or even hitherto unsuspected family members (as also happened to me

when my grandfather's death revealed the existence of a son we never knew he had fathered with another woman).⁸ But even the more mundane stock of memories that surface singly or multiply, predictably or unpredictably, are also a return of what was forgotten but whose re-emergence can uncannily appear as utterly new. Freud remarks that in mourning, 'it is the world which has become poor and empty' (246), but one might also add that what impoverishes and empties the world is also its becoming unrecognisably other, and that othering of the world requires further cycles of mourning, not only mourning the lost one, but mourning what one has lost *in* that lost one, and what one has lost in the world we once knew, if not the loss of the world that was.⁹

On the other hand, what could be more obvious than to assert the 'inter-subjective' basis of mourning?¹⁰ We mourn precisely because we are always already in relation *with others*, others whose loss necessarily retraces the lines of that relation, a withdrawal that redraws the bounds of that being together but alone. There is no mourning without someone else to mourn, and no being there together without at least the possibility of mourning. If death is always the death of the other, it is also because death is the ultimate sign of the other's definitive and insuperable otherness. On the other hand, we typically mourn not only 'alone' but also together in some way. The death of the other addresses not just us in our particularities and relation with the departed but others around us in their distinctly different relations with that same departed other. We mourn in common with others who mourn the loss of the same one we have lost.¹¹ But our mourning together is also a mourning apart. And how or what we remember in our particular work of mourning may or may not be in common. Yes, certain memories (or new discoveries) may be in common, but many will not be. What I recall may or may not have anything to do with what you recall. It is each time our singular relation with the departed that matters, that drives the very specificity of our affects even when it is the commonality of our affect, of our grief, that we share. We identify with each other in our mourning as we each mourn the loss of the one we have lost. In this way, collective mourning both inflects and deflects the binaries of group psychology later described by Freud as the horizontal *identification* between members of a group along with each one's vertical libidinal *investment* in, or love of, the group's leader.¹² In this case, the cohesion of the group is maintained

by the binding combination of affection toward the leader, on the one hand, and identification between the members as sharing that affection for the leader in common with each other, on the other. But in the case of a com-memorative community in mourning, the mutual identification in the sharing of grief is at one and the same time an undoing of the identification as each member works through her or his own mourning, by definition following the Freudian model that prescribes the remembering/forgetting of one's relation with the one we have lost. Over time, we would each at our own pace disinvest libidinally from the one we all mourn in common. Whatever *mitsein* one ascribes to such a community in mourning, that togetherness of mutual commemoration would seem by definition destined to come apart (giving a rather sombre new twist of Nancy's classic reflections on the being of community as 'at loose ends').¹³ The question, then, and given Freud's own hesitations about the appropriate length of time for the work of mourning to be accomplished, would be when does that community of mourning actually come to an end?

Or does it? Why should we follow the conclusion that mourning *must* come to an end, no matter how asymptotically close we come to a complete forgetting of the mourned one, to the ultimate completion of the cycle of memories recalled only to be sent off. While melancholia may be presented as the invention of an imaginary loss, would not the real pathology of mourning be the summary or precipitous declaration of its end? And I note again, with renewed suspicion, Freud's concern that we don't really consider mourning a pathology 'only because we know so well how to explain it'. But to repeat my initial questioning of this remark, do we?

Or perhaps we, inasmuch as we can say *we*, or even *I*, are always already mourning, always already in a complex relation with memory and loss that defines us such as we are. Aren't we always already mourning someone or something we have lost by very dint of our being alive, of our birth to presence as becoming forever other than we were? Or, as Lyotard describes it, as the loss of an infancy we never knew.¹⁴ Mourning as the paroxysm of grief upon the loss of someone dear would then be a temporary pathological event (of uneven and unpredictable duration). And melancholia, at least in its minimal form, would actually be the norm for some indeterminate and unclear loss, that loss we have forgotten and which as such appears unreal and

unmotivated, as what psychoanalysis can address insofar as it manifests itself as pathological. We bear our own loss in and as the loss of others, and their loss can only trigger our own constitutive feelings of loss. Mourning is always already communal, albeit for a forever frayed community.

