



## [Dream City and Dream House, Dreams of the Future, Anthropological Nihilism, Jung]

My good father had been in Paris.

—Karl Gutzkow, *Briefe aus Paris* (Leipzig, 1842), vol. 1, p. 58

Library where the books have melted into one another and the titles have faded away.

—Dr. Pierre Mabilie, "Préface à l'*Eloge des préjugés populaires*," *Minotaure*, 2, no. 6 (Winter 1935), p. 2

The Pantheon raising its somber dome toward the somber dome of the sky.

—Ponson du Terrail, *Les Dramas de Paris*, vol. 1, p. 9<sup>1</sup>

Awakening as a graduated process that goes on in the life of the individual as in the life of generations. Sleep its initial stage. A generation's experience of youth has much in common with the experience of dreams. Its historical configuration is a dream configuration. Every epoch has such a side turned toward dreams, the child's side. For the previous century, this appears very clearly in the arcades. But whereas the education of earlier generations explained these dreams for them in terms of tradition, of religious doctrine, present-day education simply amounts to the distraction of children. Proust could emerge as an unprecedented phenomenon only in a generation that had lost all bodily and natural aids to remembrance<sup>2</sup> and that, poorer than before, was left to itself to take possession of the worlds of childhood in merely an isolated, scattered, and pathological way. What follows here is an experiment in the technique of awakening. An attempt to become aware of the dialectical—the Copernican—turn of remembrance. [K1.1]

The Copernican revolution in historical perception is as follows. Formerly it was thought that a fixed point had been found in "what has been," and one saw the present engaged in tentatively concentrating the forces of knowledge on this ground. Now this relation is to be overturned, and what has been is to become the dialectical reversal—the flash of awakened consciousness. Politics attains

primacy over history. The facts become something that just now first happened to us, first struck us; to establish them is the affair of memory. Indeed, awakening is the great exemplar of memory: the occasion on which it is given us to remember what is closest, truest, most obvious. What Proust intends with the experimental rearrangement of furniture in maternal half-slumber, what Bloch recognizes as the darkness of the lived moment,<sup>3</sup> is nothing other than what here is to be secured on the level of the historical, and collectively. There is a not-yet-conscious knowledge of what has been: its advancement<sup>4</sup> has the structure of awakening. [K1.2]

There is a wholly unique experience of dialectic. The compelling—the drastic—experience, which refutes everything "gradual" about becoming and shows all seeming "development" to be dialectical reversal, eminently and thoroughly composed, is the awakening from dream. For the dialectical schematism at the core of this process, the Chinese have often found, in their fairy tales and novels, a highly pregnant expression. The new, dialectical method of doing history presents itself as the art of experiencing the present as waking world, a world to which that dream we name the past refers in truth. To pass through and carry out *what has been* in remembering the dream!—Therefore: remembering and awakening are most intimately related. Awakening is namely the dialectical, Copernican turn of remembrance. [K1.3]

The nineteenth century a spacetime <Zeitraum> (a dreamtime <Zeit-traum>) in which the individual consciousness more and more secures itself in reflecting, while the collective consciousness sinks into ever deeper sleep. But just as the sleeper—in this respect like the madman—sets out on the macrocosmic journey through his own body, and the noises and feelings of his insides, such as blood pressure, intestinal churn, heartbeat, and muscle sensation (which for the waking and salubrious individual converge in a steady surge of health) generate, in the extravagantly heightened inner awareness of the sleeper, illusion or dream imagery which translates and accounts for them, so likewise for the dreaming collective, which, through the arcades, communes with its own insides. We must follow in its wake so as to expound the nineteenth century—in fashion and advertising, in buildings and politics—as the outcome of its dream visions. [K1.4]

It is one of the tacit suppositions of psychoanalysis that the clear-cut antithesis of sleeping and waking has no value for determining the empirical form of consciousness of the human being, but instead yields before an unending variety of concrete states of consciousness conditioned by every conceivable level of wakefulness within all possible centers. The situation of consciousness as patterned and checked by sleep and waking need only be transferred from the individual to the collective. Of course, much that is external to the former is internal to the latter: architecture, fashion—yes, even the weather—are, in the interior of the collective, what the sensoria of organs, the feeling of sickness or health, are inside the individual. And so long as they preserve this unconscious, amorphous dream

configuration, they are as much natural processes as digestion, breathing, and the like. They stand in the cycle of the eternally selfsame, until the collective seizes upon them in politics and history emerges. [K1.5]

"Who will inhabit the paternal home? Who will pray in the church where he was baptized? Who will still know the room where he raised his first cry, where he witnessed a last breath? Who will be able to rest his brow above the sill of a window where, as a youth, he would have formed those waking dreams which are the grace of dawn within the long and somber servitude of life? O roots of joy torn from the human soul!" Louis Veuillot, *Les Odeurs de Paris* (Paris, 1914), p. 11. [K1a.1]

The fact that we were children during this time belongs together with its objective image. It had to be this way in order to produce this generation. That is to say: we seek a teleological moment in the context of dreams. Which is the moment of waiting. The dream waits secretly for the awakening: the sleeper surrenders himself to death only provisionally, waits for the second when he will cunningly wrest himself from its clutches. So, too, the dreaming collective, whose children provide the happy occasion for its own awakening. □ Method □ [K1a.2]

Task of childhood: to bring the new world into symbolic space. The child, in fact, can do what the grownup absolutely cannot: recognize the new once again. For us, locomotives already have symbolic character because we met with them in childhood. Our children, however, will find this in automobiles, of which we ourselves see only the new, elegant, modern, cheeky side. There is no more insipid and shabby antithesis than that which reactionary thinkers like Klages try to set up between the symbol-space of nature and that of technology. To each truly new configuration of nature—and, at bottom, technology is just such a configuration—there correspond new "images." Every childhood discovers these new images in order to incorporate them into the image stock of humanity. □ Method □ [K1a.3]

It is remarkable that constructions in which the expert recognizes anticipations of contemporary building fashions impress the alert but architecturally unschooled sense not at all as anticipatory but as distinctly old-fashioned and dreamlike. (Old railroad stations, gasworks, bridges.) [K1a.4]

"The nineteenth century: singular fusion of individualistic and collectivist tendencies. Unlike virtually every previous age, it labels all actions 'individualistic' (ego, nation, art) while subterraneanly, in despised everyday domains, it necessarily furnishes, as in a delirium, the elements for a collective formation. . . . With this raw material, we must occupy ourselves—with gray buildings, market halls, department stores, exhibitions." Sigfried Giedion, *Bauen in Frankreich* (Leipzig and Berlin), p. 15. [K1a.5]

It is not only that the forms of appearance taken by the dream collective in the nineteenth century cannot be thought away; and not only that these forms characterize this collective much more decisively than any other—they are also, rightly interpreted, of the highest practical import, for they allow us to recognize the sea on which we navigate and the shore from which we push off. It is here, therefore, that the "critique" of the nineteenth century—to say it in one word—ought to begin. The critique not of its mechanism and cult of machinery but of its narcotic historicism, its passion for masks, in which nevertheless lurks a signal of true historical existence, one which the Surrealists were the first to pick up. To decipher this signal is the concern of the present undertaking. And the revolutionary materialist basis of Surrealism is sufficient warrant for the fact that, in this signal of true historical existence, the nineteenth century gave supreme expression to its economic basis. [K1a.6]

