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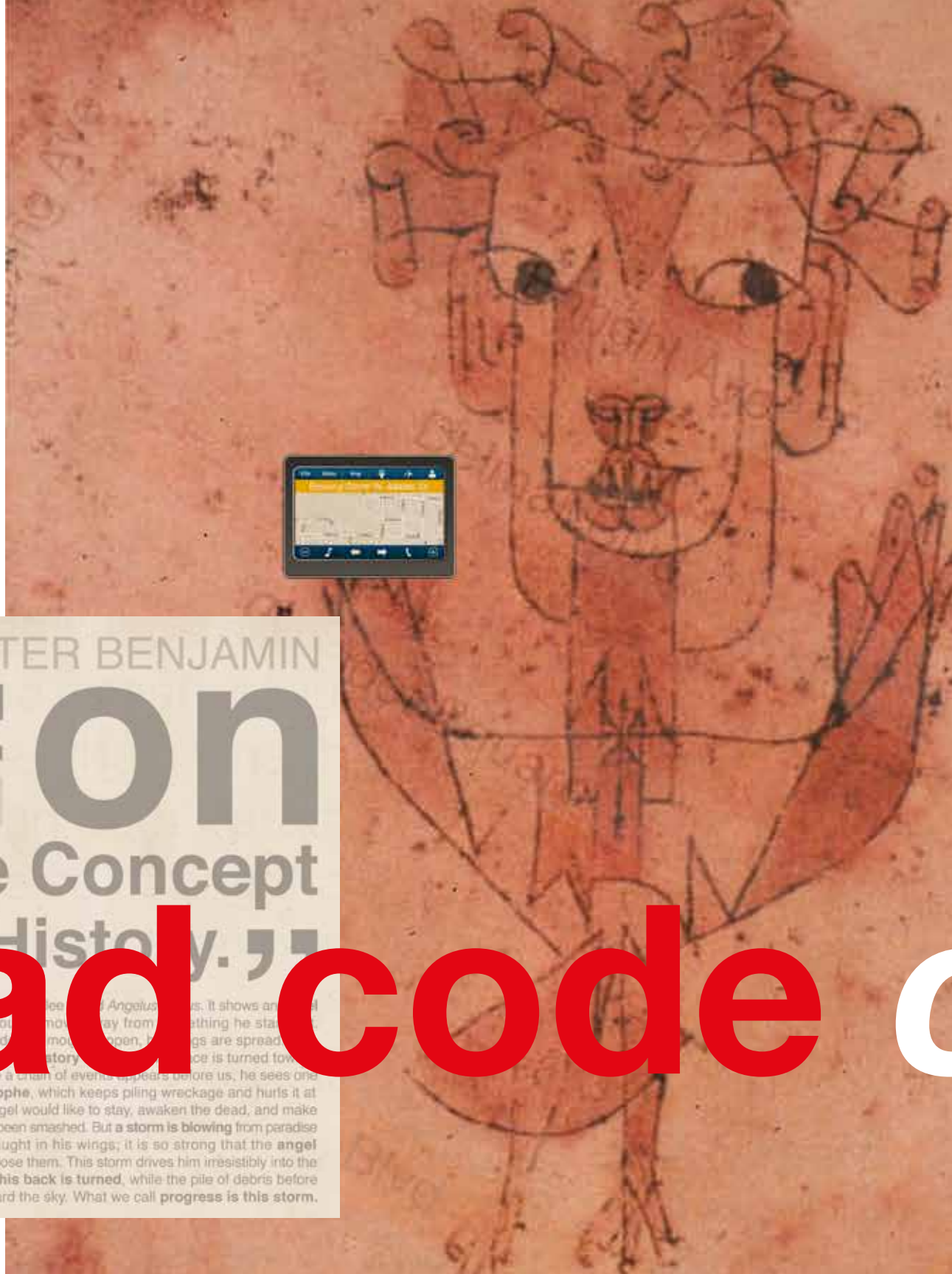