How does this work then between us as we mourn alone together? Following the logic pursued here, either the community must end, or the mourning must be endless. If mourning is successful and the process of remembering/forgetting achieves the goal of complete disinvestment in the lost object, then every mourner will inevitably leave the group and eventually the community will dissolve along with the memory of those we mourn. Alternatively, an endless mourning would maintain some at least residual group cohesion even in the face of a common loss.

What would be the limit of such mourning? What would be left after everyone's singular memories have been recalled and dismissed? Nothing perhaps, but simply the name of the mourned one. We share the loss as a finitude in common, a *mitsein* of what is not in common, the name. And, in fact, at the limit, it is the name that *designates* this commonality of affect, the *sensus communis* of a feeling triggered by the proper name of the one we have all lost in common. Whether we understand mourning as completable in itself or as impossibly seeking an asymptote it can never reach, whether the work of mourning is terminal or interminable, the name stands as what is left, not only as what is inscribed on a gravestone and outlasting any living memory, but also as the very bounds of memory as sense. I cite Jacques Derrida from Peggy Kamuf's invitation to this issue: "Memory" is first the name of something that . . . preserves an essential and necessary relation with the possibility of the *name*, and of what in the name assures preservation [. . .] We cannot separate the name of "memory" and "memory" of the name; we cannot separate name and memory.¹⁵ This inseparability of name and memory means that the name stands as both the limit and the possibility of memory, and thus as the limit and possibility of that fraught memory/forgetting that constitutes the work of mourning. After all is said and done, after we have worked through our own singular affects of grief occasioned by our specific memories and expectations, what we have left is the name, the memory that is the name and the name of memory itself inscribed in the name. No

matter that there may be always another name behind the name, it is always still only a name, whether a nickname, a penname, a pet name, an intimate sobriquet, but still always and nothing more than a name.

On the other hand, the 'inseparability' of name and memory also points to the name as the very limit or other of meaning itself if we recall the logical tradition from Frege to Kripke to Lyotard.¹⁶ Names function only as reference and not as signification in themselves, although of course they can discursively give rise to meanings of all kinds, including 'memories and expectations.' The end of mourning in this sense would thus be the stripping away of all meaning from the name, its apocalypse as mere bound, or stone-cold *borne*, the limit or *retrait* of sense that is also the senselessness of death, like the meaninglessness of the names inscribed on tombstones and about whom no one knows anything more. As the sole point in common, the name is both the end of mourning, and the beginning of commemoration after mourning's evacuation of memory. All that is left is the name, not signification but mere designation, deixis, but still nonetheless susceptible to vicissitudes of meaning, whence where mourning ends with the name, commemoration begins precisely by naming the names, not just of the one but of the many, names in new and different texts and contexts, each time new and different in sense, endlessly rephrased.

We can remember together by the work of co-remembering, or commemorating, the names of those we have lost in common. The name being thus all that remains in common among the mourners, it is as such the deixis of commemoration itself: the roll of names in all the countless forms it has taken, and which lie at the very foundation of our having been together, of our having been in community, in communication. There is nothing very original, of course, in claiming a certain origin of what we call *mythos* or even literature in the listing of names: the Biblical chronicling of who 'begat' whom, epic catalogues of ships and crews, the carefully curated genealogies of kings, the inventories of the battlefield dead, Villon's 'snows of yesteryear', and so on and so forth. Commemoration is the co-remembering of the names of those for whom we cannot stop mourning, be it only in or as the name, be it in name alone. While mourning begins with loss, commemoration presupposes that absence in the first place. Commemoration may be collective, but it also has the sense of an

honouring, as in a commemorative ceremony, medal, or pin. We commemorate what has transpired under the names of those whose loss we mourn, recognising their contributions to an intellectual culture that in turn enables and allows us to commemorate them exactly as we do here!

