Can Thought Go On Without A Body?

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You philosophers ask questions without answers, questions that have to remain unanswered to deserve being called philosophical. According to you answered questions are only technical matters. That's what they were to begin with. They were mistaken for philosophical questions. You turn to other questions that seem completely impossible to answer: which by definition resist every attempt at conquest by our minds. Or what amounts to the same thing: you declare if the first questions were answered, that's because they were badly formulated. And you grant yourselves the privilege of continuing to regard as unresolved, that is as well formulated, questions that technical science believes it answered but in truth only inadequately brought to the fore. For you solutions are just illusions, failures to maintain the integrity due being — or some such thing. I hope you have patience. You'll hold out forever with your incredulity. But don't be surprised if all the same, through your irresolution, you end up wearing out your audience.

But that's not the question. While we talk, the sun's getting older. It'll explode in 4.5 billion years. It's just a little beyond the halfway point of its expected lifetime. It's like a man in his early forties with a life expectancy of eighty. With the sun's death your insoluble questions will be done with too. It's possible they'll

stay unanswered right up to the end, flawlessly formulated, though now both grounds for raising such questions as well as the place to do this will no longer exist. You explain: it's impossible to think an end, pure and simple, of anything at all, since the end's a limit and to think it you have to be on both sides of that limit. So what's finished or finite has to be perpetuated in our thought if it's to be thought of as finished. Now this is true of limits belonging to thought. But after the sun's death there won't be a thought to know that its death took place.

That, in my view, is the sole serious question to face humanity today. In comparison everything else seems insignificant. Wars, conflicts, political tension, shifts in opinion, philosophical debates, even passions — everything's dead already — if this infinite reserve from which you now draw energy to defer answers, if in short thought as quest, dies out with the sun. Maybe death isn't the word. But the inevitable explosion to come, the one that's always forgotten in your intellectual ploys, can be seen in a certain way as coming before the fact to render these ploys posthumous — make them futile. I'm talking about what's X'd out of your writings — matter. Matter taken as an arrangement of energy created, destroyed and recreated over and over again, endlessly. On the corpuscular and/or cosmic scale I mean. I am not talking about the familiar, reassuring terrestrial world or the reassuring immanence that transcends objects analogously to the way the eye transcends what's visible or *habitus* its *situs*. In 4.5 billion years there will arrive the demise of your phenomenology and your utopian politics, and there'll be no one there to toll the death knell or hear it. It'll be too late to understand that your passionate, endless questioning always depended on a "life of the mind" that'll have been nothing else than a covert form of earthly life. A form of life that was mental because human, human because earthly — coming from the earth of the most living of living things. Thought borrows a horizon and orientation, the limitless limit and end without end it assumes from the corporeal, sensory, emotional and cognitive experience of a quite sophisticated but definitely earthly existence — to which it's indebted as well.

With the disappearance of earth, thought will have stopped — leaving that disappearance absolutely unthought of. It's the horizon itself that'll be abolished and, with its disappearance, your transcendence in immanence as well. If, as a limit, death really is what escapes and is deferred and as a result what thought has to deal with, right from the beginning — this death is still only the life of our minds. But the death of the sun is a death of

mind, because it is the death of death as the life of the mind. There's no relief or deferral if nothing survives. This annihilation is totally different from the one you harangue us about talking about "our" death, a death that's part of the fate of living creatures who think. Annihilation in any case is too subjective. It will involve a change in the condition of matter: that is, in the form that energies take. This change is enough to render null and void your anticipation of a world after the explosion. Political science fiction novels depict the cold desert of our human world after nuclear war. The solar explosion won't be due to human war. It won't leave behind it a devastated human world, dehumanized, but with nonetheless at least a single survivor, someone to tell the story of what's left, write it down. Dehumanized still implies human — a death that's human but conceivable: because dead in human terms, though still capable of being noted in thought. But in what remains after the solar explosion, there won't be any humanness, there won't be living creatures, there won't be intelligent, sensitive, sentient earthlings to bear witness to it, since they and their earthly horizon will have been consumed.

