Is there something perverse, if not archly insistent, about complicating things with theory? Do we really need anything like thing theory the way we need narrative theory or cultural theory, queer theory or discourse theory? Why not let things alone? Let them rest somewhere else—in the balmy elsewhere beyond theory. From there, they might offer us dry ground above those swirling accounts of the subject, some place of origin unmediated by the sign, some stable alternative to the instabilities and uncertainties, the ambiguities and anxieties, forever fetishized by theory. Something warm, then, that relieves us from the chill of dogged ideation, something concrete that relieves us from unnecessary abstraction.

The longing for just such relief is described by A. S. Byatt at the outset of The Biographer’s Tale (2000). Fed up with Lacan as with deconstructions of the Wolf-Man, a doctoral student looks up at a filthy window and epiphanically thinks, “I must have things.” He relinquishes theory to relish
the world at hand: “A real, very dirty window, shutting out the sun. A thing.”

In the last century, this longing became an especially familiar refrain. “Ideas,” Francis Ponge wrote, shortly after World War II, “give me a queasy feeling, nausea,” whereas “objects in the external world, on the other hand, delight me.” If, more recently, some delight has been taken in historicism’s “desire to make contact with the ‘real,’” in the emergence of material culture studies and the vitality of material history, in accounts of everyday life and the material habitus, as in the “return of the real” in contemporary art, this is inseparable, surely, from the very pleasure taken in “objects of the external world,” however problematic that external world may be—however phantasmatic the externality of that world may be theorized to be. These days, you can read books on the pencil, the zipper, the toilet, the banana, the chair, the potato, the bowler hat. These days, history can unabashedly begin with things and with the senses by which we apprehend them; like a modernist poem, it begins in the street, with the smell “of frying oil, shag tobacco and unwashed beer glasses.”


Can't we learn from this materialism instead of taking the trouble to trouble it? Can't we remain content with the "real, very dirty window"—a "thing"—as the answer to what ails us without turning it into an ailment of its own?

Fat chance. For even the most coarse and commonsensical things, mere things, perpetually pose a problem because of the specific unspecificity that "things" denotes. Mind you, for Ponge, objects may seem substitutable for things, and by "siding with things" (le parti pris des choses) he meant to take the part of specified objects—doorknobs, figs, crates, blackberries, stoves, water. But the very semantic reducibility of things to objects, coupled with the semantic irreducibility of things to objects, would seem to mark one way of recognizing how, although objects typically arrest a poet's attention, and although the object was what was asked to join the dance in philosophy, things may still lurk in the shadows of the ballroom and continue to lurk there after the subject and object have done their thing, long after the party is over. When it comes to Ponge, in fact, the matter isn't so simple as it seems. Michael Riffaterre has argued that the poems, growing solely out of a "word-kernel" (mot-noyau), defy referentiality; Jacques Derrida has argued that, throughout the poet's effort "to make the thing sign," the "thing is not an object [and] cannot become one." Taking the side of things hardly puts a stop to that thing called theory.

“Things are what we encounter, ideas are what we project.” That's how Leo Stein schematically put it. Although the experience of an encounter depends, of course, on the projection of an idea (the idea of encounter), Stein's scheme helps to explain the suddenness with which things seem to assert their presence and power: you cut your finger on a sheet of paper, you trip over some toy, you get bopped on the head by a

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6. His "delight" in these objects was prompted not by any familiarity, but by the suddenly recognized peculiarity of the everyday, the fact that water "lies flat on its stomach" in a "hysterical urge to submit to gravity," for instance, sacrificing "all sense of decency to this idée fixe, this pathological scruple" ("ce scrupule maladif") (Ponge, "Of Water," trans. C. K. Williams, Selected Poems, trans. Williams, John Montague, and Margaret Guiton [Winston-Salem, N.C., 1994], pp. 57, 58; Le Parti pris des choses is the title of the volume of poetry in which "Of Water" first appeared).


falling nut. These are occasions outside the scene of phenomenological attention that nonetheless teach you that you’re “caught up in things” and that the “body is a thing among things.” They are occasions of contingency—the chance interruption—that disclose a physicality of things. In Byatt’s novel, the interruption of the habit of looking through windows as transparencies enables the protagonist to look at a window itself in its opacity. As they circulate through our lives, we look through objects (to see what they disclose about history, society, nature, or culture—above all, what they disclose about us), but we only catch a glimpse of things. We look through objects because there are codes by which our interpretive attention makes them meaningful, because there is a discourse of objectivity that allows us to use them as facts. A thing, in contrast, can hardly function as a window. We begin to confront the thingness of objects when they stop working for us: when the drill breaks, when the car stalls, when the windows get filthy, when their flow within the circuits of production and distribution, consumption and exhibition, has been arrested, however momentarily. The story of objects asserting themselves as things, then, is the story of a changed relation to the human subject and thus the story of how the thing really names less an object than a particular subject-object relation.