All of which incites some final reflection on our current situation to the extent that the mourning for someone in common has proliferated into the multiple mournings for more and more of us (and I say 'us' here as the broadly academic community or communities among whom some of 'us'—and eventually *all* of us—will join the ranks of the mourned while others will strive to keep up with the bitter onslaught of ever more of us to be mourned). In mourning the names of those we have lost, we also mourn the loss of an era, the loss of a certain potentiality or love of thought, of a certain way of philosophising. Mourning, co-mourning, co-memorating, indeed; but also investigating, relearning, relaunching the phrases where those names figured and indeed continue to figure. Writing obituaries may feel like the expression of a final farewell but they, like any other writing, are not at all final. There is nothing final but the finality of finitude itself.

And finally, too, the name is also a resistance to the number, where a certain effable or ineffable quality counters the privilege of quantity so dear to statisticians and demographers.¹⁷ For the latter, there is no commemoration, no possible honour in the adamic task of naming and of perpetuating the name, no space for something else to be said, something every name always makes possible, be it only by its linking onto another name. But the absence of commemoration in the discourse of numbers, and the absence of commemorative gatherings in the climate of pandemic, cannot yet bring commemoration to an end. For commemoration is in itself the sign of an absence. The *absence* of commemoration, both objective and subjective genitive, names the inscription of what is no longer but which still bears a name, that is, a memory that no work of mourning can ever ultimately forget—and which commemoration actively resists. More precisely, the absence of commemoration is an 'appearing disappearing', a *retrait*, where what is withdrawn is always redrawn elsewhere. Our mourning can both begin and end before the name, but it can never forget the name itself as the memory or co-memory we commemorate in remembering the

name, alone together. Not so much the end of mourning, then, as its reiterative reaffirmation, commemoration comes down to a practice of active mourning (like active forgetting), not an 'end' but its retreat, its appearing/disappearing as the incessant redrawing of its withdrawal. Not a self-deprecating melancholia, be it 'left' or other,¹⁸ nor the indulgent luxury of nostalgia, but the endless inscription of a name whose loss we can never stop mourning.

So, how do we commemorate that? We can begin by naming the names, and I can only start with those whose loss has hit me especially hard, those who have taught me directly and whom I mourn alone, but also very much together with many, many others: Hillis Miller, Harry Berger, Jean-Luc Nancy, Lauren Berlant, Tyler Stovall, Gloria Watkins (bell hooks), Aijaz Ahmad. I leave it for others to name these names again, and those of all too many others as well . . .

Notes

- ¹ Sigmund Freud, 'Mourning and Melancholia', *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works*, Volume XIX, translated by James Strachey (London, Hogarth, 1953–1974), 244; hereafter abbreviated *SE*. My special thanks to Darryl Chagi for responding to and encouraging my interpretation of Freud's essay.
- ² Georges Canguilhem, *The Normal and the Pathological*, translated by Carolyn R. Fawcett and Robert S. Cohen (New York, Zone Books, 1991).
- ³ It might well be objected that it is not the memory itself that is expunged in mourning but merely the affect associated with its libidinal investment, which then raises the question of an affectless memory, but what kind of memory could that even be? How can anything at all be remembered in the absence of its affect? Or, is it not the affect itself that is what we remember about any given memory? So, would stripping a memory of its affect then not efface the memory itself?
- ⁴ Lauren Berlant, *Cruel Optimism* (Durham, Duke University Press, 2011).
- ⁵ As Jean-Luc Nancy writes, 'the death of the other is not only that to which I cannot have access, that which I cannot take on myself or appropriate – as little as I can appropriate my 'own' death', *The Sense of the World*, translated by Jeffrey S. Librett (Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1997), 72.
- ⁶ As Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe and Jean-Luc Nancy explain the term, it is not merely a question of retreat or withdrawal as a kind of absence, as a mere disappearance: '*retrait* is the act of appearing disappearing (*apparaître disparaissant*). Not just of appearing *while* disappearing (*apparaître en disparaissant*), but of appearing as disappearance (*apparaître en tant que disparition*), within disappearance itself