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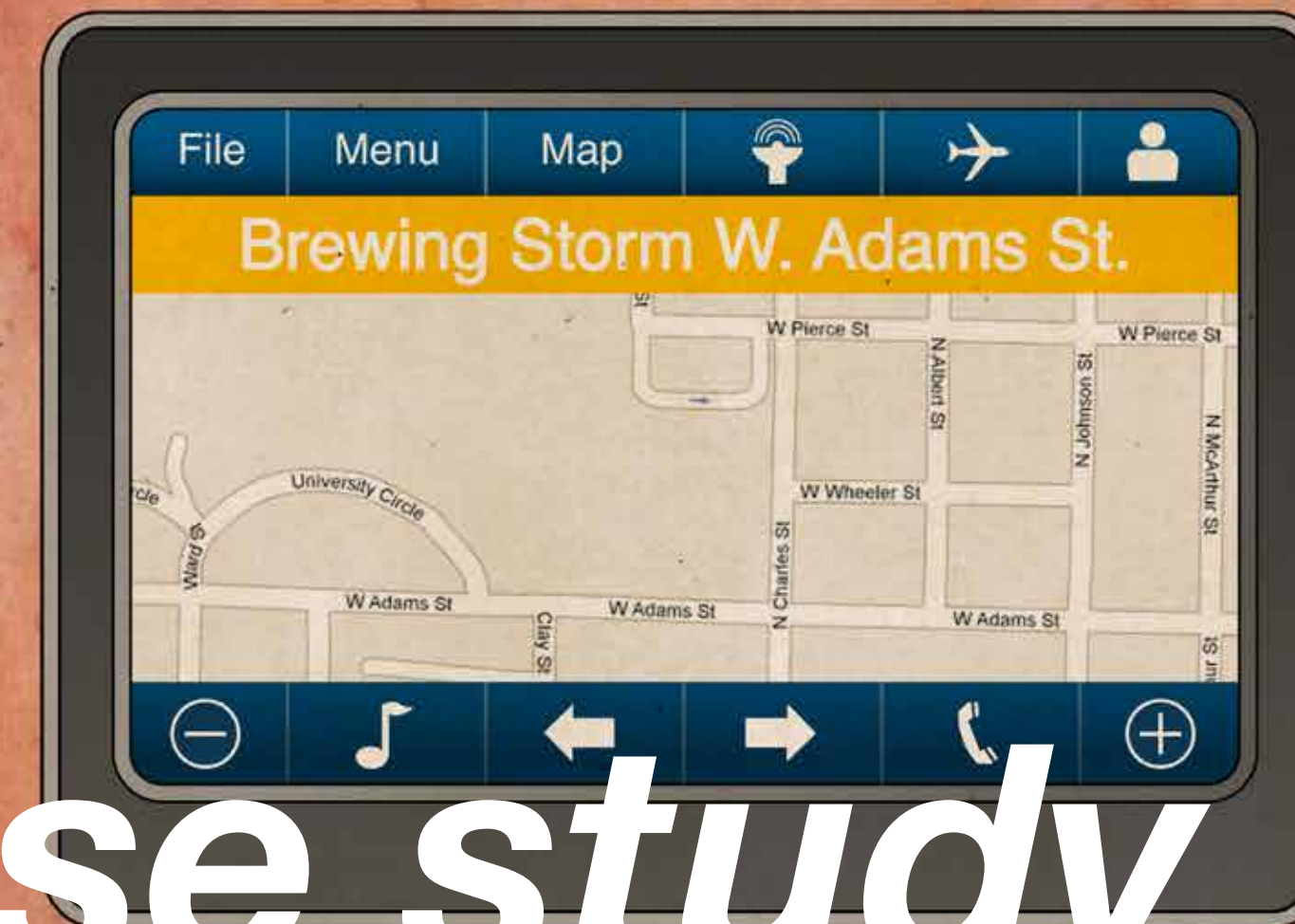
WALTER BENJAMIN
“On
the Concept
of History.”

