Camp: Kant’s Unwritten Fourth Critique

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Kant is easy; Camp is hard. As my title suggests, I have seized upon Kant’s authorial and discursive reins to engage in what I hope is a useful thought experiment: although Kant’s *Critique of Judgment* has been the object of innumerable readings, it has not, as yet, been read through the lens of Camp. That is to say, I will not be putting forth a critique of Kant’s text that will recast it, perversely, as Camp, or as an example of Campy, rococo prose—not that that would not itself be a daring, possibly productive exercise. Rather, I will argue that several of the gaps or problematics lurking in Kant’s aesthetics may in fact be thought through by turning to what I am calling Kant’s “unwritten fourth critique”—which is Camp. Camp is of course a knotty, contested term—it is often conflated with Kitsch, or Trash, and just as often understood as a kind of perversion of aesthetic judgments—eschewing what would in bourgeois culture be considered fine, complex, profound, and privileging instead the base, the simplistic, and the superficial. Camp is relegated to the realm of “guilty pleasures,” as a kind of aesthetic succubus, draining beauty and sublimity of their traditional values and contents. Obviously, I will be arguing something radically different about Camp.

So, where to begin? Why not whet our appetite with one of the most contentious of our several senses: Taste itself. Taste, which the poet Dame Edith Sitwell called “one of the worst vices ever invented,” and its status as subjective universal, is one of the gaps in Kant’s thought that requires our attention. As you will recall, Kant contends that a subjective judgment is predicated upon an object’s provoking feelings of pleasure or displeasure, or beauty or ugliness, in the subject. In this respect, aesthetic judgments cannot be rendered on empirical or cognitive grounds. This is the reason why such judgments are, for Kant, subjective. The first chasm yawns before us: Taste is subjective. But this assertion raises the question/objection: Whence its authority? But Kant is ready for this objection—indeed, there is something strangely defensive, yet playful about the tone of the *Third Critique*—it is as if it were written as an opening statement in a pre-emptive strike, a defence of his thesis, which is better known to us as the first Two Critiques (*Pure and Practical Reason*). The relative pleasure or displeasure of an object experienced by the subject is not measured purely as gratification (instantaneous or otherwise); it is, as Kant insists, “disinterested”—in other words, the experience...
operates independently of desire. Hiving off desire from the intrinsic pleasure of beauty (or displeasure produced by ugliness) is a crucial step in establishing the authority of aesthetic Taste. For Kant, desire is by its very finitude an impediment to the universality of aesthetic judgment he wishes to claim for it. Even his famous example of a man placing an object on a pedestal, and demanding that everyone around him worship the object as a beautiful thing in the way he does, implies an important distinction between the gratification one receives in an object, and the pleasure one receives in contemplating a beautiful object. The problem Kant foresees is that gratification is coarse, vulgar, embodied, and desirous; pleasure, once neatly annexed from desire, produces the impetus to attribute beauty to the object, and disavow its origin in the subject. Here's a moment in which the sadistic dimension of Taste starts to assert itself; the logic of it runs as follows: “I see this object as beautiful, not because of my desire for it, but because of its intrinsic beauty. You ought to agree with me; if you do not, you are a tasteless moron.” If we read this logic in the context of the history of Camp, then we see that it is not Camp that is perverse, but good taste itself. Good taste, a model of aesthetic appreciation which implies cultivation and discipline, must faithfully recoil from the instinctual—in other words, from the subjective particularism of desire. Of course, there is another problem Kant is hoping to forestall: that of relativism or, as he puts it, “everyone has his own taste” (137).

