

Sibboleth or Of the Letter

I would like to speak Jewish—knowing full well, however, that I shall not overcome “the phonemic difference between *shi* and *si* when it becomes discriminating, decisive and cutting.”¹

I would like to speak Jewish insofar as, if I wish to meet my friend, I must cross the river.

This time it is not a matter of the Jordan, however, or not only, but of the long river of history, the appalling mixture of blood and signs—of blood spilled under supposedly opposed signs, often even under the supposed sign of blood—where the descendants of Abraham and those of Parmenides blend their separate streams.

I do not believe then that Derrida—to thus name him—simply stands on the Jewish bank, and the one who here says “me” on the Greek bank. The river History² is without banks: it carries communal systems of signs (one might also say ritual forms of life, or “worlds,” or, not as good but with greater designative clarity perhaps, “humanities”³) which are formed *in it*, and *in it* coalesce or part from each other, blending more or less distinctly, more or less indistinctly. Languages, religions, knowledge, gods, arms and tools, organized in systems like clumps of grass which *figure* lands (but *are* only decomposable islands), *drift* from time immemorial upon this original stream that engenders and devours all origins.

Two cuts, two castrations, however, have occurred—symbolically occurred, and without themselves ceasing to be at the mercy of the stream. One of them, from Kronos, causes the infinite seed of the Milky Way to gush forth. The other gives Abraham, in the place of a son, the innumerable posterity of the sand and the stars. Do you see any difference between these myths? I don’t see one any more than Apollinaire does. Whether Zeus, the political god, transform the Asiatic nation that the Greeks were into a people capable of interrupting its own sign in challenging its Gods over the limit of the divine, and that from the simple repetition of its rites this humanity

¹ Jacques Derrida, *Schibboleth: Pour Paul Celan* (Paris: Galilée, 1986), p. 150. An English translation of this text can be found in *Sovereignities in Question: The Poetics of Paul Celan*, ed. Thomas Dutoit and Outi Pasanen (New York: Fordham University Press, 2005), p. 1-64.

² “Are we Jews? Are we Greeks? We live in the difference between the Jew and the Greek, which is perhaps the unity of what is called history.” “Violence and Metaphysics. An Essay on the Thought of Emmanuel Levinas,” *Writing and Difference*, trans. Alan Bass (New York: Routledge, 1978), p. 227.

³ The latter expression refers to Husserl (the preceding one to Heidegger, and the one before that to Wittgenstein). On the Husserlian difference between the so-called “natural” humanities and “Greek” (in reality for him modern) humanity, see in this volume “Husserl’s Europe.”

then passed over to the question of repeatability, that it was projected from (its) reality into (its) possibility, and that there thus appeared a life-in-the-impossible of which the name is “existence,” to which from then on a people knew itself exposed; *or else* that The-One-who-Exists (let us say: Existing itself) demand of life that it raise a knife upon itself (upon its recommencement, upon its perpetuation, the father upon the son) as always occurs in the “structure of being” that erects and bows us, in courage and in despair, such that if life responds to this injunction it immediately gives way, by a substitutive miracle, to a kind of fecundity of mortality itself in its formal desert—whether, then, a people give itself to existing or existing give itself a people, where, once again, is the difference?

There *is* one, however. And it is, indeed, “discriminating, decisive and cutting.” But if, conscious of the absurdity of trying to render our identities (our difference) identical, I have begun by showing in the myths that difference can (and I think: that it can *only*) *play out within the Same*, it is because I cannot accept (*we* cannot accept, *nobody* can accept), either ethically or logically, that “discriminating” turn into “discriminatory,” that “decisive” void itself into “decisional” and that the cut of a difference [*le coupant d’un partage*] be watered down into pure and simple indifference.

And yet all that, all these crimes have in fact already occurred. That is also why, as far back as I can remember our meetings, we have never *met the meeting*; or rather we have never been able to let it develop itself. Or else, perhaps, it is “me” who has never known how. Complicit thus—“innocently” complicit, of course, but that is what makes it most shameful—in an incomprehension of which I have heard him say (him, “Derrida,” the one who bears this name and who, like each of us, has always disappeared behind a name, already at the time of the École⁴ and all the more so for having very quickly made what is still called “a name” for himself) that it had always been a “general” incomprehension. He never managed to get his “way of writing” accepted, at least not *well* accepted, but only to make it pass muster, and sometimes narrowly. That has

⁴ With its capital letter, the “École” designates, of course, Rue d’Ulm [the École Normale Supérieure in Paris where Granel and Derrida were classmates in the early fifties]; I consider it here, however (with respect to this question of what are called “proper” names), only as the culmination of hundreds of school hours, and above all those of the lycée (for we are dealing with adolescence, the age it seems of identity, of its crisis and of its pursuit at the same time), where I only remember, though, having heard detonate, ricochet, crisscross in all directions, those famous “names” as mere indices, as devoid of meaning (and by that of all attachment, other than that of pure designation) as the balls, the shouts, the laughter, the scraping of shoes, and to finish *the* bell. “Connections” of course were established, and there was the turbulence of abounding questions (all of which, if you like, were questions of identity), yet all of this *elsewhere*, however, or *afterward*: in the street, the metro, little by little in certain houses other than “the house.” But in the space of school the names signified nothing whatsoever and seem to have functioned as the mere indices of a game, more precisely perhaps as gaming or playing capacities, forms of displacement and of performance (in Latin translation as in football), just as if, in short, childhood had the same neutrality (in comparison to any real property whatsoever) as a logical space. All this is to suggest that if to philosophize is indeed, as Socrates wanted, *skholên agein*, then it is good that philosophers do not meet, at least not without having *also* neutralized their meeting.

continued, it seems, not despite, but *with* celebrity and even in recognition, including (although things for the last several years have finally been changing on this point) my own, which has always been difficult. Probably because, in the singular case of Derrida, the *sharing* [*partage*] never goes without a *cutting into* [*sans entame*], and it is difficult to let oneself be cut into [*se laisser entamer*]. For that I had first to have gotten on well enough with my own tasks, deliberately enough and rigorously enough that all their beginnings (all the ways in which they are started upon [*dont elles s'entament*]), which are also of course their ultimate ends, could be recognized in the precise and articulated form of a logical suffering which *accommodates* itself (getting started there once again [*s'y réentamer*]) to this extraordinary writing which always has, so to speak, a wound in advance.

