

write! **de** **sign!**



Emigre No.35 Summer 1995 Mouthpiece: CLAMOR OVER WRITING AND DESIGN, part one of two

Introduction/Circumscription writer/designer/editor: Anne Burdick

Writing and Design and the Subject author: Adriano Pedrosa designer: Michael Worthington

WD40: or, the Importance of David Holzman's Diary writer/designer: Elliott Earls

"To go about noisily": Clutter, Writing and Design writer: Steve Baker designer: Anne Burdick

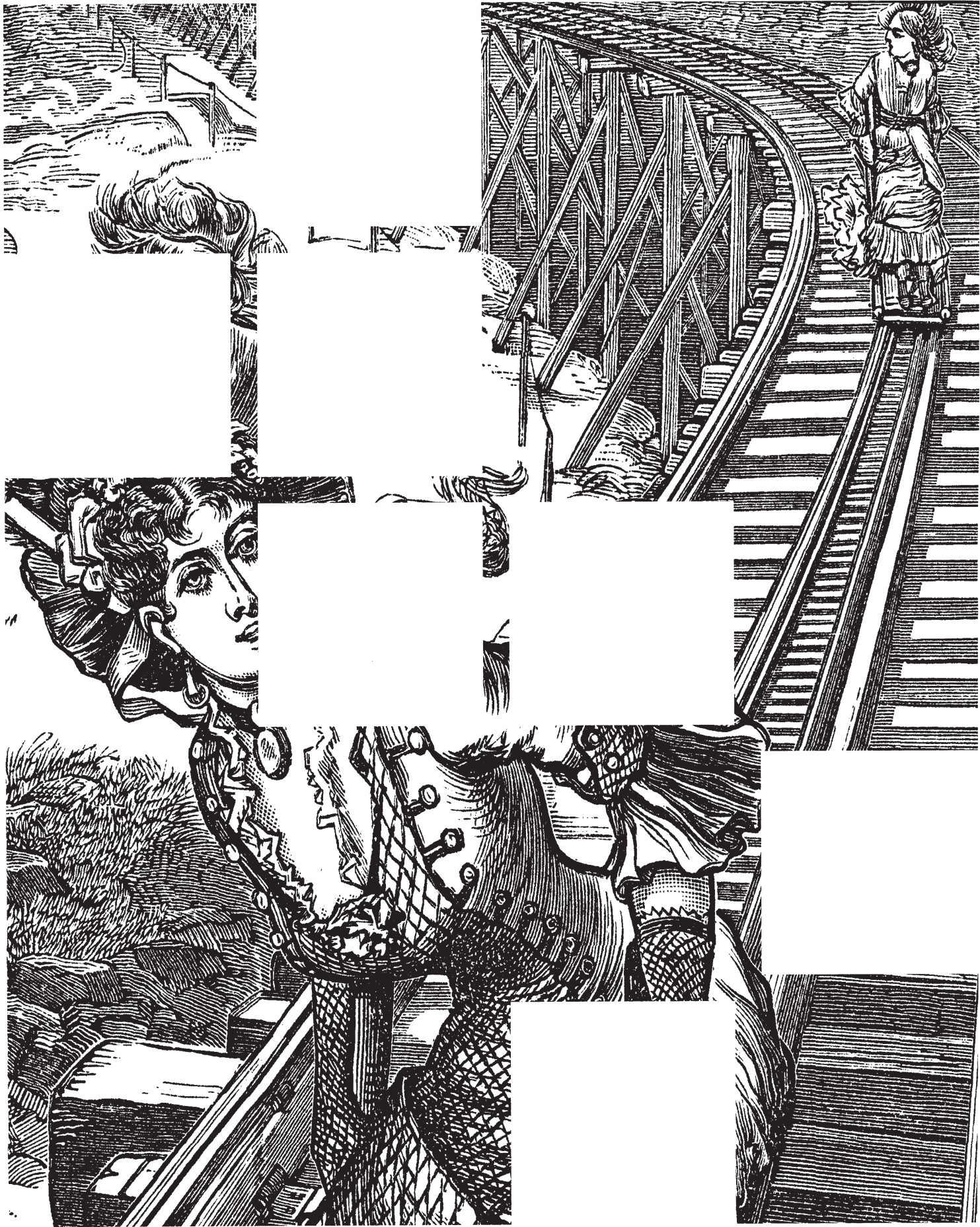
The Voyages of the Desire (throughout) writer/designer: Kevin Mount

Designs on Painting writers/designers: Joani Spadaro and Andrew Blauvelt

Letters writers: Emigre readers designer: Rudy VanderLans

The Future of Writing writer: Johanna Drucker designer: Anne Burdick

Ways of Looking Closer writer/designer: Denise Gonzales Crisp



To go possibly: writing a design

Steve Baker

A story. This is an essay about clutter, and its effects. It has two epigraphs. The first is from Hélène Cixous, from *The Book of Prometheus*: You write me. You crowd me. ...I don't comprehend you. I contain you. No longer am I anything more than all your sensing space.

The second is from Schopenhauer: The surest way of never having any thoughts of your own is to pick up a book every time you

have a free moment.