And, yet, the word things holds within it a more audacious ambiguity. It denotes a massive generality as well as particularities, even your particularly prized possessions: “‘Things’ were of course the sum of the world; only, for Mrs. Gereth, the sum of the world was rare French furniture and oriental china.” The word designates the concrete yet ambiguous within the everyday: “Put it by that green thing in the hall.” It functions to overcome the loss of other words or as a place holder for some future specifying operation: “I need that thing you use to get at things between your teeth.” It designates an amorphous characteristic or a frankly irresolvable enigma: “There’s a thing about that poem that I’ll never get.” For Byatt’s protagonist, the quest for things may be a quest for a kind of certainty, but things is a word that tends, especially at its most banal, to


11. The window scene in Byatt’s novel should be read in relation to Nabokov’s point about how things become multiply transparent and read in the context of a dialectic of looking through and looking at: “When we concentrate on a material object, whatever its situation, the very act of attention may lead to our involuntarily sinking into the history of that object” (Vladimir Nabokov, *Transparent Things* [New York, 1972], p. 1). We don’t apprehend things except partially or obliquely (as what’s beyond our apprehension). In fact, by looking at things we render them objects.

index a certain limit or liminality, to hover over the threshold between the nameable and unnameable, the figurable and unfigurable, the identifiable and unidentifiable: Dr. Seuss's Thing One and Thing Two.13

On the one hand, then, the thing baldly encountered. On the other, some thing not quite apprehended. Could you clarify this matter of things by starting again and imagining them, first, as the amorphousness out of which objects are materialized by the (ap)perceiving subject, the anterior physicality of the physical world emerging, perhaps, as an after-effect of the mutual constitution of subject and object, a retroprojection? You could imagine things, second, as what is excessive in objects, as what exceeds their mere materialization as objects or their mere utilization as objects—their force as a sensuous presence or as a metaphysical presence, the magic by which objects become values, fetishes, idols, and totems. Temporalized as the before and after of the object, thingness amounts to a latency (the not yet formed or the not yet formable) and to an excess (what remains physically or metaphysically irreducible to objects). But this temporality obscures the all-at-onceness, the simultaneity, of the object/thing dialectic and the fact that, all at once, the thing seems to name the object just as it is even as it names some thing else.

If thing theory sounds like an oxymoron, then, it may not be because things reside in some balmy elsewhere beyond theory but because they lie both at hand and somewhere outside the theoretical field, beyond a certain limit, as a recognizable yet illegible remainder or as the entifiable that is unspecifiable. Things lie beyond the grid of intelligibility the way mere things lie outside the grid of museal exhibition, outside the order of objects. If this is why things appear in the name of relief from ideas (what's encountered as opposed to what's thought), it is also why the Thing becomes the most compelling name for that enigma that can only be encircled and which the object (by its presence) necessarily negates.14 In Lacan, the Thing is and it isn't. It exists, but in no phenomenal form.

13. By hastily tracking some of the ways we use things to both mark and manage uncertainty, I am specifically not deploying an etymological inquiry to delimit and vivify the meaning of things. But see, most famously, Marcel Mauss, who finds in the "best" etymology of res a means of claiming that res "need not have been the crude, merely tangible thing, the simple, passive object of transaction that it has become" (Marcel Mauss, The Gift: The Form and Reason for Exchange in Archaic Societies, trans. W. D. Halls [1950; New York, 1990], p. 50); and Martin Heidegger, who finds in the Old German dinc the denotation of a gathering of people that enables him to concentrate on how “thinging” gathers; see Martin Heidegger, “The Thing,” in Poetry, Language, Thought, trans. Albert Hofstadter (New York, 1971), pp. 174–82. I should add that Heidegger believes that it is the English word thing that has preserved the “semantic power” of the original Roman word res, which is to say its capacity to designate a case, an affair, an event (p. 175). In turn, Michel Serres complains that such etymology—wherein objects exist “only according to assembly debates”—shows how “language wishes the whole world to derive from language” (Michel Serres, Statues: Le Second Livre des fondations [Paris, 1987], p. 111).