From the time of the École, precisely, my own memory has retained not even the slightest yellowed photo—whereas I discovered that he remembers everything, the day that this man who is attentive to addresses, signatures, epigraphs and sutures of all kinds that “happen” to texts, having noted that “The War of Secession”⁵ was addressed to my mother (and twice, firstly by her name when she was not my mother) reminded me of her and of her grief at seeing “her son leave,” which my heart had forgotten but his had retained. An anecdote? In its content, perhaps, and if it were but a matter of the capacity for keeping things in mind; but not in what it reveals about the vocation of keeping Memory itself alive. A vocation which would thus be “Jewish,” in the manner of which I have begun to speak. And which unsettles genealogies, for on that day it was not me who, for my mother, was the “son.”⁶

One is Jewish, it seems, by the mothers. Which, if one thinks about it, means that Jewish mothers alone have sons (and above all daughters); whereas on the Isle of Reefs which drifts alongside that of Israel along the Great Nothing (the river Nile [*Nil*]), which is of Greco-Roman-Christian tradition, it is fathers who have sons (and, but accessorially this time, daughters), which the mothers simply “give” them (“*she gave him three children...*”).

This question is one of *transmission*. And it is a first difference within the existential “Same” from which we started (and which we shall not leave). The other (the second difference), I might as well say at once, concerns signs; the *letter*, more precisely. And the third, which springs from the first two, concerns the *form* of existence of a people (Jewish here, Greek there) in itself and among other peoples; it is thus the (archi)political question. *The* question at the basis of these three questions is obviously that of knowing what unites them.

⁵ See chapter fourteen of this volume. —*Trans.*

⁶ For Jacques Derrida’s take on this “scene of the mother,” see “*Corona Vitae*,” in *Granel. L’éclat, le combat, l’ouvert*, ed. Jean-Luc Nancy and Elisabeth Rigal (Paris: Belin, 2001), p. 137-163, republished in Jacques Derrida, *Chaque fois unique, la fin du monde*, ed. Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas (Paris: Galilée, 2003), p. 293-319. —*Trans.*

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Working a short time ago on a certain falling off, in Husserl, between *The Philosophy of Arithmetic* and *Logical Investigations*—a drop in level concerning the relations between figure-making, the concept and the sign—I saw this pleasant work suddenly escape me and “my plume, which I could hardly keep pace with,” as one would have said in the old style, on its own inscribe this:

What Husserl betrayed when he converted (whether to be able to obtain a position in the German university, or because mathematics, more surely than Plato, of itself prepares one for Christianity, we have neither the right nor the desire to judge) is in the final analysis—or first of all—the capacity of the signitive to give figures to the Spirit. It is the birthright of the symbol (in perceiving and conceiving, of which however it is a matter of articulating the difference) which, that day (on this “date,” in the sense that Derrida reminds us of), was traded for a plate of lentils which is the intuitive (and impious) face-to-face.⁷

We cannot mention Husserl without stopping to consider that Derrida’s entry into philosophy (his public entry, at least) occurred precisely in the form of a reading of Husserl, and moreover precisely from both sides—that of the logical and that of the ethico-political—at the same time. The problematic of this relation—or rather not the “problematic” merely, but the general form of unrest and audacity which had stimulated this reading of Husserl—already inscribed itself under the strange hieroglyph of the “Greekjew,” unless it is written “Jewgreek,” but which I have always understood as aiming to *tighten a difference in loosening the copula* (to avoid the dialectical erasure) precisely where Joyce, on the contrary, “perhaps the most Hegelian of modern novelists,” unhesitatingly placed it: “Jewgreek *is* greekjew. Extremes meet.”⁸

“Are we Jews? Are we Greeks? We live in the difference...”⁹: this ultimate question in “Violence and Metaphysics” comes after a reading of Levinas’s masterwork, *Totality and Infinity*. If this reading shows an extreme respect for the content and the intentions of Levinas, it objects nonetheless to the violent suit the latter files against philosophy in the form of Husserlian phenomenology, defended throughout by Derrida. The verdict—one can scarcely avoid the term here—which concludes this long and impeccable demonstration, ultimately relegates “this inclination of thought to the Other” to an *empiricism* as its “true name” (under which it is

⁷ Granel refers here to Genesis 25: 34, where Esau sells his birthright to his brother Jacob in exchange for a “pottage of lentils.” —*Trans.*

⁸ *Writing and Difference*, *op. cit.*, p. 192. Emphasis on the copula is added by Granel.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 191.

condemned) as a “*renunciation* of the concept, of the *a priori*s and transcendental horizons of language.”¹⁰

But let us proceed slowly here. This defense of a “Greek” (himself formerly “Jewish”) by a “Jew” against a “Jew” (but both philosophers, therefore “Greeks”) conceals a *polémos* over Judaism (over the manner of conceiving it so that the quotation marks can be removed from “Jew”—or placed there *in a determinate manner*), just as it conceals a *project* about the future of thought, where it is a matter of the use of quotation marks around the word “Greek.” When I say it “conceals,” I do not mean “dissimulates”: there is no subterfuge here; I mean that it contains but is not yet able to propose what it must, however, already hold in reserve (and which for Derrida at the time of *Writing and Difference* was probably the very limit of his thought). The project which concerns the future of Greek logos is already formulated (enveloped provisionally in “the empiricism of the other”—insufficiently other and insufficiently empirical—as set forth by Levinas) as the necessity of an *irruption* which must *reawaken* this logos: “reawaken [it] to its origin as to its mortality.”¹¹ The Judeo-Jewish polemos, for its part, is more concealed; scarcely even is it announced as *another* hypothesis, not mentioned but implied merely by the “if” and the “only” which affect the Levinasian hypothesis regarding Judaism: “But if one calls this experience of the infinitely other Judaism (which is only a hypothesis for us)...”¹²

My own hypothesis therefore is the following (and it is founded, firstly, on the memory of the attention Derrida paid to the initial repression of the indexical as he did to the ultimate defeat, albeit long deferred, of “unfulfilled significations” in the first *Logical Investigation*, and, secondly, on the emergence, much later since it appears in the final pages in *Of Spirit*, of the Hebrew “ruah,” as if slipped into a corner so that the circle passing through the three summits of the *pneuma-spiritus-Geist* triangle not be foreclosed); my hypothesis then is:

a) that the project of “reawakening the logos to its origin as to its mortality” must be read in reverse—must therefore be read: “reawaken it to its mortality as to its origin” and that one must understand the “as” in the sense of “qua.” The project such as I understand it (and which I think has become more and more distinctly Derrida’s, but which he has never formulated in these terms—meaning that this project is perhaps already but my own) is (would be) then to reawaken thought to that which language testifies to in man (mortality) as being his “origin”—, which is to say the Heideggerian “proposition” (which would thus be fully recognized here) that Existence, as “being-towards-death,” is the “essence” of man as the “*Verstehen*” of Being (of his own, but also that of all beings) in a discourse (*Rede*) articulated in a language [*une langue*]. This reawakening

¹⁰ Ibid., p. 189.

