



Episode 55

Hand Me De Construction Paper

"History is bunk."

Lisa Torte is sitting on the edge of her desk, swinging her right leg back and forth, nursing her Narrative Isn't coffee mug in her hands. It is the first day of the first class of the rest of her life, taking over Seth B. Obomash's social studies teaching assignment.

This is, in fact, the first class of her own she has ever taught. She has her teaching certificate, and she has babysat more than her share of substitute classes, but this is the first class that is all hers. Sort of. After all, it is, in its way, sloppy seconds, coming as it does as a legacy from Obomash. The first quarter of the marking period is half over, she doesn't know any of the kids' names, and these are the eleven seniors in Veil of Ignorance's Advanced Placement European History class. Lisa Torte teaching AP Euro. Fate is a strange animal.

They are staring at her expectantly. Of course, they're expectant. An AP course in a suburban Catholic school. These kids aren't idiots. As a whole they may not be up to Manhattan Lodestone, but a handpicked class like this includes the cream of the crop, a cream every bit as premium as the Lodestone crew. One of them, the slightly chubby, pimply one up front, is familiar to her. Must be a debater, she thinks. She hasn't met the debaters yet. The first team meeting is scheduled for this afternoon.

What a Monday. Nothing but beginnings, from morning to night.

"History does not exist," she continues. "There is no story of any sort, with a beginning, a middle and an end, that can explain the past. There is no development with past events progressively leading to betterment. The narrative of history is a pedagogic conceit stemming from the main conceit of human existence, and that is that because human lives have a beginning and an end, therefore everything relating to human lives also must have a beginning and an end. To understand the mysteries of life, human beings have invented the narrative, or more to the point, the story, which they overlay on random events to explain those events, and therefore life itself."

The expectancy is slowly turning blank. High school seniors don't give long honeymoons to their new teachers. Usually about seven and a half minutes.

"Can someone define paranoia for me?" she asks.

The boy she thinks is a debater raises his hand.

"And you are?" she asks.

"Bill O'Connor."

"All right, Bill. Define paranoia."

"The feeling that people are out to get you."

She nods. "The feeling that people are out to get you. How does a paranoid get that feeling?"

Bill O'Connor looks up at her blankly. "Because people really are out to get them?"

A minor laugh ripples through the classroom.

"Occasionally," Lisa says with a smile. "But think about this. What a paranoid does -- a paranoid who, in fact, does not have anyone out to get them -- is that he looks at random events around him and sees a pattern that isn't there. That pattern, which is a fiction, becomes to him a reality. And hence, we have our paranoid. Make sense?"

There are some nods here and there, including Bill O'Connor.

"So follow this train of thought," Lisa continues. "What does a historian do? He looks at random events and sees a pattern that isn't there. That pattern, which is a fiction, he calls history. You could define history, if you want, as an academically acceptable paranoia."

"But there is a pattern," Bill says.

"What pattern?"

"Well, I mean, things happen for a reason. Cause and effect."

Lisa shrugs. "Cause and effect. I'll grant you that occasionally. But only very occasionally, in a physical, Newtonian sense. A mushroom cloud is the effect of dropping the bomb on Hiroshima, but what is dropping the bomb the effect of?"

A moment's thought. "Truman's decision to quickly end the war with Japan," Bill O'Connor says tentatively.

Lisa shakes her head. "That would mean that if he hadn't made his decision, we wouldn't have dropped the bomb."

"Right."

"Prove it."

Pause. "I can't"

She smiles. "And you didn't try. The attempt would have been logically impossible."

"I know."

"You're a debater, right?"

"Yeah."

She winks at him. "I'll see you later this afternoon." She looks around the room. She seems to have everyone's attention. "What I'm trying to say is, post hoc ergo propter hoc. Just because two things happened in sequence does not necessarily mean that the second thing was caused by the first thing. That is what we call a logical fallacy."

"But sometimes it's true," a girl in the back says. "It stands to reason."