Assume that the ground, together with Husserl's *Ur-Erde*, will vanish into clouds of heat and matter. Considered as matter, the earth isn't at all original since it's subject to changes in its condition — changes from further away or closer, changes coming from matter and energy and from the laws governing Earth's transformation. The *Erde* is an arrangement of matter/energy. This arrangement is transitory — lasting a few billion years more or less. Lunar years. Not a long time considered on a cosmic scale. The sun, our earth and your thought will have been no more than a spasmodic state of energy, an instant of established order, a smile on the surface of matter in a remote corner of the cosmos. What skeptics you are! You're really believers: you believe much too much in that smile, in the complicity of things and thought, in the purposefulness of all things! Like everyone else, you'll wind up victims of the stabilized relationships of order in that remote corner. You'll have been seduced and deceived by what you call nature, by a congruence of mind and things. Claudel called this a *"co-naissance,"* and Merleau-Ponty spoke of the chiasmus of the eye and the horizon, a fluid in which mind floats. The solar explosion, the mere thought of that explosion, should awaken you from this euphoria. Look here: you try to think of the event in its *quod*, in the occurrence of "it so happens that" before any quiddity, don't you? Well, you'll grant the explosion of the sun is the *quod* itself, no subsequent

assignment being possible. Of that death alone, Epicurus ought to have said what he says about death — that I have nothing to do with it, since if it's present, I'm not, and if I'm present, it's not. Human death is included in the life of human mind. Solar death implies an irreparably exclusive disjunction between death and thought: if there's death, then there's no thought. Negation without end. No self to make sense of it. Pure event. Disaster. All the events and disasters we're familiar with and try to think of will end up as no more than pale simulacra. Images.

Now this event is ineluctable. So either you don't concern yourself with it — and remain in the life of the mind and in earthly phenomenality. Like Epicurus you say "As long as it's not here, I am, and I continue philosophizing in the cozy lap of the complicity between man and nature." But still with this glum afterthought: *après moi le déluge*, after me the deluge. The deluge of matter. You'll grant there's a significant point of divergence between our thinking and the classical and modern thought of Western civilization: the obvious fact of there being no nature, but only the material monster of *D'Alembert's Dream*, the *chôra* of the *Timaeus*. Once we were considered able to converse with Nature. Matter asks no questions, expects no answers of us. It ignores us. It made us the way it made all bodies — by chance and according to its laws.

Or else you try to anticipate the disaster and fend it off with means belonging to that category — means that are those of the laws of the transformation of energy. You decide to accept the challenge of the extremely likely annihilation of a solar order and an order of your own thought. And then the only job left you is quite clear — it's been underway for some time — the job of simulating conditions of life and thought to make thinking remain materially possible after the change in the condition of matter that's the disaster. This and this alone is what's at stake today in technical and scientific research in every field from dietetics, neurophysiology, genetics and tissue synthesis to particle physics, astrophysics, electronics, information science and nuclear physics. Whatever the immediate stakes might appear to be: health, war, production, communication. For the benefit of humankind, as the saying goes.

You know — technology wasn't invented by us humans. Just the other way around. As anthropologists and biologists admit, even the simplest life forms, infusoria (tiny algae synthesized by light at the edges of tidepools a few million years ago) are already technical devices. Any material system is technological if it edits information useful to its survival, if it memorizes and