¹¹ Ibid., p. 190.

¹² Ibid., p. 190.

supposes an “irruption,” however, which is not found in Heidegger. It is true, of course, that Heidegger thinks the *interruption* of pre-ontological familiarity, the “coming up against the void” (before the broken tool) as the condition of possibility of understanding, and originally of a deliberately onto-logical questioning (the furtive apparition of tool-*ness*), but this analysis shows no concern with respect to what, in the phenomenon of the interruption itself, supposes something on the order of an *irruption*.

b) “The infinitely other” for Derrida is precisely that the “irruption” of which (coming not from “outside,” however, and being by no means “accidental”¹³) has the power to reawaken in this way the Greek logos. But it is not a matter of “*this* experience of the infinitely other” (which is impossible, incidentally, since, like it or not, it requires the horizon of the “same” as “alter ego”), which, in the Levinasian “hypothesis,” is called “Judaism.” It is a matter of *another* experience of the “infinitely other,” another *hupotithémi* concerning Judaism, which would be, not “others” [*autrui*], but Writing.

c) The peoples of mortality are not two, but three (the Jewish, the Greek *and the Arab*). This time I find no reference anywhere in Derrida, except in an avowal of a refusal-to-avow, which I think is a hapax, and which I shall refrain from trying to force, when he acknowledges that he has never been able to speak about his origins,¹⁴ characterized as Jewish-Arab. I shall speak therefore from my own point of view and in my own name.

Our paths shall probably cross once again, however, under this heading of “mortality,” when the question arises of knowing *in what sense* the peoples whose (symbolic) seed has become infinite under the sign of death (under death as sign and the sign as death) are also—or not, and with what differences—themselves sowers of death for all the humanities they compel to enter history; and to what extent they are also such sowers for themselves.

The undisciplined text which I began citing from before said something about these three points; rather than continuing to quote from it, however, I shall now take up its course, only attempting here and there to render the determination of the difference of the figures formed at the source of our history (Greek and Abrahamic, the latter subdividing into Jewish and Arab), in the intertwining of death, the sign and a people, a little less adventitious. At the same time, we shall try to understand how the current libration of this history (by which I mean the hesitancy of all the imbalances to fix themselves into such and such a figure of equilibrium) *may* comprise, for its salvation, what was above called the *tightening* of this difference. This expression was chosen

¹³ Ibid, p. 191.

¹⁴ For Derrida’s comment on this remark see “*Corona vitae*,” op. cit., p. 161. —*Trans.*

because it implies that the difference in question is of a “Newtonian” type, affirming the contrariety of predicates with the same “subject.” *Tightening* such a difference thus implies no dialectical sublation [*relevé*] and opens no irenic perspectives. The image of course signifies, it is true, that the two edges, as of a wound, approach each other, touch, and even come to fold the other within themselves along their surface contacts (thin, fragile, irritable, but propagating and adhesive) in a “cicatrizization” process. But the difference in origin of the tissues is precisely never effaced in the production of *new* and *common* scar tissue; it proliferates rather, it displaces and maintains itself, in such a way that this “community” is but the play of the difference between the edges, deriving from no “truer” unity and leading to none either. At any moment, therefore, the alterity of the forces in contact with each other may reveal in the figure of equilibrium they have formed until then the disequilibrium of which it never ceased to consist—and the scar thereby become inflamed, infected, tear itself open. If the organic image (as old and exhausted as political discourse, I have not forgotten) acquires here some novelty and some possibility, it will be owed precisely to the fact that the “unity” is conceived “only” as the result of this tightened difference. A risk is still being incurred that what at all events remains an *analogy* between nature and spirit, between living beings and existence, between forces and symbols, could be deprived in the final analysis (or even before the beginning) of all pertinence. This risk will not be eliminated until we manage (if we manage) to show that the edge-to-edge of the “Greekjew” is *logically* necessary. This will certainly not provide it with any guarantee of a real consolidation, but will at least authorize the idea of it. But enough preamble.

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The hypothesis I shall propose for my part, then, is that there is indeed a difference *which cannot be erased* between, on the one hand, the humanity (which I call Greek) which has as the sole compass or border [*cerne*]¹⁵ of its being (and thus as the horizon of its dis-cernment) *in-der-Welt-sein*, and whose only element, on which all its forms of existing are based, is *language*—naked logical humanity, let us call it, which in laying itself bare earned for itself the departure of all its gods and a kind of destination to perish as a separate people, becoming thus the illustrious ones and the

¹⁵ The French word “cerne,” meaning border, ring or compass, is a recurrent trope in Granel’s writing employed to designate what a later text describes as the “condition of perceptual dis-cernment and which, for that reason, is in itself nothing that one might discern.” Jean-Luc Nancy includes this text, entitled “Far from Substance. Whither and to What point? (Essay on the Ontological Kenosis of Thought since Kant),” and comments on it, in *Dis-Enclosure: The Deconstruction of Christianity*, trans. Michael B. Smith (New York: Fordham University Press, ‘Perspectives in Continental Philosophy,’ 2008), p. 169 (Granel’s text is translated by Bettina Bergo). —*Trans.*

pharmakón for all those who, little by little, will have entered *the formal history of existing itself* opened by them—, and, on the other hand, the humanity (which I call Abrahamic) which also broke away from wisdoms and from religions, but more in *leaving* them than in letting them depart. This is a “nuance” which most certainly must be recognized, for it is the theme of the desert, of the dispersion-dislocation, of nomadism or of the diaspora.