With this phrase, we now encounter the second gap in Kant's discourse, which he attempts to trowel over with the type of reflective judgment which asserts an object’s “agreeableness”; that is to say, the judgment rendered is merely the subject's agreement with himself about an object’s gratification—it is a general, but not a universal condition. Another way of putting it is to say that relativism is undercut by a species of majoritarianism—a judgment of Taste is not relatively true, but at the level of the universal, can only be argued to be largely or generally true. Most people would agree that a particular object is beautiful, even if some people—perversely or otherwise—would not. But the catalyst for the “ought” which structures aesthetic judgments—that we “ought” to think something beautiful—unwittingly brings the problem of desire back into the equation. If, as Lacan loves to tell us, “desire full stop is always the desire of the Other” (38), then the imperative that others see the object as we do—as beautiful or ugly—means that Kant's reluctance to provide specific examples of beauty perforce means that we must turn away from the object, and focus instead upon the subjective response, even as we repair to the other to confirm the validity, even the universality, of that response. When Lacan says what he does, he is asking us to think about the fact that the other not only structures what we desire (I desire this because other people do), but it also functions as means for us to answer the question of the other’s desire (“Since I desire this object, then
other people should too. If I perform my desire in this way, then the other will desire me”). As Schopenhauer smartly shows us in *The World as Will and Representation*, the abstraction of beauty from its objects prompts a fetishization of judgment in order to disavow the inherent quality of beauty in the object itself. Although Schopenhauer readily acknowledges that Kant is more interested in the aesthetic relation between subjects and objects, his privileging of the former as judgment is finally conflated with the suitableness of natural bodies, effectively making “two heterogeneous subjects” fall under the rubric of one faculty—aesthetic judgment (*Volume 1, Appendix*, 531).

Let me then turn back to the problem of Camp and how it might begin to work through some of these gaps or inconsistencies. If aesthetic judgments are expected to occupy the space between that which is agreeable (or not) and that which is empirically or cognitively so (what Kant calls the good), then the liminality of judgment implies that we should focus more properly not on the abstract experience of beauty, nor on the inherent qualities of the object, but more forcefully on the aesthetic relationship between subject and object. This shift in focus brings me back to Camp. A problem which arises in Camp scholarship—from Susan Sontag’s “Notes on Camp” forward—is the ongoing debate about the location of Camp—does it reside in the object, or in the judgment of the subject? Sontag largely holds to the view that Camp is a sensibility which inheres in the Camp subject; indeed, the Camp object, in her view, must be naïve, entirely innocent of its Campiness in order for its effect to be unsullied by knowingness. She tries to work with this juxtaposition of tenets in mind:

Not only is there a Camp vision, a Camp way of looking at things. Camp is as well a quality discoverable in objects and the behavior of persons. There are “campy” movies, clothes, furniture, popular songs, novels, people, buildings . . . This distinction is important. True, the Camp eye has the power to transform experience. But not everything can be seen as Camp. It’s not *all* in the eye of the beholder. (Note 3)

And:

One must distinguish between naïve and deliberate Camp. Pure Camp is always naïve. Camp which knows itself to be Camp (“camping”) is usually less satisfying. (Note 18)

Conceptually, what Sontag asks us to hold in a kind of tension is that Camp is both a question of perception and a quality which inheres in objects. On the one hand, there is an agreement between the Camp object and the Camp subject (the logic of “it takes one to know one”)—for example, we could remember that Tallulah Bankhead played a queen reciting a 5,000 word speech in Jean Cocteau’s *The Eagle Has Two Heads*—one wag would call it *The Eagle Has Two Headaches*; on the other hand, there is a

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Camp sensibility which divines Camp in objects which would otherwise be innocent of it (or, if you prefer, finds “simply divine”). One could invoke the phenomenon of “Sing-Along-Sound-of-Music”: the crowd is neatly divided between those people who love the family wholesomeness of the film and its score, and the crowd who is there to Camp up the experience of the film they love—one encounters Leather Nuns, rather dissipated Marias in Drag, and the like. But there is a third hand; Camp objects may miss being judged as such by particular subjects; and it is here that the trouble begins. Because of the ideology of Taste, and the policing of bourgeois values it demands, Camp can seem, to the uninitiated, like a witty joke has been made with the sole purpose of going over some people’s heads—of mocking those who are not in on the joke. Indeed Camp can provoke an, at times, almost hysterical response: “What is this thing called Camp? What is it? Is it this? Is it that? What about that over there? What is it? What does it want? Does it know when we’re sleeping? When we’re awake? When we’re beautiful or good, or should we be good for beauty’s sake?”

My take on this kind of hectic questioning is that it is not produced by Camp per se, but by a relation to Camp that is shaped by the ideology of Taste. The development of an aesthetic sensibility, at least, in Modernity, is often marked by elasticity; in broad terms, modern art and culture has made it possible to find beauty in things that would have otherwise been classed as ugly, vulgar, dense, and grotesque, even as one can continue to engage with the beauty, elegance, and fineness of objects that would generally have the stamp of Taste upon them.

