

beside you.” The noise which is being abolished in digital as against analog modes of communication (where it can be only minimized) will be transferred to the person’s own mind—a phenomenon equivalent to what happens in the case of *squeezed light*.

— In hypnosis: you hear the hypnotist saying, “Staring at the target so long has made your eyes very tired. Your eyes hurt and your eyelids feel very heavy. Soon you will no longer be able to keep your eyes open. You will have stood the discomfort long enough ... Your eyes are moist from the strain. You are becoming more drowsy and sleepy ... It would be a relief just to let your eyes close and to relax completely, to relax completely.”²⁵³

Over-turns:

“You take me for granted.” “You take yourself ... in the mirror, your mirror image’s facing you, for granted.”

Hegel: “Death, if that is what we want to call this non-actuality, is of all things the most dreadful, and to hold fast what is dead requires the greatest strength.... But the life of Spirit is not the life that shrinks from death and keeps itself untouched by devastation, but rather the life that endures it and maintains itself in it.... It is this power, not as something positive, which closes its eyes to the negative, as when we say of something that it is nothing or is false, and then, having done with it, turn away and pass on to something else; on the contrary, Spirit is this power only by *looking the negative in the face* [my italics], and tarrying with it. This tarrying with the negative is the magical power that converts it into being. This power is identical with what we earlier called the Subject ...”²⁵⁴ What comes from facing death not as annihilation—as pure nothing; nor as a determined negation, once one inscribes one’s death in a larger cause: the revolution, etc.; but as a realm of total non mastery, as undeath? But can undeath, the realm of over-turns, be faced?

“Shuddering, Hamilton grasped the railing and began to climb back

upstairs. He had gone only two steps when his legs, of their own volition, refused to carry him farther. His body comprehended what his mind refused to accept. He was going back down ...” Hamilton was taken aback (“*aback* *adv.* **1.** By surprise: *He was taken aback by her caustic remarks.* **2.** *New England Southern U.S.* Behind: *aback of the house.* **5.** *Archaic* Back; backward. *adj.* *New England* **1.** Being at a standstill; unable to move: *You run your business that way and first thing you know you’re all aback*’ *Dialect Notes*” [*American Heritage Dictionary*]). “Is—there anything I can do? Won’t you turn toward me? Must you have your back to me?” Hamilton laughed wildly. ‘Sure I’ll turn toward you.’ Gripping the railing, he made a cautious about-face—and found himself still facing the gloomy cave ...” (Philip K. Dick, *Eye in the Sky*).²⁵⁵ Orpheus did not just yearn to look back at his dead wife, Eurydice, while ascending the passage from Hades: he actually looked back toward her already in the underworld. But, owing to 180° over-turns, he continued to look away from her. It is only when he reached the sunlight and life again that he could successfully turn. Life and death are separated by, among other things, an *imaginary line*. In Munch’s *The Scream*, the human figure has undergone a 180° over-turn, and now is looking in the opposite direction both to the two friends who were accompanying him on a walk, and to the fjord: a withdrawal of the world.²⁵⁶ But isn’t one part of the world that has ostensibly withdrawn? In Magritte’s *Reproduction Prohibited* (1937), the person facing the mirror sees his reflection with its back to him. A mortal’s relation to his or her mirror image involves a hailing that usually succeeds in eliciting a response, one having made a 180° turn in the mirror to answer one’s *sous-entendu* hailing of oneself in front of it. Heidegger: “Mortals are they who can experience death as death. Animals cannot do this. But animals cannot speak either. The essential relation between death and language flashes up before us, but remains still unthought.”²⁵⁷ This relation of death and speech can find at least one of its loci in the basic *sous-entendu* interpellation a mortal, who undergoes over-turns,



From the series *Over-turned Portraits* made by Paul Perry, Nicola Unger, and Persijn Broersen to accompany my lecture *Backing Mortals' Proper Names*, DasArts, 2 November 2001.