That the gods depart from Greece leaves the Greeks themselves in place: auto-chthones, which is to say having their “selfhood” in their land. This is what is symbolized in the Athenians choice (becoming by this very choice “Athenians” precisely) of the Olive tree instead of the *sea* horse of Poseidon: an enigma to which the whole beginning of *The Republic* provides the key in making the case for the City’s refusal to expose itself to the exteriority of commerce, the waters of which, firstly marine, can only rise within the city through all the channels of exchange, to the point of replacing the gold of the *polis* (its onto-logical alignment) with that of general equivalency (Chrematistic democracy and cronyism). The worrisome thing, for us, is that our form of world was born precisely in this configuration in which the Greek spirit saw its death, in this foul ebb tide of which the land itself is a reflection, this poisonous stagnation in the silk of commerce, in a word this *Venice*, this soul of the modern soul conjoining dream and calculation, all the palaces of which are made of blown glass. It is not that Greece wanted nothing to do with signs, which on the contrary she borrowed from all around her, and of which, as with all her other borrowings, she logicized the essence and the usage. But Greece wanted nothing to do with the infinity of signs. If she invented the symbol, it was to seek out a land for the sign itself, founding the heterogeneity, the incommensurability, the a-symmetry of sign and sense in the alliance between the two halves of the Same (called *homoiôse*) that would be the passions of the soul and things themselves. It is this attempt which today has achieved its crisis. The refusal from which this attempt proceeded—or the need to which it had sought to respond—retains all its legitimacy nonetheless. But we shall not respond in a genuinely new or an effectively sound manner if we do not accept the assistance—and more than the assistance: the lesson—of the tradition of the letter. That is why we must return to the other historial cutting.

Completely other, indeed, was the sharing out of the substantial and of nothingness when Abraham left Asia, with for son a goat, some sand and the stars. The Existence he “follows” (towards nowhere, no land, knowing from the beginning that the Promise alone is his land, that he can people nothing, can only wait until Existing makes of him its people), this Existence has kept for itself something of the substantiality of which it stripped him. In it there hovers still the *form* of the substantiality of the gods, the *shadow* of the raised transcendence. It proposes itself (imposes itself rather) as the Limit of the world, different in that from this Opening to the Open [*Ouverture*

à l'Ouvert] which in contrast limits Greek divinity to *In-der-Welt-sein*. The humanity which comes from there (or which enters there) overflows with what fled Greece: it is life and religion, life transmitting religion (by the women) and religion as the rule of life (by the Law). This humanity has no idea, however, of logical questioning (*its* “logic” is that of another “questioning”: the commentary of the Book, or rather the struggle between the commentary and the Book—we shall come back to this). Having no discourse of truth, and for all land the “passage over lands,” Abraham’s descendants have no politics, but either (in the Arab fashion) a *conquest* which aims to impose its rule-of-life, or else (in the Jewish fashion) a *dissemination* which seeks to preserve it. Properly speaking, they have no religion either, but rather, as its faith, a war against all gods, including in a certain sense against “God”—at least if it is true that “monotheism” is a fable invented by philosophers and Christians.

Insofar as it is permitted (it surely is not, but it is much too late to turn back now) to someone who is born outside of the Jewish tradition (the proliferation of its traditions) to comment on what constitutes the singularity of its difference, it seems to me that it resides in the gathering of the existence of its people upon the Book. Let us make sure we understand: upon the *letter*, for it is the letter which, in the commentary, develops the “spirit” of the letter. We cannot begin to understand that if we *forget* that the letter is not the empty symbol substitutable for the intuitive formation of the concept, as Husserl understands (or misunderstands) the use of mathematical symbolism, but the ring of fire [*ligne de feu*] left upon the world by the Limit of the world. From this was born a proliferating liberty of “interpretations” (something like the rabbinical schools) which have nothing to do with what we call hermeneutics. If we accept the idea that there can be nothing more, short of blasphemy, in *all* the texts of the Book than there is in the Tetragram, then we must understand that all the lessons of wisdom that can be “drawn” from “Scripture” are variants which *vocalize* or *consonantize* (articulate) in figures which acquire from the appearance of sense (but which know themselves, to this extent precisely, as “nonsensical”) a surplus of sense—as little *enunçiable* as sense as the succession of the four “grams” is *pronounceable* by the voice. To tell the truth, the Tetragram (one should try it) is not absolutely unpronounceable: the attempt to pronounce it produces something like breath. In this phonic “emission” which is as aphonic as can be, breath is like a thread which generates *for its own passage*, and even if in this passage it “breathes” it, the grain of a minimum articulatory contrast, the shadow of a vowel-consonant contrariety.

Our native tongue (I say tongue [*la langue*], not yet language [*le langage*])¹⁶ has a word for the way it is conceived here: *filigrane* [a French word here meaning “filigree”]. A *filigrane* is the sheer

¹⁶ Granel is drawing on the Saussurean distinction between language as a system of signs used by people of a particular country, *la langue*, translated here either as “a/the language(s)” or as “tongue,” and on rare

fineness of a thread [*un fil*] which generates a grain [*des grains*]. The difference between the union of the spirit and the letter (a Jewish union, according to our unauthorized conjectures), on one hand, and “the sense inhabiting psychical experiences” and “animating signs” (a Christiano-metaphysical conception, expressed here in Husserlian terms),¹⁷ on the other, begins at the most elementary of levels, which is the level of linguistics. Linguistics is the science of language-signs [*signes-de-langue*] which can establish itself (and continue) only based upon the supposition of “sense,” but it never exhibits anything but organizations of signs which themselves *comprise* no sense—only differentiating possibilities (at different levels of complexity) which are required for the production of sense. This production remains the work, in a native tongue [*la langue*], of what is not a native tongue but the *use* of them; it remains a work that is proper to *language* [*langage*]. Now there are two possible outcomes here: either the metaphysical outcome, which lodges sense outside of languages [*hors-langue*] (and it hardly matters whether it be in the Word or in the universality of the predicative function), but this helium-filled balloon bursts in the void of a space without signs (language [*langage*] *must* speak a tongue [*une langue*]), or else the outcome which brings us back to the Judaic alliance of the Spirit and the Letter. This alliance is neither the alloying of the true with sense, nor the alloying of sense with signs, but the organization of “comparisons” (or “parables”), of “stories” or of “narratives,”¹⁸ where what makes itself felt is the *thread* of a Law. That we *cannot but* “tell stories,” is here, that is to say in contrast to the directive given by Plato (himself quite a storyteller!), the very principle of a recasting of logic as a theory of generalized figurativity. It is thus, once again, the *filigrane* as the work of the grain of a thread. It is not, however, the *filigrane* in the second sense of the term according to the dictionary, which is to say a “design imprinted in the paper pulp by a formal lattice and which becomes visible when held up against the light”: this latter

occasions “speech,” and language as a universal capacity innate in man, *le langage*, translated as “language” (generally without an article and in the singular form). —*Trans.*

¹⁷ See in this volume “The Unstated of the Investigation (Some Remarks on Husserl’s Introduction to the *First Logical Investigation*).”