Attempt to develop Giedion's thesis. "In the nineteenth century," he writes, "construction plays the role of the subconscious."<sup>5</sup> Wouldn't it be better to say "the role of bodily processes"—around which "artistic" architectures gather, like dreams around the framework of physiological processes? [K1a.7]

Capitalism was a natural phenomenon with which a new dream-filled sleep came over Europe, and, through it, a reactivation of mythic forces. [K1a.8]

The first tremors of awakening serve to deepen sleep. [K1a.9]

"Strange, by the way, that when we survey this whole intellectual movement, Scribe appears as the only one to occupy himself directly and thoroughly with the present. Everyone else busies himself more with the past than with the powers and interests that set their own time in motion. . . . It was the past, moreover—it was the history of philosophy—that fueled eclectic doctrine; and, finally, it was the history of literature whose treasures were disclosed, in Villemain, by a critic incapable of entering more deeply into the literary life of its own period." Julius Meyer, *Geschichte der modernen französischen Malerei* (Leipzig, 1867), pp. 415–416. [K2.1]

What the child (and, through faint reminiscence, the man) discovers in the pleats of the old material to which it clings while trailing at its mother's skirts—that's what these pages should contain. □ Fashion □ [K2.2]

It is said that the dialectical method consists in doing justice each time to the concrete historical situation of its object. But that is not enough. For it is just as much a matter of doing justice to the concrete historical situation of the *interest* taken in the object. And *this* situation is always so constituted that the interest is itself preformed in that object and, above all, feels this object concretized in itself and upraised from its former being into the higher concretion of now-being (*Jetztsein* (waking being!). In what way this now-being (which is something other

than the now-being of "the present time" (*Jetztzeit*), since it is a being punctuated and intermittent) already signifies, in itself, a higher concretion—this question, of course, can be entertained by the dialectical method only within the purview of a historical perception that at all points has overcome the ideology of progress. In regard to such a perception, one could speak of the increasing concentration (integration) of reality, such that everything past (in its time) can acquire a higher grade of actuality than it had in the moment of its existing. How it marks itself as higher actuality is determined by the image as which and in which it is comprehended. And this dialectical penetration and actualization of former contexts puts the truth of all present action to the test. Or rather, it serves to ignite the explosive materials that are latent in what has been (the authentic figure of which is *fashion*). To approach, in this way, "what has been" means to treat it not historically, as heretofore, but politically, in political categories. □ Fashion □ [K2.3]

The imminent awakening is poised, like the wooden horse of the Greeks, in the Troy of dreams. [K2.4]

On the doctrine of the ideological superstructure. It seems, at first sight, that Marx wanted to establish here only a causal relation between superstructure and infrastructure. But already the observation that ideologies of the superstructure reflect conditions falsely and invidiously goes beyond this. The question, in effect, is the following: if the infrastructure in a certain way (in the materials of thought and experience) determines the superstructure, but if such determination is not reducible to simple reflection, how is it then—entirely apart from any question about the originating cause—to be characterized? As its expression. The superstructure is the expression of the infrastructure. The economic conditions under which society exists are expressed in the superstructure—precisely as, with the sleeper, an overfull stomach finds not its reflection but its expression in the contents of dreams, which, from a causal point of view, it may be said to "condition." The collective, from the first, expresses the conditions of its life. These find their expression in the dream and their interpretation in the awakening. [K2.5]

Jugendstil—a first attempt to reckon with the open air. It finds a distinctive embodiment, for example, in the drawings of *Symphiasimus*, which clearly show how, in order to get a little air, one must become satirical. From another perspective, Jugendstil could blossom in the artificial light and isolation in which advertising presents its objects. This birth of *plein air* from the spirit of the interior is the sensuous expression of the situation of Jugendstil from the viewpoint of the philosophy of history: Jugendstil is the dream that one has come awake. (See S4a.1.) □ Advertising □ [K2.6]

Just as technology is always revealing nature from a new perspective, so also, as it impinges on human beings, it constantly makes for variations in their most

primordial passions, fears, and images of longing. In this work I mean to wrest from primal history (*Urgeschichte*) a portion of the nineteenth century. The alluring and threatening face of primal history is clearly manifest to us in the beginnings of technology, in the living arrangements of the nineteenth century; it has not yet shown itself in what lies nearer to us in time. But it is also more intense in technology (on account of the latter's natural origin) than in other domains. That is the reason old photographs—but not old drawings—have a ghostly effect. [K2a.1]

On Wiertz's picture *Thoughts and Visions of a Severed Head*, and its explication. The first thing that strikes one about this magnetopathic experience is the grandiose sleight of hand which the consciousness executes in death. "What a singular thing! The head is here under the scaffold, and it believes that it still exists above, forming part of the body and continuing to wait for the blow that will separate it from the trunk." A. Wiertz, *Oeuvres littéraires* (Paris, 1870), p. 492. The same inspiration at work here in Wiertz animates Bierce in his extraordinary short story about the rebel who is hanged, and who experiences, at the moment of his death, the flight that frees him from the hangman.<sup>6</sup> [K2a.2]

Every current of fashion or of worldview derives its force from what is forgotten. This downstream flow is ordinarily so strong that only the group can give itself up to it; the individual—the precursor—is liable to collapse in the face of such violence, as happened with Proust. In other words: what Proust, as an individual, directly experienced in the phenomenon of remembrance, we have to experience indirectly (with regard to the nineteenth century) in studying "current," "fashion," "tendency"—as punishment, if you will, for the sluggishness which keeps us from taking it up ourselves.<sup>7</sup> [K2a.3]

Fashion, like architecture, inheres in the darkness of the lived moment, belongs to the dream consciousness of the collective. The latter awakes, for example, in advertising. [K2a.4]

"Very interesting . . . how the fascistization of science had to alter precisely those elements in Freud which still stem from the enlightened, materialistic period of the bourgeoisie. . . . In Jung, . . . the unconscious . . . is no longer individual—that is, not an acquired condition in the single . . . human being, but a stock of primal humanity renewing itself in the present; it is not repression but fruitful return." Ernst Bloch, *Erbschaft dieser Zeit* (Zurich, 1935), p. 254.<sup>8</sup> [K2a.5]

Historical index of childhood according to Marx. In his derivation of the normative character of Greek art (as an art springing from the childhood of the human race), Marx says: "Doesn't the child in every epoch represent the character of the period in its natural veracity?"<sup>9</sup> Cited in Max Raphael, *Proudhon, Marx, Picasso* (Paris, 1933), p. 175. [K2a.6]

More than a hundred years before it was fully manifest, the colossal acceleration of the tempo of living was heralded in the tempo of production. And, indeed, in the form of the machine. "The number of implements that he himself [that is, the human being] can use simultaneously is limited by the number of his own natural instruments of production, by the number of his bodily organs. . . . The jenny, on the other hand, even at its very birth, spun with twelve to eighteen spindles, and the stocking loom knits with many thousands of needles at once. The number of tools that a machine can bring into play simultaneously is, from the very first, emancipated from the organic limits that hedge in the tools of a handicraftsman." Karl Marx, *Das Kapital*, vol. 1 (Hamburg, 1922), p. 337.<sup>10</sup> The tempo of machine operation effects changes in the economic tempo. "In this country, the main thing is to reap a huge fortune with as little delay as possible. It used to be that the fortune resulting from a commercial house begun by the grandfather was scarcely run through by the time the grandson died. Things don't happen that way any more; people want to enjoy without waiting, without having to be patient." Louis Raimier Lanfranchi, *Voyage à Paris, ou Esquisses des hommes et des choses dans cette capitale* (Paris, 1830), p. 110. [K3.1]