"We intuit it as a truth, but that doesn't make it a truth. Intuition is not reality, it is just our perception of reality, and not even a particularly well-thought-out perception of reality."

"So what are you saying then? That all events are random?"

"Yes."

The girl starts to say something, then stops. "That doesn't make sense."

"All right," Lisa Torte says. "Think about this. What is the one objective frame of reference that applies to all events? I'll answer that for you. Time. All events take place on a time scale. So what we as humans do is create a narrative out of the events, starting at the beginning and working our way along that time scale. But the connections in the narrative, other than time itself, are only in the eyes of the beholders. It's the same way we look at clouds and see shapes; the shapes are subjective, and the clouds are not those shapes, those shapes are merely our imposition of our subjective selves on the objective reality of clouds."

"But that's not true," the girl says. "The clouds do have an objective shape. And there's more to history than just sequence."

"Is there?"

"There has to be. Otherwise what's the point of studying it?"

"Beats me," Lisa Torte says.

The room is silent. Kids love a teacher who stubbornly argues against the necessity of the course they are being taught.

"Why are you saying all this?" Bill O'Connor asks. "I mean, don't you believe in history?"

"I'll get back to you on that. Does the word modernism mean anything to anyone?"

"Like modern art?" Bill asks.

"Sure. Like modern art. I want you to think about abstract paintings."

"Like when a painter does a picture that's all white? Or just a bunch of dots on the canvas?"

"Exactly. Why do they do that?"

"It's a lot easier than making a real painting," someone says.

Everyone laughs.

"The artist is thinking about art itself," Lisa says. "What he's doing is trying to figure out what art is, or at least commenting on what art is. He's saying that art is more than just creating a representation of reality with a bunch of paints, although it certainly can be that. If you don't think about what you're doing, and you just do it, you make art. You construct art. When you think about it, you deconstruct it. Deconstructing is taking something apart to see what it's made of, the removal of its narrative structure to examine its parts. Structuralism, you might say. So doesn't that explain the all-white painting?"

"It's a deconstructed painting?" someone asks.

"Not exactly. It's more like what painting is after the artist has deconstructed his art, after he's removed the very tricky and confusing aspect of representing reality on a canvas. Maybe art is about paint, or about color, or the lack or presence of color, or lack or presence of composition. It depends. But painting, to the modernist, and certainly to the deconstructionalist, becomes an intellectual activity that comments on painting itself. The subject isn't representational anymore, like a portrait where it's a picture of somebody, the subject is white paint."

"Why would anyone want to hang that on their living room wall?"

"Who knows? To figure that out, you would have to deconstruct the process of acquiring art. That's a different subject entirely."

"Is this going to be on the final?" Bill O'Connor asks.

Another general laugh.

"Take another area," Lisa Torte says. "Writing. What is a novel?"

"A story?" Bill suggests.

"Of course. A narrative. What would happen if you deconstructed the writing of fiction?"

"You would take away the narrative and study writing as writing."

Lisa Torte bestows an enormous smile on Bill O'Connor. "By George, I think he's got it. So what does that lead to in literature? Books without narrative. Robbe-Grillet writes the nouveau roman, William Burroughs cuts up newspapers and pastes the results into a manuscript at random, James Joyce creates his own language to write Finnegans Wake. The possibilities are endless, and they're not necessarily books that you want to read for fun, but instead they're commentaries on books per se."

"Remove the narrative, deconstruct the work, uncover its structure," Bill says.

"And the result?" Lisa asks.

Everyone looks interested, but nobody answers.

"The result," she continues, "is a better understanding of the nature of the art itself, rather than the subject of the art. Although you may also better understand the subject too. In fact, you probably will."

"I get it, then. If you deconstruct history--"

"You take away the narrative--"

"You deconstruct it--"

"And you end up understanding history better as history, and probably the subject of history too."

