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(in)Conclusive Conclusion

The study of these contaminants has increasingly occupied my mind (as well as my architectural production) in recent years. These studies grow out of an increasing dissatisfaction with architecture as a secondary, rather than as a primary, pursuit. While I have no conclusive proof that architecture has constituent features that could identify it as being primary, my suspicions are that this is the case; and my goal through this work is to ascertain whether these suspicions are grounded in fact.

The burden of history weighing down a particular discipline such as architecture with the continuous need for (re)*validation* enervates this physical trace of culture. It is useful to identify problems that (de)*limit* this human activity so as to reconstitute it in a primary as well as a secondary way, since it is generally acknowledged today that architecture (and many other disciplines as well) is a multivalent activity.

Contamination of bodies and buildings, hybridizing them from their pure state, opens up new ways of scrutinizing a discipline like architecture that has retained distance from its epoch, presumably for the purpose of idealizing the real. But ideality no longer utterly dominates ideas, and the hybrid as well as the pure flower can exist in tandem. Seeking a better way may not be as mutually exclusive from "reflecting the will of an epoch" as once thought. The normad and the ostensibly permanent dweller may yet have much to learn from their significant other.

Das *Unheimliche*: Architectural Sections of Heidegger and Freud

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for G. B.

to be looking with closed eyes at midnight, to dream with open ones at noon.

—Daniel Libeskind

Who knows what an elevation of Heidegger and Freud would look like? Not a liturgical, sacerdotal elevation, but an *architectural* elevation. No one knows. We no longer dream of structures of thought in the way Kant dreamt of them, searching madly for (and failing to find) the bedrock on which to construct a Tribunal of Pure Reason. No, not an elevation of any kind. Here it can only be an attempt to devise or design several architectural sections, odd glimpses of curious alignments of cross sections of very complex configurations in the thought of Heidegger and Freud. The thought of each of the two, taken singly, is of course demanding enough to foil any amateur architecton. Such as myself. I shall therefore restrict myself for the most part to Freud's 1919 essay, *Das Unheimliche*, and Heidegger's 1925 lecture course at Marburg, *Prolegomena to the History of the Concept of Time*.¹ Freud's essay is contemporaneous with, or immediately prior to, his work on *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, his most dazzling speculative work, published in 1920.

Heidegger's lecture course is a "first draft" of his magnum opus, *Being and Time*, published in 1927. Yet restricting the number of texts will not really guarantee focus: there is enough material here for an infinite number of juxtapositions—challenging, thought-provoking juxtapositions. I shall restrain myself and offer thirty-one sections.

* * *

Heidegger is talking to Wolff and Augstein in 1966, but looking into the mirror (*Der Spiegel*). Ironically, while looking into the mirror, contemplating his own tarnished image in the face of these journalists, the old man shortchanges himself, cheats his own thought. He loudly laments the rootlessness and homelessness (*die Heimatlosigkeit*) of contemporary existence, as though the extirpation of rootlessness and homelessness had always been the concern of his thought; the contemporary plight is indicated, he says, by the absence of great art and poetry. It is as though he had never noticed Paul Klee, whose work he cites at the outset of "Time and Being," a piece written only five years before the *Spiegel* interview. Klee, whose works were confiscated by the Nazis and presented at the *Entartete Kunstausstellung*. As though he, Heidegger, were the usual type of neoconservative or reactionary, who turns right in politics when there is nothing left of art. However, for the younger man, for Heidegger the phenomenologist and ontologist, and even for the mature thinker of mortality, homelessness is nothing to be lamented. It is rather the pristine ontological mark of humankind; it is the primitive shelter of Dasein or "existence"; it is what every work of art bestows on us. Not roots, not domesticity, not the fireside chat, but a sense of our never being at home in the face of the uncanny.

* * *

In *Being and Time* and in the lecture courses that led up to it, Heidegger defined human existence itself in terms of being *not-at-home*. Indeed, the first draft of his analysis of care and concern as the fundamental modes of human comportment gathered these existential structures under the larger notion of the unhomelike or uncanny. Section 30 of his 1925 *Prolegomena to the History of the Concept of Time* declares that Dasein has essentially nothing to do with roots and homey homes, that its very being is *Unheimlichkeit*, "uncanniness," "unhomelikeness." Our being in the world, the world that is our only home, is marked by the uncanny discovery that we are *not* at home in the world. Dasein, or being-there, when it is truly there, is an absentee; it is stamped and typed by the "*Unzuhause*," the not-at-home, the nobody-home.

Heidegger's thought, early and late, at least until his belated mirror-phase, revolves about a paradox or terrible irony: human being is being in the world and dwelling on the earth—and yet we are never at home in the world, never rooted in the earth. When we finally arrive at the "there" of there-being (*Da-sein*), as Gertrude Stein knew, there isn't any there there. There there is ash—what Freud knew as traces of "the unconscious."

* * *

Is it only fear of death, this feeling of being ill at ease or uncanny, this unhomey sensation—whatever fine distinctions or sweeping claims Heidegger may try to make? It is more like a pervasive, indeterminate anxiety, a fundamental or founding mood that Heidegger at other times also reads as joy, melancholy, and profound boredom. In the face of *what* are we anxious, joyous, melancholy, or deeply bored? Everything. Beings as a whole. Nothing. No thing at all. An impersonal yet thoroughgoing alienation marks Heidegger's thought about who we are. In his inaugural lecture of 1929, "What Is Metaphysics?" he finds an appropriately impersonal phrase for it: *Es wird einem unheimlich*, literally, it becomes uncanny for one; more loosely, one begins to feel uncannily not at home, one looks at no one in particular and for no particular reason says, "It's getting strange." Heidegger would insist that this is not an expression of nostalgia, not the homesickness of philosophy as both Novalis and Nietzsche described and described it, not anomie, not sentimentality, not a religious longing for a world beyond. . . . And not a mere prologue to the politics of reaction and capitulation to the allures of "leadership."