In his essay on invention, Derrida cites Paul de Man's comments on the impossibility of distinguishing between autobiography and fiction. The present essay is itself an idiosyncratic piece of writing, negotiating its way rather awkwardly between such categories as theory, autobiography and fiction. It, too, is concerned with invention, or at least with questions and

metaphors of creativity, insofar as they pertain to writing, and especially to writing about design. The question at the back of my mind throughout these remarks, therefore, is how to characterize the impact of clutter on our thinking about creativity, both in design and in writing.

When I first heard of Jane Graves's interest in the subject of clutter, in the summer of 1994, I immediately wanted to write

about it too, as clutter had begun to figure in my perceptions in a more oppressive way than usual. My mother had died earlier in the summer, and Aly and I had the main responsibility for clearing her house, about a hundred miles from our own, before it was put up for sale. Now this isn't a complaint about the frustration of dealing with someone else's clutter, as you might expect. The word clutter doesn't seem appro-

appropriate in that context. These were my mother's objects, her belongings, and many of them were treasured things for her, carrying the memory of my father who'd died some years earlier. It wasn't for me to judge that stuff, to dismiss it as clutter. Apart from anything else, at that point at least, it wasn't in my space.

I knew from the start that I wanted very little of that stuff. My father's small glass-fronted book-

case and a couple of Chinese vases—one carrying the image of a wonderful lumpy white elephant with golden tusks—were the only things to which I had any real sentimental attachment. But one way or another, once all the friends and relatives had everything they wanted, we still ended up bringing home masses of stuff—not only the usual boxes of photographs, documents and so on, but big pieces of furniture

too. I write these words at one of the three dining tables that currently occupy my room.

It wasn't simply a problem of physical space, of course. Once my mother's furniture arrived at our house, it seemed to position itself in the way of my ability to get on with the work of mourning, with figuring out how to come to terms with loss when so inescapably surrounded by the new and unwelcome physical

presence of this stuff—stuff that now undoubtedly constituted clutter.

Like the preceding comments, much of what follows is in the form of personal observations, often unsupported by theory or outside evidence. It's difficult to say whether this is, to speak rather loosely, in the "nature of the subject." The literature on clutter is almost non-existent, and design history has little to

say on the subject beyond the usual descriptive and unflattering remarks about the Victorian drawing room. In any case, it may be that the motivation to write about clutter is strongest when one is actually frustrated or even enraged by one's own experience of the stuff, one's own subjection to it.

Is this just the kind of category that clutter is? That to name it as clutter is to see it in a certain way,

to identify it as a problem, a bad thing? I start from the assumption that this is the case. No space here, then, for other people's joyful revelling in clutter, much as I may envy this way of seeing things. Clutter is in the way, and more to the point, it's in my way. (One cannot *not* be selfish about clutter.)

This notion of clutter as bad stuff makes it sound very much like Mary Douglas's definition of

dirt: *matter out of place*, a contravention of order. Freud said something very similar, of course. Since it's been persuasively suggested that Douglas's approach is rather obsessive and rule-bound—preoccupied "with ritual rather than pleasure"—I'm not especially inclined to align myself with this.

So let's turn for the moment to a broader characterization of clutter. Clutter is the opposite of the

impulse to collect as it's usually understood. It is the impulse to collect *and then hating it*, hating that character trait and passing that rage on to the object.

This is a highly dynamic relation to objects. It builds opposing motivations into them, motivations that must at some point blow them apart, shatter them, and in shattering them, shatter us—like Kafka's account of the axe-blow that ought to be con-

tained in books, an axe-blow to shatter what he calls "the frozen sea inside us."