¹⁸ “Narrative” [*récit*] is not understood here in the same way that the “police commissioner” who is tasked with the “meaning of the story” [*sense de l’histoire*] in M. Blanchot [*La Folie du jour* (Paris: Fata Morgana, 1973); *The Madness of the Day*, trans. Lydia Davis (Barrytown: Station Hill Press, 1981)] *demands* that it be understood—see Derrida’s commentary in *Parages* (Paris: Galilée, 1986), p. 270; *Parages*, trans. Tom Conley, James Hulbert, John P. Leavey, Avital Ronell (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2010)—and which, indeed, calls in fact for only one response, one exclamation: “No, no narrative, never again.” I understand “*récit*,” on the contrary, preceded here too by Blanchot and Derrida, as the writing which carries the rhetorico-logico-metaphysical (and, of course, political) “principle of order” par excellence, that of genre (*ibid.*, p. 287), to its point of ultimate questioning and of panic. More precisely, since for me it is a matter here of the “holy” scriptures, the word designates the way in which these writings are composed of stories (call them “Oriental”), like the story of Judith where the painting of Lestié and the thought of Pontévia intersect in an obsessive manner. And what is “holy” here (which is to say “separate”) is that the “meaning” of the narrative is *preserved in a certain manner over the head of the narrative* and is never absorbed by it as one or another of its propositions, nor as if the narrative itself constituted a grand proposition. There are no propositions in a narrative, only sentences and their phrasing.

meaning, on the other hand, exactly corresponds with the ultimate “Greek” attempt concerning language: that of a pure morphology of significations.

The way in which linguistics is undone by its own object is even more instructive however than this failure of logic, more useful at any rate for our idea of tightening the “Greekjew” difference. According to this science, the most primitive level of a language [*une langue*] is its phonological organization, where no *figure* yet appears producing *effects of meanings*, only an organization, utterly non-natural, of the vowel-consonant difference (the *already* non-natural character of which, like that of the cluster of distinctive traits comprising the phoneme, shall be left unexamined here—an examination which might well begin with the intermediary case of the “liquids” hovering between vowel and consonant and bring out the *general* implications of a critique of the foundations of linguistics in Benveniste’s remarks on Democritus’s notion of *rhuthmōi*¹⁹). However adequately this phonological organization of the vocalic and consonantal material constitutes each time a system of differentiation, the minimal materiality necessary to the production of *all* figuration (logos of *aisthesis* as *aisthesis*, a system of sensible differences which can be felt only within the system); however much, then, that it is also required by figures of sense, it is not required to the extent that it is *sense* which in a native tongue [*une langue*] is figured. That is why, in the actual mobilization of a native tongue by a language which *speaks* it, the phonological organization remains totally unconscious.

This is further reason to observe that phonological organization itself is not entirely devoid of all *relation* to semantic figuration, of which it can even become the index. Any transgression of the extraordinarily complex formula of accepted phonological combinations, and only the accepted ones, in the first syllable in English, such as established by Benjamin Lee Whorf²⁰—and which, despite its complexity, the linguistic unconscious of a four or five-year-old *British subject* “possesses” (that is obeys)—, any transgression of this formula abruptly blocks the possibility of speaking, or at the very least brings about the threat of nonsense. Linguistics thus grasps here at the level the phoneme what in a certain manner it missed at an intra- and infra-phonemic level: the requirement of “sense” not in, but for, the phoneme, functions here indeed as a “limit of the world” to which the desert life of signs attests, in accordance with a Law which *indicates* the Spirit, but does not *signify* it (does not say it, does not make it appear, neither eyes it nor envisions it). The indexical relation is the only one which cannot be idolatrous.

¹⁹ Émile Benveniste, “The Notion of ‘Rhythm’ in its Linguistic Expression,” *Problems in General Linguistics*, trans. Mary Elizabeth Meek (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2021). —*Trans.*

²⁰ *Language, Thought, and Reality. The Selected Writings of Benjamin Lee Whorf* (1956), ed. John B. Carroll, Stephen C. Levinson, Penny Lee (Cambridge: M.I.T. Press, 2012). —*Trans.*

It is true that by the same token it cannot be faithful. One would hasten in vain, however, in immediately taking the leap which, one might believe, separates from this perspective the phonological (the inferior level of speech [*la langue*] considered as a body of signs, and thus for a linguistics conceiving of itself as a semiotics) from the grammatical, the level immediately superior, where, with the *morphé*, the *manifest amalgamation* of form and sense appears. Indeed, the morphological furnishes what the very possibility of a fidelity, or of an idolatry, seems to require: allegiance to a *semantic* operation (which alone separates the body of linguistic signs from any other system of signs—for example the signal code of a dance of bees) *where the true and the false is in play* (with respect to the world and in communication with others)—that is, if you prefer, Spirit: for the spirit of Spirit itself is indeed “knowledge,” is it not?

The very point where idolatry originates, however, is on the contrary, and very precisely, where the no-god [*le point-Dieu*] (or the point of God [*le point de Dieu*]) is taken for the true-God. YHWH is not (I am speaking as if I knew him, and all my words are grating here in anguish at the death of all possible sense in them and by them, *but* perhaps they are also beginning to live with a new stutter) Four-Letters, then, is not the true sense, the truth of sense or sense as true, but something else again: the passage of a fugitive separation already turning its back to us, but which, whether as a soft breeze or a red-hot iron, has opened in our mouths the power to figuratively organize the sounds, the gestural, rhythmic, intensive, prosodic forms, which produce no appearances [*paraître*] and fall into none, but from which blossom (dis-enclose) all discernable and apparently substantial configurations of the sense-signs amalgamation.

This power of language has neither its lower limit in a nature (as if the latter could have failed to be ruffled by the threat), nor its upper limit in a true or false preaching, as if in *their* truth these two notions were not even what is sculpted, oriented, accumulated and displaced, infinitely repeated and suddenly buried by the sandstorm—historical dunes of forms of sense.