There is a picture of the Angelus in the text. It shows an angel who has moved away from something he stands on. His wings are spread wide, and he is looking back over his shoulder. The text describes how the angel is turned toward the past. Where a chain of events appears before us, he sees one single catastrophe, which keeps piling wreckage and hurts it at his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from paradise and has got caught in his wings; it is so strong that the angel can no longer close them. This storm drives him irresistibly into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows toward the sky. What we call progress is this storm.



THIS IS HOW

THE ANGEL OF HISTORY MUST LOOK



There is an angel who
His eyes are
is how the
the past. What
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whole what
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future to which
him grows

bad code case study

PROGRESS IS THIS STORM

42° 25' 34" N 3° 09' 32" E

Sontag

Susan Sontag was speaking. The venue was Graham Chapel at Washington University, St. Louis. It was Wednesday, March 24, 2004. She died later that year.¹ Sontag was discussing her book “Regarding the Pain of Others.” It was a collection of essays. Francisco de Goya’s Tampoco Plate 36 was the cover page. Plate 36 is from Goya’s “The Disasters of War” cycle.

That afternoon Sontag talked about the history of showing somebody else’s pain and how we read images of atrocities. She claimed that in this media ecology - maelstrom - our perception is eroded, and we are more and more inured from other’s suffering.

Somewhere near the end of her talk, she paused. It seemed a long while. Then she said, “I will be remembered for one thing. It will be for extending an essay. The essay was by a German man. His name was Walter Benjamin. His essay is “Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction.”

Benjamin’s essay has been grist for two generations of cultural critics and art historians. Most commentary involves image, replication, aura: all those “copy things.” But that day it seemed the essay’s epilogue mattered most to Sontag. It’s where Benjamin says this.

