

The wailers.

Human history begins with funerals. When you find a living being who does not run away from a corpse but who stands by and buries it, he is human. Buddis have buried their slain comrades in the midst of dangers. Obviously they felt that their own humanity was at stake in the act.

The funeral is the visible action of a group by which the lovesong between mates is transferred from the animal kingdom, for creating continuity between the dead and the living. In the wails of the mourners at a funeral, the specimen's instinct for racial perpetuity is exploited. The purpose of the wailers is to transfer the energies which overpower the individuals who mate; the direction of these energies is reversed. While physical propagation faces forward, to younger life, the funeral dirges face backward, to the dead. The result of the funeral is the creation of a common and perpetual timespan in which the dead and the living share. The eyes of the dead remain open. Any totem pole stresses this fact. The eyes of father, grandfather, great-grandfather look down as still open, as unbroken. By treating these eyes of the ancestors as still open, the living is made to succeed in their spirit. The lugubrious wails of tribal funerals remind us most vividly of the sounds produced by animals who mate. For, the animal's lovesong is lugubrious, too.

The gaiety of the minstrel's song to his sweetheart is a late attainment. The sounds of tribal funerals are nearer to the original acoustics of "sex appeal" than the modern lovesongs. For, modern romance is new creation long after the historical tribes had transferred the lugubrious tones of lovemaking from their natural place in the fever for offspring, to their historical place at the funeral, the frenzy for succession.

A transfer of this kind reversed the natural order of things. Instead of uniting the born with the unborn, it united the living with the dead. Why should such a transfer be made? In order to understand this we must analyze rather carefully. If the love match had been imitated simply by the dirge, no new power would have accrued. Where one nightingale had "fluted" for his mate so that offspring might come to life, now one man would have "fluted" for his predecessor so that succession was established. $1 * 1$ would equal 1 plus 1 . But the transfer implied more. The lugubrious frenzy of the specimen who turns his inside out, in the service of the species, was replaced by the lugubrious of a group. The net gain of transference is in its social character. All the living participate in the mourning of the one man who has died. All the living occupy the place of the single lover. The chorus replaces the individual in the funeral rite. Funerals are human acts because the living become one, in the dirge. The body politic arises from this common complaint

For the body politic is based on unanimity. The one tongue in which the dead is mourned, is the constitution of the tribe. One tongue, one tribe. Where ever a group began to mourn un-animously a tribe cropped up, as a body which had one tongue. By the transfer, a collectiv~~a~~ was made possible.

The second change made by the transfer from the sexual to the funeral was the emergence of the person, The dead man whom they mourned, now became to them a person; a person is distinct from the typical specimen, in that it ranks higher than the specimen: he has unicity, he owns a time span which is well defined by the mourning rites which end his life. It is in the funeral that the dead man gains the indelible character of a person. This person is indestructible by death. The first person of history is a dead man. He is declared to be a person in the face of death. The declarati~~on~~ ~~is~~ made despite his physical death. In other words, when we declare somebody to be a person, we spite death. To speak, at the funeral, was an act of defiance of death.

For speech, the comparison of love and death, ^{is a comparison} of animal and person. The lovesong transforms the individual into a specimen. Articulated speech transforms the dead into a person. The passion which gave rise to articulated language, ~~with~~ was the defiance of death, the passion which effected the specimen to intensified animation was the defiance of their individuality.

Since death is the disintegration of an individual, articulated speech proceeded in the opposite direction from the mating song. Love encourages an individual to die and to sacrifice its own organisation for the sake of the species. Articulated speech discourages the species from ^{an individual} letting die and organize a sacrifice for the sake of a person.

A reversal of direction, between animal sound and human speech becomes visible. The animal sounds served the future generation, the first human speech served the former generation. This antithesis of dialectical revers is inexorable. How else could it be? By his sounds the mate's organisation is made subservient to the future generation. By their walls the choras of the living was made subservient tot the dead.

This change of direction made man the master of time. In nature, the stream of time runs forward from specimen to specimen. Each organized individual is sacrificed; life is perpetuated bu their mating, their melting down of their individual armor and ^{organisation} machinery. Love is the victory of life over organisation. In history the stream of time was dammed up, is not allowed to run away and to disintegrate in blind rush. It was redirected towards the preceding generation; persons of the past ere made to tower above the living, directing their path, opening their eyes to what they were doing, by precedent. For this dyke against mere time, mere flux, the living needed machinery. The machinery needed for making the past present, consisted in some niche made for the person now, regardless of his having been swallowed up by the river of time. This machinery exacted a toll from the

living. The dead man could only become a person by explicit declaration. And the explication took the form of his sharing the meals of the living. The common meal between the dead and the living was the machinery which made his personality explicit. All common meals of history originated as sacrificial meals. A sacrifice was a meal shared with persons. By this act their death was defied and invalidated. To sacrifice meant to make persons, out of dead.