* * *

When and where do human beings begin to feel the uncanniness of human being? Heidegger became increasingly convinced that it is in the *poet's* experience that the paradox or terrible irony of human homelessness and discomfiture is most relentlessly disclosed. In the summer of 1927, in the course of a discussion of Kant—not the most sentimental of thinkers, except perhaps where bedrock is concerned—Heidegger turned to Rainer Maria Rilke's *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge* in order to get a bit closer to the "fundamental problem" of the manifold meaning of being. Suddenly, instead of the ontology of beings or epistemology of subjects and objects, instead even of Augustine and Aristotle, he invoked the exemplary worlds of the "primitive" and the "child"—Freud's two favorite worlds, the world of totem and taboo and the world of trauma. In order to introduce these privileged worlds, Heidegger injected into his lecture a piece of poetry, *prose*

poetry. About what? About architecture in the city. And ruins. Ruins of home, ruins at home.

* * *

The passage from *Malte Laurids Brigge* in fact elaborates a kind of architectural section, a transversal architectural slice through the middle of a delapidated apartment building, a slice produced, not on the architect's drawing table, however, but by a wrecker working at the behest of a city planner. Rilke writes:

Will anyone believe that there are such houses? No, they will say, I'm counterfeiting. This time it is the truth, nothing omitted, and of course, nothing added. Where would I get it from? You know I'm poor. You know this. Houses? However, to be precise, they were houses that were no longer there. Houses that had been demolished from top to bottom. What was there were the other houses, the houses that had stood next to them, high neighboring houses. Obviously, these were in danger of collapsing now that everything next to them had been removed; for a huge framework of long, tarred poles had been rammed in at an angle between the mud of the vacant lot and the stripped walls. I don't know whether I've already said that it is these walls I am referring to. Yet it was not, as it were, the outside wall of the remaining houses (which is what one would have had to suppose) but the inside wall of the houses that had once stood there. One could see the inner surfaces of these walls. On the various storeys one could see the walls of rooms where the wallpaper still clung, with here and there the hint of a floor or a ceiling. In addition to the walls of the rooms, a dirty white space ran the entire length of the brick wall, and through that space crept the open, rust-bespeckled conduits of the toilet pipes, undulating softly in an inexpressibly disgusting wormlike peristaltic movement. Gray, dusty traces marked the paths that gas from the lamps had followed along the edges of the ceilings; they twisted all the way around, here and there, quite unexpectedly, and entered into a hole in the colored walls, a black gap torn carelessly out of the wall. Most unforgettable however were the walls themselves. The resilient life of these rooms had not let itself be quashed. It was still there; it clung to the remaining nails; it stood on the hand's breadth of floorboard; it had crept under the hints of corners, where a tiny bit of interior space still remained. One could see it in the colors that had been transformed ever so slowly over the years: blue into moldy green, green into gray, and yellow into an ancient and stagnant white that was rotting away. Yet it was also in the fresher places that had been preserved behind mirrors, pictures, and closets; for it had traced and retraced their contours, and was present in these hidden places too, with their spiders and dust, places now denuded. It was in every strip that had been stripped away, it was in the moist

bulges on the lower edges of the wallpaper, it hovered in the tattered remnants; the repulsive stains that had come into existence long ago exuded it. And out of these walls at one time blue, green, and yellow, framed by the fissured paths of the now destroyed connecting walls, the atmosphere of this life stood out—the resilient, phlegmatic, halting breath that no wind had yet dispersed. There stood the noontdays and the illnesses, the exhalations and the smoke of years and the sweat that pours from armpits and makes our clothes heavy, the fetid breath of mouths and the musty smell of fermenting feet. There stood the pungency of urine, the ardor of soot, the gray steam from boiled potatoes and the heavy, slippery stench of fat gone rancid. The sweet and lingering smell of neglected suckling babes was there, the smell of anxiety in children who go to school, and the moist heat rising from the beds of growing boys. And much had joined this company from down below, from the abyss of alleyways, everything that had gone up in smoke, and other things had trickled down from above with the rain, which, above cities, is not pure. And much had been blown in by the weak and domesticated housewinds that always stay in the same street, and much was there from who knows where. I've already said that all the walls had been demolished, all the way back to the rear wall—? Now, this is the wall I've been talking about all the while. You will say that I stood before this wall a long time; but I swear I began to run the moment I recognized it. For that is the terrifying thing—the fact that I did recognize it. Everything I've mentioned here I recognize, and that is why without the slightest exertion it runs me through: it is at home in me.²

* * *

It is at home in me. . . . How exceedingly strange to hear Heidegger invoking prose that is not so much purple as moldy green and off-white; uncanny to hear him citing a fiction that extols the resilient life of fetid breath and fermenting feet. There is not another quotation like it in the Heideggerian corpus. Edifying hymns of gods and of planetary destinies for the Occident—that is the usual fare with Heidegger. Columns on the march, not cheery feet; fateful sendings and fatalities of being, not city planning. However, razed walls too are a fatality, the ruins that one recognizes and that run one through. Ruins of home, ruins at home. I repeat that I do not know another passage in Heidegger as uncanny as this one. And it comes from *Rilke*—the poet he will accuse (in 1942–1943) of Schopenhauerianism, botched Christianity, and a kind of sentimental bestiality.³

* * *

It is at home in me: Rilke. *It* is unhomelike for one: Heidegger. Freud of course has much to say about this *It*, *Id*, or *Es*. The impersonal granting of

time and being, says the later Heidegger; the impersonal life of the drives, the resilient life that threatens to swallow the diminutive ego, says the later Freud. Both *Es*'s could be read in terms of Maurice Blanchot's neuter/neutral *il*, the narrative voice. Yet Blanchot sheds no light. At least no light of day. His work is of the second night. No architectural sections of Blanchot, not for the moment, and perhaps never. Let us leave the matter at Freud and Heidegger, Heidegger and Freud. And the *Es*. Rilke we may trust to haunt, as the twisting conduit of the uncanny.

