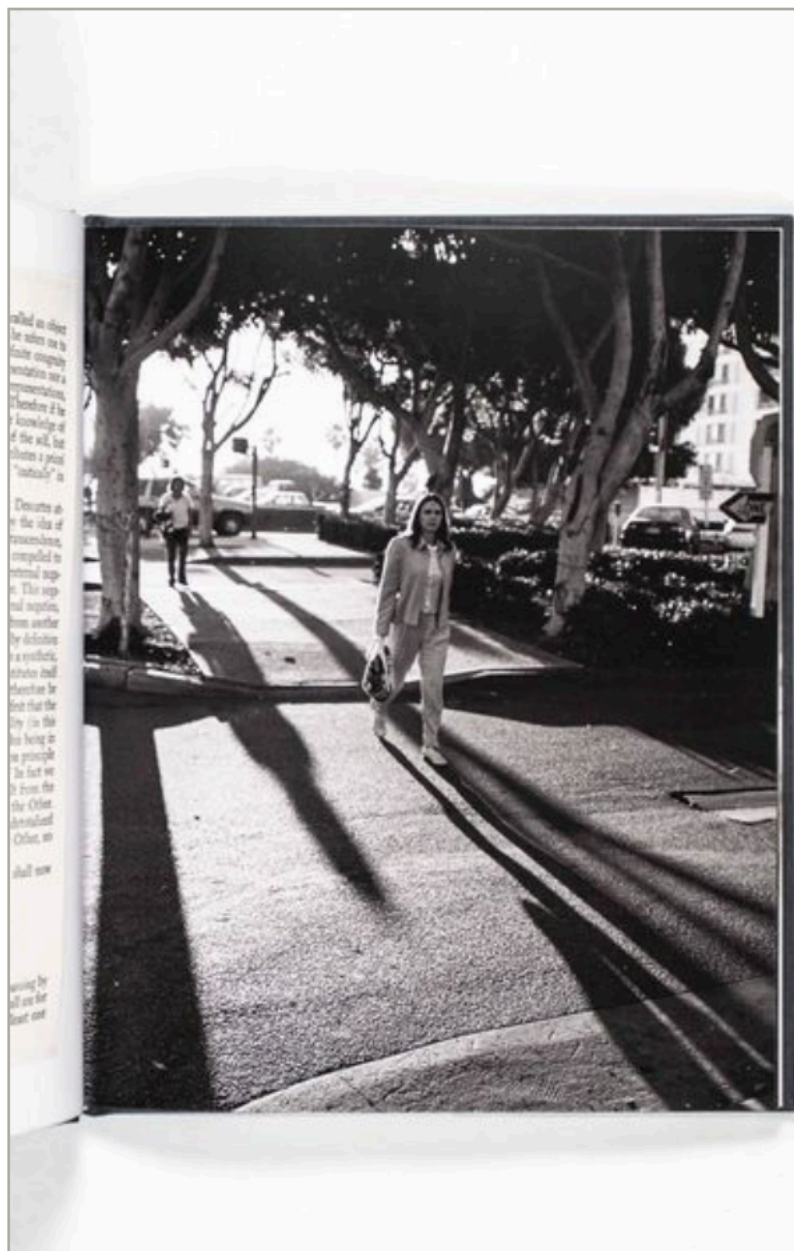


John Divola

THE GREEN
OF THIS NOTEBOOK

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by DIVOLA, JOHN (PHOTOGRAPHER); JEAN-PAUL
SARTRE (TEXT)

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DOING AND HAVING

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forth, what I accept or what I reject with disgust is the very being of the object, or if you prefer, the totality of the food proposes to me as organized as a form in which less intense qualities of density and temperature are effaced behind the flavor proper which expresses them. Sugar, for example, expresses the slimy when we eat a spoonful of it or molasses, just as an analytical function expresses a geometric one. This means that all qualities which are not strictly speaking flavor which are massed, melted, buried in the flavor, represent the matter of flavor. (The piece of chocolate which at first offers a resistance to tooth, soon abruptly gives way and crumbles; its resistance first, then resembling a chocolate.) In addition they are united to certain temporal characteristics of flavor; that is, to its mode of temporalization. Some tastes give themselves all at once, some are like delayed-action ones, some release themselves by degrees, certain ones dwindle slowly as they disappear, and still others vanish at the very moment one ceases to possess them. These qualities are organized along with density and temperature; in addition on another level they express the visual effect of the food. If I eat a pink cake, the taste of it is pink; the light of it is pink; the sweetness of the butter cream is pink. Thus I see the pink as I see the sugar. We conclude that flavor, due to this fact, is a complex architecture and differentiated matter; it is this structured matter—which represents for us a particular type of being—that we can relate or reject with reason, according to our original project. It is a matter of indifference whether we like oysters or clams, mussels or sea urchins, if only we know how to unravel the existential significance of the food.

Generally speaking there is no irreducible taste or inclination. They all represent a certain appropriative choice of being. It is up to existential man to compare and classify them. Ontology abandons us as it has merely enabled us to determine the ultimate ends of human life, its fundamental possibilities, and the value which haunts it. Each man's reality is at the same time a direct project to metamorphose its present self into an *in-itself-for-itself* and a project of the appropriation of the world as a totality of being-in-itself, in the form of a fundamental quality. Every human reality is a passion in that it projects losing itself so as to found being and by the same stroke to constitute the Being which escapes contingency by being its own foundation, the Being which religions call God. Thus the passion of man is the reverse of Christ, for man loses himself as man in order that God may remain. But the idea of God is contradictory and we lose ourselves in it. Man is a restless passion.