addresses to himself or herself in the mirror. Such an interpellation fails in *Reproduction Prohibited*: the “Hey, you there” is not answered by the 180° turn that constitutes a subject “because he has recognized that ... it was really him who was hailed (and not someone else).”²⁵⁸ The 180° over-turn neutralizes the subjectivization of the interpellation since it overturns the turn to answer the hailing, this *turning one's head* and often producing an about-face, with the new beliefs either filling one's mind completely or entering into conflict with one's previously-held ones, displacing them to the background. Whereas a photograph or a painting in which a person is giving us his back invites identification, the back turned on us in *Reproduction Prohibited*—not in the accidental sense that the one in the mirror is looking away from us, but categorically, since the backs of both the person and his reflection in the mirror are turned on us—makes it impossible for us, unless we had at one point died before dying, to identify with the figure in the painting. Pascal Bonitzer writes in relation to Robert Montgomery's film *Lady in the Lake*: “The argument against the film is that the ‘parti-pris’ of the subjective camera prevented the famous and necessary identification between the spectator and the hero ... We cannot identify with someone whose face is always hidden from us.” Who is this *we*? What if we are undead, hence have no face, either because we have no image in the mirror or because the image we see there always has its back turned on us? Even in that case we cannot identify with one “whose face is always hidden from us” but only because we *are* him and he cannot identify with himself. Bonitzer's words apply validly to the normal spectator. Not to *run out on* or *walk out on* the one who is suffering from immobilization and/or fascinated motionlessness, and not to *turn one's back on* the one who is, against his will, turning his back on the world and himself (it may be that only a dancer can endure and counteract, and hence affirm, the latter state: in Deren's *Choreography for a Camera* the dancer's quick revolving movement in front of a two-headed statue of Siva, which embodies a sus-

tained crossing of the *imaginary line*, produces, and not only stroboscopically, another two-faced being). Those who undergo anxiety, experiencing everything, including themselves (in depersonalization), as strange,²⁵⁹ must be helped; one should help only strangers.

There is an ever-present temptation to blur the discreteness of the over-turn, to make it into a gradual turn, as can be seen in Munch's work. First comes *Study for Despair*, 1891–2,²⁶⁰ with a man in profile propped against a railing. Then comes *Despair (Deranged Mood at Sunset)*, 1892, where we see two other figures walking in the distance away from the foreground character leaning in profile against the railing—this painting presents a spatial arrangement that closely follows the one experienced by Munch during an anxiety attack: “I stopped, leaned against the railing, dead tired (my friends looked at me and walked on).” Then, in 1892, come two small pen-and-ink sketches titled *Despair* and intended to serve as illustrations for the book of poems Emanuel Goldstein dedicated to Munch and for which Munch created the frontispiece: while the first presents the same spatial positioning as the aforementioned painting, in the second the person in the foreground is looking straight in the direction of the spectator of the sketch. Then comes *Study for The Scream*, 1893,²⁶¹ where one of the main figure's two friends is turned and looking either at the landscape or at the figure in the foreground, counterbalancing the latter's full turn that resulted in his facing in the direction of the spectator. Last but not least comes *The Scream*, 1893,²⁶² where the character has undergone a 180° turn while the other two men continue their walk in the background, their back to him. We see Munch moving from the profile position, which imitates his conscious memory of his panic episode, to the 180° over-turn, which renders his panic more exactly. Past attaining the latter arrangement, the regression to earlier spatial arrangements serves to give the erroneous impression that the 180° turn is gradual: in *Despair*, 1894 (reworked, ca. 1915),²⁶³ the person in the foreground has undergone

a 135° turn, is introspective, his eyes as if closed, his face directed toward the ground. *The Scream*, 1895,²⁶⁴ can be viewed as a restatement of the appropriate arrangement but also as placing the 180° turn after the 135° turn, this implying that a gradual turning had taken place. When Munch exhibited the “Love” series in 1894 in Stockholm, both *Despair*, 1892, and *The Scream*, 1893, were part of it. The danger of the serial, for instance Munch's *The Frieze of Life*, is that it may imply that the turn was gradual. This secondary elaboration also manifests itself in the fact that many of the stages Munch as an artist had to go through in reaching the sudden turn that is rendered in *The Scream* are produced again, past 1893, in different media: lithograph, intaglio, woodcut, pen-and-ink sketches and prose poems. It is in a letter written on November 14, 1894, i.e., around a year after the definitive version of *The Scream*, that Munch mentions that he has begun working in the graphic arts. “Art comes with a person's urge to communicate to another—all means are equally good”; certainly prints make possible a wider circulation and exposure of the oeuvre than paintings, occasionally exhibited in a few museums, do. Unfortunately, the resultant enhanced communication with and accessibility to the public of Munch's work was due not only to the fact that more people could see the prints than could see the paintings, but also to the counterfeit possibility for the different planes and positions of the discrete turns to communicate, most spectators viewing what is happening as a gradual turn. If at all, the gradual turning applies to the theme of jealousy. And it is because there is no anxiety in this case that Munch does not feel the compulsion to show what can be taken as a gradual turning: *Jealousy*, 1895,²⁶⁵ *Jealousy* 1986,²⁶⁶ *Jealousy*, 1907,²⁶⁷ *Jealousy*, 1933–35,²⁶⁸ all show the character in the foreground looking in the direction of the viewer of the painting.