There are two things to take up [*repandre*] from the admirable work of Benveniste, which are also two things to correct [*repandre*] *within* his work, in a gesture of the same reverence and the same critical vigor as the one by which he himself “took up” Saussure.²¹ The first is what we have just pointed out, that is the self-evidence with which linguistics situates the phenomenal realm that it treats as a body of signs between nature and truth; the second, linked to the first by a play of

²¹ The questions being raised here, without being either treated or even postulated, and to which it would be necessary to devote a work of an entirely different scope and precision, worthy of the authors concerned, emerge in the reading of E. Benveniste, “The Levels of Linguistic Analysis” (in *Problems in General Linguistics*, *op. cit.*) and lessons V (the second part) and VI of Roman Jakobson, *Six Lectures on Sound and Meaning*, trans. John Mephram (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1978).

ontological solidarity that the linguist cannot perceive, is also taken as self-evident, and this is the hope of linking together form and sense with the aid of a distinction between a constituting element and an integrating element, which contains all the aporias of the *metaphysical* distinction between form and matter (in which is completely *embedded* the notion of structure).

We may better understand this aporetic obstruction—which reverberates across all the “levels” at which linguistic analysis tackles its “objects”: phonemes, morphemes, discourse—once we have glimpsed how it limits (that is to say enables up to a certain point, but necessarily blunts too, and in constant proportion to this strength and this weakness) all the methodological concepts employed: phonemes/distinctive traits, distributional relations/integrating relations, segmentation/substitution, phonemes/morphemes, surface grammar/”sublogical” depth, propositional function/discursive forms, etc.

Linguistics is a science from which philosophy—or rather thought in the post-philosophical—nonetheless has everything to learn, to the extent that what it treats as a structure, being a *language* structure, binds form to sense, sense to form, *more originally* than any problematic of element and relation, of the whole and its parts, and definitively topples or deposes [*dechoit*] the “substantial” sense of Being (*shatters* it upon Being-said itself). Linguists are *obliged* to think (it is also what they have done); this is a boost which the philosopher, for his part, gets nowhere. On the other hand, the philosopher has become (what he has perhaps always been from the beginning, from the pre-beginning of Greek thought known as “pre-Socratic,” but with an acceleration promptly increased with the properly philosophical formulation of the physio-logy of the initial thought-poems, forthwith divided into Platonism *and* Aristotelianism, revived/paralyzed by the constraint of Christian dogma which foreclosed the initial questioning in confiscating the problematicity of Being in the incomprehensibility of God—but in doing so fecundating the logical instrument as if under the light and by the warmth of a greenhouse—, and finally in an “absolute acceleration” with the splitting into two of the modern metaphysical basis into sciences which have achieved their success as an exodus from philosophy and a critique of philosophy which explored all means of failing to establish itself as a science)—the philosopher, then, on the other hand (that is to say in compensation for this lack of any boost that philosophy might receive from what is not its object, nor even its domain, but its “affair,”²² to the aid of which it must instead come incessantly on its own), has received—or forged rather, through the double work of Heidegger and Wittgenstein—a sort of capacity to render its questioning and its writing properly *Talmudic*, and an ability to accommodate by it the Law in the life-of-the-letter (in life *to* the letter).

²² Granel is referring here to “*L’Affaire de la pensée (pour aborder la question de sa détermination)*,” the French translation, by Alexandre Schild, of Martin Heidegger’s “*Zur Frage nach der Bestimmung der Sache des Denkens*.”—*Trans.*

This also endows, among all the types of discourses and idealities, what we must henceforth call philosophical *commentary* with a status (or better: with a mode of retreat *and* of intervention) which, in a perfectly Jewish manner, is situated athwart the empires of the world. This perpetual “Exodus from Egypt” will certainly never prevent Josephs, formerly sold by their brothers, from being reduced to forming the Prince’s counsel, nor the exclusion of the Jew from causing unpredictable scourges to fall upon the kingdoms of the world, but it will prevent any fertile valley whatsoever from flourishing without the breath of the Spirit. Or more radically, it henceforth *separates* the logical fecundity of any culture from a *land* of knowledge and from any philosophical *reign* that would organize and dominate the diversity of “fields,” “territories,” “domains” (there is a famous text by Kant on this subject, to be reread entirely), and enjoins us to conceive of it, not on the model of the fertile valley, but under the figure of the *blossoming of the desert*. For if the Spirit “blows where it will,” that does not mean “who knows where”; we know, on the contrary: it blows from the desert, in the desert and for the desert. *What* it blows, however, is neither the barren nor the fertile, of which the difference, the mixture, the predominance, depends on the response which already inhabits our attention and gives it its opening limit. The prophetic modality of Dasein consists in that “Here I am” arises at night *before* having heard anything of the Call, except the Call itself. Thus all mothers awaken *with* the small sound of the child, not because the sound disrupts sleep but because the voice of need in the sound finds in them an attention that sleep itself has not disconnected.

Whether this anguish be strong and serene or demean itself in an insomniac, guilty, neurotic anxiety; whether it bring about a nourishing and eurhythmic inventiveness of good solicitude or produce a suffocating overvaluation of (supposedly sublime) “maternity,” or else a hatred and the rejection of this imposed and unbearable role—none of these forms of the authentic and the inauthentic would be possible without the existential figure of which they are modalities. This is the figure that Heidegger simultaneously writes and does not know how to write: *Eigen(t)lichkeit* with the “neutralization” of the “t,” an existential phoneme of which the two unbroken writings (*Eigentlichkeit* and *Uneigentlichkeit* [authenticity and inauthenticity]) would fall back into the status of a combinatory relation if, precisely, the symbolic meaning of the breaking (the Law broken) was not there to indicate that the function of existing possesses a power of ethical figuration that *exceeds*—originally, ultimately and continually—any moral figuration. And, correlatively, that language (including, of course, that of thought) only blossoms if, throughout, before and after all discernable configurations of meaning and all appresentable configurations of truth, it knows how to faithfully maintain the *stutter* in which it too was broken (broken *and* protected: hidden in this break) by the passage of the unutterable Limit.