* * *

Heidegger never acknowledges the *Es* in Freud. He recognizes it in Rimbaud and Trakl, the *It gives/There is* of poetry, especially the poetry of Trakl. Yet there is no *Id* in his confrontation with Freudian psychoanalysis: he finds Freud facile and flaccid, a minor character in the history of metaphysical subjectivity. In fact, I know of no serious references in Heidegger (beyond scathing allusions and animadversions) to Freud's *œuvre*. Not a single reference to the *other* great thinker of the uncanny, unhomelike nature of human existence. For his part, Freud certainly had less reason to repress *Being and Time* than he did all of Nietzsche, who threatened his originality. Freud's allergy to philosophy—philosophy being his first love, the earlier state to which psychoanalysis wends its way via all its detours—and Heidegger's lack of fame (as the *hidden king*) are enough to explain the absence of references in Freud to Heidegger. As for Heidegger's contempt for Freud, *Das Unheimliche* may well merit it: it is one of Freud's most tentative, tangential, and inconsequential essays; it is poorly organized, even "lumpy"; it is ostensibly about *aesthetics*, which Heidegger scorns. And yet this essay, uncannily, contains most of Freud's final ideas about psychic life. *Das Unheimliche* is about thirty-five pages long and is divided into three parts. The first part introduces the uncanny or unhomelike as a missing theme of aesthetics or literary criticism; the second provides a quasi-phenomenology and a nascent psychoanalysis of *das Unheimliche*; the third offers a very odd discussion of the difference between experiencing and reading, *Erleben* and *Lesen*.

* * *

The aesthetics of literature, what one usually calls criticism, deals with sublimated affects, dampened or diluted emotions and feelings. One might well wonder why the analyst would refer to aesthetics or criticism at all, when any patient on the couch reproduces those affects, emotions, and feelings *without* dilution. Perhaps the analyst reads literature for mere

diversion. Or perhaps his is a contribution to criticism out of the goodness of his heart and the depth of his experience, a contribution the esthete could hardly be expected to withstand. Or do literature and its narrative voice here too play a different sort of role? Do they provide access to the not-at-home that no life-experience can provide? We will have to return to this question at the end—the question of the difference between lived experience and literary gleaning. For the moment, Freud is satisfied to indicate a curious omission in the critical literature: the experience of the uncanny or unhomelike has been neglected. As though it were the question of being. What sort of experience is it? One that resists depiction and is hardly uplifting. It is an experience to which Freud himself is scarcely susceptible: he confesses or boasts of his dullness or lack of receptivity (*Stumpfheit*) with regard to this emotion. His analysis follows two paths: (1) a quasi-phenomenological description of the uncanny in life and literature, wherever and however it seems to arise; and (2) a lexical description of the word as it appears in a battery of dictionaries. It is worth noting that in his presentation of the uncanny Freud reverses the order of the two paths in his itinerary, presenting the dictionary entries first, and only then venturing the description. Both paths, he says, lead to the identical conclusion: The uncanny is related to terror, anxiety, and horror, and yet is at a safe remove from these affects. The uncanny is thus a species of the terrifying that points back, not to intellectual insecurity in the face of some novelty, as Jentsch supposed, but to something long familiar, something experienced and known of old in a nonintellectual way, something both lost and found in the mists of time. In a few pages, Freud will accept Schelling's definition: "*Unheimlich* is what we call everything that should have remained in secret, in concealment, but came to the fore." Concealment does not wholly conceal; concealment gives way to unconcealment; concealment *shows itself* as such. Of all Freud's essays, this is the one that Heidegger must have read most closely. In secret. Closely clostetd, carefully secreted.

* * *

By the time Heidegger was teaching his *Prolegomena to the History of the Concept of Time* he would have had four opportunities to read Freud's *Das Unheimliche*, which had been published in four different places. We may be certain that he did not avail himself of these opportunities. Yet it is worthwhile remembering in some detail the role that *Unheimlichkeit* plays in his budding ontological analysis of human existence. Uncanniness or being-not-at-home is for Heidegger a fundamental structure of existence. Paradoxically, being-not-at-home is to be understood "in terms of being-at-home—familiarity" (*GA* 20: 348). Familiarity is the normal condition or usual state,

at least for an existence that is always "falling," always "ruinous," even "ruinant." If the ruins of home are always at home, it is because existence is *Ruinanz*.⁴ Familiarity itself is a mark of ruinous falling, an expression of *flight*. For what is uncanny is the need of existence to *flee itself*. What is unhomelike is the need of Dasein to escape from itself, to be forever in flight: φυγή, *fuga*, *Flucht*, "flight." To be sure, *die Fuge*, "joining, jointure, juncture," appears in the texts of the 1930s as an elevating architectonic theme. Nowadays, after the publication of the 1936-1938 *Contributions to Philosophy (Of Propriation)*, Heideggerians are waxing lyrical about the "fugal structure" of the maestro's thought, probably in the hope that this will make him sound more like Bach than Wagner. Yet the fugue that is appropriate to Heidegger's thought is on the run somewhere between fear and anxiety. Φυγή is close to πλάνη, a word we shall soon hear in another context; *Flucht* is more *Fluch*, "curse" or "plague," than flight of fancy. If anxiety is the *ground* of fear, the uncanny is the *abyss* of anxiety. Anxiety *reveals itself* as the fugal structure or flight pattern of a Dasein on the wing: ruinous, ruinant, falling, fleeing. Schönberg's *B.A.C.H.*, perhaps.