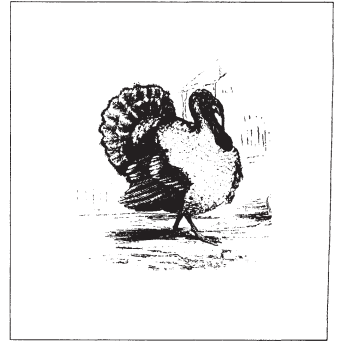
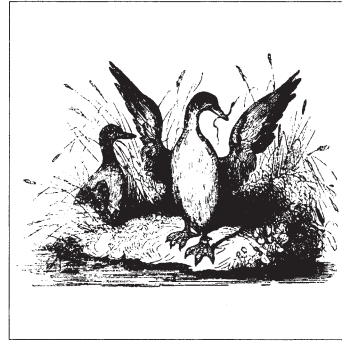
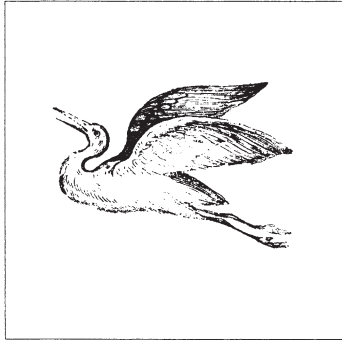
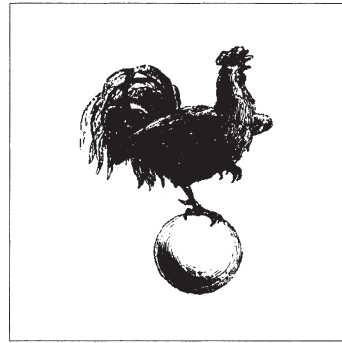
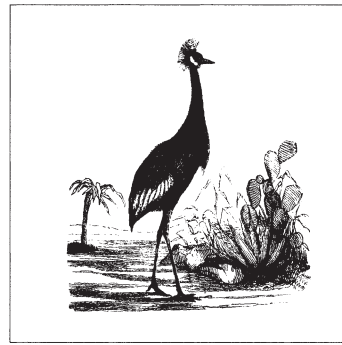
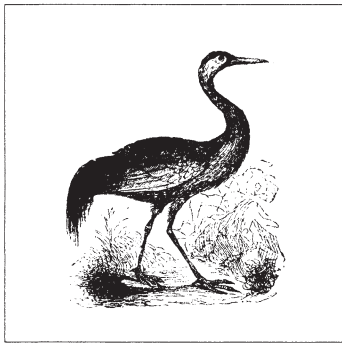
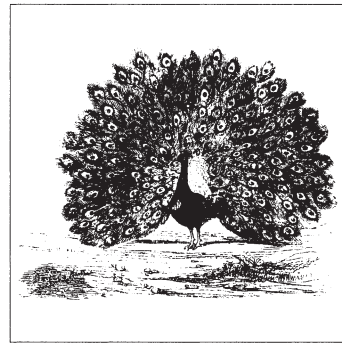
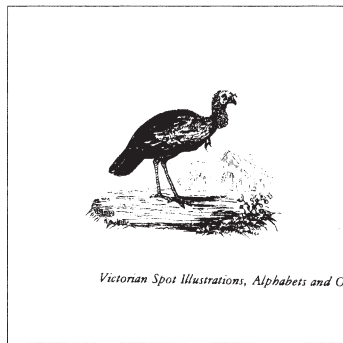
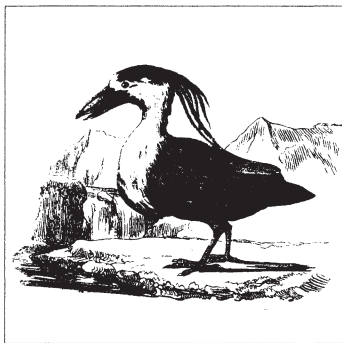
Seen in this way, clutter is unstable, volatile. It is the object's *wild* dimension, the obverse of design history's meaning-making. Design history's objects don't constitute clutter—it's something to do with their design, their clean lines, the purity of the aesthetic, perhaps of all aesthetics. Is it the aesthetically unedifying

clutter of the Victorian drawing room which persuades us that people like Morris and Pevsner must have been right—such stuff *isn't really design*, not what those of us who are supposed to *know* something about design would call design?

Clutter is anathema to design, the opposite of design. This isn't a matter, incidentally, of modern versus postmodern values. So-called "postmodern" design is

still design, and postmodernism can't therefore just appropriate clutter to itself as its latest chic attribute, the marker of what has famously been called its "anti-aesthetic."

Clutter resists, clutter is stubborn, is always there, still there, still in the way. Baudrillard, adapting Descartes, spoke of the "evil genius of the masses": clutter is the evil genius of objects. Clutter is the object's revenge, on



design and on the world. It is the embodiment of Descartes's absurd and malevolent world. This will make no sense to those concerned with design's rationality. To quote Baudrillard again, it would be "unacceptable, and even unimaginable, to the tenants of this analysis."
Space. What is so desirable about being rid of clutter? The notion of clean space would seem to bring us back to Mary

Douglas, but what about clear space? Is it a desire for *uninterrupted* space and time? This may be regarded as a desire for something mythical, utopian, unattainable—but also, (or so at least Sheila Levrant de Bretteville has proposed), as a gendered desire, with women currently more able to accept its unattainability, more able to compromise, to work within its limitations rather than to rail against it.

Certainly the desire for clear space comprises a desire for freedom, unencumberedness—freedom from responsibility? Is it that we feel *weighed down* by objects and by the clutter of their accumulation? Unlike the levitating Chesterton emblematic of the first issue of the British design journal *things*, clutter generally impedes our free movement (mental or physical), our capacity for flight, for escape. We feel

hemmed in. Is it that those objects which don't do this, and which we don't recognize as clutter, are those which metaphorically fly with us? Those which "fly the coop," as Cixous says, taking pleasure "in jumbling the order of space, in disorienting it, in changing around the furniture, ... and turning propriety upside down." (And yet here things begin to get confusing, for this unruliness sounds more like clutter

than its absence.) What is it that seems to free up these objects? Is it their freedom from meaning? Such a view would see an object's "meaning" as a weight, an encumbrance. Why this metaphor? Can meanings be "cast off," freeing the object into the thinner air of unmeaning, like a hot air balloon, into the more rarified atmosphere of unmeaning? The metaphor casts meaning as law,

rule, control, boundary, binding, restriction, definability. The object locked into itself, the object *cluttered by itself*. Clutter as fetter, meaning as fetter.
Movement. Clutter brings me to a standstill. Brings my thoughts to a standstill. Shortens my sentences. Allowing only clumsy repetition. Stumbling. Inelegant. Ungrammatical. I mean this quite literally. My working space, as I wrote this, had become so full, so

chaotic, that I was not inclined to write at all. I went out to the shops, without a pen of course, and these thoughts and phrases came tumbling out, so that I had to rush back trying not to forget them, to write them down against the pressure of the clutter. Movement is the key image here: thought as movement. A familiar metaphor from feminist theory, of course: movement is good, stasis is bad. And move-