Simultaneity, the basis of the new style of living, likewise comes from mechanical production: "Each detail machine supplies raw material to the machine next in order; and since they are all working at the same time, the product is always going through the various stages of its fabrication, and is also constantly in a state of transition from one phase to another. . . . The collective machine, now an organized system of various kinds of single machines, and of groups of single machines, becomes more and more perfect, the more the process as a whole becomes a continuous one—that is, the less the raw material is interrupted in its passage from its first phase to its last; in other words, the more its passage from one phase to another is effected not by the hand of man but by the machinery itself. In manufacture the isolation of each detail process is a condition imposed by the nature of division of labor, but in the fully developed factory the continuity of those processes is, on the contrary, imperative." Karl Marx, *Das Kapital*, vol. 1 (Hamburg, 1922), p. 344.<sup>11</sup> [K3.2]

Film: unfolding (result?)<sup>12</sup> of all the forms of perception, the tempos and rhythms, which lie preformed in today's machines, such that all problems of contemporary art find their definitive formulation only in the context of film. □ Precursors □ [K3.3]

A small piece of materialist analysis, more valuable than most of what exists in this field: "We love these hard, solid blocks of material which Flaubert raises and lets fall with the intermittent thud of a steam shovel. For if, as I found recounted in some book or other, sailors at sea used to catch the glow of Flaubert's lamp as he worked through the night, and take their bearings from it, as if from a light-house beam, so too it might be said that when he 'unloaded' a good round phrase, it had the regular rhythm of one of those machines used in excavating

Happy are they who can feel the beat of this obsessive rhythm." Marcel Proust, *Chroniques* (Paris, 1927), p. 204 ("A Propos du 'style' de Flaubert").<sup>13</sup> [K3.4]

In his chapter on the fetish character of the commodity, Marx has shown how ambiguous the economic world of capitalism seems. It is an ambiguity considerably heightened by the intensification of capital management—as we see exemplified quite clearly in the machines which aggravate exploitation rather than alleviate the human lot. Isn't there implicit here a general connection to the equivocality of the phenomena we are dealing with in the nineteenth century? The significance of intoxication for perception, of fiction for thinking, such as was never before recognized? "One thing has disappeared in the general upheaval, and it was a great loss for art: the naive and therefore dependable accord of life and appearance"—so we read, characteristically, in Julius Meyer's *Geschichte der modernen französischen Malerei seit 1789* (Leipzig, 1867), p. 31. [K3.5]

On the political significance of film. Socialism would never have entered the world if its proponents had sought only to excite the enthusiasm of the working classes for a better order of things. What made for the power and authority of the movement was that Marx understood how to interest the workers in a social order which would both benefit them and appear to them as just. It is exactly the same with art. At no point in time, no matter how utopian, will anyone win the masses over to a higher art; they can be won over only to one nearer to them. And the difficulty consists precisely in finding a form for art such that, with the best conscience in the world, one could hold that it is a higher art. This will never happen with most of what is propagated by the avant-garde of the bourgeoisie. Here, Berl's argument is perfectly correct: "The confusion over the word 'revolution'—a word which, for a Leninist, signifies the acquisition of power by the proletariat, and which elsewhere signifies the overturning of recognized spiritual values—is sufficiently attested by the Surrealists in their desire to establish Picasso as a revolutionary. . . . Picasso deceives them. . . . A painter is not more revolutionary for having 'revolutionized' painting than a tailor like Poiret is for having 'revolutionized' fashion, or than a doctor is for having 'revolutionized' medicine." Emmanuel Berl, "Premier pamphlet," *Europe*, 75 (1929), p. 401. The masses positively require from the work of art (which, for them, has its place in the circle of consumer items) something that is warming. Here the flame most readily kindled is that of hatred. Its heat, however, burns or scars without providing the "heart's ease" which qualifies art for consumption. Kitsch, on the other hand, is nothing more than art with a 100 percent, absolute and instantaneous availability for consumption. Precisely within the consecrated forms of expression, therefore, kitsch and art stand irreconcilably opposed. But for developing, living forms, what matters is that they have within them something stirring, useful, ultimately heartening—that they take "kitsch" dialectically up into themselves, and hence bring themselves near to the masses while yet surmounting the kitsch. Today, perhaps, film alone is equal to this task—or, at any rate, more ready for it than any other art form. And whoever has recognized this will be inclined

als. Revolution and war, like a fever, are best suited to get it moving. . . . Seeing that the psychology of the individual is now outmoded, let us call upon a sort of natural history of volcanic rhythms and subterranean streams. There is nothing on the surface of the earth that was not once digested and circulated in the depths." Dr. Pierre Mabille, "Préface à l'Eloge des préjugés populaires," *Minotaure*, 2, no. 6 (Winter 1935), p. 2. [K4a,2]

"The recent past always presents itself as though annihilated by catastrophes." Wiesengrund, in a letter (of June 5, 1935).<sup>15</sup> [K4a,3]

Apropos of Henry Bordeaux's recollections of his youth: "In sum, the nineteenth century ran its course without in the least appearing to announce the twentieth." André Thérive, "Les Livres," *Le Temps* (June 27, 1935). [K4a,4]

The embers blaze in your eyes,  
And you flash like a mirror.  
Have you hooves, have you wings,  
My black-flanked locomotive?  
See its mane ripple,  
Listen to that whinny;  
Its gallop is a rumble  
Of artillery and thunder.

Refrain:

Feed your horse its oats!  
Saddled, bridled—whistle and we're off! Ride  
At a gallop across the bridge, under the arch,  
Plow your way through hill and dale—  
No mount can rival yours.

Pierre Dupont, "Le Chauffeur de locomotive" (Paris) ("Passage du Caire"). [K4a,1]

"Yesterday, looking down from the tower of Notre Dame, I was able to take in this gigantic city. Who built the first house, and when will the last one collapse? When will the ground of Paris look like that of Thebes or Babylon?" Friedrich von Raumer, *Briefe aus Paris und Frankreich im Jahre 1830* (Leipzig, 1831), vol. 2, p. 127. [K4a,2]

D'Eichthal's additions to Duveyrier's plan of the "new city." They have to do with the temple. Significant that Duveyrier himself says, "My temple is a woman!" Counters d'Eichthal: "I think that the temple will contain the palace of man and the palace of woman; the man will go to pass the night with the woman, and the woman will come to work during the day with the man. Between the two palaces will be the temple proper, the place of communion, where the man and the woman join with all women and all men; and there the couple will neither rest nor labor in

to disallow the pretensions of abstract film, as important as its experiments may be. He will call for a closed season on—a natural preserve for—the sort of kitsch whose providential site is the cinema. Only film can detonate the explosive stuff which the nineteenth century has accumulated in that strange and perhaps formerly unknown material which is kitsch. But just as with the political structure of film, so also with other distinctively modern means of expression (such as lighting or plastic design): abstraction can be dangerous. [K3a,1]