* * *

Heidegger takes Book II of Aristotle's *Rhetoric* to be the original text of the πάθη, or affects, in Western philosophy and psychology. And the principal πάθος is fear. How to instill fear in the people—perhaps, as Freud reminds us, through the noble lie concerning punishments meted out in an afterlife, the ruse of Plato's *Republic*—or in those who govern. According to Heidegger, Aristotle's analysis, passed on via the Stoa to Augustine, Thomas, and the Renaissance, and Reformation, remains at the basis of all modern analyses. To be sure, Heidegger does not mention Freud. Yet Freud's remarks on anxiety as the affective outcome of *every* repressed emotion and on the uncanny as the very mark of repression, thus bringing the uncanny into closest proximity to anxiety, could certainly be integrated into Heidegger's account of Aristotle. Heidegger's *phenomenology* of fear and anxiety in 1925 resembles Freud's catalogue of "lived experiences" in Part II of *Das Unheimliche*. This is not the place to rehearse Heidegger's treatment of the *Wovor* and the *Worum*, "that in the face of which" and "that about which" Dasein is afraid or anxious. Yet many details of the analysis would fascinate Freud: the "fright" that arises from an immediate, recognized threat, such as a grenade landing nearby with only a few seconds before detonation; the "horror" of some unidentifiable threat; the "terror" of sudden horror; the general "anxiousness" of timidity, awe, worry, and so on. Also relevant is Heidegger's insistence on the importance of fear *for* or *about* someone else, the Other, whom Freud tends to reduce to the mirror image of a narcissistic

projection. However, the purpose of Heidegger's phenomenology of fear is to arrive at that *indeterminate* fear which is generalized anxiety, the anxiety that Heidegger too equates with uncanniness. Not only that. Heidegger designates two of Freud's three principal sites of the uncanny: both thinkers name "darkness" and "solitude" [*Dunkelheit, Alleinsein*] as abodes for the unhomelike, while Freud also writes of "stillness" [*die Stille*], which has only a positive resonance for Heidegger. Yet not even these two or three sites are essential to what Heidegger calls the unhomelike. Rather, "*that in the face of which we are anxious is the nothing*" (GA 20: 401). The no-thing, that is to say, the very differential structure of our being in the world, is what threatens to be undone. Accordingly, that *about* which we are anxious is being in the world *as such*, what in *Being and Time* Heidegger will specify as our *being able to be* in the world. Our being (able to be) in the world as such is what is disclosed when the *Unzuhause*, our being not at home, comes out of the closet. Heigh-ho, nobody home, as the child's ditty says: that is what it means to dwell in the world as *possibility being*. In the 1925 lectures he calls it our "naked" being in the world, and he associates the stark nakedness of our being (not at home) in the world with the abyss and with mortal anxiety (*der Abgrund, die Todesangst*). Not that there is a haven or heaven or hell for human existence, not that the noble lie regains its rights. The *only possible home* for Dasein is the *Unzuhause, Un-heimlichkeit*.

* * *

The prefix *Un-* is both the mark of repression—of what criticism has neglected—and a pure supplement to the word *heimlich*, both necessary and utterly superfluous. For *heimlich* means what is *heim(e)lig, heimisch, vertraut*, what Grimm calls *vernaculus*, the familiar, homelike, homey. Yet that same word, *heimlich*, also means what is *geheim*, secret, covert, furtive, and hidden, what Grimm calls *occultus*, which is perhaps best rendered by the pseudonegation, (*un*)/*heimlich*. It seems clear that *unheimlich* is a species of *heimlich*, not its negation, but a positive scion or subset. Freud will interpret the word's uncanny form as the result of the process of ambivalence: the uncanny will in fact be the most familiar; it will be the skeleton in the closet of every home, of the most closely closeted closet in the horniest home there ever was.

* * *

Heimlich is a homonym of a special sort. It means both "familiar, domestic, candid" and "unfamiliar, alien, secret." It thus appears to be a primal word, an *Urwort*, of the Abelian sort.⁵ Oddly, the contrary and even contradictory

meanings of the word induce a kind of reflexivity in Freud's use of it. He twice (*StA* 4: 248, 250) says that the word *heimlich* "uncannily collapses into its opposite," *mit seinem Gegensatz unheimlich zusammenfällt*. Freud employs the adverb to express, lexically and syntactically, the uncanny conflation of canny and uncanny, homelike and unhomelike, in the same word. As though existence were at home on the wing. His text on the uncanny constates and performs its subject. The negation of the negative prefix works asymmetrically; that is to say, it affects only the first meaning; *un-heimlich* ostensibly never means candid, overt, unsecretive. In the second field of meanings, the prefix can only intensify the negative, as though *heimlich* were a Greek word. Heidegger was no doubt intrigued by this word, because he was always on the lookout for the origins of negation, beyond the workings of propositional and dialectical negation:

What testifies to the constant and widespread though distorted revelation of the nothing in our existence more compellingly than negation? But negation does not conjure the "not" out of itself. . . . For negation cannot claim to be either the sole or the leading nihilative behavior in which Dasein remains shaken by the nihilation of the nothing. Unyielding antagonism and stinging rebuke have a more abysmal source than the measured negation of thought. Galling failure and merciless prohibition require some deeper answer. Bitter privation is more burdensome.⁶

For Freud, negation negates only the homily of home, the hominy of hearth and haven. No negation of negation leaps out of the Hegelian hat to rescue dialectic from the monstrous power of its own negativity. And yet, in some sense, the negative prefix *does* operate on the unfamiliar, alien, and secret. That is to say, the experience of the uncanny toward which Freud is groping involves the *revelation* of the unfamiliar, alien, and secret. That is the sense of Schelling's insight. For it is Schelling's definition of *das Unheimliche*, which Freud sets in spaced type, that successfully relates the two contrary or contradictory senses of the word. The power of negation now touches the realm of the secret: if *un-heimlich* designates everything that *ought* to have been kept secret but now has come to the fore and been revealed, then the word *unheimlich* does in some sense negate the absolutely secretive, the utterly alien, and the wholly unfamiliar. It is as though in the experience of the uncanny and unhomelike, to which the stolid Freud is all but immured, something like *the nothing*—the Heideggerian *Nichts*—announces itself.