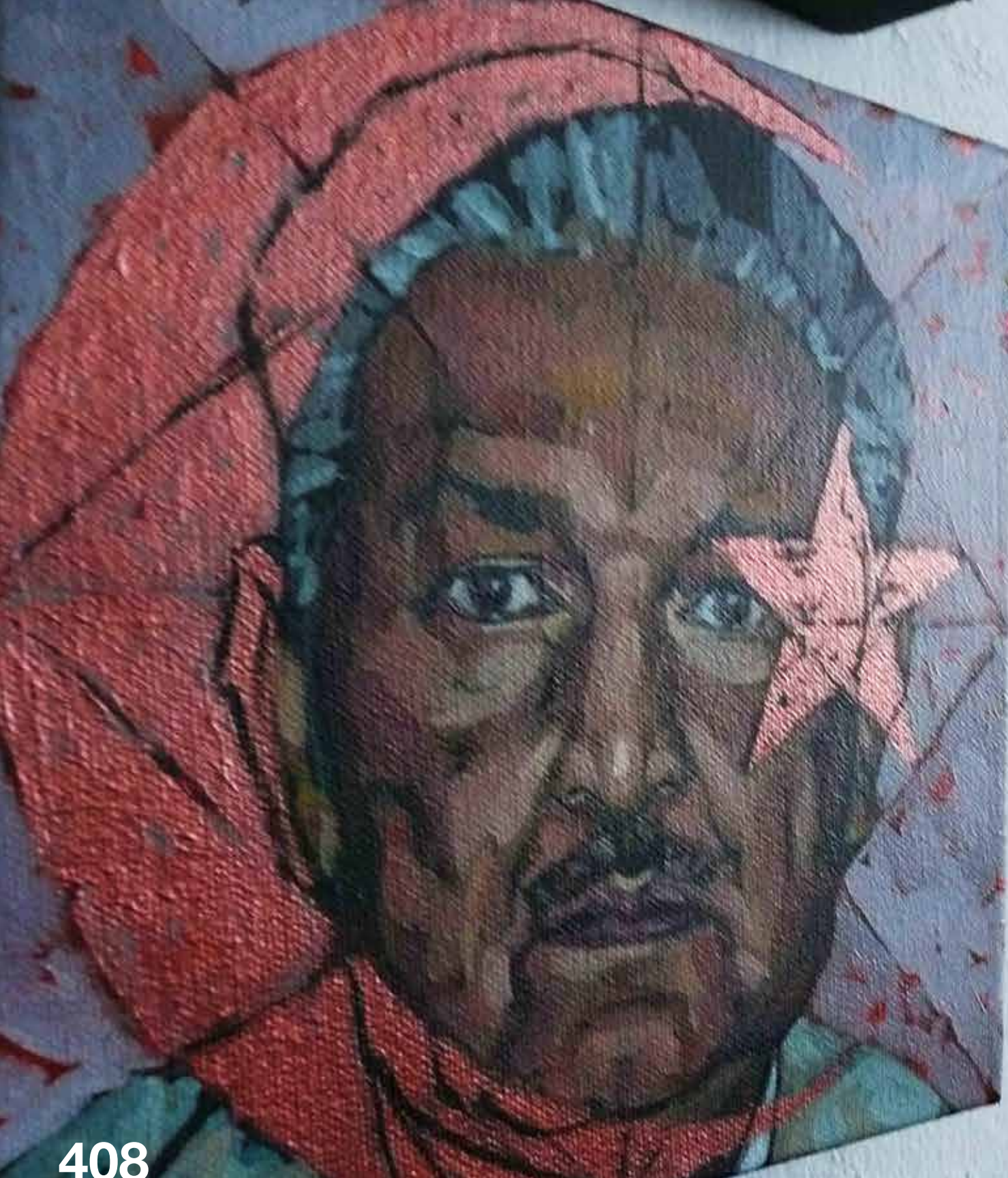
The destructiveness of war furnishes proof that society has not been mature enough to incorporate technology as its organ, that technology has not been sufficiently developed to cope with the elemental forces of society.



The following excerpt, *a son’s endnote*, opens “Swimming in a Sea of Death: A Son’s Memoir.” The author David Rieff was the son of Susan Sontag. Rieff’s book starts with a phone call of March 28, 2004. Four days later in St. Louis Sontag spoke about how she might be remembered.



¹ **a sons endnote:** “Nothing could have been further from my mind. I thought that I was returning to my home in New York at the end of a long trip abroad. Instead, I was at the beginning of the journey that would end with my mother’s death. To be specific, it was the afternoon of March 28, 2004, a Sunday, and I was in Heathrow Airport in London on my way back from the Middle East. I began making phone calls — reconnecting with home as has always been my habit once I am through reporting a story. That was when my mother, Susan Sontag, told me that there was a chance that she was ill again. My mother was clearly doing her best to be cheerful. “There may be something wrong,” she finally told me after I had gone on at far too great length about what the West Bank had been like. While I had been away, she said, she had gone in for her twice-yearly scans and blood tests — the regular routine that she had been following since her surgery and subsequent chemotherapy for the uterine sarcoma she had been diagnosed with six years earlier. “One of the blood tests they’ve just run doesn’t seem so good,” she said, adding that she had already had some further tests done, and asking me if I would come with her the following day to see a specialist who had been recommended to her and who had done some follow-up tests a couple of days earlier. He would have the conclusive results then.”