One can characterize the problem of the form of the new art straight on: When and how will the worlds of form which, without our assistance, have arisen, for example, in mechanics, in film, in machine construction, in the new physics, and which have subjugated us, make it clear for us what manner of nature they contain? When will we reach a state of society in which these forms, or those arising from them, reveal themselves to us as natural forms? Of course, this brings to light only one moment in the dialectical essence of technology. (*Which* moment, is hard to say: antithesis if not synthesis.) In any case, there lives in technology another impulse as well: to bring about objectives strange to nature, along with means that are alien and inimical to nature—measures that emancipate themselves from nature and master it. [K3a,2]

On Grandville: "Between an uninformed vision of the streets and a knowledge of the occult derived from cartomancy or astrology, a knowledge openly tormented by flora and fauna and by a dream-humanity, he managed to lead a boundless imaginary life within a fabulous realm of primal poetry. . . . Grandville was perhaps the first draftsman ever to give the larval life of dreams a rational plastic form. Evident beneath this poised appearance, however, is that *fleblie nescio quid!*" which disconcerts and provokes disquietude—sometimes troubling enough." MacOrlan, "Grandville le précurseur," *Arts et métiers graphiques*, 44 (December 15, 1934), pp. 20-21. The essay presents <Grandville> as a forerunner of Surrealism, particularly of surrealist film (Méliès, Walt Disney). [K4,1]

Confrontation between the "visceral unconscious" and the "unconscious of oblivion"—the first of which is predominantly individual, the second predominantly collective: "The other part of the unconscious is made up of the mass of things learned in the course of the centuries and in the course of a life, things which were conscious once and which, by diffusion, have entered oblivion. . . . Vast subterranean fund, in which all cultures, all studies, all proceedings of mind and will, all social uprisings, all struggles are collected in a formless mire. . . . The passionate elements of individuals have receded, dimmed. All that remain are the givens of the external world, more or less transformed and digested. It is of the external world that this unconscious is made. . . . Born of social life, this humus belongs to societies. The species and the individual count for little in it; only the races and the ages leave their mark. This enormous labor undertaken in the shadows comes to light in dreams, thoughts, decisions, and above all at moments of crisis or of social upheaval; it forms the great common ground, the reserve of peoples and individu-

isolation. . . . The temple ought to represent an androgyne, a man and a woman. . . . The same method of division should be employed throughout the city, throughout the realm, throughout the world: there will be the hemisphere of man and the hemisphere of woman." Henry-René d'Allemagne, *Les Saint-Simoniens, 1827-1837* (Paris, 1930), p. 310. [K4a.3]

The Paris of the Saint-Simoniens. From the draft plan sent by Charles Duveyrier to *L'Adoucet*, with the expectation of having it incorporated into *Le Livre des cent-et-un* (which, evidently, it was not): "We wanted to give a human form to the first city inspired by our faith." "The Lord, in his goodness, has spoken through the mouth of man: he sends . . . Paris! It is on the banks of your river and within your walls that I shall impress the seal of my new bounty. . . . Your kings and your peoples have marched with the slowness of centuries, and they have finally arrived at a magnificent place. It is there that the head of my city will repose. . . . The palaces of your kings will be its brow, . . . and I shall tend to its beard of mighty chestnut trees. . . . From the top of that head I will sweep away the old Christian temple, . . . and in this clearing I will arrange a headress of trees. . . . Above the breast of my city, in that sympathetic foyer where the passions all diverge and come together, where sorrows and joys vibrate, I will build my temple, . . . solar plexus of the giant. . . . The hills of Roule and Chaillot will form its flanks; there I will establish bank and university, marketplaces and publishing houses. . . . I will extend the left arm of the colossus along the bank of the Seine; it will run . . . opposite . . . Passy. The corps of engineers . . . will constitute the upper portion, which will stretch toward Vaugrard, and I will make the forearm from the union of all the specialized schools of physical science. . . . In between, . . . I will assemble all the grammar schools and high schools for my city to press to its breast, there on the left where the university is lodged. I will extend the right arm of the giant, as a show of force, all the way to the Gare de Saint-Ouen. . . . I will load this arm with workshops of small industry, arcades, galleries, bazaars. . . . I will form the right thigh and leg from all the large manufacturing establishments. The right foot will touch Neuilly. The left thigh will offer foreigners a long row of hotels. The left leg will reach to the Bois de Boulogne. . . . My city is in the posture of a man about to set off. His feet are bronze; they are resting on a double road of stone and iron. Here . . . vehicles of transport and instruments of communication are manufactured; here carriages race about. . . . Between its knees is an equestrian arena; between its legs, an immense hippodrome." Henry-René d'Allemagne, *Les Saint-Simoniens, 1827-1837* (Paris, 1930), pp. 309-310. The idea for this proposal goes back to Enfantin, who developed plans for the city of the future with the aid of anatomical charts. [K5]

But no, the Orient summons you  
To go irrigate its deserts;  
Raise high into the air  
The towers of the *ville nouvelle*.

F. Maynard, "L'Avenir est beau," in *Foi nouvelle: Chants et chansons de Bar-rault, Vinçard . . . , 1831 à 1834* (Paris, January 1, 1835), book 1, p. 81. Regarding the motif of the desert, compare Rouget de Lisle's "Chant des industriels" and "Le Désert" by Félicien David. [K5a.1]

Paris in the year 2855: "The city is 75 miles in circumference. Versailles and Fontainebleau—neighborhoods lost among so many others—send into less tranquil boroughs refreshing perfumes from trees that are twenty centuries old. Sevres, which has become the regular market for the Chinese (French citizens since the war of 2850), displays . . . its pagodas with their echoing little bells; in its midst can still be found the factories of an earlier age, reconstructed in porcelain à la reine." Arsène Houssaye, "Le Paris futur," in *Paris et les Parisiens au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle* (Paris, 1856), p. 459. [K5a.2]

Chateaubriand on the Obelisk de la Concorde: "The hour will come when the obelisk of the desert will find once again, on Murderers' Square, the silence and solitude of Luxor."<sup>16</sup> Cited in Louis Bertrand, "Discours sur Chateaubriand," *Le Temps* (September 18, 1935). [K5a.3]

Saint-Simon once proposed "turning a mountain in Switzerland into a statue of Napoleon. In one hand, it would hold an occupied city; in the other, a lake." Count Gustav von Schlabrendorf, in Paris, on events and persons of his day [in Carl Gustav Jochmann, *Reliquien. Aus seinen nachgelassenen Papiere*, ed. Heinrich Zschokke, vol. 1 (Hechingen, 1836), p. 146]. [K5a.4]

Nocturnal Paris in *L'Homme qui rit*: "The little wanderer was suffering the indefinable depression made by a sleeping town. Its silence, as of a paralyzed ants' nest, makes the head swim. All its lethargies mingle their nightmares, its slumbers are a crowd."<sup>17</sup> Cited in R. Caillois, "Paris, mythe moderne," *Nouvelle Revue française*, 25, no. 284 (May 1, 1937), p. 691. [K5a.5]

"Because the collective unconscious is . . . a deposit of world-processes embedded in the structure of the brain and the sympathetic nervous system, it constitutes . . . a sort of timeless and eternal world-image which counterbalances our conscious, momentary picture of the world." C. G. Jung, *Seelenprobleme der Gegenwart* (Zürich, Leipzig, and Stuttgart, 1932), p. 326 ("Analytische Psychologie und Weltanschauung").<sup>18</sup> [K6.1]