The real, of course, is no more phenomenal in physics than it is in psychoanalysis—or, as in psychoanalysis, it is phenomenal only in its effects. Somewhere beyond or beneath the phenomena we see and touch there lurks some other life and law of things, the swarm of electrons. Nonetheless, even objects squarely within the field of phenomenality are often less clear (that is, less opaque) the closer you look. As Georg Simmel said of telescopic and microscopic technology, “coming closer to things often only shows us how far away they still are from us.”

Sidney Nagel brings the form of the drop into optical consciousness (pp. 23–39) and thus demonstrates (like Ponge) how the most familiar forms, once we look, seem unpredictable and inexplicable, to poets and physicists both. If, as Daniel Tiffany argues (pp. 72–98), humanistic criticism should assert its explanatory power when it comes to the problem of matter, this is because the problem can’t be sequestered from the tropes that make matter make sense.

Only by turning away from the problem of matter, and away from the object/thing dialectic, have historians, sociologists, and anthropologists been able to turn their attention to things (to the “social life of things” or the “sex of things” or the “evolution of things”). As Arjun Appadurai has put it, such work depends on a certain “methodological fetishism” that refuses to begin with a formal “truth” that cannot, despite its truth, “illuminate the concrete, historical circulation of things.” In The Social Life of Things, he argues that “even though from a theoretical point of view human actors encode things with significance, from a methodological point of view it is the things-in-motion that illuminate their human and social context.” Such methodological fetishism—what Appadurai calls the effort to “follow the things themselves”—disavows, no less, the tropological work, the psychological work, and the phenomenological

Thing can only be “represented by emptiness, precisely because it cannot be represented by anything else” (p. 129). For a useful commentary, see Slavoj Žižek, “Much Ado about a Thing,” For They Know Not What They Do: Enjoyment as a Political Factor (London, 1991), pp. 229–78. Doctrinaire Lacanians may tell you that the Thing names only one thing in Lacan, but in fact it has different meanings and different valences in different texts and within single texts.


16. For a further elaboration of this point, see Daniel Tiffany, Toy Medium: Materialism and Modern Lyric (Berkeley, 2000), and Material Events: Paul de Man and the Afterlife of Theory, ed. Tom Cohen et al. (Minneapolis, 2001).

work entailed in the human production of materiality as such. It does so, however, in the name of *avowing* the force of questions that have been too readily foreclosed by more familiar fetishizations: the fetishization of the subject, the image, the word. These are questions that ask less about the material effects of ideas and ideology than about the ideological and ideational effects of the material world and of transformations of it. They are questions that ask not whether things are but what work they perform—questions, in fact, not about things themselves but about the subject-object relation in particular temporal and spatial contexts. These may be the first questions, if only the first, that precipitate a new materialism that takes objects for granted only in order to grant them their potency—to show how they organize our private and public affection.18

    Methodological fetishism, then, is not an error so much as it is a condition for thought, new thoughts about how inanimate objects constitute human subjects, how they move them, how they threaten them, how they facilitate or threaten their relation to other subjects. What are the conditions, Jonathan Lamb asks (pp. 133–66), for sympathizing with animals and artifacts, and how does such sympathy threaten Locke’s “thinking thing,” the self? Why, Michael Taussig asks as he reads Sylvia Plath’s last poems (pp. 305–16), does death have the capacity both to turn people into things and to bring inanimate objects to life? How is it, Rey Chow asks (pp. 286–304), that an individual’s collecting passion threatens the state? (And what, we might ask these days, as the Taliban obsessively obliterates figures of Buddha, does the state think it destroys when it destroys such objects?) These are questions that hardly abandon the subject, even when they do not begin there. When it comes to the Subject as such—that Cartesian subject which becomes the abstract subject of democracy and psychoanalysis—Matthew Jones points to its emergence within the spiritual exercise of concrete work, work with rulers and compasses.19 He shows how “a simple mathematical instrument [the proportional compass] became the model and exemplar of Descartes’s new subject,” the subject “supposedly so removed from the material” (pp. 40–71).