processes that information and makes inferences based on the regulating effect of behavior, that is, if it intervenes on and impacts its environment so as to at a minimum assure its perpetuation. A human being isn't different in nature from an object of this type. Its equipment for absorbing data isn't exceptional compared to other living things. What's true is that this human being is omnivorous when dealing with information because it has a regulating system (codes and rules of processing) that's more differentiated and a storage capacity for its memory that's greater than those of other living things. Most of all: it's equipped with a symbolic system that's both arbitrary (in semantics and syntax) letting it be less dependent on an immediate environment and also "recursive" (Hofstadter), allowing it to take into account (above and beyond raw data) the way it has of processing such data. That is, itself. Hence, of processing as information its own rules in turn and of inferring other ways of processing information. A human, in short, is a living organization that is not only complex but, so to speak, replex. It can grasp itself as a medium (as in medicine) or as an organ (as in goal-directed activity) or as an object (as in thought — I mean esthetic as well as speculative thought). It can even abstract itself from itself and take into account only its rules of processing, as in logic and mathematics. The opposite limit of this symbolic recursiveness resides in the necessity by which it is bound (whatever its *meta*-level of operation) at the same time to maintain regulations that guarantee its survival in any environment whatsoever. Isn't that exactly what constitutes the basis of your transcendence in immanence? Now, until the present time, this environment has been terrestrial. The survival of a thinking-organization requires exchanges with that environment such that the human body can perpetuate itself there. This is equally true of the quintessential *meta*-function — philosophical thought. To think, at the very least you have to breathe, eat, etc. You are still under an obligation to "earn a living."

The body might be considered the hardware of the complex technical device that is human thought. If this body is not properly functioning, the ever so complex operations, the meta-regulations to the third or fourth power, the controlled deregulations of which you philosophers are so fond, are impossible. Your philosophy of the endless end, of immortal death, of interminable difference, of the undecidable, is an expression, perhaps the expression *par excellence*, of meta-regulation itself. It's as if it took itself into account as *meta*. Which is all well and good. But don't forget — this faculty of being able to change levels referen-

tially derives solely from the symbolic and recursive power of language. Now language is simply the most complex form of the (living and dead) "memories" that regulate all living things and make them technical objects better adjusted to their surroundings than mechanical ensembles. In other words your philosophy is possible only because the material ensemble called "man" is endowed with a very sophisticated software. But also, this software, human language, is dependent on the condition of the hardware. Now: the hardware will be consumed in the solar explosion taking philosophical thought with it (along with all other thought) as it goes up in flames. So the problem of the technological sciences can be stated as: how to provide this software with a hardware that is independent of the conditions of life on earth.

That is: how to make thought without a body possible. A thought that continues to exist after the death of the human body. This is the price to be paid if the explosion's to be conceivable, if the death of the sun is to be a death like other deaths we know about. Thought without a body is the prerequisite for thinking of the death of all bodies, solar or terrestrial, and of the death of thoughts that are inseparable from those bodies.

But "without a body" in this exact sense: without the complex living terrestrial organism known as the human body. Not without hardware obviously.

So theoretically the solution is very simple: manufacture hardware capable of "nuturing" software at least as complex (or replex) as the present-day human brain, but in non-terrestrial conditions. That clearly means finding for the "body" envisaged a "nutrient" that owes nothing to bio-chemical components synthesized on the surface of the earth through the use of solar energy. Or: learning to effect these syntheses in other places than on earth. In both cases then this means learning to manufacture a hardware capable of nourishing our software or its equivalent, but one maintained and supported only by sources of energy available in the cosmos generally.

It's clear even to a lay person like myself that the combined forces of nuclear physics, electronics, photonics and information science open up a possibility of constructing technical objects with a capacity that's not just physical but also cognitive, that "extracts" (that is selects, processes and distributes) energies these objects need in order to function from forms generally found everywhere in the cosmos.

So much for the hardware. As for the software such machines are to be equipped with — that's a subject for research in the

area of artifical intelligence and for the controversies surrounding such research. You philosophers, writers and artists are quick to dismiss the pathetic track record of today's software programs. True — thinking or "representing" machines (Linard's term) are weaklings compared to ordinary human brains, even untrained ones.