Lisa Torte stands up and faces the blackboard. She finds a piece of chalk and writes the words, History is Bunk. She waits a second, and erases the words. Then she writes the slogan from her mug, Narrative Isn't.

"That is our philosophy," she says. "Narrative isn't. Which of course takes us to the place you go after you've deconstructed everything and modernism has ended."

"What place is that?"

"Welcome to the age of pomo, Mr. O'Connor."

"Pomo?"

"Post-modernism. In modernism artists take their art to the extreme by deconstructing their art and examining the process. In post-modernism, they take the next step beyond the extreme. They reconstruct. Any questions?"

She can tell from the looks on their faces that she has engaged them. They don't have any questions, but they seem to have some answers.

The questions will come later.

Welcome to the age of pomo. Which, as we understand it, is somewhere to the left of the Bahamas.

Is history bunk?

Is pomo dead?

Is this the way Lisa Torte is going to spend the entire semester?

Will any of this be on the final?

Is this supposed to somehow be interesting?

Find out the usual nothing in our next episode: "Harvard: Ivy Factory or Undercover Beet Combine?"

STOP THE PRESSES!!!!

As an experiment in true nonsense, we have used "Babelfish" to translate this episode first into French, and then back again into English. Fans of the great MT will recall a similar transformation of a famous frog, although in that case done by human and not mechanical hands. Any wonder we keep a statue of himself on the wall above the old Apple II?

Episode 55

(the French version, directly translated by Babelfish)

Papier De Hand Me De Construction

" histoire est couchette. "

Lisa que Torte se repose sur le bord de son bureau, balancant sa bonne jambe dans les deux sens, nourrissant son recit n'est pas tasse de cafe dans elle des mains. C'est le premier jour de la premiere classe du reste de sa vie, assurant des etudes sociales de Seth B. Obomash enseignant l'affectation.

C'est, en fait, la premiere classe de ses propres qu'elle a jamais enseignes. Elle a son certificat d'enseignement, et elle a surveillance plus que sa part des classes de remplacement, mais c'est la premiere classe qui est toute sien. Tri de. Apres tout, c'est, de sa voie, des secondes mouillees, venant comme il fait comme legs d'Obomash.

Le premier trimestre de la periode d'inscription est termine demi, elle ne sait aucun noms de des ces gosses, et ce sont les onze seniors dans le voile de la classe europeenne avancee d'histoire du placement de l'ignorance. Lisa Torte enseignant AP euro. Le destin est un animal etrange.

Ils regardent elle en expectative. Naturellement, ils sont en expectative. Un

cours de AP d'une école catholique suburbaine. Ces gosses ne sont pas des idiots. Dans l'ensemble ils peuvent ne pas être jusqu'à l'aimant naturel de Manhattan, mais à une classe cueillie à la main comme ceci inclut la crème de la collecte, une crème chaque bit aussi de la meilleure qualité que l'équipage d'aimant naturel. Un d'eux, légèrement le potele et boutonneux vers le haut de l'avant, est bien connu à elle. Doit être un debater, elle pense. Elle n'a pas rencontré les debaters encore. La première réunion d'équipe est prévue pour cette après-midi.

Quel lundi. Rien mais debuts, de matin à la nuit.

" histoire n'existe pas, " elle continue. " il n'y a aucune histoire de n'importe quel tri, avec un debut, d'un milieu et d'une extremité, qui peuvent expliquer le passe. Il n'y a aucun developpement avec des evenements passes menant progressivement à la plus-value. Le recit de l'histoire est un conceit pedagogique provenant du conceit principal de l'existence humaine, et c'est que parce que les vies humaines ont un debut et une fin, donc tout concernant les vies humaines doit également avoir un debut et une fin. Pour comprendre les mysteres de la vie, les etres humains ont invente le recit, ou plus au point, à l'histoire, qu'ils recouvrent sur des evenements aleatoires pour expliquer ces evenements, et donc à la vie elle-meme. "

L'expectative tourne lentement le blanc. Les seniors de lycee pas donnent de longues lunes de miel à leurs nouveaux professeurs. Habituellement environ

sept et une moitié de minutes.