Jung calls the consciousness—on occasion!—"our Promethean conquest." C. G. Jung, *Seelenprobleme der Gegenwart* (Zürich, Leipzig, and Stuttgart, 1932), p. 249 ("Die Lebenswende"). And in another context: "To be 'unhistorical' is the Promethean sin. In this sense, modern man lives in sin. *Higher consciousness is thus guilt*." *Ibid.*, p. 404 ("Das Seelenproblem des modernen Menschen").<sup>19</sup> [K6.2]

"There can be no doubt that from . . . the memorable years of the French Revolution onward, man has given a more and more prominent place to the psyche, his increasing attentiveness to it being the measure of its growing attraction for him. The enthronement of the Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame seems to have been a symbolic gesture of great significance to the Western world—rather like the hewing down of Wotan's oak by the Christian missionaries. For then, as at the Revolution, no avenging bolt from heaven struck the blasphemer down." C. G. Jung, *Seelenprobleme der Gegenwart* (Zürich, Leipzig, and Stuttgart, 1932), p. 419 ("Das Seelenproblem des modernen Menschen").<sup>20</sup> The "vengeance" for these two historical points of departure is being exacted today, it would seem, simultaneously. National Socialism takes the one affair in hand; Jung, the other. [K6.3]

As long as there is still one beggar around, there will still be myth. [K6.4]

"Moreover, an ingenious improvement had been introduced into the construction of squares. The administration bought them prefabricated, made to order. Trees of colored cardboard and taffeta flowers contributed greatly to these oases, and care had even been taken to conceal in the leaves some artificial birds that sang the whole day long. Thus, what is pleasant in nature had been preserved, while everything unfit and unworthy in nature had been eliminated." Victor Fournel, *Paris nouveau et Paris futur* (Paris, 1868), p. 252 ("Paris futur"). [K6.5]

"The works of M. Haussmann gave rise, at least in the beginning, to a host of rather strange or grandiose projects. . . . For example, the architect M. Hérard published, in 1855, a proposal for building footbridges at the intersection of the Boulevard Saint-Denis and the Boulevard de Sébastopol; these footbridges, incorporating galleries, would make for a continuous square, each side of which would be defined by the angle formed at the crossing of the two boulevards. M. J. Brame, in 1856, exhibited a series of lithographs detailing his plan for a metropolitan railway line—in Paris, specifically—with a system of arches supporting the rails, with walkways on the side for pedestrians, and with elevated crossovers to connect these sidewalks. . . . At around the same time, in a "Letter to the Minister of Commerce," a lawyer called for the establishment of a series of awnings running the length of the streets to shelter the pedestrian, . . . who would have no further need of a carriage or umbrella. Not long after this, an architect . . . proposed to reconstruct the entire historic city center in Gothic style, so as to bring it into harmony with Notre Dame." Victor Fournel, *Paris nouveau et Paris futur* (Paris, 1868), pp. 384–386. [K6a.1]

From Fournel's chapter "Paris futur": "There were first-, second-, and third-class cafés, . . . and, for each category, the number of rooms, tables, billiard tables, mirrors, ornaments, and gildings was carefully regulated. . . . There were master streets and service streets, just as there are master stairways and service

stairways in well-organized houses. . . . On the façade of the barracks, a bas-relief . . . depicted, in an ethereal nimbus, Public Order dressed as an infantryman: an aureole above his brow, he was busy laying low the hundred-headed Hydra of Decentralization. . . . Fifty sentinels, posted at the fifty windows of the barracks opposite the fifty boulevards, were able to see, through field glasses, at a distance of fifteen or twenty kilometers, the fifty sentinels at the fifty gates. . . . Crowning Montmartre was a dome decorated with a giant electric clock, which could be viewed from two sides and heard from four, and which served to regulate all the clocks in the city. The great goal so long sought had finally been achieved: that of making Paris an object of luxury and curiosity, rather than of use—a *ville d'exposition*, a display city placed under glass, . . . an object of admiration and envy to foreigners, unbearable for its inhabitants." V. Fournel, pp. 235–237, 240–241. [K6a.2]

Critique by Fournel of Ch. Duveyrier's Saint-Simonian city: "We cannot continue with the exposition of this rash metaphor of M. Duveyrier's, which he develops . . . with a truly stupefying single-mindedness, and without any sense of the way in which his ingenious distribution would return the city of Paris, in the name of progress, to that period of the Middle Ages when each branch of industry or trade was confined to its own *quartier*." Victor Fournel, *Paris nouveau et Paris futur* (Paris, 1868), pp. 374–375 ("Les Précurseurs de M. Haussmann"). [K7.1]

"We shall speak of a monument especially dear to our heart, one which has come to seem, with a climate such as ours, a virtual necessity: . . . the *winter garden*. . . . Near the center of the city, a vast piece of ground capable of holding, like the Colosseum in Rome, a large part of the population, would be enclosed by a great lighted vault, a little like the Crystal Palace in London, or like our market halls of today; the columns would be of cast iron, with only a bit of stone to strengthen the foundations. . . . O, my winter garden, what use I would make of you for my Novutopians! In the great city of Paris, by contrast, they have built a heavy, clumsy, ugly monument of stone, which no one knows what to do with. Here, in recent months, the paintings of our artists have been displayed, facing away from the light, baking at only a slightly greater remove from the blazing sun." F. A. Couturier de Vienne, *Paris moderne: Plan d'une ville modèle que l'auteur a appelée Novutopie* (Paris, 1860), pp. 263–265. [K7.2]

On the dream house: "In all southern countries, where the popular conception of the street requires that the exteriors of houses appear more 'lived in' than their interiors, this exhibition of the private life of the residents confers on their dwellings the quality of a secret place, which piques the curiosity of foreigners. The impression made is the same in fairs: everything there is consigned to the street with such abandon that whatever is not there takes on the power of a mystery." Adrien Dupassage, "Peintures foraines," *Arts et métiers graphiques* (1939). [K7.3]

Couldn't one compare the social differentiation present in architecture (see Fournel's description of cafés in K6a.2; or front stairs versus back stairs) with the social differentiation at work in fashion? [K7a.1]

On anthropological nihilism, compare N8a.1: Céline, Bemm. [K7a.2]

"The fifteenth century . . . was a time when corpses, skulls and skeletons were extravagantly popular. Painted, sculpted, written about and dramatically represented, the Danse Macabre was everywhere. To the fifteenth-century artist, a good death-appeal was as sure a key to popularity as a good sex-appeal is at the present time." Aldous Huxley, *Croisière d'hiver: Voyage en Amérique centrale* (Paris <1935>), p. 58.<sup>21</sup> [K7a.3]

Concerning the interior of the body: "The motif and its elaboration go back to John Chrysostom's 'On Women and Beauty' (*Opera*, ed. B. de Montfaucon [Paris, 1735], vol. 12, p. 523)." "The beauty of the body is merely skin-deep. For if, like the legendary lynx of Boeotia, men were to see what lies beneath the skin, they would recoil in disgust at the sight of a woman. That well-known charm is nothing but mucus and blood, humors and bile. Just stop to consider what is hidden away in the nostrils, the throat, or the belly: everywhere filth. And if, in fact, we shrink from touching mucus or dung with even the tip of our finger, how could we ever wish to embrace the sack of excrements itself?" Odon of Chluny, *Collationum*, book 3 (Migne), vol. 133, p. 556; cited in J. Huizinga, *Herbst des Mittelalters* (Munich, 1928), p. 197.<sup>22</sup> [K7a.4]