It can be objected that programs fed into such computers are elementary and that progress can be expected in information science, artificial languages and communications science. Which is likely. But the main objection concerns the very principle of these intelligences. This objection has been summed up in a line of thought proposed by Hubert L. Dreyfus. Our disappointment in these organs of "bodiless thought" comes from the fact that they operate on binary logic, one imposed on us by Russell's and Whitehead's mathematical logic, Turing's machine, McCulloch's and Pitts's neuronal model, the cybernetics of Wiener and von Neumann, Boolian algebra and Shannon's information science.

But as Dreyfus argues, human thought doesn't think in a binary mode. It doesn't work with units of information (bytes), but with intuitive, hypothetical configurations. It accepts imprecise, ambiguous data that don't seem to be selected according to preestablished codes or readability. It doesn't neglect side effects or marginal aspects of a situation. It isn't just focused, but lateral too. Human thought can distinguish the important from the unimportant without doing exhaustive inventories of data and without testing the importance of data with respect to the goal pursued by a series of trials and errors. As Husserl has shown, thought becomes aware of a "horizon," aims at a "noema," a kind of object, a sort of non-conceptual monogram that provides it with intuitive configurations and opens up "in front of it" a field of orientation and expectation, a "frame" (Minsky). And in such a framework, perhaps more like a scheme, it moves towards what it looks for by "choosing," that is, by discarding and recombining the data it needs, but nonetheless without making use of preestablished criteria determining in advance what's appropriate to choose. This picture inevitably recalls the description Kant gave of a thought process he called reflective judgment: a mode of thought not guided by rules for determining data, but showing itself as possibly capable of developing such rules afterwards on the basis of results obtained "reflexively."

This description of a reflective thought opposed to determinate thought reveals (in the work of Husserl or Dreyfus) what it owes to perceptual experience. A field of thought exists in the same way that there's a field of vision (or hearing): the mind

orients itself in it just as the eye does in the field of the visible. This analogy was already central to Wallon's work in France for example and also to Merleau-Ponty's. It's "well known." Nonetheless it has to be stressed this analogy isn't extrinsic, but intrinsic. In its procedures it doesn't only describe analogical thought with an experience of perception. It describes a thought that proceeds analogically and only analogically — but not logically. A thought in which therefore procedures of the type — "just as . . . so likewise . . . " or "as if . . . then" or again "as p is to q, so r is to s" are privileged compared to digital procedures of the type "if . . . then . . ." and "p is not non-p." Now these are the paradoxical operations that constitute the experience of a body, of an "actual" or phenomenological body in its space-time continuum of sensibility and perception. Which is why it's appropriate to take the body as model in the manufacture and programming of artificial intelligence if it's intended that artificial intelligence not be limited to the ability to reason logically.

It's obvious from this objection that what makes thought and the body inseparable isn't just that the latter is the indispensable hardware for the former, a material prerequisite of its existence. It's that each of them is analogous to the other in its relationship with its respective (sensible, symbolic) environment: the relationship is analogical in both cases. In this description there are convincing grounds for not supporting the hypothesis (once suggested by Hilary Putnam) of a principle of the "separability" of intelligence, a principle through which he believed he could legitimate an attempt to create artificial intelligence.

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Now that's something to leave us satisfied as philosophers. At least something to assuage a part of our anxiety. A field of perception has limits, but these limits are always beyond reach. While a visual object is presenting one side to the eye, there are always other sides, still unseen. A direct, focused vision is always surrounded by a curved area where visibility is held in reserve yet isn't absent. This disjunction is inclusive. And I'm not speaking of a memory brought into play by even the simplest sight. Continuing vision preserves along with it what was seen seconds before from another angle. It anticipates what will be seen shortly. These syntheses result in identifications of objects, identifications that never are completed, syntheses that a subsequent sighting can always elicit or undo. And the eye, in this expe-

rience, is indeed always in search of a recognition, as the mind is of a complete description of an object it is trying to think of: without, however, a viewer ever being able to say he recognizes an object perfectly since the field of presentation is absolutely unique every time, and since when vision actually sees, it can't ever forget that there's always more to be seen once the object is "identified." Perceptual "recognition" never satisfies the logical demand for complete description.