    What habits have prevented readers of Descartes from recognizing this material complication? What habits have prevented us—prevented you—from thinking about objects, let alone things? Or, more precisely, perhaps: what habits have prevented you from sharing your thoughts? In one of his neglected, slightly mad manifestos, Jean Baudrillard sanely

18. The most influential books to introduce such questions have undoubtedly been Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, trans. Maria Jolas (Boston, 1969), and Susan Stewart, *On Longing: Narratives of the Miniature, the Gigantic, the Souvenir, the Collection* (Baltimore, 1984). For the most thorough recent representation of how objects organize human life, see the costarring role of the volleyball, Wilson, in *Castaway*, dir. Robert Zemeckis, prod. DreamWorks/Image Movers/Playtone, 2000.

declares that “we have always lived off the splendor of the subject and the poverty of the object.” “It is the subject,” he goes on to write, “that makes history, it’s the subject that totalizes the world,” whereas the object “is shamed, obscene, passive.” The object has been intelligible only as the “alienated, accursed part of the subject”—the “individual subject or collective subject, the subject of consciousness or the unconscious.” “The fate of the object,” to Baudrillard’s knowledge, “has been claimed by no one.”20 And, yet, the very grandiosity of Baudrillard’s claim about the object (and the “potency of the object”) threatens the subject no more than it threatens (by absorbing) both objects and things.21

In a response both to perceptual phenomenology and to the ontological quest for being, Cornelius Castoriadis pronounced the need to abandon our image of representation as “a projection screen which, unfortunately, separates the ‘subject’ and the ‘thing.’”22 Representation does not provide “impoverished ‘images’ of things”; rather, “certain segments” of representation “take on the weight of an ‘index of reality’ and become ‘stabilized’, as well as they might, without this stabilization ever being assured once and for all, as ‘perceptions of things’” (I, pp. 331, 332). The argument shares the more recent emphasis on understanding materiality as a materiality-effect,23 but it most pointedly seeks to recast thing-


22. Cornelius Castoriadis, The Imaginary Institution of Society, trans. Kathleen Blamey (1975; Cambridge, Mass., 1987), p. 329; hereafter abbreviated I. Castoriadis is a theorist of plentitude and thus complains about desire being defined by the lack of a desired object, when in fact the object must be present to the psyche as desirable, which means that the psyche has in fact already fashioned it; see I, pp. 288–90. Still, there is what you might call a dialectic of insufficiency that proves more troubling; crudely put, deconstruction teaches that the word is never as good as the referent, but psychoanalysis teaches that the actual object is never as good as the sign.

23. Thus, for instance, Judith Butler writes, in a footnote emphasizing the "temporality of matter," and thinking through Marx’s first thesis on Feuerbach, “if materialism were to take account of praxis as that which constitutes the very matter of objects, and praxis is
ness and its apprehension within, and as, the domain of the social: the "‘thing’ and the ‘individual’, the individual as ‘thing’ and as the one for whom there are indubitably ‘things’ are [all], to begin with . . . dimensions of the institution of society” (I, p. 332). By means of a particular “socialization of the psyche,” then, “each society” imposes itself on the subject’s senses, on the “corporeal imagination” by which materiality as such is apprehended (I, p. 334).

Though he is willing to grant (grudgingly) that there is some “transcultural pole of the institution of the things,” one that “leans on the natural stratum,” Castoriadis maintains, quite rightly, that this “still says nothing about what a thing is and what things are for a given society” (I, p. 334). The “perception of things” for an individual from one society, for instance, will be the perception of things “inhabited” and “animated”; for an individual from another society things will instead be “inert instruments, objects of possession” (I, pp. 334–35). This discrepancy between percepts (and thus not just the meaning but the very being of objects) has been a central topic of anthropology at least since the work of Marcel Mauss: however materially stable objects may seem, they are, let us say, different things in different scenes.24 But when you ask “what things are for a given society” (noticing, by the way, how societies have taken the place of things as the given), surely the inquiry should include attention to those artistic and philosophical texts that would become sources, then, for discovering not epistemological or phenomenological truth but the truth about what force things or the question of things might have in each society. Indeed, such attention would help to preclude the homogenization of each society in its insular eachness. For, on the one hand, differences between societies can be overdrawn; as Peter Stallybrass and Ann Rosalind Jones make clear (pp. 114–32), the Western Renaissance may have witnessed “fetishism” elsewhere, but it was saturated by a fetishism of its own. On the other, differences within each society can be overlooked: to call a woman in Soweto a “slave of things” is to charge her with being “a white black woman.”25