It is indeed this “stutter” (itself a figure, and by no means to be understood on the basis of a psycho-linguistic “deficiency” that it nonetheless is at the same time, but rather on the basis of what comprises the grandeur of the stutterer’s affliction—the *other* knowledge and the *other* eloquence that he adversely draws from the “not knowing” that strikes the faculty of elocution in him), it is this stutter, then, that liberates figurative power from the closure of configurations (of signs, of meaning, of truth). The secret of the imagination (you know: that secret “hidden deeply in the human soul”²³) is in what unites hesitancy with the infallible. That this union is the soul of the gesture, is what one must be blind not to glimpse in the flash from which emanates the leap of the dance, from which the stroke of the brush is executed, and where the twirl of the arm is decided. And logical incisiveness, like the desert flower of the caress—do they not derive from having had done for all eternity with that from which they nonetheless escape at each moment only by a hair: the “dialectic” of audacity and timidity?

The ethical question never consists in existing according to the true, but in truly existing. The pictorial question never consists in seeing according to a truth of the world or according to a truth of sentiment, but in learning to see in learning the sentiment of the world. The logical question never consists in freeing true structures from a field of appearances (that gives way only to “knowledge” and to “science,” of which the different types of scientificity are *already* delineated in logical formations), but in undertaking the linguistic elucidation [*élucidation langagière*] of figures left in the flesh of tongues [*la chair des langues*] and of texts by the passage of an unrepresentable Limit of the world.

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There remains the (archi)political question. To have the slightest chance of crossing here one of Derrida’s paths, however, not only would I have had to have sufficiently diversified and unified my own, but also, and above all, attended his seminar where he presented something of his manner of traversing such a space. I do not know, therefore, if I will continue to tighten a difference here, in offering him the following reflections (which shall concern only philosophical humanity, the modern metamorphosis of Greek humanity, and leave aside the Abrahamic posterity).

a) It seems that the *consciousness* of a want of existing, and more yet the capacity for *expressing* this want, have either tended to disappear (which does not for all that make the malaise disappear, but abandons it to unconscious manifestations, which of course are the most dangerous), or else

²³ An allusion to Kant’s definition of schematism as “a hidden art in the depths of the human soul,” *Critique of Judgement* (A141/B181), *op. cit.*, p. 273. See in this volume Granel’s “Remarks on the ‘Nihil Privativum’ in its Kantian Sense,” in particular note 3. —*Trans.*

occur in forms which belong to the same onto-logical galaxy as that which they seek to denounce, combat or reform. This is a relatively recent shift, by which, on the model of Capital, all aspects of modernity have revealed a capacity for feeding upon their crises. The union of science, democracy, happiness and morality is in the process therefore of closing upon the West, and little by little upon all the peoples of the planet, like a great golden cage. The (archi)political question is that of knowing what to do in order that there where this apparatus has not completely closed yet, it be stopped, then pried open from what still remains of an opening; that there where it is closed, but not yet locked, it be re-opened; and that there where it is closed and locked, it be blown open.²⁴

But rather than continue to formalize the question, rather even than dismiss the far too crude misinterpretations of what I have just said (of the type: if you do not want to think by the light of science, you are an irrationalist; if you criticize democracy, you must want to put people in stadiums; if you scorn happiness, you must have a taste for unhappiness; if you criticize morality, you preach for vice and corruption), I shall develop one example simply from what very recent events have not only furnished, but in fact imposed.

The collapse “in the East” of what Raymond Aron called “*le marxisme réel*” (as if its sense was not to have empowered a pure form of the metaphysical imagination, which is why, as real as it was, it was not really Marxist), this collapse has produced “in the West” a suction effect so abrupt and on such a scale that we see everywhere flaring up, as it were, the most naked avarice—clad of course, as is proper, in prudence and humanity—in the commentaries that the events of Prague or Berlin have excited within us. Not only an undisguised appetite for this “potentially immense market,” but a scarcely less urgent eagerness to export socio-democratic practices and values—laic or religious, catholic or protestant, in every institutional, juridical and cultural domain—to this new, still undetermined socio-political space. In short, nobody doubts that, excepting total failure or abrupt withdrawal, the East will be handed over to the West.

Perhaps this is indeed what will happen. But *we must nonetheless hope not*. We must hope that in the complete destruction of the conceptual and organizational (Lenino-Stalinien and post-Stalinien) enclosure, the assessment of which is not only globally, but minutely, negative, and in the demolition of the apparatus which assured its blockage, the extraordinary opportunity of an inventiveness of speech and of action, the emergence of totally surprising logico-political figures, will be preserved, figures capable of garnering and of articulating the immense ethical superiority these peoples have over us and the incommensurability of the experience they have traversed.

²⁴ Let me specify, for the censors of the intelligentsia, that the last four words *are not* a call to terrorism. Non-violence includes forms of putting its own existence into play which have blown open more locks than any “armed faction.”

Schematically, the hope of which I speak would be that the future heads and directors of the political organization in gestation, who for the most part, at least for the most important positions, will be former *Refuznik*, will know how to bring—will know that they must bring, will be obsessed by the necessity of bringing—to their conception and to their exercise of power *their very flair for refusal*. How to imagine the means of inscribing *in the very structures* of a political functioning something which always *breaks* (and thus at their point of origin, which these days yet is very clearly a prophetic and/or ethical authority) the Tablets of the liberty-beneath-the-law, the *metaphysical* tablets which one cannot fail to write when politics is instituted? How to organize the judiciary machine—constitutional and institutional—which, for a people, will signify once again nothing other than what Rousseau understood: that one will force it to be free,²⁵ in such a manner that *this time* a powerlessness, a spirit of powerlessness, that is to say the spirit of Spirit (which is also the only force that politics itself draws upon and the only unenforceable liberty) will unceasingly spur the community on to its “true” totality and articulation, will remind it without respite of the *senseless idolatry* of translating figures of existence into configurations of true significations? This problem is obviously not cybernetic (it is not a matter of entrusting ourselves to “safeguard mechanisms”), but it cannot be entrusted either solely to the interiority of moral consciousness. The spirit of liberty—the uninstitutable itself—is learned in institutions. It is necessary, therefore, that the features of all institutions bear the marks of their retreat. It is necessary to invent a political text stigmatized by stuttering and brokenness (and which, above all, does not attempt to express them).