Let's face it (let's confront it with complete awareness), how not to be paranoid, how not to *lose face* (suffer a loss of respect or reputation), how to *save one's face* (avoid appearing stupid or wrong), when one

undergoes over-turns, that is, when things are constantly said and done *behind one's back* (without one's knowledge or permission).

In Theo Angelopoulos' *Eternity and a Day*, 1998, a renowned old Greek poet, Alexandre (played by Bruno Ganz), learns from his doctor that he is very sick: "When the pain becomes unbearable, go to the hospital." He dismisses his housekeeper, telling her that he is about to embark on a "long journey" from which he will not return, and declines her offer to take her with him on his "trip." Alexandre's one acknowledged regret is that he has only left "fragments, words here and there." He has been consumed by one project since the death of his wife: to complete an unfinished poem entitled *The Free Besieged* by the nineteenth century Greek poet Count Dhionísios Solomós (1798–1857). Solomós' earliest poems were written in Italian, but in 1822 he determined to write in Demotic (literally, "popular") Greek—he was the first poet of modern Greece to do so. According to Alexandre, Solomós was on the look-out for words and expressions used by common Greek people and paid anyone who provided him with specimens of them. "Partly due to the impediment of the as-yet meagre resources of his chosen linguistic medium," his major poems *The Cretan*, 1833; the second and third sketches of *The Free Besieged*, 1827–49 (which deals with the siege of Missolonghi); and *The Shark*, 1849, remained fragmentary. Will Alexandre palliate the fragmentary nature of his own work as well as that of Solomós on his possibly last day alive? While every new day brings with it the opportunity to accomplish some unfinished business, it also brings with it the occasion for new, unexpected unfinished business. In the process of packing, Alexandre discovers a collection of unopened letters belonging to his late wife, Anna. While getting in his car to drive to his daughter to leave his dog in her custody, he notices a group of children standing at a crossroads. When cars come to a stop at the red light, the boys run toward them and start cleaning their windshields. He drives past them, but has to stop at the next, red light. A child runs

to his car and starts to clean the windshield. Greek policemen appear and begin chasing the children cleaning the cars at the preceding light. Alexandre tells the child to hop in his car, thus saving him from apprehension. He deposits him a few streets farther. Shortly, he hands his daughter his late wife's letters. Among them is a letter without an envelope. She asks for and gets his permission to read it. It turns out to be a letter from his then young wife imploring him, who was then often distracted from her by his work, to give her a day of his time. After leaving his daughter, and while waiting for his prescription to be filled at a local pharmacy, he sees the same Albanian window-washer abducted into a van. He rescues the refugee boy, and resolves to take him back to his war-torn homeland, but at the border abruptly ascertains that this is not the best way to help the boy. While on a bus with the boy, he encounters the long-dead poet Solomós or a performer playing him and asks him after listening to him recite one of his poems: "Tomorrow, how long will it last?" By the time he has put the refugee boy on a ship heading to the United States, it is late at night. Soon, he comes to a stop at a red light. His car's wipers go back and forth on the windshield under the rain. This shot is reminiscent of the beginning scene of Volker Schlöndorff's *Circle of Deceit*, 1981, where the protagonist, played also by Bruno Ganz, sits in his car under the rain while the windshield wipers move back and forth. The light having changed to green, the adjoining cars move ahead. After honking, the driver of the car behind him turns sideways and bypasses him. The shot is reminiscent of Fritz Lang's *The Testament of Dr. Mabuse*, 1933, where a driver who had stopped at a crossroads is shot while waiting for the green light so that his car remains in the midst of the road while the other cars soon move on. This scene has a strong temporal charge, both because it evokes, first in a nostalgic then in a melancholic manner, the previous run of the children to the stopped cars; and because when Alexandre does not move while the other cars do, one has the impression that unlike the others, who have