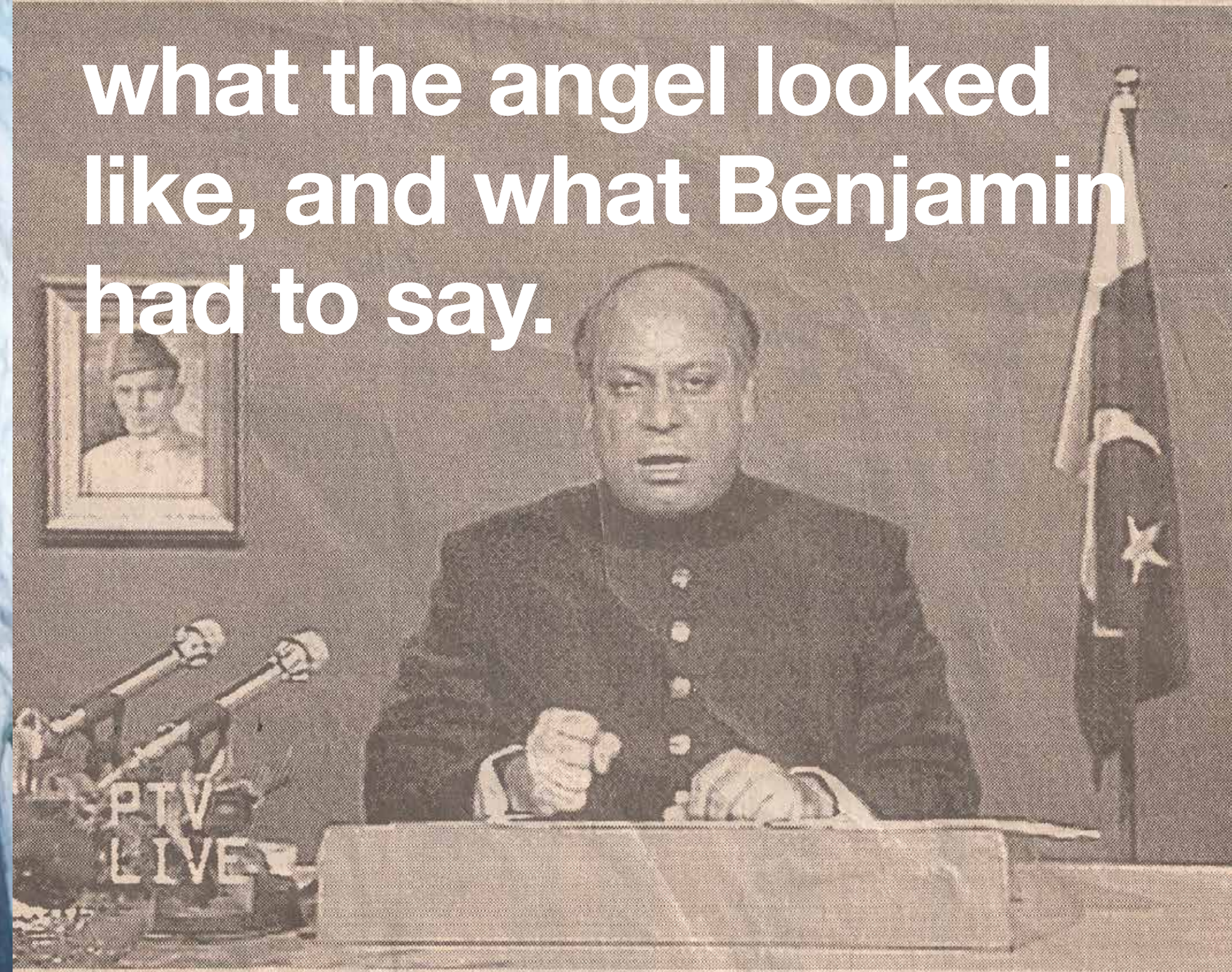


Benjamin's "elemental forces" was "Cartographer's Dilemma" exhibition copy. The copy was three plus meters and propped up on a line of easels. It set next to the AQ Khan's Facebook paintings. This elemental force was a "GPS Angel." The Angel was a prelude to AQ Khan's Facebook Fans.

What the angel looked like, and what Benjamin had to say.