Re the psychoanalytic theory of memory: "Freud's later researches made it clear that this view [the concept of repression] must be enlarged. . . . The machinery of repression . . . is . . . a special case of the . . . significant process which occurs when the ego is unequal to meeting certain demands made upon the mental mechanism. The more general process of defense does not cancel the strong impressions; it only lays them aside. . . . It will be in the interest of clarity for me to state the contrast between memory and reminiscence with deliberate bluntness: the function of memory [the author identifies the sphere of "forgetfulness" with "unconscious memory" (p. 130)] is to protect our impressions; reminiscence aims at their dissolution. *Essentially memory is conservative; reminiscence, destructive.*" Theodor Reik, *Der überrasschte Psychologe* (Leiden, 1935), pp. 130–132.<sup>23</sup> [K8.1]

"For instance, we experience the death of a near relative . . . and believe that we feel our grief in all its depth . . . , but our grief reveals its depths only long after we think that we have got the better of it." The "forgotten" grief persists and gains ground; compare the death of the grandmother in Proust. "To experience means to master an impression inwardly that was so strong we could not grasp it at once." This definition of experience in Freud's sense is something very different

from what is meant by those who speak of having "had an experience." Theodor Reik, *Der überrasschte Psychologe* (Leiden, 1935), p. 131.<sup>24</sup> [K8.2]

What is laid aside in the unconscious as content of memory. Proust speaks of the "thoroughly alive and creative sleep of the unconscious . . . in which the things that barely touch us succeed in carving an impression, in which our hands take hold of the key that turns the lock, the key for which we have sought in vain." Marcel Proust, *La Prisonnière* (Paris, 1923), vol. 2, p. 189.<sup>25</sup> [K8.3]

The classic passage on "involuntary memory" in Proust—prelude to the moment in which the effect of the madeleine on the narrator is described: "And so it was that, for a long time afterward, when I lay awake at night and revived old memories of Combray, I saw no more of it than this sort of luminous panel. . . . I must own that I could have assured any questioner that Combray did include other scenes. . . . But since the facts which I should then have recalled would have been prompted only by the voluntary memory, the intellectual memory, and since the information which that kind of memory gives us about the past preserves nothing of the past itself, I should never have had any wish to ponder over this residue of Combray. . . . And so it is with our own past. It is a labor in vain to attempt to recapture it: all the efforts of our intellect must prove futile. The past is hidden somewhere outside the realm, beyond the reach, of intellect, in some material object . . . which we do not suspect. And as for that object, it depends on chance whether we come upon it or not before we ourselves must die." Marcel Proust, *Du Côté de chez Swann*, vol. 1, pp. 67–69.<sup>26</sup> [K8a.1]

The classic passage on awakening at night in a dark room and the ensuing orientation: "When I awoke like this, and my mind struggled in an unsuccessful attempt to discover where I was, everything would be moving round me through the darkness: things, places, years. My body, still too heavy with sleep to move, would make an effort to construe the form which its tiredness took as an orientation of its various members, so as to deduce from that where the wall lay and the furniture stood, to piece together and to give a name to the house in which it must be living. Its memory, the composite memory of its ribs, knees, and shoulder-blades, offered it a whole series of rooms in which it had at one time or another slept, while the unseen walls kept changing, adapting themselves to the shape of each successive room that it remembered, whirling madly through the darkness. And even before my brain . . . had collected sufficient impressions . . . to identify the room, it, my body, would recall from each room in succession what the bed was like, where the doors were, how daylight came in at the windows, whether there was a passage outside, what I had in my mind when I went to sleep, and had found there when I awoke." Marcel Proust, *Du Côté de chez Swann*, vol. 1, p. 15.<sup>27</sup> [K8a.2]

Proust on nights of deep sleep after great exhaustion: "Good nights . . . turn so effectively the soil and break through the surface stone of our body that we

discover there, where our muscles dive down and throw out their twisted roots and breathe the air of the new life, the garden in which as a child we used to play. There is no need to travel in order to see it again; we must dig down inwardly to discover it. What once covered the earth is no longer upon it but beneath; a mere excursion does not suffice for a visit to the dead city—excavation is necessary also.” These words run counter to the injunction to revisit the sites of one’s childhood. And they lose not a whit of their sense when taken as a critique of the *mémoire volontaire*. Marcel Proust, *Le Côté de Guermantes* (Paris, 1920), vol. 1, p. 82.<sup>28</sup> [K9,1]

Linking of Proust’s oeuvre to the work of Baudelaire: “One of the masterpieces of French literature—*Sylvie*, by Gérard de Nerval—like the *Mémoires d’outre-tombe* of Chateaubriand . . . contains a sensation of the same character as the savor of the madeleine. . . . And finally, in Baudelaire, these reminiscences are still more frequent and obviously less incidental and therefore, in my opinion, decisive. Here it is the poet himself who, with more variety and more indolence, purposely seeks in the odor of a woman’s hair or her breast, for example, inspiring resemblances which shall evoke for him ‘the canopy of overarching sky’ and ‘a harbor filled with masts and sails.’ I was going to endeavor to recall the poems of Baudelaire which are based in similar manner on a transferred sensation, in order definitely to place myself again in line with such a noble literary heritage and reassure myself that the work I was now about to undertake without any further hesitation was worth the effort I was going to devote to it, when I reached the foot of the stairs . . . and suddenly found myself . . . in the midst of a fête.” Marcel Proust, *Le Temps retrouvé* (Paris <1927>), vol. 2, pp. 82–83.<sup>29</sup> [K9,2]

“Man is himself, is man, only at the surface. Lift the skin, dissect: here begin the machines. It is then you lose yourself in an inexplicable substance, something alien to everything you know, and which is nonetheless the essential.” Paul Valéry, *Cahier B, 1910* (Paris <1930>), pp. 39–40. [K9,3]

Dream city of Napoleon I: “Napoleon, who originally had wanted to erect the Arc de Triomphe somewhere inside the city, like the disappointing first effort made at the Place du Carrousel, let himself be persuaded by Fontaine to start construction west of the city, where a large tract of land was at his disposal, on an imperial Paris that would surpass the royal city, Versailles included. Between the summit of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées and the Seine, . . . on the plateau where today the Trocadéro stands, was to be built, ‘with palaces for twelve kings and their retinues,’ . . . ‘not only the most beautiful city that ever was, but the most beautiful city that ever could be.’ The Arc de Triomphe was conceived as the first edifice of this city.” Fritz Stahl, *Paris* (Berlin <1929>), pp. 27–28. [K9a,1]

## [Dream House, Museum, Spa]

The genteel variant of the dream house. The entrance to the panorama of Gropius is described as follows: “One enters a room decorated in the style of Herculaneum; at its center the passerby is drawn for a moment to a basin inlaid with shells, in which a small fountain is splashing. Straight ahead, a little flight of stairs leads to a cheerful reading room where some volumes are displayed—notably, a collection of books designed to acquaint foreigners with the royal residence.” Erich Stenger, *Daguerres Diorama in Berlin* (Berlin, 1925), pp. 24–25. Bulwer-Lytton’s novel, *When did the excavations begin?* Foyers of casinos, and the like, belong to this elegant variant of the dream house. Why a fountain in a covered space is conducive to daydreaming has yet to be explained. But in order to gauge the shudder of dread and exaltation that might have come over the idle visitor who stepped across this threshold, it must be remembered that the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum had taken place a generation earlier, and that the memory of the lava-death of these two cities was covertly but all the more intimately conjoined with the memory of the great Revolution. For when the sudden upheaval had put an end to the style of the ancien régime, what was here being exhumed was hastily adopted as the style of a glorious republic; and palm fronds, acanthus leaves, and meanders came to replace the rococo paintings and *chinoiseries* of the previous century. □ Antiquity □ [L1,1]