a future in which to move, his time line has come to an end. There, in the car, now dead, he becomes his own double, a *faussaire* (the French release title of Schlöndorff's film), a counterfeiter. At dawn we see the car, which is still parked in the middle of the road, from the rear. The traffic light changes to red. Another car comes to a stop at the light. All of a sudden, Alexandre's car crosses the red light. Was he not dead after all? Was he simply tired after such a long day of emotional upheaval and back and forth car journeys with the Albanian refugee boy and so fell asleep at the wheel? No, he was not just tired then but *dead tired*. It is probable that the one who was in the car that stopped next to his at the traffic light was his double, and that he was seated either at the driver seat, or else at the back seat with no one behind the wheel! Horrified, Alexandre either drove away disregarding the red light,²⁶⁹ or else the car moved all by itself. Then, *coming forth by day*, he walks in his old seaside house in the light of the most ancient Egyptian of twentieth century painters, Edward Hopper. When he reaches the balcony door, it opens on its own before him—we are thus confirmed that the car had moved on its own. Since his walk is complemented by a tracking shot of the camera through the door, then across the balcony, we presume that we are getting his point of view shot of the beach. Now the camera advances beyond the balcony and smoothly descends until it reaches ground level. Unexpectedly, he enters frame and walks onto the beach. It is as if he had a subtle, angelic body, one that would have allowed him to float down from the balcony (a tribute to Wenders' *Wings of Desire*, whose protagonist is an angel played by Bruno Ganz, and in which the camera fittingly has a floating feel?). Since dance allows two dancers to meet across the two singular altered realms into which it projects them, two lovers can meet even in the undeath realm by dancing. He dances with his dead wife and then says to her: "One day I had asked you: 'Tomorrow, what is tomorrow, Anna?'" Is it a thousand years ("a day the measure of which is a thousand years of what you count")

DOUBLE
FEATURE!

Groundhog Day

Directed by Harold Ramis

Story: Danny Rubin; screenplay: Harold Ramis and Danny Rubin, 1993

Sils-Maria?
August 1881



Magritte, *The Human Condition*, 1933

"One day I had asked you: 'Tomorrow, what is tomorrow, Anna?'"

Eternity and a Day

Directed by Theo Angelopoulos, 1998

© 2001, by Jalal Toufic

[Qur'ān 32:5)] or fifty thousand years (“a Day whereof the span is fifty thousand years” [Qur'ān 70:4])? While withdrawing, she answers: “Eternity and a day.” He calls her, “Anna ... Anna,” with no response—her turns, she who is dead and who is no longer dancing, are overturned by over-turns. Godard’s *King Lear*, 1987, fails to develop one of its remarkable intertitles, *a picture shot in the back*, beyond the thematic of betrayal—that of King Lear by two of his three daughters, that of Godard himself by the producer of the film, etc.—and a critique of the customary posture of the audience in a cinema theater, each row of people with their backs to the following row. “A picture shot in the back” is accomplished in the last shot of *Eternity and a Day*: notwithstanding Angelopoulos’ answer to Gideon Bachmann’s “Does he die at the end of the film?” “No, no,”²⁷⁰ I would assert that his protagonist is dead by the time we see his back against the sea and he fails thrice to answer the call of his dead wife, repeating to himself instead the three words he had learned in that last day of his life: *korfulamur*: “heart of a flower”;²⁷¹ *argathini*: “very late at night”; and, most importantly, *xenitis*: “one who is a stranger everywhere”—a word that felicitously describes his present state, since the dead is *xenitis*. Henceforth, he will no longer have to look for words and expressions and be ready to pay for them, for they will be willy-nilly imposed on him by the (dead’s) whispering or screaming voices, as happened in the case of Daniel Paul Schreber with: *flüchtig hingemachte Männer*: “fleeting-improvised-men”; *vorhöfe des Himmels*: “forecourts of heaven,”²⁷² etc.; and in the case of Artaud with: “*Uk’hatis*: the lost pigs of the moon,”²⁷³ etc. While literature has to a large extent by now accommodated the languages of the common people, with very rare exceptions it has yet to accommodate the languages of the dead and the voices: “o dedi / a dada orzoura / o dou zoura / a dada skizi / o kaya / o kaya poutoura / o ponoura / a pena / poni” (Artaud).

