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ENGLISH

Jean en a marre

TO (OR RATHER ABOUT) JEAN-LUC —



One never necessarily knows the moment of another's — a comrade's — death, except for some perspicacity of the psychic arts. I figured I'd have some dream of premonition when Jean-Luc died, but: nothing. 2am PST: I was still awake. Only a retweet as soon as the news broke, via Didier Péron, linking to the *Libération* story; one hour later, the news of the suicide would follow. Similarly, in the days after, I've awaited a new signal: when had, or when will, the precise moment strike / have stricken of Godard's cremation? Impossible to tell. No signs among me still.

Mourning Godard could have been 'exhausting,' or been made '*épuisé*' as the now infamous death notice from the estate lawyer put it. But every process is unique and ultimately non-linear: the massive outpouring on the Internet of grief and a sincere appreciation of JLG's work-life has been moving, and (for me, ultimately) supportive.

The list of concerns that occupied Godard's work-life exhausts and defies categorization. Perhaps

the "Godardian" trope easiest and most concise to invoke would be: the alphabets (*les abécédaires*), the building blocks, the fundamental elements, of all ideas. In the end, *material* was his subject. "*La matière et la mémoire*," as he intoned, citing Bergson's book, in the *Histoire(s) du cinéma*.

I, for one, ("*moi je*"), without the guidance, even weight, of JLG and the anxiety over his influence, feel comfort in his suicide. He never 'succumbed.' And so I'm glad that Jean-Luc is dead. In two senses. Let me qualify this: On the one hand, I'm relieved that *le poids, le fardeau*, of his domineering presence has been removed from the back of my mind: no more terrestrial incarnation of the Father and his less-than-unwittingly imposed standards. (The shackle of US thought: not only a 'matter' of T-shirts, but also those stupid bracelets: "WWJLGD?") On the other hand, I'm solaced and even proud, immensely, of my hero that he went out on his own terms. In America, when things start going rotten, people always threaten to move to Canada. Jean-Luc circumvented this, having already visited Montreal for the *True History* and finally having opted for the true Great White Northern Lights: *Version Intégrale*. I remember word of the painful scene of Danièle Huillet's burial, and am consoled that there will be no repeat for Godard. None of the Protestant trappings. Simply death and conflagration.

I'd like to express my appreciation to Andy Rector, Sabrina Marques, and Gabe Klinger for speaking to me on the night and morning of Jean-Luc's death.

–Craig Keller