“Suddenly, however, they want to transform the French, with one wave of a magic wand, into a people of classical antiquity; and on this whim of dreamers isolated in their private libraries (the goddess Minerva notwithstanding), numerous artistic endeavors have depended.” Friedrich Johann Lorenz Meyer, *Fragments aus Paris im IV<sup>ten</sup> Jahr der französischen Republik* (Hamburg, 1797), vol. 1, p. 146. □ Antiquity □ [L1,2]

Dream houses of the collective: arcades, winter gardens, panoramas, factories, wax museums, casinos, railroad stations. [L1,3]

The Gare Saint-Lazare: a puffing, wheezing princess with the stare of a clock. “For our type of man,” says Jacques de Lacrosette, “train stations are truly factories of dreams” (“Le Réveur parisien,” *Nouvelle Revue française*, 1927). To be sure:

454. "Die Moderne hat die Antike wie einen Alb, der im Schlaf über sie gekommen ist." *Alb* can also mean "incubus."
455. Baudelaire, "To a Woman Passing By;" *The Flowers of Evil* (trans. McCowan), p. 189.
456. Baudelaire, "The Voyage," *The Complete Verses*, p. 247. *The Life and Writings of Turgot*, ed. W. Walker Stephens (London: Longmans, Green 1895), p. 310.
457. Hermann Lotze, *Microcosmus*, trans. Elizabeth Hamilton and E. E. Constance Jones (New York: Scribner and Welford, 1888), vol. 2, p. 387. The excerpt quoted in J83a,2 is found on p. 388.
458. See the story of Jacob and Esau in Genesis 25, verses 29–34.
459. Benjamin, "Surrealism," trans. Edmund Jephcott, in *SW*, vol. 2, p. 213.
460. Baudelaire, "My Heart Laid Bare," p. 107 ("The Poem of Hashish").
461. See Brecht, *Gesammelte Werke*, vol. 8, pp. 408–410 ("Die Schönheit in den Gedichten des Baudelaire" for the derivation of J84a,2, 3, and 4. [R.T.]
462. Baudelaire, *Oeuvres complètes*, vol. 2, p. 709. [R.T.] In English in "The Painter of Modern Life," p. 26.
463. Baudelaire, *The Flowers of Evil*, p. 201 (trans. Robert Lowell).
464. Baudelaire, "My Heart Laid Bare," p. 160.
465. *Ibid.*, pp. 200–201.
466. *Ibid.*, pp. 190, 199 ("My Heart Laid Bare"). "Qui'est-ce que l'amour? Le besoin de sortir de soi . . . et l'artiste ne sort jamais de lui-même."
467. Baudelaire, *Intimate Journals*, p. 85.
468. *Ibid.*, p. 67.
469. Johan Huizinga, *The Waning of the Middle Ages*, trans. F. Hopman (New York: Anchor, 1954), pp. 145–146.
470. *Ibid.*, p. 210.
471. Title of a book published in Paris in 1844 lampooning various actresses, such as Rachel, and playwrights, such as François Ponsard, Jacques Crépet republished the work in 1938, claiming Baudelaire as one of the authors.
472. Joseph de Maistre, *Oeuvres complètes* (Lyons, 1884), vol. 5, pp. 102ff. [R.T.] This passage is not found in the translation of de Maistre cited above (note 345).
473. Goethe, *Torquato Tasso*, Act V, scene 5 (lines 3432ff). [R.T.] In English in *Torquato Tasso*, trans. Alan and Sandy Brownjohn (London: Angel Books, 1985), p. 136.
474. Baudelaire, *The Complete Verse*, p. 169 ("Townscape"). Ruff's emphasis. Compare the discussion in M. A. Ruff, *Baudelaire*, trans. Agnes Kertesz (New York: New York University Press, 1966), pp. 120–121, where *comparaisons crues* is rendered as "fresh-hewn comparisons."
475. Trans. Arthur Symons, *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* (1919; rpt. New York: Dutton, 1958), p. 67.
476. *Baudelaire: A Self-Portrait*, p. 41.
477. *Ibid.*, p. 195 (letter to his mother of December 31, 1863).
478. Text written in French by Benjamin.
479. Friedrich Schlegel, "Lucinde" and the *Fragments*, trans. Peter Firchow (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1971), pp. 67–68.
480. *Ibid.*, pp. 63–64.
481. *Ibid.*, pp. 65–66.
482. Baudelaire, *Oeuvres complètes*, vol. 1, p. 94 ("Le Crépuscule du soir"). [R.T.] In English in *The Flowers of Evil*, p. 120 (trans. David Paul).
483. The election of Louis Napoleon as president in 1848, with more than twice as many votes as all other candidates combined.
484. The  *cité Dorée* ("gilded city" from the name of M. Doré, one-time owner of the land)

was a site in Paris occupied by workers from the national workshops in 1848, and gradually transformed into a sink of corruption. [J.L.]

485. See Marx, *Capital*, vol. 1, pp. 435–437 ("Modern Manufacture").

486. Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, vol. 1, trans. C. K. Scott Moncrieff (New York: Random House, 1925), p. 126. Proust goes on, in this paragraph, to define evil in terms of indifference to the suffering one causes. On the note by Anatole France mentioned by Benjamin at this juncture, see J17a,1.

487. Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, vol. 1, p. 62.

488. Benjamin, *The Origin of German Tragic Drama*, p. 227. See J53a,4.

489. Benjamin later wrote *Spekulant* (speculator) over *Müssiggänger* (idler) without striking the latter. [R.T.]

490. Baudelaire, *Selected Letters*, p. 151.

491. Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, vol. 1, p. 819.

492. *Ibid.*, p. 490. For the passage on Meryon, see J2,1.

493. Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du mal* (trans. Howard), p. 5. Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, vol. 2, *The Captive*, trans. C. K. Scott Moncrieff (New York: Random House, 1929), pp. 645–646.

494. Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, vol. 2, p. 449.

495. Written by Benjamin in French.

496. Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Confessions*, trans. J. M. Cohen (Baltimore: Penguin, 1954), p. 593.

497. *Baudelaire as a Literary Critic*, p. 116 (preface to "Berenice").

498. Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West*, vol. 2, trans. Charles Francis Atkinson (New York: Knopf, 1928), pp. 101–102.

499. *Ibid.*, p. 104.

500. "Les Sept Vieillards" was written and published in 1859, as part of the series *Fantômes parisiens*.

501. Max Horkheimer, "Materialism and Morality," in *Between Philosophy and Social Science*, trans. G. Frederick Hunter, Matthew S. Kramer, and John Torpey (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1993), p. 40.

## K [Dream City and Dream House, . . . Jung]

1. Benjamin quotes here from Régis Messac, *Le "Detective Novel" et l'influence de la pensée scientifique* (Paris, 1929), p. 420. [R.T.]

2. *Eingedenken*: Benjamin's coinage from the preposition *eingedenk* ("mindful of") and the verb *gedenken* ("bear in mind," "remember"). This verbal noun has a more active sense than *Erinnerung* ("memory").