Whereas the meal was the overt machinery of personification the necessary declaration was made by name. The living, they would never have required names; the dead could be made sacred, could be made into persons by no other means but names. The dead man had to be quoted at every meal by the same name. In no other way could his presence produce the chorus' common song. Of the name-giving heroes, the hero eponyms, we speak in Greek mythology and in Anthropology. However, it is more pertinent to contrast the hero of the living tribesmen with the one dead who is given a name. "Eponymos" is the one hero of the tragic liturgy who must be given a name so that they may sit down and proceed with the sacrificial common meal.

At the meal, the living eat, but the dead can be invoked by name. These two acts are the natural pillars of the tribal constitution. The dead may be fed, and the living may be called names: but these two acts are not primary but the consequences of the two first. Death is not really defied by

feeding the dead but it is really defied by making the living invoke the dead. For, this invocation and invocation is a real pneumatic experience in the lungs and throats and on the tongues and lips of the wailers. It is a physical effort of such intensity that it turns them inside out as much as an individual melts by cooing and singing. The wails exhaust the wailers, kill their selfishness, and organize them into loyal members of the clan.

We again see that sounds are not descriptive of processes in the real world, but are themselves processes of the real living universe. The shouts and the tumults die, but they have engraved upon the living the real presence of their dead. In fact, they have made the dead from whom the animal in us would run away, into "our" dead. The name makes them ours; The names for persons build up the fence around human society, by making us explicitly declare the generations with which we are connected in one spirit.

The physical existence of the living and the spiritual existence of the dead, coincide in the sacrificial meal. The named hero is recognized from the floor, by name. How is he recognized? By his mask. The chorus recognizes the hero when an "impersonator" carrying the spirit's mask, is made to appear. The impersonator can be shouted at: and thereby re-present the person. The acclamation of the impersonating mask is the first act of representative government.

and vice versa, to acclaim expressed man's faith in making present the absent, in re vivifying the dead.

The name of the person had to be articulate. For, it had to be recognizable from generation to generation. As the victory over life's interruption by death, was the prize of speech, the name of the first person had to be called out innumerable times by all newcomers. Articulated speech was not an accident. When the direction of the lifechanging sound waves was reversed from begetting to burying, the wailing chorus took the place of the "cooing" individual, and the articulated name took the place of the anonymous mistress.

A third inevitable change occurred through the act of representation. The impersonator the shaman introduced a complication by which all articulate speech was separated from the howling and groaning of beats. The impersonator turned towards both, the dead and the group. He either invoked the dead by name or he introduced him to the chorus. When confronting the dead, he called him in the vocative. When turning to the chorus he spoke of him in the nominative. In these two cases of vocative and nominative, of thou o Lord and thus speaketh the Lord, the actual turn of events at the sacrifice, is still depicted to this day. Vocative and Nominative are opposed like North and South on the compass. ^{In} The circle in which men spoke, the two cases were 180 degrees apart. Our list of grammatical forms in which the Nominative precedes the Genitive, Dative, etc. is obstructive of our understanding the centre out of which speech burst forth. The impersonator turned both ways, vocatively towards the dead, nominatively towards the living. And in this moving

towards the living. And in this moving back and forth ritual began. Ritual is performing a miracle. It transubstantiates a vocative into a nominative, and vice versa, the same name just mentioned in the nominative, is re-liquified into vocative. Not the separate cases of grammar, in their distinction, but their transubstantiation, explain the origin of articulate speech. Between the living and the dead, the mediating impersonator turns. To speak means to turn, and in the swift turn the chorus of speech consists. Call it spell, magic, charm, which articulate speech exercises over our souls. It has this power not because it is articulate but because it turns from one situation to another, and back again. By this translation of at least two situations into each other, speech exercises power. Speech is not statistics, speech is not statement of fact, speech is not factual even when it appears to be that. In the first instance it places people in situations. The statistician nails his listener down to the fixed position of an onlooker, a mere observer of reality. The factual speaker protects himself by never addressing his object, his subject matter; instead, he begins his speech by Mr Chairman, My friends, Ladies and Gentlemen. By these vocatives, he knows himself upon their mercy. He flatters them as though they were his only public. However, he forfeits his of ice if he does nothing else. For we listen to a speaker

because we feel that he should bring something absent to life. Should he not present his case to us? But nobody is able to present a case, without representing it. The factual speaker is in danger of never becoming an actual speaker. After he has begun: Ladies and Gentlemen, they wait to be introduced to some things or people absent or dead or forgotten or unknown. A powerful speaker is he who begins "Ladies and Gentlemen" but after ten minutes has them see him speak to other people. We are introduced into a new matter of business by hearing the outcries of the wronged, the groaning and moaning of materials wasted or mishandled