"A Klee painting named Angelus Novus shows an angel looking as though he is about to move away from something he is fixedly contemplating. His eyes are staring, his mouth is open, his wings are spread. This is how one pictures the angel of history. His face is turned toward the past. Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such violence that the angel can no longer close them. The storm irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows skyward. This storm is what we call progress."

what the angel looked like, and what Benjamin had to say.



Associated Press/APT
Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif announcing on television yesterday that Pakistan had denotated five nuclear devices. "Today we have settled the issues with India," he said, "and India has denotated five nuclear devices."

Since her death on December 30, 2004, there have been countless sum-ups of the Sontag legacy. Her son David Rief when asked his mother's great achievement said, "...her 1992 novel "The Volcano Lover" is the best thing she ever did."

"The Volcano Lover" is set in Naples. It is a time of rupture, shortly after the French revolution. The novel is many things. It's about a cuckold in a playhouse of atrocity, degradation and humiliation. And it is also a story of a collector, or collectors. One of them is Sir William Hamilton. The other is Jack. Sir Hamilton is an ambassador. He is husband to Emma and cuckold to Lord Nelson. Sir Hamilton collects Greco-Roman antiquities. Jack is a monkey. He collects nuts.

Sontag's book is traced to a passage in Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's "Italian Journey." Goethe is visiting Lord Hamilton and Emma. The thread from Goethe to Sontag follows.



