1. McKenzie Wark, *Détournement*, pages 145-6; 150

Détournement – a diversion, a detour, a seduction, a plagiarism, an appropriation, even perhaps a hijacking – is the integration of present or past artistic productions into a construction that surpasses them [...]. Détournement attacks a kind of fetishism, where the products of collective human labour in the cultural realm become mere property. But what is distinctive about this fetishism is that it does not rest directly on the status of the thing as a commodity. It is, rather, a fetishism of memory. Not so much commodity fetishism as co-memory fetishism – collective remembrance as fetish.

2. Triphiodorus, *The Capture of Troy*, lines 1-5

Sing the end - which comes after time - of a war that caused many sufferings, and the ambush of the Argives, a work of Athena fit for horsemanship: sing it to me, Calliope, to me in a rush, while you let it go through a long speech. And put an end to that ancient fight against heroes, with the war having been solved, with a quick song.


And do not expect that I bore a song that greatly thunders: thunder is not mine, but Zeus'. For when I first put the tablet on my knees, Lycian Apollo told me: «[...] singer, raise a fat sacrificial victim, but a slender Muse. I also bid you not to thread where wagons go, nor to lead your chariot along the footsteps of others, nor on the highway, but untrodden paths, if you will also go the narrowest way». We obey him, for we sing among those who love the thin sound of cicadas, not the braying of asses.
4. Callimachus, Hymn to Apollo, lines 105-13

Envy treacherously said into Apollo's ears: «I do not appreciate the singer who does not sing as much as the sea». Apollo pushed Envy with his foot and thus spoke: «Big is the flow of the Assyrian river, but much dirt of the land and much weed on the water does it carry. But bees do not carry all sort of water to Deo, but that, which pure and untainted flows from a holy spring, a small drop, the choicest one». Farewell, lord: and may Blame, where is Envy, go there.

5. Callimachus, Aetia fr. 1 Pfeiffer, lines 1-6

The Telchines often mutter against me and my song, ignorants!, they who are not friends of the Muse, because I did not achieve a single continuous poem in many thousands of lines and I do not sing kingly deeds or ancient heroes, but I twist my word little by little, like a child, even though the decades of my years are not few.

6. Triphiodorus, The Capture of Troy, lines 6-20

Old Enyo, always hungry for slaying, had already extended for Trojans and Greeks to the return of the tenth year. The weapons of the spoiled men were tired, the threats of daggers were dying, the roar of cuirasses had gone down, the twisted joint of shield-bearing straps was broken and waning, the shields were not able anymore to bear the thud of javelins, the curve bows were loosened, the swift arrow fell to the ground. Of the horses, some were crying their companions of yoke far from the abandoned manger, sadly shutting down their eyes, others in desire of their dead drivers. The son of Peleus was lying down together with his dead companion, the old Nestor was crying on his son Antilochus, Ajax - having loosened his strong body with a suicidal blow - washed the hateful dagger in a rain of mad blood.

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Before sea and lands and sky - which covers everything -, one was the aspect of nature in the whole globe. They called it chaos: an unfinished, imperfect mass, in which nothing was but mere weight, and the discordant seeds of ill-conjoined things. No Titan gave yet light to the world, nor did Phoebe recreate new horns in her growing, nor did Earth hover in the surrounding air, well balanced in her weight, nor had Amphitrite stretched her arms along the edge of the continent.

They were seeing a free old age. For they were not going to rejoice for long: thus was the wish of Zeus.

It was the last sign of Argive toils.

Wretched, what kind of horse is this that you foolishly bring around? Why do you hurry towards the last night, the end of the war, and a night from which you will not wake up?

But I will be the helper of you all, so that you will not be afraid anymore lest the Achaean war should come back.
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