The question is less about “what things are for a given society than about what claims on your attention and on your action are made on behalf of things. If society seems to impose itself on the “corporeal imagi-

24. Thus Nicholas Thomas writes: “As socially and culturally salient entities, objects change in defiance of their material stability. The category to which a thing belongs, the emotion and judgment it prompts, and narrative it recalls, are all historically refigured” (Nicholas Thomas, Entangled Objects: Exchange, Material Culture, and Colonialism in the Pacific [Cambridge, Mass., 1991], p. 125). See also, for instance, The Social Life of Things, and Border Fetishisms: Material Objects in Unstable Places, ed. Patricia Spyer (New York, 1998).

nation,” when and how does that imagination struggle against the imposition, and what role do things, physically or conceptually, play in the struggle? How does the effort to rethink things become an effort to reinstitute society? To declare that the character of things as things has been extinguished, or that objects have been struck dumb, or that the idea of respecting things no longer makes sense because they are vanishing—this is to find in the fate of things a symptom of a pathological condition most familiarly known as modernity.26 In “Everyday Life and the Culture of the Thing” (1925), for instance, Boris Arvatov recognized that the revolution had yet to effect a fundamental change in the most quotidian interactions with the physical object world, the step of overcoming the “rupture between Things and people that characterized bourgeois society,” the step of achieving a newly “active contact” with the things in Soviet society. If achieving that change meant both encouraging the “psyche” to become “more thinglike” and “dynamiz[ing]” the thing into something “connected like a co-worker with human practice,” then Arvatov was imagining a novel reification of people and a new personification of things that did not result (as it does in the Marxian script) from society’s saturation with the commodity form.27 Constructivist materialism sought to recognize objects as participants in the reshaping of the world: “Our things in our hands,” Aleksandr Rodchenko claimed, “must be equals, comrades.”28 The women of the Constructivist movement, designing and manufacturing postrevolutionary clothes, came as close as anyone, Christina Kiaer argues (pp. 185–243), to integrating “socialist objects” within the world of consumable goods. In the Italian “romance” that Jeffrey Schnapp reconstructs (pp. 244–69), this politicization of things is inverted into the materialization of politics, the effort to fuse national and physical form. The call to “organize aluminum” on behalf of the fascist state accompanies the declaration that aluminum is the “autarchic metal of choice,” the “Italian metal” par excellence. Materialism, these days, may appear in the name of—or as the name of—politics, but these cases exhibit a more intense effort to deploy material goods on behalf of a political agenda.

Beyond the boundaries of Soviet Russia, the conscious effort to


achieve greater intimacy with things, and to exert a different determina-
tion for them, took place, most famously and at times comically, within
the surrealist avant-garde. Among the various experimental “novelties”
that would unify “thought with the object” through some “direct contact
with the object,” Salvador Dalí “dream[ed] of a mysterious manuscript
written in white ink and completely covering the strange, firm surfaces
of a brand-new Roll-Royce.” Although words and things have long been
considered deadly rivals, as Peter Schwenger details (pp. 99–113), Dalí
had faith that they could be fused and that “everyone” would “be able to
read from things.” When André Breton first dreamed up surrealism, he
did so by trying to make good on a dream. He dreamed of finding a book
at a flea market, a book with a wooden statue of an Assyrian gnome as its
spine, and with pages made of black wool. “I hastened to acquire it,” he
writes, “and when I woke up I regretted not finding it near me.” Still, he
hoped “to put a few objects like this in circulation.”