The hysteria, even paranoia that is prompted by wondering about where Camp resides casts a different light on the problem of Kant’s truncating desire from judgment; the imperative of the “ought” which structures Taste does not attend to the ways in which we treat aesthetic objects as having desire. Another way of talking about art’s relation to desire is to say that art is the staging of our desire; it is a process of unconscious engagement with objects, with people in the world. The question thus shifts away from where is Camp located and moves towards a longing for knowledge—not just any knowledge, but one whose function is to answer the question of Camp’s desire: What does Camp want? What does it want from us? Are we meant to laugh? Cry? Does it want to be beaten? Mocked? Dismissed? But as I have suggested above, these questions do not surface for Camp alone; indeed, it is one of the dimensions of art in Modernity—there is persistently—from Impressionism to Damien Hirst, from Symbolism to Jeff Koons—a sense in which art is engaged in deception, in playing a joke on the wide public, that it perforce excludes as much as it explores the limits of representation. We have all felt, at moments, disturbed, or perhaps witnessed someone else’s rage or anxiety over an artwork. This phenomenon bears some analysis; surely this reaction is as old as Modernism itself—people expressing contempt and suspicion over such painters as Cezanne, Degas, Whistler, Van Gogh—painters whom we
now deem to be “friends,” not paint-pot flinging enemies. We somehow accept this kind of response as “natural,” but what if we narrate it a little differently? “You know, I saw this piece of art today, and I just got this feeling, you know? It made me so mad. I mean, it was like it was looking at me, but it was the way it was looking at me—you know what I mean?” What is fascinating to me is that we have developed any number of aesthetic theories, any number of critical methodologies to assess, justify, canonize, and commodify Art which of course has given them a kind of legitimacy—in art markets, in museums, and in the academy—but Camp remains an outlier. It has received some scholarly attention in terms of Queer Studies, largely in the 1990s, but it has remained largely (though not completely) moribund ever since. Why is this? Well, I think there are two reasons: the first revolves upon identity politics, and the second upon intellectual snobbery. More specifically, Camp was invoked as a means of thinking about queer identities, but became quickly absorbed into identity politics. As a result, Camp was figured as a haven for difference, but its very historicity quickly prompted dismissal, even scorn—a scorn borne out of a conflation of a particular kind of Camping with gay self-loathing. Camp was shunted aside tout court for failing to provide a “positive identity” for gay men. Of course, another way of looking at it is say that if Camp (which cannot be reduced to sexual or gender performance or practice) offered men other ways of performing desire, or performing gender, then those avenues have been largely shut down by the ideological demand that gay men be “straight looking/acting. No campers need apply,” etc. However, the lateral policing of gay masculinity by performing masculine straightness obviously raises its own political problems. It reinforces the binary that straight masculinity is correct and desirable, whereas any other performance of it is not.

On one level, one can understand how Camp could be identified with another era in queer history—when shame, guilt, self-loathing, self-mockery, and the continuing threat of violence were/are very real; the image of the drag queen in the illegal bar sending up his own desire while dressed as Marlene Dietrich or Bette Davis can appear retrograde and hysterical, rather than politically resistant. The problem however is not merely that we run the risk of conflating a moment in Camp’s history absolutely with a moment in queer history—it is to miss the greater point—Camp fails to be a “useful or positive role model” for queer identity precisely because Camp is the enemy of identity; it is the enemy of utility. Camp is not about identity thinking, to put it in Adornian terms; rather, Camp is a species of non-identity. This contention brings me back to the second reason why Camp Studies has fallen moribund: intellectual snobbery. I will put it bluntly: when Beckett meditates upon nothingness, it generates thousands of books and articles; if we think about Deleuze and surfaces, it yields the same; yet if we were asked to think about the nothingness or superficiality of Camp, we fall into uncomfortable silence. Suddenly, the phalanx

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of theoretical methodologies we would happily deploy on objects is dropped, and we make a few noises about Camp's being funny, or silly, or having something to do with "so bad they're good" films, and that would be that. My question is: why? That is the intellectual challenge I have set for myself—can I talk about Camp with the same theoretical acumen that an Adorno scholar would to talk about Beckett, or Joyce? Or a Deleuze scholar to talk about Woolf or Roberto Bolaño?