" peut quelqu'un définir la paranoïa pour moi? " elle demande.

Le garçon qu'elle pense est des augmenter d'un debater sa main.

" et vous êtes? " elle demande.

" Facture O'Connor. "

" toute la droite, facture. Définissez la paranoïa. "

" le sentiment qui peuplent sont dehors pour vous obtenir. "

Elle incline la tête. " le sentiment qui peuplent sont dehors pour vous obtenir.

Comment fait un paranoïde obtenez ce sentiment? "

Affichez O'Connor regarde vers le haut elle blankly. " puisque les gens sont

vraiment dehors pour les obtenir? "

Une ondulation mineure de rire par la salle de classe.

" de temps en temps, " Lisa dit avec un sourire. " mais pensez à ceci. Ce

qu'un paranoïde -- un paranoïde qui, en fait, n'a pas n'importe qui dehors

pour les obtenir -- est qu'il regarde au hasard des événements autour de lui et

voit une configuration qui n'est pas là. Cette configuration, qui est une fiction,

devient à lui une réalité. Et par conséquent, nous avons notre paranoïde.

Semblez raisonnable? "

Il y a quelques signes d'assentiment ici et là, y compris la facture O'Connor.

" suivez ainsi ce train de pensée, " Lisa continue. est-ce que " qu'un historien

fait? Il regarde au hasard des événements et voit une configuration qui n'est

pas la. Cette configuration, qui est une fiction, il appelle l'histoire. Vous pourriez définir l'histoire, si vous voulez, comme paranoïa académiquement acceptable. "

" mais il y a une configuration, " la facture indique.

" quelle configuration? "

" bien, je veux dire, des choses me produisent pour une raison. Cause et effet. "

Lisa gesticule. " cause et effet. Je vous accorderai cela de temps en temps.

Mais seulement très de temps en temps, dans un sens physique et newtonien.

Un nuage de champignon est l'effet de relâcher la bombe sur Hiroshima, mais

de ce que relâche la bombe l'effet? "

La pensée d'un moment. la " décision de Truman pour terminer rapidement la guerre avec le Japon, " la facture O'Connor indique à titre d'essai.

Lisa secoue sa tête. " qui signifierait que s'il n'avait pas pris sa décision, nous n'aurions pas relâché la bombe. "

" droit. "

" prouvez-la. "

Pause. " je ne puis pas " elle sourit. " et vous n'avez pas essayé. La tentative aurait été logiquement impossible. "

" je sais. "

" vous êtes un débâcle, droite? "

" ouais. "

Elle cligne de l'oeil a lui. " je vous verrai plus tard cette apres-midi. " Elle regarde autour de la salle. Elle semble avoir chacun attention. " ce que j'essaye de dire est, signalez le propter hoc d'ergo hoc. Juste parce que deux choses se sont produites dans l'ordre ne signifie pas necessairement que la deuxieme chose a ete provoquee par la premiere chose. Est ce ce que nous appelons une erreur logique. "

" mais parfois il est vrai, " une fille dans le dos dit. " il se tient pour raisonner. "

" nous intuit il comme verite, mais celui ne lui fait pas une verite. L'intuition n'est pas realite, elle est juste notre perception de realite, et ne pas egaliser en particulier une perception de bien-pensee-dehors de realite. "

" ainsi que dites-vous alors? Que tous les evenements sont aleatoires? "

" oui. "

La fille commence a dire quelque chose, puis des arrets. " qui ne semble pas raisonnable. "