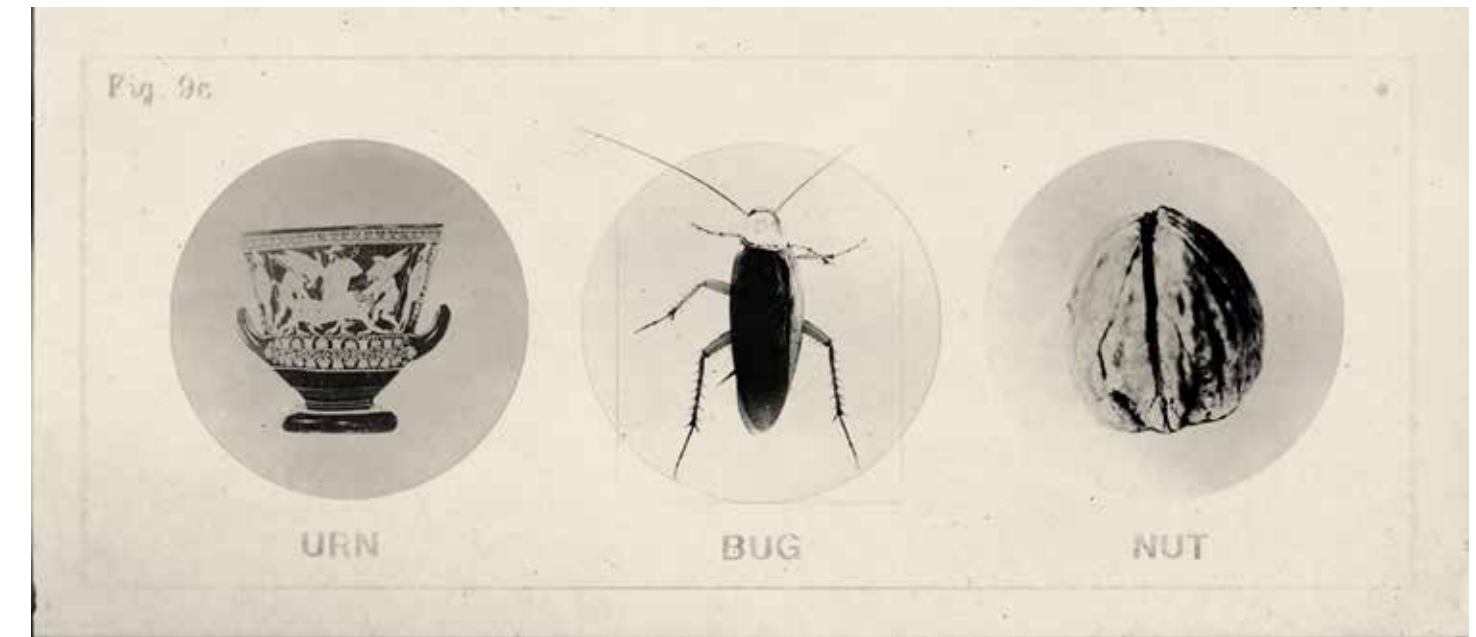
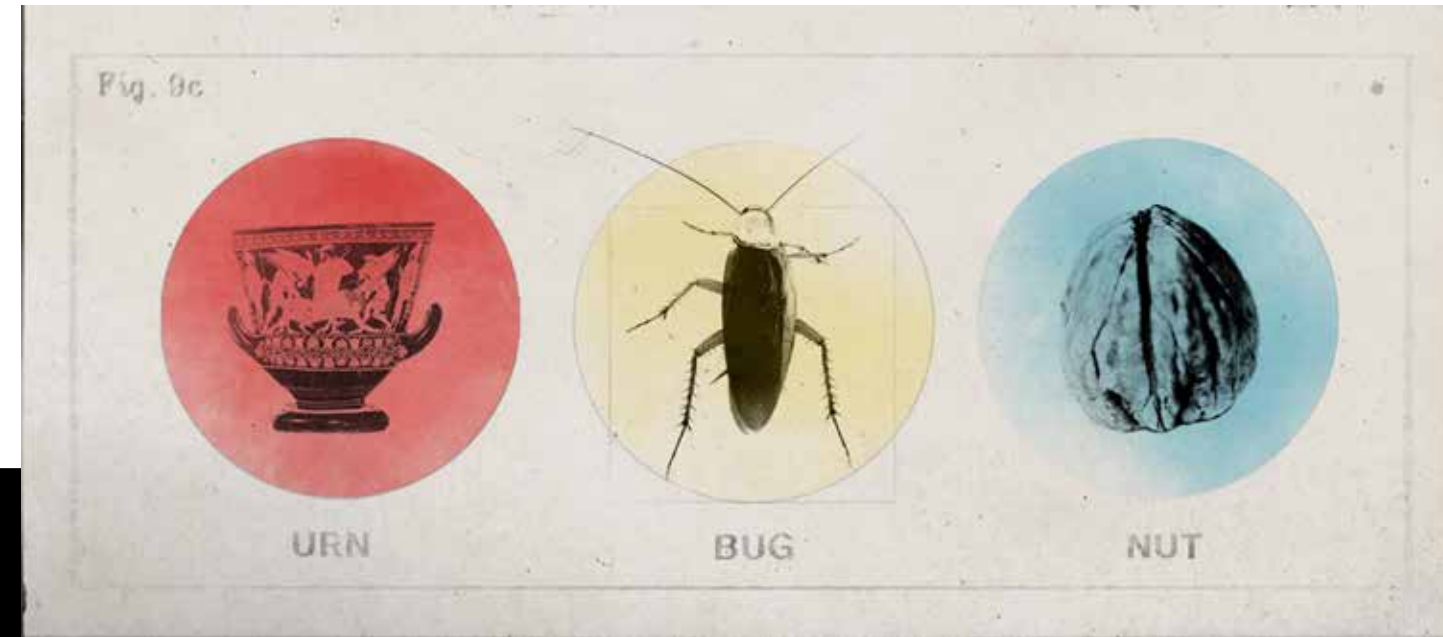
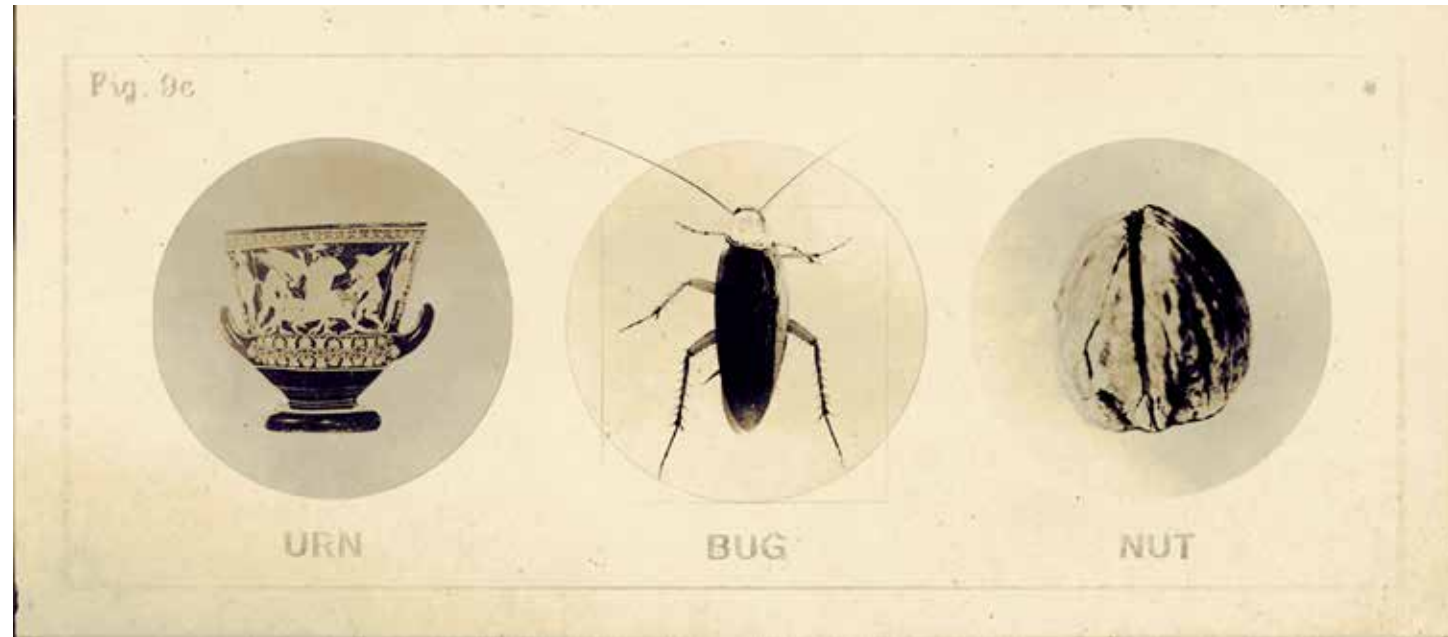
Sir William Hamilton and his Fair One continue to be very friendly. I dined at their house, and in the evening, Miss Hart gave a demonstration of her musical and melic talents. At the suggestion of Hackert who is kinder to me than ever and doesn't want me to miss anything worth seeing. Sir William showed us his secret treasure vault, which was crammed with works of art and junk, all in the greatest confusion. Oddments from every period, busts, torsos, vases, bronzes, decorative implements of all kinds made of Sicilian agate, carvings, paintings and chance bargains of every sort, lay about all higgledy piggledy; there was even a small chapel. Out of curiosity

I lifted the lid of a long case which lay on the floor and in it were two magnificent candelabra. I nudged Hackert and asked him in a whisper if they were not very like the candelabra in the Portici museum. He silenced me with a look. No doubt they somehow strayed here from the cellars of Pompeii. Perhaps these and other such lucky acquisitions are the reason why. Sir William shows his hidden treasures only to his most intimate friends.

"Italian Journey 1786 -1788 " Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

jack is a monkey

he collects



nuts

Pulitzer



modern art collector [emily rauh pulitzer](#) during her deposition on marshal mcluhan and other matters.

...what the world as it is today
stands in the greatest need of
may be well a new example if
the next 1000 years are
not to become an era of
super civilized monkeys.

Hannah Arendt - Bard College December 1968



in the ring with charlie