In other words, there is a scotoma, a blind spot about Camp that requires our attention. If we turn back to Kant, we can say that if his critique of judgment has a blind spot, it is perhaps Camp which occupies it. If Kant preferred to focus on judgment to the relative exclusion of the object, he nevertheless did acknowledge that aesthetic judgment is structured by a relation to the art object, and that judgment does not reside exclusively in the eye of the beholder. I want to bring this less considered element of Kant's third critique into the discussion; one of the reasons why I insist upon the inclusion of desire in any discussion of Camp aesthetics is not to differentiate its failure in contrast to the success of Kant's claim to subjective universalism; rather, the reason is to show that if Kant tried to dissociate art from the power of desire in making a distinction between formal Beauty and natural Sublimity, it was done, as Adorno admits, not without good reason: Kant is trying to free art from our need to molest, grasp, or touch it—it is with the purpose of placing art in the sphere of aesthetics divorced from the empirical (Aesthetic Theory 10). But, if a psychoanalytic reading of art, or more specifically a Freudian reading of it attempts to make art, according to Adorno, "little more than plenipotentaries of sensual impulses, which they at best make unrecognizable through a sort of dreamwork" (11), it would seem to contradict Kant—but, and this is important—desire becomes the vanishing mediator which determines their positions: one negative and the other positive. Another way of thinking about it is to say that the negative dimension of the object, the sparkling antagonism that it houses is utterly effaced in the Kantian aesthetic of beauty; as Adorno phrases it, “For Kant, aesthetics becomes paradoxically a castrated hedonism, desire without desire” (11).

If one approaches Camp in this way, one can quickly see why one would have little or nothing to say about it: 1) because one of the persistent elements of Camp is that it troubles our relation to objects, such that terms like agreeable, beautiful, and good would simply fail to register in any sustained way when discussing a Camp relation to the object, and the affects generated by it; and 2) because there is a non-identical element of Camp, a kind of antagonism, which cannot be calmed down by repairing a sensus communis. Why? Because the "ought" cannot account for some people's wilful engagement with Camp—except through dismissal, except as a failure of Taste. The spirit of the Camp relation is founded upon contradiction, upon antagonism—an antagonism which inheres in the object, and awaits discovery—
even enjoyment—through relation. In its theatricality, Camp identifies with the production of the beautiful and sublime, not merely with its discrimination. This is one of the reasons why a Camp sensibility is so fascinated by its history; for Camp, history becomes histrionic, it sees the struggle for the production of beauty and sublimity as part and parcel of its spirit. For example, this is one of the reasons why so many musicals are self-reflexive about themselves as vehicles of production—musicals do not simply “put on a show”; they put on a show about putting on a show. Moreover, Camp is just as captivated the gaze as so-called “serious” art—by the anamorphosis lurking in art—a gaze which signals the presence of death, of negativity, of decay. Camp recognizes that decay and death are also forms of progress, of production; this is why Camp has so many moods—melancholic, tragic, and comic.

But let us consider the latter two moods for a moment: how do tragedy and comedy intersect in Camp? Strangely, Sontag claims that “Camp and tragedy are antitheses” (115). In penning this aphorism, she obviously expects us to bristle slightly, and stammer “But, Ms. Sontag, are not comedy and tragedy antitheses?”, which would, were she still with us, result in yet another sotto voce screed on her part about the innate stupidity of academics. But I will remain steadfast in my resolve to argue with Sontag’s witticism, by suggesting that Alenka Zupančič’s reading of comedy and tragedy remains convincing. Zupančič contends that, while tragedy stages the incorporation of the sublime, its transformation into accessible immanence by the heroine, comedy has a different operation. Comedy stages a failed attempt to incorporate the sublime into an object; it appears, it seems accessible, but, unlike tragedy, retains its transcendental feature. In this way, comedy exists as a remainder that reveals the nonsensical, but crucial difference between two apparently similar objects (Shortest Shadow 170-73). As I have argued elsewhere, the important variation that Camp offers is that, unlike tragedy, which makes the Thing accessible and immanent in the dazzling, aloof figure of the tragic heroine, and unlike comedy, which makes the Thing accessible and transcendent in the complex play of appearances, Camp’s encounters with the Thing make it inaccessible and immanent at the same time. That is to say, the transcendental feature of the Thing is made immanent in the camp object or figure as appearance, but as an encounter with sublime knowledge, it remains absurdly and painfully inaccessible. In this case, it is as if a Camp figure or object has heard it has an appointment with tragedy, which it slavishly tries to keep, but is continually waylaid by tragedy’s weird sister, comedy. Again, it would seem that the camp object moves toward the splendid of incorporating the Real, but only succeeds in making it immanent to us in the form of an uncanny double of both tragedy and comedy. But what is important to remember about this appointment with the Real is that it is not predicated upon the desire of the camp figure; it is a desire and assumption that arise in the spectator. Camp does not reverse our
expectations—it calls our expectations into question. It is the supplement or remainder of comedy and tragedy, not their reversal. In this respect, Sontag is quite right when she avers that “Camp doesn’t reverse things. It doesn’t argue that the good is bad, or the bad is good. What it does is to offer for art (and life) a different—a supplementary—set of standards” (Susan Sontag Reader 114).