In any serious discussion of analogy it's this experience that is meant, this blur, this uncertainty, this faith in the inexhaustibility of the perceivable, and not just a mode of transfer of the data onto an inscription surface not originally its own. Similarly, writing plunges into the field of phrases, moving foward by means of adumbrations, groping toward what it "means" and never unaware, when it stops, that it's only suspending its exploration for a moment (a moment that might last a lifetime) and that there remains, beyond the writing that has stopped, an infinity of words, phrases and meanings in a latent state, held in abeyance, with as many things "to be said" as at the beginning. Real "analogy" requires a thinking or representing machine to be *in* its data *just as* the eye is in the visual field or writing is in language (in the broad sense). It isn't enough for these machines to simulate the results of vision or of writing fairly well. It's a matter (to use the attractively appropriate locution) of "giving body" to the artificial thought of which they are capable. And it's that body, both "natural" and artificial, that will have to be carried far from earth before its destruction if we want the thought that survives the solar explosion to be something more than a poor binarized ghost of what it was beforehand.

Are there from this point of view grounds not to give up on technoscience? I have no idea whether such a "program" is achievable. Is it even consistent to claim to be programming an experience that defies, if not programming, then at least the program — as does the vision of the painter or writing? It's up to you to give it a try. After all, the problem's an urgent one for you. It's the problem of a comprehension of ordinary language by your machines. A problem you encounter especially in the area of terminal/user interface. In that interface subsists the contact of your artificial intelligence with the naive kind of intelligence borne by so-called "natural" languages and immersed in them.

But another question bothers me. Is it really another question? Thinking and suffering overlap. Words, phrases in the act of writing, the latent nuances and overtones at the horizon of a painting or a musical composition as it's being created (you've

said this yourselves) all lend themselves to us for the occasion and yet slip through our fingers. And even inscribed on a page or canvas, they "say" something other than what we "meant" because they're older than the present intent, overloaded with possibilities of meaning — that is, connected with other words, phrases, shades of meaning, overtones. By means of which precisely they constitute a field, a "world," the "brave" human world you were speaking about, but one that's probably more like an opaqueness of very distant horizons that exist only so that we'll "brave" them. If you think you're describing *thought* when you describe a selecting and tabulating of *data*, you're silencing truth. Because data aren't given, but givable, and selection isn't choice. Thinking, like writing or painting, is almost no more than letting a givable come towards you. In the discussion we had last year at Siegen, in this regard, emphasis was put on the sort of emptiness that has to be obtained from mind and body by a Japanese warrior-artist when doing calligraphy, by an actor when acting: the kind of suspension of ordinary intentions of mind associated with *habitus*, or arrangements of the body. It's at this cost, said Glenn and Andreas (and you can imagine how quickly I agreed, helped out by Dogen, Diderot, and Kleist), that a brush encounters the "right" shapes, that a voice and a theatrical gesture are endowed with the "right" tone and look. This soliciting of emptiness, this evacuation — very much the opposite of overweening, selective, identificatory activity — doesn't take place without some suffering. I won't claim that the grace Kleist talked about (a grace of stroke, tone, or volume) has to be merited: that would be presumptuous of me. But it has to be called forth, evoked. The body and the mind have to be free of burdens for grace to touch us. That doesn't happpen without suffering. An enjoyment of what we possessed is now lost.