* * *

There is something uncanny about Freud's copying out like Bartleby (or like Bouvard and Pécuchet) those two long dictionary entries on *heimlich*, first from Daniel Sanders, then from the Brothers Grimm, even if it was Theodor

Reik who passed the entries along to him. Grimm supplements Sanders (not the Sandman, not just yet) in an odd way. We will take up the Grimm supplement in a moment. For the present, the following uncanny coincidence. As I was working on these dictionary entries in Freud's text, these entries so painstakingly reproduced, so obsessively copied out, as though every lexical detail were of the utmost importance, I received a letter from a German architect, Gisela Baurmann.⁷ In her letter, written from Corbusier's *Unité* in Alsace, Baurmann used words related to *heimlich* four times. I shall present them back to front here, following Freud's example, in order to approach the supplement of the uncanny.

1. "When I returned from Berlin and Karlsruhe—Berlin was lovely, so familiar [*vertraut*], the streets, the squares, the faces!—I was at first shocked by the bareness and austerity [of Corbusier's *Unité*]. . . . And yet seldom have I felt so unquestionably at home [*ungefragt heimisch*] as I do here." *Heimisch*, not yet unhomelike, not yet uncanny. As though one could be at home in the bareness and austerity of Corbusier's housing for the syndicalist coalminers.

2. "For me, all this rigidity (the concrete, glass, corridors, balconies, etc.) has something uncannily [*unheimlich*] calming about it. Here one feels untouchable. . . . The hardness of all the materials—the concrete, the dark wood, the unfurnished apartments—radiates such honesty!" *Unheimlich*, used adverbially, to moderate the calming effect of the rigid and cold, the tranquilizing effect of glass and concrete and dark wood. For the sake of uncanny honesty.

3. "Each of us is housed in his or her cell of a cement honeycomb. The edifice itself is a giant, a colossus, planted mercilessly in the forest. A tiny, slovenly French village lies ten minutes away by foot. . . . Yet as soon as you pass through the door [of the *Unité*] you are taken up and received; as soon as the door closes behind you you become part of a tiny secret kingdom, a *heimeligen* realm." The Swiss, Austrian, or South German *e* now invades the word, in order to suggest the warmth radiated by a hearth or a tile oven, the Alemannic *Kunst* of which Heidegger was so fond.

4. Finally, Baurmann describes a mechanical iron-ore mine she inspected somewhere near Briey, a totally automated work site, altogether unmanned. She writes: "The building was in disrepair, everything covered by a rust-red dust, and not a soul in sight. Everything is automated. It was truly *unheimlich*." Which is where Freud begins, without a psyche in sight, and where he will end, with automatons.

* * *

In his 1984 Introduction to John Hejduk's *The Mask of Medusa*, Daniel Libeskind refers to "an active trace of homelessness that remains visible in a

cultural atmosphere." He adds: "The non-dwellable establishes itself as a first principle of architecture: a fault out of which constructive hope emerges, and the destination into which it collapses when the human promise is broken."⁸

* * *

Why does Freud supplement the long quotation from Daniel Sanders, which gives him the Schellingian definition he will need for his own venture with repression? Why does he copy out the shorter version from Grimm? The rather more obscure treatment there, gathered about the axis *vernaculus/ocultus*, gives Freud very little more beyond what Sanders has already provided. Unless perhaps for one odd reference. Grimm cites I Samuel 5:12, which refers to Jahweh's striking the Philistines "an heimlichen örten, in their homelike places, so that the city cried to heaven." Freud takes the biblical passage to mean that Jahweh strikes the people—the women as well as the men, presumably—on their private or secret parts, their *puenda*. That is what the second lexical entry, the Grimm entry, seems to give Freud. For nowhere in Sanders is there an explicit reference to the genitalia. However, when one becomes as obsessive as Freud, examining the passage in Samuel, at least in Luther's translation, something disconcerting happens. Because of the reference to territory there ("und alle jre grentze an heimlichen örten" [I Samuel 5:6]) and to the outcry and tumult in the city of the Philistines after some action by God ("durch die Hand des HERRN in der Stad ein seer gros Rumor" [I Samuel 5:9]), the *heimlichen örten* at first seem to imply no more than the local habitations of the Philistines, and certainly not their private parts. A student and friend, Lyat Friedman, informs me that the Hebrew text here means that the hand of Jahweh struck the Philistines with either *darkness* or *hemorrhoids*. Thus it appears that when the enemies of Israel are shaken by a divine curse, they suffer from a plague of hemorrhoids, a "homelike plague in homelike places [und kriegten heimliche Plage an heimlichen örten]" (ibid.). From the editors of the Luther Bible we learn that while *heim sein* means to be at home, the *heimlich gemach* is the latrine, and a *heimlicher ort* is either a place of ambush, a secret location, or "a veiled expression for the anus or buttocks."⁹ *Heimlichkeit* means "a secret" in Luther's vocabulary; *Heimsuchen* means either to visit or to have intercourse with someone. When God does it, "home-seeking" means either to bless (*Segnen*) or to punish (*Strafen*), an ambivalence Schreber understood better than most contemporary theologians. An uncanny question for the biblical scholar: Is it Jahweh's custom to treat people in the way scapegoats were treated in Greek antiquity—to beat them on their genitals, driving out the demons from the parts that must be made fertile—or to soocratise them with blessing and

punishment until a painful swelling ensues? Or is this substitution of the private parts for the anal region one of Freud's oddest anal-genito-hermeneutical fantasies? Who here is φορμακός and who Sphincter?