" toute la droite, " Lisa Torte says."Think a ce sujet. Quelle est l'une trame objective de la reference qui s'applique a tous les evenements? Je repondrai a cela pour vous. Temps. Tous les evenements ont lieu sur une echelle de temps. Ainsi ce que nous comme humains est creent un recit hors des evenements, demarrant au debut et au fonctionnement notre voie le long de cette echelle de temps. Mais les connexions dans le recit, autre que le temps

lui-meme, sont seulement aux yeux des beholders. C'est la meme voie que nous regardons des nuages et voyons la forme; la forme sont subjective, et les nuages ne sont pas ceux forment, ceux forment sont simplement notre imposition de nos individus subjectifs sur la realite objective des nuages. "

" mais ce n'est pas vrai, " la fille dit. " les nuages ont une forme objective. Et il y a plus a l'histoire que juste l'ordre. "

" y a il? "

" il doit y avoir. Autrement ce qui est le point de l'etudier? "

" me bat, " Lisa Torte dit.

La salle est silencieuse. Badine l'amour un professeur qui discute obstinement contre la necessite du cours qu'ils sont enseignes.

" pourquoi etes vous dire tout ceci? " La facture O'Connor demande. " je veux dire, vous ne crois pas a l'histoire? "

" j'obtiens de nouveau a vous sur cela. Fait le moyen quelque chose de modernism de mot a n'importe qui? "

" comme l'art moderne? " La facture demande.

" sur. Comme l'art moderne. Je veux que vous pensiez aux peintures abstraites. "

" comme quand un peintre fait une image qui est tout le blanc? Ou juste un groupe de points sur la toile? "

" exactement. Pourquoi ils font cela? "

" il est beaucoup plus facile que faisant une vraie peinture, " quelqu'un indique.

Chacun rit.

" l'artiste pense a l'art lui-meme, " Lisa dit. " ce qui il fait essaye de figurer hors de ce que l'art est, ou au moins commentant ce que l'art est. Il dit que l'art est plus que juste creant une representation de realite avec un groupe de peintures, bien qu'il certainement puisse etre celui. Si vous ne pensez pas ce que vous faites, et a vous le faites juste, vous faites l'art. Vous construisez l'art. Quand vous pensez cela, vous deconstruct il. Deconstructing demonte quelque chose voir de ce qu'il est fait, le déplacement de sa structure narrative pour examiner ses pieces. Structuralism, vous pourriez dire. Pas ainsi qui expliquent la peinture tout-blanche? "

" c'est a deconstructed la peinture? " quelqu'un demande.

" pas exactement. Il est plus comme quelle peinture est apres que l'artiste ait deconstructed son art, apres qu'il soit retire l'aspect tres ruse et embrouillant de représenter la realite sur une toile. Peut-etre l'art est au sujet de peinture, ou au sujet de couleur, ou du manque ou de la presence de couleur, ou du manque ou de la presence de composition. Il depend. Mais la peinture, au modernist, et certainement au deconstructionalist, devient une activite intellectuelle qui commente la peinture elle-meme. Le sujet n'est plus representational, comme une verticale o c'est une image de quelqu'un, le sujet est la peinture blanche. "

" pourquoi n'importe qui voudrait arreter cela sur leur mur vivant de piece? "

" qui sait? Pour figurer cela dehors, vous devez deconstruct le processus de saisir l'art. C'est un sujet different entierement. "

" est ce qui va etre sur la finale? " Bill O'Connor demande.

Un autre rire general.

" prenez une autre zone, " Lisa Torte dit. " ecriture. Ce qui est un roman? "

" une histoire? " La facture suggere.

" naturellement. Un recit. Ce qui se produirait si vous deconstructed l'ecriture de la fiction? "

" vous emporteriez le recit et etudieriez l'ecriture comme ecriture. "

Lisa Torte accorde un enorme sourire sur la facture O'Connor. " par

George, I pensez qu'il le a. Est-ce qu' ainsi que cela menent a en la litterature?