Here again, you will note, there's a necessity for physical experience and a recourse to exemplary cases of bodily ascesis to understand and make understood a type of emptying of the mind, an emptying that is required if the mind is to think. This obviously has nothing to do with *tabula rasa*, with what Descartes (vainly) wanted to be a starting from scratch on the part of knowing thought — a starting that paradoxically can only be a starting all over again. In what we call thinking the mind isn't "directed" but suspended. You don't give it rules. You teach it to receive. You don't clear the ground to build unobstructed: you make a little clearing where the penumbra of an almost given will be able to enter and modify its contour. An example of this work is found *mutatis mutandis* in Freudian *Durcharbeitung*. In

which — though I won't labor the point — the pain and the cost of the work of thought can be seen. This kind of thinking has little to do with combining symbols in accordance with a set of rules. Even though the act of combining, as it seeks out and waits for its rule, can have quite a lot to do with thought.

The pain of thinking isn't a symptom coming from outside to inscribe itself on the mind instead of in its true place. It is thought itself resolving to be irresolute, deciding to be patient, wanting not to want, wanting, precisely, not to produce a meaning in place of what *must* be signified. This is a tip of the hat to a *duty* that hasn't yet been named. Maybe that duty isn't a debt. Maybe it's just the mode according to which what doesn't yet exist, a word, a phrase, a color, *will emerge*. So that the suffering of thinking is a suffering of time, of what happens. To sum up — will your thinking, your representing machines suffer? What will be their future if they are just memories? You will tell me this scarcely matters if at least they can "achieve" the paradoxical relationship to the said "data," which are only quasi-givens, givables, which I've just described. But this is a hardly credible proposition.

If this suffering is the mark of true thought, it's because we think in the already-thought, in the inscribed. And because it's difficult to leave something hanging in abeyance or take it up again in a different way so what hasn't been thought yet can emerge and what *should be* inscribed *will be*. I'm not speaking just about words lacking in a superabundance of available words, but about ways of assembling these words, ways we should accept despite the articulations inspired in us by logic, by the syntax of our languages, by constructions inherited from our reading. (To Sepp Gumbrecht, who was suprised that any and all thought, according to me, should require and involve inscription, I say: we think in a world of inscriptions already there. Call this culture if you like. And if we think, this is because there's still something missing in this plenitude and room has to be made for this lack by making the mind a blank, which allows the something else remaining to be thought to happen. But this can only "emerge" as already inscribed in its turn.) The unthought hurts. It's uncomfortable because we're comfortable in what's already thought. And thinking, which is accepting this discomfort, is also, to put it bluntly, an attempt to have done with it. That's the hope sustaining all writing (painting, etc.): that at the end, things will be better. As there is no end, this hope is illusory. So: the unthought would have to make your machines uncomfortable, the uninscribed that remains to be inscribed would have

to make their memory suffer. Do you see what I mean? Otherwise why would they ever *start* thinking? We need machines that suffer from the burden of their memory. (But suffering doesn't have a good reputation in the technological megalopolis. Especially the suffering of thinking. It doesn't even incite laughter anymore. The idea of it doesn't occur, that's all. There's a trend toward "play," if not performance.)

Finally, the human body has a gender. It's an accepted proposition that sexual difference is a paradigm of an incompleteness of not just bodies, but minds too. Of course there's masculinity in women as well as femininity in men. Otherwise how would one gender even have an idea of the other or have an emotion that comes from what's lacking? It's lacking because present deep inside, in the body, in the mind. Present like a guard, restrained, off to the side, at the edge of your vision, present on some horizon of it. Elusive, impossible to grasp. Again we're back at transcendence in immanence. The notion of gender dominant in contemporary society wants this gap closed, this transcendence toppled, this powerlessness overcome. Supposed "partners" (in a pleasure arrangement) draw up a contract for purposes of common "enjoyment" of sexual difference itself. The contract provides that neither party suffer from this association and that at the first sign of lack (whether through failure to perform or not), of defocalization, of lack of control and transcendence, the parties break the contract — though that's still too strong a phrase, since they'll let it lapse. And even if from time to time fashion gives "love" its place back among the inventory of objects that circulate, it's as a "top of the line" sexual relationship, reserved for superstars and advertised as an enviable exception. I see in this arrangement a sign that technoscience conditions thought to neglect difference, disagreement, the dispute it carries within.