“Then Abraham approached him [The LORD] and said: ‘Will you

sweep away the righteous with the wicked? What if there are fifty righteous people in the city? Will you really sweep it away and not spare the place for the sake of the fifty righteous people in it? ...’ The LORD said, ‘If I find fifty righteous people in the city of Sodom, I will spare the whole place for their sake’” (Genesis 18:23–26). Abraham then repeats the question-entreaty invoking the possible presence of forty-five, then forty, then thirty, then twenty righteous people in the city, and each time the Lord responds that in that case he will spare the city (Genesis 18:27–31). “Then he said, ‘May the Lord not be angry, but let me speak just once more. What if only ten can be found there?’ He answered, ‘For the sake of ten, I will not destroy it’” (Genesis 18:32). But were there ten righteous people in Sodom? The angels of the Lord tried to find other righteous people beside Lot, his wife, and their two daughters. But even the two men who were pledged to marry Lot’s daughters thought he was being facetious when he warned them, “Hurry and get out of this place, because the LORD is about to destroy the city!” (Genesis 19:14), revealing themselves not to be righteous. There turned out to be only four righteous people in the city, so God did not spare it for their sake; indeed he swept away the righteous with the wicked. “As soon as they [the angels of the Lord] had brought them out, one of them said, ‘Flee for your lives! Don’t look back, and don’t stop anywhere in the plain! Flee to the mountains or you will be swept away!’” (Genesis 19:17).²⁷⁴ How twisted is the expression: “Don’t look back ... or you will be swept away!” as well as its equivalent: “Don’t look back, or you will die.” It puts its addressee in a double bind: if he or she turns, he will cease to live; but if he or she fully obeys the “prohibition” against looking back, the end result is tantamount to being constantly subject to over-turns and thus already dead, since over-turns are a characteristic of the undeath realm. Thus, appropriately, Lot, his two daughters and his wife were not spared in two different ways. Lot’s wife looked back successfully and by that turn conjointly revealed that she is not

a mortal and “became a pillar of salt” (Genesis 19:26). Lot and his two daughters possibly, indeed probably, turned but their turns were overturned by over-turns,²⁷⁵ this revealing that they were already dead. While with regards to Lot’s non-mortal wife, the prohibition to look back should be taken as a moral proscription; with regards to Lot and his two daughters, and as was the case with Orpheus, it should be taken as an ethical revelation of a certain state of affairs: you are undead and therefore subject to over-turns and thus any turn you make will be overturned. The passage through the plain in Lot’s story is a passage through death (are we to take the proximity of that region’s sea to this deathly plain as one reason that sea was called the Dead Sea?); Lot and his two daughters on the plain are in a similar position to Jonah in the belly of the great fish. Since the mortal Lot had intercourse with a non-mortal woman (for a previous Biblical version of such intercourse, but in an inverted gender form, see Genesis 6:4: “The sons of God went to the daughters of men and had children by them”), it is fitting and symptomatic that it is in relation to him, at the door of his house, that the people of Sodom get the idea of having intercourse with angels. “The two angels arrived at Sodom ... ‘My lords,’ he [Lot] said, ‘please turn aside to your servant’s house’ ‘No,’ they answered, ‘we will spend the night in the square.’ But he insisted so strongly that they did go with him and entered his house.... all the men from every part of the city of Sodom ... surrounded the house. They called to Lot, ‘Where are the men who came to you tonight? Bring them out to us so that we can have sex with them’” (Genesis 19:1–5).²⁷⁶ I wager that had these non-mortals spent the night in the square, the mortal people of Sodom would not have tried to have sex with them.

Kneeling Angel with Mountainous Wings (aka Toward a Title for a Gibran Watercolor Left Untitled)²⁷⁷:

Dedicated to Patrick Bokanowski for *L’Ange*



He was at an impasse in his pondering the fall of bodies: how could a rock, albeit a Taoist one, permeated by emptiness, and a feather fall at the same speed? He prayed for God’s assistance. There is no prayer without listening (“Why do you want me to be in your religious film when you know that I am not only an atheist, but also a libertine? Is it the Falconetti syndrome?” “It is because you listen so well, even when you are talking. I think you would be wonderful at prayer”). To

Bergman's *Persona*. Near the beginning of *Persona*, there is the following series of shots: a close shot of a woman's motionless hand with the sound of dripping water; a close shot of the motionless old woman; a medium shot of a motionless child supine on a bed and covered to the chin with a white sheet; then five shots of dead people; then a high-angle close-up of the old woman over which we hear the insistent ringing of a phone. Suddenly she opens her eyes. The next shot is a wide shot of the previously seen child turning in his bed then placing glasses over his eyes and beginning to read. How is it that only very few spectators are jolted by the child's movement? How is it that so many don't notice that it signals a resurrection?

²⁴⁵ Carl Theodor Dreyer, *Dreyer in Double Reflection*, edited and with accompanying commentary and essays by Donald Skoller (New York: Dutton, 1973), 163 (my italics).