By transforming the bricolage of the dreamwork into the practice of
everyday life, the surrealists registered their refusal to occupy the world
as it was. Walter Benjamin claimed they were “less on the trail of the
psyche than on the track of things,” acting less as psychoanalysts than as
anthropologists. In “Dream Kitsch,” he fuses the surrealist invigoration
of cultural debris with the movement’s own invigoration from “tribal arti-
facts.” He describes them seeking “the totemic tree of objects within the
thicket of primal history. The very last, the topmost face on the totem
pole, is that of kitsch.” Though this image visualizes the animation pro-
jected on to or into the “outlived world of things,” the essay concludes by
describing the process in reverse, describing how “in kitsch, the world of
things advances on the human being” and “ultimately fashions its figures
in his interior.” Subjects may constitute objects, but within Benjamin’s
materialism things have already installed themselves in the human
psyche.

30. Ibid.
32. Walter Benjamin, “Dream Kitsch” (1927), trans. Howard Eiland, Selected Writings, trans. Rodney Livingstone et al., ed. Michael Jennings, Eiland, and Gary Smith, 2 vols. to date (Cambridge, Mass., 1999), 2:4. In “Several Points on Folk Art,” he writes that “art teaches us to see into things. Folk art and kitsch allow us to look out through things.” But this act of looking though things depends on the human application of them as though they were a mask fused to the sensorium (Benjamin, “Einiges zur Volkskunst,” Gesammelte Schriften, ed. Rolf Tiedemann and Herman Schweppenhäuser, 7 in 14 vols. [Frankfurt am Main, 1972–89], 6:187; trans. Darren Ilett). See also Benjamin, Surrealism: The Last Snapshot of the European Intelligentsia, trans. Edmund Jephcott, Selected Writings, 2:207–21. In all these essays, Benjamin is developing an image of “innervation,” a term he uses to describe
“Formal truths” about how things are part and parcel of society’s institution hardly help to explain the ways that things have been recast in the effort to achieve some confrontation with, and transformation of, society. Because Benjamin devoted himself to such explanations he assumes particular authority in the following pages. Among the other writers invoked in this special issue, Bruno Latour exerts no less influence; he has forcefully and repeatedly insisted that “things do not exist without being full of people” and that considering humans necessarily involves the consideration of things. The subject/object dialectic itself (with which he simply has no truck) has obscured patterns of circulation, transference, translation, and displacement.\(^{33}\) Latour has argued that modernity artificially made an ontological distinction between inanimate objects and human subjects, whereas in fact the world is full of “quasi-objects” and “quasi-subjects,” terms he borrows from Michel Serres.\(^{34}\) Benjamin makes it clear that the avant-garde worked to make that fact known; modernism’s resistance to modernity is its effort to deny the distinction between subjects and objects, people and things. Yet modernism’s own “discourse of things,” as John Frow calls it (pp. 270–85), is far from consistent in what it reveals as the source of their animation.

If modernism, when struggling to integrate the animate and the inanimate, humans and things, always knew that we have never been modern, this hardly means that you should accept such knowledge as a fait accompli. Indeed, Theodor Adorno, arguing against epistemology’s and phenomenology’s subordination of the object and the somatic moment to a fact of consciousness, understood the alterity of things as an essentially ethical fact. Most simply put, his point is that accepting the otherness of things is the condition for accepting otherness as such.\(^{35}\)


\(^{34}\) See Latour, We Have Never Been Modern, trans. Catherine Porter (Cambridge, Mass., 1993), pp. 10–11. For a history outside the realm of sociology, see Miguel Tamen, Friends of Interpretable Objects (Cambridge, Mass., 2000), and Tiffany, Toy Medium.