I don't know whether sexual difference is ontological difference. How would a person *know*? My unassuming phenomenological description still doesn't go far enough. Sexual difference isn't just related to a body as it feels its incompleteness, but to an unconscious body or to the unconscious *as* body. That is, as separated from thought — even analogical thought. This difference is hypothetically outside our control. Maybe (because as Freud showed in his description of deferred action, it inscribes effects without the inscription being "memorized" in the form of recollection) it's the other way around? And this difference is what initially sets up fields of perception and thought as functions of waiting, of equivocations, as I've stated? This quite

probably defines suffering in perceiving and conceiving as produced by an impossibility of unifying and completely determining the object seen. To that which without gendered difference would only be a neutral experience of the space-time of perceptions and thoughts, an experience in which this feeling of incompleteness would be lacking as unhappiness, but only an experience producing a simple and pure cognitive aesthetic, to this neutrality gendered difference adds the suffering of abandonment because it brings to neutrality what no field of vision or thought can include, namely a demand. A capacity to transcend the given, a capacity lodged in immanence — a capacity you spoke of — indeed finds a means to do this in the recursiveness of human language — although such a capacity isn't just a possibility but an actual force. And that force is desire.

So: the intelligence you're preparing to survive the solar explosion will have to carry that force within it on its interstellar voyage. Your thinking machines will have to be nourished not just on radiation but on irremediable gender difference.

And here is where the issue of complexity has to be brought up again. I'm granting to physics theory that technological-scientific development is, on the surface of the earth, the present-day form of a process of negentropy or complexification that has been underway since the earth began its existence. I'm granting that human beings aren't and never have been the motor of this complexification, but an effect and carrier of this negentropy, its continuer. I'm granting that the disembodied intelligence that everything here conspires to create will make it possible to meet the challenge to that process of complexification posed by an entropic tidal wave which from that standpoint equates with the solar explosion to come. I agree that with the cosmic exile of this intelligence a locus of high complexity — a center of negentropy — will have escaped its most probable outcome, a fate promised any isolated system by Carnot's second law — precisely because this intelligence won't have let itself be left isolated in its terrestrial-solar condition. In granting all this, I concede that it isn't any human desire to know or transform reality that propels this technoscience, but a cosmic actualization. But note that the complexity of that intelligence exceeds that of the most sophisticated logical systems, since it's another type of thing entirely. As a material ensemble, the human body hinders the separability of this intelligence, hinders its exile and therefore survival. But at the same time the body, our phenomenological, mortal, perceiving body is the only available *analogon* for thinking a certain complexity of thought.

Thought makes lavish use of analogy. It does this in scientific discovery too of course "before" its operativity is fixed in paradigms. On the other hand its analogizing power can also return, bringing into play the spontaneous analogical field of the perceiving body, educating Cézanne's eye, Debussy's ear, to see and hear givables, nuances, overtones that are "useless" for survival, even cultural survival.

But once again that analogizing power, which belongs to body and mind analogically and mutually and which body and mind share with each other in the art of invention, is inconsequential compared to an irreparable transcendence inscribed on the body by gender difference. Not only calculation, but even analogy cannot do away with the remainder left by this difference. This difference makes thought go on endlessly and won't allow itself to be thought. Thought is inseparable from the phenomenological body: although gendered body is separated from thought. I'm tempted to see in this difference a primordial explosion, a challenge to thought that's comparable to the solar catastrophe. But such is not the case, since this difference causes infinite thought — held as it is in reserve in the secrecy of bodies and thoughts. It annihilates only the One. You have to prepare post-solar thought for the inevitability and complexity of this separation. Or the pilot at the helm of spaceship *Exodus* will still be entropy.

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