Livres sans recit. Robbe-Grillet ecrit le nouveau romain, William Burroughs

coupe vers le haut des journaux et colle les resultats dans un manuscrit au

hasard, James que Joyce cree son propre langage pour ecire le sillage de

Finnegans. Les possibilites sont sans fin, et elles ne sont pas necessairement

des livres que vous voulez lire pour l'amusement, mais a la place elles sont

des commentaires sur des livres intrinsequement. "

" retirez le recit, le deconstruct le travail, decouvrent sa structure, " la facture indique.

" et le resultat? " Lisa demande.

Chacun semble intéressé, mais personne des réponses.

" le résultat, " elle continue, " est une meilleure compréhension de la nature de l'art elle-même, plutôt que le sujet de l'art. Bien que vous puissiez également mieux comprendre le sujet aussi. En fait, vous probablement volontaire. "

" je l'obtiens, puis. Si vous --" d'histoire de déconstruit

" vous emportez le --" narratif

" vous déconstruit il --"

" et vous terminez vers le haut de l'histoire de compréhension mieux comme histoire, et probablement du sujet de l'histoire aussi. "

Lisa Torte tient vers le haut et fait face au tableau noir. Elle trouve un morceau de craie et écrit les mots, histoire est couchette. Elle attend une seconde, et efface les mots. Alors elle écrit le slogan de sa tasse, recit n'est pas.

" qui est notre philosophie, " elle dit. " recit n'est pas. Ce qui naturellement nous porte à l'endroit vous allez après que vous ayez déconstruit tout et le modernisme a terminé. "

" quel endroit est celui? "

" bienvenue à l'âge du pomo, M. O'Connor. "

" Pomo? "

" poteau-modernisme. Dans le modernisme les artistes prennent leur art à l'extrémité déconstruisant leur art et en examinant le processus. Dans le

poteau-modernism, ils prennent la prochaine mesure au delà de l'extrémité. Ils reconstruisent. Toutes questions? "

Elle peut dire des regards sur leurs visages qu'elle les a engagés. Ils n'ont aucune question, mais ils semblent avoir quelques réponses.

Les questions viendront plus tard.

Bienvenue à l'âge du pomo. Ce qui, comme nous le comprenons, est quelque part à la gauche des Bahamas.

L'histoire est-elle couchette?

Le pomo est-il mort?

Est-ce que ce la voie Lisa que Torte est aller est passer le semestre entier?

Quelle de ceci y aura-t-il sur la finale?

Est-ce que ce suppose est pour être de façon ou d'autre intéressant?

Decouvrez l'habituel rien dans notre prochain épisode: "Harvard: Usine de lierre ou cartel de betterave de capot interne? "

And now, you're no doubt ready for the English translation of this French version!

Episode 55

(And back to English again. Reads just like Baudrillard to us. And it does go a long way in explaining the French psyche, n'est-ce pas?)

Paper De Hand Me Of Construction

"History is berth."

Lisa that Torte rests on the edge of its office, balancing its good leg in the two directions, nourishing its account is not coffee cup in its hands. It is the first day of the first class of the remainder of its life, ensuring of the social studies of Seth B Obomash teaching the assignment.

It is, in fact, the first class of its clean which it ever taught. It has its certificate of teaching, and it supervises more than its share of the classes of replacement, but it is the first class which is all his. Sorting of. After all, it is, of its way, of the wet seconds, coming like it makes like legacy of Obomash. The first quarter of the period of inscription is finished half, it does not know any names of these kids, and they are the eleven seniors in the veil of the advanced European class of history of the placement of ignorance. Lisa Torte teaching AP euro. The destiny is a strange animal.

They look at it in expectancy. Naturally, they are in expectancy. A course of AP of a suburban catholic school. These kids are not idiots. In the unit they can not be until natural magnet of Manhattan, but with a class gathered with the hand as this includes the cream of the collection, a cream each bit as of best quality as the crew of natural magnet. One of them, slightly potele the and boutonneux one to the top of front, is well-known with it. Must be a debater, it thinks. It did not meet the debaters still. The first meeting of team is planned for this afternoon.

Which Monday. Nothing but beginnings, of morning to the night.