* * *

Speaking of antiquity and of things (*un*)heim(e)lig: there is a curious word in Plato's *Phaedrus* (237b 4) designating the crafty lover of youths, the canny lover who cunningly convinces them that he is in fact not a lover, that they may therefore place all their trust in him. The word is αἰψύλος. (See Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*, 1. 208: αἰψύλος δὲ μηχανῶς, "crafty machinations.") Ficino translates it as *vir sane versutus*, a man very well versed in the ways of the world (*versutus*, from *verto*, I turn). One thinks of Odysseus πολύτροπος. Αἰψύλος sounds very much like *heimlich*, uncannily so, especially in its homeliest of down-home forms, the South German *heimelig*. To be sure, no self-respecting philologist would venture an etymology beyond the Germanic *Heim* for the whole sequence of German words; there is certainly no need to hearken back to some Greek etymon, one that would displace the "home" from the hearth of *heimlich*. Yet it is tempting to think that the wheeling and wily lover, the seducer whose speeches are also often described as δεινῶν, clever, sly, cunning, canny, uncannily foxy, is himself the creature of the home that is normally kept in the closet. Or beaten about the genitals.

* * *

According to the second part of Freud's *Das Unheimliche*, there are two main sources of the unhomelike and uncanny in life and in letters: (1) the return of materials and complexes repressed during infancy, and (2) the reemergence of atavistic beliefs and superstitions that we have (if only in intellectual terms) already overcome. These two sources follow the familiar ontogeny-phylogeny parallel in Freud, homologous with the psycho-physical parallelism, with each human infant serving as the microcosm that in some way mirrors the macrocosm of humankind's infancy as such. In both cases (for Freud's examples seem to cross all the parallels), both infantile humanity and human infancy come into question. Both sites involve the no-man's-land that divides the living and the dead, a realm peopled by puppets and automata. Freud's famous reading (or misreading) of E. T. A. Hoffmann's *Der Sandmann* occurs here, although I will say little about it. (To insist on Freud's *misreading* seems jejune to me.) One might try to trace the same obsessions—the automaton that kills, the beautiful puppet that seduces to life and induces death—in Melville's "The Bell-Tower." If I recall well Freud's reading of the Sandman tale, what fascinates him are two figures: the sandman who burns and plucks out the eyes of the children, and Olympia,

the enucleated puppet who tears out the heart of the young man. For Freud, the character Nathaniel—the boy terrified by the sandman (that is, by the threats of his governess) and the youth enamored of Olympia—is reminiscent of the wolfman, who adopts a feminine position vis-à-vis the father. Again, both cases, both sources of the unhomelike in life and letters, apply to the second of the two motifs in the sandman story—the *Doppelgänger*, the doubling and redoubling marked by the names Coppélius-Coppola in Hoffmann's tale, and which we would also find in Poe's "William Wilson." Freud sees in the *Doppelgänger* the original *Di Manes*, the guardian spirits or tutelary geni, the good daemons that now, under the new religion, under the reign of new paternal powers, become demons. *Doppelgänger* such as the feet, the left and the right, of an erect humanity. The feet, whose odor offends the obsessively visual human being, the creature who can no longer stand to see its feet, much less bear their fermentation. What is least homelike and most uncanny is that which is always at home: the human body in all its anonymity and imperious power, with all its gravity and levity, in all the holes and empty ciphers of its desires. The original double. Which the wind blew in, from who knows where, Descartes certainly cannot figure it out, while Heidegger can only say that it—the body—is "the most difficult problem."¹⁰ For the double, left and right, female and male, has no origin, is the end of all originary thinking. Freud's lumpy essay bumps along from here to Nietzsche's thought of eternal recurrence of the same, and from thence to repetition compulsion, the economy of lifedeath, and primary masochism—all the atavisms that psychoanalysis would have preferred to let lie but that make psychoanalysis psychoanalysis. Which, Freud says, many take to be itself *unheimlich* (*StA* 4: 266).¹¹

* * *

Repression is the very mechanism of anxiety, according to Freud. Any affect or emotion that is repressed returns as anxiety. Further, its return is uncanny—the emergence of something both long familiar and long hidden that ought to have remained in concealment. Heidegger speaks of the concealment and even distortion of beings. Yet it may be that the thought of self-concealing being as enigma, mystery, and secret *needs* the thought of repression. For when repression is primal, when it is *Ur-Verdrängung*, it is utterly beyond all thought of subjectivity. The uncanny, unhomelike return of the repressed is a thought of being.

* * *

The automaton or puppet—Descartes' man in the street or Kleist's boxing bear and ballet dancer—is the uncanny Other, the *Doppelgänger*. Even when

she is of the opposite gender, as enucleated Olympia, she is "the voice of the friend that every Dasein carries with itself."¹² The mute automaton taking on the daemonic voice of conscience and the demonic voice of guilt. The origin of the *Doppelgänger*, both in the narcissism of the individual psyche and in the tutelary genius or daimon of the species, would contain the secret of primal repression. It would be the ultimate source of anxiety and of anxiety's shade, the uncanny. It would be the origin of auto-affection, of hearing and understanding oneself while speaking; hence, the origin of all reflexivity and consciousness, the origin of all oniric presence in metaphysics.

* * *

Olimpia, the alluring puppet built by Spalanzani and given Nathaniel's eyes by Coppola-Coppélius, is a technitron. Nathaniel first sees her through Coppola's *Perispektiv* or technological looking-glass. Heidegger's nightmare: a mode of disclosure that blinds us to all other modes, cutting them off as possibilities for us. Heidegger's hope: the disclosure enacted in and by the work of art, especially the work of poetry, the work of language. Yet what about a poetry or fiction (such as E. T. A. Hoffmann's) whose technique (in the Greek sense of poetic art) confounds nature and artifice, world and technophantasm? What about a work of art that puts to work the art of the technical artificer and deceiver? Betrayal from below, from the South. For they are all Italians, these Futurist technowizards: Spalanzani, Coppola, Rappaccini, Bannadonna (the last two from Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter" and Melville's "The Bell-Tower," respectively), joined by Casanova and his doll. One recalls Freud wandering anxiously through the red-light district of a small Italian town, uncannily unable to flee, returning again and again to the street where he first recognized the neighborhood, confronting again and again a fate worse than death. Who is Olympia? She is the one who enucleates Nathaniel while forming the very nucleus of his narcissistic ego. He sees her eyes desiring him because her eyes are his own alienated eyes. Nathaniel is a victim of Coppélius-Coppola, the original *Doppelgänger*, who comes to destroy love—the love of a boy for his father, the love of a young man for his Clara. Luckily, Heidegger brought Frau Heidegger along to help him find his way unscathed through Rome.