Instead, Camp holds tragedy and comedy in a paradoxical, yet delicate, balance; the impatience that often manifests itself with a camp object (or with the camp sensibility) is that Camp does not fail, but positively refuses to be either tragedy or comedy. But if Camp’s opposite number is not tragedy, what is it? Significantly, Walter Benjamin wonders about another antithesis in The Arcades Project: “We are bored when we do not know what we are waiting for. That we do know, or think we know, are nearly always the expressions of our superficiality or inattention. Boredom is the threshold to great deeds.—Now, it would be important to know: what is the dialectical antithesis to boredom?” (105). By way of an answer, let us put him in conversation with Sontag. The camp-dandy’s appreciation of vulgarity is “goaded on, in the last analysis, by the threat of boredom. The relation between boredom and Camp taste cannot be overestimated” (117). If Camp has an antithesis, it is not tragedy: it is boredom. The camp sensibility keeps boredom at bay by crossing the threshold, going up to the lintel that is “simply sublime,” and revealing its desire by working furiously and frivolously to see it. Camp refuses to be seduced by the blandishments of boredom, by tedium’s reassuring inferiority to our desire.

This point brings me back to the other element which determines Kantian Taste: the universal. If Taste is the subjective universal, then what kind of universal are we talking about? Obviously the subjective cannot determine the universal, since it is, in effect, a product of it. In the case of Kant, the notion that the beautiful and sublime somehow appear in the gap between the agreeable and the good neglects to consider the gap that makes different relationships to the beautiful and sublime possible. Kant’s subjective universal, in order to sustain itself, makes every judgment essentially tragic; that is to say, the tidiness of his model of judgment relies upon a way of thinking about the subject’s perception such that it stages the performance of the universal—the subject’s aesthetic judgment emerges from performing or declaring its judgments the “embodied essence” of the universal, of its incorporation, in precisely the same way Hegel would describe the tragic hero or heroine. In sum, Kant’s model of judgment is, to my mind, essentially a tragic one—it speaks of a universe of “ought” that is meant to hold as Taste, even as it fails to account for a subjective relationship to the universal that cannot readily be dismissed as simply agreeable—the comic and the Campy. I of course will focus on the latter. If comedy is, as Alenka Zupančič argues in The Odd One In, “the universal at work” (27), what she means is that, unlike tragedy, which stages the incorporation of the universal, the comic subject becomes the universal; it is not the alienation of the
subject from the universal, but the alienation of the universal into subjectivity. Camp operates in a different register; Camp does not perform the universal, nor is it the disintegration of the universal into the subject—instead, Camp opens up the anxiety, the laughter, the bathos of shame—the failure to perform the becoming subjective of the universal.

By way of example, let us consider Ronald Firbank’s *Vainglory*, which offers an “entrancing variation” on Wilde’s *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. In this Camp novel, Mrs. Shamefoot longs to see her image reproduced in stained glass at the local cathedral. In aesthetic terms, she wants to be canonized by a glazier. She is engaged, in other words, in the aestheticization of the pontifical. Curiously, this identification with the aesthetic object is so strong as to have produced an ontological shift, for “Mentally, perhaps, she was already three parts glass” (*Three More Novels* 20). If she “is” three-quarters glass, the remaining quarter for shame resides, as her name happily tells us, in her feet; she is caught between being and becoming. The barrier between her being and the object, or, more precisely, between her being and the enjoyment of the object, has been slowly overtaken by fantasies of immobility and penetration:

So intense was her desire to set up a commemorative window to herself that, when it was erected, she believed she must leave behind in it, for ever, a little ghost. And should this be so, then what joy to be pierced each morning with light; her body flooded through and through by the sun, or in the evening to glow with a harvest of dark colours . . . What ecstasy! (20)