"History exists, " it continues. " It does not have no history of any sorting there, with a beginning, of a medium and an end, which can explain the past. There is no development with last events leading gradually to the appreciation. The account of the history is a teaching conceit coming from the principal conceit of the human existence, and they is that because the human lives have a beginning and an end, therefore all relating to the human lives must also have a beginning and an end. To include/understand the mysteries of the life, the human beings invented

the account, or more at the point, with the history, which they cover on random events to explain these events, and thus with the life itself "

The expectancy turns the white slowly. The seniors of college not give long honeymoons to their new professors. Usually approximately seven and one half of minutes.

"Can somebody define the paranoia for me? " it asks.

The boy whom it thinks is to increase by a debater his hand.

"And you are? " it asks.

" Invoice O' Connor. "

"All the line, invoices. Define the paranoia. "

"The feeling which populates are to obtain outside to you."

It inclines the head. "The feeling which populates are to obtain outside to you. How made a paranoide obtain this feeling? "

Affichez O' Connor looks to the top it blankly. "Since people are really outside to obtain them?"

A minor undulation of laughing by the classroom.

"From time to time, " Lisa called with a smile "but think of this. What a paranoide -- a paranoide which, in fact, does not have no matter whom to obtain outside them -- is that it looks at events around him randomly and sees a configuration which is not there. This configuration, which is a fiction, becomes with him a reality. And consequently, we have our paranoide. Seem reasonable? "

There are some signs of approval here and there, including the invoice O' Connor.

"Follow this train of thought thus, " Lisa continues. "That a made historian? He looks at events randomly and sees a configuration which is not there. This configuration, which is a fiction, it calls the history. You could define the history, if you want, as paranoia academically acceptable "

"But there is a configuration, " the invoice indicates.

"Which configuration? "

"Well, I want to say, of the things produce me for a reason. Cause and effect. "

Lisa gesticulate. "Causes and effect. I will grant that from time to time to you. But only very from time to time, in a physical and Newtonian direction. Is a mushroom cloud the effect to slacken the breakdown on Hiroshima, but of what slackening the breakdown the effect? "

The one moment thought. The "decision of Truman to quickly finish the war with Japan, " the invoice O' Connor indicates by way of test.

Lisa shakes its head. "Which would mean that if it had not made its decision, we would not have slackened the breakdown."

"Right "

"Prove it."

Pauses. "I then not."

It smiles "And you did not test. Would the attempt have been logically impossible,"

"I know."

"You are a debater, right-hand side? "

"Ouais."

It blinks eye with him. "I will see you later this afternoon " It looks around the room. It seems to have each one attention. "What I try to say is, announce the propter hoc ergo hoc. Just because two things occurred in the order necessarily does not mean that the second thing was caused by the first thing. Is this what we call a logical error."

"But sometimes it is true, " a girl in the back known as. "It is held to reason."

"Us intuit it like truth, but that does not make him a truth. The intuition is not reality, it is right our perception of reality, and not to equalize in particular a perception of well-thought-outside of reality." "Like do you say then? What are all the events random? "

"Yes."

The girl starts to say something, then stops. "Which does not seem reasonable."

"All the line, " Lisa Torte says."Think on this subject. Which is one weaves objective reference which applies to all the events? I will answer that for you. Time. All the events take place on a scale of time. Thus what us as human east creates an account out of the events, starting at the be-

ginning and operation our way along this scale of time. But connections in the account, other than time itself, is only with the eyes of the beholders. It is the same way that we look at clouds and see the form; the form are subjective, and the clouds are not those form, those form are simply our imposition of our subjective individuals on the objective reality of the clouds "

"But it is not true, " the girl says " the clouds have an objective form. And there is more with the history than just the command."

"Has there it? "

" There must be. Otherwise what is the point studied it? "

"Beats me, " Lisa Torte known as.

The room is quiet. Badine the love a professor who discusses obstinately against the need the course that they are taught.