- (dans la disparition même): 'Le peuple juif ne rêve pas', in *La panique politique* (Paris, Christian Bourgois, 2013), 72. The term, *retrait*, is also Jacques Derrida's translation of Heidegger's *Entziehung*. See 'The *Retrait* of Metaphor', translated by Peggy Kamuf, in *Psyche: Inventions of the Other*, edited by Peggy Kamuf and Elizabeth Rottenberg (Stanford, Stanford University Press, 2007), I: 48–80. I retrace the vicissitudes of this term in *Sense and Singularity: Jean-Luc Nancy and the Interruption of Philosophy* (New York, Fordham University Press, forthcoming).
- ⁷ Michel de Montaigne, 'That to Philosophize is to Learn to Die', *The Complete Essays of Montaigne*, translated by Donald Frame (Stanford, Stanford University Press, 1957), I: xx: 56–68. Nancy recently sharpened Montaigne's formulation to 'all philosophy comes from the fear of death', *An All-Too-Human Virus*, translated by Cory Stockwell, Sarah Cliff and David Fernbach (Cambridge, Polity Press, 2022), 66.
- ⁸ It is difficult in this context of post-mortem surprises not to recollect the revelations regarding Paul de Man's early journalism 'discovered' some three years after his passing. On the other hand, these texts, no matter how one relates to them and to De Man's legacy as a critical thinker, were less secrets 'hidden away' than actual publications merely lost in archives that would have been of little interest had De Man not himself become a leading intellectual figure. See *Wartime Journalism: 1939–1943*, edited by Werner Hamacher, Neil Hertz and Thomas Keenan (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1988).
- ⁹ While the more abstract loss of one's sense of world may seem to bring mourning closer to melancholia, the relevant difference for Freud would remain a repression of loss in melancholia which unconsciously drives an 'impoverishment' or an 'extraordinary diminution' of the ego, even 'sadistic rage' towards it: 'In mourning it is the world which has become poor and empty; in melancholia it is the ego itself' (*SE XIX*, 246).
- ¹⁰ I use the term 'inter-subjective' guardedly, since its formulation itself presupposes the prior existence of individualised subjects who then subsequently enter into various kinds of 'inter' relations. A more astute analysis, in the spirit of Nancy, would argue this inter-relationality itself as the basis for the apparent development of different subjectivities, a *mitsein* or 'being with' as the very condition of any given being. Intersubjectivity per se as an analytical concept is, of course, most associated with the work of Jessica Benjamin, in particular, *The Bonds of Love: Psychoanalysis, Feminism, and the Problem of Domination* (New York, Pantheon, 1988).
- ¹¹ 'Community is revealed in the death of others; hence it is always revealed to others,' Nancy, *The Inoperative Community*, translated by Peter Connor (Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1989), 15.

- ¹² Freud, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*, SE XVIII: 65–143.
- ¹³ The term, ‘community at loose ends’, references Peggy Kamuf’s proposed, and to my mind superior, translation of the title of Nancy’s *La communauté désœuvrée* (Paris, Christian Bourgois, 1986), better known in English by its published translation as *The Inoperative Community*. It then became the name of a reading group at Miami University (Ohio), a conference there, and eventually a volume by that title edited by the ‘Miami Theory Collective’ (Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1991).
- ¹⁴ Jean-François Lyotard, *Readings in Infancy* (Paris, Galilée, 1991). Also, see Nancy’s articulation of existence itself as ‘the triple mourning I must go through: that of the death of the other, that of my birth and that of my death’, *The Inoperative Community*, 30.
- ¹⁵ Jacques Derrida, *Memoires: for Paul de Man*, revised edition, translated by Cecile Lindsay, Jonathan Culler, Eduardo Cadava and Peggy Kamuf (New York, Columbia University Press, 1989).
- ¹⁶ Gottlob Frege, ‘On *Sinn* and *Bedeutung*’, translated by Max Black, in *The Frege Reader*, edited by Michael Beaney (Oxford, Blackwell, 1997), 151–71; Saul A. Kripke, *Naming and Necessity* (Cambridge, MA, Harvard University Press, 1972); Lyotard, *The Differend: Phrases in Dispute*, translated by Georges Van Den Abbeele (Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1988).
- ¹⁷ Among the most politically effective strategies of the Black Lives Matters movement has been the call to ‘name their names’ with regards to the victims of police abuse rather than the more traditional reliance on statistics alone to make the case.
- ¹⁸ Cf. Enzo Traverso, *Left-Wing Melancholia: Marxism, History, and Memory* (New York, Columbia University Press, 2016).