ment is perceived as poetic. Cixous writes that "poetry is about travelling on foot and all its substitutes, all forms of transportation." She also says "walking, dancing, pleasure: these accompany the poetic act."
Webster's Dictionary definition of clutter includes the idea of "disordered things that impede movement or reduce effectiveness." Even the mapping of clutter poses a problem. Its delin-

ation is precisely what we seem unable to achieve. Thus our anxiety and our inability to do anything other than stumble through it. Clutter reminds us of mythology's account of our autochthonous origins. Thus, perhaps, the desire for all those metaphors of flying.
 A recent example of the metaphor: the translators' introduction to Deleuze and Guattari's *What Is Philosophy?* describes

these writers as "the thinkers of 'lines of flight,' of the openings that allow thought to escape from the constraints that seek to define and enclose creativity."
Why do we assume that the air isn't cluttered too? Perhaps we can't afford to. We've invested too much in it as the metaphoric space of our creativity, a space outside the confines of the law. Cixous typifies this tendency in her assertion that "elsewhere,

outside, birds, women, and writing gather." This gathering represents those interests that "have not worried about respecting the law." Birds and women stand rhetorically for what she calls "a certain kind of writing," for that which will not be constrained or controlled, at least not for long. It is the writing of which Allon White says:
 I know that it is there at the fingersends, lurking amongst the

keys, waiting for the right combination of letters to release it howling out at me, free at last.
 Using much the same metaphors, and without ever doubting the attractions of the imagery of birds and flight, Nietzsche is altogether more skeptical about space, creativity and the easy illusion of freedom. In *Daybreak*, he writes:
Just beyond experience!—Even great spirits have only their five-fin-

gers' breadth of *experience*—just beyond their thinking ceases and their endless empty space and stupidity begins.
 How terrible: the realization that the imaginative space of our creativity is limited, *cluttered*, by the narrowness of its own metaphorical preferences, and that our conception of creativity is built on its *excluding* clutter. The procedure is little different from what Kristeva calls "the simple

logic of *excluding filth*," by which many societies seek to establish their "proper" boundaries. This is indeed a simple logic—a simplistic, *unimaginative* logic that looks quite at odds with notions of creative living.
My own writing. Usually, when I'm writing (and much of the time when I'm not), all the available surfaces in my room—tabletops, floor, walls—will disappear beneath photocopies, file cards,

scraps of paper, so that the effect is not unlike those photographs you see of Francis Bacon's or Jackson Pollock's studios. There is a beguiling myth at work here. Writing, out of clutter, like the phoenix rising from its own ashes; or like D.W. Winnicott's account of the psychoanalytic object surviving its own destruction in order to come fully into being.
My own clutter. Can there ever

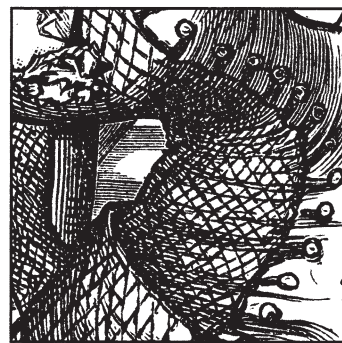
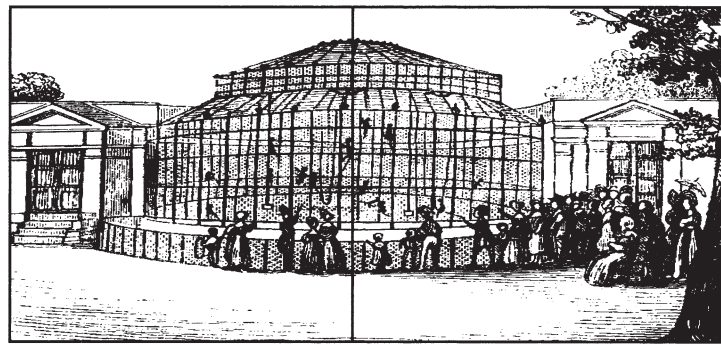
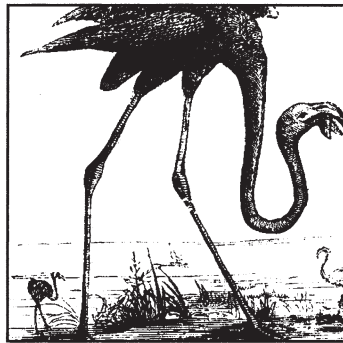
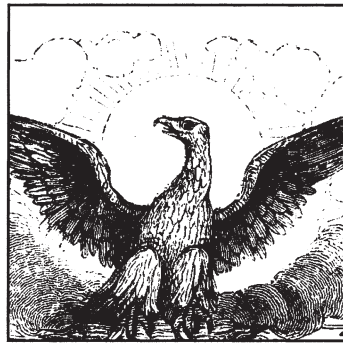
be anything other than one's own clutter? Does other people's clutter *become* one's own as soon as one is troubled by it? This would seem an unusual perspective on ownership and appropriation—to take to one's self all this stuff *that one just doesn't want*. A new angle on that troubling admission from Cixous: "I take it all: I want what I don't want too." What might be the relation of clutter and desire?