\(^{35}\) See Theodor W. Adorno, Negative Dialectics, trans. E. B. Ashton (New York, 1997), pp. 189–94; see also p. 16. Unlikely as it seems, it would be possible to relate this claim to the way that, for Lacan, the Thing proves to be the center around which the drive achieves its ethical force.
When, shortly after the millennium turned, I told an art historian that I was working on things and editing a special issue of *Critical Inquiry*, she responded by saying: “Ah, well: it’s the topic of the 1990s the way it was of 1920s, isn’t it?” This first felt like an unwitting accusation of belatedness (in the year 2000), and it did so because the academic psyche has internalized the fashion system (a system meant to accelerate the obsolescence of *things*). Still, if Benjamin was able to outstep the avant-garde in the 1920s by conceptualizing the “revolutionary energies” of surrealism’s materialist bricolage, this was in part because of the sociological ground cleared by Simmel’s earlier account of the gap between the “culture of things” and modernity’s human subject, and because of his insistence that the subject’s desire, and not productive labor, is the source of an object’s value. Benjamin recognized that the gap between the function of objects and the desires concealed there became clear only when those objects became outmoded. “Things” seems like a topic of the nineties as it was of the twenties because the outmoded insights of the twenties (insights of Benjamin, of Bataille, of O’Keefe, among others) were reinvigorated. Among those insights, we learn that history is exactly the currency that things trade in and that obsolescence as an accusation, whenever it represses its own history, is utterly passé. “Things” seems like a topic of the 1990s no less because, as the twentieth century drew to a close, it became clear that certain objects—Duchamp’s *Fountain*, Man Ray’s *Object to Be Destroyed*, Joseph Beuys’s *Fat Chair*—kept achieving new novelty and that some modes of artistic production that foreground object culture more than image culture (mixed-media collage, the ready-made, the *objet trouvé*) would persevere, however updated.

But what decade of the century didn’t have its own thing about things? Given Heidegger’s lecture on “Das Ding” in 1950 and Lacan’s

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location of the Thing at and as the absent center of the real in 1959; given
Frank O’Hara’s declaration that “the eagerness of objects to be what we
are afraid to do / cannot help but move us” in 1951, Robert Rauschen-
berg’s interruption of abstract expressionism, and the chosisme of the
decade’s nouveau roman, the postwar era looks like an era both overwhelmed
by the proliferation of things and singularly attentive to them. Only belat-
edly, in the 1980s, did Baudrillard declare that just as modernity was the
historical scene of the subject’s emergence, so postmodernity is the scene
of the object’s preponderance. If a genealogy of things has yet to be writ-
ten, there’s still a patent conceptual geology where simple elements ap-
pear in multiple layers—the scandal of the surrealist veneration of
detritus reasserted in Claes Oldenburg’s claim that a “refuse lot in the city
is worth all the art stores in the world,” and the scandal of the readymade
resurfacing as the very different scandal of pop art in work like Olden-
burg’s best-known oversized and understuffed everyday objects: the
mixer, the cheeseburger, the light bulb, the ice cream cone, the telephone,
the wall switch. Since his exhibition at the Green Gallery in New York, 1962, through
which he transformed himself from a dramaturg of happenings to the
most noteworthy pop sculptor (as the stage sets for the happenings were
disassembled into distinct works), Oldenburg has re-created, with relent-
less consistency, the iconic objects of everyday life. Donald Judd called
Oldenburg’s objects “grossly anthropomorphized.” Indeed, they are in-
vitably and teasingly mammary, ocular, phallic, facial, scrotal. But the
very “blatancy,” as Judd went on to argue, seems to ridicule anthropomor-
phism as such. In the same way, the grossly mimetic character of the
work draws attention to the discrepancy between objectivity and materi-
ality, perception and sensation, objective presence (a fan, a Fudgsicle, a
sink) and material presence (the canvas, the plaster of paris, the vinyl), as
though to theatricalize the point that all objects (not things) are, first off,
iconic signs. (A sink looks like a sink.)

Despite the enormousness and enormity of objective culture in Olden-
burg’s world, it has somehow lost its potency. In the presence of his
monumentally flaccid objects, it is difficult not to suffer some vague feel-

41. Frank O’Hara, “Interior (With Jane),” The Collected Poems of Frank O’Hara, ed. Don-
ald Allen (New York, 1971), ll. 1–3, p. 55. For the material context of such attention in post-
war France—that is, the sudden proliferation of American objects—see Kristin Ross, Fast
Cars, Clean Bodies: Decolonization and the Reordering of French Culture (Cambridge, Mass.,
1996). Georges Perec’s Les Choses: Une Histoire des années soixante (Paris, 1965) may have restored a
Balzacian mise-en-scène to the novel, but décor became the scene of depletion, an arrange-
ment of empty signs, which is why the arrangement was such an inspiration for Baudril-
43. Donald Judd, “Specific Objects” (1965), Complete Writings, 1959–1975 (New York,
44. Ibid.
ing of loss, as though they were half-deflated balloons, lingering in the
ballroom two days after the party, hovering at eye level, now, and rather
worn out. Finally allowed to relax, to just be themselves, objects sink into
themselves, weary of form; they consider sinking into an amorphous
heap, submitting to the *idée fixe* of gravity. Oldenburg’s work may be melo-
dramatic and sentimental, as Michael Fried declared in 1962, but it is
also about melodrama and sentiment, meant to pose some question about,
by physically manifesting the affective investment Americans have in the
hamburger, the ice cream cone, chocolate cake. Why have we turned
the cheeseburger into a totemic food, a veritable member of the family, a
symbol of the national clan? Though art may seem to be, most fundamen-
tally, “a projection of our mental images upon the world of things,” this
is art that instead shows how weary that world has become of all our
projections. If these objects are tired, they are tired of our perpetual
reconstitution of them as objects of our desire and of our affection. They
are tired of our longing. They are tired of us.