"Why be you to say all this? " does the invoice O' Connor require. " I want to say, you do not believe in the history? "

" I will obtain again with you on that. Fact the means something of modernism of word to no matter whom? "

"Like the modern art? " the invoice requires.

"Sure. Like the modern art. I want that you think of abstract paintings "

"As when a painter makes an image which is all the white? Or right a group of points on the fabric? "

"Exactly. Why they do that? "

"It is much easier than making a true painting, " somebody indicates.

Each one laughs.

"The artist thinks of art itself, " Lisa known as. "What it makes tries to appear out of what art is, or at least commenting on what art is. He says that art is more than right creating a representation of reality with a group of paintings, although he certainly can be that. If you do not think what you do made, and with you just, you make art. You build art. When you think that, you deconstruct it. Deconstructing dismounts something to see of what it is made, the displacement of its

narrative structure to examine its parts. Structuralism, you could say. Not thus which explains all-white painting? "

"It is has deconstructed painting? " somebody asks.

"Not exactly. It is more as which painting is after the artist has deconstructed his art, after it is withdrawn the aspect very crafty one and muddling to represent reality on a fabric. Perhaps art is about painting, or color, or of the lack or the presence of color, or the lack or the presence of composition. It depends. But painting, with the modernist, and certainly with the deconstructionalist, becomes a mental activity which comments on painting itself. Isn't the subject more representational, as a vertical where it is an image of somebody, the subject is white painting."

"Why no matter who would like to stop that on their wall living of part? "

"Which knows? To appear that outside, you must deconstruct the process seize art. It is entirely a different subject."

"Is what will be on the final? " the invoice O' Connor requires.

Another general laughter.

"Take another zone, " Lisa Torte says. "Writing. What is a novel? "

"A history? " the invoice suggests.

"Naturally. An account. What would occur if you deconstructed the writing of the fiction? "

"You would carry the account and would study the writing as writing "

Lisa Torte grants an enormous smile on the invoice O' Connor. "By George,I think that it it A. as that carry out to in the literature? Books without account. Robbe-Grillet writes the new Roman, William Burroughs crosses to the top of the newspapers and adhesive the results in a manuscript randomly, James that Joyce creates his own language to write the wake of Finnegans. The possibilities are without end, and they are not necessarily books which you want to read for the recreation, but in the place they are comments on books intrinsically "

"Withdraw the account, the deconstruct work, discover its structure, " the invoice indicates.

"And the result? " LISA requires.

Each one seems interested, but nobody of the answers.

"The result, " it continue, " are a better comprehension of the nature of art itself, rather than the subject of art. Although you can also better include/understand the subject too. In fact, you probably will."

" I obtain it, then. If you of history of deconstruct --"

"You carry the narratif --"

" You deconstruct it --"

"And you finish to the top of the history of comprehension better like history, and probably of the subject of the history also." Lisa Torte holds to the top and faced the black table. It finds a piece of chalk and writes the words, history is berth. It waits one second, and erases the words. Then she writes the slogan of her cup, account is not.

"Which is our philosophy, " she says the. "Account is not. What naturally carries us to the place you go after you have deconstructed all and the modernism finished."

"Which place is that? "

" Welcome at the age of the pomo, Mr. O' Connor. "

" Pomo? "

"Post-modernism. In the modernism the artists take their art at the end deconstructing their art and by examining the process. In the post-modernism, they take next measurement beyond the end. They rebuild. All questions? " It can say glances on their faces that it engaged them. They do not have any question, but they seem to have some answers.

The questions will come later.

Welcome at the age of the pomo. What, as we include/understand it, is some share with the left of the Bahamas.

Is the history berth?

The pomo did he die?

The this Lisa way that Torte is to go is to spend the whole six-month period?

Which of this will be there on the final?

This supposes is to be in way or other interessant?

**Decouvrez usual nothing in our next episode: "Harvard: Machines ivy or trust of internal
beet of cap? "**