If clutter is always one's own, or always becomes one's own, the question is how to distinguish it, how to mark it off, from the self. Perhaps this is where anxiety comes in, the Mary-Douglas-like desperation to differentiate, to set up defenses. Stallybrass and White see through this in their book on transgression, concluding that "differentiation ... is dependent upon disgust. ... But disgust always bears the imprint

of desire."
 I'm reminded, too, of an epigraph from Proust in Asa Briggs's book *Victorian Things*: "Desire makes all things flourish, possession withers them."
To disown clutter. Despite clutter being my own, I want to *disown* it, to excise this part of the self. Clutter might even be provisionally defined as "my *disown*," keeping the emphasis on *dis* to mark the passage from verb to

noun. The *disown*: that which is marked off, though only provisionally, from the self—but that clings to the self by association, and which is regarded as "evidence" of the self's state of mind. This is to see cluttering objects as burs, which are not easily shaken off.
 Our desire is to *slough* clutter, like Nietzsche's reference to sloughing one's skin as a metaphor for the necessity of

being allowed to change one's opinions, to stay inventive.
To create is not to create clutter. This perception perhaps explains why one's writing, one's art, one's designing—the creation of one's good object, as my friend Wendy Wheeler puts it—is not seen as clutter, whereas its *paraphernalia* (the signs of it, the empty husks around it, the piles of photocopies, the necessary support systems) may well be



seen as clutter.

There is a myth—the myth of Romanticism that has already been noted—a myth of writing or creating in a free, clear, pure state, unencumbered, not needing all that other stuff, the footnotes, the references—the evidence, one has to admit, of the influence of one's friends, colleagues, mentors and enthusiasms. Might it be in some sense that the books, notes and photo-

copies are just an *inadequate* sign of this, objects in the place of people, and that one is angered by their dumb objectness, their obdurate silence, their lack of animation?

And yet here's a peculiar thing: there is a certain attraction to the idea of a writing—and perhaps most importantly a design writing—which is cluttered with the evidence of its influences. I'm thinking specifically of a wonder-

ful essay by the designer and writer John Chris Jones, called "Designing as Living?," which is full of the clutter of non-academic interruptions, of the detail of his life and of the lives of his friends, full of cooking as much as of design, and of open-ended references to his unknown readers. Cluttered by just about everything except conventional punctuation, the essay begins: Sitting on the sixth floor of an old

apartment block on a quiet weekend in Antwerp and putting these words on the screen of Pieter's Macintosh while he cooks supper I am glad to have found a way to begin. Designing as living what do I mean by it? Beside me is the cassette radio and several tapes and books including the one I'm reviewing and a trumpet and I hear the sounds of the hard disc and of people moving about and I think about how today as every day someone

does this and someone does that and it's not so much my design as fitting into other people's requests or schedules now and then while making up my life as I go along what next isn't it the same for you and everyone?

There is a sense here of creating, designing, writing *in* clutter, not out of it—a sense that is so alien to our usual assumptions, our familiar metaphors, that we may need to let it settle a little before

exploring it further.

Signs. In November I wrote: "At work my desk is a complete tip. It's been that way since May, and for the moment I keep it that way. An accurate reflection, a metonymic sign, of my state of mind." Clutter as sign, clutter as information.

I used to go into my room and see all the evidence of that academic clutter that I lived with—the multiple tottering piles of photo-

copies I'd made over the years of other people's articles, book chapters and conference papers, some of them now dog-eared and with missing pages, many still unread—and I'd think: "this is a *mad* person's room." A sign in my doctor's surgery reads: "A cluttered desk is a sign of genius." Well, it wouldn't do to announce it as a sign of madness.

This is not a desire for things to be neat and tidy. I have no prob-

lem with the rather trivial idea of untidiness; I'm an untidy person. The problem with clutter is that it's palpably oppressive, not that it's untidy. Clutter is jagged, alien, discomforting, just waiting for half a chance to cause trouble.

Here's how clutter differs from dirt. Clutter does not contaminate; clutter is basically clean. Thus it's not thought of in the same way as dirt, blood, or whatever—the allegedly polluting

substances that Mary Douglas describes. Clutter is just in the way of the clean sweep of thought—though so long as it continues to clutter, it lacks an *elsewhere* to be put. It is thus *infuriating* rather than horror-inducing. It prompts anger, not abjection.

The mischievousness of clutter lies in part in its ability to *slither*. After months of sitting there, those piles of photocopies topple

over and slither across my desk, knocking over cups of coffee; the furniture barks my shins as I move in to clear up the mess. Elaine Scarry has a good phrase for this kind of phenomenon: she calls it "object stupidity," leaving slightly ambiguous the question of whether it is a characteristic of the objects or their users.

Our sympathy, really, is with the coffee, not with the photocopies that sent it flying. At least the cof-

fee *acts*, takes swift revenge. It does what we "want" to do but don't because it seems too puerile: it *lashes out* at clutter, spitefully, gleefully, randomly, not mindful of the consequences. It is pure invective; it is eloquent—our advocate in the face of clutter. It inscribes our anger at clutter, marking it, staining it.

The lack of an elsewhere. If clutter really is stuff that doesn't have an elsewhere, this would be

one of its most remarkable characteristics. Is to be without an elsewhere to be without a "proper" place? Is this another feature of the distinction between dirt and clutter—that clutter doesn't have an other, proper place? No. Because just as clutter in its proper place isn't clutter, dirt when no longer "matter out of place" is not classed as dirt.