²⁴⁶ If I feel on the death of the other that I can no longer meet him or her, it is not because he or she no longer exists, but because death is a labyrinth, where we are lost to each other.

²⁴⁷ Georges Bataille, "Hegel, Death and Sacrifice," trans. Jonathan Strauss, in *On Bataille*, ed. Allen Stoekl, *Yale French Studies* 78 (1990): 19–20.

²⁴⁸ Constantin Stanislavski, *An Actor Prepares*, 54.

²⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, 55.

²⁵⁰ Robert G. Jahn & Brenda J. Dunne, "Consciousness, Quantum Mechanics, and Random Physical Processes," in *Bergson and Modern Thought: Towards a Unified Science*, ed. Andrew C. Papanicolaou & Pete A. Y. Gunter (Chu, Switzerland: Hardwood Academic Publishers, 1987), 295.

²⁵¹ *Ibid.*, 286–289, for instance figure 14.

²⁵² T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land and Other Poems* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1934), 43.

²⁵³ Hilgard, *Divided Consciousness*, 258.

²⁵⁴ G. W. F. Hegel, *Phenomenology of Spirit*, trans. A. V. Miller, with analysis of the text and foreword by J. N. Findlay (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1977), 19.

²⁵⁵ Philip K. Dick, *Eye in the Sky* (New York: Collier Books, 1957), 195–197.

²⁵⁶ This position induced by the 180° over-turn is in no way to be mistaken with that of the jealous person looking at us, the spectators, in Munch's *Jealousy*, away from what the woman and the man are doing *behind his back*. Notwithstanding that jealousy and anxiety have an affinity, given that they are the two paradigmatic reactions to what seems to be excessive intermingling, they are,

nonetheless, not to be confused. While Munch's *Jealousy* and *The Scream* deploy the same spatial arrangement of the three figures, in *The Scream* the turn to the frontal position in relation to the viewer of the painting is, unlike in *Jealousy*, discrete rather than gradual; and the figure is not looking at the spectator of the painting (since the figure is deserted by the world and the spectator is part of the world)—unless the spectator be an angel ("... Here. I'm waiting. / Even if the lights go out; even if someone / tells me 'That's all'; even if emptiness / floats toward me in a gray draft from the stage; / even if not one of my silent ancestors / stays seated with me, not one woman, not / the boy with the immovable brown eye— / I'll sit here anyway ... / ... am I not right / to feel as if I ... must / wait before the puppet stage, or, rather, / gaze at it so intensely that at last, / to balance my gaze, an angel has to come ..." [Rilke, "The Fourth Elegy," *Duino Elegies*]).

²⁵⁷ Martin Heidegger, *On the Way to Language*, trans. Peter D. Hertz (New York: Harper, 1971), 107.

²⁵⁸ Louis Althusser, "Ideology and Ideological State Apparatuses (Notes Towards an Investigation)," in *Video Culture*, ed. John Hanhardt (Rochester, New York: Visual Studies Workshop Press, 1986), 86.

²⁵⁹ We have an implicit gratitude to those we recognize (the French *reconnaissance* felicitously means both gratitude and recognition), including ourselves.

²⁶⁰ Pencil on paper, 23 x 30.7 cm, Oslo, Oslo Community Art Collection, Munch Museum.

²⁶¹ Crayon on plate, 75 x 57 cm, Munch Museum.

²⁶² Whether the oil, pastel and casein on cardboard, 91 x 73.5 cm, Oslo, National Gallery; or the tempera on plate, 83.5 x 66 cm, Munch Museum.

²⁶³ Oil on canvas, 93 x 72 cm, Munch Museum.

²⁶⁴ Pastel and oil on canvas, Oslo, private collection, formerly Collection Arthur von Franquet, Braunschweig.

²⁶⁵ Oil on canvas, 67 x 100 cm, Rasmus Meyers Samlinger.

²⁶⁶ Lithograph, 46.5 x 56.5 cm, Oslo Kommunes Kunstsamlinger.

²⁶⁷ Oil on canvas, 89 x 82 cm, Munch Museum.

²⁶⁸ Oil on canvas, 78 x 114 cm, Munch Museum.

²⁶⁹ "Now that you have finished the video you came to Beirut to make, why don't you leave?" He, observant of the traffic lights, wanted to stay in Beirut at least until the occasion presented itself when he would exceptionally pass the red one; this happened on January 3, 2000, during a shootout between army and police forces and a gunman who had fired rocket-propelled grenades at the Russian Embassy at Corniche Mazra'a in Beirut in solidarity with Muslim rebels