3. For the relevant passage from Proust, see K8a,2. On "the darkness of the lived moment," see Ernst Bloch, *The Principle of Hope*, trans. Neville Plaice, Stephen Plaice, and Paul Knight (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1986), p. 290.

4. *Förderung*, which, in mining, has the sense of "drawing up," "hauling to the surface." Benjamin, like Heidegger, plays on the archaic verb *wesen* ("to be") embedded in the *Gewesenen* ("what has been"); he cites the being in what has been. Compare D°6, on the power of "distilling," the present as inmost essence of what has been.

5. Sigfried Giedion, *Bauen in Frankreich* (Leipzig and Berlin, 1928), p. 3. [R.T.]

6. The reference is to Ambrose Bierce's short story "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," published in 1891 (part of Bierce's collection *In the Midst of Life*). Ben-

- jamin's phrase, in the second sentence of this entry, is "magnetopathische Experience".
7. Benjamin contrasts Proust's *Erlebnis* with our *Erfahrung* ("was Proust . . . erlebte, das haben wir . . . zu erfahren"). The former is, for Benjamin, an experience of the moment; the latter is long experience over time, the fruit of work and tradition. *Erfahrung* is formed out of multiple *Erlebnissen* (GS, vol. 1, p. 1183). Compare m1a,3, and m2a,4.
  8. Ernst Bloch, *Heritage of Our Times*, trans. Neville Plaice and Stephen Plaice (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1991), p. 313.
  9. Karl Marx, *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*, trans. S. W. Ryazanskaya (New York: International Publishers, 1970), p. 217.
  10. Marx, *Capital*, vol. 1, trans. Samuel Moore and Edward Aveling (1887; rpt. New York: International Publishers, 1967), p. 354.
  11. *Ibid.*, pp. 359-60.
  12. It is not certain whether Benjamin wrote *Auswicklung* here or *Auswirkung*.
  13. *Marcel Proust: A Selection from His Miscellaneous Writings*, trans. Gerard Hopkins (London: Allan Wingate, 1948), p. 233.
  14. That "doleful something."
  15. This letter from Theodor Adorno to Benjamin has not been preserved. But see Adorno's *Minima Moralia*, section 29. [R.T.] In English in *Minima Moralia*, trans. E. F. N. Jephcott (London: Verso, 1974), p. 49.
  16. The obelisk was originally erected in the Egyptian city of Luxor by Ramses II. In 1831, it was transplanted to the Place de la Concorde in Paris. Under the name of the Place de la Révolution, this square had served as the site of guillotining from 1793 to 1795.
  17. Victor Hugo, *The Man Who Laughs*, trans. Joseph L. Blamire (1889; rpt. Milpitas, Calif.: Atlantean Press, 1991), p. 151. The sleeping town in question is actually Melcombe Regis, next to Weymouth, on the coast of England.
  18. C. G. Jung, "Analytic Psychology and Weltanschauung," trans. R. F. C. Hull, *Collected Works*, vol. 8 (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1960), p. 376.
  19. Jung, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, trans. W. S. Dell and Cary F. Baynes (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1934), pp. 110; 228.
  20. *Ibid.*, p. 241.
  21. Aldous Huxley, *Beyond the Mexican Bay* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1934), pp. 56, 60.
  22. This passage does not appear in the English-language edition of Huizinga, *The Waning of the Middle Ages* (1949; rpt. Garden City, N.Y.: Anchor, 1954).
  23. Theodor Reik, *Surprise and the Psycho-Analyst: On the Conjecture and Comprehension of Unconscious Processes*, trans. Margaret M. Green (New York: Dutton, 1937), pp. 129-131. "Memory" here translates *Gedächtnis*; "reminiscence" translates *Erinnerung*.
  24. *Ibid.*, p. 130. "Experience" here translates *Erlebnis*.
  25. Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, vol. 2 (New York: Random House, 1932), p. 619 (*The Captive*, trans. C. K. Scott Moncrieff).
  26. Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, vol. 1, trans. C. K. Scott Moncrieff (New York: Random House, 1925), pp. 33-34 (*Suam's Way*). Moncrieff translates *la mémoire volontaire* here as "an exercise of the will."
  27. *Ibid.*, p. 5.
  28. *Ibid.*, p. 779 (*The Guermautes Way*).
  29. Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, vol. 2, pp. 1030-1031 (*The Past Recaptured*, trans.

Frederick A. Blossom). The lines by Baudelaire are from *Les Fleurs du mal*, trans. Richard Howard (Boston: Godine, 1982), pp. 31 ("The Head of Hair"), 30 ("By Association").

## L [Dream House, Museum, Spa]

1. See Le Corbusier, *The City of Tomorrow and Its Planning*, trans. Frederick Etchells (1929; rpt. New York: Dover, 1987), pp. 163-178. In this entry and elsewhere, "glance" translates *Blick*, which in earlier usage meant "a flashing," "a lighting up," "a shining."
2. André Breton, *Nadja*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Grove, 1960), p. 112.
3. Possible allusion to the rite of incubation practiced in the temples of Aesculapius in ancient Greece. (See L3,1.) The incubant would sleep within the precincts of the temple for the purpose of receiving a dream vision of the healing god. Often these sanctuaries were equipped with theaters, gymnasia, and baths. On the other hand, Benjamin might be alluding here to the hospitals of Paris, such as the Hôtel-Dieu (near Notre Dame), a large classical-style building with an inner courtyard, ornamental gardens, frescoes, and long arcaded galleries around the courtyard and in the interior. "Corridors" in this entry, translates *Wandelhallen*. "Turn into their recovery" translates *ihrer Gesundung entgegenwachen*. And "watering place," here, translates *Brunnenhalle* (literally, "hall of fountains"), elsewhere translated as "spa" and "medicinal spring."
4. Casan's panopticon was located inside the so-called Linden Arcade or Kaisergalerie in Berlin, before moving across the street in 1888.
5. Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*, trans. Charles E. Wilbour (1862; rpt. New York: Modern Library, 1992), p. 1089.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 1090.
7. *Ibid.*, pp. 1098-1099.
8. *Ibid.*, pp. 1093, 1099.
9. *Ibid.*, pp. 1094, 1095, 1096.
10. See I4a,1, and R2,2. [R.T.]
11. Charles Baudelaire, *Paris Spleen*, trans. Louise Varèse (New York: New Directions, 1947), p. 60. ("The Generous Gambler").
12. That is, he travels back into the ghost world. (Compare L2,7.) "Gate-way," here, translates *Tor-Weg*: threshold as passage, or passage as threshold.
13. Hugo, *Les Misérables*, p. 644.

## M [The Flâneur]

1. Hugo von Hofmannsthal, "Der Tor und der Tod" (1894), *Gesammelte Werke*, ed. Herbert Steiner (1952), p. 220. [R.T.]
2. Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*, trans. Charles E. Wilbour (1862; rpt. New York: Modern Library, 1992), p. 513.
3. "Um sich zu denken" is what appears in the manuscript; *denken* is arguably a slip of the pen for *decken* ("in order to coincide with one another"), which would accord with *Überdeckung* ("covering," "overlap") in the first sentence. [R.T.]
4. See "Hashish in Marselles," in *SW*, vol. 2, p. 677. "Intoxicated," in this entry and elsewhere in the *Arcades*, translates *rauschhaft*.
5. Last three sentences adapted from the protocol to Benjamin's second experience with