This also calls into question the caricature of the Victorian taste

for clutter. For as Asa Briggs insists, the Victorian's concern for order, especially in the home, was paramount. ("A place for everything and everything in its place.") If the Victorian home was cluttered, it was with a peculiarly proper clutter.

The relation of elsewhere and the proper is worth pursuing via Cixous. Her notion of the "realm of the proper" incorporates all that is orderly, lawful, clean and

regulated. It epitomizes the complacency of the self's self-possession. It jealously patrols the borders of its own, known territory. This realm of the proper, against which she insists there is constantly "work to be done," seems simultaneously to fear the possibility and to fail to comprehend the possibility of anything that is not itself—anything that lies, to use her words, "outside," "elsewhere." This elsewhere is an

unspecified utopian space, but she makes it quite clear that this utopian space is, or at least includes, the space of writing. Roland Barthes appears to make almost exactly the same point, asking "Where is this elsewhere?," and answering "In the paradise of words." In the rhetoric that I'm outlining here, this presents us with the opposition *writing versus clutter*. This raises its own problems, as we'll

see shortly.

The lack of an elsewhere, again. Is it enough to say "If we knew where clutter should be, we'd put it there"? No, such mythical orderliness could only be obsessive. Yet this is precisely design's dominant myth—the object in all its glorious orderly isolation. But it won't do: it's not how people live. Perhaps clutter just *seems* as though there's a place where it ought to be. This is

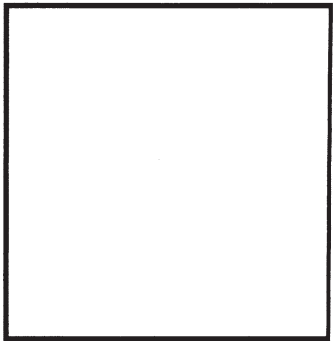
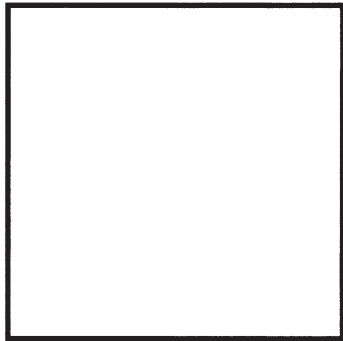
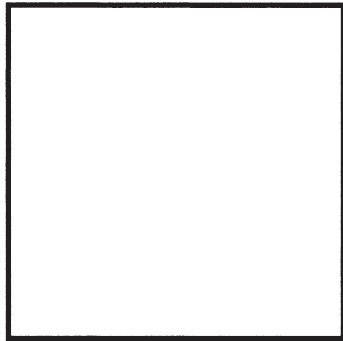
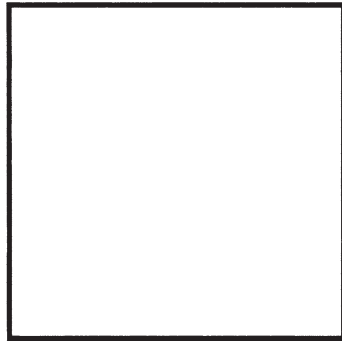
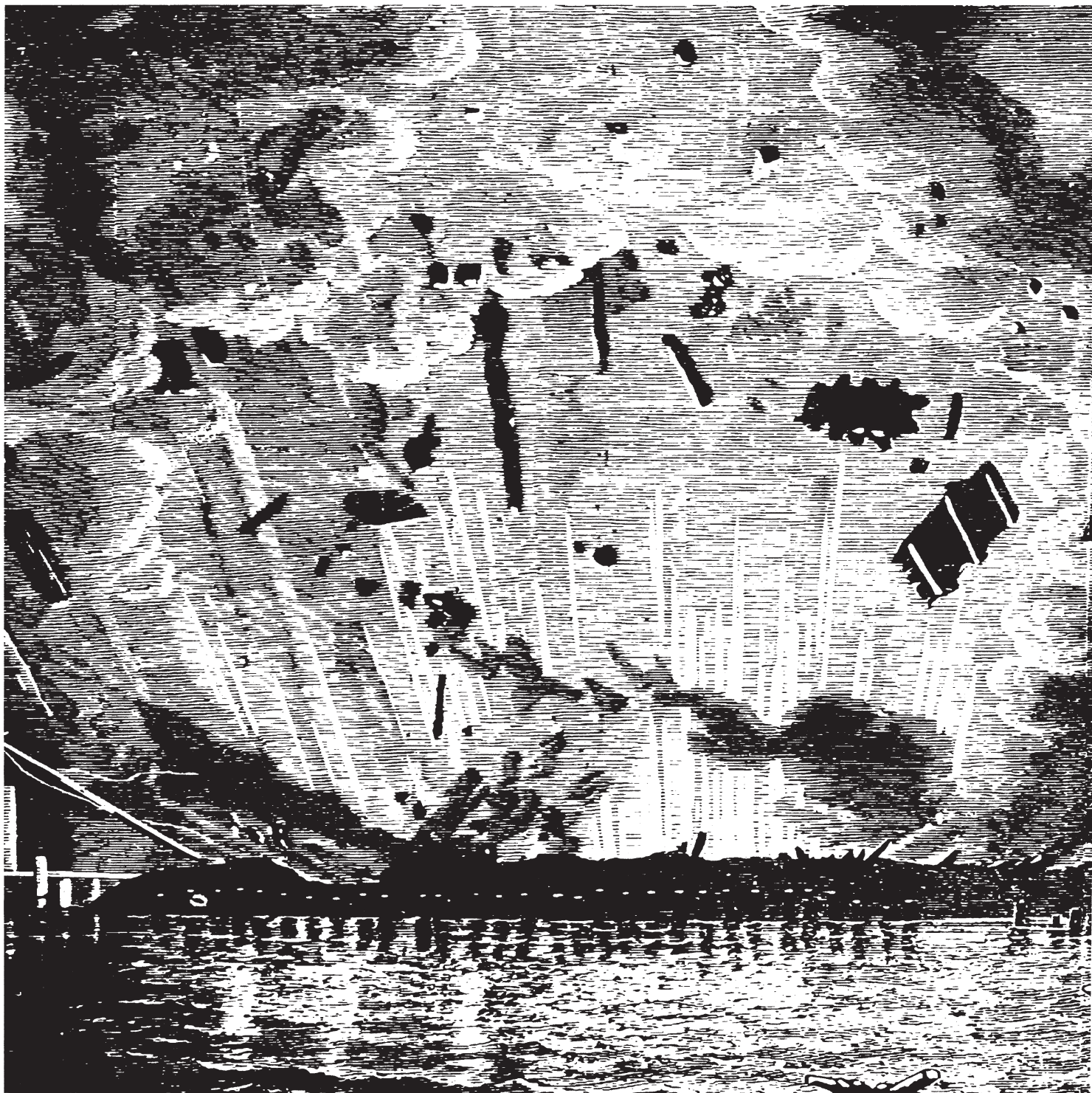
part of our desire—our melancholy desire?—concerning clutter. What we might better try to do, in a kind of obverse of Freud's account of the usual practice of healthy mourning, would be to try to learn to live *with* these objects, not without them. Clutter will not succumb to loss. We're stuck with it.