* * *

The Sandman burns and extracts the eyes of naughty children who disobey their mothers and will not go to bed. Such is Derrida's anxiety in *Mémoires d'aveugle*.¹³ Such is the academicians' anxiety in the face of Derrida.

thinking *itself* as existing, even as the animal spirits of *her* blood course through its arteries and nerve tubes. At the same time, according to Freud, the female genitalia represent the uncanny unhomelike—at least for “neurotic males.” So that the site and sight of love inspire both homesickness and horror, being both Dido’s cave and the head of Medusa.

* * *

Would it be possible to think together the enucleated eye of the male member and the lips of woman? Not for the sake of the witch’s brew and warlock’s stew of phallic mother or vaginal father, but for the sake of difference without war?

* * *

What Freud calls the *Kindersangst* of losing one’s eyes is actually the projection of a parental, paternal/maternal anxiety, the terror of every parent who watches the infant child toying with its first jagged stick, fumbling about the face and eyes. *Kastrationsangst* shared by mother and father, both in terror of losing the child. The origin of the love Freud sees disturbed by Coppelius, the child’s love for its slain father. The child’s anxiety is twofold: first, that the violent father will throw sand in its eyes, will continue to say no in the name of the father, and second, that the gentle father will die, never knowing of the child’s *yes* to him. The child’s embrace of the father, the violent and gentle father, the violent and gentle father, is always a concession to the unavoidable hatred and a plea for recognition of the love.

* * *

The eye dislodged from the socket (*coppo*) of the head and from the male member: a century before Bataille, Novalis saw the *Doppelgänger* in this unseeing eye and spewing mouth. If Heidegger, the thinker of the clearing and of ocular concupisence, ever saw it, he never said so. If the thought of being and appropriation soars beyond the whole of beings, it misses the holes in beings. Yet nothing, the no-thing of the granting, is all it ever desired. Hence the scathing polemics against psychoanalysis. Hence the naïveté of Zollikon.¹⁵

* * *

If the *Doppelgänger* is originally the daimon, tutelary genius, or soul—as guarantor of immortality—she or he soon becomes the herald of death. This

* * *

Hoffmann calls Coppola the “accursed *Doppelgänger und Revenant*.” Derrida begins a recent book on Heidegger, *Of Spirit*, by invoking the *revenant*, the ghost, the return of the repressed. Spiriting Heidegger in the direction of *Geist*, disclosing the uncanniness of Heidegger’s corpus. Of Heidegger, politics, and the noble lie, for example.

* * *

Heidegger’s *Doppelgänger* in *Being and Time* is the concept of “self.” He continues to appeal to it (as Narcissus to the stream) even after the ecstatic analysis of temporality has left it in tatters. He fails to recognize that all appeals to the self (*das Selbst*) and to the proper (*Eigentlichkeit*) are haunted by the Augustinian-Cartesian demon—the *cogito*. Freud cites the thought of eternal recurrence of the same in the context of the endless splitting or fission of the father-*imago* and of the ego. That would be eternal return as Pierre Klossowski thinks it in *Le cercle vicieux*, the self enucleated and catapulted from itself, on the endless cycle of anamnesis and amnesia.¹⁴

* * *

Recall Heidegger’s and Augustine’s anxiety in the face of *concupiscentia oculorum*. And Augustine’s desire to be castrated for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, his need to adopt a feminine position before the divine. That would be the anxiety, not of losing the eyes, but of keeping them: overwhelming horror in the face of the temptations of visibility, Olympia’s seductive *Anblick*, her gaze, her vision, her sight, and the sight of her. For, again, her eyes are Nathaniel’s own eyes. Bannadonna, says Melville. Narcissus, says Freud; *abscessus*, says Augustine, O to be spayed [cf. *spado*] for the sake of the Father. Desire for the Great Dark of the solar anus. Olympia’s bloody eyes, enucleated by Coppola, are Nathaniel’s seeing eyes. Heidegger’s love of clearing is surpassed by his love of concealing, the mystery, *das Geheimnis*. Where the *Heim* of *Ge-heim* is *un-heimlich*.

* * *

The mother’s body too is a site of the uncanny unhomelike. It is the occasion of fantasies of life-in-the-womb, to be sure: the fascination exercised by intrauterine existence—as Descartes discusses it in his 1648 correspondence with Arnauld. Descartes says that the infant, who will retain no recollection of its life in the mother’s womb, must *constantly* be cogitating, gathering, and

is the historical unhomeliness of anxiety, which Freud finds in Heine's *Die Götter im Exil*. Heidegger needs this thought, and this poet, for his encounter with Hölderlin, the thinker of the mortality of all gods. Heidegger needs Heine as well as Nietzsche for his thought of "the last God," the end of every future in and for "the futural ones."¹⁶