b) The chance has arisen these days (these weeks, for a few months, scarcely more no doubt) for a political community no longer to be ontologically determined as a productive body. From this point of view, the most catastrophic “achievements” of what is called (in terms of reality) “the Soviet system” *may* (provided they liberate the possibilities of which they are *also* the vehicle) convert themselves into a lever for another mode of figuration of work—other not only than the one from which it emerges, but also, and simultaneously, from ours. This otherness supposes that the peoples of Eastern Europe know how to not let the chance that their current indetermination involves be compromised by the technical and financial aid that they cannot fail to ask of us. For this chance will vanish forever if the “aid” to Hungary, to the GDR, to Poland, makes of these countries insolvent debtors—stimulated furthermore by the very re-negotiations—that make Latin America bow under the law of the IMF; it will vanish if the “joint-ventures” signify that, with the capital, capitalism too must enter; it will vanish if the necessity of reanimating the markets restarts

²⁵ Allusion to *The Social Contract* (Chapter VII, Book 1) where Rousseau writes: “Whoever refuses to obey the general will shall be forced to obey it by the whole body politic, which means nothing else but that he will be forced to be free.” —*Trans.*

the Chrematistic logic—and so on with all aspects of production, of circulation and of consumption. But there are scarcely any other means of support here (as paradoxical as it may seem) than those of the most visible results of the Soviet system, which are poverty and laziness.

It is not that, by a kind of virtuous cynicism, one must propose perpetuating the organization of lack in the order of subsistence. But no doubt it is possible to absorb the double lesson which can be learned only in deprivation, according to which, while it is true that a perpetual lack of the means of subsistence compromises the possibilities of existing, the internal logic of existence is not only other than that of its substantial support, but supposes the sobriety of the latter. By “sobriety” I imply once again no moral virtue, nor any “medium” level of wealth or of poverty in resources, energies, connections and forms, but instead the determination of the relations (a determination which is always specific and relations which are always unexpected) that any practice grounded in its possibility maintains with the real elements of which it has need. This happens to be an articulation which scarcely anyone—except artists—is conscious of anymore (and even less knowledgeable about) in the diverse branches of our “activity.” The latter, indeed, never produces what it produces (based on what is required by the essential forms of use to which such production addresses itself) without having *first* considered its production as a part of the production of wealth and its products as merchandise. Not only are all the laws of essence, for example of knowledge, learning, health, dwelling, taken into account only to the minimal extent that they are necessary to the process of such a production, but the latter, in fabricating synthetic substitutes for the essential determinations themselves, defers as much as possible what for it has no signification other than that of simple “extreme constraints.” Science and morality are its two principle allies in this Faustian enterprise, insofar as the first, in its modern determination, manages more and more effectively to distance its development from the act of questioning and to subject its foundations to its own mode of functioning, while the second, incapable of the ethical act whose mute universality transits only from singular to irreducibly historical individual figures, attempts vainly to specify its vague generality and never stops wavering between vacuity of sentiment and substantial opportunism. For infinite production, however, that is precisely a marvelous, an inexhaustible reservoir of self-justifying appearances. May the people of Eastern Europe, while doing their shopping in our stores, *omit* to enter the hypermarket of our superstructures.

As for “laziness”—the original sin in the founding discourse of the productive body, where the English word that names it, *Sloth*, rings with the contempt with which it is charged—, it is not a matter of either “rediscovering” or of “proposing” it anew in the vague generality of a negative relation to “work” as such and in general (as was asserted in its time by the famous “right to laziness”); it is specifically a matter of *Soviet* laziness. It is the product of a strange crossing of what

the system secreted without wanting to, disgust before the absurdity of work, with what on the contrary it organized in the most deliberate manner: “social entitlements”—themselves emptied of all substance by the sterility of work. This strange configuration of Soviet (non)work will not fail to collapse—to the regret of no one—with all the rest. But either I am deeply mistaken, or else it has educated the perception of the Eastern European people in a way that enables them to see what we no longer even glimpse: *another* absurdity of work and *another* inanity of social entitlement. The first is surely not the absurdity that affects work when the conditions of its practice organize its near-total unproductiveness, without for all that liberating any aspects of work other than its productive aspect, but rather, precisely to the contrary, the consideration of all aspects of work, including those which, intrinsically, obey no law of production, that is to say research and human factors (psychological, moral, social, educative and cultural), in the horizon of an infinite increase of productivity and *only to the extent* that they appear within this horizon. The tens of thousands of East Berliners who have returned (are returning and will return) from their Western excursions, their arms full of everything they lack at home, have certainly envied, have no doubt desired to “catch up” to something of the living standard of their German-speaking kin, but not necessarily to *all* the things with which, in accordance with this “standard,” “life” has gorged itself, nor, above all, to the *forms* which are obeyed in the activity which produces them. It has probably not escaped them, accustomed as they are to seeing abstraction reign and to recognizing the signs of it, that the humanity which knows how to manage the production of resources also manages all things as resources of production, starting with itself under the heading of “human resources.” In short, and to put it with the simplicity of the images that reality provides us with, it is far from certain that the East Germans, the Polish, the Czechs and the Hungarians, are driven by the sole ambition of providing the EEC with possibilities for the dis-location of their production units and for the conjoint construction of new markets that the Four Dragons of the South-East have offered (followed, in a ricochet process rigorously described by Hume already in 1752, by new little dragons) and continue to offer the productive apparatus of Nippon wealth.

As for “us,” the “French,” whether we continue to exist a little while yet as other than Euro-French next to Euro-dollars and Euro-checks, or whether such is already our only mode of being, the (archi)political question (which is to say the formulation of our duty) appears rather simple to determine. What else, indeed, could it be a question of than that of elucidating the understanding and articulating the expression—in a disruptive and secessional language with regard to the present, affirmative and inventive regarding the future—of a want-of-Being which until now has manifested its “sentiment of the situation” only as “discontent,” a formless outlet which is

recuperated by all the prevailing forms, or, worse, through which is vented the decomposition of the popular will in the “form” of a populist will *for* decomposition and formlessness.

It is therefore a question, for the moment, of *exacerbating* the retreat of the political, in showing, through description and conceptual analysis, *how* the liberal, social-democratic and paleo-Marxist forms of action and analysis are prisoners of the same obstruction of the possible (and of an exhausted possible), within which they are solidary well beyond their “differences,” and *why* they turn into so many forms of impotence and blindness. Now is not the time to enter the real political scene in any form—were one to bring, with the best faith in the world, a renovating, re-radicalizing, re-constructive, etc., “supplement”: this vain attempt at revival affects *all* “political families.” Now is the time for dissidence. Now is the time for an Exodus from Egypt.