Towards the end of the month I spent thinking about this essay, I turned, as an afterthought, to dic-

tionary definitions of clutter. Two things struck me. First, the common (and invariably disapproving) emphasis on *disorder*—clutter is seen as a bad thing because it's unregulated. By chance I'd read, only days earlier, Allon White's account of the almost surrealistically regulatory role of many dictionary definitions, so I was immediately inclined to review the *unruliness* of clutter in a more positive light.

Secondly, I was taken by what for me was the unexpected link between the words clutter and clatter, especially in older definitions. One defined the verb *to clutter* as "to go about noisily." Clatter, banging about, going about noisily, puts clutter on the move. Might we, at a push, learn more easily to live with objects which struck us as having the independence, the drive, the will, to "go about noisily"?

Writing versus clutter. The word's noisiness and clutter's noisiness. These two will not be easily united, and may stand as one small instance of the wider problematic relation of writing and design. It is all too easy to use a flurry of words to launch ourselves above clutter into the utopianism of writing. We might propose, for example, that the noisiness within clutter must be drawn into writing, embraced by



writing, celebrated and applauded by writing, must fill the “sensing space” of writing, so that clutter is no longer *written about* (in the cool clear distant abstraction of unimpeded thinking space) but will instead simply be *written*. And the problem there?—that writing has (in true ekphrastic style) effaced its object, has appropriated and sublimated its noisy physicality. This is not unlike Rosalind

Krauss’s account of how the critical reception of Pollock’s work sought to draw up his drip paintings from the mess of the studio floor and to fix them instead on the clear orderly space of the gallery wall. With tongue in cheek, she describes how the right words—Clement Greenberg’s words—achieved “the full redemptive gesture, the raising of the work from off its knees and onto the grace of the wall in one

unbroken benediction, the denial of wild heedlessness in order to clear a space” for its proper, orderly, aesthetic interpretation. The process was an attempt “to sublimate, to raise up, to purify,” she summarizes. The sublimation of clutter would be equally preposterous. It presents the image of clutter miraculously rendered beautiful by writing—an absurd cop-out. **Excess.** I want briefly to make

some distinctions between the terms clutter, mess, disorder and excess. Mess can simply be the disorder of one’s own non-oppressive objects. Clutter, as it’s presented here, is not only a disorder but an *excess* of those objects. It’s the crowding element that matters here. Clutter is the power of objects, precisely equivalent to the power and *irrationality* of the crowd, which is vividly described

in Elias Canetti’s book *Crowds and Power*. Clutter operates like Canetti’s crowd, especially with regard to destruction. It “likes destroying houses and objects: breakable objects like window panes, mirrors, pictures and crockery.” Canetti is clear that this is above all “an attack on all boundaries,” on the “most vulnerable” parts of the house, and he concludes that “once they are smashed, the house has lost its

individuality.” The crowding element of clutter is what causes our anxiety, as well as our anger. It seems to be self-motivating, out of our control. Clutter is that part of our “self” that escapes “our” control, “proper” control, and is all the more galling for being represented by dumb objects, *disobedient* objects. **Excess, of course,** can be presented quite differently—as a