* * *

There is something uncanny about the third and final part of Freud's *Das Unheimliche*. Freud would very much like to distinguish between "lived experience" and "reading," between life and letters. Heidegger triumphant: without really knowing the Freudian text, he predicted all along that Freud was mired in *Eylebnis*, the mush of lived experience that life-philosophy dishes out in order to prove that it is not moribund. According to Heidegger, "lived experience" is the very death of thought, the funeral mask of metaphysics. What is uncanny about Freud's effort is that *all* his sources for the uncanny are literary; for even what he claims to be autobiographical lived experiences are of course marvelously narrated and beautifully crafted pieces of writing. Freud triumphant: without really knowing the Heideggerian text, Freud sensed the inevitable turn to poetry—and even to literature—in all thinking. In the fairy tale, writes Freud, virtually everything is uncanny, so that nothing is experienced *as* uncanny. It is as though the willing suspension of disbelief both conjures and quiets the uncanny, both spurs and neutralizes the unhomelike at once. Freud has to settle for the paradox "that in literature [*Dichtung*] much is not *unheimlich* that would be if it occurred in real life, and that likewise in literature possibilities abound for attaining *unheimlich* effects that do not occur in real life" (*StA* 4: 271–72). Life and letters engage in a kind of ring dance of indeterminacy. However, the amulet of literature is less able to pacify the ghosts of repressed materials from infancy, materials long familiar to us yet heretofore locked away in the unconscious, *albertrautes Verdrängtes*, than the atavisms of early humanity. The uncanny unhomelike thus returns to each life, even to the most stolid of existences, in the life of letters. It is unhomelike with one; it is at home in me. Freud refers to three anxieties of childhood, anxieties that never fail to produce uncanny and unhomelike effects, affects, and paradoxes in both life and letters:

Stillness: "The resilient, phlegmatic, halting breath that no wind had yet dispersed . . ." " . . . and yet seldom have I felt so unquestionably at home . . ."

Loneliness: "The smell of anxiety in children who go to school . . ."
" . . . here one feels untouchable."

Darkness: " . . . A black gap torn carelessly out of the wall . . ."
" . . . radiates such honesty!"

NOTES

- Preliminary Note*: These architectural sections of Heidegger and Freud developed out of an event sponsored by DePaul University's College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and The Graham Foundation. The conference, "Das Unheimliche: Philosophy • Architecture • The City," took place on April 26–27, 1991, at DePaul. My thanks to all the participants, among them Jacques Derrida, Daniel Libeskind, Don Bates, Stanley Tagerman, Ben Nicholson, and Peter Eisenman.
1. I shall quote the *Studienausgabe* of Freud's works (Frankfurt a. M.: S. Fischer, 1969–1979 [paper edition, 1982]) throughout, citing it as *StA*, by volume and page. *Das Unheimliche* appears at *StA* 4: 241–74. For Heidegger's 1925 text, see *Prolegomena zur Geschichte des Zeitbegriffs*, vol. 20 of the Martin Heidegger Gesamtausgabe (Frankfurt a. M.: V. Klostermann, 1979). The Gesamtausgabe volumes too I shall cite by volume and page, abbreviating it as *GA*.
 2. R. M. Rilke, *Werke in zwei Bänden* (Leipzig: Insel, 1953), 2: 39–41; quoted in Martin Heidegger, *Die Grundprobleme der Phänomenologie*, vol. 24 of the Martin Heidegger Gesamtausgabe (Frankfurt a. M.: V. Klostermann, 1975), 244–46. My thanks to Will McNeill for the reference to Rilke.
 3. For a discussion of Heidegger and Rilke, see the Introduction and chapter 9 of my *Daimon Life: Heidegger and Life-Philosophy* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1992).
 4. Martin Heidegger, *Phänomenologische Interpretationen zu Aristoteles: Einführung in die phänomenologische Forschung*, Martin Heidegger Gesamtausgabe vol. 61 (Frankfurt a. M.: V. Klostermann, 1985), 131–55.
 5. See Freud, *Über den Gegensatz der Uraorte* (1910), *StA* 4: 227–34.
 6. Martin Heidegger, *Basic Writings*, ed. D. F. Krell (New York: Harper & Row, 1977), 107. Baurmann was at that time a member of the Laboratory of Primary Studies in Architecture (LoPSIA), directed by Don Bates, at the Cité Radieuse de Corbusier in Brity-en-Forêt, France.
 7. Daniel Libeskind, in *The Mask of Medusa*, ed. John Hejduk, (New York: Rizzoli, 1985), 11.
 8. See D. Martin Luther, *Die ganze Heilige* [N.B.: not *Heimliche*] *Schrift*, ed. Hans Volz, Heinz Blank, and Friedrich Kur (Munich: Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag, 1974), vol. 3, *Anhang*, 339.
 9. Martin Heidegger and Eugen Fink, *Heraklit* (Frankfurt a. M.: Klostermann, 1970), 234.
 10. See the thought-provoking reading of *repetition* in Freud's Sandman-interpretation in Neil Hertz, *The End of the Line: Essays on Psychoanalysis and the Sublime* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1985), 97–121. I have not even ventured to take into account here the vast amount of literature on Freud's reading (see Hertz, 246–48, who cites Cixous, Deleuze, Derrida, Gasché, Kofman, and Samuel Weber, among others). I am grateful to Cynthia Chase for recommending Hertz to me, and for our discussion.
 11. Heidegger, *Sein und Zeit*, 12th ed. (Tübingen: M. Niemeyer, 1972), §34, p. 163; see Derrida's recent *fourth Geschichte*, in *Reading Heidegger: Commemorations*, ed. John Sallis (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1992).
 12. Jacques Derrida, *Mémoires d'aveugle: L'autoportrait et autres ruines* (Paris: Réunion des musées nationaux, 1990). On Hoffman's *Der Sandmann*, see 65–66 n. 59. See the forthcoming translation by Michael Naas and Pascale-Anne Brault from The University of Chicago Press.
 13. See Pierre Klossowski, *Nietzsche et le cercle vicieux* (Paris: Mercure de France, 1969), passim. I have discussed Klossowski in my *Of Memory, Reminiscence, and Writing: On the Verge* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1990), chap. 7.
 14. Martin Heidegger, *Zölitiker Seminare: Protokolle—Gespräche—Briefe*, ed. Medard Boss (Frankfurt a. M.: V. Klostermann, 1987).
 15. Martin Heidegger, *Beiträge zur Philosophie (Vom Ereignis)*, Martin Heidegger Gesamtausgabe vol. 65 (Frankfurt a. M.: V. Klostermann, 1989).