The immobility of being is here figured as an apotheosis of freedom that is to be achieved by becoming a camp object. Mrs. Shamefoot’s shameless fantasy, to burn only sometimes “with this hard gem-like flame,” is a parody of what Slavoj Žižek, in his reading of Schelling, theorizes as the predestined unconscious act that charts the relation of the subject’s eternal becoming through the ongoing temporal process of becoming (*Indivisible Remainder* 18-19). In becoming a camp object, she is, paradoxically, becoming what she always-already was. In effect, Mrs. Shamefoot is not vain in the usual sense; rather she follows trippingly down a predestined path of enjoyment which her spirit (the “little ghost” in the window) has already mapped—an eternal site of daily, blinding jouissance. However, the “fact” remains that she is (at least!) one-quarter human, and that she has not yet reached the goal set out for her by her predestined relation to history. The reason perhaps lies in the shame that still fetters her foot and spirit to the ground. As Žižek’s theorization of Schelling contends, the course of freedom is structured by an antagonistic, yet complementary, relation between spirit and ground. Spirit, which determines itself in opposition to ground, must nevertheless rely upon this very opposition to produce a fantasy of identity. Once identity has been conceived as a distinct “being” from ground, the possibility appears that spirit

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might, through self-conscious fashioning, “rise above” the ground by breaking with the chains of causality (20).

But, of course, the absurdity of her desire is frustrated for the sake of Camp—for her failure to perform universal becoming subject. If she is already becoming a walking stained-glass window, then her spirit has been rendered immanent, yet the ultimate union of glass and spirit is deferred by an intervention from the Real. Although her plan encounters much opposition from the townspeople, Mrs. Shamefoot’s desire is made radically inaccessible; the cathedral is suddenly half-demolished when struck by lightning. The blinding enjoyment comes, but in a radically different form. She must content herself not with being a window, but sitting in one, watching, “in the early dawn, perhaps, when it rains, and the whole world seems so melancholy and desolate and personal and quite intensely sad—and life an utter hoax—” (199).

In her bathetic hypotaxis, she must confront, in its temporal links, the causal chain of shame that, in its gravity, continues to weigh her foot to the ground. The lightning, which imposes a limit to her enjoyment, renders her ascent into a sublime object ridiculously anticlimactic. Yet it also opens up the space for the camp reader’s enjoyment of her resolve to accept bravely that her life is not a destiny, that her life is neither the incorporation of the universal, which would have the dignity of tragedy, nor even to be universal dissolving into subjectivity, which would have the happiness of comedy; rather, that her destiny is a Camp one—to become an unhappy, silly hoax. In reading this passage, we are tempted into responding with snorting tears of laughter, and the mirroring laughter of tears. Camp, by making the sublime immanent and yet absurdly inaccessible, does not purge us of fear and pity, but instead offers the consolation of shame as an object of desire. The shame that attends our enjoyment of Camp, the fact that we often mistakenly disavow it as one of our “guilty pleasures,” suggests that we implicitly recognize and turn away from the enjoyment we find in making a spectacle of ourselves. In other words, we disavow the fact that Camp opens a temporal space that makes it possible to enjoy our shame—a possibility from which we do not turn. If, as Elspeth Probyn has recently theorized, “Shame produces a somatic temporality, where the potential of again being interested is felt in the present pain of rejection” (Blush 63), then Camp holds out a means of identifying with the enjoyment of our shameful interest in the object of desire. Here, we can now return to the problematic of Camp as symptom. Camp, as a symptom of the limits of Taste, produces a temporal gap between the beautiful and the sublime by seizing upon the failed moments of aestheticism and decadence, and, as Brigid Brophy suggests in her comprehensive study of Ronald Firbank, by “pioneering backwards” (Prancing Novelist 80). Through the symptom of Camp, aestheticism and decadence return from the future to make potentially lost or rejected forms of enjoyment appear again for our consideration. Camp, in a sense, “unworks” the laws of culture that insist upon the conflation
of utility with enjoyment, of agreeableness with beauty, of disinterestedness with *sensus communis*. In the ways I have described above, Camp resists the appropriation of enjoyment by preserving the principle that “art for art’s sake” is, crucially, art for our *own* sakes.

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