glorious pleasure, as Barthes frequently proposed, or as an essential feature of the imagery of postmodernism, as Wendy Steiner suggests in an essay on “Postmodernism and the Ornament,” where she significantly groups the terms “excess, supplementarity and play.” From this postmodern perspective, clutter certainly escapes what has been called the “formal containment” of modernism—in its excess,

clutter is the very expression of uncontainment. But is this enough to make it a postmodern phenomenon? I don’t think so. Because postmodernism—at least in such fields as art and design—still wants to name, to control, to aestheticize its objects as postmodern, thus rendering them safe, or safer. Or again, maybe more convincingly, clutter’s escaping of modernism’s containment is not enough to

render it postmodern exactly because clutter is that oddest of phenomena, an excess of uncontained stuff *with nowhere else to go*. Out of control, out of order, but stuck where it is. **Returning to one** of our central themes—the relation of clutter and creativity—it is of course possible to view unruliness and disorder as a necessary part of playful, creative living. *And* designing. *And* writing. Derrida’s

essay on invention, to which I referred earlier, proposes that there are only two major types of invention. “On the one hand, people invent *stories*,” he says, “and on the other hand they invent *machines*, technical devices or mechanisms, in the broadest sense of the word.” But it is what these two types have in common that matters here. Derrida writes: An invention always presupposes

some illegality, the breaking of an implicit contract; it inserts a disorder into the peaceful ordering of things, it disregards the proprieties. This might suggest that the unruly disorder of clutter is *conducive* to invention, to creativity, or at the very least that it is structurally similar. **Some caution** is called for. The temptation, in these last remarks, to celebrate those aspects of clutter that can be aligned with

excess and disorder stems from a desire to find or to devise some way of saying that clutter is a good thing, instead of that it is a bad thing. It’s just a different form of sublimation. Things haven’t turned out differently at all. (We may wonder, in passing, and against our better judgement, if this failure isn’t somehow *built into* French theory, always already there, echoing Barthes’s famous observation

that “we always fail.”) The stubbornness of objects: we are always defeated by them. Writing’s failure: always to seek meaning, even when claiming not to do so. Clutter isn’t impressed by Derrida. Clutter resists; clutter is in our way and it stays there. **And maybe the anger** we feel is the crucial thing here. We are not and will not be reconciled to living with clutter. Our anger at it

is an “improper” response—designed objects are not meant to prompt anger. Anger is a genuinely non-aestheticizing response. Whereas the impulse to write seems almost inevitably an impulse to control, to impose meaning, to aestheticize—ekphrasis in its worst light. But writing, it seems to me, can’t get a proper grip on clutter, and *that’s* why we hate it so. **References**

Barthes, Roland. *The Pleasure of the Text*. Translated by Richard Miller. New York: Hill and Wang, 1975.
Baudrillard, Jean. “The Masses: The Implosion of the Social in the Media.” Translated by Marie Maclean. *New Literary History*, 16 (3), 1985.
Briggs, Asa. *Victorian Things*. London: Penguin, 1990.
Canetti, Elias. *Crowds and Power*. London: Victor Gollancz, 1962.
Cixous, Hélène. “The Laugh of the

Medusa.” Translated by Keith Cohen and Paula Cohen. *Signs*, 1 (4), 1976.
Cixous, Hélène. *The Book of Promethea*. Translated by Betsy Wing. Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1991.
Cixous, Hélène. *Three Steps on the Ladder of Writing*. Translated by Sarah Cornell and Susan Sellers. New York: Columbia University Press, 1993.
Deleuze, Gilles, and Félix Guattari. *What Is Philosophy?* Translated by Graham Burchell and Hugh

Tomlinson. London: Verso, 1994.
Derrida, Jacques. “Psyche: Invention of the Other,” in *Jacques Derrida: Acts of Literature*. Edited by Derek Attridge. New York and London: Routledge, 1992.
Douglas, Mary. *Purity and Danger*. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1969.
Freud, Sigmund. “Mourning and Melancholia,” in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works*. Edited by James Strachey. London:

Hogarth Press, 1955.
Jones, John Chris. “Designing as Living?,” *Information Design Journal*, 7 (2), 1993.
Kafka, Franz. *Letters to Friends, Family, and Editors*. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. New York: Schocken, 1978.
Krauss, Rosalind. *The Optical Unconscious*. Cambridge, Mass: MIT Press, 1993.
Kristeva, Julia. *Powers of Horror*. Translated by Leon S. Roudiez. New

York: Columbia University Press, 1982.
Levrant de Bretteville, Sheila. “Feminist Design is Caring, Inclusive, Relational.” Interview by Ellen Lupton. *Eye*, 2 (8), 1993.
Nietzsche, Friedrich. *Daybreak*. Translated by R.J. Hollingdale. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1982.
Scarry, Elaine. *The Body in Pain*. Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1985.
Schopenhauer, Arthur. *Essays and*

Aphorisms. Translated by R.J. Hollingdale. London: Penguin, 1988.
Stallybrass, Peter, and Allon White. *The Politics and Poetics of Transgression*. London: Methuen, 1986.
Steiner, Wendy. “Postmodernism and the Ornament,” *Word & Image*, 2 (4), 1986.
White, Allon. *Carnival, Hysteria, and Writing*. Oxford: Clarendon, 1993.
Winnicott, D.W. *Playing and Reality*. London: Tavistock, 1971.