But a recent work of Oldenburg’s, his *Typewriter Eraser*, gleams in the
new sculpture garden outside the National Gallery in Washington D.C.
Unlike his myriad soft objects, the eraser is pert, it is rigid, it is full of life
and stands at attention, if slightly askew, its chrome as bright as the typical
typewriter eraser was always dirty and dull. The pleasure of looking at
the people looking at the *Typewriter Eraser*, amused by its monumentality,
is inseparable from the pleasure of listening to the child who, befuddled
by an anachronistic object she never knew, pleads: “What is that thing
supposed to be?” What is this disk with the brush sticking out of it? What
was a typewriter? How did that form ever function? The plea expresses
the power of this particular work to dramatize a generational divide and
to stage (to melodramatize, even) the question of obsolescence. While the
“timeless” objects in the Oldenburg canon (fans and sinks) have gone
limp, this abandoned object attains a new stature precisely because it has
no life outside the boundary of art—no life, that is, within our everyday
lives. Released from the bond of being equipment, sustained outside the ir-
reversibility of technological history, the object becomes something else.

If, to the student of Oldenburg, the eraser ironically comments on
the artist’s own obsession with typewriters, it more simply transforms a

Henry Madoff (Berkeley, 1997), p. 216; Oldenburg’s aggressive consciousness of his senti-
mentality is suggested by the “nougat” in the following statement from his manifesto: “I am
for the art of rust and mold. I am for the art of hearts, funeral hearts or sweetheart hearts,
full of nougat. I am for the art of worn meathooks, and singing barrels of red, white, blue


47. Heidegger taxonomizes things into mere things (such as pebbles), equipment, and
work (such as art). Much of pop art, of course, works to elide such distinctions. See Heideg-
dead commodity into a living work and thus shows how inanimate objects organize the temporality of the animate world. W. J. T. Mitchell makes it clear (pp. 167–84) that the discovery of a new kind of object in the eighteenth century, the fossil, enabled romanticism to recognize and to refigure its relation to the mortal limits of the natural world. In the case of the Oldenburg eraser, the present, which is the future that turned this object into a thing of the past, is the discourse network 2000, where the typewriter eraser has disappeared, not just into the self-correcting Selectric, but into the delete function. How, Oldenburg's objects seem to ask, will the future of your present ever understand our rhetoric of inscription, erasure, and the trace?

As a souvenir from the museum of twentieth-century history, the Typewriter Eraser reminds us that if the topic of things attained a new urgency in the closing decades of that century, this may have been a response to the digitization of our world—just as, perhaps, the urgency in the 1920s was a response to film. But in the twenties the cinema provided a projection screen that didn't separate people and things but brought them closer, granting props the status of individuals, enabling neglected objects to assume their rightful value. As Lesley Stern puts it (pp. 317–54), things can grab our attention on film; and they do so because they have become not just objects but actions. New media—perspectival painting, printing, telegraphy—each in its way newly mediates the relation between people and objects, each precipitates distance and proximity.

You could say that today's children were born too late to understand this memorial to another mode of writing, or you could say that Oldenburg (cleverly) re-created the object too late for it to be generally understood. It is an object that helps to dramatize a basic disjunction, a human condition in which things inevitably seem too late—belated, in fact, because we want things to come before ideas, before theory, before the word, whereas they seem to persist in coming after: as the alternative to ideas, the limit to theory, victims of the word. If thinking the thing, to borrow Heidegger's phrase, feels like an exercise in belatedness, the feeling is provoked by our very capacity to imagine that thinking and thingness are distinct.
